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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 1. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

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GUGLIELMO MARCONI, WHO HAS ACHIEVED THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH OF THE NEW CENTURY

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

SPECIAL NOTICE

On and after this date, THE MAIL BAG will be devoted weekly to replying to letters received from readers in all parts of the world. This departure is rendered necessary by the increasing volume of correspondence of this character. Elsewhere in the paper, frequent opportunity will be afforded our readers to unite in a Symposium of opinions on a stated question, dealing with some one of the live topics of the day.

Reader, E. Downington, Pa. Would a daughter, legally of age, upon whom the care of a household rests, and whose father (though well able to do so) refuses her just compensation, be justified, from a Christian standpoint, in seeking remunerative employment elsewhere?

We do not see how anyone could find serious fault with her for choosing her own career. If, however, she is absolutely necessary to the well-being of those at home, and if they would suffer materially through her departure, she should consider well whether her duty, as a Christian, does not consist in remaining with them, even at a present sacrifice, until the way is opened for her to improve her position. She is, however, entitled to remuneration for such service, morally, if not legally. If to leave would involve the breaking up of the home, it would be a very serious step to take, however tempting the inducements might be.

Subscriber, Glenwood, Fla. 1. Have any considerable number of Jews returned to Jerusalem? 2. What is the condition of the Zionist Society?

There are several recently established Jewish colonies in the Holy Land, and the Hebrew population of Jerusalem has considerably increased in late years. 2. The Zionist movement is apparently gaining strength in both Europe and America.

A. M., Pittston, Pa. 1. Please state what a training school for girls teaches? 2. Are there such schools in New York or Philadelphia? Are there any under religious auspices? And what would it cost a girl to stay at one a year?

1. Training schools for girls teach different things, according to the purpose of their creation. Thus, the nature of instruction given in a Bible Training School, or a Nurses' Training School is obvious from the name. Most training schools teach trades, such as domestic science, millinery, dressmaking; also designing, drawing, modeling, wood-carving. 2. There are a large number in each city. Many large institutional churches have classes in manual training; and the Young Women's Christian Association has schools of instruction. It would be well to write to the latter organizations in each city for fuller information upon the points interesting you.

D. C. W., Montgomery, Ala. What heathen author wrote: "I must be happy if Christ is my friend"?

None that we know of. A passage in Ovid, who was a pagan poet (45 B.C., 17 A.D.), has been translated: "If God is my friend, I cannot be wretched," and it is possible that this is the expression to which you have reference.

Referring to the scarcity of work in the large cities in winter, Mrs. J. P. G., Allen's Falls, N. Y., writes:

Tell those men and boys who are without employment to get out into the country, where there is plenty of work and enough to eat for those who are willing to work and earn it. Men cannot find help enough to run their farms, help is so scarce and high-priced.

F. T., Farmville, Va. 1. Who was founder of "Moravians," and why so called? What are their distinctive doctrine and practice? 2. What is the origin of "Nestorians"? What is their doctrine and practice?

1. John Huss was the precursor of the Ancient Moravian Brethren, who were originally "The Bohemian Brethren," founded in the Sixteenth Century. The later body, known as the Renewed Moravian Brethren, or the United Brethren, arose in 1722 in Saxony, under the guidance of Christian David. They built the town of Herrnhut, and there organization was effected and growth began. The church holds all the essential doctrines of Christianity. For full account, see any good encyclopedia. 2. The Nestorians were a sect of early Christians, called after Nestorius, a celebrated Christian theologian of Syria, who became patriarch of Constantinople. They abhor images, confession and purgatory; accept the divinity of Jesus, recognize the authority of Scripture, and hold nothing as essential that is not contained therein. With the passing ages of persecution, their religion became spiritless and formal, but it has been greatly revived by Christian missionary effort in the last sixty years.

D. H. K., Port Townsend, Wash. Would it be well or otherwise for ministers of the Gospel to have offices and regular business hours, as professional men in other callings do, in which to transact the business of the King?

Many do have regular hours for receiving inquirers and others on spiritual and church matters. As the pastor's residence or "study," or a room connected with the church building, is usually devoted to this purpose, the use of an "office" would seem unnecessary.

Jno. S. Beck, Upper Troy, N. Y., writes:

I enclose you a clipping from the Troy *Budget*, telling you how our Profanity League is getting along. My boys saw Roland D. Sawyer's recent article in your paper; sent for buttons and cards, and got the League started, and it is doing a great deal of good already. They have sent offerings to the Danish Home in Chicago (for orphan children). The club now numbers thirty active (between ten and sixteen years), and twenty social.

Francis Ward, New York, writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 3, you say that the *Great Western* and the *Sirius* were the first steamships to cross the Atlantic, and you gave the date as 1838. These were English ships. If you will kindly consult Appleton's *American Cyclopedia*, you will find that Daniel Dod, who died in 1823, built the engines for the *Savannah*, the first steamship which crossed the Atlantic, and she was an American ship. Daniel Dod was born at Mendham, N. J.

Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, founder of the Baltic Mission, and whose work in this country is known to many of our readers, writes to the Mail-Bag:

Please contradict the statement which some American papers printed, that I was bankrupt and about to marry a Mormon. I do not even know any of those people, and am long past the marrying age. I gave my Gospel yacht *Dare* to a Norwegian, because he promised to use her for the Lord's work, and made him only pay the worth of the inventory. I cannot use her myself because I suffer from rheumatism. My work seems more blessed than ever. It centres now in Germany, where I am going to make my abode on the estate of my adopted son Paul.

S. H. J., Metropolis, Ill. 1. What is honesty, in the fullest sense of the word? 2. Can any one be truly honest without being a true Christian?

1. The "Golden Rule" seems to be the most comprehensive definition—the rendering to each his due in the spirit of fraternal kindness. 2. Yes, though he would not be animated by the Christian spirit, but by the love of justice, honor and uprightness, which some rare souls have shown even in pre-Christian days.

C. R. S., Keyport, N. J. There was a certain queen who insisted on being called a king and not a queen. What was her country and her name?

Perhaps an incident in the life of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria-Hungary, 1741. On the death of her father, who had no son, she claimed the succession to his throne. Because of her sex, her right was disputed by Prussia, Saxony, France and Bavaria, and Austria invaded. She fled to Hungary, appeared before the Diet, with her infant son in her arms, and asked the protection and support of the nobles there assembled. With enthusiastic chivalry and loyalty, they declared that they were ready to die for their "King, Maria Theresa."

H. L. S., Mitchell, Ont. What rational explanation is there of the star which drew the Magi to the stable at Bethlehem?

There was a remarkable conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn about that time, which must have been a very brilliant spectacle, and which would be very impressive to astrologers. It might lead them to the belief that some mighty potentate was born, and probably to make inquiry as to such birth. The fact, that would doubtless be known to all Orientals, that the Jews expected a Messiah, may have led the Magi to Palestine. Their inquiry for "the King of the Jews" seems to imply that it was there they expected to find such a being as the conjunction portended. The difficulty, however, is to explain the star going before them (Matt. 2:9). As they traveled westward, it might have had that appearance, but not so definitely as the account implies. The more probable explanation is that it was a meteor divinely directed.

W. H. D., Vonore, Tenn. Is it probable that at the last judgment it will be found that more souls are lost than are saved?

It is impossible to answer the question with any degree of authority. God alone knows who are lost or saved. One factor, however, that may tend to a solution of it is, that we are assured that there will come a time when the whole world will acknowledge Christ's sway. As the population of the world increases from year to year, we may assume that at that time, whenever it occurs, there will be more people on earth than at any preceding period in the world's history, which will materially add to the total number who are saved. The question is not one that is of profit. Christ did not encourage speculation on the subject. When the question was put to him he would not answer it, but gave the questioner practical advice. (See Luke 13:23.)

Mrs. J. L., West Chesterfield, N. H. Is it not profanity, if a person in common conversation, or in writing a story, says "Good Lord" or "Good God?" I have heard people who considered themselves refined ladies, use the former as glib as a common expression, and, in a journal, I have seen the latter used repeatedly. I wish to know if I am wrong in calling it profane swearing.

It is certainly profanity, in the sense that it is taking the name of God in vain; yet such expressions, we regret to say, are used by many who would be shocked if one accused them of profanity.

B. A., Phoenix, N. Y. Why do the Salvation Army have their services in public, and at street corners, when I think they could do as much good in a quiet little church, selected for the occasion? They would please our dear Saviour more, I think.

We have referred this letter to the Salvation Army officials for explanation, and we give their answer below:

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is a public Gospel for the "whosoever." Nothing proves our apostolic descent more than the faithful preaching of righteousness at the street corners. Practically all the public ministry of our Divine Master was performed in the open-air. The Apostles achieved some of their greatest victories in God's great cathedral under his blue sky. Christ also commands us in his word to go out into the highways and hedges. The Salvation Army is essentially an open-air organization. It was started in the open-air. From fifty to seventy-five per cent. of our population are churchless. What is to become of them? They are not in the quiet little church; they are in the open-air; the crowds are out-doors, not in. The only place that the masses can be made to listen to the Gospel, is where Jesus Christ found them, out-doors. The Salvation Army has rescued thousands from drunkenness and shame, found multitudes of wandering boys, persuaded a large number of prodigal girls to return home to mother's and father's arms, and who to-day are leading good lives, purely and simply through our open-air operations, many of whom are known to me personally. The Salvation Army will never give up its open-air work for the "little quiet church," which could not be quiet if the Salvation Army entered it. C. MILES,
Lieut.-Colonel. Field Secretary.

Subscriber. Football, stripped of the rough "horse-play" which is too common on many fields, is not an objectionable game. There is no more excuse for sheer brutality in football than in any other athletic exercise. Rough play should be absolutely excluded.

Reader. In a recent issue of the Charlotte, N.C., *Observer*, it was stated that the term "lynch law" had its origin in an incident which took place many years ago at Lynch Creek, Nash County, in that State. There are, however, several accounts of the origin of the phrase.

H. E., Johnstown, Pa. There is no law against the marriage of those so closely related by ties of blood, but common custom, adopting the view of science, has decided it to be inadvisable. The children born of such unions are apt to be either physically or mentally degenerate.

R. C. Gill, Washington, D. C., writes:

In THE MAIL-BAG of Nov. 19th, it is stated that the typewriter was first invented by Thomas Hall, in 1866. The first disclosure of a complete and operative typewriter was in the American patent to Wm. A. Burt, of Detroit, Mich., dated July 23, 1829. The French patent to Progin, 3,748, dated Sept. 6, 1833, shows for the first time pivoted type-bars arranged in a circular basket, with the types arranged to strike at the central printing point. The next disclosure of a type-writing machine is in the American patent to Charles Thurber, of Worcester, Mass., dated Aug. 26, 1843. A number of other patents were issued for improvements in type-writing machines prior to 1866.

WAITING FOR THE SALVATION ARMY'S CHRISTMAS FEAST

According to annual custom, the Salvation Army feasted a multitude in this city on Christmas Day. Commander Booth-Tucker said that the Army's provision for the poor this season broke all previous records. About 5,000 baskets of food, each estimated to contain enough for a family of five, were distributed from the Grand Central Palace. Applicants began to form in line by daylight, and by ten, the hour of distribution, the line was a double one, extending all the way around the block. When the door was opened and the procession filed in, Commander Booth-Tucker began to sing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Those who were insufficiently clad got presents of clothing in addition to food; and the ill-shod received nickels, with the advice to "ride home," specially acceptable assistance and advice in view of the snow-storm which visited this city Christmas Day. That night thousands of hungry, homeless men and women and children sat down to the bountiful feast of good things spread for them in the Palace by the Army.

The "Key of the Forest"

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—Your valuable premium duly received. It is far beyond my expectation, but it has always been my experience, as a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that your deeds always exceed your advertised promises. Please accept my thanks for this noble addition to my library, *The Speaking Oak*, the "King of the Forest."

St. Peter, Minn. ALEXANDER HARKIN.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A FINNISH FISHING-BOAT

WOMEN AND CHILDREN BURNING STRAW IN THE FIELDS

WINTER IN FINLAND

FINLAND SWEPT by FAMINE

WHILE other countries are rejoicing in a period of unusual prosperity, Finland, in the Baltic, is in the grasp of the severest famine it has ever known. Suffering is general in the northern provinces, and especially in Uleaborg, Knopic, Vasa, St. Michael and Viborg. It seems certain, according to the reports that reach us from Helsingfors, the capital, and from St. Petersburg (where the news has been officially communicated to the Russian Government), that unless substantial help comes speedily to the starving Finlanders, many thousands must perish before the snows of winter melt under the winds of spring.

Last year's crops were a total failure, owing to the unprecedented rains, which rotted the grain in the ground. Besides, the fisheries, which supply the means of existence to a very large proportion of the people, also failed through the same cause. Peas, beans and potatoes grew sodden and rotted in the soil, like the grain. The hay, too, then went through rot and flood. Spring was late; then came a long succession of chilly rains and early frost, killing off the last hopes of the farmers. In the provinces mentioned, there were not more than half a dozen dry days the whole summer. It was, altogether, the most utter crop failure in half a century, and has brought the people of one hundred and ninety-four parishes to a condition of destitution.

Finland's average grain crop is easily $12,000,000 short of the preceding year; and this, together with the loss in sea and lake fishing, means ruin to thousands of industrious peasant families. Hunger, with all its terrors, has invaded the northern provinces, and multitudes are to-day living upon bread made from unripe rye and barley, which even the horses reject. Loaves of barley husks and straw are all that stand between them and starvation, and there are thousands who have not even a morsel of that wretched compost to stay their hunger, and who are compelled to live upon the kindness of their neighbors. In the last great famine of 1867, when the crops failed, 100,000 were said to have died of starvation. This winter the situation is even more serious, and the authorities are alarmed for the fate of the sufferers. Four hundred thousand, or one-sixth of the entire population of the country, are reported a literally on the verge of starvation.

Reports received by the Agricultural Board from the famine provinces, show that 106 provinces had food sufficent to last until Christmas only, while nearly one hundred others were depending on charity. All the hoarded savings of the peasantry—the accumulation of years of painful toil—have gone for food. Even clothing has been neglected in the urgent craving for nutrition.

When Count Bobriokoff, the Russian Governor-General of Finland, realized the sufferings of the peasants, he appealed to the imperial government for help. But it was soon learned that Russia had to face the prospect this winter, of a famine of vast dimensions in her own central provinces. The appeal of Finland was not overlooked, however. Meanwhile, a relief work has been already begun by Finlanders in Russia. The Anglo-American Church in St. Petersburg is aiding the work. The Senate has appropriated $500,000, to purchase grain, to be sold to the Finnish peasants at cost, and extensive public works will be shortly commenced, which will give employment and relief to many of the sufferers in the cities and towns at least. Such relief, it is to be feared, can hardly penetrate to the districts in the interior, where the suffering and privation are felt the most.

Only a few weeks ago, the Rev. J. D. Kilburn, of St. Petersburg, returned from a long sledge journey through Kupulo Province in Finland. He gives a graphic and touching account of the famine situation, and writes:

Wherever possible, work is being found for those who are able to do it, such as cutting wood, making roads, draining marshes, etc. There are many, living in lonely and distant parts, who cannot leave their homes to go to this work. Then there are many widows left with three and four or even more children, who are utterly unable to find work of any kind. They and their children must die if they are not speedily helped.

The state of the children is in many cases particularly sad. Many have nothing more than a single shirt, and can only go outside the door when some older brother or sister puts off some scanty clothing to lend to them. Others may be seen day by day walking long distances, amid the cold and frost, with utterly insufficient clothing, to school. Most of them have had hardly anything to eat before leaving home, and will get little or nothing after returning. An effort is being made by the friends in some parishes to raise means to enable the teachers to give these children a piece of black bread daily, so as to still the cravings of hunger and enable them to continue to attend school.

Letters received by Finlanders in New York from friends at home, give a gloomy and ominous picture of the outlook. They declare that before spring, not less than 60,000 families in the northern provinces will be affected. In Uleaborg, there is already the keenest suffering from lack of food. The winter began in October, and suffering has steadily increased. Some of the letters refer to Pastor Kilburn's journey, and state that he personally found, besides adults, not less than 1,900 children destitute of food.

Mr. J. Jussila, a Finlander in business in New York, having relations with the immigration movement, expressed the opinion that it would require at least a million dollars to save the lives of the famine-stricken Finns, and keep them until next spring. Small sums have already been sent by the Finlanders in this country for that benevolent purpose.

In response to repeated urgent appeals to present the case of the suffering people of Finland to the benevolent American public, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has investigated the matter fully, and finds that the reports received are no wise exaggerated. It is beyond question, that, unless relief be sent to these people quickly, large numbers will die of starvation. Already the suffering is such that it would be little short of a miracle were the peasants of the interior to exist until midwinter. Prompt action may be the means of saving thousands of lives. We, therefore, urge all who have the cause of this simple Christian people at heart, to aid with their prayers and contributions in stemming the tide of starvation. A fraction of what has been spent in New York alone, on Christmas presents, would save thousands of poor Finnish families from untold privations and bring joy and gratitude to a multitude of hearts. If every reader of this journal would contribute a single dollar to this worthy cause, and do it quickly, Finland would be saved and the famine stayed.

Send your contribution to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York, marking your letters, **"Finland Famine Fund."**

Every contribution will be acknowledged in these columns. All contributions will be forwarded to the Relief Committee, at Helsingfors, who will render an accounting of their work, which will be published hereafter in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Following contributions to the fund are acknowledged:

Louis Klopsch, Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	$100.00
P. B Bromfield	25.00
Friends who sympathize	5.00

Finland is about the size of Great Britain, Holland and Belgium combined, or about the area of California,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

A VIEW IN ULEABORG, FINLAND, WHERE FAMINE PREVAILS

THE American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago

New Year's Expectations

TEXT — Prov. 9: 11: "The years of thy life shall be increased"

HAPPY New Year! I bring to you the Gospel salutation. I bring it to you with a smile upon the lip; with joy welling up in the heart. I bring it to you, because I hope it is to be the best and the most momentous year of all your life.

I am going to be a Gospel prophet this morning. I am not only going to tell you that this new year is to be the best year of your life, but it is also going to be a precursor of many other useful years. I am going to say to you, as Solomon said of old, that on account of this coming year consecrated to God, your earthly longevity shall be lengthened. "The years of thy life shall be increased."

Charles Dickens wrote a famous book entitled *Great Expectations*. But the English writer did not have as much right to use that caption for his novel as I have for this sermon. As Christ said to the blind men: "According to your faith, so be it unto you." My faith to-day is infinite. Never since I was born have I had greater faith in the power of Christ to save and bless than at the present time. Therefore, on account of my belief in the power of Jesus Christ that he can and will save your soul during the coming year, I know that this is to be the most important year of your life.

The Recruiting Band

My great expectations for your spiritual welfare and your consecration of the New Year are not only founded upon my own faith, but also upon the faith of an earnest band of scores and scores of praying men and women who are loyally seeking your good. This band is composed of your friends and your loved ones. It is an all-conquering band which shall soon, aye, I think to-day, capture your soul for Jesus Christ. We have read what Garibaldi did for Italian freedom. What had he to offer his followers? Nothing but hunger, and pain, and wounds, and exile. But above all these privations, Garibaldi lifted the standard of liberty, and the young men flocked to his side by the hundreds, and the thousands. It may not be an easy task to capture your sinful heart for Christ. But the Gospel prize is so great, that the earnest band of workers surrounding me, like the Italian patriots, are willing to go through any privations, if they can only bring you a repentant sinner to the foot of the Cross. We have read what Toussaint L'Ouverture did for Haytian freedom. Wendell Phillips in his famous oration, declared that this Southern leader was a greater man than Washington, Napoleon, Cæsar, than Alexander the Great. But all the conquests by which the South American leader and his little band of followers were able to throw off the European tyrannies, are as nothing in their eternal results when compared to some of the glorious spiritual victories which shall be won during this opening year for Christ—to be won by this band of earnest praying workers, who are surrounding me at the present time. So on this first Sunday, 1903, we give you fair warning that in the name of Jesus Christ we are about to move upon your sinful heart; we are about to capture your whole life for Jesus Christ.

Suggested Resolutions

Now, as a Gospel transformation is soon to take place in your life, I am going to tell to-day some of the new resolves by which this opening year is to inspire your life. I am about to tell you here and now how you are going "to forget those things that are behind, and reach forth unto those things that are before, and press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

To overcome your evil passions, and to live as your redeemed father and mother want you to live, is to be one of your chief desires for the ensuing year. There was a great change in your life when the old folks died. You may have long ago become a grown-up man, and been away from home five, ten, or even fifteen years, before you received the fatal telegram from your sister: "Come home at once, mother is dying." Yet, not until that time, did you wilfully let yourself go into the mælstrom of sin. Not until that time did you say, in a sinful sense: "Well, it does not matter much what becomes of me. Mother is now dead, and father is dead. Even if I do wrong, and become dissipated, they will not hear of it." For a few years after your mother's death, your oldest sister tried to take your mother's place. Every Sunday night, she would write to you, just as your mother did. But somehow, though her letters were newsy and bright, and told you how the old neighbors were getting on, their messages did not ring in your heart like mother's letters. They did not begin, as her's did, with the sacred words: "My dear boy." She always called you her boy, though you had long ago been able to stand in an election booth and declare your choice for the Presidency of the United States. But somehow, during the past few months, the teachings of the old homestead have been pressing down upon you with mighty power. Man, you are tired of sin. You are tired of yourself. You might feel a little better if you could only put your head in her lap and have a good cry. But you can't. Do you know what is the matter? I think your dead parents are pleading with you and for you now, just the same as they did of old.

Heavenly Messengers

The Psalmist tells us that God keeps the tears of his loved ones in a bottle. Last week God lifted one of the parental tears which were shed over your cradle. He placed the sparkling treasure upon the white wing of an Angel of Mercy, and cried: "Go, angel, and drop that tear upon that young man's head and anoint him with the Spirit's power." Last night, God sent another white-winged messenger with another tear out of his bottle, shed by your father on the day you joined the church. One white-winged angel after another did as they were told. They all dropped those parental tears upon your head and heart. Discouraged man, to-day wearied of the sinful world, as you sit there with the tears running down your cheeks, you think they are your tears. They are not. They are the tears of your dead and redeemed father and mother, which God has long been preserving in his sacred bottle. They are the tears of joy which your father and mother are now shedding in heaven, because the white-winged angels have already flown to the Celestial City to announce to them that their boy is awearied of sin; that their boy is now ready to cast himself upon the love of Jesus and be saved. Oh, to-day the sacred band of Christian worshipers about me can hardly keep from clapping their hands in joy. Truly this is not only for us, but also for your repenting soul, a happy, happy New Year's day.

This ought to be especially a Happy New Year for you, repenting, sinful man, because now the good works of your dead father and mother are about to be perpetuated through the coming centuries. When your mother died, you said, "I do not want for her any expensive funeral, or useless show? I do not want any trained choir to sing any classical music by her casket. I do not want for her a public funeral. I do not even want her body to be taken to the church. Let her sleep as long as possible in the bed where she died. Let her funeral be by her own fireside. Let a few friends gather here who loved her. Let some young girl who is a friend of my sister sing a simple song like

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast.

Mother was not fond of society. She was a home-body. She lived mostly for father and us children." Well, my brother, if your mother was a home-body and lived mostly for her children, do you not see that if you refused to repent, refused to consecrate your life to the Cross, refused to be a good man and live a pure life, that your sinful acts would be damming back a great part of her prayers and the good results of her life? When your mother died, you gathered up all the kind, sympathetic letters which were written to you about her past kindnesses. You also had the officiating minister write down his funeral address. Then you had those letters and that address all printed and bound together into a booklet, which you called

"My Mother's Memorial"

But, man, the mightiest and most triumphant memorial you could ever make of your mother's life is your own life consecrated to the service of Jesus. She put her blood and her life into your life. So, man, this ought to be a happy year for you. It ought to be happy, because by your own consecration to the service of the Lord Jesus you are here and now ready to let your mother's prayers echo and re-echo and resound in your prayers. Her good deeds will find a true continuance in your good deeds. Her Christ shall hereafter be worshiped with a sweeter look, because He is also now her boy's Christ.

The holy endeavor to fulfil the past pledges which you have made to God shall be another desire inspiring you during this ensuing Happy New Year. All your past days have not been bright and happy days. The meadow-larks do not sing when they hear the merciless growl of a destroying cyclone. The red roses of June do not like to rest their blushing cheeks against a January snowbank. You may have welcomed the many congratulations which your friends showered upon you in your younger days of triumphs. But you have also had your defeats and heartaches and disappointments. You have also had your days when you lay upon a bed of sickness. You have had days when your life was hanging by a slender thread, ready to be snapped by death at any moment. Your wife and mother nursing you at the time did not think that you fully realized how sick you were. You did. You knew it by the anxious way the doctor watched. You knew by the care the nurses took in giving the proper medicines at the exact time. Then—oh, then, in that dark hour you felt as did the poor fellow whom I buried some weeks ago. One Saturday he was at his work in seemingly full health. The next Monday he lay upon the operating table, as a last resort for his life. After the operation, they told him he had to die. He looked up in a pathetic way and said, "I do not want to die—I am afraid to die! Oh, do not let me die!" What did you do in that hour of your dangerous sickness? What did you do in that dark hour of trouble, when you knew that no human aid could rescue you? Did you not practically say at that time: "O God, if you will make me well and come to my rescue, I will give up all my life to thee and thy service?" Yes, sinful man, God made you well. God rescued you. Have you kept your pledges to Him? Have you given up your sinful heart to be purged from its past sins? These broken vows are to-day driving into your bleeding, repentant heart the sharp, keen dagger of remorse. As a man of honor and character, by the grace of God, you to-day are going to be true to those past pledges. I feel it. I know it. I can see a new and a holy purpose making your cheeks flush and your eyes flash with a consecrated enthusiasm. You would not break a pledge with any man to whom you gave your word. Your boast heretofore has always been that your word is as good as your bond. Neither will you to-day, O man, continue longer to break those old promises you made to God.

A Merchant's Dream

A noted preacher once told of a prosperous merchant who had a strange dream, and yet not a dream. For many years he had been a member of the church, but not living his religion as he ought to have lived. In his dream he seemed to be sitting in his study, reading the evening paper. There was a quick knock at the door, and a stranger entered and stood before him. He fixed a keen, and yet a loving eye upon the merchant. His look penetrated the innermost chambers of his temple of conscience. "One year ago, to-night," said the stranger, "your daughter was supposed to be dying. Whom did you call upon for help? Whom did you promise to serve at that time? God. Ten years ago you were supposed to be lying upon your deathbed. Had you died at that time, you would have left your family penniless. Whom did you promise to serve, if he made you well? God. Fifteen years ago, you joined the church during a time of religious awakening. Have you kept your pledges that you made to Jesus Christ at that time?" "Nay, nay," answered the merchant in his dream. "But I will. From henceforth I will, I will." And from that moment the sinful merchant lived a new life. This ensuing year, like the memorable dream of the sleeping merchant, is to open for you a new life. It is to be a year when you shall endeavor to fulfil the broken promises which you long ago made to Jesus Christ.

Happy New Year to you, sinful man. Why happy? Because during the coming twelve months, you shall for the first time enjoy the sweet blessings and exhilarations of Christian service. The joy of a self-sacrificing Christian life does not appeal to the average unconsecrated man. He says to himself, "What is the good of sacrificing for other people? They never appreciate it. My doctrine is to look after number one, and let number two look after himself. The world will always ride a willing horse to death. Then the only obsequies that willing horse will ever get is a scavenger's cart for a hearse, and a glue factory for a crematory. No, no, no. The beauties of self-sacrificing do not appeal to me. The more I have, the more people respect me. The less I have, the less they respect me. The more I am willing to serve others, the more my motives will be misjudged, and I will be misrepresented."

A Mistaken Deduction

Some time ago, I was riding through the country on a long trip. The team of horses was composed of a big, powerful animal, who was just as lazy as he was big and strong. The second was a little wiry animal, who tugged and pulled all day long. Yet, strange to say, every time we came to a hill, the driver would take out his whip and begin to beat the little horse. At last I protested. I said, "Why do you whip that little horse? Why do you not hit that big, lazy brute, who is always lagging behind and hardly keeping his traces taut?" "Oh," answered the driver, "I know you do not understand much about horses when you ask me such a question as that.

The reason I hit the little horse is because he is the willing horse. That big horse is the balky horse. If I hit him, he would immediately lie down and begin to kick this wagon all to pieces. Therefore I whip the little willing horse to keep the big balky horse agoing." Then I soliloquized to myself, for at that time I was not a truly converted man, "Ah how true is that of the world. If a man tries to do anything for humanity, he is the willing horse. He is kicked and cuffed and cursed and browbeaten. The balky horses, the useless horses, are always the kindly treated horses.

But though I made that deduction many years ago, I have now entirely changed my mind. The willing men of the churches are always the happy men. The self-sacrificing men are always the rich men spiritually. They are not the selfish men. They are not those who will grab and keep all that they can. The Dead Sea is bitter and acrid, and saline and repulsive, merely because it has no outlets and only inlets; while the waters of the mountain brook laugh and gurgle, and sing, merely because it lets all its waters run away towards the sea. Who do you think was happier? Herod, Bloody Herod, loathsome in mind and spirit, or Paul, who had given up his whole life to Jesus? Herod, with jewels on his fingers, or the Apostolic tentmaker, with his hands greasy with rope making? Do you think Napoleon was happy? Napoleon, on his way to coronation, who turned and bitterly said in reference to the cheering French populace, "Bah! They would curse me to the guillotine as gladly as they would cheer me to a throne." Or would you sooner have the happiness of a Doctor Duff pleading for India, or David Livingstone pleading for Africa, or Adoniram Judson pleading for Burmah, or John Paton pleading for the New Hebrides? Who do you think to-day is happier? The woman who is only living for social conquest, or the Salvation Army girl, going with a loaf of bread in one hand and a Bible in the other hand to carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ into the slums? Yes, my repentant friend, the ensuing year is to be a happy year for you. It is to be a year when you shall quaff a chalice filled with the sweetest nectar. You shall drink hereafter out of the golden goblet filled by those whose sorrows you have alleviated, and whose sobs you have tuned into songs of eternal rapture.

But all these deductions hinge upon one great condition. The ensuing year is to be a happy year for you, because from now on, you are to depend entirely upon divine strength to triumph over your besetting temptations. Last Wednesday night was not the first New Year's eve when you started forth with good resolutions. Again and again have you attended solemn and overwhelming watch-night services. While these meetings were progressing in interest, you began to feel how mean and contemptible your life had been. You then and there said to yourself, "I will quit my sins."

Each January we all make fresh resolutions. Some years ago I preached a sermon called "New Year's Resolutions." I made up that sermon from the answers I received from friends whom I met. Every one I would accost with this same sentence. "What is your New Year's resolution?" Some would say this, some that, and some the other thing. But many answered me thus: "I have not got any. I have made so many New Year's resolutions in the past, and have broken them all, that I do not intend to make any more." But I do not believe there is a man or woman or child, who now approaches New Year's day, who does not make some new resolution. But the trouble is after you have made your New Year's resolutions, you go out in your own strength, and try to battle your old temptations, and then you are flung again and again. But, my brother, this year is going to be a different year from all others. You know your weaknesses and failures. You know you cannot win a spiritual success in your own strength. Therefore you are ready to conscientiously ask God to help you in the struggle of life. He will do it. Yes, He will give you the Divine strength which will never, never fail. Cling to Him my brother. Cling to Him as he wrestled with the angel in prayer, and He will bless you and never let you fail.

But I hesitate myself to say that there is something for which to congratulate the praying band of Christian workers who surround me, and also for you, repentant man and repentant woman. You came into this church to-day, indifferent to the Lord Jesus Christ. You are now looking on the armor to join our Gospel ranks and to become one of our Christian comrades. We have read how the French king sent forth Marshal Ney with the royal troops to capture Napoleon, after his escape from the island of Elba. When the soldiers came in sight of the unarmed and dethroned ruler, Napoleon, instead of running, turned and threw back the lapel of his coat as he cried: "Men, will you shoot your Emperor?" With that, Marshal Ney threw down his sword at Napoleon's feet, and all the soldiers began to weep and cry, "Long live the Emperor!" And the soldiers who went forth to capture a pretender to the throne returned to Paris to drive Louis Philippe out of the Tuileries. That was dramatic! But to-day, a more dramatic scene is taking place within the walls of this church. You came here an enemy of Jesus Christ. You to-day are going to join with us and fight for the Divine Master. Oh, shall we not cheer? Shall we not look upon your reinforcement as a presage for us of a Happy New Year?

Brother and sister in Christ, the work before the church is stupendous. This Gospel battle is to be no child's play. We have welcomed you into our ranks in the name of Jesus. Now close up the ranks; now kneel and make one earnest, intense prayer before we start on our new Gospel campaign. Now, are you ready? Forward in the name of our Captain: Forward against the citadel of sin: Forward for the redemption of our loved ones: Forward to capture Chicago for Christ: Forward, march! Forward, march!

Talking Across the Ocean

....SIGNOR MARCONI SENDS AND RECEIVES MESSAGES TO EUROPE WITHOUT A CABLE

(See Portrait on First Page)

WITHOUT the aid of a cable, telegraphic messages have been sent across the Atlantic. The news, not unexpected by scientific electricians, strikes the ordinary man with wonder. As usual, there were predictions that the attempt must fail, and scientific reasons were given why it would prove impossible to communicate through eighteen hundred miles of space; but on December 22, the announcement was made by Signor Marconi, that he had sent to King Edward of England and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, messages of congratulation, and had received answers. An achievement so momentous marks a new era in telegraphy. It opens a boundless field of further discovery and will probably be the precursor of unimagined triumphs.

The messages were sent from Table Head, Cape Breton, to Poldhu, Cornwall, the most westerly point of England. At the former place, Signor Marconi occupies a station built expressly for his use at a cost of $200,000. It consists of four wooden pillars 225 feet high, which have been erected on the bluff, itself seventy-five feet above the level of the sea. The pillars stand at the corners of a square in the centre of which is the operating-room. The towers are connected near the top by wires, from which hang a large number of copper wires, the ends of which enter the operating-room. In this room is a transmitter of tremendous power and a receiver of exceedingly delicate capacity. There is no other instrument nor any apparent connection between the operator and the person he is talking to eighteen hundred miles away. Yet there is no doubt as to the fact, for the message to the King of Italy was sent by an operator who did not know the Italian language and was received in England by a clerk also unacquainted with it; yet every letter was absolutely correct.

SIGNOR MARCONI IN HIS OPERATING ROOM AT TABLE HEAD, C. B.

The beginning of the experiments, which have now had so triumphant an outcome, was made in 1895, on a farm near Bologna, Italy. William Marconi, then a youth barely twenty years of age, set up two poles eighty inches high and 100 feet apart. On the top of each pole he placed a tin box, from which a wire ran to an ordinary telegraph instrument at the foot of the pole. There was no wire from one pole to the other, but signals made at one pole were received at the other. This was the key to the great discovery. It was obvious that the electric current could travel, at least for a short distance, without the wire we had deemed essential for its journey. The next step was to discover the conditions by which that distance could be increased. Marconi doubled the length of his poles and placed them farther apart. They were shifted as far as the signals were received, until he found that 340 feet was the distance that they would travel from poles thirteen feet four inches high. The principle was thus established, that, under ordinary conditions, the higher the pole the longer the distance electricity would travel without a wire for its conveyance.

With this discovery, Signor Marconi went to England to secure aid in its development. Experiments were made with balloons and kites, which, while not producing practical results, proved the soundness of his deductions, and established the principle of the distance being dependent on the height of the transmitting and receiving stations. They also showed that the distance in the higher altitudes was much greater in proportion than in the lower. The distance increased not according to the increase of the height of the pole, but according to the square of the height of the pole. Thus, doubling the height of the pole, increased the distance four times, and trebling its height increased the distance nine times. It was also found that hills or buildings intervening, proved no obstacles to the current. In one experiment there was a hill between the two masts 314 feet higher than they, yet the signals were as distinct as if nothing interposed.

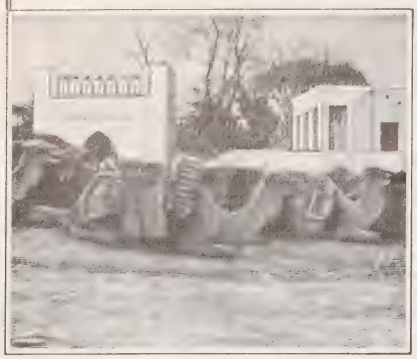
The work of experimenting went on and new discoveries were made. Various improvements in the instruments rendered it possible to increase the distance without increase in the height of the masts. Copper reflectors were found to be important aids in directing the course of the current for short distances, and finally the operation known as "tuning" was discovered, which is an important part of the Marconi system. This consists in adjusting the power of the receiver to that of the transmitter, which may be done to an unlimited extent as is done with the Yale lock and key. To such an extent has this system been perfected that, though when a current is started it may spread in circles to every point of the compass, no receiver is affected but the one attuned to the key of the transmitter. However numerous may be the receivers scattered over intervening space, there is only one that receives the message, unless others have been attuned to that particular key.

Since 1899, when the Marconi system received general recognition, the uses to which it has been put have multiplied. Its chief value has been found in its use on steamers. By a wire suspended from the mast of a ship and connected with an instrument on deck, messages are received from the shore for hundreds of miles. Passing ships communicate with one another. During the voyage of two vessels of the Cunard Line last week, the vessel proceeding to England was in communication for two days in mid-ocean with the vessel coming to New York. Messages were exchanged freely, though the vessels were never in sight of one another. It would thus be possible for a vessel in distress, if equipped with the Marconi apparatus, to call upon other vessels for help though none were visible. The approach of ships may also be announced long before they can be seen. This has been practically proved by the enterprise of the New York *Herald*, which has equipped a vessel stationed off Nantucket with the Marconi apparatus. It receives reports from incoming vessels and sends them by wire to New York.

The principle on which the Marconi system is based, is that communication proceeds from waves in that mysterious ether, which is believed to fill all space. Very little is known about this strange substance, which is so rarified, so imperceptible that it passes conception. Its waves, however, bring us light and sound, and may have other uses not yet discovered. As a stone cast into a pond produces ripples that reach its edge, so the electric force projected into the ether produces waves that, when regulated and controlled, produce signals. Signor Marconi does not attempt to explain these waves, but is content with learning what they will do and will not do.

The discoverer is an exceedingly modest, unassuming man, intensely interested in his study, patient in investigation, careful in experiment, and practical beyond the usual characteristics of discoverers. He is the son of an Italian father and a British mother, and speaks the language of each fluently. He is slightly above middle height, and has the blue eyes and light hair of his mother's race, though he is careful to preserve his Italian nationality. He is only twenty-seven years of age, and until he was twenty-one had made his home in Italy with his parents, who are both living, and to whom he sent a message of congratulation after those transmitted to the two monarchs.

MISSIONARIES STONED IN TANGIER



CAMELS AT REST NEAR GERMAN LEGATION

LIKE Paul, whose spirit was stirred when he saw the city of Athens given over to idolatry, so we missionaries in Morocco often find our spirits moved by the sights we witness here. Only a few weeks ago, our beloved co-worker, Mr. Cooper, was shot in the market-place of Fez. The Sultan has presented £1,000 to Mrs. Cooper, and promised to send her an escort at any time she may be disposed to travel in Morocco.

As we are found daily in the market-places witnessing for Christ, your CHRISTIAN HERALD readers may be pleased to know something about these places in Morocco. That of Tangier is a very ancient market-place. Many slaves have been sold here to the highest bidder, and here, also, criminals have been led out for public decapitation. It is the meeting place of many races—Arabs and Moors and wild tribes from the desert—and about the bare ground lie caravans of camels, beside the untidy bales they have carried. Small groups of half-naked blacks who have followed them here, squat on the ground among the beasts, huddled together and bewildered at the strangeness of the scenes. Here and there, wrapped in blankets and under yard-wide hats of matting, sit groups of venders selling little bundles of grass, wood, charcoal, fruits, and other goods, which lie spread out before them. In other parts are gathered small circles of idlers, who watch a knot of writhing snakes. The snake charmer takes a reptile in his hand, and while several men beat the tom-tom and play the flute, the charmer dances to the tune played, his weird cries bringing large crowds of people together. He dances until he has worked himself up to a frenzy, and then begins his repulsive work. He holds the snake's head upward, and the reptile shows its poisonous fangs, and coils itself about the man's arm. The dancer looks fiercely at it, and, to our utter amazement, he suddenly forces the snake's head into his mouth, and bites the head off. He then throws the head to the ground, and after pulling the skin off the snake, throws it also to the ground; the tom-tom and flute continuing to play meanwhile. Now the dancer begins to eat the snake. Many onlookers turn away horrified at the sight. Having finished the horrible repast, he takes up the skin, cuts it into small pieces, and sells them to the people, telling them that if they keep the piece of snake skin, they will never be without money, and that if any one be sick, they should throw the skin into the fire, and let the patient inhale the smoke, and he will get well immediately.

Across the market-place, on a sandy ridge, is a tired caravan. A rich Moorish trader, with perhaps forty camels and a guard of Arab horsemen, has reached his long journey's end from the far interior. As they settle down, a call floats from a distant minaret within the city, and as the daylight passes away, many in the moving throng fall to the ground in prayer.

THE "MARKET GATES" OF THE CAPITAL

Dusk steals quickly upon the city. Soon the market-place is peopled only by shadows, with here and there a circle of dark faces visible in the glow of small fires. Others gather in small, remote cafes, and there, seated upon the floor, amid wreaths of smoke from their drug-stained pipes, they wait while the keeper serves them with coffee.

Many are the beggars sitting by the roadside—blind, pitiful, helpless. Some have wandered here from the Sahara, scarred and mutilated. Those dreadful, reasonless faces, haunt one continually. But the Moors' tired faces always express a sorrow, a silent grieving. The religion of Mohammed has not brought them joy and peace.

Though we have been assailed with showers of stones for preaching the Gospel, pray with us that every town and village, and every wandering Arab of the desert may hear the Gospel of Christ, and that in the market-places hundreds may be awakened from their sleep of sin.

FRED. WEISS.

Tangier, Morocco, Nov. 24.

A BUSY DAY AT THE SHEEP MARKET IN TANGIER

CHINESE BREAK THEIR IDOLS

By REV. Z. CHAS. BEALS
Missionary in Wuhu

WE are living at that point on the Yang-tse River where the people suffered most from the great flood of last year. I was one of the Relief Committee which distributed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other funds to the famishing thousands. And when spring opened, we gave the farmers money to buy seed corn for this year's planting. They now report immense crops of wheat and rice all through the valley.

When the famine was on, I put large gangs of men to leveling our church lot, and, later, to do the plain work of building the church. On this lot was an idol temple, with large idols in it. These were smashed, and the temple given to me for a school. The accompanying photo shows part of the new church. The remodeled temple is in the rear.

When the flood-sufferers went back home, we felt we should follow them with the Gospel, so I opened up an out-station among them, in a city called Chao Hsien. The Gospel has been preached there ever since, and now we have twenty Christians and thirty scholars in our school there.

Another station, Han Shan, has been blessed in the same way. We have there twenty-five Christians and hundreds of inquirers. When the people there found their idols could not help them in the flood, and when they noted the kindness of the foreigners in their distress, they voluntarily began to seek out the truths of Christianity.

We reach these places by house-boats, which are very slow and not suited for the purpose. We are praying for a gasoline boat for this work, which will cost about $300. We are glad that we are remembered by friends in the home-land with prayer and financial help. I could open up a station or two more right in the great flooded district if I had about $100 for it, and I feel sure many hundreds of souls would be gathered in.

We have the cholera scourge with us this summer. Hundreds upon hundreds in every city have fallen victims to the terrible disease. If the cholera was raging in an an American city as it has been here, the daily papers would have their head-lines half a column deep. Here not a word is said, but, go where you will, you will meet the dead bodies being carried out. In some cities they cannot secure coffins enough, so the bodies are wrapped up in old matting and carried out on the hills and left unburied. In Nanking there is a temple where they put dead babies, and during the past three months (June, July and August), they have had over a thousand babies there. Z. C. BEALS.

A PREACHING STATION

PASTOR BEALS AND HIS NATIVE HELPERS

A MISSION HOUSEBOAT

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

A Story of Anthracite

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Heritage," "Tommy Remington's Battle," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc.

CHAPTER I.

The "Cracker Boss" Takes a Chance

THROUGH the bright freshness of the April dawn, long lines of men and boys were streaming toward the great black building which marked the entrance to the Carver mine. Ungainly and hideous it was, sharp and high at one end, broad and low at the other—a building which, once seen, could never be forgotten, and which was fitted for only one purpose in this world—a "breaker" for anthracite coal. There it stood, or rather squatted, above the mine-shaft, grim and many-windowed, a dusty, clamorous prison where a hundred boys grew to manhood—to a manhood of which the building itself was typical: unlovely, dust-covered, with only one possible field of usefulness and bread-winning, the mines.

The breaker stood above the shaft, so that all the coal mined might be hoisted directly to the top of it. To be sure, a law passed fifteen years before by the State legislature had forbidden the erection of any building above a mine-shaft, or within two hundred feet of it; but no law, so the jurists tell us, can be retroactive, and consequently all the buildings then in existence were allowed to remain where they were, and had remained there ever since, with such repairs and additions as increasing trade demanded. So, every day, thousands of miners went to their work in the bowels of the earth, with the consciousness that at any moment the great, flimsy building above them might burst into flames and cut off their return to "daylight"—as had, indeed, happened more than once.

But while the men crowded into the cages to be dropped down to the level of the measures, the boys clambered up a long, narrow, tortuous stair—up and up nearly a hundred feet—to the picking-room, where the coal, escaped from the ordeal of breaking and sifting, moved slowly and wearily along a dozen narrow troughs, lined with iron, groaning, shrieking, sobbing as it went. Across these troughs, rude seats were built, consisting of a single narrow board, worn to a shiny smoothness, and on these the boys took their places. The minutes passed, but there was little talk, beyond the greeting of the late arrivals, for many of them were as yet only half awake, their swollen and heavy lids proclaiming childhood's need of sleep.

Then the whistle screamed, and pandemonium broke loose. The great rolls, high up in the breaker, began their work of crushing the huge lumps of coal, lifted to them from the shaft-mouth; below them revolved the separating screens, and then the coal, divided into grades for the market, flowed slowly downward past the boys, whose duty it was to pick out and throw into the culm-trough all the pieces of slate and rock that were mixed with it. And no slight task this was, keeping them bent over the coal hour after hour. The sharp edges of the slate cut fingers wofully; the cramped posture meant crooked backs and narrow chests: the dense dust which filled the air irritated throat and lungs, and produced a racking cough, which ended often in "miners' consumption"; but there was no release, for the seventy-five cents, which was each boy's daily wage, too frequently was all that stood between his family and starvation.

The coal was a little slow in starting this morning, and for a few minutes the boys idled; but they all bent to their work with affected industry when the door opened, and Bill Jones, the "cracker-boss," appeared. He began at once checking them off in his time-book.

"Hello," he said, suddenly, pausing beside a diminutive youngster. "Who're you? You ain't thirty-two—Boyton?"

"Yes, sir," answered a quavering voice. "I'm Boyton."

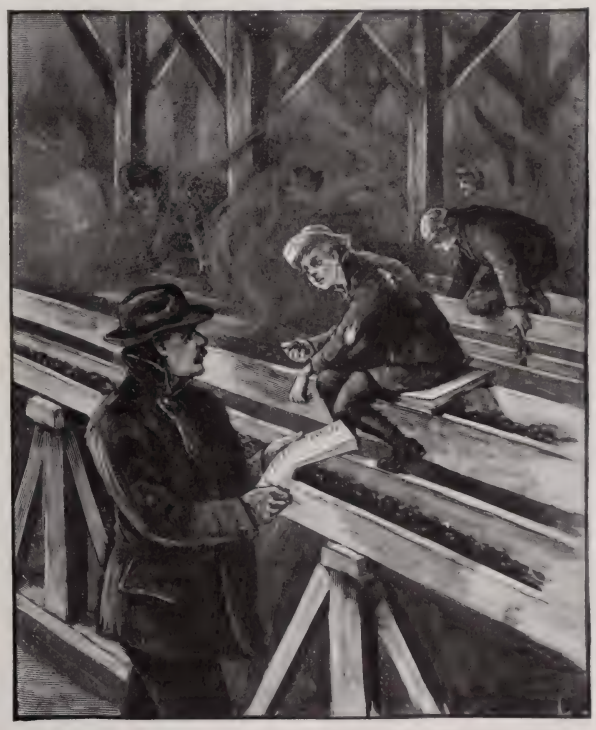
"Oh, come now!" protested the boss. "No lyin'. You ain't"—he paused an instant to refer to his book—"Tom Boyton."

The boy glanced up fearfully and decided that it was best to tell the truth.

"No, sir," he said. "I'm his brother Jim."

"Humph!" grunted the boss. "Where's Tom?"

"He—he's sick, sir," stammered the boy. "I thort maybe I c'd hold his job till he was able t' come back."



"Y' MUST BE TWINS, I RECKON," SAID THE CRACKER BOSS

Again the boss grunted; but his eyes were not altogether harsh as he looked down at the boy, who could not have been a year over nine. Doubtless for the boss this was no new experience—he suspected what was coming.

"Hev y' got a c'tificate?" he asked, at last, in a voice whose tone belied the expression of his eyes.

The child had evidently dreaded the question, for he shivered and instinctively bent lower over his work.

"No, sir."

"I thort so. How old are y'?"

"Twelve, sir."

The boss laughed, a short, hard laugh; but his eyes were very bright as they examined the pathetic little figure crouching above the stream of coal.

"O, come now," he said. "Your brother swore he was twelve years old last January—here 't is on my book—this is April—y' must be twins, I reckon."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, inarticulately. "I'm small fer my age."

"No mistake about that," agreed the boss. "Mighty small, I sh'd say. Now, see here, Boyton, what ails y'r brother?"

"He's got a bad cold, with fever, sir—he'll be back in a few days—deed he will, sir."

The boss checked off a name on his book with a quick gesture bespeaking inward perturbation.

"All right," he said, shortly. "I'll give him a week—mind, not a day more," and he moved on along the line.

For the next five minutes, the child saw very little of the stream of anthracite which moved along beneath him, though he kept picking at it mechanically. Great tears of thankfulness gathered in his eyes and dropped down upon the coal and his shoulders shook with convulsive sobs. Luckily, the ever-thickening cloud of dust hid him partially from the other boys, or the dreaded cry of "baby!" would have been ringing in his ears. Gradually the tears stopped, and wiping his eyes with dirty hands which left great smudges on his face, he bent again in earnest to his work.

Outside the door, the cracker-boss had paused a moment to blow his nose. He could guess the story, for it was a common one enough. It was on the eve of Christmas day, five months before, that Bob Boyton, master-miner, had been caught in a sudden fall of coal and killed; and on New Year's day, his son Tom had applied for a certificate permitting him to work as a breaker-boy. The State has provided that no boy under fourteen should work in a mine, and no boy under twelve in a breaker. He was only ten, at the time, but he got his certificate by dint of skilful perjury, and a careless official who took the world easily and believed it useless trouble to attempt to pry beneath the surface of things.

Forthwith, he had entered into man's estate, for he had a family to provide for—a mother and younger brother. To be sure, seventy-five cents a day was not a great income, and that was all he could hope to make for two years, at least. But it would suffice to live on—it would keep actual, gnawing want away. If only his mother would get stronger!

A great burden for a child of ten. Yet Jim, aged eight, had tried to share it with him. He had marched boldly into the mine office one morning and applied for a certificate. But he was small for his age, and the men in the office had merely laughed at him, as they laughed every day at other youngsters like him. Whereat, he had marched out again, hidden himself behind the nearest pile of culm, and sobbed his heart out. Yet, there was work that he could do, too. He took Tom's place as provider of fuel for the family, and twice a day journeyed with his rude little cart to the culm-piles, where he dug out such pieces of coal as had been included in the waste. About the house, too, there was work for him, for on many days his mother was scarcely able to stand; so he learned to wash the dishes and make the beds and keep the house as clean as it could be kept—always with a livid fear at his heart that some of the other boys might happen in and catch him at this degrading task!

And then had come Tom's illness. An irritating, hacking cough, at first, the result of breathing for ten hours every day with lungs naturally weak, the dust-laden air of the breaker; finally, a fever which he had fought against for days, but which had conquered in the end and stretched him, weak and helpless, upon his bed. Then had his indomitable brother gone forth to work himself, glorying in the chance, praying only that the cracker-boss might not notice the change. He had noticed it, but, with unexpected kindness, had let him remain, and he bent to the work with a cheerful heart.

And the boss? He stood for a moment or two staring into space; then he went slowly down the stair.

"Now," he muttered, "if one o' them fool inspectors happened t' come along and find thet kid workin' there, I'd lose my job, and there'd be a big howl from a lot o' people who never saw a breaker an' who don't know what work means. An', if I fire him out, what's his family goin' t' live on, I'd like t' know? Well, I'll take the chance!"

CHAPTER II.

A New Obstacle

THE week slipped by, and still Tom Boyton lay on his bed and coughed. The hectic flush in his cheeks deepened; his face grew thin and pointed. More than once he struggled to his feet, in the effort to return to work, only to fall back helplessly upon the bed. So his brother, every morning, started valiantly for the great, dusty, breaker, whence, every evening, he returned exhausted utterly by the ten hours of ceaseless labor, but with heart undaunted.

Luckily, the opening of the spring had brought some semblance of returning health to his mother, and she was able to perform, after a fashion, the work of the home. It had not been at any time, exhausting work, for "home" consisted of a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. $1.50 a year in advance.

Remittances should be made by check or express money order. Do not send cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is received.

Expiration of Subscriptions.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

Change of Address.—Give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Famine in Finland

IT is a sad story—that of the Famine in Finland—which appears in another part of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These honest, industrious, God-fearing people have fallen upon evil times, and unless the sympathy of the Christian world is extended to them, in a prompt and practical manner, thousands will undoubtedly perish before midwinter seals up their country in icy bands.

Russia, the vast empire of the Czar, which extends almost from the tropics to the pole, and half-way across the world, is, from the very extent of its territory and the varied character of its climate, peculiarly liable to changes that affect the prosperity of its people, especially of the agricultural class. Thus we find that the famine in Finland is simultaneously duplicated in Siberia, and in a number of the provinces of South Central Russia, where crop failures have brought vast populations to the verge of starvation. These larger claims on the benevolence of the country have not made it forgetful of the suffering Finns; but the latter are, to a large extent, an alien people, although their land is now an integral portion of the empire. They have therefore appealed, through their pastors and their fellow-countrymen here, for American sympathy, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been urged to lay their case before all benevolent Americans, and especially to present it to those of Scandinavian birth or descent, who have made their home in the United States.

We commend to the benevolence of God's people the case of the perishing Finns. Let us help them all we can—and quickly. All gifts received for this purpose will be forwarded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to a representative Committee of Lutheran pastors and business men at Helsingfors, the chief city of Finland, who will give an account of all expenditures in the relief operations.

Send in your contributions for this worthy cause and help to save human life and avert suffering. To those who bore with us the brunt of the great benevolent campaigns in India, Cuba, Armenia and our own Western States, we need only say that this latest call to duty comes with an urgency and sincerity that admit of no delay.

Take it, then, to your heart, and by a prompt and generous response, add one more triumph to the long list of victories won in the cause of Christian benevolence.

The Venezuelan Arbitration

THAT the quarrel between Venezuela and the allied European powers is to be submitted to the international tribunal at the Hague, by consent of all the parties, is news that will be welcomed by all lovers of "peace and good-will among men." That tribunal was established with the united concurrence of over thirty governments, European, American and Asiatic. There was no reason why it should be ignored in the present discussion, and President Roosevelt acted wisely and with dignity in insisting that the whole question at issue should be submitted for its adjudication. Had our Chief Magistrate accepted without protest the onerous task which the contestants urged upon him, his acceptance would have dealt a severe blow to arbitration, as represented by the sole authorized court known to history for the peaceable adjustment of international quarrels.

We therefore congratulate President Roosevelt upon the success of his protest. As the United States was a party in interest to the dispute, his position as arbitrator would have been a most trying one. Had he rendered a decision substantially favorable to the Allies, they in turn would have looked to the United States for the means of enforcing that decision, and would thus practically have put our government in the position of guaranteeing Venezuela's good faith. There might have been other objectionable features; but it is useless now to speculate, since the change of venue obviates all difficulties.

For the third time in a year we have to record a signal triumph for the principle of arbitration. In all three cases, our government has been the demonstrator. Our dispute with Mexico over the disposition of the so called "Pious Fund," was the first case ever brought before the Hague Court, and it was satisfactorily settled. Next, the contestants in the great coal strike stacked arms, and took their quarrel before a national court of arbitration, and now this graver South American dispute goes to the Hague. Indeed the latter case is a double triumph, since the Monroe Doctrine, as well as the principle of arbitration, are recognized simultaneously, and without involving the United States to any appreciable extent. There need hardly be any apprehension that the Monroe Doctrine will be a ground of contention before the tribunal; indeed, we rather anticipate that it will receive tacit recognition from the assembled powers, as playing an important part in preserving the peace of the Western World.

To THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers, each successive triumph of arbitration is like a heavenly signal of the better days to come. We remember, only a few years ago, when this journal stood practically alone in its advocacy of arbitration for the settlement of all differences between communities, States and nations. That was before the Hague Court was organized or conceived. Now, the ideas of the nations are changing; the world advances; the brutish love of war and conquest, which has ruled men so long, is yielding at last. May the time soon come when all nations East, West, North and South, shall resort to arbitration, instead of seeking to shed each other's blood. May that glorious day soon arrive when the armies of earth shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; when all men shall be like brothers, dwelling in peace and amity together, throughout the world.

Willing to be Forgotten

HOW vain, and yet how pathetic, are the efforts which men make to keep themselves from being forgotten. Long ago, the Psalmist said: "Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue forever; they call their lands after their own names. But man abideth not in honor; this their way is their folly." And still the world has not learned the lesson. How many benefactions—great if the donors are rich, and even small ones, if not much is required, or there is not much out of which to give—are accompanied by the condition that the charity so fostered shall be called by the name of the benefactor. Even Christian agents of institutions, and representatives of the church in its efforts to establish the reign of Christ, make appeals for money to Christian people, on condition that their names shall be inscribed and live in connection with the object to be accomplished. Verily, the Psalmist was right—"this their way is their folly."

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten—
Save the truth I have spoken, the deeds I have done.

That is certain, and that ought to be enough for the Christian. For Christianity crystallizes around the principle that self goes out when Christ comes in. Not to please and honor self, but to do good, to serve our generation by the will of God—that alone is Christian living. As Christianity began in sacrifice, so the deep idea of Christianity is to be nothing for the sake of many; to be a little stone wrought in some lowly place, in some invisible place, perhaps into the structure of the wall in order that the building may be complete; not to be a shining name in some gorgeous memorial window. You are for the world, brother, not the world for you.

OUR INDIA ORPHAN WORK

THE following, which explains itself, will interest the many thousands of our readers and their friends, who are associated with us in the benevolent work among the India Famine orphans:

* * *

37 APOLLO ST., FORT, BOMBAY, 20TH AUG., 1902.

Rev. E. S. Hume, M. A., Chairman, Christian Herald Famine Orphan Support Committee, Bombay:

DEAR SIR:—We have pleasure in reporting, that we have carefully examined the books and Financial Statement from April, 1900, to 15th August, 1902, and have found all in order.

We feel it our duty to certify to the excellent way in which the books have been kept. We enclose our account, and remain, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) GORDON & CO.,
Public Accountants.

GEMS FROM TALMAGE

The Puritan Sunday

—I WOULD TO GOD that we could all come to a higher appreciation of the Sabbath heritage! We cannot count the treasures of one Christian Sabbath. It spreads out over us the two wings of the archangel of mercy. Oh, blessed Sabbath! They scoff a great deal about the old Puritanic Sabbaths, and there is a wonderful amount of wit expended upon that subject now—the Sabbaths they used to have in New England. I never lived in New England, but I would rather trust the old Puritanic Sabbath, with all its faults, than this modern Sabbath, which is fast becoming no Sabbath at all. If our modern Sabbatism shall produce as stalwart Christian character as the old New England Puritanic Sabbatism, I shall be satisfied and I shall be surprised.

* * *

What Life Means

—WHAT A THING to congratulate you on is your life! Why, it is worth more than all the gems of the universe kindled into one precious stone. I am alive! What does that mean? Why, it means that I still have all opportunity of being saved myself, and helping others to be saved. To be alive! Why, it means that I have yet another chance to correct my past mistakes, and make sure work for heaven. Alive, are we? Come, let us celebrate it by new resolutions, new self-examination, new consecration, and a new career. The smallest and most insignificant to-day is worth to us more than five hundred yesterdays. Taking advantage of the present, let us get pardon for all the past and security for all the future. Where are our forgiven sins? I don't know. God don't know, either. He says, "Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

Our New Serial

In this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we publish the opening chapters of a new and timely short serial story, "The Head of the Family," by a well-known author, Mr. Burton E. Stevenson. His earlier books, "The Heritage," "A Soldier of Virginia," "At Odds with the Regent," and "Tommy Remington's Battle," have already given him a high place in public estimation. "The Head of the Family" is of special interest in view of prevailing conditions in the coal regions, where the action of the story takes place. The author has evidently made a study of social and economic conditions in the anthracite region, and he writes with a vivid and realistic pen, and from an accurate knowledge of the subject. Few will read without emotion the story of the little hero of the breaker, whose adventures are the inspiring theme of Mr. Burton's serial.

Kind Words

Warm words of admiration received in thousands of letters concerning our premium books, *The Story of the Hall of Fame* and *The Speaking Oak*, are most gratifying to the publisher, who highly appreciates these gracious expressions, which reward him for his pains to please his friends, the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family. The following extracts are typical of many communications:

W. J. Cruell, Harrisburg, Pa.: The *Hall of Fame* is a marvelous premium.

Mrs. Joseph Giles, Dover, N. Y.: I have received the *Bible Dictionary* and the *Hall of Fame*. These books are fine.

William H. Doane, Norwich, Conn.: How you can send out such a work of art as the *Hall of Fame* for the money is beyond my comprehension.

John G. Dohlan, Ackley, Ia.: I have read *The Speaking Oak* with joy and heart's content. It is a true Christian book.

George W. C. Munro, Putnam, Ga.: The book is intensely interesting from beginning to end. It contains exceedingly valuable information.

Mrs. J. F. Smith, New York City: I am much pleased with *The Speaking Oak*. It is fine, and will be appreciated by the twelve-year-old boy to whom I mean to give it.

Either of the above books, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2, with exception of the *Bible Dictionary*, which, with the paper, is $3.

The Gospel for our New Colonies

The Gospel according to St. John, in Spanish and English, with a collection of Gospel hymns in both languages, will be sent, postage prepaid, to any address in Cuba, Puerto Rico, South America, or the Philippine Islands, for five cents per copy. Friends of mission work among Spanish speaking communities will do well to order promptly. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Book Department, Bible House New York City.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Arbitration for Venezuela

THE gratifying news comes, at last, that all the parties to the Venezuelan dispute have agreed in principle to arbitration. There are apparently preliminaries to settle, but it is not likely that these will be suffered to defeat the agreement. The Allies were anxious that President Roosevelt should be the arbitrator, but he wisely referred them to the Court established at the Hague for the purpose of deciding just such disputes, and they have agreed to accept the Hague Tribunal. It was well that President Roosevelt should take that attitude. Our interest as a peace-loving nation bids us do all in our power to inspire confidence in the Hague Tribunal; if the President had accepted the position of arbitrator, it would have been a slur on the ability or the impartiality of the Hague Court, which might have had disastrous results in the future. We may hope now, that the blockade of the Venezuelan ports will be raised. It must be apparent to the Allies that they cannot collect the money that they claim, by any such measures. Nor will such acts as the sinking of the Venezuelan fleet and the bombardment of the Venezuelan forts do anything toward getting the money demanded. Some hints have been thrown out implying that the United States should guarantee the payment of any award that may be made, but Secretary Hay has firmly discouraged any such hope. As the Allies chose to employ force to collect the debt due them, they cannot consistently expect us to help them now that force has failed. The only concern we have in the dispute, beyond that of peaceful neighbors, is in prohibiting the Allies seizing Venezuelan territory in settlement of the claim. It has been made clear from the beginning that the United States would not allow the alienation of any part of Venezuelan soil, and it must be said in justice to the Allies that they have manifested no disposition to make such seizure. It is possible that when the matter comes up for adjudication before the Hague Tribunal, the measures taken by the Allies will be reviewed. It will cause them some chagrin if that Tribunal should regard the loss of the Venezuelan fleet as a set-off against their claim, and should deduct its value from the total sum owing to them by Venezuela. It has been an undignified and unsatisfactory business throughout, reflecting no credit on the little State which failed to pay its debts, nor on the great Powers which undertook the debt collecting business. It is a good thing that it is to be settled in a humane and sensible manner and that there should be no further danger of this claim for money involving loss of life.

From whence come wars and fighting among you? Come they not hence even of your lusts? (James 4: 1.)

The Germ of Laziness

An address delivered recently before the Sanitary Conference of American Republics, by Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, has attracted general interest, not only of physicians, but of sociologists. He announced his discovery of a new disease, which he calls *uncinariasis*. The disease, he said, is not really new; it has existed a long time, but it had not been previously identified. It is the product of a microbe, which he calls the hook-worm. He explained that *uncinariasis* produces a condition of which the symptoms are greatly like those of continued malaria, for which it is almost invariably mistaken. The presence of this disease in the South in past years, he said, had resulted in the pitiable condition of the poor whites in many of the Southern States. Its presence in succeeding generations had resulted in their inferior physical development and mental powers, and is the cause of their proverbial laziness. This laziness, Dr. Stiles says, is not a normal condition; and attention paid to this matter by planters and farmers in the Southern States would result in not only improved conditions generally, but a great increase of the percentage of work which they would secure from their employees. It is a surprise to learn that there can be a germ producing laziness. It may be hoped that the doctor will speedily find how to destroy it. At present, no cure has been found so radical as that prescribed by the Apostle:

This we commanded you that if any would not work, neither should he eat (II. Thess. 3: 10).

A Daughter's Long Search

Inquiries have been made for some years past in most of our great cities by a German woman for her father. She said that he left Newhofen, in Bavaria, about thirty years ago, to seek his fortune. Shortly after his departure his wife gave birth to a daughter. No tidings came from the man, but his wife never lost faith that he was living and would return. As her daughter grew up the deserted woman would talk to her about her missing father, whose absence preyed on her as she became older. At last she lay on her death-bed, and, calling her daughter to her, enjoined her to devote her life to the discovery of her father. The girl promised, and after her mother's death began her search. After many months of inquiry she heard that he sailed for America. She came here and began her search on this side. Going from city to city, she inquired of the police and searched records of deaths, but without finding a clue. A few days ago she received a letter from Chicago, reporting the discovery of a man who answered her description. She wrote to him at once and has received a reply admitting his identity. He says he had been told that his wife was dead, and did not know he had a daughter, but is delighted to know it, and will gladly welcome her to his home. How different has this daughter's experience been from that of the children of God. Instead of seeking him for a score of years over the world, he seeks them and invites them to come to him.

I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me (Isa. 1: 2).

A Promise Broken

A remarkable suit now pending in the Supreme Court was cleared last week of preliminary questions, and will now be brought to trial. It is based on the complaint of a woman who contends that she is entitled to receive the whole estate of a merchant who died recently. Many years ago, she testified, she had made an agreement with the merchant, to reside with him and to care for him as a daughter, as long as he lived. In return, he promised to make a will leaving her everything he possessed. She says she fulfilled her part of the agreement and attended to his comfort until he died. It was then found that he had made no will, and his estate was claimed by his niece who is his nearest relative. Thereupon, the woman who had performed the part of a daughter to him, brought suit to have the agreement enforced. Objections were made that to accede to her demand was against public policy. This objection the court rejects, and in delivering the decision the Justice said: "It would have been competent for him to have given all of his property to the plaintiff during his lifetime or to have left it all to her by will. It was equally competent for him to make a valid agreement with her for a sufficient consideration, of the nature of that alleged, which is incapable of exact money value, that she should receive all of his property upon his decease, and if a definite agreement, either parole or written, to that effect be clearly shown by satisfactory evidence, a court of equity may in its discretion decree a specific performance thereof. . . . It is natural that having given faithful service for so long, the plaintiff should resist the attempt to deprive her of her reward. The Christian has no need of such fear in his service. His reward can never be held back.

Wherefore receiving a kingdom that cannot be shaken, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear (Heb. 12: 28).

LA GUAYRA, THE CHIEF PORT OF VENEZUELA

BRIEF NOTES

The population of Jerusalem now numbers 60,000, of whom 40,000 are Jews. In Judea there are about 120,000 Jews.

A fully qualified lady doctor, a daughter of the Lord Mayor of Sheffield, England, has become an officer of the Salvation Army's medical work among women.

Among the epigrams uttered by the late Dr. Joseph Parker is this: "He that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he that is greatest outside."

News comes by cable of the death of Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England. He was in his eighty-second year, but had attended to his duties to the last.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth Clibborn, daughter and son-in-law of Gen. Booth, have set up a Boer headquarters for their "Christian Mission" at Brussels. They have twenty evangelists at work or in training.

The Tripitteka or Buddhist Scriptures in thirty-nine volumes, is a present from the King of Siam to the Library of Congress. We hope the king has a Bible in his library. If not, we should certainly send him one in return for his gift.

Rev. J. C. Lawson, of Aligarh, India, who was on a visit to this country, has been summoned back to India by the critical illness of his wife, whom he left behind at Aligarh. He sailed from New York on Dec. 18.

Dr. L. W. Munhall recently conducted a series of meetings in Coburg, Canada, in which three churches united. All churches benefited, the Methodist church alone adding over one hundred names to its membership, as a result of the meetings.

Dr. George F. Hall, of Chicago, proposes to erect a huge temple in that city for use as an Institutional Church. He has interested a number of wealthy gentlemen in the project, and Hughes himself to get from them all the stone needed for the walls.

THE VENEZUELA WAR VESSELS SUNK BY THE ALLIES

For Her Boys

Dear "Christian Herald": The lovely Calendar and "Family Art Gallery" are both treasures in themselves. *The Book of Books* is also a very great treasure. It will be one of the most instructive books for my little boys when they are grown. All the premiums we have gotten from you in the last seven years are just splendid. We could not do without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; it is so full of information and helpful.

White Cloud Co., Va. MRS. W. L. WISE.

THE BRAVE TRAVELER WHO ENTERED FORBIDDEN TIBET

EXPLORER SVEN HEDIN to VISIT US

HE WILL TELL OF THE SEALED LAND OF THE LAMAS

REV. WALTER RIJNHART

TIBETAN HORSEMEN: THEIR PONIES ARE THE HARDIEST IN THE WORLD

EXPLORER SVEN HEDIN

TWO interesting events draw public attention to Tibet. One is the expected visit to this country of Dr. Sven Anders Hedin, the Swedish traveler, who has won renewed fame by his recent explorations in that mysterious region of Central Asia; the other is the journey which Mrs. Peter Rijnhart is about to undertake to Tibet, where she hopes both to assure herself of the facts in regard to the reported murder of her husband and also to carry on the missionary work, on behalf of which it now appears certain that his life was sacrificed.

Mrs. Rijnhart is a Canadian. Her husband, the Rev. Peter Rijnhart, was a Dutch subject. If still alive, he is now about thirty-five years old. In 1898, the two left the mission fields of China to carry the Gospel into the "sealed land" of Tibet. They were under no delusion as to the dangers and hardships which they would be called upon to face. Again and again the heathen Tibetans have shown the world that they will not welcome the visits of any foreigners, and, least of all, tolerate them when they come to spread religious doctrines.

But, undeterred by the threatening prospects, Mr. and Mrs. Rijnhart set out. They carried with them a year's provisions, five hundred New Testaments and four hundred Tibetan text-cards, which were loaded on a train of sixteen ponies. With them, too, went their little year-old baby. Their body-guard consisted of three Chinese natives, who, understanding well enough the nature of the probable termination of the expedition, deserted at the end of the third day's march.

But worse was to follow. The little child of these devoted missionaries sickened and died. Fresh guides were obtained, more ponies were bought and the journey was continued. The new guides proved as false as the old. The little party was attacked by brigands, and all the ponies but one were either shot or driven off. They were now in an uninhabited country. A river ran near by, upon the farther side of which a small cluster of tents could be barely distinguished. It was decided that Mr. Rijnhart should cross the river, in the vain hope of obtaining succor in their dilemma.

Mrs. Rijnhart waited alone until dark. She said, "The tents are far away; he will be back by morning."

But when morning came she was still alone—without a tent to shelter her, or even the companionship of a dog, in an unknown country inhabited by hostile people.

For several days she watched and waited. At the end of this time some natives passed by, and Mrs. Rijnhart persuaded them to take her across the river on an ox. But all her efforts to get news of her husband were fruitless. He had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

The terrible experiences of the return journey, which she now began, were probably the means of sustaining her under the mental anguish which threatened to destroy her reason. After a visit to America, Mrs. Rijnhart is determined to return to Tibet, both to gain more certain information about her husband's fate and to carry on the work on behalf of which his life was sacrificed. She hopes to spread the New Testaments and other Gospel literature through the country, by enlisting the good services of those in charge of the caravans which penetrate to the interior.

A TIBETAN LAMASERY

These monasteries are rather fortified camps, than the abodes of peace-loving Buddhists. Every Lama is well-armed, well mounted, and always ready for a fray. He is, however, an excellent host.

Much new light will be thrown upon this strange and forbidding land as a result of the exploration of Eastern, Western and Central Tibet made by Dr. Hedin, who in a previous journey met both Mr. and Mrs. Rijnhart. A large part of his caravan, including four men, perished under the incredible hardships which are incidental to journeying in these lofty regions, destitute as they are of every species of vegetation. On account of the rarefied air, breathing was most difficult. All members of the expedition suffered intensely. Two died gradually from their feet upward, retaining their senses to the end when the brain was at last attacked. Sven Hedin himself was quite unable to walk, and saved himself by remaining immovable in the saddle from morning to night. His heart was literally at the point of breaking, so that even the exertion of buttoning his coat caused him intense pain. Of the forty-five horses in his caravan, forty-four died, and of thirty-nine camels, only nine survived.

Dr. Hedin made two attempts to enter the southern region of Tibet, but notwithstanding the care with which he was disguised as an Oriental, he was discovered, and compelled to return to his caravan, the second time accompanied by a force of five hundred horsemen.

However the Dalai Lama's emissaries treated him with the greatest respect and politeness. Dr. Hedin's travels in Central Asia occupied altogether three years, and its successful issue was in great part owing to the circumstance that the Emperor of Russia had provided him with an escort of four Cossacks to attend upon him throughout. They proved themselves honest, capable and brave. In the course of his remarkable journey he has been enabled to lift the veil which for a thousand years had hidden vast stretches of the mountainous and desert regions of the heart of Asia. One of the principal objects of his journey was to follow and map out the course of the River Tarim, the largest river in the whole of Central Asia.

The explorer visited the ancient and historical lake Lop-nor. It was a land of death. There were ruins of temples and of houses with high towers in four villages, a few miles apart. The road Sven Hedin followed was a great postal highway from Pekin to Kashgar in Turkestan 1,600 years ago, and it was, no doubt, the longest road in the world.

Mrs. Rijnhart, Dr. Hedin and other explorers, all agree that Tibet is the most forbidding country in the world. It is shut in by towering ramparts of snow-clad mountains. Intensely cold winds sweep over the face of the land, the general aspect of which is indescribably bleak. The usual dress of the people is a single sheepskin, with the wool worn on the inside. The mode of salutation among the people is novel. They hold out both hands, palms uppermost, bow with raised shoulders, stick out their tongue, and then say *Oji, oji*. When desirous of showing respect to a person they also stick out the tongue. The Tibetans are heathens, but they are not irreligious. In fact the number of monasteries and monks is incredible; on an average every thirteenth, and, in some places, every seventh man is a monk, and must be provided for by others. This last clause is significant. The country is not only oppressed by its ecclesiastical system, but poverty everywhere prevails. Eighteen thousand monks live in and around the capital, L'hassa, "the ground of God," where also the Grand Lama resides. The sacred city remains the most mysterious spot in the whole world, for no white man has ever succeeded in reaching it.

The religion of Buddha, in a modified or original form, has been accepted in Tibet for nearly two thousand years. In the fifteenth century, one Gebnu Dub, provost of a large monastery, claimed to be an incarnation of Buddha, and assumed the title of the "very costliest teacher ocean." He was called Dalai Lama, the "priest ocean," and thus was inaugurated Lamaism, which became the established religion of the country.

THE MYSTERY PLAY OF TIBET

The Lamas reserve to themselves the exclusive right to act in these sacred dramas or reputed dances.

TIBETAN FISHERMAN

The coracles (or round canoes) are composed of yak (ox) hides, stretched over a few bent twigs.

Drawing-Room Talks

By MARGARET BOTTOME

A Greeting for 1903

I AM very glad of the opportunity at this time of wishing so many new friends a Happy New Year. I have a profound conviction that what I wish you, you can have. Nothing can prevent the New Year being a happy one to us, if we have received the Christmas gift of a Saviour—God's gift to the whole world. Less than this will not insure you a Happy New Year.

MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME

Mind, I do not say that you will know no happiness in 1903, unless you have received God's best gift. Every good gift cometh down from the Father. But when I say I wish you a Happy New Year, I mean a New Year that will bring you happiness under any and all circumstances.

If you should ask me to take you to-day where you might see real happiness, without health, I probably would not take you to a mansion on Fifth avenue, though I might even do that. If I did take you there, you might say, "With all this luxury that money can give, I can see how happy one might be, even though health were denied." So I would not take you there, but I would take you instead to see those who have neither health nor wealth. I would let you see faces that beam with joy, because they have the Saviour—God's Christmas gift.

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Now we may as well face facts as we enter on the New Year. What has come to others may come to us. Are we prepared for the great changes the year may bring, for ourselves or for those dearest to us? You say you would rather think of a Happy New Year; well, that is just what I am thinking of. A happiness that no earthly calamity can touch; a joy independent of health, independent of death—isn't that worth having?

So I cannot wish you, in any shallow way, a Happy New Year. If you should say: "I know what I want, and what would give me a happy New Year," I answer: all right, as far as it goes, but I go further, you see. I wish you a Happy New Year, in spite of your not having what you want. I want you to sing with me,

> No storm can reach my inmost calm,
> While to this refuge clinging.

It is well enough to rejoice in all the lovely things we have for a time; but I am not going to forget that, after all, we are in a broken-hearted world, and that that is just the reason why a Saviour came to bind up the broken-hearted, and to set the captives free. Did you ever see captives? They were bound, and handcuffed, and they could not set themselves free. That is the reason God sent a Deliverer.

Many a man and woman will say: "I mean to turn over a new leaf this year. It will not do for me to go on as I have been doing. I am coming too close to a precipice." No, my friend, you think you will do it; but you will go right on, in spite of the new leaf, unless you seek higher help and let Jesus set you free from all that you know to be wrong. Let him open your blind eyes.

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Suppose you take a look at the Saviour's programme for the whole world, hear what his intentions are and what he said he was sent for. Then, as you let him carry out his programme, you will see what will be the glory of your life; for you will find out from his own words that "as the Father (as he said) sent me into the world, even so have I sent you into the world." Then you yourself may have the joy of healing the broken-hearted, and of opening the eyes of the spiritually blind. And you may not even have to leave your family or your work in order to carry out this programme, though of course if he wants you to go to China, or Japan, or India, or anywhere, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, to carry out his work, you will be so joyful that you wouldn't want to stay here.

I listened the other day to an address by Mrs. Howard Taylor, who leaves this week for inland China. She was speaking in a beautiful drawing-room, to over a hundred of the best Christian women of New York—most of them women of wealth and all of refinement. We felt her sincerity, when she expressed her pity that we were debarred, the most of us, from all joy of going to the foreign field as missionaries. The happiest life could never be ours. Before she was through, she made us feel that she was right; all that is needed is to have the spirit of the Founder of the religion we profess to believe, and then we can adopt the language of Madame Guyon:

> To me remains no place or time, my country is in every clime,
> I can be calm and free from care on any shore, since God is there.

If you or I are not ready to be kind to those around us, to endeavor to bind up the hearts of sorrowing people around us; if we do not care for sorrowing little children, we are not needed in Japan, or India, or China, or anywhere else. Show kindness at home. Faber says, "Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world." We make much of our lawns. Don't forget, every time you look at a lovely lawn, that kindness is the turf of the spiritual world.

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There are broken hearts, among men and women, but I was so shocked to learn, lately, that little children die of broken hearts. I was told by an Episcopal clergyman, who was very fond of visiting children's homes or hospitals, that there is a name they give to a certain ailment that means broken-hearted. He told me that he looked over a large number of children and he noticed particularly one little face. There was something that made him ask the nurse at his side what was the matter with that little girl. She replied, "Oh, she will not live long; she has a broken heart." He was told that that was not uncommon. He kept his eye on the child, and when an opportunity offered, he went up to her and, kneeling on one knee, he took her close to him and told about a story of his little chickens. The child became intensely interested, and when he said to her, "Now, I must go," she threw her arms around his neck, sobbing out, "Take me to the chickens." When I think of the little children in New York—Christ's poor little children—then I think also of so many people who could say, "Suffer at least one little child to come unto me," and then when I see women of wealth petting and caring more for their little dogs than some of them do for their own children, let alone for the homeless, loveless children around them—all of them with immortal souls. Don't despise the day of small things, don't overlook the little things you can do to make the smile come. Sowing always means a harvest.

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I know a woman who was made very happy by having her son write to her. He is the father of a large family of his own. He wrote to his mother telling her that since he was fourteen years of age, not a week had passed in which his mother had not sent him a spiritual letter. I suppose he meant that in her letters there was something which showed him she was caring for his soul. Are you mothers really caring for the souls of your children? Are you looking after what they read? You are careful about the physical training, and that they should not eat anything that might hurt the body. Are you equally careful that they are not taking into their minds what might be injurious to their moral character?

I heard Mr. D. L. Moody say that when a friend asked, "Mr. Moody, have you read such and such a book?" he replied, "I hear there is poison in it." "Well," said the friend, "you might read it." "No," said Mr. Moody, "if I take poison into my stomach, then the doctor has to come with a stomach-pump, and it has to be pumped out; but if I take poison into my mind, it will be many a year before it will leave my mind—maybe never."

Look out! Don't be blind! Save your children from moral blindness. You should know whether there is poison in the books they read, or in the boys and girls they associate with.

You will do a splendid business in the year 1903 if you can say (as you ought to) "the Spirit of the Lord God is upon me to do the work I was sent into this world to do." So in this spirit—doing as he did, caring for the suffering world of men and women, and rejoicing that we can tell them the glad tidings—in this Spirit, again I wish you, one and all, a Happy New Year.

"BLIND MARY." THE WONDERFUL ORPHAN GIRL OF OORFA

SOME years ago, a little girl named Mary was found in one of the Aintab schools, at Oorfa, Armenia, who, with one weak eye (the other eye being entirely useless), was earnestly at work, learning the rudiments of an ordinary education. Her orphan state, her great eagerness in study, and what she had told her teacher of her desire for a full course, interested one of our missionary ladies, who took her to the seminary, where she continued through the entire course of fitting for a teacher.

While there she became a decided Christian, and was baptized, and received in one of the churches. She became interested in Sunday Schools, and in teaching at the hospital, and it was seen she was very fond of children.

After graduating, Mary went to Oorfa with Miss West, who had undertaken her seminary education, and there she continued two years as teacher in school for the more advanced girls there. She was desirous of still further study and spent two years in Marash College, leaving with a full diploma.

Well do I recall the three anxious days we kept her in a darkened room, with her one poor half-eye bound, after she had accidentally walked against something that injured it temporarily. Five years of teaching in Adana Seminary, with a special year of study and practice of Armenian in Adabazar intervened, and again she was called to Oorfa High School. After a most efficient year's work, during the summer vacation of 1899, she had an attack of ophthalmia and became totally blind.

Feeling peculiar responsibility for one who had been my pupil during her college course, and had given eight years of service as teacher in our mission schools, I obtained from friends while in the United States about $300—the sum required for a year of study in the Normal College for the Blind in London, under my friends, Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Campbell. Miss Chambers, on her journey to America in March, 1901, kindly took charge of Mary, and saw her settled in the college home. Eight days later, before Miss Chambers left London, she found that Mary had mastered the Braille alphabet, and was reading short sentences, and performing problems in addition with the types used by the blind.

"BLIND MARY" AND HER TYPEWRITER

Mary has now returned to Oorfa, and is about to begin her work. Dr. Campbell writes that she is capable of giving instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, Bible lessons, sewing and knitting. The blind teacher has as equipment a complete Braille Bible in English, given her by the British Bible Society, a set of eight raised maps, type and type-boards, writing-frames and styles, sewing-charts, etc., for eight pupils, and several story books and magazines in the Braille, with various useful articles, and a typewriter, all given by English friends. We have an open-windowed room rented for her, and an orphan companion assigned her. The yearly salary for support of the two will be $150; rent and furnishings for home and schoolroom will be $40. These are the immediate requirements for beginning a very needy work in this place, where there are more blind than in most Oriental cities, and for whom nothing has yet been done by way of special training. Mary is now working over the problem of adapting the Braille to the Armenian alphabet.

Oorfa, Turkey. CORINNA SHATTUCK.

PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BEREA

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JAN 18. ACTS 17: 1-12

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—PSA. 119: 105: "THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET"

WE seem to see a scale, and Thessalonica and Berea are being balanced against each other. Thessalonica is a great city of commercial importance, and it has the proud distinction of being named after the daughter of Alexander the Great, Thessalonica, by her husband Cassander, its great builder. It was, therefore, sometimes called "the lady city." In the other side of the scale is Berea, an insignificant little out-of-the-way place among the mountains, more noted as a place of refuge than anything else. One side of the scale goes up, and the other goes down, and the Apostle Paul is the weigher. And what does he say? "These [in Berea] were more noble than those in Thessalonica." What makes the difference? We will ask the Apostle Paul to tell us. He says: "It is less than a month ago that Silas and I left Philippi for a long journey of more than fifty miles by foot, our backs still very sore from the severe beating we had received when we were in prison. The kind offices of the jailer who washed our stripes after he had been converted, had somewhat relieved our condition. We left Philippi because so requested by the magistrates, who came to release us, on hearing of my claim that I was a Roman citizen. They looked upon us as disturbers of the peace, when our errand had really been to bring peace to that city in the name of Jesus Christ. We went from the city to the home of Lydia, and there had a farewell meeting with those who had become the friends of Jesus. We brought young Timothy with us, and left Luke, 'the beloved physician,' because there were sick ones among our friends who needed his care. We made three stages of our journey, coming the first day to Amphipolis, a distance of thirty-two miles, the next day to Appollonia, thirty miles further on, and the third day brought us to Thessalonica. The small store of means which we brought with us was soon exhausted, and we set to work to earn our daily bread. We found here a synagogue of the Jews, and it was our duty to first preach the Gospel to them, which we did for three Sabbaths. But they would not believe that Jesus was the Son of God, the Messiah, whom they had so long expected. Instead, they were angry, and created such an uproar that we were obliged to give up teaching in the synagogue. Jason then invited us to teach in his house. Quite a little company gathered there, some women of noble birth, a few Jews who had been led to believe in Jesus, and some Greeks who had left off worshiping their idols. But we were not allowed to meet there in peace, for the Jews gathered together some of the worst people in the city, and came in a mob, and attacked the house of Jason, and when they did not find Silas and myself, because we were not there at the time, they dragged Jason out, handling him so roughly that they nearly killed him. They brought him before the magistrates of the city, and made them very angry by telling them that Jason was befriending two men who had set up 'a new King, one Jesus,' in place of their King, the Roman Cæsar. Then the magistrates said we should leave the city, and they made Jason pay money, and give his promise that he would have us

go. That very night friends helped us to get away, for they feared another mob if we should remain until the next day.

"And so we started on a journey fifty miles to Berea. We found Jews in Berea, and, as our custom was, we went into the Synagogue on the Sabbath day, and there we preached about Jesus. They listened with great interest, and they wanted to hear us talk on other days than the Sabbath, and day by day, as we talked about Jesus, they read in their Bibles to see how our teaching compared with the word of God; and many of them, both men and women, some of them the greatest among the Jews, became the friends of Jesus; and so did many of the Greeks, who had been idol worshipers." Now I think you will understand why Berea weighed more in the scale than Thessalonica. "These [of Berea] were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so. And the Jews of Thessalonica appeared in a still worse light, when not content with creating a disturbance in their own city, they came to Berea, with the evil intention of doing further harm to Silas and myself."

Illustration and Application

Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet. At Thessalonica, we find samples of those in every age, who are in darkness, and yet reject the light; who seek to blow it out, to drive it away, because it reveals their own errors and sins, loving darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. On the other hand, in Berea, we have examples of those who welcome the light, and use it as "a lamp to their feet and a light to their path." If the Bible be thought of, quite as appropriately as the seed which the apostolic sowers were scattering in the great field of the world, we find in this lesson, as in every congregation and almost every Sunday School class, the stony, thorny soil of pride and prejudice, in contrast with the good ground of honest hearts that desire to know the truth and live it. The burning question in this matter is one of present moment, namely: Is my heart like Thessalonica or Berea? Am I a rejector or welcomer of God's message?

Paul reasoned with them out of the Scriptures.—Great efforts have been made to make reason seem a foe to faith. But the Bible's challenge is: "Come, let us reason together." Christianity is a science, not a dream; a science based, like the sciences of jurisprudence and of history, on reliable testimony; based also, like the great certainties of gravitation and the earth's rotundity, on a proved theory of the world which alone includes and harmonizes all the facts involved; based, like medicine and philosophy, on experiments and experience. "The fool hath said, There is no God." Equally a fool is the man who, believing there is a God, acts as if there were none. The International Teachers' Association are asking the restoration of the Bible to the public schools, not in the name of religion, or even of ethics, but in the name of culture, as a mind food that cannot be spared.

> We search the world for truth, we cull
> The good, the pure, the beautiful,
> From graven stone and written scroll,
> From the old flower-fields of the soul,
> And, weary seekers for the best,
> We come back laden from our quest,
> To find that all the sages said
> Is in the Book our mothers read. —WHITTIER.

Christ must needs have suffered.—This is one of the many can nots of character that goes with, "He can not deny him-

CHURCH IN WHICH PAUL IS SAID TO HAVE PREACHED

self," and "Ye must be born again." Part of its meaning is what Paul showed the Thessalonians, that in order to fulfil Old Testament prophesies, the true Messiah must be a sufferer. The Jews, in looking for a conquering Messiah, had forgotten the many passages like Isaiah 53, where he is pictured as also suffering, and so counted it disproof of Christ's claim to Messiahship that he had been crucified by the Romans instead of conquering them. But back of the prophesies themselves was the fact that "Christ must needs have suffered," because love and justice made such suffering a necessity for man's salvation.

SALONICA, THE MODERN CITY OCCUPYING THE SITE OF THESSALONICA

But the Jews which believed not assaulted the house.—It is a solemn fact to prompt heart searching, that these and so many others who "believe not" but fought the truth even unto blood, were church members. A pastor announced "a sermon to the unconverted members of the church." The true Church is made up of true hearts, but in the visible ranks of the churches there have been many who were manifestly unconverted, and many more are consciously unfaithful. It has been estimated that three-fourths of the Bible is addressed to these two classes. "Lord, is it I?"

These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also.—A quaint street preacher of London, taking this text, divided his subject into four heads: Firstly, the world was originally right side up; secondly, the devil came and turned it wrong side up; thirdly, it must be turned right side up again; fourthly, we are the chaps to do it. As sure as God's Word is true the world is to be righted (Rev. 11: 15), and we the millions of professing Christians have now the ability, and so the responsibility to do it. The lever by which the world is to be righted is the Word of God, and the spot Archimedes could not find to place a world-moving lever, we have found at the Cross. The mob violence which the Thessalonians used for arguments, as guilty men often do, recalls a story of Charles Burleigh, who was assailed with rotten eggs by those who smarted under his unanswerable reproofs. Wiping the stains quietly from his face, he said calmly to his enemies, "This proves what I have often said, that your arguments are unsound."

These were more noble than those of Thessalonica.—Paul did not give up the Thessalonians because the majority of them rejected God's message and drove him away. In his two letters to the Thessalonians, first written of his epistles, see what sweet words he has for the church, whose foundation stones were thrown by persecutors. But places and churches differ almost as much as individuals, and in the synagogue of Berea he found Jews "more noble," though of lowlier station than he had found in Thessalonica. With open minds they heard Paul expound the prophecies, showing how they were all fulfilled in Christ. And they "searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so," inspiring examples of the true nobility in God's sight, who love and live his Word. Bible verses are often read as thoughtlessly and superstitiously as if the verses were beads of a rosary. To avoid such reading, use these

Helpful Questions to Follow Bible Reading

1. What have I read about God or Christ or the Holy Spirit? 2. What have I read about myself? 3. What good things are spoken of that I should try, with God's help, to imitate? 4. What sins are named that I should fight against? 5. What Divine promise is there in these verses that I should appropriate? 6. Is there any prayer in this passage that I should adopt? 7. What other Bible verses resemble these and throw light upon them as parallel passages? 8. How is the Scripture I have read "profitable" to me or for others, for contrition? Or for conversion? Or for Christian culture?

Stories of Bible Lovers

And now for some stories of other modern Bereans, who loved and studied the Bible, that may help to make Bereans of those in our Sunday Schools. A cobbler of Hamburg, sat under his awning, near his street door. Many of the gay crowd seeking pleasure on the street turned to look at him, for he chanted German psalm tunes as he worked, and a starling over his head was apparently trying to join in his music. A young Jew student stopped to say: "Well, friend—beg pardon—you seem a merry fellow." "To be sure, I am—right merry, my brother. Why shouldn't I be so?" "All are not so. You seem poor, and have to work hard, and you have only that bird, that seems as jolly as yourself, to care for you." "He is not all my family. I have a wife and seven children." "And yet you can sing?" "I am richer than thou thinkest. I am a King's son." The student stared and walked away, saying: "So it is madness makes him merry." A week later, the student passing by, took off his cap, and made a very low bow, and said: "Good evening, your royal highness." "Come in, and I will sing you of my kingdom." The student, thinking to find amusement in a crazy fancy came in, and the cobbler sang him a psalm of God's kingdom, and explained how the Messiah-King had been expected from the beginning and had come at last. "My father Abraham knew of that kingdom," said the Jew, "and I see it brings happiness to thee. Where can I learn more?" "Here, take this Bible and read it, and may God aid thee to find that Christ is thy Messiah-King." The Jew "searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so," and thus found the King and the joy He brings.

The Boy who was a "Bible Fearer"

A beautiful story of Queen Elizabeth's coronation, which followed the reign of "Bloody Mary," when to read the Bible was a crime, illustrates the great privilege of free access to the Bible, its heavenly origin, and how a boy may bear God's message. It was the one great theme of rejoicing when Elizabeth became queen, that the Bible was unchained, and so a pageant was arrayed to express that joy. A boy, skilful in athletic feats, was dressed as an angel, in green and gold, with wings on shoulders and feet, and on the approach of the queen's coach, he descended, as if from heaven, from the top of Temple Bar, where the city of London proper then ended, bearing a most elegant Bible, made expressly for the queen. As the winged boy descended, the crowd exclaimed, "The Bible bearer," and the queen received the Book as from heaven, for the guidance of her throne. Happy the man or woman who enthrones the Bible as the law of life! Happy the boy or girl, the man or woman, who accepts God's call to every one to be a "Bible fearer."

An Evening in an Art Gallery

ONE week ago the "Family Art Gallery" reached me, and I did not inspect them until the next evening. When, after arranging them according to your suggestions, wife and I and some friends examined them at our leisure. We were all entertained and greatly pleased with every one. The pictures are well worth the price of our subscription. As my four children are married and have each a home of their own, these ten pictures, except one or two for our own home, will go to them, the same as last year; and so many will enjoy these pictures for years to come. We thank you heartily for the Art Gallery, and for what you are doing in the way of giving to the poor such pleasure as usually only the rich enjoy. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a permanent fixture in our home. The Calendar reached me a few days ago and it is a gem of the first water. Thanking you again.

Narrowsburg, N. Y. GEORGE W. MAYBE

Every subscriber receives free our "Family Art Gallery."

Choosing a Flower

THE school children in one of the beautiful mountain regions of West Virginia have lately been choosing a flower. True, this is not the season for flowers, when the storms are abroad, and the cold is intense, but the flowers are not dead; they are merely asleep. I think it very sensible, indeed, to select the class flower or the school flower in winter, not waiting for spring or summer to come. Besides, spring is moving towards us as fast as ever it can, with its regiments of grasses, its millions of posies, its battalions of birds, its orchestras of breezes, and it has only to cross the Alpine hills of January and February, before it sounds the golden bugle calls of March.

The flower the West Virginia children have chosen as their own is the beautiful mountain laurel, an exquisite American flower, that fairly lights up the woods with its rare smiles and dazzling profusion of color and blossoms, when its time of bloom arrives. For students, what flower more appropriate than the laurel, if you please, with its suggestion of undying renown?

Which is your flower? The rose, the daisy, the golden-rod, the lily, each has its admirers. But can you bring an argument to bear in their favor, that surpasses in weight what one can say for the dear mountain laurel?

I once knew a mother who chose a flower for each child of hers at its birth, and as the little one grew, its pleasures and pastimes were associated with that. Marie, for example, had mignonette for her flower. A vase filled with this most delicately sweet of the garden's darlings was always in the child's room, on her desk, on her dressing-table. The mother had wealth, and could indulge herself in dainty fancies, so she covered the walls of Marie's room with paper on which were loose sprays of mignonette. Modesty, sweetness, unobtrusiveness, endurance, the flower taught the child. Louise had the carnation for her special flower, and Josephine the violet, and in each case the spirituality, the hidden meaning of the plant-life was made to be of service in bringing up the child.

Some Lonely Lives

Among those who lead lonely lives without a murmur, that they may do their brave share in helping on the tasks of the world, we should not forget the signal-service men, the lighthouse-keepers, and the crews along the coasts who man the life-boats in boiling surf, and go out to save those in peril of death. Peculiarly isolated are the men who on lofty eyries of the mountains, or on some desolate coast, do the bidding of science and the nation, and watch the drift of clouds, the movement of the upper and lower currents of the air, and all the shifting variations of climate and temperature, that, away off in thronged cities life may be easier, and commerce more safely plough the great seas.

Our Friend, the Horse

Few more faithful friends than the horse have ever served and stood beside man, and few have been treated with so much ingratitude and unkindness. In cold weather, the horse should have the protection of the warm coat which nature provides for him. Fashion clips it closely, and as fashion has already docked its tail, at once an ornament, a comfort, and a means of defense, there does not seem much more in that line that she can do. Heedlessness sends the poor horse out in slippery, icy weather, on pavements like glass, with dulled shoes that afford no foothold. In zero weather, city horses should be sharply shod. If the poor horse falls, does not prudence dictate helping him rise with as little strain as possible; yet men fume and storm and blaspheme, as the unwieldy animal vainly struggles, when the mere placing of a blanket on the ground would relieve the situation with speed.

The account which the horse has against man foots up with large indebtedness on our side. People who love and admire this noble friend and servitor, should not tolerate the cruelty which is too often displayed in his treatment.

To close a house, as some cruel folks do in summer, and leave a poor cat to forage for itself, is indefensible. True, it may pick up a living. But you might as well shut your Aunt Sallie or your Cousin Miranda out of her own room, as exclude a cat, accustomed to a bed indoors, from that comfort. And the poor gaunt, starved, degenerate tramp cat, is a witness to your barbarity of disposition that ought to make your acquaintances watch you with care. If a cat cannot be looked after properly, mercifully put it to a long and dreamless death.

This is apropos of the Chicago Cat Show!

GRANDMOTHER AND HER BOY

Dear Little Sonny is grandmother's boy,
She gives him advice and she tells him of God.
May he live to be grandmother's pride and her joy,
And walk like a man in his pilgrimage road.

Puss on Exhibition

A cat show has just been held in Chicago. Beautiful specimens of the feline family have permitted their fur to be stroked and their good points noted, and prizes have been awarded to the finest cats, their owners visibly swelling with pride thereat. The cats came from Canada, and from many States of the Union, and the show lasted an entire day.

Nobody is indifferent to a cat. People adore or despise this familiar creature who sits by the fire, suns himself in the south window, or monopolizes the softest cushion in the house. Cats hate dirt and discomfort. A cat can and does attach itself to localities, but it is capable of very close friendship with human beings who are kind to it. Some neighbors of mine wanted to go to Europe last summer, but at last resigned their trip, because they could find nobody with whom they were willing to leave a precious Madam Puss, who was the pet of the household. "We could not forsake the little gray lady, and we would not chloroform her," they said, in explanation of their abandoned jaunt.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—W. L. Marriage without love is a sin.

—EMILIE. Your little sister may be a flower-girl at your wedding.

—ROSE DEE. Miniature painting is well paid if the work is artistic.

—WILLIE. Beauty is not confined to youth. There is a beauty of old age.

—LULU. A luncheon before bed-time should be light. Heavy suppers cause indigestion.

—WILL. A husband is not beyond his rights who expects his clothing to be kept in repair.

—JOHN. Finger-bowls are not an affectation. They are a convenience when one eats fruit.

—YOUNG LADY. We say girl rather than young lady now, but every girl should be the latter.

—MRS. S. A quarrelsome neighbor should be treated civilly. Avoid having an issue about anything.

—IN FLY-TIME. Screen doors and windows, and keep flies out. An ounce of prevention is desirable here.

The Lord Will Provide

THE sigh which Mrs. Lewis breathed was a deep one. The day had been full of vexation, she had worried herself into a serious headache, and the night had come finding her with distressing thought.

"Little woman, you make me feel rather blue," father said, as he came in from the barn, his face flushed from vigorous labor.

"Oh, father, I do not see how we are going to make out with Mary Ellen sick, and you short of farm help, and everything just as wrong as it can be."

"Yet I never knew repining to help in the least, mother. You know the sun is still shining behind the clouds, and it will reappear by and by, perhaps when we least expect it. I have known many to cry nights, but the dawn always followed. There is a word of sublime confidence that we should write deep in our hearts, 'Jehovah-jireh.' It is the assurance that no promise of God ever fails, and that out of seeming loss and sorrow he often brings blessings."

Mrs. Lewis pressed her hand wearily to her heart. "And I have been fretting all day," she answered, "quite forgetting that the Heavenly Father is always mindful of us. Oh, John, if it were not for your faith and trust, I wonder sometimes where I would drift."

"Has the Lord ever been unmindful of us? Has he not promised that no good thing will be withheld from them that love him? Does not this imply that there should be a calm waiting, even when the road lies dark before us?"

"I think I have always wanted to walk by sight," said the wife. "Yet we cannot see a single step before our feet, and we are told that we should enter upon the morrow without anxiety and forebodings."

"Ought we not to repose the same confidence in God that our children repose in us? Since He has promised to provide for my every need, I see no reason why I should fill my days with anxious thought."

"My God will supply all you need," said Mrs. Lewis softly. "Indeed, John, with the blessed Word so full of rich promises, I shall no longer fret. I am willing to trust and abide in his love."

SARA V. DUBOIS.

Her Treasure Long Desired

Kind Friend:—Over my premium Bible I have shed tears of joy. When I received it, I went to my room, knelt down, and thanked God that he had, through your kindness, sent to me the very gift I had so long desired—a beautiful Bible—and I will always hold it as a dear treasure. MRS. E. S. MANSBARGER.

Our Red Letter Bible, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $3.

What makes the lamb love Mary so?
Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know.

"Cobbler Jim"

By CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS

COBBLER JIM was happy and gay, and as his store you passed,
You'd hear his voice above the din of the blows that fell on his last;
His wasn't a voice of culture, nor was it a voice of power,
But as Jim sat at his bench and sang, blithely from hour to hour,
His song would blend with that of the birds, perched in the trees close by,
And it seemed as together they sang, the man and the bird would try,
Which best could prove by their happy notes, that whether at work or play—
God's world is full of sunshine and bliss, the man at his bench, or they.

You'll ask what caused the cobbler's joy, and what inspired his song
With that note of perfect happiness, which rang the whole day long,
What was it gave to those rugged notes a tone almost divine,
And made them seem so different from a voice like yours and mine,
What was it made the birds join in whene'er he chanced to sing,
And hover in the branches near and o'er the lintel cling,
The answer's clear, the answer's plain, and all is due to Him,
The God who gave the birds their song inspired the notes of Jim.

Time was when Jim was a ne'er-do-well, and never a note he sang,
Unless strong drink inflamed his blood, and then the tavern rang
With a flood of ribald melody, at once both coarse and rude,
Then with an oath he staggered home in a mean and ugly mood:
Then trouble came and sickness, and but for a loving wife,
Right then and there would have ended the cobbler's misspent life,
And Jim resolved when health returned, no more he'd be a clod,
He had worked and sang for the devil, now he'd work and sing for God.

And how Jim worked, and how he sang, 'twas glorious to see
No living soul upon the earth was happier than he!
And every time his hammer fell, or home a nail drove in,
He'd say: "There goes another blow at misery and sin!"
The dogs, that never came near Jim without a blow or kick,
Saw Jim had changed, and bravely came his proffered hand to lick.
For even in the animals the power, the instinct lies
To tell if God or Satan looks at them through human eyes.

Yes, Jim had "got religion," and it didn't make him sad—
He had the proper Christlike kind that ever makes one glad;
The kind that lights the heart and soul and drives out gloom and fear;
The kind that fills one's life with joy and heaven itself draws near;
The kind that makes the grave itself a stepping-stone to bliss—
No other kind is Christ-inspired unless it's like to this—
For misery, despair, and gloom can never have a part
In any truly Christian life when Christ is in the heart.

Let's take a leaf from out Jim's book, and when our lives seem dark,
Let's join our voices with the birds and imitate the lark,
And make our hymns of joyfulness to heaven's gates ascend,
And angels gathered round the throne a listening ear will lend,
And join their melodies with ours, until all heaven rings
With mighty Alleluiahs grand unto the King of kings;
And God will hear our anthems, and a blessing then from Him
Will fill our lives with sunshine, and make us just like Jim.

FINLAND SWEPT BY FAMINE

Continued from page 3

and has a population of nearly two and a half millions. Its southern shore is washed by the Gulf of Finland, and its western by the Gulf of Bothnia; northward, it joins the territory of Sweden and extends well into the Arctic circle. With thirty-seven towns, in all it has only seven with a population numbering ten thousand and over. Helsingfors, the capital, is a handsome and well-built city of eighty thousand population. It is noted for its healthfulness of situation and its excellent morals, which compare favorably with those of any other capital in Europe.

Finland is known as "The Land of the Thousand Lakes," a very large part of the interior consisting of lake, swamp and forest. It has few rivers or mountains. Its lakes are studded with islands, and much of the scenery is very beautiful. Its principal industries are timber, grazing, dairy-farming, cloth-making, tar and resin, cotton mills, flax mills and iron foundries. Wheat, barley and oats are cultivated. Many people in the interior live exclusively by fishing in the lakes. and providing fresh and salted salmon for the market.

Althoughit is by no means an exceptionally cold country, the winters in Finland are long and hard, lasting about six months. At Christmas time, the sun is only visible for six hours a day, and the whole land is a vast tract of snow and ice, over which the people travel in sleds, or on snow-shoes or skees. In the south, there is fairly good railroad communication, but primitive methods of traveling prevail in the interior. Finnish, Swedish and Russian are the languages spoken, the latter by a very small percentage of the population.

There are few more simple or devout races than the Finns. They are scrupulously honest, trustworthy and industrious. Their churches are to them real sanctuaries, and their Lutheran pastors are true spiritual "shepherds of the flock." Living hard and laborious lives in a sterile land, their industry and thrift, in normal years, have sufficed to keep them from actual want. Now that keen adversity has overtaken them, they are deserving of the sympathy of benevolent people everywhere. If we extend a helping hand to the heathen or to those of an alien faith, how much more quickly and generously should we come to the rescue of those who are our Christian brothers and sisters, of the same "household of faith" as ourselves.

Travelers have been struck with the quiet and reserved demeanor of the people, who are peaceable and law-abiding, hospitable to strangers, thrifty and intelligent. The houses, within and without, are scrupulously clean, and so are the streets. Notwithstanding its many disadvantages, Finland has kept up a high standard of public education, and illiteracy is rare. In Finland proper, there is practically no aristocracy, most of the people belonging to the industrious class. Until the

THE BRIDE'S VOWS AT A FINNISH WEDDING

recent advent of "hard times," following on successive failures of the crops, poverty seldom oppressed the Finns. Even in the cities, slums and masses of destitute, such as may be found elsewhere, have been unknown. Both sexes believe in work. In banks, business offices and railroad depots, women clerks are numerous; in the farming districts, women work in the fields, and in the cities they may be seen even sweeping the streets, while many labor as stonemasons and carpenters. Yet these women, notwithstanding their avocations, preserve their womanly traits to a remarkable degree. They usually marry early and happily, for divorces are rare in Finland, and the domestic infelicities which sadden so many homes in other countries is regarded with abhorrence.

FINNISH FISHERS AT THEIR "TRAPS"

In dress, the Finlanders are somewhat picturesque. Many of the Young Finnish women wear white velvet caps, or blue or crimson handkerchiefs over the head or tied under the chin; bright-colored cotton bodices, neatly embroidered skirts and aprons, while the men—the peasantry, at least—wear linen blouses and high boots with soft moccasin soles, turned up at the toes. They are, as a rule, sober and abstemious, their daily fare consisting of fish, oatmeal, milk and rye biscuit.

The Famine Officially Confirmed

In response to a cablegram of inquiry sent by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Count Andre Bobrinsky of St. Petersburg (a Russian noble of high rank and position in the imperial court), the following answer has been received:

St. Petersburg, Dec. 27.

NEED IS ACUTE. Finnish Department accepts gratefully America's aid. Will send famine statement.

(Signed) BOBRINSKY.

This official corroboration of the famine reports, emphasizes the urgency of the case. "The need is acute," and all who wish to have a share in the work should act now. Send in your contribution to the

FINLAND FAMINE FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
92 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Selling Peasants in Russia

One of the most striking illustrations of the results of the present famine in Russia is mentioned in a cablegram from St. Petersburg, which says:

"The state of affairs in the Government (or province) of Kovroff is almost incredible. Regular auction sales of women and children are held there, the wives, daughters and little ones of men who are too poor to buy food for them being knocked down to the highest bidder in order that they may not perish. A sound, wholesome young girl fetches $35. A healthy child sells for from $10 to $25.

"Speculators are said to do a thriving business by fattening their emaciated purchases and selling them again. Whole families are subsisting on a little meal mixed with the ground bark of trees, while roots and herbs are boiled with the flesh of diseased animals to make soup."

It is almost inconceivable that such conditions should exist in a civilized country. The government is doing what it can to give relief, but the suffering is so widespread as to be beyond its power to assuage.

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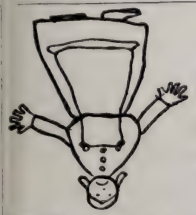
is a food that feeds.

Send for a free sample of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.



That's Aunt Ann. Doesn't she look upset? Well I would too if I got a note like the following:

Dear Ann:

I'm sorry Mary's left, but I'm more sorry to see your hands becoming rough and red: that's a sure sign you are using cleansers which ruin your clothes as well as your hands. Cleansers that injure the hands will injure everything they come in contact with. Why in the world don't you use BORAX? It makes washing quick and easy. It makes clothes whiter than anything else you can use. It preserves colors and is above all absolutely harmless, keeping the hands soft and white and preserving clothes. If you doubt this ask your physician. He recommends it for washing out baby's mouth. It saves time, saves soap and saves wear on clothes.

Ask your grocer for "20 Mule Team Borax"

There are substitutes adulterated with soda

If BORAX were better understood, it would be constantly used in every household as a helpful economy. You can learn more about it from the quaint booklet, "Borax—Come In." Sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address Department K, Pacific Coast Borax Company, Chicago.

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All our cook stoves and Ranges equipped with patent oven thermometer, which makes baking a delight.

The only strictly high grade stoves and ranges **sold direct from factory to user at factory prices.** They are sold on a

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Don't buy until you have investigated our special proposition. Send for **FREE** catalogue No. 103

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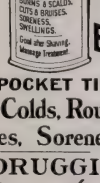
Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Mich.

No Member of your Family should be without an Individual Stick of



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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SOLD 100,000 Guns, Revolvers, Swords, etc., to FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, New York. Catalog 1,000 illustrations, free.

Gospel Messengers in the Mountains

LITTLE MOUNTAINEERS AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE MISSIONARY IN THE MOUNTAINS

CHRISTIANS living amid all the comforts, conveniences and wonderful spiritual advantages of great cities, will read with sympathetic interest the following account of the journeyings of a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, an organization whose history and good works are familiar to readers of this paper. He was traveling in a mountainous section of our country, where railroads are few and far between, carrying God's message to a noble people, worthy though poor, who do not have the religious privileges they deserve and hunger for.

My assistant, Mr. S., was much pleased to find an old companion of his boyhood days, teaching the public school here. We were readily granted permission to speak to the scholars in the interest of the Sabbath School we had organized a few weeks before, the teacher promising to aid this Sabbath School by his presence and in every possible way.

SUSPENSION FOOT-BRIDGE ACROSS CLINCH RIVER

We tramped through mud and rain to a cabin and got supper, then back to the schoolhouse and held religious services, much interest being manifested by those present, who had come, though it is dangerous to travel over the mountain trails when it is very dark.

Next day we started for an appointment at H—— schoolhouse, some ten miles distant, across Clinch River. We had but one horse, which we "took turns" riding, the one who rode carrying our luggage, which consisted of large "saddle-bags" and a valise full of Bibles and Testaments, and a "suit-case" containing a change of clothing for each of us. It was my "turn" to walk, and the steep trail was very muddy and slippery. We visited some of the homes and announced services for that night in the public school, which we also visited, after which Mr. S—— proposed that he walk across the mountain that evening, leaving me to conduct the services, organize a Sunday School if I could, and follow with the horse in the morning. As we were some twenty miles from the railroad, which he must reach by eleven o'clock next day (he was going home on the cars, while I was to ride the horse), I consented, and he walked across the mountain, about six miles, while I remained, held the service and organized a promising Sunday School.

We had been away from home almost a month, and had only heard from our families once. It is difficult for us to keep in communication with our families while at work in the mountains. Mails are very uncertain back twenty or thirty miles from the railroad, and we cannot tell where to have it sent to us, as we frequently do not know where we will be. While Mr. S. was waiting for his train, he accidentally heard of some religious meetings, which were being conducted by an old friend, some four or five miles in the country, and was urged to attend and assist. "I will," said he, "if I can get back to town for my train." He was told this would not be possible, as he would have to walk both ways. Nevertheless he concluded to go, and walked the eight or ten miles, preached for them, and organized a Sabbath School, with forty scholars pledged to attend.

We have organized seventeen Sunday Schools within ten weeks past. We will have to revisit these schools frequently at intervals, to encourage and instruct them, until they are ready to stand alone. Mr. S., is a mountaineer, and understands the mountain people thoroughly. He knows the country, and has a large personal acquaintance extending over five or six large counties in Southwestern Virginia. With his help I have been enabled to do many times more than I could possibly have accomplished alone. I am very anxious that funds may be received to continue him in the work for which he is well fitted, and am grateful to those who have contributed to employ him temporarily. We have not failed in any place we have visited to plant a Bible school, and many have been awakened and stirred by the preaching of the Word. We are praying that God will bless the work done and make it fruitful, as he has in many other localities where conditions at first were almost or quite as discouraging. These people are hungry for the Gospel. Any one wishing further information about the work of this society, may apply to Rev. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 158 Fifth avenue, New York City. J. H. LITTLE,

Missionary American Sunday School Union.

"The Bowery Tree."

FRIENDS of the poor who contributed so generously to Mrs. Bird's Christmas Tree, will be pleased to read the following letter, dated December 26, from that lady:

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS:

The children had a glorious time yesterday. They gathered in such masses in front of the Bowery Mission, that we had to open the doors at seven, instead of two P. M., the hour set. Before we knew it, the room was packed: on the gallery stairs, in the windows, everywhere we stowed little folks away. It was touching to see our Mission converts, all kind-hearted men, carrying the tiniest tots about on their shoulders and in their arms. Such neglected-looking children I never saw before!

The Captain of Police told me that he estimated at 20,000 the children who gathered in front of the Mission, between 8 a. m. and nightfall, pleading for a look at the "Bowery Tree." We allowed not one adult to enter, taking in only the children. They were joyous, but very orderly. Hundreds of toys and other presents were given out and the little ones were told of the kind-hearted friends in many lands who had made their holiday glad.

Dr. Klopsch's chair was put under a bower of beautiful gifts of his generous giving. Our saved men would have it so. Fifty of them worked all their spare time, night and day, to make Christmas happy for the Bowery waifs. The music was fine, all the little children sang joyously. To-day, our big tree will be used by the Mariner's Temple. Out of our many toys, we saved some and sent them to the children of the colored Sunday School in the "Cellar Mission," -ecently mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; so the "Bowery Tree" has made a multitude glad. The children of the poor extend hearty thanks to the distant friends who remembered them.

SARAH J. BIRD.

Delicious Drinks and Dainty Dishes

ARE MADE FROM

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Unequaled for Smoothness, Delicacy, and Flavor

Examine the package you receive and make sure that it bears our trade-mark.

Under the decisions of the U. S. Courts no other Cocoa is entitled to be labeled or sold as "BAKER'S COCOA."

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No Sour Cream if you use

Highland Brand Evaporated Cream

It is the purest form of cow's milk—**evaporated, sterilized and canned under the supervision of a partner of the business.** Produced on the famous "Highland Model Dairy Farms," it is a most wholesome and appetizing form of milk and is a

PERFECT INFANT FOOD

Highland Brand Makes Weak Babies Strong.

Most grocers sell it. If yours doesn't, send us his name and we will send you a sample can FREE.

HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO., Highland, Ill., Dept. F, U. S. A.

"Where Model Dairy Farms Abound."

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

Gluten Grits AND BARLEY CRYSTALS,

Perfect Breakfast and Dessert Health Cereals. PANSY FLOUR for Hot Rolls, Cake and Pastry. Unlike all other foods. Ask Grocers. For book of sample, write

FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

CORNS come out by the roots—easily and quickly and safely—and stay out a long time when you use **A-CORN SALVE.** Send postal for free trial box. Full-size box 15c at druggists or by mail.

Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

WE WANT WOMEN WORKERS TO BE INDEPENDENT by selling to the best families in your locality our *Famous Progressive Dinnerware Patterns, Knives, Spoons, Berlaine Pictures, Tray Scrapes,* and our famous *Dishwashing Compound.* Handsome Souvenir Case Free. Write to-day for full details and exceptional offer. THE CRAIG BAKING POWDER CO., Dept. D, Cleveland, O.

Agent's Outfit Free.—Rim Strainer, fits any pan. Agents make 5 to 6 dollars per day. Large catalogue new goods free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO. Dept. 6. BATH, N.Y.

Reduced Prices on Suits and Cloaks

UNLESS you are already in possession of one of our handsome and attractive Suit, Skirt or Cloak, made to order of bran new materials at one-third less than regular prices, you cannot consider yourself properly dressed this season. We have just completed our contracts at greatly reduced figures, and will make a clean sweep of our entire stock in a very few days. We must carry over as little as possible of these goods, so are willing to lose a large profit rather than carry them over. Now is the time to buy for Winter and early Spring wear. Nearly all of our styles and materials are included in this Sale.

Note these reductions:—

Tailor-made Suits; former price $10, reduced to $6.67.

$12 Suits reduced to $8.

$15 Suits reduced to $10.

Skirts, made of all-wool materials; **former price $5, reduced to $3.34.**

$7.50 Skirts reduced to $5.

$9 Skirts reduced to $6.

Costumes of Black Velvet Cords and Corduroy; former price $17, reduced to $11.34.

$19 Costumes reduced to $12.67.

Attractive Coats, former price $10, reduced to $6.67.

$15 Monte Carlo Coats reduced to $10.

Reduced Prices on Rainy-day Suits, Traveling Suits, Raglans, Etc.

We are also closing out a number of sample garments *at one-half of regular prices.*

Catalogue, Samples and Bargain List sent *free* upon request. Be sure to say that you wish a *Winter Catalogue and Reduced Price Samples.* This is the last month of the Sale, so act quickly if you wish to take advantage of it.

Our new Spring Catalogue will be ready January 20th; every well dressed woman should have a copy. Write today, and we will mail you one, with a line of new Spring Samples, as soon as issued. Be sure to say you wish the *New Spring Catalogue and Samples.*

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York

SOLD! UNDER A Positive Guarantee

to wash as clean as can be done on the **washboard,** even to the wristbands and collar of the dirtiest shirt, and with much more ease. This applies to **Terrill's Perfect Washer,** which will be sent on trial at wholesale price. If not satisfactory, money will be refunded. **AGENTS WANTED.** For exclusive territory, terms and prices, write

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Magic Tucker

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Tucks without creasing, basting or measuring—Silks, Velvet, Woolens, Lawns and all goods any machine will sew. Guaranteed to fit all machines and give perfect satisfaction. **Box plaits without leaving crease in center.** Tucks smallest pinch tuck to largest tuck. Simple, speedy, durable.

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past season. One agent wanted in each town. Millions will be sold. Tucker mailed on receipt of $1.00.

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Sewing Machines $7.25 TO $26.50

Shipped on approval anywhere in U. S. No money in advance. All kinds, all styles; direct from factories. Avoiding salesmen's expenses and dealers or agents' exorbitant profits saves you from $10 to $15. Estab. 1895. 250,000 sold. Testimonials from every state. References: First Nat'l Bank, Chicago. Send for big illustrated catalogue showing all styles and samples of work.

CASH BUYER'S UNION, Dept K 18, Chicago.

PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCKS

Ideal bedroom and bath slippers. Knitted fabric, with soft, white wool fleece. Slumber-rubber heels. Unequaled for comfort, convenience, economy. Address Dept. 1803 for free booklet. Postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents. Catalogue free.

J. R. PARKER, Dept. K, 163 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. We ship at all kinds of rates to the above States. We ship anything, anywhere. Write for rates.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO., 333 Dearborn St., Chicago

NO POISON has ever been found in the Carmelized **STEEL WIRE.** The Red Label, indorsed by chemists of United States Court, passed on every loop, proves it.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE

two-room hovel, grimy with the dust of the fields, built against the hillside, and shadowed in front by a towering pile of culm. For this abode, the company deducted two dollars monthly from the boy's wages; the remainder went for food to the company store. Clothes? the old ones must be made to answer. Medicine? a doctor? not to be thought of for a moment.

Let it be said in fairness that Boyton had left his family rather worse off than the average; but for years he had had "hard luck," so that he was not wholly to blame. Indeed, he had struggled against fate with such persistency as he was master of. An invalid wife, a succession of accidents in the mine—these had tended to impoverish him, to plunge him hopelessly in the company's debt. He had fallen behind in his dues in the insurance department of the Miner's Union, and he was dropped. From the roll of the Union itself he was not dropped, since his dues were deducted monthly from his wages by the company, and turned over to the officials of that organization. So when a fall of coal had caught him in his chamber far underground and crushed his life out, he left his family nothing but his debts. The Union buried him and considered its duty done, as indeed it was, according to the letter of its agreement.

To be sure, the neighbors helped when they could, for sympathy and kindness of heart may survive even in the coal-fields, but they were themselves hovering always on the verge of want, and so could do little. Then the elder boy, by means of a perjury concurred in by his mother, had secured a position in the breaker.

Mrs. Boyton had looked after him as he trudged away to work that first morning of the new year with a new misery in her eyes, full of misery as they had been before, and a dry sobbing, which soon ceased—for despair brings with it, at last, a kindly apathy, just as the nerves, wrung by long suffering, in the end forget their office. She saw him come home in the evening numbed with cold—for a breaker cannot be heated—and choked with dust; she saw the insidious advance of weakness and disease, and sometimes those fits of sobbing reappeared; but what could she do? What hope was there? She herself could scarcely move at times; for long hours together she huddled over the kitchen stove, rocking slowly backwards and forwards, incapable even of thought. The end had come inevitably as she had foreseen it; the boy had broken down, and her other son had gone forth to what she knew must be the same fate.

"You're better, aint y', mother?" was his first question every evening, as he entered the house.

"Yes, I reckon I'm better, Jimmy," was the invariable answer, given with such cheerfulness as she could muster. "I reckon I'm a little better."

"An' how's Tom?"

"I reckon he's better, too. He 'peared t' take a little more int'rest t'day."

"That's good!" he cried, with new cheerfulness—it took so little to make him cheerful—and set to work to cleanse himself of some of the grime of the breaker, before going in to see his brother. It was tedious work, for the dust had crept into every pore—and painful work, too, for his hands were cut in many places. But at last it was accomplished, as well as soap and water could accomplish it, and he went into the dark little back room, where Tom lay on the grimy bed.

"Any better, Tom?" he asked, sitting down on the side of the bed and taking his brother's feverish hands in his. "Mother said she thort y' was a little better."

"I don' know, Jimmy. Maybe I am better, but I don't seem t' git any stronger."

"Well, never mind; y' take y'r time. I'm gittin' along all right. Th' cracker-boss don't pay no notice t' me—he's a mighty good kind o' feller. What 'd y' like t' eat?"

There was a sublime, unconscious irony in the question, since the whole food supply of the house consisted of a piece of "side-meat," a sack of corn-meal and a measure of potatoes.

"I d' want nothin'," answered Tom, tossing fretfully on his bed; "nothin'."

Alas! he, too, knew of just what the food resources of the house consisted, and the thought of them sickened him; but he would have died rather than let a complaint escape him.

"Oh, come now," protested Jimmy, "that won't do. How 're y' a-goin' t' git any stronger if y' won't eat? You've jest got t' eat, Tom, if only a little bit!"

The mother, bending a listening ear from the kitchen, broke again into sobbing, but checked herself sharply at the thought that they might hear her.

The older boy did not answer, but pulled his hands away and rolled himself over toward the wall, choking back the words that rose to his lips. And his brother, watching him, felt his lips quiver and his eyes fill with tears—felt his self-control slipping from him. But he, too, checked himself, and, winking back the tears resolutely, went out into the kitchen and rejoined his mother. One reads often of the self-control and bravery of children in high places; but the bravery of the children of the poor passes unrecorded—perhaps because it is such a common thing, a part of every day!

"Tom don't seem t' be so much better, after all," he remarked. "He says he d' want nothin' t' eat."

Supper was not long in getting, and he sat down opposite his mother. But both of them made only a pretense of eating—a thing so unusual on the boy's part that it at once attracted the mother's anxious notice. She scanned his face with fearful eyes; she saw how it had thinned and aged in the past month; how it was no longer a plump, colorful child's face at all! She saw the circles under the eyes that told of insufficient rest; she saw the cruel cuts on the little hands; prophetically, she saw the hopeless future which stretched before him, and she bit her lips in sudden agony to keep back the sob that rose in her breast and choked her.

"Y'r workin' too hard, Jimmy," she ventured, when she had mastered herself. "Can't y' rest a day or two? It'll do y' good."

"Pooh!" he cried, with an attempt at gayety. "Workin' too hard, nothin'! Why, I'm as strong as any of the fellers — you jest ort t' see!"

"But if y'd rest a day or two," she began, again, insisting, driven on by fear.

TO BE CONTINUED

Kind Words from Georgia

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude for the many and beautiful premiums you have so generously sent out during the past year. First, I mention the unique Red Letter Testament, which is, to say the least, nice, nicer, nicest. I have gladdened the hearts of six dear friends by presenting each with a copy. Next, the wonderful Red Letter Bible, which is fine, finer, finest. Two copies have shared a joyous welcome with my wife and daughter. Then came the Calendars, lovely, lovelier, loveliest. A week ago came a copy of the well-known painting of Morgan, "The Young Mother," beautiful, more beautiful, most beautiful. Today we received the Art Gallery, and what shall I say? Superlatives are exhausted in any effort to justly describe your paper and its gifts. Added to all this, we have been delighted every week with the coming of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—the Queen of the Weeklies—which is good, better, best, and a marvel of excellence and beauty. God speed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Atlanta, Ga. C. W. JEROME.

The Red Letter Testament, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $1.85; The Red Letter Bible and the paper, $3. Our "Family Art Gallery" of ten beautiful pictures goes free to every subscriber to this paper.

Her Husband's Gift

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—My husband has received the pictures and presented them to me. As new subscribers, we thank you heartily for the beautiful "Family Art Gallery" given free with the paper. "Lost in the Storm" has long been one of my favorites, and in this set of ten is the one most liked by us.

Tranchville, Conn. MRS. E. L. JONES.

Our "Family Art Gallery" goes free to every subscriber of this paper.

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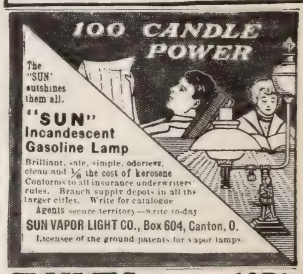

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

DEAR CHILDREN, we hope you had a merry Christmas, and that this first week of the new year has been a happy promise of joyful weeks to come.

Now, for a pleasant hour over puzzles. Here are the new ones promised. Answers must be mailed not later than next Monday. Doubtless you all know what a rebus is; many of you have worked out secular puzzles of this kind; if any of you have not, you are at liberty, as you are aware, to ask grown-up kinsfolk and friends to help you. We advise you, however, not to accept too much assistance. You do not get the greatest good from work that others do for you. The largest benefit to be derived from puzzles is the information acquired and habits formed in looking up answers. Nice as our prizes may be, they cannot equal the permanent value to character that comes through searching the Scriptures. But we do not want you to work too hard. If you do not win a prize one time, you may another. We will not tire of reading your letters, little friends. We are interested in every one of them, and proud of your painstaking work.

Competition No. 1
Picture Puzzles Nos. 1 and 2

These two pictures stand for places named in the Old Testament. Cut the pictures out, paste on one sheet of paper, write under each your answer in one word.

Competition No. 2.
Curious Questions

1. What musical instruments are mentioned in the Bible?
2. Who, according to the Old Testament, first used a saddle?
3. What man in the Bible wore a vail?
4. What, as told in Scripture, were the first temperance societies formed?

RULES. No competitor shall be over fourteen years of age. A reader may enter one or more competitions. They are quite distinct. But no reader may send in more than one attempt for each competition. There is no rule against asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting.

In Competition No. 1, answers must be written on one side of a sheet of paper under the puzzle pictures neatly pasted thereon—one word to each. Write your name, age and address clearly at the top.

In Competition No. 2, the competitor must answer as many of the questions as possible. The name, age and address must be written at the top of the first sheet of paper, and all the sheets must be numbered. The writing must be on only one side of each sheet of paper.

Picture Puzzle No. 1

What city in Palestine does this drawing stand for? Give the answer in one word. First, read the rules carefully.

Answers to all four questions must not be more than one hundred words inclusive.

Competition No. 1. The prize for the best answer to the picture puzzle will be a *handsome silver watch, lady's or gentleman's.* To the fifty readers sending the next best answers, we will give a beautiful book, bound in rich white vellum, with attractive decorations in green, red and gold.

PRIZES.

Competition No. 2. To the reader who sends in the best answers to the greatest number of questions, we will send *a handsome silver watch, either lady's or gentleman's.* Fifty consolation prizes of the beautiful book mentioned above will also be awarded.

All answers must be mailed not later than January 12, 1903.

Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks Department,* Bible House, New York.

. . .

Children, did you know that America is brimful of earnest little Bible students. We know it at this office. Out of the thousands of excellent answers received to our "Picture Problem" and "Curious Questions" of Dec. 10, it has required almost the wisdom of Solomon to select the two that are best, and the 100 next best.

Announcement of Prize-Winners
For December 10, 1902

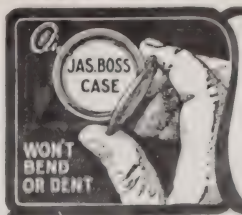
Our picture problem of Dec. 10, illustrated the reconciliation of Jacob and Esau. In our "Curious Questions," the answers are: 1. Jer. 36:22, and Amos 3:15. (To these some little readers added Judges 3:20, as proving by inference that the Jews had winter residences) . . . 2. "Trees for meat," that is nut and fruit trees. Deut. 20:19-20. 3. Isa. 3:18-23 . . . 4. The following different colored horses are referred to in Scripture: white, black, red, speckled, bay, grizzled, pale or ash-color, and "horses of fire." (To these the Revised Version adds "sorrel," which some little friends gave.) Owing to lack of space, we cannot publish the answers of prize-winners.

Paul E. Hubble, Va., who sent the best description of Scripture Problem No. 1, Competition No. 1; and **Grace E. Logan,** Penn., who sent the best answer to Curious Questions, Competition No. 2., will each receive a silver watch. The one hundred children named below will each receive a consolation prize, in the form of the beautiful book promised.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Picture Puzzle No. 2

What mountain and desert of Palestine does this drawing stand for? Give the answer to this puzzle in one word—just the name. First, read the rules carefully.



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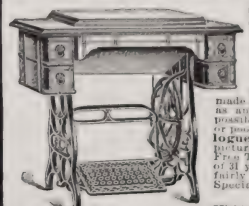

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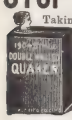

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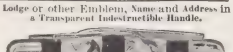

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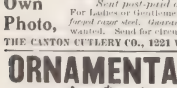

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Training for Service*

How God Uses the Talents of His Servants Who Trust in His Help

APPEALS made to the younger members of a church to engage in Christian service, are often met by the reply that qualification for it is lacking. "I have no talent in that direction"; "I am not fit for the service"; "I am not sufficiently advanced in the Christian life to speak to others." With such replies, the minister is only too familiar. Sometimes they are made through laziness, but often they are really the expression of modesty and lack of self-confidence. It is remarkable that some of the most successful workers for Christ have, like Moses and Isaiah, felt their incapacity for the task to which God's providence is calling them. John Knox shrank from it so stubbornly, that only when he was publicly summoned before the congregation, would he consent to preach; yet, when he did enter the service, his success was phenomenal. It has been so with others, and it is easy to understand how one imbued with a true conception of the honor and dignity and responsibility of serving Christ, should feel that he is not fit for it.

It is such persons who need to take account of the many encouraging promises God makes to his people. Again and again he assures them, that if they earnestly and honestly make the effort to work for him, his Spirit will help them. The wisdom that they need, he gives to the earnest seekers; knowledge, and judgment or tact, he will supply, if they depend upon him. This does not imply that every Christian should be a preacher. There are many who are not called to that work; but it does imply that if any man undertakes the work nearest at hand, the work which needs to be done, help will be given. The essential at the beginning is dependence on God, and a willingness to be led by him. Where that is found all else is possible. After that, study, strenuous effort must be employed so that, as Paul said to Timothy, one may become "a workman who needeth not to be ashamed." God does not dispense with our talents nor our knowledge; he uses them and develops them. He deserves the best we can give, and no man should consider that time wasted which he spends in gaining knowledge of God's Word, or of books that can help him to a clearer understanding of it.

A Message from the Word†

The Promise of Power and Purity to Those Who Walk With God

WHO can tell what would be the culmination of a life spent from beginning to end in the constant enjoyment of God's loving presence? We know the effect of companionship with a refined person. How unconsciously the character becomes attuned to that of the friend. How the manner loses its harshness, the thoughts their crudity, the speech its coarseness, and the conduct its faults. Where there is respect and affection for some one better than ourselves, the character is sure to develop. Every one knows of men transformed by the influence of a refined wife; of girls redeemed from frivolity and vulgarity by the companionship of some noble woman. The power of character over character, where the friendship is close, is almost illimitable. What then must be the effect on the character of one who consciously lives in the presence of God? How it must purify thought and word and life! We do not know what Enoch was at the close of his long life on earth; but the inspired historian gives us a clue to the sublimity of his character, when he says, that after walking with God for so many years, "he was not, for God took him." It reads as if he was fit to enter the ineffable presence, even in human form. We say to ourselves, can a close walk with God have such an effect? We have seen a mother seize her boy, when he came bounding among the guests in her parlor, after playing in the stable and the mud of the street, and hurry him away to the bath, in vexation and chagrin. How like to that boy would some of us be, if we entered heaven as we are, polluted by sin and begrimed with evil.

What power, too, comes from that walk with God on earth. God can trust such a man, he knows him so well. His communion with God, his reverence, his faith, his love, that come from abiding with him, have so developed that God is assured his desires will be in harmony with his own, so thoroughly that he can promise him that whatsoever he asks shall be done for him. That is the greatest privilege ever offered to a human being. It would not be safe to put it in the power of some who bear Christ's name. The remains of sin cling, there is so much of evil in our desires, in our antagonisms to one another, in our ambitions and aspirations, that such power could not be entrusted to us with safety. But those who abide in him may be endowed with it and God confers it upon them. The honor and confidence it implies are almost inconceivable. To attain to such power there is only one way. The Divine nature which God implants, must have had free development; it must have been allowed to eliminate from our hearts the power of sin.

*Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society for Jan. 18. Acts 2: 17, 18; Prov. 2: 1-8; Mark 1: 16-20.

†Topic of the Epworth League for January 18. Jer. 15: 16; John 15: 7; Acts 20: 32.

Our Sunday Hour

WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Second best descriptions of Picture Problem 1. Competition 1. A. W. Hodgman, Minn.; Oliver Christianson, Kans.; Crill Merryday, Fla.; Albertus C. Van Raalte, Mich.; Olive M. Moore, Kans.; Herman Weigand, Ontario; Eli Davis, Ontario; Ellsworth W. Givens, Ill.; Edna Hester, Kans.; Imogene McKown, Cal.; Dale Newell, Ia.; Amanda Bellage, Tex.; Fred. Farrior, N. C.; Willie Bruce, Ontario; Ralph Matthews, Ill.; Mollie Lee Wylie, Tex.; Jas. Ezra Troth, Md.; Mary H. Vallentyne, Ontario; William A. Lamb, Ontario; Hattie A. Kearney, Me.; Laura M. Mathers, Calif.; Albert Reeder, Ill.; Mary Cooke, Miss.; Lizzie Pibus, Quebec.; Myrtle Hood, Conn.; Wayne Bosworth, Vt.; Worth Stewart, Minn.; Alice Jerauld, Pa.; Ethel J. Gardner, N. J.; Lula Dixon, N. C.; Addie Goheen, Ky.; Emma Latham, Montreal; Billie Walters, Tenn.; Howard C. Keiser, Ohio; Bert R. Peat, Mass.; Emma L. Martin, Tenn.; Jesse Edsall, Ind.; Mabel Lillian Jones, Washington, D. C.; Carobeth Tucker, Tex.; Abbie E. Shillo, Wash.; Walter F. Eisele, Ore.; Addie Robins, Mich.; Ernest L. Bachelder, Vt.; Stuart Gibson, Cal.; Eva M. Williams, Del.; Margaret A. Thomson, Mass.; Elsie Hull, Ia.; Eleanor M. Stevens, Pa.; Harold Guy Hilts, N. Y.; Florence M. Duel, N. Y.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions." Competition 2. Albertus C. Van Raalte, Mich.; Nancy E. Steadman, R. I.; Ruth Davenport, Wis.; Bertha I. Phillips, R. I.; M. Etta Sampson, New Brunswick; William James Foster, Vt.; Roscoe Nickerson, Me.; David Wallace, Pa.; Geo. Tolman, Neb.; Grady Sinclair, N. C.; Raymond C. Hopkins, R. I.; Bessie M. Weede, Kans.; Millard G. Gjerstad, Ia.; C. Garman Johnstown, Pa.; Lucile Wall, Ga., Addie Robbins, Mich.; Esther Carson, O.; Hettie Zeldenrust, Mich.; Dagias Stobets, N. Y. Annie E. Hood, Conn.; Franklin Brown, Toronto; E. Ray Gaines, Wash.; Rubie M. Miller, Vt.; Frank S. Niles, N. Y.; Maude E. Horting, Pa.; Wm. Hall, O.; Emma G. Richards, Ottawa; Glen Leslie Gebhardt, Kans.; Hope C. Pendleton, Mass.; Florence L. Benedict, N. Y.; Mattie Lee Wood, Ky.; Bessie Beel, N. Y.; Gladys Gore, Ill.; Eva S. Moore, Mo.; William Gardner, N. Y.; Henry Logan, Pa.; Ben. Palmer Davidson, La.; Anna E. Lippincott, N. J.; Marguerite Cassill, Ia.; Chester Parsons, Manitoba; Elva L. Wilson, Ind.; Elmer Warwick, British Columbia; Irene E. Kelley, West Va.; Neva V. Naramore, Washington, D. C.; Raymond E. Boulden, Mich.; Irma Bixby, Mich.; Lee Griffin, Fla.; Ruby M. Anderson, Minn.; Clara M. Andersson, Minn.; Lucretia Williams, Pa.

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What a Quarter Did.

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"My indigestion has entirely left me, my nervousness gone, and I now feel bright and well after the most tiresome day in the schoolroom. A little 25-cent package of Postum did me more good than the hundreds of dollars I paid for doctors and medicines." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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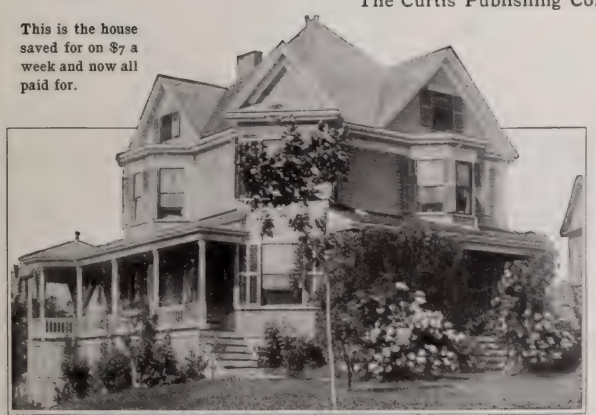

This is the house paid for out of a salary of $16 per week, saving $8.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Some Homely Virtues*

IAN MACLAREN, has written a little book of essays on *The Homely Virtues*. One might call them, commonsense sermons. Here are one or two extracts.

THOROUGHNESS—The reason why men fail is, in five cases out of six, not through want of influence, or brains, or opportunity, or good guidance, but because they are slack; and the reason why certain men with few advantages succeed, is that they are diligent, concentrated, persevering and conscientious—because, in fact, they are thorough.

KINDNESS—Might we not resolve that every day we will do at least one act of kindness to some neighbor. Let us write a letter in such terms that the post will bring pleasure next day to some house; make a call just to let a friend know that he has been in our heart; give a young man, starting in business, some bit of work to encourage him in his first year; send a gift on someone's birthday, or on his marriage day, or on Christmas Day, or on any day we can invent. Let us make children glad with things which they long for and cannot obtain. And a thousand other things which we could do within a year if we had eyes to see and a heart to feel, and had the will to take some trouble.

THRIFT—Justice is seldom done to the thrifty, and a great deal more than justice is done to the thriftless. Will people never understand that whether we live simply or extravagantly, whether we pay our debts at once or after several years, whether we use the gifts God has given us for selfish or noble ends, is really a moral question? The thriftless nation, the thriftless family, the thriftless person has broken one of the laws, both of nature and of Christ.

COURTESY—One resents keenly that class of people who are honest and well meaning, but who are persistently discourteous and are not ashamed—I mean the man who is credited with what is called a bluff, blunt manner, and who credits himself with a special quality of downrightness and straightforwardness. He considers it far better to say what he thinks, and boasts that he never minces his words, and people make all kinds of excuses for him, and rather talk as if he were a very fine fellow, beside whom civil-spoken persons are little better than hypocrites. As a matter of fact, no one can calculate the pain this outspoken gentleman causes in a single day both in his family and outside. Nor have I ever been able to understand why he is praised, or even tolerated, and why he is not sharply dealt with as an offender against the social peace.

"His bark," it is said, "is worse than his bite," and one hopes it may be, but I do not see what consolation it is for me, when this ill-mannered person barks at my heels, that he has not also bitten me. I object to his barking, and if he persists, I am justified in using a stick.

* *The Homely Virtues*, by Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price $1.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Elsie's Winter Trip, by Martha Finley. A good book for family reading. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price 85 cents.

The Evolution of a Girl's Ideal, by Clara E. Laughlin. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Price 50 cents.

The East of To-Day and To-Morrow, by Bishop H. C. Potter. Pp. 196. Price $1. Published by The Century Co., New York.

Talks to Students on the Art of Study, by Frank Cramer. Pp. 309. Published by The Hoffman Edwards Co., San Francisco.

Gentle Reader. Ethics for Young People, by Emma L. Bullock. Pp. 160. Price 75 cts. Published by Marsh Bros., Lebanon, O.

The Church and its Social Mission, by John Marshall Lang, D.D. Pp. 304. Price $1.00. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

The Doomed Turk: The End of the Eastern Question, by E. Michelson. Pp. 182. Published by The Abbey Press, 4 Fifth avenue, New York.

James Chalmers: His Autobiography and Letters, by Richard Lovett, M.A. With Portrait, Maps and Pictures. Pp. 510. Price $2.50. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

In the Wyoming Valley, by Everett T. Tomlinson. An exciting and thoroughly interesting book for young people. The Griffith and Rowland Press, Philadelphia. Price $1.25.

Mosaics from India: Talks about India, its Peoples, Religions and Customs, by Margaret B. Denning. Pp. 256. Price $1.25. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Four Pearls from the Lord's Treasury, or Precept, Promise, Prayer and Praise, from the Holy Scriptures for each day of the year; a little booklet that is designed to be a closet companion. Price, 15 cents, or $1.50 per dozen. M. E. Munson, publisher, Bible House, N. Y.

Young People's Songs of Praise, especially adapted for use in Young People's Societies, Church Services, Prayer Meetings, Sunday Schools and the Home Circle, compiled and arranged by Ira D. Sankey. An admirable selection of hymns. The Biglow & Main Co., New York and Chicago. Price $25.00 per 100.

The Negro in Revelation, in History and in Citizenship. A book which reviews the progress of the race, from the earliest times, in all lines of human achievement, by Rev. J. J. Pipkin. Pp. 401, copiously illustrated, cloth binding. N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., St. Louis, New York and Chicago, publishers.

An Unknown Benefactor

His Liberal Gift Sent on its Mission to Many Lands, Through "The Christian Herald"

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD received, on the morning of Monday, December 22, an unregistered letter, mailed in Oregon, containing a number of crisp, new bills, and a little anonymous slip, asking that the money be distributed in the following manner:

Salvation Army Colony Work	$500
Foreign Missions	100
For the relief of destitution	90
	$690

In the afternoon of the day on which the money was received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it mailed the following payments on account of the gift:

Commander Booth-Tucker, Salvation Army	$500
J. G. Hallimond, for the relief of the poor and destitute on the East Side	90
Rev. Gerard A. Bailly, 419 Apartado el Correo, Caracas, Venezuela, S. A.	10
James H. Dickson, Tillipally, Jaffna, Ceylon	10
Francis M. Price, Guam, Ladrone Islands	10
Dr. Levi B. Salmans, Guanajuato, Mexico	10
James D. Taylor, Esidumbini, Upper Tongaat, via Natal, So. Africa	10
Rev. Walter T. Currie, Cisambia, care of Cassa Hollandeza, Benguella, Africa	10
Rev. Henry Loomis, American Mission, Japan	10
Rev. John Paton, D.D., Aniwa, New Hebrides	10
Rev. Z. Charles Beals, Wuhu, China	10
Rev. Reginald J. Young, Santos, Brazil, S. A.	10
Total	$690

In addition, there was $100 designated for subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for four families, for which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends to the unknown donor its sincerest thanks. We will also gladly furnish the donor with a list of the families who were supplied with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on account of this gift.

FED THE PROFESSOR.

This One Had "Dreams More Terrible Than Visions of 'The Comet.'"

You must feed the professors and teachers right or they can't do justice to pupils. They should, of all people, possess a healthy nervous and mental organization. The teacher with weak nerves cannot obtain as good results as the one who has a perfect mental poise.

"It had been for me a most difficult problem," said a professor connected with a prominent college of the South, "how to keep the nerves in proper condition and the brain in good working order. Lack of proper opportunity to take exercise, an irregular diet and improper food brought on a general breakdown in health. I became irritable and restless, and at night would dream of more terrible things than any of Dr. Holmes' visions of 'The Comet.'

Upon the suggestion of a friend, who is a busy business man, I commenced to eat Grape-Nuts every day, and found in a short time a great improvement in my health; the food contained just the right kind of nourishment for my body and brain that was lacking. The restlessness disappeared, my stomach ceased to trouble me, mental vigor returned, and I am now able to do more and better work than ever before.

When friends express surprise to find me so well, it is necessary only to mention the merits of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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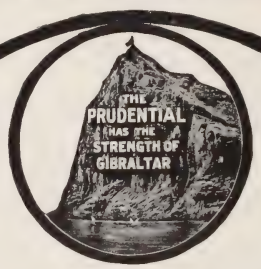

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QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM XLIX
The Resurrection Psalm

1. Hear this, all ye people; give ear all ye inhabitants of the world
2. Both low and high, rich and poor, together.
3. My mouth shall speak of wisdom; and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.
15. But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive me. Selah.

"HEAR, YE PEOPLE"

It must be a mighty theme, even for a Psalmist, to call such a congregation as this Psalm opens with, "Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world." If the dead of sea and soil are to come forth, then Redemption's full story is worthy of hearing by the whole world.

"They that have done good come forth unto a resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto a resurrection of damnation." John 5 and Revelations 20 will yet be true.

PSALM L
True Worship Psalm

14. Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High:
15. And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.
16. But unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth?

"TO THE MOST HIGH"

Formalists and ritualists and worshipers without heart get an awful lesson here, and it is straight from God himself. It is the opening chapter of Isaiah repeated. Worship of God that has not, back of it, and in it, and following it, Christ-like living, will get not the blessing of God but his curse. In dealing with Jehovah, the lip and life must agree.

PSALM LI
The Prodigal's Psalm

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
2. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
3. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

. . .

This is David's best work. It is more kingly than his kingship, more victorious than Goliah's head, more truly royal than his princely robes. It is the companion piece in painting with the Prodigal Son.

"HAVE MERCY"

No sinner who ever makes this prayer from his heart will be lost. Of the seven penitential Psalms, this one is the greatest. This should be a marked page in every Bible, not marked with ink or pencil, but marked with a changed life.

PSALM LII
Psalm for Deceitful People

1. Why boasteth thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man?
2. Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs; like a sharp razor, working deceitfully.
3. Thou lovest evil more than good; and lying rather than to speak righteousness.

"WHY BOASTEST THOU?"

Sinner and saint stand out in strong contrast in this Psalm. Six verses for the liar, three for the man of truth. The deceiver plucked up and rooted out, the righteous like an olive tree in the house of God. It is the old story written on sacred page and human heart alike—hell for a Judas, heaven for a John. "And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone"

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APOSTOLIC PREACHING

The Method Adopted by Paul to Win Converts

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

SERMONS, as they are now known, the preacher taking a text, and a large amount of reasoning, argument or eloquence based upon it, were unknown in Paul's day. His teaching was the Word explaining itself. By the Word of God, *i. e.*, the Old Testament, which Paul opened to the people at Thessalonica, by the Spirit, he alleged "that it behoved the Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead; and that this Jesus whom, said he, I proclaim unto you, is the Christ" (Acts 17: 1-3, R.V.). And the Thessalonians received "the word of the message not as the word of men," but as it is in truth, the Word of God. And those who believed "consorted with Paul and Silas." But these were not all Jews. Here as elsewhere there were many Greek and other proselytes; a great multitude of these were "devout Greeks," and not a few were of "the chief women" (1 Thess. 1: 4). This reminds us of Lydia and the Philippian women who gathered together for prayer, and it shows us how prominent a place women had in the introduction of the Gospel into Europe.

It was but three Sabbath days' ministry. But God would show to all succeeding ages what he could do in a short time by his own Scriptures, opened and applied by a man full of the Holy Ghost, and accompanied by three companions who prayed and believed. The effect was marvelous. Paul himself writes of it in his first Epistle to the Thessalonians: "Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

Disinterestedness in the lives of the preachers gave power to their words. No one could accuse them of self-interest; they gained nothing by it but souls for Christ, and sufferings for themselves. Thus they were samples of what Christ makes of those who believe in him and follow him in the path he trod. Men draw their conclusions far more from what we are than from what we say. The converts were numerous, but this was not all; it was not only quantity but quality. Ye became imitators of us and of the Lord." How? "Ye also suffered the same things of your own countrymen even as they did of the Jews." That these newly-made converts—none of them more than three weeks converted—should already have learned to suffer affliction with joy of the Holy Ghost, shows how radical, as well as how sudden the change of heart had been which had so transformed them. It was indeed newness of life (Rom. 6: 4).

And, so deep a root had the Gospel taken in their hearts that this church became the model church. Ye became an example to all that believe in Macedonia and Achaia (ver. 7); practically in the whole of Greece! The deeper a work of grace is, the more ready are the converts to win other souls to Christ.

Instead of being discouraged by their imprisonment at Philippi, the very fact of the mighty intervention of God on their behalf gave a new boldness to Paul, Silas, and their friends, and their converts resembled them. They had understood that they were saved to serve; and they did serve. They were not under the false impression which some have that they were saved to "enjoy religion." A higher purpose had been awakened in them by the higher standard which they saw in the lives of their teachers, and it was their joy, and their glory, to give up themselves and all they had, to serve a living and a true God, and to wait for the second coming of the Lord. They could wait for rest, and wait for reward, until the Lord should come, transform their bodies, and take them away to be with him.

The work was too intense and too great for the enemy of souls, "the prince of this world," to leave it unopposed. "The Jews, being moved with jealousy, took unto them certain idle fellows of the rabble, and gathering a crowd, set the city on an uproar," just as again and again has happened in China, when missionaries have lost their all, and often their lives. Assaulting the house of Jason, they sought to bring them forth to the people. And when they found them not, they dragged Jason and certain brethren—only just converted—before the rulers of the city, saying, "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." What a testimony! It is a religion that cannot turn the world upside down which is our disgrace at the present time.

The indictment against the new teachers was that they were dangerous to the government, "saying there is another king, one Jesus." It was a complete perversion of the truth, but God permitted it. The multitude and rulers were troubled; but nothing had been done against the law, and they were obliged to let go the few disciples, among whom were probably Luke and Timothy. What had become of Paul and Silas? The brethren, who must have securely hidden them, sent them away by night unto Berea. But they could do no other thing there than they had done at Thessalonica.

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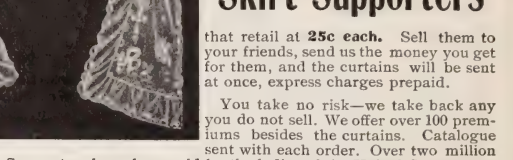

Breech loading, made with finest blued crucible rolled steel barrel, taper choke bored to size from the solid bar and bored for any nitro powder. Choice of 30 or 32-inch barrel in 12 gauge or 30-inch barrel in 16 gauge. **GUARANTEED** an accurate shooter, a sure killer at a long distance and absolutely the best gun in the world at anywhere near the price.

THIS FINE GUN is made by expert gun makers, every part and piece fitted perfect and reinforced so it **cannot shoot loose or shaky,** strong rigid steel frame built extra solid to withstand the use of any **NITRO POWDER,** breech loading, barrel of finest crucible rolled steel, taper choke bored to size from the solid bar, latest improved top snap and rebounding hammer, best quality steel works, extra strong spring, fine walnut stock, heavy rubber butt plate, full pistol grip, **thoroughly tested for pattern, penetration and strength.** For 50c. extra or $4.85 in all we will furnish the same gun with **latest improved automatic shell ejector** which throws shell out automatically, making it possible to reload and fire in rapid success. **SPECIAL GUN CATALOG** which contains **ejector single barrel shotguns at $3.85 up,** non ejector gun at $3.50 up, double barrel shotguns at $8.85 up and everything in rifles, revolvers, ammunition and sportsmen's goods at factory prices. **JOHN M. SMYTH CO.,** 150-159 West Madison St., **CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

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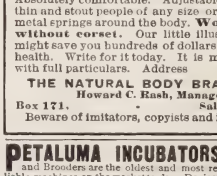

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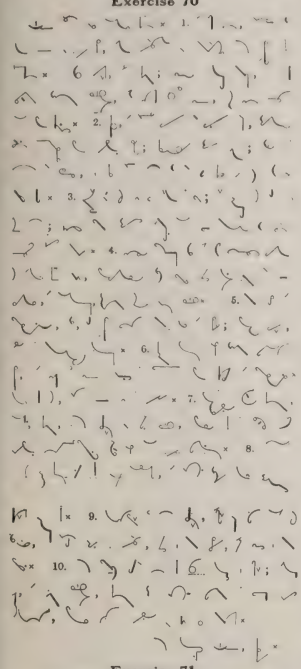
LESSON XXVII

Exercise 70



Exercise 71

1. You-will-be interested when I-tell-you we-have-seen some-(of the) finest sights here, though you-must-not suppose we-have-seen them all. 2. It-is-said, and-we-think it-is-not improbable, that-they-will arrange excursions, so-that we-can climb at our-own convenience several (of the) mountain peaks. 3. This-is, of-course, very satisfactory, and-we hope to see them in-their beauty. 4. You-will-do well to-come, if-you-can; it-is an opportunity for climbing which-you-will hardly have again. 5. We-can arrange for-you, while you-are here, to-stay in our hotel; we-have abundant room. 6. In-this-way no-time will-be lost in going to-you, and-we-will see that-you-are pleasantly lodged. 7. If-you have a friend who-would-be willing to-come with you, and who-would-not object to climbing, you-cannot-do better-than bring him; it-would-be a great delight to us to-have his company; we-are pleased to see your friends. 8. I-have-seen-the guide, and-have sought his opinion about-the excursions. 9. He-thinks-the time chosen is most suitable, and for-this-reason alone that the atmosphere is very clear, he says that the trip is one which cannot fail to be pleasant. 10. Of course it is a great satisfaction to hear this, as it is the fact, I think, indeed, it must be admitted, that fogs and clouds do not add to the pleasures of such a trip, and the risk, as well as the toil, is greater. 11. Is it not so?; and has not the guide spoken correctly? 12. He is one who would not consciously mislead, and would be-the last to do so; we-have-not-the-slightest doubt he-would. 13. I-shall be greatly surprised, and I think many of us would be so too, if guides for their own ends, or in their own interest, gave bad advice. 14. This-is as-it-should-be; they have a reputation they-must maintain, and-I think I-shall be justified in the confidence I-have in what-is told me. 15. You-may think otherwise, but you-cannot deny—you-must admit—that he-was right in the readiness with which he-has acted when any of those in-his party have-been in danger; to him they owe their safety. 16. I did not think I should be called on to defend him, though I shall always do this, for I-feel it-is a duty I should do, when-it-seems needful. 17. I-do hope that-you-will see that, as it-is my duty, the task is one which-you-may assist, and with-which, or in-which, you-can feel sympathy. 18. I-shall, and I am-certain he-will be, gratified if it-should-be so; I-did-not suppose it-would-be. 19. To-them and to all who-have to-do with-it, as-well-as to-him, would-it prove a great delight when-it happened, and-it-is-certain to-do-so very soon.

REVIEW

1. What is Phraseography? 2. State the characteristics of a good phraseogram, and give a few illustrations. 3. How is ⟋ in some cases, employed in a phraseogram? 4. When logograms are united, which determines the position of the outline? 5. How may a logogram be written in relation to another word so as to indicate *con* or *com*? 6. In what way can *there* or *their* be added to curved logogram?

Punctuation, etc.

206. STOPS are written as usual, except the PERIOD, for which, as already explained, a small cross is used; thus, The HYPHEN is written thus, *well-spoken;* the DASH thus, The PARENTHESIS stroke should be made a little larger than a double-length upright consonant. In shorthand correspondence the sign may be used to indicate that the preceding sentence is to be taken humorously; and the NOTE OF INTERROGATION is better represented thus and the NOTE OF EXCLAMATION thus

207. ACCENT may be shown by writing a small cross close to the vowel of the accented syllable; thus, *ar'rows, arose', renew'.*

☞ The student having advanced to this stage, is now advised to read some book printed in the Corresponding Style of shorthand, and we would recommend for this purpose either of the following: *Tales and Sketches*, by Washington Irving, price 40 cents, or *Self Culture*, by John Stuart Blackie, price 40 cents. Either of these works will be sent post-paid on receipt of the amount by Isaac Pitman & Sons, 33 Union Square, New York. Lesson No. XXVIII. will appear in the issue of January 21, 1903.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Thousands of boys all over the country are making many dollars weekly in this work. Some are making $10 to $15 a week regularly. No money required to begin. We furnish the first week's supply free. You can start next week if you write now.

If you will try it, write and we will send next week's supply of ten copies without charge, to be sold for five cents each, and everything necessary to start at once, including a booklet showing photographs and describing methods of our most successful boy agents.

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WHEN I tell you that I teach a different kind of exercise, something new, more scientific, more rational, safer, and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised, I am but repeating what thousands of prominent men and women are saying for me who have profited by my instructions.

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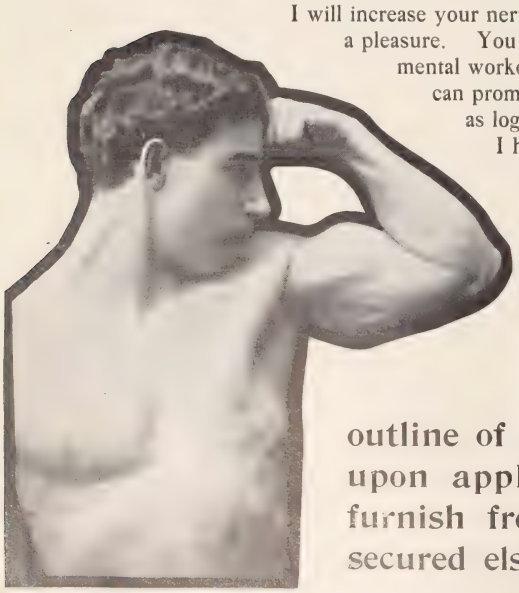
What is so strong as the testimony of others?

Mr. J. Logan Jones, Vice-Pres. and Secy. of Jones Dry Goods Co., of Kansas City, Mo., after years of gradual but certain decline physically and mentally, had a complete collapse. It was impossible for him to sleep without medicine and he went without natural sleep for the period of about ten months. He tried the best physicians to be had, traveled almost constantly, being unable to remain long in one place; took hunting trips in Colorado and a sea-coast trip to Northern Maine, with no appreciable results. He had been constipated for sixteen or seventeen years and had to take physic constantly, never having a natural action. The following is an extract from a recent letter to me: "A little over ten months ago I took my first exercise from you, and under the circumstances consider the transformation a positive miracle. Will say that I am getting to be quite a giant. I weigh more than I have ever weighed in my life, and my muscular development is something wonderful. I sleep soundly, my digestion is good, constipation a matter of ancient history, and do more work than I ever did in my life and enjoy it all the time." What could be more convincing, and do you wonder that he is enthusiastic? I could name hundreds of others who have received similar results, but it would not make the system any better. But if you will follow my instructions for a few weeks I promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort. No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin nor assist nature with a dose of physic. I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your veins with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable. I can promise you all of this because it is common-sense, rational, and just as logical as that study improves the intellect.



I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My System is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

I SHALL be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information which I furnish free is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1903

VOL. 26 No. 2. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

SEE PAGE 31

The Venezuela Arbitration—Leading Members of The Hague Tribunal Who Will Decide the Case

1. Judge George Gray. 2. Chief-Justice Fuller. 3. John W. Griggs. 4. Prof. de Martens. 5. Baron Lambermont. 6. Count Apponyi. 7. Prof. H. Matzen. 8. T. M. C. Asser. 9. Edward Fry. 10. Duke of Tetuan. 11. Oscar S. Strauss *(photo. by Aime Dupont)*. 12. Leon Bourgeois.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

D. C., Milan, Mich. In a young men's club, this question came up: "What was the rich man's name in the parable of Lazarus?" Is it mentioned anywhere?

The name is not given in Scripture, but in early Christian literature it is given as Dives, which is symbolical, like that of Lazarus. Chaucer writes of "Lazar and Dives," and Euthymius calls the rich man "Nimeusis," though that appellation seems to have been soon forgotten.

J. P. H., and several other readers, have written, stating that in the issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which contained the article on "Great Revivals," the names under the portraits of Jacob Knapp and Peter Cartwright should have exchanged places. The misplacement of the names was a mechanical error, and we thank our friends for calling attention to it.

T. P. H., Philadelphia. 1. What does the word "world" imply? Does it include the earth, the sun, moon, stars and all the planets? 2. Has it been proved that any of the planets are inhabited, and, if so, would they be called worlds?

1. "World" simply means our own particular planet—the globe on which we live. 2. It has not been proved, and cannot be under the present limitations of human science, although it is held by scientists that some planets have atmosphere and vegetation not unlike our own, and are therefore capable of sustaining life.

Robert S., Camington, Ont., Can. If Eve had told Adam not to eat of the forbidden fruit, would he have obeyed her?

Nobody knows. That is one of the mysteries that must, we fear, remain forever unsolved. As she did not forbid him, however, it is useless to speculate upon what might have happened otherwise.

Ralph H. M. 1. Is Christianity consistent with ordinarily reputable business competition? 2. Should a press censorship be established to prevent the publication of the details of crimes and the like?

1. We believe that a successful business man can be a consistent Christian, if that is what you mean. Such a man will be honest in his dealings, truthful in his representations, and will not be guilty of sharp practice. He will be content with the legitimate profits of trade. 2. Publishing the details of crimes is certainly an evil; but a press censorship, once established, might speedily become a muzzle to prevent free utterances on matters of the highest public interest. We see how such a censorship operates in other countries, and we do not envy their experience.

V. L., Wampum, Pa. By whom and under what circumstance was the song, "I'll go where you want me to go," written? I mean what incident.

It is a consecration hymn, written on the occasion of the departure of missionaries, and set to music by Carrie E. Rounsefell. It can be found in the Biglow & Main collections.

F. M. S., Coopwood, Miss. What is the difference between faith and absolute determination?

The person who is absolutely determined to quit sin and lead a godly life may be supposed to be depending on his own strength. He is resolved to change his ways and to be a Christian. The person who exercises faith depends on the strength of Christ. He is convinced that he cannot change himself; he has learned from experience that good resolutions are apt to be broken, and he places himself in Christ's hands to be saved. He is sure that Christ is able to save him from punishment for past sins, and to keep him from falling into new sins. He is also sure that Christ is willing to save him and he trusts, not in his own resolves, but solely and only in Christ. The difference, you see, is radical.

R. H. W., Hot Springs, Ark. Give a description of the crown of England.

The old imperial crown, called St. Edward's crown, with which the act of coronation is performed, is, as described by Dyonne, in the *Pageants and Ceremony of the Coronation*, "of gold, and consists of two arches, crossing at the top, and rising from a rim or circlet of gold, over a cap of crimson velvet lined with white taffeta and turned up with ermine. The base of the arches on each side is covered by a cross. Between the crosses are four fleur-de-lis of gold, which rise out of the circle; the whole of these are splendidly enriched with pearls and precious stones. On the top, at the intersection of the arches, . . . are a mound and cross of gold, the latter encircled with a fillet, the former richly jeweled and adorned with three pearls."

L. E. S., Boston, Mass. Is it true that the United States differ from other countries in having more men than women in the population?

According to the census of 1900, the males numbered 39,059,242; the females, 37,241,145, showing a majority of males of 1,815,097. In Great Britain and other European countries there are more females than males. The difference with us is probably largely due to the fact that more men than women come as immigrants from foreign lands.

R. C. H., Grand Rapids, Mich. Kindly give the nationality of "Parson Brownlow," of Civil War times, and his denominational affiliation.

William Gannaway Brownlow, or the "Parson Brownlow," born in Wythe Co., Va., in 1805, was an itinerant Methodist preacher, who, in 1838, took so lively an interest in politics as to win the pseudonym of the "Fighting Parson." He was opposed to secession, but persistently advocated slavery. From 1848-61, he was editor of the Knoxville *Whig*. He was imprisoned once for his convictions, then released and sent North, where he made a lecturing tour through prominent cities. In 1864, he returned to Tennessee, and was twice elected Governor; in 1869, he went to the United States Senate; after his term expired, he returned to Knoxville, purchased a controlling interest in his old newspaper, and edited it until he died in 1877.

H. R. G., Lexington, Ky. What is the leading dairy State in the Union?

By the census of 1890, it was Iowa. The census of 1900 places New York ahead, with 100,000 more dairy cows, yielding 130 more gallons of milk per cow. Nearly 800,000,000 gallons, representing some $55,000,000, was the lacteal output of the Empire State for the fiscal year 1899-1900. Forty million pounds of butter and over 100,000,000 pounds of cheese were produced. On June 1, 1900, there were over 1,500,000 milk cows in the State.

Mrs. S. A. Carswell, Charlestown, Okla., writes:

Please allow me, through your columns, to thank those who have sent literature, cards, etc., in reply to our appeal of November 5. The response has been so hearty and generous, that not only our Sunday School, but many other homes will be reached by the bright, attractive papers, and much good done.

D. L. S., Avon Park, Fla. What, in your opinion, will be the total paid attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair? Do you think it will be twice that of the Chicago World's Fair?

Those who are officially connected with the arrangements seem to be confident that it will be a success. As to a comparison of figures, it would be the merest speculation. The St. Louis managers will have the advantage of the experience of Chicago and Buffalo, and will therefore know what to avoid and what to cultivate, to make success the more certain.

M. C., Greensburg, Ky. "Uncle Sam" and "Columbia" both personify the United States. Do they represent different ideas or things?

Certainly. "Uncle Sam" typifies the practical, masculine, managing, "Yankee" ideal of our country, full of hard, shrewd common sense, good humor, honesty, independence, self-reliance and kindly feeling. "Columbia" is the sublimated type, poetical and feminine. We have "Uncle Sam" and "Columbia," as Great Britain has "John Bull" and "Britannia."

A. H., Bedford, N. Y. Are we under obligations to forgive seven times over a person who has wronged us, when that person shows no sign of repentance?

Our duty is to cultivate a forgiving disposition. There is no doubt that when the wrongdoer repents, we ought to forgive him, even though it be seventy times seven times that he has offended. Toward the hardened offender who does not repent, we ought to feel more pity than animosity. It may be that for his own sake, forgiveness should be withheld. It is good for some men that they should be taught by a sharp lesson that they must not misbehave. But under all that, the Christian ought to exercise a kindly feeling toward the wrongdoer, ought not to be vindictive, and should be ready to forgive when he shows contrition. We believe that God loves the sinner while hating his sin, and we should try to be like him in that. We, who have done so much for which we hope God will forgive us, can surely afford to forgive those who have injured us. The man who has done the injury and is not penitent is in the greater need of forgiveness, though he is not entitled to it. We should pity him.

Mrs. M. Turner. You will find the hymn in question among the "paraphrases" in the old Scottish Bibles. It begins:

'Twas on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe;
That night on which He was betrayed—
The Saviour of the world took bread—

H. R. S., Keokuk, Ia. Would a man be committing a sin in marrying a fallen girl, who is willing and anxious to quit her evil life and promises to be a true and faithful wife?

There would be no sin in such a marriage. It would be prudent, however, to find out, as far as possible, whether the girl is really repentant. A mere disgust for the life and a desire to quit it, is not sufficient ground for hope of reformation. If a situation could be obtained for her, in which she would have an opportunity of earning a living in a virtuous way, and she conducted herself properly for a time, there would be less risk in marriage with her. The only real basis for hope of her reformation, however, is in her conversion, and until that takes place, there is always the possibility of a relapse into old habits.

D. H. K., Port Townsend, Wash. Would it not be possible for parents to so train their children in dependence on God, that their conversion would be unnecessary? If the children have always been Christ's followers, would there be any need of a new birth?

We believe that Christ's statement, "Ye must be born again," applies to every human being. The most carefully trained child needs it. It is true that there are many so good by nature and training, that they pass through the process almost unconsciously. They do not go through the sorrow and anxiety and distress that precede conversion in the case of people who have led openly wicked lives. They come to God as to a Father, and having learned to love him from their earliest years, they are changed imperceptibly into his image. But, none the less, the change takes place, and the child yields itself by a definite act to Christ as a Saviour. These are beautiful characters, and they have reason to thank God for giving them parents so good and wise. They are, however, very rare. The best trained child is often conscious of having lied, or committed other sins which need to be forgiven, and of having a nature that is prone to sin, which needs to be changed by the Holy Spirit.

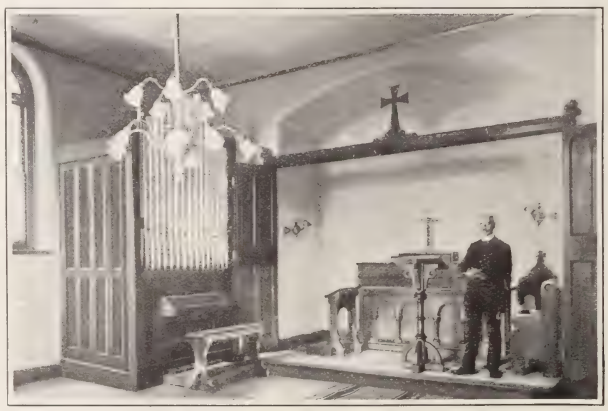
David K., Russell, Okla. Thirty-five years ago, and again in 1889, I traveled up and down the Red Sea. During an excursion on the land to the east of it, in company with a party of friends, I visited certain wells, about fifteen miles south of Suez, which we were told were the wells of Moses. Can it be possible that these wells were dug by Moses or by his orders during the wandering?

It would be difficult to trace the origin at this late day; but there is strong ground for crediting the tradition. In Numbers 21:16-18, menion is made of the princes and nobles of the people having dug a well "by direction of the lawgiver." As they dug a well on that occasion, they may have dug others at other stopping places. A well in the desert is so valuable to public utility that it would be sure to be treasured and preserved by succeeding generations. In Oriental lands there are no such changes in the scene as we witness, but things remain much as they were in ancient times. Abraham's well, which antedated those of Moses by five hundred years, is still in existence, so that it is quite possible the wells you saw may have been dug by order of Moses.

R. W., Toronto, Can., sends us some verses with this excellent illustration:

One little word for Jesus—
None knew what strength it took
To oppose the crowd
Who talked so loud,
With sneering laugh and look.

Reader, Colorado Springs. A man should vote as his conscience dictates, and always for what he believes to be the best interests of the community.



THE PROTESTANT CHAPEL IN THE NEW TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK

In the old Tombs Prison, which was opened in 1838, there was no chapel into which adult prisoners could be invited for service on the Lord's Day. In the new prison, just opened, a neat and attractive chapel has been provided for the Protestant worshipers. For many years, the society known as "The Gospel Mission to the Tombs" has maintained regular religious services in the prison on Sundays. At the consecration of the new Chapel, Chaplain Munro conducted the service, Rev. Dr. Terry, Bishop Sabin, and other clergymen taking part. All the services are simple and evangelical in character. The new chapel will accommodate about one hundred and twenty worshipers.

From Bishop J. C. Sharp

DR. KLOPSCH—DEAR FRIEND:—As a new subscriber, I am desirous of informing you that your premiums with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are worthy of all the praise they will receive in many homes. The Red Letter Bible is beautiful in its completeness, and the "Family Art Gallery" is worthy of a place among the home treasures.

Indianapolis, Ind. J. C. SHARP.

Freighted With Good Things

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—For the premium, *The Speaking Oak*, freighted with only that which is beautiful, instructive, elevating and wholly satisfying; the "Family Art Gallery," a rare and most generous gift; the calendar, with its dainty and suggestive decorations; and for numerous previous favors, we desire to express our gratitude. Of the pictures, Schenck's "Lost in the Storm" strongly appeals to me; yet, if I consider the merits of the nine, I can scarcely say of the tenth—this alone is my choice; but I can unhesitatingly say, that of publications of its class with which I am familiar, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with its ever prevailing "good will toward men," is my unqualified choice.

E. Springfield, Pa. MRS. L. M. STRONG.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

"ICE CREAM" PEOPLE OF ST. CROIX THE PORT OF ST. THOMAS CHARCOAL BURNER A FRUIT SELLER

A VISIT *TO THE* DANISH WEST INDIES

By CHAPLAIN C. Q. WRIGHT, U. S. Navy

TWENTY-SEVEN thousand dollars per square mile was the price that Denmark refused for her West Indian Islands, notwithstanding the fact that they should, by right, be classed as "abandoned farm" property. Furthermore, it now appears that her title to one of the islands may not be clear, as I was informed that during the recent negotiations, France had intimated that she might bring forward a "historic claim" to St. Croix, so long owned and finally abandoned by the Knights of Malta. A significant reminder of this ancient Gallic predominance in these parts, is the fact that the Roman Church throughout these islands is still called the French Church; and that a considerable part of the colored population speaks a French *patois*, though the common language of this region is English. All the negroes are frequently spoken of as "creole."

The recent decision of the Danish home government to retain her West Indian possessions, caused even more surprise in Christiansted and Frederiksted and Charlotte Amalia, than in New York, Denver and Washington, and, I think, more disappointment. Perhaps I should explain that the three first-named places are towns, and the only ones, in the Danish West Indies—the two former in St. Croix and the latter in St. Thomas.

But the promise of a readjustment of relations with, and an improvement of the conditions of her colonies by Denmark, has had a marked effect upon the people I talked with during a recent visit to the islands, when I met many of the leading business men and officials.

Our wide-awake Consul, Hon. Mr. Van Horn, thought the sentiment of the masses overwhelmingly "Pro sale." He also said there was great inconvenience being experienced by all classes from the scantiness of the local currency. (The currency is purely local, no Danish money being used in the colonies.)

Doubtless it is a matter of much surprise to the average visitor, to find so few Danes here—none, speaking comparatively, except officials and soldiers. This may help account for the fact that I found, in several instances, the same man holding several offices. Usually, I believe, there are not enough offices to go 'round, but here, it seems, men run short, *i.e.*, Danish men. With no Danish citizens (or few), nor language, nor customs, nor coin, nor trade, it is little wonder that there is so little national sentiment or attachment manifested among the masses. Undoubtedly, the recent agitation has very much quieted down within the last few weeks, and much is expected from the work of the Government Commission that is to be sent out, and of the new industrial enterprises starting up. It is said that the commission of four—all men of prominence in Denmark—will endeavor to revive the islands by reduction of administrative expenses, and a readjustment of relations with the mother country. They are expected to begin work by February 1. One of the commissioners, Chief Justice Rosenstand, was long a resident of the West Indies, and holds the confidence of the people there.

Besides the efforts of government to improve the situation, several private enterprises have sprung up that look to the same ends. One, known as the New Danish West India Company, proposing principally to run extensive lines of steamers to connect at both ends with a monthly main line to and from Copenhagen, is being exploited there and in the colonies, and more than one-fifth of the stock has been sold.

Some new industries talked of are: A plant for the evaporation of bananas, cattle-raising, trucking, pineapple and cocoa plantations, etc. At present, St. Croix is the only productive island, and only part of that is worked, as follows: In sugar, 16,478 acres; pastures, etc., 29,776 acres; waste, 4,926 acres; total, 51,180. Population, 20,000. St. Jan or St. Jans has a few dilapitated plantations, but St. Thomas raises nothing except a little truck and fruit. A small amount of charcoal is produced in the mountains. Charlotte Amalia has a population of ten thousand, and the rest of St. Thomas one thousand.

Beautiful for situation since long before the Danish occupation, in 1666, St. Thomas has enjoyed a just fame for cleanliness, good order and civility. Near the centre of the south side, bordering a beautiful deep harbor, lies Charlotte Amalia on three hills, called "Fore," "Main" and "Mizzen"—after the masts of the sailing craft that once created its wealth and importance. And it depends upon whether one fancies this imaginary ship of state to be headed west (towards the United States), or east (towards Denmark), as to just which is fore and which mizzen. The majority of the people appear of late to have been thinking of the easternmost as the mizzen. This and the main hill are crowned with ancient towers, called, respectively, "Fluebeard's" and "Blackbeard's" towers—gray, vine clad and picturesque.

The Governor, who divides his time equally between the two main islands, is appointed by the Crown, and assisted by a chief justice, appointed by the Crown, and a Colonial Council, four of whom are nominated by the Crown, and eleven elected by the people. At present there are about two hundred citizens of St. Thomas who are entitled to vote. The local or city government consists of the Upper Guardians, the Fire Commission and the Reconciling Court. The latter meets every Friday morning for the purpose of reconciliation; it is not a court of justice.

Drunkenness has increased among the poorer class, and is more noticeable among the women than the men. It was explained that the government had been very liberal in granting licenses to any and all applicants regardless of location or character, so that saloons have multiplied, and most groceries have a grog bar attached.

Education is compulsory between the ages of six and thirteen, and the majority have the rudiments of useful learning. This department is in charge of Prof. Quin, F.R.G.S., who is a member of the Colonial Council, and editor of two papers in St. Croix. It is said his department is well conducted. There are several private schools of greater or less degrees of merit. The Moravians have a theological seminary at Nisky, "For the training of students intended for the Moravian church work throughout the West Indies." The English Church does some educational work in the towns.

In St. Croix live a number of the descendants of the Irish planters, and some of the old-time slave dealers (the latter now mostly poor)—all adhering to the Roman ("French") church.

I saw something of the pastoral methods of the Moravian ministers, one of whom drove me over the island of St. Croix, and invited me to preach in his large church in Frederiksted, where the audience was largely made up of colored folk, who all filed past the pulpit steps to skake hands with the minister and guest. Then, about nine P.M., we crossed the street to the manse where the venerable colored housekeeper served us with supper. In addition to arduous pastoral labors, and preaching almost daily, these Moravian ministers are also clerks, treasurers, and managers, for that is what their title of "Superintendent" actually means. They also administer simple remedies to their sick, some of them being excellent family physicians.

One good work done by the superintendent of Frederiksted is the free distribution of water to the poor. There are no streams nor springs in St. Croix, and all drinking water must be caught when it rains. Some seasons it rains little, and the best cisterns soon fail; but in all seasons, the small, defective cisterns of the poor are apt to be empty when the dry months are well on, and there is often much suffering in consequence. As the church roof was large enough to form a capital watershed, they dug a large cistern in the rear, and have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

DANISH WEST INDIAN NATIVES ON THE WAY TO MARKET

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

The World's Paramount Need

A Sermon by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

MATT. 1: 21: "And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins"

WHAT do we need to be saved from more than from our sins? What does the whole world need to be saved from more than from its sins? No man can stand facing such a text as we have here, and face it thoughtfully, without feeling that the birth of Jesus Christ was more than an ordinary event. It was the one great event of the world's history, and ever will be, because of that fact. He was born to save us from our sins. It is true that great multitudes of people are thinking of Christ. It is also true, no doubt, that many of them are thinking of him in a vague, undefined way, without much personal feeling, not much more than they would feel towards any great person whose birthday was remembered. Shall it be our purpose to-day to think of Jesus in such a way that we shall never forget why, of all the persons born into the world, we owe the most to this one? How may we think of Jesus? What words may we use of him whenever we recall his name, or try to imitate his example?

We may think of Jesus as a King. He is a King. It is no empty title. We are singing true words when we sing, "Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all." Jesus is King. It is not an empty title. He sits on a throne. He has a kingdom. He has thousands of subjects. Thousands of the best men and women in the world have called him Master. Thousands have loyally followed him to death. No other king of earth ever commanded so many people in such a way. It is one of the astonishing facts of the world that this Person, who was brought up in a workingman's shop, who never owned a palace or an acre of land, to our knowledge, who had for his closest friends day laborers and sinners—this person was and is a King over the greatest territory ever conquered by any monarch—the human heart.

We may think of Jesus as a great Miracle Worker. For so he was. He healed the sick, he cleansed lepers, he opened blind eyes, he raised the dead. His birth was ushered in by angels, and his death was made significant by unusual manifestations. The supernatural was a familiar thing in his daily life. It is well for us to think of Jesus as the Miracle Worker.

Christ as Teacher

We may think of Jesus as the Teacher. How much do we owe him for his words? How much is the world indebted to him for his sayings? The instruction contained in the Gospels is invaluable. The world would lose the most important of all things out of its literature if what Jesus taught should be lost or forgotten. Jesus spake as never man spake. The greatest wisdom combined with the utmost authority marked his sayings. Truly we may say, "Lord, where shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." No thought of Jesus is complete which leaves out the thought of the Teacher. The world still sits at his feet to learn. Statesmen and philosophers and learned men of all centuries have called him their superior. We may then think of Jesus as the supreme Teacher of the human race.

But while we may think of Jesus as the King and the Teacher and the Miracle Worker, I wish now to ask you all to think of him under another title. For there is one title that belongs to Jesus more than any other. It is the name which is the most prominent, by which he is best and most widely known, and you would speak it quickly if I were to ask you to say the word—it is the title of Saviour. Let us think of Jesus at this time as the Saviour of the world. For that is the meaning of the name "Jesus." "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their sins."

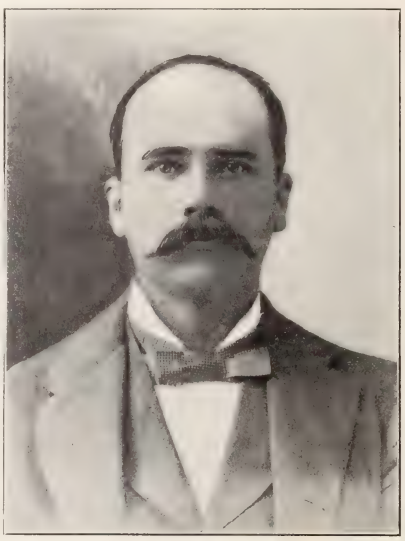
It is not irreverent for us to say that God knows what is the matter with the world better than any one else. It is not irreverent to say that he knows the best remedy for the troubles of the world. And it is certainly true that knowing both the trouble and the remedy, he should tell the world plainly what they were. He did so when he sent his only begotten Son into the world. Let us look briefly at two things which the world is apt to think are very important, and which it thinks must be discussed at great length in order to understand the causes of the world's unhappiness and trouble.

Sin Worse Than Poverty

Poverty. This is a condition which every one agrees is accompanied by great suffering and unhappiness: It is a condition in which men are miserable, dissatisfied, jealous and bitter. There are very many persons in the world to-day who really believe that lack of wealth is the great cause of the unhappiness of the world. If only every one had money and the comforts and luxury that money can buy, every one would be happy. There are persons here to-day who think that if their debts were paid, and they were free from the daily grind of poverty, they would be different persons, more agreeable, less anxious, more happy.

Now this is the way we look at it. Suppose it was true, that the world's greatest source of unhappiness was poverty. Then, supposing that God is more anxious than any one else to remove men's unhappiness, our text would have to read like this: "And ye shall call his name Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their poverty." But let us look at the world as God did when Jesus was born. He saw a world of unhappiness. He saw poverty everywhere. He saw misery. He saw discontent. He saw cruelty. He saw hatred. He saw tears, and heard wailing and anguish. And he said: "Poverty is not the cause of all this unhappiness in the world. It is not because men are not rich that they are miserable. It is because they are sinful. It is because their hearts are not right in my sight. And I know this to be so, because the rich are also miserable. It is not what men have that makes them happy. It is what they are. It is not what they don't have that makes them miserable. It is what they are not in the way of righteousness. It is not because they lack money that they are unhappy. It is because they lack love to me and to one another. Sin, that is the great, first, deep, underlying cause of all the world's wretchedness. Therefore I will send the world a Saviour, who shall save it not from its poverty, but from its sin."

To enter into this thought of God reverently, we may



REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON

suppose he went on to say: "I know that a poor man may be happy if sin is removed, if he be saved from it he will be happy. And I know that a rich man may be happy if his sin is removed, if he is saved from it." And if God thought that before Jesus was born, his thought has certainly been proved to be true, for thousands of poor men have been saved from their sins by Jesus, and are happy men. Their poverty has been full of disagreeable things, but they have been happy men in spite of them, because the great cause of unhappiness has been removed. Is not the divine wisdom sufficient for the world's hardest problems? Does not God know what is the remedy for unhappiness?

Or, take another condition, which men have insisted was the great cause of unhappiness, namely, inequality. There are a great many persons who really think that the cause of the world's unhappiness is found in its inequality. Men grow discontented and wretched because they are envious of others who are greater than they are. They see great differences in ability, and their envy grows into hatred and class prejudice. This prejudice exists under all forms of government. It is found in republics as well as in monarchies. It is a constant source of trouble. "If we could only remove it," so say these men, "we would have a happy world." But how does God look at this matter? He sees that inequality is a constant fact among men. Some are great and some are small. Some talented, some without any special mental qualities. And he also sees that this fact is accompanied with unhappiness. Now, if God really believed that inequality was the world's great curse, and that it was the great cause of the world's unhappiness, he would act accordingly, and our text would have to read like this: "And ye shall call his name Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their inequality."

But God knew that inequality was not the cause of the world's trouble. The cause, the first, great, constant cause of unhappiness and trouble, is sin. Therefore he sent his only begotten Son into the world to save it from its sin. "Behold the Lamb of God," says John, "that taketh away (not the poverty, not the inequality), but the sin of the world."

Now if this is true, that the great cause of all the world's trouble is sin, and if it is true that Jesus came to save his people from their sins, the thought of Jesus may prove to be a thought so large that it shall compass the best and largest emotions we can ever know on earth. And among them we may note these:

God's Diagnosis of the World

God understands better than any one else what is the matter with the world. And the fact that he knows what the remedy is, ought to drive us joyfully into his presence continually. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." Oh surely the nations ought to go to the divine source of wisdom to conduct a nation. Individuals need to go to the divine source for the only remedy that can cure their woes. Go into the great libraries to-day, and there is one shelf that is specially full of volumes on the one subject of "Economics," including its branches, "Political Economy," and "Sociology." And among the hundreds of books on that subject will be found theories respecting the causes of discontent and inequality and hard times and misery of various sorts, theories that in almost every case ignore the great first cause of all human unhappiness, that is, sin. Now God teaches us better. One book by the side of the hundreds on Economics teaches us better. That book is the Bible. And of all the volumes ever written on Sociology none ever yet began to go to the real cause, to the bottom of human trouble like the Bible. Why? Because it states again and again God's message to the world, that sin is the cause of all misery in nations or in individuals. God kept trying to impress this truth on the world until the fulness of time. Then in Jesus he stamped it deeper into the conscience of the world, that only through righteousness could happiness flow into and out of life. "And ye shall call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." That is what they need to be saved from more than from anything else. That is the reason for their troubles. They need a Saviour. God knew what the world needed. Shall we learn that lesson to-day?

The sins of the world are more terrible than anything else. We know this is so, for Jesus was sent to save his people from their sins. And the love of God would surely have chosen the most terrible thing in the world as the one from which to rescue his people. It is impossible that Jesus could be sent into the world to save it from some little insignificant, trivial or unimportant trouble. So, we know that the sin of the world is more terrible than anything else.

Sin, the Source of Ill

What is worse than sin? Let us see if we can name anything. Sickness? It is a terrible thing to have a diseased or imperfect body. Life is robbed of a great part of its sweetness if the physical mechanism is broken or its beauty marred or its strength wasted. It is a terrible thing to be sick. But it is not so terrible as to be sinful. Who is there here to-day, strong, healthy man or woman, who would not choose to be an invalid for the rest of his days rather than spend the rest of his life in prison, because of some great sin committed against God or man? What man here would not be willing to give up his physical strength or beauty before he would commit a murder, or become a drunkard or a thief or a perjurer? What is the sickness of the body compared with the illness of the spirit? It was not an accident that Jesus said to the palsied man, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee," before he had said a word to the man about his palsied body. What was the body compared with the soul in the body? It was more necessary that the man's sins be removed than his physical trouble. That is the way God speaks to us all. "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." The most important first.

Poverty. This is a terrible thing, but it is not so terrible as sin. Who is there here this morning who is in debt and in trouble because of poverty who would be willing to grow rich at the cost of character? How many of you would commit a murder for a million or a hundred million dollars? Who is there who would be willing to steal or lie or lose his reputation if by doing so he could suddenly become rich? Think of all it would

mean to you to be rid forever of the terrible grind of poverty, of its humiliations, of its constant harassing cares, of its bitter economies, of its sordid planning, of its continual reception of the contempt or scorn or indifference of a fashionable, fawning, but all-powerful society. Think of it, my friend! And as you think of Jesus Christ, is there one of you who would dare sell his soul for money? "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and forfeit his life? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?" Yes, poverty is a terrible thing, but sin is more so. Poverty is nothing compared with sin.

Or consider Death. That is a terrible thing. "Ah, me," says Ian Maclaren in *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. "Ah, me! The thud of the spade on your mother's grave!" And the sight of your baby in its little white coffin. Truly death is a terrible thing. Yes. But is there a man here who would not a thousand times rather hear the thud of the spade on his mother's grave than see that mother alive and well but living a life of sin? Is there a young mother here to-day who would not a million times rather caress the dead face of her baby in its coffin than see it grow up into a drunkard or thief? How small a thing Death seems by the side of sin. How many of us would die a thousand cruel deaths sooner than live an impure life or deny our Lord. What terrors has Death compared with the stings and torments of Remorse? How insignificant his arrows by the side of outraged conscience or the fiery Hell of disobedience to God! I sometimes think Death is the least trouble men ever have. It is soon over. It is not terrible for the soul that believes in Jesus. "Be not afraid of them which kill the body," said Jesus. What is there to fear? But the sin? That which destroys soul and body. That is the terrible thing. We ought to have the habit of fearing sin more than we fear Death. Our faces ought to blanch and our hearts beat fast and our whole nature shudder in the presence of temptation to do evil. The messenger in that train which was held up lately between Kansas City and St. Louis, was so frightened at the thought of death that the reports said he was at first unable to speak aloud. What a vivid sense of the terrible nature of sin in all its horrible ghastly appearances! O, death, where is thy sting? The wages of sin is death! That is the death that knows no awaking. That is the most terrible destruction that a man can ever face.

Is there anything else that is more terrible than sin? Name the long list of terrible things. The things that are accompanied with unhappiness. Accidents, loss of reason, ingratitude from others, failure to realize our ambitions, disappointments over plans for great things we would like to do. Name everything, but still keep the soul unstained from sin and how insignificant are they all with sickness, poverty and death added? "And ye shall call his name Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their sins." The most awful thing that could ever touch a soul to disfigure it is removed by this Saviour. Is it any wonder that the world is at last going to be subject to Jesus? Is it any wonder that he is crowned already King of kings? Is it not a greater wonder that any of us can any longer refuse to call upon him for salvation? For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved from his sin. And there is nothing else you need to be saved from more than from your sin.

We can never be fully satisfied until we are saved from our sin. Everybody who is sane wants to be happy, satisfied. It has been said that the struggle on the part of the world to be happy is a selfish struggle. But certainly it would be a very strange world where everybody was struggling to be unhappy. It is true that the struggle to be happy at the expense of others, or while forgetting others, is a most intensely selfish thing, and very many people are trying to get happiness that way. We all know something about that, and we all know how useless it is to get happiness that way. But satisfaction, contentment, such as Paul had when he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," the joy that goes with one through financial loss, and the breaking of earthly ambitions, and the sudden calamity, and the grievous illness, and the terrible death, this kind of satisfaction is not possible until you are saved from your sins.

There are some of you here to-day who are not fully satisfied. You are well, you have the physical comforts, you are surrounded by loving friends, you are trying to be happy. It is right you should. God's will for all the world is that it may be full of joy. But if you have dissatisfaction, if you do not feel that contentment which walks hand in hand with the Father, it is because you have not the peace of God's forgiveness in your soul. What saith the great prophet: "I create the fruit of the lips. Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord: and I will heal him. But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Isa. 57: 19). I do not suppose that any one here is wicked in the sense that he has committed great crimes, and has awful guilt upon his soul. But the term wicked is a term that includes all those who are not at peace with God. You are all conscious of being saved from sin or not. There is no middle ground between salvation and not being saved. Even if you are indifferent, and don't care, that shows where you stand; the indifferent soul is not with God, he is against him. "He that is not with me is against me. And he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad," said Jesus. Where do you stand? Are you able to say with positive joy "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." "That day" when we shall all be judged for the deeds done in the body. "And ye shall call his name Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their sins." Do we all know that we are saved? Nothing else can make us truly happy. Nothing except that peace can make the world satisfied.

We owe Jesus more than we owe any other being. Suppose some great powerful friend should save you at a terrible risk. We know something of the affection we feel for the physician who by his skill saves from death. Many of you have myself with a swelling heart the time the doctor came to your home day and night, and saved the life of your child by his skill and his care. How do you feel towards that doctor? He has a high place in your regard. You feel towards him an affection particularly personal and tender. You will never forget him as long as you live.

Suppose some powerful friend should pay your debts, and relieve you of the pressure of a life long poverty. How would you feel towards such a friend? Supposing it were done in such a noble, generous spirit as to leave you free from all loss of self respect, your love and gratitude would certainly be very great. You would always remember that friend with feelings of heartfelt affection. He would be one of the two most loved of your intimate friendly circle.

Suppose death suddenly confronted you. And a powerful friend, at the risk of his own life, snatched you out of peril and saved you. How would you feel towards him? Would you not owe him a lifelong debt of gratitude? Would you not love him as long as you lived?

But Jesus Christ came to save you from a more terrible thing than sickness or poverty, or death. "And ye shall call his name Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their sins." What is your feeling towards Jesus? Don't you care much about it? What is the measure of your gratitude? How much do you owe him? He saves you not from physical weakness alone, but from spiritual death. Not from financial trouble, but from the loss of that riches of grace which to lose is to be lost eternally indeed. Not from the physical, fleshly death, which is a very small thing, but from the soul's destruction, which is death unspeakable. What do you owe to Jesus? It is a free gift. We never can buy salvation. Come without money and without price, because it cannot be bought. He shall save his people from their sins. The whole world groans and cries about because of its sins. It is not because our money is not the right kind, it is not because our system of government is at fault, it is not because we are physically sick, it is not because we are poor, it is not because we don't have the right kind of laws that we are in trouble. It is because we are sinners. It is because we are selfish. It is because we need to cry aloud: "God be merciful to us, for our hearts are not right in thy sight." But Jesus is a Saviour. He saves from sin. Therefore, the world owes him all. How can it ever pay? "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (Psalm 51: 17).

What shall we say to this great truth made vivid every time we think of Christ? Let us fall upon our faces before him, and give him our loyal and loving and repentant hearts. "For the wages of sin is death. But the free gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

A VISIT TO THE DANISH WEST INDIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

BISHOP GREIDER
Moravian Church, D. W. I.

MAHLON VAN HORN
U. S. Consul, St. Thomas

DR. A. RUST
Consul of Sweden and Norway

een able to fill it every year since. The water is regularly issued at certain hours daily so any buckets per family, and several of the people spoke of what a blessing it had been o the town.

The good Bishop Greider, head of the Moravians in the West Indies, with church, residence and headquarters at St. Thomas, is a most amiable and able man, highly esteemed n his own church, and greatly honored by the entire community. He thought there was not much lay activity in any of the churches, except among the young women, who have several guilds and societies, such as King's Daughters, Dorcas Society, etc., and work among the poor and in the hospitals. He explained that most of the young men go off among the islands seeking employment, and many are in that way lost to the church and community.

The Y. M. C. A. has never been started in these colonies, but St. Thomas has a flourishing Mutual Improvement Society for men, meeting every Monday evening, and a well-supported Atheneum. About two-thirds of the people are regular attendants at church. Sunday observance is general, but it is the Danish Sunday. This appears to be one of the few things the Danes have impressed upon the islands. The Lord's Day begins at nine and ends at four—seven hours.

Mr. Van Horn, our efficient consul, is a colored man, and for twenty-five years was a Congregational minister in Rhode Island. He worships with the Dutch Reformed Church. He remarked upon the peculiarity of this curtailed Sunday, and upon their very strict observance of Good Friday and certain other church holidays, to which far more reverent attention appeared to be accorded. The consul also deplored the lax marital relations, and the large percentage of illegitimacy. But that he is far from being a pessimist, will be seen from the following statements written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in answer to the questions, "What is the religious, moral and industrial outlook, and what is the true sentiment of the people on the question of transfer to the United States?"

"We are suffering from the common business depression of the West Indies. The people, however, have bright hopes for the future. They are expecting great good from the opening of the Isthmian Canal in a commercial way. Religiously, the churches have a good influence over the people. In fact, the habits of the people are very much like the ordinary communities of the United States. All parents are particular to have their children baptized, and brought up as Christians.

"In reference to the great question of annexation, the masses of the people favor the United States. Like good, loyal citizens, when the Danish Parliament decided not to sell the islands, there was a general acquiescence, and a generally expressed desire that the mother country would assist them to self-help. No one is more heartily welcomed to this country than the American."

MORAVIAN CHURCH AND BISHOP'S HOUSE, ST. THOMAS

LYE IN PEASANT | IN A FINNISH FOREST | A NATIVE PASTOR READING THE BIBLE | A FINNISH MATRON

From Stereograph Photographs. Copyrighted 1898, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Famine's Work in Finland

400,000 Peasants in Direst Need — Aid From This Country will be Gladly Welcomed

IN every section of the United States, deep and genuine sympathy has been awakened by the publication in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the story of suffering Finland. That over 400,000 Finns were in actual want and liable to perish of starvation, was of itself a fact sufficiently appalling; but to the great multitude of American citizens of Scandinavian birth or descent it possessed a deeper and more tragic interest, and led to a desire to render help quickly to the sufferers.

More than one-sixth of the entire population of Finland is reported as destitute. In the present condition of affairs in Russia, where the government is already engaged in fighting one famine in Siberia and another in the central Russian provinces, there is hardly a prospect of adequate relief coming from that quarter, in time to save the multitude of Finns in the northern districts, who are threatened with extermination by hunger.

With famine raging in a Christian land, whose unfortunate people are totally unable to help themselves, it becomes the duty of other Christians to give every aid and comfort to the stricken ones. Throughout the Christmas time, while all the world was glad over the return of the joyous festival, the Finlanders have been fighting back starvation with hard, grim determination. In thousands of homes, the larders have long since been emptied of the last crust of food, and the household has been compelled, for the first time, to beg from the few more fortunate families in the neighborhood, enough meal or flour or dried fish to sustain life for a few days.

It has been a fight almost against hope from the start, last November, when the tooth of the hunger-wolf first began to be felt. How many have died in these intervening weeks cannot now be learned. When the revelation does come, it will very likely be one to excite world-wide pity.

As already stated in these columns last week, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been urged from many quarters to present the cause of Finland to American benevolence. Before doing so, it cabled to Count Bobrinsky, a high official in St. Petersburg, who replied by the cable, confirming the reports of the famine, and stating that American aid would be welcomed. A cablegram was also sent by the proprietor of this journal to the Mayor of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, inquiring concerning the extent of the famine and the character of the aid required.

A Relief Committee of Lutheran pastors and business men in Finland will have charge of the relief operations, and all contributions from this country sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be forwarded to this Committee. It is believed that the wretched condition of the Finns will appeal powerfully to the humanity of the civilized world, and that generous help will be contributed toward their relief.

In the famine of 1867-68 in Finland, when the population of entire villages was wiped out and over 100,000 persons died of sheer hunger, the first foreshadowings of the visitation were not so ominous or so widespread as at present. It is feared that the mortality now will prove greater by far, unless the people are helped in time. They are a quiet, undemonstrative race, and would suffer in silence, even to the point of extinction, rather than personally appeal to the pity of the world. According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times*, the Finnish peasants have, in many districts, for weeks past been using the bark of trees for food. This has been supplemented in some districts by unripe rye and barley, which was frost-spoiled and which even the animals refuse. Many have sold everything they possessed for food.

MARKET BOATS AT HELSINGFORS WHARF

The *Viedomosti*, a leading Russian newspaper, says, the frosts that killed the crops were followed by floods which swamped the fields, utterly destroying what little growing stuff remained. One schoolteacher wrote to the *Viedomosti* that in his village alone, over five hundred persons were in want.

Pastor Francis, of the Anglo-American Church of St. Petersburg, is making an effort to feed and clothe the schoolchildren of several Finnish parishes. He declares that the conditions to-day are far worse than those that prevailed in the famine of 1867.

Another account says, that so terrible is the dearth of vegetation, that even the birds have died by thousands in the forests. Horses turn at the "bitter bread" which the ravenous peasants welcome. It is made with barley husks and straw mixed with a little flour-dust; it has very little nutrition, and is absolutely unwholesome, yet it is eaten. So many of the poor have given everything away for food that they have been unable to provide winter clothing.

An appeal from Pnomussalmi, one of the famine provinces, says:

The rain prevented both the oats and the rye from producing sufficient for seed, and blight, and frost made even this almost useless. Many have sought to make bread from the rye. It is scarcely possible to believe that it is bread. It is quite green, and hardly holds together, and is so bitter that one cannot well swallow a morsel of it. Yet it is all many have to live on. And even this will not last many weeks. There are places where the people have not even such bread, but have to live on bread made from the bark of trees. With milk one might eat bark bread, but many have not this. They must kill their only cow. The failure of the hay harvest and the potato crop, has been followed by an almost entire failure of the oats and rye.

Those who have the opportunity of traveling in these parts and of visiting one of the little homes, and of seeing the sad faces of the mothers, and the white faces of the almost naked children, and of hearing their cries for bread, and seeing how many cry in vain, realize how great and how pressing is the need.

So sad a story of hunger and suffering needs no elaboration at our hands. It appeals with an eloquence that is irresistible to every sympathetic heart in America. By promptly sending your contribution to the relief fund, you may be the means, under God, of saving some poor, wretched family from perishing, and of bringing a gleam of hope into hearts that were filled with despair. In some of the stricken localities the dreaded "famine fever" has already appeared. Food, medicines and clothing must all be supplied to save these people. We trust that the responses of our readers will be prompt and liberal. All contributions should be addressed

FINLAND FAMINE FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
92 Bible House New York City

and every contribution will be acknowledged in these columns.

A PRIMITIVE CHAIN-FERRY IN FINLAND

The "Prince of the Weeklies"

PROPRIETOR CHRISTIAN HERALD: The Red Letter Bible is all that one could desire in the way of a premium, in fact I think it is worth the price of the paper and itself together. You certainly do treat your subscribers in a liberal manner. We all like the "Family Art Gallery" pictures very much. If any preference is expressed, it is for the sheep in a storm; but all are greatly appreciated. Last, but not least, I am pleased to be enrolled as a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I consider it the prince of religious weeklies. NORMAN M. LEWTON
Portland, Ore. Office Secretary, Y. M. C. A.

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LADY CURZON DISTRIBUTING PRIZES | PROMINENT NATIVE PRINCES OF INDIA | THE STATE BARGE OF A MAHARAJAH

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INDIA'S GREAT DURBAR

An Imposing Pageant in the Historic City of Delhi

NEVER in the history of India has so significant and imposing a pageant been witnessed, as that which for two weeks past has been seen in Delhi. It is in a sense a duplication of the Coronation ceremony in London, in so far as it relates to India. The native princes of all British India, with the independent and semi-independent rulers of adjacent states, have come by special invitation to the historic heart of the nation to celebrate with pomp and magnificence the accession of King Edward VII. as Emperor of India. An evidence of the high importance of the ceremony, in the estimation of King Edward and his ministers, is given in the fact that he sent his brother, the Duke of Connaught, to represent him on the occasion. Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, had cherished the hope that the King would attend in person, and at one time it was considered probable that he would do so; but in view of the severe illness through which he has passed, his physicians peremptorily forbade his taking so long a journey. A large numbers of the British aristocracy of the highest rank were specially commissioned to take part in the ceremony, and they mingled with the native princes and added a strange element of European grandeur to the barbaric splendor of the titular rulers of India. Even in the bygone days of India's greatness, no such magnificent assembly could have been gathered.

On December 29, the high functionaries who were to take part in the grand ceremony made a state entry into Delhi. Lord and Lady Curzon, seated in a gold howdah on the back of a huge elephant richly caparisoned, led the procession. The bodyguard, riding black horses with leopard skins over the saddle, surrounded the elephant. Following came the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the native princes with their retainers, also on elephants. Vast crowds of people from all parts of India lined the route through which the procession passed on its way to the encampment beyond the city walls, where the court, technically known as a Durbar, was held.

The culminating ceremony took place on January 1 in a great amphitheatre capable of accommodating twelve thousand persons. It was built in the shape of a horseshoe, in the inner recess of which was set the dais on which the Viceroy, his American wife (formerly Miss Leiter) and their court, and the Duke of Connaught, as representative of the Emperor of India, took their seats. On the seats around, the native princes were seated, according to their rank.

The amphitheatre was adorned by gilded cupolas, and was surrounded by batteries of artillery and squadrons of native cavalry. In the outer circle were great numbers of elephants apparently taking an intelligent interest in the pageant. The spectacle within the arena was most imposing and gorgeous. The Pathan chiefs and sirdars were resplendent in brilliant raiment. Soldiers, civilians and visitors from far distant countries were included among those within the amphitheatre. Upon the entrance of the veterans of the Indian mutiny there was

LADY CURZON, VICEREINE OF INDIA
(Formerly Miss Leiter, of Chicago)

tremendous enthusiasm, and as the arrivals marched to their places the bands played national airs. When the great amphitheatre was filled and the hour for the announcement drew near, the multitude within and without awaited expectantly the first act of the proclamation ceremony.

A cable dispatch from Delhi to the *New York Herald*, thus describes the ceremony: "Alighting from his carriage, Lord Curzon mounted the dais to the throne, which was decorated with golden lions, and around which were placed massive silver footstools. The throne itself was surmounted by a canopy of white and gold. When the Viceroy reached the throne the national anthem was played and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. When the spectators had resumed their seats after the anthem there was a flourish of trumpets from the heralds, and Major Maxwell, at the command of the Viceroy, read the proclamation opening the Durbar. The Royal standard was then raised, and the Imperial salute fired. The massed bands attached by flaming bonfires were started by the troops outside. And it was announced that King Edward was Emperor of India.

"There was another flourish of trumpets and Lord Curzon arose and stood for a moment impassive. Then, in impressive tones, he delivered a speech and read a message from King Edward. In his address the Viceroy announced the coronation of the King. He extolled the loyal India people and prophesied prosperity for the Indian Empire. He said also that it had been decided not to exact interest for three years on all loans made or guaranteed by the government of India to the native States in connection with the recent famine.

"In the King's message, His Majesty said that the Prince and Princess of Wales would shortly visit India. He regretted his absence from the Durbar, and sent his greetings to his Indian people. In conclusion King Edward said: 'I renew the assurances of my regard for the liberties of the Indian people; of my respect for their dignities and rights; of my interest in their advancement, and of my devotion to their welfare. These are the supreme aims and objects of my rule, which, under the blessing of Almighty God, will lead to the increasing prosperity of my India Empire, and to the greater happiness of its people.'

"As the Viceroy finished reading the King's words the assembled people broke into cheers for the King and Emperor. The cheering was taken up by the multitude outside the amphitheatre and was long sustained.

"There then followed the presentation of Indian Princes to the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught and political officers paid homage to the sovereign. This ended the ceremony, and the royal cortege then left the arena, followed by the delegates from foreign powers and the Indian princes."

For two weeks the celebration continued, each day being marked by some central pageant. On one day the various orders of knighthood were entertained by the Viceroy. On another day the British troops were reviewed by the Duke of Connaught. On other days there were reviews of the native regiments. These, with social ceremonies, balls, presentations, polo matches, and entertainments of various kinds, filled the period with spectacles and amusements which will doubtless never be forgotten by any who took part in them.

AMERICA STANDS *BY THE* WORLD'S PEACE COURT

See Illustrations on 1st Page

NOW that the excitement over the Venezuelan controversy is somewhat abated, the wisdom of the course pursued by our government in insisting that the case be taken before the Hague Court of Arbitration, becomes more apparent. Our support of the Hague Court and its far-reaching jurisdiction, places arbitration once more where it was in 1898–99, as the leading topic of discussion in every cabinet in Europe. Official communications on the Venezuelan affair are now being exchanged between London, Rome, Berlin, Caracas and Washington, and the governments interested are preparing their respective cases for submission to the Hague Court. On the first page of this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives the portraits of a group of the leading members of that court, who will listen to the arguments on the case and render decision. These portraits were procured by the New York *Tribune*, and we are indebted to the courtesy of that journal for permission to present them here.

The Hague Court of Arbitration had its origin in a suggestion of the Czar of Russia, who, in 1898, sent a "Peace Vote" or rescript, to the heads of the governments of civilized nations throughout the world. That note invited the attention of the various governments to the desirability of establishing an International Tribunal, before which all matters of dispute between the nations could be heard. After some preliminary correspondence, formal invitations were issued for a meeting of the representatives of all the nations interested, at the Hague, May 18, 1899.

Over thirty governments were represented. The United States had six representatives, namely, Hon. Andrew D. White, our Ambassador to Germany; Mr. Stanford Newell, our Minister at the Hague; Capt. Crozier and Capt. Mahan, of our army and navy, respectively; President Seth Low, of Columbia College, and Frederick W. Holls, a prominent New York lawyer. Other countries were represented by their ablest diplomats, jurists, and military and naval representatives. Russia sent Baron De Staal, who presided at the Conference; France, M. Bourgeois; England, Sir Julian Pauncefote; Germany, Count Von Muenster, and Austria, Count Welsusheime. A leading figure at the Conference was Baron De Bloch, the famous Russian financier, and author of several books showing the evils and wickedness of war and the social, industrial, and financial ruin in which it involves the nations.

. . .

The Peace Conference met in the beautiful building known as the "House in the Woods" (Huis t'en Bosch), near the Dutch capital. It is one of Queen Wilhelmina's most picturesque palaces. The sessions were at first short and progress was necessarily slow, many of the delegates being probably unable to comprehend the programme, which had for its object the subversion of much of the martial pomp and paraphernalia which ordinarily surround the throne, and which are usually supposed to make nations great.

It became clear, quite early in the Conference, that the time was not yet ripe for disarmament, and that the really important work to be done must be on the lines of arbitration. A Drafting Committee, representing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Their Lives Spent in "God's Courts"

MANY GRAND EXAMPLES OF CONTINUOUS CHURCH ATTENDANCE AND LIFE-LONG CHRISTIAN ACTIVITIES

DURING the last few months, the question, "Is Church-going Declining?" has been widely discussed. Enemies of the Gospel have been loud in their claims that it is losing its power to draw the souls of men. On the other hand, actual statistics from reliable sources show that the decrease in attendance is apparent and not real, and that only in a few abnormally congested localities, which cannot be accepted as representing the whole country, is there any reason for solicitude, or urgent need of increased effort.

In the letters which we print on this page, there is much to inspire with enthusiasm every one who loves God's Holy Word, and who finds delight in attendance on the ordinances of religion. Surely a "cloud of witnesses," like these aged saints, who here testify to the blessing and satisfaction that have followed upon continuous attendance in God's house, should be an encouragement to the younger generation.

Sometime ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invited its readers and their friends to send information of cases, within their own knowledge, of long and continuous church attendance. Answers came from many States, a very large number of them really remarkable, as giving instances of humble, consecrated lives spent in ceaseless activity for the Master—lives thoroughly devoted to his work, and caring nothing for worldly reward or recognition. They form a phalanx of the noblest object-lessons in Christian living, and as such we lay them before our readers:

Seventy Years Spent in God's Courts

I was born in 1815, and in 1832 I became a member of the Brandywine Manor Church, Chester, Pa. In 1841 I took my letter to Honeybrook Church; in 1844 to Churchtown, Lancaster County; in 1848 to Old Leacock Church, Lancaster County, and in 1852 to West Chester, Pa. I was a trustee in the West Chester Church for many years, and in 1872 was elected ruling elder, which office I still hold, being seventy years a member of the Presbyterian Church, thirty years a ruling elder and fifty years a continuous member of the West Chester Church, of which I am still a member and elder.

Coatsville, Pa. JOHN G. ROBINSON.

Six Remarkable Records in One Church

In our church records, I find the following who have been continuous members and attendants of Central Baptist Church, Southbridge:

Mrs. R. H. Cole, Bapt	1836,	66 years
Mrs. Dea Henry Fiske, Luth	1838,	60 "
Mrs. Geo. Freeman, Bapt	1848,	54 "
Mr. Hiram C. Wells, Luth	1852,	50 "
Mrs. Hiram C. Wells, Bapt	1855,	47 "
Dea. Adoniram Judson Coombs Bapt,	1855,	47 "

Southbridge, Mass. L. E. AMMIDOWN.

Still a Churchgoer at Ninety

Mrs. Louise Persons, of McGraw, Cortland County, N. Y., has been a member of the M. E. Church since 1831. Has been a member of three different churches of the same denomination of the third church since 1845, which gives her a total membership in the M. E. Church of seventy-one years. She was ninety-three years old October 10, 1902. Attends regularly the church of her choice every Sabbath morning. Is a lovely Christian character.

McGraw, N. Y. MRS. SUSIE HOLDEN.

Two Old Church-going Christians

In our Methodist Church at Heckston, we have an aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robinson, who were both converted in 1845, and have been faithful church members ever since. For the last thirty years they have driven two and a half miles to church, and very often come twice on Sabbath.

Heckston, Pa. H. FROOM.

Sixty-four Years a Churchgoer

Mr. Stillman Holden has been a member of the First M. E. Church in McGraw, N. Y., for sixty-four years and five months, having joined in April, 1838. He will be ninety-three, if spared to see February 1, 1903. He is still a regular attendant at morning service.

READER.

A Venerable Saint's Record

William Belshaw is ninety-eight years of age. He is, and has been, a consistent and faithful member of the Baptist Church here since 1834, sixty-eight years, beginning his attendance upon its services in 1830, and continuing them steadily until 1899, a period of sixty-nine years. His memory is marvelous, repeating with me to-day the entire fifth chapter of Matthew, which he learned when a boy. He lives upon the same spot where he was born and expects to die. His trust in the Redeemer is firm and abiding.

Jordanville, N. Y. REV. EDWARD BELL.

Phenomenal Records From North Carolina

I send the following from the records of Organ Evangelical Lutheran Church, of Rowan County, N. C. Mrs. Maria Lippard became a member by transfer in 1832, and has been in regular connection ever since—seventy years. She is now ninety-four years old, and has not been able to attend for about five or six years. The following have been in constant attendance to the present time:

	Confirmed	*Constant Attendance*
Mr. George Troutman	1840,	62 years
Mr. Alex. Powlass,	1840,	62 "
Mrs. Maria Cruse	1844,	58 "
Mrs. Polly C. Kluttz	1845,	57 "
Mrs. Crissie C. Cruse	1851,	51 "
Mr. Alfred W. Kluttz	1853,	49 "
Mr. William Beaver	1853,	49 "
Mr. Eli Houlshouser	1853,	49 "
Mrs. Amy Fisher	1853,	49 "
Mrs. Rachel Cruse	1853,	49 "

Organ Church, N. C. GEORGE H COX.

Two Phenomenal Records

Two sisters in our Baptist Church—Mrs. Eliza Fenton, born in 1817, and Mrs. William Hurlburt, born 1819—were both baptized in 1850. Mrs. Fenton has been a constant attendant until the last three years. Mrs. Hurlburt still attends, saying she has "always found the way good to follow."

Morris, N. Y. MARY LITTLE.

Preached Over Half a Century

Rev. William Waith, Ph.D., is a fine, cultured gentlemen, an agreeable companion, who has endeared himself to many people. He is seventy-nine years old, straight as an arrow, in full vigor and recently performed the unusual feat, for a man of his age, of walking from Lancaster to Buffalo, a distance of eleven miles. He feels that he is good for at least ten years of hard work. In addition to his duties in Lancaster he has been for years the stated clerk of the Buffalo Presbytery, and last year the great Synod of New York State elected him its moderator at the Buffalo meeting. He has never been installed as pastor of the Lancaster church, but has been elected Stated Supply from year to year. He has now begun his fifty-second year. CONSTANT READER.

Buffalo, N. Y.

A Life-Long Worker

I commenced attending the M. E. Church in Herrick, Pa., about 1830, united about 1834, and was a regular attendant there twenty years. Then at Lenoxville I attended the church continuously for fifty-one years and seven months. Was licensed to exhort sixty-one years and eight months ago. Am now worshiping at the Lyon Street Church, and waiting for the summons to worship in the Temple "not made with hands."

Freso, Pa. A. CHURCHILL.

A Veteran's Faithful Service

I have been in the M. E. Church sixty years on the 18th of last August, more than fifty years of this time in the local ministry, and active all of these years excepting six months. I am now seventy-seven, and still teach in the Sunday School, lead prayer-meetings, assist at sacrament, etc. SAMUEL POLLOCK.

Allegheny, Pa.

An Invalid's Fine Record

I went to the Simpson Methodist Church twenty-five years, in Hyde Park, and twelve years in Providence Methodist Church—thirty-seven years in all. Now I am an invalid, and seldom get out; I am seventy-three years old. MRS. S. A. FEDDEN.

Scranton, Pa.

Fifty-three Years a Faithful Worshiper

Jos. M. Elford, of Spartanburg, S. C., has attended continuously the Church of the Advent (Episcopal) for over fifty-three years; has been a member of the vestry of said church for over fifty years, and still attends regularly as senior warden of the same church

Spartanburg, S. C. JOSEPH M. ELFORD.

Over Sixty-three Years in God's Service

I came here, where I am to-day, with my father, in March, 1839. That summer a new church was erected, where I have been a regular attendant all these years—sixty-three and a-half—and will continue on in God's service until the Master says, "Come home."

Rawson, N. Y. I. C. F.

A Fine Record from Maine

I commenced attendance of the Central Church of Bangor, Maine, in 1851, when four years of age, and attended that church till 1900, a period of forty-nine years. I then removed from that city and have regularly attended church in this city since. I filled the offices of secretary and librarian of Sunday School, and of deacon, clerk and treasurer in the church, and treasurer of the parish.

Portland, Me. GEORGE S. HALL.

A Wonderful Family of Church-goers

We have a family here, ten in number, all belonged to the Presbyterian Church. The oldest, a son now in his ninetieth year, has a son who has been a church member for seventy years; a daughter (deceased) for sixty-one years; a daughter (living) for sixty-six years; a son (living) for fifty-four years; four other daughters, who have been members for sixty-seven, sixty, sixty, and fifty years, respectively; a son (deceased) for fifty-four years, and another daughter, a member for fifty-four years. I took this from the family record.

Honey Brook, Pa. P. DAMPMAN.

Other Notable Records

Mr. Charles C. Larkin, Chester, Pa., has a record of over fifty-six years' church attendance.

Mrs. Ruth E. Dawley, Woodhull, N. Y., has an attendance record of over fifty-seven years.

Mrs. Sarah McCune, Rome, N. Y. (now eighty-two), has a record of over sixty-three years.

Mrs. Jane Mills, Rome, N. Y., has a record of forty-eight years' continuous attendance.

The late Thomas Downs, of Richmond, Kans., had a record of over seventy years' attendance.

Mrs. B. Tiphart has been a member and regular attendant in the M. E. Church of Sandusky, O., for over fifty years.

The late Mr. Marcus Barnes of Keeseville, N. Y., had a record of membership in the Congregational Church of 67 years.

Mr. James Marlow, Mansfield, O., has a record of over fifty-eight years' active membership in the congregational Church.

The late Mrs. C. W. Turner, Dighton, Mass., had a record of church and Sunday School attendance and work covering sixty years.

Elder James Kennedy, Garfield, Ky., has been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church there, and a regular attendant sixty-nine years.

The late Mr. Kuenstler, of Philadelphia, had a church record of active membership extending over forty years, as Sunday School superintendent.

Mr. and Mrs. Gandy, of Seaville, N. J., have continuous membership records of sixty-eight and forty-four years, respectively. They are members of the Baptist Church.

Mr. Abram Rynearson and Mrs. Rachel Rynearson, his wife (both lately deceased), had records of fifty-two and fifty-four years of consecutive church attendance, respectively.

Mr. Steven Stillwell Clark joined the M.E. Church of Carbondale, Pa., January, 1843, and was elected trustee, 1849, and has been an official member almost continuously ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heath of Baltimore, have each records of over fifty years' continuous membership and attendance in the Westminister Presbyterian Church. Mr. Heath has been Sunday School teacher and superintendent more than fifty years, and ruling elder thirty-three years.

"A day in God's courts is better than a thousand" in the tents of sin, and a life of serene, unostentatious Christian well-doing, with contentment and assurance growing brighter and brighter toward the close, is of more value to mankind, and does more toward making the race happier and better, than the careers of all the conquerors since the days of Pharaoh. Heaven will reward these self-denying men and women, and the believers on earth will honor and love them for the example and influence they have given to the human race.

AMERICA STANDS *BY THE* WORLD'S PEACE COURT

Continued From Page 31

Britain, the United States, Russia, France and Italy, prepared a series of articles dealing with questions to be compulsorily submitted to arbitration, and providing for the establishment of an Arbitration Court. Many important changes in the laws of war, by land and sea, were adopted.

Before the conclusion of the Conference, nearly all the Powers signed the final act, approving of the work accomplished, and recommending future conferences. Sixteen governments signed an Arbitration Convention, or Treaty; seventeen signed a declaration prohibiting the use of projectiles or explosives in balloons; sixteen a declaration against the use of asphyxiating gases, and fifteen a declaration against the use of explosive bullets.

By far the most important work of the Conference was the mediation and arbitration plan, which provided that all the signatory Powers to the Arbitration Treaty should use their efforts to secure a peaceful solution of international differences, and invite mediation by friendly Powers, before beginning war. It was also stipulated that such friendly Powers might offer their services as mediators at any time, even during war preparations, without offence; also, that quarrels, which cannot be settled by mediation, should be submitted to an International Committee of Inquiry, whose arbitration award, while morally binding, would still leave the Powers free to act as they might decide. The signatory Powers, however, reserved the right, in certain cases, to make arbitration compulsory. In addition, the Treaty provided for a permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague, with a permanent General Secretary and four qualified representatives from each Power as members, their term to last for six years. This Court is open not only to all the signatory Powers, but to all governments throughout the world, for the settlement of international differences. The sessions are conducted as in an ordinary court of law, each side being represented by counsel. To the United States belongs the honor of bringing the first case before this august peace tribunal for trial—viz., the Mexican "Pious Fund," which was lately decided in our favor.

Notwithstanding the acceptance of arbitration by all the governments involved in the Venezuelan dispute, the blockade of Venezuelan ports by the English, German and Italian warships continues. It is said that President Castro, as a preliminary to arbitration, has demanded the cessation of the blockade and the restoration of the Venezuelan fleet, captured by the Allies. It is not believed, however, that these conditions will be insisted upon. Castro has given notice that France is a preferred creditor of Venezuela. The claims of the Allies will each be considered in turn, but those presented by Belgium and Holland must wait. Pending arbitration, Germany will not resume diplomatic relations with Venezuela, and the others may follow her example. Their fleets, however, will remain in Venezuelan waters. British warships have brought portable barracks to La Guayra, and there is talk of landing a military force there. It would seem as if the Allies, by their continued attitude of hostility, intended to give Castro's government warning that, pending arbitration, any renewed outbreak against the persons or property of foreigners would be promptly punished.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

A Story of Anthracite

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Heritage," "Tommy Remington's Battle," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Week)

SUDDENLY his self-control dropped from him — utter weariness was too much for him—she saw his chin quiver, and the tears ran over on his cheeks. He laid his head down upon his arms, the great sobs shaking him. She went to him and put her arms about him.

"What is it, Jimmy?" she asked. "What's th' trouble? Somethin' at th' breaker? Hev they fired y'?"

He sobbed a denial.

"No, it ain't that. Bill Jones is mighty kind t' me; he wouldn't fire me, Bill Jones wouldn't."

"What is it, then?" she persisted. "You'll tell me, won't y'?"

It was some moments before he mastered himself sufficiently to speak.

"Thay's been a strike ordered," he said, at last. "Everybody's goin' out next Sat'rday."

A strike! She knew from sad experience what that meant, and her heart sank within her.

"What's it about?" she asked.

"I don' know," he answered, hopelessly. "None o' th' fellers seems t' know — I've heard 'em talkin' about it a good deal, but they all say somethin' different. I reckon th' men know. They passed th' word aroun' this mornin'."

"Will it shet doen all th' mines?" she questioned.

"Th' company says not; anyway, I'm goin' t' work ef they'se any work t' do. I ain't a-goin' out."

"You ain't!" she cried, astonishment getting the better of her grief. "But, then —but, then — —"

"Yes, I know," he said, a new note of discouragement in his voice. "But I don't keer. Now let's see ef Tom won't eat somethin'," and he left his mother sitting dazed at the table.

CHAPTER III.

Victim to the Mob

A GREAT strike had indeed been ordered, to go into effect the first Monday in June. Its causes need not be dealt with here, for they are quite outside the province of this story—doubtless both operators and miners had some just grievances—but its effect would be to close down all the mines and to stop, for the time being, the production of anthracite coal in the United States, since this strip of land in eastern Pennsylvania contained the country's whole supply.

Few other industries were so well organized. The great coal-carrying roads had secured a controlling interest in the mines, and had stifled competition by charging exorbitant freight rates, until, one by one, the independent operators had been forced to sell out or join the combination. This combination decreed just how many tons of anthracite should be mined every year—about half the possible output of the mines—in order that the market price might be maintained at a certain level. Then the men, in self-preservation, had organized, too, that they might stand as a unit in the fight for fair treatment and living wages, which were becoming more and more unattainable under the restrictions the operators put upon them.

This battle would doubtless be waged, just as a dozen previous ones had been—the company would endeavor to get outside help to run their mines; the miners would oppose this; would, in moments of passion, fearful for their own existence, assault the non-union workers; the State militia would be called out to preserve order, with a success dependent wholly upon the temper of the men: and in the end, the miners would either be starved into submission, or the operators, under pressure from politicians and the public, would be forced to compromise. At best, the struggle would last for months, and the greatest loss would fall upon the men themselves.

Work stopped early in the breaker on that last Saturday, for many of the miners, eager to begin the struggle for what they believed to be their rights, did not report for duty. So the supply of coal to be crushed and sorted ran low soon after noon, and at last the whistle screamed in signal and the great wheels stood still.

"All over, boys," cried the boss, and rejoicing in their unaccustomed freedom and in the prospect of exciting times ahead, they thundered down the stair and out into the warm sunshine. Only Jimmy lingered.

"I s'pose th' mine 'll be shet down now," he began timidly, approaching the boss.

"O' course," answered that individual shortly. "An' worse luck," he added, for he was not wholly in sympathy with the decree of the Union. Even if the men won, his wages would not be affected, and meanwhile he must live as best he could—not an easy thing to do when the daily wage must go for the necessities of life.

"But won't none o' th' mines run?" persisted the boy. "Won't they try t' run none o' them?"

"Oh, they'll try hard enough," said the boss, with an inflexion that told plainly how the effort would result. "They allus do thet, y' know."

"S'pose a feller d' want t' strike," continued Jimmy. "S'pose he wants t' work? What's he t' do?"

The boss stared down at him for a moment in amazement—a boy who didn't want to strike was something new in his experience.

"Well," he said at last, "ef a feller d' want t' strike, he goes down t' th' company's office an' gives in his name. Only a feller 'd be a fool t' do thet, for they'se a crowd o' Union men down there, an' when th' feller come out o' th' office, he'd likely hev a mighty lively time. Besides, after th' mines started ag'in in earnest, he'd be out o' his job—th' Union 'd freeze him out, an' it wouldn't take it no great time t' do it, neither."

Jimmy did not answer. He merely shut his lips tight together, went down the stair, and started for the company office. But when he approached it, his heart failed him for a moment and he stopped. As the miners quit work, they strolled down to the office to see what might be toward; to see if, by any chance, there was any man among them foolhardy enough to defy the edict of the Union. It was rumored, too, that John Simms, the president of the local lodge, was having a last conference with the company officials, in the effort to settle some differences about wages due, and he might stand in need of moral (or physical) support. They were there to give him either—and so were the scores of breaker-boys and door-boys and driver-boys, more alert for trouble even than their fathers—even hoping for it, with youth's fine carelessness of consequences.

As Jimmy's eyes wandered over this formidable and boisterous crowd, his heart fell more and more; he knew how cruel boys could be under temptation of this sort; but a thought of mother and brother at home, facing starvation, dependent upon him, the head of the family, nerved him, and he went on.

He pressed his way through the scattered groups, but no one seemed to notice him. It was not till he had his hand on the knob of the office door that he heard a sudden sharp hoot from a boy near him; but he did not hesitate. He turned the knob, pushed the door open quickly, and entered.

The shades at the windows had been drawn to protect the room from the gaze of the crowd without, and for a moment the sudden transition from the bright sunlight to the gloom of the interior blinded the boy. Then he saw a high railing, behind which some half dozen men were sitting with their heads together. They were looking toward the door, as though startled by its opening.

"That's funny," said one of them, in a low voice. "Nobody came in. What are they after?"

"Perhaps you'd better lock the door, Sam," said another, addressing the young man who acted as the company's secretary.

"But maybe Mr. Carver, some of the men will want to report for work," protested Sam.

"Oh, nonsense!" retorted the other impatiently. "I'd like to see anybody come in here in the face of that crowd. Why, he'd be killed—and this is called a free country, too," he added.

Sam got up, seemingly convinced by this argument, and started for the door; but as he swung back the gate in the high railing, he saw Jimmy standing there, cap in hand.

"Why, hello, youngster," he cried. "Where did you come from?"

"I jes' come in th' door, sir," answered Jimmy.

"And what do you want?"

"I want t' work," said the boy simply.

The secretary answered with a shout of laughter which recalled him sharply to the boy's memory—here was one of the men who had laughed at him once before.

"Come in here," cried Sam. "Gentlemen," he continued, addressing the group, "allow me to present to you the first defection from the ranks of the Union—you'd better be watching your fences, Simms. They're in danger, I can tell you!"

They all smiled as they looked at him—even Simms, the president of the local lodge, to whom defection meant black treason.

"What's your name, sonny?" asked the secretary.

"Jim Boyton, sir."

The secretary ran rapidly through an indexed book.

"Where have you been working?" he questioned at last.

"In th' breaker at th' Carver shaft, sir."

Sam looked at the book again.

"Come," he said, after a moment, a little harshly, "what's your game: There's no Jim Boyton here—there's a Tom Boyton."

"I'm his brother," interrupted the boy eagerly. "He's sick; I've been workin' fer him."

"Ah," said the secretary. "So, of course, you haven't got a certificate?"

"No, sir," and the boy hung his head.

The secretary looked at him more closely.

"Let's see," he said, suddenly, "aren't you the boy who came in here one day last winter and tried to get a job?"

Jimmy blushed more deeply than ever—he suspected what was coming—an act of frenzy on his part, which he had thought long since forgotten, was to be brought home to him.

"Yes, sir," he said humbly.

"And when we wouldn't give him one," went on the secretary relentlessly, "went out and banged the door behind him so hard that the glass cracked right across."

Jimmy followed the direction of the secretary's finger with distended eyes. He stared at the accusing crack with a look of utter dismay.

"I did bang the door, sir," he admitted at last, in a choked voice. "I wus purty

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

"SIMMS TURNED TO THE CROWD WITH LIVID FACE"

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register your remittances.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

WE present our readers this week with a timely sermon by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kansas. We hope, during this year, to publish sermons occasionally by eminent preachers of the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist Episcopal, and other denominations, in alternation with the sermons of Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, which, during the past year, as we are glad to learn from the letters of our subscribers, have been most acceptable and helpful to readers generally.

Veteran Churchgoers

THE letters in the symposium on another page, on church-going, are deeply interesting reading. The statements they contain, are full of significance. Many of them show an unbroken record of church attendance of over forty years, some of more than fifty years, a few of sixty and even of seventy years. In several instances these have not been attendance only, but of active service in church-office or in Sunday School. When we hear of men in secular service having been in the same employment for long periods, we regard the record as honorable alike to employer and employee. It shows that the employer has appreciated faithful service and that the employee has found his occupation congenial. What shall we say of the men and women who have been found regularly in their places in church for three score years and ten? They have not tired of hearing the Gospel message; they have not found praise and prayer a burden. In their old age they are full of enthusiasm, and there is not one word of regret that so much of their time has been devoted to the service of Christ. In contrast with the testimony of aged men who have given their years to the world, the record is remarkable.

Young people may wisely make a note of these remarkable records. Many centuries ago, one who had exceptional opportunities for making the best of this life, tried all the avenues of activity then open to men, and found that even in his success they were disappointing and yielded no satisfaction. "Vanity of vanities" was his verdict in every case. It is a discouraging story. But here is a different record. Seventy years of religious service, without pay, without material advantage, yet with perfect satisfaction. There has been no weariness, no regret, but joy and delight without alloy. Truly this is testimony of inestimable value. It is good to have it, and we congratulate the veterans and trust that their example may have the influence on the world that it deserves.

The Methodist $20,000,000

HEARTY congratulations are due the Methodist Episcopal Church on the announcement formally made in Trinity Church, Springfield, Mass., at the moment 1902 ended and 1903 began. At that solemn time, the statement was made that the twenty million thank-offering fund was complete. Subscriptions and pledges received within a few days had brought the fund up to, and beyond the $20,000,000 mark. The announcement was made in the Springfield Church, because it was in that church, four years ago, that the fund was inaugurated. Little likely did it appear then that so large an amount could ever be raised by one denomination, over and above its current expenses. But the men who undertook the task were men of strong faith, and their faith has become "the substance of things hoped for." Tireless energy, ingenious methods, persistent appeals have been crowned with success. Twenty million dollars in four years, besides supporting churches, missionary societies, and all the multitudinous enterprises of the church! This is a record gift absolutely unprecedented in history. Alike to the givers, many of whom must have exercised self denial, and to the men who kindled the enthusiasm of the people is this magnificent success an honor. It is an evidence of religious sincerity and of unbounded confidence in the Christian faith, that teaches a valuable lesson in these days of doubt and materialism.

The details of the work as related by Rev. Edmund Mills, the Secretary of the fund, are full of suggestion. Its story reads like a romance. The subscriptions came from all quarters and were of various amounts, ranging all the way from one cent to $400,000. Three million persons in all contributed to the fund, so that the average is about seven dollars each. In one instance $400,000 was given by a millionaire whose father was a Methodist minister. He said that his father's salary was only four hundred dollars a year. The amount given by the son, therefore, represented all that the father would have earned in a thousand years. He must have done his work well and without neglecting his own vineyard, to have had his son in his mature years, so possessed with faith in the church his father served, as to give so large a sum out of his abundance. The son must have known well what Methodism was and is, with the spectacle living in his memory of his father's ill-requited labors. It is a fine testimony to a preacher's heroic self-sacrificing life, that the son should so love not his father only, but the cause he served. Doubtless there are many more stories that might be told of gifts that had such double significance. They are honorable alike to the church, the givers, and the men who in past generations consecrated themselves to Christ's service

The twenty millions will be devoted to permanent usefulness and will not be used in relieving the members of the church of their current duties. A definite division was arranged at the outset, which will be observed in the apportionment of the huge sum. A large part will be devoted to the liquidation of the debts on church buildings. The money will be applied in such forms that it is believed there will not be a single Methodist Church in the United States with a debt upon it. A portion of the fund is to be used to endow educational institutions, another portion as a fund for the support of city evangelization, and another for the support of aged ministers. All these are worthy objects which commend themselves to the good will of all Christians.

The Coal Famine

WHATEVER expectations may have been entertained of a mitigation of the coal famine, in consequence of the settlement of the strike, they have not been realized. It is now nearly two months since the settlement, yet the people suffer acutely from the shortage of coal, which affects the entire country. In the larger cities, unusual hardship prevails. Factories are hampered, businesses temporarily crippled, and many trade establishments are almost at a standstill through lack of fuel. Schools, hospitals, churches, and thousands of private dwellings are inadequately heated. In the East Side tenements of New York, where coal is usually bought by the pailful, the impossibility of procuring the usual supply at any price, has driven many poor families to the last resort of breaking up their furniture for fuel, that their wretched homes may be momentarily warmed. Boston has nearly half its population coalless and other cities are scarely better off. None are in a condition to face the blasts and "northers" of the coming midwinter. Wood, too, is at famine prices, and almost as scarce as anthracite. In the country districts, the situation is almost as cheerless.

This unprecedented experience is thus far unrelieved by any hope of early mitigation. Railroads and operators declare that ample coal is being mined for all necessities; dealers, on the other hand, assert that their yards are empty and it is impossible to get coal. On some of the railroads, hundreds of coal-laden trucks are lying on side-tracks, instead of being forwarded to market. In some parts of the country, coal-yards have been attacked by crowds of people, resolved on getting fuel at all costs—only to find the yards empty.

While the Arbitration Commission is busily investigating the causes of the recent strike, it would be well, if the scope of its instructions extends so far, to take up as a subject for immediate inquiry, the prevailing coal shortage. That the people are suffering outrageously through the tactics of the operators or the dealers is unquestionable. Possibly the Commission may be able to discover the true cause of the shortage and to place the responsibility for the protracted coal famine where it rightly belongs.

Instantaneous Conversion

HOW quickly a soul may be won or lost! A single moment may settle for a man whether he will be Christ's disciple or not. Some people tell us that belief in instantaneous conversions is unphilosophical. Rather, are not their objections unphilosophical? Are not all decisions matters of an instant?

A friend told of a fine stroke of business he had just effected—a perfectly honest stroke. He wanted to make an important sale. He sought his man, making a journey of many miles. He planned adroitly for a meeting; with utmost caution and patience and skill, which seemed marvelous to a listener as the details were related, he moved along step by step in his plan and purpose. He had a good thing to sell, and the man needed it, but it was necessary to make him see its value and feel his want. There was hesitation, there was weighing and balancing, a protracted process, but all that was no part of the decision. The decision at last was a moment's work, a knife edge. So it is always in business, and so it is in the matter of turning to Christ, of what we call conversion. Hesitation may be long—questionings, doubtings, fears, struggles with an opposing will and nature, but the decision is at last, and must ever be, a matter of an instant.

GEMS FROM TALMAGE

Thank God for Sanity

—WE ARE accustomed to be more grateful for physical health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will always be faithful. We forget that an engine of such great power, where the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion, and the least impediment might put it out of gear, can only be kept in proper balance by a Divine hand. No human hand could engineer the train of immortal faculties. How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the misfortunes and successes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not oftener break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their adjustment, and that fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling! Is it not strange that this mind, which hopes so much in its mighty leaps for the attainment of its objects, should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments? Though so delicately tuned, this instrument of untold harmony plays on, though fear shakes it, and vexations rack it, and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession beat out of it their dirge, or toss from it their anthem. At morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the causes of your thanksgiving, next to the salvation by Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason.

Life's Rough Voyage

—YOU HAVE had a rough voyage—no mistake about that. Snowy day after snowy day. Again and again the machinery of health and courage broke down, and the waves of temptation have swept clear over the hurricane-deck, so that you were often compelled to say, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me," and you were down in the trough of that sea, and down in the trough of the other sea, and many despaired of your safe arrival. But the great Pilot, not one who must come off from some other craft, but the One who walked storm-swept Galilee, and now walks the wintry Atlantic, comes on board, and heads you for the haven, when no sooner have you passed the Narrows of death than you find all the banks lined with immortals celebrating your arrival; and while some break off palm branches from the banks and wave them, those standing on one side will chant, "There shall be no more sea"; and those standing on the other side will chant, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Off the stormy sea into the smooth harbor. Out of the snowy day of earthly severities into the gardens of everlasting flora, and into orchards of eternal fruitage, the fall of their white blossoms the only snow in heaven.

Supremacy of Law

—HOW THE law honors and sanctifies everything it touches. Natural law. Civil law. Social law. Commercial law. Common law. Moral law. Ecclesiastical law. International law. Oh, the dignity, the impressiveness, the power of law! It is the only thing before which Jehovah bows, but he bows before that, although the law is of his own making. Law! By it worlds swing. By it the fate of centuries is decided. By it all the affairs of time and all the cycles of eternity will be governed. We cannot soar so high or sink so deep or reach out so far or live so long as to escape it. It is the throne on which the Almighty sits.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Exploration Prohibited

ONE of the most thrilling incidents in the journey of Dr. Sven Hedin, described in this journal last week, is depicted in the illustration on this page. Dr. Hedin had set out with the determination to reach Lhassa, the sacred city of Tibet. In spite of severe illness and in the face of misfortunes and obstacles, he explored the neighborhood of Lake Lopnor, and traced the course of the famous River Tarim. He prepared maps of the whole region, and then resumed his journey toward Lhassa. He had proceeded only a few miles when he was met by an armed party under the command of an officer, who introduced himself as Kamba Bombo. The officer greeted the explorer courteously, and told him he had been looking for his arrival for some time. Certain yak hunters, he said, had reported at Lhassa the approach of a foreign traveler, and orders had been sent to Kamba Bombo to intercept him and turn him back. Dr. Hedin had so thoroughly disguised himself that he hoped to avoid being recognized as the foreign traveler, but the Tibetan officer was under no illusion, and Dr. Hedin could not deny the charge. He was grievously disappointed at the peremptory order to return, and asked the officer what would be the consequence of his persisting in his journey in defiance of the prohibition. Kamba Bombo significantly drew his hand across his throat with a reference to that part of Dr. Hedin's person which could not be misunderstood. Dr. Hedin accordingly promised to comply, and the officer, evidently glad to be relieved of an unpleasant duty, gave him two horses and a quantity of provisions. He also appointed a guard of twenty mounted soldiers and three officers to protect Dr. Hedin on his journey to the frontier; but really to satisfy himself that the explorer took his journey in that direction. Dr. Hedin showed his wisdom in complying with the order. Ardently as he desired to see the famous city, it would have been folly to sacrifice his life to his curiosity; but when a great issue is at stake, we honor the man who persists at the peril of his life. The world owes its salvation to the devotion of Him who, though he knew he was going to his death, steadfastly set his face toward Jerusalem.

Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross despising the shame (Heb. 12: 2).

Cable to Hawaii

Another link in the earth-girdling telegraphic connection has been forged. On New Year's day, the island of Hawaii was put in telegraphic communication with the United States, and messages of congratulation were exchanged between President Roosevelt and Governor Dole. The shore end of the cable was landed at San Francisco on Dec. 14. The little daughter of Gov. Gage officiated at the ceremony of connecting it, and then the steamship *Silverton*, with the 2,500 miles of cable on board, started for Hawaii, laying the cable as it went. Meantime, the shore end of the cable was laid at Honolulu, and the sea end buoyed to await the arrival of the *Silverton*. The shore end was picked up in Molokai channel, thirty-five miles from Honolulu, on the morning of Jan. 1, and the splice was made. Sufficient time was allowed for the guttapercha to harden, and then at eleven o'clock P. M. came the message from Gov. Dole to President Roosevelt. This was quickly followed by another message from Clarence H. Mackay, President of the Pacific Cable Company, from the people of Hawaii, thanking the Company for their new facilities. They rightly regarded the Company as a benefactor, because it put them in communication with the rest of the world. Would that men showed similar gratitude, for which there is infinitely greater reason, to Him who by his self-sacrifice brings them into communication with God.

For though him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father (Eph. 2: 18).

A Fatal Blow

A strange death occurred a few days ago in the Hudson Street Hospital, New York. It was that of a man suffering from blood-poisoning. About a week before he entered the hospital, he had been engaged in a violent altercation with another man. Losing his temper, he struck the other a furious blow in the mouth, knocking out his antagonist's teeth. The man collapsed under the blow, but was taken care of by friends and he recovered. The man who struck the blow noticed that the knuckles of his hand were cut by the teeth of his foe, but he thought little of it. A day or two afterward, however, his hand began to swell, and he went to the hospital for treatment. The surgeons there told him he would have to have the hand amputated, but he would not agree to let them do it. At last, when the swelling had spread to his arm, the man consented to let his hand be taken off. It was too late then, however, and he died in agony. He is not the first to suffer through his own violence. Long centuries ago men were warned that it would be so.

His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violence shall come down upon his own pate (Ps. 7: 16).

A House On the Ice

A bold attempt at house moving in Connecticut has ended in disaster to the owner. A press despatch from Dover, Me., says that the owner of a house in Willimantic, Conn., recently determined to move his house to Milo, Me., a distance of twenty seven miles. The house was mounted on huge runners. Twelve pairs of horses and ten men constituted the working force, under the command of the owner. The route lay for the first twelve miles on Schoe Lake and everything moved along beautifully with prospects of success, when suddenly, about a mile down the lake from the starting point, the ice gave way, and the house dropped into the water, floating at the level of the second story windows. The horses and men narrowly escaped. The problem of getting the house back upon the ice is beyond the grasp of local engineering skill, and it is probable that it will have to remain in the water until the ice melts, when it can be towed back to its starting-point, ready for another attempt when the ice is strong enough to bear its weight. At present it looks as if the man had lost his house. It was quite natural for him to think how easily it would run on the ice; but something more is necessary to constitute a good road than a smooth surface. Men who take the downward path in morals discover that fact sooner or later.

DR. SVEN HEDIN HALTED BY TIBETANS ON HIS WAY TO LHASSA

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man: but the end thereof are the ways of death (Prov. 16: 25).

Sleeping Sickness

A report on the new disease which is working havoc in Africa has been issued by the School of Tropical Medicine. It is based on the reports of physicians in Central Africa who have studied the cases. It is but a few years since the first case was recorded in Uganda, yet already the deaths from it number over twenty thousand. It belongs to the class of diseases of which small-pox or consumption of the lungs is a type. It differs however, from that disease in being contagious. One case is sure to be followed by others, and, in that unprotected region, the deaths rapidly multiply. It is now spreading in all directions and has reached the southern border of Egypt. The first symptoms of the disease are in the disposition and mental attitude of the patient, who in a short time becomes stupid and restless. The next stage is that of coma, from which the patient cannot be aroused. No remedy has yet been found for the disease. The only measure adopted is the isolation of the persons affected as soon as the disease is diagnosed. It seems hard to isolate the sufferer from his family and friends just at the time he most needs their care; but as there is no known remedy for the disease, that is the wise course. If a remedy could be found, how gladly would it be administered and how thankful the patient would be for it! Yet when the malady of sin, which the sleeping sickness so strikingly resembles, seizes a man, he will not avail himself of the remedy God has provided, though he is warned that isolation and death are inevitable.

These shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal (Matt. 25: 46).

Drowned by Its Prey

A remarkable instance of the penalty of success is reported by persons living near Jamestown, N. Y. For many years past a colony of American eagles has made its home near the shores of Chautauqua Lake. They have not been molested and have grown bolder in their depredations. Recently one of them was noticed hovering over the lake, and its graceful flight was watched by several persons. Suddenly it darted with lightning rapidity toward the water, catching in its talons a muscallonge two feet or more in length, and weighing probably ten pounds. There was a clash and a splashing of fins and feathers, but slowly the bird rose in the air with its captive dangling and wriggling below. When at a height of about 1,000 feet the bird, still clinging to the fish, began to sink slowly toward the lake again, gaining speed as it descended, and finally fell with a splash in the water. Later, the bird and fish were found together dead. The eagle had evidently found the fish too heavy to carry, but had been unable to drop it, owing to its claws being so firmly imbedded in the flesh that it could not release its hold, and as its strength gave way it sank into the water whence it had sought its prey, and was drowned. The very tenacity with which the eagle grasped its prize prevented it loosing it when it wished to do so. It is often so with men, who discover when too late that some eagerly coveted prize is proving fatal to them.

Ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears (Heb. 12: 17).

BRIEF NOTES

The King of Corea styled the Methodist college at Seoul "the hall for training useful men."

The church census of London shows that there are in the whole of the city four thousand buildings consecrated to religious service.

During the year just closed, the Young Men's Christian Association added to its list 18 new buildings, costing in the aggregate $400,000.

Count Taleeri, an Italian electrician, has devised an aerial electric railway for use in the postal service, which is to be tested by the Italian government.

From the National Capital

Publishers Christian Herald.—After examining the books, *The Hall of Fame* and *The Speaking Oak*, must say that I am delighted with them, and would not take several times what they cost for them. They are magnificent premiums. J. PERSINGER.

Washington, D. C.

Either of the above books and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2.00.

GRACES, AND HOW TO GROW THEM

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JAN. 25
I THESS. 5: 14-28

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

✳ PAUL'S COUNSEL TO THE THESSALONIANS

GOLDEN TEXT—I. THESS. 5: 21: "HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

THE Bible is a library, a collection of sixty-six books, written by at least forty different authors, who lived during sixteen hundred years in different lands.

Children know very little about how God gave the Bible to the world. On several occasions groups of children in Chautauquas and other places have been questioned about it, and they have given such replies as "God gave the Bible to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden." "Moses wrote the Bible because God told him to do it." "God sent the Bible by angels." "Jesus brought it." Let others test the matter if such replies seem incredible. It has also been found that children are greatly interested when the history of how the Bible came is given to them in an illustrated form, with blackboard—a picture of the sixty-six books arrayed as a library. And older people as well take great interest in such lessons.

"WE GIVE THANKS FOR YOU"

Let us now consider the book of I. Thessalonians, in which to-day's lesson is found. How it would startle us to open our New Testaments and find this book first instead of Matthew! But there can hardly be a doubt that is where it would be if position had been determined by the order of time in which the books were written. The epistles to the Thessalonians were the first books written by the Apostle Paul. He probably wrote the first one in the year 52-53, when he was living in Corinth, while it is supposed by our best Bible scholars that Matthew was written between 60-66 A.D. (Schaff.) The question will naturally arise; Why then was not I. Thessalonians placed first, and why do not all of the writings of Paul precede the Gospels, which probably were all written later than Paul's epistles? We reply that the historic books are placed first, and in the order of events, the birth and work of Christ coming first, because they form the basis for Paul's writings. The book of Acts also precedes the epistles of Paul, because it gives the occasion of Paul's writing, and the circumstances under which he wrote. To understand the first letter to the Thessalonians, we must read carefully Acts 17: 1-10. Though Paul had been shamefully treated by some of the Jews in Thessalonica, and finally ejected from the city, love for him, and for the truth he preached, found lodgment in the hearts of other Jews, and of some Greeks. And it was to these that Paul wrote this letter. Paul placed a high estimate on his converts in Thessalonica. He pays a high tribute to their Christian character, when he commends the love which they exercise toward each other (I. Thess. 4: 9), and also when he writes of his strong desire to see them again. That Paul's good opinion was not misplaced is evident from the fact that through those Thessalonian Christians, much of Europe was leavened with the Gospel. For several centuries Thessalonica was an important centre of missionary work. The second letter followed after the first with an interval of a few weeks. And God has made those letters a part of his Word, that Christians in all the world may learn the things they also ought to know.

Illustration and Application

Here are ten commandments that God gave through Paul in this lesson:

> See that none render evil for evil.
> Ever follow that which is good.
> Rejoice evermore.
> Pray without ceasing.
> In everything give thanks.
> Quench not the Spirit.
> Despise not preaching and teaching.
> Test all things.
> Hold fast that which is good.
> Abstain from every form of evil.

Dr. John Hall once said to a modest Sunday School worker, who distrusted her own powers: "We may not all have gifts, but we can all have graces." Above are ten graces we all may and should grow in our daily lives, graces not too bright or good for human nature's daily food; but, in order to grow them, our human nature must be quickened by the life-giving beams of the divine nature. What a Paradise Regained our world would be, if every one would grow those graces! Not one of them is an impossible ideal, but all are practicable, and let all be practiced by us at least, to make our small corner of the world brighter and better.

Warn . . . comfort . . . support . . . be patient. That is a four-in-hand that all of us may have for a graceful "turn out." We will call these four beautiful steeds: Courage, Sympathy, Helpfulness and Patience.

Here is one of many stories of brave preachers that dared to "warn the unruly" even when they were kings, who might kill them. In the year 1596, a deputation waited upon James the Sixth of Scotland, in order to remonstrate with him on certain measures he had consented to for the extirpation of "heresy." Among that crowd of dour, white ruffled, white banded Scotchmen was one who had been described as "the best philosopher, poet, and Grecian of any man in the land." This was Andrew Melville, an eminent Reformer, who had but just escaped an imprisonment of two years on a charge of heretical teaching. Gaunt, worn, and defiant, the brave old man stood before his majesty, and listened doubtfully to his rough talk. James told him that the Moderator of the General Assembly and Rector of St. Andrews ought to be more subservient to kingly rule. "Dost forget," stuttered the king, "that thou art my vassal, and must yield obedience to my rule?" "Sire!" retorted the undaunted old man, "ye are but God's vassal yourself. There are, indeed, two Kings and two Kingdoms in Scotland. There is King James, it is true, head of this commonwealth. But there is Christ Jesus, too, the King of the Church, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom James the Sixth is not a lord, nor a head, but a member."

And here is a beautiful illustration of "comforting the feeble-minded and supporting the weak." At a village store a plain old country woman drove up and stopped. Her horse was restless, and she had trouble in making it stand. Men and women passed by without a glance or thought. Finally a schoolboy came along who took in the situation. Stepping to the horse, he held it by the bridle and encouraged the woman to alight. Then he tied the horse. Not satisfied with that, he helped the grateful woman unload some bundles from the vehicle and carry them into the shop. That done, the lad lifted his cap with a courtly air, smiled in reply to her thanks, and sprang away to rejoin his companions. To one onlooker he seemed not less chivalrous than did Sir Walter Raleigh on a famous occasion. "Ah," said one who witnessed the act, "I must know his mother. She cannot fail to be a lovely woman."

> I shall not pass this way again! The thought is full of sorrow;
> The good I ought to do to-day I may not do to-morrow.
> If I this moment shall withhold the help I might be giving,
> Some soul may die and I shall lose the sweetest joy of living.

See that none render evil for evil. Jody was an Indian boy in a Western mission school. At first he could not understand why he should not knock down any boy who offended him. But when he heard the story of Jesus, he wanted to be a Christian at once. He resolved every day not to fight, and every day broke his resolution. One day he was given a beautiful Bible, with an appeal to be like Jesus, gentle and forgiving. For a time, by great effort, he kept from his besetting sin of fighting. One day some white boys from a public school near by came to the grounds of the Indian school and tried to start a fight by taunting the redskins. Jody had to put his fists in his pocket to keep from blows. At last a white boy said to Jody, "I see Mr. Christian can't fight. How are you, Mr. Preacher Bible?" Jody drew his fist from his pocket to strike, then, quick as a flash, he ran into the school building, and into his teacher's room, and holding out his Bible, said: "Here, take Bible, quick. Jody have to fight. Can't help it. But can't fight and keep Bible. Can't be a Christian and fight." His teacher laid her hand gently on his arm and said, "It's braver to overcome your temper." "Can't overcome," said Jody. "Too mad. Must whip Joe," he said. But she persuaded him to kneel, and he rose a conqueror of himself, "greater than he that taketh a city." An animal will retaliate when hurt. For a man to fight, except when necessary, in self defense, is to lower himself to the dog level of the one who has begun the quarrel.

"I CHARGE YOU THAT THIS EPISTLE BE READ UNTO ALL"

Ever follow that which is good. One of the truest of proverbs, of wide application to all forms of evil and good, is this: "People will go for whiskey, but milk must be brought to the door." There are many who will receive the good if thrust upon them, who will not "follow that which is good," or if they "follow," it is with such zigzaging steps as Israel moved toward the Land of Promise.

> Lord, grant us eyes to see, and ears to hear,
> And souls to love, and minds to understand,
> And steadfast faces toward the Holy Land.
> —*Rossetti.*

Rejoice evermore. The way to be happy is to make others happy. A story is told of a girl that nobody liked. She knew it, and had told herself as much bitterly again and again. There was a pain about her heart, but she said to herself, as she set her lips defiantly, that nobody should ever know she cared. On her eighteenth birthday a kind aunt said: "I notice you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or a curt Good Morning. I wish you would say something pleasant to every one instead. Try it for a week." The girl promised. She almost forgot her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson the next morning. She had passed with the usual cold nod when she remembered, and turned about to say, "How is Jimmy, to-day?" The mother was glad to tell of her sick boy, and the girl found herself getting interested and promised to bring some of her scrap books to the sick room. The mother thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favor really called for. At the next corner she met Cissy Bailey, and wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter. "It was very kind of you, Cissy," she said, "to bring the clothes so early last week, I was in a hurry for the shirt waist." Cissy smiled in surprise and pleasure. And, so the day went on. When she could not think of anything else she said, "Hasn't this been a beautiful day?" She was making it for others and for herself, a beautiful day indeed, and many a grateful glance promised her that she was to be no longer the girl that nobody liked.

Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks. Many a boy is troubled, because it seems impossible to obey this command about ceaseless prayer. But, as he grows older, he learns that the best part of prayer is a state of loyalty. One may be loyal without ceasing to his wife or to his country, even when not thinking of either, and so in unbroken loyalty to Christ, in that submission which is the permanent element of prayer, one may pray without ceasing. Oliver Wendell Holmes once gave this beautiful illustration of the overlooked occasions for gratitude: "If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies, but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold."

Quench not the Spirit. Here is the source of the graces. It is, as if we were warned, not to cut off their roots. A spiritual life may be put out like a fire that furnishes light and warmth and power and purification. It is this holy fire that "sanctifies wholly, spirit and soul and body," burning out the dross of base desire. The refiner sits by the burning silver, till he can see his face in it. Then it is taken from the fire. So it is, when we have come to reflect the likeness of Christ, that we no longer need the furnace of affliction.

The lesson as a whole presents every-day graces that all should cultivate. "Little things are little things, but to do little things faithfully is a great thing." There is a lesson for older people in these words of a little girl: "It is easy enough to remember that the old woman who lives down in the Row is the 'neighbor' God tells me to love and help, for she is very poor, and when I carry things that mamma sends, she says: 'Bless you, my little lady;' but it is not so easy to remember that my own grandmother is my 'neighbor,' when she calls me from my play to run upstairs to get her spectacles, or hold her yarn." At an Endeavor convention an unkempt boy looked in. He saw other boys acting as pages, and felt a desire to help in a similar way. He walked up to a lady usher and said, "Say, I want to do suthin'." "All right; go home and wash and get slicked up." He fairly flew home in delight that he could "do suthin'." He found much to do. "It's kinder hard," he said, "but it's fun just the same." In his rough way he had found the joy of being useful.

> I asked the Lord to let me do some mighty work for him;
> To fight amid his battle hosts, then sing the victor's hymn;
> I longed my ardent love to show, but Jesus would not have it so.
>
> He placed me in a quiet home, whose life was calm and still,
> And gave me little things to do, my daily life to fill:
> I could not think it good to be just put aside so silently.
>
> Then quietly the answer came: "My child, I hear thy cry:
> Think not that mighty deeds alone will bring the victory;
> The battle has been planned by Me; let daily life thy conquests see."

"Grandma and the Little Boy"

My mother, Mrs. Jessie R. Burns, is delighted with the pictures in the "Family Art Gallery," also with the indexed Bible. The print is fine for reading, and the index very useful. I wish you might see the dear old lady with her little grandson studying up the answers to the competitions in your paper. We are very glad you have a page for the children, as I am sure it will be instructive as well as interesting. It is hard to tell who is the most eager for the paper to arrive, grandmother or the boys. MRS. R. M. FRY.

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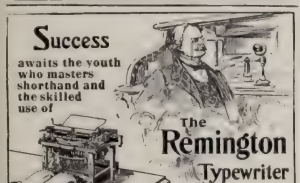

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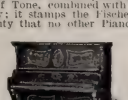

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Gladdened by "The Toy Mission"

PERHAPS there is just one "Toy Mission" in the world. Pittsburg, Pa., has that. A business man founded it. In 1894, captain, now Major, R. W. A. Simmons, of that city, pausing to exchange a few words with some poorly-clad children in a poverty-stricken neighborhood, asked, "What will Santa Claus put in your stocking Christmas?" There was no answering gleam of joy in their eyes; they expected no gifts. Passing through the shopping districts, he saw many of his friends coming out of the gaily-decked stores merry over their purchases. He told them about the children. The "Toy Mission" was inaugurated. Gifts of toys, books and wearing apparel, not strictly speaking new, but capable, though second-handed, of carrying much happiness to little people looking for nothing at all, were sent to the major, and he distributed them. Next year, gifts were so numerous that it was impossible for him personally to bestow them on the children at their homes as before; he invited them to come to him. Hundreds of small people in rags and tatters besieged him; there were not enough presents to go around. Woe and pandemonium reigned. The philanthropist's hands went down into his pockets and peace was secured.

In 1896, Major Simmons systematized the work; volunteer helpers from benevolent associations in Pittsburg and Allegheny rallied to his aid; and now, its plan of operations is considered well-nigh perfect, its benefits extending to many thousands of poor children in both cities on the holidays just past, over 10,000 little hearts were gladdened at the Toy Mission. Imagine the happy scene! On great long tables hundreds of dolls and playthings of all descriptions are heaped. A large corps of workers are in attendance. Between eight and nine, all the children calling present cards with the letter A in large outline on it, in addition to the applicant's name, address, etc. A package with an inscription duplicating his or her card is handed out to each. The next hour the cards have B on them, and so on down the alphabet. All this is a part of the system annually observed; everything has been prearranged by parents, teachers, superintendents of classes or institutions throughout the two cities and the Toy Mission authorities, to avoid a dangerous rush and blocking the street. In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Major Simmons says: "We have no permanent headquarters. Our work begins about the middle of October, and ends the night before Christmas. So we depend each year on the owner of some building, empty at the time, to give us a distributing place. One year, there being no available quarters elsewhere, a church opened its doors. This year, an abandoned church was offered us."

It might be a good idea for other cities and many small towns to copy the "Toy Mission." Though in active operation only three months in the year, the happiness it gives to children who receive and to children who give, more than justifies its existence.

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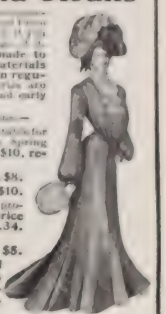

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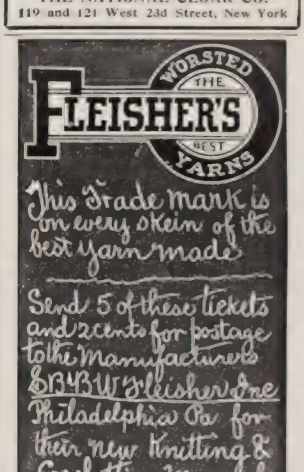
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Our Imperiled Missionaries in Morocco

ACCORDING to the latest cable despatches from Tangier, the situation in Morocco is anything but reassuring. The rebels have won an important victory over the Sultan's forces, and that ruler has taken refuge in

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

Fez, which he is preparing to defend against anticipated attack. With him are the remnant of his troops. Provisions are scarce, and it is quite clear that the place will not be able to hold out long.

Communication with the town has been cut off. James W. S. Langerman, the Commissioner to South Africa for the St. Louis World's Fair, was the last foreigner to leave Fez. He reached Tangier safely.

Foreigners in the interior of Morocco have been advised to hasten to the coast. Unfortunately, the missionaries at Mequinez, and several other points in the interior, had not succeeded in reaching the capital. Eight missionaries who are laboring in Morocco under the direction of the Gospel Missionary Union, whose headquarters are in Kansas City, are believed to be in peril. At Fez are stationed George C. Reed, of Kansas City, formerly of Nebraska, Secretary of the Morocco Mission; Mr. and Mrs. Welliver of Minnesota, Miss Maude Carey, of Emporia, Kans.; Miss Irene Ward, Avoca, Iowa, and Miss Nellie Alson, of Alabama. Another party now at Mequinez is composed of F. C. Enyart, of Kansas City, and Victor Swanson, of Nebraska. Mequinez is forty miles west of Fez. A letter from Mr. Reed at Fez, dated Dec. 4, says: "Word to hand indicates that the Sultan is returning to Fez from Mequinez, instead of going to Rabat. The fight last Sunday east of here was a serious reverse for the government, and estimates of the loss are very high, some putting it at 500 on the army side; probably one-half to two-thirds of that number."

At Tangier, among other missionary workers, are the Rev. Fred. Weiss and wife, and the Rev. Mr. Currall, wife and family. These Tangier workers are well known to our readers through their frequent letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In a recent letter Mr. Weiss stated that the feeling had grown so bitter against Christian missionaries that they were stoned in the market places of the capital. There is little doubt that the missionaries, if they fell into the hands of the rebels, would be quickly put to death. Indeed, it is not improbable that, in the event of Fez falling into the hands of the rebels, every European and American in the city may be massacred.

Of course, in these war times, the prisons of Morocco are full. Missionary Weiss writes:

"The prison work is an opportunity for Christian men and women to labor to the blessing of soul and body of these very needy ones. 'Not since the Rohanna prisoners were brought into Rabat,' said the Tangier paper lately, 'have we witnessed such painful sights in our streets. The prisoners were all heavily ironed. There were a number of boys and old, sickly, gray-bearded men on camels, two by two. One young lad was thrown into the panniers of a mule, in an exhausted and dying condition. A number of soldiers who were in charge of the prisoners, carried with them clubs or *jiboojes*, to belabor these poor helpless creatures.'"

None of the European powers are making any unusual preparations to avert the overthrow of the Sultan's government, although Italy, England, France and Spain are all ready to send warships quickly should necessity arise. Meanwhile, the prayers of God's people in this country are requested on behalf of the Christian missionaries in Morocco, that they may pass safely through the present trying ordeal.

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, let us begin our puzzle hour with an imaginary walk. Suppose we stroll through Mount Morris Park, Harlem. This is one of the prettiest little parks in Manhattan; and, according to its size, has perhaps a larger squirrel population than any other. Saturdays and Sundays, if the weather be good, the place overflows with children, and here, there and everywhere, little folks are feeding squirrels. If the sun be shining overhead, snow under foot does not count as bad weather. The children are merrier, the squirrels hungrier. You see a little boy sitting quite still on a rock, while a squirrel creeps into his lap for peanuts. A tiny, fur-clad person almost squeaks joyful invitations to another Bunny toddling boldly up to her, as she holds out a pecan, which he accepts without hesitation. The children and squirrels seem to understand each other. The exceptions are only when newcomers appear.

Recently, a nurse in attendance on three stylishly dressed children had not more than entered the grounds before her charges bounded away, chasing the squirrels and trying to catch them. The little animals fled in all directions, and were so frightened they would not return to friends who had been feeding them. One of these, an old gentleman, called the children to him, and told them some pretty stories about animals. He found that they were not cruel, only thoughtless. As he said good-bye, they cried: "Won't you tell us stories another day?"

"If you will do something for me. Get nurse to help you look up Bible texts showing that God wants us to be kind to dumb creatures; and when you have told me the texts, I will tell you more pretty stories."

They promised. Will our little readers engage in the same quest, and write us of as many texts as they can find on this subject, between now and Monday next, when all answers must be mailed. To the child sending the largest and best selection, we will give an interesting, illustrated book about animals, by Ernest Seton Thompson, the famous naturalist. To each of the fifty children sending the next best, a consolation prize of the beautiful Calendar for 1903, *Sunshine and Her Pets*, will be awarded.

COMPETITION No. 1
Picture Puzzles

What places mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Competition No. 1
Picture Puzzles

These two pictures stand for places named in the Old Testament. Cut the pictures out, paste on one sheet of paper, write under each your answer in one word.

Competition No. 2.
Curious Questions

1. Name as many Bible texts as you can that show God's merciful remembrance of beasts and birds.
2. Name as many of the beasts and birds mentioned in the Bible as you can.
3. What animals are spoken of as types of Christ?
4. What birds are spoken of as types of Christ?

RULES. No competitor shall be over fourteen years of age. A reader may enter one or more competitions. They are quite distinct. But no reader may send in more than one attempt for each competition. There is no rule against asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting.

In Competition No. 1, answers must be written on one side of a sheet of paper under the puzzle pictures neatly pasted thereon—one word to each. Write your name, age and address clearly at the top.

In Competition No. 2, the competitor must answer as many of the questions as possible. The name, age and address must be written at the top of the first sheet of paper, and all the sheets must be numbered. The writing must be on only one side of each sheet of paper. Answers to all four questions must not be more than two hundred words, inclusive.

Competition No. 1. The prize for the best answer to the picture puzzles will be our Smith-Peloubet *Bible Dictionary*, bound in leather and illustrated. To the fifty readers sending the next best answers, we will give *Sunshine and Her Pets*, a beautiful Calendar for 1903, with Two-Century Calendar telling at a glance the day of the week for any date between A.D. 1800 and 2000 A.D.

PRIZES.

Competition No. 2. To the reader who sends in the best answers to the greatest number of questions, we will send *Wild Animals I Have Known*, a delightful, illustrated book, by Ernest Seton Thompson. Fifty consolation prizes of the beautiful Calendar mentioned will also be awarded.

All answers must be mailed not later than January 19, 1903.

Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks Department*, Bible House, New York.

Announcement of Prize-Winners
For December 17, 1902

Competition 1, Picture Problem 2, in our issue of December 17, illustrated the siege of the tower in Thebes and the stoning of Abimelech (Judges 9: 51–54). Many beautiful selections of Scripture texts were sent in response to Competition 2, Curious Questions; decision was very difficult. In numerous sets, most appropriate in sentiment, the texts were too long for inscription over ordinary doorways. Our judges decided the following, sent in by Charlie Ainslee, to be, all things considered, the happiest selection for Christmas decoration of doorways in a home: "Peace, good will toward men" (Luke 2: 14). Parlor door: "The dayspring from on high hath visited us" (Luke 1: 78). Dining-room: "He hath filled the hungry with good things" (Luke 1: 53). Bedroom door: "He giveth his beloved sleep."

The replies to both competitions demonstrate what excellent little Bible students attend our "Sunday Hour" meeting. If we owned a watch factory we would send every one a chronometer to tick off the happy hours in 1903. As it is we can only be as good as our promise, and send a silver watch to Mary Edick, Cleveland, O., who sent in the best answer to "Competition No. 1, Scripture Problem No. 2," published in our issue of December 17; and another silver watch to Charlie Ainslie, Chatfield, Minn., who sent in the best selection of texts as called for in Compe-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

KNOX'S GELATINE
desserts are the only finish to every dinner. It melts in your mouth and is clear as spring water.
"It's not like pie—it's healthy."

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I will mail free, my book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," for your grocer's name. Or, instead, send a 2c. stamp. For 5c. in stamps, the book and full pint sample. For 15c. the book and full two-quart package (2 for 25c). Pink color for fancy desserts in every large package. A package of Knox's will make 2 quarts (½ gallon) of jelly.

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AND SO

She Found How the Coffee Habit Could Be Easily Left Off.

"My husband had coffee dyspepsia for a number of years," writes a lady from Dundee, N. Y. "Coffee did not agree with him as it soured on his stomach, and he decided to stop it.

"We felt the need of some warm drink and tried several things, but were soon tired of them. Finally a friend told me of the good Postum Food Coffee had done her family, and I ordered a package from the grocer.

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APOSTOLIC INJUNCTIONS

Paul's Message to a Young European Church

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IT was to the church at Thessalonica that Paul unfolded the coming of the Lord Jesus. The natural heart always seeks its own. Some of the converts got intoxicated with the prospect. "If this is what we are to look for," thought some of them, "we may as well leave off working for our daily bread. The Lord may come to-morrow; the richer Christians can easily maintain us during the short interval, and we shall find it easier to preach if we have not to spend our time and strength in working." Paul was not responsible for this. While he was with them he worked for his living, and he exhorted them: "Study to be quiet and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands as we commanded you; that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing."

The enemy of souls seeks always to pervert the truths of Scripture which bring us most immediately and constantly in touch with God. The coming of the Lord and his words about the healing of the body have been especially travestied by him. The natural impulse of fallen nature to pry into the future, which has led unsaved men in all ages into unlawful intercourse with evil spirits, has also led many men of God into unhealthy speculations as to the time of our Lord's coming. Paul guards against this when he says, "But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you; for yourselves know perfectly"—all that you need to know—the suddenness and unexpectedness of his coming "as a thief in the night." They knew also their call to be found of him "unblameable in holiness," and thus he exhorts them to be ready; not to sleep as do others, but to watch and be sober—to live always as though he were coming to-day. It may be to-day; let us also watch and be sober.

And yet, lest some should think that they who live to see the coming of our Lord are in any way superior to others who may pass through death, he says: "Our Lord Jesus Christ . . . died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him" (I. Thess. 5: 10). And meanwhile "comfort yourselves together and edify one another, even as also ye do" (ver. 11.) This is the first of a number of exhortations as precious for us as for this early Church. They are to know, and to esteem very highly in love—and this precludes criticising—"them which are over you in the Lord, and admonish you." Are we not all more or less guilty in this matter? Many of us grieve over the deadness, worldliness, and formality of our churches, and perhaps expect great things of the ministers; but do we constantly bear them up in believing prayer, and all the more if there is anything especially unsatisfactory in their life or doctrine?

An earnest child of God frequently attended the church of one of the rationalistic preachers. Unknown to him, she constantly bore him on her heart in prayer. Years passed on, and then, although several earnest Christians had left the church, she still went there, and still prayed; and a wonderful change came over him; he who had denied the inspiration of the Scriptures began to come to them himself as a little child, and to subject his highly trained intellect to Him who made it. Now life reigns where all was death, because one child of God obeyed the Scripture in I. Thess. 5: 12, 13. The next words seem to be addressed to the teachers: Warn them that are unruly. Who are these? Those who work not at all, but are busybodies (II. Thess. 3: 6–12); from such the church and its teachers are to withdraw. "Comfort the feeble-minded, or faint-hearted; support the weak," instead of avoiding them; "be longsuffering toward all." We see in the Church of today very many faint-hearted and weak members who need the longsuffering of all. Are we as patient with them as the apostle here exhorts us to be? Do we tenderly take them by the hand and seek to strengthen them?

From our relations to the brethren Paul turns to our relations with all men. "See that none render evil for evil to any man"—no retaliation is to be found in one who has been much forgiven, through the crucified Jesus, "but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men." The apostle never gives commandments without showing us where the power to obey them is to come from. "Rejoice evermore": with such a God and such a salvation we have good cause for it. A Christian who is not a rejoicing Christian is always a feeble Christian—he does not appreciate his God. "Pray without ceasing: in everything give thanks." Constant prayer, if it is in faith, gives constant cause for thanksgiving because it is answered; but the fact that we may pray always, and that God is ready to hear and undertake for us, leads us into the habit of seeing by faith the petition already undertaken by the Lord, and thanksgiving is the certain consequence. "For this [*i. e.*, constant prayer in the spirit of thanksgiving] is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

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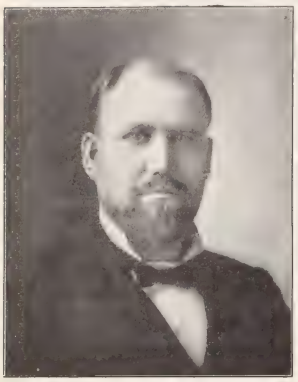
TEN years ago, a Christian work was begun in Seattle, in a modest way and under difficult surroundings, by the Rev. Alexander Beers, a well-known minister of that city. It is the training institution, which has now become widely known throughout the State of Washington as Seattle Seminary. The attendance, the first term, was scarcely more than a dozen. There was a debt on the property, and from the human side the outlook was exceedingly dark. But soon the interest and attendance increased, and it became evident that the training school was to enter on a broader sphere of usefulness. The debt disappeared as by magic, another fine building was erected and paid for, and the attendance increased, until there are now 140 enthusiastic young people, whose lives are devoted to the Master's work.



REV. ALEXANDER BEERS

The main object of the founders of Seattle Seminary, was to provide a place on the coast where education for Christian character and usefulness could be carried forward. The students and members of the faculty live in the same buildings, eat at the same table, attend religious services together, and are one in heart and soul in all religious work. This daily contact has a most inspiring and encouraging effect on the students. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact, that the students are nearly all brought to Christ before remaining in the institution any great length of time. Of one hundred and forty enrolled at present, all but four or five are earnest Christians. The institution is like a Christian family, where the personal salvation of each member is earnestly sought and constantly expected.

Another special object is to prepare young people for the Gospel ministry and the missionary field. While they have as complete courses of study as are to be found in any other institution of academic grade, and are conscientiously thorough in their college preparatory work, yet spreading the Gospel in all lands is the great ultimate object of all. At present a large number of efficient young men and women students are preaching the Gospel acceptably in various places in the home land, while some are in the foreign mission field. Last year, Prof. and Mrs. Clarke, two of the best workers in the institution, were sent to India, where they have charge of a department of missionary work. Others are arranging to go in the near future to China, Japan, and other lands.

The influence of these consecrated students has been felt in the work in the slum missions of Seattle. The Seattle Wayside Mission has afforded them an open door for great usefulness and practical experience.

Rev. Alexander Beers, President of the institution, who has been connected with it from the beginning, is making broad plans for the enlargement of the work. He is planning for an endowment fund, to be used in erecting buildings in Seattle, the income from which will be expended in preparing young people for Gospel and missionary work, and sending them forth to needy fields.

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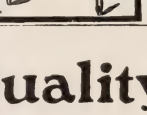

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FREE A Catalogue of Rare and Choice Palms, Dwarf Pot Oranges, etc. Jessamine Gardens, Jessamine, Fla. **FLOWERS**

The Burpee Quality in Seeds

Best that can be Grown! The new "Silent Salesman" of the largest mail-order seed trade in the world will be sent with 184 pages of useful information and hundreds of true illustrations,—if you mail a postal to

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Mellin's Food

does not overtax the infant's stomach with insoluble, indigestible or unsuitable material.

SEND A POSTAL FOR A FREE SAMPLE OF MELLIN'S FOOD.

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AN INHALATION FOR

Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Grip, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever,

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton Street, New York.

ONLY $1.00 Cut this ad. out and send to us with $1.00, and we will send you this handsome RESERVOIR COOK STOVE, by freight C.O.D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest railroad station, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, the equal of stoves others sell at $15.00 to $20.00, then pay the railroad agent Our $11.64 and freight charges, less SPECIAL PRICE... the $1.00 sent with order.

This is the regular 8-18 size, 18x17x11 oven, 24x44 top, weighs 300 pounds, burns coal or wood, handsomely nickel trimmed, large porcelain lined reservoir, made in our own foundry and one of the best cook stoves built.

WE SELL STEEL RANGES AT $12.98 and up-wards, and in our own foundry we make all kinds of steel and cast iron stoves and ranges, also everything in heating stoves, which we ship to any address at actual foundry cost, with but our one small percentage of profit added. Write for FREE STOVE CATALOGUE. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

5% Per Annum

NO SPECULATION

Paid in Capital $1,000,000

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Our business is regularly inspected by and conducted under absolute supervision of State Banking Department.

Our depositors include many of the most prominent clergymen, professional and business men in the country, whose endorsements, together with full information of our methods, we will gladly send upon request.

Deposits may be made or withdrawn at any time and bear earnings for every day invested.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO.
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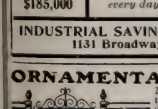

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Oak St. Muncie, Indiana.

DON'T SET HENS the same old way while a 200 Egg Natural Hen Incubator Costs But $5, other sizes equally as low. Over 125,000 in use. Indispensable to anyone who keeps a hen. Our Patents protected against infringement. Agents wanted everywhere, either sex, no experience necessary. Catalogue explaining about and Our Live Formula FREE. If you write today.

NATURAL HEN INCUBATOR CO., Box 1 Columbus, Nebraska.

CLEAN CUT CAKE TIN

FREE TO AGENTS

Flat thin knife cuts loaves a perfect cake. $2 Outfit free Exp. prepaid. Dept. T

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N.Y.

QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

BY REV. C. H. YATMAN

Psalm LIII—Second Fool's Psalm

1. The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity: there is none that doeth good.

2. God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God.

3. Every one of them is gone back, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

"GOD LOOKETH DOWN"

There must be some good reason why a Psalm is repeated in the Bible. Possibly it is because so many folk, sometimes good folk, play the fool. What folly, for instance, to hope for salvation in conduct instead of Christ, or to rule God out of our reckonings, or to side against him in matters of duty and destiny.

How foolish to join the multitude of backsliders! No one of them was ever happy. They can't be.

Psalm LIV—Psalm for the Oppressed

1. Save me, O God, by thy name, and judge me by thy strength. 2. Hear my prayer, O God: give ear to the words of my mouth.

"GOD IS MINE HELPER"

3. For strangers are risen up against me, and oppressors seek after my soul.

4. Behold, God is mine helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.

"Oppressors seek after my soul." There are more Davids that have Sauls seeking after them. Javelins get hurled at many choice spirits; the weight of an evil fist is felt by those who never think of striking back. What came to the Master, will overtake the servant, but the promise is, "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him in glory."

Psalm LV—Burden Bearer's Psa m

8. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest. 22. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

"I WOULD HASTEN"

23. But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction: bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days; but I will trust in thee.

"Peace after pain." The agony of this Psalm is great: the collar chafes, and the load crushes. Fried turned into fog, the burden becomes too heavy; then amidst the gloom, like the sound of a silver bell at night, there rings out, "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord." The sigh is turned into song, the weights into wings, doubt gives place to trust, and the pilgrimage continued.

Psalm LVI—Psalm of Confidence

1. Be merciful unto me, O God: for man would swallow me up: he fighting daily oppresseth me.

2. Mine enemies would daily swallow me up: for they be many that fight against me, O thou Most High.

3. What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

4. In God I will praise his Word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

"KEEP THY FEET FROM FALLING"

Misplaced confidence is multiplied sorrow, and furnishes many tears for God to bottle up. But the Son of God never betrayed a trust or failed in jot or tittle of all his Word. The One who saves a soul from death can keep the feet from falling. Before the grave, at it, and after, the friendship of Jesus can be al solutely relied upon.

O'Neill's

Clearing the Christmas Merchandise

is the order of the day, and the prices we have made will certainly do it.

The Reductions affect the following lines:

Fancy Goods, Silver Novelties.
Brush, Comb and Mirror Sets and Fancy Stationery.
Umbrellas, Handkerchiefs, Lace Neckwear, etc., etc.
Men's and Women's Fancy Hosiery, Neckwear, Gloves, etc.
Fancy Rockers in Golden Oak and Mahogany.
Music Cabinets and Desks in Mahogany.
China Closets in Solid Quartered Golden Oak and Mahogany.
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Rich American Cut Glass and many lines of China.
Dress and Shirt Waist Patterns in Black and Colors, etc., etc.

Buy your Groceries at O'Neill's—They are the best and purest in the town and our prices are the lowest for similar grades.

Sixth Avenue, 20th to 21st Street.
NEW YORK

A NEW INVENTION! Big Money MAKER.

BIG WAGES TO HUSTLERS. Write for Special offer to Men and Women, at home or traveling, as agents for HARRISON'S BLUE FLAME NEW FUEL OIL STOVES, with or without Radiator attachment for heating. Wonderful invention. Just out. Nothing else like it. A Great Seller.

Splendid for Cooking and Heating

We want Agents, Salesmen and Managers in every State. Biggest money-makers ever offered. Enormous demand year round, in every city, town, village and among farmers. Customers delighted.

Write for catalogue—Most Wonderful Stove ever Invented.

A Spoonful of Oil Makes A Hogshead of Fuel Gas.

Generates its own Fuel Gas from Kerosene or common coal oil. No wick, dirt, smoke, kindling, ashes. Splendid for cooking. Makes fine Heating Stove for rooms, stores, offices, with Radiator attachment.

CHEAPEST AND SAFEST FUEL 10 to 20 CENTS

a week should furnish Fuel Gas for small family for cooking. A gallon of Kerosene oil cooking 8c to 10c will furnish Fuel Gas for a constant blue flame, hottest fire, for about eighteen hours.

NO MORE BIG COAL BILLS—Expensive, dirty coal and wood stoves, smoky oil wick stoves, dangerous gasoline stoves, etc. Our stoves are a delight—absolutely safe—will not explode, simple, easily operated. Handsomely made of sheet steel, finely finished last for years. All sizes. PRICES, $3.00 UP.

Write to-day for Catalogue FREE. ALSO FOR SPECIAL OFFER, NEW PLAN, ETC.

Address, WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 5275 WORLD BUILDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Write for Free Sewing Machine Catalog.

AT $8.65 to $26.75

we offer for sale the largest assortment in the world of light running and perfect

pivot and BALL-BEARING SEWING MACHINES that do perfect work. We have drop-head, cabinet-desk, upright and automatic styles in plain or richly carved cabinets, all fitted with our famous "Paulitess" extra high and extra long arm heads, which possess all improvements of $40 to $60 machines and many valuable improvements not found elsewhere by us. OUR FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG illustrates and describes our machines in detail, tells all about the mechanism and woodwork, gives hundreds of testimonials from people using our machines and demonstrates decisively that our machines are as good as $50 to $75 equal any other machines at any price, no matter what the name may be. We guarantee our machines 20 years, ship on easy terms, C. O. D., subject to examination and allow 20 days' free trial in your home. For your own good you should not buy a machine anywhere before seeing our catalog. Write to-day. JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150 to 159 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

LOST SIGHT OF

A Most Important Aid to Education.

An important point often overlooked by parents in bringing up children is the use of [illegible] food as an aid to education.

Children make wonderful progress when scientifically fed.

A little woman in East Brentwood, N. H., [illegible] her girlhood days, "I was never very rugged and cold lunches and hearty evening [illegible] and improper food soon began to work [illegible]

Then came a period of self-boarding while [illegible] and to-day [illegible] in the haste to acquire knowledge the true knowledge of proper and nourishing food was neglected. The result, as may be imagined, was indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation. Then followed a weary time of dieting and [illegible] after another, physicians were consulted, till hope of permanent relief was abandoned. Then, two years after leaving school, I entered a new home as a bride and having grown wiser through experience, I resolved to use food in accordance with hygienic principles. This was also necessary as I could not eat anything at all rich.

We commenced to use Grape-Nuts and soon became convinced that it was the most nutritious food we could obtain. I noticed an immediate improvement in my health, my indigestion became less marked and eventually left me for good.

It is now two years that we have eaten Grape-Nuts regularly, and I was never as well in my life as now. I have gained ten pounds in weight and can eat, without causing the slightest distress, the richest kind of food as well as anyone, the dyspepsia is entirely gone and constipation never troubles me.

This may not interest others, but it is of great interest to us, for it is our firm belief that my present good health is due solely to the constant use of Grape-Nuts and we feel that we have great reason to be thankful to the maker of such a perfect and delicious food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

ARTISTIC MONUMENTS

DUE respect for our departed loved ones demands that we erect **ARTISTIC and ENDURING MEMORIALS**

Marble has proved an unfortunate failure. Moss-grown, broken and tumbled-down slabs appear everywhere. Some cemeteries have probably marble entirely. Granite, too, soon gets discolored, disfigured by growth, cracks, crumbles and decays. Besides, it is very expensive.

WHITE BRONZE monuments are cheaper and . . . **Infinitely Better.** They are perfectly everlasting. Rust, corrosion and moss growth are **IMPOSSIBILITIES.** They **CANNOT** crumble from the action of frost. **WHITE BRONZE** is far more artistic and expressive than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been on the market for over twenty-five years and has **established success.**

It has been adopted for more than a hundred public monuments and by thousands of delighted individuals in all parts of the country. Many private purchasers have used White Bronze in preference to granite for their own burial plots.

We have hundreds of beautiful designs at prices from $4 to $5000. We deal direct and deliver everywhere. Inquiries are cheerfully answered. Write us at once for designs and information if you are interested. It costs nothing and puts you under no obligations whatever.

Special Inducements Offered on Winter Orders.

Over $5000 worth of work sold to Christian Herald readers in the last few years. **AGENTS WANTED.**

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.,
70-90 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

If you want most for your money insist on
President
being stamped in the buckle when you buy
Suspenders
Fifty cents and a dollar.
Ask at favorite shop, or post prepaid from
C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 209 H, Shirley, Mass.
Send 4 cents for catalogue.

SALESMEN AND AGENTS WANTD.

BIG WAGES—for Famous Puritan Water Still, a wonderful, scientific home Filters. 75,000 already sold. Demand enormous. Everybody buys. Over the kitchen stove it furnishes plenty of distilled, aerated, delicious, **Pure Water.** Only method—saves typhoid and Dr. bills; prevents cholera, malaria fevers. **Write for Booklet, New Plan, Terms, Etc. FREE.** Address,

Harrison Mfg. Co., 668 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

The Head of the Family

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

maid. But I didn't know I broke th' glass, an' dood I didn't."

"All right," said Sam, good-naturedly. "I believe you. Now, where's your father?"

"He was killed in th' mine last year, sir."

The president of the "local" nodded.

"That's right," he said, "we buried him."

"And you've looked out for his family since, I suppose, Simms?" put in Mr. Carver, with just a trace of irony in his voice.

"Well, no," answered Simms, flushing a little. "The fact is, Boyton didn't stand very well with the Union—he'd got into trouble and fallen behind—I don't say it was his fault. Still, I didn't know—"

"Oh, of course, not—we never do know—not till it's too late," rejoined the other savagely. "You fellows talk about protecting the working man, and here's an instance of that same brand of protection. You order a strike without any idea what it's going to lead to. Well, see here, my boy," he added, turning to Jimmy, "our fool of an office-boy went out with the rest of the strikers, so you report for duty here at seven o'clock Monday morning. You got seventy-five cents a day at the breaker, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you'll get a dollar a day after this, and more in time, if you do your work right."

The boy's lips were trembling so he could not speak. But the mine-owner saw the thankfulness in his eyes, and smiled kindly as he waved him away. For a moment he fumbled blindly at the door. At last he got it open, and stepped out, a great joy at his heart. Not until then did he see the crowd of boys massed before him.

"Scab!" they yelled; "scab!" And before he could think of flight or make a movement to protect himself they were upon him. They clutched him, hurled him down, struck him, kicked him.

The men within the office had turned again to their consultation with knitted brows when the uproar reached them. With a bound, Mr. Carver was at the window and pulled back the blind.

"Come here, Simms," he called, in a voice shaking with rage. "Here's a sample of the sort of beasts you've got to deal with."

For an instant Simms stared over his shoulder at the throng of boys maltreating some object, at the men looking on, then, with a great oath, he leaped the railing, tore open the door and was out among the crowd. Without a word, but with blazing eyes, he knocked the boys right and left, until he came to a little figure with closed eyes and blood-stained face lying on the ground. He picked it up, and, holding it against his breast, turned to the crowd with livid face.

"You cowards!" he cried. "You fools! Don't you know that it is just this way you ruin our cause? Don't you know that to-night this outrage will be wired from one end of the country to the other? Do you think that will help you in the minds of decent people when they read about it to-morrow morning?"

He paused, his voice choking, too angry to go on. Then he turned suddenly, and, with his burden still in his arms, re-entered the company office.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

"Its Value Above Its Price"

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—We feel that $2 does not begin to represent the intrinsic value of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the beautiful book *The Hall of Fame*, which is instructive as well as interesting. SAMUEL LEES.
Chester, Pa.

DEAFNESS

The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of DEAFNESS.
It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company,
Dept. E,
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia.

Health, Clear Skin and a Good Figure

I am trying to convince you if you want to **reduce flesh, build up your figure, renew** and **strengthen nerve force,** to be relieved of **Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Sluggish Circulation, Rheumatism, Weak Heart** or **Lungs,** diseases peculiar to the sex, or all so-called chronic ailments, I can do more for you than physicians can do.

I thoroughly study your case, prescribe for you the diet and the bathing which your system requires and give you special exercises necessary to bring you out as an individual to perfect health and symmetry. It is to my twelve years of work with women, in person before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success with my mail pupils. I have failed in but one instance to relieve the condition I set out to relieve. My work is not muscular exercise alone, it is physical **culture.** It begins with the causes, with the vital organs, the nerve centers, the lungs and the heart, and when I reduce a woman, I reduce her to **stay** reduced. When I build her, I build her to **stay** built. My work cultivates the distinguished carriage and bearing, and the engaging presence and ease, which at once bespeaks culture and refinement. It gives you poise, mental, moral, vital—perfect self-possession, a clear brain, quick perception, and a nerve force vibrant with life.

The following are some extracts from letters on my desk since my last month's advertisement:—

"Everybody notices the difference in my **complexion.** It has lost that yellow color almost entirely."

"My **deep breathing** has given me **skin** a new life and color, and my hair is also and feel much better. I am, indeed, grateful to you."

"Some months if not before is **permanent,** not necessary to realize that as development progresses, it must be **permanent.**"

"Ladies commencing your exercises I was compelled to use glasses which hanging I'm ashamed at the present time. I begin to feel that **buoyancy** of body and spirit of which you speak."

"I wish I could have had a picture of my shape before and now—it would speak plainer than words can. I feel better all over."

"I **never paid out any money with more satisfaction** than for these lessons."

"My **throat exercise** is helping my throat to my great delight. The only benefit I have ever received for it."

"My **catarrh** is better than it has been for three years."

"I wish that every **nervous** woman, and their name is legion, could know what benefit is to be derived from your work."

"Miss Cocroft, I am one-half **inch taller,** that measurement has increased three inches, and abdomen reduced three and one-half inches."

"My **neck** and **chest** are filling out very perceptible, and I am broader across the front."

Dear Miss S. Cocroft:—"Let me thank you for all you have been doing for my wife. She feels better now than she ever felt in her life and looks better. She is ready for her third lesson, send it as soon as possible as she is very anxious to get it."

"I have neither had **colds** nor **indigestion,** though I was very subject to both. I have gained eight pounds in flesh, but am times the amount in feeling."

"I have lost twelve pounds so far—my bust and hips are smaller. I am feeling very well and full of courage."

I can take but a limited number of pupils, because I give each pupil my personal attention.

If you will write to me, I shall be glad to tell you just what I can do for you, sending you complete information in regard to my work and telling you whether I can reach your case and how. I **KNOW** that I can reduce prominent abdomens and hips, build up thin necks, chest and cheeks, and bring any woman to roundness and symmetry, and I can give them relief from above diseases. I have done all of these things in hundreds of times. It is no longer an experiment with me. Write to me.

For ten cents I send you an instructive and interesting booklet, showing the correct lines of woman's figure in poise and movement, and card of correct poise for your dressing table.

Yours for a body expressing perfect health, perfect grace and perfect womanhood.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 110, 57 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO

NOTE:—Miss Cocroft is the President of the Physical Culture Extension work in America. This is sufficient introduction to the Public.

RHEUMATISM

Relieved Without Medicine

A Sample Pair of Magic Foot Drafts will be sent prepaid FREE ON APPROVAL to anybody. TRY THEM.

Don't take drugs—most medicine isn't fit for the stomach—but try a modern adaptation of a very old principle, and treat yourself.

Almost everyone has soaked his feet in hot water for a cold in the head. Magic Foot Drafts not only produce the effect of a mild, but continuous foot soaking, opening the pores (here the largest in the body) but they stimulate the excretory functions of the skin, enabling it to throw off the acid impurities from the system through these large pores.

Magic Foot Drafts relieve rheumatism in every part of the body.

Every drop of blood in the body passes ever so often through the feet, where the circulatory and nervous systems are exceedingly susceptible.

The Drafts have great power to absorb acid poisons from the blood. Each time a contaminated drop of blood passes through the foot the Drafts absorb a portion of the acid poison, gradually but surely purifying the blood—the only way to permanently relieve rheumatism.

If you have rheumatism write us to-day and we will send you a pair of Magic Foot Drafts on free trial. If they relieve you send us One Dollar. If they don't, keep your money—the risk is ours. We **know** that they give permanent relief. Write to-day to the MAGIC FOOT DRAFT COMPANY, R A 14 Olive Building, Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only your name.

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil is different

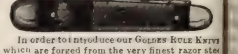
from other cod liver oils, as it is never sold in bulk. It is bottled when manufactured, thus passing direct to the consumer without the possibility of adulteration.

Moller's Cod Liver Oil

is put up only in flat, oval bottles, and bears our name as sole agents.

Schieffelin & Co., New York

GIVEN AWAY FREE. **No. 16. 1-4 SIZE, $1.10.**



In order to introduce our GOLDEN RULE KNIVES which are forged from the very finest razor steel and tempered by the new natural gas process; with transparent handles containing your own name, photo or lodge emblem. Agents wanted everywhere. Splendid seller. Send two cents postage for particulars.

GOLDEN RULE CUTLERY WORKS,
815 W. Division St. Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT WOMEN WORKERS TO BE INDEPENDENT by selling to the best families in your locality our *Toilet Preparations, Flavoring Extracts, Tea Spices, Baking Powder, Fine Soaps,* and our Famous *Pickstown Washing Crystal.* Handsome Sample Case Free. Write to-day for full details and exclusive agents' terms. THE CRAIG BAKING POWDER CO., Dept. D, Cleveland, O.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and tight skirt. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan. for free illustrated book.

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.*
STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP

The Principle of Christian Giving which God Approves

WHEN the widow dropped her two mites into the treasury of the Temple, while Jesus was teaching there, she unconsciously taught a lesson that has been ringing through Christendom for nineteen centuries. It is worth remembering, in these days of magnificent benefactions, that the gift that had upon it the explicit benediction of Christ, was the gift of half a cent. There is no doubt about the principle involved, because Christ stated it, as he did in the case of the alabaster box of ointment, in clear, unambiguous terms: "She hath cast in all her living; she hath done what she could." Many Christians are perplexed now, by the fashion, widely adopted, of returning to the old Jewish rule of giving the tenth; but there is no difficulty about the widow's rule, which is the Christian principle. If every Christian gave "what he could," the Lord's treasury would be full to overflowing.

Apart from the intrinsic value of a gift, there is a more important consideration, which God takes into account, and that is the spirit that prompts the gift. We understand that principle clearly in ordinary life. The little gift that the boy makes to his father may be of little value, but how precious it is to the father, if he knows how the boy has saved his pennies that he might make the gift! It is then an evidence of love, which is the main thing. It is evidently in this way that God regards the gifts of his people. If one needed anything he would not tell us, but he sees in every gift we make to his cause, the thankful spirit which it expresses, and this is the thing he values. The money given grudgingly, or given in indifference, or given to win the applause of others, does not count with God, as does the gift, which involves self-denial, and is given because of our love of him.

It is a remarkable fact that God blesses the giving soul. The man who gives freely and gives in the right spirit is sure to prosper. God sees that he can be trusted with money, and he blesses him with success in his undertakings. Perceiving this, many have given in the hope of getting prosperity; but it does not come in that way. God cannot be bribed. To the loving, generous soul, he gives the means of doing more good, but he does not bless the calculating spirit that regards its gifts as an investment.

CHINESE MISSIONS†

The Wonderful Triumphs of Half a Century of Consecrated Labor

LESS than a hundred years have passed since Robert Morrison, pioneer of Protestant missions in China, first set foot in that teeming land. He began his work in 1807, and he gave to it twenty-seven years of devoted and self-sacrificing toil. During much of that time he was alone in the service. Now there are more than fifty agencies working in China, each represented by earnest, consecrated men and women. When the great Missionary Conference was held in Shanghai, a few years ago, it was reported that there were nearly thirteen hundred missionary workers in China, and that the native church comprised thirty-seven thousand members. At the recent Ecumenical Council in New York, a substantial advance was recorded. There were then over eighteen hundred missionary workers in the country, and more than a hundred thousand native Christians. Gratifying as this wonderful progress, it is small, compared with the vast population, which is estimated at fully four hundred millions. The thought of what still remains to be done is overwhelming, but in view of what has been done in fifty years, there is every ground of encouragement. Considering that at in 1853, when Hudson Taylor began his great work, which is now the China Inland Mission, there were but three hundred native Christians in all China, we have more reason for hope and gratitude than for fear. It is marvelous that there should have been so much success when the difficulties are taken into account. The conservative character of the Chinese Government fiercely antagonistic to the foreigner and his religion; the ignorance and prejudice of the people, which have recently had tragic demonstration in the Boxer outrages; the difficulties of travel, of language, and hostility aroused by the conduct of western nations toward the Chinese—all these have been obstacles to the progress of Christianity in China. Yet in spite of all, the progress has been uninterrupted, and not even the awful deluge of blood shed in the Boxer troubles has checked it. In China as elsewhere, now as in early times, the blood of the martyrs proves to be the seed of the church. Missionaries are ready to take the places of those who have fallen, and new converts are won by the heroism of those who were slaughtered.

† Topic of the Epworth League for January 25. Matt. 6: 19-34: Acts 20: 35; II. Cor. 9: 7; I. John 17, 18.

† Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Jan. 25 Acts 17: 24-31.

OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

tition No 2, "Curious Questions" of that date. One hundred Consolation Prizes, in the form of the beautiful book promised, will be sent to each of the following:

Second best descriptions of Scripture Problem 2: Competition 1: Winifred Cairns, Prince Edward Island; A. Waalkes, Ill.; Rosie Stevenson, Va.; Jessie C. McEwen, Quebec; Ernest W. McEwen, Quebec; Charles Myers, Cal.; Tom Starnes, Tenn.; Robert A. Huffman, O.; Julia E. Hughs, O.; Aureta M. Carruth, Mass.; Alice Coran, Ark.; Eugene Culler, O.; Gray Dinwiddie, Va.; Reginald P. Long, N. Y.; Willie Charlton, Ontario; Carl Smith, O.; Elsie Altenderfer, Pa.; J. Arthur Latham, Montreal; Marion L. Carroll, Mass.; Willie Williams, Pa.; Fannie Hoffman, Pa.; Raymore Walcher, Okla.; Sadie M. Higgins, Me.; Charlie W. Brown, Minn.; Ralph Stevens, Lucile Babb, Ia.; Dorothy Summers, S. Da.; Margaret G. Hamilton, Wash.; Walter Senter, Mass.; Gracie Miriam Currie, Mary Florence Currie, Nova Scotia; Lena Nowlan, Can.; Hattie Mitchell, Tenn.; Marguerite F. Mathers, Cal.; Jean Marton, Mo.; Rachel Gristina Wiss, Elsie Carlson, Earl Duke, Ia.; Johnie McCuthy, N. Da.; Buelah Smith, Ala.; Frank Richards, S. Da.; Charlie C. E. Beam, Kan.; Spurgeon Gunderson, Minn.; Ernest C. Moore, Miss.; Flora A. Best, Nova Scotia; Isabella Hannah, Crissie Blackadder, Irene Whitlock; Ontario; Ada F. Sutton, O.; Beulah E. Tucker, N. J.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions," Competition 2: Kathleen Mitchell, Nova Scotia; Charles Knight, Ky.; Ada May Gifford, N. Y.; Mamie Lawrence, N. Y.; Louise Gilzie, Tenn.; Susie S. Johnson, Ind.; Leland Ragless, Mich.; Florence A. Higgins, Wash.; Muriel Lampert, Ill.; Sadie Frazer, Can.; Martha Louise Ballard, Kans.; Merle Parish, N. Y.; Floyd A. Hays, Mo.; Herman A. Sayre, O.; Anna Alspaugh, Ia.; Harold Perbanche, O.; Ethel Cook, Ind.; Sarah A. Erwen, O.; Mary R. Hull, Conn.; Emily Schanck, N. J.; Minnie Eidmann, N. J.; Ralph Howe, Vt.; Fred Bergelow, Minn.; Stewart Pogue, Can.; Wilmina Kiskaddow, Pa.; Mark H. Thatcher, Pa.; Lillian Fennel, Can.; Elbert A. Hamilton, Va.; Ada E. Lewis, N. Y., Ruth Martens, Ind.; Irma Main, Ill.; Jessie Brown, Vt.; Odessa Bowen, Wash., Bessie Graham, O.; George Magee, Can.; Frank Pine, N. Dak.; Mildred Clemons, Ore.; Donald R. Fry, N. Y.; Susie Tucker, Ark.; Albert Gascoigne, Calif.; Carrie Veh, O.; A. Ray Smouse, Ia.; Alex. Mould, N. Y.; Ralph Freeman, N. C.; Mabel M. Knauf, Wash.; Lura A. Hadley, N. H.; Carl W. Moser, Kans.; Ethel E. Horn, Mich.; Arthur C. Elliott, Me.; William Headrick, Ga.

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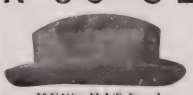

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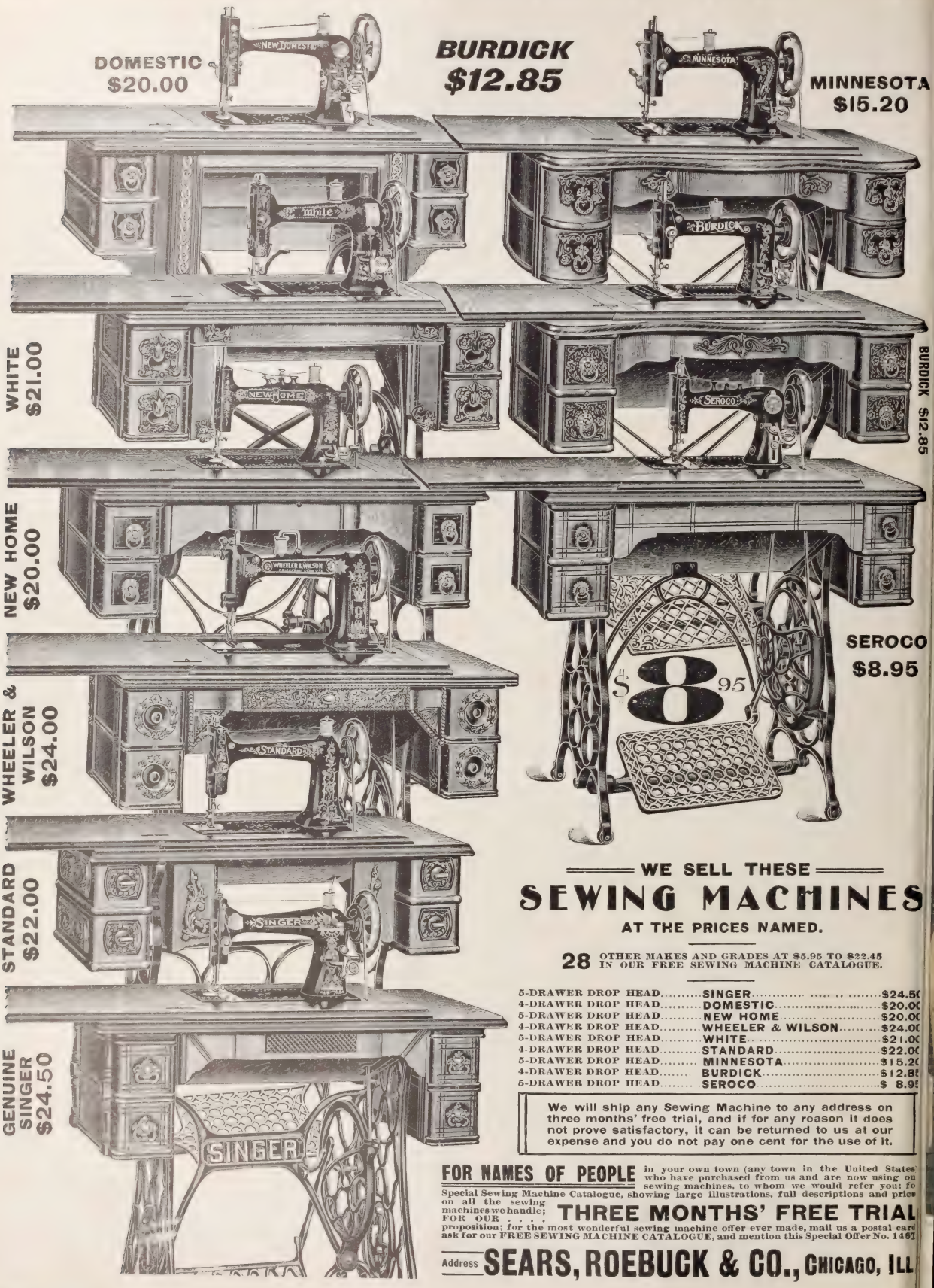

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Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 3. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

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SEE PAGE 50

The Market-Place of Helsingfors, Finland, Where Famine Now Prevails

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M. E. S., Boston, Mass. Is it true that the Scottish people have entered a protest against King Edward's title? If so, on what grounds?

We never heard that the Scottish people entered any formal protest. There were objections made in letters to various journals, but we saw no account of their taking definite shape. They were based on the fact that the present king was the first Edward to reign over Scotland as well as England, and therefore ought not to be called Edward VII. The same objection would have applied to William IV., as he was only the second William who reigned over the United Kingdoms.

Subscriber, Hotchkiss, Colo. Is the second work of grace instantaneous as in conversion?

There are times in the Christian's life when he comes very near to God, and the effect is a spiritual uplift that is very clear and definite. In the majority of cases, however, the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit is a process extending over years. Even then, under fervent preaching, or in long communion with God, the progress of the work is accelerated, and the soul seems to gain more purity and power in an hour than it has done in a long period.

G. W., Providence, R. I. I understand that New York State has about three hundred trades-unions incorporated under the State laws. Has incorporation proved practically advantageous to them?

Unquestionably it has proved advantageous. Incorporation is the first step toward taking an organization out of the category of irresponsible and unrecognized bodies, and giving it a legal existence and responsibility. An incorporated Union has a standing in court and in business which no unincorporated body could have. Its pledges are accepted as substantial, and the fact that it is a responsible body in law makes it conservative, law-abiding, and therefore respected. Are not these advantages?

Reader, Saunemin, Ill. Can a subscription to build a parsonage be considered a gift to the Lord?

Providing for the comfort of one of God's servants seems to us an undoubted gift to the Lord. Christ said to his disciples: "He that receiveth you, receiveth me," thus, as in other passages, identifying himself with his messengers. A minister ought to be liberally paid and well lodged, so that his mind should be free from worldly anxieties and discomforts, that he may devote himself to study and his duties. The church to which he ministers will gain by it. But apart from that consideration, and in direct answer to your question, the fact that he comes among you as a representative of Christ, should insure his being honored and provided for generously, for in caring for his comfort, you show your love and reverence for your Lord. As a king accepts honor paid to his ambassador, as honor paid to himself, so Christ will see to it that they who give to his ambassadors, because they belong to him, shall in no way lose their reward.

J. B. M., Lochalel, Ont., Can. Is the moral law a rule of life and conduct and is it incumbent on all people to strive to obey and live up to it?

When Jesus, replying to the Pharisee lawyer, said that upon "the first and greatest commandment" of loving love to God, and the "new commandment," enjoining love to man hang all the law and the prophets, he outlined the rule of life under law. But the Christian is not under law, but under grace. Kept down by his evil nature and by his surroundings, the sinner finds it impossible in his own strength, to obey to law. His only hope, therefore, is to accept Christ, who has accepted the law, and thus, under grace, the sinner finds pardon and peace.

Student, New Haven, Conn. What were the four great heresies?

There have been many heresies, but the four to which you probably refer, were the Arian, the Apollinarian, the Nestorian, and the Eutychian. They all referred to the nature of Jesus Christ, and were mainly attempts to explain the incarnation. The **Arians** held that Christ was created by the Father, and necessarily inferior to him; the Apollinarians, that the mind and soul of Christ were divine, while his body was human; the Nestorians, that Jesus had two natures, of which one was the human and the other divine; and the Eutychians, that Christ was pure Deity, and human only in appearance.

Subscriber, Topeka, Kans. Is there any law requiring that the Pope should be an Italian? Has there ever been an English Pope?

There is no law to that effect, but as a majority of the College of Cardinals is generally Italian, they prefer to elect a Pope of their own nationality. Adrian IV. was an Englishman. His name was Nicholas Breakspeare. Though of humble birth, he became one of the most haughty of the Popes. It was he who insisted that the great Frederick Barbarossa should hold his stirrup, like a servant, while he (Adrian) mounted his horse, Frederick resisted for a long time, but finally complied. He smarted, however, under the humiliation and afterwards began a quarrel, in which Adrian threatened him with excommunication, but died before he could execute his threat.

J. B. Garner, Bay City, Ill. What is the spiritual meaning of the expression, "Many Mansions," in John 14:2?

Mansions mean abiding-places or dwellings. We do not know that the phrase has any definite spiritual meaning. It appears simply to denote that in God's house, which is the whole universe, there are places in which the dead will live again. The disciples, oppressed by the parting with him, which, as Jesus assured them, was approaching, and having only the gloomy views of the condition of the dead held by the Jews of their time, needed comfort. He tells them that he is going before, to prepare a place for them, and that they will be with him in that place. They are not to suppose that this world is the only place in which life is possible. There are many dwelling-places in God's universe, and they would have one prepared by him.

An enthusiastic friend (Edith B. of Freedom, O.), sends us these verses:

Your presents are rare and beautiful
Your books a delight to read,
The Christmas cheer you delight in,
Make many hearts glad indeed.

Accept thanks for pictures sent us,
"Lost in the Storm" is our choice,
May we keep close to the Shepherd,
Aye following his dear voice.

M. L. M. Frewsburg, N. Y. Do you know anything of the discovery of a lost book of the Bible, which contains a description of the Apostles' mode of baptism?

You probably refer to the *Didache* or "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," which was found in manuscript in Constantinople by Bryennios, in 1873. It was in the library connected with the Patriarchate of Jerusalem. It was written on vellum, and covered five leaves. It has been examined by eminent scholars, who regard it as a genuine document. Athanasius, who died in 373 A. D., refers to such a manuscript as having been in existence in his day, and Clement and other early Christian writers were evidently familiar with it. It purports to contain an account of the teaching of the Apostles on several subjects. The passage on baptism is as follows: "Now concerning baptism, thus baptize ye! Having first uttered all these things, baptize into the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, in living water. But, if thou hast not living water, baptize in other water; and if thou canst not in cold, then in warm. But, if thou hast neither, pour water upon the head thrice, into the name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit." A translation of the manuscript by Dr. Roswell, D. Hitchcock and Dr. Francis Brown was published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1885.

E. G. G., Murray River, P. E. I. What is the amount of property destroyed by fire annually in the United States and the number of lives lost by the same?

In 1902, property valued at $140,000,000 was destroyed by fire in the United States. We have no statistics to show the losses of life.

G. A. L., Bay City, Mich. Is it wrong to play cards if you do not play for money? We have a minister in this city who tells boys they can play cards if they do not play for money.

There are many things which, though they may not be wrong in themselves alone, become so by association. Cards are the tools of the professional gambler. They are the special diversion of the idle, the dissipated, the spendthrift. They were first used in Europe (so it is said) to divert a mad king, and, strangely enough, they have been the means of driving multitudes mad, as their use kindles the lust for ill-gotten gains. Skill in cards is a sinister skill and a card-sharp is a name of disgrace. No one was ever known to be benefited morally, socially, physically, or in a legitimate business way by cards. On the other hand, an employer would hesitate to hire in bank or office any young man addicted to cards. For the sake of example, therefore, and in order to avoid the very appearance of evil, the Christian and all sensible people should avoid cards.

Howard S., Deerfield, N. J. If the nature of your calling goes against your conscience, you should, by all means, change your vocation at the earliest opportunity.

Mrs. S. A. Kelley, San Francisco, Cal. There is no record to show when the first church building was erected in Siam, but the first Christian church was established between 1828 and 1831.

T. A. G., Media, Tex. There is no further light thrown on the relationship existing between Boaz and Mahlon, than that which is afforded by the Scripture story. Josephus, the Jewish historian, gives no additional information. The relationship must have been sufficiently close, however, to justify the union under the old Jewish law. There was but one nearer kinsman, who surrendered his claim in favor of Boaz. (See Ruth 4: 1-10.)

MIDWINTER IN AN OLD VIRGINIA HOME

In the "Old Dominion," as elsewhere, the old-fashioned home of reposeful comfort is rapidly giving place to modern dwellings, filled with modern furnishings and the modern spirit of hurry and bustle. All the more interesting are the few that remain as types of the past. On the back of the photograph from which this is reproduced is written: "His Old Virginia Home. Mr. E. D. Macfee, Scottsburg, Va."

THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND

[During a long-past famine in Finland, a ship laden with food came to Helsingfors from an English port. It had been sent to the Finns by those who were formerly enemies, but who now, by that beautiful Christian act, became their friends. Our good gray American poet, Whittier, immortalized the incident in these verses, which have a special and pathetic timeliness in view of the terrible famine now prevailing among the Finns.]

Across the frozen marshes
The winds of autumn blow,
And the fen-lands of the Wetter
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands
Look o'er the Baltic brine,
A bark is sailing in the track
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter
For Bothnia's fish and grain;
She saileth not for pleasure,
She saileth not for gain.

"God bless her," said the coast-guard.
"God bless the ship, I say.
The holy angels trim the sails
That speed her on her way!

"Where'er she drops her anchor,
The peasant's heart is glad;
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,
The peasant's heart is sad.

"Each wasted town and hamlet
She visits to restore;
To roof the shattered cabin,
And feed the starving poor.

"The sunken boats of fishers,
The forage beeves and grain,
The spoil or flake and storehouse,
The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow
The sweet amend is made,
As if the healing hand of Christ
Upon her wounds were laid!"

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

ESKIMO HUT AT NUSHAGAK | ALASKAN, WITH WIFE AND DAUGHTER | A NATIVE VILLAGE

HEROIC LIVES *IN THE* FROZEN NORTH

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS OF ALASKA, AND THE SPLENDID RECORD THEY HAVE MADE

NEARLY two hundred years have passed since the Moravian Church began its missionary career. In those two centuries, it has carried the standard of the Gospel of Jesus to almost every quarter of the globe. Its workers have been found in Europe, in the East and West Indies, among the wild tribes of North and South America, in Central Asia, in Africa's plains and jungles, in Greenland, Lapland, Labrador and the islands of the sea. Its glorious record as a disseminator of the religion of Jesus Christ among the savage peoples of the earth is unsurpassed by that of any Protestant denomination.

Moravian missionary work in Alaska began in 1885, when a party, consisting of the Rev. W. H. Weisland and wife, the Rev. J. H. Kilbuck (a converted Delaware Indian) and wife, and Hans Torgersen, a mechanic, founded the mission settlement of Bethel, on the Kuskokwim River. Shortly after their arrival, the mechanic Torgersen was accidentally drowned, and the missionaries were left with crippled resources, to prepare for the terrible Alaskan winter. They gradually became acquainted with the natives, and, having studied their language, formed classes for religious instruction. In 1888, two other workers were added to those already engaged at the Bethel Mission station.

In 1887, the Moravians commenced work at Carmel, on the Nushagak River. This Mission is shown in the photographs on this page. The Rev. Frank Wolff, with his wife and two children, and Miss M. Huber, were the pioneer missionaries. A school was established and work opened under encouraging auspices. In 1889, the force was strengthened by the addition of another missionary to the station. In 1894, the Rev. J. H. Schoechert was placed in charge of the work at Carmel, he having already assisted there for five years. When Mr. Schoechert assumed the superintendency of Carmel, it numbered only twenty-one members, all told. At the end of seven years, it had two hundred and twenty-one members, with two hundred and fifty adherents (candidates and new people), with three out-stations, where small log chapels have been erected, and native helpers employed. The latter receive from $15 to $25 a year as regular salary.

THE MISSIONARY AND HIS DOGS RETURNING FROM A LONG JOURNEY

At Carmel Station, there are now four substantial buildings. About twenty native Alaskan children attend the Moravian boarding school, and from twenty to twenty-five day scholars. The sole teacher is supported by the United States government. To obtain practical manual training, the girl pupils in the boarding school help in the housework, and the boys in gardening and fishing. Blacksmithing is taught to a number of the larger boys. There is a growing Sunday School, and a lively spiritual interest is manifested.

Carmel Village has one of the largest tanneries in the world. Formerly, mail came to the village once a year; now it comes every quarter—twice in summer, and twice in winter. It is taken overland by dog team 1,200 miles from Unalaska and Seattle. Freights are very high—$25 to $50 a ton. This makes life's necessities expensive. If the benefits of civilization are introduced as fast as its evils, railroads should at an early date bring Alaska into closer and less costly connection with the outside world. There are two white men to every native in Alaska at the present time, owing to the great influx of gold hunters, the proportion being about 40,000 whites to 20,000 natives. The natives greatly need the Gospel to save them from the many temptations that have been brought into the country by the incoming whites.

In visiting natives up and down the river, the missionary spends from ten to fifty-one days on each journey. In one year, one hundred and ten days were so employed, the traveler using the Eskimo boats or dog sleds. The three main stations of the Moravian Mission are on three different rivers, with water communication between all. A new Mission will be opened next spring. Two Eskimo boys from the Carmel Mission are now at the Indian schools in the States, under training for future missionary work among their own people.

After numerous efforts to establish a new mission station at Togiak, nearly half-way between the two main stations, Bethel and Carmel, it has now been decided to renew the attempt this year. Mr. and Mrs. Schoechert are going there, and will live in a tent in that bleak, wet and barren country till a house can be erected. The hardest of their trials will be the parting from their two children in the States. They will be separated from them for ten years, having opportunity of hearing from them only two or three times yearly. No one who has not had a similar experience can know what it means to make this sacrifice; yet it is done gladly for the sake of the souls of the benighted Eskimos, and for the love of Him who said, "Go ye into all the world and teach all nations."

The Moravian Mission in Alaska costs annually from $10,000 to $12,000. There are now eighteen Moravian missionaries there, with a total church membership of nine hundred and thirty-nine. At the present time the greatest need of the Mission is a small schooner,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

THE MORAVIAN MISSION BUILDINGS AT CARMEL

THE
American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago

Beneficent Tempests

MATT. 14: 22: Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship

THERE it is! See! Yonder is the disciples' boat, tossed about on the waves of Lake Galilee! Those men seem to be in as critical a situation as was the captain of an Atlantic coal barge some time ago. The barge had been caught in a storm and was sinking under his feet. The captain signalled to the tug. Then, as it drew near, he picked up first one and then another of his little children. He raised them above his head and hurled them through the air into the arms of the rescuers. Then he turned and fastened a rope, thrown to him from the tug, around the waist of his wife, and another around his own waist, and both leaped into the sea. Two minutes after he and his wife had been dragged into the rescuing boat, his own coal barge made a plunge and disappeared. Every moment, the disciples, like that captain, expected their boat to founder. Some of them were veteran fishermen, yet they had given up all hope of ever reaching land again.

The danger of drowning in Lake Galilee was not the only danger, nor, indeed, the greatest danger, which threatened the disciples. They were in spiritual danger. Having seen Jesus, only a few hours before, feed a multitude of five thousand persons with five loaves and a few fishes, they had lost sight of his spiritual mission, and were about to hail him as a temporal leader. Like the multitudes which had been fed, they began to whisper among themselves, "Why not make Christ our king? Such a miracle-working leader as this could not only feed us and clothe us without any work upon our part, but he also could liberate us from Roman tyranny, and be to us another Moses, another Joshua, or another David." In order to counteract this design, of making him merely a temporal king, which would have brought him into collision with the Roman power, and have degraded his mission into a mere insurrection, he determined to teach the disciples their weakness and helplessness. He compelled them to launch their boat and enter into a fearful combat of at least ten long hours with the Galilean tempest. So, in order to compel you and me to look away from our worldly interests, which are absorbing our thoughts and desires, and lead us to seek from him the higher spiritual blessings he has to bestow, God clouds our skies, and brings upon us a tidal wave of crushing disaster, that we may be driven to climb into his loving, protecting arms.

Refining Persecution

The dark, tempestuous nights of religious persecution have often been, in God's sight, the brightest and the most blessed of sunshiny days for the church. It was by having his eyes temporarily blinded that Paul gained spiritual sight. It was by being lowered in a basket by a few friends over the Damascus wall, in order to escape the murderer's dagger, that Paul was set free to embark on his missionary career. It was by exile to a lonely island of the Mediterranean, that John was enabled to see his marvelous apocalyptic visions. It was not until Rome had been burned by the bloody Nero, who laughed and fiddled while the conflagration raged; not until the Christians had suffered under the false charge of being the incendiaries, that the church was purified and fully launched on its great evangelistic work. It was when Martin Luther had to face the Diet of Worms, and had been imprisoned for months in the Wartburg, that the Reformation was started. When the Pilgrim Fathers on account of religious persecution had to leave England, then the first foundation stone of Christian America was laid. And in no time of church history can you find that a great religious awakening has occurred, or a great religious leader has come forth, without the previous roar of the Galilean tempest, as it yawned to destroy the church and engulf Christian faith.

Sometime ago, I heard a great minister of our country developing this thought. In part, he said: "The reason we do not have Savonarolas, and John Knoxs, and John Husses in the present day, is because we do not have the ancient persecutions which purified and ennobled the ancient church." Some people are foolish enough to suppose that the best and greatest day of the early Christian church, was when the Emperor Constantine joined the church with the State, and had thousands upon thousands of his subjects baptized by the priests in the different rivers. But I want to tell you that when Constantine joined the church with the State, it was a sad day for the history of the Christian church. With the regal power of the church, it became a corrupt church. With the regal power of the church, there came the sins of a licentious and mercenary-minded church. Then came the sins of the Dark Ages. It is by persecution that the Christian church is purified, not by the commendation of sinful kings and fawning nobles. The church, by its past history, ought to know that God's loving and saving voice can be heard in the growling thunder, as well as in the whispering summer wind. His divine love can often be seen in a flood of heartrending tears, as well as in the smile of an April shower, or in the gentle glow of a June sunrise.

Adoniram Judson's Trial

What tempestuous struggles have accomplished for the church as a whole, they may also accomplish for the humble individual workers in the church. God fits many of the humbler workers for his vineyard as he spiritually prepared Adoniram Judson, the great missionary, for his work. For seven long years, Mr. and Mrs. Judson seemed to labor in Burmah in vain. For seven long years, he testified for Christ amid almost insurmountable difficulties. For seven long years, he and his wife every four weeks sat down to the communion table, absolutely alone. They had not yet made one convert for Christ. At the end of these seven long years of seeming defeat, the Missionary Society wrote to him that he had better surrender his mission as a failure, and start in another field. Adoniram Judson, with his Gospel spirit aglow with the awful struggle from those seven long years, answered the Missionary Society in these memorable words: "No! No! I cannot, and will not surrender this mission. Success is as certain here, as the promise of a faithful God can make it." Then came the great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Then Burmah saw its day of Pentecost. So, my brother, in the Christian ministry, or in the Christian pew, fighting against seemingly overwhelming obstacles, remember that God has sent to you that tempest for a purpose. Remember, that you are being fitted for your work, if you are faithful to him, as Adoniram Judson was being fitted for his work. Remember that in the dark hours of your tempestuous night, Christ is watching and caring for you, as he watched the disciples struggling on the waves of Lake Galilee. Remember, that at the fourth watch, or just at the breaking of the dawn, Christ, as he did of old, will appear to you walking upon the crystal pavement of the deep.

There is a suggestive story told of a young girl who sang in a large concert hall of London. One of her friends asked a noted musical critic, who was present, what he thought of her voice. "She lacks one element which would make her the greatest singer of Europe," answered the critic. "She lacks soul power. If I were a young man and could marry her, and ill-treat her, and break her heart, then, on account of her grief and her talent, she would be one of the brightest stars in the musical firmament." Time passed on, and this woman's heart was broken by a cruel husband. Then came the true days of her power and fame. God, when he wishes to fit us for great and true work, sends us a hurricane of trouble. He compels us to battle with the Galilean tempests for a whole night. Do not be weary of well-doing, my brothers. You are

One of God's Favorites

There is a great triumph of gospel usefulness for you ahead.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while, is the one who will smile,
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of the earth
Is the smile that comes through tears.

The dark, tempestuous nights of financial ruin have often been, in God's sight, the bright, blessed, sunshiny days for the merchant. "How is George Watson getting along?" I ask you. "Well," you answer, "I do not know how he is getting along now. We were boys together in the same town. We came to the city at the same time. We used to room together, but we have drifted apart in the last few years. At first, George made quite a success. He saved up a little money, and then started in business. But George was always a trustful fellow, and he had a dishonest partner. I believe the partner swindled him out of some money. Then the panic came, and his creditors began to press him. Then the next thing I heard, was that George had failed. He moved out of our neighborhood. I have not seen him for a long time. I heard, however, that he is now quite an active member in church work. He is also one of the active men in the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society. But I fear George is not doing very well. When a business man begins to get mixed up in church matters, as a rule, it implies he has not a very big business to run. However, to tell the truth, I do not know what George is doing, except that I have a feeling that his credit is not very high in the business world." I that all you know about George? "Well, my friend, can tell you that George Watson is getting along a grea deal better than you are. 'Tis true he was caught in financial storm as fierce as the Galilean tempest, which threatened to engulf the disciples, after Christ had fe the multitudes; but after that tempest abated, he hear the voice of Jesus calling him to the truer and noble life. And George would never have heard the voice o Christ, had he not first heard the hurricane of a financia storm shrieking about his head."

George Watson landed in this city a Christian boy from a Christian home. He carried in his satchel the Bible which his mother gave to him the Christmas before he left the old homestead. The very first Sabbath after he came to Chicago, he hunted up a church and joined a Sunday School class. The girl whom he afterward married was a member of that same Sunday School The trouble was, George Watson made

Too Big a Success

in business. He worked hard all day and had promotion after promotion. Then, Sundays, he would feel tired He neglected church. His wife would stay home with him. The more money he earned, the greater were his responsibilities and the less his religion. Then came the panic and the financial cyclone. George was at first overwhelmed by the catastrophe. Then his brain began to clear. He called his wife into his study and said, "Kate, this is the happiest time of all my life. I can truly say that to-night I am glad God took my money. I know, Kate, that I was only thinking of my gold, and not about the good which I could do with it. Kate, we will give ourselves to God to-night. We will give to him our children, and our whole future lives, and we will promise God that never again shall we work six days and twenty-two hours each week for the world, and only give to God two hours of a church service on Sunday." That is the history of your friend George. That is the reason you now hear of George as an elder in the church; as a leader in the prayer-meeting; as a director in the Young Men's Christian Association; as a church visitor, who never refuses to call on the poor. It was a dark night when that financial storm overtook George on Lake Galilee, but that storm drove George to Christ.

My friend, you think George's figurative history cannot be duplicated in life. I tell you that it can. I declare to you to-day that there are thousands and tens of thousands of American merchants, who would never have been able to see clearly the spiritual face of Jesus, except through a financial tempest. The best merchant I ever knew was consecrated to Christ through a Galilean tempest. Mr. A. F. Brooks was not only the chief member of the old Second Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, when I was there, but he was also the most influential Christian layman in the city. He told me, just before his death, that the cause of his consecration to Christ came to him when a dishonest partner made him lose millions of dollars. Had it not been for the action of that dishonest partner at that time, Mr. Brooks would have become, before closing his career, not only one of the wealthiest men in Pittsburg, but also one of the wealthiest men in the United States. Oh, ye merchants, in those hours of trials and financial embarrassment, I want you to make your troubles the stepping-stones to a complete consecration to the Cross. I want you, here and now, to feel that Christ constrained you to enter the leaky boat of financial shipwreck, so that you might truly see his face, as the disciples saw the living Christ, in the fourth watch of the night on Lake Galilee.

The Revealing Angel

The dark, tempestuous nights, when the shadow of the death angel's wing hovered over the home, have often been, in God's sight, the bright shining days for the broken-hearted household circle. It was awfully hard for you to hear the doctor say there was no hope. You felt that other people might die. But somehow the truth was never fully brought home to you until then, that your mother, or wife, or child could ever be taken. Since that moment, not only this life, but the next, has for you an entirely different significance.

Why did you place upon her coffin-plate the words, "At rest"? Did you mean that her sleep was to be an endless sleep, which shall never have an awakening? You used to revel in the theories of Darwin's evolution. You used to claim that the physical man was only a higher form of a developed animal. Man was born like a dog, he must die like a dog. Did you still cling to those theories when you placed upon her coffin-lid the words, "At rest"? Oh no. You immediately went

back to the sweet faith of your father and mother. You ected in your own life just as Ethan Allen, the New England infidel, acted in reference to his dying daughter. She called the great revolutionary soldier into her bedroom, and said: "Papa, I am going to die. Mamma says there is a Christ and a hereafter—if I trust Him. You say there is no hereafter. I am dying, papa, and I must make my last decision now. Whom shall I believe? Shall I accept mamma's Christ, or your infidelity?" The great soldier's frame shook with emotion. Then, though he had just finished his famous infidel book, called, *Reason, the only Oracle of Man*, he turned and said, "My darling, you had better die in your mother's faith, and not in my unbelief." And so when the death angel's wings began to flutter over the bed of one of our loved ones, with one blow it not only struck your heart, but it also knocked your infidelity clean out of your life. You immediately said, as you looked into the pale face sleeping in the casket, "I know she lives; I know she is living in some other world for me." And as you look up to see where that other world is, do you not feel that you were being struck by a Galilean tempest, as were the disciples of old? Do you not feel that through the dark shadow of the death angel's wing, you have been able to see the spiritual face of Jesus Christ as never before? It was trouble that did it—tempestuous trouble alone which made you use the hillock of a grave for a kneeling stool at the altar of mercy and pardon and love.

The dark, tempestuous nights in your sick-room have often been, in God's sight, the bright dawn of a day of Christian usefulness. Perhaps I can well illustrate this thought by telling the personal history of a famous American minister. He told me in the sick-room his personal experiences, the recital of which made a lasting impression upon my mind and heart. He is a very dear friend of mine.

For many years this minister was not only admired, but loved. But whenever a man went to hear him preach, he did not know exactly where that minister stood. A hearer could not say he was unorthodox, because in his sermons he always called Jesus a "Divine King." Neither could the hearer say this preacher was a true believer. His sermons could always be questioned. They would nearly always have something in them that would make the hearer say, "I wonder what the preacher means by that? Is he one of those liberals who only believe the Bible in spots; who only believe what he wants to believe?"

But one day the newspapers all over the country had the startling telegraphic announcement "Dr. So and So is sick." Then came the reports that Dr So and So might die. For weeks and months, that famous minister hovered between life and death. Then he came back to his pulpit and to his work. But now, what a change! If any stranger goes to hear him preach, the first and the last thought he has is, "Doctor So-and-So is nothing more or less than a mighty Gospel evangelist. He has Christ in the beginning of his sermon; Christ in the middle of his sermon; Christ all the way through." Do you know the cause of this marvelous change? It was the Galilean tempest of physical pain that did it. Doctor So-and-So told me that never before did he truly know what the purpose of preaching was until he lay upon that bed of suffering. For months the barking of a dog would cut him like a knife. For months he lay in his room, an exile in agony. For months he had but one wish, and that was to die. But, when God led him forth out of that Galilean tempest to preach Jesus Christ, he came forth a new man—he was a Saul, the member of the Hebrew Sanhedrin changed into the mighty Paul, who had fought with the beasts at Ephesus. He became the disciple of the Lord, looking and pleading for a spiritual Christ alone.

It was physical pain that helped make Frederick W. Robertson one of the greatest soul-winners of his day. It was physical pain that helped draw the multitudes to the Cross, when Robert Hall preached in London, and John Summerfield preached in America. And it is physical pain, which nearly all of us have suffered in the past, and physical weakness, which many of us are suffering now, which ought to make us turn our faces toward the Good Physician, who can heal the body and heal the soul.

Now trouble comes to us in one of two ways, and it rests with every one to decide in which of the two ways it shall come to him. It may come as a sanctified trouble, or as an unsanctified trouble. It came in both forms to the thieves who were crucified with Jesus. To the one thief the physical agony was unsanctified trouble, causing him to curse and deride Christ; to the other it came as a sanctified trouble, causing him to plead for mercy and love. Unsanctified trouble comes to a man who stands by his rubber-goods basket, and it embitters him and causes him to set his face in rebellion and say: "No good God would ever have taken that child out of my arms." Sanctified trouble came to a young officer of my church, and caused him to say to the visiting pastor, "I do not want a pastor to come into my sick-room to make merely a social call. I want him to come in to pray." Yes, I want him to come in to pray. In the midst of your sorrows and trials, are you ready to let your troubles become sanctified troubles? Are you ready to sing about the compassionate sight of trouble, as the Christian poet once sang about beautiful Lake Galilee?

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to lap the tide,
But he that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.
Graceful around thee the mountains meet
Thou calm reposing sea,
But ah, far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

Are you ready to feel that in the darkest hours of your night, Christ is waiting to speak to you, that Christ is ready to help you, that he is ready to appear unto you?

There is an old and familiar story of a Christian lady, in the far East, who had two beautiful boys. Both her sons died in the same night while her husband was away on a journey. When the father returned, the mother met him with a smile and said, "Husband, while you were gone, a stranger came and left two beautiful jewels in my charge. Then he returned the next day, and wanted them back again. I gave them to him. Should I have done so?" "Yes," answered the father. "If the two jewels belonged to the stranger, you should have done as you did." "Oh, husband," answered the wife, as she led him into the death chamber, "I was not talking about a stranger, but about our Father. God. There are our two boys, dead. Can we not say, 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord?'"

Friend, to-day in your troubles, can you not hear the voice of Jesus Christ speaking to you? Can you not, will you not see that even in this dark hour, Jesus is walking towards you, stepping lightly upon the crystal pavement of the deep?

KEEPING UP THE VENEZUELAN BLOCKADE

PRESIDENT CASTRO IN HIS PALACE

REPLIES have now been received by our State Department from all the governments involved in the Venezuelan dispute, to the Secretary of State's formal proposition to submit the case to the Hague Court. All the replies give promise of an ultimate arbitration agreement. Germany wishes to hold a preliminary conference with respect to conditions precedent to arbitration, but it is not believed this will be more than a formality. It is expected that each of the powers will soon designate its representative at the Hague. In all probability, the German, English and Italian ministers in Washington, will be empowered to represent their governments at the preliminary conference. As President Castro has chosen U. S. Minister Bowen, that official will leave for Washington shortly, to represent Venezuela in the conference.

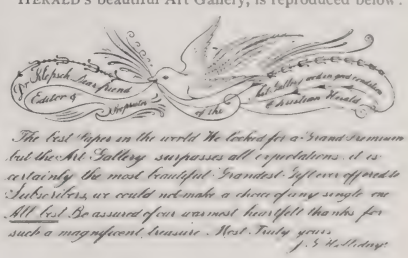
At the Conference, Sir Michael Herbert, the British Ambassador; Signor Edmundo Mayor des Planches, the Italian Ambassador, and Count A. von Quadt-Wykradt-Isny, a member of the German Embassy, will each represent their respective governments. There is a remote probability that the general question may be reached at the Conference, and matters put on such a footing that the case will not go to the Hague after all. It is believed that the European governments interested will use all diplomacy to avoid resorting to the Arbitration tribunal.

Meanwhile, the blockade of the Venezuelan ports by the allies is being more stringently maintained than ever. Even fishing boats have been forbidden to leave the harbors. Food supplies at Caracas and the leading cities are becoming alarmingly scarce. Castro's army has won a victory over the rebels, who have been more aggressive than ever since the allies began operations against Venezuela. The rebellion is very far from being suppressed, and many believe that it is only a question of time when Castro must abdicate. The dictator, however, presents a bold front, and has succeeded in securing from the merchants and bankers of Caracas a pledge of continued loans, to enable him to pay his army until the present troubles are over.

Commodore Montgomerie, commander of the English squadron, has caused considerable comment in consequence of his apparent discrimination against American commerce. Even the business men of Caracas regard this discrimination as totally unexpected. On the other hand, Dutch vessels have been allowed to enter ports now blockaded by warships of the British squadron, and to discharge cargo there.

An Artistic Testimonial

One of the most interesting and picturesque testimonials yet received, in appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S beautiful Art Gallery, is reproduced below:


The best Paper in the world We looked for a Grand Premium but the Art Gallery surpasses all expectations it is certainly the most beautiful Grandest Gift ever offered to Subscribers we could not make a choice of any single one All but Be assured of our warmest heartfelt thanks for such a magnificent treasure Most Truly yours

THE FORTS OF PUERTO CABELLO DESTROYED BY THE ALLIES COMMMANDER MONTGOMERIE THE ALLIED FLEETS NOW CONDUCTING THE BLOCKADE

SENDING QUICK HELP TO FINLAND

Christian America Responds to the Appeals of the Famine-Stricken Peasants—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sends the First $5,000 to Helsingfors to Commence the Work of Relief

THREE GENERATIONS OF FINNS

From Stereoscopic Photo, Copyright, 1905, Underwood & Underwood

A YOUNG PEASANT GIRL OF FINLAND

FARMERS' WIVES AT WORK IN THE FIELDS

ONCE more the readers of this journal have given evidence of their warm, practical sympathy in the cause of human suffering. Already contributions are coming in in response to our appeal in behalf of the 400,000 famine-stricken peasants of Finland. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, knowing the urgent need, has personally advanced the sum of **Five thousand dollars,** anticipating the contributions to that extent, and this sum has been cabled to the Relief Committee at Helsingfors, to be applied immediately in relief work among the sufferers. Meanwhile, it is especially urged upon all who wish to have a share in this great life-saving campaign, to send in their contributions to the Fund with as little delay as possible. Days, and even hours, are precious, where hundreds of thousands of those poor peasant-folk are fighting a desperate battle with hunger in the cold, bleak, Finnish winter. It must not be said, when the Lutheran farmers of Finland and their families were praying for succor, with death hemming them in on all sides, that Christian America was deaf to the cry. Let us act with energy and generosity, and under God's blessing, we may be the means of saving thousands to life and happiness. Every reader should remember that a single act of self-denial now, may enable the contributor to the Famine Fund to become God's messenger of hope and safety to some poor, starving Finnish household. If you can do no more, you may at least rescue one human being from death by famine. Send your gift quickly then, and let it be accompanied by a heartfelt prayer for the saving of Finland. May God speed the work!

Under arrangements made by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we expect soon to have direct and authentic reports from the chief sections where the famine is now prevailing, with all available information concerning the relief operations. It will be a story of marvelous interest, presenting instances of Christian fortitude in its noblest aspects. These Finns are a simple and lovable race, deeply religious, and are rightly regarded as one of the most moral nations in Europe. Their cities, towns and villages are marked by cleanliness, sobriety, and a regard for decorum that is hardly equaled anywhere. They have fallen on evil times: floods, frosts and blights, with lost crops, tell the story and give the cause of the present suffering. In 60,000 families, it is said, the last of their belongings has been sold for food, which is so scarce that it can hardly be had at any price. In some of the villages, the people are living on tree bark and a horrible compost called "hunger bread." Even the cattle and the birds are dying off from sheer hunger. The whole situation is one that should arouse the world to benevolent action.

During the week many letters have been received, conveying the warmest expressions of sympathy with the Finns, and also bringing contributions to the Fund. We give below extracts from a few of these letters:

"I enclose express money order for $1 for the Finland Famine Fund. Realizing that all the littles, if only a little, help a little, I hasten to send my mite in at once. The grand old CHRISTIAN HERALD is always ready to aid the suffering and starving in any country or clime," writes G. S. C., Balcony Falls, Va.

M. A. A., Montreal, writes:

I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the account of the terrible famine in Finland, and am glad to send what I can to help, though it seems but a drop in the ocean. I enclose $1, with sincere prayers for their speedy relief, and that it may please the Lord to put it into the hearts of all good Christians to help our sisters and brothers in their sore need.

W. R. Clark, London, Ont. ($1), writes:

I am greatly pleased to see you have so heartily taken up the pressing need of Finland, not only contributing freely yourself, but seeking to get the subscribers to your valuable paper to do so. I pray that all may help in saving many lives. I will endeavor to get some of my friends to help also.

Mrs. David W., Little Falls, Minn., writes:

Enclosed are two dollars, which I send to the Famine Fund, with many prayers that God will put it into the hearts of his followers to respond heartily to the call of his people in distress.

With his gift of $1, Giles B. C., North East, Md., writes:

May many helpers be raised up to relieve and save from starvation the poor, suffering Finlanders, in answer to your appeal, is my prayer.

From Miss Ella Carlson, St. Paul, Minn., comes a letter enclosing a contribution of $9.42. She writes:

We have read with sympathetic interest of the famine in Finland, and therefore are pleased to send in a contributi which we hope may be used in the very best way to relie some of the great want.

"Wife and I have just read your account of t famine in Finland and send you $5 for the same. W wish we could do more," is the sympathetic letter Rev. H. A. Ridgway and wife, Providence, R. I.

Mr. W. A. Hines and Mrs. Hines, Manchester, I ($2), write: "We thought it might do some a little goo May God bless it to some one."

"I would like to join, with the rest of your su scribers, in sending to you my little mite ($2). Hopi that it may be blessed by the Giver of all good a perfect gifts, and at least be a blessing to some on writes Jeremiah C., Owen Sound, Ont., Can.

A New York Subscriber ($1) writes: "May God ble this dollar and move many hearts toward helping th famine-stricken land."

"It makes my heart sore for these poor people writes Valentine W., Grinnell, Ia. "Gladly would give you more, but I have a cripple wife now."

"I pray that God our father may add his blessin and that there may be a speedy deliverance," writes M., Manston, Wis. ($1). In the same spirit of sympath N. P. C., New London, Wis., sends $1, and write "May it save some poor starving people from dying "Heaven help them, and we must, too," writes Miss J., of Fort Wayne, Ind., in forwarding her contributi of $2. "May their sufferings be speedily relieved writes Mrs. Catherine B., Dayton, Ind. ($4). Anoth lady, Mrs. Jennie G., Litchfield, Mich. ($2), says: " wish I could multiply it ten thousand fold, for my hea aches for their sufferings."

Among those who have sent contributions to th Famine Fund, are many who are of Scandinavian birt or descent, and who consequently have a very warm ar sympathetic interest in the unfortunate Finlanders. B the Christian's claim to brotherhood is broader than th of common race or nationality; for he remembers Hi who said: "One is your Master, even Christ; and all y are brethren." So it is a pleasure, no less than a dut to extend a helping hand to the Lutheran peasants Finland in this time of trial. Send all contributions t

FINLAND FAMINE FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
92 Bible House New York City

Every contribution, however small, will be duly a knowledged in these columns.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FINLAND FAMINE FUND:

Louis Klopsch, Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD $100 00
P B Bromfield 25 00
Friends who sympathize 5 00
W K Clark 1 00
E Yager 2 00
Mrs D and Mr A Ely 2 00
Lorenz Thomson .. 2 00
M A Andrew 1 00
Mrs R G Chaney 2 00
Miss P A Hillis 2 00
Mother and Daughter, Gaithersburg, 1 55
John N Carlson 5 00
Mrs A M Carlson .. 1 00
Miss Ella Carlson. 1 00
Gladys G. Carlson. .05
A Friend 25
Miss Alice B Carlson 10
Mrs John Carlson .. 1 00
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Geo Olson 1 00
Wm Hoates 1 00
Thos E Bennett 5 00
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Susan Ratlof 1 00
Mrs Jennie Gilder .. 2 00
Mary and Emilie Goltz 5 00
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Wm Stock 1 00
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Andrew Long & Wm Gerbey 1 00
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Mrs E Jacobs 1 00
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John Symonds 5 00
C H, Dubuque, Ia.. 5 00
N P Christensen ... 1 00
J H Johnson 1 00
Friend, Worcester, Mass. 2 00
Mrs G C Arms 1 00
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P Meng 1 00
Mrs D E Frink 1 00
Rev B Whillock ... 2 00
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Joseph Rogg 50
Mrs C H Wright .. 1 50
T S L, No Heel, Vt 50
Mrs Jane Richmond 1 00
Mrs W McKinney 1 00
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John Utter 2 00
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A M Dailey 1 00
J Lindholm. 1 00
J G Danielson 1 00
Axel Anderson 1 00
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Aug Johnson 50
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J Bergquist 50
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Mrs D A Hall 5 00
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Mrs C G Westholm 1 00
H F Whitman 6 00
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J R Carlson 2 00
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C E W. Elkhorn, Wis. 6 00
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Mr and Mrs E G T, Pa. 20 00
John Utter 2 00
E S Moore 5 00
A M Dailey 1 00
E M G, Washington, D C 1 00
Minnie Kiemle 1 00
T E Packer 2 00
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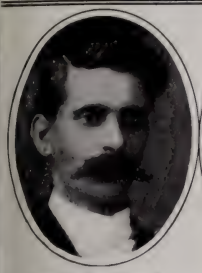
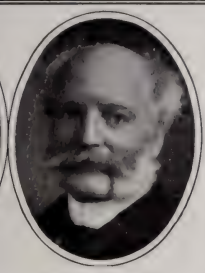
Charlotte Ryland.. 5 00
A Poor Widow, Worcester, Mass. 5 00
H E Nourse 1 00
J M Jones 1 00
Mrs J P Nielson ... 1 00
Mrs J L Pinkham.. 3 00
Peter Meyer 1 00
Alexander Reynolds 2 00
Sympathizers, Steubenville, Ohio 5 00
Rev O J Marson ... 1 00
D L Baird 1 00
R P Mc Conaughy. 25
Mrs Mary E McCartney 2 75
W J McCartney ... 5 00
Mrs L B Lindsey .. 1 00
H M Chalmers 2 00
L A Bruce 1 00
Friend, Jordan, Ont, Can. 1 00
B Wilkins 1 00
De Voe Wilkins ... 1 00
—, Coram, N Y 1 00
Mrs J Ratliff 1 00
—, Campbellton, Can 2 00
Mrs J L Johnson... 2 00
Theo Waldron 5 00
John Utter 2 00
G C Arms 5 00
Mrs S Smyser 1 00
Friend, Westboro, Mass. 1 00
Mrs F Chadwick... 5 00
I H N, Sisterville, W Va. 1 00
Mrs W A Thomason 1 00
LRA, Boxford, Mass 1 00
Julia L Harrison ... 5 00
J N Cadby 1 00
Jessie, Griggs Co, N D 5 00
J Owen 1 00
Mrs F B Berkheiser 1 00
Mrs H Deerwechter 1 00
Sarah L Parr 1 00
W S Detwiler 5 00
Eleane R Williams. 1 00
Mr & Mrs T P Whipple 2 00
A E Eckerman 2 00
O F Price 5 00
Edwin Parker 5 00
Mrs L W Clark 1 00
Mrs Min'e Pearson. 1 00
Friend, Houghton, Mich. 10 00
E L Blackmore 5 00
Wm H Saville 1 00
Miss S A West 2 00
Mr & Mrs F B Clark 2 00
S K I., N Y C 1 00
E A Taylor 1 00
Mary A McMath ... 1 00
F'd, Painesville, Wis 1 00
—, Lynchburg, Va. 2 00
Jas H Smith 5 00
Dr F—, Martinsburg, Ohio 2 00
C Van der Smissen. 2 00
M & A Robbins 5 00
Chas Talcott 1 00
A B Estock 2 00
G A P, Evanston, Ill 2 00
Mrs J E Hamill.... 1 00
Mrs C Palton 1 00
Mrs M P Reigart.. 1 00
Cash, Lowville, N Y. 1 00
F'd, Winsted, Conn 1 00
E Walker 2 00
Mrs S Feets 1 00
W R Karges 1 00
J M Turner & wife 2 00
Mrs H A L Keith.. 5 00
Mrs M E Mace 1 00
E T Davis 1 00
R Mellor 1 00
G Raun 1 00
J Denny 1 00
Mary A Brindle.... 2 00
Rees C Hines 25 00
G W Walker 2 00
Rachel Walker 1 00
Della Walker 1 00
Hattie Walker 1 00
A P Adams 50
E P. Jackson, Mich 2 50
M A Hitchcock 2 00
Tryphena & Tryphosa, Newark, N J..... 2 00
Adelbert Wait 2 00
C W Hepburn 1 00
Casper De Vilbiss.. 1 00
Mrs S A Ayers..... 2 00
Maria F Mott..... 1 00
W S Lindsey..... 1 00
Mrs E Hanson..... 1 00
Samuel Batt..... 1 00
—, Racine, Wis... 25 00
Frederica S Hill.... 5
Mrs H J Deakin & D C Miller..... 3
A Sympathizer, Millerton, N Y..... 1
M A Ormsbee..... 5
A W Anderson..... 10
Mrs J L Paterson.. 1
Mrs Susan E Lane. 1
W & H A Hubbert. 2
B, Wolfville, Can.. 1
Mattie Yarnell..... 1
Mrs A E Sigler.... 1
J N Kellogg..... 1
Louise Kellogg.... 1
Wm E Kellogg..... 1
I H N, Martinsburg, W Va..... 1
Amanda L Cornish 2
Benj Morris..... 1
Henry M Marsh.... 1
A W Reid..... 5
—, Boston, Mass.. 1
Mrs W H Van Kernen..... 1
Mary L Belden..... 1
Isaac Pullin..... 1
Samuel Taylor..... 1
J H. Mass..... 1
N W Merrill..... 3
Mr and Mrs Chas H Patch..... 2
Miss C G Whitcomb..... 5
Mrs S H Whitcomb 5
Mrs E P Miller.... 1
John Nixon..... 1
Mrs Strong..... 5



REV. MR. MCKENZIE

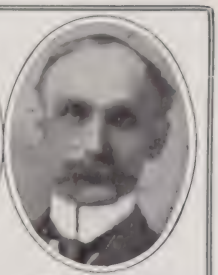


MR. J. M. TREBLE

HOW A SEED Of Faith Grew

The Story of the Wonderful Origin and Development of Toronto's Memorial Mission

REV. J. D. FITZPATRICK



MR. BARTLE E. BULL

ONE day, a Christian lady, walking through the poorer section of Toronto, heard some very little boys taking Christ's name in vain. Shocked, she lifted up her heart and asked: "Lord, who is responsible for this state of things?" Quick as a flash, the answer came: "You, in so far as you are able to prevent and do not." For a long time, her heart had been earning towards neglected children of the street. At ast, it seemed clear that, though reluctant, she should ve up her class in the Metropolitan Church Sunday chool, and gather in some room a few of these chilren. Several godly ladies joined hands with her; a oom was lent them; no children came; then four. hat was the beginning, in 1886, in Orange Hall, Queen treet, Toronto, Canada, of what is now the Fred ictor Mission Society.

The Junior Epworth League numbers six hundred embers; it gathers every Sabbath for a Children's unday Morning Service; has a noir of its own, and has sustained successful series of cottage meetngs, in which the little ones take art under direction of a leader. very Thursday afternoon, seventyve to one hundred and twenty-five omen, many bringing their chilren, are found in attendance at he Mothers' Meeting. Thursday ights, some two hundred homess men are given free suppers. here are a Senior Epworth eague, a Christian Endeavor Soety, King's Daughters' Society, iterary and Social Departments, oys' Brigade, Choral Club, classes n Elocution and Physical Culture, ymnasium, Kitchen Garden and Manual Training School; in fact, full complement of institutional ctivities are found in operation t the Fred Victor Mission.

Of course, the one room has enrged into something else, or it ould not contain this full flower f the little seed of faith which udded in Mrs. Mary Telfer Sheffeld's heart in 1886. How the lission found its present commoious and handsome home is a eautiful story. It was in 1888, that the Metropolitan Church took Mrs. Sheffield's Sunday School, which had already developed phenomenal proportions and varied activities, under its wing. Temporary abodes were found for it here and there according to its need. The work was almost exclusively for men and boys. Among the earnest toilers in this vineyard of the Lord was Fred Victor Massey, a young man before whom life was opening with every promise that wealth and affection could bestow. Death removed him from his labors. Out of the hearts of those who loved him came the thought of a fitting memorial, and in 1894, the Fred Victor Mission, erected by Mr. Hart A. Massey at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, was handed over, a free gift to Toronto Methodism. The Fred Victor Mission Society, composed of representatives from five or six churches reasonably contiguous to the Mission, was vested with management of the institution. A superintendent, appointed by the Conference, and seven deaconesses, devote their entire time to the work. The Society does not confine itself to the institution, but lends a helping hand to other mission or aggressive Christian work in the city.

Through co-operation of the Deaconess' Training School and the Lillian Massey Normal Training School of Household Science, the institution is able to extend special advantages to those who attend its clubs and classes. It has not, however, any endowment, and is entirely dependent for support upon the generosity of friends in the various Methodist churches of Toronto. Though sustained and managed by Methodists, its benefits are free to all creeds and peoples. Roman Catholics and all denominations of Protestants are found in attendance on the clubs and classes. The evangelistic features of the work are held as most important. While ministering to the body and training of the intellect is not forgotten, the supreme aim of the Mission is to save souls. There are regular services, besides class meetings, cottage-meetings, and "Out-door Lantern Services."

"It is our privilege," says the superintendent, "to preach the Gospel to many who, we believe, would not hear it but for the work of the Mission. Some would not go to church; some come intoxicated; some, strolling past, are attracted by the singing and the brightness of the hall, seen through the open door. Some tell us they have not been in a place of worship for years. Not a few find Christ here. Our Mission is situated in the down town section, and amid the poorest and most wretched homes of the city of Toronto."

The Superintendent is Rev. J. D. Fitzpatrick; the Honorary President, Mr. Chester D. Massey; the President, Mr. Bartle E. Bull; the treasurer, Mr. J. M. Treble; Secretary, Mr. Alex. Mills; Associate Superintendent, Rev. Mr. McKenzie. Any inquiries concerning the work will be cheerfully answered by Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, if addressed to him at the Fred Victor Mission Society, Toronto, Canada.

MOTHERS' MEETING IN THE FRED VICTOR MISSION

Beautiful and Inspiring

The *Hall of Fame* is a book excellent in design, beautiful in execution, inspiring in effect. I am reading it with the greatest interest and pleasure. The "Family Art Gallery" is very handsome. I have great difficulty in comprehending how you can afford to give so much—ten lovely pictures, this fine book, and fifty-two issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, so instructive and excellent a magazine, for only $2. C. B. SMITH.

Anacostia, D. C.

HEROIC LIVES *IN THE* FROZEN NORTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

To convey missionaries and goods from San Francisco to Alaska, as the various transportation companies have combined, and freight has constantly increased until the charges now amount to sixty per cent. of the actual cost of the goods purchased. As the Mission has had a large deficit regularly for several years, a steamer cannot be afforded.

Any reader wishing to assist this valuable mission work can do so by addressing Rev. Paul de Schweinitz, at Bethlehem, Pa. Our photographs are supplied by Mr. Schoechert, and will give the reader an idea of the Mission and its surroundings, and the class of natives among whom this Gospel work is conducted. The photographs were taken under peculiar difficulties, but are, nevertheless, remarkably clear and instructive.

MISSIONARY SCHOECHERT AND FAMILY

A GROUP OF NATIVE SCHOOL CHILDREN

Chapter 4, verses 1-11, of the Gospel according to Matthew, in Alaska Eskimo Hieroglyphics

LEARNED, BUT NOT WISE

PAUL AT ATHENS

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR FEB. 1 ACTS 17: 22-34

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—ACTS 17: 18: "HE PREACHED UNTO THEM JESUS AND THE RESURRECTION"

I AM an Athenian, who used to be very proud of my own learning and the culture of my city, which, in the age of Pericles, produced the greatest harvest of eloquence, literature and art that was ever produced by a city of equal population in any equal time. Many of us spent nearly all our waking hours talking philosophy, while our slaves worked for us. We were so busy making theories of the universe that we never stopped to argue whether slaves and women had any rights, although in former times we had dethroned kings and made great boasts of our liberty as a republic. Our Supreme Court, elected by ourselves, was called the Areopagus. When Rome conquered us, because we had been weakened by vices, in spite of our beautiful statues, the conquerors let us keep our Areopagus and govern ourselves in small matters, subject to the Roman Emperor's veto. I was one of the members of this Supreme Court and proud of my office as an Areopagite, and yet more of my city's fame for learning and philosophy; but it was a city full of idols, and, with all our study, we had not given up the worship of images. Many of the learned were sceptical about their alleged power to hurt or help, but we all thought the fear of the gods was a good thing to restrain the evil passions of the common people. Whenever a plague or other disaster came on us, we offered sacrifices to one idol after another, not knowing which one we had offended, and once, when the plague still continued, we set up an altar "To the Unknown God," supposing some God for whom we had no image—perhaps the God of the Jews, for whom no images were made by them—might have been offended.

One day a man named Paul came to our city, and told a few of us in the public square about this unseen God, and how he had sent his Son to this world to proclaim his love and law. This was something new, and the philosophers crowded around in curiosity, more than could hear well in the street, and so we invited Paul to speak in the Areopagus, where, on a hill and in the open air, many could hear distinctly.

Paul began very politely by telling us he had noticed we gave much time and money to religion. He was especially impressed that we had made idols to represent not only the gods we knew about, but also one altar for any "Unknown God whom we might have overlooked." But he was courageous as well as courteous, and presently showed us that although we were very religious, we were also very foolish and even ignorant, in supposing an image that men had made, had made men and all things else in the world. He proclaimed the "Unknown God" as One unseen, Creator of nature, controller of nations, friend of every man. He told us God would judge us lightly for our idolatries while he was unknown, but now that he was made known, all must repent and turn in loving loyalty to the Son of God, Jesus Christ, whom God had proclaimed to be his own Son, and also our Judge, by raising from the dead. When he spoke of repentance and resurrection all the other members of the Areopagus burst into derisive laughter, and cried out, "No more of that nonsense about the dead coming back to life, and about philosophers repeating like common sinners." But I felt that Paul's words were true. Our contradictory doctrines about the idols had never satisfied my reason, and prayers to them had brought no pardon or peace to my heart. I knew I was sinful, and what Paul said of the Creator as my Father, and of Jesus Christ as my elder brother, and of all men my brothers, seemed to be the very truth. While the other judges hurried away in disgust, I stopped to grasp the hand of Paul and thank him. Damaris, a woman, also lingered to express her faith. A few others, lowly people, heard Paul in private conversations and believed, but the crowds left him, and there were not enough believers to form a church, though we met together in our homes. We tried to persuade others, but those we won were mostly slaves and peasants. Pride of intellect proved a barrier to the Gospel, harder to overcome than vice itself. But what a joy the story of the true God and of Jesus proved to those of us who believed!

From the painting by Raphael

"WHEN THEY HEARD OF THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD, SOME MOCKED"

Illustration and Application

1. God unknown, vv. 22, 23. 2. God made known as Creator, vv. 24, 25. 3. As Ruler of nations, vv. 26, 27. 4. As our Father: approached by repentance and faith, vv. 28-31. Will you be like those who rejected God, or those who postponed, or those who believed?

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are very religious (American Revision). Here we have a lesson in manners, which are closely related to morals. "Be courteous" (I. Peter 3: 8), is one of the Bible commands too much overlooked by those Christians who have associated politeness with frivolity. Preachers, teachers, missionaries, all of us, will be able to do more good to others, if we, first of all, commend whatever we can find in them, in any way, worthy of praise. But what history tells us of others at this period, is an impressive reminder that people may be "very religious," and yet very immoral. They may be "very religious," while God is really "unknown." This is true not alone of those who worship idols of stone, but also of those whose worship is as dead, even though it may also be as beautiful as an Athenian idol (Ezekiel 11: 19). The story of Diogenes, reminds us that it was "easier to find a god than an honest man in Athens." Even in our Christian cities, it is easier to find church members than Christlike lives. "Lord, is it I?"

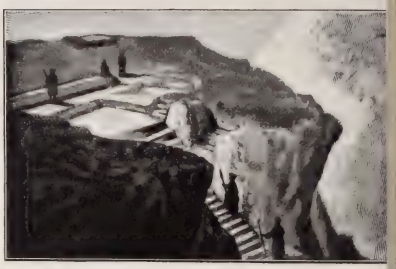
I found an altar with this inscription, "To an Unknown God." The Athenian hospitality that kept "open house" for all gods, and a "vacant chair" for any one they might not have heard of, and so might not have honored with an image, was a case of excessive tolerance, in striking contrast with the bigotry of the Thessalonian Jews, who had driven Paul from their own city, and even from Berea, because they would not even hear some new truth about the one God they thought was known to them, but who was really as much an "unknown God" to them as to the idolatrous Athenians. We are in deeper guilt, if knowing God, we refuse him the love and obedience that we admit to be his due as our Father and King. Ours is the greater sin, if we neglect the altar to a God made known.

> For what are men better than sheep or goats,
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer,
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend.
> —TENNYSON: *Idyls of the King.*

Perhaps some consideration for the unseen God that the Jews worshiped in Grecian cities may have prompted that Athenian altar without an image, which so providentially prepared the way for Paul's proclamation of an invisible God, even as the destruction of idols by the natives of Hawaii preceded and prepared the way for the American missionaries. The tradition is that Epimenides of Crete, a heathen seer, being called to Athens during a great plague, erected this altar to the "unknown God," whose wrath it was supposed was resting on the city. Several such inscriptions have been found on old altars, in pathetic contrast to the abundant comfort which the Bible brings to those in distress to-day, who can say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." What a contrast, that Athenian plague to that hour when a supreme calamity befell our country in the assassination of Lincoln, when Garfield stood among the pallid brokers of Wall street, beside the statue of Washington, and said, with the solemnity of a prophet, "The Lord reigns"—words that again were taken up to express the nation's faith when Garfield fell. Not by an altar "to an unknown God" do we stand to pray in public or private grief, but we look up confidently to him who has shown us the Father.

God that made the world. To us these words are a commonplace, for there is scarcely an atheist left in the civilized world, so clearly has design, order and progress in nature proclaimed one Master Mind behind it all. But nearly all those learned Athenians whom Paul addressed, although they gave nearly all their time to study, thought the world was made and managed by a crowd of gods that did not even co-operate, one of many historic illustrations of the fact that it is one thing to be learned and quite another to be wise, which found another illustration in the numerous agnostics of a few years ago, whose very name was borrowed by Huxley from the Greek inscription *Agnosto Theo*, "to an unknown God."

These modern agnostics had no altar, and ignored God in their interpretations of the universe, left God out, which is the literal meaning of atheist—without God. And to be without God is to be not only "without hope," but also without a consistent theory of the universe. In the universe these scientists found law, but told us we could not know there was any Lawgiver behind it. They found everywhere evidence of purpose and plan, of adaptations long pursued toward far-off ends; they found in man thought and love and will; but denied that there was purpose in the First Cause of all this, as if one could put hot and lifeless mud into a mill and bring out of it the brain of a Shakespeare. That sort of learning has been beaten by common sense, and there are to-day very few scientists of high rank whose theory of the world leaves God out. Those agnostics of the near past, on finding the rudest arrowhead of stone in a gravel bed, where not a human bone or other trace of man was to be found, were sure that human mind had shaped the stone; but when they found in nature nearly all the tools and machines that man has unconsciously copied, "thinking God's thoughts after him," they could see in them no proof that Mind made the world, or that man is the child of that Creator.



MARS' HILL, ATHENS

Many young students, too busy with games to know of the recent movement from doubt to faith in the scientific world—we are teaching this lesson with young men's classes in mind—need to be reminded that the mechanical theory of the universe is utterly discredited and packed away with agnosticism in the old curiosity shop of learned follies. In the words of President Schurman, of Cornell University, once counted an agnostic himself: "The conception of God as spiritual and not mechanical; as immanent not external; as working by law not by caprice, and with steady, infinite patience, not by catastrophic outbursts; as adumbrated in nature and revealed in the moral and spiritual qualities of man who is the goal of evolution and the epitome of existence; is not this conception, in combination with the Divine Fatherhood (which is the essence of Christianity), taking possession of the best spirits of the modern world and dislodging the agnosticism by which it was preceded and by which, in a sense it was originated?" (*Agnosticism and Religion*, Scribner's.)

In these last words there is a hint of what those who have always been orthodox should gratefully recognize, that God has providentially used the work of agnostic scientists, who seemed to be destroying the doctrine of God, to magnify and strengthen it. Paley compared the world to a watch, which must have had a maker; but to-day we compare the universe to a watch factory, in which the manufacturer works, not only through other minds but through wonderful machinery, which being once started, can turn out wonderful products all by itself as a secondary cause.

[We believe that even children can follow Paul's argument for God, and the watch argument, but if it were not so, this discussion is not out of place in this Sunday School page, for we remember, what some who address the whole school in "baby talk" forget, that there are young men's classes, and would be more, if great themes were manfully discussed. This lesson can, however, be simplified for children, who easily understand that some one must have made our beautiful world.]

Hath made of one blood all nations of men. God's control is declared to extend not alone to mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, but also to political kingdoms, whose national boundaries God determines. It is said that Gibbon, though a sceptic, when he had finished his great history of the *Decline and Fall of Rome*, expressed his profound feeling that a mighty unseen Hand had controlled the world tragedy he had described.

> This world's no blot for us, nor blank;
> It means intensely and means good.—BROWNING.

He is not far from each one of us. For in him we live, "God is never so far off as even to be near."

> Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

The ever-pulsing heart is God moving in us. We abide in him and he in us. He is, therefore, "an ever-present help in every time of trouble." This was strange doctrine to those who externalized their God in stone images, but even to-day we are too apt to think we must ascend into heaven to bring God down.

For Bible Lovers

We are to-day in receipt of the *Bible Dictionary*, and I am very happy to say that it more than meets my expectations. It is something that no student, or real lover of the Word of God, can afford to be without. A. AUGUSTA CONANT.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

A Story of Anthracite

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Heritage," "Famous Remington's Battles," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

In the Shadow of the Culm-Pile

IT was not until a week later that Jimmy Boyton, still bearing the scars of his injuries, was able to report for duty at the company's office, but in the meantime a number of unusual things had happened. The doctor who had been hastily summoned to attend to him immediately after the assault, had found him a mass of cuts and bruises, but, luckily, with o bones broken. He had dressed the injuries, and then accompanied him home in President Carver's carriage.

There Jimmy was put to bed, and the doctor had taken a look at his brother and mother, diagnosing their trouble at a glance—as, indeed, a much less skilful physician could have done—and left some medicine for them. He was shaking his head in the privacy of the carriage as he drove away again, and he must have made a report to his employer that was far from rose-colored, for presently the carriage drove into Poverty Row a second time, and from it was unloaded all sorts of surprising things—bed clothing of a fineness and food of a delicacy hitherto unknown in that little cottage—and finally came a stout, cheery-faced Irish girl, who announced that her name was Polly O'Brien, and that she had been sent to nurse the "childer," which term she evidently understood to include Mrs. Boyton.

She proceeded at once to make herself very much at home. It was almost magical the transformation she wrought in the hut's interior, and Jimmy, waking the next day from the fever that had chained him, imagined that he must be dreaming. And then the food! What delicious surprises Polly prepared for him and Tommy—what wonders of appetizing dishes to ravish the palate accustomed to side-meat and corn-bread! And not for the children only, but for their mother, too, until it seemed that new life had been breathed into all three.

I suspect that Polly knew another specific, too—the value of a cheery smile and a merry word, which so many people seem to forget. So passers-by in Poverty Row were astonished by the unaccustomed sound of ringing, heart-whole laughter issuing from one of the least-inviting houses, and stopped to have the mystery explained to them. To Jimmy, such a cheerful outlook upon life was a revelation, and his whole being warmed and expanded under it.

So it was a very thankful boy who, a week later, having said good-by to Polly, not without tears, entered for a third time the office of the company, and the secretary, looking down from his desk, addressed him in the very same words he had used once before.

"Why, hello, youngster? Where did you come from?"

"If y' please, sir, I'm ready t' go t' work," said Jimmy, blushing, very red at the secretary's scrutiny.

"Oh, come now," began Sam, swinging himself down from his stool, "don't you think you'd better rest another week? You're still looking rather done up."

"I'm all right ag'in," protested the boy. 'I want t' go t' work right away. Indeed, I do, sir."

"Your salary began a week ago, you know," observed Sam; "your staying away another week wouldn't make any difference."

"Yes, I know, sir," answered Jimmy simply; "that's th' reason I want t' go t' work, sir."

The other looked at him for a moment with a queer light in his eyes.

"Very well, then," he said, at last, and he opened the gate in the railing and motioned the boy in. "You're to be messenger boy for the office. Can you read?"

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"N—no, sir," stammered Jimmy, with downcast face, seeing the rosy future already slipping away from him. "That is, not much. Y' see, I only got t' go t' school a year an' a half. A feller can't learn much in that time."

"No, a fellow can't learn much in that time," assented Sam, "no matter how hard he tries. Now, how old are you, Jimmy; honor bright?"

"I was nine last April," said the boy, slowly: "But I'm mighty strong fer my age," he added defiantly.

"I'm glad of that," said Sam, looking down at him with a little smile, "and we'll see if we can't arrange for a little more schooling after awhile. It won't make any difference just now," he went on, seeing the boy's downcast face. "All you'll have to do is to carry messages around and bring others back. If anybody tries to stop you, you must call on the nearest soldier or policeman—they're bound to help you. Now this envelope goes over to the office of the Springbank Company. You know where that is?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the boy, who, indeed, knew the field quite accurately for many miles around, for he and his brother had spent many days wandering about it in that happier time when their father was alive.

"Well, you will ask for Mr. Johnston and give this letter to him. Tell him you will wait for an answer."

Jimmy took the letter and sallied forth, and so began his duties as messenger and office boy. They were neither fatiguing nor confining, and it seemed to him that he was very far from earning his dollar-a-day wage. Nor was he troubled in the performance of his duties by the other boys; Simms had taught them an emphatic and unforgetable lesson. Mr. Carver, however, seemed to have forgotten him, save for a friendly nod in passing, now and then; but Jimmy worshiped him from a distance, and longed for an opportunity to prove his devotion.

"A MAN IN UNIFORM TURNED QUICKLY AS THEY ENTERED"

Indeed, it was not wonderful that Mr. Carver should forget such a little thing as his new office-boy, for he had many bigger and more pressing ones to worry him. As the weeks passed, the struggle between men and operators grew more bitter; hunger began to pinch the men, despite the help tendered by other labor organizations; the public demanded coal, and the operators knew that they must produce it somehow, at whatever cost. Although the chiefs of the Union did everything in their power to restrain the men, and to persuade them from acts of violence, outbreaks of various kinds became increasingly frequent. To the men, it was a struggle for existence; small wonder, then, that at times their passions got the upper hand and urged them on to deeds which they afterward regretted! An empty stomach, the knowledge that wife and children are hungry—these things do not tend to make men law-abiding. Besides, to many of them, unlettered, ignorant of the great world, the "company"—the combination which controlled the anthracite fields—seemed an insatiable, all-devouring monster, intent on draining away their very life-blood, denying them even bread to eat. To attack this monster with fire and dynamite—with anything that would wound and cripple it—seemed to them both just and right! At last, came the expected appeal to the Governor of the State for protection, and five thousand men in blue uniforms, with glittering muskets on their shoulders, and ball cartridges in their belts, marched into the coal fields.

For a week or two after that, everything was quiet. Even the more desperate among the miners were awed by this display of force—which, indeed, was the only thing that could impress them. For many of them, it was the only effective argument. Untutored, governed only by their own wild passions, they had come straight from the military despotisms of the Old World, where levelled bayonets and muskets loaded with ball were the certain rewards of insurrection. But as the days passed, word ran among them that these men in blue were not like the soldiers of the Old World—that men had hearts, consciences—they would not ruthlessly shoot down their fellowmen, their brothers. The impression grew and grew, and the strikers gradually became bolder.

Many things were occurring to vex them. Under protection of the militia, a number of non-union men had been brought into the fields, and two or three of the collieries had been started up again. New pumpmen and engineers were secured to keep the workings free from water. To be sure, the output was not a hundredth part of what it normally would have been; the miners knew that without them it was utterly impossible to supply the market, whatever boasts to the contrary the operators might make; their leaders were doing everything in their power to preserve peace, realizing the importance of having public sympathy with them; and yet it was not wonderful that under constant dread and aggravation, the men sometimes lost their tempers and took the law into their own hands.

Among the great body of better-class Americans, sitting comfortably at the breakfast table, reading the morning paper, it was inevitable that a feeling of antipathy to the miners should grow up. Every piece of lawlessness was reported carefully to the newspapers and given an importance which it did not really deserve, for an army of correspondents had been sent into the fields for that very purpose. The papers controlled by the syndicate—and, directly and indirectly, there was a great number of them—did everything they could to influence public sentiment by subtly-worded dispatches and editorials. Besides, the better-class American was conscious that his coal-cellar was empty, that it could not be filled except at great outlay, and that winter was almost at hand. So it was quite natural that he should look askance upon the strikers.

Not so the great body of toilers throughout the land—the millions of men who earned their bread by the labor of their hands. They knew that the miners' battle was also their battle; they knew that it was a fight for existence, and they did not wonder that in such a fight men should sometimes lose their self-control. In every labor lodge from east to west, a sum of money was set aside to be sent monthly to the miners' Union, to provide the men with food until the fight was won

Meanwhile, in the fields the mutterings grew louder and more threatening; more troops were called out, until the whole militia force of Pennsylvania was on the ground. The public was wearying of the strike. It demanded either that the operators produce coal with non-union men, now that they had ample protection, or that they come to an agreement with the Union. The operators determined to make a mighty effort to satisfy the first of these demands.

As Jimmy left his work one evening and, in the gathering darkness, skirted the great pile of culm that overshadowed Poverty Row, he came suddenly upon a little group of men, talking together in low tones. He was about to pass on, when a sentence which just reached his ear, brought him to a halt, with fast-beating heart.

"So they're goin' t' start th' Carver t'morrer," said one of the men.

"That's what they say."

There was a moment's silence, and the boy sank farther back among the heaps of slate and stone.

"Well, we kin stop thet, I reckon," said the first speaker, at last.

The others laughed in concert—not a pleasant laugh.

"Yes, I reckon we kin," agreed one of them.

"Well, pass th' word aroun'," continued the other. "Say th' old place at nine t'night."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

E. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ... Subscription ... $1.00 ... Foreign Postage. ... Expiration of Subscriptions.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends. ... Subscriptions may commence with any issue. Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Remittances ... Change of Date. ... Change of Address.—Give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address. ... Entered at the Postoffice, New York, as Second-class Matter

Church Progress in 1902

THE church census to which we called attention on this page recently, now has a new basis of comparison, in the statistics of the churches, a statement of which, prepared by Dr. H. K. Carroll, is published by the *Christian Advocate*. From this, it appears that the aggregate membership of the churches of all denominations in the United States is 28,689,028 which, if the population has increased at its normal rate since the census of 1900, is about thirty-eight per cent. There are 194,116 churches and 147,113 ministers.

The net gain during the year is not so large proportionately as in 1901. The gain in church membership is 403,743, or on an average of about one and a-half per cent., which would imply that the number of church members at the beginning of 1903, bears a smaller proportion to the whole population than it did at the beginning of 1902. The chief difference is in the Roman Catholic Church, which, in 1901, reported a net gain of 473,083, and in 1902, of only 120,634. The Methodists, on the other hand, who, in 1901, had a gain of 50,151, had in 1902 a gain of 98,184. The Presbyterians show a gain in 1902 of 30,001, as against 20,615 in 1901, and the Congregationalists a gain in 1902 of 13,330, as against 3,475 in 1901. Taking away from the list the figures of Jews, Roman Catholics, Mormons and Dowieites, it appears that the other denominations have more communicants at the beginning of 1903, than they had at the beginning of 1902, by 114,930. The same denominations report an increase of 972 church buildings during the year, of which 442 were added by the various branches of the Methodist church.

On the whole, while the report is not so encouraging as last year, it is not so discouraging as the pessimists would have us believe. It should incite to new energy, increased consecration, and more fervent prayer, that the Lord of the harvest may more abundantly bless the labors of his servants during the year on which we have entered, and that, as in the early days of Christianity, the Lord may add to the Church day by day such as are being saved.

The Rich Young Man

RICH young Mr. Rockefeller, who conducts a Bible Class for men, in connection with the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, has lately been made the target for some very sharp criticism in consequence of his efforts to serve in the ranks of Christian workers. These critics have taunted him with his youth and inexperience, and have declared it to be impossible for a fashionable young millionaire, son of a multi-millionaire, to divest himself of the exclusiveness peculiar to his class, and to feel that sympathy for the sinner, which is essential to the effective presentation of the Gospel. It is a spectacle for laughter, they say, to witness the son of the richest man on earth expounding the doctrines and interpreting the words of the lowly Nazarene.

From the very facts of the case, these critics argue, young Mr. Rockefeller can know but little of human suffering or of the moral and social conditions surrounding the lives of the poor, since he himself does not come into actual personal contact with those conditions. Therefore, they hold, he must necessarily be insincere and incapacitated to lead others into the Christian life; and the fulsome adulation with which he is loaded by the newspapers only proves that they have no perception of the true bearings of the matter.

We expect to find criticism of this character, which is at once illogical and unjust. If the critics had confined the reckless to young Mr. Rockefeller's inexperience, they might have stood on unassailable ground; but there is no reason whatsoever to impugn his sincerity. Hypocrite he certainly is not. He has shown a courage and straightforwardness in his Bible class work that are admirable, and all the more so because we consider that it requires unusual courage for a young man of great wealth and high social position to decide openly for Christ, as he has done.

It is a profound mistake to imagine a young person, or any person, that the possession of wealth and social distinction is largely or at all barred from rendering acceptable Christian service. It is only when the individual sets up his riches and bonds and estates as a barrier between his Maker and himself, that riches become a curse, and the owner's heart is hardened against God. Sacred and secular history is full of instances of the splendid services rendered by men and women who consecrated their wealth and energies to the cause of religion, and the uplifting of the human race. And in no single instance was the sincerity of their religious profession, or their purity of purpose ever successfully assailed. The world is all the better for such characters, and they should receive its cordial welcome and co-operation, rather than its harsh and cynical abuse.

Young Mr. Rockefeller has really nothing to fear from his present critics. They are not Christians, for they do not show the spirit of Christ. If they were Christians, they would encourage him in well-doing, and help rather than hinder him. They are merely cheap sensationalists. Let him not turn aside from his work, but rather labor to broaden and deepen it. Great as his wealth may be, he will find ample opportunity for its employment. He may do much, if he will. Bunyan's "man with the muck-rake," who was so completely engrossed with his work of accumulating dirt and straw, that he could not see the shining One, who held above his head a rich prize to be had for the taking, was a type of the man who, neglecting all else, gives up soul and body to the gathering of wealth. Hard may be the struggle of the rich who desire to enter the Kingdom; but the harder it is, the greater is the victory.

The President and the Trusts

WHEN the government of a nation voluntarily assumes, with every evidence of sincerity, the task of conducting a great reform, the average citizen may well be pardoned if he indulge the hope that some substantial public benefit at least may come from such promising conditions. This is the attitude of the American people at the present time on the trust question. They are looking to the President and his advisers—not to any party, but to those who have sufficient patriotism and public spirit to discern what is for the country's best interests—to employ all the influence of the administration to secure the passage by Congress of legislation to regulate the trusts.

This demand is an outcome of the cumulative experience of the last two years, and more particularly of the last six months, culminating in the oppressive coal famine.

There will, unquestionably, be a very great deal of partisan talk over the legislative measure proposed by the President and formulated by the Attorney-General, as a brief of recommendation for the Judiciary Committee of the Senate and House. Attempts will be made to have the proposed measure seem a party issue. It is so in no sense whatsoever; it is the inevitable result of conditions which were superior to all the parties, and which have been wisely recognized by the administration as indicating an imperative public necessity. This view is now accepted by the broadest-minded men in public life today. All who have the faculty of discerning the tendencies of the times, acknowledge the need of a wise and comprehensive law to suppress "predatory competition," and to check the growth of monopolies that are fast getting beyond national control.

It will be a long fight, and one that will not be concluded in a single session. As a preliminary step, it is proposed to establish a Department of Commerce, with jurisdiction over all concerns engaged in interstate or foreign trade. States must themselves regulate the monopolies within their own borders. As to the urgent existing cases, special provision is to be made for their trial under the present Anti-Trust Law.

This is the exact situation, up to date, and it is by no means discouraging. If the President continues, as we believe he will, to keep the public interest steadily in view as the paramount issue, there can be little doubt as to the final outcome. It will soon become convincingly clear to the politicians, that all party interests must stand aside, in order that the reform demanded by the nation and promised by the President may be made a part of the statute law of the land.

* * *

Rev. Dr. ARTHUR CRANE, the evangelist, has lately been conducting a series of successful union meetings in Kansas and Ocala, Fla. He leaves for London, England, in January, to conduct evangelistic services there.

30,000,000 STAND FOR TEMPERANCE

Splendid Progress Reported in the National Crusade Against Intoxicating Drinks

To the Editor of The Christian Herald:

TWO articles which appeared recently in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, bearing respectively these titles, "An International Disgrace," and "The Shadow of a Great Evil," are well worth a careful reading, because of the facts they contain concerning twin vices. The dangers pointed out are real, not imaginary. Twenty years of pastoral work in this and other large manufacturing towns and cities and six years in reform work, have given the writer opportunity to know whereof he testifies.

It is utterly impossible for any one to give the exact statistics of the increase of drunkenness amongst women during the last seven years; yet the daily press, the records at Bellevue Hospital of the number of women patients in the alcoholic ward and the records of inebriate asylums, all furnish evidence that is conclusive of the fearful prevalence of this growing vice. A visit during the day-time to many restaurants and department stores that provide refreshments, would convince the most sceptical of the prevalence among women of the custom of ordering intoxicating drinks. It is fast becoming a conviction with many, that these restaurants, etc., are simply fashionable drinking-places for women. Besides, the grocery stores that sell the vile stuff for "family use" are doing untold injury, to say nothing of the "bottle stores," where liquor is sold by the bottle to be taken home, or drunk in a back room of the store.

But let me give a few facts on the other side of the question. I consider that the outlook for temperance reform never was so bright as at the present moment, for the following reasons:

1st. That in spite of pessimistic declarations concerning the failure of prohibition to prohibit, and that "people drink on the sly," there never were so many total abstainers in our country as at this moment.

2d. That there is not a Christian denomination or church which has not denounced drinking and drunkenness in the strongest conceivable terms.

3d. That many religious bodies now appoint certain ministers as their representatives to devote all their time and energies to the promotion of temperance.

4th. That there are now no less than twelve national organizations for carrying on the different departments of temperance reform. In August, 1901, twelve national organizations sent delegates to a conference called by the National Temperance Society of New York, to be held in connection with the World's Fair in Buffalo.

5th. That there is not a State in the Union where scientific temperance is not taught in the public schools, in accordance with mandatory law. Twenty-six million children, of school age, are being warned of the danger from alcoholic drinks. They are the coming American citizens.

6th. That there is not a single American railroad company which will employ a man if they know that he drinks, either on duty or off. Leading business men are also coming around to the same position.

7th. Insurance men are all refusing to insure men engaged in the manufacturing and use of intoxicating drinks, and in cases where they do insure such men, they are all charging heavier rates.

The National Temperance Society, with headquarters in this city, at 3 West 18th street, began nearly two years ago to make preparations for a World-wide Twentieth Century Pledge-Signing Crusade. On Sunday, Nov. 23, last, the Crusade was inaugurated all over the English speaking world. Reports show vast accessions to the total abstinence ranks. The same society has sent out over 2,000,000 temperance pledges since Oct. 20th last, and 350,000 leaflets, and 45,000 circulars, and a great mass of temperance literature besides has appeared in over one hundred newspapers. Lastly, the following facts gathered by the General Secretary of the National Temperance Society from the various State Auditors speak for themselves.

Alabama now has local option in 50 out of 66 counties; Arkansas 50 out of 75 counties; California 175 towns and cities; Colorado 50 towns and cities; Connecticut 75 out of 125 towns; Delaware half the State; Florida 30 out of 45 counties; Georgia all of the State, except 4 cities; Illinois 650 towns and cities; Indiana 140 towns; Iowa all of the State, except 25 cities; Kentucky 90 out of 119 counties; Louisiana 20 out of 59 counties; Maryland 15 out of 24 counties; Massachusetts 125 out of 175 towns; Michigan 400 towns and cities; Minnesota 400 towns and cities; Mississippi 71 out of 75 counties; Missouri 84 out of 115 counties; Nebraska 250 towns and cities; New Jersey 200 towns and cities; New York 700 towns and cities; North Carolina 60 out of 90 counties; Ohio 500 towns and cities; Pennsylvania 600 towns and cities and 20 counties; Rhode Island 20 towns and cities; South Carolina all the State, except 10 cities; Tennessee 70 out of 96 counties; Texas 120 out of 246 counties; Virginia 55 out of 106 counties; West Virginia 40 out of 54 counties; Washington 50 towns and cities; Wisconsin 300 towns and cities.

It is estimated that 30,000,000 of our people in these numerous towns, cities, and counties and States are living under prohibition in some form. For these and many other reasons that might be mentioned, I repeat that the outlook for Temperance Reform was never brighter than it is at the present moment.

HERVEY WOOD,
Field Secretary, National Temperance Society.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST C. H. YATMAN has lately been conducting a series of most successful services in the Willes Wood Theatre, Kansas City, under Y. M. C. A. auspices.

—EVANGELIST L. SHELLHORN, of Ashland, N. J., is conducting a series of meetings at Pocono Lake, Pa. The audiences are large, and good spiritual results are noted.

—EVANGELIST ROBERT L. LAYFIELD and wife, of Kansas City, have just closed successful meetings with the churches of Howard, Kans. The meetings were held in the Court House. Christians were revived, souls saved, and God glorified.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Controlling the Nile

TOMORROW will it be before the ceremony performed recently will be forgotten in Egypt. When the Duchess of Connaught, sister-in-law of King Edward, laid the last stone of the mighty wall that crosses the Nile at Assouan, she put the crown to the work which will tranform a large section of the country from an arid waste to rich alluvial land. For more than three years ten thousand men have been laboring on that gigantic work. Unexpected difficulties have been encountered, but they have been overcome, and now the massive pile of masonry stands complete, at once a dam, a bridge and a waterway. Its advantage will be understood when it is remembered that Egypt is practically rainless, and that only the narrow strip of land on each side of the river is productive. But that ribbon of soil is the richest in the world. Its entire area is about ten thousand square miles, and it owes its fertility to the fact that every year it is submerged by the overflowing river, which, when it subsides, leaves a deposit of mud. Practical engineers saw that if a dam could be built across the river, a reservoir could be formed, which would retain the Nile water for use after the river fell, and irrigating canals could be dug, which would increase the width of that arable strip of land on each bank. Accordingly, a series of granite piers, extending a mile and a quarter, was erected, having between them openings six inches wide, which can be closed by gates. This wall is at its maximum 130 feet above its foundation, twenty-three feet above the level of the river, and nearly a hundred feet thick at the base. When the gates are closed in January or February, when the river begins to fall, the dam will throw back water for 140 miles, and form a huge lake of 1 thousand million tons of water. This will be retained until the parching heats of summer, when the gates will be gradually opened and the priceless water will enter the irrigating canals. The cost of the work has been over twelve million dollars, but it is estimated that its results will pay for it in a single year, and that it will permanently add nearly two million dollars a year to the revenues of the Egyptian government, besides enriching the occupiers of a million and a half acres of land formerly worthless. Besides this advantage, the river, which was formerly closed to navigation during a greater part of the year, will now be navigable all the year round, and the trouble of dragging craft over the cataracts will be avoided. It is marvelous that a work so clearly beneficial to the country was not done centuries ago. The men who built the Pyramids could have built the dam, and there is evidence that more than four thousand years ago the advantages of it were pointed out to the Pharaohs. Yet year by year, the life-giving waters, so sorely needed, have been left to run uselessly to the sea. It is so in spiritual matters. God has made ample provision for the salvation of the whole world, but men do not avail themselves of it.

From Black and White

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT LAYING THE LAST STONE OF THE GREAT NILE DAM

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing (Psalm 145: 16).

A Cruise on an Ice-Floe

A citizen of St. Louis, Mo., had a thrilling experience a few days ago. He had become despondent, and determined to commit suicide. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, he jumped into the river. The shock of the icy water worked a quick change in his intentions, and he struggled desperately to get back to the shore. A large ice-floe passed near him, and he struggled to get upon it. It carried him slowly down the river, striking other floes of ice on its way. The man, fearing that he would be thrown off if he stood up, flung himself prone on the ice, trying vigorously to retain his hold upon it. He could not see the shore, and had lost the points of the compass, and was unable to tell whether he was floating out or toward the shore. The slush ice, and many other big cakes surrounded him. As he grew more numb with the cold, he began to lose hope of reaching the shore. He simply clung to his icecake, now and then crying out feebly for help. For three hours he was on the ice. When broad daylight came, he saw that by extremely careful work he could make his way to the solid ice, his cake having become lodged against other chunks in such a manner that there was a precarious bridge. He slowly crawled over the grinding ice-floe, and reached the solid ice near the shore. Upon land again, he sank to the ground exhausted, and there he was discovered by a policeman, who took him to a place of shelter. How strange that he made such great effort to save the life that only a short time before he was so ready to fling away! How many there must be, who are throwing away their souls, who will in the end similarly deplore their folly and long for the salvation which now they despise.

Ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears (Heb. 12: 17).

An Ancient Statute Book

Professor Hugo Winckler, of the University of Berlin, has been engaged for several months in deciphering an ancient inscription on a block of stone which was found near Susa, the former capital of Persia. Prof. de Morgan, who has charge of the French Archæological expedition, disinterred the block from the ruins of an ancient royal palace and submitted it for examination to the eminent Orientalist. Prof. Winckler is convinced that the inscription upon the stone is the most ancient code of law in existence, antedating even that of Moses. It bears the name of King Hammurabi, whom Prof. Winckler identifies with Amraphal mentioned in Genesis 14: 1, who was contemporary with Abraham. The inscription is in sixteen columns and in the cuneiform character. Part of it has been defaced, but sufficient of it remains to show the character of the statutes. It is a civil code enacting penalties for various offences, chiefly concerned with the rights of property. The ancient rule of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," characteristic of the Mosaic code, is observed, but there is an absence of the just and merciful provisions of that code. That was to be expected. Left to himself, man's laws for men have little of mercy in them. From God alone came the light of love and mercy to Moses, which in our dispensation attains its full revelation.

The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ (John 1: 17).

Curing Heart Disease

A series of singular experiments has convinced a Chicago physician that it is possible to apply remedies to the heart of a patient, when the heart is affected. He uses a fine, hollow gold needle, about eight inches long, which he calls an organotone. This he inserts between the ribs, so that its point will just puncture the heart. Attached to the organotone is a tube through which his remedies are injected. Hitherto he has operated only on animals, but so successful has the treatment proved, that he says he shall have no hesitation in using it with human patients. One of his associates, who has aided him in his experiments, is absolutely convinced that the effects of the treatment will be far superior to any quantity of medicine administered by the mouth. He says that the heart continues its beat after it has been punctured, and responds quickly to the remedies thus applied. The remedies the doctor inserts doubtless vary according to the nature of the disease of the organ, and that disease must be physical. If he had a remedy for hard hearts, there are innumerable cases on which it would be well for him to operate. For them there is no remedy in human skill, but even those God promises to change:

I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh (Ezek. 11: 19).

Houses Fall Into a Mine

There was widespread consternation in the town of Olyphant, Penn., on January 2, when a large section of one of its principal streets sank bodily into a yawning pit. The first sign of the approaching catastrophe was a working of the pavement. The telegraph poles and some trees on the edge of the curb began to quiver. Soon the middle of the street fell in, leaving a huge fissure. Then a hotel immediately in front of the gap fell forward, and, turning a somersault, pitched into the chasm, alighting roof downward. One after another, adjoining houses slipped from their foundations and plunged headlong into the opening. In half an hour from the first sign of the trouble, there was a huge hole, where shortly before stood the hotel and the houses. Happily, the signs of the cave-in were observed in time for the inmates to make their escape. Two sick persons in the hotel were hastily roused from their beds, and were carried to a place of safety, and all the other inhabitants hurried away without attempting to save any of their effects. It appears that the roof of a mine underneath that part of the town had been supported by timbers, which had rotted through. Above them was a thin layer of sand and soil on which the hotel and houses were built. It is a pity the people did not know how insecure were the foundations on which their houses were built, so that they might have saved their valuables and household effects. Perhaps if they had known, they would not have moved: men do not seek salvation for their souls though they know that any day the body, that they value so much more, may crumble into dust.

The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever (I. John 2: 17).

BRIEF NOTES

The group of school buildings at Tokyo, Japan, maintained by the Missionary Association of Philadelphia Friends, has been destroyed by fire.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, appointed in succession to the late Dr. Temple is Dr. Randall T. Davidson, who has been Bishop of Winchester since 1895.

One of the young women who caused a sensation some time ago by leaving the Christian Endeavor Society for Mormonism, has renounced her new faith and returned to Christianity. She declares that under the Mormon doctrine of spiritual marriage are hidden lives of licentiousness of the most horrible kind.

During the year 1902 there was a marked advance of Protestantism in Austria. During that year 4,216 converts were received from the Roman Catholic Church. It is believed that the number received last year will bring the total up to 21,000. Thirty-eight Protestant Evangelical churches were opened during the year.

Mr. Keir Hardie, the labor leader in the British Parliament, declared in a recent speech that he had been a total abstainer all his life, and that he was convinced from his observation that the key to the problem of the elevation of the workingman was to be found in total abstinence.

The new Missionary Almanac, issued by the American Board, shows that the number of missionaries now laboring in heathen lands is 13,805, of whom 7,334 are women. The number of converts is now 1,443,033, of whom 90,800 were added last year. The number of adherents not yet accepted as church members is 3,208,447.

Miss Helen M. Clark, who has done valuable work among the Chinese and other foreigners living in New York City, needs funds to aid her in continuing the work. Her services in the rescue of women and children from evil lives, deserve the hearty commendation of Christian people, and give her a claim on the generous help of all lovers of humanity.

An Elevating Medium

The "Family Art Gallery" and *The Hall of Fame* are very rich premiums to represent THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. *The Hall of Fame* should be in the hands of every aspiring young person as an elevating medium. The "Lost in the Storm" is my choice of the Art pictures, supported by my entire family. The assortment is calculated to arouse a spirit of charity. DR. H. M. FIELDING.

This book, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2.00. The Art Gallery is free to every subscriber of this paper.

The Girl Who Does Not Want to Marry

I AM sure, if I may judge from the reports of the past, that the girl who does not want to marry is a product of our own times. In bygone days, women hated and loathed the idea of a single life, and dreaded unspeakably the reproach of being styled old maids. It is on record in the Scripture, that in certain contingencies seven women would take hold of one man, crying, "Only let me be called by thy name," and certainly, though this is partly due to the conceit of men, the latter have often complained that they were pursued. A man once said to me, "I am most careful never to pay any marked attention to a girl. I do not wish to raise false hopes in her mind!" He was not a very attractive man, and I resented his remark on behalf of the girls in his social set. But this was several years ago.

. . .

The fact is, that there are many young women to-day who would be most reluctant to give up their independent life, their good salaries, and the comforts they enjoy in their agreeable occupations, for the sake of a husband, whose caprices they must endure, and whose clothing they must mend. They know little of domestic life, because they have gone straight from the schoolroom to the counter or the typewriter, and they have no fitness for managing a home. This, they know.

I think it is the greatest of misfortunes that so large a class as the wage-earning young women of the land compose, should, with few exceptions, be ignorant of practical housewifery, but they are. In the times when women staid at home, and were supported by fathers and brothers, as a matter of course, they were anxious to have a home of their own, and a good man to labor for them, and they did then know how to bear their end of the load.

. . .

Another reason complicates the situation. With their far greater quickness and their power of easy adjustment, young women of the ordinary type who have been to grammar and high school are better educated and better mannered than the men who seek them as wives. The latter had to go to work very early, and have not had time to study the niceties which women like and acquire with ease. The young working girl, especially if she has read novels of romance in her hours of leisure, has dreams of a different and more polished husband from the honest and straightforward fellow who applies for her hand.

"I respect Mr.——," said one such young woman, a stenographer of no mean ability; "he is a good man, and he is doing well, but I cannot bring myself to love him. His trousers are never properly creased, and he wears such horrid ties!"

. . .

The new attitude of young women to marriage inevitably provokes a similar indifference on the part of young men. Something is wrong, and should be set right, for the present prevalent cynicism in young and marriageable people is opposed to nature and reason.

The saving clause, so to speak, in the situation, is the fact that Mother Nature is, and from Eden onward, has been, an inveterate match-maker. Young people, however prudent, however equal to their own support, do fall in love still, in the good old-fashioned way. And then, being in love, objections vanish; the lover is seen through a golden haze, the girl and the man each realize that here is the ideal they have always cherished in their secret hearts. They marry, and in the great majority of cases are happy ever after, as God meant wedded folk to be.

A Second-hand Book Stall

Prowling around among second-hand books in some of the little shops, down town, in New York, one comes upon many a kind of tragedy. Books that have reposed in grandeur on the shelves of rich private libraries sometimes, after their owner's death, reach their last days in the confusion and strange company of the second-hand shop. Here, on the fly-leaf of a book of poems, is the legend, "Fred to Annie," and a date, thirty years ago. Fred to Annie! One is sure she knows just how they looked, Fred, erect, eager-eyed, ambitious; Annie, slim, coquettish, affectionate, stout and silver-haired. Should you meet them to-day, they would not be at all like their youthful selves, and it may be that both are gone, else why is their book here in this trayfull of odds and ends, on the ten-cent tray, that accommodates the rubbish of the stock.

Occasionally, the collector of old books is thrilled at the discovery of treasure in the repository of second-hand volumes. He comes upon excellent sets of standard works at a very low figure, or on rare first editions, or copies of some work now out of print, but still prized by all lovers of literature. And, on the day of such a find, he goes home elated and walking on air.

Only your true book-lover can glean wheat in the sparse fields of the second-hand shop. But the true book-lover does exactly that.

Restful Colors

The ten beautiful pictures are very pleasing. The collection is in good taste. The colors are soft and restful to the eye. Thank you for the "Family Art Gallery," which comes with my year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MRS. J. M. BURGAR.

THE FREE AND THE CAGED

THE little bird in the pretty cage,
Has seed and water and constant care;
Has love for its song's unstinted wage,
And the daintiest sort of daily fare.
Has everything fine for a bird, you see,
But it lives in a prison; it is not free.

The birds that fly in the world outside
Are sometimes very hungry and cold;
But the air is their play-place, clear and wide,
And they range about over field and wold.
They have not dainties, as all may see,
But then, these happy small birds are free!

Heedless Blunders

BY misiake, a husband and wife, in a Western State, partook of oxalic acid, supposing it to be table salt. Both died the same day, though the doctors tried hard to save them. Some years ago in New York, a man of wide fame and profound culture, living most happily, reached out in the dark for a quinine powder, and took instead a dose of strychnine, which had been provided for some vagrant cats in the back yard. He lived only long enough to tell the family of his unintentional mistake.

All poisons should be labelled and kept strictly under lock and key, where it is difficult to find them. No one should ever keep oxalic acid on the shelf with salt. Nor should any one take a drug without first lighting a candle and making sure that it is the proper prescription.

Naphtha, gasoline, and similar inflammable and volatile preparations, largely used for cleansing purposes, should be used by daylight only, and in a room where the windows are open. People who use matches should satisfy themselves by touch that they have ceased to burn, before they throw them aside. Even then, do not throw them upon shavings or waste paper.

Learn to Knit

Fifty years ago, every woman and girl was taught to knit as part of her education. For that matter she was very carefully drilled in hand-sewing. At present there is a revival of interest in the latter accomplishment, and girls are learning to handle the needle again, but comparatively few are taking up knitting-needles with any seriousness of intention.

Young women should become expert knitters, not because they cannot buy many things as cheaply as they can produce them, but with a view to that far-off day which is certain to come in time—the day of old age. To the brightest girl there may, fifty years hence, arrive the day of deafness, when the voices of music shall be brought low, or the day of blindness, when this fair world shall be dim and darkening to twilight or night. To the gayest of us all may come in the far-off time of the future, a period of great loneliness, for "friend after friend departs." When one cannot see well nor hear well, when acquaintances are few and hours drag, there is a great satisfaction in being able to employ the fingers. A good knitter uses hers with the swiftness and precision of an automaton. She sits in the firelight and knits, an embodiment of contentment. *Ennui* is dissipated by the deft motion. Hers is the joy which never pales, the joy of production. She makes something out of, so to speak, nothing, and is, therefore, a creator. And her grandchildren, or her troop of nieces and nephews, in that day that is to be, will vie with one another to wear the mittens and the socks that she will make for them. Please, Goldenhair, take my advice and learn to knit, against the hour of whitened locks.

The most beautiful of jackets, called "sweaters," are hand-knit in these days, and as girls wear them, and their brothers cannot do without them, why should not every young woman buy needles and wool and learn how to make these useful garments.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JOHN. The young lady must not be annoyed. Since your attentions are discouraged, withdraw them.

—EVA DELL. You do not take a man's arm when walking with him, nor does he take yours. Each walks independently.

—JEAME. In going to Europe, carry as little luggage as possible. It is paid for by weight when you travel on the Continent. Take warm wraps for the steamer.

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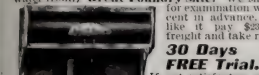

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, welcome! Thousands of little folks are coming now to every "Sunday Hour." We wish we could give every one a prize. But, if we could, there would be no contest, would there? Do not think that because you do not win a prize, all your labor is lost, little friends. Faithful work is never lost. It leaves an impression on character. Little missives, showing how tiny hands struggled with pen and ink and spelt out (printing sometimes), every word have been tenderly and reverently handled at this office; we took comfort, thinking: "Dear children, if you do not get every one a watch or book, you have certainly captured benefits beyond what man can give you in your study of the Word of God."

A word of advice: **Read the rules carefully.** Do not enclose with your answers anything else.

Since December 19, when our first competitions appeared, twelve have been published, making the two in this issue respectively thirteen and fourteen; and as you see they are so numbered. We adopt the consecutive numbering in order that we may be able to classify more expeditiously the thousands of answers received. Please observe the rules about writing "Competition 13" or "Competition 14" on envelopes. Outside and inside your answer should tell at a glance to which Competition it belongs. In "Curious Questions," you should not repeat each question before your answer—state only the number. This saves you some work. We do not want you to toil over them, but simply to entertain yourselves with these puzzles.

COMPETITION 13

What two places mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 13" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the two answers employ but one word—the name of the place you think the picture represents. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name of the place. Read the rules given below.

Competition 14
Curious Questions

1. Which of the Hebrew festivals were women and children required to attend?
2. Who was the first shepherdess?
3. Who wore the first bridal veil?
4. What, according to Scripture, was the first use made of currency?

Write "Competion 14" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 13 and 14 you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objections to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 13" or "Competition 14," as the case may be.* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

Prizes are as follows: For the best answer to "Competition 13," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's; for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book. For the best answer to "Competition 14," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's; for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book.

All answers must be mailed not later than January 26, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks Department,* Bible House, New York.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZE-WINNERS FOR DEC. 24, 1902

Scripture Problem 3, in our issue of Dec. 24, illustrated the meeting of Saul and David (I. Sam. 24: 7-11). "Curious Questions" answers for that number are: 1. Hiram King of Tyre. 2. Habits of the wolf are learned from these texts: Gen. 49: 27; Ezek. 22: 27; Jer. 5: 6; Zeph. 3: 3; Hab. 1: 8; Matt. 7: 15; 10: 16; Luke 10: 3; John 10: 12; Acts 20: 29. 3. Milk of sheep and goats is spoken of; milch kine and milch camels are mentioned; "milk of the Word" occurs I. Peter 2: 2; "milk of the Gentiles," Isa. 60: 16; human milk, the milk of "sea-monsters," and other kinds are indicated but not named. 4. Og, King of Bashan.

Imogene McKown, California, receives the first prize of a silver watch for the best description of the picture, "Scripture Problem 3," Dec. 24; **Rosa A. Goldberg,** Canada, a silver watch as first prize for best answer to "Curious Questions" in that issue. The following each receive a beautiful book:

Second best description of picture in Scripture Problem 3: Austin, Paul, S. C.; Booth, Green, Kans.; Bowden, Ralph, Wis.; Breihan, Lothar, Kans.; Buerstetta, Blanche, Neb.; Calhoon, Marvin, Mo.; Coffman, Carl, Va.; Cowit, Paul, N. Y.; Edmundson, Cathleen, N. C.; Felder, Henry, S.C.; Fouts, Mildred, Ind.; Freeberg, Dorothy, Wis.; Fry, Robert M., N. Y.; Fuller, Leslie, Miss.; Goldberg, Rosa A., Ont.; Curney, Kitty, Can.; Hall, Earle, Ind.; Hoskins, Edith, Neb.; Howard, Winifred, N. Y.; Hultkrans, Hildur E., Minn.; Jeffords, Leo, Vt.; Jones, J. D., Can.; Kernohan, K. J., Me.; Kibler, Helen, O.; Koenig, Ruth, Ind.; Long, R. P., N. Y.; McClintock, E., Mo.; Madison, Hazel E. M., Wash.; Martel, L. H., Mass.; Millett, Marion, Mass.; Morlock, Melva, Ills.; Nelson, Walter, Me.; Osborn, Eugene T., N. Y.; Reid, Grace A., Va.; Reynolds, Helen O., N. J.; Rice, Pansy May, N. Y.; Richardson, Blanche W., Me.; Sammis, Edna A., Conn.; Scholander, Fritfoff, Pa.; Shirley, Bessie, O.; Smith, Leslie, Md.; Stevens, Claude Gibson, Ga.; Stone, Mabel, Wis.; Taylor, Susie V., Md.; Vance, Ruth, Mass.; Vandeburg, Velmar, Cal.; West, Gertrude, Minn.; White, Earl V., Wis.; Workman, Wilma, Neb.; Young, David Herbert, Kans.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions." Allen, Theron S., S. C.; Askins, Maggie, Ky.; Banker, Walter B., N. Y.; Bishop, R. Walter, Conn.; Black, Fred, N. J.; Boyd, Fannie, Vt.; Bump, Emma F., Vt.; Burson, Otelia, Oreg.; Chambers, Ollie, Ind.; Court, Jesse, N. Y.; Crosby, Frank B., Can.; Chapman, Grace, Conn.; Coghill, Miriam, Va.; Colton, William L., N. Y.; Coppan, Ida E., Mich.; Cutter, Florence, Kan.; Davis, Beulah B., Tenn.; Davis, David, Mosetown, O.; Davis, Marie, Ga.; De Revere, Florence, N. Y.; Durfee, Willard A., N. Y.; Erving, Frank C., O.; Flehr, Elmer H., O.; Getman, Marguerite, N. J.; Floyd, Ralph E., Mass.; Green, Herbert Hartin, Ont.; Haywood, Ralph C., Mass.; Johnston, Edgar G., Pa.; Kellogg, Ruth H., Conn.; Larkin, Jennie N., N. D.; Linderman, Dell, Mich.; McFall, Ora, S. C.; McGowen, Lucilla, Ala.; Marshall, Margaret, Tenn.; Neely, Roy W., Pa.; Owens, Irving, Ont.; Parkin, Pearl Grace, Mich.; Peck, Horace Dudley L. I., N. Y.; Pierson, Merle, Wis.; Plannett, Loretta, Mo.; Sauter, Miss Vera, Ill.; Seely, Lulu Belle, Minn.; Seymour, Master Allie, O.; Stahl, Francis C., O.; Steele, John Edward, Can.; Stewart, John T., Pa.; Sutherland, Neal, Neb.; Taylor, Susie V., Md.; Whitcomb, Eleanor M., Wis.; Wren, J. Harold, Va.; Wyeth, Marion, Me.

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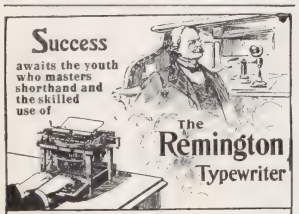

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IOWA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE [illegible]

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

"They've put up a wire fence aroun' th' breaker," remarked a third man.

"Thet don't matter. I've got clippers. Nine t'night, remember."

They nodded assent, and after a moment shuffled away in different directions. Jimmy watched them until they were out of sight, then turned and sped away in the direction of the company office.

CHAPTER V.

At the Breaker

JIMMY BOYTON knew perfectly well what disaster threatened the Carver mine. He had recognized the leader of the conspirators as a big Swede, who had the reputation of being the worst man employed at the Carver shaft, and who had already been concerned in more than one scrape since the strike began, but who had always escaped arrest. Plainly, they intended to destroy the great breaker by fire or dynamite, and so defeat definitely any attempt to start up the mine. Doubtless there were some guards stationed there, but how could they hope to withstand the sudden, unexpected rush of a body of reckless and desperate men?

Thinking of all this in a confused way, the boy sped over the uneven ground, stumbling, falling once or twice, but picking himself up instantly and pressing on. Darkness had come in earnest, and his heart fell within him as he came within sight of the office-building. The windows were dark—there was no one there. He rattled vainly at the door, and then sat down on the sill to consider the next step. If he could find Sam, the secretary—he knew where he boarded — he had carried messages for him more than once—and again he was off as fast as his short legs would carry him.

Ten minutes later, he was knocking at the door of the boarding-house and inquiring for the secretary, but again he was destined to disappointment. Sam had eaten his dinner hastily and had gone out again immediately. He had not said where he was going.

Fate seemed to be against the boy, and again he sat down to formulate some plan of action. If he could get word to Mr. Carver—but Mr. Carver, as he knew, lived half a dozen miles away in a great house back among the trees just outside of Wilkesbarre. He could not hope to reach there until long after nine o'clock. One course remained—he would go to the breaker and warn the men on guard there—at least, they would not be taken by surprise and they might be able to summon aid before the attack was made.

So off he went again, back past the office to make sure the secretary was not there, and then on toward the breaker, half a mile away. He was tired and breathless, but he pressed his elbows tight against his sides and panted forward, for he knew that the hour of the attack must be dangerously near. His love for the man who had helped him in his need, who had given him work, who had spoken to him kindly, who had brought new life to mother and brother, held him up and strengthened him. Now he would have the chance to prove his gratitude!

At last the great breaker loomed ahead, and he made his way forward cautiously. He came to the wire fence and stopped. Right and left, it stretched away from him, rigid, closely-knit, ten feet in height—how to get past it was a question. Of course, there must be a gate somewhere, and he worked his way slowly along looking for it. He came to it at last, but it was tightly closed. He shook it in an agony of despair.

"Who's there?" demanded a rough voice. "What d' y' want? Speak quick!"

The boy jumped at the nearness of the voice, whose owner was evidently just inside the gate; but he kept his wits about him and obeyed the command to answer quickly.

"I want t' talk t' somebody," he gasped. "They're a-comin' after you!"

"What?" questioned the voice. "Say that again."

"They's a-comin' after you!" repeated Jimmy, shaking the gate again in his excitement.

A bar was raised and the gate was opened a crack. Jimmy's appearance was not formidable, and after a moment's inspection of him, the guard opened the gate a little farther.

"Come in," he commanded, and as Jimmy slipped through, the gate was slammed shut and the bar dropped into place again. "Now, tell your story," said the man, who loomed up alarmingly large in the dark; and the boy gasped out the details of the conference he had heard in the shadow of the culm-pile. It was told stumblingly and incoherently, but it was not hard to understand, and as it proceeded, the face of the listener grew darker and darker.

"Come along," he said, briefly, when the boy stopped, and led the way on toward the breaker. As they neared it, the boy saw little streamers of yellow light pouring through the crevices of a blinded window in the one-storied office-building built against the side of the great shack. His guide abruptly turned a corner, opened a door, and pushed him before him into a lighted room. A man in uniform, seated before a table, turned quickly as they entered.

"Well," he asked, "any trouble, Russell?"

"This boy says there's going to be an attack on the breaker at nine o'clock, lieutenant," answered Jimmy's guide, saluting; and he repeated, in a few words, the story the boy had told him.

"Very well, Russell," said the officer, briefly. "Make a tour of the posts and warn the men. I'll be with you as soon as I have 'phoned headquarters."

Russell opened the door and disappeared in the darkness, while the officer hurried to the telephone. He got headquarters in a moment, and told them of the threatened danger. The answer he got evidently reassured him, for he hung up the receiver with a more cheerful face, but his lips tightened again as he glanced at his watch.

"It's a toss-up whether they'll get here," he murmured, and took out his revolver and glanced at the cartridges, to be sure they were all right. "What's your name, youngster?" he asked suddenly, seeing the boy standing by the table.

"Jim Boyton, sir."

"And how does it come you're not a Union man? Why should you take all this trouble to warn us?"

Jimmy flushed, but met the officer's keen eyes bravely.

"I's got a fambly t' keep," he said, simply, "an' th' Union won't let me work. Mr. Carver give me a job anyhow—he's been mighty good t' me."

"Well, you've got pluck," said the officer, smiling; "and you're grateful for favors received—which is much rarer. I'm going out now. You'd better stay here—you look pretty tired out. Are you hungry?"

"I ain't had no supper," began the boy, hesitatingly. "I didn't have time t' go home."

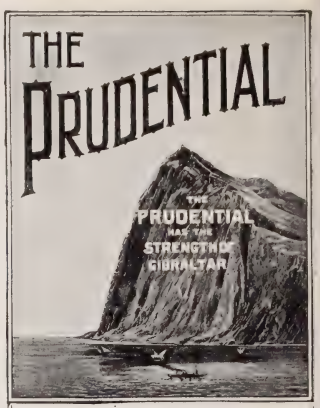
The officer quickly opened a hamper which stood on the table, and drew out its contents.

"Help yourself," he said. "Eat all you want."

The door closed behind him, and Jimmy at once proceeded to obey his last injunction. Such a load of good things there was—it reminded him of that happy week when Polly O'Brien had assumed the duties of caterer to him and his family. But at last he could contain no more; he replaced what remained, and then sank back in the chair with a sigh of satisfaction. How glad he was that he had overheard that plot by the culm-pile, that he had been able to save the great breaker. For, of course, it would be saved—the troops were coming—were perhaps almost here by this time. His eyes closed—then he started awake and rubbed them guiltily—but tired nature asserted herself, his head dropped lower and lower—

What was that? A man's voice rang out in challenge; there was a chorus of hoarse shouts, the bang of a musket, the sharp cracking of a pistol—then a great roar—the building seemed to rock and fall in upon itself—a wave of flame burst in upon the boy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59



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THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

"Thank God there was no one there!" said John Carver, an hour later, as he surveyed the ruins of the little office building. "The damage won't amount to much."

He had come from headquarters with the reintorcements. The strikers had made off at the first glimpse of them.

"It's lucky we got here, though," he added, "or the flames would have got beyond control. As it is, I think we can start to-morrow, just as we intended. I can throw up another office in a few days. It's lucky you weren't in there, lieutenant."

"Yes, it's lucky I wasn't there," assented Lieutenant Ward, in a queer, choked voice. "But there was somebody else there—the boy who brought us the warning. I left him there while I went out to make the rounds. I hadn't any idea he would be in any danger. He said he was hungry, and I gave him something to eat."

The other swung round upon him sharply.

"The boy!" he repeated. "Was there a boy?"

"Yes—a little fellow. He heard these scoundrels laying their plans, and ran all the way here—he said you'd been kind to him and given him a job. He seemed a plucky youngster."

Mr. Carver's face grew suddenly sharp and gray.

"Given him a job?" he repeated, in a low voice. "Who was he—what was his name?"

"He said his name was Boyton, I think. He—"

But the other waited to hear no more—with a livid face, he had started toward the ruins.

CHAPTER VI.

Plans for the Future

THERE was an unaccustomed stillness and suspense about the great Carver house. Past one closed door, the servants went on tiptoe; before it, two or three were always stationed to obey instantly any command from within. And within, on a bed of snowy whiteness, lay a boy of nine, fighting for his life. A great surgeon, summoned from New York, brought by special train as fast as steam could go, sat by and watched the child's labored and uncertain breathing; across from him, a nurse, in white cap and apron, waved a fan gently above the fevered face.

It had been a desperate fight from the first.

"There is only one man in the country who can save him," Mr. Carver's physician had said, as he finished dressing his injuries that first night; and he named the famous surgeon. Five minutes later, a telegram had been sent him, and he had come; but it seemed for a time that even he must fail. The anxious day wore away, and a second and a third—a week of them. But the period of waiting ended at last.

It was one morning while John Carver and his wife were seated at the breakfast-table that the butler came in with a message.

"The doctor is outside, sir," he said. "He wishes to speak to you."

"Show him in, then," answered Mr. Carver, instantly, and he half-rose from his seat when the doctor entered. "Well?" he asked.

"He'll pull through," said the great man briefly, "with good nursing."

"Will he be a cripple?"

"No—a little stiffness of the left leg, perhaps—but even that will pass in time."

"Nor blind?"

"No—though his eyes may never be quite so strong as they were."

"Thank God!" and Mr. Carver sank back into his chair with a sigh of relief.

"It depends a good deal, of course, upon the nursing," repeated the doctor, "and upon the life he leads hereafter. Work or a breaker would probably bring on an irritation of the eyes which would eventually result in blindness."

Mr Carver answered with a quick gesture

"He'll never work in a breaker again," he said.

"I won't come down again," added the doctor, "unless he gets worse, in which case you can wire me. But I don't believe you'll need me again. He'll be all right with rest, care, good food. I've told the nurse."

Mr. Carver nodded. "I'll see that she has everything she wants," he said.

"And now," concluded the doctor, looking at his watch, "if you'll have me driven in right away, I think I can catch the 8.10 for New York."

Five minutes later, he was bowling along the road toward Wilkesbarre, and Mr. Carver sat down again opposite his wife.

"Well, my dear," he began, glancing at her with just a trace of anxiety in his eyes, "we'll have to decide what to do with the boy."

"Yes," she assented. "What would you like to do with him, John?"

"I'd like to give him the best that money can buy," he said, his face flushing with sudden eagerness. "He's got the foundation—he's brave, manly, honest. I'd put him through school, through college, and then through a technical school with a course of practical work here that would make him a master of the ins and outs of the mining business—the anthracite business, anyway."

"Yes—and then?" asked his wife again, as he paused.

"And then—well, it's a little early to talk about that, my dear,—it would depend on whether he turned out the man I think he will. But if he does—we haven't any of our own, Milly."

"No," she assented, with trembling lips. "No, we haven't any of our own, John."

He went to her quickly and put his arm about her.

"We have each other," he said, "and that's as much happiness as any one has a right to expect in this world. But twenty years from now, maybe, I'll want some one to lean on—some one to help carry part of the burden—some one that I can rely on absolutely — and I like the boy, Milly."

"But he has a mother, hasn't he?" she asked, after a moment.

"Yes, and a brother," and his face clouded at a sudden painful thought. "I have been looking after them. The doctor tells me that neither can live six months. The mother has consumption of long standing; the boy has the quick form aggravated by the dust of these accursed breakers, which there seems no getting rid of."

She pressed his hand in sympathy—she knew, better than any other, how he had labored to improve the conditions at the mine.

"And there are no other relatives?"

"No,—his father was killed in the mine. You see, we've brought only bad luck to him, so far, Milly. I want to bring him some good luck. It's mighty hard for a boy of nine to be left alone in the world."

Her eyes were misty as she looked up at him.

"God bless you, John," she said, softly. "You're a good man. The boy shall be ours, then—I will love him, too."

[THE END.]

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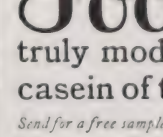

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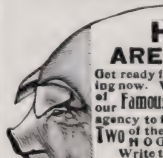

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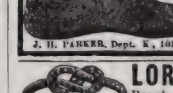

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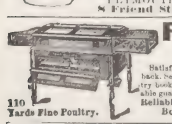

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LESSON XXVIII

208. EMPHASIS is marked by drawing one or more lines underneath; a single line under a single word must be made wave-like, ⌒ to distinguish it from ⎽⎽ *k*.

209. TO MARK AN INITIAL CAPITAL draw two short lines under the word; thus, *The Times*, *Abel*.

210. FIGURES are written as usual. When *one* and *six* are written by themselves, form them thus, *1*, *6*, that they may not be mistaken for shorthand characters.

211. NOMINAL CONSONANT.—Initial letters should in all cases be written in longhand; as *J. E. Smith*. For certain purposes, however, the phonographic vowels can be written without consonants, by using ⌊ ⌈ as outlines having no specific values; thus, ⌊ *a*, ⌊ *eh*, ⌈ *i*, ⌊ *ah-i*, (yes). The stroke vowels may be struck horizontally THROUGH the nominal consonant, as ⌈ *o*, + *u*, ⌊ *oo*.

212. FOREIGN CONSONANTS AND VOWELS. —The Scotch guttural *ch*, Irish *gh* (heard also in German, Dutch, Welsh, and other languages), is written thus, ⌒ *ch:* as in *loch* (Scotch, *lake*), *Loughrea*, *Clogher*, *ich* (German *I*), *dach* (German, *roof*). The Welsh *ll* (the whispered or breath form of the English *l*, like *f* and *v*, *wh* and *w*), by ⌒ *ll:* thus, *Llan*. French nasal ⌒; French and German vowels *jeune*, *Goethe*, *du*.

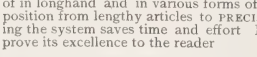
Exercise 72

Write the following sentences in shorthand and punctuate, introducing all the above signs. Express emphasis with regard to words in italic, and indicate accent in the word printed in SMALL CAPITALS. *This exercise will be given in the next lesson accurately punctuated, and the student should then compare his work and correct any errors.*

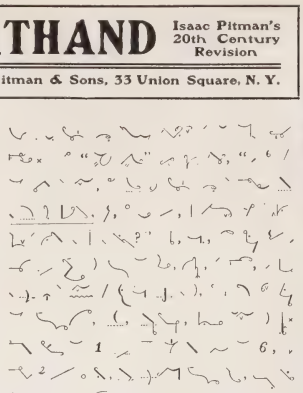
The characters employed in longhand writing are too lengthy and complicated to admit of their being written with neatness and *expedition* and most of us have felt the need for some means of bringing the operations of the mind and hand into closer correspondence As the English Review once truly observed "Who that is much in the habit of writing has not often wished for some means of expressing by *two or three dashes of the pen* that which as things are it requires such an outlay of time and labor to commit to paper" It is indeed most strange that we who excel our progenitors so far in science literature and commerce should continue to use the mode of *writing* which they have handed down to us with but very slight changes in the forms of the letters though by its complexity it makes handwriting so tedious What can be spoken in one hour can only be written in six but the expert shorthand writer is able by the use of the winged forms of Phonography to keep pace with the tongue In letter writing there is a very great saving of time when communications can be written in Phonography instead of in longhand and in various forms of composition from lengthy articles to PRECIS writing the system saves time and effort May it prove its excellence to the reader

Exercise 73

The preceding exercise (No. 72) accurately punctuated.



☞ The next lesson (No. XXIX) will appear in the issue of Feb. 4, and will be devoted entirely to shorthand reading practice.



Method of Practice

213. The student, having made himself familiar with the principles of the system as presented in the preceding lessons, should take every opportunity to practice writing. As much time, however, should be spent in reading as in writing Phonography. Printed Phonography is better for this purpose than manuscript. One or two shorthand volumes should be read before a rapid style of writing is cultivated, so that it may be formed on a correct model. The following is a good method of practice:—Take a specimen of printed shorthand, and read it over two or three times. Then write it in shorthand from the shorthand copy, pronouncing every word aloud while writing it. Next take the key in the common print, and write the passage in shorthand without looking at the printed shorthand. Then compare the written and printed shorthand, and correct any errors. Write the correct outline for every word wrongly written at first several times on a separate sheet, or in a note-book, filling a line with each word, and pronouncing it aloud while writing it. This practice should be continued until a correct style is obtained.

214. Various books and periodicals are published containing shorthand reading matter printed in the Corresponding Style of Pitman's Shorthand, as developed in these lessons. When copying printed matter into Phonography, the student is recommended to refer to *The Shorthand Dictionary* (Published by Isaac Pitman & Sons), in the case of doubtful outlines. The *Dictionary*, however, should not be used to save the learner the trouble of *thinking* how the word should be written.

Another admirable means for improving your knowledge is that of teaching others what you already know. Of course, "there is an art in so communicating knowledge as to make it attractive," but where it is in your power to do good to others by imparting to them a portion at least of that benefit that you have been permitted to enjoy yourself, it should be done irrespective of degrees of ability or inability. It is an axiom that we cannot instruct others without instructing ourselves. "By having to explain the exercises to my pupils, it gives me (says one student), a clearer knowledge of the principles and beauties of the system." When two or three students are studying together, questions will often arise that would never have been thought of by the student individually.

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The Good Shepherd

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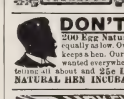

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By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM LVII
Psalm for Persecuted People

1. Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

"I WILL CRY UNTO GOD"

2. I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me.

3. He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up.

It is time to call on God when men become beasts; when their persecution is like fire, their teeth like spears, arrows and sharp swords. God will turn their feet to the net they have spread, and their own carcass will fill the pit they dug. Bedford jail may come to a Bunyan, but *Pilgrim's Progress* will come from the jail.

PSALM LVIII
Vengeance Psalm

9. Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take them away as with a whirlwind, both living, and in his wrath.

"AS WITH A WHIRLWIND"

10. The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance: he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.

11. So that a man shall say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth.

This Psalm reminds us of Job breaking the jaws of the wicked, of Jesus with scourge of small cords, and Paul who turned the silversmith over to God for just reward. Christianity is not without law, only the Christian takes it from his own hands and passes it over to the One who said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." Love for us—Law for Him.

PSALM LIX
Second Defense Psalm

1. Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God: defend me from them that rise up against me.

2. Deliver me from the workers of iniquity, and save me from bloody men.

"THEY LIE IN WAIT"

3. For, lo, they lie in wait for my soul: the mighty are gathered against me; not for my transgression, nor for my sin, O Lord.

So much trouble and so many enemies, made David more than once write of God as his defense. Here we find him in sore straits; his house is watched that they may kill him. Provocation like that brings out a Psalm like this. You do not look for a gentle breeze in a thunderstorm or a tempest.

PSALM LX
Bitter Wine Psalm

1. O God, thou has cast us off, thou hast scattered us, thou hast been displeased; O turn thyself to us again.

2. Thou hast made the earth to tremble; thou hast broken it: heal the breaches thereof; for it shaketh.

"THE EARTH TO TREMBLE"

3. Thou hast shewed thy people hard things: thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment.

The wine of astonishment is for all who follow the man of Galilee, who went to the Garden and Golgotha. The road that leads to the King's Palace is up hill, and none climb without crosses. There can be no victories without battles, and battles mean bullets and blood. God's people must be shown "hard things" here, if they are to be shown great things hereafter.

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DECIDE TO-DAY*

Early Decision for Christ the Wisest and Only Safe Course

EVERY wise teacher cautions his pupils against the miserable habit of procrastination. There is always need for it. The tendency to leave a duty for to-morrow, rather than to do it to-day is found in every child. It grows up with him if it is not eradicated; and it causes irreparable mischief. It is often found in company with the best intentions. One is busy to-day; a great amount of work is waiting to be done; this matter requires more attention than can be given to it to-day; let it stand over till to-morrow, when one will have more time. But to-morrow brings its own duties and there is no time to deal with arrears, and so the laid-over matter is indefinitely postponed. The habit once acquired brings confusion and waste of power. But the mischief it does in business and ordinary work is small in comparison with its fatal results in religion. Few persons deliberately turn their back on Christ and decide to reject his claims. The great majority of those who die without accepting his salvation intended to accept it eventually. The boy thinks that when he has finished his education he will attend to it; when he is entering commercial or professional life, all his thoughts and energies are demanded for his duties, and he decides to postpone the question of religion to the time when he has established himself in life; then the absorbing competition of life occupies his thoughts and he resolves to wait until he has obtained a fortune, or at least a competence. So he drifts until, if he lives to retire from business, he finds himself indisposed for a consideration of religion, and the subjects that have filled his thoughts, all through his life, leave no room in his mind for Christ. The only sure and safe course is that of prompt decision. Death may come suddenly, it is very liable to come early, and then the opportunity is gone forever. Even if life is continued, the danger of postponement is serious. It shuts out of life its best preservative and its opportunities of usefulness; it deprives the soul of the divine influence which elevates, ennobles, develops it. After all, religion is the chief thing in life, and it is better for every one to attend to that first and rest not until it is settled.

SELF-MASTERY†

The Highest Attainment of which Human Nature is Capable

SOME Christians seem to be content to proceed no further in religion than to be convinced that their souls are saved. They are satisfied to know that through Christ, God will accept them and admit them into his glorious presence. And truly, that is a most blessed attainment. It is sufficient to give consolation in affliction, to inspire hope in bereavement, and to sustain the soul in the dark hour of death. But religion may do much more for a man, and it is intended to do more. It will lead to development. It ought to make its possessor desirous of reaching a higher plane of life; it should fill him with a holy ambition to become like Christ. As a man said who boasted of being self-made, he had made the best of himself that could be made out of the stuff, so the Christian ought to put himself in God's hands, to be made the best that human nature is capable of becoming. God will not do this for the man who remains passive, but he will do it for the man who actively strives to reach a higher life.

It is worth while to consider what this prize is that is set before us. Paul calls it an incorruptible crown. Its value is obvious. Men strive for wealth, or fame, or power, and devote all their energies to gain one or other of these prizes, but not one of them is permanent. The possessor may be stripped of them in life, and in any case must leave them behind him when he dies; but spiritual attainment can never be taken from a man, and he takes it with him beyond the grave. It is, consequently, the highest and best prize. Having settled that with himself, the Christian should consider the means to be adopted to gain it. Here he gets a hint from the athlete. He gains control of himself, develops his powers, makes the best of himself by self-denial. Other men may do this or that, but he puts aside resolutely every indulgence that may deplete him. He is intent on reaching the highest, and therefore he counts all things loss that may hinder or weaken him. To a man who will do this, God gives omnipotent help.

*Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for February 4. Heb. 3: 7-13.

†Topic of the Epworth League for February 1. I. Cor. 9: 24-27.

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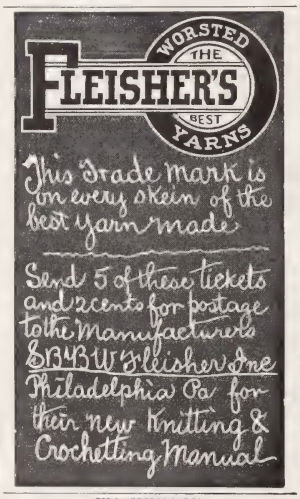
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LEARNED PAGANS

Paul's Discourse to the Greek Philosophers

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE ministry of "the brethren" to Paul in his second missionary journey is worthy of note. When at Thessalonica, the Jews had stirred up a riot against Paul, it was "the brethren" who "sent away Paul and Silas by night unto Berea" (Acts :7:10). When, again, the disaffected Jews stirred up the multitudes in that city, it was again "the brethren" who "sent forth Paul to go as far as to the sea," and "they brought him as far as to Athens, where he was left alone until Silas and Timothy should join him." Quite a number traveled with him at different times—Silas, Timothy, Luke, Aquilla, Priscilla, Apollos, Erastus, Gaius, Aristarchus, Sopater, Tychicus, Trophimus, etc. It must have been a precious ministry to care thus for this man of God, and the ministry of brethren is a precious thing; but Paul did not always avail himself of it. When the brethren sailed from Troas to Assos, Paul went on foot (Acts 20: 13, 14), probably that he might secure time to be more fully alone with God. The kindly ministration of loving Christian friends may sometimes complicate, in their care to protect God's instrument just when he may call for them to take a step of faith. But Paul was not ungrateful, and he accepted from God's hand the ministry of the saints.

Athens was at that time perhaps the most idolatrous and the most intellectually cultivated city in the world. Some have said that so great was the number of their gods that it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. While Paul was waiting for Silas and Timothy in Athens, "his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," or R.V., "his spirit was provoked within him as he beheld the city full of idols." Music and art were present to render it attractive, but these did not attract him. So he reasoned in the synagogue with the Jews and with the devout persons (proselytes), and in the market-place every day with them that met with him. Paul was commissioned of God "to bear his name before the Gentiles" (Acts 9: 15), and nothing hindered his testimony. He waited for nothing, but went straight forward with his message.

It was not long before the children of this world (or age) in Athens heard of the presence of a new teacher in their city. The men of Athens, "and the strangers sojourning there, spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Therefore they were ready to meet with Paul, but quite unprepared for the "new thing," which he had to tell. Philosophers of two different schools, the Epicureans, which were the most luxurious, and the Stoics, which were the most ascetic, encountered him, but neither the one nor the other could find anything in their systems which resembled the teaching of Paul. This "new thing" was beyond them. Ignorance, even when it is the ignorance of the most learned according to this world, despises what it cannot understand. "What will this babbler say?" was their comment, and "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange demons" (gods), because he preached Jesus and the resurrection.

But these very men, who were always ready for every new thing, perceived that between their heathen ideas and the things which Paul preached, there was a radical difference, the acceptance of the one meant the rejection of the other, the life of the one, the death of the other. So they sought Paul, and invited him to speak before their highest court, that of the Areopagus, of his "new teaching," and of the "strange things" which he brought to their ears. It was a splendid opportunity. Paul had never yet spoken before such an assembly. He had no time to make any preparation. His preparation was the Spirit of God within him, as the Spirit of Wisdom, the Spirit of counsel and strength (Isa. 11: 2), and he knew that his God was equal to the occasion. His ministry was to be before kings, and his appearance before the court of the Areopagus might prepare for this.

"Paul stood in the presence of the Areopagus, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are somewhat superstitious. For, as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' What, therefore, ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you." How many missionaries in heathen countries have followed Paul's example, by showing the people the unreasonableness of their worship, and so made known to them the true and living God! "The God that made the world," he continued, "and all things therein, he being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is he served by men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life and breath and all things."

A Family Missionary

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Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. W. Knox Smith.

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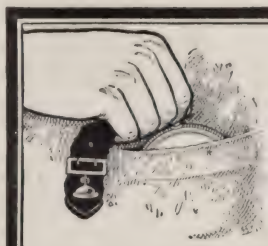

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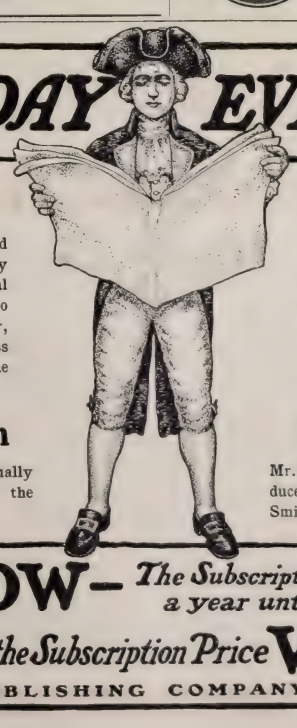

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By F. Hopkinson Smith

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VOL. 26 – NO. 4
PRICE 5 CENTS

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

"THROUGH WOODLAND AISLES, SNOW-CARPETED"

HERE'S A RECIPE FOR MAKING BREAD

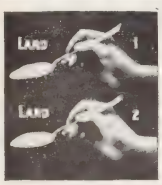
WHEN a well bred girl
expects to wed,
'Tis well to remember that
men like bread.
We're going to show the steps
to take,
So she may learn good bread
to make.

FIRST, mix a lukewarm
quart, my daughter,
One-half of milk and one-half
of water;
To this please add two cakes
of yeast,
Or the liquid kind if preferred
in the least.

NEXT stir in a teaspoon-
ful of nice clear salt,
If this bread isn't good, it
won't be our fault
Now add the sugar, table-
spoonfuls three;
Mix well together, for dis
solved they must be.

POUR the whole mixture into
an earthen bowl,
A pan's just as good, if it
hasn't a hole.
It's the cook and the flour, not
the bowl or the pan,
That—"Makes the bread that
makes the man."

NOW let the mixture stand
a minute or two.
You've other things of great
importance to do.
First sift the flour—use the
finest in the land.
Three quarts is the measure,
'GOLD MEDAL" the brand.



SOME people like a little
shortening power,
If this is your choice, just add
to the flour
Two tablespoonfuls of lard,
and jumble it about,
Till the flour and lard are
mixed without doubt.

NEXT stir the flour into
the mixture that's stood
Waiting to play its part, to
make the bread good.
Mix it up thoroughly, but not
too thick;
Some flours make bread that's
more like a brick.

NOW grease well a bowl
and put the dough in,
Don't fill the bowl full, that
would be a sin;
For the dough is all right and
it's going to rise,
Till you will declare that it's
twice the old size.

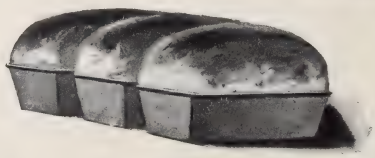
BRUSH the dough with
melted butter, as the
recipes say;
Cover with a bread towel, set
in a warm place to stay
Two hours or more, to rise
until light,
When you see it grow, you'll
know it's all right.

AS soon as it's light place
again on the board;
Knead it well this time. Here
is knowledge to hoard.
Now back in the bowl once
more it must go,
And set again to rise for an
hour or so.

FORM the dough gently into
loaves when light,
And place it in bread pans
greased just right.
Shape each loaf you make to
half fill the pan,
This bread will be good enough
for any young man.

NEXT let it rise to the
level of pans—no more,
Have the temperature right—
don't set near a door.
We must be careful about
draughts; it isn't made to
freeze,
Keep the room good and warm
—say seventy-two degrees.

NOW put in the oven,—it's
ready to bake,—
Keep uniform fire, great results
are at stake.
One hour more of waiting and
you'll be repaid,
By bread that is worthy "A
Well Bred Maid."



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Mention The Christian Herald

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

NATIVE WORKERS DRYING COCOA

GATHERING ORCHIDS IN VENEZUELA

VENEZUELA *IN* WAR TIME

By a Special Correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

WE were surprised to learn how little impression war had made upon Venezuela. Perhaps the vast extent of her territory, and her poor facilities of intercommunication may largely account for this.

Venezuela has nearly a million square miles of territory, divided into three well-defined regions—agricultural, grazing and forest lands. The first is situated in the northwest, where are the fertile valleys; the great grazing belt lies to the south of this; and the forest region extends from these grassy plains over the whole of the southern part of the country. As the population is about two and a-half millions, there are two and a-half persons to the square mile—a grand country for those people we have heard of who dislike near neighbors. The predominating race is Latin and mixed Latin; but there are in Venezuela still three hundred and twenty-six thousand aborigines, of whom sixty-six thousand are independent, twenty thousand subjugated, and the rest semi-civilized and assimilated with the other peoples, mostly with the colored people. Along the coast there is a considerable Cosecan and Italian population.

Some changes have taken place since my last visit to Venezuela, and the Anglo-German blockade prevented me from entering the country, so I hunted up the most prominent and intelligent of the many Venezuelan refugees who had flocked to Trinidad, the British colony just across the Gulf of Paria, from the troubled republic. From them I gained much information respecting the people and their life in the several States there. Some of these refugees have been deeply involved in revolution; some have met with business misfortunes; some had suffered persecution—all had some tale of woe to tell. The majority were Catholics; but suffering had made them kind and open-hearted, so they spoke to me without the slightest reserve, fear or dissimulation.

I asked one of these men what work Protestants had attempted in the section from which he came (Cumana, the ancient city), and he threw up his hands, exclaiming: "Nothing! nothing! It is impossible! they can do nothing—it is no place for them." Then he related the facts in the case of a bold Protestant attempt on "the virgin faith of Catholic Cumana." A minister, agent of one of the Bible societies, landed, years ago, in Cumana, with several hundred Bibles for sale. The first man he accosted happened to be a well-to-do merchant, who asked to be permitted to see the Bibles, and then proposed to buy them all, a proposition that was readily accepted. Then he had them delivered at his establishment, and piled on the edge of the pavement. When a crowd had gathered, he appeared with a bucket of kerosene which he poured over them and set the Bibles on fire. The minister looked on horrified. When the sacred volumes were consumed, the merchant turned to him and said: "Sir, it is against the rules of the church to sell or to buy Bibles in this country." No further attempt has been made to corrupt the faith of the people there, from that day to this.

A PORTION OF PRESIDENT CASTRO'S ARMY

Mr. Turner, head of the Orinoco Steamship Co., of Venezuela, Colombia and Trinidad, thought that morality was at a very low ebb in Venezuela, particularly amongst the Indians, who have no marital laws, and with whom the fundamental moralities are unknown. They live along the water courses, in palm-leaf huts, until rumors of war drive them to the mountains. It has been the custom to press numbers of them into the army in times of civil strife, where they are killed by thousands or die of disease, so that they have learned that safety lies in hasty flight when war breaks out. In the more civilized regions, they are employed on the plantations, cotton, sugar, cocoa, cattle, etc., where they always take the side of their master, whatever that may be. Mr. Turner thought that, with the exception of a few small chapels for the few foreigners in the larger cities, there was no Protestant work being done in all the country. He mentioned the case of a Gospel boat that went up the Orinoco River a year ago, and was mobbed, fell into distress, and accomplished nothing. He had to help the minister in charge to get back to the United States.

I was told that in many of the southern districts there is as yet no protection to life or property, so that the rich mines cannot be worked, and the metals cannot be carried out with any degree of safety. In one of these territories, there is a mine being worked, because government has established an armed mule train for transporting the mails. It consists of three hundred mules and an armed guard of twelve hundred men. All the southern portion depends upon the Orinoco River for communication with the outside world, and America feeds the whole region by means of this stream. As soon as this highway is made secure, colonists will flock into Venezuela and Colombia, to open up the natural wealth there.

Nearly the whole of the cocoa crop and that of the tonga bean is handled in Trinidad. The cocoa grows on small trees, planted pretty much as a peach orchard is laid out, and after the seeds have been removed from the large tough pods, they are slightly dried, then sweated under ground or in a covered trough, before being spread in the sun to dry for shipment. In the factory most of the cocoa butter is extracted before the beans are ground and made into chocolate and cocoa. In the warehouses of Trinidad I saw hundreds of tons being made ready for shipment to the United States, France, Germany, and England. The great chocolate manufacturers have agents here, and purchase the crop of a plantation before it is gathered.

The vessels that usually ply between Venezuela and

TWO REFUGEES OF TRINIDAD SIGNORINA FIGUERADA MR. TURNER DR. C. FERRARA

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

THE CROWNING GRACE

A Sermon by REV. GEO. C. LORIMER, D.D.
Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York

TEXT—I. Cor. 13: 13: "But the greatest of these is love"

WHEN this eloquent eulogy was penned, religion had reached the most important stage in its historical development. The glittering ceremonial of Judaism, the splendid and superstitious ritualism of Paganism were decadent and departing, and the miraculous gifts and wonders of primitive Christianity were already preparing to vanish away. These things, like the grass and its flower, were being cut down and were rapidly fading. Religion was passing through a most stupendous transformation—from being provincial, it was becoming catholic, from being a shadow it was becoming a reality, from being a form it was becoming a life, and from being a bondage it was becoming a redemption, a redemption from sin and guilt and from the social tyrannies of the ancient world. But to a people who had always identified it with the outward—with magnificent temples, with gorgeous priesthoods, with visible altars, and with the pretentiousness of bewildering marvels, these changes were almost synonymous with the triumph of atheism. And dispossessed of these distinctive marks how could the new cult, whose Founder was a peasant, whose apostles were fishermen, whose sign was the infamous cross, and whose worship was so essentially spiritual as to render superfluous sacred localities and sacred orders, hope to arrest the attention or secure the homage of mankind? To meet this reasonable perplexity, St. Paul devotes various passages in his invaluable epistles; and in this portion of his letter to the Corinthians, where the same doubt seems to be troubling the disciples, he declares that God had provided substitutes for the things that were necessarily transient—"faith, hope, love"—and further implies, when he proposes to show "a more excellent way," that these three were themselves sufficient to invest religion with attractiveness and power, and that in their presence the external pomp and showy observances, to which they so tenaciously clung, dwindled into insignificance and vanity.

The Supreme Characteristic

Of these graces, the apostle singles out one which surpasses in greatness the others, and devotes this beautiful chapter to its exposition and exaltation. To him, it is evidently the special and crowning glory of Christianity. The great religions of the world are distinguishable from each other by some supreme characteristic. Thus, the genius of Hinduism, is mysticism; that of Buddhism, is asceticism; that of Parseeism, is dualism; that of Mohammedanism, is fanaticism; that of Confucianism, is secularism—and that of our own faith, is altruism, or love. No other inference than this is possible from the teachings of the New Testament. There God is represented as sending his Son to the earth because he loved, and he in this way "commends his love," and then St. John, seeking to sum up his nature in a single word, exclaims: "God is love."

Here, then, we have the origin of the Christian religion. It has been begotten of a divine love, and in this grace it is to find its true expression and its most complete fulfilment. Hence the many and varied ways in which its spirit and obligations are enjoined on the disciples. The disciples are to love God with all their mind and strength, and their neighbor as themselves. They are reminded that love edifies, and that it covers a multitude of sins, and, more than all, that it is the essence of the new birth; "for he who loveth is born of God."

Specious Counterfeits

The church of late years has come more and more into sympathy with this conception, and the world lying beyond its bounds has professed itself charmed and fascinated by such a religion. And yet there is reason to fear that they are both, to some extent at least, ravished by a sentimental illusion of their own creation, and that neither has a comprehensive idea of what is involved in that which they praise so fervently. Indeed, there are not lacking signs that we love more in word than in deed, and that we frequently substitute the word, especially when it is an eloquent one, for the deed, and that sometimes we are wholly at fault in our understanding of what Christian love really is, what it enjoins, what it leads to, and what the secret of its power. In these circumstances I may be permitted to examine anew the crowning glory of Christianity.

That love is extolled to be thus illustrious, is demonstrated by what St. Paul says in this chapter concerning its relative value, its incomparable character, and its imperishable influence.

We can hardly fail to observe, as we follow the apostle's thought, that in this infancy he is more anxious to insist on its human side and on its ameliorating influences, and does not even relate it to its supreme source, the Heavenly Father. A recent writer remarks on this, that in contrast with the teaching of Christ: "The references which he makes to the love which man bears to God are fewer than might have been supposed, from the intensity with which the mystics have urged this on mankind as the supreme ideal of religion." May it not be that, just here, we touch on one of the misconceptions which have rendered some of the saints vulnerable to criticism. They have wrought themselves into a fervor of passionate devotion, or into an ecstacy of feeling, and this they have looked on as love for God, and have imagined, because of the comfort and satisfaction they themselves have experienced, that in this way they have also exhibited and exhausted their love for man. But this does not follow. And I am inclined to interpret our Lord's comparative reticence on how we are to show our love for God, and his specific and minute instruction as to how we are to evince it for our fellow beings, that we may be saved from this confusion, and to remind us that, after all, it is by benevolent human service we fulfil the promptings of our love for God. For, as an earthly parent is touched more deeply, and is honored more highly by kindnesses shown to his children than to himself, so our Father in heaven is pleased to accept as worship what we do to aid and to bless his children when inspired by our love for him.

In estimating the value of this grace, which is done in the three opening verses of the chapter, there are certain words which are of importance to the exposition: "Though I speak," "though I have," and "though I bestow." That is, love is quite superior to anything we

From his latest photograph

REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, D.D.

may say, anything we may possess, or anything we may confer or give.

And yet tongues, both of men and of angels, are of incomputable worth. Of the latter, we cannot form an adequate idea, and can only imagine that they must surpass the power of human eloquence. But who shall fix for us the terms of our indebtedness to what we do know, whether oral or written, whether it charm us through the potent spell of the voice, or through the silent fascination of the printed page? Speech, what has it not done? It has been the truest torch by which the world's ignorance has been dispelled; it has been the highest sacrament by which the world's faith has been quickened; it has been the keenest sword by which the world's liberties have been championed; and it has been the mightiest force by which the world's progress has been accelerated. And yet love is worth more than it. One breath of love is more excellent and precious than the finest sentences ever woven, or the grandest peroration ever uttered when love is absent. There is more healing in its touch, more consolation in its smile than in all the stately periods of a Burke or Clay, of a Massillon or Hooker. Without it, oratory is a delusion and a snare; and what is pitiably pathetic there is no necessary connection between them. Men may write and talk beautiful things, and avow the purest sentiments, and do it all in the most poetic phrases, and the heart be dead and cold. Well, then, does the apostle liken such loveless speech to clanging brass and tinkling cymbals, to a noise that crashes on the ear and startles, but which conveys no subtle sound of divinest melody to the troubled soul.

In comparison also with possessions, love is pre-eminent. This is the apostle's second standard of valuation. The treasures he enumerates are not to be despised. They include "the gift of prophecy," "the knowledge of mysteries," and "the faith to remove mountains." These surely are worthy any man's solicitude and ambition. They have too often been extolled to need fresh appraisement now. But the distinction here implied is altogether startling. It is intimated that these possessions may be held and exercised by those who are strangers to the grace of love. Our Lord once said, "Ye shall profess to have cast out devils in my name and in my name to have done many wonderful works. I will say unto you, 'Depart, I never knew you.'" What! people overcoming the powers of darkness and

Achieving Marvels, and yet Unowned

by the blessed Saviour! Why, there are persons in many of our cities who are removing mountains of nervous diseases, and who claim that they succeed because they feel more fully than others the force of divine love, and who are proselyting feeble evangelical professors in the name of the life of love; and yet, if this text is to be credited, all that they accomplish is possible without love. Prophesies may be uttered by a Balaam, and Simon Magus may bewitch by his sorceries, and Judas may share with his brethren the apostolate in casting out devils, and still be seekers of gain and indifferent to human affection. These marvels of Lourdes, these healings that proceed from mental suggestion or hypnotism, or from some other unexplained psychic force may be wrought by those in whom the divine Spirit is no more operative than in those who are doing their best to live nobly and unsensationally. Nay, it is quite mortifying to read that we may have knowledge, discernment, foresight, and faith, and yet be really nothing. This is humiliating.

Neither can our gifts serve as a substitute and compensation for its absence. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor—it profiteth me nothing," continues the apostle in this most disillusioning discourse. Why, we moderns have almost come to identify alms giving with religion, and have almost concluded that if we feed the poor after we have made our millions, the Lord will forgive us if we have somewhat starved the poor for the sake of making them. But no honest student of the Scriptures can for a moment credit so preposterous a position. We may be generous with our money, and we may give promptly so as not to be annoyed by importunity, or even as an act of retributive justice against our own oppressions demanded by our outraged conscience, and we be utterly devoid of religion. It is very sad to see

People Missing the Mark

Love is the very essence of religion, and without it there is no religion. The Romanist may trust his ceremonies and the Protestant his benefactions; but these things will profit neither of them anything. Whatever significance they may have, and whatever good they may do, they are valueless without love—and if love be present then a bishop, such as Victor Hugo paints, is a blessing, notwithstanding his rituals, and, then a poor curate such as Goldsmith portrays, is a living benefaction to society, notwithstanding his poverty.

And all this is suggested by what St. Paul writes without in the least detracting from the relative worth of faith, knowledge, prophecy, benevolence, or any other good thing. All of these treasures have their place and office in Christ's church. All have a beauty, though love is the fairest; all are children of God, though love is the divinest. It is impossible to dispense with faith for we must believe something; nor can we do without hope, for we must all be inspired by expectation; and we cannot progress without knowledge, for by light do we see how to advance; but love transcends them all, is the highest mountain-top in all this glorious range of excellencies, and without which they would be as apparently dwarfed and dull as would be the Alpine scenery of Switzerland without Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn.

The apostle having computed the exceptional preciousness of love, proceeds to give a sketch of her character. He furnishes the church a full-length portrait of her many charms. Let us unveil the picture painted by St. Paul, and attempt to restore some of the colors which have been a trifle obscured by their exposure to the strange sentimental atmosphere of modern life.

We ought, first of all, to take note of her graciousness and unobtrusiveness. She vaunteth not herself and is not puffed up. On the housetops she does not stand drawing attention to herself. The disposition to parade

nd show off is not hers. In this she differs from much hat has assumed her name in modern times. And we nay receive with caution the loud asseverations of hose who insist that they are the lovers of their ellow-men. And she does not seek her own. I fear by his rule her sway is not very conspicuous in modern imes. She surely does not reveal herself in the temper which declares that business belongs to one domain nd religion to another; that not only seeks its own, but lso what belongs to others, and whose rule of life outide the church is that of unmitigated selfishness. Neither is she manifest in the spirit of offended dignity, hat seeks more than is her own in the acknowledgments made by some one who has trangressed against er. On the contrary, it is of the nature of love to give. As the feeble child-arms of the Christ must have encirled Mary's neck, and now, in their divine strength emrace the world," so love infolds humanity and conveys benediction with its smile.

It is the genius of love to give. God so loved the orld that he gave his only begotten Son. As the unierse, symbol of the Creator's heart, is constantly imarting new light from the sun, rivers from the earth, oods from the sea, and rain from the clouds, so wherver love is she is ever giving freely of her possessions, nd of herself, and explain it as we may, she is endued ith the power of transmitting her very self to the lone- and weary hearts of men, whom she would help nd comfort. And naturally, all this being true, she is longffering, that is, patient and tolerant. Faith, taken by self, is always in danger of the opposite. In proportion s it has been cultivated at the expense of affection, it as prepared Inquisitions and thumb-screws, and has peretrated fanatical crimes. Lecky and other rationalists, taintain that the intense realization of religious doctrines as led priests and churches into wholesale murder.

A Generous Grace

But knowledge also, when unbaptized in affection, is kely to be vain, cold and critical. It often glitters ke ice. It sneers and mocks at the illiterate, and is sposed to withdraw from human intercourse. But the titude of love is different. She realizes the magnide of truth, the difficulties in the way of mastering its crets, the weakness of the intellect, the might and limng strength of prejudice, and therefore does not exct complete agreement in creeds, and is generous in her dgments of those who are earnestly seeking the light. Love is also distinguished by joyousness and conlousness. Probably she rejoices because she is upght. And here we reach a special variation from curnt notions about love. Generally it is identified with niability and gentleness, and with a sentimental indference to some radical distinctions on which the elfare of society depends. To send flowers to murrers, to indulge in maudlin solicitude for bank-wreckrs and defaulters, and to say sweet things about moveents in society which imperil health and morals, and ver to protest vigorously against wrong-doing and isleading interpretations of the Bible, is taken by not few as the equivalent of love. Like Glaucus, the son Minos, who was smothered in honey, many expect at the ethical life of love shall be engulfed and stifled mere sweetness. But believe me, love has no pleasure in iniquity; that she hates with perfect hatred. Never expect her fair lips to say soft things about it, or to apologize for its inroads. Whatever may justify this laxity, love does not. She must always prize the good and true in thought as well as activity, and is the last thing in the universe to disparage the value of what God has revealed in his enduring Word.

The character of love is crowned with the virtues of vicariousness and trustfulness. She bears and endures all things. She takes on herself the shame and sorrow of mankind, as Jesus took on himself the world's grief and guilt. He bore, that he might expiate and expel them; love endures, that she may remedy and remove. There has only been one atonement offered; but there must be many reconciliations. Love knows that the race cannot be rescued without sacrifice. Hence, feeling in her sympathy the wrong and the woe that afflict the children of Adam, she is perpetually travailing in pain for their deliverance. The love that never knows tears for the fallen and agony for the wretched, that is only good-natured and genial, is not the love God felt for man when he gave his Son to die, and is not the love St. Paul eulogizes here. And yet the depth of her sorrow and the intensity of her passion does not prevent her from "believing all things and hoping all things." And hoping all things, she perseveres upon her way, carrying her burden, performing her task, and praying for the dawning of the better and endless day.

The One Immortal Thing

Such, then, is love; and we may advance now to St. Paul's final thought by which the supremacy of this grace is confirmed—its imperishable influence. "Love never faileth." It is the one immortal thing. Faith and hope also abide—and yet we can readily foresee the time when hope shall be fulfilled, and when faith shall be lost in sight. These three are permanent in the church here and now, but when eternity shall come, it would seem that only love would survive, as it is the very life of God. But there are other things which we esteem and which it will outlast. Whether there be tongues they shall cease. Where are your orators? Where are your men of knowledge? Knowledge changes, but love endures, is the same, and the passionate grief of the New York mother that bathes her murdered boy in tears is not different from the passion of Eve when Cain murdered his brother Abel. Prophecies are accomplished, philosophies are outgrown, languages are reconstructed, but love is the same forever.

Assuming, as we have, that faith and hope continue as long as the church does, but after all, the influence and potency of love is more influential than them both. We often bewail lost power. Conventions are held to study how we can regain our hold in the world. Various remedies are proposed—mainly in the direction of more knowledge, of more faith or hope—occasionally it is set forth that modern Christianity needs the renewed power of working miracles, of tongues, or of healing, or of prophesying—or interpreting prophecy. From these windy meetings the people go home, and soon discover that they are as weak as ever. Ministers, who are scholars and who live in their studies, and keep away from touch with their congregations, gifted and noble men, wonder why they see no larger results, and plunge deeper into their books, and try to become more and more orthodox—and yet in vain. What is the matter? How explain the comparative impotence? Have we not sufficient knowledge? We never had more. Have we not sufficient faith? We have as much as ever we had. Have we not enough of supernaturalism? There never was more credence in gifts of healing and more professed reliance on miraculous manifestations, from the ghosts of spiritualism to the occult mysteries of psychologic therapeutics, than at present. What the world needs is love. The church that loves most will be most powerful. That is the secret of power. If she is abandoned of her gospel is to the multitude meaningless; if is because she herself by her artificialities, by her preposterous aristocracies, by her petty affectations of social discretion, excludes herself from the broad sympathies of a world that is dying for love.

The Way of Attainment

And the influence of this grace is more enduring than all the rest. A bishop has been chosen for London, and what is it that entitles him to the position? Love. When the great pass on we may not forget their gifts and genius, but we cling to and cherish above all else the evidence of their human affection for their fellows. Side by side with Gladstone's pleas for Ireland and Armenia, the world will place his visits to the injured street arab and his kindness to him. Side by side with the brilliant eloquence of Phillips Brooks, the world will remember the story of his caring for the poor woman's child while she rested. And when everything else is forgotten of many of the loftiest intellects, it will be recalled that in them love had its perfect work, and the chiefest honor of many exalted personages will simply be that desired by Leigh Hunt's hero, "Write me down a lover of my fellow-men."

This is the crowning glory of our religion. Do we believe it? But how can we attain to so excellent a way? Men and women, let nature teach us. The banyan tree is conspicuous in the forests of India, and the mangrove, flourishing at the mouth of tropical rivers, is scarcely less so. They are alike in this—their branches bend downward, and when they touch the ground or the slimy marsh they begin to take root. Thus the banyan becomes an enormous mass and multiplies itself into a small forest. The mangrove buries its drooping boughs in the marshes, and becomes a tangled network under the water, and the deadly poison from it all infests the district with malaria. So we, too, may be unduly devoted to the world, and not satisfied with our root in it, may seek many, until we are bound to it by a thousand ties and are too secularized to love. There are two other trees, the palm and the pine, both evergreens, the one of the sun and the other of the snow—but they both grow upward and not downward, they both seek heaven, not earth, and both crave the light and not the shadow. They are both beneficent, beautiful and strong. The emblem of love that faileth not, as possible in the warm and affluent plains, as on the chilly mountain side, as possible to the rich as to the poor, to the poor as to the rich, if with both there is one supreme aspiration to live in the free, wide universe of spiritual things, where love—the love of God and the love of Christ—beget in human souls the love of man.

VENEZUELA IN WAR TIME

Continued from page 67

rinidad are now idle in the harbor of Port of Spain, at Bolivar, 300 miles up the Orinoco. The flagships the two blockading fleets are at anchor in the Gulf Paria, in sight as I write, with their captures from e Venezuelan navy anchored under their guns.

At the time the late revolution began, the United ates of Venezuela consisted of thirteen States, inding the Federal district, in which is located the pital, Caracas. Each State has its President, besides overnor selected by the President of the Republic. e constitution and laws are elaborate, and, if carried t consistently, ought to make Venezuela one of the happiest, and most prosperous, and advanced of the nations of the world. All the machinery of government is elaborate, the national traditions are inspiring, and thousands of the enlightened citizens are most patriotic.

In no country in the world have I found a better or more complete arangement for public instruction. In some respects it is unique. Besides the public schools, there are provided normal schools, and several elaborate universities. Though nominally under federal control, the schools are actually managed, in the main, by ecclesiastical influence. So are the universities. To support the system, these revenues have been set apart:

The proceeds from the school, and postage stamps and postal cards, and letters deposited in the treasury of public instruction; the interest allotted to its service out of the national consolidated debt; the fines imposed upon the infractors of provisions of law in force relating to public instruction; the taxes on inheritances; the duties on cut and manufactured tobacco imported into the country, and the stamps affixed to cigarettes.

The revenue amounts, in peaceful years, to about 3,000,000 bolivars—or some $500,000. Nominally, there are about eleven hundred public schools, with 4,225 pupils registered, of whom 3,100 are in regular attendance—less than three to a school.

Strenuous effort has been made from time to time, to induce immigration. Public lands were offered at $3.12 per acre, on a four-year credit; grazing land, at $65.32 per square mile. The government owns the railroads and telegraph lines.

Most persons speak hopefully of Venezuela, seeming to look forward to a very bright future for her. Nearly all regarded the governmental system as being satisfactory, but deplored the lack of patriotism and public intelligence. One of my newly-made friends replied, "O, the scheme of government, it is magnificent! But it is not government! Government on paper, yes! But practical, beneficent, free government—there is no such thing!" But, in times like these, allowance must be made for the "disappointed ones." One of the younger men of the refugee colony at Trinidad said: "The Venezuelans are a good people—peaceable, law abiding and contented; but they are easily led, and are made tools of by designing politicians, who instigate them to faction and rebellion upon the slightest occasion, when few really know for what they are fighting. The Indians are very superstitious, worshiping, spirits unseen, but terrible—probably a form of demon-worship."

Surely, here is a field for missionary work, as urgent, and as difficult as Africa, or Asia. With the co-operation of the many enlightened men and women of so fair and fine a land, the servants of God's progress and light ought to win a kingdom here that in time would be fit to stand as one of the industrial, civic, and religious monuments of the great western continent.

INDIAN BASKET WEAVERS

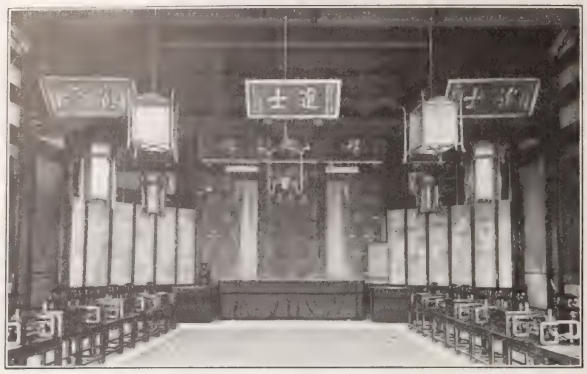
PREPARING CASSAVA MEAL

CHINA'S GREAT HEATHEN FESTIVAL

CHINA'S New Year festival lasts for many days. Upon the 24th of the twelfth month, as they believe, the household gods ascend to heaven, taking with them the records of the past year, for the purpose of making their reports to the "Supreme Ruler," or "Pearly Emperor." They do not return until the fourth day of the new year.

The last day of the old year is anything but pleasant. It is the day when all debts must be paid, for the new year must be begun with a "clean slate." Chinese, looking very cross, throng the business streets trying to arrange their affairs. But by the close of the day all disagreeable business is over, and every one is ready to celebrate.

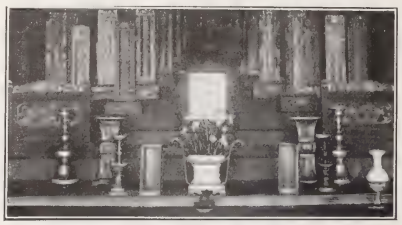
New Year's is their gift-day, when everyone bestows and receives gifts. On the last day of the old year every shop closes, and remains shut over New Year's day or longer. Many firms do no business until after the fifteenth.



A RECEPTION HALL PREPARED FOR GUESTS AT A CELEBRATION
Showing Tablets given by the Emperor as honors for faithful and distinguished service.

The average Chinese family rises up long before dawn on New Year's. At five o'clock is the first ceremony, which is "the great sacrifice to Heaven and earth," and is known as "The Presentation of Rice." In the principal reception hall of the home is placed a large table, and on it are a bucket of boiled rice, ten bowls of vegetables, ten cups of tea, ten cups of wine, ten pairs of chopsticks, a package of mock money, a calendar of the new year, two large red candles, and several sticks of incense. Near the centre of the table there is always a bowl of small, delicious, loose-skinned oranges. When all is ready, the head man of the family—all the household being present—kneels in front of the table and bows his head three times to the floor, holding lighted incense in both hands. He then makes a prayer, giving thanks to heaven and earth for past protection and favors, and asks for health for his family during the new year and for continued prosperity. At the conclusion of this ceremony, fire-crackers are exploded and the mock money is burned.

At daylight, the family worship the household gods, making offerings of vegetables, rice and wine to each. Then comes the ancestral worship—making reverence to deceased ancestors, represented by ancestral tablets that stand in the hall of every Chinese home. Next comes the ceremony of worshiping the elders of the house. The oldest of the family are seated in chairs,



ANCESTRAL TABLETS IN A CHINESE HOME

while the junior members kneel befor them and bow thrice, expressing thei congratulations. The ceremonies bein ended, the men and boys of the family g out to pay New Year calls, and the da is spent in feasting, merry-making an rejoicing. To every caller are served te and wine in dainty cups, also water-melo seeds, and cakes and oranges. In th evening, the sky is brilliant with the blaz and flare of gorgeous and wonderful fir works. This display is kept up until th fifteenth.

On the fourth day, there is a celebratio called, "The Receiving of the Gods." O this day the household gods return fror heaven, and are received so royally as t put them in good humor. Generous offer ings of rice, wine and incense are made after which the household returns to it regular routine.

CHARLOTTE BALDWIN FROST.

"Beautiful Stories"

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—I have received *Th Speaking Oak*, and already have derived muc pleasure from its beautiful stories. They ar so uplifting and inspiring, that they always make me feel tha I want to do something or be something better than in th past. I cannot say that I was surprised with the book, as have learned what to look for from THE CHRISTIAN HERALI

Last year it was the *Bible Dictionary*, which has been great help to me in my study of the Bible all through th year. The calendar is a beauty. I was also pleased with th "Art Gallery." I feel that I have been very well used b THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I am always glad when I ca speak a good word for the paper, which is a great source o comfort and help to me. You have brightened my Christ mas time. ALICE F. BOWMAN.

Falsington, Pa.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, with *The Speakin Oak*, $2; with the *Bible Dictionary*, $3; the "Family Ar Gallery" goes free to every subscriber.

"A Choice Work"

With the premium book *The Hall of Fame* I am more tha pleased. It is a choice work and can never become les valuable than now. MRS. A. T. WALKER.

West Somerville, Mass.

A Self-Helping Enterprise

HOW A FEW COLORED PEOPLE HAVE PLANNED AND TOILED TO ELEVATE THEIR RACE

OUR readers who have contributed to the support of the Educational and Industrial Institute at Mayesville, S. C., will be glad to learn that the enterprise is extending itself along practical lines. Through the addresses delivered in New England and New York by the Principal of the Institute, Miss Emma J. Wilson, friends have been made who have enabled the managers to enlarge the scope of their work. It is to the credit of the colored people who initiated the enterprise, and have conducted it from the beginning, that they were prompt to realize the chief need of their race. They saw that, sorely as the colored boys and girls needed education, they needed quite as much a training in handicrafts, by which they could earn an honest living. The trouble has been that so large a proportion of the race drifted into the ranks of unskilled labor. This was clearly perceived by Miss Wilson and her colleagues, and when, through the generous help of our readers and the stanch friends of the race in New England, money was at command, it was not spent in elaborate buildings, or in providing for the higher education of the pupils, but in adding to elementary education, appliances for practical training. The object, of course, is to turn out of the Institute, boys who will be efficient workmen, and girls who, by their skill in sewing, cooking and household occupations, can render valuable service in the home.

One of the most recent additions to the facilities of the Institute, is a small farm of sixty-seven acres, which has been bought and nearly paid for. The possession of this land serves a double purpose. It gives the boys an insight into practical farming, and enables the teachers to show them how to make the best of a small holding, and it also provides grain and vegetables for the use of teachers and boarders in the Institute. Mr. Booker Washington, who has taken a kindly interest in the enterprise, has recommended Mr. A. C. Wilshir, a graduate of Tuskegee, who is now superintendent at Mayesville, and is arranging the courses of instruction, some of which he is personally able to give. The boys will soon be able to make a selection of trades, which include, besides agriculture, the arts of the blacksmith, the shoemaker, and the carpenter. The girls are being taught laundry work in addition to the accomplishments already mentioned. Arrangements are also being made to obtain a loom, by which coarse materials and the refuse of the mills can be woven into the rugs and carpets which command a ready sale in the Southern States. Negotiations are also in progress with a teacher, who will teach both boys and girls the art of making baskets with grass and cane. Last session there were 305 children and young people in the schools, and there is every prospect of there being a still larger number this year.

This remarkable success, which has developed from the modest beginning in 1882 in the old gin-house, is all the more gratifying because of its being the result of the efforts of the colored people themselves. How Miss Wilson and the noble band of teachers have toiled, and denied themselves during these twenty years, to build up their school, cannot be told. Nothing can explain it but the intense love they have for the children of their race, and their passionate desire to stem the tide of ignorance and idleness, and to make the next generation a more intelligent and more useful one

THE SEWING CLASS IN THE INSTITUTE AT MAYESVILLE, S. C.

than its predecessors. They have had th cordial sympathy of the white people o the town and neighborhood, who have en couraged them and advised them, but th effort and the self-renunciation has bee all their own.

* * *

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is glad t have had a hand in helping on this benev olent undertaking. Small, as it was, whe this journal described it in its early stages there were in it the best elements of suc cess. Sound elementary education wa being imparted; the children were being trained in religious knowledge and o strict moral principles; and it was being conducted with unwavering faith tha God's blessing would attend an effort s altruistic and devoted. Our readers re sponded generously, as they always do t appeals that are based on these principles and so, sometimes in storm and stress they stood by the growing work. It i now an Institution to be proud of, and w hope such institutions will multiply, for i such efforts are the best prospects of a happy solution of the colored problem The managers, of course, still need pecu niary help. They need books, they nee tools, they need all kinds of appliances, al of which cost money. But they do not now come before the public, as they did a first, untried and unknown, the object o the distrust that had been bred of th failures of others. These people have proved their mettle, they have shown their economical care, they have demon strated their capacity to teach, their honesty and their disinterested spirit. I the question is raised whether they are worthy of confidence and assistance, they can answer it by pointing to what has been already accomplished. No better pledge can any one give, that further contributions to their work will be well and wisely used. Any funds sent to this office, for the benefit of the Institute, will be ac knowledged in these columns and forward ed to the local treasurer.

THREE HUNDRED OF OUR HAPPY LITTLE INDIA FAMINE ORPHANS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH PROCURED SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY MISSIONARY WARD OF GODHRA

This solid array of Indian maidenhood represents over three hundred little orphans, all thanking God for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers who rescued them from death. The central figure in white is Phulbai Ward, of Godhra, the lady who organized the establishment. The language spoken by these little ones is curious, being a mixture of Sanscrit, Persian and Arabic, and is called Gujarathi. The mission has lately been reinforced by the services of Miss A. A. Abbott and another lady, and it is hoped that these children will develop into Christian workers, who shall be as useful in the future as they are happy in the present.

IT ONCE SHELTERED WASHINGTON

MONUMENT THAT MARKS THE SITE OF THE CROSSING

INTEREST has been revived lately in the historic old ferry-house which was the scene of Washington's landing on the Jersey shore just before the Battle of Trenton. In order to settle the estate of its former owner, the house is to be sold, and will probably be destroyed. It is a little frame house of one and a-half stories, and is still in perfect condition. No alterations have been made to it since Revolutionary days. For one hundred and twenty-six years it has marked the spot made famous by the dauntless valor of Washington, who stopped here while on his way to seize Trenton from the British.

In Revolutionary days the owner of the house, William McKonkey, was the keeper of the ferry that crossed the Delaware River at that point. He was a staunch "rebel" and a warm friend of Washington. Knowing that he was familiar with the shoals and currents of the river, the General selected him to guide the troops across from the Pennsylvania to the New Jersey side. It was well for the Continentals that he was with them, for they were obliged to cross amid a storm of snow and sleet, and in a river crowded with blocks of ice. The plans for marching on Trenton were not completed until the day before Christmas, and it was decided then that Washington, with his division, should cross ten miles above Trenton. The shore opposite the ferry-house was to be the place of embarkment, and McKonkey was notified.

Very early on the morning of the 26th of December the troops landed near the little ferry-house, soaked and chilled through their ragged clothing, and with a very cheerless ten miles' march before them. They had cause to remember the little house, however, for a long time afterwards. They were compelled to stay for a short time at the landing-place, and the hospitality offered them by the keeper of the ferry was appreciated keenly by the half starved soldiers.

Mr. McKonkey's daughter was then eleven years old, and though she lived to the good old age of ninety-seven, she always had fresh in her memory that morning of the 26th of December, 1776. A great kettle of boiling tea was brought forth and piles of food were prepared. The soldiers ate as though they were famished, and their hearts were warmed and bodies strengthened by the cordiality of their host.

Mary McKonkey never tired of telling how she fed her brave countrymen, and waited on the great General during his brief stay in the house. Many relics of this occasion are still preserved in the ferry-house, though the place itself has long since passed out of the hands of the McKonkey family.

Near the house, a huge boulder stands on the spot that marks the landing of Washington's men. The boulder bears a plate on which is the following inscription:

"This tablet is erected by the Society of the Cincinnati, in the State of New Jersey, to commemorate the crossing of the Delaware River by General Washington and the Continental Army, on Christmas night of 1776."

On the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Trenton, the ferry-house had quite an important place in the ceremonies of the occasion. From miles around people flocked to the historic ground; the doors were thrown open, and many persons of distinction were the guests of the hostess, Mrs. Mary Borroughs.

Mrs. Burroughs says: "I have preserved as far as possible the appearance of the interior of the house as it was in the eighteenth century, though many of the furnishings have been lost or taken away. Historical societies have tried to buy everything, but I have kept most of the things in the house. It would not seem to me so much like home without them."

THE OLD FERRY-HOUSE, AS IT IS TO-DAY

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] $1.50 [illegible]

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Women and Gambling

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, venerable in years and with honors clustering richly upon her, has spoken a strong and true word and sounded a note of danger. That women in fashionable circles do play cards for money is an admitted fact. Said a little girl, at a family table the other day, in the presence of a guest: "How much did you make last evening, mamma?" The mother tried to check the *enfant terrible* with a look, but an older girl, unaware that there was anything to conceal, explained, triumphantly: "Mother has won two hundred dollars in the last month." That women gamble, and pocket their winnings, and are not ashamed, is a fact that bodes ill to public morals, since a community does not rise ethically above the high-water mark set by its women—wives, mothers, sweethearts and sisters.

Women do not play cards exclusively for themselves. Often they cheat their own sense of right and pacify conscience by dropping their winnings into the box that holds their charity fund. But they are not a whit better when they do this, than the snare gambler in the professional line, who robs men with the right hand, and possibly helps a poor family or a crippled child with the left. Progressive euchres given for hospitals, for King's Daughters' benevolent schemes, and for orphanages, have the trail of the serpent hidden among their flowers, his hiss under the gay revelry, his leer at the bright scene, so winsome and so charming. Raffles at church fairs are equally wrong; they partake of the spirit which underlies every game of chance, and of the meretricious pretense of giving something for nothing. Earnings and winnings which have not stamped on their face: "For Value Received," have no place in refined, decent and Christian society."

The women of this republic must not ignore nor forget the purposes of its founders, nor the traditions of its lofty past. To let the effete ways of the continent of Europe breed corruption among us and deprave our homes, is to lay the axe at the root of our freedom.

The Congregational Allocution

CHURCHES, however widely they may differ in doctrine and government, have many characteristics in common; and it frequently happens that all are encountering the same or similar difficulties. It may therefore be useful to churches of all denominations to study the letter which Dr. Amory H. Bradford, the Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches, has addressed to the ministers and congregations to whom he stands, for the time being, to some extent, in the relation of a bishop. The office he holds does not clothe its occupant with any authority, but it does give his advice the stamp of official weight, entitling it to careful attention. We are sure that Dr. Bradford would rejoice if other churches, not of his fold, profited by any of his suggestions, and therefore we commend them very heartily to the consideration of all denominations.

Dr. Bradford suggests that the methods of the business world be applied by the churches in the consolidation of missionary and benevolent agencies under one responsible head, with as many departments as may be necessary. Steps in this direction have already been made in some denominations with success. A second practical suggestion is, that a committee or a bureau be organized for the purpose of introducing ministers without a charge to churches in need of pastors. The utility and advantage of this suggestion are so obvious that it is surprising that the Bureau was not organized long ago. A third utterance relates to the Federation of the Churches. Dr. Bradford strongly recommends it, and expresses the belief that it might wisely include Jews as well as Christians, inasmuch as they are interested, as Christians are, in moral reform, and in dealing with pauperism and other problems which demand the best thought of all patriotic citizens. The Christian churches, at any rate, Dr. Bradford contends, would gain in influence and power by friendly association on Federation lines.

But it is on higher grounds, for definite spiritual purpose, that Dr. Bradford's final suggestion deserves attention. He says: "Many signs prophesy the approach of an entirely new manifestation of spiritual power in the life of humanity—one such as this country and perhaps the world has not often seen." Among these signs are: that science is bringing nearer to us unseen realities, which are convincing men of the existence of hitherto unknown forces; that there is a clearer consciousness in men's minds of the closeness of human relationship, and a tendency to realize that all are brothers because all have one divine Father; and also, that there is a more earnest seeking observable for reality, and a determination to be satisfied with nothing less. Accepting these signs, and hailing them as happy auguries of a coming blessing, Dr. Bradford urges ministers and people to devote time, especially during the approaching Lenten season, to an effort to realize more clearly the personality, love and immanence of God, and of man's personal relation to him.

The utterance of our Congregational brother is wise and timely; we most devoutly hope that he reads correctly the signs of the times, and that the time of refreshing, for which so many earnest prayers have been offered, is near at hand.

Helping Finland

THERE is something very gracious and noble in the manner in which Christian America is responding to the call for help from stricken Finland. Not from the heaped-up coffers of the rich, but from the scanty savings of the poor, these gifts are pouring in to buy bread for the famishing Finns. These generous ones have found out the great secret of joyous giving—that the gift must come spontaneously, in the spirit of true sympathy, for pity of the object, and for love of Him whose whole life was a ministry of help to the needy and the afflicted. Such gifts are winged with the richest blessings.

As we read the letters that come from those who are reaching out a helping hand to the Finnish peasants, we are struck with the conviction that the grace of giving is by no means to be accounted one of the least of Christian graces. Especially is this true of secret benevolence, which scatters its benefactions while itself remaining unseen. Many of those who sympathize with Finland are giving anonymously, but "the Father which seeth in secret" himself shall reward them openly in due season; for with Him no single act of unselfish kindness ever fails of recognition.

What a lesson to the thoughtless rich, who live for the world and its fleeting pleasures, is to be found in these letters! "We wish we could make our offering many times more," write E. A. and L. C. "Great sums are the privilege of the rich, but other people have the opportunity of giving according to their means," says another letter. A third writes: "May the Lord open the hearts of many, in this land of plenty and prosperity, to the needs of those who are perishing." Another says: "I could not resist the desire, out of my small means, to do something to help some one to a meal of food." "We will send this before we eat our own dinner," write A. B. B. and wife, and a young lady (C. L. H.), in sending her offering, expresses the conviction that "it is not right for me to spend my money for things I really do not need, when others are starving."

May God open all hearts, rich and poor alike to unite in this ministry of benevolence. Holding the same faith with ourselves, these Finnish peasants should find "in our abundance a supply for their wants." Our latest advices from Finland, which we print in another column, declare the distress to be universal and the need most urgent. Let it not be said that the women, and the tender little children, suffered and died of hunger, while a people whom God had richly blessed turned a deaf ear to their cry.

New Judaism

AN interesting movement has started among the Jews of London, which appears likely to have far-reaching results. A new congregation of Jews has been organized, which at present holds services in the ball-room of a large hotel. It is intended to erect a synagogue for the services as soon as arrangements can be made. The novelty of the movement consists in dispensing with the time-honored Jewish ceremonies, such as the procession with the sacred scrolls. Another novel feature is that nearly the whole service is in English instead of in Hebrew, and that many of the hymns sung are taken bodily from Christian hymn-books and are sung to the same tunes as in Christian churches. The ritual is exceedingly beautiful and a Christian could join in the Litany with as great fervor and sincerity as the Jew. Such a passage as the following is a specimen in point:

Leader.—When, immersed in sordid cares, or in the eager pursuit of worldly aims, of material wealth and bodily pleasures, the very thought of thee fades out of our consciousness

Congregation.—Lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us, O Lord.

Leader.—And when there is a stirring within us of a better spirit, and a noble discontent seizes upon us and bids us rise above our old sinful selves, and we strive as best we can to raise our soul out of the dark abyss to our Father who is in heaven, then come thou to meet us, to cheer and hearten us and

Congregation.—Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us, O Lord. O God, in the abundance of thy lovingkindness, answer us in the truth of thy salvation. Amen.

The services are crowded, and large numbers of Jews who were seldom seen in the synagogues, attend the new services. They admit, that being unfamiliar with Hebrew, the regular synagogue service was uninteresting and almost meaningless to them. The English service, on the other hand, answers a deep need of their souls. The Chief Rabbi of London and many other Rabbis are indignant at the innovation, and denounce it, but the movement is growing and promises to increase. The Christian world rejoices to see it, believing that it will prevent many Jews lapsing into infidelity.

"Our Young Encyclopedia"

The Speaking Oak and the "Family Art Gallery" made quite an addition to our holiday cheer. Our boys call the book "Our Young Encyclopedia." There are so many bits of interesting information in its pages that not only please for home reading, but aid them in their school work. The pictures are a constant delight to home folks and visitors. We consider the new department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, devoted to children, the very best move forward that could have been made, to induce old and young to read the Bible. It is interesting, improving and does good. Accept our grateful thanks for so many good things with and in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MRS. I. N. MCCULLOUGH.

Como, Tenn.

BRIEF NOTES

The theatre services in Pittsburg commenced by Pastor S. Edward Young are increasing in interest. The Bijou Theatre is now too small to accommodate all who attend, and meetings for women only have been begun in the Second Presbyterian Church to relieve the crowding at the theatre.

The Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, calls attention to the fact that Washington's Birthday this year comes on a Sunday, and urges that it be made a great day in the churches, and that ministers in their sermons call attention to the traits of Washington's character, which are needed now more than ever in our public men.

The prohibition vote in Ontario is much more satisfactory than at first reported, the majority now being over 80,000. Though the total is still insufficient, it is felt that so emphatic a declaration cannot be ignored. This Premier Ross admits in a general manifesto to the electors, and if his present slender majority is increased or even retained at the by-elections, now pending, further legislation may be expected from his administration.

Rev. Wm. E. Biederwolf has been holding union evangelistic services at Marion, Ind. Six churches united in the movement. From the beginning there was evidence of a work of grace and the blessing has gladdened the hearts of all Christians in the city. Many parents are rejoicing in the conversion of their children and it is reported that the pastors are welcoming to the church older persons who previously had been impervious to Gospel truth.

Dr. L. Munhall's meetings at Bellefontaine, O., are receiving a wonderful blessing. The *Republican* of that city says that "although the movement is only fairly started, the city is already thoroughly stirred." The Presbyterian, Christian, Lutheran and Baptist churches have united with the Methodists in the work. At one of the meetings over two hundred persons left their seats and came to the platform at the preacher's invitation to all who were desirous of beginning a Christian life.

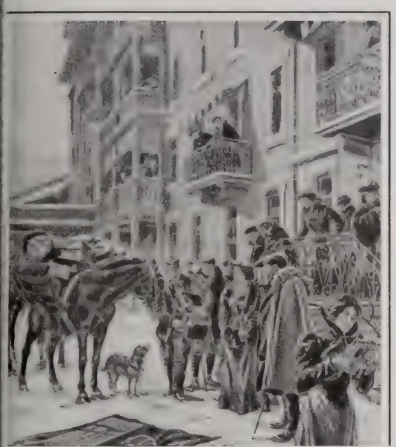
Mr. R. J. Young, who is laboring in Brazil, reports that in the adjacent States of Goyaz and Matto Grosso there is a readiness and even anxiety to learn the way of salvation. Mr. Young has already sold a number of Bibles there and distributed portions among those too poor to buy. He is now awaiting the means to send teachers there. Since the mission was established in Brazil in September, 1900, more than two hundred persons have been converted, fourteen of whom have themselves become workers.

The second term of the Bible Teachers' Training School, of which Dr. W. W. White is President, was opened in the Chapel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, recently, by an address by Dr. Robert W. Rogers, of Drew Theological Seminary, on the subject, "A Bundle of Letters Thirty Centuries Old." This address included a popular account of the discovery of Babylonian letters in upper Egypt, with historical materials derived from them. The lecturers and instructors of the school, announced for the second term, are, in addition to Dr. White; Dr. R. W. Rogers, Dr. A. F. Schauffler, Rev. George Soltau of England, Miss Jane de Groffe Thompson, Mrs. Caroline L. Palmer and Miss Caroline M. Homes of New York. The exercises of the school will be from 9:30 to 12:45 each morning, from Mondays to Thursdays, and on Fridays from 10:30 to 12:45 A.M., and 3 to 5 P.M.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Consumption Cured

ONE of the most remarkable developments of the healing art, which recent years have witnessed, is in the treatment of consumption. In the sanatoriums on the Alps cures have been effected which have



CONSUMPTIVE SANATORIUM, MONTANA, SWITZERLAND

mazed European physicians. The treatment has een the exact opposite of that which previously was egarded as the only one that could prolong the life of he patient. At that time a mild, soft, equable climate was sought, and the utmost are was taken to shield the atient from draughts. The ew treatment requires the paent to breathe cold air, and akes him to regions where a ealthy person shivers, and ven allows him to sleep in he open air. The one indisensable condition is that the ir shall be pure. At present he Swiss Alps have a moopoly of these sanatoriums here the new methods are sed, but if the results conue as effectual as they have one hitherto, it is safe to preict that our own mountains vill soon be the resort of conumptive patients. It is now ully sixty years since a Euroean physician excited the deision of his brethren by dearing that, "the application of old, pure air to the interior urface of the lungs is the nost powerful sedative that an be applied, and does more o promote the healing and losing of cavities and ulcers f the lungs than any other neans that can be employed." His suggestion was laughed o scorn, but in 1859, Dr. Herann Brehmer, himself a conumptive, founded a sanatoium at Goerbersdorf, in Prussian Silesia. Another institution of the same kind was opened in 1876 at Falkenstein, in the Taunus, and placed under the direction of Dr. Dettweiler, a former assistant of Brehmer. The excellent results obtained at these establishments led to the foundation of similar institutions, mostly conducted by pupils of Brehmer and Dettweiler at Davos and Arosa in the Central Alps, Leysin and Montana in Switzerland, Nordrach and St. Blasien in the Black Forest, and many other places. The places which have been found most beneficial to consumptives, however much they may differ in other respects, have certain features in common which must be regarded as essential. In the first place they have pure air, free from dust and smoke and the impurities inseparable from a dense population; secondly, they are fresh and bracing, but well protected against stormy winds; thirdly, they have sufficient fine weather, or sufficient artificial shelter, to render an out-of-door life possible; and lastly, they have a dry, warm, well-drained soil. These conditions are best fulfilled by Alpine health resorts, by elevated tablelands in various parts of the world, German hill sanatoria, and many places with marine or semi-marine climates. The pictures on this page give an idea of the life the patients lead. Open air and exercise, outdoor rest and regular life have proved curative when medicines have failed. So it would appear that while physicians have vainly sought a cure for consumption, and patients have been futilely swallowing nauseous medicines, there was in the air itself a remedy more efficacious than any. So it has been with the malady of sin. Philosophy, asceticism, self-torture, and good works have all been tried, while the remedy God provides has been available all the time.

To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness (Rom. 4: 5).

A Lonely Watcher

An interview appeared recently in the New York *Herald* with a woman who has a strange occupation. She is the keeper of a lighthouse on Robbin's Reef, a dangerous ledge of rocks, five miles out of New York Harbor. Many years ago she came from Germany, a bright, young, pretty girl. The keeper of the lighthouse fell in love with her and married her. They went to live in the solitary tower and took turns in watching the light. It was pleasant in the summer, but in the winter the work was hard, and often for months at a time no visitor came near them. One bitter day the ice and sleet had collected on the lantern, and the lighthouse-keeper went on to the gallery outside to scrape the glass clear. He caught a severe cold; pneumonia developed and he died. The widow begged for the appointment of keeper and obtained it. During the years she had lived there, a boy had been born, who promised to help his mother in the duties. He kept his word, and between them the work has been done. She says her days are full of occupation. There is the fog-bell to be kept bright and clean, and after the light is lighted at night it is watched continually in turn by her and her son, for if it were to go out, one of the Atlantic liners, all of which must pass the reef, might be wrecked. It would be well if every Christian were as intensely concerned for the salvation of others, as this woman is for the safety of incoming ships; then, like her, he would keep his light burning.

OPEN-AIR BALCONY AT LEYSIN, SWITZERLAND, FOR CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS

A crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world (Phil. 2: 15).

An Indignant Artist

A suit has been brought in Paris by the famous artist, M. Gerome, against M. Brandus, a picture-dealer, for damages. The artist finds in the possession of M. Brandus, a picture painted by himself, which he says has been altered since it left his hands. He contends that the picture has been spoiled, and that persons seeing it in its present condition, and hearing that he painted it, would form a low opinion of his genius. It appears that the picture was sold six years ago to an American collector, and was brought to this country. Four years afterward the purchaser sold the whole of his collection, among which was the painting in question. It was bought by M. Brandus for $1,720, and taken back to Paris. M. Brandus declares that the painting is now in exactly the same condition as when he bought it, and says that if it has been altered since it left M. Gerome's hands, the alteration was made by direction of the American owner. M. Gerome alleges that the picture represented a scene under the light of the setting sun, with the rising moon shedding a soft glaze over it. The moon has been painted out and the light is that of mid-day. M. Gerome does not deny that the change was skilfully made, but insists that it robs the picture of its beauty. The question therefore arises, whether a man who buys a picture has the right to make alterations in his own property. In Paris art circles the dispute is being watched with intense interest, because it is held there that the painter alone has the right to sanction a change in his work. It seems probably that the artist will win his case, and so there will be a new limitation to the rights of property. It would be well if men realized that there are similar limitations to their rights in themselves. In how many men is the image of God defaced and his purpose in creating them thwarted!

For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them (Eph. 2: 10).

An Important Discovery

The President of a medical society in New York is authority for the statement that a discovery recently made by Dr. Charles C. Barrows, another New York physician, "is the most important contribution to medical science of this generation." Dr. Barrows has, for some years, been making a study of blood poisoning, with the object of finding an antidote for the bacteria developed in the blood of patients who suffer from that malady. A few weeks ago he had under his care in Bellevue Hospital, a woman who was at the point of death from that cause. He tried all the remedies known to science, and proved that the diagnosis was correct by analyzing her blood. It contained an enormous number of bacteria, and as the coma, which precedes death in cases of blood poisoning had set in, the doctors had no doubt that she would die in a few hours, Dr. Barrows readily obtained permission to try the remedy he had found. It consisted in the injection into the patient's veins of a solution of formalin, which Dr. Barrows believed would be fatal to the bacteria. The result justified his opinion. The patient's temperature fell six degrees in a few hours, and she is now well on the way to complete recovery. It is perhaps too soon to count on the uniform efficacy of the remedy in all cases; but the experiments thus far made encourage the hope that, at last, a means of cure has been discovered for this dread affliction, which has hitherto been deemed incurable. It is safe to predict that in future no case will be pronounced hopeless till this simple remedy has been tried. We are not so wise when eternal death is impending. Many perish who might be saved by the Physician who never fails to save all who trust in him.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die (John 11: 26).

In a Pastor's Study

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—The pictures in the "Family Art Gallery" are fine. My favorite is "Lost in the Storm." The poor storm-driven animals make me think of other lost sheep of the Shepherd, far off on the hills of heaven, who would like to have them safely housed from the tempest of outraged law. I shall place the picture in my study, to be a reminder of my work as an under-shepherd of the Christ.

Berlin, Md. (REV.) WILLIAM HENRY BANCROFT.

The "Family Art Gallery" is free to every subscriber of this paper.

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Mix, Mrs M 2 00
Monday, Elias 2 00
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Nightingale, Mrs S M 2 00
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Neighbour, Mrs J H 1 00
Nelson, Jas P 1 00
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Nichol, Mr & Mrs R K 1 00
Nissley, Christian 1 00
Noble, W R 1 00
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Oakley, Mr & Mrs F L 1 00
Ogden, Mrs Dan'l 1 00
Ogden, Miss N T 1 00
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Olson, Miss Thora 1 00
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Ostrum, N A & fam 1 00
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Palmer, Dr J M 1 00
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Parish, Geo E 5 00
Parker, Miss Agnes 1 00
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Parsons, C S 1 00
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Patterson, Mrs J F 1 00
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Peacher, Eliza I 2 00
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Pedro, Jos C 1 00
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Pier, Dr W B 1 00
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Piper, A R 2 00
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Plummer, Philip 1 00
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Poor, Mrs D W 5 00
Pothast, F L 25
Pragor, Carrie 1 00
Prager, Chas J 1 00
Pratt, Mae 50
Prevost, Chas A 10 00
Price, Ed, Mrs J 1 00
Pritchett, Mrs A E 1 00
Proctor, Mrs A C 1 00
Quittenger, R H 1 00
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Rand, Miss J 2 00
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Ryan, Mrs Rodgers 2 00
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Schweitzer, Geo 1 00
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Shepper, Mrs C 1 00
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Shumate, Jas J 1 00
Sigler, Mrs A M 1 00
Silkett, Family 2 00
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Small, Jared 2 00
Smalley, John 1 00
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Smith, Mrs C F 1 00
Smith, J C 1 00
Smith, Mrs Jane 1 00
Smith, Oliver 5 00
Smith, W F 25 00
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Snyder, Mrs Rufus 1 00
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Spangler, G E 1 00
Spears, Mrs E G 1 00
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Sprague, Mrs 1 00
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Stone, E C & E E 1 00
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Straven, Mrs 1 00
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Struble, Carl 2 00
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Sweeddale, Mrs 1 00
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Swenson, J F 1 00
Swift, A 1 00
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Sybrandt, Mrs C G 1 00
Sybrandt, Ruth 10 00
Schoefer, Mrs W 2 50
Shepherd, Augusta 65
Shepherd, Jos 2 00
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Shepherd, Ralph 1 00
Spencer, O 1 26
Squires, Mrs H G 1 00
Steiner, D C 5 02
Stroup, Jas 25
Stroup, Della 25
Stroup, Naomi 25
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Sykes, Mrs Harriet 2 00
Settlemoyer, G M 5 00
Stickley, D E 5 00
Swaney, C 1 00
Schaber, S 1 00
Taber, Mrs M & E 10 00
Talbot, L A 1 00
Tarbox, Mr & Mrs G S 2 00
Taylor, Mrs Mary 1 00
Terry, Mrs Mrs S 1 00
Thicket, Sam'l J 1 00
Thomas, Mrs D 1 00
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Thompson, R J & Mrs 25 00
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Thurber, P F 1 10
Thurston, J F 2 00
Tiedtke, Harriet 5 00
Tilton, C 1 00
Tobin, Mrs A A 1 00
Toft, Mrs E 1 00
Toledo, John 1 00
Tollefson, M O 1 00
Topliff, Frank B 1 00
Topliff, Rose J 1 00
Topliff, Mrs S 2 00
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Trowbridge, J H 5 00
Trowbridge, Miss E 1 00
Trowbridge, Theron 1 00
Truax, Mrs E D 1 00
Turner, Mrs A 1 00
Turner, Mrs R A 1 00
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Truax, Mrs D B & Mary 2 00
Thomas, Sarah J 1 00
Tolman, R L 2 00
Tilman, Jacob 2 00
Van Allen, C L 5 00
Van Dyke, W J 1 00
Verree, W J 1 00
Vollmg, Benj 1 00
Voorhies, Mrs E L 1 00
Vroman, Mrs J R 2 00
Vincent, Mrs & dau 3 00
Vose, Mrs M D 1 00
Wade, C W 5 00
Wadsworth, Mrs S G 1 00
Wagner, Eliz 1 00
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Walker, Mrs C M 3 00
Walkup, Dr & Mrs H C 1 00
Wallace, Wm 1 00
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Wardner, Clara A 1 00
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Watts, Mrs Wm 1 00
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West, Mrs E A 1 00
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Whaley, Henry H 3 00
Wheaton, E H 5 00
Whisler, R G 1 00
White, R 1 00
Whitworth, Mrs L S 6 00
Wiggin, Augusta 1 00
Wilber, Katie, L 1 00
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Winter, Mrs Geo 1 00
Winter, Paul 1 00
Winter, R, Sr 5 00
Wisner, Mrs W T 1 00
Wittmer, Mrs J H 2 00
Wnotkka, Jacob 1 00
Wolfe, Wm A 10 00
Wood, Mrs Dent 1 00
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Wright, Mrs Caleb 1 00
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Wyker, E N 10 00
Watson, E L 8 50
Whitehead, Mrs E C 1 00
Wood, Mrs A B 1 00
Yapinen, Nectar 50
Yates, Sarah 1 00
Young, E C 1 00
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Youngman, Mrs C D 1 00
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Zippler, J H 1 00
Zook, Samuel 1 50
Carter, Wagerman 1 00
Alice, Atlanta 1 00
N A W 1 00
E, Muskegon 1 00
P B & Valley Spg 2 00
W A G, Adams 2 00
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M H V, Elizabethton 1 00
M A B, Vernon Ctr 2 00
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J G E, Macomb 1 00
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M E P, New Haven 2 00
E P, Newtown 2 00
L M, Montrose 1 00
L L S, Muncy 1 00
Mrs E P, Mineral Point 1 00
C, Ashland 1 00
M E L B, Morton 1 00
H B, Hannibal 1 00
M S, Indianapolis 2 00
J R Y, Volant 1 00
L F S, Phila ..

"America Can Save Finland!"

NEW HOPE KINDLED IN THE HEARTS OF THE STARVING PEASANTS BY OUR PROFFERED AID—CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FAMINE RELIEF FUND

INTERIOR OF A FINNISH COTTAGE

GOING TO CHURCH IN FINLAND

AN AGED RUNIC MINSTREL

IT is now midwinter in Finland. Icy blasts, that mean death to the unprotected, sweep down from the arctic and freeze the Finnish provinces, from Kivalo to Lake Ladoga. Farms, forests, valleys and rivers are, all alike, sheeted in snow and ice.

In the northern and eastern provinces, the peasant farmers and fishermen are about to face the crisis of the famine, for it was well-known, weeks ago, that by midwinter the slender stock of provisions would be exhausted.

Of the 400,000 who are now face to face with absolute want, how many will live to see the spring? Will they suffer the fate of the hundred thousand who starved to death in Finland's last famine. Every dime and every dollar is a reinforcement to the famished peasants, who, in silence and with empty larders, have been fighting back death in that bleak northern land. A loaf of bread, a bowl of soup, a frugal meal, which may cost you but the merest trifle, will mean life to some poor starving Finnish farmer and his family.

At Helsingfors, the direction of the principal relief work is in the hands of a Central Relief Committee, to which all contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are forwarded. "This Committee," says the Rev. G. Blomgren, a Finnish pastor in New York, "is an association of well-known Christian men and women, who are working earnestly and systematically to save their poor country people. They have sent agents everywhere, to get accurate information in the localities where the famine prevails." In those parishes where the greatest need exists, homes have been established for the starving children, where they are fed and sheltered. Free soup kitchens have been opened in connection with the schools, where the hungry are fed.

There are in all nearly 300,000 Finns in the United States—immigrants who have left their native land within the last few years. As a rule, they are very poor, yet they have been sending the bulk of their scanty savings home to the still poorer ones in Finland for many months past, hoping to avert the famine. But the disaster was overwhelming; and the help rendered was pitifully inadequate.

In a letter from Manager J. H. Jasberg, of the Suomi College, Hancock, Mich., the writer (a Finn), says:

"The Finnish people of the Old World have been exceedingly unfortunate, and more so during the past five or six years than ever before. To cap the misery of our afflicted race, the crops throughout nearly all of Finland were an absolute failure, not even hay bringing any return, where formerly they were nearly always certain of large hay-crops. All of the country was practically flooded, during the past year, with never-ending rains, and the hay-fields were under water, and no means of either cutting or curing it, had it been cut, until the ice formed late in the season, and whatever hay was secured was cut and cured above the ice. They had to sell their cattle, thus leaving them without occupation or means of subsistence.

"We had been receiving very serious and alarming reports, from time to time, from the northern part of Finland (where there are no railroads, and where the highways even are of the crudest kind, and communication is therefore necessarily slow), that some people had **already suffered death by starvation as early as November last,** and the help extended them by the people of southerly Finland and by the Finns living in the United States, has not been either of sufficient quantity, or the necessary speed, to do more than allay the most aggravated suffering of our stricken countrymen."

Prof. Saltzman, of Helsingfors, a member of the Medical Department of Finland, cables to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the principal suffering is in the northern and eastern provinces. American aid is welcomed.

From the Burgomaster of Uleaborg, in the centre of the famine district, comes this cablegram:

CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

Distress in northern and eastern provinces. Suffering in an area of about seventy thousand square kilometers. Towards spring, when supplies are exhausted, the want will be greater. Help will be thankfully received.

(Signed) CASTREN, Burgomaster.

Count Andre Bobrinsky writes from St. Petersburg, as follows:

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH:

Dear Sir:—It is officially admitted that a state of famine exists in Finland, and that the distress is acute and widespread. Private investigations prove that the facts of the case are minimized, rather than exaggerated, in the official statement. In proportion to its population, Finland has a larger number of people dependent upon agriculture than any other country. The ground is poor, and the crops never large. The people are industrious, sober, and scrupulously honest. Inured to suffering, and inclined to hide rather than expose their wounds, any statement of their case must come from others, rather than from themselves. By general consent, the failure of this year's harvest is more complete than that of 1867. **This means almost universal want, and the need becomes more widespread every day.** Resources are inadequate to cope with a distress so universal.

Contributions to the Finland Famine Fund, sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, are acknowledged in these columns, and forwarded to the Finnish Central Relief Committee in Helsingfors. All who have the cause at heart should send in their gifts without delay to

FINLAND FAMINE FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
92 Bible House **New York City**

A GROUP OF FINNISH EMIGRANTS

PEASANTS CARRYING HOME WINTER PROVISIONS

WORK AND WORSHIP

THE CHURCH AT CORINTH

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR FEB 8. ACTS 18 1-11

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. I. Cor. 3: 11

LAST week we were with Paul in Athens, where he appeared as a learned man and orator in the world's seat of learning. This week we are with Paul, the laborer, in the commercial centre of the world, the city of Corinth. Paul, the orator, was possible because of his genius,

and because he had been taught by the great Gamaliel, "that sun in Israel." And he could be a laborer among laborers, because he had been brought up to a trade.

As a boy and a young man, he had probably heard such quotations from the *Mishna* as the following: "Where there is no worldly support, there is no study of the law, and where there is no study of the law, worldly support is of little value." "Fair is the study of the law if accompanied by worldly occupation. To engage in them both is to keep away sin; while study which is not combined with work, must in the end be interrupted, and only brings sin with it." There may have been on the walls of Paul's boyhood home such mottoes as the following: "Whoever does not teach his son a trade, is as if he brought him up to be a robber." It is probable that from his early youth Paul was destined to be a teacher; all the more was a trade obligatory, because it was a sentiment among the noblest Jews that a rabbi should not gain support from his profession, that it should not be to him as a "crown or a spade."

And so Paul comes from Mars' Hill in Athens to Corinth, seeking employment which will yield him the necessities of life. He was a tent-maker, and as a stranger in Corinth he undoubtedly sought that part of the city where the guild of tent-makers were located. Shall we not say that Providence brought him to the door of Aquila and Priscilla? God had a plan to be worked out through their comradeship in work, for Aquila and Priscilla were to be prepared by him to be the instructors of the great Apollos.

Paul went every Sabbath to teach the Jews of Jesus in the synagogue. Storms of hate and opposition rose high against him, from which he was forced to seek shelter in the home of Justus, where he continued his teaching. The opposition increased, as one by one such men as Crispus, the leader of the synagogue, and other prominent men and honorable women were won to Christ by the preaching of Paul. Many of the Greeks were also won from their idolatry, which aroused other foes, and two seas of opposition met about Paul. He seemed to be in danger of his life. But in this trying hour, he was comforted of God, for in the night, in the humble home of Aquila and Priscilla, he had a vision, and heard a voice saying: "Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city." From that time Paul had no fear in Corinth. The robe of righteousness was to him as a coat of mail. The discord of hate could not penetrate to his consciousness. He knew only Christ and him crucified, and the purpose for which he had come to Corinth, which was not to make tents, but to save souls.

If Paul needed any consolation in his daily toil to meet his necessities, he could think of some of the greatest men of his nation who had been toilers. Perhaps he thought of King Saul, for whom he was probably named, who, before being king, was a herder. Perhaps he thought of David, who went back to tend sheep after his anointing as king. He may have thought of Elisha, who was faithfully ploughing his field when called to be a prophet; or of Amos, the herdsman, who was also a prophet. Undoubtedly he thought how Jesus himself had worked as a carpenter. Ten years afterward Paul wrote in a letter to the Philippians, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." He learned that in part, during his sojourn in Corinth.

Illustration and Application

He found a certain Jew named Aquila. In such casual meetings out of which great results come, we often have beautiful illustrations of the way in which a divine Providence directs our steps. Paul, driven from Athens by the scornful rejection of his message, meets in Corinth Aquila and Priscilla, driven from Rome by an unjust banishment of Jews, but for which the world would probably never have heard of them, whereas they not only learned the Gospel themselves in exile from Paul, but became teachers of the great Apollos, through whose eloquence they persuaded thousands to enter upon a Christian life career. So Joseph, sold into slavery, was providentially placed where he could save his own betrayers in a famine of after years. Matthews, gambler, who lost his sight, was thus led to a Christian mission to the Presbyterian Mission hospital at Moukden, in Manchuria. He was robbed on the way and even lost a blind beggar when he applied for admittance. The hospital was already crowded, but he was finally admitted. He did not get the healing for his eyes for which he came, but he found the Gospel and welcomed it with all his heart, and ever after was

THE CITY OF CORINTH

back and preached it in all the villages of his native valleys, winning many converts. He had little education, but "an extraordinary gift in leading souls to Christ," and became widely known as "Blind Chang." When he left the hospital he was not thought to be instructed enough to receive the baptism he earnestly desired, but from those to whom he preached, 170 were baptized in one year. And here is the point of the story for our lesson, the saying that arose, "If Chang had not lost his sight, there would have been no church here." So it might be said that if Aquila and Priscilla had not been banished, the churches founded by Apollos might not have been built. Some of us will not know until we get to heaven how much good has come out of our own seeming misfortunes. "Fortune," "misfortune," "luck," "mishap," and the like, are words for which Christians have no use.

Because he was of the same trade he abode with them and wrought. There, at Corinth, Paul illustrated the Jew's honorable conception of labor, learned from the Bible, which was in marked contrast with the contempt for labor, which the Greeks had learned from their philosophers. Even in Christian lands, only a few have learned the Bible's first lesson, that inasmuch as labor was a part of Eden's joy before the fall, labor is a "curse" only when sin comes in to make it selfish or oppressive. Whatever the church that was founded by a Carpenter, may be in doubt about as to its duties in the solution of the great labor problems of our time, there can be no doubt it should drive out of the minds of employers and employees alike the last remnant of pagan conception, that work is a degradation, and idleness an honor. Aristophanes ridicules a tanner and lampmaker for presuming to engage in politics. In Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, a carpenter and cobbler are reproved, because "being mechanics, they should not walk upon a laboring day without the sign of their profession." Among the Persians, merchandising was counted by educated men as degrading, on the assumption—not yet wholly outgrown—that it could not be carried on without lying and cheating. Even literary work, was in Greece and Rome, left to slaves called *literati*. The same conception appears in China, where finger-nails more than a foot long are displayed by the gentry, as an honorable proof that they never have worked. There are some in America who are equally proud, with as little reason, of their "lily fingers." "I guess they don't have to work, if they have plenty of money," said a boy of nine, in a Christian home, who had caught the spirit of our times. A young man of twice that age said: "If I had plenty of money, I would do nothing but hunt." Thousands of others have said the commandment "Six days shalt thou labor," with as little thought that God commands us to work on Monday just as much as to rest on Sunday. The whole Bible, from Adam to Paul, teaches us the duty and privilege of work. "All people may be divided into three classes—workers, beggars and thieves. God himself was a worker, for Christ said, 'The Father worketh hitherto and I work.' There is no place for those who do not labor." Hon. Carroll D. Wright says: "The Decalogue is as good a labor platform as any. In religion, we find the highest form of solution yet offered. We are to have a new law of wages, grown out of religious thought. The old struggle was for existence, the new struggle is for a wider spiritual margin." He who has been "paid in advance" by inherited wealth and does not need to work for support, is in duty bound to have some regular task for six days per week whenever health permits. A President and a preacher are supported by the public, but we do not think of the "pay" as the chief motive for their work. It is a duty, and should be a privilege to do our part of the world's work, whether there is any pay or not, and whatever be the kind of work that we are able to contribute. We are now told there is a microbe of laziness. In other words, idleness is disease, not health. No one who knows and appreciates the story of the divine Carpenter of Nazareth, can ever despise honest work in himself or in any other man.

I think the King of that country comes out from his tireless host,
Yet walks in this world of the weary, as if he loved it the most;
Lost here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for Him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead:
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.
He puts his hand to their burdens, he enters their homes at night:
Who does his best shall have as his guest the Master of life and light.

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that he planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—Henry Van Dyke.

In the story of the lesson let us not forget that work and worship were combined not alone by the mighty Paul, but also by his lowly comrades in toil, Aquila and Priscilla, and so let every child combine devotion with dilligence in daily toil.

"Elsie, dear, will you take care of baby for an hour? I would like to finish these button-holes before dark."

"Why, mother, I am sorry, but I must go to the Reading Club at the church. It's so useful and benevolent, you know." So fair Elsie trips off to read to a dozen poor children, who would have been just as well attended to by Miss Lawrence or Mrs. Warner, or any of the other half-dozen ladies who were there, while her tired mother rocks the baby to sleep and works a score of button-holes by the wearing gas-light.

A younger child made a better showing at the great Exposition in Omaha, where it was the custom for the people to register, or sign their names, in the different State buildings. People who registered were asked to give their occupation, so that the book read like this, "John Smith, farmer," "Thomas Brown, carpenter," and so on. A little golden-haired girl asked that she might register. She was told to write her name and not forget to write her occupation, and this is what she wrote: "Mary Jones, help mamma."

This lesson affords us a good basis for teaching from the example of the great apostle, that religion has to do with stitching as well as singing; with workshops as well as meeting-houses; with self-support as well as testimony. On the other hand, it suggests how work may be made poetry instead of drudgery, by bringing in, as Paul and his associates did, noble thoughts of God and man

Lord, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher!

—Helen Gilbert.

What a contrast to Paul stitching and teaching at the same time, is the case of the young lady who spent time which she figured out was equal to four weeks, in embroidering a table mat, having previously given up a class of little girls in a mission because she "simply had no time to prepare the lesson!"

When Silas and Timothy came down.—These men were lesser lights than Paul, but their coming made him greater and mightier in some way at which the text hints. He had been reasoning in the synagogues on the weekly Sabbaths only with discouraging results, despite his mighty logic. But his weary heart found new life in the coming of faithful friends, even of lesser talent, and he took up the theme of the Crucified Saviour with burning zeal for every day. The Jews were only angered as he proclaimed that Jesus was the promised Messiah, but a few Jews and many Corinthians believed on him. As when Christ preached, so in Corinth sinners were readier to accept the truth than Pharisees, and vice proved a weaker barrier to break down than pride. The sins of the mind that commonly are hardly counted sins at all, are really more dangerous to the soul than sins of the flesh.

Be not afraid, but speak.—How human Paul was, with all his greatness! Like Elijah under the juniper tree; like John the Baptist worn with prison life and loneliness; like Jesus in the great temptation, Paul, too, had his hour of discouragement in that cultured Gomorrah of Corinth, where the natives, with all their art, as founders of painting and of the most beautiful element in architecture and of Corinthian brass were themselves foul with beastly vices, while the Jews were yet more opposed to him because of their pride. But Jesus, who had called him at the gate of Damascus, again revealed himself to bring courage and cheer: "Hold not thy peace, for I will be with thee. . . . I have much people in this city." And so Paul, with renewed courage drawn from this new assurance that he was under the eye of Christ, preached on with great results for a year and a half.

"A Valuable Text-Book"

I appreciate *The Hall of Fame* very much. Shall read it more than once. It contains so much information that I shall use it as I would a text-book, which is much more useful than the book which is read through once and then laid aside.

Granville, N. Y. Gertrude Potter.

This book, with The Christian Herald one year, $2.

A KNIGHT OF AVENUE A

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

AVENUE A is a neighborhood wherein boys abound, and they have no play-place but the street. As many of the lads go to work as soon as the law will allow, the evening is their especial playtime, and, boys being only men in miniature, fighting and wars are often a part of their fiercely enjoyed recreation. The gangs of fellows from one block or another are organized loosely yet firmly under able leaders, and, on occasion, they meet and make night hideous by their howls and cries, and the furious clash of their violent onset.

When the ladies from a region far away uptown invaded the avenue, hired a house and set up a home in the very midst of the most crowded neighborhood, the residents already on the spot were puzzled. What did these newcomers mean? Why had they forsaken their natural and appropriate environment for quarters that must seem strange and comfortless? The mothers held aloof, the young girls were at first shy, and the children hung round the door, like birds looking for crumbs, who would take wing and scurry off at a hint of further acquaintance. But the ladies had a piano, a harp and a mandolin, and, evening after evening, there was sweet music in their home. The doors flew open at the most timid touch, and the welcome was so cordial that the ice of avenue A was soon melted, as snow melts in a January thaw.

The girls and young women were won before the boys, more cautious, and less disposed to seek indoor ease and instruction in the classes and clubs that the Settlement initiated, came asking for admission. After awhile, however, there were petitions from the boys, and they were drawn into the light, warmth and gladness of evenings with men and women who cared for them, young men from colleges, who understood boy nature, having added their skilled assistance, when Boys' Clubs were formed. The avenue gangs worked harmoniously enough when mustered into civic and patriotic associations, in which they studied, discussed problems, and occasionally had a supper, called in boy parlance "a feed," together.

Rudolph Goldstein was a low-browed, dark-eyed, shrewd-looking youth of sixteen, a youth of excellent natural abilities and absolutely no advantages. He had lived in a rear tenement, in a cellar-basement, flooded in the spring rains, cold in the zero winters, and stifling in the summer heats, all his life, and he was one of thirteen children. The poverty of his home was something the workers at the Settlement could not gauge; but they could and did estimate rightly, before very long, the strong character of Rudolph. He was full of gentle intuitions, and there was a vein of poetry in his soul. Not an unworthy member was Rudolph of that mighty race which produces poets, musicians, bankers, and statesmen, and which once had among its people a shepherd-boy who killed a lion and a bear when they attacked his flock, and whose psalms are sung to-day in every Christian assemblage.

Rudolph admired all the women who took a hand in helping along the clubs, and in making good men of the boys who joined them. But most of all he revered two—the Little Old Lady, and the Lame Princess. These two did not live in the Settlement itself, but they often visited it. The Little Old Lady had white hair, and soft, shining black eyes. She wore furs that wrapped her from head to feet, and she always arrived in a carriage with a coachman and a footman on the box. The Lame Princess was a golden-haired child with a crutch, and she was always with the Little Old Lady, whom she called grandmother. Rudolph had never seen any one so beautiful as this child, yet he held in even closer fondness the dear elderly woman, who was so genial, so courteous, and so wise. For generations, old women had been deferred to, and obeyed in Oriental countries, and Rudolph, a Jewish boy living in Avenue A, New York, was, in every fibre of his nature, a son of the Orient.

There was peace for a long time between the rival factions that had once made the avenue a scene of wild conflict night after night. But finally, a reaction set in. Some of the more restless spirits wearied of the evening study. A snow-storm brought a chance for sport such as city boys prize. There was ice enough in some places for long and delightfully perilous sliding. With scouts stationed at the corners to give timely warning of "Cheese it, cop, cop," if a stout policeman loomed alarmingly on the horizon, the fellows had grand times sliding, and indulged

"DOWN WENT HIS RAIN-COAT ON THE SLIPPERY PAVEMENT"

in snowball fights which were most exciting. This was all right until the old enmity awoke between the Fifteenth and Fourteenth street gangs, and the snow-fights became deadly battles, in which each group grew angry and tried to do real harm to the other.

Rudolph, as leader of the Fifteenth street force, felt the joy of battle, and, for a while, forgot the pleasure of the warm room, the wide tables, and the bright lights of the club. "Aw, now!" he said, "a fellow must have some fun!" when his mother remonstrated. She, poor woman, knew what the good ladies were doing for her boys and girls, and prized the evening learning, as a stepping-stone that might enable them to climb out of the basement one of these days, to a first or second floor tenement. The father was growing old and stooped over his tailoring. Rudolph was in a big store downtown. He, at least, would not have to sit cross-legged with a needle in his hand all his days.

The firm that employed Rudolph had promoted him twice since he had been under the influence of the Settlement, each time increasing his pay. And one of his employers had recently presented the boy with a garment of which his mother was very proud. A long, perfectly whole, and very nice rain-coat, which Rudolph wore over a red sweater, which the Little Old Lady had given him for Christmas. The Lame Princess had given him red mittens, but these reposed, as a rule, in Rudolph's pocket. His hands could bear a good deal of cold without flinching.

Well, the battles of the gangs were at their height, when a thaw dropped upon the city as stealthily and suddenly as a thief in the night. The streets were rivers of slush, the gutters were abysmal, the sidewalks were a horror. As for the boys, they declared a truce, and went back in a body to the Settlement, where the forgiving ladies received them with kindness, crullers, and hot coffee.

On the second night of the thaw, when the slush had partially yielded, who should take it into her head to visit the clubs but the little old lady? And the Lame Princess too, of course. The woodenly carved coachman and footman had their own opinion of such folly, but did not express it. And in the carriage, under the warm robes, with their feet on a heater, and every luxury around them, the two visitors—both child and grandmother—were as cozy as in their own home.

When they arrived at the Settlement, there was a delightful excitement and distressing. The carriage could not get quite close to the pavement, owing to debris and heaped up snow, and the pavement was extremely trying over. The footman lifted the Lame Princess in his arms and carried her in safely, but no footman could presume thus to convey the Little Old Lady, who, it is said, at the late Queen Victoria's was almost as stout and "hefty," as the mace on the sidewalk confided, *sotto voce*, to the man on the box.

At this moment Rudolph appeared on the scene, with his crowd of followers. At one glance he seized the situation. "Come on, fellows," he shouted, "and bring your shiny socks!" These were conveniently kept in the lower hall of the Settlement. With a yell of joy, which made the Little Old Lady laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks, the lads with the shiny socks cleared a place for the carriage to approach close to the sidewalk; then on came Rudolph's splendid rain-coat, and down it went on the slippery pavement, that the Little Old Lady might walk over it in safety to the steps. Never had Rudolph heard of Queen Elizabeth or Sir Walter Raleigh, but Sir Walter's hero heart was his, and he performed a knightly act for the lady he adored.

A few years hence, and Rudolph and his comrades will be boys no longer. They will be men and citizens, taking their share in the government of our great republic. They are wide-awake, energetic, and capable fellows, inured to hardship and open to whatever influence is strongest in their lives. Shall it be the saloon? Shall it be the Settlement? The Little Old Lady and the Lame Princess, and the young people from the colleges and universities, and some of the good men and women who sit in the pews every Sunday, are doing what they can for Rudolph and his friends. Nobody, even if he dwell remote from the big town, can afford to be indifferent to what is accomplished in the tenement districts, for New York is the heart, and the outlying suburbs are the extremities. And as the heart-throbs beat, so the extremities are healthful or feeble. One gallant deed of courtesy to womanhood, one knightly *devoir* gladly paid, is a pledge of the future which is worth something to us all. God bless the fellows who are growing up in Avenue A, and enrol them in His own great army!

Finlanders Helping Finland

Among other efforts put forth by the Finlanders in Greater New York for the relief of their starving compatriots across the ocean, is the "Finlander Fair," to be held at 120 East 125th street, Saturday, February 28, afternoon and evening. Choice fell upon Saturday, because the Finns, who are chiefly laborers, can more easily give their service and attention to the Fair that day. Articles made by Finns will be offered for sale, embroideries by women figuring in the lists. The hall will be thronged with Finnish men, women and children. An exceedingly interesting feature of the evening programme will be singing by the Finnish Musical Societies; three will take part, one composed entirely of men. They are said to sing beautifully; the melodious Finnish language lends itself easily to song; national airs will be rendered. Two Finnish speakers will deliver addresses in their native tongue, and at the request of the Finlander Relief Committee, made through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster will deliver an address; and there may be other speakers. Mr. M. Lintunen is Chairman of the Relief Committee, and Miss M. H. Matinke is Secretary. The Committee not only invites American friends to attend the Fair, but earnestly beseeches their presence. They also will be grateful for any articles Americans may donate for sale. Any one desiring to cooperate with the Committee can address Miss M. H. Matinke, 326 East 32d St., New York.

A meeting will be held at Manhattan Church, W. 76th st., Feb. 27, at 8 P.M., in the interest of the Finlanders. Full account of conditions in Finland will be given in the English, Swedish, and Finnish languages, by Rev. Dr. Henry A. Stimson, Rev. G. Blomgren and others.

Drawing Room Talks

By MARGARET BOTTOME

A BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS

MARGARET BOTTOME

Dear friends, I have brought with me this morning a large bunch of forget-me-nots—spiritual forget-me-nots. I want to tell you how wonderful they have been to me these many years; and how I first came to perceive them as spiritual, fadeless, forget-me-nots. As I looked back into my room this morning when leaving it, it seemed like a conservatory, so full of flowers was it; yesterday being an anniversary (my birthday) many friends had remembered me. I felt like saying to these lovely, fragrant reminders of affection: "O, stay! Do not wither, do not go away!"

The forget-me-nots I bring you this morning, are fadeless. I found them in the 103d Psalm. I want you to find them there for yourself. It was years ago that I had a beautiful dream about forget-me-nots, whose influence abides with me till to-day. In my dream I was surrounded by a wonderful light, unlike any I had ever seen. It was a pure white light, that was neither light of the sun nor light of the moon. "What a beautiful light!" I murmured. As my eyes fell from the light, I saw that I was standing on forget-me-nots. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing before my feet, nothing for me to tread on, but these little blue flowers. I stooped and gathered a handful, when a voice—the sweetest that has ever fallen on my ear—asked: "What have you?" I answered: "Forget-me-nots." The voice said: "Forget not me." And I knew I had heard the voice of God. That dream marks for me the 103d Psalm. That Psalm brings the Lord's presents before you.

It has been a time for looking at presents—the holidays just past. There are those who count their presents and write them down. Some people were rich in gifts and others were overlooked, but it does not follow that those who received most were happiest. From my granddaughter, I had a letter, saying, "When I had arranged all my presents, my time had come to be still, and to look for the child—the Christ-child. And as my spiritual eyes beheld him, the King of kings in the manger, I said, 'So much in so little.'" I could almost wish I were talking to-day to poor women—poor mothers, instead of rich ones—about that King of kings.* His poverty appeals to them so. Yet rich women—rich mothers—needs much to hear of him too. There is great danger that those who have much may forget the Christ-child, and without him, have so little in so much.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul," says the Psalmist in the 103d Psalm, "and forget not all his benefits." Look at God's presents to you. These forget-me-nots are his presents. You never pay anything for a present; you have only to take it; you may think you are not worthy, but you do not send it back. You keep it, and think of the Friend who gave it. He "forgiveth all thine iniquities." This is the first *forget-me-not:* Forgiveness for every sin of your life—he promises this. The only question is whether you will take it or not. Your joy in the gift depends upon your taking it. Everything will go wrong with you, wrong in your family, unless you take into it him who forgiveth sins. He forgiveth—has nothing against you. So must you forgive others.

If you have this forget-me-not, you will be moved to tell about it; perhaps to put your arms around the neck of the one nearest and dearest to you, and say: "My darling, I have the Lord's gift of forgiveness of sins and the blessing is free to all." Perhaps during Christmas week, there was a gift in your house that you went by yourself to untie—you would let no one else cut the strings. You looked at it, and your eyes filled, and you said: "his gift!" Then, doubtless, you spoke of it, and every one knew how precious it was to you. Taking the Lord's gifts is like this.

The second *forget-me-not:* He "healeth all thy diseases." "Healeth," is not in the past tense, not in the future, it is in the present. We think of healing as for the soul only, and not for the body. But it is for the body. The body of every child of God is in process of the eternal healing that makes it a glorified body. One who has been my spiritual adviser for forty years, lately passed into Paradise. As I looked down into his face, I was sure that he was nearer the perfect healing than ever before. As I stood last week at an open grave, I asked of the clergyman who had conducted the service: "Do you believe in the resurrection of the body?" All who read the service, do not believe in that. The beautiful old man, looking at the grave, said: "If I did not, I could not read: 'O grave, where is thy victory?'—for the grave has gotten the victory if there is no resurrection of the body." I have never once said of a Christian: "He is dead." When the light of my eyes went out, I said not: "He is dead"; but "It is well with him." When your dear one and mine was laid away, One stood by who had the keys of the grave. Sometime you and I will see our beloved in the transcendent loveliness of their perfect healing. I have known less about pain of the body than most people. When it comes, I shall say: "I am nearer, my perfect healing."

The third *forget-me-not:* God "redeemeth thy life from destruction." The perils of to-day are not as those of David's time, but they are as real. Why, there is danger in going about the streets of New York; and I do not see that people who have carriages, and horses, and automobiles, are more at ease than those who have not—they are distracted by fears that the coachman is drunk, or that the machine will burst up. The people who walk fear they will be run over. The people in crowded cars suffer! As I go about I take comfort in these words: "He 'redeemeth thy life from destruction.'" At every turn I catch myself saying, "Thank you, thank you," to that unseen protector. *Forget not* God "crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." We should see his loving kindness in every blessing, in every flower, in our friends' faces. *Forget not* that it is God "who satisfieth thy mouth with good things." The nourishing food, the luscious fruit—God gives it all. The senses by which we perceive their pleasantness are his gifts.

Forget not "that the Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger." *Forget not* that he "executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed." If you are wronged, you have an executor who has your case in his hands. It may not look so now, but God will stand and testify for his people some day. Wait on the Lord and be patient. Hold close this forget-me-not. Wrongs and oppression will be righted—are being righted now. He has it all in the works. If you remember that, you will be careful not to oppress anybody.

Forget not. "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." We forget, but he remembers. I feel so sorry for the fragile, half-invalid women who try so hard not to show pain and weakness and suffering. They want to be strong and cheerful—they feel that so much depends upon them. Perhaps they fail at some moment and are irritable; and others judge them hardly, and they are hard on themselves; nobody knows how much they are staggering under. But the Lord remembers. "He knoweth our frame."

Forget not that "as far as the East is from the West, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." I wish as a companion piece to the Recessional, "Lest We Forget," Kipling would write "Lest We Remember." As far as God removes transgressions, let us remove even their memory. Forget that somebody has hurt your feelings; forget the sins of others; forget your own sins. Only forget not that it is God removes our transgressions from us as far as the East is from the West.

Wear in 1903 your bunch of spiritual forget-me-nots. Fasten them to your breast with the pin of faith. Others may not see, but God will behold his forget-me-nots over your heart.

*"This "Talk" was in the drawing-room of a wealthy lady, and to an audience of rich women.

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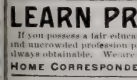

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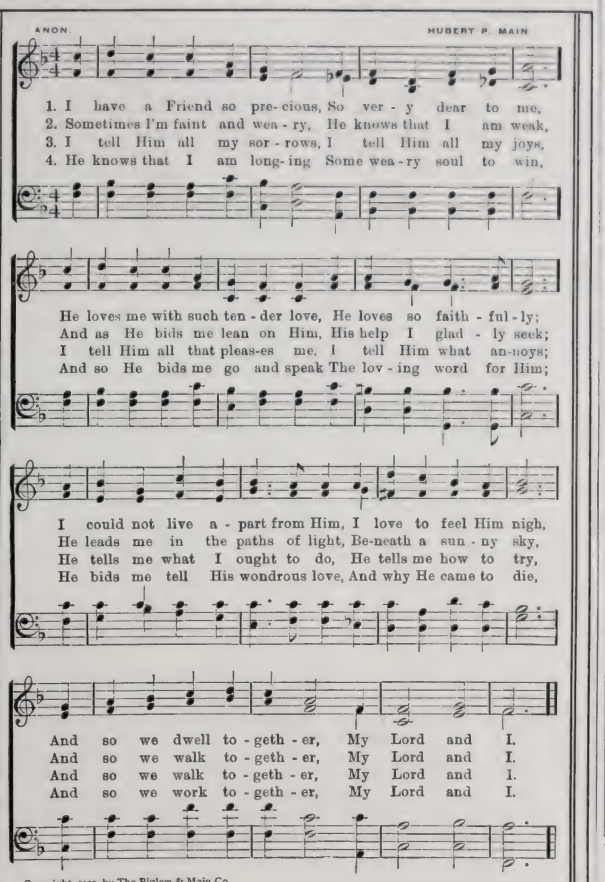
ANON.
HUBERT P. MAIN
1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver-y dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea-ry, He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows that I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win,
He loves me with such ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful-ly;
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek;
I tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys;
And so He bids me go and speak The lov-ing word for Him;
I could not live a-part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
He leads me in the paths of light, Be-neath a sun-ny sky,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,
He bids me tell His wondrous love, And why He came to die,
And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

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TRUTH AND LIES*

The Insincerities of Social Life Responsible for a Pernicious Habit

ALMOST endless is the list of forms that the habit of lying takes. From the lie whose color is said to be white, which comes trippingly from the lips of society people and which social customs treat with indulgence, to the lie told deliberately with intent to defraud or defame, the degrees of guilt are held to be definite and important. The Word of God makes no such discrimination, but insists on the guilt of all lying. This fact is not always realized even by Christians. The habit of boasting, of exaggerating facts, of paying compliments, insensibly grows even on people who would shrink from lying for the sake of gain, but often has in it all the elements of untruth. It leads, in any case, to a carelessness of statement, which saps the strict principles which ought to regulate our speech. The Psalmist, in his haste, declared that all men are liars, and in our day it really seems as if he might have said it without qualification, so prevalent has the habit become. Any one may learn for himself how unconscious is the habit, by resolving, even for a day, to utter no word that is not the exact truth. The revelation that the experiment will probably make, ought to lead to an eradication of the habit of trifling with the truth.

There is no need in an association like the Epworth League to dwell on the evil of deliberate lying. No Christian can be in any doubt about the guilt of that; but it is not so certain that there is the same conviction about the conventional departures from the truth that have become so common. The excuses that are made for not accepting an invitation, the pleas that are made for some desired favor, and the numerous statements that are uttered as apologies for some conduct or circumstance that reflects on social position, frequently would not stand the test that the Apostle applies in his letter to the Ephesians. They are generally evasions, or are intended to be understood in a sense that is not true, even when the words themselves are not absolutely false. There is no doubt that our conduct needs toning up in this matter, for after all, an untruth uttered or implied is a grievous sin, which brings upon us the condemnation of God.

*Topic of the Epworth League for February 8. Eph. 4: 25; Prov. 12: 19; Ps. 51: 6.

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"If you wish it I will furnish you the names of my patients so helped.

"Owing to the feeling that exists among the medical fraternity against physicians using the columns of the papers to advertise themselves, I request that you withhold my name, but you may refer any inquiries to me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Several Readers. The Finnish population in this country, according to statistics compiled over a year ago, was as follows:

	About		About
Minnesota	42,000	New Jersey	1,500
Michigan	45,000	Alaska	1,000
Massachusetts	15,000	Maine	800
Canada	13,000	Connecticut	800
Dakota	10,000	Indiana	500
California	9,000	Illinois	1,000
Oregon	7,500	Utah	1,000
Washington	7,500	Idaho	400
New York	7,000	Vermont	300
Montana	5,000	New Hampshire	200
Ohio	5,000	Other States	5,000
Wyoming	4,000		
Colorado	2,000	Total	184,500

It is now much larger, however, and a conservative estimate places the total little short of 300,000. It is believed that nearly 100,000 more, driven out by famine, will emigrate to this country during the present year.

A Wrong-doer, Kansas City, Mo. I have sinned deeply, and have sincerely repented, and I really believe that God has forgiven me; but I heard a preacher say in a sermon recently, that God requires public confession. It cannot do good to any one to know the facts, and it would cause shame and suffering to my family. Ought I to make the confession?

We do not think it is required of you. If you have wronged anyone and can make restitution, you ought to confess your sin to the person wronged and make restitution, but there is no need of public confession. You do not tell us the nature of the wrong you have done; but we can easily conceive of offences in which confession would make greater trouble and do positive harm. If, as you say, you have made your peace with God, your own conscience must guide you as to further steps. Unless it is a wrong which can be rectified, or its consequences alleviated by confession, we do not think you are required to make confession.

Reader, Dodgeville, O. Will you please tell me, through your paper, where I will find an account of Nebuchadnezzar's hanging garden?

Josephus, the Jewish historian, gives a brief account of them. Curtius, Berous, Herodotus, and other ancient writers, and Oppert, Porter, Fergusson, and Rich, in recent years, have attempted to describe them, but with little agreement.

Inquirer, Camden, N. J. A Jewish acquaintance contends that it was not the Jews, but the Romans, who were responsible for Christ's death. He contends that if his execution had been ordered by the Jews, it would have been by stoning, not by crucifixion. Is that true?

At that particular time the Jews were not allowed to inflict the death penalty. Afterwards, as in the case of Stephen, they did inflict it, and they carried it out by stoning. Their responsibility, however, is undoubted. Pilate did not want to kill Jesus. The Jews placed Pilate in a technical difficulty by denouncing Jesus as a rival to Cæsar. If he had refused to punish him, the Jews would, as they covertly threatened, have denounced him to Cæsar. He could easily have cleared himself of such a charge, but there were other matters in his career, which would not so well have borne investigation, and these would naturally have been cited if the Jews had impeached him. Pilate consented to the execution reluctantly under Jewish pressure, and therefore, though the actual execution was conducted by Romans, the Jews were responsible.

P. M. C., Worcester, Mass., writes:

There were six little children baptized in our church, December 7. Two were converted a few weeks ago. One is eleven and the other fourteen years of age. They have an infidel stepfather who does not like to see a Bible in the house. He talks to the children against the Bible and religion. The mother is not a Christian. Notwithstanding this, these two girls have come out bright on the Lord's side. At every prayer-meeting they give interesting testimonies. One of the six is the writer's own little girl. She accepted the Saviour last August, at the age of seven years, and came home with a happy heart and told me she had started to be a Christian.

Reader, New York. Is it true, as I have heard it affirmed, that the best Biblical scholars are abandoning the belief in the deity of Jesus Christ?

There is no evidence that the number of persons who have abandoned that belief is increasing. The Unitarians, who are leaders on that side of the question, do not report any large increase in their numbers. There is, we think, no need for the apprehension you express in your letter. There are a very large number of scholars who steadfastly believe in the divinity of Jesus, and their scholarship is by no means inferior to those who deny it. As for ordinary people, who make no claim to scholarship, we believe that few of them have abandoned the faith. It appears to us, apart from Biblical evidence, that it is a greater tax on credulity to believe Jesus was only human, than to believe that he was divine. Is it likely that a man who passed as a carpenter, in an obscure village in Palestine, could, by less than four years' preaching, lay the foundations of Christianity? No theory but that of the Incarnation can rationally explain such a phenomenon.

Inquirer, Sumter, S. C. Why do some of our bills call for silver dollars and others for gold? Are they of equal value?

They are supposed to correspond with the coin in the Treasury. It would be optional on the part of the government to refuse to pay gold for a silver certificate, though Mr. Carlisle, when Secretary of the Treasury, ruled that gold should be paid for them when it was demanded. If through any cause gold became scarce, the government might insist on redeeming them in silver. The value, as matters now are, is equal.

L. J. Frederick, Md. What is the meaning and the scope of the second Commandment?

It differs from the first, of which at a cursory glance it seems a part, in that it forbids the making of images for worship, while the first simply and singly insists on there being only one God. That point being understood they were not to make any representation of him, nor of anything else for use in worship. It could not have meant a prohibition of sculpture or carving, because immediately afterward Moses was commanded to put cherubim on the ark, and to make images of pomegranates for the adornment of Aaron's tunic. Still, there is no doubt that many Hebrews

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

TO THE ROOTS.

A School Boy Digs Down to Find Food to Build Him Right.

A good, straightforward letter was recently sent by a bright clever youth which shows his ability to go to the bottom of a trouble and rectify it.

He says, "I attended High School for three years but made little progress. I did not enjoy good health; my food was not properly digested; this caused headache and hence I could not study. I tried taking exercise in the foot-ball field but was unable to stand it as it always increased my headache.

During the summer holidays I began eating Grape-Nuts and the benefit was immediate, the headache stopped, my food digested properly so that I had no more stomach trouble, my general health improved, my weight increased and my brain was clear and bright.

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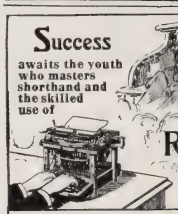

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

took the commandment literally, and thus the arts of painting and sculpture were neglected in Palestine.

R. S. S., Worcester, Mass. How do you account for the fact that there are so many creeds and denominations? All profess to prove themselves right by the Bible; how is it that with only one book as a basis, there is so much diversity?

The denominations do not differ so radically as you appear to imagine. If you were to ask a Baptist, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Congregationalist or a Disciple the way to be saved, and how a Christian ought to live in the world, you would get practically identical answers from them all. They and other denominations agree in the essential things. On questions of church government, and of rites there is divergence, due largely to the different cast of mind and to association and environment. The Bible supplies a basis for unity, but not for uniformity.

W. G., California. There is to be a play given under the auspices of our church. The church rules are opposed to theatricals. What should be done in the matter?

On general principles, we do not consider the church a proper place for the presentation of plays of any sort. Much would depend on the character of the proposed entertainment. If the matter is brought before the proper church authorities, they may be influenced to take such action as is necessary to prevent any objectionable performance.

J. W. S., New York. Can a sincere Christian be a wholesaler and retailer of spirituous liquors?

Such a business is totally incompatible with the Christian profession. One who makes a living by selling that which ruins men's souls and bodies, which wrecks happy homes, which sends the young and old of both sexes to perdition, which is the chief agent in crime and responsible for nearly seventy per cent. of all criminal offences, must have an extremely elastic conscience to reconcile such work with the spirit of Jesus, "who went about doing good."

Mrs. M. B. D., Shelter Island, N. Y. Is it, or is it not, giving to the Lord when we give for the support and benefit of our own church?

Yes; your own church is one of the agencies employed in doing God's work, and in supporting it, you are assuredly giving to the Lord's work.

A. S. B., Chillicothe, Ill. I saw, many years ago, a story concerning Robert Bruce, of Scotland, watching a spider spin a web, which, after many attempts to fasten it on an opposite rafter, succeeded. This gave the discouraged commander new inspiration to rally his army and push his campaign to a successful issue. Can you tell me where I can find the incident recorded?

You will doubtless find the incident recorded in the Life of Bruce or in any history of Scotland. It is regarded as apocryphal, however. A somewhat similar story is related of several other noted people.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. What is the difference between the Hellenic and the Judaic view of life?

The difference is characteristic of the two races. The Hellenic, or Greek, idea of the development of human character was that the elevation of it must come through culture and philosophy. Graceful statues, fine buildings, beautiful pictures, reading, athletic sports, etc., would all contribute. The Hebraic, or Judaic conception was, that in righteousness alone was there hope of human progress and development. You find it in the Psalms and the Prophets reiterated again and again.

Protestant, Philadelphia, Pa. A Roman Catholic neighbor declares that the priests of his church do not discourage Bible reading, and that the stories that they do are slanderous. Do you know whether he is right?

Probably the practice of the church varies in different countries, and that in the United States the priests do not oppose the reading of the Bible. That they do so in some other countries is undoubted. Within three months, the following warning was published in a Roman Catholic journal at Lourdes, in France: "Every year the effort is made to spread amongst the pilgrims, either by sale or by gift, certain books of Protestant origin, and in particular the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is our duty to warn the 'faithful' that it is definitely forbidden to Catholics to read, or even to keep in their houses, books of this kind."

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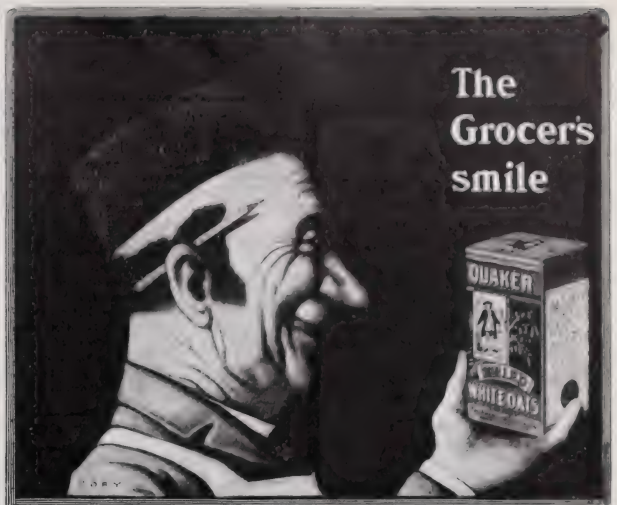
The beautiful Red Letter Bible, sent me a short time ago, is one of the most complete, convenient, and helpful editions of the Scriptures I have seen; the paper is good, the print large and clear, the red lettering of great assistance in finding desired passages, the Teachers' Helps concise and comprehensive. The maps well-arranged and clear, while both good material and skill have been expended upon the durable and tasteful binding. I have shown the book to a number of friends, all of whom are one with me in praising it most unstintedly. KATE J. CRAWFORD, B. A.

Principal Arden Schools, Arden, Manitoba, Can.



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The Back

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, a happy "Sunday Hour" to you! Our little friend, Lucretia Williams, writes: "I enjoy searching for answers to the questions with the aid of my Bible story books and my Bible." Eva Moore says: "We are learning a great deal about the Bible in working for the prize. Our whole family is interested." We want your pleasure and profit to be not entirely dependent upon prizes, dear little ones. We want you to enjoy "Sunday Hour" with us for itself. We are glad to know that our little prize-winners (who sent fine answers—they had to to win, where many answers were so good) like their prizes. They all say about this:

Nancy Ella Steadman, R. I. "The book, *Choice Selections and Recitations*, is a beauty. The poems and selections are fine, and some of them are so amusing, it makes us all laugh. One of the sad poems is called 'Guild's Signal.' My home is near Wood River Junction (or Richmond Switch, as it was called then), where Guild lost his life."——Bert R. Peat, Mass. "I am very pleased with the present. I think it is a fine book."——Lula Dixon. "I especially like the way the book is bound, and best of all the beautiful readings and recitations inside."——Lucile Wall, Ga. "The book will help me in my school elocution work. I enjoy finding answers in the Bible to 'Curious Questions.'" (Our little watch winners may be heard from next week. We would have to crowd puzzles out to put in all the letters—and that would never do!)

We make instructions and rules as plain as possible, and we cannot engage to answer letters asking further information about our Puzzle Competitions.

COMPETITION 15

What two places mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 15" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the two answers employ but one word—the name of the place you think the picture represents. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name of the place. Read the rules given below.

Competition 16
Curious Questions

1. Who owned the first time-piece mentioned in Scripture?
2. Who was the first jeweler mentioned?
3. What artistic handicraft besides did he pursue?
4. Who was killed because of the mispronunciation of one word?

Write "Competition 16" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 15 and 16 you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 15" or "Competition 16," as the case may be.* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

Prizes are as follows: For the best answer to "Competition 15," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's; for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book. For the best answer to "Competition 16," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's; for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book.

All answers must be mailed not later than February 2, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks Department*, Bible House, New York.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZE-WINNERS FOR DEC. 31, 1902

The picture, "Scripture Problem 4," in our issue of December 31st, was "Saul Among the Prophets," I. Sam. 10: 5, 11. To "Curious Questions" of that date, answers are: 1. Moses appointed Abib the first month of the Hebraic year in connection with and in commemoration of the exodus—the departure of Israel from Egypt, Ex. 12: 2; 13: 4; 23: 15; 34: 18; Deut. 16: 1. 2. "An holy convocation," "A day of blowing the trumpets," Numb. 29: 1; "A Sabbath," "A memorial of blowing of trumpets," Lev. 23: 24. The Feast of Trumpets. Rosh hash—Shanah. 3. The blowing of trumpets. Instead of trumpets being merely blown in the temple at the time of offering the sacrifices, there was "a day of blowing of trumpets." 4. The form of benediction pronounced on Israel's congregations by Aaron and his sons is given in Num. 6: 23-27.

For the best description of the picture, "Scripture Problem 4," of Dec. 31, **Grace L. Colwell**, Sherburne, N. Y., receives the first prize, a handsome silver watch; for the best answer to "Curious Questions," of same date, **David Kroeber,** Atlanta, Ga., receives a handsome silver watch. The following receive each a beautiful book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest.
Bates, Edna, Mont.
Bell, Leon, Ia.
Carlson, Hilding, Pa.
Cartwell, Harold, Can.
Clark, Lewis, Pa.
Cole, Bessie, Ohio.
Collins, Hilda A., Mass.
Cooey, Margaretta, Pa.
Crain, Marietta, N. C.
Crosby, Merle G., Can.
Decker, Worma, Iowa.
DeYoung, Marg't, Wis.
Dickinson, Carrie E., Can
Dixon, Lyman, N. C.
Ebely, Elmer H., Ohio.
Fowler, Clyde A., Pa.
Fuller, Ethel, N. Y.
Gates, Sydney, Wis.
Glade, Vincent, Kans.
Halsted, Egbert, N. Y.
Hannum, Leona, Ill.
Hardy, Gladys W., Can.
Heagy, Rey, Pa.
Johnson, Orlena M., Vt.
Jones, Elsie R., Pa.
Jordan, Ka E., Pa.
Lincoln, Leslie T., Pa.
Locke, Stanley, Can.
Martens, Julia, Ind.
Martyn, Vincent, Pa.
Neefus, Stanley, N. J.
New, Annie C., N. J.
Packer, Grace, Kans.
Paddock, Eddie R., N. J.
Patterson, Edith, Neb.
Plannett, Edwin, Mo.
Reeve, Edmund W., N. J.
Seeley, Nina, Mich.
Shaffer, Frank, Ill.
Smith, Gladys E., N. H.
Smith, James B., Md.
Smith, Loretta, Can.
Stearns, Edw. C., Mass.
Thompson, S., Can.
Voltz, Miriam, La.
Waddell, Stella, Tenn.
Webb, Paul, Colo.
Weeks, Amy L., Me.
White, Ethel R., Ill.
Wilkie, Delos, Wis.

Second best answers to "Curious Question."
Allen, Earl H., N. Y.
Armstrong, Fannie, Ky.
Barton, Warren T., Pa.
Batdorf, A. Luella, Pa.
Beery, Leon F., Pa.
Brown, Joanna, Neb.
Butler, Eugene, Ind.
Campbell, Ellen, Mich.
Coghill, Miriam, Va.
Colton, Wm. L., N. Y.
Crymes, Mary L., Va.
Culbertson, Mary, O.
Davenport, Euge'a, Tex.
Davidson, Edna, Minn.
Dunwiddie, Clyde, Pa.
Esterday, Reid, O.
Gerken, Edna, Kans.
Gillen, Rebecca, Pa.
Harrison, Clinton, Neb.
Hicks, Roy N. L., N. Y.
Johnston, Anna M., Ia.
Judson, C. Everett, N. Y.
Kelly, Pierce Crosby, Pa.
Kime, Josephine A., Pa.
Koch, Violet E., Pa.
Landon, Mary, Minn.
Latham, Mary, S. C.
Lewis, Kenneth, Can.
McMurdo, Roy, Can.
Merry, Belle, O.
Miller, Florence R., Pa.
Moore, Eva S., Mo.
Patterson, Ira, Wis.
Prosser, Milton, Pa.
Rex, Mae, Ia.
Roberts, Douglas, N. Y.
Robins, Addie, Mich.
Rogers, Geo. I., Conn.
Rogers, Geo. M., Mass.
Sauter, Vera, Ill.
Shipley, Carrie E., Md.
Shoemaker, E. E., N. Y.
Smith, Kenneth, Conn.
Sprague, Marion L., Me.
Strickland, Myrtle, Mo.
Sullivan, Vera, Colo.
Tuxford, Lucy, N. Y.
Vail, Glenroie, N. Y.
Walker, Alice, R. I.
Wren, J. Harold, Va.

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AN EARLY CHURCH

Paul's Teaching in the Worldly Greek City

By Mrs. M. Baxter

HOW often it has been said that to Christianize educated Brahmins, and the student-class in China, educated people are essential. But how often, when such were not also filled with the Holy Ghost, have they been a failure! and how often some comparatively illiterate man, filled with God, has been blest to many! It is to the very learned Corinthians that Paul explains how the things of God can be only understood by Divine power. "Who among men knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of the man which is in him?" The spirit is the knowing power, as the eye is the seeing power, and the ear the hearing power. But our natural knowing power does not reach out into things divine—for them we need a new faculty: "Even so the things of God none knoweth save the Spirit of God" (I. Cor. 2: 11, R. V.). How absolutely needful, then, is it for us to have the Spirit of God within us, that we may "know the things that are freely given to us of God" (ver. 12). All the wisdom of the Corinthians, and all their learning, left them as much without power to understand spiritual things as a blind man is to perceive things which can only be understood by sight. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

This kind of teaching was unwelcome in the synagogue at Corinth. It was no light thing for the Corinthian Jews to believe in Christ; it meant opprobrium and excommunication from the synagogue, and they would have to bear the shame of being the followers of one who was branded as a publicly-executed criminal. "They opposed themselves and blasphemed." This brought about a crisis in the life of Paul. The Lord had told Ananias of Saul of Tarsus: "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel." Up to this time, Paul had always gone first to the Jew; but God had settled the order of his service, in which the Gentiles were first named. "Now, therefore," he said to the unbelieving Jews, "your blood be upon your own heads. I am clean; from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles."

Perhaps it was the last straw of his prestige as a learned Pharisee which went with this decision; and for the first time in a city where a synagogue was in existence, he took his disciples elsewhere: they met for worship "in the house of a certain man named Titus Justus, whose house joined hard to the synagogue." But Crispus, the ruler of the synagogue, himself became converted; he "believed in the Lord with all his house." Then another ruler, Sosthenes was appointed over this synagogue, and he not only became converted and baptized, but was persecuted; and later became a companion of Paul, and is joined with him in the writing of the First Epistle to the Corinthians (I. Cor. 1: 1). Naturally the conversion of Crispus, their leader, gave a greater impetus to the work, and "many of the Corinthians hearing, believed and were baptized."

It is often in the most unexpected quarters that those are to be found who receive the Word with all readiness of mind. It is sometimes an excuse for our own cowardice when we take for granted that such or such a person will not come to Christ. Let us be at God's disposal always, and for any to whom he wills to send us. Paul dwelt in Corinth a year and a half, teaching the Word of God among them.

We may gather what kind of teaching he gave them from his two epistles to the Corinthians. That he taught them the fulness of God's grace in Christ Jesus to sinful men comes out strongly in II. Cor. 5: 14-19. And Paul teaches that the very object of the death of Christ has been "that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again" (II. Cor. 5: 15). He teaches that no goodness of the flesh can commend man to God, He chooses the "foolish," "weak," "base," "despised" things of the world, and even "the things that are not, that he might bring to naught the things that are" (I. Cor. 1: 18-31). He teaches the absolute necessity of having the Spirit of God in order to understand the things of God. He shows (I. Cor. 3) what is the difference between a spiritual and carnal believer, and in the midst of his strong dealing with them about sins and inconsistencies, and the true regulation of Christian life, in chapters 3, 7, he twice reminds them of the motive power in all, that they are the temple of the Holy Ghost (3: 16, 17; 6: 19). In the midst of further practical teaching he regulates the observance of the Lord's Supper (11: 20-34), and then brings out the great truth so little practically understood —the mystical body of Christ into which all are baptized by one spirit (12), and on this ground brings out his precious lesson of love (13) and resurrection (15).

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MEN WHO HAVE FAILED*

Four Conspicuous Instances of the Evil Results of Yielding to Temptation

ARE men who have failed competent to be teachers? Before we reject their lessons, we may well consider the fact, that having realized in their own experience the results of evil-doing, they are capable of speaking with authority of the nature of those results. The man who has fallen into a bog is, better than all others, able to tell travelers over the same road where the bog is, and what effect follows falling into it. The references associated with the topic furnish us with four types of failure. That of Cain shows the effect of jealousy; that of Samson, the result of infatuation; that of Eli, the consequences of neglect of duty; and that of Saul, the penalty of disobedience. They are four types of failure which are common in the present day. Jealousy still survives and does its deadly work; men still allow love to make them careless of their obligations to God; parents, among ourselves, know that their children are doing evil, yet do not restrain them; and, like Saul, men offer to God tithes and outward observance, and all kinds of reverence, except obedience, which is the one thing essential to pleasing God. The uniform principle in all four cases, is the tendency to disregard the plain teaching of the Bible, that God should occupy the supreme place in every life.

It is the self-centred man who fails, whether his selfishness takes the form of envy, self-indulgence, parental leniency, or greed. The philosophy Christ propounded in his paradox, that he who would save his life should lose it, was eminently sound. To save ourselves from humiliation, from the conflict with our passions, from the distress of correcting our children, from the apparent waste of sacrifice, is the surest way to incur heavier trials than those we try to escape. There come crises in the life of every man when principle is put to the test. It is so much easier to yield, than to take the firm and self-sacrificing course, so much more agreeable to consult our own inclinations, that the habit of doing right at any cost, ought to be formed before the crisis comes, lest, under the strain, human nature asserts itself and bids us consider our immediate interests. Of our ultimate interests, there can be no reasonable doubt, for it is still true that he who sins wrongs his own soul.

* Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society, and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 8, Gen. 4: 8-12; Judges 16: 20, 21; I. Sam. 3: 11-14; 15: 22-29.

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The pictures in the "Family Art Gallery" are all perfect gems and very beautiful. I am exceedingly interested in the *Hall of Fame*, which is a perfect thesaurus of knowledge on the subject. Many thanks for your excellent paper and valuable premiums.

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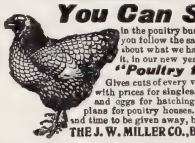
R. C. Bauerminster, Norwood, Minn., got 493 chicks from 503 eggs. He followed directions, the machine did the work, because it was built on right principles and by good workmen. The IOWA has fiber-board case, does not shrink, swell, warp or crack. Regulation and ventilation perfect. Our free book gives more testimonials and full particulars. Everything about incubation free.

IOWA INCUBATOR COMPANY, BOX 246, DES MOINES, IOWA



You Can Succeed

in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new year book,

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Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for singles, pairs, trios and pens, and eggs for hatching, in season. Cute and plans for poultry houses. It cost too much money and time to be given away, but is sent for 10 cents.

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WE GIVE TIME

for you to prove that CYPHERS INCUBATORS produce better results than any other machine made. The guarantee says they must or your money all back. Write for 196 page Book No. 67, "How to Make Money With Poultry and Incubators." Fully covers the subject. 10 cents for postage; book free.

Cyphers Incubator Company,
Buffalo, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. Boston, Mass. New York, N.Y.

DON'T PAY MONEY

for an incubator you have not tried, when you can get the best, the **Royal Incubator**, on 30 days free trial. It is entirely automatic and certain in results. Try one. Catalogue free.

ROYAL INCUBATOR CO., Dept. 71 Des Moines, Iowa.

FENCE! STRONGEST MADE, Bull Strong, Chicken Tight.

Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully Warranted. Catalog Free. COILED SPRING FENCE CO. Box 47 Winchester, Indiana, U. S. A.

DON'T SET HENS the same old way while A 200 Egg Natural Hen Incubator Costs But $5, other sizes equally as low. Over 125,000 in use. Indispensable to anyone who keeps a hen. Our Patents protected against infringements. Agents wanted everywhere, either sex, no experience necessary. Catalogue telling all about and 25c Lice Formula FREE. If you write today.

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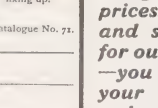

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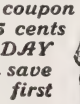

incubator better than ever. New regulator, greatest improvement ever made in incubators. Big illustrated catalog free.

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The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath.

Do you know that many of the greatest physicians endorse and prescribe this treatment? Also that the following distinguished people are among its patrons: Governor Pingree, of Michigan, ex-Governor Goodell, of Vermont, U. S. Senator A. P. Gorman, of Maryland, General T. S. Peck, G. A. R., Vermont, Miles Devine, ex-City Attorney, Chicago, Ill., Rev. J. Lowery, St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y., Rev. A. N. Keigwin, 1025 Park Place, Wilmington, Del., Rev. Dr. John Potts, Victoria College, Toronto, Canada, Rev. W. L. Strange, New Plymouth, Idaho, and hosts of others? Do you know that it goes to the root of and eradicates scores of the most troublesome and dangerous diseases that afflict mankind? Do you know that an occasional Internal Bath is a better preventive of illness and preserver of health than any other single means?

The record of its benefits reads like a revelation to those hitherto unacquainted with it. It is used (by means of the *"J. B. L. Cascade,"* the only scientific appliance for this purpose) by hundreds of the best known people in New York and by innumerable ministers, lawyers, and other persons whose intelligence gives unequivocal weight to their testimony.

It is known that seven-tenths of all disease arises from the retention of foreign matter in the human system; also that the greatest part of this waste is held in the colon, which is Nature's sewer. Hence, the flushing of this sewer removes the greatest cause of disease. While immeasurably the best treatment for constipation, indigestion, etc., there is scarcely any known disease for which the *"J. B. L. Cascade"* may not be confidently prescribed.

We want to send free to every person, sick or well, a simple statement setting forth this treatment. It contains matter which must interest every thinking person. If you live in New York you are earnestly invited to call, but if you can not call, write for our pamphlet "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent free on application, together with our Great Special Offer for this month only.

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THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY

is picturesque, healthful and productive. No snow or ice, richest soil, abundant water, direct transportation everywhere, advantages of modern Sacramento city, local or Eastern markets and every inducement to settlers and investors. **Produces everything** grown from New England to Florida. All products reach highest perfection and mature early. Write for official illustrated booklets containing California information and descriptions; also statistics on all fruit and agricultural subjects to **Manager Board of Commerce, 250 K St. Sacramento, Cal.**

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Each employee thoroughly trained to attend to his or her special part of your order in the quickest possible time and without mistake. Not only best goods at lowest prices, but PROMPT SHIPMENTS are largely responsible for our immense and still rapidly increasing business. Ninety-seven out of every hundred orders are shipped within 3 days after being received and thousands are shipped the same day.

Don't you think it would pay you to trade with us? From our large catalogue you can buy everything you need at wholesale prices. Fill out the coupon and send it with 15 cents for our catalogue TODAY—you will more than save your money on the first order you send us.

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Send for Catalogue TODAY and get ready for Spring "fixing up."

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Enclosed find 15 cents, for which please send me Catalogue No. 71.

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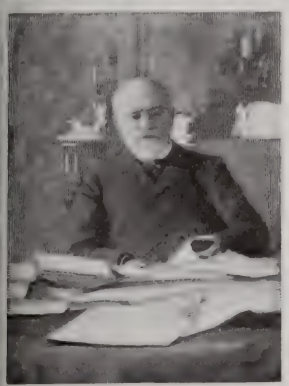
Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago

Why not place your Mid-Winter Order with us?
What will you need during January and February?
Look ahead—Better begin by filling out coupon below.
SAVE YOUR EYES
Write for special spectacle catalogue with instructions for fitting, free.
17

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Future of War*

IN his introduction to the book, *The Future of War*, Edwin D. Mead briefly sketches the career of the famous author. He writes: "Jean de



THE LATE M. BLOCH

Bloch was a poor Polish Jew, beginning his life as a pedler, hawking his wares about the streets of Warsaw. Finally getting through good fortune a sum of money, he resolved that he would push out of the ignorance and narrowness into which he was born, and he found his way to Berlin. There he studied for three years, largely with French and English tutors, and then went back to Warsaw.

"He was a man of immense energy and a devoted student. He rapidly acquired a fortune as a banker and also obtained a high reputation as a sociologist and economist. He married a rich and talented woman, and their home became a notable intellectual centre. He wrote exhaustive works in many volumes upon Russian railways, Russian finance, and Russian local government. It was to him presently that the Russian commercial folks and the Russian government were turning to finance their operations. He became the leading banker of Poland—a sort of Polish Rothschild—and he became the president of important railway systems. He was led, as a result of all this, to understand what were the menaces to the economy of states of the war system obtaining in Europe. Seeing that war lay at the root of the trouble, he devoted himself for years to the preparation of his exhaustive work on *The Future of War*, the most powerful arraignment of war and the most powerful argument for the peace of the world, which has been written in our time, or perhaps in any time. From his youth he had studied war, and he had written many pamphlets on military subjects; but *The Future of War* was his supreme effort.

"Jean de Bloch said: 'We must appeal to the purse, to common sense, and make men see that this war system is the most stupid thing in creation.' That was where he directed almost his whole argument. He said that if it came to a great European war, that war could only cease with the annihilation of one combatant and the financial ruin of the other. He said that, so far from this question of an international court being a Utopian thing, it was the men who were going on with their schemes for wars who were really dealing in chimeras: that the time has come when we should apply our resources, not to the things which waste and devastate, but to the things that build up states and the industries and the social welfare of men."

In a preface by William T. Stead, some remarkable conversations with M. Bloch are given, from which we can only make brief extracts. M. Bloch says: "Then, instead of war tought out to the bitter end in a series of decisive battles, we shall have as a substitute a long period of continually increasing strain upon the resources of the combatants. The war, instead of being a hand-to-hand contest in which the contestants measure their physical and moral superiority, will become a kind of stalemate, in which neither army being able to get at the other, both armies will be maintained in opposition to each other, threatening each other, but never being able to deliver a final and decisive attack. It will be simply the natural evolution of the armed peace, on an aggravated scale."

"Humanity has progressed beyond the stage in which war can any longer be regarded as a possible Court of Appeal," writes M. Bloch. "Even military service has lost much of its fascination. At one time, war appealed to the imagination of man, and the poets and painters found no theme so tempting as depicting the heroism of the individual warrior, whose courage and might often turned the tide of battle, and decided the destiny of nations. All that has long gone by the board. War has become more and more a matter of mechanical arrangement. Modern battles will be decided, so far as they can be decided at all, by men lying in improvised ditches which they have scooped out to protect themselves from the fire of a distant invisible enemy. All the pomp and circumstance of glorious war disappeared when smokeless powder was invented."

Referring to the cost of the great wars of the nineteenth century, M. Bloch gives the following approximate figures: French Revolution, $4,200,000,000; Napoleonic Wars (cost France), $116,625,000; Crimean War (cost all engaged), $1,700,000,000; War of 1859 (France, Austria, Sardinia), $253,000,000; American Civil War, $5,000,000,000; Danish War (Denmark, Prussia, Austria), $72,000,000; Austro-Prussian War (cost both), $330,000,000; Franco-Prussian War (cost both), $2,533,400,000; Russo-Turkish War, 1877 (cost Russia), $1,209,750,000.

**The Future of War*, in its Technical, Economic and Political Relations, by Jean de Bloch, pp. 380, illustrated with numerous maps and diagrams, cloth covers. Price 65 cents. Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Gordian Knot: or the Problem which Baffles Infidelity, by Dr. A. T. Pierson. Pp. 265. Price 65 cts. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Daniel in the Critics' Den. A Reply to Prof. Driver, by Sir Robert Anderson, LL.D. Pp. 186. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

The Bible for Children: arranged from the King James Version, with 24 full page illustrations from the Old Masters, compiled by Mrs. Joseph B. Gilder. Pp. 475. Price $3. Published by The Century Co., New York.

Last of the Barrier, Side Lights on the Manchuria Mission, by Rev. J. Miller Graham. A book of timely interest, full of instructive facts about a strange people, and finely illustrated. Pp. 235. Price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

Joy in Service, by the Rev. Geo. T. Purves, D.D., and *The Teacher and Pastor*, by Prest. F. L. Patton, are issued in a neat little book by the American Tract Society, New York. Price 50c., bound in cloth.

A Superb Work

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:—It is only due you, in your untiring efforts to more than please your subscribers, to say that the *Red Letter Bible* is a superb work of the printer's art and skill. The arrangement is certainly a most happy and beneficent one. I could not offer a single criticism. The "Art Gallery," framed in *passe-partout*, makes one of the most delightful corners in my study. My mind is equally centered on "The Evening Anthem" and "Off to the Fair," while Mrs. Bame likes "Lost in the Storm." We thank you.

Dawton, Ohio. (Rev.) CHAS. A. BAME.

The Red Letter Bible, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $3.

"The Stretched Forefinger of all Time" is on the dial of an

Elgin Watch

—the world's standard for pocket timepieces. Perfect in construction: positive in performance. Sold by every jeweler in the land; fully guaranteed. Booklet free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

SEEDS THAT SUCCEED

The seed house of D. Landreth & Sons, the oldest in America, has had 176 years' experience with seeds, and the results of this are placed at the service of farmers and gardeners in a handsomely illustrated catalogue, issued free. No grower of seeds, professional or amateur, can afford to be without the valuable information contained in this catalogue. Send for it.

AMERICA'S BED FOR 1903.

The plants to make this attractive and showy bed are worth from $2.00 to $5.00, according to size, but you can have the seeds to grow them, free of charge, by entering into advantageous agreement with your cash order amounting to $1.00 or more. See large illustration and full description in Landreth's catalogue. Write today for the catalogue.

Good Gardens Assured

JAS. VICK, formerly of Rochester, Manager of Mail Order Department.

D. Landreth & Sons, Philadelphia.

SEND US 25c. to cover cost of packing and postage, and receive this grand "sunshine" collection of Beautiful Flowers, our new catalogue containing the most liberal offers ever made, and a CASH CHECK for 25c., giving you your money back.

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1 Pkt Evening Primrose	1 Pkt Giant Daisy
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1 Pkt Star Flower	2 Pkts Pansy (mixed)
1 Pkt Double Carnation	1 Pkt Chrysanthemum
1 Pkt Petunia, white	1 Pkt Double Portulacca
	1 Pkt Sweet Pea
	1 Pkt Cypress Vine
	1 Pkt Wild Flower garden

20 Bulbs 1 Calla, 1 Madeira Vine, 2 Gladiolus, 2 Cinnamon Vine, 1 Ameme, 2 Hyacinth, 1 Mentbretia, 10 Bulbs for Edging or Hanging Basket, 20 Pkts Seed, 20 Bulbs, Cash Check and Catalogue all for the price of the packing and postage 25c.

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At Tree Agents Prices?

Why not save half your money by buying direct of us, the growers of trees, plants and vines? We sell Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs and Small Fruit plants, at one-half agents' prices. Correspondence solicited. Illustrated catalogue free. Established 25 years. 200 acres. 750,000 Apple, Peach and Cherry Trees for sale. Secrets of Fruit Growing, 150 photos, mailed for 10 cents.

GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

All Round the Garden you will see luxuriant growths if you use

GREGORY'S SEEDS

Sold under three warrants. New catalogue free.

J. J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1903

Ferry's Seeds

are planted by farmer and gardener who has stopped experimenting. It pays to pay a little more for Ferry's and reap a *great deal more* at the harvest. All dealers. 1903 Seed Annual postpaid free to all applicants.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

STARK TREES best by Test—78 Years LARGEST Nursery. FRUIT BOOK free. We PAY CASH WANT MORE SALESMEN Weekly

STARK BRO'S, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc

SEEDS Vegetable and Flower. In fact everything in the Nursery and Florist line. We send by mail postpaid Seeds, Plants, Roses, Bulbs, Small Trees, Etc., safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed, larger by express or freight. Send for our elegant 168 page free catalogue and see what values we give for your money. 49 years, 44 greenhouses, 1,000 acres.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 220, PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

Burpee's Seeds, Philadelphia

A postal addressed as above will bring you Burpee's Farm Annual for 1903,—if you intend to buy Burpee's Seeds,—otherwise the price is ten cents, which is less than cost per copy in quarter-million editions. It is an elegant book of 184 pages, besides beautiful colored plates, and tells the plain truth about the Best Seeds that Grow. Better write TO-DAY! Do not Delay!

ARTISTIC MONUMENTS

DUE respect for our departed loved ones demands that we erect **ARTISTIC and ENDURING MEMORIALS**

Marble has ever been an unfortunate failure. Weeds grow, flowers and trees flourish, and sticks appear everywhere. Some cemeteries look more like a neglected marble quarry. Granite, too, soon gets discolored, moss grows, cracks, crumbles and decays. Besides, it is very expensive.

WHITE BRONZE monuments are cheaper and . . . **Infinitely Better.** They are tried by everlasting Rust, corrosion and moss proof. They **CANNOT** crumble from the action of frost. **WHITE BRONZE** is far more artistic and expressive than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been on the market for over twenty-five years and has **established success.**

It has been adopted to more than a hundred public monuments and to thousands of dwellings in all parts of the country. Many granite dealers have used White Bronze in preference to granite for their own private use.

We have hundreds of beautiful designs of pieces from $1 to $1,000. We deal direct and deliver everywhere. Distance no obstacle. Write us at once for designs and information if you are interested. It costs nothing and puts you under no obligations whatever.

Special Inducements Offered on Winter Orders. Over $10,000 worth of work sold to Christian Herald readers in the last few years. **AGENTS WANTED.**

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.,
70-90 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

RHEUMATISM
Relieved Without Medicine

9,000 Persons Permanently Relieved by Magic Foot Drafts Last Year. They Will Bring Comfort to YOU.

Trial Pair FREE on Approval to Anybody. Try Them.

Our new booklet on rheumatism, which is sent free with the trial Drafts, contains letters from the following persons, who have received permanent relief from rheumatism by using Magic Foot Drafts:

Mrs. W. D. Harriman, wife of Judge Harriman, of Ann Arbor, Mich.

Carl C. Pope, U. S. Commissioner at Black River Falls, Wis., who had Rheumatic Gout.

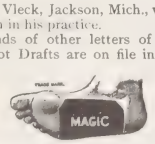
T. C. Pendleton, Jackson, Mich., who suffered with severe rheumatism of the arms, neck and back.

Mrs. Casper Yahrsdorfer, Jackson, Mich., 70 years old, after suffering for 30 years.

James Gilbert, Locomotive Dept., Mich. Cent. R. R., Jackson, Mich., after 27 years of pain.

Dr. Van Vleck, Jackson, Mich., who is now using them in his practice.

Thousands of other letters of praise for Magic Foot Drafts are on file in our office.



Send no money—we only ask your name—and we will send you prepaid a pair of Magic Foot Drafts. If you are satisfied with the relief they give you, then send us One Dollar. If not, don't send us a cent. We know there's comfort and happiness in every pair and we want you to have them; that's why we are willing to take our pay after the work is done.

The drafts are worn on the soles of the feet, but they relieve rheumatism in every part of the body by drawing out and absorbing the poison from the system besides greatly benefiting the general health. Try them—Free. Write today to Magic Foot Draft Co., R A 28 Oliver Building, Jackson, Mich.

A GRAND INVENTION!

Famous Puritan Water Still. Over 75,000 already sold. Placed over the kitchen stove, it purifies the foulest water. Removes **every impurity. Furnishes delicious distilled Pure Water.** Beats filters. Saves lives and Dr. bills. Prevents Typhoid Malaria, other fevers, sickness. Only safe water for children. **Write for Booklet** and testimonials free. **Agents Wanted Men and Women —Big Wages.**

Harrison Mfg. Co., 667 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM LXI
Abiding Psalm

1. Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.
2. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
3. For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.
4. I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

"IN THY TABERNACLE"

The Abiding Chapter and Abiding Psalm go together. The Vine of the first is the Lord of the second. The truth of both is exactly the same. Abiding saints are not few, but the world needs many more. "I will abide in thy tabernacle," and "He shall abide before God forever," is spoken of the one whose life is hid with Christ in God.

. . .

PSALM LXII
Expectation Psalm

5. My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.
6. He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

"HE ONLY IS MY ROCK"

Both they who wait upon wealth and upon the world are often grievously disappointed, but never those who wait upon God and whose "expectation is from Him." Realization is far greater than expectation to all who make this Psalm their own. The surprises in store for redeemed sinners are beyond telling. The Expectation Psalm takes our eyes from men of high degree and low, and riches too, and puts them on God.

. . .

PSALM LXIII
Meditation Psalm

5. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:
6. When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.
7. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

"WHEN I REMEMBER THEE"

This Psalm is intended to regain unto a host of queer folk the lost art of meditation. Satisfaction to the soul comes in this way. There is far too little thought now-a-days on the sufferings of Christ, and his death and resurrection. Deeper thought would produce a higher life. More meditation on God would bring more manifestation of God.

. . .

PSALM LXIV
Satanic Psalm

5. They encourage themselves in an evil matter: they commune of laying snares privily; they say, Who shall see them?
6. They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search: both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep.
7. But God shall shoot at them with an arrow.

. . .

David here turns painter, and gives us the portrait of a man or set of men who resemble Satan. It's the picture of the devil-filled sinner. One is reminded of the man of Gadara at once. Folk like this large enough evil spirits to set many thousand of swine running mad. Their actions at times set good folk nearly crazy.

"LAYING SNARES PRIVILY"

WHO HAS NOT HEARD OR READ OF THE MARVELOUS QUAKER RELIEFS WITHOUT DRUGS AFTER DOCTORS AND MEDICINES FAILED.

A GRAND INVENTION.—Physicians astonished and Thousands of Grateful Users Testify To The Marvelous Results Obtained From The

QUAKER HOT AIR AND VAPOR BATH TREATMENT

No disease can resist its marvelous power. Benefits every Man, Woman and Child

MARY L. WILLIS, of Cloverdale, Ala., testifies that **it saved her life, relieved her of dropsy** after doctors and medicines failed to benefit her.

JUDGE J. O. HUTCHINS, Haywards, Calif., testifies that **it rescued him from the grave.** Was a confirmed invalid for 15 years. Baffled best doctors. Thanks God the marvelous power of the Quaker relieved him of weak heart, sleeplessness, catarrh, rheumatism, and partial paralysis. Is to-day well and vigorous.

L. J. MORRISON, Pellville, Ky., afflicted 30 years, unable to walk, was relieved of **rheumatism, and general debility** after everything else failed.

REDUCED TO $3.50

JOHN C. PERRY, Norfolk, W. Va., wasted away until he was a mere skeleton on crutches. Afflicted with worst case of blood poison and rheumatism on record. Was **relieved** after doctors, medicines and everything failed by the Quaker Treatment. Improved after first trial.

JOHN H. SHAUCH, Marlboro, N. J., says: I doctored and doctored with no benefit. Physicians at Long Branch Hospital told me four years ago I had that deadly disease, Loco-Motor Ataxia and would never be well. Read of the wonderful benefits of the Quaker, sent for it and commenced at once to grow strong and well. No aches or pains. Took no medicine.

JOHN CURTIS, Box 321, Malone, N. Y., afflicted from head to foot with frightful eczema. Also impure blood and weak heart was relieved after doctors and all failed. Had despaired of life.

ELIZABETH COLEMAN, Bokoshe, I. T., testifies that her doctor told her two years ago she had deadly bright's disease. **Could not live a month.** He recommended the Quaker Treatment. She writes it saved her life. Now well and strong. Does her own housework.

REV. J. W. HENDERSON, Weston, La., writes: That his son 13 years old the doctors had given up to die. Badly blood poisoned. So terribly afflicted with dropsy, could not walk. Thank God the marvelous power of the Quaker Cabinet relieved him in two weeks.

D. P. SMITH, Greensburg, Kan. An old soldier. **Never a well day since 1862.** A mere wreck. 63 years old. After most eminent doctors failed to benefit, was relieved of heart failure, rheumatism and sore eyes. To-day is hale and hearty.

MRS. ANNA WOODRUM, Thurman, Iowa, afflicted for years, testifies that she was relieved of nervous prostration, headache, indigestion, with the Quaker Treatment after doctors and medicines failed. Has since sold many Cabinets to friends, and says everyone is delighted.

MRS. L. COEN, of Maysville, Mo., was relieved of **pains, congestions,** etc., and recommends the Quaker as a **God-Send to all.**

MRS. W. BLACKWELL, Birmingham, Miss., writes: "I hope that old chronic cases like mine that have been **doctored half to death** will not give up but take courage as I did, and **try the wonderful Quaker Bath** Cabinet Treatment. **I had muscular paralysis 3 years. Was helpless. Doctors said I was a hopeless case.** After three of the famous Quaker Treatments **my improvement was wonderful,** and now a year later I can walk as well as ever. **Am fat and well."**

WM. CORNET, Smithville, Miss., 72 years old. Terribly afflicted with **lung trouble 16 years.** Hardly able to walk. Testifies that it did him more good than all medicines and 7 doctors. **Benefited his lungs. Relieved his neuralgia and rheumatism.** After three treatments threw away his cane. Walked 7 miles.

REV. FRED. D. HAMILTON, Buffalo, says: "This Quaker Treatment **did my wife more good in 5 weeks than 5 years doctoring** and a fortune spent at Hot Springs and Health Resorts. **Relieved her of nervousness and dropsy** with which she had long suffered. **It is a God-Sent blessing to humanity.**

JULIAN F. TANNER, LaFayette, La., afflicted, testifies that this marvelous Treatment **relieved him of a stroke of paralysis** when the best doctors failed to benefit.

MISS M. SPARKS, Hatley, Miss., afflicted 2 years with **acute indigestion, had not eaten solid food for 3 months.** After six treatments could eat what she wanted. In a few months was **completely well.**

THE ATHENS SANITARIUM, Athens, Pa., writes: They find the Quaker Cabinet Treatment **splendid for relieving Morphine, Cocaine, Opium, Cigarette, Tobacco and Liquor Habits.** Hundreds of prominent people have been relieved there.

Thousands of other sufferers testify to the marvelous results of this Thermal Treatment.

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GROWING RICH ARE MEN AND WOMEN SELLING THIS GRAND INVENTION.

MR. VAN TASSEL **made over $1,500.00 first five months** selling these Cabinets. H. GLEASON **made $1,777.00 first year.** MRS. HOWARD, **$59.00 one week.** MISS NESNE, **$205.00 profit.** MRS. FLORA BEARD, **$400.00 profit,** ROBERT PEART **sold 1,000 Cabinets first year,** HAYWARD GARRETT **took orders for 625 Cabinets in 3½ months.**

Any honest lady or gentleman having spare time can get a good position at BIG PROFITS by writing us at once.

Let us send a Quaker on 30 days' trial

To be returned at our expense and your money refunded, if not as represented. **Costs you nothing to try it.** Our Quaker Cabinets have a National reputation for durability, convenience and healing properties. Over 300,000 Cabinets sold last year. Everybody needs it, men, women and children.

Our Cabinets are handsomely made, best materials, should last 20 years, guaranteed best on the market. **Anyone can operate.** Seated within the Cabinet, **clouds of Hot Air and Vapor surround the entire body,** giving a Hot Air and Vapor Bath, which opens the millions of skin pores, drawing out of the system all impure acids, salts and poisonous matter of the blood and internal organs which, if retained, overwork the vital organs and cause disease, debility and sluggishness. Keeps the body absolutely clean, inwardly and outwardly—vigorously and healthy without medicine. Clears the skin, beautifies the complexion. Safer than drugs. Cheaper than doctors and medicines. Wonderful blood purifier. Prevents disease. **You enjoy one bath for 3 cents each all the cleansing, purifying and invigorating healing effects of the famous Turkish, Russian, Hot Air Sulphur or Medicated Baths,** with no danger of taking cold afterward or weakening the system.

PRICES REDUCED For **60 DAYS.** Our $5.00 Quaker Cabinet, rubber lined, complete with medicine and vaporizing pan, best alcohol heater, directions and 100 page "Health and Beauty Book," **reduced to $3.50.** Our $10.00 finest, best double-walled Quaker cabinet complete with fixtures as described above, **reduced to $6.10.** Our $1.00 **Face and Head Steaming** Attach., excellent for beautifying the complexion, **relieving** catarrh, asthma, bronchitis and throat troubles, **reduced to 65 cents.**

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MEN AND WOMEN—Splendid chance. No experience. Write quick for **new plan** and **Special 1903 proposition.** Address,

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is the best oil that over fifty years of continued scientific research has produced. By the process employed the oil is kept from contact with the atmosphere from the beginning of the process of manufacture until it is safely corked up in bottles, thus preventing contamination of any kind and excluding all impurities.

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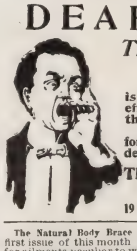

is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of DEAFNESS.

It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company,
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The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan. for free illustrated book.

MALTA-CERES

THE Health Food.

A Whole Year for 10 Cents

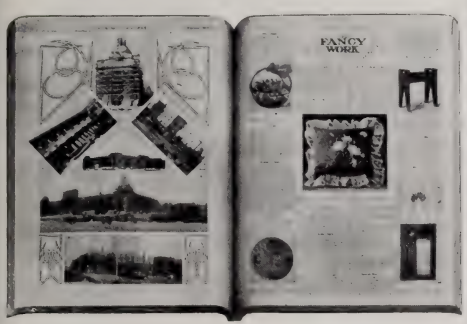
Once More this SPECIAL OFFER is made to the readers of Christian Herald

As a special offer from **The Woman's Magazine** of St. Louis, Mo., every reader of The Christian Herald who sends the small sum of 10 cents, will receive that beautifully illustrated monthly magazine every month for twelve months.

The Woman's Magazine is one of the largest and most beautifully illustrated monthly magazines published. **Now has the largest paid subscription of any magazine in the world, having NEARLY ONE MILLION SUBSCRIBERS.**

Each number contains from three to five splendid stories, ninety-six columns of special illustrated departments, telling all about **Flowers, the Garden, Lacemaking** and **Embroidery** (with new and beautiful patterns and designs each month), hundreds of new **Cooking Receipts, How to Do Things, the Latest Fashions, Poultry and Pets, Household Decoration, Instruction in Dressmaking, Shorthand and Painting, Answers to Correspondents** and **Health** and **Beauty Columns.**

Woman's Magazine



St. Louis **Missouri**

The Subscribers to **The Woman's Magazine** are now engaged in a contest on the attendance at the great St. Louis World's Fair, in which **$75,000.00 IN GOLD** will be distributed among those who are successful. **You** will have the same opportunity as any one else, if you will subscribe **NOW.**

The Readers of The Woman's Magazine Always Know How to Do Things. Their Gardens and Houses are the Wonder of Their Neighbors, because it contains Plain, Easily Understood Articles, telling More Good Things About Flowers and the Garden than regular Floral Papers and always seasonable. More Good Things About Fancy Work and Embroidery, with illustrated patterns, than Fashion Papers. More Good Things About Poultry and the Garden, and how to make money with them, than Poultry papers. More Good things about the Kitchen and Household than Household Papers.

Always Seasonable. Always Correct. Always Easily Understood.

Beautiful Photo Engravings 9 x 12 in. in each issue and THE BEST STORIES YOU EVER READ

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NOTICE: If you wish to take advantage of this opportunity for your friends, you can send 10 cents each for as many subscriptions as you wish. You could not make a nicer present to your friends than one which will remind them each month for a year, of you, so pleasantly.

WOULDN'T YOU BUY A

$500 U.S. Bond for $10 Down

Then Balance at $6 per Month?

Wouldn't you at least be anxious to learn all the facts of such an unusual offer?

If the largest real estate firm in the world offered to sell you a $510 lot in Greater New York for $10 down and $6 a month—a lot that will likely be worth many times the value of a $500 Government bond within a few years—and the proposition was made by a firm just as reliable, just as substantial in financial circles as the United States Government is among the nations of the world,—a firm that has over 30,000 customers, in New York, in every State in the Union, in practically every country on the globe; a firm that has been entrusted with millions upon millions of dollars of these customers for investment and homes—we say, wouldn't the offer of such a firm be well worth investigating? Wouldn't you be just as anxious to hear *their* story?

During the past two seasons our advertisements have appeared in the leading magazines and religious publications of the country. In them we told you as convincingly as we knew how, of the extraordinary real estate conditions existing in New York City—how these conditions were due to the tremendous annual increase in population (over 100,000 a year)—the restricted territory in which New York can possibly expand—and the limited amount of land to be had in this Empire City of the World.

Thousands have taken advantage of our offer. Many have visited New York—*confirmed* every statement we have made—were *convinced*—and BOUGHT. **In the past 4 years we have sold over seven million dollars' worth of New York property.**

Doesn't it seem fair to presume that the same reasons which convinced so many thousands of practical, thinking men and women everywhere of the undoubted value of our proposition, would convince YOU? Isn't it worth the time at least to send us your name to-day—and learn how you may possibly make $5000 by paying $10 down and $6 a month until your payments amount to $510?

This may sound extravagant—yet every statement we make is based upon a fact—it is in evidence—it can be *verified*—it can be SEEN. Naturally we will be regarded as being biased in our opinions—as painting New York's future in too rosy colors—but what would you think

IF RUSSELL SAGE TOLD YOU

25% GUARANTEED INCREASE

For $10 down and $6 per month until paid for, we sell you a regular New York city lot, full size, subject to the following guarantees from us: If, at the expiration of the year 1903, this $510 lot is not worth $638—or 25 per cent. increase—based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all the money you have paid us with 6 per cent. interest additional. If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick, you will not forfeit the land.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

As a guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago, to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return, if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or in case you buy, we will credit cost of the fare on your purchase; to those living farther away we will pay a proportion equal to round-trip Chicago ticket.

That You Could Make a Fortune in New York Real Estate—

(especially if it cost you only $10 down and $6 a month) wouldn't you be impressed? Well, listen! Here's just what Mr. Sage did say in the "New York World" of September 28, 1902:

"I do not think the future of New York can be depicted in terms any too glowing. The most fanciful writers cannot exaggerate the greatness of its future.

"A man who buys real estate in any of the five boroughs—of course exercising average good judgment—has a fortune before him. *Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year.*

"Young man, buy real estate in the outlying boroughs, and then work hard at your usual avocation. Your real estate purchases will make your old age comfortable."

RUSSELL SAGE.

Our property is located in Brooklyn—it is therefore a very significant fact when Mr. Sage says ***Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year."*** Think of it! That means ***three-fourths*** of all New York's enormous yearly increase of population.

REFERENCES: 20 National Banks, the Commercial Agencies, prominent magazines and religious periodicals, and the written testimony of thousands of satisfied customers whose addresses will be furnished upon application. Read this:—

"There is no doubt the property offered by Wood, Harmon & Co., in the 20th and 31st Wards, represents one of the best investments a man of limited income can possibly make within the corporate limits of Greater New York. It can be said without hesitancy that Wood, Harmon & Co. are perfectly reliable, and are worthy the fullest confidence of the investor, whether he resides in Greater New York or any other section of the United States. THE NASSAU NATIONAL BANK OF BROOKLYN."

Remember, your purchase is made **with the distinct understanding that we will refund all money paid us, with 6% interest added** if, after visiting New York within one year, it is found that we have misrepresented our proposition in the **slightest particular.** You will therefore run no risk whatever in sending $10, first payment, immediately, to secure earliest selection and share from the start in the increase in values. But *write* us in any case. That costs two cents and a minute's time. **Isn't it worth while?**

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find $.....as first payment on.....lot..... on your New York property. Please send further information regarding your New York property.

(Leave *order* line blank if information only is desired.)

Name .....

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1903

VOL. 26—No. 5. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

SEE PAGE 95

The Splendor of India's Durbar—Lord and Lady Curzon on their State Elephant

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A S., Oakland, Calif. If a bank has a mortgage on a piece of property, and the owner cannot redeem same, it often is cheap to foreclose same, is a Christian justified in taking advantage of such a sale?

He must reconcile the matter with his own conscience. If his purchase does not operate to the disadvantage of the owner, it is hardly open to objection. There is, however, about such transactions, a disagreeable flavor of profiting by the misfortunes of others.

G. A., Waterbury, Conn. Can you not suggest some remedy by which the coal operators can be brought to justice? If we have arrived at a stage where there is no law to punish such doings, there is still left for you the thunderings of the old prophets on the oppressors of the poor, and the stronger words of Christ. It is reported in the newspapers that several deaths have occurred in Chicago, and doubtless many will occur in other cities, on account of the shortage of coal. Is there no responsibility, moral or otherwise, on those who have sidetracked hundreds of coal-laden trucks, and prevented them from being sent forward to market?

Our correspondent echoes the views of many others who have written us on the same subject. Chicago has taken a step which might be considered as a precedent, by lately securing the indictment by the local Grand Jury of some forty coal operators, on the charge of conspiring to deprive the public of fuel by holding it back for higher prices, to the great inconvenience and discomfort of the people and the danger of life and health. If other communities adopted a similar course, where it is justifiable, the end of the famine might soon be reached. It would be probably the shortest and most direct way of finding out who are actually responsible for the present condition of affairs.

In a communication from the Rev. R. B. Kimber, Superintendent of the P. E. City Mission Society, New York, the writer calls attention to the photograph of the Protestant Chapel in the new Tombs Prison (which appeared on this page recently) and says:

The note under the picture gives the credit of all the work in the prison among Protestants to the Gospel Mission. This is very misleading. The organ, the chancel furniture, doors, equipment of every sort, is the property of this Society, put in there at our expense, at the request of the Commissioner of Correction. The Gospel Mission to the Tombs does not possess one dollar's worth of furniture in that chapel. The lectern is the gift of an old friend and life-long contributor to this Society's work. This Society was organized in 1831, and has been at work in the Tombs from very early days.

In justice to Dr. Kimber and the worthy Society he represents, this explanation is due.

Mrs. L. G. H., Shingle House, Pa., writes:

I wish several people would mention some expressions, heard in sermons, which have helped them most. Once I heard these words, "Sanctified common sense," which have been a sermon to me ever since. The minister stated that that was what each Christian needed.

D. J. H., Cochran, Ga. Upon what grounds could Mr. Taft make any agreement with a representative of the Pope in the Philippines, as reported in the press dispatches? Was it not unconstitutional?

We believe the negotiations referred to related solely to the transfer of lands held by the Dominican monks, under old Spanish titles. We can express no opinion as to the constitutionality of the agreement, but we have never heard that it was regarded as unconstitutional. Our government, instead of taking by force, preferred to pay.

B. S., Trenton, N. J. The Oriental who calls himself "The Prophet Mirza Ghulam Ahmad," and who claims to be a Messiah (and takes the truth or falsity of his claim upon his confiding Piggott, the London fanatic, who recently announced himself as the Messiah) is very little known in India. As far as can be learned, he is one of those religious pretenders who have no special claim to distinction, and whose utterances are unworthy of serious attention.

N. A. W. H., Cresswell, Oreg. Has a person any right to expect a home in heaven, who does not, when opportunity offers, bear public testimony that he or she is on the Lord's side?

See Matt. 10: 32, 33, and Luke 12: 8, 9.

Mattie S. Why were the Hebrews called "Jews?"

Only those who were of the tribe of Judah were properly so called. The Israelites were called "Hebrews." During the captivity, however, the term "Jew" seems to have been extended to all people of Hebrew language and race without distinction. It was used in the latter sense in New Testament times and is still so used to-day.

Mrs. Gertrude P. Was President McKinley a member of the Methodist Church?

Yes; he joined the M. E. Church in Poland, Mahoning County, O., in 1859. He was afterward a member and frequent attendant of the First M. E. Church of Canton, O.

M. P. O., Reedville, Oreg. Give the exact pronunciation, phonetically, of our President's name, and state what it means.

It is generally pronounced in two syllables, viz., Roos-velt, although the President himself says the proper way is to pronounce the "e" as a third or middle syllable. It is of Dutch origin, and is equivalent to "Redfield" in English.

C. H. G., Gloversville, N. Y. Where was Paul when he wrote the Epistles to the Thessalonians?

It is difficult to credit the statement made in the Authorized Version that he was at Athens. The Revisers clearly attached no weight to it and dropped it. Referring to Acts 17, it will be seen that Paul made but a brief stay in Athens, and when he visited that city, it was so soon after leaving Thessalonica, that his remark (I. Thess. 2: 18) that he had tried to visit the Thessalonians again, but had been "hindered once and again," seems to imply a longer absence. Then, too, his words (I. Thess. 3: 1) about being left in Athens alone do not read like those of one writing from that city. It seems more probable that when Paul left Athens, he sent Timothy to Thessalonica, as he says, and himself went to Corinth, where Timothy took his report, on receiving which Paul wrote to the Thessalonians. Acts 18: 5 shows that it was to Corinth that Timothy went, and as he was with Paul when the epistles were written, as you see from the opening words of each, there is no logical reason for doubting that it was from Corinth that both epistles were written.

MILTON'S COTTAGE AT CHALFONT, ST. GILES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

At St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire, still stands the old home of John Milton, the famous poet. To reach the house from the main road, one must traverse the whole of the winding village street, at the end of which, on the left hand, stands the well-preserved cottage. A notice-board informs visitors that, on paying a fee of sixpence, they may inspect the interior, where the old ingle-nook, formed by a curious chimney, and other main features of the house are in the same condition as when the poet came there to escape the Plague of London. Here he finished his great work, the immortal *Paradise Lost*. The property is held in trust for the public, and will thus escape the hand of the spoiler.

L. G. H., Shingle House, Pa. What is the relation to God of feeble-minded or insane people? Are their sins forgiven, or is it held that they do not sin?

We may be quite sure that God will deal justly with all his creatures. He does not require of any man more than that man is capable of rendering. The insane person, having lost the power of controlling his actions, has died a mental and spiritual death. We can imagine his being held responsible for his actions prior to the time of his losing his reason; but not for what he does afterwards. To the idiot or imbecile, who has never had the use of his reason, we cannot see how responsibility can be imputed.

Emily G., Brooklyn, N. Y. The phrase, "Conspicuous by its absence," was used last Sunday by our pastor with much effect. Is it original with him or has it been used before?

It is at least as old as the days of Julius Cæsar. Lord John Russell, of England, made use of it in an address in 1850, and he afterward admitted that he had adopted the phrase verbatim from Tacitus, the Roman historian.

F. P., Stockport, N. Y. Is there any mode of finding out when the Jews ceased relying on tradition and began to keep a written record of events?

We have no certain knowledge; but it is inferred from the style and character of the words used, that certain parts of Exodus, notably the twentieth chapter, and probably the fourteenth to the sixteenth, were set down in writing during the wilderness wanderings. They were probably the earliest of the Bible records. It is likely that during the same period the traditions contained in the book of Genesis were reduced to writing, though the critics believe that they were woven into a connected narrative, as we have them, at a later period.

D. McL., Paterson, N. J. How old is the slot machine, and where did the idea originate—in this country or Europe?

In neither. The principle of the slot machine is very ancient. In the old Egyptian temples, the "holy water" was not free, but was kept in a closed vessel. When five drachmæ (small coins), were dropped into the top of the vessel, a valve opened and allowed the escape of a small quantity of the water, after which it closed again automatically. This was described in a publication of the seventeenth century, called *Spiritalia*.

Reader, Green Bay, Wis. What is meant by the Beast and his mark in Rev. 14: 9? Is it possible, as some people here contend, that the keeping of the Lord's Day instead of Saturday is the mark referred to?

The Seer of Revelation appears to have had his visions in the form of a series of scenes, as in a panorama. Almost at the close, he saw the beast you refer to. It is evidently identical with the beast described by Daniel (7: 7). It is representative of the power which is said to have throughout the world's history opposed God. It appears in John's narrative in a series of forms, and is sometimes identified with a persecuting church, and sometimes is the civil power. At the culmination of its career, John saw it as the great Antichrist, who is yet to arise, who would attain to such power in the world, that he would exclude any man from office and from even engaging in trade, who did not acknowledge him. Only those who bear the mark of the beast can buy or sell in that time. This mark is apparently a badge to be worn on forehead or hand, or as some scholars think, is merely the coins to be used in business, which will bear Antichrist's title symbolized by the number 666. By no logical interpretation can it be indicative of the observance of a day. If such an interpretation could be forced upon it, it would apply, not to people who in observing the Lord's day honor Christ, but to people who in going back to a Jewish custom really place themselves in an antichristian attitude. But, as we believe, the vision does not apply to Sabbath observance at all.

J. R., Covington, Ky. What is meant by the "Battle of the Nations?"

Among writers on prophecy it may mean the great battle of the nations of the earth at Armageddon—the final stand of the forces of sin against the armies of righteousness. In a secular sense, however, the "Battle of the Nations" was the famous engagement at Leipsic, in October, 1813, when Napoleon fought the allied powers of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, and England.

G. W. R., Bridgeton, Me. Are we to understand that only few will be saved, as stated, Matt. 7: 14, or will there be a multitude so great that no man could number them as stated, Rev. 7: 9?

The one passage does not contradict the other. The number of God's people in any generation may be few, in proportion to the whole number of persons then living in the world at the time, and yet when brought together out of every generation at the close of the world's history, they might be more numerous than John or any other observer could count in a vision.

Mrs. H. S., Morristown, O. Lorenzo Dow died at Washington Feb. 2, 1834.

A Reader, Gustavus, O., of Kinsman, O., writes, that there is work in that dairy town for at least fifty men, but men cannot be had.

A. S., Fergus Falls, Minn. The scarcity in Sweden and Norway, as advices show, is very general, but nowhere so serious as in Finland.

Readers. The attitude of this journal on the liquor question is so well known, and has been repeatedly so clearly defined in its columns, that no reader need ever be in doubt on the subject.

W. E. McE., Almont, Ont., Can. Hypnotism is not yet recognized as a science, and as it is principally practised by charlatans and humbugs, it is wise to let it alone and to avoid those professing to teach it.

Who Love their Country

I write to acknowledge the receipt of the gems of art in the "Family Art Gallery," the Calendar and *The Hall of Fame*. They are all that you claim for them. I am specially interested in *The Hall of Fame*, in which Dr. Banks has conferred a favor upon all who love their country, by putting in this concise and attractive form the facts everybody will want to know. H. J. CLARK,

Principal Normal and Industrial Collegiate Institute, Joppa, Ala

This book, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2. The "Family Art Gallery" free to subscribers

A GREAT BOOK BARGAIN

We have a quantity of **CONVERSATIONS WITH CHRIST**, which was the last work of Bishop John P. Newman, and which he completed just before he was called to his reward. **CONVERSATIONS WITH CHRIST** is one of the most elevating and edifying volumes that has been published in many a year. Thousands have already been sold, and the few that we are offering to close out our stock will no doubt find a ready sale, considering the great discount at which they are offered.

"Conversations with Christ"

by Bishop JOHN P. NEWMAN, 268 pages, bound in cloth, **regular price** $1, postage ten cents extra; **our price**, postage prepaid by us, only fifty cents. As there are but a limited number of copies, act quickly if you expect to be fortunate enough to secure one. Address **The Christian Herald Book Department**, Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A GREAT WESTERN GOSPEL MISSION

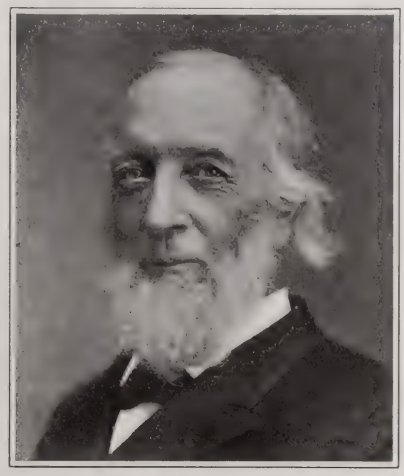
The Duluth Bethel Association and its Work Among Seamen, Lumbermen, Railroad Men and Laborers — Also a Rescue Work Among Women

FEW cities in the United States, with a population of 60,000 people, have a better equipped, or more aggressive mission work, than has Duluth, Minn., in the Work of the Bethel Association. This has grown to its present magnitude from a very small beginning, which dates back more than thirty years. At that time, Robt. Smith, representing the general Bethel interest, took up evangelistic work, spending a portion of his time on the upper Mississippi River. After the opening of the St. Paul and Duluth, and the Northern Pacific Railways, he extended his labors to the then small and spiritually destitute villages, which rapidly sprang up along their routes.

He made Duluth a special object of care. His first meetings were held in the open air, with a dry-goods box for a platform. The flame then kindled was kept alive during the years that followed by this earnest Gospel worker and his co-laborer, Capt. Kitwood, of the St. Louis Bethel, and their earnest words, both in open air services, public halls, and city churches, were an inspiration to mission development, and a power in leading souls to Christ. The annual visits of these brethren, and of Gen. Superintendent Benjamin Frankland, of the Western Seaman's Friend Society, were the means, after its organization, of preserving the corporate life of the Duluth Bethel Association, until the late Dr. C. C. Salter, founder of the First Congregational (Pilgrim) Church, of Duluth, became interested in the movement. Dr. Salter's tender of his services resulted in the purchase of property, and the erection of the Lake Avenue Bethel. Because of his untiring efforts and devotion to the cause, until the time of his death, on Dec. 19, 1897, Dr. Salter earned the title of the beloved "Founder of the Bethel."

In 1886, a small store, located on Lake Avenue, South, adjoining a saloon, was rented. Here the work was carried on for several months; but the singing of gospel songs was not pleasing to the saloon-keeper, and, at the end of the year, in order to force the Bethel to vacate, he secured a lease of the room. During the summer of 1887, the meetings were held in a tent, located near the room formerly used. In 1888 a new two-story building was erected on what is known as "the Point" of Duluth. There the work was carried on until 1893, when it became necessary to raise the building and add a story underneath. In February, last year, a call was extended to Charles F. Robel, of Canton, O., to become general superintendent of the work. The enlarged building was re-dedicated on Feb. 17, 1893. When Mr. Robel took charge of the work, there were, in addition to Dr. Salter and himself, two other persons who devoted all their time to the work. There are now about forty persons employed in the various departments. Three years ago, an additional story was added to the main Bethel. Within a stone's throw, on the street at the rear, are houses of sin and shame, occupied by more than two hundred women and girls. Saloons abound in this district, and amid such surroundings, the Bethel is, indeed, a light in a very dark place.

In what is popularly known as the "Bowery" of Duluth, a branch Bethel is located. Within a block, there are more than thirty saloons carrying on their deadly work almost night and day, without interruption,



REV. DR. C. C. SALTER
Founder of the Duluth Bethel Association

not even regarding the Sabbath. The branch Bethel was opened in May, 1895, and it has been more than self-sustaining. From several departments a revenue is derived. On the first floor is the restaurant, where well-prepared food is served at very moderate prices. The counter is the "bar" formerly used by a saloon, which occupied the building. In the evening, the tables and chairs are stowed away, and Gospel meetings are held every night. Cheap lodgings, and furnished rooms are provided, and there is a free reading room. In the old Bethel, similar departments of work are carried on, and are well patronized. Gospel meetings are also held nightly. The problem of how to support mission work has been largely solved by the introduction of the departments referred to.

A new and very important department has been added during the past year—the Bethel Rescue Home for Women. In a house containing eighteen rooms this work formally opened on Oct. 15th, the Christian Endeavor Union of the city of Duluth providing the larger part of the funds necessary for furnishing the Home. Within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles south, and five hundred miles north, east and west, there is no similar institution where unfortunate girls and women can be cared for. Since the opening of the Home fifteen girls and women have been admitted. It is the constant aim to keep the spiritual element in the forefront, and to make every department subordinate to it, and it is evident that because of this God's blessing is attending the work as a whole.

On the Sunday preceding Thanksgiving, the offering amounting to sixty dollars each year, has been sent regularly to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the support of four India Famine Orphans.

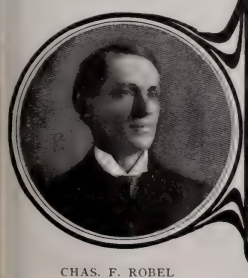
During the summer months, special attention is given to the holding of Gospel-tent meetings in different parts of the city and surrounding towns. One of the great features in connection with the work is the annual dinner served to the newsboys of the city, and the members of the Bethel Sunday Schools. At the last annual dinner, given at the Bethel, Mayor Hugo, and a number of other prominent persons were on the platform, and greatly enjoyed the event. The Mayor addressed the boys, congratulating them on the good friends they had fortunately found to help them in the hard battle of life. He gave them some excellent advice, which they seemed to heartily appreciate.

Total attendance in departments named in the Bethel and the Bethel Branch, Duluth, Minn., for a period of about nine and one-half years, from Feb. 17, 1893 to Aug. 31, 1902, was as follows:

Gospel meetings, 207,034; Sunday School, 117,536; Y. P. S. C. E., 21,442; Junior Y. P. S. C. E., 6,914; temperance meetings, 8,390; mothers' meetings, 683; reading-rooms, 1,156,109; gymnasium, 112,354; bath-rooms, 20,365; concerts, socials, etc., 17,241; Thanksgiving dinner, 8,700; lodgings, 101,855; meals served, 1,052,322; visits to families, 6,615; kindergarten, 10,086; sewing school, 15,770; Christmas entertainments, 6,575; general tent meetings, 13,068; total attendance at tent meetings, 13,617; total number of tent meetings, 54; total number of religious meetings, 7,604.

Duluth is destined to be more and more a centre of Gospel activity. The tens of thousands of miners, lumbermen and railroad men employed in that section appeal

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93



CHAS. F. ROBEL
General Superintendent and Secretary

AN EVENING GOSPEL MEETING AT THE DULUTH BETHEL

H. H. HANFORD
President

THE
American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park
Presbyterian Church, Chicago

The Elder Brother

LUKE 15: 28:
"And he was angry"

WHO was the prodigal son's elder brother? "I know who he is," answers some one. "I see him almost every day of my life. He is the honest, upright son, who stays at home, and gets no credit for being good. He is the respectable plodder of the family who does most of the hard work in the office, in the store, and on the farm, and then has the extreme pleasure of seeing all the young girls run after his dissolute younger brother, merely because that brother is driving fast horses, and sowing his 'wild oats.' The elder brother is the son who is always sober, and yet receives he not one extra dollar from his parents as a reward, while the drunken son of the family is continually receiving extra money to get his clothes out of pawn, so that he may have another start in life. The elder is the 'good boy,' upon whom the mother depends to help give his sisters new dresses for the winter parties, yet he never has a party given for him. He never had a fatted calf killed that he might entertain his friends, though for years he has cared for the cattle by day, and has seen that they were properly milked at night. He is the 'good boy' who never had a fine ring put on his finger. The folks laughed at his horny fingers, which were knotted from handling the plough, and wielding the hoe and the axe. His feet were never measured for dancing slippers, because his sandals were always soiled and dirt-begrimed. He was always working in the fields. The drunkards, the profligates, the midnight carousers, the libertines, and the associates of lewd companions, are the ones who, when they reform, have the smiles and the dancing parties given to them, not the elder brothers who have never done any wrong."

Some years ago, a young college classmate said to me, "It never pays to be good. When I am good and stay at home, then father and mother merely take my goodness as a matter of course. But if I only go off on a long carousal, then nothing is too good for me when I come back home. There's lots of fun in being a repentant prodigal. There is no fun in always being a goody, goody boy, who never gets the fatted calf killed for his benefit." "My sympathies have always been with the elder brother in the parable," once wrote John R. Paxton, the great New York preacher. And the popular sympathy of the world, from time immemorial, has been with the elder brother of my text, and not with the repentant herder of the swine, who returned in rags and as a beggar to his father's house.

But neither of the brothers is portrayed as an example. Both were bad, though in different ways. We easily see the faults of the younger brother; they were open and scandalous. But the faults of the elder brother, being decorously covered up by dutiful conduct, are not so easily recognized. In estimating character on God's lines, we have to ask not only what a man has done, but what he is. Meanness and unbrotherliness and cruelty in the heart deface a man's character as indelibly as open iniquity. They make men, as Christ said, like "whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness." Therefore, I place my chief emphasis upon the sinful life of the elder brother, to show that the so-called respectable sins of self-righteousness are, of all sins, the most to be dreaded, and that it is the duty of the preacher to warn his hearers against them.

The elder brother is the modern Pharisee, who thanks God that he is not as other men. He complacently looks upon the drunkard and the social outcast, and the pauper, and says to his friends: "Just look at me. I never had any more advantages than those people have had. I was of a high-strung, impetuous nature, yet I never would let my evil desires get the better of me. I have never been drunk. I have never run up a bill I was unable to pay. I never was a frequenter of the clubs, nor a convivial associate of midnight carousers. Indeed, to be frank with you, I have just about as good opinion of my moral attainments as Prince Bismarck had of his skill in statesmanship. When some one asked the Iron Chancellor who he thought was the brainiest statesman in all Europe, Bismarck replied: 'Modesty forbids my stating who is the brainiest, because then I might have to mention my own name. But I am perfectly willing to state that Benjamin Disraeli is, without doubt, the second ablest statesman in all Europe.'" "Other saints," remarks the pharisaical elder brother, "may be my equal in moral attainments, but I am sure there is no superior in all the world to my humble self."

But, my pharisaical friend, though in one sense you may never have broken the criminal code of your State, yet there are more ways than one of breaking the moral and the spiritual laws. Shylock, the outraged Jew, may have been legally an honorable man; but in the sight of God, and of the community in which he lived, Shylock was a fiend and a murderer at heart. Like a panther crouching among the long grasses of the African prairie, waiting for the time he could spring upon a helpless antelope, Shylock was longing for the time when he could lay Antonio a corpse at his feet.

Elder brothers, you have no ground for pride, if the restraint that has kept you from prodigality is itself a defect of character. It is true that you have not gone off as a prodigal into a far country of sin. You have not given a midnight banquet and started your young friends on the path to a drunkard's grave by teaching them how to bury their lips in the red poison of the wine-cup. You may have been too stingy for that. You may have been so mean and stingy that there is no fear that you would drink a glass of wine, or smoke a cigar, unless some one else paid for it. It is not principle that saves some men from going to destruction by the broad highway of dissoluteness, but penuriousness. They hold on to every dollar they have, and are too stingy to spend a cent. They keep their money as long as they can, and never give a cent to a friend, unless they make that friend give them a first-class security, and pay full interest. But my so-called respectable and upright pharisaical friend, though you are not a prodigal, you may be a usurer, an extortioner and a slanderer. You may be a robber of the poor widow's mite, and a contemptible tyrant in your dealings with your debtors and your employees. You may be a pedler of evil reports, and a murderer of your neighbor's reputation. You may be one of those keen, cold automatons without one drop of human kindness in your heart. You may be so merciless in your dealings with mankind, that you will not stop for one moment to consider the sad causes which led your friends into sin, or into financial difficulty. And, elder brother, if your faults are meanness and avarice, though you may never have violated the criminal code of your State, you are at heart a sinful monster—a financial tyrant. You are at heart a merciless calumniator. God despises your unrepented sins just as much as he despises the sins of the prodigal in the far country.

THE PRODIGAL'S WELCOME AND THE ELDER BROTHER'S ANGER

Satan is no nearer being a Christian gentleman for dressing himself in broadcloth. The hangman's noose is no less fatal for being deftly placed about the doomed throat by white fingers, a-glitter with diamond rings. Because you, oh elder brother, stay at home and live under your father's roof, that is no reason why you may not be living ten thousand miles away from your father's love. I do not believe there is a more contemptible character painted in all the word-pictures of the Bible than this cold-blooded, unforgiving, sneering, carping elder brother, who was ready to take every advantage he could over his fellow-men, if he could only do so without disobeying the letter of the law. Instead of being drunk with wine, he was intoxicated with self-conceit and selfishness. Instead of being a beggar, or earning his bread by tending swine, he was ready to unkennel the bloodhounds of vindictive rancor, which would tear a repentant brother limb from limb.

The elder brother thinks that his Divine Father's house is not big enough to hold two sons. He feels that if his brother is allowed to come back, the returned prodigal will crowd him out of some room which rightfully belongs to him. He says to himself, "There is that drunken loafer of a boy. He has taken his one-half of the property. Now he is coming back to eat up part of my half. I know that father is so kind-hearted that he will give part of my rightful inheritance to this lazy spendthrift, this boon companion of dissolute characters. If he has spent his all, then let him starve. That is just what he deserves. He has no right coming back, to be a vampire upon my property." So the selfish elder brothers in many of our large churches refuse to let the prodigals come among them, and will not allow them to be received as equals in their Father's house. They seem to think that the advent of the poor and outcast means their own social extinction and their spiritual debasement.

Where can the despicable, pharisaical spirit of the elder brother be found more conspicuous than in some of your modern Sunday School classes? "Oh," say the well-dressed young girls of that class, "you are not going to put that poor girl in our class. Why, it will ruin the whole class! You can't expect the daughters of millionaires to associate with sewing girls, even in a Sunday School." Where can you find a more despicable, pharisaical spirit than in the missionary life of some of our large city churches. There are many large and wealthy churches that are supporting missions in the foul slums of the city, yet whose members would not for one instant allow the poor to sit in their own pews, or kneel at their communion tables. And, mark you, this pharisaical spirit of old is not only found among the rich, but also among the poor. Some years ago, the Avondale Church, of Cincinnati, of which the Rev. Charles F. Goss is pastor, tried to run a mission in the slums. Dr. Goss declared that that mission had to be abandoned, because of the pharisaical spirit which was to be found there among the poor. There, even among the rags and sins of poverty, he found there were classes. Sinful men and women would not associate with each other, because some of them thought their own rags were a little cleaner and better than their neighbor's rags. So all through the church and the world, you find this contemptible spirit of the elder brother. We find so-called Christian men and women, who protest against the prodigal's return, because they fear the younger brother's reformation might in some way injure their own social and spiritual standing.

The elder brother never longs to satisfy the divine cravings of his father's love. I have no sympathy with some of the excuses that are made for that prodigal son. I have no sympathy with those who declare that young men are led astray into the far country of sin, because they have generous impulses and abnormal affections, and therefore cannot say no to the tempter. That prodigal was an ingrate, every way you take him. He was a selfish, contemptible, dissolute rake. No man is large-hearted who will take a friend to a saloon, or open a bottle of wine at a club, when, in order to do it, he makes his own children go hungry and dress in rags.

No generous-hearted young man will go into the far country of sin and recklessly squander his money, when at the same time he knows that his old father is weeping at home, with his eyes a fountain of tears. But though that younger son was a selfish, despicable character, the elder was just as despicable. When the elder brother heard the music which signalled the parental joy over the repentant prodigal's return; when he saw the eyes of his father glistening with love, and his cheeks flushing with a holy thankfulness, he would have rejoiced for his father's sake, if he had not been selfish, and would not have tried to stab the old man to the heart. Did he not say, in effect, "Yes, we shall drive that dissolute, debauchee back to his swine trough? Then we can have the pleasure of seeing father again restlessly pacing the floor, through the long weary hours of the night." Did he not want to hear that dear, old, gentle, forgiving father again moan over his wayward boy, as David mourned over his dead son, Absalom?

If that elder brother had been the right kind of a son, he would have seen what joy came into the father's heart at the return of his repentant son. He would have immediately said, "What difference does money make, if I can only make father happy? Away with the question of dollars and cents, if my brother's return is only a true return." So every Christian to-day, if he is the right kind of a Christian, does not think about the social condition of his repentant fellow-man. He immediately says, when the publican bows at the Mercy Seat, "Oh, the joy and the rapture of heaven; oh, the look of triumphant love which is upon my Divine Father's face; oh, the celestial music which, in great tidal waves of sound, is rolling through the golden boulevards of the New Jerusalem; oh, the angelic voices in heaven which are everywhere shouting the glad tidings, 'The Prodigal has returned; the Prodigal has returned to his Father's house!'" There ought to be joy on earth as well as joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. There ought to be the same joy which the good shepherd felt when he found his sheep that was lost; the same joy which the once frantic wife experienced when she recovered the lost piece of silver, which was part of her wedding dowry.

The elder brother's conduct also shows a lack of faith in his father. He refuses to believe that his Divine Father's love is powerful enough to change a sinner into a saint. Infidelity often entrenches itself in the pew, and behind the church pulpit. Some church members, and some ministers of the Gospel, are only theorizing when they profess to believe that Jesus Christ can pardon sin. They profess to believe that Christ can transform the seven-deviled Marys, into the Marys who are willing to sit at his feet and worship; but these sceptical elder brothers go forth into the great, wide, sinful world, and by their practical behavior, scatter their ideal spiritual theories to the four winds.

When the reformed drunkard comes home, they cry out: "What is the good of letting that unprincipled loafer into the house? He is just like other drunkards. He is only repenting for a little while, so that he may get some money out of us, and go forth on another spree. Drive him out at once; let him go to the poor-house, where he belongs." When the young girl who has led a dissolute life, wants to lead a pure life, instead of finding the willing arms of forgiveness held out to her by her elder sisters, she finds only the shut doors of a contemptuous rebuke. Why? Because the cynical elder sisters do not believe that a prodigal woman with a black past can ever, even by Divine power, be changed into a sainted woman with a spotless future. The criminal has served his penitentiary term and is liberated from the stone cell. Is the great world at large ready to forgive him, and receive him back into honorable employment, if he repents? Oh, no! The elder brothers and elder sisters are so bitter against the ex-convicts, that many a repentant one has deliberately returned to his crimes because he could earn a living in no other way. When a visiting minister, some years ago, asked a convict if he would not like to be free, this answer was given: "Why should I want to be free? Is the honest world ready to receive me with an outstretched hand of love? No. In the world's eyes, the striped suit of the convict always covers a heart of total depravity. Because I have once done wrong, the world is never willing to believe that I am willing to do right. I must always live an outcast, I must die a criminal. My brothers and sisters, can it be possible that we do not believe that the love of God is powerful enough to save men? Can it be possible, that you and I, do not believe the omnipotent hand of Christ is able to lift the vilest of sinners out of their sins, if they will only reach up for that saving hand? Can we not have at heart as much faith in Christ's power to save a repentant white man, as Robert Moffat had in Christ's power to save a repentant black man? Would that we might all in our dealings with the prodigal son, be like that great African missionary, when he wrote upon the white leaf of a young girl's album, these suggestive words:

My album is in savage breasts,
Where passion reigns and darkness rests,
Without one ray of light;
To write the name of Jesus there,
To point to worlds, both bright and fair,
And see the pagans bow in prayer,
Is all my soul's delight.

The elder brother does not realize fully that his Divine Father is showing more magnanimity in bearing with his respectable meanness, than in welcoming back the repentant prodigal boy. I feel sorry for the wife who is married to a drunkard, or to a gambler, or to a dissolute clubman. That must be a crushing cross for a mother to carry for the sake of her children. To feel that for the baby's welfare she must associate with a man from whom the law courts of the land would give her a divorce, if she only presented her evidence. But though this may be true, I feel almost as sorry for a wife who has to live with one of those cross-grained, sneering, irritating, fault-finding, jealous husbands, who are wearing out and sapping away the life and happiness of many a home. I mean a wife who has to live with one of these heartless, brutal men, who go around with soft voices and smiling faces, and yet are as merciless as a hornet thrusting a sting. I mean a wife who has to live with a man who considers every day wasted unless he is able to overreach somebody, and yet will do the overreaching in such a polite and deferential way, that his victim can say nothing, and have no recourse to justice. But there is no need of my going on and further describing this hypocritical class. You have a representation of that class in the character of the elder brother. He is to be seen everywhere. He is to be seen inside the church as well as outside. And yet the good father, in the parable of the prodigal son, was ready to speak just as forgivingly to his elder son as to the younger.

The other day, a person asked me what I considered the most beautiful sentence in the parable? This was my answer: "It is not to be found in the good father's dealings with the younger, but with the elder son. When the servant came in and told the good father that his elder boy was acting unfilially and unbrotherly, the father did not lose his patience. He did not send a peremptory command to his elder son to come to him at once, as he had a right to do; but as a servant, he left the banquet hall. He went out into the darkness of the night and placed his arm gently about his sinful elder son's neck, as he answered in a pleading, yearning voice: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." That is as much as to say, "My boy, my dear boy, I am not trying to do you any injustice. I shall not take away any of your inheritance. All that I have is yours. What I long for is for the love and the purity of my children. I want my own boys to be always by my side. Come, my child, come back to your father's love. Come back into the old homestead which I have prepared for you." Oh, that answer to me is beautiful! That answer is the sweetest, tenderest, most loving, and yet most pleading tribute ever spoken by the lips of any of the characters of the Bible. That is a Christ-love pleading for you and me to come into the Father's house, and nestle as a lamb in his bosom.

But, after all, the most impressive part of the elder brother's history is the abrupt way in which the parable ends. There is no doubt but that the younger son was forgiven. No doubt the repentant prodigal was able to enjoy the rest and the home pleasures of his father's house. But how about that cynical, self-satisfied, and complaining elder brother? Did he ask for forgiveness of his father? Did he go into the banquet where the feast was being celebrated? I do not know. I cannot tell. The parable ends with the earnest plea of the father. We must take the rest as we will. Personally, I have my doubts about the salvation of that elder brother. It is sometimes far easier for the sinner down in the slums to come to Christ, than for the rich son, living in a luxurious palace. A London missionary was one night called up to go to a dying girl. This wayward child at the time was living in a dissolute house. When the missionary entered the room, he found a sinful sister holding in her arms the head of the dying girl, and she was saying, "Jennie, it is all right; put your love and trust in Jesus. He died for just such sinful girls as we are. Jennie, put your faith in Jesus Christ." Yes, we can all feel that Christ died for the prodigal son, but it is awfully hard for some of the sinful elder brothers and sisters to feel that it was necessary for Jesus Christ to die for them, and their sins. My elder brother in sin, are you going to stay out of your Father's house? Are you going to refuse to put your faith in Christ, and come into the marriage banquet of the Lamb?

Mr. Moody tells the story of a soldier dying in one of the field hospitals of the Civil War. The soldier sent for his chaplain to come to help him in the hour of death. Mr. Moody said, "I wish I could help you die in peace, but Christ alone can help you do that." Then Mr. Moody read to him from his Bible, passage after passage, until he came to one of the sweetest verses of all: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying man at that point cried, "Stop. Is that there? Oh I did not know that was in the Bible. Please read those few words again." Then the dying man just pillowed his head upon that promise and went to sleep in the arms of Christ, to wake amid the hosannas of heaven. Elder brothers, and elder sisters, will you look to that Cross to-day which I lift up? Will you hear the Gospel invitation which is given to you, to come into your Father's house? Will you here and now sit down by Christ, and by the side of your repentant prodigal brother?

A Shut-In's Comfort

I think the "Family Art Gallery" perfectly beautiful. This morning I received *The Speaking Oak*. I looked it through and read a few selections. I know I shall enjoy reading it. I am a shut-in from rheumatism; I can't get out to church. I enjoy the sermons in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very much indeed. I would rather go without my dinner than THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there is so much good reading in it. If I live till the twenty-fourth of next month I shall be eighty years old.

Wellsville, N. Y. MRS. E. B. PALMER.

This book, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2.00. The "Family Art Gallery" free to each subscriber.

A GREAT WESTERN GOSPEL MISSION

Continued from page 91

MISS MARY E. SHANNON — MISS J. MILLARD — MISS ANNA E. SMITH — T. S. THOMPSON — MRS. WM. ASHER — MISS FRANCES MCGIFFERT — MRS. C. H. HALL

for better privileges and surroundings. Literature, free reading-rooms, Gospel privileges, are needed in a score of places near by. The cause represented by the Duluth Bethel Association is one worthy of the most cordial support. Should any reader desire to aid the work or to make further inquiries, any communication sent to the officers of the Association in Duluth, will be promptly answered.

Following is the list of officers and active workers of the Duluth Bethel Association at the present time: H. H. Hanford, president; L. A. Marvin, treasurer; Charles F. Robel, general superintendent and secretary; T. S. Thompson, Gospel work among children; William Asher, superintendent Bethel, Lake avenue; Mrs. William Asher, matron and Gospel singer, Bethel, Lake avenue; Miss Grace McKinsey, missionary and stenographer; Miss Frances McGiffert, Gospel singer; Chas. H. Hall, superintendent Branch Bethel; Mrs. Chas. H. Hall, missionary and matron, Branch Bethel; Miss Mary E. Shannon, superintendent Bethel Rescue Home for Women; Mrs. Emma E. Smith, matron; Miss Jean Fraser, missionary and visitor; Miss Anna E. Smith, evangelist; Miss Josephine Millard.

The buildings of the Association are: The Bethel, on Lake avenue south; the Branch Bethel, on Superior street; and the Bethel Rescue Home for Women on Sixth avenue.

SEAL-HUNTING IN THE FINLAND ICE-FIELDS

WINTER FISHING ON THE LAKES

IT IS A FOUR-FOLD FAMINE!

Not Only Finland, but Norway, Sweden and Lapland also Suffering—Progress of the Relief Work

ACCORDING to advices received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past week, the great famine in Northern Europe has spread to nearly all the Scandinavian countries. Norway, Northern Sweden and Lapland are now known to be suffering with an intensity scarcely less than that of Finland. Swedish residents of this country have for many weeks past been making heroic efforts to supply the needs of their famine-stricken relatives at home, but the distress is so widespread—especially in Northern Sweden, where 70,000 persons are reported to be actually destitute—that the help afforded has done little toward mitigating the affliction. The government at Stockholm is doing all in its power to help the distressed population. In all the countries mentioned, the causes of the famine are identical with those that brought about the awful visitation in Finland.

A second remittance of **Five Thousand Dollars** was this week cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund, to the Finnish Committee at Helsingfors, to be immediately applied in the relief work among the peasants of the interior. The Committee was asked, by cable, whether it preferred that grain or money be sent, and Dr. Saltzman, acting in behalf of the entire Committee, cabled back the reply that money was preferred. Doubtless, the Committee being on the ground, and fully conversant with the situation, saw that the delays incident to the shipment of a grain cargo, and the cost of freights by land and sea, would make relief by such a method slower and more expensive than that which lay nearer at hand in the available European markets.

The *Skandinaven* newspaper of Chicago, prints a touching incident of the famine in Finland. It is contained in a letter received by Rev. John Falkner, a Lutheran pastor in Chicago, from a brother pastor in Finland. The writer says:

"Today we buried four persons, all belonging to one family, and the only surviving, the family father, is now nursed and cared for in my home; but it is very doubtful if he can recover.

"The family lived in a remote place several miles away and was one of the poorest in the parish. The crops had failed completely, and for weeks the family had lived on bark bread and water. Going to the place, I came across a little boy in the street. I here was the body of a little girl seven years old, cold and stiff—she had gone out of this world, unable to tell to others of her misery and without leaving any of her dear ones nearer to her dying moments. Carefully I took the lifeless body, lifted it into the sled and drove to the children's home. But, oh! what a sight I beheld! On the table I found a small piece of bark—some were gnawed to bone. In one bed the lifeless body of the mother, and clasped in her arms and pressed to her bosom was the corpse of her young child, a little girl two and a half years old; in another bed the husband and father sick and helpless, more dead than alive, and by his side the dead body of the boy, four years old. Oh, what a sight!

"How I stood in the 'valley of death,' I was confused. My heart was heavy and I felt as if it would shatter, and while the tears were flowing on my cheeks. Oh, brother, the scene was so pitiable, so awful, so shocking, that it makes me shudder to think of it, and I am unable to write more on the subject now.

"In a little house in the woods, about sixty miles north from Ludvig, lives a family of five—man, wife and three children. A long time ago the last grain was used, and with many tears the poor mother looked the dreadful future in the face. As the hard winter months passed, all their belongings were sold for bread. The winter was a bitter cold one. The man, a regular type of the Finnish farmer, with his grave, quiet face, looks with deep sorrow on his pale wife and his starving children. He has been around asking for work, but in vain, and all hope is gone. One of the children—the oldest, a boy of about nine years, sits on a bench carving a piece of wood; the other two are lying on the big oven, covered with some straw.

"Conditions are about the same all over Finland," the writer adds. "Thousands must succumb if they are not helped."

I cannot come now, under the present mournful condition of affairs; for it is my sacred duty as a servant and follower of Christ to help and aid my poor, dear parishioners, and support and comfort them by word and deed, to suffer, yes even to die with them, if so be the will of God.

THE SUBURBS OF ULEABORG, CENTRE OF THE FAMINE

Mr. Nicolay Grevsted, Editor of the *Skandinaven*, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD $237.50—contributions received through his paper—to be added to the Famine Fund.

Rev. G. Blomberg, of New York, has this famine incident from the afflicted homeland:

"We have only a little piece of bark bread left," said the wife, her eyes full of tears.

"We will trust the Lord," said the farmer, solemnly. "He has been our Helper before, and he is the same merciful God as he has been before."

He took the Bible from a little shelf in a corner of the room and read the 46th Psalm. Then they knelt down and laid their great need before the Almighty.

Some hours later, two ladies came from Uleaborg to the lone farm-house with relief.

"Praise the Lord! He is the same—yesterday, to-day and forever!" came from the thankful farmer's lips. His wife joined in expressions of gratitude to the visitors. There were warm clothing for himself and his family and good rye bread and grain for oatmeal.

The Rev. George P. Clarke, of the British-American Church, St. Petersburg, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that his colleague, the Rev. Dr. Kilburn, is at present in the famine districts of Finland. The distress, he adds, is acute and widespread and becoming more so every day. The Finns themselves cannot cope unaided with the crisis.

It is hoped that the contributions to the Famine Fund from all sources will be so prompt and liberal that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be enabled to forward regular remittances, and to reach as wide an area in the famine districts as possible. Every dollar goes direct to the famine field, and every individual contribution finds its destination in the home of some poor Finnish peasant, bringing alleviation to the sufferings of his famished dear ones. Dr. Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will probably visit Finland soon and make a tour of the famine districts, personally inspecting the relief operations. As was the case when he visited India, Russia, and Cuba, he will travel without expense to the Famine Fund. His reports of the progress of the relief work will be published in these pages.

Many letters have been received thanking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for espousing the cause of the suffering Finns. Churches and religious organizations of all denominations are actively interesting themselves in the effort to rescue these deserving people, who have been overtaken by severe affliction. All are eager to have a share in the life-saving work.

. . .

All contributions for the Relief Fund should be addressed

FINLAND FAMINE FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
92 Bible House New York City

Contributions are acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and are regularly forwarded to the Finnish Committee in Helsingfors for the relief of the sufferers.

RAPIDS OF THE IMATRA, FINLAND, IN WINTER

THE WOLF at FINLAND'S DOOR

... By ...
H. MONTAGUE DONNER

FINLAND is so remote from us that Americans are little familiar with either the land itself or its inhabitants, and yet, were justice done to the country and the sturdy little nation inhabiting it, neither our histories nor our political geographies would fail to have many pages devoted to a study, however inadequate, of the Finnish people as well as Finnish institutions, progress, and achievement, for even the greatest nations can find much to learn from that highly civilized race of the far North, whose existence has been allowed by the rest of the world to be swallowed up by the more compelling claims of its great Muscovite and Scandinavian neighbors. Now, however, the eyes of the whole world are drawn to Finland by the moving tale of its pitiable plight, struggling as it is in the throes of the most awful famine that its checkered history of battle, devastation, and want has ever had to show.

The reports that have reached these shores of the terrible prospect confronting the rural population of halt the country are in no wise exaggerated, as I know only too well from letters that have reached me from some of the famine districts, painting appalling pictures of the universal destitution and misery, accompanied by pitiful personal appeals to contribute, in some or any way, to the alleviation of the present heart-rending lot of the Finnish peasantry.

I should, perhaps, state, in order to make matters clearer, that Finland is divided into eight governments, the most northerly of which, that of Uleaborg, comprises half the country, and it is in this huge territory, and, in a lesser degree, in the two governments immediately to the south of it—Vasa, to the west, with a long coast-line on the Gulf of Bothnia, and Kuopio, to the east, bordering on Russia, that the ravages of the famine are mainly felt. Uleaborg is the worst sufferer, lacking, as it does, even the moderate interior railway facilities of Vasa and the splendid lake system of Kuopio that render somewhat less burdensome the problem of the prompt distribution of supplies in those two governments.

The Finnish peasantry depend for sustenance very largely on their extensive annual crop of cereals, of which by far the most general is barley, which is grown as far north as Lake Inari, on the 69° of northern latitude. Rye is cultivated generally as far as latitude 67° north, while oats are grown plentifully in all the governments, except the eastern and northern portions of Uleaborg, where the land is higher in elevation, and where the people are also less enterprising than their more fortunate brethren established near the coast and along the railway line. Wheat cultivation is practically restricted to the comparatively small area comprised in the southwest corner of Finland, known as Finland Proper, where the climatic conditions are most favorable. And now that practically all the barley, rye, and oat crops have been destroyed by frost and flood, the inhabitants of Uleaborg government have not only been facing starvation on a diet of bread made of bark, straw, and husks, and even worse, of which samples have been mailed to me, but are now being decimated by the diseases that infallibly follow in its wake, till the pen hesitates to describe the horrors to which afflicted humanity in the north of Finland is now exposed.

In a letter received a few days ago from one of the municipal dignitaries of the town of Vasa, a piteous appeal is made to me, to aid in some degree, by some means, "this poor, sorely tried Finnish people, dying of starvation." The letter continues: "From the depths of my heart I beg you, and not only I, but all the warm, and generous-hearted persons associated with me, can you, will you not appeal to the generosity of the many rich Americans? Give, O give us **something**! There are many thousands of children, women, and men who come to us crying, 'Give us flour, or we perish!' The Finn says little, but these few words have a harrowing significance. They betoken a depth of suffering and misery that no words of mine can describe. Forgive me if I seem over bold and insistent, for I am speaking in the name of human beings actually dying of starvation, and I can only pray that the great God may bless these few lines."

By the mail immediately following this letter I received from the parish of Hyrynsalmi, in the government of Uleaborg, a small package containing specimens of the "bread" then being eaten in the famine districts, some representing barley bread, and the rest, much darker in color, rye bread, but both looking more like dried animal dung, and very unpalatable in the mouth. Yet such makeshift stuff was announced to be the food of the "more prosperous" among the peasantry!

Bad though this is, it is almost a delicacy compared with what thousands of the humbler peasantry are compelled to devour in order barely to keep body and soul in companionship. In many districts rye-bread, even of this unpleasant consistency, has given way to a tough, sticky dough, compounded of husks, straw, and black and barley husks, which, mixed with water, has now for three months formed the only sustenance of the great mass of the inhabitants of that same parish of Hyrynsalmi. It seems incredible that human beings in a civilized community should be reduced to eating such sorry refuse in order to keep the breath of life in their bodies.

And what stories, too, come from another south and ten parish, that of Simonsmalmi, also in eastern Uleaborg! Here several little farms exist close by side, with great numbers of children. In one of these farms, for instance, are no fewer than eleven boys and girls, of whom the oldest is eighteen. To such a depth of misery and want is the family sunk, that the mother has been reduced to the necessity of sewing old sacks together with which to cover the nakedness of her wretched offspring, whose bodies are covered with frightful sores. The poor creatures are not only without clothing since the summer they have been without bread, owing to the difficulty the father had in procuring seed. The whole parish, the fourth in point of population, by the way, in the government of Uleaborg, numbering in all some 6,000 souls, is, owing to the bad quality of the food, beginning to be a prey to the ravages of scurvy and other diseases, so that the present state of the parish beggars description; with men and women, emaciated, haggard, and covered with sores, dragging themselves along from house to house, with piteous appeals for a morsel of sustenance for their little ones at home, from whom these are themselves able to do more than keep alive on the scantiest of unsavory morsels.

From the parish of Pielisjarvi, on the lake of the same name in the extreme east of the government of Kuopio, comes the further distressing tidings of a sudden epidemic of scarlet fever, which is carrying off the poor, weakened children by the score.

Such tales of suffering and death as these might be multiplied by the score, but to what end? Enough is now known to make evident the awful plight in which this sober and industrious little nation is plunged, and the compelling necessity of generous financial aid to the body of enlightened and unselfish patriots who have formed the Central Relief Committee in Helsingfors, the capital, all influential citizens of high standing and unimpeachable integrity, who have appointed sub-committees all over the country through which to alleviate the distress promptly and efficaciously, distributing funds impartially wherever the need is most pressing, and rendering the strictest account of all sums received and all disbursements made. Of the manner in which this remedial work is done I shall probably have occasion to write further. Suffice it here to say that the Committee has, from the start, been alive to the danger of pauperization through indiscriminate giving, and has in one way or another made all assistance, beyond that imperatively needed on the instant in order to save life, dependent in greater or less degree upon work and self-help, to be pursued under expert supervision during a specified length of time. Such funds as have reached the Central Committee had, on receipt of latest advices, been nearly exhausted, through the establishment all over the country of soup-kitchens, workrooms and children's homes, in addition to the forwarding of vast quantities of meal, hemp, clothing, agricultural implements and medical supplies; and the generous contribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers last week must have lifted an immense burden from the hearts of those devoted workers in far Finland who have organized for the relief of their poverty-stricken and dying fellow-countrymen.

OFFICERS OF THE FINLANDER FAIR COMMITTEE

John Matinke Robert Rottomaa Peter Palmer Abr Savoline Matti Lintunen, Chairman
Victor Hall Marie H. Matinke, Secretary Abel Toivonen

THE New York City Finlander Fair Committee, numbering fifteen representative Finnish citizens, are very much in earnest about making the Finlander Fair, to be held in Marion Hall, 150 East 125th street, New York City, February 28, afternoon and evening, a success. All their spare time is devoted to working up features which they think will interest the Finns, Swedes and American friends expected. It will be a rare opportunity for Americans to study their Finnish fellow-citizens at close range. Americans have not nearly so familiar a knowledge of these silent, serious, intense people of the North, as of immigrants from other lands. It will be worth while to meet them face to face, see the things they make, and—above all—to aid them in their worthy efforts for the relief of their starving countrymen across the water. Pastors of Finnish and Swedish churches in Manhattan and Brooklyn, and the members of Finnish and Swedish temperance and sewing societies are doing all they can. No toiling Finn seems too poor to contribute his or her mite. The Finnish Singing Society, "Humu," and the Swedish, "Lyra" (all male voices), and the singing society (mixed voices) of the Star Temperance Association, will render Finnish and Swedish national songs as features of the evening's entertainment. Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster and other distinguished American speakers will be heard, and two prominent Finns will deliver addresses. Friends desiring to aid the Fair in any way will receive prompt attention by addressing Miss M. H. Matinke, 356 East Thirty-second street, New York City.

India's Splendid Pageant of the Durbar

SEE PICTURE ON FIRST PAGE

LATE mails bring further details, with photographs, of the imposing ceremony at Delhi, India, which was described in this journal on January 14. The cable showed that it was a scene of rare magnificence, but we now learn from the letters of persons who witnessed it, that it surpassed all pageants of modern times. Not the Coronation ceremony in London, nor the Jubilee processions in the late years of Queen Victoria, approached it in grandeur and quaint splendor.

The entry of Lord and Lady Curzon (formerly Miss Leiter, of Chicago) into Delhi was a pageant never to be forgotten. They were seated in a howdah of solid silver on the back of a huge elephant, whose body was covered by a finely embroidered saddle-cloth, the fringe of which touched the ground. Another mighty elephant, similarly caparisoned, followed, bearing the brother and sister-in-law of King Edward. Following, two abreast, came other elephants bearing fifty of the chief princes and rulers of India, all resplendent in jewels famous the world over. Still more elephants, on which lesser dignitaries of India were seated, and then a long line of carriages, conveying the governors of presidencies and other British representatives. The ancient city of Delhi has seen many magnificent pageants, but none to compare with the line of native and British officials who were gathered to acclaim the accession of the Emperor-King.

Ninety-eight princes in all paid homage to the British ruler. They rule over one-third of India, and though acknowledging British sovereignty, exercise complete control in their own dominions. It is gratifying to notice that the wife of one of them made practical evidence of her delight in the ceremony by presenting a lakh of rupees ($34,000) to the fund for the alleviation of suffering by famine. Many of them eloquently testified to the improved conditions in the Empire since the period when there was perpetual war among themselves, and hailed the rule which left them independent while protecting them from internecine conflict.

A PARALLEL

The Infidel	The Agnostic	The Christian
I am but naught:	I do not know.	My son I rest.
Life cannot nought:	May know we ge grow.	When sons contest,
All chance doth send:	I row discern	on Thee my I trust.
Death is the end'	All I can learn.	I trust Thy Word.

Oh, friend, weigh well this parallel,
And choose to-day—do not delay.

Baltimore, Md. THOMAS O. CLARK.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ... $1.50 ...

Foreign Postage. ... to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, ... a year

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

President Roosevelt Aids Finland

From the New York Herald, January 26.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S active sympathy has been aroused by the reports of the pitiful condition of the famine-stricken peasantry of Finland, more than four hundred thousand of whom are on the verge of starvation.

In a letter to Dr. Louis Klopsch, Secretary Cortelyou expresses the President's gratification at having an opportunity of contributing to the relief of the suffering in Finland, and encloses, as the President's contribution to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund, a check for **$100.** The fund already exceeds **$20,000.**

A Time to Keep Cool

THUS far, the attitude of the United States on the Venezuelan question, has been such as to command the respect and admiration of Europe. It has been dignified and conservative, yet without any concession affecting our vital national policy. We have impressed the monarchies with the strength of the American position.

Some strange things have happened lately in Venezuela—things that are difficult to reconcile with "bloodless blockades" and Hague arbitration. Nations under peace bonds or pledges might reasonably be expected to exercise a degree of forbearance, such as has not been shown by some of the allies. But it is well to know all the facts before passing judgment. Hence, we urge, this is a good time to keep cool. There is a disposition, in some quarters, to excite public opinion upon this question. Such a course is to be strongly deprecated. Venezuela, by assuming the initiative, is just as likely to have afforded the provocation in this latest disturbance as the allies; indeed, the German Commodore has declared that this was the cause of the San Carlos bombardment.

Let us keep cool, then. Nothing is to be gained by precipitancy, which would plunge the country into vexatious and probably serious complications that might be avoided. If, knowing the whole situation, Castro and the Germans or the English are still resolved to pepper each other, pending arbitration, instead of behaving like sensible, civilized beings, they will probably continue to do so.

Our line is drawn only at the seizure and occupation of American territory by a foreign power. When that line is crossed, it will be time enough for us to think of intervention—not before. This is perfectly well understood by the allies.

It is a fortunate thing for the American people that its Executive is not a Hotspur, but a cool, vigilant, level-headed, sagacious man, not apt to be swayed by mere passing excitement. Let us emulate his example—and keep cool.

In the Long Evenings

DARKNESS settles down early at this time of the year, and we have the long evenings. How cozy they are, especially when the storms beat outside, and the sleet and snow and rain dash against the pane, we appreciate the warmth and comfort of indoors. Don't encourage anybody to waste the pleasure of a good long evening in a nap on the sofa. When a man or a woman is too sleepy to take a part in the life of the family, bed is the place for that one to seek, and in the family itself there should be bright, wide-awake fellowship. Don't be selfishly absorbed in book or newspaper. In the long evenings let there be the delight of reading aloud, and of talk over the book. Every one should cultivate some skill in playing games; and if the group are musical, let the evening never pass without piano, violin, and a song or two.

Looking back over the vista of years, in our calm middle life, the pleasantest reminiscences of the early home, cluster about the long evenings. Then, when the supper table was cleared, the youngsters settled down to map-drawing, to sums, to geography and history and astronomy, and whatever else was to be prepared for the next day. There were nuts and apples on the shelf, and often before bed-time there would be a little feast. Did your mother make doughnuts, and were there plenty of them for hungry, growing children; a stone crock, perhaps, that, like the widow's cruse, was always miraculously refilled when the supply grew scanty? Were there buckwheat cakes all ready for breakfast, and when you left the wide, warm kitchen at ten o'clock, did you anticipate the comfort there would be for you when you came down in the frosty morning? Ah, you may live to-day in a home of much splendor, where the kitchen is a room you seldom see, presided over by servants, and strictly devoted to its own uses; where the dining-room is most ornate, and the drawing-rooms are stately; but in your dreamy moments you go back to mother's kitchen, and the beautiful long evenings of your early youth. We get away from simplicity and we get away from cheer.

In the long, winter evenings, we may find it profitable to cultivate more sedulously than ever the spirit of household fealty.

> Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

The Bible in the Schools

NOTABLE testimony is given by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, which deserves the attention of Principals of the Public Schools throughout the State. In his annual report to the Legislature, he says that although during the seventeen years of his connection with the Department, the Scriptures have been read daily in every school in New York City, he does not know of a single protest or appeal having been made against the practice by any inhabitant. He says further, that he will not stop the practice in other portions of the State, despite the fact that his predecessors held it to be unconstitutional. It is therefore open, under his administration, to any Principal to begin the reading of the Bible in the opening exercises, in any school in which it has not yet been done. There will be no interference from the State Superintendent, providing the reading is not accompanied by comment or religious propaganda. Doubtless there are many Principals who will welcome that assurance and will act upon it.

There can be no doubt that the children are the gainers by even so meagre a measure of religious teaching. It is a recognition of the need of moral, as well as intellectual, knowledge. We are liable to forget this fact in education. Without moral training, the child may become all the more formidable an enemy to society, by the educational facilities we place in his hands. It is not much that the reading of a chapter from the Bible in his hearing, once a day, can do for him, but it at least makes him aware that there is such a book and that it enjoins right living. More than this, if he is a bright, intelligent child, he cannot fail to be impressed with the literary beauty of the passages he hears, and may seek for himself a larger acquaintance with the book. Thus he may gain, if not the highest blessings that the Bible is capable of imparting, at least such a conception of his moral responsibility as will make him a better citizen.

Smoot, the Mormon

ONCE again, the Mormons have come knocking at the doors of Congress, demanding admission and recognition. Reed Smoot, an apostle of the Mormon Church, has been chosen as United States Senator from Utah, and his election is hailed as a great Mormon triumph. What the conservative element in Utah think of the choice may be gathered from the language of those who opposed Smoot's election in the State Legislature. Representative White said:

> If we send this man to Washington we dishonor the State, and if he goes to Washington, he, too, will be disgraced. Shall we insult our President by defying him in sending an apostle to the Senate? A great storm of public opinion or a benefaction of peace is about to be launched by the nation.. If we launch the storm, God pity poor Utah!

When Utah was admitted to statehood, it gave a sacred pledge, as an essential condition of admission, that it would suppress the vile system of plural marriages. That pledge it flagrantly violated. Polygamy was practised under cover, throughout the State, and is still practised there. There are many cases known where the offence is openly and defiantly avowed. It is flaunted contemptuously in the face of the American people.

We believe that no Mormon apostle should be permitted to sit in the halls of national legislation, or to take part in making laws for this moral and enlightened land. There is such a thing as decency in American public life. There is such a quality as self-respect in our highest legislative bodies. There is—and we are heartily thankful for it—a sturdy and resolute recognition of the moralities among those at the head of the nation. From the President down to the humblest citizen, we stand, as we have always stood from the foundation of this republic—for the purity of the home, the integrity of the family and the protection of American womanhood. Utah, which now for the second time will send a Mormon to Congress, is the sole offender in the sisterhood of States against the nation's code of morals. It is honeycombed with polygamy. It is dominated by the Mormon Church, which is unrepentant, unregenerate, unclean—the open sore, the one foul blot on our country. Notwithstanding all its protestations of reform, that church clings to-day to the same old lecheries that made it a nightmare in the days of Brigham Young and Joseph Smith.

Four years ago last month, the Hon. George F. Edmunds, the distinguished Senator from Vermont, author of the Anti-Polygamy Act and the leading constitutional authority in the country, reviewed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the case of Brigham H. Roberts, a notorious Mormon, who had been elected as representative from Utah, and pointed out the means at Congress' disposal for protecting the national honor. He recalled the fact that, in a Constitutional Convention assembled for the purpose of paving the way for Utah's admission to statehood, a formal ordinance was adopted, declaring that "polygamous or plural marriages are forever prohibited in Utah." He showed how Utah had broken that promise. The constitution of Utah, while prohibiting the ceremony of plural marriage, did not prohibit polygamous relationships. But Senator Edmunds pointed out that there is, in the hands of Congress, a reserve power which, when all other expedients fail, it may still use to rid itself of the presence of an undesirable member. *Under the Constitution, and after a member has taken his seat, the House has the authority, with the concurrence of two-thirds, to expel a member.* There is no limitation in the exercise of this right, and for sufficient reason it can be brought into operation at any time.

This applies equally to the Senate. Will that body purge itself of the reproach upon its dignity and its good name, by rejecting Reed Smoot, Mormon apostle, as the House of Representatives, in the exercise of its constitutional privilege, and in behalf of the honor of the nation, and for the protection of the American home, rose in its dignity and thrust forth the self-confessed Mormon and polygamist, Brigham H. Roberts?

GEMS FROM TALMAGE

The Many-Sided Bible

—GOD'S WAY is different from man's way, but it is always best. Take, for instance, the composition of the Bible. If we had the writing of the Bible, we would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have twenty or thirty men to write a poem or make a statute or write a history or make an argument there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says, "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own standpoint and temperament; so that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic his Solomon; the warrior his Joshua; the sailor his Jonah; the loving his John; the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible, which now I can lift in my hand; instead of the Bible that the child can carry to school this afternoon; instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket pocket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is different from man's, but it is best, infinitely best.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Fatal Fire

ONE of the most stubborn fires that the New York Fire Department has had to contend with, broke out on the morning of Jan. 18. It was in a seven-story building on the Bowery, almost opposite Cooper Union. The lower floors were occupied by an Excelsior Company, and the upper floors by an electrotyper and other business firms. Early in the morning a policeman noticed a lurid gleam on a transom above the gateway of a passage on the north of the building. He promptly sent in an alarm, and in quick time the engines were on the scene. It was discovered that the fire was in bales of excelsior, which were loaded on three double wagons in the passage-way. The entrance to the passage was protected by strong iron doors, which had to be forced. It took the firemen a long time to open the doors with their crowbars, and before that was done, the flames from the burning bales had set the whole building on fire. One alarm after another was sent in, and soon there were nineteen engines and a water-tower pouring streams of water into the various floors. Two of the wagons were dragged out into the street. The firemen were pulling at the third, when one of the floors in the building caved in, and a bale of burning jute fell upon them, pinning one of the firemen firmly against the wagon. The smoke from it was suffocating, but the brave men worked hard to liberate their comrade. He realized that there was no hope of their succeeding in time to save his life, and begged them to save themselves and leave him to his fate. They continued their efforts, however, but when he was at last released, he had been dead for several minutes. Several other firemen were hurt in the course of the fire, and many were temporarily prostrated by the suffocating smoke and almost blinded. For thirty-six hours they worked upon it, before it was finally extinguished. The chief difficulty was caused by the severe frost that prevailed. As the water from the engines fell upon the huge bales of burning excelsior, it was turned into ice, which became thicker with the continuous downpour. Meanwhile the fire in the centre of the bale smouldered, protected from the water by the icy-coating on the outside. Thus there was the strange spectacle of fire within ice, and the very means adopted to extinguish the fire became a barrier to its work. So strange a phenomenon is rarely witnessed in a fire, but the principle involved is no new thing to ministers and Christian workers. Even in the time of the Apostles, it was seen that the preaching designed to extinguish the fire of sin in the human heart was perversely turned by faithless or impenitent souls into a curse.

It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them (II. Peter 2: 21).

An Unconscious Heir

An excited passenger left an asylum for the insane in Minnesota recently, to begin a lawsuit in England. A St. Paul journal says that among the patients in the asylum was a man of nearly sixty years of age, who had been there for several years. He had never been violent, and, of late, his illusions had disappeared, and he was practically sane. But he had no friends, and had lost his business, and as he was willing to make himself useful, he was allowed to remain in the asylum, especially as the doctors thought it wise he should remain for a time under surveillance. The man had always boasted of belonging to a prominent English family, but little attention was paid to his story, and as he admitted that he had not written to his relatives for more than a dozen years, his talk was set down as a delusion. But the old man wrote to England. In due time a reply came, stating that as nothing had been heard from him for so long, the courts had pronounced him dead, and authorized the executors of his father's estate to pay to other persons the large sum of money due him under his father's will. He has now gone to England to prove that he is alive, in spite of judicial decrees, and try to recover his fortune. It is very doubtful whether the courts will recognize him after having pronounced him dead. His task, in proving himself alive, is precisely the opposite of that of this Christian, whose glory is that he is dead to the world.

It is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him (II. Timothy 2: 11).

Indignant Voyagers

The anxiety generally felt throughout this country and in Great Britain about the safety of the American Liner *St. Louis* was turning to despair, when news was flashed from Nantucket that she was slowly crawling into port. It had been thirteen days from the date of her leaving the English coast, and there was therefore good reason for anxiety. It proved, however, that there had never been any danger. The officers explained that the boiler tubes had become clogged and were leaky. It had been necessary to discontinue the use of some of them while they were cleaned, and repairs were made. With only a few of her boilers in use at one time, the steamer had made slow progress all the way across. The passengers on board were exasperated by the delay, and as some of them had made appointments which could not be kept, there was indignant denunciation of the Company, which had allowed the vessel to make the voyage in the circumstances. They held a mass meeting on board, and appointed a committee to frame resolutions expressing their opinion of the Company. The following extract from the document shows the character of the opinion: "Providence has been kind to us, and we are grateful that through his mercy we have thus far been spared a dreadful calamity. We cannot too severely condemn the recklessness of the management which would send such a crippled vessel loaded with human freight to contend with the storms and perils of an Atlantic winter. Your committee believes that our lives have been put in jeopardy, and certainly made our loved ones at home suffer great mental anguish, not to mention the severe financial losses many of us have incurred and are now incurring." Sometimes, in the voyage of life, men discover that those who undertake to bring them on their way, are similarly incapable, or negligent of their obligations. In some pulpits there is a lack of power that might come if the operation of the Spirit was not impeded by conceit and useless erudition.

Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world and not after Christ (Col. 2: 8).

England's New Primate

The chief office in the English Church, vacant by the death of Dr. Temple, has fallen to Dr. Randall T. Davidson, Bishop of Winchester. He is comparatively a young man for that high position, having been born in 1848. He is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, and is the ninety-sixth Archbishop of Canterbury since St. Augustine. He studied at Oxford, and has held many important offices in the church. To his new duties he brings an intimate experience, probably more extended than any other man who could have been chosen. It was gained as private secretary to Archbishop Tait, whose daughter he married. He was also a close friend of Archbishop Benson, so that the work connected with the Archbishopric is familiar to him. It is doubtful whether the appointment will be popular with the bishops and clergy over whom he will rule. His name is usually associated with the Broad Church theory, but his sympathy with Evangelicals has been repeatedly shown. It is remembered with kindly spirit by Nonconformists, that he attended the funeral of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and pronounced the benediction. His influence in the church will be enormous, and we may therefore hope that it will be exereised in the spirit of the apostolic injunction:

In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech, that cannot be condemned (Titus 2: 7).

DR. RANDALL T. DAVIDSON
The Newly Appointed Archbishop of Canterbury

THE ICE-COVERED RUINS OF THE BURNED BUILDING IN NEW YORK

Reported Gold Discovery

Press despatches from Seattle, Wash., report the discovery of a rich gold field in Alaska. It is said to be eighteen miles north of Tenana River, at a point three hundred miles from its source. The news of the discovery was carried to Dawson by a Japanese named Wada, who is known in the district as a reliable man of undoubted veracity. He says that the locality of the discovery resembles the Klondike in its chief physical features, but has a heavier growth of timber. Eight different creeks had been traced, he said, in which gold was found. A firm of prospectors had sunk holes to bed-rock and had found an even run of gold in each, with one distinct streak over eight feet deep. About a hundred men had staked claims and were at work when the Japanese left. His news caused an immense sensation at Dawson, and many at once prepared to leave for the new district. One town was entirely deserted, and miners from all the surrounding camps were hurrying to the region. No one is surprised at their doing so. The desire for wealth is so general and so intense, that when it is known that a place has been found where gold can be had by digging for it, a rush for it is sure to occur. We should see similar earnestness in the search after truth if men really believed the Psalmist's assurance:

The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether; more to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold (Ps. 19: 9).

BRIEF NOTES

By an inexcusable oversight an error was printed in a paragraph entitled, "A House on the Ice," in this journal on January 14. Instead of Willimantic, Ct., it should read Willamette, Mich.

Evangelist H. Stafford Smith, of England, is now on a visit to this country and will be glad to conduct evangelistic services during his stay. Mr. Smith's former visit in 1898 was greatly blessed to the conversion of many souls. His singing as well as his preaching had a wonderful power, and we hope that a similar blessing will attend this visit. Letters addressed to him at this office, or Bible House, New York, will be forwarded to him.

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS ✳

QUARTERLY Temperance Lesson

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR FEB 15. I CORINTHIANS 8: 4-13

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—"LET US THEREFORE FOLLOW AFTER THE THINGS THAT MAKE FOR PEACE." ROM. 14: 19.

THE GREEK THE JEW

THE Greek and the Jew we find yoked together in the church at Corinth. And how did they come to be yoke-fellows? Through the preaching of Paul, both had been brought to a knowledge of Christ. And what kind of yoke-fellows did they make? Did they pull together? Not always. Could it be expected that they would? The Greek had behind him centuries of idol-worshiping ancestors, the Jew, centuries of God-fearing ancestors. To the Greek, all who were not Greeks, were "barbarians." To the Jew, the Greeks were "Gentiles," which meant about the same.

How wide apart they were in their traditions and customs? The Jew ate meat, but not all kinds of meat, only that which was "clean," according to the law of Moses, the flesh of such animals as chewed the cud and parted the hoof. He was also forbidden to eat meat offered to idols. We see a striking example of the result of such teaching in the firm refusal of Daniel and his three boy companions, to eat the meat and drink the wine which was set before them in the king's school, when they were captives in Babylon (Daniel 1). On the other hand, the Greeks prized above any other kind of meat that which had been placed before idols, because it was regarded as "consecrated," and was also of the best quality. To the Christian Greeks in Corinth, idol meat had lost its sacredness, but as they counted an idol as "nothing," they saw no reason why they should not eat idol meat in company with their friends who had not yet broken away from their idolatries. Such eating, however, seemed to their Jewish fellow-Christians a great sin, and they had bitter words to say about it. The Apostle Paul was appealed to as arbitrator. It is likely that both Christian Jews and Greeks had agreed to abide by his decision. Paul was a Jew by birth and training—could he side with the Greeks? But he was broad minded, and could consider the Greek point of view as well as the Jewish. He did look at both sides of the question, and rendered a decision which has served Christians ever since in all the world concerning things doubtful, proclaiming the principle of self-denial for the good of others.

His advice on this subject is in a Bible letter we speak of as "First Corinthians." He was careful to tell the Greek Christians that all men had not risen to their point of view in considering an idol as nothing, and that to such the eating of meat that had been offered to idols could not but be confused with continued allegiance to idols, and that, therefore, they should not have anything to do with this meat. To put it into our modern way of speaking, Paul showed them that in order to be consistent Christians they must not have any association whatsoever with idols or their sacrifices. And Paul nobly wrote them that as for himself, if self indulgence on his part, in even an innocent way, would become a stumbling block to any brother, he would in that forever practice self denial. He therefore advised the Greeks not to partake again of the idol meat.

Paul's Jewish predilections seem not to have entered into the solution of the question. The matter was to be settled by considering only how the greatest good could be accomplished in the promotion of the peace of the church and in saving those who were still out of Christ. Of course Paul would not have advised that there should be any compromise on a question of right and wrong. The Bible rule is: "First pure, then peaceable." As it was only a question of privilege to the Greeks, they yielded and pulled together amicably with their Jewish yoke-fellows, brought into harmony by their desire to see the Name of the Lord Jesus glorified. Paul, in his wisdom had not said, "The Jews are right." He had decided the question on higher grounds, and in so doing there was no opportunity on the one hand for the bitterness of defeat, or on the other hand, for the self-gratulation of conquest. The church was really stronger for the difficulty that had arisen, having learned something of the privilege of giving up rights (not right) for the sake of others.

Illustration and Application

Why should I abstain from intoxicating beverages? (Let this lesson be kept close to the one question of beverages. The medicinal use of drink requires at least a whole lesson; so also the question of what liquor law is best.) I. Even though I feel sure that alcoholic beverages will do me no harm, yet if I see that my example might cause some human brother to be harmed, or to harm others, I am bound to abstain, inasmuch as the custom of drinking is, even to those who defend it, only a privilege, not a duty. In the words of Neal Dow, "No one has a right to do that which, if the whole world follows his example, as some are almost sure to do, will produce more harm than good. II. But in the Twentieth Century, when insurance tables prove that even moderate drinking injures health and shortens life, I am bound to abstain also for my own sake, in fulfilment of the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which requires a proper self-love and self-regard. Suicide is wrong as well as murder. I have no more right to poison myself than others. No one in Corinth claimed that idol meat was *per se* harmful. It was only the associations that anyone objected to. But it is not alone the associations of the saloon that are bad; the alcohol itself is harmful to body, mind and soul. Insurance tables, insanity statistics, criminal records, all prove that. Anyone who drinks is liable to get drunk, and so to become a drunkard, and one who was never drunk may be diseased in every cell of his body through daily tippling. We need to repeat often, that Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, a London physician, has said, that daily tippling injures one's health and his children more than the monthly pay-day debauch.

1. Moderation, as a substitute for abstinence, was sincerely and thoroughly tried by temperance leaders and discarded as inadequate. 2. Substitution of wine and beer for whiskey and other distilled liquors was also sincerely tried by temperance societies, and found equally unavailing. 3. Abstinence was at last tried, and the doctors now declare it the way to health, and the athletes find it the way to strength. 4. Greely, Peary, Nansen, Kane, and other arctic explorers, proclaim abstinence the best plan for extreme cold, and Stanley, in his African annals, proves abstinence is also safest in the tropics. 5. The fact that fifty-one per cent. of the business establishments of the United States either require abstinence of employees or at least give abstainers the preference, shows that abstinence is the best plan for business success. 6. Jefferson declared for abstinence in public service, that is, in politics. 7. The churches have with nearly unanimous voice resolved in favor of abstinence as the only consistent attitude for the Christian.

No one claims that any evil consequences can come from abstaining altogether, and when one who has never allowed himself to form the habit, not even self-denial is required; but let others who have not acquired the dangerous liking for the drink, remember the profound saying that "self-denial is self-love living for the future." Therefore, let us insure our future by taking this pledge to-day:

> For my own sake, For the sake of others,
> For Christ's sake, and by His help,
> I will totally abstain from all intoxicating beverages.
> (Signed)

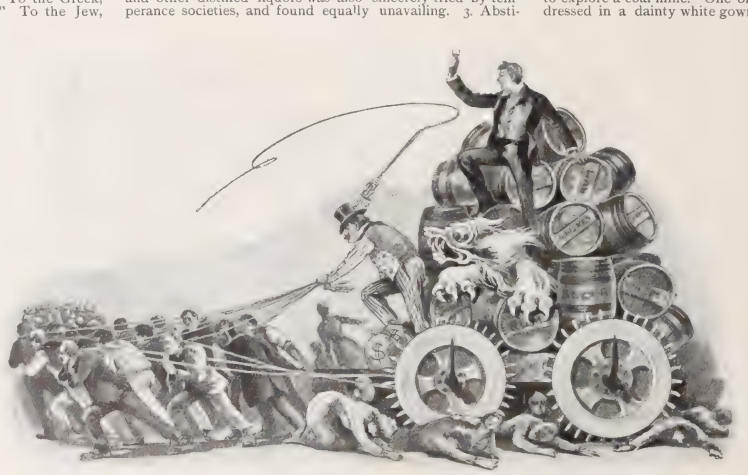
Two Stories for Boys

A bright boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink and promised to shun it, one day visited a rich uncle. He offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink, and finally offered him the gift of a watch if he would drink. The boy declined, saying: "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can some day buy a watch of m own, but if I drink and take your watch I may later on hav to pawn it to get bread." He had learned to abstain for th sake of his future.

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest youn voice at the office-door. The lawyer turned away from hi desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly-dressed lad of twelv years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes w do—on good security," he said gravely. The little fello explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that' cryin' papers." He had half the money required, but h needed to borrow the other fifteen cents. "What securit can you offer?" asked the lawyer. The boy's brown hand sought his pocket, and he drew out a paper carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply-printed pledge agains the use of intoxicating liquor and tobacco. As respectfull as if it had been the deed to a farm, the lawyer examined it accepted it, and handed over the required sum. A friend wh had watched the transaction with silent amusement, laughe as the young borrower departed. "You think that I know nothing about him," smiled the lawyer. "I know that h came manfully, in what he supposed to be a business way and tried to negotiate a loan, instead of begging the money I know that he has been under good influences or he woul not have signed that pledge, and that he does not hold i lightly or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as security." The boy probably di not know that business firms require abstinence, but he knew by the clear instincts of boyhood that a boy who did no drink would be more reliable to do a job or pay a debt, an he supposed others would see that also.

"I think a Christian can go anywhere," said a young wom an, who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement. "Certainly she can," rejoined her friend, "but I am re minded of a little incident that happened last summer, when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remon strated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide of the party. 'Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?' she asked, petulantly. 'Yes'm,' returned the old man, 'There's nothin' to keep you from wearin' a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back.'" There is nothing to prevent the Christian wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is unclean, but there is a good deal to prevent him from wearing white garments afterward. No woman who would keep a spotless reputation can afford to drink anywhere, for drink dethrones modesty and strengthens passion.

A Story for the Girls



THE JUGGERNAUT OF CIVILIZATION

Many a father abstains for the sake of his child. Here are two stories that will help to increase the number. Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washington some years ago. They were watching four bright children get into a cart and drive down the street, throwing back kisses and "good-byes" to papa and papa's friend, the general.

Two Stories for Fathers

The father was General Phil Sheridan. The other general, an old friend, said: "Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?" "I don't manage; they are mischievous soldiers, but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out. Their little mother is a wonderful woman, and worth a regiment of officers. I often think what pitfalls are in waiting for my small, brave soldiers all through life. I wish I could always help them over." "Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him the one most to be feared, what would it be?" General Sheridan leaned his head against the doorway, and said, soberly: "It would be the curse of strong drink."

Senator Henry J. Coggleshall is a poet. He says, however, that he has only written one poem. "To tell you the truth," said the Senator one day at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "that poem you have heard about was really inspired. One of my senatorial colleagues gave a dinner, and I was one of the guests." "Were you fined a poem for drinking seltzer?" asked the reporter. "No," replied Senator Coggleshall. "I refused to drink anything intoxicating, and my colleagues began to jibe me. I thought of a promise I had made to my little daughter, her last words to me when I left home for Albany being: 'Papa, be true to me.' I gave the poem that title." It is as follows:

What makes me refuse a social glass? Well, I'll tell you the reason why;
Because a bonnie, blue-eyed lass is ever standing by.
And I hear her, boys, above the noise of the jest and the merry glee,
As with baby grace she kisses my face and says, "Papa, be true to me."

The Gnawing of Hunger

WE have known the inconvenience, and, to some extent, the wretchedness of an insufficient coal supply this season, but relief has always been in sight, over here in this bountiful America. ar otherwise is the situation in Northern Europe, when amine, like a gaunt and ravening wolf stalks through ie land, when the larder is empty, when crops have ailed, when the cattle die for lack of sustenance, babes erish at the breast, and whole families lie down and ie. Nothing surpasses the agony of hunger, the slow asting pangs of it, the hope deferred, the terrible rain-wasting torture of a death that creeps steadily on, aving its skeleton hands in the pale faces of its victims.

We sent help to India, when famine-swept lands deanded it; we are now asked to send help to the poor own-trodden people of Finland, people of the Lutheran ith, and who still, amid all their misfor- nes, trust God.

Probably these Finnish people, than hom we could desire no better element, ill come to us in thousands bye and bye; migrants bringing with them honesty of urpose, sturdy valor, and keen intelli- nce. Now, they are perishing of want, thers, mothers and children. The hools are closed, the churches are empty, e homes are dark. The simple fact is at whole villages are starving. America n alleviate this dire suffering, change is frightful situation, if our people will ly, at once, without an instant's delay, ve as God has prospered them and send ead to these our friends, so that they ay be tided past the great trouble, and ieved from the gnawing pains of hunger. rmers, merchants, clerks, working men d working women, rich and poor, do t delay. Send help to Finland, quickly!

ne Women of Finland

Some years ago, I knew intimately a gentle- man from Finland, whose linguistic attain- nts and musical education were both re- rkable. She spoke and wrote with accuracy languages. She played piano and harp as se do who begin in babyhood, and practice, der stern tuition, until they are young men. From her I learned much of the nish women; of their austere virtue, their erential piety, and their versatile capability Finland, woman is, in most phases of life, equal of man. She competes with him usiness, she is as dominant in the house- d as her husband, and in marriage there is equitable division of finances. Divorce is e. Infidelity very uncommon. The women his northern nation are feminine in man- , not mannish, and their home and family is very orderly, beautiful and harmoni- . Staunch Protestants, they are, like the men of Puritan days, self-denying, faith- and incomparably truth-loving, and kind- s is on their lips. For the sake of the wo- n, something should be swiftly planned to eliorate the present intolerable situation. erican women will surely not remain in- erent to the needs of these far-off sisters r the sea.

Mayflower Bible

a citizen of Philadelphia has just presented aluable and interesting heirloom to the rim Society of Plymouth. Mr. Asa W. ters is a direct descendant of Governor dford, and this Bible, often read by this at ancestor, has been in the family for t generations. It was printed in London, 1592, taken by the Bradfords to Holland, early in the enteenth century, and brought over in the Mayflower in 0. From Joshua Bradford (son of the governor), it was ded to Elisha, his son; from Alice Bradford, daughter of sha, who married Zebulon Waters of Stoughton, Mass, to son, Captain Asa Waters, who fought in the revolution. nce it has come from father to son until the present day. e Bible is six by eight inches, bound in black leather. If go to Plymouth, Mass., next summer, you may see it ong the other relics gathered there by the Pilgrim Society.

w to Cure Diffidence

friend and reader is greatly embarrassed by diffidence, longs to discover a remedy. Its foundation is usually in an inordinate self-consciousness, and this bane of existence has been fostered by the indiscretion of parents and teachers. An infant is never self-conscious, but always is superbly at ease. To the diffident person it is natural to say, "Stop thinking of yourself, of the way you are dressed, of the impression you are making," but the advice is not always easily adopted. My counsel is this: Seek out somebody who is even more modest and less at home than you are, and do what you can to make her enjoy the occasion. Have your dress as appropriate as you can, and think no more about it. If your hands are in your way, give them something to do.

A Level-Headed Lady

Among the teachers in a high school near New York, is a young lady who, the other day, came into $350,000 from the estate of an uncle. Far from losing her head over her good fortune, this level-headed woman has decided to keep on for the present with her teaching, which she enjoys, and in which she is successful. If she is a more than usually gifted teacher, the school is to be congratulated on her decision, but inevitably the question will be raised, whether or not she is justified in teaching, when she does not need the salary. Thus far, it has proved an impossibility to eradicate from the general mind, the notion that no wealthy woman should ever take pay for her work. The action of Boards of Education in discouraging the marriage of women teachers is founded on this same idea. If a woman has other means of support, a husband or a fortune, she must not herself earn money. The vital point in concern is, not is a woman rich or poor, married or single, but does she know how to teach, or to do other work to which she applies herself.

The lady who possesses private means will not less worthily adorn her profession on that account. If she has no care for bread and butter, she ought to adorn it even more worthily than if less agreeably placed in life.

AN ITALIAN STREET SCENE

There are quarters on the East Side, in New York, where much of the life depicted in this picture of an Italian city may be seen. A lady looking from a window out on a crowded block, the other day, exclaimed: "Why, this looks like Italy!" For all countries meet in our metropolis, and the pretty bambino is as lovely here as in its mother's arms across the ocean blue.

The Pendulum Swings Back

IN the early days of this country, shiploads of young women were brought to Virginia, that the planters might select wives from their number. This forms the basis of the romantic episode which Mary Johnston used to such good advantage in her novel *To Have and to Hold*. A dearth of women in a new country means much lack of home comfort for the hard-working men. Mrs. Custer, in one of her books, tells how a young army officer, returning from a long campaign on the plains, jumped from his horse, and kissed the white apron of a woman, as he saw it flying from the clothes-line in a village garden. But in our day, women do not usually deliberately start in a body for some place where possible husbands await them. Some weeks ago, a gentleman of Rugby, N. D., Mr. J. R. Walters by name, announced that the numerous bachelors in Rugby were in great need of wives, whereupon a hundred young women wrote to him, stating they would go to Rugby by speedy conveyances. Correspondences ensued, and the prospects are that there will be many marriages in this portion of North Dakota.

The wives of pioneers have no easy task. Life is hard, unromantic, and lonely. The women fade early under incessant drudgery. It would seem better for women to wait for wifehood until men could court them in the orthodox way. But doubtless some of these matter-of-fact couples will settle down on their quarter-sections, and capture some happiness.

Introductions

The etiquette of introductions puzzles some readers, yet there is nothing intricate in the subject. The rule is to present a gentleman to a lady thus, "Mrs. Jones, or Miss Warrener, allow me to present Mr. Bacon." The single exception is in a case where a man is of venerable age or exalted official position, when it may be proper to introduce a young woman to him. But a matron has the right to have every man introduced to her. In making introductions, names should be clearly spoken, or else they will not be understood. If one does not catch a name, one should courteously ask that it be repeated.

A Little Strip of White in the Neck

"Won't you relieve that dreary blackness, mother?" said a boy, surveying with disfavor the mourning garb his widowed mother wore. It was sheer night-black woful gloom from the neck to the hem, and I could not wonder at the lad's disapproval.

"Oh," sighed the lady, "I cannot bring myself to lighten my mourning. It expresses my feelings. I am heart-broken."

"Yet," urged a friend, "a little strip of white, hemstitched daintily, and turned over the neck-band would please your son, be more becoming to you, and conventionally satisfy the most fastidious. Black, not softened by any edge of white, is trying to the complexion. Dick, if he were here, would exclaim at the fright you are making of yourself, you, who are a pretty woman. And you do owe something to Dick's boy and yours, don't you?"

Sincere mourners are sometimes selfish. They overlook what they owe to the living, in their grief for the dead. Somewhere, the dead are alive, and perhaps they are very near us. It is no pleasure to them, if they see, to watch our absorption in sorrow and our fruitless tears. I plead for the little strip of white in the neck.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JACK PRIMROSE. Evening dress is never worn until after six o'clock.

—MOLLIE. Teach your little girl table manners from the time she can hold a spoon.

—MARIAL. The fault of your disposition is an overweening jealousy. Pray overcome it.

—TIRED OUT. It may be hard to live with your husband's people, but since he can give you no other home, by all means make the best of it.

—JEAN. If married in your traveling dress, wear bonnet or hat and gloves. Wedding presents should be acknowledged as soon as received; in your maiden name before marriage, in your married name after it.

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MARGARET PARMALEE'S SPHERE

By Virginia R. Grundy

WHEN Miss Griggs left the church after the Saturday afternoon choir practice, she found Margaret Parmalee awaiting her at the gate. This was unusual, for the lighthouse keeper's daughter was a shy girl, and chary of advances toward any one. "She has been to college a year or two and she's stuck-up," the village folk said. Miss Griggs, who went beneath the surface of most things, thought otherwise.

"This is my first opportunity of speaking to you since your return, Margaret," she began, as they walked homeward in the pleasant autumn sunshine. "What have you been doing all summer, you quiet thing?"

Margaret smiled, but a shadow flitted over her fresh, young face. "Father has rheumatism quite frequently, you know, and lately mother's health has failed. I have to tend the light and do the housework. Sometimes I go fishing with father, or play and sing to mother. They seem to need me, but——"

"But what, Margaret?"

"O, Miss Griggs, I am ashamed to say it, but my duty is often irksome! It is not what I planned at all. I want to take a music-class in some city, and save my earnings to send mother to Florida for a while. She is homesick for her old friends down there, and the climate would do her a world of good. But now, since father is so often helpless, it is impossible for me to go away. The light is our main dependence."

"Yes, it would be folly to give up a sure thing for an uncertain one," agreed Miss Griggs. "Still, could you not get a class in this place?"

"I have tried; but they are too poor or too indifferent to send. Perhaps, they doubt my ability!"

"Nonsense! Several rough old tars have told me that they come to church mainly to hear you sing," said Miss Griggs kindly.

Margaret looked gratified.

"I know it is wrong to complain," she said; "but my parents have made sacrifices to keep me at school, and I feel that I ought to work and repay them."

"There are more ways of paying debts than with money, dear. Make the most of your limitations, and when the time comes for you to battle with the world, be sure, a way will be opened," comforted Miss Griggs, with her cheering smile. "'If you want a field of labor you can find it anywhere.'"

"I'll remember that," promised Margaret, and she tripped down to her boat with a lighter heart. A moment later she was dipping her oars to the accompaniment of a merry sailor's song.

On a high ledge, about a quarter of a mile from the pier, stood the lighthouse, the only home Margaret had known since her childhood.

Her father was sitting on some low rocks, assorting a collection of sea-shells, which he utilized in box and basket-making during his rheumatic spells, when the pain affected only his ankles. His odd little articles brought a ready sale in a near-by city.

"I heard ye singing, lass, and it made me glad," he said, coming stiffly to Margaret's assistance. "I feared ye might be growing tired of this dull spot and we two fussy old folks."

Margaret made some reassuring reply, but there were sudden tears in her soft eyes. She was wondering if she had been doing her duty ungraciously.

While she was setting the tea-table she talked cheerfully to the invalid mother, who was placidly knitting by the cozy fire. Afterward she went up to the tower to trim the huge lamp and brighten the window-panes. It was very peaceful up there. The sun was sinking beyond the golden waters, and distant sea-gulls flashed across the line of breakers far below. Margaret always felt nearer heaven at sunset. It was easy then to make good resolutions.

"I'll trim myself to fit my sphere," she promised herself that evening. "There is poor old Granny Brooks I could go to see, and maybe brighten her life a bit; and I'll get acquainted with other people, too."

"A nice plan, daughter," Mrs. Parmalee said, when Margaret asked her advice. "You stay at home too closely. I'm afraid you will make little headway with old Mrs Brooks, however. She is a queer character."

It was a real cross to timid Margaret to go visiting. She expected to have her ardor damped, but the village girls seemed glad to greet her after her long absence, and she was surprised to find some of them quite congenial acquaintances.

With Granny Brooks she was not so successful. She lived with one old colored servant in a dreary spot, apart from neighbors and just above the reach of the tide. The house, a plain two-room frame building, was set in a grove of untrimmed crape myrtles and cedars, and looked a fit abode for bats and other things uncanny. Margaret shivered as she went up the weedy walk and knocked at the door. While she waited a response, a black cat ran up the steps and rubbed against her dress.

Old Aunt Tildy ushered her into a clean but cheerless room, where Granny Brooks, as she was familiarly called, sat smoking a pipe in the chimney corner.

"Well, what do you want?" she demanded, eyeing her guest narrowly.

Margaret thought of evil fairies, and answered that she had merely come for a call.

"Humph! Ye are the first person that's been here in months without some selfish reason. Got tracts and a hymn-book, aint ye?"

"No, ma'am, but I will sing if you like," Margaret replied, ignoring the rebuff.

"No, ye would hurt my head, more'n likely. How's your folks?"

Margaret answered politely, and after a few desultory remarks, rose to go.

"I'll come again," she said, not liking to leave abruptly.

"Better wait till ye're asked," Granny answered, snappishly, but Margaret did not hear. She was hastening homeward with a feeling of relief.

When Miss Griggs heard the story she laughed heartily.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 102

THE EDITOR'S BRAIN

Did Not Work Well Under Coffee.

A brain worker's health is often injured by coffee, badly selected food and sedentary habits. The experience of the Managing Editor of one of the most prosperous newspapers in the middle West, with Postum Food Coffee illustrates the necessity of proper feeding for the man who depends on his brain for living.

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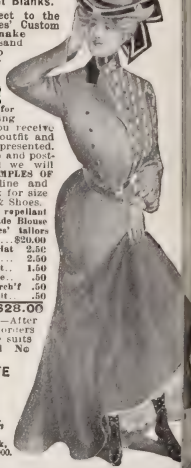
Reference: First Nat'l Bank, Chicago. Capital $12,000,000.



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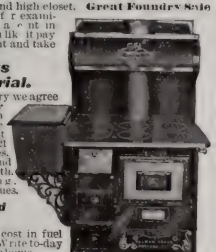

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, we have a new plan for awarding prizes, which we think you will like. Our experience of the past few months suggests it as a fair and just innovation.

To our first competitions, published December 10, over 10,000 answers were received! Study of these and subsequent thousands, pouring into this Department, emphasize the fact that educational advantages are not equal in all sections. It does not seem entirely fair to judge a child of New England, where schools and libraries abound, with the child of less favored localities. Therefore, we will judge each State's letters by themselves. In awarding prizes for this week's competition, there will be one prize for each State and one for each Canadian Province. The child sending the best answer from Massachusetts will be prize-winner for that State; the child sending the best from Oklahoma will be prize-winner for Oklahoma; and so on. When the full complement of prize-winning answers have been chosen, the two best will be selected as deserving of the first prizes, the judges carefully weighing all considerations involved.

We cannot divert time and attention from the thousands of answers daily received, in order to reply to letters asking further information about puzzle competitions. We will, however, appreciate any suggestions sent—only do not enclose them with your competition answer. Enclose nothing else with that.

COMPETITION 17

What two places mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 17" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the two answers employ but one word—the name of the place you think the picture represents. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name of the place. Read the rules given below.

Competition 18
Curious Questions

1. The history of what royal child shows that God watches the deeds of children?
2. What child received death as reward?
3. Through what child's bereavement was a nation blessed?
4. Who was the youngest prophet?

Write "Competition 18" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 17 and 18 you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 17" or "Competition 18," as the case may be.* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

Prizes are as follows: For the best answer to "Competition 17," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's; for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book. For the best answer to "Competition 18," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's; for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book.

All answers must be mailed not later than February 9, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks Department*, Bible House, New York.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZE-WINNERS FOR JAN. 7, 1903

The Answers to Competitions in our issue of January 7, are: Picture Puzzle 1, Jericho. Picture Puzzle 2, Sinai. In "Curious Questions": 1. Bells, cornet, cymbal, dulcimer, flute, harp, horn, "instrument of ten strings," organ, pipe, psaltery, ram's horn, sackbut, trumpet, tabret or timbrel, viol. [In the titles of a number of psalms, certain words supposed to refer to musical instruments occur, as mahalath, meaning possibly a lute or guitar; gittith, a stringed instrument, strings of any instrument, a song composed for stringed instruments, and so on. Neginoth is a term for stringed instruments in general; nehiloth for wind instruments. In the Revised Version, castanets, bagpipe, triangle and lute are found. If an answer sent in contained all the plain English names given above, omission of the Hebrew names, or of names found in only the Revised Version, was not counted as an error.] . 2. Abraham, Gen. 22: 3. . 3. Moses, Ex. 34: 33. . 4. Rechabites, Jer. 35: 3, 6, 8; Nazarites, Numb. 6: 2-4.

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of January 7, **Walter G. Hill,** Jamaica Plain, Mass., receives a silver watch; for best answers to "Curious Questions," January 7, **Flossie de Jong,** Zeeland, Mich., receives a silver watch. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest.

Barlow, DM, Wash.
Bergstrand, Ida, Oreg.
Beverley, J R, Tex.
Boynton, Marg'e, Okla.
Burditt, Margery, Vt.
Cass, Alice, Minn.
Chandler, A B, N. H.
Cook, W C, N. Y.
Eddy, K, Mont.
Fisher, Mary M, Pa.
Fordham, Hope L., N.Y.
Forney, Miss M., Ariz.
Gauer, M, Kans.
Geiger, F D, Pa.
Hoopes, R T, Del.
Keir, E R, Colo.
Kunkel, H, Mo.
Le Baron, K, Can.
McCall, Madge, Oreg.
McClellan, Miss C, Colo.
Marsh, H, N. C.
Marshall, J A, Mo.
Martens, Frieda, Ind.
Mitchell, Alfred, Mass.
Moffett, Ernest C, N. J.
Montgomery, R, Tenn.
Fatee, Lois E, Ark.
Pelton, Helen L, N. Y.
Phillips, Winnie, Mont.
Pierce, Rebecca, Neb.
Quillin, Floyd, Idaho
Reitzel, Frank G, Pa.
Revere, Leftwich, Va.
Robinson, Don H, N.H.
Rudy, Eva A, D. C.
Secrist, George, Ohio.
Shields, Mabel, Idaho
Smith, Bertha E, R. I.
Snare, Mary, Nevada
Strange, Tay, Delaware
Tobie, Edna, S. D.
Upshaw, Miss M, Ga.
Vandewall, Velma, Wis.
Vercler, Miss Y, Oreg.
Walker, Neva, Utah
Weaver, Clyde W, Ind.
Weidner, Maud R, Pa.
Welty, Lester W, Ark.
Whitcher, Walter, N.D.
Whitehouse, Lizzie, Tex.

Second best answers to "Curious Question."

Alber, E Ill.
Baker, R H, N.Y.
Bassette, E F, Conn.
Battlort, A L, Pa.
Beever, E, Cal.
Botwright, L, Pa.
Brooks, V C, La.
Buerstetta, O, Neb.
Cannon, I, H, Iowa
Clegg, M, Ill.
Cox, P J, Mo.
Crawford, C, Ohio
Dalrymple, E, Pa.
Everett, A J, Cal.
Fulwood, H A, Ga.
Godney, E, N.Y.
Gettle, M E, Neb.
Gibson, G, Can.
Glatfelter, G A, Pa
Hubble, F E, Va.
Hull, J, N.Y.
La Due, M., Ill.
Lamb, C E, Okla.
Le Baron, M A, Can.
Lee, H W, Ohio.
Logan, R R, Pa.
McKee, R, Mo.
Martin, R, Ky.
Millar, E, Can.
Parker, I, Pa.
Parson, B, Pa.
Pearson, G, Kan.
Roelse, R M, Neb.
Rood, W, Mich.
Replogle, H, Ohio.
Rover, H E, Mo.
Sampson, F, Can.
Schrader, E B, N.Y.
Shultz, L C, Pa.
Skill, P, Can.
Sperry, E A, Tex.
Stentaford, G, N. F.
Stitt, I, Ohio.
Summers, E, Ill.
Tinning, M E, N.Y.
Tyler, B F, Mass.
Wadsworth, E, Tex.
Wallace, W, Ohio.
Wilkinson, E, Can.
Wood, A, N.J.

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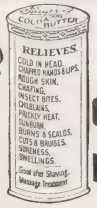

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MARGARET PARMALEE'S SPHERE

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 100

"Don't feel discouraged," she said. "Why, she set her dog on me once. I'm glad you took my little sermon to heart. Mother and I have a plan. She is often lonely while I am busy with my kindergarten, and we want you to come and practice on my piano. She likes music. You mustn't let your talent rust."

"O, Miss Griggs, how kind you are," cried Margaret, gratefully. "My instrument is like an old tin pan, you know. I will certainly come."

That was a busy winter to Margaret. She had no time to repine, but with all her duties and pleasures she did not forget Granny Brooks. Often she would drop in on her way to her daily practice with a cluster of flowers from her window garden, or some delicacy made by her mother's skilful hands, and soon her coming grew to be expected. Old Mrs. Brooks grew less sour to her neighbors, and sometimes even went to divine service.

Margaret did not again offer to sing, but once Granny broached the subject herself.

"They tell me ye have a fine voice. Let me hear ye. My son used to sing, and I still have his guitar," she said.

She took out a case from her wardrobe, and handed Margaret the instrument. It was still in fine condition, and only needed tuning. Margaret sang her best, and felt rewarded by her listener's attention. When she started for home, Mrs. Brooks pressed the guitar into her hands.

"Keep it, child," she said huskily. "No, don't thank me. You need it, and I don't."

Late one March afternoon, as Margaret was returning from Miss Griggs', she was accosted by the village physician.

"Mrs. Brooks is very ill," he told her. "She wants you at once. Go on, and I will send your father word of your delay."

Margaret hurried to the cottage with a sinking heart, for she had become attached to the strange old woman.

The minister's wife was there, moving softly about, administering to the patient's simple needs. "It is simply the failure of old age," she told Margaret. "There is little to be done but to watch beside her through the night. I will stay with you."

Hearing Margaret's voice, Mrs. Brooks, roused from a half stupor, and beckoned her nearer.

"I'm going soon, child," she whispered. "My children are waiting for me—little Mary, and William who died at sea. You have been good to me—so good. There are some things I want you to have. Lift me higher."

They raised her head and she breathed easier.

"The house will go to Tildy," she continued. "She has been faithful to me for years. You will find a chest in that corner. It is full of trinkets and things that William used to collect on his voyages. I want you to have everything that is in it. Here is a key. Now—I'll go—to sleep." She turned over wearily and fell into a calm slumber. When the doctor came at twilight she had not roused.

"She has gone to join the little children of her past," he said, with his hand upon her placid brow.

They laid her away beneath the pines in the green churchyard.

A few days later, Miss Griggs and Margaret went to inspect the legacy, of which Margaret had scarcely thought until reminded by Aunt Tildy. When they examined the chest, Margaret was surprised to find a key in the rusty lock.

"I thought the key she gave me was to unlock it," she said.

"Let's look at the things," suggested practical Miss Griggs. "Why, you could stock a curio cabinet from these! Silks from the Orient, ivory and coral jewelry, shell ornaments, amber beads, and real pearls! You lucky girl!"

"Look at this queer, ugly idol!" cried Margaret, tugging at a large, richly carved object beneath a Cashmere shawl.

Miss Griggs came to her assistance, and, with much effort, they lifted it to a table, where it grinned at them leeringly. Suddenly, Miss Griggs cried out: "Give me your key, Margaret. I believe—yes—it really fits! O, look!"

She had found a keyhole in the carving, the whole back of the lignum-vitæ image swung open; and down at their feet poured a heap of shining gold. The two girls looked at each other in awe.

"Is it really mine?" faltered Margaret, at last.

"Every bit, and I'm so glad for you," cried Miss Griggs, with an impulsive hug. "It's bread upon the waters, Margaret."

"I never thought of a return. It is special Providence," said Margaret, humbly. "And to think I fretted, because I couldn't shape my own ends!"

A Strange Funeral at Sea

RECENTLY, there slept at the Sailors' Home, Carroll street, Brooklyn, thirteen men who had taken part in their own funeral service. Their story is a thrilling one:

The Norwegian S. S. *Seggen*, loaded with steel billets, sailing from Nova Scotia, was beaten by storms until her propeller broke. Having no sail, she drifted seaward. Five days she was pitched about at the mercy of wind and waves. The billets made holes in her sides and bottom. The crew worked night and day to keep her afloat. "We were nearly frozen, and three driving snowstorms in succession blinded us," said Captain Snevig. "Five steamers passed, some so close they must have seen our fire-rockets and other distress signals. Sunday a big vessel was so close that our lights must have been visible to her. Monday, another passed; then, none for three days." The *Seggen* was sinking. Her captain mustered the men aft on the lee side of the cabin. He took an old Bible, while the hopeless, rough sailors doffed their caps, taking part, as they thought, in their own funeral service. There was one young boy among them, and he cried piteously. The captain sorrowfully read through the service for the dying, and asked that all commend their souls to God. Suddenly from the young, fair-haired boy sailor a cry of joy escaped. Looking seaward, the men saw a big steamship heading toward them. It was the Hamburg-American liner *Pennsylvania*, Captain Spliedt commanding. In a few hours the crew of the *Seggen* were hoisted with their own boat to the deck of the steamer.

This is the third rescue of officers and crews from sinking vessels lately recorded of Captain Spliedt, to whom the title, "The Life-Saving Captain" has come to be applied. The lookout on his vessel seems to be particularly keen for signals of distress; anything that can be construed into an appeal for help is followed by the swinging of his big ship out of her course, in prompt response, the lowering of her lifeboats and their speeding over waters, however dangerous, to the rescue of them that are in peril of the deep.

"A Wonderful Collection"

The Speaking Oak, which I received as a premium with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this year, is a book that any one would be proud to call theirs. I am very much pleased with mine. The Art Gallery is a wonderful collection of pictures. They are so beautiful that it would be very hard to pick out my favorite. And the Calendar is very pretty—the loveliest Calendar I ever saw.

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How He Made Use of Food.

Sometimes it is the doctor himself who finds it wise to quit the medicines and aid himself by food.

"In looking around for a concentrated palatable prepared food I got hold of Grape-Nuts and immediately began using it four times a day, exclusively for breakfast with milk; for luncheon and dinner as dessert, and a cup on retiring," says a physician of Mt. Zion, Ill.

"I had nervous dyspepsia for over a year. My normal weight is 140 pounds but I have been steadily losing flesh until a month ago I only weighed 122 pounds. I concluded it was time to throw 'physic to the dogs' in my case. Twenty-four hours after starting the Grape-Nuts regime the fullness and distress after eating had ceased. The heartburn, waterbrash, palpitation of the heart and other symptoms that had reminded me for over a year that I had a stomach, soon disappeared and I can now eat a square meal and feel good afterwards.

"I weighed yesrerday and was surprised to find that I had gained 18 pounds in a month, and the end is not yet.

"The nervous symptoms have entirely disappeared and I am stronger than I have been for two years. I thank you for placing Grape-Nuts at the disposal of those suffering from nervous dyspepsia." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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chimneys; n
trouble wit
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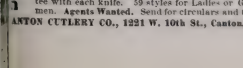

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A LESSON FROM DEFEAT*

The Warning of the Downfall of the Ancient Syrian King Unheeded

SLOW is the world to learn the lessons of history. The old-time story which is to be considered to-day, by no means stands alone in the annals of war. If the historians of our own great crisis may be trusted, there were conflicts then in which intoxicating drink played a part as momentous as in this battle between Syria and Israel. In the English civil war there was a similar record, and doubtless, if the truth were fully told, we should learn that there have been many other battles decided by the drinking of one of the armies, or at least of the officers engaged.

Sad as it is to think of men being slaughtered because their leaders were incapable through drink, such events are only occasional. There are other battles lost through drink in time of peace, in which men lose their souls as well as their lives. Every man must struggle against his foes for his eternal life: sin menaces him, temptation assails him in one form or another and he must do battle for his life. The fight is going on everywhere and men are falling all around. Intoxicating liquor is still doing its fell work in that conflict, as it did in the Syrian camp.

"Oh, that a man should put an enemy into his mouth, to steal away his brains," says the great dramatist. Unhappily it is not brains alone that are stolen. Honor goes, purity goes, peace goes, the welfare of dependent wives and children goes, and the stalwart enemy marches on with a mocking laugh to reap other harvests. Is it not time that we learned the lesson, and while we, ourselves, refrain from touching it, that we strive to bring nearer the day when the whole world shall put away from it this prolific curse?

CHRISTIAN MOTIVES†

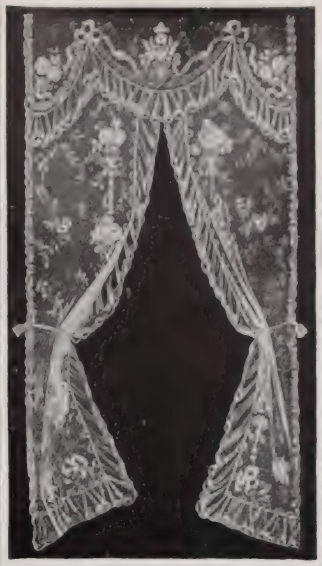
Selfish Ambition a Taint on the Service of Christ

MANY Christians have been puzzled by an apparent contradiction in God's relation to his people. On the one hand, are many promises of prosperity to the good, and assurances that God will care for them, and that his providence shall always be around them protecting them from evil; and on the other hand, are the warnings of Christ, that in this world his followers will have tribulation. Which are we to believe or expect? Our own experience and observation teach us that the Christian has no immunity from the sorrows and trials of life. We know that in a railroad accident, or in a wreck, or a fire, the Christian is as liable as a worldling to be killed, that he must bear suffering and poverty as do other men. It is not by wealth or physical safety that God rewards men for obeying and serving him. It may be that we have misread some of his promises and that what he really does promise is that it shall be well with his people, no matter what happens to them. We know that by natural law, goodness does tend to prosperity, because it removes from life the temptations and the vices that lead to ruin, and that goodness tends to health, as wickedness tends to disease and death; but that is a different principle from God's providential interference.

The main question for the Christian is one of motive. He ought never to serve God for the sake of the reward he expects to get, either in this world or the next. No father is pleased with his child who is continually expecting to be paid for being good and dutiful. He wants his child to be good, and he may encourage him by rewards, but he has no satisfaction in seeing a goodness which is practiced for the sake of the reward. It is a sign of cunning and craft. He wants his child to love him and be obedient because he loves him. We may be sure that God regards our behavior in the same way. The mercenary motive taints our service and conduct and renders it unacceptable to him. To do right because it is right without regard to consequences; to work in God's cause because we love him and are desirous of pleasing him—that should be our attitude.

*Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for February 15. 1 Kings 20: 12-20.

†Topic of the Epworth League for February 15. Mark 10: 35-45; Matt. 16: 24-26.



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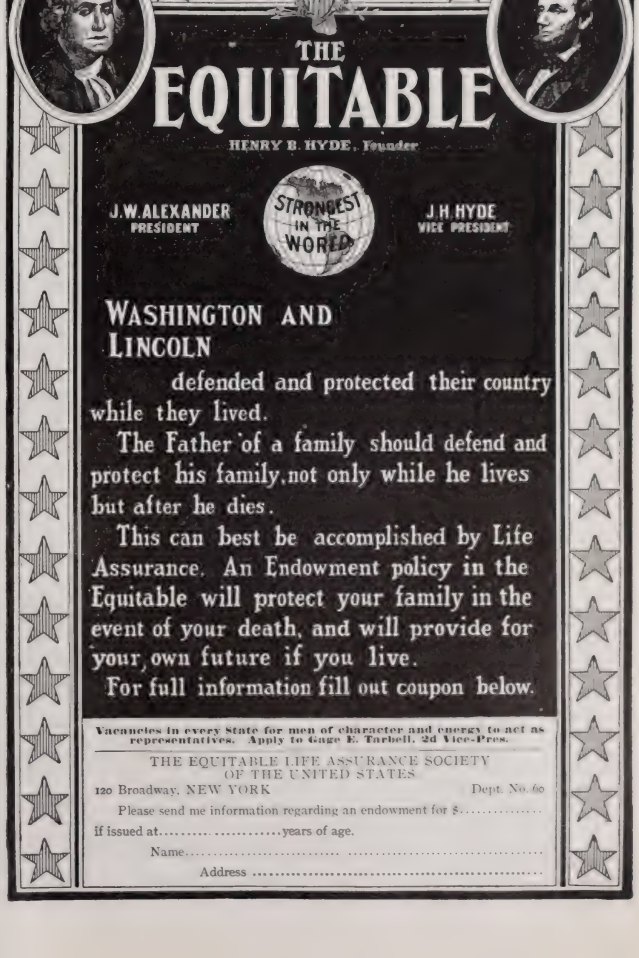
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R. A. SKINNER.

KENSEE, Ky., March 21, 1900.

I did a double washing for myself yesterday and made 65 cts. from my boarders, besides all my cooking, milking and housework. It takes less soap with your machine than in the old way. I have no need of the washboard any more. Mrs. L. A. BARTON.

ONALASKA, Wis., Jan. 4, 1901.

We are a family of 5 and as I had a 3 weeks wash it was an immense one. Had it all out in 3 hours and never had nicer looking clothes. I did not even put my hands into the water. I cannot too strongly recommend the "1900" washer. Mrs. J. M. WILSON.

Write at once for catalogue and full particulars to

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"Its invention supersedes all other methods of House Lighting." SCIENTIFIC PRESS.

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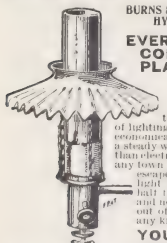

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More light at less cost than any known system of lighting. For all houses wishing economical independence. Gives a steady white light, more brilliant than electricity and softer. Excels any town gas service; gas cannot escape. It gives ten times the light of a kerosene lamp at half the cost, with no smoke and no odor. Nothing to get out of order. No accident of any kind possible.

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Knowing that if you give one of our lights a test you will at once recognize it as being far beyond anything in the line of house lighting, we will send you one of our Pendent Lights C. O. D. $5.00, express prepaid, with mantle, chimney and frosted porcelain shade, ready to light. Test it three nights and if not found satisfactory and most brilliant and inexpensive light you ever saw, return it to express agent, whom we instruct to refund your money and return light at our expense.

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$2000. in prizes

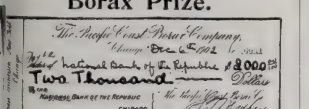
A simple contest with big prizes open to you.

$2000 in prizes will be distributed in our "20 Mule am Borax" contest, divided as follows: 1 prize of 00.00, 2 prizes of $100.00, 4 prizes of $50.00, 10 zes of $25.00, 10 prizes of $10.00, 100 prizes of .00, 250 prizes of $1.00.

We have given each letter in alphabetical order, a merical value, commencing with one and ending th twenty-six, as follows: A-1, B-2, C-3, D-4, E-5, 6, G-7, H-8, I-9, J-10, K-11, L-12, M-13, N-14, 15, P-16, Q-17, R-18, S-19, T-20, U-21, V-22, 23, X-24, Y-25, Z-26. Persons entering the con- t are to write out three reasons why Borax should used in the Toilet and three reasons why it should used in the Laundry. In no one of the reasons are re than thirty letters to be used. After the six rea- ns are written out, add up the numerical values of all letters used. (Some letters will be used a number of es. Add the numerical value every time.) The rson who submits the six reasons in which the sum the numerical values of all the letters used totals hest will receive first prize, and so on down. In case ties the prizes will be awarded on the merits of the sons submitted (to be judged by a committee of ree disinterested chemists).

When sending in your entry use one side of one sheet paper. Write your name and address at the bottom the sheet with your three reasons why **BORAX** ould be used in the Laundry immediately above. er them write your three reasons why **BORAX** ould be used in the Toilet and at the top of the sheet in in figures mark the sum of the numerical values of the letters you have used in your six reasons. Each ry must be accompanied by the **top** of a **1-lb.** kage of **"20 MULE TEAM BORAX,"** be had of your druggist or grocer. Please do write us for any further explanation. There is no ch. The contest is very clear and simple and the prize ners will get good returns for comparatively little rt. Below is shown the check which we have de- ited with the National Bank of the Republic, Chicago, division among the prize winners. We believe that worth trying for.

Borax Prize.



The following letter from Edward Gudeman, Ph.D., food and sanitary expert, will partially explain value of **BORAX.**

Chicago, November 26, 1902.

ific Coast Borax Company, Chicago.
Gentlemen: Replying to your inquiry, I have the fol- ing report to make: Water is said to be "hard" when ontains lime and magnesium salts, which retard the nfliction or lathering of soap and interfere with cleaning action and the solubility of the soap itself. natural waters contain a certain amount of this "hard- ss" which is eliminated by strong alkalies (soda, monia and other caustic materials) or by borax. The ng alkalies, used directly or as found in strong soaps, destroy organic tissue and are very harmful in their cts. Borax is harmless and even healing in its cts. A mid or neutral soap used with water softened borax will cleanse better than strong soap or washing pound (which is generally a mixture of soap and soda) without borax.

r toilet and bathing purposes, I would recommend only sufficient borax be used to counteract the hard- of the water so that the soap used will become soluble be readily rinsed from the skin and out of the pores. laundry purposes I would recommend that a larger portion of borax be used with a mild soap, as the borax if is an excellent and a harmless chemical as a water softener. I have examined Lake Michigan water for and find that it is not so "hard" as the average ural water. It contains only 7 to 9 grains of lime and nesium salts to the gallon. A quarter teaspoonful of ax will soften two quarts of Lake Michigan water, ercenting all the lime and magnesium salts therein ained. Harder water will require a proportionately er amount of borax.

(Signed) EDWARD GUDEMAN,
Chemist and Chemical Engineer.

e recommend that you send a two-cent stamp for booklet, "Borax—Come In," which will greatly you in preparing your reasons. All answers must n our office by MARCH 5, 1903. If neither your ggist nor your grocer can supply you with a pone- nd package of **"20 MULE TEAM BORAX"** 1 us their names with twenty-cents in stamps to r cost and postage and we will supply you direct. ress all communications bearing on this contest to PACIFIC COAST BORAX COMPANY, Dept. KX, Chicago.

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THE PENIEL MISSIONS

No previous period in the history of the church has been so prolific as this in original and independent efforts for the salvation of souls. Such missions as the Bowery Mission in New York, the Central Union Mission in Washington, D.C., the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, and a host of others in our chief cities, have reached a

REV. T. P. FERGUSON AND WIFE
Leaders of Peniel Missions

class of persons who, for various reasons, remained aloof from the churches. Spiritually blind and halt and maimed, they do not go where the Gospel invitation is proclaimed, and can receive it only when Christ's command is obeyed to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.

Among the agencies which have undertaken this work, the missions known as the Peniel Missions are conspicuous. There are twenty-six of them in American cities, and five others located in foreign countries. The name is taken from the thrilling narrative of Jacob's wrestling with the angel (Genesis 32: 30). It will be remembered that he called the place where the mystical conflict occurred Peniel, the face of God, because he had there seen the face of God. It was the hope of the founders of these missions, that in them many a poor wanderer might, like Jacob, see the loving, compassionate face of God and be redeemed from his sin.

The first Peniel Mission was opened at Los Angeles, Calif., in 1886. It originated in the earnest desire of Rev. T. P. Ferguson and his wife to reach the waifs and strays of humanity, who, while in most urgent need of the purifying and redeeming work of the Gospel, seldom came within sound of its invitation. Their effort was so successful, that they were encouraged to extend it. A few women and girls who had given their hearts to God, were longing to engage in his service, and these Mrs. Ferguson took into special training for this purpose. Gradually others, who had shown evidence of consecration were enlisted and sent forth to aid in the work. About one hundred of these, mostly young women, are now employed at the various missions, and are always busy in their respective spheres. They are expected to hold a Gospel meeting every evening, and, when practicable, a noon meeting, and these are always preceded by an open-air service of invitation.

The headquarters of the Mission are at 227 South Main street, Los Angeles, where there is a hall capable of accommodating one thousand persons. The work hitherto has been conducted on faith, and it is a strong evidence of the soundness of this principle, that about all of the branches are self-supporting. The doctrines preached are practically those of the Wesleyan Methodists, and marked emphasis is placed on their favorite doctrine of the Second Blessing, which declares the possibility of entire sanctification of believers. Mr. J. D. Leslie, of Pasadena, Calif., who furnishes the above story of these missions and the portraits, says that Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson devote themselves exclusively to their management, and that they have been wonderfully used in the salvation of a multitude of souls.

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ANOTHER DOVE IN CHURCH

An Experience Similar in Many Respects to the One Lately Published

IN a recent issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published the account of a white dove's visit to a church during the forenoon service, and the beautiful object lesson its presence gave to both pastor and congregation. A similar experience, apparently well authenticated, is related in the following letter:

To the Editor of "The Christian Herald."

DEAR SIR: In your issue of December 24, I read with much interest the article, "A Dove in Church." I had a similar experience in November, 1887:

After five years' suffering with nervous prostration, I had so far recovered as to venture to supply the Methodist Episcopal pulpit in Nashville, Mich. The pastor had just died, after a short illness. On Sunday morning, I entered the pulpit, grateful for an opportunity of once more preaching the blessed Gospel, and yet fearful of the results, as the physician's warning was ringing in my ears.

Just before the service began, the young widow and four lovely children of the deceased pastor entered the church and were seated in their family pew. Many heads were bowed, and many eyes were moist with tears of sympathy as they entered.

Just as I arose to announce the first hymn, a dove lighted on the top sash of the window at my left, which was lowered for ventilation. It rested a moment, cooing softly. A thrill of astonishment ran through the large audience, and the mournful cooing of the dove added to the emotions awakened by the sight of the afflicted family. It was with difficulty the choir and people could sing. During the singing, the dove flew into the church and circled over the heads of the people, and alighted on the platform at the left of the pulpit, its continued cooing blending with the singing. Many thought it an omen.

My attention had been arrested by the beautiful design of a dove with outstretched wings, in the large colored glass window in the front of the church, and I referred to it while reading the scripture lesson of "Christ's baptism and the descent of the Holy Ghost." The presence and cooing of the dove added a new significance to the occasion and the reading, and I closed the reading with the remark: "May the Holy Spirit's brooding presence be enjoyed by each of us as emblemed in yonder window, and taught in this lesson, and illustrated by this living dove that soared about our head and abides in our midst."

During the remainder of the service the dove remained quietly on the platform, occasionally turning its head, to look up into my face. When the last hymn was announced, and the congregation arose to sing, the dove spread its wings and scared over the heads of the congregation and alighted on one of the pulpit chairs. After the hymn was finished, and while pronouncing the benediction, I felt the fanning of the dove's wings, as it gently flew and alighted on my shoulder. As I finished the benediction, and the people turned to leave the church, the dove sprang from my shoulder on to the pulpit Bible, and, softly cooing, watched the people pass out.

A little girl just entering for Sunday School came forward, and took the pet down in her arms and carried it away.

A lady present, possessing fine poetic gifts, made the incident the subject of a beautiful poem, embodying the main features and their lessons, which at the time was published in the local paper and extensively copied.

REV. WINFIELD SCOTT SLY.

Mr. Sly is now engaged in child-rescue work, in which he has been very successful. Any reader desiring to know more about this incident, or the pastor and his work, may address him at Lansing, Mich.

PLEASANT THINGS

PLEASANT thoughts are better
Than the wealth of May;
Pleasant smiles, like sunshine,
Drive dark clouds away.
Pleasant looks are better
Than a handsome face;
Kindly souls are blessings
To the human race.
Pleasant words are better
Than the shining gold;
Deeds of love will gladden
Hearts of young and old.

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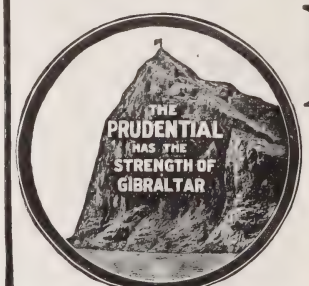

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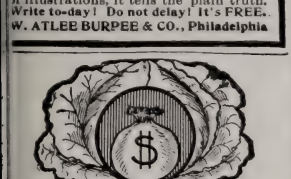

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QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM LXV
Harvest Psalm

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

"THOU SETTLEST THE FURROWS"

10. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

11. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

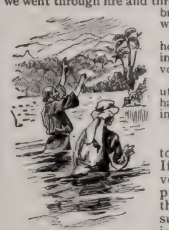
. . .

This Psalm gives one a walk over a country road in harvest time. The corn is ripe, the pastures are green and filled with fat cattle. The waving grain waiting for the harvester is a silent song of plenty. The raindrops of a shower are like diamonds, and verse eleven suggests a rainbow over it all as a crown set for sure promise of food for every one. This Psalm should be read every Thanksgiving Day, and no farmer should fail of its utterance when his crops are in.

. . .

PSALM LXVI
Psalm for Praise and Prayer

12. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.



"THROUGH FIRE AND WATER"

13. I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows.

14. Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

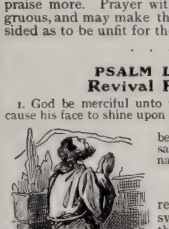
. . .

This is a fit Psalm to follow the LXV. If God's good harvests will not lead to praise and prayer, their ingratitude is the sum of our being. It is a Psalm of parts, unlike many people who pray much and praise more. Prayer without praise is inconguous, and may make the individual so one-sided as to be unfit for the presence of glory.

. . .

PSALM LXVII
Revival Psalm

1. God be merciful unto us and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us.



"BE MERCIFUL UNTO US"

2. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

. . .

This is a Psalm of revival, broad in its sweep. An answer to the Psalm would mean a revival of religion. Piety and prosperity go hand in hand.

If the harvest out of the seed of the kingdom in us is large, the soil, too, responds with its plenteous Amen. When the people of the earth fear God and love him, He will make the earth to serve them.

. . .

PSALM LXVIII
The Victor's Psalm

1. Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him.

2. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away: as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

3. But let the righteous be glad: let them rejoice before God: yea, let them exceedingly rejoice

. . .

Here is a song in the major key—a Psalm from the summit, a voice from the victor with his shout of triumph. It's for the inspiration of those yet in the battle. He brought David through to good success, so He will us. No power can stand before the Captain of our salvation—no scheme can checkmate His purpose to lead his followers into Canaan, and as they pass in it will be with loaded backs—loaded with benefits.

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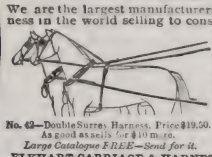

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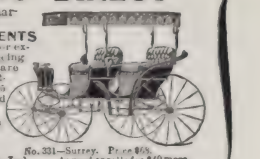

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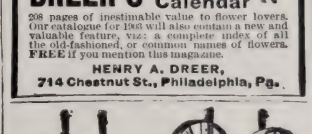

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1903

VOL. 26 NO. 6. PRICE 5 CENTS
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Friends who sympathize, Centreville 2 00
Family of a new subr, Gardiner.. 8 00
One of the Lord's children, Rochester 2 00
Willing Workers Circle of K D, Norwich 20 00

Miscellaneous

Armstrong, Jas... 1 00
Belden, Mary W.. 1 00
Crawford, Mrs M L, Sterling 2 00
Daniels, Mrs C M & dau, Millis... 5 00
Gorr, Wm 50
Howe's Mrs, Cal.. 1 00
Huffman, S, Buck 2 00
Kjorvestad, Bessie. 10
Kjorvestad, C.... 25
Kjorvestad, ... 25
Kjorvestad, Henry 05
Kjorvestad, O.... 25
Kjorvestad, Julia.. 05
Kjorvestad, O. O, ... 50
Kjorvestad, Olev.. 25
Kjorvestad, Toll of Odell, Mrs Margt 2 00
Radcliffe, S..... 1 00
Xoolse, Benj 1 00
Van Wyck, Mrs A B 2 00
Warner, Mrs S H, ... 1 00
Wilber, Mrs 1 00
Williams, Mrs J, Waddington 1 00
Wolfe, E R & M A 2 00
M M S, ——..... 10 00
Y, ——..... 1 00
J O N, ——..... 2 00
A D S, ——..... 1 00
J F H, ——..... 1 00
T S, ——..... 1 00
S L S, ——..... 1 00
J T N, ——..... 1 00
A F S, Brighton.. 4 00
J, Middletown....10 00
M R B, Niagara on the Lake.... 1 00
——, Pittston 1 00
Friend, ——..... 1 00
Friends, ——..... 2 00
A Friend, X..... 5 00
Friend, ——..... 3 00
A Sincere Sympathizer, ——.... 2 00
F H N, ——.....10 00
In Jesus' Name, Church Hill 2 00
In Jesus' Name, Church Hill 1 00
Bread upon the waters..... 1 00
Widows Mite, Lodi. 1 00
Josephite..... 1 00
From Persia..... 5 00
One who wishes she could send more..... 32
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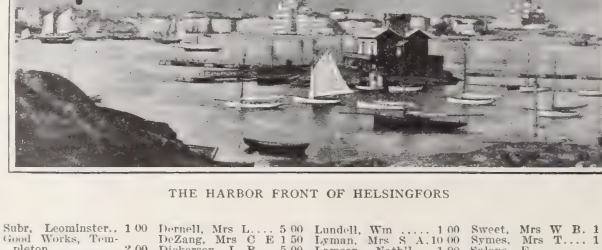


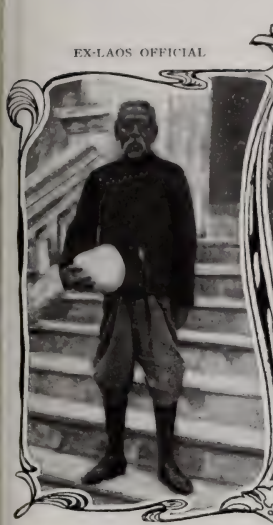
THE HARBOR FRONT OF HELSINGFORS

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

EX-LAOS OFFICIAL



WAT TEMPLE IN CHIENG MAI, SIAM

LAOS GENTLEMAN

FACING DEADLY PERILS *IN* SIAM

RECENT news from that strange and beautiful land in Southern Asia, inhabited by the Laos, is of thrilling interest. It not only gratifies American pride, in showing how American character has won the respect of factions bitterly opposed to one another, but it shows how heroic the servants of God can be in the presence of danger, and how wise and far-sighted they are in times of social trouble and unrest. Those writers who have been assailing the missionary, and representing him as a breeder of trouble and a source of social discord, would be astonished if they listened to the testimony of the Siamese, the Shans, the Chinese and other elements to be found among the Laos. The story of the recent troubles, which reaches this journal from a trustworthy source, indicates that the missionaries which the Christian churches of the United States and Canada have sent to that far-away land, from time to time, must have so lived and labored as to win the confidence of wild natures, which do not lightly put faith in any man.

Siam, of which the country of the Laos is the northern part, has had to suffer, as so many peoples in the Orient and Africa have done, from the greed and rapacity of civilized Powers. It will be remembered that a desolating war with France was narrowly averted about nine years ago, only by yielding to the European robber, portions of Siamese territory. Among other stipulations enforced by the unprincipled dictator, was that a neutral zone, about fifteen miles wide, should be established between Siamese and French territory, into which neither the soldiers nor the police of Siam should enter. The worst elements in Indo-China were not slow in perceiving what an advantage this zone might be to them. It is now the refuge of malcontents, dacoits and criminals of every description. They organize bands, descend on some quiet, unprotected town, and after a raid of murder or robbery, get back into the zone before the Siamese forces can intercept them.

A second cause of disorder is one incidental to times of transition. The Siamese are a more progressive race than the Laos, and have come into closer contact with Western civilization, deriving therefrom harm as well as good. Heretofore, the representatives of the Siamese government in the Laos country have been Laos gentlemen, who commanded the confidence of the people; but they were not energetic, nor favorable to modern methods. The Siamese Government has been superseding them, and putting in their places highly educated Siamese young men, some of whom are just out of college. They do not understand the Laos people, and they have shown arrogance and supercilious contempt toward them, as to an inferior race. Their rule has been beneficial, in so far as there are now better roads, stronger bridges and other improvements in the country. The Laos, however, complain that the taxes are greatly increased. They admit that by law they are required to perform certain service for the state, and this has been rendered; but they contend that under the new Siamese officials, they have had to perform three or four times as much work as the statute calls for. The result has been a sullen hostility toward the officials and the government they represent, which threatens to break forth into active rebellion.

Besides these disquieting causes, there is the chronic trouble of the depredations of the Shans, a kindred but more vigorous and warlike race living in the Burmese hills to the west of the Laos country. In July last, an event occurred which brought all these smouldering embers of discontent into a blaze. The Governor of Lakawn, an important city in the Laos country, ordered the arrest of five Shans. They were taken and examined, and their confessions implicated a number of Shans who were working in the precious-stone mines of Muang Lawng. The Governor immediately ordered that they, too, be arrested. A force of soldiers, sent to execute the order, met with fierce resistance, and had to return in ignominious flight to Lakawn without the prisoners.

TYPICAL WESTERN SHANS

The Shans, emboldened by their victory, assumed the offensive, and marched on Pre, a large city near to the mines. They killed a large number of the Siamese, seized the public funds and government property, established a temporary administration of their own, and forced the Governor to swear allegiance to it. The Shans notified American and European residents and the Laos people that they would not be molested, so long as they gave no assistance to the Siamese. Their property would be respected, and their persons protected, unless they organized resistance to the Shans. Several men had been wounded in the fight, and these were placed under the care of Dr. J. S. Thomas, an American medical missionary.

News of this startling feat was not slow in reaching Lakawn, and spreading throughout the Laos country. A state of panic ensued, which was not without reason, for the Shans were known to be ruthless when once aroused. Measures of defence were promptly taken, in view of the possibility of attack. At Lakawn, a strong guide was placed around the Governor's offices and the treasury. The Europeans collected all their people and goods in an open space, which they surrounded with earthworks, and fortified, and stocked with provisions. The period of suspense was short. The Shans soon reached the city, but were met by Captain Hansen, a military instructor in the Siamese employ, who, with a small force of Siamese, drove the Shans off. They were grievously disappointed, and vowing vengeance on the city, they left to collect reinforcements. The missionary ladies in the city were anxious to stay, but their male friends and relatives, fearing the return of the Shans, insisted on their leaving, and reluctantly yielding, part of them embarked in boats, and part started out overland, a thirty mile journey, to a place of safety. The Governor, also fearing for the safety of his family, escorted them to Chieng Mai, where they would be safe. Unhappily, news of his departure was circulated in the city, and immediately there was an outbreak of lawlessness that was almost as deplorable as would have been the capture of the city by the Shans. The lowest elements of the people gained control of the city. They entered the prison and slaughtered all the Shan prisoners, piling their heads in the road as a ghastly warning. Then they went through the city, robbing and burning in a horrible orgie, the full details of which are not yet known. Happily, the return of the Governor, with a strong force of Siamese soldiery, restored order two days later.

While these events were taking place at Lakawn, the people in other parts of the Laos

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

OUR LIVES DIVINELY PLANNED

A Sermon by REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

TEXT—Deut. 1: 6: "The Lord our God spake unto us in Horeb, saying, Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount"

THE sojourn of Israel, the ancient people of God, at Horeb, had been important and interesting. There they had received from God the words of the law, the pattern of the tabernacle, and the ritual of worship. They had there had revelations of the glory of God, and revelations of their own hearts; they had found themselves in rebellion and sin even in that brief time. They had also had revelations of the tenderness and compassion of their God.

At last the organization is complete; they are ready to move forward and to take possession of the land which God has given them, and the word comes to them suddenly, with a pertinence that reminds them that in actual practice they are a theocracy under the direct government of God. Every man of them holds to the theory of the divine government; but now a sudden order takes hold of the creed which they had professed and turns it into a fact to be put into practice. To these people, sojourning at the mount, in the place of revelation, in the place of wonderful blessing, the word comes swift and sudden and startling, "Ye have tarried long enough in this mount." This was a startling and urgent word, revealing certain great truths concerning this great government of God, which it is of the utmost importance that we should perpetually bear in mind.

This sudden command reveals to us, first of all, that the divine government is a fact. If it be a fact that God governs my life and your life, then he will disturb us; he will disturb us in order that we may make progress; and he will disturb us that we may make progress along certain definitely marked lines.

First of all, then, these words revealed the fact of the divine government. How easy it would have been for Israel to settle down there and say, "We believe in God and in the divine government." Had there been no voice speaking to them in actual leading, no word coming to disturb them, they might have come to hold the divine government merely as a theory. Then it would have passed out of their lives, and would have failed to be what it was intended to be to them.

The Right of Disturbance

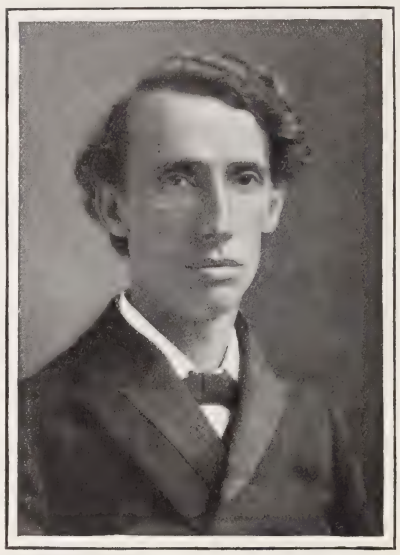
Let me remind you that the divine government is a very definite fact. God is absolute Monarch wherever he is King at all. His government is autocratic. He does not consult us as to what he shall do with us, where he shall send us, what he would have us to do. Moreover, his government is an imperative government. He never permits us to make compromises with him for a single moment. He speaks the word of authority. He marks the path without ever consulting us, and having done so, our only relationship to that government is that of implicit, unquestioning, immediate obedience.

Now, consider what this government means. Imagine the stir that must have been created in that camp when the word came, "Ye have tarried long enough in this mount." Imagine how tents would be struck and camels loaded throughout the whole of the camp. The people who had been living there for a little more than a year were suddenly rooted up and ordered to move away. Think how at the sudden proclamation of that word of God all social and family arrangements had to be set aside. That word touched every tent and touched every soul, and wherever families had arranged to meet together at a certain time for social intercourse, the whole plan was swept away. The divine voice has sounded, "Ye have tarried long enough," and no engagement is of sufficient importance to hinder the divine word. Tents must be struck immediately. All the minor arrangements of everyday life, important in their place, must be set on one side, because the word of the King is supreme, and is sufficient in itself to set aside every arrangement that these people have made. What a disturbing business! What a serious thing to be under the authority of some one who can upset everything in our lives without consulting us, and by a word can mark for us the moment of departure. That is the government of God. We may talk and sing about the kingdom, and pray about the kingdom, but until we face that fact we know nothing of what it is to be living in the kingdom of God and under the government of the Most High.

Spheres of Work Assigned

Human arrangements are constantly disturbed in the kingdom of God, and what is more remarkable still, divine plans seem to be changed, and orders that we have most definitely received from on high are countermanded, and the whole programme of life again and again is changed to the men and women who are in the kingdom of God, and are desirous of obeying only his will. To-day a man is in a sphere where God has put him, and on every hand God is graciously setting his seal upon the work that he has given him to do. But the divine voice comes, "Ye have tarried here long enough." That work must be dropped. All its hallowed associations must be left behind, and all the tender ties that have become entwined around the heart on account of that work must be snapped. The divine voice is heard—the only voice to which a man in the kingdom of God should pay any attention—and the sphere of work entered into because the divine finger pointed that way, must be left the moment that voice bids the man move forward.

God sometimes comes into our lives in strange, mysterious ways, when we are under his government. He may pluck away a loved one, and leave us with broken homes and almost desolate hearts for a time. Earthly friendships are often severed by divine government. Two souls knit together in the sacred bonds of friendship, seemingly created for mutual service in the kingdom of God, are taken by the divine government and separated by thousands of miles. Divine government is a disturbing element, breaking cherished plans, and associations, and hopes. The aspiration of our heart, centered upon a friend, upon a child, upon an event, suddenly crushed, and in a moment we find ourselves stranded in darkness. All this comes to men and women in the line of the divine government. It is a disturbing element in every human life. God has made his heroes and heroines by such dealings.



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REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

The friend and helper of the late Mr. D. L. Moody

In the twelfth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, verses thirty-five and thirty six, we have very clearly indicated the attitude of a Christian soul: "Let your loins be girded about, and your lamps burning: and be ye yourselves like unto men looking for their Lord, when he shall return from the marriage feast; that, when he cometh and knocketh, they may straightway open unto him." Here is the character of the Christian. The loins girded like a pilgrim; no settling down amid the things of the earth, but a continual waiting for the divine voice, ready to be disturbed when God would disturb; willing ever to respond to the expression of the divine will, and satisfied in obedience.*

But you ask: "Would you break down home life?" Of course I would not; but home is to be my lodging place, and if God orders me to strike my tent and move away, immediately the tent is to be struck, and I am to move. See how Abraham, the father of the faithful, lived. A tent and an altar, a tent and an altar. He pitched his tent and erected his altar. His altar was the mark of the fact that he lived in relationship to the divine. The tent marked the fact that he was only a sojourner, a stranger, and a pilgrim upon the road. The divine government is a disturbing element. My duty is so to live that I shall be ready to be disturbed at any moment when God pleases.

Now, turn to a second point, because that explains the first. The divine government is not only a disturbing element in human life, it is a progressive element. God disturbs a man. Why? To move him on to something better—never that there may be retrogression, never merely for the sake of disturbance. If God asks me to strike my tent to-day, and move out yonder, it is because yonder there is a higher possibility, a more glorious outlook, a more perfect sphere. I may not see the advantage at first, but God's eye is always on the consummation, and he moves his people step by step, at the right moment, in the right way, and ever, ever onward towards that glorious consummation. Progress is not necessarily pleasant. Notice how, years after, Moses speaks of the departure from Horeb. In the nineteenth verse of this chapter of Deuteronomy, he says: "And when we departed from Horeb, we went through all that great and terrible wilderness, which ye saw by the way of the mountain of the Amorites, as the Lord our God commanded us, and we came to Kadeshbarnea." That was the movement. But how? Through that great and terrible wilderness. It was not a pleasant experience, but it was progress; it was moving onward. It was the further march into the purposes of God.

Progress Always Intended

Now, if the divine government is a disturbing element, to be undisturbed is to be God-forsaken. If we know nothing of the voice calling us to alter plans and set aside arrangements and simply step out upon the divine word in faith as Abraham did, then we are God-forsaken men and women. Beyond that, to be God-forsaken is to settle to failure. "Oh," you say, "let me stay here; my home is so comfortable, I am so happy." God says, "Move from this place and go yonder." You say, "I cannot. Let me remain where I am." What are you asking? You are asking for your own breakdown and failure. God's plan for you is progress, growth, and you are asking for arrested development and for failure. "Oh, no," you say, "I am only asking not to be disturbed." They are the same things. When you and I pray, in our foolishness, that God will not disturb us, we ask him to give us no more progress, but to let us settle where we are and pass down to failure.

There is no more exquisite figure, I think, in the whole Book of God of the disturbing element of divine government and its issue, than that in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy. It is a beautiful picture. Read from the ninth verse, "For the Lord's portion is his people." Here is what I want you to notice The Lord's portion is his people; where do we find them? "In the waste howling wilderness, and he compassed them about." Then comes the verse that reveals the disturbing and the progressive elements of divine government, "As an eagle that stirreth up her nest, that fluttereth over her young, he spread abroad his wings, he took them, he bare them on his pinions." That picture is full of poetry, full of life and truth and beauty. Mark it. Have you ever seen an eagle stir up her nest? You know what happens. There in the nest, right upon the rocky height, are the eaglets; the mother eagle comes and, taking hold of them, flings them out of their nest. They were so comfortable there, but she flings them right out of the nest high above the earth. They begin to fall straightway. They have never been in air before; they have always been in the nest. Is not that mother bird cruel? Why does she disturb the eaglets? Watch her and you will understand. As long as you look upon the struggling eaglets in the air you miss the point. Watch the eagle.

Developed Powers

Having stirred up her nest, "she spreadeth abroad her pinions," the pinions that beat the air behind her as she rises superior to it. Where are the eaglets? Struggling, falling; she superior; they are falling. Then what does she do? "She beareth them on her pinions." She swoops beneath them, catches them on her wings, and bears them up. What is she doing? Teaching them to fly. She drops them again, and again they struggle in the air, but this time not so helplessly. They are finding out what she means. She spreads her pinions to show them how to fly and as they fall again, she catches them again. That is how God deals with you and with me. Has he been stirring up your nest? Has he flung you out until you felt lost in an element that is new and strange? Look at him. He is not lost in that element. He spreads out the wings of his omnipotence to teach us how to soar. What then? He comes beneath us and catches us on his wings. We thought when he flung us out of the nest it was unkind. No; he was teaching us to fly that we might enter into the spirit of the promise, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." He would teach us how to use the gifts which he has bestowed on us, and which we cannot use as long as we are in the nest. Fancy keeping eaglets in

* Of course, the ultimate issue of this is the waiting for the Master himself to come, but if I am living with my loins girded, waiting for the last summons, that calls me to fellowship in the ages beyond, then am I ready for every call that precedes, whether it be to suffer, or to service, or to waiting.—G. C. M.

the nest. It is contrary to their nature, contrary to the purposes for which they are framed and fitted.

There is a purpose in the eagle. What is it? Flight sunward. There is a purpose in your life, newborn child of God. What is it? Flight Godward, sunward, heavenward. If you stop in the nest, you will never get there. God comes into your life and disturbs you, breaks up your plans, and extinguishes your hopes, the lights that have lured you on. He spoils everything; what for? That he may get you on his wings and teach you the secret forces of your own life, and lead you to higher development and higher purposes. This government of God is a disturbing element, but, praise his name, it is a progressive element.

A Methodical Plan

Now take a third point. Not only is the divine government disturbing and progressive, but it is methodical. Strike your tents, get away from this mountain; where to? The land! That is the ultimate issue—possession of the land. Now notice, that not only is there an ultimate issue in the mind of God when he disturbs his people, but there is clearly marked direction. We see this in the seventh verse of this chapter, "Turn you, and take your journey, and go to the hill country of the Amorites, and unto all the places nigh thereunto, in the Arabah, in the hill country, and in the lowland, and in the south and by the seashore, the land of the Canaanites, and Lebanon, as far as the great river, the river Euphrates." There is direction towards possession.

But the most exquisite verse of all that marks the divine arrangement for the journey is the thirty-third verse: "Yet in this thing ye did not believe the Lord your God, who went before you in the way, to seek you out a place to pitch your tents in, in fire by night, to show you by what way ye should go, and in the cloud by day." Did you ever read anything more beautiful that that? It is one of those things that absolutely master me. God going in front; what for? Choosing them a place in which to pitch their tent. They have struck their tents, and given up their plans, obedient to the disturbing voice of his government. Then what does he do? He goes in front and shows them the next place. At nightfall the cloud stands still and changes into a pillar of fire, giving them light. There is nothing haphazard or accidental in such a life. God's people move in a plainly marked pathway, step by step. The government of God not only disturbs them and disturbs them for progress, but every inch of the way he has arranged for them.

Now, what is my relation to this government of God? I can put it in very few words. First, I should be always ready; and second, I should move the instant the word comes. That marks the line of wisdom. Ready to be disturbed if God disturbs; immediate obedience when he calls.

Now, I do not think that any one can possibly say, "But that is very hard." It would be hard if we did not know God, and if we did not know that the disturbance is for progress, and that the progress is along lines definitely marked and divinely arranged. Oh, the inexpressible comfort, the absolute rest of life to men and women who say, "If God disturb me to-morrow, in being disturbed is my chief rest, because I know that when he moves it is to higher reaches of life, to better positions beyond; and though the ultimate issue of this present disturbance may be far on, every mile of the journey he has chosen, and every place where I pitch my tent he has selected for me." That is the kingdom in which I want to live: that is where I want to abide more and more.

And, beloved, how may we mark our folly? By doing just what Israel did. They were characterized by wisdom at first. They struck their tents and moved, but at last they came up to the borders of this land that God had told them to go in and possess, and then they began to doubt the King; they began to wonder whether he knew his business. When they reached the borders of the land, they said, "We will send men in to spy out this land," and when the men came back with the report that there were giants and walled cities, those who up to that point had been responsive to the divine government said: "Ah, well, you see God did not understand this when he sent us here. We cannot go on. He did not know that there were walled cities: he had no idea of the giants." Did they not say that? They said, "We had no idea," which is the same thing. If they had believed that God knew and had been moving before them, choosing the place, what would they have cared for walled cities and giants?

Obstacles Overcome

Some of you have obeyed thus far. God has said to you, "Ye have tarried long enough in this mount." He has broken up your nest somewhere. You strike your tent and start; you say, "But somebody tells me that ahead are giants and walled cities." So there are: it is quite true; but the giants are for you to slay, and the walled cities are for you to live in. The God who disturbed you did it in order that you might come into possession of that very land; and if you live in his government, rest assured that for every step of the way that lies ahead he will move before you and choose the place and equip you for life and for service.

But it was a very sad business for these people. They disobeyed God, and were sent back. What then? They thought they would go and try by themselves. They were defeated and driven back, and for nearly forty years they had to stay in that wilderness instead of possessing the land straightway.

Now, in conclusion, I want to ask this one pointed question of my own heart and of yours: "Where do we stand in relation to this government of God?" You may have just heard the voice saying, "Ye have tarried long enough in this mount," and he marks for you a new course of life. It is as clear as the sunlight in the blue. Wherever there are hearts waiting for the voice of God, that voice is to be heard. You know what God wants you to do. Now what are you going to do? I beseech you for your own sake, as well as for the glory of the kingdom of God, that you do not stop to count the cost of obedience, but that you say, "He bids me go, and I go." That is the spirit which has brought men into the places of heroism and victory. If you begin to count the cost, you are in the place of peril. It is the man who says to the King, "At thy word, O King, in the face of what seems to be an absolute combination of circumstances that must wreck me completely, I will go." You need have no fear, but be earth before you to choose you out a place in which to pitch your tent, and the life abandoned to God is in perfect safety forever.

The Way of the Wilderness

But perhaps you heard that voice speaking to you years ago, and you disobeyed, and you have been in the wilderness ever since. You have been away from the land, toward which God was sending you forward to possess it. Thank God, he is full of tender compassion and graciousness, and all he asks is that you go back to the point of disobedience, and obey. God's path led that way, and you turned from it; go back. You know how you got off the definitely marked pathway, and missed the place that God had chosen for you to pitch your tent. Go back, man, and go along that path. But you say, "That path is thorny and rough." Tramp it; for, mark you, you will find that whenever you put your foot upon a thorn, another foot has been there first and taken off the sharpness; and whenever you begin to tramp a rough piece of road in obedience to the divine voice, another by your side will take the roughness from it, and you will simply walk in perfect harmony with him who is your perpetual companion in the way of his own marking out. God not only goes before me to choose me a place; he walks with me along the pathway, and leaning on his strength, then am I strong.

One word more. There may be some to whom all this is as a foreign tongue. You have never heard the voice of God, and say: "The day of miracles is past. I am never disturbed. I make my own plans and live where I please, and do as I like. What do you mean by a disturbing element?" Beloved, you are living still among the fleshpots and the garlic of Egypt. You are still in slavery. Oh, if men could but see themselves! The man who does as he likes is the biggest slave. The man who never does as he likes is God's free man. You know no disturbing voice? God never points out for you a pathway altogether different from the one you had planned? Then, my brother, you are living still in the land of slavery, in the land of darkness. Back to your King! In his government alone lies safety, in his government alone is the place of life, and light, and liberty, and love. Any man who livest outside this government of God is in the place of dust and ashes and emptiness. Oh, back to your King!

O men, O women, my brethren, my sisters in Christ, those of you who have never yet submitted to him, come under his control actually and positively. Fling away your theories, and get into the actuality of this business, and let God govern your life, disturb you, mark for you your progress, and prepare for you your sphere of service.

FACING DEADLY PERILS IN SIAM

Continued From Page 111

country were in a state of terrible suspense. In towns, in the north of the country, the wildest rumors were current. As the Shans had cut the telegraph wires, the true facts were not known, and native runners brought disturbing and menacing reports. It was said that Lakawn had fallen, and that the Shans, in enormous numbers, were marching northward. In the panic that prevailed, the Siamese officials, being new men, did not know how to meet the emergency. Distrusting every one else, they turned to the missionaries for advice. In one instance, they summoned to their council, Dr. W. A. Briggs, a medical missionary at Chieng Rai, and respectfully requested him to scheme a plan of defence. With far-seeing diplomacy he counselled moderation and just treatment of the people. It is gratifying to learn that his counsel was heeded, and large concessions were made. The situation was rendered more menacing, by the fact that the agricultural population was summoned from their farms to defend the cities, and that just at a time when the rain was falling and their prospects of harvest depended on the autumn sowing. They were uneasy at being away from their fields, and were with great difficulty prevented attacking the Siamese.

In all this excitement the native Christians behaved with wonderful heroism. Two of them voluntarily agreed to go to Lakawn and find out the actual situation, though to do so they must traverse a country infested by the Shans, who, finding them, would assuredly have put them to death. The intrepidity of Dr. Briggs was praised on all hands. He continued his medical and surgical work, treating friend and foe alike, and received from all factions the most flattering proofs of confidence in his skill and discretion. He was in a point of extreme danger, for his station is near the junction of the three territories of the region, being in the Laos country, and having the French on the east and the Shans on the west. At one time the Shans were so numerous in the neighborhood, and their attitude so menacing, that he barricaded his house, and piling high a number of trunks, filled with clothing and household effects, hid his wife and children behind them. But, providentially, the danger passed and God protected his servants from harm. It is hoped now that matters will quiet down, but the need for caution and tact is generally realized.

PALACE AND MONASTERY IN THE LAOS COUNTRY

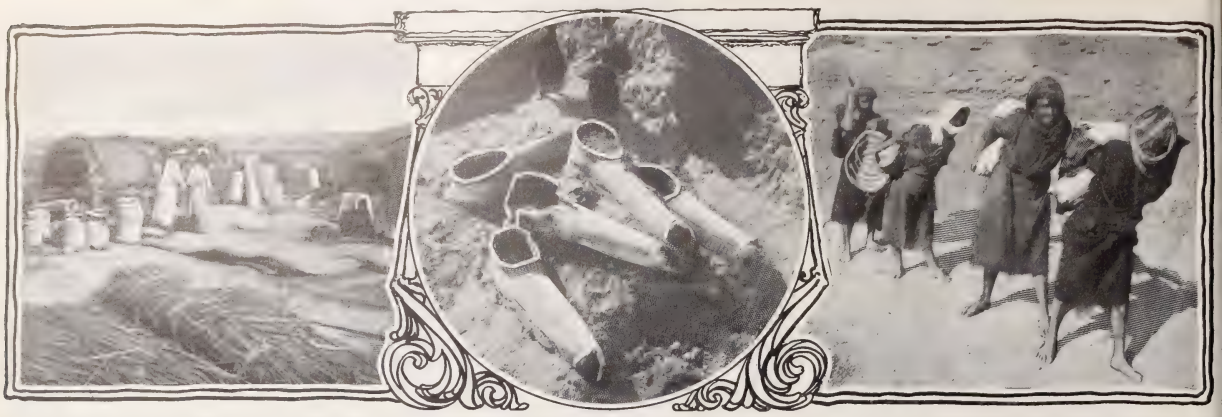
LIEUTENANT IN THE SIAMESE ARMY

LAOS MILITARY HEADQUARTERS

Professor Hilprecht's Discoveries

He Finds in Bel's Temple, Thousands of Brick Literary Tablets Earlier than Abraham's Time

By REV. A. T. CLAY, Ph.D., Assistant Curator of Babylonian Antiquities, University of Pennsylvania



BUILDING ARAB HUTS FOR PROF. HILPRECHT'S WORKERS — SLIPPER-SHAPED COFFINS OF LATER PERIOD, 200 B. C. — ARAB WORKMEN EMPLOYED IN THE EXCAVATIONS

THE first complete account of the excavations at Nippur is offered to Biblical students, as well as to those of general history, in a volume entitled *Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century*, by Prof. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania. In the preparation of his large volume, he has had the co-operation of four well-known distinguished German scholars. Professor Hommel, of the University of Munich, has written the section on "Arabia"; Dr. Benzinger, of Berlin, on "Palestine"; Professor Steindorff, of Leipzig, on "Egypt"; and Professor Jensen, of Marburg, on "The Hittites." The volume, the price of which is three dollars, secured through the Babylonian Section of the University of Pennsylvania, contains four specially-prepared maps, nearly 200 illustrations and about 900 pages, nearly 300 of which are devoted to the history and epoch making discoveries of the recent excavations at Nippur. This forms one of the special features of the work.

Among the most important results achieved on the last campaign, as referred to by Professor Hilprecht, besides the hundreds of important discoveries of antiquities, can be said to be the determination of the character of the Babylonian Temple and its storied-tower, or ziggurrat. His understanding of the tower of the Temple of Bel is especially interesting to Biblical students, as it offers the first reasonable interpretation of the passage in Genesis concerning the erection of the Tower of Babel. The expression "whose top may be in the heavens" is found to have been commonly used on building inscriptions concerning these towers. The Professor has shown that most of the names of the Babylonian temples express a cosmic idea. Anu was god of the upper or heavenly ocean, or "the waters which were above the firmament." Ea's region was the under world, the terrestrial ocean, or "the waters which were below the firmament." Bel's sphere of influence embraced the world, and was not only between that of Anu and Ea, but it extended into them. Professor Hilprecht now shows that the ziggurrat of Bel, Duranki, "the link of heaven and earth," as it is called, is the local representation of the great mythological mountain of the world, the summit of which reaches into the heavens, and the foundation of which is laid in the subterranean ocean.

Contrary to the view that these storied-towers had been introduced by Ur-Gur, 2700 B.C., the Professor has shown that they had their origin prior to the fourth millennium B.C. in the early Sumerian period. Four feet behind Ur-Gur's facing wall of the Nippur tower, were found the facing bricks of another. These were characteristic of the period of Naram-Sin, 3750 B.C. Ten feet within the latter, was found the smooth and plastered surface of a ziggurrat of the early Sumerian days.

Prof. Hilprecht's investigations led to the conclusion that the early inhabitants of Nippur cremated their dead and buried the remains after incineration, which, in many cases, was not complete, in jars or funeral vases about the ziggurrat. Dr. Haynes, during the third campaign, unearthed what was then called an altar. This, Professor Hilprecht now suggests, was one of the crematoriums on which the bodies of the dead were reduced to ashes. These ash graves, being within the sacred enclosure and around the base of the ziggurrat—the same having been found by Koldewey at El-Hibba—led Professor Hilprecht to connect them with the ziggurrat itself; and he shows that, like the step pyramids of Medum and Saqqara in Egypt, these towers must have been regarded originally as tombs; that the temple of Bel was a "place of residence for the gods, as a place of worship for man, and as a place of rest for the dead"—a conception expressed by churches of to-day, which contain tombs within their confines, or are surrounded by graveyards.

The locating and partial excavating of the famous temple library and priest school of Nippur, which has been pronounced "one of the most far-reaching Assyriological discoveries of the whole of last century," is fully treated in Professor Hilprecht's volume. He tells us that the mound covering the library rises on an average of twenty-five feet above the plain, and covers an area of about thirteen acres. Only about the twelfth part of the library has thus far been excavated, out of which over twenty thousand cuneiform tablets and fragments, mostly belonging to the third millennium B.C., prior to the birth of Abraham, were taken. The contents of the library, as far as examined, proved to be quite varied. There are mathematical, astronomical, medical, historical, linguistical and religious inscriptions. The tablets recovered clearly indicated that at least two periods are to be distinguished in the history of the temple library. On the one hand, the great mass of unbaked literary tablets belong to the third millennium before Christ. Besides these, were found, in a later stratum, a number belonging to the Cassite and the Neo-Babylonian periods.

The great library of the temple of Bel was not only a repository for all kinds of learning, but it was the school or college of Nippur, as well as a store-house for valuable literary records. In a number of rooms of the educational quarter were found hundreds of school-books and students' exercises. Rudely-fashioned tablets, inscribed in a "naive and clumsy manner with old Babylonian characters," indicated that they were the first attempts at writing by unskilled hands. "There are also grammatical exercises, exhibiting how the student was instructed in analyzing Sumerian verbal forms, in joining the personal pronouns to different substantives, etc., etc." Special attention in the College of Nippur was paid to counting and calculating, as determined from the multiplication tables discovered.

The excavations at Nippur revealed not only the oldest sanctuary, library and school known up to the present time, but also the most ancient archæological museum. In an upper stratum of the library mound, the first museum known in history was unearthed. The collection was preserved in an earthen jar, and consisted of nineteen very choice specimens of antiquities. An archæologist of the present day, after handling many thousands of objects from the ruin-hills of Babylonia, is naturally able to judge concerning the real merits of antiquities discovered. This little museum illustrates the fact that the collector—who lived about the time of Belshazzar in the sixth century B.C.—had the same high regard for that which would be considered especially valuable by a modern collector.

The earliest inscription in the collection, though somewhat fragmentary, contains the titles of Sargon I., 3800 B.C., most of which were hitherto unknown. A black stone votive tablet, belonging to Ur-Gur, 2700 B.C., is the next in chronological order, which informs us that the king built the wall of Nippur. The section of the wall excavated revealed bricks with this king's name and titles. Then follows a terra-cotta brick stamp of Bur-Sin, the first found of this Babylonian ruler; an excellently-preserved tablet stating that the great hall of the temple was called Emakh, and also, to Professor Hilprecht's surprise, that there were twenty-four shrines of other gods within the precincts of the temple, besides Bel and his consort Beltis. Tablets dated in the reigns of Marduk-nadin-akhi, a contemporary of Tiglath-peliser I., and Adad-apaliddina 1060 B.C., the first thus far known; two tablets of great chronological importance inscribed by Ashur-etil-ilani 625 B.C., and Sin-shar-ishkun: an astronomical tablet giving observations concerning Virgo and Scorpion, and a large fragmentary plan of Nippur, which will prove of great value in the reconstruction of the ancient cities. Professor Hilprecht is now in Constantinople, making arrangements for the fifth expedition in September.

EXCAVATIONS IN THE PARTHIAN LOCUS — EXCAVATIONS, TEMPLE OF BEL—LOWEST STRATA 6500 B.C. — DIFFERENT STRATA IN THE EXCAVATIONS

Our Newly Beautified White House

ANY change in the White House, the centre of our national social life and hospitality, is matter of moment to all Americans, and the illustrations on this page, showing some important effects of recent renovations, will interest readers of this journal.

Even little boys and girls trudging along to school, have a sense of proprietary pride in that historic mansion, usually connected in thought with Washington, who laid its corner-stone, but never lived in it, John Adams being its first master. Our country has grown greatly with the years, and the present enlargement and modifications are not the first by any means. A partial reconstruction in 1817 was necessary, because the British fired the building in 1814. Mrs. Madison and her guests were just sitting down to a grand dinner when news came that the red-coats were at the capital; they fled, and the British regaled themselves at a fine feast in our State dining-room. Before her flight, Mrs. Madison cut Washington's portrait out of its frame in the East Room, and had it carried away for safe-keeping. Interior improvements were made in the White House during President Arthur's administration and extensive alterations were planned by Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Roosevelt, and doubtless Miss Alice Roosevelt have taken active interest in recent modifications. Through all changes, however, effort has been made to preserve the original character of the place. The most notable of present innovations are the extension affording rooms for official business, the new entrances, providing against the crush incident heretofore to public receptions; the conversion of the basement into a reception apartment and cloak-rooms; the broad stairway leading from this to the floor above; the wide, long hall, and the general refitting and refurnishing throughout the establishment. The recent estimate sent to Congress by Col. Bingham, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, places the cost of changes at about $200,000; and the annual cost of maintaining the establishment at $119,283 against $59,764 last year. These seem large expenditures, but this is a large and growing country and demands—business, social and political—upon our Executive's home are great, and constantly increasing.

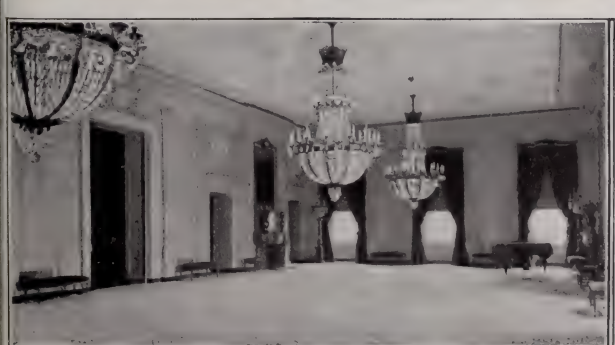
THE WHITE HOUSE, SHOWING THE NEW OFFICE EXTENSION

THE RENOVATED AND DECORATED GREEN ROOM

THE GRAND DINING-ROOM, BARONIAL IN STYLE

THE BEAUTIFUL RED ROOM—IT IS THE COZY FAMILY PARLOR

THE GRAND CORRIDOR, CHASTE AND DIGNIFIED IN APPEARANCE



THE LARGEST APARTMENT OF ALL—THE FAMOUS EAST ROOM

A CORNER IN MRS. ROOSEVELT'S KITCHEN

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ... $1.50 ... Foreign Postage ... Expiration of Subscriptions.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends. Subscriptions may commence with any issue. Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Entered at the Postoffice, New York, as Second-class Matter. Remittances ... Change of Fate ... Change of Address.—Give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address.

A Mission of Personal Service

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, Dr. Klopsch will be far on his way to Finland. He goes on a mission of personal service, in behalf of the readers of this journal and of those who have contributed to the Relief Fund. While there, he will investigate peasant conditions in that afflicted country, and co-operate with the Finnish Central Committee in such measures as may be necessary to save human life and alleviate suffering. He will visit the famine centres in north and east Finland, and will inspect the relief operations, reporting his observations and impressions in a series of letters which will appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Dr. Klopsch undertakes this midwinter mission, in pursuance of his fixed policy of personally carrying out, as far as possible, the wishes of those who have undertaken, through this journal, any special humanitarian or benevolent work. As when he went to India, to Cuba, and to other lands on similar missions, so now he makes the journey at his own charges, and without a dollar of expense to the Fund. We ask for him the prayers and the cordial co-operation of our readers. His letters from the famine field will soon disclose all that can be known about Finland and the famine. God grant that the movement he represents may be blessed in the saving of many precious lives and in averting much suffering!

All the recent letters and cablegrams from Finland indicate that the famine in that unhappy country is still raging with undiminished intensity. It is the saddest winter Finland has ever known. Although her perishing people have doubtless the sympathy of the civilized world, it is to us alone that they have appealed for help. Simultaneous famines in Lapland, in Sweden, in Norway, a double famine in Russia, and short crops throughout northern Europe, have destroyed any hope that might have been entertained by the Finns of receiving aid from neighboring countries. They look to us. They are our brothers and sisters of the Christian faith. Let us not disappoint them. Let us reach out and help them, ere the opportunity be past.

Illogical Assailants

TWO recent utterances, almost simultaneous, one on this side the Atlantic and one on the other, have occasioned disquiet in some Christian minds. Coming, as they do, from men of undoubted scholarship, they are liable to have greater weight with people who reverence erudition, than properly belongs to them. We have again to recall the words of Christ, which are as applicable to this generation as to every generation since his time: "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent." The spiritual leaders of men in all periods have been men of spiritual insight, sometimes unlettered men, sometimes men of education, but seldom men in the very highest ranks of erudition. It will therefore be wise to maintain our equanimity and hold fast our faith, in spite of the assaults of these two champions.

The American speaker, addressing a Chicago audience, made his attack on Sunday School literature, which he declared should be labeled "Poison." He denounced the literary style of the books, their morality and their theology. We are not concerned about the first ground of offence, though if the reports of his address that have been published are accurate, we should doubt his qualification to be a judge of good English, whatever he may be of German or Yiddish. The morality and theology, however, are clearly, from his description, above reproach. They inculcate honesty, virtue, and all-round righteousness, and they certainly uphold the doctrine of Christ and his apostles. A tree is known by its fruits. If any Christian assembly were polled, it would be found that a large majority were converted in their youth, and were nurtured on just such literature as the censor condemns. Judging by results, we see no reason yet to discard the books that have been so beneficial, nor to label as poisonous literature which experience has proved to be spiritually nutritious.

The European assailant takes a higher flight. In a lecture delivered before the Emperor of Germany, he attacked the Bible, which he declared could not be regarded as a personal revelation from God, but was in fact a collection of the remnants of Jewish literature, much of which had been derived from the Babylonians. It does not appear to have occurred to the learned professor that it is at all extraordinary that a medley such as this should have survived to this late period, and should in this century of vigorous intellectual life, be wielding an influence infinitely greater than any other book ancient or modern. With all respect to the learning of the professor, we may be permitted to doubt whether his logical faculties are in working order. He makes too great a demand on our credulity. The divine origin of the Bible accounts satisfactorily for the influence it exerts and for the effects it produces, wherever it is studied and obeyed; but it is asking too much of us to believe that such results could have come from a book originating in the sources he mentions.

The Spell of Sin

THERE is no impossibility of making a man better, if he believes he can be made better, and wishes to become better.

The old story connected with the wanderings of Ulysses is in point. A number of the companions of Ulysses fell into the hands of the sorceress, Circe, and were turned into swine. If in that condition they could have remembered that they were once men; if they could have remembered their homes, the wars in which they fought, the ambitions and the strivings of their manhood; if they could have desired to return to their country and become again something more than occupants of a pen and a bed of straw, then there would have been hope for them; they might some day have been delivered from the power of the sorceress. But they were content to be nothing more than swine, and hence their case was hopeless.

Christ offers to break the spell of sin which robs men of the consciousness of what they are and may be. Let him come in, and he will show us the child of God that may be in every one of us. He will teach us our possibilities. He will give us the true ideal of a true life. He will show us large things, and inspire us to work towards them. He will help us to believe in ourselves, and aspire for ourselves through his gracious aid. By his working and power in us wonderful things will be produced, if only we will let him and will not hinder.

Activity Purifying the Life

WE know how, in the natural world, action purifies —how the heaving, foaming sea keeps everything in it alive; how the impure stream clarifies itself as it runs on; how the storm that masses the clouds, and drives them with the wind and rends them with the lightning, breaks up the germ-filled atmosphere, and charges it with life and sweetness; how the animal that is alert and agile in its movements escapes the attacks of parasites and other enemies that prey upon the sluggish beast; how the indolent man is apt to be the victim, in mind and body, of diseases and morbid moods that fasten upon things that are still, just as the fungus fastens on a decaying tree.

So in the spiritual life, the more active it is the more bright and beautiful it becomes; the more does it throw off and keep at bay the temptations and evils of a world lying in wickedness. We get purity, as Christ got his own spotless holiness, by the power of a loving life continually doing good. The only way we can preserve our garments unspotted from the world is, not by negations and proscriptions, but by positive acts of goodness; not by being afraid of doing wrong, but by resolutely doing all the right. We are least in danger from the sins of others when we are helping them to get rid of them. We purify our own natures most when we seek to purify others. Whiter shall our own robes be, not when in Pharisaic pride we hold them back lest they should be defiled by contact with impurity, but when we gird them round us to wash the feet that have trodden deepest the miry ways of the world.

The purity of God's saints is not the purity of the snow crystals, but of the snowdrop, preserving along with the beauty of the snow all the graces and activities of life.

The Famine in Finland

The Finns Appeal to Us

Chicago Tribune

Appeals for help have been made from all these famine-stricken localities. It is probable that the French Government can take care of its Bretons, and it has already begun to send assistance, but in Finland and Sweden the case is different. The Russian empire is so vast, it has so many different races of people, and it embraces so many different climatic conditions, that there hardly is a year when some portion of it is not suffering from insufficient food supply. Its railroad mileage is too small, and the famine districts are too remote for it to grapple successfully with the famine problem. Sweden is essentially in the same condition with reference to its famine area, which practically is in the arctic region. We are prosperous here. We are living in a region where, in all probability, famine never can come. All the more reason is it that every movement for helping these famine sufferers should be generously encouraged.

* * *

A Field for Widest Charity

Chicago Interior

Dr. Louis Klopsch, of New York, famous for the vast sums he has raised hitherto through the medium of his paper THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the relief of distress in other nations, announces now the opening of a fund for the succor of the starving in Finland. Tales coming to this country of the suffering of the Finns in the northern districts of the grand duchy are harrowing. There was a general failure of crops in that territory last summer, and now in the midst of the rigors of a sub-arctic winter destitution is most pitiful. About half a million people are computed to be on the verge of starvation. Undoubtedly the international sweep of American charity will in these circumstances be manifest anew.

* * *

America Can Save Them

Sioux City (Ia.) Tribune

This is an appeal that should meet quick response in the United States. It is distressing that such a famine has to exist in any part of the world, when another part has storehouses full of provisions and is able to feed all those who hunger. The 400,000 starving people of Finland could be saved by the United States alone, if prompt action should be taken, and an act of the kind would reflect more glory upon this great nation than any conquest. While we are talking of our hundreds of millions of property; while there is stored vast quantities of food that we can never eat ourselves, and which would otherwise be useful only to add to the surplus of wealth good only to gloat over and luxuriate in, it would be something akin to disgrace, and certainly a display of ingratitude for good fortune, to neglect this cry of distress.

* * *

Reach Out Hands of Help

Philadelphia Telegraph

Is it not time for us in prosperous America to reach out our hands to these our brethren starving in stricken Finland? What good and worthy work can more rightfully command our practical sympathy than the work of saving these suffering thousands from the pangs of hunger and the danger of death? And where in our country can such a work be so promptly and effectively inaugurated as right here in this "city of brotherly love?"

* * *

Dare We Hesitate?

Boston Transcript

Can a rich and freedom-loving country turn a deaf ear to such an appeal? If Finland's liberties cannot be restored to her, and the stain of the censor's paw be removed, she can be saved from starvation. But help must come soon. Relief must be organized at once on a large scale. Russia cannot if she would save her own hungering Moujiks, let alone the Finnish peasants. Moreover, she has given her pittance. It is for a free people to give the rest." Let our response be as generous as the measure in which we love our own liberties.

The Finnish "Kantele" Player

(*See picture on first page*)

The "Kantele" is the old-fashioned musical instrument of the peasantry of Finland. It is little known in the cities, but in the remote rural districts it may still be found in the cottages of the peasantry. Its music is weird and mournful. The player, generally an old man, as he touches the strings recites "the joys and sorrows of vanished generations," accompanying his voice with the soft, sad music which seems specially suited to such a theme.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Quaint Ceremony

BOUT this season of the year, or a few weeks earlier, as the ecclesiastical calendar may dictate, there is a feast prescribed by the Russo-Greek Church. In Russia, Roumania, Bulgaria, and erever that church has its people, the y of the blessing of the water is observ- with feasting and rejoicing. Masts are cted, from which fly flags and ribbons. long line of decorations marks the ite which the priests must traverse m the church to the place, usually on river bank, or on the frozen surface of river, where the ceremony is to take ce. Straw is laid down as a carpet for ir feet. Every one in the neighbor- od, and from distant villages, makes a int of witnessing the procession. Sleighs l vehicles of all kinds arrive early, filled h people in their gayest attire. Even horses must have their bits of finery, l no peasant, howsoever poor he be, fails provide a bright worsted tassel or two for steed's bridle. The weather is bitterly d, and the icy winds whistle about the ay or river bank where the ceremony to take place. Two hours before noon priests have assembled in the church, l a guard of honor on horseback stands tside. Every banner and cross, and re- ious emblem is brought out, and then me the priests, chanting as they march. matter how severe the weather, the emony takes place in the open air. A rrel of water, set directly in front of the iciating priest, receives the full force of blessing, which is supposed to pass o to the river and all waters. It is often cessary that a man should stir the water the barrel continually, to keep it from ezing. After the ceremony, every one ks a little of the water from the barrel; d the less educated of the peasants asure the few drops that fall to their are, the year round, as a charm to pro- t them from the evil eye and other tcheries. It is pathetic to see how much th they put in its virtues. Well would be if they could be led to put their faith Him who promised to give to all who me to Him, the living water which satis- s every need.

n the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus od and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him ne unto me, and drink (John 7: 37).

ved by Confession

A strange story of heroic confession is ported by a journal of Raleigh, N. C. "blockade still" was discovered in the ighborhood, and the owner could not found. Eventually, suspicion pointed ongly to a man who had previously rne a good character. The man was rested, and was kept in prison a long ne while the Government agents worked the case. When at last the prisoner as put on trial before the United States ourt, he indignantly repudiated the harge. The evidence, however, was rong against him. Every one in court lt sure that the jury would convict him, id in his defense he had no proof to rnish nor any witnesses except those to s good character. The case was near s close, and nothing remained but to onounce the prisoner guilty, when a an arose in court and asked to be sworn. o the amazement of all, he declared mself the owner of the still, and swore at the prisoner knew nothing whatever bout it. The prisoner accordingly was quitted and the self-confessed culprit as indicted. He was convicted on his vn statement and sentenced to a year's prisonment. He said he was quite wil- ng to serve his term, though he would t have confessed if he had not seen an nocent man about to be condemned for s wrongdoing. Some men, even then, ight have been mean enough to let him ar the penalty. How thankful the isoner must have been that the guilty man was not of that kind. How infinitely more thankful ought we to be who, though guilty and under condemnation, may be saved through Christ, who died that we might live.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed (1 Peter 2: 24).

A Sinking Mansion

Reports published by a New York daily journal, indicate that one of the most famous mansions in the State is in serious danger of collapse. It was erected only a short time ago at Oakdale, L. I., on the site of a former edifice which was burned in 1899. The multi-millionaire who owns it, mortified by the destruction of that beautiful home, specially cautioned the architects whom he employed to build the new house, against the possibility of a repetition of the disaster. "Build this house," he said, "so that it cannot burn." His instructions were obeyed, and tons of steel and stone were brought to raise a mansion, on which fire would have no effect. Caissons were sunk to get a firm foundation, and then the stately pile was raised which evokes the admiration of every beholder. But the very means taken to prevent its destruction by fire, appear, according to this report, to have exposed it to another danger. Its immense weight is too great for the sandy foundation on which it is built. Cracks have appeared in the walls, in the roof and in the ceilings, showing that the building is settling, and also that it is settling unevenly. Repairs have been made, in the hope that the movement may not continue, but grave fears are entertained that nothing can save it from ruin. It is astonishing that the owner did not foresee this danger, and that his architects did not warn him of it. Usually men are careful in matters, where so large an outlay is involved, about their security; though it is only too common to see them reckless in their eternal interests in spite of the warning of our Lord.

Everyone that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand (Matt. 7: 26).

Art Treasures at Auction

During the sale of a famous art collection in New York, recently, much surprise was expressed at the extraordinary prices realized for some of the articles. People of wealth and culture came from long distances to attend the sale, and when the rare bronzes, exquisite tapestries, and all the collectors' treasures of ancient vases, Oriental temple jars, mediæval carvings in silver and gold, Venetian hangings, precious intaglios, and enamels, lacquers, antique silver, paintings, engravings and miscellaneous curios, were brought to the hammer, there was such an enthusiasm of rivalry and such lavish bidding as is seldom witnessed at an auction anywhere. Prices ran from the hundreds up to the thousands of dollars, some few articles of marvelous workmanship bringing as high as $20,000. Yet at no time was there more than a comparatively small gathering of bidders present. To the outside multitudes, the sale would have meant nothing more than the disposing of a lot of jars, screens, plates and knicknacks, but to those who, having art themselves, were quick to discern the soul of the artist in his workmanship, it was a spiritual treasure and a revelation and a message. They could understand the thought of the maker as he interpreted it in the beautiful work which he finished centuries ago. So it is with the devout student of nature, who sees in the universe above and around him, an expression of the wisdom and love of God.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge (Ps. 19: 1, 2).

THE RUSSO-GREEK CEREMONY OF BLESSING THE ICY WATERS

To Eradicate Leprosy

One of our consuls in China has forwarded a remarkable document to the Department of State at Washington, and it is understood that copies have been sent to other Governments. The document emanates from Dr. Adolph Razlag, a physician who has been studying leprosy. It contains a plan for completely eradicating leprosy from the world. The doctor wants to have three islands placed at his disposal somewhere in the Tropics. To the one island he would take every male leper wheresoever found and place him under treatment; to the second island, every female leper. The mild cases, those that are not far developed, and those which improve under treatment, he would remove to a third island. He has a method of treatment, which, if it does not cure the disease, arrests its progress, and he claims that if applied in the early stages of the disease, it will effect an absolute cure. Isolation, however, is essential, and, therefore, the necessity of having islands for the experiment. There are, according to the doctor's estimate, half a million lepers in the world; and, he contends, if these were isolated as soon as discovered and compelled to undergo treatment, there would soon not be a single case of leprosy on earth. This, of course, assumes that every leper contracts the disease by infection, which is a theory not universally accepted. In the malady of sin, of which leprosy is a type, infection would certainly not account for all the cases. Every parent has to admit that the element of sin manifests itself in children too early to justify any other theory than that of natural depravity.

The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth (Gen. 8: 21).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, the eminent American evangelists, returning from Australia and India, have reached England, and were given an enthusiastic welcome in London, at a popular meeting held in Exeter Hall.

Isabel Rogers Edgar, the well known missionary, will arrange with churches and religious societies to deliver her illustrated lectures on "Labrador and its People." She may be addressed to No. 643 Madison Avenue, New York.

Rev. W. B. Brown, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Hays City, Kans., writes us that a most hopeful revival has commenced there under the preaching of Evangelist Hermiston. The church is crowded at every service.

A scene unprecedented at Bellefontaine, O., was witnessed on January 29, when business men closed their stores, the work in factories was suspended, and many professional men closed their offices, in order that their employees might attend the United Revival services at the M. E. Church, conducted by Dr. L. W. Munhall. The Examiner of that city says the meetings that day were the most wonderful ever held in Bellefontaine.

The Third Annual Conference of the National Federation of Churches was held in the Bible House, New York, on February 5. The programme of the conference included addresses by Mr. J. Cleveland Cady, Dr. Wm. C. Wilkinson, Dr. C. C. Albertson, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Dr. Charles L. Goodell. Dr. Amory H. Bradford presided, and Dr. E. B. Sanford, Secretary of the Federation, presented his report.

A Young Men's Christian Association building has been opened at Treadwell, Alaska. The three mining companies operating in the neighborhood have given the movement generous support. Heretofore the only resorts in the district have been saloons and houses of evil association. The mines have been canvassed by Mr. W. A. Reed, formerly of Kalamazoo, Mich., and he has secured pledges of membership from eighty per cent. of the miners. The saloon-keepers, fearful that their interests are threatened, are agitating against the work.

International S. S. Lesson for Feb. 22
I. Corinthians 13
Golden Text. I. Corinthians 13: 13

CHRISTIAN LOVE

... By ...
DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

"I HAVE GIVEN YOU AN EXAMPLE, THAT YE SHOULD DO AS I HAVE DONE TO YOU"

OUR lesson is the greatest word picture of the greatest thing in all worlds, Godlike love, which we are to-day to (1) define, (2) analyze, (3) embody.

We must recall again the distinction, often explained but not yet generally apprehended, between the three kinds of love: the love of esteem, that looks up reverently to God and all the great and good; the love of sympathy, that goes out almost spontaneously to kindred and congenial associates; the love of compassion, or pity, that looks down to lift up, which is the "charity" of this chapter, the "love divine, all love excelling," the distinctive "Christian love," that loves according to needs and not according to merits, as God loves. It is little credit to us to love Christ, the altogether lovely. "And if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye?" "The love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit," "Joy of heaven to earth come down," is not love, but love "like God's" for the unlovely, the unholy, the unfriendly.

"Charity" defined

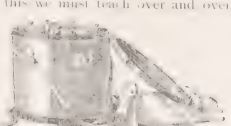
A dying Christian was giving a last embrace to her daughter. "My child," she said, "I have loved you because of what you are; my heavenly Father, to whom I go, has loved me in spite of what I am." The word "love" has been substituted for "charity" in the Revised Version, because "charity" has been narrowed in popular thought to mere almsgiving, whereas if we really love the poor we shall study to preserve their manhood by undertaking the more difficult task of helping them to help themselves. The love or charity of this chapter is God's love for man imparted to Christians, making them true brothers of all men, even as he is Father of all. This is conversion, whether slow or swift, to love as God loves, counting every human brother the neighbor we are not alone to help when in need, but to love as ourselves. Race and class prejudice is displaced by regeneration. To the Christian heart there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free. And as God's love cannot live with hate, personal grudges proclaim an unsaved heart. As God is love, so godliness is love.

Love in its higher meanings is almost an unknown word outside of Christianity. Classic Greece and Rome are called by those who knew them best "a world without love." Turning to the uncultivated savages, we have a sample in the Algonquins, who had no word for love, so that the translator of the Bible had to invent one.

Having thus defined distinctive Christian love, of which Paul writes, we are now prepared to study his analysis of it, as he unravels it, even as the prism unravels the perfect white light into the seven colors. We shall use the American Revised Version for fresh light on this familiar chapter.

Love Analyzed

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. In modern phrase we would say there is no more merit in preaching or teaching or prayer that has no heart in it, or when there is hate in the heart, than if it was uttered by a phonograph. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift" (Matt. 5: 24). Ah, this we must teach over and over again to our hearts, that daily need to be forgiven, but find it hard to forgive, though instinctively admiring such forgiveness of bitter foes as we see in Isaac and Joseph and Stephen.



And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.—Paul does not say a man could have an effectual faith without love, but only that if he had, it would be as "nothing," as a cipher separated from the figure which gives all its value, and to which it gives increased value. Faith without love would be a zero, but with love at its right side both are multiplied. In Paul's teaching elsewhere as to faith and works, he shows that in order to have faithfulness in outward life there must be faith in the soul, and in this chapter he goes back into the holy of holies, and shows that back of even faith in the soul there must be love in the heart. With love for motor power, faith and knowledge and eloquence and music move effectively for the transformation of the soul and of the world. But lips and brain are "sounding brass" when heartless.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair.—ROSETTI.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. What more could Paul say to prove that faith is friendship? He reminds us that a man may be very generous to the unfortunate, and even very courageous for the right, and still lack the soul of religion, personal love for Christ and for the souls for whom he died. "Lovest thou me?" said Christ to Peter three times over, and each time when an affirmative answer had been given, he said in substance, "If you really love me, show it by helping your little brothers and older ones, my lambs and my sheep" (John 21: 15-17). John, the great apostle, had also learned the supremacy of love, when he called a church of sound creed and useful deeds, which lacked love, to "repent" (Rev. 2: 1-7).

And now we come to Paul's wonderful picture of love, which we have before spoken of as "the most perfect picture of a gentleman," but some of us will prefer to write below it, "My Mother's Picture," or "My Father's Picture."

Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not: love vaunteth not itself: is not puffed up: doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth.

A mother having read this to her child, he said earnestly: "Charlie would be like charity, who suffered long and was kind, and did not envy or boast or misbehave or act selfish or speak unkindly; who was not easily provoked, but patient and gladsome."

Some will say that Paul has here pictured an impracticable ideal, but we shall now show that this chapter has often been a "living epistle."

I am a herdsman; I am very rich in cattle, for my father before had much cattle, and they became my inheritance. I also inherited wells, and in a land where there was little water, wells were considered a rich possession. Others became envious of me, and they filled my wells with rubbish and made them useless. I did not go to battle with them, but moved to another place and digged another well. My enemies followed me, and disputed and fought against my herdsmen. But instead of asserting my rights, I moved on and dug another well. They followed me again and claimed the well. Rather than engage in strife, I moved on again and dug another well, and there we rested in peace. What is my name? (See Gen. 26: 1-6; 12-32.)

Personations

I have ten big brothers who are shepherds, and a little brother too young to leave home. I was fed when my father sent me to the fields to inquire after their welfare, and to take them food. Little did I think that I was never to return to my home alive, but that my bones would be brought there after a hundred years. Instead of receiving me kindly, my brothers fell on me with murderous intent, but on second thought they sold me into a far-away land. When next I saw my brothers, they were in a half-starving condition, and I was in charge of the king's granaries. I could have revenged myself and denied them food, but I would not. At first they did not recognize me, but when I told them that I was their brother whom they had sold, they trembled greatly. Their fear of me made me weep. I comforted them, and sent them home to bring their families, and their dear old father and mine, and I gave them homes and plenty to eat. What is my name? (Gen. chaps. 38-47.)

Naturally, I have a hasty spirit. Born a slave, I was living in childhood in the king's palace, as the adopted son of the king's daughter. When I was a young man, my spirit betrayed me into killing a man who had wronged my people. Even when I became a great leader by appointment of God my hasty spirit would flash out when the people were wicked and rebellious against the great God who was their Helper. But at length I came to love my people. So changed was I by the grace of God, that my name became a synonym of meekness. Who am I? (Ex. 32: 32; Num. 12: 3.)

I am a man who saw the Lord Jesus going about doing good. Everywhere I noticed his gentle, loving spirit. On the day of his crucifixion I heard him pray for his enemies: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And I was so taught of him that when I came to the hour of my own death by the hands of those who cast stones at me, I could pray: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." What is my name? (Acts chap. 7.)

I am a man whom Jesus once called a "Son of thunder," because of my rash temper. But the example and influence of Jesus helped me to conquer it, so that I was often spoken of as "the Apostle whom Jesus loved." His love to me made me more loving, and so when he was about to die upon the Cross, he gave his precious mother into my keeping. Even after Jesus went back to heaven, he gave me visions of himself. He so enriched me with his love that when I grew to be nearly one hundred years old, all the people of the churches seemed to be "my little children," and I so addressed them. What is my name? (John 19: 26; John 21: 12, 13, 18, 28.)

I am a man whose early training made him hard and unrelenting. I saw a man stoned to death who was considered an enemy of the church. I even assisted to the extent of caring for the garments of those who did the stoning. I saw a strange light in the dying man's face that I did not then understand. I know now that it was the reflection of love from the face of Jesus. I heard his dying cry that God would not punish those who were killing him. But what I saw and heard that day did not hinder me from becoming myself a most persistent persecutor of Christians. I was stayed in my course by the voice of the Lord himself, speaking to me from the opened heavens. From that hour love became the ruling passion of my life. Men talk of my logic, but it is love by which I seek to draw men to Christ, especially my own people, the Jews. I could wish myself accursed from Christ, for my brethren and companions' sake, according to the flesh. What is my name? (Acts 7: 9; Rom. 9: 3.)

The Bible tells us that its stories of noble deeds are written "as examples" for us (I. Cor. 10: 11). Even what Jesus did except his miracles, we are called to do (John 13: 15). What was done by the wholly human heroes of the Bible, who were "men of like passions with us," we surely can do. But in this case we can also point to those who, even in our own times, have lived our beautiful lesson in their beautiful lives.

ANCIENT WRITING MATERIALS

One of these lives was that of George Washington, which not Americans only but many more recall on this, his birthday. He shared the faults of his time as to slaves and lotteries, and no doubt had other faults and sins, but his life was influenced by faith in God and love for his fellow-man, to a degree seldom seen in the fields of war and politics. He risked the penalties of treason, to serve without financial reward what he regarded as the cause of liberty and humanity.

TREES HIDDEN BY THE DRIFTS IN THE "FISH HARBOR" OF HELSINGFORS IN THE SNOW-LAID FINNISH FORESTS

Rushing Aid *to* Starving Finland

HE CHRISTIAN HERALD Cables $10,000 More to Helsingfors — Growth of the Fund — Dr. Klopsch Goes to Finland

ALREADY the results of the relief movement begun by the benevolent-hearted people of America through this journal, in behalf of famine-stricken Finland, are beginning to be felt. Food, purchased with the contributions of our CHRISTIAN HERALD aders, is now being eaten in the cabins of famished innish peasants, and prayers of gratitude and blessing e ascending from many homes, where hunger has gnaw- l at the heart-strings during the long winter weeks.

But it is only the fringe of the famine districts that is been reached, thus far; the great work of relieving e multitude of sufferers in the interior must now be ndertaken. Owing to the urgency of the need, last eek's remittance of **$5,000** from THE CHRISTIAN ERALD Famine Fund was doubled, and **$10,000** was nbled instead to the Finnish Relief Committee at elsingfors, making $15,000 sent to the famine field date. We are indebted to Thomas Cook & Son, of ew York, for their aid rendered to the relief work, cabling the money without expense to the Fund.

Dr. Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as gone to Finland, where he will personally visit the mine centres, inspect the relief operations, and co- perate with the Finnish Central Relief Committee at elsingfors, in the adoption of such measures as may e needed to make the work more thorough, expeditious nd effective. He hopes to visit Abo, Vasa, Uleaborg, nd the northern and northeastern districts of the Grand uchy, where the greatest suffering is now reported. e is accompanied by Mr. Gilson Willets, a well-known riter, who was with him when he visited India a few ears ago, during the great famine in that country. This ourney is undertaken wholly at his own expense, and ithout any charge upon the Fund.

During the past week, contributions to the Relief und have continued to flow in from all parts of the nion. Almost all of the letters received show how eeply the cause of the Finns has touched the hearts of ne American people. We give extracts from a few of ne letters:

J. H. Jargenson, Bertram, Ia., writes:

When I read of your advancing the sum of $5,000, with the expectation of some one helping you, I at once saw the necessity of doing my part of this great and noble work. May God bless you! If each friend would only give a small part of what we have, how many people would be gladdened, and how much more God would bless them who contribute. Accept my small gift, and may God's blessing go with it.

Harmon L. S. Wift, manager of the Beulah Land Farm for Boys, says:

Dear Friends of Humanity:—Enclosed please find Post-office Order for $4. The entire amount is contributed by orphan boys and street waifs, who have never known the comforts of a home, until rescued by the Beulah Land Academy for homeless boys at Bay Springs, Mich. The boys have earned this money by many little acts of self-denial, and it means more perhaps than a large sum contributed by those in better circumstances. If this contribution proves as great a blessing to those who receive it as it has to those who gave it, it is all I ask.

Levi and Jennie Hiatt, of Amboy, Ind., write:

We see you are again on the "War Path," to conquer starvation in Finland. With a prayer that God will bless abundantly and give an early victory, we enclose our small sum.

"I know and realize that Christ will bless even the cup of cold water. May this mite be the means of saving some precious life is my prayer," writes Mrs. Isaac S. Wallace, Nyack, N. Y.

"How my heart goes out in sympathy for a Christian people that will suffer and die before they will appeal for aid. How much like the spirit of our Saviour, who came, suffered and died that we might inherit eternal life," writes Mrs. Leila Ward, Fort Worth, Tex.

Miss Ellen N. Allen, Cedaredge, Colo., writes:

The enclosed amount ($13.50) goes with the prayers of the brethren and sisters of Cedaredge Church, that it may help some poor sufferers in their time of need. Trusting to our All-wise Father to speedily send relief in opening the hearts of the rich.

J. W. Buchanan, Lowell, Mass.

Please find inclosed five-dollar order for the Finland sufferers. May God bless your grand efforts in always remembering those in trouble. You surely act the part of the Good Samaritan.

George and Nellie Whistom, of the Soldier's Home, Ind., write:

Inclosed is $1, in the name of Jesus. Our prayers ascend to God every day, that he may touch the hearts of every one able to give in His name, to help his suffering children.

Mrs. Theresor Mahr, of New York Mills, N. Y., writes:

I pray God that he who fed the 5,000 on five barley loaves and two small fishes, will multiply my little offering, and bless it for His Name's sake.

Mr. John G. Toepper, Washington, D. C., writes:

I am pleased to notice that you so generously have advanced a goodly portion of your own funds to help the sufferers speedily. May God bless you for your prompt act. God is good—God is love. Please find check enclosed.

Victor Viervin, Orange, N. J., writes:

Looking over the names of contributors to the fund to help the sufferers by the famine in Finland, I see your name, as usual, heading the list, to which please add the modest amount of enclosed check, and my prayer to God to open the heart of every subscriber to your most excellent paper to contribute liberally.

Mr. John J. Moe, Duluth, Minn., writes:

My heart is filled with sympathy for the poor famine-stricken Finns, and it is with gratitude to the Lord for his wonderful goodness toward us that I enclose check ($5.00) toward the relief fund you so nobly have started.

Mrs. H. R. Garner, Columbus, Miss., writes:

Enclosed find $5.00 for Finland's suffering ones. Your untiring generosity has been a great inspiration to me, and has more than once reminded me that I, too, can furnish a drink of cold water, in His Name.

These are examples of many hundreds of letters of the same character that are received daily at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices. They show that a multitude of hearts have been stirred, and that the Christian people of this land are resolved, with God's help, to save the Finns. Surely a shower of blessing must follow these gifts, so hallowed by prayer.

Address all contributions to the Fund:

FINLAND FAMINE FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
92 Bible House New York City

Every contribution, great or small, will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

FINNISH MOURNERS AT A GRAVE A FINNISH GIRL ON "SKIS" TRAVELING ON SNOW-SHOES

In Case you Soil or Tear this Blank, an Ordinary Sheet of Paper May be Substituted.

To the Finland Famine Relief Fund

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Every Contribution will be Acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The undersigned have contributed for the Relief of the Famine Sufferers in Finland the amounts entered opposite their respective names, and are entitled to be credited accordingly in the colums of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Title—Mr., Mrs., Miss, Dr. or Rev.	FULL NAME	STREET ADDRESS	POST-OFFICE	COUNTY	STATE	DOLLARS	CENTS
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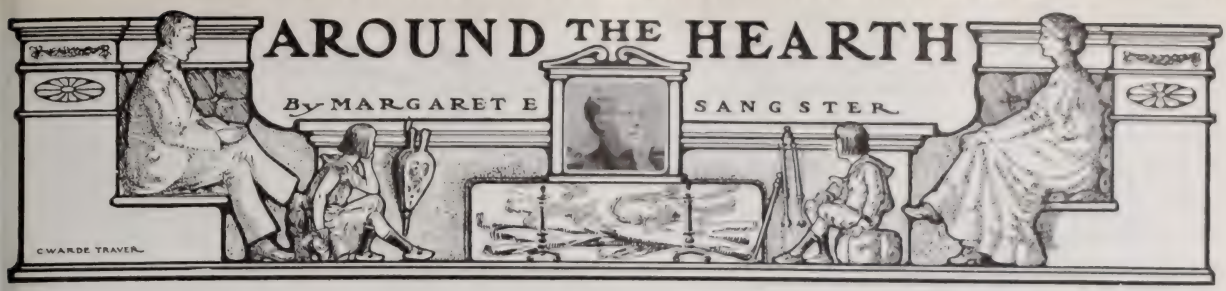
"WHATSOEVER THOU DOEST, DO QUICKLY."

This List is Sent by .....

GIVE FULL NAME AND FULL POST-OFFICE ADDRESS



Sylvia and William John

WHEN Sylvia goes tripping down the street, with a smile here, a wave of her hand there, and a bow to William John, I wonder if she fancies at all, how very much she influences him. She is so busy with her own affairs, with what she is going to be, now that she has left school, she doesn't care much about that clumsy boy worshiping her in his dumb, inarticulate way. Sylvia probably means to earn her living; most ambitious young woman take that point of view now, and she may be almost what she chooses—artist, journalist, typewritist, or doctor; she may learn architecture or telegraphy, become an expert accountant, or take up nursing. The doors fly wide open to-day at Sylvia's touch. All girls are not called upon, however they may long to do so, to put their talents to use outside the home. "My mother needs me to help her," is a claim that Sylvia must never ignore. Often the young daughter will learn the most valuable lessons she can have, lessons of domestic education, by assisting for a time in her mother's kitchen. Sylvia may combine this service of love with a series of cooking-class demonstrations, and thus bring to the home-table, the results of the latest modern improvements. When Sylvia is free from school she should not wholly abandon study. I strongly advise her to take up some department of nature-study; birds, bees, flowers, stones, or whatever other phase of outdoor activity attracts her, and pursue it regularly. Sylvia and two or three girls, who have been fellow-classmates, may very profitably form a club, and have their hours for outdoor walks and excursions, and for indoor meetings over books. All the culture is not confined to colleges. We may have it for the seeking, if we will but try faithfully and earnestly.

* * *

Having reached the age of eighteen, Sylvia should ask herself what sort of a woman she means to be. As a rule, she puts uppermost what she means to do; but it can never be said too often or too emphatically, that being is of greater consequence than doing. What you and I really are in our own personality is what tells upon the home, the society we mingle with, and the church. A girl at eighteen has her men friends as well as her girl friends, and these should be comrades in the best meaning of the word. More than she knows, a young girl impresses herself on the boys who come to her house. Our Sylvia should be dignified, this dear young maiden, not at the easy beck and call of every lad she knows. "I am dreadfully worried about my daughter," said a mother once to me. "Her father and I don't want her to go with Bennie H., as he is not a good companion for her; but Bennie comes to our gate and whistles, and Mary is off to meet him like a shot." Poor Mary! No girl should suffer a boy to summon her with a whistle. He should come to her door, hat in hand, and be admitted openly, and then talk to her in the presence of her parents and the family. If Sylvia and her friends frown on cigarette smoking and similar indulgences, William John and his friends will be careful how they fall into such habits of folly. Girls cannot keep their standard too high, for the sake of their brothers, and of those who are their friends.

* * *

Should Sylvia find it necessary to go to business soon after leaving school, there are one or two points which she should observe. Not long ago, a lady was trying to secure a position in an office for a young girl of really bright disposition and good capacity. But she found herself face to face with a difficulty. "L— is too assertive, too ready to give her opinion, too much in the habit of presenting her views," said a man who was influential, and had noticed this girl in an evening class at a Settlement. "She will never succeed down-town. A girl must efface herself and be merely a cog in the machinery, there." Remember this, dear Sylvia; you are not to think of how you look, or make comments on the looks of others; you are not to volunteer advice or state your convictions unasked. Confine yourself to the strictest line of duty. And, another thing, accept no favors or attentions from your employers or business associates, who have their duty to do just as you have.

For the rest, I would have my Sylvia scatter sunshine over life's path, by dwelling in the blessed sunlight of Christ's love all the while. "Whose I am, and whom I serve," is a good motto, if Jesus Christ be the one to whose service you are pledged. Begin every day with a prayer, and you will end it with a song.

WAITING FOR PAPA

The little maid is tired of play,
And oft as falls the sunset ray,
In the sweet far end of the day,
She watches here for father.

Dear father, who, to win her bread,
Must toil with heart and hands and head
(For little maidens must be fed),
Where crowds of people gather.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—SUSIE. A man's visiting card is much smaller than a woman's.

—MARIA. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is the author of *The Bow of Orange Ribbon*.

—CHARLOTTE. Economize if you must, but cut off your luxuries first. Necessities last.

—LOUISE. Do not relieve a man of his hat and stick, or offer to help him on with his overcoat. In the latter case, an exception is made if he is crippled, or old and infirm.

THY SONGS

O! sing in the day dawn, and sing in the night!
Oh! sing as the star gleams emerge into light!
Oh! sing in thy sorrow and sing in thy mirth,
Evermore may thy music ennoble the earth.

No marked is waiting for tears or for sighs;
Go stifle thy moanings; Go dry thy wet eyes!
Go bury thy troubles, deep hide them with care,
The world will not question if any be there.

Fling free on the ether thy happiest strains;
Thy harps on the willows gone but delightful remains.
Chanting only of blessings go journey along—
And the world will be sweeter for hearing thy song.

EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN

Gifts You Cannot Use

When Christmas has well behind you, some months back, look over your Christmas gifts, and, instead of keeping the pretty cards and souvenirs that gave you so sweet a momentary pleasure, where they must gather dust and grow faded and dingy, till finally they go into the waste basket, do this. Wrap them carefully up in folds of tissue paper, and treat your sacred them on a mission of pleasure giving some where else. The little children in Porto Rico or the Philippines, or India, love our beautiful Christmas cards, and their teachers can use them to fine advantage for rewards. Or, among your own home acquaintance there may be invalids, or people with very few friends, or young girls in lonesome country places, who will enjoy these remembrances another year as much as you have enjoyed them this season.

In sending away such cards at the Easter time, donors should write no inscription on the card: this leaves it free to be passed along.

Don't Be Too Fidgety

Fidgety women are the bane of peace at home or on the road. Watch one when she sits down, presumably to take her ease. She sees a blur on the pane, and darts at it to rub it off. A book on the table is not where she left it, up she jumps and sets that straight. A fly, that ought to have died with his friends of last summer, appears, sunning himself in the window. Madame nearly has a fit over that fly! If she is on the cars, she fusses every time there is a stop. She worries about the speed or the slowness; she piles her bundles up like an abatis; she interferes with her husband's newspaper a dozen times an hour, to say "Oh, do you suppose Fred will meet us? What shall we do if he isn't there?" Good ladies, do not be fidgets. Nobody has any use for fidgety women. Fidget rhymes with idget, if you know what that means.

A Lover of the Helpless

Brooklyn people have long known Dr. Susan Fray, who died there in January. Doctor Fray befriended cats and dogs, and all poor vagrants in fur or feathers, found in her home a refuge. As an active member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, she once suffered a horse to be maltreated in her presence, and often in the summer she took no fee for, because at that season pet animals were most often neglected and in need of her ministrations. Her favorite dog and cat will miss her sorely, and wonder where their kind guardian and friend has gone.

A Hint from Abroad

The Church of England has in its wide boundaries room for many excellent organizations. Among others is a "Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals." Queen Alexandra is the patron, and the Archbishop of York the President. An animal sermon is preached on the general subject on the fourth Sunday after Trinity in all churches. Not long since, a letter came as follows:

The Bishop of Barking has written to the Secretary of the Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals, as follows: "Kindness to animals is so clearly a duty binding on all Christian people, that one cannot but welcome some organization within the church which specially impresses on the clergy the duty of speaking plainly from time to time to their people, and particularly to children, on this important matter."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W. C. J., Beaufort, N. C. Is the famine likely to result in prolonged suffering to the Finns? How long will it be before they are self-supporting?

Our object is to relieve their immediate needs and save them from starvation, until the hard winter is past. In the spring they will doubtless be able, with such aid in seed and planting as they will receive, to go on with renewed hope.

J. F., Gladstone, N. J. Recently I asked the official chemist of the U. S. "What is the effect of alcohol on the iron in the blood?" He replied: "In so far as I know, there have been no scientific determinations made in regard to the effect of intoxicants upon the iron in the blood. I am therefore unable to answer your question." With about one and one-half billions of gallons of intoxicants passing through the corpuscles of the blood of our people yearly, and over $70,500,000 revenue collected from nicotine consumption of 19,00,000 cigars consumed each day of the year, with 2,658,176,430 cigarettes consumed last year, and 315,719,475 pounds of tobacco and snuff in their pipes and snuff-boxes (as given by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902), can it be possible that we are so much in the dark concerning the effects of alcohol and nicotine? Are there any books giving such information?

Your question was too specific. Any physician or analytical chemist can tell you of the deteriorating effects of alcoholic indulgence on the system generally. Write to the National Temperance Society, 3 West Eighteenth street, New York.

J. R. S., New Baltimore, N. Y. Out of the population of the United States, what proportion is Christian?

It is impossible to answer with any degree of certainty. Nominally a Christian nation, we have no right to claim as absolute Christians those who do not accept Christ or follow in his footsteps.

J. K., Galton, Ill. Is a Christian justified in investing in railroad stock, when he knows that his money is used in desecrating the Sabbath?

The only work that is justifiable on the Sabbath is such as is either a work of necessity or of mercy. If, in the present condition of affairs, he considers that railroads should not be operated at all on Sunday, then he would not be justified; but if he believes that to a certain extent Sunday travel by rail is essential to the needs of the community, he might then reconcile his conscience with the investment. If the person in question rigidly applies the test of conscience to the matter, he will not go wrong.

Subscriber, Friars Hill, W. Va. What is known of the parents of the Apostle Paul?

Nothing but the few facts that may be gleaned from his speeches and epistles. There is not the slightest clue to their names. The family, though living in Tarsus when Paul was born, had evidently been careful to preserve their Jewish nationality. Paul said (Acts 23: 6) that he was "the son of a Pharisee," and elsewhere he speaks of his forefathers, as if they, too, belonged to the same sect. The father was exact in obedience to the law (see Phil. 3: 5). Either he or his ancestors had rendered some service to the Roman government, the reward for which had been the conferring of citizenship, which, in those times, was a very valuable possession (see Acts 22: 28). It has been assumed that because Paul was a tentmaker his father was poor; but that does not prove the fact, as every Jew was enjoined to have his son taught a trade. On the other hand, the fact that Paul was sent to Jerusalem to be a pupil of Gamaliel implies some degree of wealth. The only other personal reference (Acts 23: 16) shows that Paul had a sister.

Schoolboy, Titusville, Va. Since the Finnish famine has caused so much talk about Finland, I have heard of and read a poem, as wonderful as Homer's Iliad, was written long ago by a Finnish poet. Who was he, and what was the poem?

The national epic of Finland, the Kalevala (meaning Land of Heroes) was rated as "the fifth national epic of the world" by Miss Michler, who ranked it with the Iliad, the *Nibelungenlied*, the *Song of Roland*, the *Kalevala* of India, the *Shahnameh* of Persia, and the Nibelungenlied of Germany. Other authorities have given it the same high consideration. "By language masters," says F. M. Crawford, who translated the Kalevala into English, "this epic descended unwritten from the mythical age to the present day, kept alive from generation to generation by minstrels or song men." The runes (mystic songs) of the Kalevala date back three thousand years. To Doctors Jopelino and Lounrot, two great Finnish scholars of the nineteenth century, belongs the honor of collecting the Kalevala proper; they "gleaned these songs of the lips of the people, sitting by the fireside of the aged, rowing on the lakes with the fishermen, following the flocks with the shepherds."

Mrs. A. B. S., Oxford, Mass. Why are the rainbow colors reversed in winter in a glass prism, set in a sunny window, from what they are in summer? Now, the colors reflected are, first, red, orange, yellow, green, purple, violet, and blue last?

We have submitted this question to Astronomer Garrett P. Serviss, who sends this answer:

There is no difference in the law of refraction of light between summer and winter, and the reversal of colors spoken of must be due either to a change in the position of the prism, or to a change in the direction in which the beam of light traverses the prism. If the point of the prism is uppermost, then the arrangement of the colors will always be—red at the top and violet at the bottom. But if the base of the prism is uppermost, then the colors will be violet at the top and red at the bottom. It may be that this change could be brought about by the simple alteration in the height of the sun between summer and winter. Suppose, for instance, that the prism is set in the window; then, with the summer sun high in the sky, the ray of light would traverse the prism in such a direction that it would issue from the lower face, and in that case blue would appear at the top of the spectrum. But in winter, with the sun low, the ray would penetrate in such a direction as to issue from the right hand side of the prism, and then red would be at the top.

H. O., Hartford, Ind. (1) Is it right to feel that one would give his soul to save that of another, who is capable of accomplishing greater good? (2) Is it possible for one to so live that his life may be an atonement for another?

(1) We can imagine one person loving another so intensely and being so ardently desirous to see that other serving Christ, that if the end could be achieved only in that way, he would sacrifice his soul to attain it. The Apostle Paul had that feeling in respect to his brethren (see Rom. 9: 3). It is simply an exaggerated case of love, and as such, having no practical outcome, is not wrong. (2) If you mean an atonement to God, it is not possible. No one can have his good deeds counted as merit to another. Every one must give account of himself to God. The sinner may plead Christ's atonement, which is sufficient for all; but if he has not accepted that, his plea that some person has made atonement for him would be rejected. To accept it would be an indignity to Christ. But if you mean atonement to another person, that is sometimes possible. A son, for example, may atone, in some cases, to a person whom his father has injured, for the injury his father inflicted.

Frank F., Barton, Oreg. Does conversion change a person's temper?

It sweetens not only the temper, but the whole life, giving us kindlier views of others, and more charitable ideas concerning even our enemies. When we realize the fullness of Christ's love and sacrifice for us, we experience a feeling of sympathy and helpfulness for all the world.

S. E. Y., Midland, Ga. There is a wide difference between legitimate and speculative trading—the latter being practically gambling. You send what you raise or produce to the best market, or you hold it until the most profitable season for selling, and you are justified in doing this in the ordinary course of trade, provided you do not oppress or take undue advantage of some one's necessity. Trading that forces up prices to the point of pinching or injuring others, or which makes any commodity so dear as to be almost inaccessible to many who need it, is immoral trading. The motto of the honorable trader is not "skin my neighbor," yet that is apparently the idea of the average speculative trader, who exults over being able to take advantage of another's need.

Mrs. A. M. H., Inland, O. What Scriptural grounds has a minister to refuse to vote at State or national elections, his church not forbidding him to cast a vote? What Scriptural grounds that he should vote? What would become of our country if all Christians would refuse to take part in governmental affairs?

None that we know of, either way. There are many pastors who are averse to taking an active part in political affairs, and this is commendable enough, since practical politics is a sorry business at best; but their repugnance should not lead them to become entirely indifferent to the government of the nation, the State, or the community in which they live. In a quiet and unostentatious way, every minister should be the advocate of good, upright government, just as he would uphe morality in business and in the commun generally. An electioneering preacher is offense to most people; but one who can, the right time and place, speak a word in half of official purity and national, State civic righteousness, can wield a powerful fluence. As to the minister's personal vc we can believe that there may be cases which he would not care to identify hims with any local party or faction; but secrecy of the ballot should give him perf freedom to vote as he pleases in State or tional elections.

S. V., Schenectady, N. Y. I have been told t St. Peter's, at Rome, was not a cathedral, though visiting it last summer, I was not a to verify the truth of the statement. Baedec spoke of it always as "The church of St. Pet while in Florence and Milan the word "cat dral" is applied to the noted churches.

The church of St. Peter's is a cathed church, being the chief or ruling church o diocese and containing the *cathedra*, or bi op's chair. It is equally correct to call either church or cathedral.

Jess, Plainfield, N. J. Robert Stephens printer, is said to have been the first to div the Bible into verses. This he did about 15 His system was followed in nearly all sut quent editions of the Scriptures.

C. A. B., Moline, Kan., writes:

Referring to question of "Subscriber," Hotchk Colo., "Is the second work of grace instantane as in conversion?" If by "the second work," grace of sanctification is meant, I will answer t in most of the Bible truths and doctrines, there two sides or points of view—the divine and hun In this grace, man's part is to consecrate, whic instantaneous. God's part is to cleanse and pu which he does by the Holy Spirit through Word, which latter part is a life-long process. made man in his own image and likeness. Sin faced this image. Jesus came to restore it, kn ing that it is impossible for us to do this of selves or in our own strength, therefore we t ourselves completely and entirely over to Jesu a perfect consecration, for him to "will and to d his good pleasure" in us, thus restoring the di image.

H. E. B., Central City, Colo. Can a Chris practice hypnotism on people for gain, and be a Christian? What injurious effect doe have upon those practised on? Will it ruin health, or not?

Hypnotism is not an accepted science. present it is practised mainly by quacks charlatans. Better let it alone. Any practising it is under the ban of suspicion.

L. C. D., Auburn, N. Y. The fee against the marriage of divorced person steadily growing in the churches and e where. In the case you mentioned, the serted wife, legally divorced, certainly has right to marry, but society looks askanc such unions and gives them a wide berth.

Virginia Subscriber. We have heard nothin the traveler, since the start.

Waiting Reader, New London, Mo. The st engine, steam harvester, telephone, X-ray and v less telegraph.

Mrs. S. S. T., Las Vegas, N. M. The histor the Moravians was briefly outlined in a recent i of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. S. P. A., New York City. In respons our inquiries by cable, the Central Finnish R Committee in Helsingfors desired that the reli sent in the form of money. Possibly it ma practicable to send foodstuffs later.

E. H. S. W., Stafford, Conn. We suppose journey a wheel from Springfield, Mass., to Den Colo., could be made safely enough, but we k nothing of the dangers you might encounter on way. Write to the railroad companies about f

O. L. H., Vista, Va. 1. In a School of Mi Metallurgy, Mineralogy and the approved mo methods of mining are taught, involving, to s degree, applied chemistry, hydraulics, etc. "Salty" is an adjective, implying that the sub under discussion has a saltish taste or flavor— it is impregnated with salt. "Salt" is the t itself. Thus, it is not strictly accurate to say sea is salt," but "the sea is salty," "the bay is ish" or "brackish," etc.

M. H. McG., Des Moines, Ia. The questio often asked, "In what collection of hymns is verse to be found?"

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

I was visiting my sister, Mrs. M. A. Bige Buffalo, Kan., some time ago, and in looking some of my father's old books, I found a collec of hymns (compiled by Alexander Campbell Scott, B. W. Stone and J. P. Johnson, of Beth Va., in 1837), and found the verse. The hymn gins, "Our souls are in the Saviour's hands."

HOW JERUSALEM WILL APPEAR AT ST. LOUIS IN 1904

THE reproductions at the St. Louis World's Fair of the "City of Jerusalem" promises to be one of the most attractive and instructive of all exhibits planned for the great Exposition of 1904. The Exposition directors have allotted to it ten acres in the heart of the grounds—a site which will make it the apex of the whole Exposition scheme. The surface will conform to the topography of Jerusalem; walls like those encircling the ancient city will enclose buildings, shops, bazaars, and homes faithfully reproduced; and hundreds of transplanted inhabitants of the real Jerusalem will walk the streets, following their usual avocations, and living their daily life here as there. The Bible reader will behold the hills, valleys, pools and streams he has known in sacred history. Here will be seen the Mosque of Omar, and underneath, the vaults known as Solomon's Stables; the Golden Gate, two of whose columns tradition says Sheba's Queen brought Solomon; the Via Dolorosa, along which it is said the Master bore his cross; the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Jews' Wailing Place. At least three hundred natives of Jerusalem will be brought over to populate the city. The Jewish rabbi in his synagogue, the Moslem priest in his mosque, will conduct no imitation ceremonial, but actual services, each with his own people in attendance; and great festivals will be observed here as in the Orient. Everything possible will be done to give an educational and inspirational value to the exhibit. The President of the Advisory Board is Rev. Dr. W. B. Palmore; Mr. Alex. Konta is General Manager. Plans and arrangements are already being made by Sunday Schools to visit "Jerusalem" in a body. Interested readers may address Rev. Samuel I. Lindsay, Secretary Jerusalem Exhibit, St. Louis, Mo.

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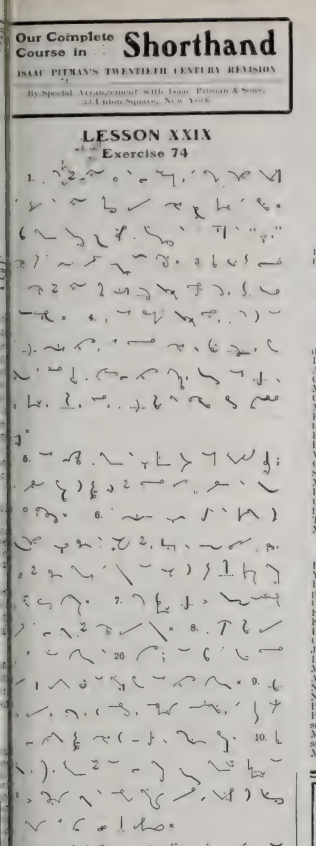
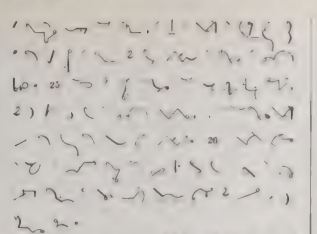
LESSON XXIX
Exercise 74





☞ The next lesson, No. XXX, will appear in the issue of Feb. 18, and will be entirely devoted to short hand reading practice.

Announcement of Prize-Winners

SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 124

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest

Aarons, Florence J., Jamaica: Adams, A. E., Calif.: Anderson, E., Minn.; Arendt, Georgia M., Neb.; Beckett, Leslie M., N. J.; Bishop, Harold M., Minn.; Bishop, J. Arnet, Pa.; Brenner, Robert, Oreg.; Brewer, R., N. J.; Campbell, Emma L., Ill.; Casteel, Julia, Vt.; Cass, Alta, Minn.; Chamberlain, Alice, S. D.; Chapple, R., Mass.; Cook, Rosalind, Ia.; Davis, Grace L., Can.; Dodds, Mary A., Colo.; Eells, R. W., Wash.; Earl, G., Ind.; Frazell, Ray, Okla.; Fosdick, Maud H., Kan.; Frankenberg, L., Wis.; Fullenwider, Malcolm, Kan.; Goodall, Elsie N., D. C.; Guest, Dorothy, H., Vt.; Hartney, R., N. J.; Hickey, Louise, Ariz.; Hughes, Mae, Okla.; Johnson, W. W., Mont.; Logan, Lena B., N. Y.; McDowell, Olivia, Calif.; McPoland, W., Wash.; Matteru, G., O.; Meade, S. A., Tex.; Parker, Alice, Mich.; Pierce, Florence, Minn.; Potter, Vera L., Mich.; Rechten, C. H., N. J.; Russell, R., Tenn.; Saunders, H., Can.; Smart, Bessie, Can.; South, Katie, Miss.; Spicer, Florence, N. Y.; Stafford, H., O.; Swarts, Elsie, Neb.; Tobey, A. A., Oreg.; Torrence, Mary, N. D.; Vance, Bessie, Idaho; Wilkin, Mary R., N. D.; Winger, F. D., Ill., O.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions":

Adams, Irene, Can.; Ainslie, Charles, Minn.; Albright, Leland, Can.; Austin, Edith, S. C.; Baleh, Marjorie, N. Y.; Barton, Harold C., Vt.; Braidsford, Mayste, S. C.; Brisbin, William J., N. Y.; Carter, Emma, Cal.; Davenport, Harry, Pa.; Donaldson, Vera, Mich.; Edgar, Gladys, Neb.; Ellis, Ethel, N. J.; Ellis, Robert, N. J.; Felt, Dorothy L., Ohio; Fitch, Ruth, Pa.; Gastman, Florence J., Ills.; Getman, Margaurite, N. J.; Gregory, Bertha L., N. Y.; Gutlick, P., S., N. J.; Hampton, Ethel Co., Pa.; Hathaway, Clara, N. Y.; Hickey, Rose, Ariz.; Johnson, Fay, Mich.; Keeler, Edna E., Conn.; Kendall, Lloyd, Ia.; Kiskaddon, Walter, Pa.; McKee, Maud, O.; Mendenhall, L., Ia.; Merrill, C., Me.; Morrison, Ama, N. H.; Murray, Grace E., N. Y.; Myer, W., Kans.; Nisley, Olive A., Ore.; Nold, Myra M., O.; Norton, L. D., Neb.; Paddock, Frances M., Minn.; Parker, Bessie, Pa.; Potter, L. A., Jr., D. C.; Perkins, Esther, Conn.; Perkins, Kenneth, Cal.; Pickett, L. F., Wis.; Ross, Josephine, Ill.; Smith, Clara, N. Y.; Rickey, Maude, Myrtle, Mo.; Thompson, Jessie, N. Y.; Treat, Mabel, O.; Watson, Edward F., N. Y.; Wilson, Robert, O.; Zahner, Mamie C., O.

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	1 Pkt Sweet Pea
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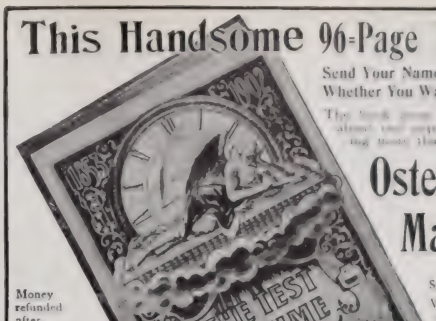

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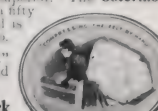

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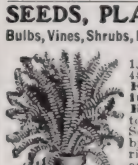

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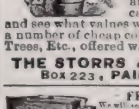

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, the answers to "Curious Questions" take up so much space this week, that our talk, except as referring to these, must be confined simply to the greeting: "Welcome." "Curious Questions," Dec. 14, were given you, not as "brain teasers," but as a sort of "kindness to animals" exercise. Not one of you, we believe, is ever intentionally cruel to bird or beast; nay, you are gentle and merciful to them. But do you not sometimes forget them? Has no little pet ever gone hungry because your memory failed to carry its needs? Your recent researches have shown you God *takes thought* for the lowliest of his creatures.

Perhaps, you have acquired a good deal of information about the natural history of the Bible, too. You have learned, for instance, that a bat is a beast, not a bird; and many other interesting things. Your answers show intelligent research. Not one is perfect, and to such questions perfect answers were not expected.

Infallibility is not claimed for the answers given below, but they are based upon the best authorities at command, *Wood's Animals of the Bible* being among these; and you will doubtless find the lists and classification instructive. You were not held to standards out of your reach, but simply to the Authorized Version of the Bible, found in every home. In that, names of beasts and birds, as given below, occur, some exceptions being noted.

COMPETITION 19

What two proper names in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 19" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the two answers employ but one word—the name which you think the picture represents. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name—no more. Read the rules given below.

Competition 20
Curious Questions

1. Who is first mentioned as shedding tears?
2. When did men begin to pray?
3. What was God's first command?
4. What was Christ's corresponding command?

Write "Competition 20" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 19 and 20 you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 19" or "Competition 20," as the case may be.* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

Prizes are as follows: For the best answer to "Competition 19," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's; for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book. For the best answer to "Competition 20," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's, for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book.

All answers must be mailed not later than February 16, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks Department,* Bible House, New York.

ANSWERS TO COMPETITIONS OF JAN. 14, 1903

Picture Puzzle. 1. Babylon; 2. Canaan. Curious Questions. 1. **Texts showing God's merciful remembrance of animals:** Gen. 1: 30; 8: 1; Ex. 23: 4-5; 34: 26; Lev. 22: 28; 25: 7; Num. 20: 8; 22: 32; Deut. 22: 1-4; 22: 6, 10; 25: 4; II. Kings 3: 17; Job 38: 41; 39 (almost entire chapter); Ps. 36: 6; 50: 11; 84: 3; 104 (almost entire chapter); 145-10; 147: 9; Prov. 12: 10; Ezek. 17: 23; Hos. 2: 18; Joel 2: 22; Jon. 4: 11; Matt. 6: 26; 10: 29; 12: 11; Luke 12: 6, 24; 14: 5. Frequent comparison of Christ to a good shepherd, as Ps. 23; Isa. 40: 11; Ezek. 34; John 10: 11-16; I. Peter 5: 4, is the highest Divine endorsement of one who is merciful to and watchful over the beasts in his care. In the Fourth Commandment (Ex. 20: 10; Deut. 5: 14), rest for beasts was ordered, as also in the Sabbatical year, when their food was provided for.

Beasts of the Bible.—Ape, ass, wild ass, badger, bat, bear, behemoth, camel, dromedary; cattle, including kine, bulls, oxen, bullock, heifer, calf, sheep, lamb, ram, ewe, goats, kid; chamois, coney; dog, greyhound; elephant (marginal reading), fox or jackal; fallow deer, hart, hind, roe, roebuck, wild ox, gazelle (R. V.); antelope (R. V.); wild goat, pygarg, hare, horse, leopard, lion, mule, mouse, mule, swine, wild boar, wild bull; wild ox, chesnut; weasel, wolf. Cats are not mentioned, but, as cats were held in high esteem in Egypt before the Exodus, they must not have been unknown to the Hebrews. There were also hyenas and basilisks, but they are not mentioned.

Birds.—Bittern; chicken, hen, cock; cormorant, crane, dove, duck, fowl, hawk; eagle, sea eagle; gier eagle; night hawk, kite; heron, lapwing, ossifrage; ostrich; owl, great owl, little owl, horned owl, partridge, peacock, pelican, pigeon, quail, raven, sparrow, stork, swallow, swan, vulture.

Types of Christ. All the animals used in sacrifice by reason of sacrifice; the lamb by reason of [illegible] Doves and pigeons as used in sacrifice; the hen hovering over her brood. The eagle, given by a number of little readers, was a type of Jehovah, and can be said only to have applied to Christ in that he and the Father are one.

The roe and the hart in the Song of Songs are said to have been used by Solomon to typify Christ. The brazen serpent, lifted up in the wilderness, was given by many little readers. The brazen serpent was a type of Christ, but it was not a living creature, and had it been, as a serpent it would be classed among reptiles and not among beasts.

Great care and pains have been spent upon selection of texts. We would be glad if our children would read them over in the order in which they are given. It is suggested to Sunday School teachers that great and lasting good might result from having their pupils write the texts out and bring them to Sunday School; the lives of thousands of dumb creatures might in the future be guarded from unnecessary pain because of the impression made. The search for these texts of mercy might be more extensive than the limits of this department permits.

Announcement of Prize-Winners

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of January 14, **Edith Rowley,** Southbridge, Mass., receives our *Smith-Pebodget Bible Dictionary.* **Raymond C. Hopkins,** Shamrock, R. I., receives the illustrated book, *Wild Animals I Have Known,* by Ernest Seton Thompson; for best answers to "Curious Questions," January 14, each of the following receives the beautiful calendar, *Sunshine and her Pets:*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

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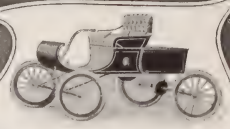

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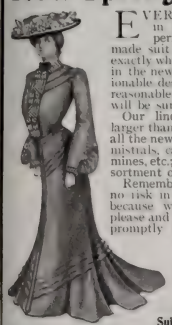

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QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

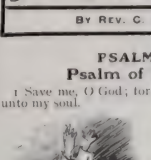
By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM LXIX
Psalm of Sackcloth

1 Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul.

2 I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.

3 I am weary of my crying: my throat is dried: mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.



"INTO DEEP WATERS"

Were it not that in Christ we are promised "beauty for ashes" this Psalm would seldom get a reading. 'Tis here we hear the groan and feel the agony of a King crucified—the gall of bitterness tasted by so many is here analyzed. Oh, ye who are dressed in sackcloth, read this Psalm through to its end. If it begins by "I sink in deep mire," it ends by giving him a dwelling-place in Zion.

PSALM LXX
Psalm for the Poor and Needy

5 I am poor and needy: make haste unto me, O God: thou art my help and my deliverer; O Lord, make no tarrying.

"I AM POOR AND NEEDY"

Some folks can wait for help, but the poor and needy want God to make haste. The only place in Scripture where God is represented as in a hurry is when he runs to meet the Prodigal son. Many are like that younger son, in deep poverty and distress. A starving man does not want homily but hominy. The poor need less Latin and Greek, and more of love and warm-hearted goodness.

PSALM LXXI
Old Folk's Psalm

5 For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth.

"IN THE TIME OF OLD AGE"

6 By thee have I been holden up from the womb: thou art he that took me out of my mother's bowels: my praise shall be continually of thee.

7 I am as a wonder unto many; but thou art my strong refuge.

8 Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honor all the day.

9 Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

This Psalm is not a "home for the aged," but a palace for the pilgrim, where he may rest before the last mile of life's journey is undertaken. They who serve God in youth will find in age God serving them. Childhood is sweet, youth is beautiful, manhood is magnificent—but a hoary head is a crown of glory. I'd like to fight sin until after eighty—Rest is all the sweeter after a long march.

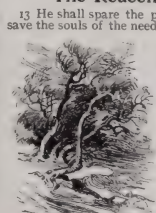
PSALM LXXII
The Redeemer's Psalm

13 He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

14 He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

16 There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

17 His name shall endure forever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.



"SHALL SHAKE LIKE LEBANON"

David wrote this Psalm for Solomon, but God wrote it for his Son, for there is but one Redeemer for the soul. All the Psalms are his, for all truth is his—for he is the truth. Solomon gave us wisdom. The Redeemer gives us life—one gave us Proverbs, the other gives us principles—Solomon sinned, the Saviour, never.

THE LUNCH QUESTION.

How a Big Chicago Firm Solved It.

So many employes "bolt the lunch" and eat what they should not, that they soon show the effect in nervousness and disappears. This has attracted the attention of managers of big stores and shops. In one Chicago firm an experiment on some of the girls resulted in a complete solution of the question.

The woman that made the experiment tells the tale as follows: "About a year ago I became alarmed at the state of my daughter's health. She was employed by a big firm here and for some reason or other had lost flesh, got a very nervous, had no appetite and could not sleep.

"Questioning her I found she ate but little lunch, for at that busy hour she was seldom served promptly and the time being short she just 'bolted' the food and rushed back. She ate very light breakfasts and I could see she suffered from lack of nourishment. I felt responsible for this and finally got her some Grape-Nuts for breakfast.

"I also got a neat leather case holding two pint flasks. One I filled with milk, the other with cold Postum Coffee which had been properly made. She also carried a package of Grape-Nuts. The Postum she drank iced with a dash of lemon. She followed the Grape-Nuts with some fruit and this made up her lunch.

"In spite of the warm weather she improved greatly in two weeks' time. She gained in flesh, her nerves were steady and she slept sweetly at night. She never felt the old weakness from hunger.

"In a short time a few other girls in the office tried it and the effect was so marked upon all that still others were persuaded. Finally a room was cleared out and the one hundred and odd girls were served daily with Grape-Nuts and hot Postum. It was a revolution, but the manager saw the good result and adopted the plan, greatly to the benefit of the health of the employees and at a saving in expense." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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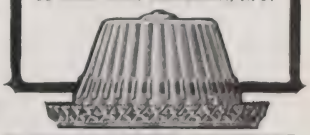

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The Redemption of Fairlee

By MRS. SUSAN M. GRIFFITH

IN years they were not old, for Miss Fanny had but just stepped over into the borderland of forty, and Miss Serepta was not yet forty-three; but, alas! their hearts were wrinkled, shriveled and gray. They had kept them so securely locked away from the world for so many, many years, that they had missed the warm sunshine of its love, the breezy, healthful currents of its thought, and the sweet springs of its sympathy; and the result was the blight of time instead of the flowers of eternity.

The sisters Fairlee really knew very little and cared less for all the splendid movements going on all around them for the amelioration of the suffering, the relief of the poor, the systematic and prayerful efforts to "help a fallen brother rise;" these things in no wise concerned them. Their business was to live becomingly in the one fine mansion house of the town, ride in their stately manner in their stately carriage, dress in silk attire, and, in other ways, keep up the dignity of the family name and do honor to their inherited wealth. And so it came to pass, that, while around them there was abounding life, untiring energy, and immortal youth, they were fast fading into what they were really considered, "The two old ladies of Warwick."

Across the road from them lived Mrs. Browning, their exact opposite. Mrs. Browning was, really, an old lady, having stepped beyond her three-score years and ten, but no one ever thought of age as connected with her. She had a genial nature, whose cordiality was habitual and whose sunshine warmed the world; a face in which smiles lingered lovingly, and a crown of glory was her silvery hair. Her brisk energy and bright intelligence, awake to every good thing going on in the world, was contagious, and there was a charm in her manner that always brought the boys and girls around her like bees. She was the instigator and leader in all their plans for useful work or innocent recreation; the very centre of their Young People's Meetings, the wisdom of their social life, the chairman of their committees. Why, they would have been utterly lost without Mrs. Browning. Warwick would hardly have been Warwick, and certainly the church would not have been the church it was without the presence and influence of this old lady with an evergreen heart. How different from the Fairlee sisters!

A boy couldn't so much as peek through the fence at the fruit trees in the Fairlee orchard, but he was immediately accused of the crime of theft, at least in intention, and ordered off with threatening gestures; a little girl dared not, the second time, pause to admire the wealth of roses and other rare flowers blooming so luxuriously in the front yard, and, in the innocency of her heart, breathe a timid wish for one upon the fragrant air; she was at once given to understand that "loiterers were always meddlers and were never encouraged at Fairlee Place." The stray little waif of a kitty that found its way to the back door of the big house, and pitifully mewed for a drop of milk or a crumb of bread from the hand of sweet charity, found nothing better than "scat," and a basin of hot water for its portion. So, though it was not one bit nice in the children, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they turned up their little noses at the sisters Fairlee, and introduced them thus: "There goes the two old maid Fairlees, Miss Fan and Miss Srepty. Ugh! they're the stingiest, meanest old things you ever seen! Nobody likes 'em. They're always and forever looking for meanness in people, when it's theirselves it's in all the whole time."

When Mrs. Browning first came to Warwick, she at once became interested in the Fairlee sisters. Of course, Mrs. Browning always made it a point of Christian duty to be interested in everybody, but these two ladies held an additional claim upon her attention; they were her neighbors, in a local sense, and her desire was to be neighborly with them; but, oh, dear me!—she found it quite impossible to break through their stately reserve and become friends. They kept their house shut up; received very little company, and made few visits. An insurmountable wall of selfishness surrounded the citadel of their hearts, the gates were locked and barred, and written on them were the cold, forbidding words: "No admittance." Poor Mrs. Browning was "cast down but not destroyed;" she called together her boys and girls of the Endeavor Society, and consulted them as to ways and means to take the stronghold.

"It is not right," she protested, "for them to shut themselves away from the world like this. It is unnatural and unchristian. We need their help, and they need our sympathy and love. 'He loves God best who loves his fellow-men,' and they need to get out among people—get in touch with them, get into the current of their religious and social life, and become one of us. They must be induced to reach out and take the world by the hand. How shall we get them to do it?"

"That is the problem for you to solve, dear Mrs. Browning," was the universal reply, "for we cannot. We have tried everything we can think of. They will not stir out of their shells for anybody, and what are you going to do with people who won't?"

"Carry them on our hearts to the Throne of Grace; pray for them," said Mrs. Browning, promptly; "with God all things are possible."

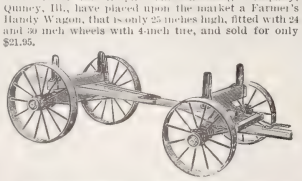
Evidently this is the course Mrs. Browning took, for God did make immortal youth possible to the "two old ladies of Warwick." It was in this wise:

There was a grand international convention at Nashville, and Mrs. Browning, always alive to her opportunities, took advantage of its being within easy access, and of the low rates, and went to the feast. At her boarding-place she came in contact with two individuals who greatly interested her—a wan-looking man, seemingly nearing the border-land of the eternal world, and his child, a delicate little boy of singular beauty, a mere baby of three years of age, with a shy, sweet, heavenly face, eyes of cloudless blue, and a cloud of golden hair. The woman and the child became friends at once, and

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 127

Farm Wagon only $21.95.

In order to introduce their Low Metal Wheels with Wide Tires, the Empire Manufacturing Company, Quincy, Ill., have placed upon the market a Farmer's Handy Wagon, that is only 25 inches high, fitted with 24 and 30 inch wheels with 4-inch tire, and sold for only $21.95.



This wagon is made of the best material throughout, and really costs but a little more than a set of new wheels and fully guaranteed for one year. Catalogue giving a full description will be mailed upon application by the Empire Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Ill., who also will furnish metal wheels at low prices made any size and width of tire to fit any axle.

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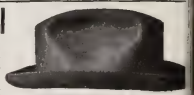

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The Redemption of Fairlee

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

through the child it was easy to reach the man's heart.

"You are missing a foretaste of heaven in not attending the meetings in the Auditorium," she said pleasantly. "Come and go; it will do you good."

"There is nothing, now, that will do me good," said the man, despondently. "I am nearing the end of life very fast."

"Oh, no; you mistake," said Mrs. Browning. "You are only entering into life if you are a friend of Christ, as I trust you are."

"I am not," said the man sadly, "I have never been. I have lived alone for self all my life, and as I have sown, so must I reap. If the sins of the fathers did not descend to their children, if my little one could find a home in some benevolent heart, I believe I could die satisfied."

Then, coming close to Mrs. Browning's side, he said earnestly, "I heard you say that you are from Warwick?"

Mrs. Browning nodded, and lifted the baby to her lap.

"Do you know two ladies by the name of Fairlee?"

Mrs. Browning knew them by sight very well.

"I am their brother," said the dying man. "We have not been very friendly for many years; there was a question of property that divided us; but I believe my sisters love me still, and I have felt of late that I should like to leave my boy to them. Mrs. Browning, you are a good woman; I feel that I can trust you. Will you take little Carrol to them? I shall, probably, never have so good an opportunity. The parting must come very soon, anyway; I am growing weaker steadily; I will write them a farewell letter, and send them this ring, so they will know of a surety that the child is their brother Will's. Will you undertake the charge, Mrs Browning?"

"I shall be glad to; I believe the Lord's hand is in it. And, I will promise further, that if your sisters should refuse to receive the boy, I will open my own home to him. And now, let me entreat you to open your heart to the Christ."

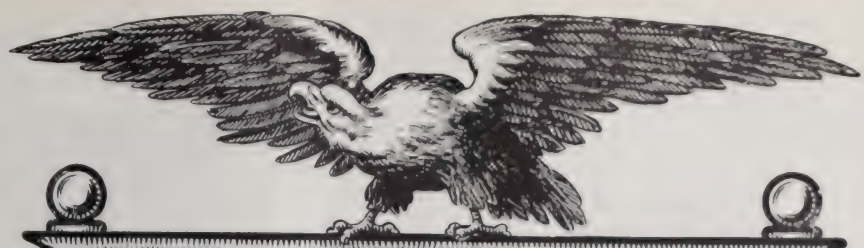
Whether he did or not remains hidden, for suddenly, at midnight, he received his call, and passed away with no friend near.

Mrs. Browning telegraphed at once for the Fairlee sisters, though this had not been a part of her commission, and had the real pleasure of seeing the fountain of their hearts broken up at last. They took the body of the brother whom they had never ceased to love, back to Warwick, and laid him in the family vault, and they opened their home and their hearts to the beautiful child.

* * *

You would hardly have known Fairlee Place in six months' time. The wide halls resounded with childish laughter, playthings were strewn about everywhere—a little express wagon in the front yard, a ball and box of scattered blocks on the porch steps, picture-books lying open on the parlor floor—just think of it, that sacred parlor!—and a sunny-haired, sweet-voiced little boy racing up and down the livelong day. The house was no longer kept shut; Carrol wanted to let the sunshine in, and see people passing. He liked folks; the children peeking through the fence were no longer driven away, for Carrol invited them in and made much of them. Through Carrol, the two old ladies of Warwick became acquainted with their neighbors, learned the lesson of kindness and good-will, and finally launched out upon the deep seas of God's love. And then they began to grow young. Their eyes filled with light, their faces rounded out with smiles, and their manners became so charming that people flocked to make their acquaintance. And before them walked the little golden-haired child, leading them into those paths of light where hearts grow tender and put on forever the garb of youth.

And Mrs. Browning watched it all with a smiling face. "Except ye become as little children ye cannot see the kingdom of God," she said, adding softly, "Little Carrol is God's little missionary, 'a carol unto the King.' It is blessed to know that 'a little child shall lead them.'"



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WORKINGMEN'S NEW HOME

Opened by Salvation Army

THE opening of the Braveman building, corner East Broadway and Chatham Square, as a model home for working men, by the Salvation Army, was an occasion of exceptional interest in Army circles, and of exceptional interest in that community where such an institution is much needed. In the absence of Commander Booth-Tucker, who is touring the West with General Booth, Consul Booth-Tucker offered the prayer of dedication; the Consul, just returning from a 15,000-mile journey with her father, was too weary to deliver the address expected, her secretary and aide, Mrs. Johnson, explained that it had been her privilege to attend the opening of many such "Homes" in other parts of the world, and she testified that hundreds of men had been saved through their instrumentality.

Colonel Higgins explained the plan of the work, and spoke of its prospects. While at present the building is only rented, he expected that means would be providentially provided, so that the Army own it. The nominal sum of twelve cents a night is the charge for a bed in one of the dormitories, and twenty cents for a single room. They believed the building in time would pay expenses. He answered the question, "Would any be turned away, because of having no money," by telling of their Industrial Home in Thirtieth street, where men, though freely received, were required to do some work, to show their gratitude. "We do not propose to pauperize, but to help," he continued. "Five hundred men can be accommodated nightly. We provide a reading-room, a shower bath, and all the comforts of a lodging house. We hold a religious service every night in our main hall. Competent Salvation Army men will always be present to conduct the religious side of the work."

Already contributions have been received from friends of the Army—they were needed to make the venture successful. Reading matter was solicited for the men.

The National Staff brass band supplied the music. At the close of the exercises, tea, coffee and cake were served, and a pleasant informal reception was held. A number of prominent gentlemen were present, and a large representation of the intelligent officers and members of the Salvation Army. MARY B. COOKMAN.

The Christian in Public Life*

Christian Patriotism an Obligation on All Believers

CAN politics and religion be associated? The question is often answered in the negative, and truly politics so often involves association with things that are corrupt and debasing, that we do not wonder at the answer. But all the more on that account should the effort be made. Evil cannot be reformed by being let alone. It becomes all the worse for losing contact with good. American politics would never have become so vile and polluted as they are, if good men had not held aloof from them. It is a disgrace and a shame when good men have allowed the management of our affairs to drift into the hands of the worst men in the community. The spirit of Washington and the great and good men who founded the Republic, must be humiliated and indignant if they know how municipal, State and national politics are now controlled. They would not blame the bosses, nor the wire-pullers, but the Christian men who have not patriotism enough to take time and trouble to claim their rights.

We have had in the course of our history enough examples of the Christian man in high political office, to prove that there is no incongruity in the spectacle. In theory, we contend that our national policy is righteous. Why, then, may we not demand that it be controlled by a righteous man? There is nothing in the essential principles of our government that would require an office-holder to do anything inconsistent with a Christian profession. Indeed, low as is the moral tone of the press and of political society, a man would be applauded for a right and conscientious performance of his duty. Senators, such as now disgrace some of our greatest States by having been elected, might and would denounce a God-fearing President, and might thwart him in his policy; but the heart of the country loves a man and would stand by him in any struggle in which he engaged for righteousness.

*Topic of the Epworth League for February 22. II Chron. 17: 3, 4; 19: 2c, 3; 31: 20, 21. Rom. 13: 3, 4.

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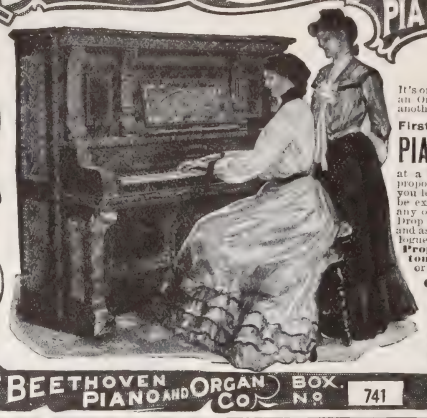
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Thousands of other letters of praise for Magic Foot Drafts are on file in our office.

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HOME MISSIONS*

An Opportunity for All to Engage in Christian Work

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The words, "Home Mission" convey the idea of men going into the slums and tenement houses, getting into conversation with the poor, persuading them to attend services in the mission buildings, and providing them there with sermons and addresses adapted to their lot. All honor to the men engaged in that work! Theirs is a beneficent life, which surely the Master will reward with richest blessing. But is that all there is in the title, Home Missions? Does it not rather imply a service in the home, an effort to win for Christ the children, the servants, and all included in the domestic relation? It will be a grievous thing if at the end, it is found that people closely connected with us have not been invited to Christ. Nor should our efforts end there. That is only the beginning. The people of our neighborhood are our charge: the people of our city are within the circle. What can be done for them? How many there are whom we meet in business, or travel with in the cars, who do not know what Christianity really is and what it might do for them! To this end of opening their eyes, we ought to aid and encourage the Home missionary in his work both by word and money.

*Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for February 22. Acts 1: 6-8.

For Young People

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—The "Family Art Gallery" and *The Hall of Fame* are highly appreciated. Where all the pictures are so good, it is hard to say which I like best. *The Hall of Fame* is just the book I like to have lying on my sitting-room table, for young people to take up and read. Many good wishes for your success in doing so nobly for Christ within your sphere of usefulness.

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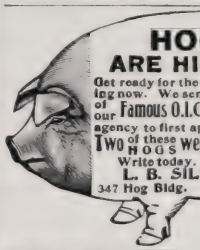

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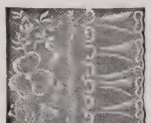
A very handy time, space and labor saver; hardwood; top white and frame finished in the golden color. 2 drawers, 2 bins holding 50 lbs. of flour or sugar each, and 2 baking or meat boards. 26x46 in. Weight, 90 lbs. One of the greatest genuine bargains ever offered. Dealers ask $4.50 to $5.50. Order No. R491. Our Price $2.95



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THE RESURRECTION

Ezekiel's Vision of the Valley of Dry Bones*

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE indwelling Spirit will be the power by whom the millennial Jews will walk in the statutes of their God, and keep his judgments. But, in Ezek. 37, we have a picture, the explanation of which immediately follows; and which therefore cannot allude to what precedes it. The quickening of the dry bones cannot signify the spiritual resurrection of Israel, which, having been literally foretold in chapter 36, needs no parable to bring it home.

"The hand of Jehovah was upon me, and he carried me out in the Spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley (3: 22, marg.); and it was full of bones, and behold there were very many in the open valley; and lo, they were very dry." What could he find in these bones to consider? They had belonged to living men. But now they told, not only of death, but of utter dissolution; they were not even whole skeletons, but separated, scattered bones; so that it would be impossible to find out which of them had belonged to the same body. "And he said unto me, son of man, can these bones live?" [lit. become alive.] This man of God had seen, by the Word of the Lord, what he could do, and what he would do, for fallen, judged, scattered Israel, as a nation; that their heart, which for hundreds of years had only brought forth sin and corruption should be re-created. If God could and would give a new heart to Israel, what could he not do for these dry bones?

"Again he said unto me, Prophesy over these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones: Behold I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live. So I prophesied as I was commanded; and as I prophesied there was a noise [or rustling], and behold an earthquake, and the bones came together, bone to his bone."

Nationally considered, we see in the present state of Israel much which answers to this coming together of bone to his bone; a scattered people is beginning to gain form and being as a nation once again. And those who study the Word of God can trace that this is in fulfilment of Scripture, however little it may seem to be so instrumentally; for we cannot see that the reading or preaching of the prophecies concerning Israel has been the direct cause of the Zionist movement under the leadership of Dr. Herzl.

Is this to be literally accomplished? Let us search the Word of God, and see if we can find anything which corresponds to such a physical resurrection as is here foretold; and whether we find anywhere else that men, risen from the dead as here described, are represented as living upon the earth in the time of the millennium. In Rev. 20, at the end of the three-and-a-half years' great tribulation, we read of "thrones" (perhaps those mentioned in Matt. 19: 28) "and judgment was given" by those who sat on them to such as, during the reign of the Antichrist, had been beheaded because they had not worshiped the beast nor his image, "and received not the mark (Rev. 13: 16) upon their forehead, and upon their hand; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." (Rev. 20: 1-6), and this is called "the first resurrection" in relation to the second resurrection to judgment after the thousand years (vers. 11-15; Dan. 12: 2).

Here then are men who have died, been beheaded, who rise again, and who live and reign with Christ, who reigns "in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem before his ancients gloriously" (Isa. 24: 23.) These probably are Jews, and may form part of the "exceeding great army" of Ezek. 37: 10. We read also in Luke 14: 14; 20: 34-36, of recompense in "the resurrection of the just" for good works done in the present age, and of a necessary worthiness to attain that age and the resurrection from the dead. It would seem from this passage that only the godly Jews who have died, the true "house of Israel," will be raised again before the millennium, not to become part of the Church of Christ, which he will take away to be for ever with him, but to inherit the land, and the position in the world during the reign of Christ, which would have been theirs in their earthly lifetime, had not they people refused the Father by denying a king (1 Sam. 8: 7), the Son by rejecting their Messiah, and the Holy Ghost by resisting him at Pentecost.

It is to his own people that he makes the promises: "Thy dead shall live; my dead bodies shall arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

In God's people are to dwell righteousness in the millennium (Isa. 45: 21); all saved (Romans 11: 26); it must be that those who reject God wilfully must have been purged out from among them. And of those who have died and are raised again brought up out of their graves to live again with the millennium, only those who shall be accounted worthy shall be of the number; and such cannot die any more, and will not marry, but live to be a blessing to the world of that day.

*From her new work entitled, "Ezekiel, Son of Man: his life and ministry."

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It has remained for a prominent business man of Cincinnati to discover that in the application of Hot Air to the skin and its resultant perspiration lies the secret of good health, vigor, freedom from disease and beauty. He proved beyond the question of a doubt that the Romans and Greeks had

No Physicians for 500 Years

but Hot Air and Vapor Baths, and that they owed their splendid health, fine physique, strength and beauty to vaporized air or "sweat baths," and so he set to work to invent a method by which the American people could secure all the marvelous benefits of these baths without expensive apparatus, bath rooms and at smallest expense.

The now famous Quaker Bath Cabinet was the result of his efforts.

Reduced to $3.50 for 30 Days.

An Enormous Business.

Invented and patented six years ago—the demand has been so great that over 300,000 Cabinets were sold during the past year, and hundreds of men and women are growing rich selling them, as the makers offer splendid inducements to hustlers.

It is an air-tight enclosure, a rubber-walled room in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and with only the head outside, enjoys at home, for 3 cents, all the marvelous, cleansing, curative and invigorating effects of the famous Turkish, Russian, Hot Air Vapor Baths, medicated or perfumed, if desired, with no possibility of taking cold afterward, or in any way weakening the system.

Clouds of Hot Air or Vapor surround the entire body, opening the millions of sweat pores, causing profuse perspiration, drawing out of the blood and system all the impure acids, salts and effete matter, which, if retained, cause sickness, debility and affliction.

Astonishing is the Immediate

improvement in your health, fe[e]l and complexion. There is not a single [l]iving who should not possess one of these Ca[b].

Famous Physicians Believe in it.

Many well-known physicians have given up their practice to sell these Cabinets, and to-day over 27,000 physicians use and recommend them, and every well-equipped hospital and sanitarium in the world use these Cabinets with the most wonderful and beneficial effects—relieving even the worst chronic cases. It beats a trip to Hot Springs.

Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the makers from users, some referring to Rheumatism and La Grippe, will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies.

Mrs. Anna Woodrum, Thurman, Iowa, afflicted for years, testifies that it has relieved her of nervous prostration, headache and indigestion, after doctors and medicines failed.

Judge J. O. Hutchins, Hayward, Cal., writes that it rescued him from the grave. Was a confirmed invalid 15 years. Thank God, the marvelous power of the Quaker relieved him of weak heart, sleeplessness, catarrh, rheumatism, and partial paralysis.

John H. Shauch, Marlboro, N. J., says physicians at Long Branch Hospital told him four years ago that he had that deadly disease, Locomotor Ataxia, and he would never be well. He read of the wonderful benefits of the Quaker, sent for it and commenced to grow better at once.

John Curtis, Box 32, Malone, N. Y., afflicted from head to foot with frightful eczema, impure blood and weak heart, was relieved after doctors had failed.

L. J. Morrison, Pellville, Ky., afflicted 30 years, unable to walk, was relieved of rheumatism and general debility.

D. P. Smith, Greenburg, Kansas, an old soldier, a mere wreck 63 years old, never a well day since 1862, was relieved of heart failure, rheumatism, etc.

Mary L. Willis, Cloverdale, Ala., writes that it saved her life. Relieved her of dropsy.

Hundreds of Ministers

write praising this Cabinet.

Rev. J. W. Henderson, Weston, La., writes that this Cabinet relieved his son 13 years old of dropsy, after the doctors had given him up to die.

Rev. Fred D. Hamilton, Buffalo, says this Quaker treatment did his wife more good in three weeks than three years doctoring and a fortune spent at Hot Springs. Relieved her of nervousness and dropsy of which she had long suffered. U. S. Senator, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Congressman John J. Lentz, John T. Brown, Editor "Christian Guide," Rev. C. M. Keith, Editor "Holiness Advocate," as well as hundreds of influential people recommend it.

Physicians are unanimous in claiming that colds, lagrippe, fevers, bright's disease, cancer; in fact, such

Marvelous Eliminative Power

has this Cabinet that no disease can gain a foothold in your body if you take these hot Thermal Baths weekly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book issued by the makers. Write for it. To relieve blood and skin diseases this Cabinet has marvelous power. Dr. Shepard, of Brooklyn, states that he has never failed to draw out the deadly poison of snake bites, hydrophobia, blood poison, etc., by this Vapor Bath, proving that it is the most wonderful blood purifier known. If people instead of filling their systems with more poisons by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and steam out these poisons, and assist Nature to act, they would have pure blood, and a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

Another Important Feature

is the astonishing benefit in diseases of women and children. It removes the inflammation and congestion which causes much of the pain to which women are slaves. Heat is the greatest known relief for these ailments, if rightly applied. Dr. Williams, one of New York's most celebrated physicians says: "The best remedy for the prevention of all troubles peculiar to the female sex is Hot Air Baths. Your Cabinet is truly a God-send to women." Thousands of children's lives have been saved, as it is invaluable for breaking up colds, fever, croup, congestions, etc.

With the Cabinet if desired, is a

Head and Complexion Steamer,

in which the face, head and neck are given the same vapor treatment as the body, producing a bright, pure, brilliant complexion, removing pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions; relieves catarrh, asthma and bronchitis.

O. C. Smith, Mt. Healthy, Ohio, says: "Since using this Cabinet my catarrh, asthma and hay fever, with which I have been afflicted since childhood, has not returned. Worth $1,000 to me. Have sold hundreds of these Cabinets. Everyone was delighted. My wife finds it excellent for her ills and our children."

Whatever Will Hasten Profuse Perspiration

everyone knows is beneficial, but other methods of resorting to stimulants and poisonous drugs are dangerous to health. Nature's own method is provided by the convenient, safe and marvelous power of this Quaker Cabinet.

You will find it to be a genuine Cabinet, with a real door, opening wide. When closed it is air-tight, handsomely made of best durable goods, rubber lined. A heavy steel frame supports it making it a strong and substantial bath-room within itself. Has the latest improvements.

A splendid stove for heating is furnished with each Cabinet, also medicine and vaporizing pan, valuable recipes and formulas for medicated baths and ailments, plain directions, and a 100-page "Guide Book to Health and Beauty." Cabinet folds flat in 1 inch space when not in use. Easily carried. Weighs 10 lbs.

After investigation you will say this Quaker Cabinet, made by the Cincinnati firm, is the only practical article of its kind. Will last for years. Seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the

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They assert positively, and their statements are backed by thousands of letters from persons of influence, that this Cabinet will relieve nervous troubles, debility, rheumatism, purify the blood and beautify the skin—(they offer $50.00 reward for case that can not be relieved). Relieves the most obstinate cases of lagrippe, sleeplessness, neuralgia, malaria, headaches, gout, sciatica, eczema, scrofula, blood and skin diseases.

It Will Relieve a Hard Cold

often with one bath, and for breaking up symptoms of lagrippe, fevers, pneumonia, congestion, etc., is invaluable—really a household necessity. Gives the most

Cleansing and Refreshing Bath Known

and even those enjoying the best of health should use it at least once or twice a week, for its great value lies in its marvelous power to draw out of the system impurities that cause disease, and it is truly proving a God-send to humanity.

How to Get One.

All the readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease or are afflicted, should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. Space prevents a detailed description, but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability.

Write the only makers, The World Mfg. Co., [illegible] World Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and ask them to send you their valuable illustrated booklet, describing this invention and these remarkable baths. The price of these Cabinets has always been $5.00, but the makers offer to the readers for 60 days the Cabinet for $3.50 complete, or their $10.00 finer and best double-walled Cabinet for $6.10. Face and Head Steaming Attachment, if desired, 65 cents extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine what that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring so much good health, strength and vigor.

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for full information; or, better still, order a Cabinet; you won't be disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and agree to refund you money after 30 days' use if not just as represented.

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The Cabinet is just as represented, and will be promptly shipped upon receipt of Money Order, Bank Draft, Certified Check or Registered Letter. Don't fail to write at once for booklet, whether you intend to buy or not, for you will receive great benefit by doing so.

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are men and women selling this grand invention. **Ira Gleason made $1,777.00 first year.** Mr. Van Tassel made over $1,500.00 the first 5 months selling these Cabinets. Mrs. Howard, $59.00 one week. Miss Nesne, $205.00 profit. Miss Flora Beard, $400.00 profit. Robert Peart sold over 1,000 Cabinets first year. Hayward Garrett took orders for 625 Cabinets in 3½ months.

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Why not put your property among the number that will be sold as a result of this "ad."?

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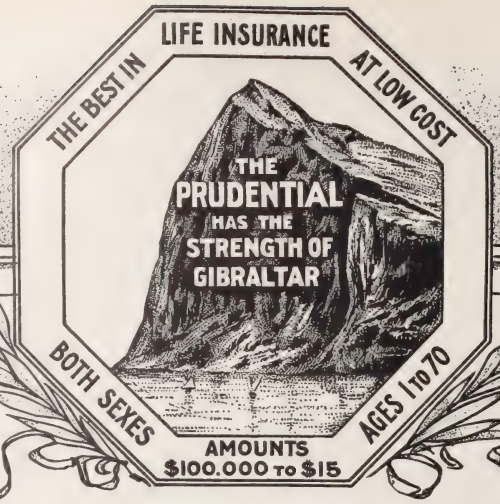

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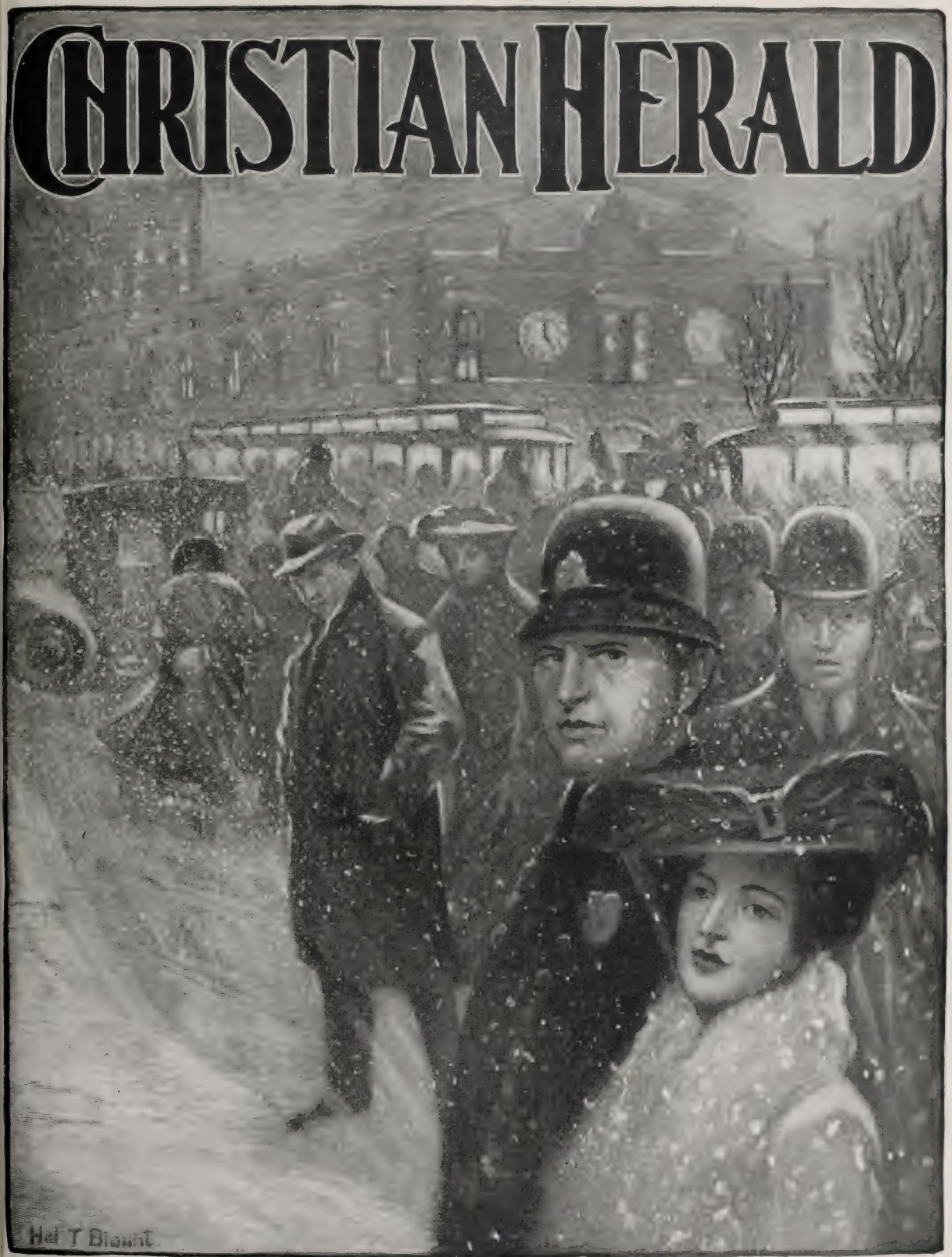
CHRISTIAN HERALD



DRAWN FROM LIFE FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY HAL BLOUNT

NEW YORK STREETS IN THE SWIRL OF A FEBRUARY SNOW-STORM

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

R. P. Decker, Crispie, Ia. How many cubic inches did the Ark of the Covenant contain? What was put in it?

As the thickness of the wood of which the ark was made is not given, nor the thickness of the gold lining, it would be impossible to calculate the exact dimensions. The exterior measure, assuming the cubit to have been nineteen inches and a twentieth, would give about 38,873 cubic inches. The statement is made in I. Kings 8:9, that nothing was kept in it besides the tables of the law, but the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says (Heb. 9:4) that there were also in it, a golden pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded.

J. T. C., Topeka, Kan. If there is such scarcity of food in Finland, not enough to keep the people from starving, what good does the money we send them do?

In Denmark, Germany, and other parts of Europe, they can buy food at reasonable rates, and thus save ocean freights and the delay which would be involved in sending food from the United States.

Constant Reader, Michigan. There seems to be a defect about the teaching of theology as it is ordinarily given. Take, as an illustration, the eternal future of three persons: a wicked man dying impenitent; a suicide crazed by trouble; and a murderer who repents after the commission of his crime, having had the advantage of time for preparation, which he did not allow his victim. According to the ordinary teaching, the only one saved would be the murderer, who is the worst of the four.

It is always unwise to pronounce positively about the fate of any person. The judgment is in God's hands, and we know that he will do right. Our duty is in every case to warn the wicked, as God instructs us to do, of the awful consequences of sin, and urge him to seek salvation through Christ, lest death come upon him in his impenitence. It is no part of our duty to declare what God will decide in any case, and still less to criticise the principles on which he proceeds. We infer from the Bible teaching that judgment is based on the condition of the soul. In the cases you cite, it is conceivable that the murderer might be so changed by conversion as to be, not by any means, the worst of the four. You must have known instances of men of good moral character, who live clean lives, and are a blessing to all about them, who were once very bad men. The victim of the murderer might be so bad as to be unfit for heaven, and by his own character and nature to exclude himself. Speculation in all such matters is useless. It is our own duty that should be our concern.

Chas. R., Junean, Wis. Do deer shed their horns every year or not? Some say they do. If they do, is it possible for such a horn to grow up in one year, as I have seen on old animals?

The authorities at the Central Park Zoo, New York, say the deer shed their horns every year. Writers on the subject state that the antlers appear on the frontal bone in the spring, and grow with marvelous rapidity, the antlers on a full grown stag being produced in ten weeks.

W. C. O., Ashton, Ill. What church is referred to in the creed by the title of the Holy Catholic Church?

The church universal. That is believers in Christ of all names and denominations who look to him as their Saviour. The word, catholic, means comprehensive. To believe in the catholic church is to believe that Christ has a body of followers in this world who are his, whom he redeemed by his blood and whom he is preparing to be with himself in glory. The Roman Catholic Church arrogates to itself the word catholic as embracing its adherents in all lands, but in the creed to which you refer, the word is used in its broader sense of all true Christians.

J. C. VanG., Avilla, Ind. What was the name of Jephthah's daughter, as mentioned in Judges 11:34?

Her name is nowhere recorded in the Bible, nor can it be found in any of the known traditions?

C. K., Sparta, Mich. How can a wrongdoer, who has sincerely repented, obtain assurance in his soul that he is forgiven and will be saved?

How does a child, who has done wrong, obtain assurance? Does he not go to his father and tell him how sorry he is for what he has done, and beg to be forgiven? What father is there who will resist such an appeal? God is represented to us as loving, compassionate, merciful, welcoming the prodigal, receiving the repentant sinner. The Bible is full of such teaching. Besides this, God draws very near to us in the person of his Son, and assures us that by him any man may come to him and find pardon and peace. It is not his pleasure, as he declares again and again, that any man should perish, but that he turn from his evil way and live. He could not do more than he has done to encourage the penitent wrongdoer to return. The wrongdoer should read these passages of the Bible, and, pleading them in prayer, ask God, for Christ's sake, to forgive him. If a man joined a conspiracy against a king, and the king issued a proclamation that all rebels laying down their arms and becoming obedient would be pardoned, there would be no question for any repentant rebel than the one whether the king would keep his word. That question could not arise about God, so the way to assurance seems plain.

Mrs. E. L. Conant, Worcester, Mass., writes: I was interested in reading the item in your paper concerning aged people. My husband's mother (Mrs. Ruhamah G. Conant) will be ninety years old, February 5. A. N. Conant came over in the *Mayflower*. Roger Conant was the first Conant to come across the ocean to the United States. In the poem, "Paul Revere's Ride," there is a line:

He said to his friend, if the British march,
By land or sea, to the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the north church tower, as a signal light,
One if by land, and two if by sea.

The "friend" was a Mr. Conant. Hon. Hezekiah Conant, who recently died, invented the sidereal clock, the ticketing machine, etc. He spent a million dollars in presenting to his native town, Dudley, Mass., the church, academy, observatory and library of two thousand volumes. He left $50,000 to keep the church in repair for all time.

E. S., Brandon, Manitoba. Is it possible for a person to be truly converted, and live an active Christian life in every respect, yet drink whisky or brandy in secret to excess, though he has taken "pledges" and "preventatives," and yet it would appear that he cannot live without drink? Would it be consistent to say that drunkenness is a disease, and yet believe the Bible true?

Such a person would be either a backslider or a hypocrite. He might be sincere in his desire to lead a Christian life, but it is incompatible with drunkenness. We believe that if drunkenness be a disease, it is a disease of the morals and the will power, just as stealing, gambling, or other forms of vice. Tonics will not quicken the conscience nor purify the heart. Experience has shown that nothing but the grace of God will thoroughly reform the drunkard. If the poor victim of this terrible vice gets that grace in his soul, and accepts Christ, and asks earnestly to be relieved from his bondage, he will be rescued. (See I. Cor. 6:10.)

F. A. H., Spencertown, N. Y. Will you please tell me, through your paper, how, and what, is the proper way to ring the church bell. That is—how should I ring the first bell? Ring two strokes and then a pause, or more, and how long the time between the pauses?

We submit this question to our readers for answer. There are many different ways of ringing the church bell, and possibly some bell-ringer or other authority on such matters, may be able to give the information desired.

W. F. McC., Ashtabula, O. In dealing with human suffering, it has been the invariable rule of this journal and its readers, to leave to others the adjustment of political and other causes that may have contributed to such suffering. We find that we have enough urgent work to do, on simple and direct lines, without involving it in the inextricable and embarrassing maze of international politics.

A PEASANT WEDDING IN BRITTANY

A wedding in Brittany is always quaint and picturesque, but the artist who produced this photograph seems to have caught a scene particularly unique, inasmuch as the bride and her attendants are in costume thoroughly typical of Finisterre, that oddest of Breton villages, while the groom and his friends have adopted fashions of the outside world; possibly he and they are not natives of the little fisher village, but visitors from more modern towns — many folk seek Finisterre as a pleasure resort in season. Finisterre ladies carry their umbrellas abroad feast days and Sundays; and, of course, would not omit this finishing touch of gala costume at a wedding.

Mrs. McL., Arlington, N. J., sends this pretty little acrostic to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Thanks to God, for this good helper,
How so well, without its aid,
Even though our hearts were willing,

Could our little gifts be made?
How the burdens have been lifted,
Russia's millions know full well,
Into weary hearts have drifted
Sunshine coming home to dwell.
Then, across the great wide ocean,
India called to us for bread,
And the good ship, heavy laden,
Ne'er came back 'till all were fed.

How the little children gather
Every year in Mont-Lawn's Home,
Rendered happy by the bounty,
And the thought of friends your own.
Love and help to Finland send,
D CHRISTIAN HERALD, sufferers' friend.

Rev. J. R. Schaffer, Westport, N.Y., writes: Alpheus Haynes, deacon of the Baptist Church at Middletown Springs, Vt., of which I was pastor, was ninety-five years old, July 29, 1902. He was converted at the age of twelve. He has a record of continuous church attendance for eighty-three years as a member, and sixty-five years as a deacon in the church militant. This, too, with residence two and one-half miles from church. His presence was an inspiration to the pastor; his experience was of the old-fashioned deep-seated type, developed from an uninterrupted consecration to God's service. He is still adding to this record, steadfast in faith, constant in love, increasing in hope of heaven.

R. W. Chapman, Hartford, Conn. What was the forbidden fruit mentioned in Gen. 2:17, of which Adam and Eve ate in the Garden of Eden?

We have no information other than that contained in the Bible. Is it important that we should know? The command was a test of obedience. The result was typical of disobedience and sin in all times. A man who commits sin, obtains a knowledge of good and evil, which marks a transition in his life. He learns by bitter experience what evil really is, and realizes how precious was the good that he has lost. He is excluded from a condition of purity, like the Garden of Eden, which he can never re-enter, even though his sin may be forgiven through Christ. Compare a good, pure girl, who has been carefully trained in a Christian home, with a dissolute, fallen girl, of the same age. The latter has a knowledge of good and evil, of which the former has no conception. The fallen girl may be saved, and it is the glory of Christianity that many such have been saved, but the purity of nature cannot be restored. The garden of innocence is closed against her by her own act, and she becomes fit for the Kingdom only by being pardoned and sanctified. That, it seems to us, is the teaching of the passage you refer to.

E. P. M. C. C., Gowanda, N. Y. What is the "bubonic plague" and how does it affect man?

It is a malignant fever, with many of the symptoms of typhus. It is believed to result from the absorption of a poison generated by decaying animal matter operating on constitutions enfeebled by lack of proper food or by eating improper food. The conditions favorable to its development are heat, moisture, and the absence of ventilation. The period of incubation is seldom more than a few hours. It attacks the glands of the neck, the armholes and groin and the mesenteric glands, producing buboes (hence its name), boils and carbuncles. Its first symptom is restlessness, followed by exhaustion; the skin becomes livid, insensibility speedily supervenes and death within twenty-four hours.

W. R. B., Bound Brook, N. Y. There is no slavery in Cuba.

S. S. H., Peyton, Colo. We believe Miss Stone is still in this country.

Reader, Grand Rapids, Mich. Write to Civil Service Bureau, Washington, D. C.

I. C. E., Garrattsville, N. Y. Pronounce all the letters except the "c," which is silent.

E. M. B., Burkett, Ind. It breaks out in boils all over the body; fever ensues, and death follows in a few hours.

John O. B., Raymond, Calif. We have no opinion in the matter, not knowing the publications in question.

Miss S. M. M., Englewood, Ill. "Kuopio" and "Vasa" are correct. The latter is frequently spelled and pronounced "Wasa."

Reader, Harrisburg, Pa. In the tables of marriages which, on the ground of kindred and affinity, are forbidden by Scripture and by law, the marriage of a man with his sister's daughter is included. It cannot be done either morally or legally, being forbidden by the laws of nature and of man, and by the revealed word of God.

E. S., Star Lime Works, Ky. My pen refuses to keep still when I read of the minister in Bay City, Mich., who tells boys "they can play cards if they do not play for money." O! brother! brother! In God's name, take it back! Go to those boys and beg them to forgive you for the wrong you have done them! It will never do to monkey with the devil's tools. Temptation is too great already for the vast majority of our young men; don't make it any greater. My oldest brother learned to handle the vile things, and we younger ones "followed suit." Our mother discouraged the practice; but still we indulged. One evening a gentleman from the city was helping us with a fine game of poker, when she expressed her disapprobation. He declared there was "no harm, if we did not play for money." Though she went to her rest many, many years ago, I never will forget the sad, pleading expression of her face, as she said: "True enough; but when one becomes proficient, the temptation will be too great, when you get among those who are playing for money." I have never touched one of the vile things since; and, God being my helper, I never will. If that eldest brother had adopted the same resolution, how much unhappiness would have been avoided.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A PALACE *FOR* HOMELESS CHILDREN

THE beautiful new Home for the Friendless, crowning Woody Crest heights, in the Bronx, and overlooking the Harlem River, might not inaptly be called the "Children's Palace," so stately and handsome a dwelling it is within and without, and so perfect in its appointments. This is not to say that there is evidence of wasteful extravagance, or of county misapplied. There is something very beautiful in the thought that the Home for the Friendless is a beautiful home; and that men and women, blessed with abundance and with many friends, have made it so. In its construction, the best materials were used, and good architectural standards followed. The furnishings are not elaborate, but they are well chosen and serve the end in view. Tiled floors, marble steps, wrought-iron balusters, porcelain bath-tubs, delightful playrooms, a thoroughly equipped gymnasium, up-to-date kindergarten and school appliances—all these have values in point of endurance, sanitation, and educational development of children that make the original investment, where means are at hand, an economy in the end, apart from any æsthetic considerations—though these in themselves have weight, for beautiful and refined surroundings are reformatory, constructive and elevating.

The rooms in the house are furnished by friends who have been interested for years in the work of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless. In nearly every case, the generous gift is a memorial to a beloved one passed away. The three playrooms—two for boys and one for girls—were fitted up by Miss Helen Miller Gould in memory of her father and mother, and she spared no pains or expense to make them all childish hearts could well desire. There are cases filled with picture and story books; there are ping-pong tables, a graphophone, hobby-horse, doll-houses, dollies of all sorts and sizes, a large music box, a wee piano, a cuckoo clock, and other luxuries—all for friendless little folks. The kindergarten is furnished by her as a memorial to her parents; and her generous gift of $20,000 towards the completion of the Home was bestowed in the same way. A brass tablet on a wall records a gift of $10,000 by Theodore B. Starr, in memory of his mother; the chapel was furnished by the Misses Stokes in memory of theirs; and so on. Every way one turns there is evidence that bereaved ones, out of love for the dead, have sought to make glad the lives of the living. The little white beds in the big dormitories have a downy look, as if small people must surely find pleasant ways thereon to the Land of Nod. On the walls of one of the playrooms, the writer observed a scroll with Bible texts on it for the day. There are daily services in the chapel, and Sunday School every Sabbath.

A VISITOR TO THE CARPENTRY CLASS

The opportunities for outdoor recreation are unusual. There is a yard around the house; a fine playground, and wide iron balconies and steps of the fire-escapes afford pleasant places for taking the sunshine and air during recess hours and after school. The big gymnasium is very bright and sunny, and here the classes in basket weaving and carpenter work are held during hours when the place is not in requisition for fun and physical culture. The total cost of the ground, buildings and equipments is about $250,000. A great difference there is between this Home and the old one, in the crowded part of the city.

Some 200 children, ages ranging from two to twelve years, constitute the maximum juvenile population. Little figures in checked aprons flitting here and there, the sound of a childish voice laughing, chattering or softly singing, contribute to the general impression of cheerfulness. Their friends take a warm personal interest in these little ones. The lady who gave the playrooms is one of those who make them frequent visits. The wee inhabitants of the place are homeless and neglected children, drawn from the poor and congested sections of the city through the medium of the Gerry Society, the City Missions, the Children's Court, and other agencies. Some parents pay a small sum towards the keep of their children who are living there, but the large proportion are charity cases, able to pay nothing and with nobody to pay for them. There is no endowment, and the work is dependent upon voluntary contributions. The President is Mrs. Francis M. Weeks; a large number of benevolent ladies constitute the official board. The Society was organized in 1854, when it was the first agency of its kind in the country. Twelve industrial schools, scattered through the city, are under its management. One of the pleasantest features about the splendid Home described is provision of work for the aged: the clothes for the children are cut out in the establishment, and then distributed among elderly sewing women, who are paid for their labor. This excellent work does not limit its beneficiaries to the young, or only to those under its immediate charge. It carries comfort and cheer to tenement homes, and helps the poor of all ages.

DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPES TO THE TILED PLAYGROUND

GOOD TIMES IN THE PLAYROOM

THE
American Pulpit
...SERMON BY...
Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.
of the Jefferson Park
Presbyterian Church, Chicago

Destroying Debt

ROMANS 13: 8:
"Owe no man anything"

ONE day a famous scholastic clergyman was talking to a noted practical preacher. "How is it," said he, "that you can collect such great audiences to hear you preach? I have one of the best private libraries in the world. I spend at least ten hours a day in my study, with my books. And yet the people prefer to hear you preach, instead of me. They want to hear your sermons, although you do not work a third as hard upon them as I do. Half of your days are spent in calling, and in wandering about the streets and in the stores." "Ah," answered the practical minister to his scholastic friend, "the difference between us is that you read books, while I study the stuff out of which books are made; you breathe the atmosphere of musty tomes; I, by close association, study the hearts of the men and women with whom I come in contact. You translate epitaphs of dead men; I analyze the troubles and temptations and sins of living men. I sit with them at the table. I go with them into their stores. Then, when I begin to discuss their trials and temptations, they naturally want to come and hear me preach."

Paul was a practical minister, and not one famed for mere intellectual attainments. His rostrum was more often the rope-maker's bench than the synagogue's pulpit. As a practical Gospel physician, he, in my text, to-day diagnoses one of the most distressing moral diseases of the human race. He saw that the men and women of his time were living beyond their means, and struggling in the quicksand of debt, just as many people are doing in the twentieth century; therefore, he gave in his Roman epistle the same advice that Horace Greeley once wrote: "Never run into debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would a pestilence or famine. If you have not more than fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar." "Owe no man anything"—that means, in John Randolph's interpretation of the philosopher's stone, "pay as you go." That means that if you have no money with which to satisfy your personal desires, then let them be unsatisfied. Allow no creditor, as a jailer, to rivet a heavy iron ball of financial obligation to your limbs. Do not buy a feathered singer, unless at the same time you have money to purchase a cage in which to let your songster abide.

The Genesis of Debt

Debt is generally the offspring of pride. The bare necessaries of life are very small. Nearly every man can make enough money to provide for these necessaries if he will only work hard, do his best, and not waste his income on useless extravagances. Henry Ward Beecher once made the declaration that a man could feed himself and wife, and a family of growing children upon $1.50 per week. For making this statement, Mr. Beecher was sharply arraigned by thousands of critics. Many newspaper editorials affirmed that the Plymouth pastor was advocating the reduction of the laborers' salaries to twenty-five cents a day. He was not attempting any such thing. What Mr. Beecher tried to prove was this: The bare necessaries of life are very small; therefore, most people can provide for their actual needs if they will only be energetic, and at the same time be frugal.

But this frugality, in many cases, pride will not permit them to practice. Pride, with the smiling, supercilious face, and bediamonded finger, usually comes to the young man's home with such insinuating words as these, "My friend, you have no right to rear your family as you are doing. You should not allow your wife to stand behind a counter, or to live in the back room of the store with her two babies, as your mother once did. This is a different age from that in which your father started out. If you do not let your children grow up in a respectable neighborhood, and go to refined and expensive private schools, then their youthful associates will be bad, and refined people will have nothing to do with them." So the young man, who was making a humble income, and was on the high road to ultimate financial success, hires a private home on the boulevard. He moves his family away from the neighborhood of his store. He hires a clerk to do the work formerly done by his wife, while he himself is visiting the wholesale departments. The income, small before, becomes less and less. The expenses of the family maintenance are doubled and quadrupled. A haunted, worried, anxious look comes over the young man's face. Instead of there being a balance in the bank, now there is a debit. Instead of the wholesale stores allowing the young man all the credit he wishes, now they begin to push him. And one day, debt, the offspring of pride, calls at the store to see how the young man is getting along. But instead of debt now coming with the obsequiousness of a visitor, he strides into that young man's store and home with the mien and the heavy step of a tyrant and a master.

Then I see Debt call out to a veiled figure who is standing in the doorway. He says, "Come in, mother; come in. You need not be afraid; come in." Then the female figure throws back the veil from off her head and I see that she is the old hag, Pride, with a painted, withered, sneering, scornful face. Then Debt takes mother Pride through the aisles of the store, and through the rooms of the young man's home, as he says, "Mother, these goods—they will soon all be mine. These pictures upon the walls, and those carpets upon the floor, those dishes in the closets—they shall soon all be mine. And I will make the young man drop his life insurance policy when he dies. I will literally strip his widow of everything. Aha, that young man did not realize what a keen, shrewd, far-seeing, satanic planner I could be, when I told him to increase his outgo over his financial income. I am well worthy to be called thy child, mother; I carry misery and woe wherever I go." Such is nearly always the outcome of every man's life, when pride and debt go hand in hand, and are allowed to sit down by the domestic fireside.

Wealthy Victims

This tyranny of debt, which is the offspring of false pride, makes its conquests over those who have large incomes, as well as those with small. Only the other day, there was buried in one of Chicago's cemeteries, a man who for ten years had a salary of over $9,000 per year. Yet that man was always in debt. While he had an income of $2,500, he was trying to live on the scale of those who had a $5,000 income. When he was appointed a general superintendent of a large corporation, at $650 per month salary, he immediately moved his family into a new neighborhood, and tried to associate with Chicago's millionaires. That man, when he died, did not own the home he lived in: he did not even own the bed on which he died. Every particle of real estate held in his name was plastered over with mortgages. Last fall, he even allowed his life insurance policy to lapse, because he could not afford to pay the few hundred dollars necessary to keep it up, though he had a salary of $9,000 per year. So we find to-day, that many a man who lives in a fine mansion is in the merciless clutch of debt. The financial curse of this age is that multitudes of people, on account of false pride and pernicious extravagance, are eking out a miserable existence. These people may move in the best society, so-called, yet, they are far poorer than the humble clerk with a paltry salary of ten dollars a week, who saves at least one-tenth of his income.

Debt is not only the offspring of Pride, but is often the parent of a large family of criminal children. The study of genealogical tables is among the most interesting of studies. Certain families nearly always have good children; you can trace them down from generation to generation. Other families nearly always have bad children; there is apparently something in their blood that is diseased and contaminated. As the waters, falling down the cascades near Duluth, show the discolorations contracted in passing through forests of cedar and tamarack miles away, so the blood of some children is tainted with criminal tendencies, inherited even before they are born. They are born with a propensity for lying, for stealing, for inebriety, which they are seldom able to eradicate. But though those children may not be able to overcome their evil tendencies in their own strength, they can overcome them by the help of a supernatural power, which is offered to all who are tempted.

Insidious Temptation

Wilful debt is that kind of debt into which many allow themselves to run, through useless and sinful extravagances. While the young man is being financially ground to pieces by the upper and nether millstones of this kind of debt, what is often the most natural thing for him to do? Ask that young collector who is taking some of his employer's money to win, as he foolishly thinks, a fortune at the gambler's wheel. He is not at heart a bad young man. He intends to pay that money back. He expects to use it only for a little while and then return it with interest, after he has escaped from the clutches of merciless debt. Ask that young embezzler, who has just felt the heavy hand of the law placed upon his shoulder. Did he ever expect that the late suppers, the theatre tickets, and the attendance at the races would yet end in a prison cell? No! No! He was led as a lamb to the slaughter by the evil worryings of debt—accumulating debt. Ask that wild-cat speculator in Wall Street. Did he ever think for one moment that he would lose the estate confided to him in trustee form, when he began to run into debt? No! No! These men are being destroyed by debt in the same way that the learned Lord Bacon was led to accept bribes. They are being lured to destruction as Benedict Arnold was lured when his debts drove him to embark in the plot to destroy West Point. The blood hounds of debt had barked at his heels ever since his Philadelphia extravagances, and his debts not only made him a traitor against his creditors, but at the last they made him a traitor against his country.

Progenitor of Mendacity

Crookedness, gambling, wild-cat speculation, and betrayal of one's best friends, are often found among the malformed offspring of a hideous parent debt. But without doubt, the greater number of the children of this infamous progenitor, are those with the fatal marks of perjury stamped, Cain-like, upon their brow. "Lying always rides upon Debt's back," once wrote Benjamin Franklin. "The second vice is lying; the first is running into debt." When a man needlessly and wilfully runs into debt, he opens the sluice-gates of falsehood. He professes his willingness to clasp hands with deception and deceit. The debtor says to his creditor: "I have no money this morning, but I will pay you next week." His words are false; he has no intention of paying next week. The debtor says: "I am now trying to sell some land. The deal is almost closed. Then I will send you a check." The debtor knows he is a falsifier; he has no land to sell.

One of the dearest friends I ever had, by this curse of running into debt, became a moral degenerate. He went to another friend and borrowed six hundred dollars, and gave as security some cattle which he professed to own at that time in Kansas. In fact, he did not own a horn or a hoof in all the world. So the perjury habit, which is often the offspring of debt, will creep into a man's heart as a worm tunnels its way into the heart of a great tree, and leaves there nothing but death and corruption and filth. "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Beware, oh man, how you nourish this destroying child of perjury, which is often the offspring of accursed debt.

Wilful debt is the fiend who cares not how many helpless and innocent victims he may destroy in his own annihilation. The pirates of old, used to raise the black flags and prey upon the ancient shipping. The robbers of Scotland used to place false lights upon the shores, so that the ships would be decoyed upon the rocks, and the wreckers could collect the broken cargoes. The man who wilfully runs into debt, is

A Human Vampire

who is greedily sucking the life's blood out of his butcher and baker, his tailor and landlord, his friend and his enemy alike. He cares not how he gets money as long as he gets it. He cares not who has to suffer as long as his present desires are satisfied. What is the natural and inevitable result? There have been thousands of small retail merchants driven into bankruptcy, because their customers, supposed to be honorable men, would not pay their bills. There have been hundreds and thousands of poor widows, and orphan and aged, and helpless depositors of small sums in the banks, who have lost all, merely because the cashier have become defaulters, and cared not whom they dragged down with them in their own moral and spiritual destruction. It is a contemptible act for a man to steal from a millionaire. It is infinitely meaner for a woman to steal from her poor dressmaker, her cook or her washerwoman; or for a man to rob his groceryman of iceman, or his coachman, or the gardener, who sells to him his flowers. It is meaner, because those who are robbed under such circumstances, must, perhaps, lose their all, and be driven to starve and die.

But if it is fiend-like for the wilful debtor to steal from his butcher and baker, how much more criminal is it for him to destroy the spiritual and moral life of his own children? There is many a man who is rearing his children after the exalted style of a millionaire's children who, when he dies, will leave to them not one cent. In other words, he is instilling into the hearts of his boys and girls unnatural desires, and then when he is gone those boys and girls, in order to gratify those desires may be led to plunge into a life of dissoluteness and crime. To illustrate: I would introduce to you a young man who was once a companion of my youth. He was the son of the president of a large life insurance company in the East. He came to my home sometime ago

"Why Joe," I said to him, "I have not seen you for years. Where did you come from?" "From poverty and want, and drunkenness and from nowhere," he answered, gloomily. "I have come to you for help. Will you help me?" What was the cause of that young man's downfall? The extravagant life his father led and the life he allowed his children to lead. While that boy was growing up, he could have anything he wanted that money could buy. His father sent him on pleasure trips across the sea, and willingly paid all his bills. Then, when his father died, Joe and his sisters were helplessly stranded. They had the tastes and desires of millionaires. They had the empty pockets of paupers. Preparations for such tragedies are being enacted to-day by selfish men all round the world. As long as these wickedly foolish fathers can satisfy their present wants, they care not what may become of their children after they are gone. Every wise father should teach his children that the red-breasted oriole of gold has wings swifter than the winds. When it is gone, it is very hard to overtake, and to bring back. He should train each child to be able to earn a livelihood, independent of any money he may bequeath to that child.

Wilful debt is often a well-dressed villain who pretends to be an honest man. In olden times, if a man could not pay his debts, he was looked upon in the same sense as a thief, and sent to jail. Under the old Roman law, after spending a certain time in jail, if he was still unable to pay his creditors, he was sold into slavery, and had to pass his life as a serf. Someone might say that such a condition is very hard and unjust, and so it is. But, in many cases, when a man will deliberately enter a store and run up a heavy bill, which he has no intention of paying, he is just as much a robber as the sneak thief who rushes into the bakery and steals a loaf of bread, and he should have little mercy shown to him. The debtor not only steals the groceryman's goods, but he steals his time and his service.

Many a man who for years has deliberately run up all the debts he can, is to-day walking around our streets, claiming that in the sight of the law he is honest. After deliberately swindling all the men he could, he puts the little money he had left in his wife's name. Then he enters the bankruptcy court and asks the judge to free him from all these financial obligations. Now, I care not what the bankruptcy court may say in such cases, no honest man, in the sight of God or man, can ever be morally freed from a financial debt until that debt is paid. It is a man's business to pay what he owes, no matter how the bill was contracted. One of the first signs of Zaccheus' real conversion was when he turned to the Saviour and said: "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore to him four-fold." In other words, he said: "If I have cheated any man out of his just dues, I am ready not only to restore to him the full amount of money taken, but I will restore to him double and treble and quadruple that which I have taken." And no man, in the sight of God, can be a Christian until he first signifies his intention to repay to the utmost of his ability, all the money borrowed by him, and to cancel his full obligations to every one of his financial creditors. You cannot love God and at the same time signify a willingness to cheat your fellow-men.

It is told of Daniel Webster, that James T. Field, the famous publisher, when a young clerk, was sent to collect a bill from the great constitutional lawyer. Mr. Webster turned to him and said, "Young man, I have no money. I never can pay my debts. What is the good of your coming around and bothering me? See, here is my money-drawer; there is nothing in it." With that, Mr. Webster opened the drawer, and lo, revealed within was a big roll of bank notes. Mr Webster's face lighted up with a look of great surprise. "Well, well," he said. "There is some money. I wonder where it came from. Young man, help yourself." With that, Mr. Webster turned his back upon young Field, and buried his face in a law book. Mr. Field helped himself. Signed a receipt and left the room, and Mr. Webster did not look up for one moment to see what he was doing. Daniel Webster may have been a great statesman, but he was not a business man. He had no more right to ignore his creditors like that, than he had to sell his vote in the United States Senate. And before God and man, we have no right to run up a lot of bills which we have no intention of cancelling. "Owe no man anything," wrote the greatest preacher who ever lived. That means, pay your butcher and baker bills and rent just as faithfully as you ought to pay for your church pew or your dues into the missionary societies.

In closing, I would like to ask my readers a pertinent question. Is not the chief reason why you are unwilling to publicly profess Christ because you have not been living right with your fellowmen, and trying to pay your honest debts? Dr. Wilbur Chapman, I think it was, once told this incident in a great evangelistic meeting. For some weeks, there was among the audience to whom he had been preaching a man who would not confess Christ. Dr. Chapman could not understand why. But one night, this man came to his hotel room, and said: "Doctor, is there help for me? I am a defaulter. I stole so many thousand dollars from my employers many years ago. They have never found it out. What shall I do?" Dr. Chapman told the man to go back to his old employers and to confess, and fully confess, what he had done. Then Dr. Chapman told that man to give up all his property to liquidate part of the debt, and to pledge himself to pay back the balance as soon as he could. The man did as he advised. In trying to undo the past wrong, he removed the obstacle which had kept him from realizing that Christ was ready to forgive him. My friends, is the awful realization that you have been financially unjust to your fellowmen keeping you away from the love of Christ? Will you not try to undo that wrong? Will you not follow the command of Paul, who tells us to "owe no man anything," the same Paul who tells us to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus?"

It may only take a small speck of dust in the eye to blind the sight and shut out the light of the noon-tide sun. It may only take one bill which we refuse to pay to our neighbor, to shut out all the glories of heaven. Paul does not ask of us an impossibility. But he does demand that we, one and all, should not only love God with all our souls, but also love our fellow-men enough to be financially just to them as well as merciful.

IN THE LAND OF THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE

REV. MR. SOBEY AND WIFE

FROM Limon, chief port of entry on the Atlantic seaboard of Costa Rica, a letter just received at this office announces the arrival of Rev. Mr. J. H. Sobey and wife, returning to their work after a visit to the United States. Mr. Sobey writes: "I find my CHRISTIAN HERALD here awaiting me like a kind friend from the States, to remind us that we are not forgotten there. The five hundred copies Dr. Klopsch so generously sent us free are eagerly being sought after, but I must take two hundred and fifty with me to Colombia next week. The paper is always an interesting, edifying and most welcome visitor; and it aids me in my work."

Mr. Sobey's is a most interesting work. He is Costa Rica's pioneer Protestant missionary. "When I first went there," he says, "as the representative of the Baptist Missionary Society of Jamaica, I believe that I did not find twelve Protestants. Now there are 8,000. The little church I planted at Port Limon was the first organized Christian work of the Protestant faith in the whole republic. There was a little Protestant church in the interior, but it had no minister. I will always remember the first services I held under a bread-fruit tree. We sang some of Moody and Sankey's hymns and the people gathered around. There, under the bread-fruit tree, was the beginning of the Protestant church in Limon. There were thousands of English-speaking people in Costa Rica; they came from England and the States, many refugees seeking escape from consequences of their own wrong-doing being among the number. About a year after that meeting we built our little church; since then, we have built eight mission churches. The Word of God was almost unknown in the homes when we first went there; but soon after I was able to get a colporteur through the English Bible Society to aid me in distributing Bibles and Testaments; now, the agents of that organization and of the American Bible Society are at work throughout Central America. There are some three or four million Roman Catholics in that country, and about two million pagans—Indians and others, who have no knowledge of Christianity.

"Limon, 'the place where the bananas come from,' and coffee and cocoa, has greatly changed since I saw it first. It is now a thriving, progressive town, with modern improvements. The interior has changed also. Costa Rica is the centre of a great banana industry; thousands of people from the West Indies are employed on banana plantations. We longed to do a great work among them, but lacked means.

"The majority of the members of the Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society are black people; the average wage of the Jamaica laborer is twenty-five cents a day. They support their own institutions, and have hitherto been responsible for the support of their missionaries outside of their own island, but in consequence of the failure of the sugar industry, it has been difficult for the Society to do any more aggressive work. Three years ago, a gentleman approaching me at Limon, proposed that, as God had greatly blessed me in pioneer work, I should undertake it again; and I was enabled to carry the Gospel to the banana plantations, as my heart was set to do, he promising to stand by me. Since then, I have been supported by two Methodists and a Presbyterian: and my work is evangelical, and not denominational, though I am still the recognized agent of the Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society; I journey about preaching and teaching the Word of God as the Spirit leads me. Often the place of worship is a camp on a banana plantation, where I have stumbled upon the men when some are washing their clothes, others smoking, some playing cards. I have a young volunteer assistant in Mr. Reinhardt: he is ready to go long journeys afoot through the bush to carry the Gospel to his fellows: funds are needed to enable him and others to give themselves to this work, for there are many in Costa Rica who must feel that no man careth for their souls."

BEER GIRL

AMONG COFFEE BLOOMS SORTING COFFEE A NATIVE'S HUT

MISSIONARIES IN MOROCCO SAFE

MR. AND MRS. CURRALL

THE CHILDREN OF MISSIONARIES CURRALL AND WEISS

MISSIONARY FRED WEISS

IT will be welcome news to all who are interested in Gospel work in foreign lands, to know that the imperiled missionaries in Morocco are safe. All the missionaries of the North African Mission at Fez and Mequinez, have arrived at Tangier, where they are with the independent missionaries who had preceded them there, protected by the foreign war-ships. There was a perilous time in Fez before the missionary exodus. European women were insulted by natives. There has been much inter-tribal fighting lately, the Sultan's troops were victorious, and Bu Hamara, the Pretender, is reported to have been captured.

In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Missionary Fred Weiss, from Tangier, Jan. 3 (sent before the defeat of the Pretender), the writer says:

"We hear all sorts of rumors from the interior. One was that the Sultan had been killed, and that Fez was in the hands of the rebels and all foreigners had been killed; but the actual state of things is known to few.

"The missionaries are all safe inside the city walls and there has been no loss of life among the foreigners, but only among the rebels and the Sultan's soldiers, in all about four hundred being killed. Mr. Harris, a special friend of the Sultan, and the correspondent of the London *Times*, had been warned to leave Fez by a certain day or his life would be taken. Upon hearing this, Mr. Harris went to the Sultan and told him what he had heard. Mr. Harris, who is in Tangier now, said that when he told the Sultan, the Sultan laughed and hoped Mr. Harris had 'given the man a half dollar for his trouble.' But Mr. Harris took it seriously, and left the Sultan's palace and came to Tangier. He rode from Fez to Tangier in four days, and it usually takes travelers ten for this journey. The last news from Fez is that the missionaries are in the Sultan's palace, being cared for by him.

"There is a political side, as some think, to this disturbance. English subjects here think that the French are behind the trouble. The present Sultan has had English advisers, and the French are trying to dethrone the Sultan and elevate a ruler who will favor the French. The city of Ouezan is a 'holy city' and no white man is allowed to enter it. From this city the Sultans are chosen. The governor of Ouezan is a French-protected subject. From a native, we learn that in this 'holy city' there is a white horse being carefully groomed and fed. He is decked with jewels and incense is burned around him. It is said, that as soon as the present Sultan has been got rid of, the coming ruler will ride forth on this white horse, and will take the throne, and that he will favor the French, and the English will lose their hold.

"Several countries have already sent gunboats to this port and others are arriving daily. They are anchored in the bay of Tangier. The foreign legations are all in Tangier. At the capital, Fez, the Sultan remains most of the time, but his court moves at times to Rabat, Morocco City, or Mequinez. FRED WEISS."

The "Bucket-and-Basket" Brigade

MRS. S. E. TEWKSBURY

WAY down South, on the banks of the Chattahoochee River, is situated what is perhaps one of the most unique missions of our time, and the writer, to whose attention it was recently brought, feels that others of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might be interested to learn a little of the history of this most unusual work.

Columbus, Ga., is the Lowell of the South. Like its sister New England town, it is a large factory centre, but in many ways the operators do not have the advantages of the northern town. In the factory districts are hundreds of children who, of necessity, are compelled to help earn the living for the family. The only way in which they can do this is by carrying lunches or dinners to the workers in the factories, for which they receive as compensation fifty cents per month, one child sometimes carrying as many as twelve lunches a day. This gave it the name of The "Bucket-and-Basket" Brigade. This work naturally prevents the children from attending the public schools, consequently they form a wild, untaught, and ignorant class.

The crying need for someone to help these children led Mrs. S. E. Tewksbury, shortly after the death of her little daughter in the Fall of 1897, to devote her life to the amelioration of the condition of these poor little white lunch-carriers. For two years, from her own means, she maintained a school for them, and the marvelous way in which the Heavenly Father answered the prayers of both teacher and scholars is proof that the work is one of real merit and blessing.

When the children learned that they were to have a school, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. It mattered little to them how unpretentious was the room, or how meagre the furnishings. Indeed, the first seats were boxes, proudly carried in by the children themselves. The sessions are so arranged as not to interfere with the work of the children, and yet for five hours each day they receive instruction in the Bible, and the common English branches. The average attendance is about sixty boys and girls, ranging from six to fourteen years. Every Thursday evening a prayer meeting is held. The children call this their meeting, and it is quite a common occurrence for a little tot to say, "Please, tan we have some sentence prayers?" when, one after another, the little ones will voice the petition uppermost in their hearts. The Sunday School is attended by some eighty children, and the leader is assisted by earnest young Christian workers.

The leader and founder of this unpretentious mission is a woman of strong faith, and it is quite natural that association with her at such an impressionable age should bring out to the fullest extent the faith and trust of the children. Some time ago, when winter was coming on, it became necessary for the mission to move to another building. There was apparently no place for them to go; but teachers and scholars prayed that a door might be opened, and soon a building along the banks of the river was offered to them. There was no heater, no coal, and no money to buy either; but they moved in, trusting God to furnish the wherewithal. On the first morning they found there a brand new heater, and fuel sufficient for a day or two. When that was gone, they prayed for more. All winter long the fuel came in small quantities, sometimes only enough for a day. Most of the time neither teacher nor pupils knew the donors.

Some of these children are orphans, and many have invalid parents. I wish I could draw you a picture of them, as they are gathered in from the streets, knowing nothing of God, but so bright and anxious to learn—little diamonds in the rough! Through these children the parents are reached. In many a home the prayer learned at the mission and lisped by childish lips is the first that has been heard. "A little child shall lead them."

God has used many of these little children to lead parents to Christ. It is not an uncommon sight for mothers to come to the mission, and ask for prayer that God would help them to do right, and to brighten their lowly lives.

The mission needs and asks the help and the prayers of earnest Christians. Further information will be gladly given to any who may be interested to know more of this mission, by Mrs. S. E. Tewksbury, 11 W. 17th St. Columbus, Ga.

L. C. MYERS

THE BRIGADE IN FRONT OF THE LITTLE MISSION HOUSE

The Whole Nation Helping Finland

Another Remittance of $10,000 Cabled to Helsingfors for Relief, by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and $5,000 to Sweden

IN A FINNISH FISHING VILLAGE — A LAPLAND FAMILY AT HOME — A FINLAND FARM HOMESTEAD

AMERICA'S great heart has been melted by the story of the widespread famine and suffering in the Northland, and contributions for the relief of the starving Finlanders continue to pour in from many States. A third remittance of **$10,000** was cabled last week by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund to the Finnish Relief Committee at Helsingfors for immediate use in the work, making $25,000 cabled to Finland thus far. On the same day **$5,000** was cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the Swedish Relief Committee in Stockholm, to be used in the northern districts.

In a letter from the Rev. J. D. Kilburn, of the American Church, St. Petersburg, to Dr. Klopsch (written from Kajaira, Finland), the writer says:

Pastor Wayrynen (of Kajaira) showed me your letter of 3d ulto. I am glad that you think of helping these poor, suffering, hardworking people. . . . Pastor Wayrynen has done much for the poor people, both in the last famine and also in this. Things are so hard now that to me they seem to be almost hopeless.

Kajaira is the centre from which nearly all help goes to the greater part of this whole district. The district extends over 12,000 square kilometres, and contains over 39,000 inhabitants —hardworking, sober and remarkably honest. Cases have been known of men being sent with food to others, and dying of hunger as they were taking it to them. In the parish of Kajaira, with over 4,000 inhabitants, there are only two policemen. In the whole district, with its 39,000 population, there is only one place where strong drink is sold.

Those who are suffering most are the small farmers. They are face to face with ruin and death. Most of them have already had to kill a great part of their cattle.

During his tour of the famine field, Dr. Kilburn made copious notes of his personal observations. Some of these notes he has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He writes:

Wherever possible, work is being found for those who are able to work, cutting wood, making roads, draining marshes, etc.

K. H. cultivates a small farm. His wife has died and left him with five young children. Last year he only obtained ten hectolitres of potatoes and three hectolitres of rye, and no corn. He and his children must starve unless helped.

Many widows are left with three and four or even more children, utterly unable to find work of any kind. They and their children must die if not helped.

The state of the children is particularly sad. Many have nothing more than a single garment. Some walk long distances to school, in the cold, with insufficient clothing. Most of them have had hardly anything to eat before leaving home, and will get little or nothing after returning. An effort is made in some parishes to raise means to give these children a piece of black bread daily.

In Inonussalmi, eighty miles north of Kajaira, the hay, oats and rye failed. Many people have hardly anything. The potatoes that were gathered were little larger than berries. Many sought to make bread from the rye, but it is scarcely like bread, being quite green. It hardly holds together, and is so bitter that one cannot well swallow it. Yet it is all many have to live on. There are places where the people have not even such bread, but have to live on tree-bark.

Those who visit the little homes, and see the sad faces of the mothers and the white faces of the almost naked children and hear their vain cries for bread, realize how great is the need.

A cable dispatch from Lulea to the Chicago *News*, gives some pitiful details of the famine in North Sweden. In the parish of Korpilombo, the entire population of two thousand, except twelve families, is famine-stricken. Similar conditions prevail in Hietianeni, Mattrengi, Pello, Pajala, Kalix, Tarendo, Ullatti, Kumpilisvarra and Vittanga—a territory of some 15,000 square miles. Children are in rags, and sickness is spreading. Families have eaten the carcasses of horses that have died of starvation. When a traveler passes through any of these places, the whole population surrounds him and begs for food. People formerly prosperous, are now glad to be able to share crumbs with the poorest. Peasants weep with gratitude at the sight of food. At Gellivare and Kirmia, the Lapps are suffering terribly. They are fast being exterminated by the famine. In Juckasjtrvi village, 300 Lapps are literally starving to death. They lie on their ovens, stoically tightening their belts, and each day getting thinner and weaker.

In a letter from Lulea to the Chicago *Tribune*, the correspondent describes, with startling realism, an 800-mile ride through the famine districts of North Sweden. He estimates that in that region alone not less than 100,000 persons are on the verge of starvation. Thousands of families, with eleven to fourteen children in each, are looking vainly to the future, with no prospect except privation and suffering. Many families live in the depths of the pine woods, many miles from the rugged roadways. Scores of starving villages can only be reached by roads that wind through forests, along frozen rivers. The famine is worst in "Norboltens lau" —the northern governmental division, which has 138,630 population. Over 1,000 carloads of relief have already been sent into this territory from the relief committee in Stockholm. The peasants have been compelled to use everything that was edible, in order to stay hunger's cravings—ground birch bark, unmatured barley, and pine branches cut up and boiled (this last for cattle). As there is no hay, thousands of horses and cattle have been killed and eaten.

There are, in all, six Swedish districts affected by the famine, with an aggregate population of 1,225,566, and the actual sufferers are estimated at 215,668, distributed through sixty villages. The Government may be compelled to turn the Swedish army into a distributing and relieving corps. The famine is mostly north of the Arctic circle, and the people have had snow and ice since early last September. Many instances are cited showing the terrible suffering. One man in Korpilombo had killed more than half his cattle and given the carcasses to the poor. An aged woman walked twenty miles over the snow to get a handful of barley scales (dust). In Vittangi, dogs have been killed and eaten. In a hut that resembled a pig-pen, was found an emaciated woman, pale and ragged, baking bread of birch bark, barley dust and leaves. At her feet, on the floor, lay a ragged, wasted child. Both were wolfish with hunger.

Long lines of sledges may be seen in the neighborhood of the few relief stations, the occupants hoping to get food for their starving ones at home. Some drive two hundred miles. Enteric fever has already broken out in some villages, owing to the famine.

The pastor of the Swedish Lutheran Gustavus Adolphus Church, New York, writes as follows concerning the famine in Sweden:

To the Editor of "The Christian Herald" —Regarding the famine in Sweden, I can state, having a letter from one of the King's Court chaplains, that **200,000** people in the north part of that country alone (including the province which is called Lapland), are in great peril of starvation. Since the years of war, 1808-1809, no one has witnessed anything like the present condition in Sweden. To this horror is added the pestilence, as a result of the unnatural food. Please hearken to the appeal of the stricken people. Wherever Swedes are to be found, they do their utmost to alleviate the condition of their suffering countrymen.

MAURITZ STOLPE.

Among the Scandinavian people of our Western States, the movement for the relief of the sufferers in Finland and Sweden is making great headway. Governor Van Zandt has appointed a State Relief Committee for Minnesota, and Mr. Peterson is organizing the work in Minneapolis. In Illinois, Michigan, and other States, Dr. C. J. Sorsen's Committee is doing excellent work.

Address all contributions for the Finnish Relief to

FINLAND FAMINE FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Contributions intended for the work in Sweden should be so designated. Every contribution, great or small, will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

FINNISH LABORERS SHIPPING TAR

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PEASANT GIRLS OF MORO, SWEDEN

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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A Suggestion to Ministers

ONE of our contemporaries, which has been wrestling with the problem of the decline of church attendance, prints a letter from a layman which, we think, deserves more prominence and attention than it has received. He says briefly, speaking from his own experience, that he believes that people who do not go to church, stay away because they are not interested in the topics handled by their pastors.

If this statement is true to any great extent, it may be a pointer to the long-sought solution of the problem. Why should not the minister make an experiment with a view of ascertaining how far the charge holds in his case. He could easily test it by mingling freely and without ministerial manner, with the people of his town. If he talked with them in an easy, companionable way, without any attempt at teaching, or preaching, but with an effort to elicit their own opinions and thoughts on general topics, as well as on religion, he would find out in what subjects they do take an interest, the kind of questions which are perplexing them, and the character of the troubles that are pressing upon them. Perhaps if a minister talked with a storekeeper, who was beginning to fear that he must sacrifice principle in order to meet the tactics of an unscrupulous competitor on the next block, he might decide to preach a sermon on righteousness in business, instead of one on the personality of Melchizedec, or of one on the symbolism of the Tabernacle. If he had a talk with a man who was struggling against the temptation of strong drink, he might prepare a sermon on some such text as, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

An experiment of this kind was made some years ago, by a city minister, who bore the common name of "Brown." He was a member of several working-men's clubs, the other members of which thought he was a mechanic, and were quite ready to discuss politics, or sociology with him. It was only when the practical character of his sermons attracted the working men of the city by hundreds to his church, that his identity was discovered, and then his popularity by no means diminished. It might not be possible for every minister to test the matter in this particular way; but he can surely find some way of getting in touch with people, and then in his study see in what way Christianity applied to our rent topics. The experiment seems to be worth making.

The Rich Young Man Again

WE have received from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in various States, a number of letters concerning the case of young Mr. Rockefeller, "the rich young man" referred to in a recent editorial in this paper. It is interesting and instructive to note the different "points of view" in these communications. One reader—Dr. Frank L. Rose, a trustee of the Garfield M. E. Church, Chicago, Ill.—takes issue with our liberal conclusions. He can discover no good quality in this "rich young man," and, though conceding his sincerity, contends that only by stripping himself of the greater part of his wealth—returning it to those from whom it originally came—can he hope to be regarded as one who is a genuine Christian. Dr. Rose believes that if he would make public restitution, and follow this by reducing the price of oil, "so as to leave a net profit of 4 per cent. on actual investment, or to literally follow the advice of our Saviour" to the other rich young man, adverse criticism of his actions would cease.

Another reader—and one no doubt equally earnest—is Mrs. M. M. Stead, of Sandoval, Ill., who represents, probably, the opinions of the larger class on this matter. This lady, writing from a generous, rather than a critical heart, pronounces it "a grand thing to have a rich young man interested in the salvation of young men . . . Few, in his position, would do as he does. Those who are blessed with riches, can do much for the advancement of the Kingdom."

It seems to us, that the true position for the fair-minded critic to assume in this matter, lies between these two. Society draws the line of distinction horizontally—the rich above, the poor beneath. Christ draws the line perpendicularly, from top to bottom; on one side the righteous, on the other the unrighteous. Wealth or poverty count for nothing in this determination; the rich man is not excluded by reason of his wealth, nor is the poor admitted because of his poverty. He looks at the heart, not at the purse—at what a man is, not at what he possesses. Accepting Mr. Rockefeller's profession as genuine, we have no just ground for condemning him. He is still a very young man. His life and career lie before him. As he grows in years and experience, and, let us hope, in grace, he may yet be a blessing to many, and a potent factor in Christian work. Carnegie is giving his millions to education, and Pearson, his to theological schools; Vanderbilt gave much to Y. M. C. A. and other uplifting work among his employees; and Miss Helen Gould has won golden opinions by her liberal gifts to many Christian and benevolent enterprises. Armour, Huntington, Drew and many others might be mentioned in the same category. Our various denominations, our individual churches, and a host of different institutions have benefited by the gifts of men who made their money in the world's way, and who selected this method of disposing of it. We have no idea what Mr. Rockefeller's intentions are, nor are we at all concerned about them. The essential point in his case is, that he has had the courage to come out openly in confessing Christ, and that he is now working for him. By and by, he may work better and more effectively; his views of Christian duties may broaden, and he may come to the conclusion—if, indeed, he has not done so already—that all wealth is simply a trusteeship, to be accounted for with rigorous exactness hereafter. We believe that his future will yet disclose just how true and how comprehensive his Christianity is, and whether he takes the right view of his riches and of his duty as to their use. Meanwhile, we repeat, no true Christian will stoop to censure him for the progress he has made in the right direction, but will rather encourage him to go forward.

The Finland Famine Fund

AMONG the many letters received last week by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, dealing with the Finland famine, was the following from Cincinnati:

To the Editor: Will you please tell me how much money Dr Klopsch is going to distribute, while he is among the famine sufferers in Finland? A. G. McC.

He will distribute no money at all. No one connected with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ever undertakes the distribution of funds entrusted to its care for use in any benevolent or missionary field. In every instance—in Cuba, Russia, China, Porto Rico, Armenia and India, as well as now in Finland—the money is invariably administered by representative local resident committees, under the supervision of a Resident General or Central Committee, which is charged with the relief of suffering.

Experience in humanitarian work in many lands, has convinced THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the reputable, intelligent, Christian residents of the country where such work is needed, and where relief moneys are to be distributed, are far better qualified to administer such a trust than any outsiders, resident in a distant country. They know the field and the people, and are familiar with their needs; consequently they are in a position to conduct the distribution of relief in a far more judicious and effective manner than could be possible for the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, located thousands of miles away from the scenes of suffering.

While in Finland, therefore, Dr. Klopsch will inspect the relief work in operation, and aid the Central Committee by every means in his power, but that Committee, and the representative Finnish business men, professional men and Lutheran pastors who compose it, is the sole channel through which the Famine Fund, contributed by our readers, will be used to rescue the starving peasants of Finland.

How Two People Choose

"The ten handsome pictures are appreciated. If I had to choose from the number, I should take 'The Horse Fair,' and 'Arabs on the March,' because I am particularly fond of horses," writes one member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family who had just received the "Family Art Gallery." A little boy who is fond of dogs, writes that he and his wee sister admire "The Two Families." "I wisht," he painfully indites, "I was there to help that weenty one get to the pan of milk." The collection of ten magnificent pictures, panels and ovals, is a free gift from the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to every subscriber.

Facts Concerning the Canteen

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

No doubt, sir, many of your readers are at a loss to kno what, or who, to believe concerning the army canteen. S many conflicting and contradictory stories have been circ lated through the daily papers, that many good men are wo dering if Congress did not make a mistake in prohibiting th sale of intoxicating beverages in post exchanges and barrack

Major L. I. Seaman, late surgeon United States Volu teers, in an article in *The North American Review*, says:

Had the canteen been called the soldiers' club, or post exchang it never would have been abolished by Congress.

The post exchange has not been abolished, but simply th sale of intoxicating drinks, which the Root-Corbin combi seem so anxious to restore.

During the passage of the Anti-Canteen bill through Co gress, dire prophecies were uttered as to the fearful increa there would be of court-martials for drunkenness; how vi resorts would spring up in the vicinity of every barracks how disease and vice would increase, etc.; but in spite these doleful prophecies, Congress passed the Anti-Cantee bill, and Feb. 3, 1901, an order was sent out from the W Department prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks in th post exchanges and barracks, but not closing said exchange Before three months passed after the closing of the cantee frightful stories began to appear in the daily press. Murd was reported at Fort Presidio, Cal., rioting at Forts Mye Sheridan, Snelling, and Wadsworth, and all this was said t be the result of closing the canteen.

The National Temperance Society of No. 3 E. Fourteent street, New York City, began an investigation to find out th facts. A committee of ministers and business men visited th forts and post exchanges and barracks, where the rioting an murder were said to have taken place. Here is what we found

Fact No. 1. That the murder at Fort Presidio, Cal., was comm ted two years and six months before the act was passed abolishi the canteen.

Fact No. 2. That the stories concerning rioting were, to use t language of one of the officers in charge, "a tissue of falsehoods."

Fact No. 3. That recruiting has not fallen off, but, on the contrar increased, and that a better class of young men were entering the arm

Then, in order to find out about court-martials, etc., reso was had to headquarters in Washington, and this is what th Society found:

First: That from 1898 to the passing of the Anti-Canteen la which went into effect Feb. 3, 1901, trials for court-martial increase 58.2, or more than doubled. This while the canteen was open.

Second: That from June 30, 1900, to June 30, 1901, there was decrease of over 600 cases of court-martials from the previous year, t Anti-Canteen law having been in effect only five months out of twelv

That from June 30, 1901, to June 30, 1902, there was a decrease 754 over the year previous, so that in one year and five months und no canteen, there was a decrease of 1,354 court martials.

These facts, Mr. Editor, are copied from the report of th Judge Advocate General U. S. A. for the years 1901 and 190 and previous years, and printed on first page of his repor Your readers can get a copy by writing to Washington, an verify them for themselves. The writer, who was Chairma of the Committee of Investigation concerning the reporte increase of crime, has come to the conclusion that somebod is doing some tall misrepresentation about our brave boys blue and the officers of the U. S. Army.

Congressman Parker, of New Jersey, introduced a b Jan. 5th, of this year, providing for the re-establishment of th Army beer saloon.

In conclusion, let me say that the National Temperanc Society has secured from Lord Roberts, of England, an Generals Miles, Daggett, Wheeler, and others, of the U. S Army, facts that cannot be gainsaid; that the evidence gath ered has been printed, in cheap form, for general distribu tion, and ought to be scattered by the million.

HERVEY WOOD, *Field Secretary*.
National Temperance Society 3 East 14th St., New Yor

Among the Workers

—AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the United Evangelic Sunday School of Lititz, Lancaster Co., Pa., the report the Secretary showed that D. L. Bowman has been prese at every session of the school during the past twenty-fo years: Harry Gingrich during fourteen years; J. B. Youn twelve years; John Gingrich, nine years; Della Gingric five years, and John Kissinger, three years.

—MRS. ALMA P. NORWOOD writes from Bucaramang Colombia, S. A., that the Home for Native Children, opene by Mr. Norwood and herself, has now twenty-five inmate The war has left many hundreds of orphans. Mrs. Norwoo writes that an American dollar will purchase three times much food in Colombia as in New York.

—AT A REVIVAL MEETING held in Wa-Keeney, Kan lately, where the services were conducted by Evangelist E. I Hermiston, over one hundred signed pledges to live th Christian life.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

India's Great Durbar

THE magnificent ceremonies with which the coronation of King Edward VII. was celebrated in India, have already been described in these columns; but our readers will be glad to see the photographs on this page which were taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and have just been received from India. They give an idea of the marvellous spectacle, which probably has no precedent in modern times. Even in the days of India's independence, there could have been no such demonstration. The small principalities of which it was composed were usually at enmity with one another,

LORD AND LADY CURZON IN DELHI

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

From photographs specially taken for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

ROYAL PROCESSION OF ELEPHANTS AT THE RECENT DURBAR IN INDIA

and no conceivable event could have drawn together so enormous an assemblage of rulers, as that which was witnessed in the ancient city of Delhi, at the Great Durbar. A writer who was present, said had seen many great pageants, says: "It surpassed anything I ever saw. The vast crowds, the buildings, everything was of the East. The spectators looked down not from stereotyped sash windows, but from bizarre balconies and Oriental arches of all descriptions. The houses were packed to the roofs, and presented an interesting sight in themselves. The long procession of gorgeously caparisoned elephants, alone made the spectacle one never to be forgotten. During all the fourteen days of splendor, 'My Lord the Elephant' was clothed in the robes of his kingship. His tusks were mounted with gold and jewels, and his back covered with the costliest embroidered silken wrappings. When we consider how unimportant to India is the fact that King Edward has succeeded his mother as the supreme ruler of the country, it seems strange that it should have been acclaimed with so much pomp and splendor. How infinitely more momentous for those teeming millions it would be, if He whose right it is to reign were acknowledged with the homage of the heart.

His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and his dominion is from generation to generation (Dan. 4:3)

A Poisoned Eye

An official in New York has been obliged to have one of his eyes removed owing to blood poisoning. It is part of his duty to handle large numbers of bills, and one day lately, while he was at his work, he rubbed his eye a great deal. He had caught cold in it and it itched, and irritated him. The next day it was terribly inflamed and he consulted his doctor about it. The physician said he must have gotten some injurious microbes from the money and put them into his eye while rubbing it. As the condition of the eye rapidly became worse and the other eye was sympathetically affected, the physician decided that in order to save the sight of the other eye, the one affected must be removed. It is not often that the physical eyesight is lost through the handling of money, but we hear of many cases in which money, put secretly in a man's hand, will make him blind to the evildoing of the man who gives the money.

A gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and perverts the words of the righteous (Deut. 16:19).

A Painter of Character

In the course of a discussion in a society of artists recently, a singular fact was mentioned about a well-known painter. It is that he paints beyond the "skin deep" beauty and expression of his sitters, and where the character has warranted it, he has brought out all of the latent beauty and portrayed almost the very soul of the person. He sometimes has made enemies of his sitters because of his conscientious efforts to portray character. There is a story of a Boston beauty, who, when she received her portrait from this artist, took it to her room, studied it for a while, recognized the fact that the artist had laid bare her true character on the canvas, and in a moment of fury, cut out the face and destroyed it. She did not want that peculiar nature of hers staring her in the face from the walls of her room all the time. Yet an unerring portrait of character is really being painted of every one, and it will at the last be exposed.

God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil (Eccles. 12:14).

An Eccentric Will

The Supreme Court of Minnesota has been called on to determine the disposition of a large estate, which was placed in doubt by the eccentricity of the will left by the deceased owner. He had a large number of relatives, to whom he bequeathed small legacies. The remainder, constituting the great bulk of his property, he left to the trustees of the county in which he lived. Later, however, he changed his mind, and made a codicil that none of the residue should go to the county, and, to make sure that it would not, he added that it must be burned by his executor. The court of first instance decided that money could not legally be destroyed, and that the residue must be divided among the first heirs. The County Commissioners appealed to the Supreme Court, saying that if the money contained in the residue fund were not destroyed, it should go to the county. The Supreme Court says: "The bequest to the county was expressly and unconditionally revoked by the codicil, though the new disposition of it may be void." It therefore confirms the decision that it shall be distributed among the relatives. It is well that the court has thwarted so heartless an intention as the testator had. He must have been an unsympathetic kind of man to wish the money destroyed, which so many people sorely need.

Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? (1 John 3:17).

BRIEF NOTES

DR. J. W. Marshall is holding services at Kenton, O. The services at Bellefontaine resulted in large accessions to all the churches and the pastors are continuing evangelistic work with increased enthusiasm.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has been holding meetings at Grand Island, Neb., in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Rev. W. W. Hunt is pastor. *The Independent*, of that city, says that the church has been crowded at every service by most attentive congregations.

An estate of 2,500 acres has been acquired by the Salvation Army in East Griqualand, South Africa, for training native officers for mission work in Cape Colony, Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

The Tenth Annual Conference of Foreign Mission Boards of the United States and Canada, was held in the Bible House, New York, Jan. 14, 15. About thirty societies and boards, representing different branches of the Congregational, Presbyterian, Reformed, Episcopal, Methodist, and Baptist bodies sent delegates.

Rev. H. G. Underwood writes: "A peculiar feature of the work in Korea is that it is self-supporting. The natives carry on this work, and the foreign missionaries have to superintend and direct these natives and train up at the same time those who are to be leaders, as many of them are to-day acting as the heads of large forces."

The Zeit, a Vienna paper, states that since April 1, 1902, twenty-two new places of evangelical worship have been opened, as follows: nine in Bohemia, five in Lower Austria, four in Styria, and one each in the provinces of Moravia, Karinthia, Carniole and the Tyrol. In sixteen places that are named, it has been decided to build churches. In Vienna a new station, the third, has been opened.

"HAVE YOU FELT THE SPIRIT'S POWER?"

✠ Paul and Apollos...

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 1
ACTS 18: 24, 19: 6

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him? LUKE 11: 13

PRISCILLA speaks: "The apostle Paul was in our home in Corinth a year and a half. It was the daily delight of my husband, Aquila, and myself to be in his company while we toiled together in tent-making as a means of support. This association gave us opportunity to hear our great fellow-worker tell what he knew about the Lord Jesus, and about the Comforter, the Holy Spirit. What enlightenment, what comfort, what peace his teachings brought to us! At last the day came when Paul said he must leave Corinth, and go elsewhere to preach the Gospel. Quite a congregation of Christians had grown up in Corinth under Paul's teaching. The capacity of the house of Crispus, our meeting place, was often tested to its limit. 'How can we part with our teacher?' was a question which Aquila and I often asked each other, and we determined that we would not part with him; and so when he took ship for Ephesus we were his fellow-passengers. We set up a home in Ephesus. Just a few days Paul tarried with us before making a necessary journey to Jerusalem, from which he was soon to return to Ephesus. Before his departure a few services were held by him in the synagogue of the Jews. This made them all the more eager for Paul's return to dwell with them. They seemed to be of an unusually teachable spirit. The occasion of Paul's going to Jerusalem was that he might discharge a duty he had taken upon himself as a thank-offering for his deliverance from the mobs which had threatened his life.

"Eagerly we watched for his return. In the meantime a most learned Jew named Apollos came to Ephesus. As a Jew he had a wonderful knowledge of the Old Testament Scriptures. We went into the synagogue to hear him and were rejoiced, as he declared to the Jews, that Jesus was their long-expected Messiah. And he called on the people to repent of their sins and be baptized, as he had heard and seen John the Baptist do. And then he stopped. Aquila and I looked in amazement at each other, that so wise a teacher should say nothing about the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which was promised to all the followers of Jesus. Apollos seemed to us like a beautiful lamp that lacked oil and light, needed to fulfil its mission. 'Dare we ask this great teacher to our home that we may tell him what Paul has taught us?' I whispered to Aquila. 'We will do it,' answered Aquila. And he came at our invitation, knowing that Paul's home was with us.

"Our tent work was laid aside, and we devoted ourselves to him. We recalled what Paul had told us of his own experience, when the great Light had shone down upon him from heaven, from which time he had been guided into all truth. We told him how Peter, and James, and John, and the other apostles had waited in the upper room at Jerusalem until they should receive the Holy Spirit, whom Jesus had promised to send them, to be their guide and helper. We told him how the Holy Spirit came as tongues of fire, enabling them to preach about Jesus in many languages, and how thousands were brought in one day to become the friends of Jesus. And we told Apollos how the Holy Spirit afterwards came upon the Gentiles, in the house of the Roman soldier, Cornelius, when Peter was preaching to them, and they, too, received the gift of tongues. And even while we were telling these things, the Spirit's power came upon Apollos, and he went out from us a wiser teacher than he had ever been before. He shortly left Ephesus, and went to Corinth. Aquila and I rejoiced that we had had the opportunity to expound to him the way of God more perfectly, for otherwise the growth of the Christian Church at Corinth might have been hindered.

"After many days our friend Paul returned to us, having made a circuit, after leaving Jerusalem, of the churches which he had established in Asia Minor. We told him of our experience with Apollos. He was greatly rejoiced. After this came wonderful days in Ephesus, for when Paul himself began to teach the people about the Holy Spirit, the same people whom Apollos had been telling about Jesus, the Holy Spirit came upon them as upon the apostles and upon Cornelius, and they, too, were able to preach in many tongues."

THE CITY OF EPHESUS

Illustration and Application

Knowing only the baptism of John. Of the four chief uses of water—for power, for irrigation, for thirst, for cleansing—power was first in nature; but in religion, the baptism of power is last, and only cleansing or repentance is commonly thought of in the first baptism. Before there was any plant-needing irrigation, before there was any animal thirst, God used water in glacier chisels to plane down the mountains and groove out the valleys; and with the ocean in the hollow of his hand he shaped the shores of the continents. When men came, water power was the first great power they learned to use in fitting the world for human abode. At last, even Niagara is harnessed, and proves a mightier force than any that man has invented in all the centuries. The street cars and industries of three cities are supplied from Niagara with the electric power. Thus water and fire prove to be but varied forms of one great power that God has given to man. What a picture we have here of the baptism of power, the second baptism, that came to Apollos and his disciples at Ephesus! He had learned from John the Baptist, or from some of his disciples, that Jesus Christ was the true Messiah, and this he eloquently proclaimed to the Jews, using all the light he had. To him baptism was a sign of cleansing only, of repentance, as were the Old Testament lavers of Tabernacle and Temple and the many washings of the Jewish ritual. There are some, even among Protestants, to whom baptism does not even mean repentance, but is only a magic use of "holy water," through which salvation is expected regardless of character. When the writer was crossing the Red Sea, a storm arose which called for the utmost efforts of the two Mohammedan boatmen, but when the hour came for ablutions and prayer, one, and then the other, dropped his oar while he dipped his dirty toes in the sea, and then threw down his coat for a prayer rug in the bottom of the boat and went through his form of prayer, all of which was as soulless as a phonograph, and as devoid of utility for either physical or spiritual cleansing.

The familiar story is pertinent of the Sunday School child who, being asked if she was ever baptized, replied, "Twice; but the first time it didn't take." When vaccination does not take, it may be because it is not needed, but there is no human soul that does not need the baptism of repentance. And here we may well repeat another familiar but pertinent story of a thoughtful child, who said to her teacher, "Mother calls me good, but I ain't good. When I don't dare to say bad things, I think them. How can I be clean inside of me?" That is just what the baptism of repentance means. It is a symbolic prayer and promise of cleansing.

Until that negative cleansing is received the soul does not commonly think much of positive duties and so does not yet feel its weakness, and so its need of power. Therefore a second baptism for service is often sought and received. Apollos, with all his learning, was glad to learn from a working woman and her husband—Priscilla is named first, doubtless because more spiritual—of the baptism which John had promised when he said, "One cometh after me, mightier than I; he shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." This baptism of "fire" means not only power and enthusiasm, but also a completer cleansing, as fire purifies more thoroughly than water. Christ's baptism was not of fire but of dovelike light.

* * *

The Holy Spirit came on them.—In the case of Apollos we see an individual rising into a "higher life," receiving a "second blessing." But in the later verses of the lesson it is the whole church at Ephesus that receives a spiritual baptism for testimony and service. It should, therefore, be said here, even though the illustration may have been used before, that every church should be a "power house," making its invisible influence felt in "forward movements" in every street of the city, in business and politics and pleasures, as well as in homes and schools. "What church is this?" the writer asked, pointing to a churchlike building of large dimensions. The answer was, "That is a power house. It was a church, but they couldn't make things go." No doubt the reason was lack of spiritual power. There ought to be power not alone in the preaching, but power also in the singing of choir and people; power in the listening, power in the living. But power will not come if it is sought only to give selfish personal joy, or to increase the pew rents. If power is desired that one or all may testify effectively of Christ by lips and life, God is more willing to give the Holy Spirit than parents to give good gifts to their children. When a distinguished evangelist ha spoken of how to bring the Holy Spirit into the huma spirit, the writer followed with a word on how to keep th power of the Holy Spirit: "You'll lose it if you don't use it.

It is passing strange that any one should oppose wit technical theological debate any sane effort to promote th much-needed increase of spiritual power in the church. Th debate is mostly about words to no profit. No sane perso claims "perfection" in conduct or in judgment, nor any pe fection inconsistent with progress—only "perfection in love in the sense required by the command—which implies powe to obey: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all th heart." This means supreme loyalty, so that when love c sin, or love of money, or love of ease, or love of fame, cor flicts with any duty to God, his will shall ever triumph in ou final decision. And, in order that love may be thus er throned above sin and selfishness, we must also obey th command, "Be filled with the Spirit." Surely we can be an do whatever God commands. "All God's biddings are er ablings." How much better praying is than debating whe the "higher life" is in view, was illustrated one day when th writer, in traveling, heard a preacher argue bitterly in de fense of "sanctification" in a Sunday morning service, wir ning no one surely by his unwinsome, unsanctified spirit and then in the afternoon heard a church that made n theological profession of sanctification sing with a yearnin that seemed to win a divine response:

Lord Jesus, I long to be pe
fectly whole;
I pray thee, forever, to dwe
in my soul;
Break down every idol, ca
out every foe;
Oh, wash me, and I shall b
whiter than snow!

Certainly, one can be fre
from the guilt of sin—"Blessed is he to whom th
Lord imputeth not iniqu
ty." One can also triump
over the power of sin—"I
shall not have dominio
over me." One can als
be delivered from the lov
of sin—"The law of th
spirit of life have made m
free from the law of sin an
death." But when one i
victor over all known sin
he will to the end need t
pray. "Cleanse thou m
from hidden faults," tha
is, from unconsciou
wrong doing or wrong fee
ing. And, however, muc
of love and of the Hol
Spirit one receives, he wi
never be at the end c
growth.

Have you felt the Spirit's
power?
Yet there's more to follow.

Indeed, Christian perfec
tion—and it is a Bible wor
and not to be discarde
because abused—is th
perfection of a young an
growing plant, which
when it breaks the sod, i
as perfect as when full
grown. Holiness is whole
ness, the whole heart given loyally to the power of our divin
King. And may we add fragments of two hymns that cam
out of the writer's own heart at times of spiritual uplift, on
at Hamilton Campground, the other at Northfield:

I stand all bewildered with wonder
And gaze on the ocean of love,
While over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.
The Cross now covers my sins,
The past is all under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

The world, I thought, belonged to me—
Goods, gold and people, land and sea;
Where'er I walked beneath God's sky,
In those old days, my word was "I."

Years passed; there flashed my pathway near
The fragment of a vision clear;
My former word no more sufficed,
And what I said was, "I and Christ."

But, O, the more I looked on Him
His glory grew, while mine grew dim;
I shrank so small, He towered so high,
All I dared say was, "Christ and I."

Years more the vision held its place
And looked me steadily in the face;
I speak now in a humbler tone,
And what I say is, "Christ alone."

A Song of Degrees.—S. V. COLE.

One of Frances Ridley Havergal's poems tells of an Æolian harp which a friend sent with a letter describing the wonderful sweetness of its tones. Miss Havergal took the harp and thrummed its seven strings, but there were no thrilling strains only common music. She then read the letter again, and found instructions which she had overlooked at first. Then she raised the window and put the harp under the sash. Now the wind swept over the strings and the room was filled with melodious strains which no fingers of man could have produced. Only when the breath of heaven blew upon the harp could its marvelous music be brought out. The human soul is such a harp. Human fingers call out much that is lovely and sweet, but it is only when its chords are swept by the breath of heaven, by the Holy Spirit, that its noblest music is called out.

WHERE DID THE ISRAELITES CROSS THE RED SEA?

THERE is no event in Biblical history which possesses a deeper interest for the human race than the miraculous passage of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel. This miracle has rightly been called "the turning-point of sacred history."

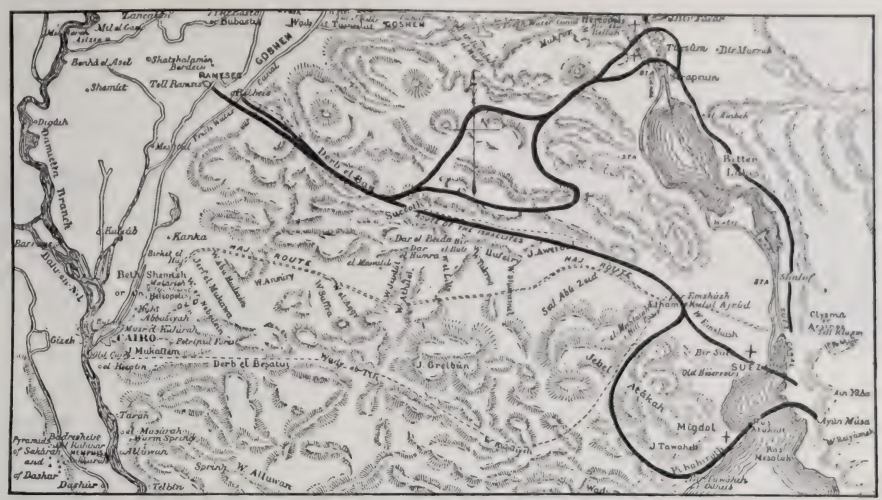
Where did it take place? Is it possible, at this distant date, to locate the true site of the passage? Is all the wisdom of the ages unequal to the task of indicating the exact locality where the host of the exiles—600,000 adults, besides children, with their flocks and herds and all the impedimenta of so great a multitude—passed over safely, while the great army of Pharaoh–Menephthah, with its thousands of chariots, its cavalrymen and footmen, were all engulfed by the wall of waters? In the Biblical account, it is clearly set forth that by the divine command the Israelites were to encamp before "Pi-hahiroth between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-Zephon" (Exod. 14: 2 and 9). But in the passage of the generations, the very names of these localities have changed, and in many cases all points of identification have vanished. Pi-hahiroth, some travelers have identified with Tuarek, the salt springs on the plain called Baideah, south of Mount Atakah, and the mountain itself the same travelers have identified with Baal-Zephon. Others claim that Migdol and Jebel Atakah are one, and that either of two other mountains (Deraj or Kulaleh) may be identical with the ancient Baal-Zephon. All conjectures on this particular line have led to practically the same point as the place of crossing, viz., a narrow pass between Mount Atakah and the sea. Sicard, Raumer, Ritter and many later writers have adopted this view.

Brugsch Bey and a few other Egyptologists have held that the scene of passage—the grandest miracle in history—was not the Red Sea at all, but a noted morass, known as the Sabaket Bardawal, bordering on Palestine. Still another class of investigators claims that the passage took place at the "Bitter Lakes," a number of shallow pools or ponds of brackish water, near the head of the Gulf of Suez. These lakes are supposed to have anciently formed a continuous water connection between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The claim that the scene of the passage was near Suez is supported by a great array of eminent names, including Niebhuhr, Heron, Laborde, Dr. Robinson, and others. The country in the immediate neighborhood is also regarded as bearing out the Bible description, even to the identifying of the tower of Migdol, in the mountain range now known as the Jebel Atakah.

These conflicting claims have been the subject of much discussion among learned authorities. A fourth class of commentators suggests that the passage may have taken place at Ras Atakah, a point six miles south of Suez, and due east of the Jebel Atakah, and the fortress of Migdol. Pococke, Bruce, Bonar, Bartlett, and other equally eminent writers on Biblical topics, also favor Ras Atakah, which is a tongue of land projecting into the sea fully a mile beyond the shore line, and beyond which the water is unusually shoal at intervals. If the Israelites chose this passage, they must have emerged near the point now known as Ayun Musa (Wells of Moses), on the further shore.

In order to ascertain the opinion of the most eminent Egyptologists and students of Bible history on the subject, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD addressed a letter of inquiry to the gentlemen whose names are given below, stating the problem, and asking which of these four routes, in their opinion, was the one chosen by the Israelites:

1. Between the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timsah, near head of Gulf of Suez;
2. Near Jebel Atakah, at a point near present site of Suez;
3. At Ras Atakah, six miles south of Suez;
4. Sabaket Bardawal, a lake or morass on northeastern border of Egypt.


GOSHEN
Succoth
Pithom
Ramses
Tell Rameses
Heliopolis
Bubastis
Migdol
Baal Zephon
Pi-hahiroth
Bitter Lakes
Lake Timsah
Suez
Ayun Musa
Jebel Atakah
Ras Atakah
Gebel Ataka
Gebel Geneffeh
Gebel Attaka
Gebel Gharib
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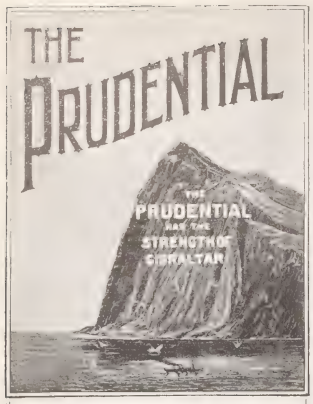

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Where *did the* Israelites Cross *the* Red Sea?

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

state those conclusions without entering into the arguments for and against my view as over against other views.

Ancient Egypt was known as the "Two Lands," or the "Two Egypts"—Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt. The entrance from the east, whether from the desert or from Canaan and beyond at the north or east, was through the land separating what is now called the Mediterranean Sea and the Gulf of Suez. Inside of this is what is spoken of in the Bible as the Land of Goshen, and what is now called the Nile Delta. That gateway to the foreign world had to be guarded carefully from invading enemies; and in order to secure this, a wall or fortification was built along its entire front, with several gates.

This great wall of Egypt is frequently mentioned in ancient history, sacred and secular. It is spoken of in the Bible by the Hebrew term "Shur," and by the Hebraized Egyptian term "Etham." Thus Shur is the border, or wall, of Lower Egypt. Through this wall were three roads, each closed by a gate. These roads were severally known as the northern, or "Philistia Road"; the central, or "Wilderness Road," and the southern, or "Red Sea Road." Traces of all three roads are to be found to-day, and all three of them find frequent mention in ancient history.

After the Israelites had gathered from all parts of Lower Egypt at Succoth, or the Place of Booths, their first thought, when they started, was to go by the northernmost or the Philistia Road, as that was the shorter and more direct route to Canaan. But by Jehovah's command they were made to turn back southerly, and move along inside the Great Wall to the Red Sea Road. This road is now the Haji route, or the pilgrim route to Mekkeh. In front of that gate there was a halt. And then there came the unexpected pursuit of the emigrants by the Egyptian army, and the consequent fright of the Israelites. This was at the point where the Great Wall came to the Red Sea or the Gulf of Suez. The Bible narrative makes that clear; and all study of the subject from outside sources confirms the truth of the sacred record.

As to the locality, it must have been not far from where is modern Suez. The Bible description and the existing facts would seem to indicate this. An illustration in modern history goes to confirm this. During his Egyptian campaign, the great Napoleon was riding on horseback in this vicinity. A strong east wind had bared a shoal across the Gulf of Suez. While Napoleon was crossing, the wind suddenly changed, and the waters returned. By rapid riding, Napoleon escaped to the shore. Referring afterwards to it, he said, "If I had been drowned, I should have been the text of a thousand sermons." H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

Letters were also received from the Rev. L. W. Batters, Professor of Hebrew, Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, Philadelphia, and the Rev. John Skinner, D.D., of the Presbyterian College, London. Neither of these gentlemen were prepared to advance any fixed opinion on the subject.

The answers received reveal the fact that the ablest scholars and Bible students of the present day, although they may have traveled over the route of the Exodus from Goshen to the eastern shores of the Arabian Gulf, and followed the line of the Israelites' march along the Sinaitic peninsula, are still far from unanimous concerning the identification of the actual point of crossing.

If the topography of the district has undergone any very material change, positive identification can only be secured by other means. Geographers tell us that an examination of the country north of Suez, shows that the sea has receded many miles, and that its ancient bed may have extended to Lake Timsah or the Bitter Lakes. To crown the confusion of the investigators, there is now no apparent possibility of identifying Baal-Zephon, Migdol or Pi-hahiroth, mentioned in the Biblical account.

All the standard authorities on the subject, and the distinguished scholars and Orientalists who have made a close personal investigation, afford little light that is valuable as leading to a solution. Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, says: "On the third day, they came to a place called Baal-Zephon, on the Red Sea."

In the haze of the centuries, the true location is obscured. The sacred narrative (Exodus 14: 2), "that they turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth (the place of the sedges, or marsh reeds) between Migdol (the group of hills or many hills) and the sea, were against Baal-Zephon (variously interpreted as "the sanctuary of Typhon," and "a watch-tower") is now more than ever difficult of interpretation, owing to the inability of investigators in this late age, to identify any one of the three.

Here is a question for our Egyptologists and excavators of the future. What a field for exploration lies untouched in that little strip of land and water between Mount Atakah and the Bitter Lakes! Who can tell whether, at some future day, the great secret of the resting-place of Pharaoh's mighty host, which passed under the waves, may not be wrested from oblivion? Or it may prove to be one of those mysteries which the Divine wisdom will preserve, and is closed till that day when "the sea gives up its dead."

THE BEATITUDES*

Christ's Conception of the Best and Happiest Men

ONE of the most remarkable features of the Sermon on the Mount is the emphasis Christ placed on character and conduct. There is nothing in the sermon to justify the reproach often brought against Christianity, that it is a religion of doctrine and theory. The imputed righteousness which is so very precious a doctrine to those professing Christians whose lives are corrupt, is not introduced in this discourse. In reading it, one is impressed rather with the lofty ideal of character, the high standard set for those who are to make up the kingdom of God. It is the glory of Christianity that the worst men, and men who have spent their forty or fifty years of sin, may come to Christ and find a welcome, even then, if they are sincere and put faith in him; but clearly that is not Christ's ideal. The righteousness he wishes to see in his people is a righteousness exceeding that of the Scribes and Pharisees.

Every one has an ideal of the happy or fortunate man. This is Christ's ideal. He gives us eight characters whom he regarded as specially blessed. They deserve careful attention, because he who knew what was in men singled them out from the great mass of men as being of extraordinary worth. It is worthy of notice, that Christ disregards utterly the characteristic which is commonly set first in order—that of wealth. We esteem that man the happiest who has a large fortune. Wealth does not enter into the estimate Christ makes in this instance. The man may have little or much; the thing that determines his condition is not what he has, but what he is.

The first man whom Christ holds up for our admiration is he who is poor in spirit. This is he who is conscious of his need, who does not plume himself on his attainments. A second, is he who mourns. The fruit of sorrow is a chastened spirit, which is kind and sympathetic. Thirdly, the meek. Not those who are arrogant and contentious. Fourth, they who hunger after righteousness. In this world of unsatisfied longings, it is something to know that there is one longing that will be satisfied. Fifth, the merciful. The sweet compassion for the erring, the kindly, forgiving disposition, is especially commended. Sixth, the pure in heart. They are sure to be pure in life. Seventh, the peacemakers. Those who are not busy stirring up strife, but trying to bring enemies into accord. Eighth, those who are persecuted, always providing that they are persecuted for righteousness' sake. These are brought near to God, and their sufferings sanctify and ennoble them. These are the eight types of character which Christ pronounces blessed.

*Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for March 1. Matt. 5: 1-12.

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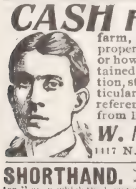

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, dear, your answers are masterpieces, and we frankly and proudly state that we believe no brighter children than ours can be found anywhere. We wish we could give every one of you a watch and a book. Your papers on the "Musical Instruments of the Bible" and the "Animals of the Bible" were so learned, that a committee of ministers and rabbis might well be puzzled to pass on the answers, which, in many cases, were good enough to have been the work of ministers and rabbis.

There is more labor and responsibility in conducting this department than any one, who has not patiently studied thousands of puzzle-letters, can readily comprehend. We make rules and instructions as plain as possible, and spare no pains in reading and grading everything received, and in rendering awards. Now, dear little friends, if any of you are not entirely willing to accept conditions and decisions cheerfully, do not enter the contests. This Department is for your entertainment and mental profit. We do not wish you to consider the winning of a prize as the one benefit to be obtained from it. Many letters not winning prizes, interest us as much as those that win, but because of that interest and of tender regard for the little writer, we cannot divert a prize from a perfect to an imperfect answer. Not one answer is overlooked; all are treated with equal fairness. Our little people seem to be enjoying the puzzles; and to hold courageously to the good old maxim: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." It is pleasing to note improvements in answers from the same child. You see, we are watching. Please observe that we say in "Rules and Prizes" the "best" answer. Many points besides correctness, such as neatness, legibility and adherence to rules determine our choices of the "best" out of the many that are good.

COMPETITION 21

What two proper names mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 21" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the two answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the picture represents. Don't quote Scripture passages, simply state the name. Read the rules given below.

Competition 22
Curious Questions

1. What splendid edifice was raised on a spot that marked an act of supreme submission and of lowly industry?
2. In what tremendous battle did the victors, though given royal permission, withhold their hands from taking any property from their enemies?
3. Can you name any Bible texts saying angels have wings?
4. In how many and what signal ways did God impress on man the observance of the Sabbath?

Write "Competition 22" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper, next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 21 and 22 you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 21" or "Competition 22," as the case may be.* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

Prizes are as follows: For the best answer to "Competition 21," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's; for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book. For the best answer to "Competition 22," **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's; for each of the twenty-five next best answers, a beautiful book.

All answers must be mailed not later than Feb. 23, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks Department,* Bible House, New York.

ANSWERS TO COMPETITIONS OF JAN. 21, 1903

Answers to Picture Puzzles in Competition 13, in our issue of Jan. 21, are: 1. Ramoth. 2. Tyre. To Curious Questions, Competition 14: 1. Only at the Feast of Tabernacles, in the Sabbatical year, or year of release, were women and children as well as the men assembled by command at the reading of the law. Women and children were permitted, but not required, to formally present themselves in the sanctuary at other festivals. Deut. 31: 10-13. 2. Rachel is the first shepherdess mentioned in Scripture. Gen. 29: 6. 3. Rebekah is the first mentioned as wearing a bridal veil. Gen. 24: 65. 4. The first use made of "current money," according to Scripture, was the purchase of a burial-place. Gen. 23: 16. Abraham bought the field and cave of Machpelah for 400 shekels of silver, and buried Sarah there. "Money," with which slaves were purchased, is mentioned in Gen. 17: 27 and Gen. 20: 16; "pieces of silver," both thought to be metal in the form of rings, with value determined by weight: but in the purchase of Machpelah, the first recorded act of commerce, is the first clear indication of the employment of a currency, that is, of a generally accepted and established medium of exchange.

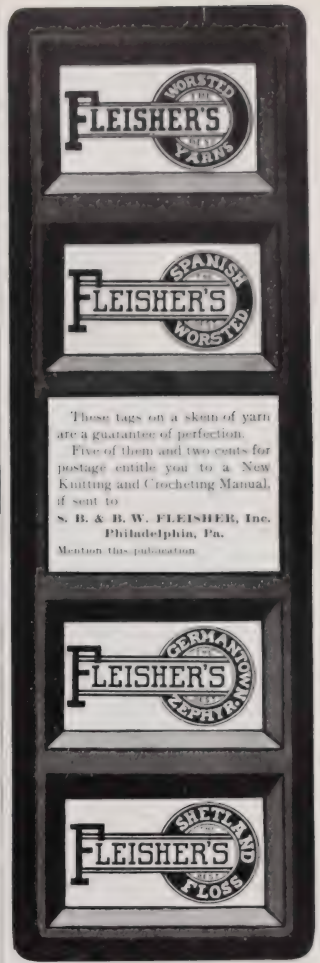
Philip W. Whitcomb, Kan., receives the first prize of a silver watch, for the best description of the picture, "Scripture Problem No. 13," Jan. 21; **Everett M. Vannah,** Me., a silver watch, as first prize for best answer to "Curious Questions" in that issue. The following each receive a beautiful book.

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest:

Bishop, Helen M., Conn.; Baker, Gladys, Can.; Cannon, P. H., Calif.; Cushing, Grace E., Mass.; Dyke, A. J., W. Va.; Gallaher, Charlotte, Mo.; Geist, Leah S., Pa.; Harmon, Jr., S. B., Miss.; Hobbs, Thorstate, Utah; Kost, Rosa, La.; Long, S., O.; Mason, S. S., N. H.; McCague, Lula S., Pa.; Olmstead, Lottie E., Jr., N. Y.; Parker, Stella, Colo.; Sanders, D., Tex.; Smith, Kathryn Long; Stout, Vinnie R., Calif.; Swartz, J. S., Wis.; Todd, R., Okla.; Walker, M. B., Mich.; Waring, H. E., Mass.; Williams, C., Minn.; Wilson, Lillian, Calif.; Wooten, Elvira, Ind.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions":

Atwater, Ruth M., Conn.; Baker, Arlie, Mich.; Bement, Edith M., S. D.; Cornell, Lila B., N. Y.; Davidson, Hoyler G., Pa.; Davis, Leroy, Ia.; Dornon, Bessie, Ia.; Elkins, Edgar M., N. H.; Hall, Edith B., Walnsley, Mass.; Hargrave, Eva, Tex.; Jones, Annie, Pa.; Lammers, Mabelle, Wis.; McKay, Arnold A., S. C.; McLaren, Alexander, N. Y.; Mcquaters, Eva C., Pa.; Montgomery, J., N. Y.; Newbecker, Cecil G., Neb.; Palmer, Mary, Ohio; Rogers, T. B., S. C.; Shaw, Alnedi, Me.; Shuner, Russell M., Pa.; South, Anne B., Miss.; Waring, T. H., Mass.; Weden, Myrtie, N. D.; Witner, A., Ohio.



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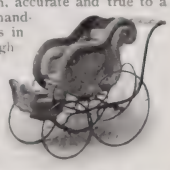

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MRS. ANTHONY

...By...
Margaret E. Sangster

"YOU surely won't lend that woman your lace shawl, Dorothy?"

Dorothy Milburn was taking a folded shawl out of a box. The shawl had tissue-paper wrapped around it. A quaint perfume, something like sandal-wood, was diffused through the room, as she shook the soft folds out, and looked lovingly at the shawl, her most cherished article of dress.

"I don't want to lend it, Matty. I hate lending my things. They never seem so nice after somebody else has worn them. And Mrs. Anthony is so careless, and will let it trail in the dirt, and perhaps keep it a week, yet I've got to let her have it. I simply haven't the moral courage to deny her anything she wishes to borrow."

"Well, I would. She's hypnotized you. If I thought as much of my clothes as you do. I'd see a neighbor farther than next door before I'd let her go into society in my finery. She's spoiling the Egyptians for fair, Dorothy, and you are her chief victim."

Meanwhile, Dorothy, with a rueful glance at her lace shawl, folded it again, and carried it out on the porch, where a little girl was waiting.

"Here, Ellen, tell your Aunt Hannah she is welcome, but that I shall need this myself to-morrow, so please bring it back early."

"Yes'm," said the child, flitting down the garden walk. Next neighbors though the Milburns and the Anthonys were, there was a wide space of lawn and orchard and garden between them. It was in the far South, and while winter was still holding the North in its icy grasp, Florida was basking in the warm sunshine, mocking-birds were singing in the boughs, oranges were golden globes of luscious honey, while the blossoms on some of the trees scented the air with their heavenly perfume, and roses were blooming everywhere. The Milburns were strangers in the land, renting their cottage for a season. Mrs. Anthony owned the estate, and received a generous monthly rent for this house from her Northern tenants. Incidentally, she owned them, too, borrowing from their pantry and refrigerator whatever she needed for her table, and shamelessly annexing, under the guise of a loan, anything in Dorothy's wardrobe that suited her fancy. Small wares she did not trouble herself to return. Big things now and then came back, in more or less disorder and disrepair.

Mattie Deane was Dorothy's cousin from Vermont, paying her a month's visit. She was frankly aghast at the impositions to which Mrs. Milburn continually submitted, and could hardly persuade herself to be even civil to the persistent borrower when she called, as she frequently did, as ingenuous and innocent as any child.

Black lace shawls are at present used chiefly for flounces and drapery; but a few years ago they were worn with pride by many fastidious women. On a tall, graceful figure, over a delicate toilette, they were elegant additions to costume. A dumpy bantam-sort of woman could not carry such a garment to advantage, and Mrs. Anthony was of that type, short, stout, puffing, panting, a little steam-tug of a woman, poor as a church mouse, and vain as a peacock. Fine feathers she must have, and she never minded at all if they happened to be borrowed plumes.

The lace shawl went into a boat that evening, and an end of it, falling over the side, was dipped in the water, and drenched.

"Hannah, you are ruining that pretty shawl of yours!" said a friend sitting opposite her. "It is half over the edge of the boat."

"Mighty glad you told me!" cried Mrs. Anthony. Her brother Jim, a gruff old fellow, who made *mal apropos* speeches from sheer bluntness and rough honesty, called out as he bent to the oars.

"Whose is it anyhow, Hannah? 'Tisn't yours, is it?"

The lady made no reply. She was annoyed that Jim "gave her away," as she phrased it, and vexed that she had injured the shawl by wetting it. Why had she worn the thing at all? A warm wrap would have been more to the purpose, for, though the day had been sultry, the night was growing chill. She shivered.

"Here, Nan," and her brother's voice was decisive. "Take that cobweb off directly, and slip your arms into this peajacket. First thing you know you'll have a chill, and then a spell of break-bone fever. We can't afford that."

She took the jacket, folding up the shawl and laying it on her lap. She wished the hateful thing were safe where it belonged. Presently they were all talking and laughing again, and somebody had a mandolin and they sang. By the time they came back to the wharf, Mrs. Anthony had entirely forgotten Mrs. Milburn's shawl, and as she stepped to the landing, it slipped away unperceived and fell down, down, down, spreading out like seaweed at last at the bottom of the St. John's River. Mrs. Anthony never gave it a second thought. Until she reached home and was ready for bed, it did not come into her head. Then she began to wonder how she should explain the catastrophe to Dorothy Milburn. For it was an expensive article and its owner would be angry at its loss.

"But probably it's in the boat," she reflected, and resolved to see about it early in the morning. She slept the tranquil sleep of the just.

Breakfast time came. The Milburns had passed the fruit and the cereal stages, and were sipping coffee and eating rolls, when a messenger came from Mrs. Anthony.

"Please, Mrs. Milburn, Aunt Hannah says she hopes you found your shawl safe."

"No, dear. Did your aunt return it last evening?"

"She didn't say. She said she thought it couldn't get lost out on the veranda, under the blue sofa pillow."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Mattie, "that she is so wretchedly irresponsible as to return a valuable garment in that makeshift of a way? Under the blue sofa pillow indeed! It's good luck if it hasn't been stolen."

Word was sent that the shawl was missing. Mrs. Anthony returned a note of the deepest regret and apology, and refrained from borrowing anything for a week. Miss Mattie passed her on the street with a cold nod, but she looked so grieved and embarrassed that Dorothy's gentle heart was touched, and she stopped and consoled her.

"Never mind, Mrs. Anthony," said the unfortunate owner-of-pretty-things-that-were-lendable, "accidents will happen. Think no more about it." In her heart Dorothy knew that her pleasure in the shawl would never have been quite the same, once it had been trailed around by her neighbor. Its loss was the reward of her weakness.

A few days passed. Sunday morning came. Dorothy was dressing for church.

Mrs. Anthony's little niece appeared.

"Please Mrs. Milburn, will you kindly lend Aunt Hannah your prayer-book?"

Dorothy frowned.

Mattie Deane laughed.

"Unless you are an absolute heathen, Dorothy, you cannot refuse the loan of a prayer-book."

"I loathe lending my devotional books."

"I loathe lending any books, but when it comes to a Bible or a prayer-book, I conquer my aversion. Here, let the little damsel take this to her relative."

She picked up a worn and dingy prayer-book and hymnal combined. But Dorothy flew to its rescue.

"Not that, Mattie, I use that every day myself, and it was once my dear mother's. Tell your aunty, my child, that I have no prayer-book that I can possibly lend her. I am sorry."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FLORAL BUTTERFLY PLAN

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MRS. ANTHONY

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"You have a beautiful white prayer-book," said the child. "Aunty means that, I think."

"Tell your aunt what I say. I cannot find her a prayer-book. One would suppose," she added to Mattie, "that she could use the book she found in the pen. Any person should have Bibles and prayer-books of her own."

"But, dear Dorothy, your neighbor has nothing of her own, so far as I can see. Her borrowing is endless, I wonder what she will want next."

The wonder was soon satisfied. In the twinkling of an eye, the little messenger came flying across the lawn, her dimples flashing, as she smilingly proffered a new request.

"Aunty is awfully sorry you haven't a

"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO 'SPLAIN," SAID MELISS, EXCITEDLY

prayer book to oblige her with, but she'll forgive you if you'll accommodate her with a silk parasol and a little teeny-weeny bottle of violet essence."

The perfume and the parasol were dispatched and Dorothy laughed as she set out to church, where she was sure of meeting Mrs. Anthony, as cool and unperturbed as if she had not carried the finer sunshade, while Dorothy was contented with the plainer one.

"Have you any paregoric?" was the question that evening, as the family sat on the veranda. "Aunty has a touch of colic." Paregoric was of course at the lady's service.

A few days passed and Mrs. Milburn was anticipating guests, and thought she could make some peculiarly delicate cream puffs after a receipt that had been in use in her family for years. This receipt was written, and in a cook-book which Dorothy was very fond of, many of the formulas not being in print. When she looked for her book it was not to be found. On investigation, it transpired that the maid, a former servant of Mrs. Anthony, had loaned her the book. Dorothy, indignant, went to reclaim it in person, stopping at the kitchen-door, to direct Melliss to have everything ready for her cooking on her return. The kitchen was in a building by itself across the yard.

"Miss Dorothy, I'm that flustrated, I don't know how to splain," said Meliss: "but fact is, Miss Hannah's done took away yo pie-board, and yo rollin' pin, and yo flour, and yo sugar, and yo eggs. She hab friens comin' to-day, too."

Even a worm will turn: Dorothy rebelled. She had patiently, if not joyfully, endured the spoiling of her goods up to this point. Patience now ceased to be a virtue. With head up, and eyes lit with a steady purpose, she marched upon her pleasant enemy. She found her agreeably occupied in baking—the old New England cook-book on the table, the place redolent of delightful domesticity.

"Do, dear Mrs. Milburn," she exclaimed, "sit down and try my fresh cookies. Jean, bring Mrs. Milburn a fan and a glass of milk: I meant to finish with your things, dear, before you got round to them, but I've been hindered. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go straight back with you and help you out with those troublesome cream-puffs Meliss said you planned to make. That'll be a real neighborly act, on my part, as I've had to hurry so, and am right tired. Besides, it will leave Miss Matty free to give the last touches to your table. You know I have friends coming, too, but they'll be here later than yours, and I shall be so much obliged if you'll let Meliss make ice cream enough for both parties, while she is about it."

Dorothy picked up her cook-book. She felt faint. Her triumphant neighbor accompanied her home. After that morning, Dorothy surrendered. So long as she lived in Florida, she made no stand whatever against the incessant borrowing of the amiable Mrs. Hannah Anthony.

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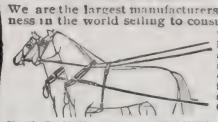

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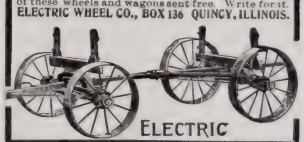

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Bread Cast Upon the Waters

How a School Social in So. Dakota Helped the Starving Finns

AMONG the many touching incidents of the relief movement for famine-stricken Finland, few will be read with greater interest than the following, which appears in the columns of the Sioux City *Tribune*. A letter to the *Tribune* from Dalesburg, S. Dak., dated January 26, was as follows:

Editor Tribune: A very successful basket social was held by the Dalesburg school of Clay county, South Dakota, on the evening of January 24. During the programme, decorated baskets in the most beautiful designs came pouring in, and the school-room resembled more Lincoln Park in June than a schoolroom in midwinter.

The object of the social was to raise funds for a new organ for the school, but soon a more noble cause took its place, as the one who had in charge the sale of the baskets ascended the platform, drew from his pocket a copy of the *Tribune*, and read an article of the great suffering of the people of Finland, and in a few remarks pictured the distress of a defenseless people, who were dying by the score for want of food. A resolution was offered that the receipts from the sale of the baskets should go to the relief fund for the suffering Finlanders. The resolution was well taken, and adopted by a unanimous vote. It seemed to strike the hearts of all present, as was shown by the liberal bidding on the baskets. After the sale was over and the total of the receipts were made known, a middle-aged man from the rear walked up to the platform and remarked to the salesman: "I bought no basket, but here is $2 that I wish you would also send to the suffering people." The receipts of the evening amounted to $45.75, which amount I hereby inclose for the *Tribune* relief fund for the suffering people of Finland.

"So much for the generosity of the Dalesburg school (we quote from the Sioux City *Tribune*). Now for the story of how bread cast on the waters promptly returned. This morning's mail brought to the *Tribune* a letter from the W. A. Dean Music Company, donating a new Farrand school organ to the Dalesburg school. Mr. Dean acknowledges himself much interested in the unfortunates of Finland, and, aside from this, he believes firmly that the kind of generosity which the Clay county people have shown ought to be encouraged. 'I would have given the organ's value directly to the relief fund,' said Mr. Dean this morning, 'but it struck me as peculiarly appropriate to promptly reward the school's generosity. The W. A. Dean Company will be proud of having one of its good instruments in that school. I believe, anyhow, that this method will arouse more interest, and in the end raise more money, than would a direct contribution. A *Tribune* reporter was shown the handsome organ, of one of the best makes, built especially for school uses. It is a Farrand, with sawed oak case, handsome and latest style finish."

It was learned that the organ is worth considerably more than the amount of the contribution, so the Dalesburg school comes out better off than if it had kept its organ fund. Surely the bread it cast upon the waters returned to it quickly with increase and blessing!

The incident would not be complete without the following letter from the Manager of the Sioux City *Tribune* to Dr. Klopsch:

DEAR SIR:—Herewith please find a draft, No. 27,544, Northwestern National Bank, Sioux City, Ia., to Hanover National Bank, New York, for $70.22. This money is contributed by readers of the Sioux City *Tribune* to the famine sufferers of Finland. The *Tribune* printed first a letter from Rev. John Falkner, of Chicago, making an appeal for funds. I am sending the remittance to you, that the purpose of the donors may be carried out as expeditiously as possible. Please acknowledge receipt of draft.

In connection with it I enclose two clippings from the *Tribune*, showing how the receipts of a school social, designed for the purchase of an organ, were converted to this Fund, upon the destitute condition of the Finns being brought to the notice of the people at the social, through the reading of an article in the Sioux City *Tribune*.

JNO. C. KELLY, Manager

Young People's Forward Movement

THE Forward Movement, inaugurated by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, for the especial benefit of the young people among the Disciples of Christ, is meeting with great success. President McLean and Secretary Rains are asking ministers, the churches, the Sunday Schools and the Christian Endeavor Societies among the Disciples to co-operate with them in establishing and maintaining mission study classes. Many are beginning to respond, and the indications are favorable for the enterprise.

The movement will be led through a course of study by Prof. C. T. Paul, of Hiram College. Prof. Paul's suggestions for the opening month's study are good, four in number: (1) Early missions in Africa. (2) The coming of the Mohammedans; (3) Raymond Lul and the Medieval Missionaries; (4) The church's lost opportunity and its redemption through martyrdom. On all sides the new enterprise for the missionary education of the young is assuming interdenominational proportions.

The Forward Movement, as such, had its origin in the great convention of the Student Volunteers at Toronto last, in the address of Luther D. Wishard, in which he emphasized three classic words of David Livingston: "A way is provided it be forward." Already the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Disciples of Christ have well-laid plans of procedure. Text-books are being written, many classes are forming, secretaries are traveling among the churches and societies, fostering the interests of the movement.

This new organization was unanimously endorsed by the recent convention of Disciples—10,000 strong—at Omaha. S. T. WILLIS.

A PRAYER

TAKE my hand, O Heavenly Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
Holy Spirit, be my guide;
Ever with me, Lord, abide.

Keep me from sin, O Heavenly Friend,
Beloved Saviour, condescend
To hear me as I humbly pray,
For love and peace and joy this day.

I thank thee, best beloved Friend,
For every blessing thou dost send;
With them, dear Saviour, give to me
A heart that worships only thee.

—H. W. V.

A CORKER

But Not Much of a Pastor.

There was an old clergyman in Central New York State some years ago, who was a very powerful speaker, but whose private life was by no means exemplary. Some of the more outspoken of his parishioners were in the habit of remonstrating with him regularly about this, and his reply invariably was "Don't do as I do, do as I tell you to do."

It is so with a great many physicians. There are hundreds of medical men who fully understand the folly of drinking coffee and tea, who tell their patients not to drink either, yet who use one or the other themselves. But sometimes it knocks even the doctor out, and he has to quit Old King Coffee. A physician of Wasioja, Minn., says: "I was a liberal user of coffee from my youth, and my health broke down while at college in 1880, at 25 years of age, but I continued to use coffee until 1898, although I was nervous, and suffered constantly from a condition known as diabetes insipidus, a condition that is well known to be due to nervousness. My weight was below par, and no diet or tonic medicines were sufficient to restore my vitality and strength.

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QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev C H. Yatman

PSALM LXXIII
Psalm for Tempted People

2 But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my eps had well nigh slipped.

3 For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

4 For there are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm.

5 They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men.

"ENVIOUS AT THE FOOLISH"

"My feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped." Poor, tired, tempted souls, here is your experience written before you were born. To look about you is to be distracted; to hear about you is

orse—the only safe place for a sinner in this orld is to be hid in the cleft of the Rock, d if he ventures therefrom, the shield of th must be a little larger than himself, or ry darts will pierce him through.

PSALM LXXIV
Psalm for Folk in the Dark

6 The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou t prepared the light and the sun.

HE NIGHT IS THINE"

17 Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter.

18 Remember this, that the enemy hath reproached, O Lord, and that the foolish people have blasphemed thy name.

19 O deliver not the soul of thy turtledove unto the multitude of the wicked: forget not the congregation of thy poor for ever. . . .

Desolation Psalm would be as good a name. This scripture and Isaiah 42: 16, go hand in hand. Day and night are alike to God. If we cannot see in the dark, he n. It is a dark hour when the wicked are ed and the righteous cast down.

PSALM LXXV
Psalm for Stiff-Necked Folk

I said unto the fools, Deal not foolishly: and the wicked, Lift not up the horn:

IFT NOT UP THE HORN"

5 Lift not up your horn on high: speak not with a stiff neck.

8 For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full of mixture; and he poureth out of the same: but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out, and drink them. . . .

Righteous judgment will tire of the stiff-necked people in every congregation; they are a sore trial not only to the preacher, but the pious people of the church. They bow ther knee nor neck to God or godliness. ueer folk to so act, for the Lord will put them wn.

PSALM LXXVI
"God of Battles" Psalm

At thy rebuke, O God of Jacob, both the chariot horse are cast into a dead sleep.

CHARIOT AND HORSE"

7 Thou, even thou, art to be feared: and who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?

8 Thou didst cause judgment to be heard from heaven; the earth feared, and was still,

9 When God arose to judgment, to save all the meek of the earth.

10 Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain. . . .

Queer World this; often nations as well as individuals have to fight for peace. The ristian's warfare is as real as the Christian's pe. Above all is God—the God of battles, o deals out death to horse and chariot; the w and battle-ax are nothing to him. Kings d princes fall when he rises to save the eek.

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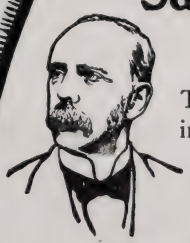

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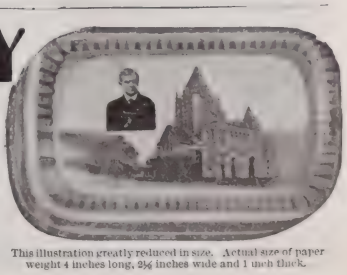

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Dr. Talmage used to tell the story of a business man in Philadelphia, which illustrates this fact. Dr. Talmage knew him well, and when he heard stories of his drinking, went to him to caution him. The man replied lightly that he was in no danger of drinking to excess. As a matter of fact, he said, he cared very little about drink, and could stop drinking at any time, if he chose. Dr. Talmage urged him to do so, and the man promised that if ever he found himself in danger he would stop altogether. Two years passed, and the story was current that the man had been seen on the street in an intoxicated condition. Dr. Talmage visited him again, and again urged total abstinence. He made a similar reply. The one case of intoxication he admitted, but said it was an accident, and he could stop drinking altogether whenever he chose. The next interview was only a year later, and then the man declared that he could not stop; he must have it. After that the downward course to *delirium tremens* and a drunkard's grave was very rapid.

Gough used an illustration that vividly pictured the same truth. It was that of an Englishman who brought home from India a tiger's cub, which he tamed. The animal became quite a pet, and played around as harmlessly as a dog. But one day, when it became a big, powerful creature, it tasted blood, and then it was wild. Only by a timely shot did its owner save his own life. Unhappily, the drink habit, when it becomes powerful, cannot be slain—it slays. It is appalling to think, as one looks around at the bright little boys growing up in ignorance of their danger, that some of them will inevitably fall victims to the habit. The pledge of moderation affords no protection; it is too elastic. Only in absolutely letting it alone is there safety. As one of our prominent writers has well said: "He who can abstain without an effort, should do so for the sake of others; he who could not abstain without making an effort, should abstain for his own sake." This principle covers the whole ground. It makes the duty of total abstinence incumbent on all.

Dr. Torrey in England

THE visit of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Charles Alexander, fresh from the experiences of the remarkable revival in Australia, has awakened considerable interest in England. It is about thirty years ago since that country was set aflame by the zeal of Moody and Sankey, and on all hands there has been a readiness to encourage anything like a revival of religious fervor. A census undertaken by a London daily newspaper is revealing every week the exceedingly small proportion of the population which attends religious services on Sunday. The reports which have reached England of the great success which attended the work of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander in Melbourne, Sydney, Ballarat, and other Australasian cities, prepared the way for an enthusiastic greeting to the evangelists when they were welcomed in historic Exeter Hall, on January 9th. Presiding over 1,400 people was Mr. T. A. Denny, and near him were many of the "Old Guard," who had aided Moody and Sankey in past years. Among those who spoke were: Lord Kinnaird, Dr. A. T. Pierson, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, and Henry Varley. Dr. Torrey delivered a most impressive address, acknowledging his entire reliance on God for the success of his work. Mr. Alexander led the audience with enthusiasm in Gospel songs.

For three weeks the evangelists have been holding two services a day and three on Sundays in the great Conference Hall at Mildmay. It accommodates two or three thousand persons, and has been filled with attentive audiences all the time. Scores of people have testified to the blessing which they have received, and a large number of definite conversions are reported.

The evangelists will return to London next October.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are now going to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Belfast and other large cities.

*Topic of the Epworth League for March 1. Daniel 1: 8-15; I. Thess. 5: 22; I. Peter 2: 11.

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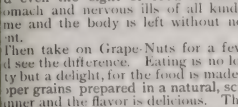

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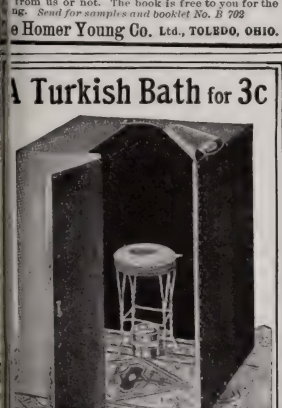

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THE MINISTRY OF THE SPIRIT

How the Preaching of Apollos Became Effective

BY MRS M BAXTER

WORTHY of notice is the description given in the Acts (18: 24) of Apollos, as a man "mighty in the Scriptures." This is the kind of man needed for missionary work: one who not only has the Scripture at his fingers' ends, but also, and more especially, has entered into and made his own, in heart and life, the blessed Word of God, not bits of it, but the entire Word of God. The Spirit of God has something to work on, and something to use, in one who has made his home in the Word of God.

This man had been interested and taught by word of mouth in the way of the Lord—*i. e.*, about the Lord Jesus. He was "fervent in spirit," mighty in the Scriptures, instructed in the way of the Lord, fervent in spirit: and yet he lacked the greatest thing of all! He did his best, and he did it well: "he taught and spake carefully the things concerning Jesus." But we hear of no converts as the result of his preaching. He longed for men to know of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world; but yet there was something lacking. What was it? He knew only John's baptism of repentance for the remissions of sins" (Mark 1: 4), but he did not know Christ as he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire (Luke 3: 16, 17). When, on the day of Pentecost, the large assemblage of Jews who heard Peter preach, were pricked to the heart, and cried, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter answered them, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, unto the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts 2: 38). This baptism Apollos did not know.

He began to speak boldly in the synagogue. But when Priscilla and Aquila heard him, they "took him unto them, and expounded unto him the way of God more carefully." Undoubtedly he was brought to understand and receive the Holy Spirit. Then, as in Eph. 1: 13, 14, having heard the word of the truth, the gospel of his salvation, and having also believed, he must have been sealed by God with the Holy Spirit of promise, sealed by God as his own purchased possession. We can believe that Apollos did not stop at having the earnest of the Spirit, but yielded himself to be filled with the Spirit. This can only be when we yield our will unreservedly and forever to God. There can be no limited monarchy in the government of God; he must be supreme over all that belongs to him, and the filling of his people with his Spirit is his own enthronement in their being, as possessor and ruler, as life, and power, and light.

A man who is filled with the Spirit must be a power for God. The power may be exercised in many different ways, as he wills, according to the gifts of the Spirit which he gives, and which he works (1. Cor. 12: 4-11). But every man, woman or child, so filled, has that presence of God, which makes him through them a reality to others. It was so with Apollos. When he was minded to pass over into Achaia, the brethren encouraged him, and wrote to the disciples to receive him, and when he was come he helped them much who had believed through grace. But the help was not from himself; it was the Holy Ghost who, filling him, used his surrendered powers in the truths which he brought out.

But Apollos not only helped believers; the Spirit spoke through him also to the unsaved; he powerfully confuted the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was the Christ. He brought them to the place where they must refuse to believe their own Scriptures if they did not believe Christ. They could resist the Spirit—many of them did so—but no longer with their eyes closed; and so Apollos could say, as Paul did, "I am pure from the blood of all men, for I shrank not from declaring unto you the whole counsel of God."

While Apollos was thus following up his work in Europe, Paul came to Ephesus, and found certain disciples; and he said unto them, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?" And they said unto him, "Nay, we did not so much as hear whether the Holy Ghost was given." In John's baptism the Holy Ghost was promised for the future, and these disciples were ignorant that that promise was redeemed on the day of Pentecost, and from that time forth. They were much in the same condition as was Apollos before Priscilla and Aquila had so taught him and helped him that he received the filling of the Holy Spirit. Is it too much to say that the majority of believers are in the same condition now? How few there are who are really filled with the Spirit! The churches are held together, not by a Spirit-filled ministry, mighty in the Scriptures, but by enticing words of man's wisdom, by music, which is adapted to please the senses, by bazaars, entertainments, etc., things which the Spirit of God cannot endorse nor tolerate, and which grieves the Holy Spirit away from the churches. And all because preacher and members have not got beyond the baptism of repentance unto the remission of sins, and they have not received the Holy Ghost to be the power and the ruler in their lives.

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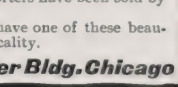

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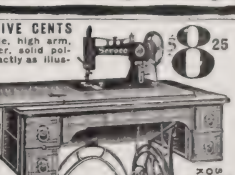

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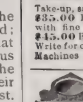

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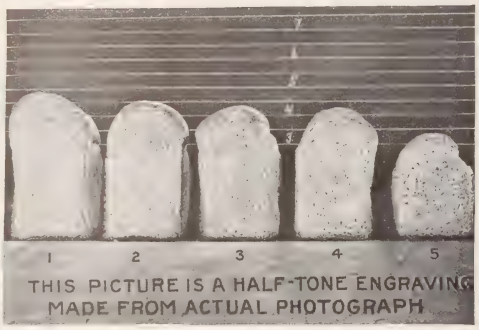

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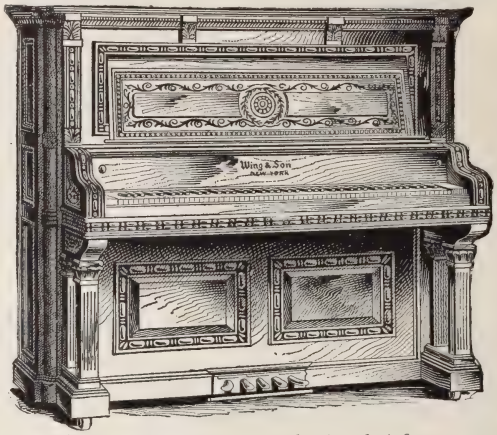

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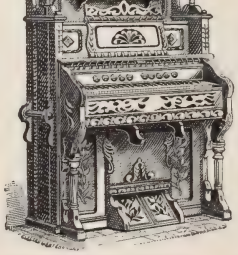

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THE RESCUE HOMES *OF* HOLLAND

The Heldring Institutions, and their Christlike Work Among the Poor and the Fallen

BY BARONNE SUZETTE DE ZUYLEN DE NYEVELT

ON the 7th of February, 1901, while the marriage ceremony of the young Queen of the Netherlands was taking place at the Hague, amid pomp and splendor, a touching scene was enacted in a corner of her kingdom by a group of happy children, in unison with the general rejoicings. In a Home for those hapless little ones—who can never know a real home, because no father claims them as his own—a little girl and boy, clad in their Sunday best, stood under an arch erected for the occasion, in the gayly decorated playroom of the institution, and, as little "Queen," Anna and "Prince" William, received the "homage" of their tiny subjects, who marched past to the sound of gay music.

In the Netherlands are several institutions which are called, after their founder, the "Heldring" institutions. These institutions at Zetten, in the province of Gelderland, have just been particularly brought to the notice of the Christian public in Holland, by the fact that their honored head, the Rev. H. Pierson, lately celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of his directorship. Mr. Pierson has devoted the last quarter of a century almost exclusively to the work of reclaiming the fallen and rescuing those in grave moral danger. He is a man of great powers of mind, of good social position, a member of a family whose name is almost synonymous with intellectual distinction (one brother was Secretary of State for Finance in two Cabinets, another was an eminent professor at the University of Heidelberg, and a noted writer on history and philosophy), and Mr. Pierson himself would certainly have achieved success in almost any career which he had cared to follow. To hear him preach in the Cathedral at the Hague, and hold 2,000 people spellbound by his eloquence, or speak on a literary subject before a town audience, and then to know that his usual audience, Sunday after Sunday, is composed of a few hundred women and children in the chapel connected with the institution, and that his chosen life work is among the outcasts of humanity, is to realize that worldly ambition has been conquered by a higher motive power, which must ever puzzle the sceptic and the agnostic.

Mr. Pierson's attitude towards those who form his habitual audience may be gathered from the following anecdote: A friend, whom he had asked to preach for him in his chapel, refused, on the plea that the sermon must certainly be quite different from that preached to an ordinary audience. Mr. Pierson then preached himself, and took the subject of Simon, the Pharisee, and the woman who was a sinner. On leaving the chapel his friend remarked: "It is very strange, I sat just opposite the poor women from Steenbeck (the home for the worst class of women), and at the end of the service, it suddenly struck me that I had not once thought of them. How did you manage it?" The answer was: "It is a simple matter. I preached to you and to myself, that is all, and I am glad you felt it."

The institutions presided over by Mr. Pierson almost all owe their origin to his predecessor, Heldring, a very remarkable man. He was the minister of a remote country parish situated in the island called Betinoe. His warm, Christian zeal and active disposition, early led him to take up what are now called "social questions." "Steenbeck" was founded in 1848, and has since received 1,774 unfortunate women, each of whom is kept, if possible, for two years. There is room for fifty-one, besides matrons. Care is taken never to admit any woman or girl who has not forfeited her good name.

Heldring soon felt the need of a shelter for little girls growing up among vicious surroundings. First a small home was started for them; in 1856 the present house, which was named "Talitha Kumi," and is known as the "Talitha," was built. It has room for 170 children, and has already received 1,602. Most of these girls are not lost sight of when they leave, and it is claimed that ninety-five per cent. have become respectable members of society. Some of their lives are very remarkable. A number of girls from "Talitha" recently formed a "Pinafore Guild," and engaged to send a number of pinafores every Christmas to their old homes. The first year, 1899, fifty-six were received.

"Bethel" is an offshoot of "Talitha." It was founded in 1861, and is intended for girls between sixteen and twenty-three, who are in grave moral danger. It has room for fifty inmates, and has had 1,157 within its walls. As a rule, the girls are idle, restless, excitable, often in low physical condition. Country air, good food, and the discipline of regular habits and a variety of household work are important factors in training them for a life of usefulness. Two years' residence is considered necessary to obtain any result.

In 1863, circumstances led Heldring to establish a training school for teachers, the daughters of clergymen and schoolmasters, quite independently of the other institutions. It is now a thriving school for fifty girls, 502 having been admitted since its foundation. In 1870, a special chapel was built for the institutions. It was erected on a height, to serve as a refuge in case of inundation, for the peasantry living on lower levels. Their houses are flooded whenever the dykes burst in winter, as sometimes happens when the river is blocked with ice.

Heldring died in 1876, and was succeeded the following year by Mr. Pierson, both as head and chaplain of all the institutions. He realized an unfulfilled idea of his predecessor in founding two small homes for children, on a slightly higher social level than those admitted at "Talitha," but equally in need of being removed from undesirable surroundings. These girls are trained to be teachers in elementary or infant schools, or for similar employments, but not for domestic service. There is room for about twenty girls in each of the homes.

In 1882, the "Magdalene House" was opened for young, unmarried mothers. It need not be said that Mr. Pierson uses the wisest precaution in admitting them only when they are absolutely friendless. The

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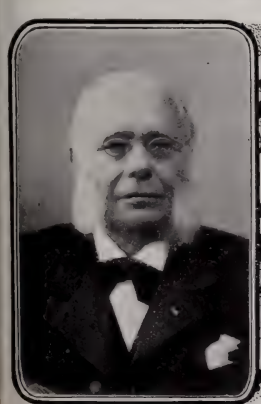


PASTOR PIERSON, DIRECTOR

THE "TALITHA KUMI"

DR. HELDRING, FOUNDER

THE
American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.
of the Jefferson Park
Presbyterian Church, Chicago

Father Washington

GENESIS 17: 4:
"Thou shalt be a father of many nations"

AMONG the monarchs of Europe, there is only one whose lot I consider enviable. Justin McCarthy once wrote that the princes who were born to thrones ought to be the most pitied of all men. The kings and queens of Europe, as a rule, are doomed to lives of oppressive and circumscribed servitude. The would-be assassins are always skulking around, ready to dig their graves. Kings cannot marry those with whom they fall in love, as other men are allowed to do. When they wed, considerations of state policy and of international alliance govern the choice of a partner, and they must not marry simply to satisfy the cravings of their own hearts. They must breathe, for the most part, the tainted atmosphere of sycophantal praise and insincere adulation. Royalty has its drawbacks as well as its dangers; but there is one conspicuous example of their being overcome. Even a free-born American citizen can afford to admire the domestic relations of the German Emperor. The six bright, healthy, intelligent boys and the lovely little girl who compose his family circle, are a group to make a father's heart glad. To be the head of such a family is more gratifying than to be the head of the German Empire.

The Father of his Country

It was so that the beautiful Cornelia felt when she declared that no wealth was comparable to being the mother of the Gracchi. What, then, must be the joy of that man who is told that he is to be "the father of many nations." For that reason, the Hebrew people honor the name of Father Abraham. For that reason, the American people ought to honor the name of George Washington. As the Hebrews, to this day, venerate the man from whom their race sprang, so we have in the leader and founder of our commonwealth a man whose character is worthy of all our honor and veneration. Thousands upon thousands of pilgrims have journeyed to the shrines of Machpelah, in which are supposed to be buried Father Abraham and Sarah, his wife. On this national holiday, in imagination we should be willing to journey to the Mount Vernon tombs in which slumber the mouldering bodies of Father Washington, and Martha, his wife. We should, on this Washington's birthday, be glad to give up at least one service to the study of the life and the character of this great and good man, whose name not only towers above all other names in American history, but whose life has won the admiration of other nations as well as of our own.

George Washington was a well-rounded man. His was not the brilliant genius of a Napoleon, or a Richelieu, or a Mazzarin, or a Cardinal Wolsey. His military career was not spectacular, like that of Arnold, or Greene, or Morgan, or Light Horse Harry Lee, or Mad Anthony Wayne. His pen was not facile, like that of Hamilton or Jefferson. He had no oratorical gifts, like those of Henry, or Adams, or William Pinkney. But as he had not the dazzling talents of such men, neither did he have the moral weaknesses which marred their characters.

The Genius of Character

Wherever we touch the life and character of Washington, there we find that if he had any genius, "his," as David Gregg wrote, "was the genius of character," and of character alone. As a boy, he was not a brilliant boy, but a good boy; a noble, high-principled boy. We do not have to refer to the fabled hatchet story to prove this. There are still preserved in his own boyish handwriting, the famous rules he made to govern his future life, which he wrote out at thirteen. Among those rules are these words: "Endeavor to keep alive in your bosom that little divine spark called conscience." As a young man, we do not find him a brilliant young man, but a conscientious and painstaking young man. He was appointed public surveyor by Lord Fairfax. Why? Because Lord Fairfax knew that when the plodder, George Washington, recorded a measurement, there would never be a doubt of the one fact, that that measurement was right. As a matured man, we cannot portray the well-roundedness of Washington's life better, than by quoting these words written by Mr Lear, his private secretary, who lived with him as a member of his family, in Mount Vernon: "General Washington is, I believe, almost the only man of exalted character who does not lose some part of his respectability by an intimate acquaintance. I have never found a single thing that could lessen my respect for him. A complete knowledge of his honesty, uprightness and candor in all his private transactions, has sometimes led me to think him more than a man."

Washington's character was not the grandeur of a snow-capped mountain, full of crevasses and fatal precipices. It was that of a well-chiselled piece of marble, over which the sculptor's hand has gone again and again. His character was not developed in an instant, as a comet leaps into existence, and then disappears. But his character growth can aptly be compared to the sunrise, which grows brighter and brighter, and sheds forth a more refulgent light, until at last that light sinks away into the twilight after the glowing sunset has covered the clouds with garments of gold.

What the world most needs to-day is not brilliant men, but good men; not men with the scintillating genius of Aaron Burr, but men with the goodness of a Father Washington. The world does not need an orator who can make a brilliant speech, and then with a dissolute private life repudiate all the noble sentiments he enunciated in that speech. But the world does need good men. Men who are honorable in their homes; men who are honorable in their business dealings; men who are conscientiously faithful in every duty of life which confronts them. When the tidings of Bunker Hill were carried to Washington, he anxiously asked the courier this question, "Did the militia fight well?" When told that they did, he replied, "Then the liberties of the country are safe." That principle is our ground of hope to-day. On this national birthday we re-echo Washington's words, and declare that "the liberties of the country are safe," when its citizens, from the humblest to the greatest, are good men doing their respective duties well. It was in Washington's "genius of character" that we find his greatest element of strength. George Washington was a well-rounded man. That means, in ordinary, everyday language, he was a good man in every relation of life wherever you study him.

A Life of Self-Sacrifice

George Washington was ready to sacrifice his all for American liberty. I do not suppose he was any more willing to sacrifice his all than thousands and tens of thousands of other men. But the simple fact was that George Washington had more to sacrifice than almost any other man of his day. First, he was a homebody. He had to give up all the endearments of his Virginia plantation life. The glory of war and the pride of statesmanship never appealed to him, as they often do to the selfish ambition of the modern politician. "How pitiful," he once wrote to a friend, "in this age of reason and religion, is that false ambition which desolates the world with fire and sword for the purpose of conquest and fame. I hope to spend the remainder of my life in cultivating the affections of good men, and in the practice of domestic virtues." But though George Washington was essentially a home man, and loved his own fireside above all throne-rooms, yet at the call of duty he sacrificed his life's desire, and drew his sword as the Commander of the American armies.

The sacrifice of his ease and comfort was not the only sacrifice he was willing to make. When he became Commander of the American armies, he placed his head and life in jeopardy in more ways than one. When the Declaration of Independence was being signed in Independence Hall, Benjamin Franklin, I think it was, turned to some of his colleagues and said: "We must all hang together now, or else we shall all hang separately." That was a figure of speech that may not have been true of every signer of the Declaration, but it would certainly have been true of the man who was rightly regarded as the head and front of the revolt. If the revolution of 1776 had failed, whosoever escaped, George Washington, as the leader of the American armies, would have been shot, or hung, or decapitated. As the greatest leader of that time, he would have had to lay down his life as a warning to all future conspirators. Washington not only ran the risk of the battlefield, but also the risk of the executioner's axe.

George Washington placed his property also in jeopardy. His wife was not only rich in her own right, but Washington himself was considered one of the wealthiest men in all America. I have seen it stated that he was worth at the time of his death over $750,000. That of course was a fabulous fortune in his day. Yet Washington was ready to sacrifice all he owned as well as his peace of mind, and his head, upon the altar of principle, if America could only be free.

Ever True to Principle

When a great crisis comes, are you and I similarly ready to make a sacrifice for principle's sake? When we see might triumph over right, and injustice over justice, are we ready to say, "Here is my life, here is my property, here is the property of my loved ones, I stake everything in the struggle which I wage to make all men free." Have we the same faith in a Divine providence as George Washington had? Are we as true to principle as he, as ready as he to put liberty, property, and life itself in peril for the sake of right? Do we feel it is better to die right than to live wrong?

George Washington was also steadfast, though he had to battle against and overcome the mismanagement of the American statesmen, and the jealousies of his own generals. Some people think that the only battles Washington had to fight were those against the English and the Hessian soldiers. George Washington was not always "first in the hearts of his countrymen," as he was first in war, and first in peace. No sooner was he placed in command, than his enemies at home began to conspire against him. After the capture of Fort Washington by the British, these home enemies tried to wrest the Commander's sword out of George Washington's hand, and give it to Major-General Charles Lee. When Burgoyne surrendered to Horatio Gates, at Saratoga, the "Conway Cabal" tried to supplant the old leader with this new conqueror from the north.

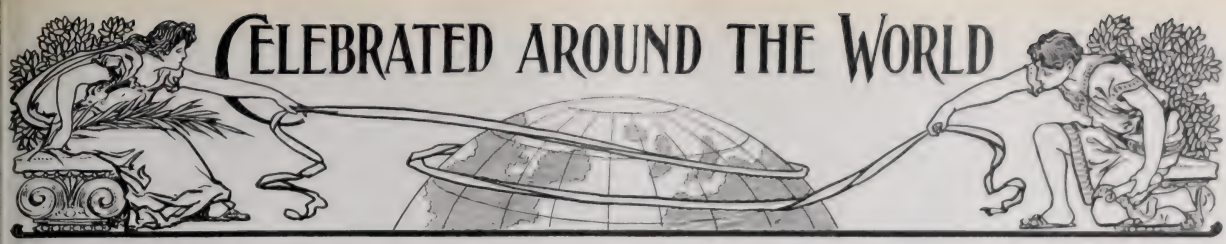
Assailed by Jealous Foes

Not only did Washington have to contend with his jealous army officers, but he had to fight his enemies who were working against his plans in Congress. Instead of giving to him an army recruited from men who had enlisted for two or three years, or for the war, these enemies voted to him an army made up of men who had enlisted for a few months, or a year. No sooner would Washington plan a battle or a campaign, than he would find that a large part of his soldiers discovered that their terms of service had expired, and that they were entitled to pack up their things and go home. "It is impossible for me in the compass of a letter," he wrote to his brother in 1776, "to give you any idea of our situation and of my difficulties, and of the constant perplexities I meet with, derived from the unhappy policy of short enlistments, and delaying them too long. I am worried almost to death with the retrograde motion of things, and I solemnly protest that a pecuniary reward of twenty thousand pounds a year would not induce me to undergo what I do, and after all, perhaps, to lose my character." Yes, yes, some of the mightiest battles George Washington had to wage, were against his enemies at home, and not against his enemies from abroad. So, my brother, if you are ever going to accomplish anything for God, and the world's betterment, you will find that some of the people who ought to help the most are those who will try to undermine you; that the man who should be pushing you ahead, will often be the man who is trying to stab you in the back.

Here, for instance, is a true Gospel minister trying to preach Jesus Christ in the village or the city church. Who is the greatest enemy he has to fight? The saloon-keeper? The proprietor who runs the low playhouse? The infidel who never sets foot inside of a church? Oh, no. The greatest retardment of an average minister's work is not to be found outside but inside the church. It is perhaps the church member who refuses to be reconciled to the minister, because the congregation called him, instead of another man, to the pastorate. What is the greatest obstacle that mother has in the right development of her children? Is it the bad example set by her son's classmates, or her boy's employer? Oh no. It is the bad example set by the boy's own father that does the most effective damage. And so, wherever we go, we find that our greatest struggles must often be waged against those people who ought to help us instead of trying to destroy us. And one of the chief reasons why we honor George Washington's memory to-day, is because he went forth bravely and faithfully to do his work, and did not swerve one inch from the right path, no matter what his enemies at home might do or say.

A Conscientious Statesman

George Washington knew that the duties of peace are of vital importance, and far-reaching in their results. As President-elect, he lifted his hand over the opened Bible, and promised to uphold the Constitution of the United States, with as solemn a consecration and reverence as when he drew his sword as the Commander of the Revolutionary armies. He knew that the work of the pen was just as important as the work of the sword. On his way to inauguration, he made this suggestive entry in his diary. "April 16, 1789: About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon. With a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, I set out for New York with the best disposition to render service to my country, but with less hope of answering its expectations." As he stood taking a last farewell of his beloved Potomac, and with anxious eyes tried to look into the future, George Washington fully realized that his acts as First President of the United States would make or destroy a nation. And yet some people suppose that the only great work



"The Gospel of Hope and Triumphant Endeavor," on the Organization's 22d Birthday

By JOHN WILLIS BAER, Sec'y World's Union of Christian Endeavor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have been cheered by the practical co-operation of President Roosevelt, in relieving dire distress in Finland. The Christian Endeavorers of the world, also, while celebrating, during the last few days, their twenty-second birthday, have also been cheered by receiving a personal greeting from President Roosevelt. The President's message was read in connection with many societies during their Christian Endeavor Day celebrations. It was as follows:

JOHN WILLIS BAER

I greet you and wish you well. Your body stands prominent among the organizations which strive toward a realization of interdenominational and international Christian fellowship, as well as among those which stand for ideals of true citizenship; that is, for the cultivation, not alone of a high standard of civic and social righteousness, but of the strength, courage and common sense necessary for living up to such a standard.

Our President can be counted upon to stimulate many kinds of good work, such as relieving famine-stricken Finland, and at the same time to encourage the great host of young people to rally around the principles of the Christian Endeavor movement with increasing zeal. In his last message to Congress, President Roosevelt incorporated this noble sentence: "Ours is a gospel of hope and triumphant endeavor."

I have taken these words for the title of my article, for they fit the spirit of the twenty and more years of Christian Endeavor.

It is several months since I gave up the privilege of official work with the National Christian Endeavor organization, and looking at the movement from my viewpoint, I can say most enthusiastically, that there never was a time when Christian Endeavor was deepening the life of the church, relieving distress, and giving the sweet comfort of the Gospel, more definitely and in the Master's spirit than to-day. The twenty-second birthday was celebrated around the world. The more than sixty-two thousand societies and nearly four million members, figuratively speaking, were marking the organization of the first society by definite hand-to-hand work for Christ, as through the grace given to individual members, they reached out for the souls of those of their own number who had not at that time decided for Christ. Many a pastor and many a church will look back upon the last week with deep gratitude, because of the fact that "Decision Day," as celebrated by the Christian Endeavorers, marking their twenty-second birthday, was also the spiritual birthday of many a young Christian. Many more, that day, were born into the Kingdom than on the day of Pentecost. Christian Endeavor was born in a revival, and the blessed flame of evangelistic work has been its life all these twenty-two years.

In all the splendid history of the remarkable numerical growth, President Clark and his loyal associates have brought well to the front the slogan, "Loyalty to the Church." The thousands of young people for twenty years and more have had this bed-rock principle brought before them in conventions, conferences and meetings, and I want to suggest again, as I have recently, that while we will continue to urge the young people to remember in the future, as in the past, that loyalty to the church is the cardinal principle which gives the movement its claim to permanent life, I want to bring into this twenty-second year of Christian Endeavor another slogan, which I should put before the whole church. It is: "Let the Church be loyal to its young people."

* * *

And I raise my voice to say, that at this time, quite as much as at any time in the history of the movement, self-sacrificing leadership is needed on the part of pastors. All the battles of Christian citizenship and civic righteousness cannot be won except as the pastors guide and conserve the young. Over sixty thousand young men in Christian Endeavor Societies cast their first ballot last year. There will be at least sixty thousand more walking to the voters' booths to deposit their first ballot this year. What a responsibility for them, and what a responsibility for the church!

Then there is to be, in the coming days, a greater evangelistic work than the church has ever known, as young people, and the older ones, too, in their existing organizations, are inspired to do the work of an evangelist. Let the Master's cry be heard, the young people for young people. And if these young people are able to win their associates, much of the inspiration for this service must come through the pastor, and from the leaders in the church. I plead for leadership.

President Clark, with characteristic energy and consecration, has outlined a "forward movement." The young people are accepting the privilege and enlisting for work with enthusiasm. If, however, this "forward movement" is to be the success that God wants it to be, it will largely depend upon the definite leadership given to it by the pastors of the local societies. Again I plead for leadership.

* * *

Notwithstanding, I rejoice more and more in the increased fellowship made possible by Christian Endeavor, whereby Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and others, in forty and more evangelical denominations, are brought together, shoulder to shoulder, and, notwithstanding, I rejoice that the last year has seen greater growth in Europe and other countries for Christian Endeavor, thus making the movement more than ever a great inter-racial and international peace and arbitration society; yet, beyond all this, I thank God, in this twenty-second year of Christian Endeavor, that there is a spirit in the rank and file that is impatient with anything less than the winning for Christ of those who do not yet know him. As I look back over this week of "Endeavor Day" celebrations, and from my new view point, outside of the official connection with Christian Endeavor, my soul is filled with more hope than ever for the future of the movement, at the same time I tremble when I see, as I do see here and there, indifference to the spirit of Christian Endeavor displayed by some pastors. The apathy, easily discovered in certain quarters, will, in the end, prove disastrous to the cause of Jesus Christ, and upon the shoulders of the pastors and officers of the churches rests to-day, more than it ever did, the responsibility of the success of this great "forward movement" proposed by Christian Endeavor leaders, and into which the young people have thrown themselves with their customary zeal, energy, and consecration. Christian Endeavor, instead of devoting the time of its birthday celebration in recounting past achievements, has marked the day upon its knees, getting inspiration for new service from the Master, whom Christian Endeavor serves. There are to be many hundreds of new societies organized; there are to be many thousands of dollars given; there are to be many battles for Christian citizenship; there are to be many missionaries supported; there are to be many famine-stricken homes in Finland and elsewhere relieved; there are to be many thousand souls won to Christ—because, on Christian Endeavor Day, the young people, celebrating their twenty-second birthday, caught a new spirit of service and a deeper consecration.

* * *

True, here and there—and we must face the truth—we hear discouraging notes; but as compared with the triumphant tones coming up from the larger company, these discordant notes only slightly break into the great harmony which prevails. Some feel that the movement has reached its height: but those of us who are careful students, and who believe in appealing to the heroic in young people, who know that the young people have enlisted for the whole war and not for a skirmish, know full well that the coming days will be fraught with even greater blessing than any one year in the past. Verily, I believe that if there is any church with any kind of a Young People's Society, and that Young People's Society is lagging, that society can be revived by a hearty, earnest, self-sacrificing leadership on the part of the leaders in the church. As the memories of the twenty-second Christian Endeavor birthday are still fresh in the minds of the young, I urge the older people in the churches, and particularly the pastors and church officers, to take up the spirit of my suggestion, namely, "let the church be loyal to the young people." Indeed, again let me remind my readers, that our President has given us a sentence from his last message to Congress, which well expresses the life of Christian Endeavor in its twenty-second year—"Ours is the gospel of hope and triumphant endeavor."

Father Washington — Sermon by Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage — *Continued*

George Washington did for his country, was as a soldier, and not as a statesman; as a leader of armies, and not as a leader in the greater work of the initiation and administration of laws.

As George Washington's memory is cherished for what he did as the First President of the United States, so may our memory be honored for the bravest deeds of heroism accomplished by us in times of peace. We may often be able to serve our country and people in the store and the home, as unselfishly and bravely and nobly as if we donned a soldier's uniform and marched to the cannon's mouth. We may be heroes and heroines in civilian's garb. George Washington upholding the financial policy of the Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, just as important to American history as George Washington leading his troops across the Delaware. George Washington in the political councils of State, just as important for American success as George Washington under the famous elm of Cambridge. George Washington lived and died a Christian gentleman. If you knew nothing of the principles of navigation, and should see a ship sail up New York harbor, you might be surprised. You might say to the commander of the ship, "Captain, how was it possible for you to steer your ship through the trackless deep? Miles and miles away is England, and yet you have pointed your ship's prow straight into the narrows of New York Harbor." Then the captain would take you to the box in which trembles the magnetic needle. He would explain to you all the laws of the compass. He would tell you that no matter which way the ship's prow turns, that magnetic needle always points toward the north pole. Then the passage of that ship over the trackless deep can be made to you very simple and plain. When we attempt to explain George Washington's career without the aid of a divine compass, all is inexplicable. I see in him, a great mind and heart, but I see God in that mind and heart, using him to win supernatural triumphs. I see George Washington able to overcome the greatest obstacles of the Revolutionary War. Why? Because I see George Washington on his knees in the snows of Valley Forge. I see George Washington overcoming the besetting difficulties of his Presidential life. Why? Because I see George Washington as soon as he had taken the oath of office, going to the Sacred Chancel. There, as a humble supplicant, he begged the protection of him who was King of kings, and Lord of all. I hear George Washington turn to his old friend, Dr. Craik, and say: "I die hard, but I am not afraid to die." Why? Because the Christ who had been his guide through life, was his comforter in death. Oh, my brothers and sisters, would that we might, one and all, have the same divine reinforcement in life's struggles as George Washington had. Would that we might be able to use the Cross as a magnetic compass to guide us over the troubled sea of time, into the smooth, unruffled sea of Eternity.

Thus, we draw near to the close of the earthly career of this greatest of all Americans. His life, and death, in one sense, shall in all probability be just the same as our life and death. He longed—earnestly and intensely longed for the time when he could return to the beautiful fields of his dearly-beloved Mount Vernon. When that delightful day at last seemed near, he wrote those happy words: "I have retired from all public employments, and shall tread the paths of private satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers." But alas, alas, less than three years after George Washington returned to his beautiful Mount Vernon, there was heard a rustle in the air. The Death Angel flew down and knocked at his door, and within a few hours he was gone. So with our lives. We may look forward to a happy and glorious earthly twilight; but in all probability, life for all of us means continued work to the close. It will mean hard work clear up to the end. Then when our work is done, whether well or poorly done, God will call us and we must go. We shall go in all probability as George Washington went: quickly, unexpectedly, without hardly a warning.

May we one and all live as he lived. Be able to die as he died. Live in the hearts of those with whom we have come in contact. Live as Washington has been a blessed "father of many nations."

MRS. TYLER AS A YOUNG WIFE
From an Early Portrait

THE OLD "WHITE HOUSE"

MRS. SEMPLE
While Mistress of the White House

MISS MARY TYLER
Pres. Tyler's Second Daughter

THE LIFE STORY OF A PRESIDENT'S FAMILY

PERHAPS no President of the United States ever had a more eventful career than did the tenth incumbent of that high office, John Tyler, of Virginia. Mr. Tyler was of distinguished lineage; his mother was an Armistead, and through her, as well as through his father, he was connected with many of the notable families of the Old Dominion. He was born at the ancestral homestead in Greenway, Charles City County, Virginia, on the 29th of March, 1790, and was given the education and advantages of an aristocratic Virginian gentleman's son of that day. In 1807, he was graduated from William and Mary College, the alma mater of such men as Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Peyton Randolph, and others whose names have long been famous in American history.

Before leaving college, young Tyler had met the beautiful Letitia Christian, the daughter of a wealthy planter, Colonel Robert Christian. She is said to have greatly resembled the Empress Josephine. Mr. Tyler fell desperately in love with her, but his courtship was of a most austere description. They were almost of an age, and were engaged for over four years, yet during that entire time he seldom saw her alone, and long after their marriage he told a friend that he never mustered up courage to even kiss her hand until three weeks before their wedding! They were married on his twenty-third birthday, and for thirty-one years their life was an ideally happy one, despite the political troubles in which he was continually embroiled.

By this marriage, President Tyler had four daughters and three sons. The eldest son, Robert, was his father's secretary during the first year of his administration, but at that time the secretaryship was an unofficial, unsalaried post, and his son left it to go to Philadelphia, where, in 1843, he became Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. At the outbreak of the Civil War he went to Richmond, where he was appointed Register of the Treasury. He died at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1877. The other sons were, John Tyler, Jr., who died in Washington three years ago, and Tazwell Tyler, who was an army surgeon, and who died in California while on duty there. Mrs. Tyler's health was very frail when she went with her husband into the White House, and during the year that Robert acted as his father's secretary, his wife assumed the duties of hostess for her. The daughters of the family, Letitia, Mary, Alice and Elizabeth, spent the greater part of their time with their parents at the White House, and Elizabeth was married there in January, 1842, a few months before her mother's death. Her wedding, which was solemnized in the East Room, was one of the most brilliant affairs that the young capital had ever seen. Upon her mother's death, in September, of the same year, Letitia, the eldest daughter (who was the wife of Captain Semple, a navy officer), became the Mistress of the Executive Mansion, and remained so until her father's second marriage, two years later. During these two years, Mrs. Semple admirably filled the unusually trying position of "first lady."

MRS. SEMPLE (as she now is)

"It seemed as though the events of a lifetime were crowded into those four years we spent in the President's House," said Mrs. Semple recently, in talking over those events. "Joy and sorrow followed each other in quick succession. Mother was never very strong, and she failed rapidly after we went there, but she always retained an active interest in everything, although she turned over many of her official duties to Robert's wife. She planned Elizabeth's magnificent wedding, but it all seemed a hollow mockery when, within a few months, we laid her a corpse in the same stately room where the ceremony had been performed. Then I succeeded her as hostess, and next winter, sister Mary's youngest child, Robert Tyler Jones, who, twenty years later, carried the Confederate flag up the heights at Gettysburg, was born in the historic mansion. A birth, a wedding, a death, within such a little time!

PRESIDENT TYLER AND MRS. TYLER (*nee* Julia Gardiner)

"The duties of the Mistress of the White House have always been onerous, but they were not as heavy when I was there as they are now. She did not have to assume so many official cares then. Twice every week, my father dined and entertained the different members of Congress, but the only official dinings where the wives were invited were the Cabinet and the Diplomatic banquets. The house was always more or less full of visitors. While I was its mistress, the Prince de Joinville of France came as the guest of the nation, and was entertained at the President's House.

"The incidents surrounding the accident on the ill-fated *Princeton* come back to me as vividly as though it were but yesterday when they happened," continued Mrs. Semple"; "I remember how enthusiastic Captain Stockton was in inviting us to go on the excursion to see the new gun, 'Peacemaker,' tested. I had arranged to go to our home in Virginia on the morning of the excursion, and as our carriages and horses were engaged for the entire trip, I did not feel that I could change my plans. Captain Stockton was having tea with us, and, turning to my father, said:

"'Mr. President, can't you compel this young lady to alter her arrangements and go with us down the river?'

"How well I recall my father's laugh as he replied, 'I can veto bank bills but I cannot veto a young lady's will.' How little we all dreamed then of the horrible tragedy of the next day!

"I left early in the morning, and when we reached home that evening we were mystified by the booming of the cannon in Richmond, nor did we know for two days what the ominous sounds announced. As you know, the party, including the President's household, Mr. Gardiner and his two daughters, beside the members of the Cabinet, went down the river, and on the return trip, the test of the gun which wrought the fearful havoc took place. It was only a merciful intervention of Providence that my father was not killed. The party was in the salon lunching, when Captain Stockton came down and begged them to go on deck to see the final test. Several of the Cabinet members left, and my father turned to go also, when pretty Mary Wycliffe, the daughter of the Postmaster-General, who was so soon to be fatherless, called out, 'Oh, wait! Mr. President, wait! I have a toast I want to give.'

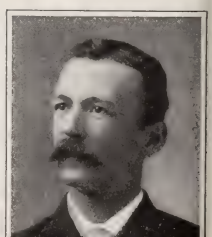
"The President good-naturedly signalled the others to go on without him and turned back to the table. When order was restored, the girl gave the toast: 'The flag, the flag of our country! The only thing that is American that bears a stripe!' A shout of laughter greeted this sally, but it was drowned in the awful roar on deck, and the scene was soon turned into one of mourning."

As will be readily recalled, Mr. Gardiner was among the victims of the tragedy, and his body, with those of the fallen Cabinet ministers, was taken to the White House, where the funeral services were subsequently held. Miss Gardiner and her sister were prostrated with grief and remained at the mansion for some weeks.

It was during this time that President Tyler began the suit for the hand of the elder sister, Miss Julia. It was a short courtship, and on the 26th day of June, they were married at the Church of the Ascension in New York City The youth and beauty of the bride caused much favorable comment. She was more than thirty years the junior of her distinguished husband.

The President's daughters returned to their homes in Virginia, and, during the remaining eight months of Mr. Tyler's administration, the young bride made a most popular mistress. After Mr. Tyler's death, in 1863, Mrs. Tyler applied to Congress for a pension, which she received. This was the first pension ever granted a President's widow. Her death occurred at Richmond, in 1889.

Mrs. Semple, who, as its mistress, graced the White House with so much dignity, is still living. Years ago, she lost her husband and children, and later, her fortune also. Bereft and alone, she availed herself of the shelter of the gentle charity of the Louise Home at Washington, where she is now spending her declining years. ABBEY G. BAKER.



PROF. LYON G. TYLER

VIEW OF MUONIO, IN THE FAMINE DISTRICT OF FINLAND

FROM PAINTING BY S. TOYRA, A NATIVE ARTIST, IN JUNE LAST, WHEN NEARLY ALL VEGETATION HAD FAILED

THE FAMINE *IN THE* NORTHLAND

Energetic Relief Work by the Helsingfors' Committee --- Sympathetic Gifts Still Pouring in

IT will be pleasant news for those who have sympathized with the famine sufferers in Finland and Sweden, to learn that the most energetic measures are now under way for their relief. From the Central Committee at Helsingfors, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received the assurance that all the machinery of the government is being employed to aid the sufferers. Liberal grants have been made for the undertaking of public works, and large sums have been appropriated for direct relief. In addition to the Central Committee at Helsingfors, Provincial Relief Committees have been formed in the distressed provinces, and these, together with the local committees in the various parishes, are working hand-in-hand with each other. The Central Committee has made it a leading principle to give relief as a reward for work done, except in the case of the aged, the sick, and women and children. Children's homes have been established in the distressed parishes, and cook-houses have been opened where the school children are fed. By these and similar means it is hoped to avoid the most serious consequences. The Committee highly appreciates the sympathy it has received from the United States.

DR. C. J. SORSEN

From Pastor J. D. Kilburn, of the Anglo-American Church in St. Petersburg, we have received a letter written during his tour of the Finnish famine field, in which he writes:

KAJANA, January 23

It is deeply sad to see the number of poor and really deserving people who come daily to Pastor Wayrynen seeking help. Yesterday evening a nice looking, neat man was here, who lives in the woods, more than twenty miles away. He has never had to seek help before, but now all he has had is gone, and all he can earn, working as hard as he can, is nine pence per day. You can think how utterly insufficient this is for himself, wife, and five children, when I mention the fact that we are paying at the rate of three and-a-half pence per day for feeding every child we are keeping in the schools.

This morning a respectable-looking peasant came in from Kuhmoniemi, more than sixty miles. He had had a little work, but had got next to nothing for it. He and his son and horse had worked hard seven days, and had only earned m. 24, or less than £1. If he did not get help, he was in danger of losing his farm and everything. He has a wife and seven children. It seems to me that the need will be so great here that it is almost hopeless to try and help all.

Those who live in the famine districts say that if free help is not to be given to the sick and aged, then it will be impossible to keep them alive. Some go further, and say that the earnings of nearly all will be too small to keep them alive amid the terrible need and the famine prices all around. This I can well understand, and in this opinion I fully agree.

The Nuzi Suometar, the leading Finnish paper, has just arrived, containing Dr. Rilander's official statement of his visit to this and the adjoining parish. I am glad to see it. I fear that, from interested motives, many have been trying to make it appear that the need was not so great, and that the people were idle and did not want to work. In this way they could force them to work for a mere trifle, and sell their woods and farms for almost nothing.

Dr. Rilander says: "The need grows greater and greater. Even those who have been in good circumstances are anxiously asking, 'How shall we get through?' They have sold their goods, and almost everything they have, only to get food. They cry out for work, but get no reply. I have traveled round, and seen how great is the need. I have been in many houses, and have met people who are half dead. I have seen many who have had no bread for several days, only a little milk. It is going beyond bounds; they must have free gifts. If they do not get free gifts, they will die. The farmers cannot give work. They are in want themselves. Bread gets dearer and dearer; and the wages for men and horses working for the wood companies get less and less, so that when men and horses are fed, nothing remains for the family at home. One cannot doubt longer and cannot hesitate longer. One must do quickly what can be done."

I hope that your readers will pray for all those whom they are seeking, by their gifts, to help. The poor people have to work so hard and live so far away from any church, and have so few good books, and so few advantages of any kind, that we can deeply sympathize with them in their deep spiritual poverty, and can wonder that so many of them are such true and earnest Christians. The more I learn of their sad and trying circumstances the more I wonder that they are spiritually and morally and intellectually what they are.

J. D. KILBURN.

One of the most energetic workers in this country for the Finnish famine sufferers is Dr. C. J. Sorsen, President of the Finnish Central Relief Committee for the Western States. Dr. Sorsen, who was in New York a few days ago, visited the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He said:

"During the last two weeks I have been working in the cities of New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis in behalf of my unfortunate brothers and sisters in the northern part of Finland, and it is with joy that I have observed that the great American heart has been in sympathy with those unfortunates, whose only means of subsistence has been wiped out by the cold, continued rains and floods of last summer.

"The prayers of the Finnish Americans have been heard by the benevolent public through the press. Especially has our cause been advocated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose editor, Dr. Klopsch, has made the sad condition of Northern Finland so widely known through his paper, that quick relief has been sent to these people, amounting already to over $25,000. May God bless the noble work done by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to this stricken people; and may God bless all who have helped us to aid our brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, during this terrible crisis."

In an article contributed to *Skandinaven*, Dr. Sorsen recalls the horrors of the famine of 1867, when 100,000 perished. Unless adequate help is quickly sent, that grim tragedy will be re-enacted. As a result of trying to sustain life on the repulsive "famine bread," thousands in the district of Kajana are already sick with typhoid and dysentery. Dr. Rilander, of Uleaborg, has organized the relief work in that district, and has installed physicians and nurses to care for the sick. One hundred and thirty-four parishes are famine-stricken, and the existence of 400,000 persons is wholly dependent upon charity. Every official in Finland is regularly contributing a portion of his salary for the benefit of his starving kinsmen. Up to the present time, all the relief afforded, both from native and foreign sources, has proved inadequate.

From the Port of Hango according to official report 26 000 people left for America before November, 1902. From other ports, through Sweden and Norway, far greater numbers have left the country. Since the freezing of the Gulf of Finland, thousands of young men have crossed to Sweden on skis and skates, to escape service at home. This migration of those who are able to work, makes the situation still worse.

Dr. Sorsen estimates that $2 per month will keep a Finn from starvation. The sufferers will have to be carried through till the next harvest.

In these districts, where the famine now prevails, and where, in thousands of homes at this moment, children emaciated from hunger, are crying for bread, which their mothers are unable to give—I mean in Kianta, Knusamo, Suomussalmi, Kolari, Kittila, Sodankyla, etc., etc.—there, as far as Finnish history knows, the farmer has never been able to lay aside any part of the year's harvest for the next year. Indeed, every year the peasants of these districts depend upon the forest products for a part of the annual crop used for sustenance.

A very vivid and realistic picture of the condition in the deep forests is presented by the fact that thousands of young lynxes and rabbits died last summer for lack of food in the forest. Flowers of the wild berries were nipped in the bud. The ptarmigan has disappeared entirely. Wolves and even the northern fox, which so carefully avoid human dwellings, have been forced to seek food among farmhouses because of the impoverished condition of the forests.

Here are two sample cases quoted by Dr. Sorsen:

Rev. Heikkell, from Kolari, district of Uleaborg, writes as follows:

I can assure you, in the name of God, that quick relief is enormously necessary. Need and misery are very acute. Committee of investigation has just been back from Kuttakko, and they are shocked at the almost misery of those people. Committee reports on the condition of fourteen families visited, not one of these families had any food or clothing, but sickness prevailed in every house. There were a few men able to work, but no one had any means of hiring help.

From Pallasto, Erick Kalgren writes:

It is heartrending to see the pale emaciated children wabbling to school. We have tried to provide a bowl of bean soup and a slice of bread twice daily to each one. In the name of God, try to extend your helping hand.

"From nearly a hundred other places," Dr. Sorsen writes, "equally shocking news has been received. Thousands of families are reduced to eating bark-bread or roots." He declares that the stricken people of Finland are "in every way worthy of the assistance of the great, free, and generous hearted people of America." They are deeply grateful for the help already received.

FROM PAINTING BY JOHN STALL

WELL-TO-DO FINNISH FARM HOME IN KALAJAKI

In many parts of the United States, natives of Sweden, through the Swedish churches and other organizations, are taking active steps for the relief of their fellow-countrymen at home. It is probable that a very substantial relief fund will be raised. A Royal Commission has been appointed to conduct the work in Sweden, which is under the direction of Karl G. Bergstrom, Governor of Norbotten Province, where the famine is most severe. At last reports, some 100,000 men, women, and children were dependent upon the Commission for food, all their means being exhausted.

Address all Famine Fund contributions for Finland or Sweden to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

Contributions To The Christian Herald Finland Famine Fund

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A—, A. R. 2 50
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A HOME IN THE CORDILLERA MOUNTAINS, S. A.

TEKANIKA, THE MOST SOUTHERLY MISSION IN SOUTH AMERICA

A TOUR

AMONG THE BARBARIAN YAHGANS

By EMILIO OLSSON

I HAVE now safely reached my home in Adroque, Buenos Ayres, after my long Bible tour in the far South to Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego or "Fireland." During 105 days I have traveled about 4,000 miles and disposed of over six boxes of American made Bibles, Testaments and Gospels, mostly in Spanish. My first visit to Fireland has been full of interest; it has afforded me valuable information on the subject of Missions among the Indian tribes dwelling in that far-away land near wild Cape Horn.

Tierra del Fuego is an archipelago adjoining the Southern extremity of the great Western hemisphere South between Lat. 50 deg. to 56 deg. There are four principal Islands—Onisin, Southland, Yhoste and Navarin Islands, besides the land of Desolation, with many other small islands.

We find three distinct tribes of Indians in Tierra del Fuego, speaking different languages. The entire number of Indians some thirty years ago exceeded 10,000, but at the present time there are hardly more than from 2,000 to 3,000 remaining.

The habits of the Indians have not altered much in one hundred years, except where they have been under the direct influence of the missionaries.

Their food mainly consists of fungus food, seals or shellfish and otters. The Indians on the coast are well supplied with seals-skins and otter. The natives also use the skins of the guanaco (or South American camel), but of a coarse kind, not like those fine skins used by the Patagonians.

The canoe is a real treasure to the Indian, for by it he travels to and fro, hunting for food from island to island.

The canoes are under the charge of the women, who paddle them from place to place, in order to fish or gather shellfish. When the canoe arrives at its destination, it is the husband and children who first land and enter the wigwam, while the woman makes fast the canoe; she then jumps overboard and swims for the shore. In Fireland the women can swim, but the men, never. If the journey is continued the next morning, the woman of the party swims off to the canoe, gets into it, and paddles it ashore, while the rest of the family collect their property at the landing place. The property generally consists of a basket used for gathering fungus and shellfish, of skins, of a wing bone of the albatross, which is used for drinking purposes, of different kinds of spears, of whalebone nooses, which they employ to catch birds, of some bladders filled with oil or fat, which they use to grease their bodies with, and use also as sauce with berries.

In their skin bags the Indians carry different kinds of colored clays, with which they at times bedaub their heads.

The women must do a good deal of work. They not only clean and paddle the canoes, but they kindle the fires and cook for their husbands. The men, on their part, make the canoes and the spears and do the hunting for supplies. The Indians in Tierra del Fuego, like those in the great interior of the continent, are very fond of their dogs. I remember reading of a voyager who inquired of a boy belonging to one of the savage tribes of Tierra del Fuego, why the Indians, in time of famine, secretly killed and ate their old women, when there were dogs they could eat instead. The boy answered in his smattering English, "Dogs catch otter; old women, no."

The Yahgans generally practice polygamy. The marriage of two or three sisters by the same man is a common practice. Sons-in-law are expected, either by gifts or work, to purchase their wives. There are few single women.

As soon as a man dies, his wives are married to others. The education and discipline of children are almost neglected, and they are allowed to grow up wild. But when lads are about thirteen years old, they are subject to hard discipline and a sort of teaching.

The instruction given is something like this:

"You must not kill people, or you yourself will soon be killed."

"You must not take another man's wife."

"You must share the treasures you find."

"You must not be idle."

For several years the youths are to abstain from certain kinds of fish and parts of whales, and even fasting is prescribed for the lads.

The wigwam, called "keena," is set apart for superstitious ceremonies. Here the lads are kept at work to gather much fuel to keep the "keena" fire going. No women enter, or even go near to the "keena." At times the boys are made to lie with their faces to the ground, when an evil monster, called "Liacakeepa," is said to be coming out of the sea. The poor boys are very much frightened; they dare not turn their heads to look at this cruel being. At last, "Liacakeepa" goes away, and the boys are allowed to sit up again. Young children are frequently buried alive. The dead are generally burnt, and their fellows seek to forget their names, although incantation and mourning for the dead is long continued among them.

Geographically, the Fireland is hilly and mountainous, with snow-clad peaks. The land is thickly covered with forest and abundance of evergreen and deciduous trees. There is a variety of birds, and fish is very plentiful. Guanaco is also found in various parts of Tierra del Fuego, and another animal as large as a sheep, which the Indians call "saapoim." Otter and seals are plentiful on the coast. The shores are very steep in parts. There are no rivers worthy of the name. Lakes are numerous, but few contain fish.

July is the winter season in Tierra del Fuego, and January the summer. The summers are usually cool and the winters not too rigorous. The skies are constantly overcast, fogs, mists, rains, snows and high winds prevail throughout the year, and render the Archipelago one of the dreariest places on the globe.

UNCIVILIZED INDIANS OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO, IN THEIR NATIVE DRESS OF SKINS

INTERIOR OF A NATIVE HUT IN SOUTH AMERICA

CIVILIZED INDIANS OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO IN MODERN COSTUMES

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available in the locality. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Idols from America

HOW far will our merchants and manufacturers go in developing American trade? A press dispatch from Tacoma, Wash., announces the arrival there of a Korean merchant, who comes to purchase idols for the worship of his people. He explains that a few years ago, an American firm sent a few idols as a gift to one of the sacred Orders in Korea, and they were so much admired, that the enterprising firm he represents wishes to place contracts for a further supply. He is, therefore, on his way to New York and Philadelphia to arrange terms of purchase.

That such a contract can be made in those, or other cities, there is, unhappily, no reason to doubt. Merchants who send rum and other intoxicating liquors to heathen lands, are little likely to have any compunction of conscience about sending idols. When the greed of money takes full possession of a man's soul, he is ready to supply almost any demand that has the promise of profit in it. Yet what a horrible situation it is, that the men who are pandering to the degradation of their countrymen, should be able to obtain the means of doing so from a civilized, not to say a Christian, country! It would be interesting to learn what account they give of the origin of these idols. The image that the Ephesians worshiped was said to have fallen from Jupiter, and similar supernatural origins are assigned for other objects of worship; but what will be the account given of these American idols? Will they say that they are the gods that are worshiped in the great nation beyond the sea? How it will puzzle the people who have listened to the Christian missionaries whom America has sent to Korea, to reconcile such a statement with the Christian message! It will be embarrassing to the missionaries, too, to have the idolatrous worship they are laboring so hard to destroy galvanized into new life by such importations. For the credit of our country, we could wish that the origin of the images might be kept a secret, for it is a disgrace that we should have among us men who would aid in perpetuating the superstition and degradation of a simple people. We can but wonder whether conscience and principle are not dead in men who, in this age of the world, can make images to be worshiped; and so the Psalmist have been right when he compared the idols to the idol-makers: "They that make them, are like unto them."

A National Danger

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is known as a man who has the courage of his opinions. He has a habit of free expression on topics of vital interest, that is in sharp contrast with the conservatism which usually characterizes utterances from one occupying so high a position. In a letter written to an American authoress, Mrs. John Van Vorst, he has this to say concerning the latest evolution of womanly independence, and the desire of a large proportion of the sex to avoid marriage and to rely for maintenance upon the fruits of their own individual labor:

> An easy, good-natured kindliness and a desire to be "independent"—that is, to live one's life purely according to one's own desires—are in no sense substitutes for the fundamental virtues, for the practice of the strong racial qualities, without which there can be no strong races—the qualities of courage and resolution in both men and women, of scorn of what is mean, base and selfish, of eager desire to work or fight or suffer, as the case may be, provided the end to be gained is great enough, and the contemptuous putting aside of mere ease, mere vapid pleasure, mere avoidance of toil and worry.
>
> I do not know whether I most pity or most despise the foolish and selfish man or woman who does not understand that the only things really worth having in life, are those the acquirement of which normally means cost and effort. If a man or woman, through no fault of his or hers, goes through life denied those highest of all joys, which spring only from home life, from the having and bringing up of many healthy children, I feel for them deep and respectful sympathy—the sympathy one extends to the gallant fellow killed at the beginning of a campaign, or the man who toils hard and is brought to ruin by the fault of others. But the man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage, and has a heart so cold as to know no passion, and a brain so shallow and selfish as to dislike having children, is in effect a criminal against the race, and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people.
>
> Of course no one quality makes a good citizen, and no one quality will save a nation. But there are certain great qualities for the lack of which no amount of intellectual brilliancy, or of material prosperity, or of easiness of life can atone, and which show decadence and corruption in the nation just as much as if they are produced by selfishness and coldness and ease-loving laziness among comparatively poor people, as if they are produced by vicious or frivolous luxury in the rich.

No stronger sermon than this has ever been penned against the selfish indulgence of the rich, many of whom live for their own individual pleasure, finding their chief occupation in "killing time" and indulging foolish vanity, instead of bravely bearing their proper share of the burdens of life. Indulgence in this shallow, purposeless, and unnatural method of living has smitten more than one modern nation with moral and physical leprosy, and has marked it for decay.

In these sturdy words—written in the full knowledge of the fact that our native population is decreasing, and that the only increase is that which is represented by immigration—Mr. Roosevelt sounds a note of salutary warning that should be echoed far and wide. It is for the good of the nation that he should be clearly understood. No mistaken delicacy should blind us to the importance of a question which is so vital to the moral and material welfare of the nation. When honorable marriage falls into disrepute in any country, that land becomes an object of pity, and ultimately brings upon itself both divine and human condemnation.

Sabbath Observance

DURING the present month, two events have occurred which have a significant interest for all who are striving for the preservation of the Christian Sabbath. These two events form a remarkable contrast.

In the first instance: Congress having much urgent and unfinished work on hand, the Lower House extended its session into Sunday, Feb. 8, and transacted some current business. On the following day, Feb. 9, an outspoken member arose in his seat, and quickly convinced the House that its Sunday work was reprehensible, and, to say the least, of doubtful legality; and the House promptly responded, rescinding all legislative action that had been taken during the hours of its session on the Lord's Day.

The second instance occurred in New York, where, under the new police regime, instructions had been issued to the captains of precincts to enforce the laws against gambling, dives, disorderly houses, evaders of liquor tax, suspicious places and Sunday violation. In a downtown east-side district, the captain had closed a number of workshops where Hebrews were employed, and for this act he was disciplined, the Mayor and Chief of Police interpreting the Penal Code to mean that those who "keep another day of the week as holy time and do not labor on that day" may do as they please about working on the Christian Sabbath.

Mayor Hewitt, years ago, interpreted the Sunday law of New York State as permitting work on that day by those who observed a different day as "holy time." The laws of the land prescribe the observance of the Christian Sabbath, outwardly at least. Foreign religionists who come here are expected to obey the law, as far as refraining from open traffic and trading are concerned; but if they duly observe a different Sabbath from ours, the law, in most cases, does not prohibit them from working on the Christian Sabbath. There are, however, among the Hebrews and other religionists a very considerable number who are gradually coming into line in the observance of our Sabbath as a day of rest. If Christian communities in the large American cities purged themselves of those evils that are specifically condemned by law, and which are demoralizing the young by making the Sabbath a day of revelry and dissipation, foreign religionists who come here would have more respect for our "holy day," and might reasonably be expected in time to adopt it as their own.

FROM FIELDS OF CHRISTIAN LABOR

India Missionaries Grateful

Extract from a letter by Rev. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar.

AHMEDNAGAR, January 8, 1903.

Editor Christian Herald:

MY DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—Once more I want to express to you and to all those who, through you and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, help to support famine children in our Mission, that you have to the last penny most promptly and most honorably fulfilled every engagement, and more.

Without the help of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, some of the most important and most helpful work of American missionaries in India would have fallen through, and we should not have reaped the legitimate fruit of long and difficult famine relief work, because we could not have continued to care for the army of famine children which Providence placed in our care; whereas, till now, we have been able to care for most of them.

Forty famine girls in my wife's and my care have joined the church. All these girls have done wonderfully well, physically, mentally and spiritually. Four famine boys in my brother's orphanage in Bombay were sent, at Government expense, to help in decorating the Delhi Durbar! Think of it! Wealthy people in high position could not go to that Durbar. But famine children had been so wisely trained to do decorating work that some of these children—who, but for such training and but for such support as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has given, would have died, or been wandering ignorant beggars—were sent, at Government expense, to help in the most wonderful decorations that even gorgeous India ever saw. And, best of all, they are becoming good Christians. Well may you and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD donors rejoice and feel rewarded. R. A. HUME.

Wyoming Finns Take Action

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING.

At a meeting of the Finn Temperance Society (members numbering about 150) resolutions were passed thanking you for the good work you are doing and have already done, in behalf of the poor downtrodden people of Finland. With tears in their eyes, millions of Finnish people will thank you and the great American nation for the help you have given them, and they will pray that God will ever bless and protect this great American nation.

We Finlanders in America have already subscribed and sent several thousand dollars to Finland, but the greater part of us belong to the working class, and we have not been able to make such great strides as you have.

The Finnish people, and the Finnish nation, have been under a remarkable test of late years. Within the last few years God has punished the people of Finland by the failure of crops, and consequently poor times, but the Finns are used to this; thanking God, they take both good and bad times. If the frost takes the bread from them, they go to the tree, take the bark, grind it fine, mix it with a little flour. So they have done before, so they will do again.

The Finlanders of this place have already sent sums of money to Finland to help relieve the distress, and we have a big fair the 21st of February, the proceeds of this fair will be sent to relieve the distress of our countrymen across the sea.

FINN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
WALON LAHDE.

A. W. Havela, president; Matt Lahti, secretary; J. A. Kiviaho, past president.

The Swedes Grateful for Help

SWEDISH LUTHERAN GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS CHURCH,
NEW YORK CITY, February 11, 1903.

Editor "The Christian Herald":

Allow me to thank you most cordially for your courtesy and the very kind response in sending so soon to the Relief Committee at Stockholm, Sweden, the amount of $5,000. I hope the good work now going on will increase the donations, both to Finland and Sweden. I will continually take great interest in your noble undertaking for those two sisterlands, which have been united in the past, for more than six hundred years, and whose sons have fought many bloody battles for the cause of Protestantism, even under the command of their mutual king, Gustavus Adolphus, who fell, victorious, on the battlefield of Lutzen.

May the whole Protestant world to-day, when the sons and daughters of those heroes of the past are suffering from famine and pestilence, come to their rescue!

(REV.) MAURITZ STOLPE.

The Negro and the Gospel

(*See picture on first page*)

It is a part of the missionary's work in perhaps every American city to carry God's message of hope and consolation to such aged saints of the African race as are seen in our first page picture.

Following their children who journeyed away from the old cabin in the Southland, many old negroes have found new homes in their declining years in the West and North; and in their lowly abodes, Christian workers seek them out and serve them in gentle ministry. So, this picture will appeal to kindly friends on both sides of Mason's and Dixon's line, who have sat and read the precious Word of God to such as these. They know without the telling, how eagerly and believingly these gray-headed saints with the ebony faces listen as the blessed promises fall upon their ears.

Few deserve more fully the comfort of these promises than the venerable negroes to whom the Master's words, "And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all," often most fitly apply. Many little white children, as well as black, have learned sacred truths at their knees. No race is of more deeply religious temperament than the negro. They are seeking of themselves religious enlightenment and progression, and their white brethren should lend them every aid.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Marine Disaster

ON this page are reproductions of photographs which have a sad interest for many people in this country. They show the funeral and the memorial services held on board the United States warship *Massachusetts*, for the victims of the recent disaster off Porto Rico. It will be remembered that while the *Massachusetts* was at Culebra, engaged in target practice, an explosion occurred, causing the death of nine men. The details now received show that the fatality was due to the accidental ignition of eighty pounds of brown powder, which was in one of the turrets of the vessel. Powder of this kind explodes with enormous energy when it is in a confined space like the barrel of a gun; but when it is in a larger space like the interior of a turret, burns with sudden and intense heat, and gives out suffocating gases. Not one of the nine men in the turret when the powder caught fire had time to make his escape. All were fatally burned, and five of them died within a few hours, and the other four lingered only a few days. Chaplain Wright was constant in attendance on the injured men as long as they lived, and a Roman Catholic priest visited two of them, who were Catholics. All realized that there was no hope of their recovery, and listened intently to the chaplain as he pointed them to Christ as the Saviour able to save to the uttermost. The bodies were temporarily buried in the cemetery at Santurce, but will be brought home on a Government ship at an early opportunity. The funeral service was commenced on board the *Massachusetts*, and concluded in the cemetery, and on Sunday, January 25, a solemn memorial service was held by order of the admiral on four vessels simultaneously. The disaster threw a gloom over the whole fleet. In time of war, the sudden death of nine men would have made little impression, but that they should have been hurried into eternity by such a catastrophe in time of peace, was shocking. Well would it be if the calamity led their comrades to heed the advice that they and so many other men are disposed to neglect.

Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh (Matt. 24: 44).

MEMORIAL SERVICE ON BOARD THE "MASSACHUSETTS"

BURIAL IN PORTO RICO OF THE VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER ON THE "MASSACHUSETTS"

The Speaking Violin

In a court of justice a number of violins were lying on the table. The ownership of one of them was in question. It did not differ in appearance from the others, but one of the witnesses, an old man, declared he would know it among a thousand. "I would know it," he said, "even if I were blind." "How?" asked the astonished judge. "By its voice," replied the old man. "It would speak to me as no other violin can speak. It is speaking to me now." And, listening, he bent low until his ear almost touched the instrument. Then he grasped another that lay beside it, and with his right hand swung the bow across the strings. A low, deep, throbbing, pulsing note broke the stillness of the court-room. When it ceased, with hand uplifted and with bow pointing to the table where the other instruments still lay, the old player waited expectantly. Across the room, faint yet clearly audible, came the same sweet, low, throbbing note, yet far richer, sweeter and purer, as though some celestial master-player had swept the strings. "That," said the old man, "was the voice of the violin. It has a soul and it has speech. But a false note, rude sounds, or mere discords will not open its lips. So whenever I strike a true note, if the old violin be in the room or near at hand, it will always answer." There are among us some with rare, hidden qualities, that do not appear on the surface. From them comes to the listening ear words like the music of the spheres. It is their delicately attuned souls responding to the voice of the Infinite.

The Lord hath given me the tongue of them that are taught: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth my ear to hear (Isa. 50: 4).

Death Discloses Romance

A strange story is told of a man who died last week in New York. He had been in business as a coal-dealer, and had accumulated a small fortune; but since the death of his wife a year ago, he had become melancholy and had lost all his customers. When his death was discovered, some days after it occurred, the only man with whom he had been intimate, told the secret of his life. He said that when the Franco-German war broke out the dead man was a student of chemistry at Gottingen. He was ordered to join the army, but was strongly averse to doing so. He had a needy friend who liked military life, and with him he made arrangements, for a stipulated sum of money, to join the army in his place. Both men quitted Gottingen, the wife of the substitute being provided with the funds for her support, by the man whose place he took. The substitute was killed in the first battle of the war. The other man immediately sailed for New York, assuming the name of his substitute and eventually marrying his wife. So closely was the secret kept, that even his nearest relatives had no idea that he was alive, but believed he had died in the war. In marrying his substitute's wife and taking his name, he evidently sought to make up, as far as he could, for the death that had been incurred in his place. This is the principle that the Christian is expected to follow. His life ought to be patterned on the life of Christ, who died in his stead.

He died for all that they who live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them (II. Cor. 5: 15).

Back to Prison

A remarkable instance of wasted clemency is now before the New York Courts. Twelve years ago, a man of highly respectable family was convicted of conspiring to wreck a bank. Strong efforts were made on account of his connections to secure his acquittal, but the evidence was too strong. He was convicted and sentenced to a long term in Sing Sing. His friends, however, continued their efforts in his behalf, and at last the Governor, yielding to their persuasion, pardoned him. He was helped to start in business and was apparently doing well, but a month ago he was again arrested charged with swindling a client. As before, an eloquent counsel was engaged and preparations made for a strong defense, but when the man was confronted with the proofs of his guilt he concluded to plead guilty, in the hope of having his sentence mitigated. His acknowledgment of guilt has amazed his friends, who hoped that his previous experience would have been such a lesson to him as to lead to his permanent reformation. There are some men so set on evil that neither severity nor mercy can turn them from their ways. The prophet expresses the belief that even if such men were admitted to heaven, they would not change their habits.

Let favor be shown to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness; in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly (Isa. 26: 10).

Traced by Thumb-Prints

The detective bureaus in many of our cities are now adopting a system, which is also being employed in Europe for the detection of criminals. It is based on the discovery that the markings of the thumb and finger-tips are not exactly alike in any number of persons. In a recent test case, it was found that in one hundred persons there were no two alike. The first use made of the discovery was in India, where, in one of the prisons, every prisoner had his thumb and fingers smeared with ink and then pressed on paper, on which his name and offence was recorded. The system had been operated about two years, when a murder was committed under circumstances that furnished absolutely no clue to the perpetrator, save the fact that in his search for money the criminal had grasped a piece of paper on which his moist thumb and fingers had left marks. They were compared with the prison records, and at once identified. The guilty man thus indicated was traced and arrested, and confessed his guilt. A recent case is that of a burglar who happened to place his hand on a freshly-painted window sash, leaving an impression which, when compared with the records, furnished the clue which has led to his conviction. It is astonishing that there should be so much diversity in a matter where one would have expected similarity. The patriarch seems to have had a prevision of the fact in his consciousness that God was cognizant of all his ways:

Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet (Job 13: 27).

BRIEF NOTES

The Bible has been read through ninety times by Mrs. O. M. Fitz Gerald, mother of Bishop Fitz Gerald, who celebrated her ninetieth birthday on Feb. 13.

The Winona Assembly and Summer School at Winona Lake, Ind., has issued a most attractive programme for this year. More than fifty instructors are now on the faculty.

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., says that the great work now in progress in the States of the Middle West, is characteristically marked by the arousing of the lay element in all the cities.

The Presbyterian Church at Minden, Neb., Rev. A. Vander Upper, pastor, has just closed a two weeks' revival under the efficient leadership of the Rev. C. T. Schaeffer, of New York, the General Assembly's Evangelist for Nebraska.

In all Europe, the finest home that any Young Men's Christian Association possesses is that at Stockholm. It was built in 1896, at a cost of nearly £40,000. Its lecture-hall will hold 500 persons, and its library contains 6,000 volumes.

Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson has commenced a series of ten Bible lectures in connection with the School of Bible Study, at Exeter Hall, Strand, London.

A young man able to sing, and desirous of engaging in evangelistic work, may hear of an opportunity by communicating with missionary A. A. Silva, 124 Federal Street, Portland, Me.

The National Bible Society of Scotland reports a record circulation in 1902, no fewer than 1,118,530 Scriptures having been issued by its agents at home and abroad, or 428,125 more than in the previous year. In China alone upwards of half a million copies were circulated.

The Oliver brothers, evangelists, have found it necessary to enlarge the Tabernacle at Topeka, Kans., in which they are holding meetings. The Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian and Christian churches are all receiving additions to their membership from converts at the meetings.

A meeting for Sunday School teachers is held at Union Theological Seminary, 700 Park Ave., New York, every Saturday afternoon at 3.30, for the study of the Sunday School Lesson. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at eight o'clock, classes are held for lay workers. They are conducted by Dr. Richard Morse Hodge.

Evangelist H. Stafford Smith has been holding services at the First Reformed Church of Philadelphia, of which Dr. Milliken is pastor. Mr. Smith has pleasant memories of this church, having labored there with much success during his former visit five years ago. Dr. F. B. Meyer, whose words count for much in all the churches, has sent a cordial commendation of Mr. Smith's services in London and hearty good wishes for his success in America. Letters sent to him at the office of this journal, Bible House, New York, will be forwarded to him.

BURNING BOOKS

PAUL AT EPHESUS

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 8. ACTS 19: 13-20

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: -- ACTS 19: 17: "THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS WAS MAGNIFIED"

A FIRE in Ephesus! And it was no common fire. It was made to burn up something that had been very precious, which had suddenly become hateful. The fire was fed not with logs, but with books that had been copied by hand, and so were expensive, many of them having been copied by ancestors, and so having the added value of being heirlooms. The books destroyed were worth a sum equivalent to at least $50,000 in our time.

It was an uncommon fire also because love had kindled it, love for Jesus, a new passion in hearts that had hitherto been devoted to Diana, the false goddess. The Apostle Paul had come to dwell in their city, and he had not only preached the name of Jesus in public places, but had also gone from home to home, telling the people of the true God. And as the hearts of fathers, and mothers, and children were turned from Diana to Jesus, they came to desire the destruction of the books which taught them things which they could not practice as Christians. In the wonderful miracles performed by Paul, such as the healing of sick through handkerchiefs and aprons, they had come to recognize a greater power in him than in the dark art of magic, which many of the books described. Nothing remained for them in their hitherto precious books. The evil they once loved, they had learned to hate.

It was an uncommon fire, because it represented the co-operation of the whole body of Christians in Ephesus. It might have been easier for each family to destroy their books in private, but the name of Jesus was magnified in Ephesus by the general burning of the books.

It was an uncommon fire, because of the great fire of covetousness which it revealed in the hearts of those who had found the worship of Diana a profitable element in their trade, as they were silversmiths, and made small images of Diana to sell.

Sometimes there are casualties at fires—severe injuries are received, or lives are lost. Closely connected with the fire in Ephesus, but just preceding it, was a casualty in which seven sons of Sceva, a Jewish priest, had come to grief. They were exorcists, dealers, so to speak, in evil spirits. They had seen the wonders of healing which Paul had wrought in the Name of Jesus. It was blasphemy for them to undertake similar work "in His Name," but they tried it upon a demoniac. The evil spirit, which was in possession of the man, leaped upon the pretenders, saying: "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" And the evil spirit tore their clothes in fragments and wounded their bodies; and great fear came upon all who were eye-witnesses of the scene. And their fear increased as they saw the burning of the books, and heard the cry new to Ephesus, "In the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

As they looked toward the image of Diana, they hardly felt the usual impulse to cry out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," for they saw that she stirred not to avenge herself, but continued resting upon the two metal bars, one under each hand. Her painted eyes flashed back no fire of indignation; her dark body remained inert, though her worship was being overthrown. "So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed."

Illustration and Application

This lesson contrasts: 1. Two kinds of deeds, vers. 11-18. 2. Two kinds of words, vers. 19-21.

Paul's miracles, prompted by brotherly love, and wrought in the power of God, are here set in contrast with the attempted miracles of the selfish sons of Sceva, by whom the Name of Jesus was also used, but from whom his spirit was absent, so that the very devils were disgusted by the hypocrisy involved. The contrast is between two efforts to do the same thing and under the same religious professions, but with a different motive. The devils and their dupes have no fear of those who use religious words and forms from selfish motives of greed or ambition. He who attempts a religious act to make a show or to make money, if not unmasked by devils, will be known in all his black hypocrisy to God, and his use of the sacred Name will be accounted, not as a prayer, but as profane. On the other hand, there are men whose very presence reminds us of Christ, even when they do not speak his Name, and whose coming brings help and health to body, mind and soul. The devils that possess us flee at their coming, as night flees at the rising of the sun.

How heartily we all honor those who dare some risk or hardship save imperilled lives! The papers, not long since, told of Mary Peden, fifteen years old, who saw a bridge on fire on the Northern Pacific Railway. Knowing that a passenger train was almost due, she ran to the stable, mounted a horse and swiftly rode to the station, just in time to hold the incoming train. O that we might be as eager to act and speak so as to save those near and far, whose souls are in peril!

That incident reminds us of the power of words as well as deeds. This lesson might well be devoted chiefly to considering "words that burn" and words that should be burned, that is, good and evil uses of the wonderful gift of language. The power to express thought in words is one of the special distinctions between man and beast. Parrots speak words, but only as a phonograph echoes, without thought, what it hears. Expressing thought in intelligent language is one of God's great gifts to man, for which we should render devout thanks and which we should use as a sacred trust.

Alas, in every age there are words that ought to be burned. At Ephesus, apparently without any specific appeal from Paul, the new converts proved the genuineness of their conversion—and some who read this should take the hint—by burning books which their unregenerate hearts enjoyed.

Words to be Burned

Heathen religions in Paul's day and to-day usually invite their worshipers to buy in the temples as a sacred thing, those vile indulgences which God condemns both in his Word and by their natural consequences. It was a lot of books that kindled the fires of passion in the name of religion that the quickened consciences of the Ephesian converts led them to burn.

They were also in part books of magic, akin to the modern literature of spiritism, which is also closely allied to "free love." The closest parallel to the burning of bad books in Ephesus, under Paul's preaching, is the case of Savonarola, who called on the people of Florence to burn their so-called "art," that which had rotted Greece and Rome, and which the Renaissance had brought back, after Christianity had buried it for centuries from sight, the art that put beauty above duty, and cares nothing for moral effects. France is to-day a "dying nation," largely because of its corrupting pictures, plays, and books.

Would that we could gather up the gossip, and scandal, and the very propensity to it, when we have begun a Christian life at any rate, and burn it up forever! Printed words we may burn, but spoken words, and even words we have read, are beyond the reach of fire.

"The boneless tongue so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sage doth this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart"

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Tho' feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

PHILIP B. STRONG.

"BROUGHT THEIR BOOKS TOGETHER AND BURNED THEM BEFORE ALL MEN"

But let us turn to the glad, right uses of words, even as the lesson turns from the bonfire of bad books, to say, "So mightily grew the Word of the Lord and prevailed." What a contrast to that burning up of bad books in Ephesus, are the frequent efforts made in after years to burn up the Bible! On the mail boxes are the words "Pull down," and "Lift up." Let our words be the "lift up" kind. What uplifts to men and nations the Word of God has proved! Heathen sacred books have filled men with fears. They have crowded the air with devils and with gods, that inspire fear rather than love. Where the Bible is not known men walk in fear of witchcraft, and hoodoos, and other mysterious and imaginary perils. The Word of God scatters these ghosts. More wonderful still, the Bible shows how we can be saved from real evils, even when they are entrenched by habit in our own lives, as was done in the case of many at Ephesus (Eph. 5: 1-8).

THE SITE OF ANCIENT EPHESUS

One day there came a Chinaman into a mission chapel at Foochow, China, while Rev. S. L. Binkley was preaching, who said to him after the sermon: "I never heard of Jesus Christ before. Are you sure he could save me from my sins?" "Yes," said the preacher. "But you don't know that I have been a gambler, a sorcerer, an opium smoker—all this for twenty years." "Jesus Christ can save you, nevertheless." The Chinaman turned away, as if it was too good to believe, but came again and again to hear more of this wonderful Saviour. One morning he came to the missionary saying: "You are quite right—he can save me, for he has done it." Opium smoking was the hardest sin he had to conquer, but he said one day to the missionary, "I don't want to do any of the things I used to love so, but I do want to go to Hok-chiang to tell the people there that Jesus can save them from their sins, as you told me." His friends told him that the fierce people to whom he proposed to go would soon stop his preaching by cutting off his head. He went nevertheless. Enemies of Christianity had him arrested on false charges, and the heathen official ordered 2,000 stripes, which were inflicted with the bamboo on his bare back. Nearly dead he was then carried to the nearest mission station where he was tenderly cared for. "Teacher," he said, "this poor body is in great pain just now, but my inside heart has great peace. If I get well again, teacher, you'll let me go back to Hok-chiang, won't you?" To the surprise of everybody he recovered and went back to preach again to his persecutors, some of whom were converted. Fourteen years later the doctors told him he could not live much longer because of some disease that was culminating. "Then I must go back to Tengtiong. I have still a little time to tell of Jesus' love and I want to die at my post." And he did. Oh, the great privilege that we cannot only read and hear the word of God but pass it on, warmed with our heart's love to others!

Two little Indian boys were once talking of what they would like to do. They had been impressed with the good work of a missionary, going back and forth across the plains on his errands of love. Thinking of him, one exclaimed: "I wish to be a preacher. Then I'd go and tell everybody all the good things I know."

The other hesitated for a while. It seemed to him the very best had been wished. But suddenly his face brightened, and his shrill little voice rang out with a note of triumph: "I wish I could be a horse and buggy; I'd carry the preacher to tell the good things."

If one cannot preach himself he can help to send the preacher on his mission. And all of us can be "witnesses" in deed and word of the power of Christ to save.

The most wonderful of all uses of words is prayer, by which we speak to God, in order that what we speak for God may not be in vain. Little Polly put two pennies on the missionary plate, and then every night, after her other prayers were said, she added, "God bless my two pennies."

Here is a fitting prayer with which to close this lesson:

O that mine eyes may closed be to what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear to what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie from ever speaking foolishly.
That no vain thought might ever rest, or be conceived in my breast.
That by each deed, and word and thought, glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye on thee is fixed; to thee I cry.
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart, and make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too, for that is more than I can do.

THOMAS ELWOOD.

The Heart of the Home

"YOU may say what you will," said the tired little schoolma'am, sinking into the comfortable, chintz-covered rocker, "the kitchen is the heart of the home."

Her mother, of whom she was a replica, looked up from the socks she was darning, and smiled as mothers do. Both women had brown eyes and brown hair, but the older face had lost its bloom, and was thin and worn. It had in it the sweetness of an invincible patience; while the other, still round and softly colored, was apt to be marked now and then with a frown. It is never easy for youth to accept interruptions and postponements with serenity; the talent for that must be cultivated, as the habit of thankfulness must. Patience and thankfulness are never far apart.

. . .

The little schoolma'am glanced about her at the big, bright kitchen, all smoothed out in its afternoon peace. The day's work had an air of being done and out of the way. Her mother was a good manager. She never had things cluttered about, and her system was her servant, not her ruler. Nobody ever heard her talk about it; nobody ever saw her fuss; she simply went so calmly on about her affairs, that the routine was like Divine Providence; without irreverence, it might be said that the mother's rule in that home, was like the ordering of the Lord. Indeed, was she not his delegate, doing his will, while his spirit illumined her countenance.

"Mother," said the daughter, lying back in the rocker and resting after her long day in the little red schoolhouse, "I'm glad to teach near home. It's like heaven to come back to you and be where you are. And the moment I put my foot inside this kitchen I forget every mite of trouble, and begin to be happy. The reason the kitchen is the heart of the home is this, it's the place where you stay. Any place where mother is, has something about it warmer and dearer than any other place; don't you think so, dear?"

And again, the mother's tender smile, was a sufficient answer.

. . .

Houses are of many varieties. There are sumptuous mansions furnished with rare elegance; there are cozy cottages which make no attempt at show, but are, nevertheless, very pleasant backgrounds for people who love one another; and houses there are in plenty, that are only slices of bigger ones—tenements, flats, apartments, what you will—and off on the mountains, there are cabins, a window, a door, a loft, a chimney, a fire on the hearth, and little more, but from palace to hovel, it is the mother who makes the home. If she be a dawdler and a trifler, there is small probability that her family will rise much above her level. If she be morbid and miserable, low in her mind, or fretchedly fagged out in her body, gloom will envelop the atmosphere about her, gloom as impenetrable as a London fog. If she be wise, self-controlled, even-tempered and courageous, the home will move on easily, and the home people have influence and honor beyond its gates.

"I shall devote the coming winter," said mother of my acquaintance, "to Katherine and Sophy."

"Explain yourself," I entreated. "You seem to me to be entirely devoted to the whole household, from your good man down to the baby."

"I suppose, I am," she agreed thoughtfully. "But what I mean, is this. I try especially, at certain seasons, to give something of myself to the one, or the two in the family, who seem to be most in need of a molding touch. Last year I read a great deal with Mary, whose eyes were troubling her, so that she had to give up a term at college. Mary and I had been drifting a little apart, we grew well acquainted, intimate, confidential, as mother and daughter ought to be, before the spring came round, and she could go out doors and potter in the garden. Now, I observe, the younger girls are where they want some special mothering; they require guiding by suggestion; not fault finding or criticism; and while I spend more time than usual in their company, I shall get hold of my girls."

THE LITTLE BROTHER

THE stork flew down when Madge and May
Were fast asleep last night.
And somewhere near the early day,
Before the sky was light,
He left a darling brother here.
'Twas tucked beneath his wing,
The wondrous, very beautiful,
And most surprising thing.

"Just let us look," the children cry.
"Just let us touch his cheek,
He'd tell us all about the sky
If only he could speak.
O little brother, we are glad,
That we have got you here;
You are the sweetest gift of God,
And we will love you, dear."

Chapped Hands

Rough hands are very uncomfortable. The woman who must often have her hands in hot water, should wear rubber gloves in winter. They are easily pulled on and off, are never in the way, and save the hands from redness and roughness. Hands that are thoroughly dried whenever they are washed are seldom chapped. Tepid water, good soap, thorough rinsing and thorough drying, will keep any hands smooth in the coldest weather. A little glycerine and rosewater, or cold cream, applied at night, and the wearing of an old, loose pair of gloves will promote whiteness and smoothness.

The Necktie

Men have so few really nice points about their rough, serviceable clothing, that they cannot be indifferent to the style of their neckties. A man's tie indicates his social position. A loud tie, in glaring colors or pronounced pattern, is the outward and visible sign of the man who never had a fastidious mother or sister to watch over his childhood. He came up as best he could. Most men would do well to let their wives select their ties. Women know the correct thing and seldom make a blunder.

Why the Country Boy Succeeds

IT is no secret that a good many of our greatest men began life as country boys. I think the farm sends more graduates to the Senate, and to the Stock Exchange, than any other school in the land. Statesmen, millionaires, bankers, brokers, lawyers, judges, ministers and merchants start out from good, plain, country homes. First an exceptionally clever, gifted, all-round man in a place of emergency, and five times out of six you will discover that as a lad he was trained in a rural community, and lived his first formative years somewhere away from a town. The ordinary city boy may be sharper and shrewder, may get on faster in school than his country cousin, but the latter has definite advantages all his own.

For one thing, he usually has work to do with his hands. About a farm there is a good deal that a boy can do. Chores morning and evening, wood to split for kindling and wood boxes to fill, cows to go after up the road and along to the hillside or the valley pasture, gardens to weed, ploughing, hoeing, reaping, sowing; whatever the season may be, it surely brings its task. I suppose the farmer's son fancies his lot is hard, as he works in the barn or the stables, takes care of the animals, and learns early that priceless lesson for life—responsibility. It is a hardness that makes for future success; it brings out capability that but for its wholesome discipline would never develop. Because of this very hardness, when any peril threatens the nation, when the great municipalities give majorities for greed and corruption, the men of the farming districts give the answer at the ballot-box that means salvation.

. . .

Another thing that I find a blessing to the country boy, is that he learns the real use of books. Very likely he has not too many of them, and for that reason he prizes more those he has. One good book is far more educational to the youth who masters it by the evening lamp, than a dozen skimmed through and forgotten, because read merely for amusement. Even the multiplicity of daily newspapers, hastily scanned by city boys, may tend away from intelligence and mental growth; whereas the weekly or semi-weekly paper taken in the country, brought home from the post-office as a precious thing, and devoured from first to last page, is a source of information and instruction to the whole family.

Let nobody despise the small school, the district school, that standing by the lonely road, is a real outpost of learning and civilization. There may be no possibility of teaching—as teaching is understood in the large graded school—to which hundreds of pupils go in the big cities, but here is individual teaching, and the bright boy who chooses to apply himself will not fail to secure something worth much in the race of life.

. . .

If I were asked to give as a finality my thought of the crowning advantage which the country boy possesses over his brother of the town, I would it was this: He has very little money to spend, and few places to tempt him to expenditure. The lavish way in which heedless young people dispose of pennies and dimes, easily procured from foolish parents, easily wasted on trifling indulgences, forecasts the life-long penury, the hand-to-mouth existence, which eats like rust into the happiness of too many lives. A boy is the better for having little pocket money, and, better still, if he may early acquire habits of earning and saving.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—WILHELMINA. Control your speech. You may if you will.

—JOHN. You can get a good grammatical knowledge of a foreign language from books and for speech, you must hear it and have a teacher.

—NELLIE. As a rule, a housekeeper who does her own work and cares for her children cannot earn much money outside, nor should she try to, if she has a husband.

—AMANDA. Nothing is required in acknowledgment of announcement cards, unless they give an "at home" date and address. In that case, call as early as you can.

—ESSIE. Your doubts that you are saved, when you have given yourself to Christ, reflect upon his faithfulness. Stop thinking about yourself and think more about him.

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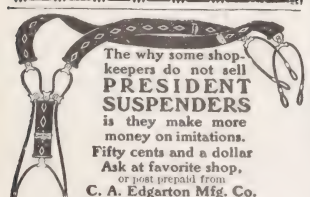

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PHARISEE

A Tale of the Cumberlands

THE first term of the little mission school in the heart of the Cumberlands was nearly half gone, when, one Monday morning, a new pupil entered, a girl about eighteen, and above the average in appearance. She had a wealth of chestnut brown hair, that persistently refused to stay in place despite the big thorn pins with which she had sought to secure it; and honest, sweet, inquiring eyes, that seemed sometimes blue and sometimes black. The children all appeared greatly surprised to see her, and plied her with numerous questions, to all of which she gave little heed. Even before "books," or study hour, she went off in a corner by herself, and bent over her spelling-book as though she would devour it.

After roll call, I approached her, and asked her name.

"Pharisee Grigsby."

"How do you spell the first name?"

"You'uns air the teacher," (as if I ought to be able to spell anything).

"But your name is a peculiar one. I don't think I ever heard it before."

"Ain't you'uns got arry Bible?"

"Certainly."

"Wel, hits spellt in thar, mammy tole me 'fore she died. I's a little fellar then. I ain't seed arry Bible, an' I cain't read nohow, an' I disremember how hits spellt; but folks mos'ly calls me Fairy; mebby you'uns knows how that's spellt?"

At the noon play-hour the children went off to their games, and I went down to the spring to eat my lunch. Fairy was there before me. She was sitting upon a rock, her sunbonnet drawn over her face, which was diligently bent above her spelling-book.

When I had finished my lunch, she came and sat beside me, and carefully taking from her bosom a piece of cotton cloth, untied it, and produced a silver dollar. "Will you'uns larn me t' read an' write fer this?" she asked.

"I will teach you to read and write for nothing, Fairy, if you are not able to pay. The money will pay for a month's schooling, if that is what you mean."

"I've jes' got t' larn. Mis' Riley over't the stashin 'ud larn me fer nuthin', but I cain't go, kase there ain' nobody but me now, sence Marth's married, fer t' cook fer Gran'pap. I cooked dinner an' lef' the pots stan' on the hathe keepin' warm fer 'im t' day, but I ain' no idy he'll lemme come arry nuther d'y of a mornin'. But he eats dinner plum arly, an' then goes t' sleep an' sleeps all evenin'. I 'lowed I might git a plum arly dinner, an' then light out fer here; hit ain' more'n a mile ef y' take a nigh cut. I'd git home 'fore he needed nuthin', an I thort mebby ef I studied right hard I'd larn readin' an' writin'."

"I am sure you can, if you are so anxious."

"I'm powerful anxious, shore." Then, after a short, embarrassed pause: "I'm a mighty notion t' tell you'uns; only you'uns won't tell Gran'pap ner none o' them, will you'uns?"

"I will tell no one, Fairy, if you choose to tell me."

"Hits so's t' I kin read Abe's letter myself."

"Is Abe an absent brother?"

"Lansy, no! Ain't you'uns never heerd o' Abe Hamby? He's gone off now to a big school. He ust t' help Mr. Riley over t' the stashin. He larnt readin' an' writin' long time ago. He larnt telegraftin' too, an' he's workin' fer the man as runs the big school, an' don't pay no money. Me an' Abe we's bean sweethearts ever sence we's little fellars, an' Gran'pap ner none of 'em never said nuthin' till one day, Marth, she run off an' got married, an' then Gran'pap knowed thurd be nobody fer t' stay with him ef me an' Abe married, an' he tolt Abe ef he ever come nigh the place arry nuther time he'd shoot 'im. Abe felt powerful bad, but he said hit weren't no use contraryin' Gran'pap, fer he's ole an' finnicky, an' he'd sech a heap o' trouble. So Abe he went away like I tol' y', an' he writes t' Mis' Riley an' sen's letters t' me, an' she reads 'em fer me. But I'm powerful anxious t' larn readin' an' writin' so's't I kin read 'em myself, an' so's't I kin write, fer heap o' times seems like I want t' say things t' Abe I don't want nobody else t' know. The las' time he wrote, he said soon's ever he got larnin' 'nough so's't he could arn more money, he 'lowed t' sen' fer me, an' hev me brung thar, an' we'd both larn a heap o' things. That air another reason I'm so anxious to larn. I'd hate t' go thar knowin' nuthin', when Abe, he knowed so much."

Of course I took great interest in teaching Fairy, and she learned rapidly.

She often lingered to walk with me after school was dismissed.

One afternoon, the other children had gone and I was practicing some new songs. She sat watching and listening for some time, and then she asked: "Do you'uns reckin', I'll ever larn t' do anything like that?"

"Oh, yes, Fairy, I expect you to do many more difficult things than playing simple hymns upon the organ."

"Hones'ly!"

"Yes, honestly and truly."

"But hit takes a long time, an' sech a heap o' money t' larn so many things."

"It takes the desire and the determination above either, and you have both. I mean, Fairy, that you want to do it and you are bound to do it. Do you understand?"

"Yes'm, I un'erstan', an' all that, but I know ef I hed the money, I'd do all them things a heap easier an' sooner."

She went and looked out of the windows, first on one side of the room then on the other, and then she went and stood in the doorway. She came back walking stealthily on her tiptoes. I thought she was afraid of disturbing me; but when I looked, and saw her face, I was frightened.

"Child, what's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No'm, only faintly like. I allus git that a-way when I think 'bout them things."

"What things?"

"The money an' all that. I'm boun' t' tell you'uns. Hit seems like I caint live, if I don't tell somebody. I've been knowin' fer more'n two year where 'tis—heaps an' heaps o' money, more'n hit 'ud take t' do me an' Abe all our lives. An' hit jes' a layin thar doin' nobody no good ner never will! An' I don't durst t' tech it, kase hit ain't mine. When I sees purty things, an' want 'em, an' when I think 'bout how bad me an' Abe wants larnin', I wisht I did durst. I wisht hit wer'n't wrong. Sometimes I wisht mammy hadn't never tole me not to tech things as wer'n't mine."

It almost gave me a chill to hear the girl talk, and to look into her white, scared face. I hardly knew whether or not I ought to question her, but as she had chosen to make a confidant of me, I asked:

"Whose is it, the money of which you speak?"

"Hit's Gran'pap's, an' hit could ever' piece be tuck, an' he'd never know it. He'll never look at it again whilst he lives, an' more'n likely he'll die thouten ever tellin' me er Marth' a word 'bouten it. I follered an' seed 'im put it thar, an' I could go, the darkes' night, plum t' the spot an' dig it up!

"Hit's pay for a lot o' lan', as hez them big coal mines over on yan side. Gran'pap owned a heap o' land over thar. Some fellars come over some several times an' talked t' Gran'pap, an' finely, one fellar come onct atter night. I's up in the loft, an' Gran'pap thort I's asleep, though but I wasn't. They talked low an' I couldn't hear, but I's a sleepin' on a pallet, an' they's powerful big cracks in the loft floor, an' I jes' nachally rollt over an' lookt down an' seed 'em. They hed a heap o' little sacks, an' the man em'tied 'em all out keerful like, an' counted 'em, an' then he said, 'Hit's all here, six thousant dollars. Nobody knows 'bout it, but you's best put it in a safe place.' An' then he went away.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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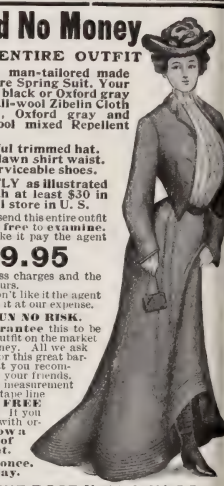

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PHARISEE

A Tale of the Cumberlands

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"I lay thar right smart, bit a watchin' of Gran'pap, an' a wonderin' what he'd do. An' ef he'd tell me. D'rec'ly, he put some in one o' the leas' sacks, an' put hit down un'er the floor, where a loose plank is, an' the balance he put back in the sacks an' tied 'em up. An' then he tuck a big oven an' went out. I heerd 'im go in the smoke house, an I knowed he's atter the pick. Soon's ever he's outen hearin' I went down, an' went flyin', for I knowed the place he 'lowed to bury it at.

"Hit were the place whar the ole still-house ust t' be at, an' whar Granny died, an' her hant hes been seed. Nobody ever goes nigh thar now, no more'n hit were the bad place. I knowed I could go t'other way, an' git up in the clift an' look down an' watch 'im. I's feared ef he seed Granny he might git fainty an' tumble over thar by hisself, an' I wanted t' be clost. Hits a right smart furder 'roun' that away, an' I hed t' git down an' crawl a heap whar the laurel bushes is so thick nobody caint walk, but he's ole an' he's a totin a powerful heavy load, so's't I got thar right smart bit 'fore he did.

"I ain't never bean the leas' feard o' hants, an' I jes nachally wisht I could a' seed Granny though, but I didn't. Atter while Gran'pap got thar, an' he set down on the big rock where we found Granny dead. D'rec'ly he got up an' tuck the pick an' began t' dig. Ever little bit he'd hafter rest, fer he's got mighty little stren'th. Finely he got the hole ez big ez he 'lowed t' need, an' then he brung the oven an' put hit in an' kivered 't all up, an' drug a big rock an' put over 't, an' atter he'd rested a bit, he tuck the pick an' started back, an' I heerd 'im say:

"'More'n likely you'll stay thar till the jedgment.'

"I know'd then that he hadn't no notion o' tellin' me ner Marth' nuthin. One day not long atter that, he's punyin roun' an' he says t' me:

"'If I die, thar's money in a sack un'er the stills, an' they tole Uncle Joe he orter pay er quit 'stillin'. Uncle Joe 'lowed hit weren't nobody's business what he done with his corn an' apples, an' he jes went on like he'd bean a doin'.

"One day Uncle Ike, he came a ridin' over in a powerful hurry, an' axed fer Uncle Joe, an Granny tole 'im he's at the still-house. He went hurryin' down thar fast ez his nag ud take 'im, an' he weren't much more'n outer sight when here come Uncle Dan'l, an' he says, 'They're atter Joe,' an' rid by like lightnin'. But when they got thar, the men was thar too, an' Uncle Joe allus said they'd never take him, an' him a-livin'.

"I don't know how 'twas—none of them they hurd o' men bein' sent out t' take all the stills, an' they tole Uncle Joe he orter pay er quit 'stillin'. Uncle Joe 'lowed hit weren't nobody's business what he done with his corn an' apples, an' he jes went on like he'd bean a doin'.

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"I don't know how 'twas—none of them

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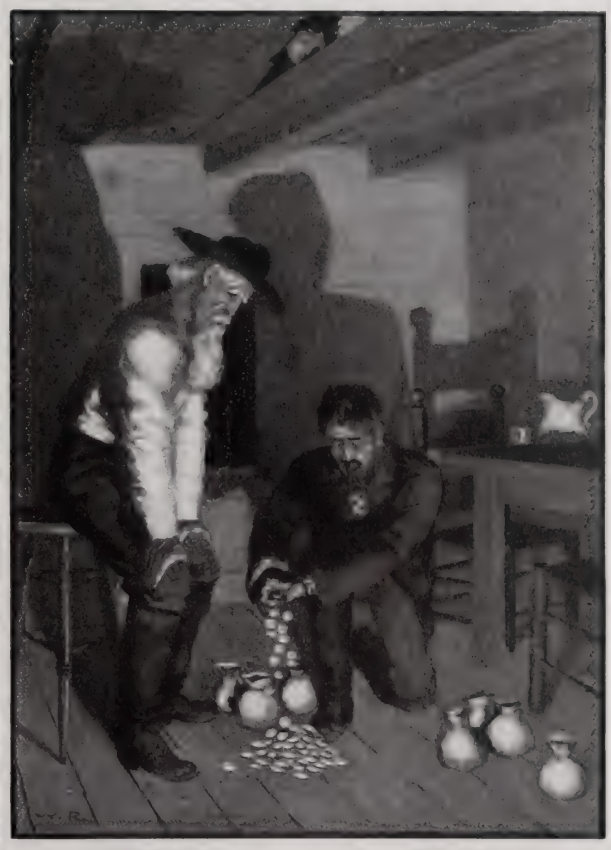

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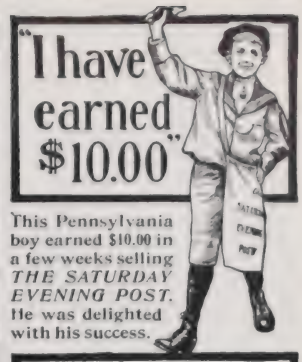

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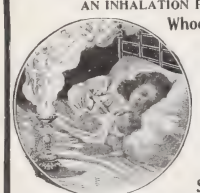

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Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

L. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. Is a man or woman justified, for the sake of achieving what the world calls "a successful career," in renouncing marriage, and avoiding the cares and responsibilities, as well as the joys and the dignities of home life?

[We submit this question for answer to our readers. We shall be pleased to hear from as many as possible a frank expression of opinion. The answers should not exceed 200 words each.]

Mary D., Scranton, Pa. What is the original legend of the man in the moon?

It is difficult to indicate the original legend. In Germany, one legend says there are two persons—a man and a woman—in the moon, the latter having been placed there as a punishment for churning on Sunday. A Jewish legend says it is Jacob who is in the moon. Dante quotes a legend which declares that Cain is the man. The Ceylonese say it is a hare, the Chinese a rabbit, and a familiar English version is that it is a man, who was sent there for gathering sticks on Sunday. All these are variants of the same folk-lore legend.

Mrs. J. W. W., McDonald's Mill, Va. 1. When, where, and by whom was the first Sunday School organized? 2. What was the design of its organization? 3. Are Sunday Schools a Scriptural injunction?

1. It is generally conceded that the first Sunday School was organized by Robert Raikes, a printer, in Gloucester, England, in 1784. 2. It was simply a class of children, gathered under the auspices of the Church of England, for religious instruction, from ten to twelve o'clock Sunday forenoons, and for one hour in the afternoon after church. 3. Not specifically, but in many places the religious instruction of the young is enjoined upon parents and elders.

L. E. G. In South Beaver Valley, near Rainier, Oreg., is a willow bush, whose bark was pecked full of holes by a "sap-sucker." During warm weather fermentation set in, and birds and squirrels visited this tree, drank of the sap, and became so helplessly drunk, that passers-by could pick them up. Does this show that man is not above the lower animals in this respect?

Instances are related of cattle having a similar experience with grain or apples, and recent press dispatches told of a similar experience with bears, who had access to a cider barrel. It shows that the brutes—or some of them, at least—are attracted by the smell and taste of fermenting juices, and that they revel in the drunken exhilaration which follows indulgence. Men who yield to the same fascination, place themselves on the level of the brutes.

B. S. D. 1. Is it neighborly and Christian for a church always to say in its public invitations to services, "Everybody is invited?" 2. Would the Church grow spiritually and in numbers, if she would ask the members only for offerings for the work of the Lord, and no one else?

1. It is in harmony with the spirit of Christ and of the invitation, "Whosever will." 2. It would be worth while trying the experiment. We believe that deep spirituality and great numbers do not necessarily go together. The more real spirituality there is in a church, the more willing will its members be to give liberally toward the propagation of the Gospel.

A number of letters have been received lately from readers, calling attention to a report that a scientific journal had offered a substantial reward to any one who could devise an effective method of eradicating the prickly pear, which is giving great trouble to agriculturists in Australia. From at least half a dozen sources we have letters suggesting an application of unadulterated kerosene, poured or sprayed on the budding plants. Our Australian friends can take the suggestion for what it is worth.

T. C., Worcester, Mass. Was Archbishop Ireland justified in informing the French Government that "The dispersal of the Passionist Fathers will be viewed with sympathy and horror by the American people?" Also, that it "would do much to alter the esteem and respect mutually existing between the two countries"?

We suppose there are Americans who feel in that way, and the Archbishop probably is better acquainted with them than with others; but he overestimates their number and influence when he speaks of them as the American people. It is a common error of people who feel strongly on a question, and are surrounded with men of like feelings, to suppose that all others, or the great majority, are in sympathy with them. Our own opinion is that the great bulk of the American people, including large numbers of Roman Catholics, will recognize the right of the French Government to deal with the religious Orders in its own way. If the work was being done by a king or emperor, we would understand the protest; but it is being done by a government elected by the people, who have specifically endorsed the policy. As thirty-seven millions of the thirty-nine millions in France are nominally Roman Catholics, we must conclude that it is not a religious persecution. The Passionists, we presume, might have been left unmolested if they had complied with the law, which apparently merely required registration and inspection. It is the old question whether the priest and the monk are above the law. The French Government says they are not, and proposes to prove it. The horror of the American people with which the Archbishop tries to scare the French minister, exists chiefly in his own imagination.

Apropos of the controversy over the case of Smoot, the Mormon, who has been elected Senator from Utah, Wm. E. Clark, of Bow, Washington, writes that—

The church Brigham Young founded or led in Utah was not, and is not, the "Church of Christ" as restored to the earth in 1830, on April 6, through Joseph Smith. Joseph Smith taught that "there shall not a man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none." If you can find anywhere in any copy of this book any teaching of polygamy, please publish it.

Mrs. Cannon, Middletown, Calif. What is the origin and authority of the American Revision of the Bible?

When the Revision was undertaken in England in 1870, the English scholars to whom the duty was intrusted, were authorized to take counsel with American scholars, and they did so. Many changes were suggested by the Americans which the English scholars could not accept. They were printed, however, at the end of the book. The demand for a Bible in which the American changes should be incorporated in the text has increased, and now, after eighteen years, it is in the hands of the people. Its merit consists in the fact that it is a more accurate translation of the Original than was the Authorized Version.

J. M. S., Newport, R. I. While reading of the terrible suffering in Finland, it occurred to me that a large amount might be raised to augment the relief fund by a dime collection in the churches. If such a proposition was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it would come under the eyes of thousands of church members, who would be glad of the opportunity of contributing.

We give space to our correspondent's suggestion, and hope that many churches may be stirred to help Finland in the way he indicates.

D. H., Martin's Ferry, O. I am asked by an unbeliever to explain how it is that God is represented, on the one hand, as being more merciful than earthly parents; yet, on the other hand, that he casts into hell those who disobey his commands. Can you help me to reconcile the statements?

We do not think there would be inconsistency in the statements, even put in the way you give them. It would, however, be more consistent with the Bible method to say that God offers to all men eternal life and happiness, but that some will not accept them. If you had a son whom you tenderly loved, and had carefully educated and had endowed with all the money you could spare, who persistently

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

What Postum Did There.

A well-known figure at the National Capital is that of an attorney-at-law and solicitor of patents, who has been practicing before the courts and the Department of the Interior at Washington for more than 25 years. The experience of this gentleman with coffee is unusually interesting, for it proves that although the ill results from coffee are slow, they are sure. He says: "I have consumed coffee at my meals for many years, but of late years have been annoyed by deranged stomach and sleeplessness, pains in my head, nervousness and confusion of the mind. About 18 months ago I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum Food Coffee, and have experienced the most pleasing and beneficial results therefrom.

"It has aided my digestion, increased my appetite for healthy food, appeased my stomach, invigorated my brain, cleared and quieted nerves and mind, and enabled me to sleep soundly eight hours out of the twenty-four. It has imparted buoyancy and cheerfulness to my daily life, and caused me to look on the bright side of things in general. It has fitted me to do more brain work than ever before, and I would consider it a calamity to be deprived of its use.

"I look upon Postum as an absolute remedy for the ills that coffee causes. It not only eradicates the ravages of coffee, but stimulates to vigor and healthy action the brain and all the organs of the human body. It has with me and with many of my friends, and this is my authority for the statement." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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THE Health Food.

Our Mail-Bag

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

lrank to excess, used foul and profane language, and associated with the vilest people—would there not come a time when, for the sake of your wife and daughters, you would say to him, "You cannot live in my home, shocking and disgusting your mother and sisters"? He would probably say he did not want to live there; he would be happier elsewhere—as he would. No matter how merciful you may be, you would have to assign him some other home, unless he would quit his evil ways and behave. You might follow him with entreaties and warnings, as God by his servants, does sinners, and with assurances, such as God gives, that if he will only give up his evil ways, all the past shall be forgiven—but you would have to make that condition, that he should repent and reform. What can you do? What can God do more than this? Where, then, is the inconsistency?

G. K., Winamac, Ind., writes:

In regard to problem of squaring circle: Diameter of any circle multiplied by the decimal .886227, will equal side of square containing same area. This will be found more nearly correct than modern rules for finding dimensions of circles.

No. 1. Required side of square? Diameter of circle being 80 ft. .886227 x 80 = 70.88816 ft. Proof: 70.8 x 80 x .7854 = 502.65600 sq. ft. Square root of 502.5600 = 70.868 ft.

No. 2. What is side of square? Diameter of circle being 55 ft. .886227 x 55 = 48.742485 ft. Proof: 48.7 x 55 x .7854 = 2375.8350 sq. ft. Square root of 2375.8350 = 48.742 ft.

Abbie C., Jamestown, N. Dak. I am isolated from church, and no words can tell what the sermons in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are to me. I enjoy them all.

We are always pleased to receive letters of this kind (which is a sample of many that reach us every week) because they show that the readers who live in lonely localities, many miles from the nearest church, find in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with its sermons, Sunday School, and other religious features, the material at hand for a simple and profitable Home Religious Service. We know that this is now done in very many homes in neighborhoods where there are no church privileges.

J. W. M., Rockvale, Mont. Is there any ground for the contention of certain persons who are preaching here, that we should observe Saturday instead of Sunday as the Sabbath?

The best advice we can give you is that which the Apostle Paul gave his church when it was being similarly worried by literalists, who tried to bring the people back under Jewish law: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of *the Sabbath*" (Col. 2: 16). In observing Sunday as "the Lord's day," we honor Christ by showing that we have entered into the new covenant. It would be impossible for the preachers you refer to, to prove that Saturday was the original Sabbath, or to tell a Hawaiian when his Sabbath should be observed, in his longitude. Do not suppose that God is concerned with such trivialities. He regards the spirit and motive, and you may be sure is well pleased that we set apart for his service the day on which we believe his Son rose from the dead, and placed the seal on our redemption.

M. G., Binghamton, N. Y. How much money was spent in the years of 1901 and 1902 for drink?

The nation's drink bill in 1900 was $1,059,563,787. We have not the figures for later years.

M. J. S., Iberia, Mo. Is it true, as I have heard it affirmed, that intelligent people of today are becoming more and more of the opinion that religion and dancing may go hand in hand, if properly indulged?

We believe there is no such tendency on the part of earnest Christian people anywhere. They still regard dancing, and its evil of promiscuous acquaintanceship, as a snare to the feet of innocence, and the ballroom as objectionable both on moral and hygienic grounds. "Time-killing amusements" should not be allowed to invade the Christian life. Worldly people will talk of "liberal views" and will tell you that there is no harm in the dance, and that those who are striving to follow Christ are not "up to date;" but they are deceivers. Send to the Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago, for a little book on *Popular Amusements*.

Mr. H. P. Main, of the firm of Biglow & Main, music publishers, New York, writes:

I notice a reference in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regarding the verse:

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun, etc.

I have this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, etc., compiled by John C. Totten, New York, 1817, ninth edition (first edition, 1815). The first stanza of hymn containing above, is:

Jerusalem my happy home,
O how I long for thee,
When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see.

There are eight stanzas. In *Zion Songster*, by Thomas Mason, 1831, there are twelve stanzas, and the above is the eleventh. Totten omits the sixth, ninth, tenth and twelfth stanzas, also the chorus. I have not found the verse named in any English collection, and presume it was composed and added to the old hymn by some of our early camp-meeting writers.

Rev. D. C. T., West Rupert, Vt., writes: In current issue (Feb. 11) in response to query from Jess, Plainfield, N. J., you ascribe the division of the Bible into verses, to Robert Stephens. May I suggest that this is only in part correct. The entire Bible was divided into chapters by Cardinal Hugo, 1240. The Old Testament into verses by Rabbi Nathan in 1445, and the New Testament only was added by Robert Stephens in the sixteenth century.

Forrest H. B., Waterville, Me. I hear much said about the North Pole, but do not hear anything said about the South Pole. Why is there no attraction for explorers there?

There have been several exploring expeditions to the Antarctic and some excellent work has been accomplished, but no party has reached the South Pole, thus far.

W. A. N., South Haven, Mich. What is the place of the short story in literature?

It occupies a very important place. It is the best vehicle for the single episode or incident, and by far the best for a quick, dramatic climax. At the same time, it is the most difficult. Many writers of fiction are too diffuse to excel in the short story. Frank Stockton, Bret Harte, Edward Everett Hale, and Octave Thanet, have written some of the best short stories in American literature.

The RESCUE HOMES OF HOLLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155

bject of the house, and of the children's home attached to it, is not only to rescue the mothers, but, if necessary, to provide for the children. As far as possible, the with respectable families. The secretary of the institution, in a recent report, puts a question to which surely only one answer is possible: "Is it not the duty

"MAGDALENE HOME" AND HOME FOR INFANTS

others are made to contribute to their children's maintenance. On a recent date, here were twenty-five mothers and sixty-one children in the house. After early childhood is over, the children are passed to the other institutions or boarded of every Christian to shield these delicate plants from rough weather, to nurture and train them?"

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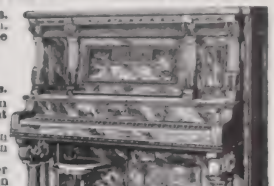

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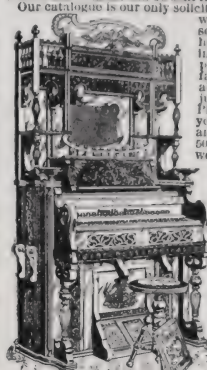

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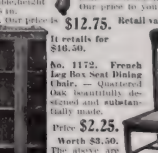

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, we wish you could know how certain letters received from small friends, who are not prize-winners, are valued in this office. We give extracts from a few of many which show that members of our congregation of little folks really have an interest in this Department, and in the efforts made to profitably entertain them, apart from the winning of prizes:

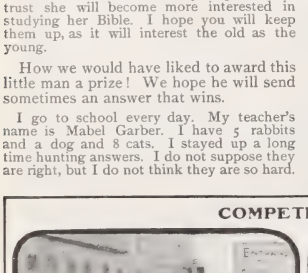
Winifred Burdrick, Oregon. My grandma gives us "Curious Questions," besides those we see in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I think this an interesting way to study the Scriptures—you find out so many more things than the answers. I am going to put all my questions and answers in a book. I want to see how many I can answer in a year.—Mattie A. Dexter, Nova Scotia. I have enjoyed the Children's Page very much.—Mrs. A. C. Matthews, Pittsfield, Ills. My little grandchild is much interested in your puzzles. I trust she will become more interested in studying her Bible. I hope you will keep them up, as it will interest the old as the young.

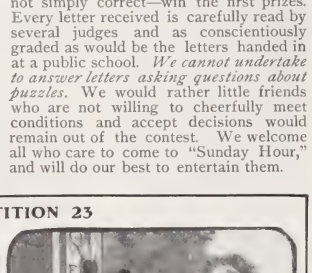
How we would have liked to award this little man a prize! We hope he will send sometimes an answer that wins.

I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mabel Garber. I have 5 rabbits and a dog and 8 cats. I stayed up a long time hunting answers. I do not suppose they are right, but I do not think they are so hard. Well, I guess I must go to bed. Charles Whisler.—P. S. I have 4 brothers and three sisters. I have 2 nephews and six nieces. I go to Sunday School.

This week we add to the Picture Puzzles a test more intellectual and profitable than simply guessing the names. We remind our little readers, too, of the announcement made February 4, that, in awarding consolation prizes, *each child will be in competition only with children of his or her own State, territory or province.* In doing this, we follow suggestions made by many who thought the plan fairer, educational advantages being unequal in different sections. We would be glad to observe the same plan in awarding first prizes, but it is manifestly out of the question for us to give each week as many watches as there are States, territories and provinces. Hence, the best answers—please observe we say best, not simply correct—win the first prizes. Every letter received is carefully read by several judges and as conscientiously graded as would be the letters handed in at a public school. *We cannot undertake to answer letters asking questions about puzzles.* We would rather little friends who are not willing to cheerfully meet conditions and accept decisions would remain out of the contest. We welcome all who care to come to "Sunday Hour," and will do our best to entertain them.

COMPETITION 23





What two proper names mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 23" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the two answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name. Below the answer, write, in *not over twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subjects of these pictures? Read the rules given below.

Competition 24

Curious Questions

1. What country had a king without knowing it, and who was the king?

2. What event, in a time of peace, was hailed by a nation with evidences of great joy and great anguish?

3. What biscuit of modern use is mentioned in the Bible?

4. What people sold themselves and their homes to their king?

Write "Competition 24" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 23 and 24 you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope on which you enclose your answer "Competition 23" or "Competition 24," as the case may be.* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

All answers must be mailed not later than March 2, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department*, Bible House, New York.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 23, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the best answer to Competition 24, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

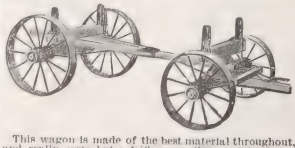
Answers to Competition of Jan. 28

The answers to Competition 15, published January 28, are: Picture Puzzle—1. Achor. 2. Kedesh. Answers to Curious Questions, Competition 16, are: 1. Ahaz owned the first timepiece mentioned in Scripture. II. Kings 20: 11, and Isa. 38: 8. 2. The first jeweler

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

Farm Wagon only $21.95.

In order to introduce their Low Metal Wheels with Wide Tires, the Empire Manufacturing Company, Quincy, Ills., have placed upon the market a Farmer's Handy Wagon, that is only 25 inches high, fitted with 24 and 30 inch wheels with 4-inch tire, and sold for only $21.95.



This wagon is made of the best material throughout, and really costs but a trifle more than a set of new wheels and fully guaranteed for one year. Catalogue giving a full description will be mailed upon application by the Empire Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Ills., who also will furnish metal wheels at low prices made any size and width of tire to fit any axle.

The Comfort Age

Comes to every woman—the day when she longs for the perfect ease and comfort afforded by the EQUIPOISE WAIST. A soft, hygienic garment in keeping with the laws of nature; that supports the body and bust without pressure, and forms a pleasing outline for the dress. Every mother should send for the **free** book giving sizes, prices and description of the

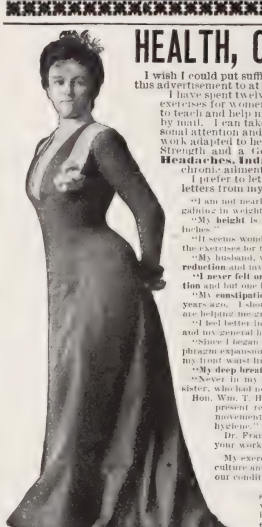
Equipoise Waist

The reading of this book is the first step toward the perfect health of womanhood.

The Equipoise Waist is sold by leading retailers or will be sent prepaid **BY MAIL.**

Made of fine wash material that will last for years. Send your corset size and bust measurement when ordering.

THE FERRIS BROS. COMPANY,
341 Broadway, New York



HEALTH, CLEAR SKIN AND A GOOD FIGURE

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to induce every woman who sees this advertisement to at least write to me.

I have spent twelve years in prescribing **reducing, developing** and **curative** exercises for women in person and my marvelous success in my work and my desire to teach and help more women induced me to take up the course of physical culture by mail. I can take only a limited number of pupils because I give each one my personal attention and no two lessons are exactly alike; each woman receives just the work adapted to her individual needs no more. I know that I can give you Health, Strength and a Good Figure; relieve you from **Nervousness, Constipation, Headaches, Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Obesity, Leanness,** and all so-called chronic ailments, and build up women who are run down.

I prefer to let my students speak for me and the following extracts are from letters from my pupils:

"I am not nearly so **nervous.** My chest expansion is four inches and the best of all I am gaining in weight."

"My **height** is **increased a good inch.** My hip measurement has **reduced** from 44 to 38 inches."

"It seems wonderful that that the exercises could have helped me so much in a short time—the exercises for the eyes are so good as are all your other exercises."

"My husband, who has been away for six weeks, was so surprised and delighted over my **reduction** and my **improved figure.**"

"**I never felt or looked as well as at the present time.** I have not had an attack of **indigestion** and but one **headache** in six weeks and compared with the previous weeks it is a miracle."

"My **constipation is entirely relieved.** I only wish I had known of your physical culture years ago. I should have been saved 10 or 12 years of suffering. Your **breathing exercises** are helping me greatly."

"I feel better in every way—**lighter, brighter** and a **desire to live.** My **nerves** are better and my general health improved. My **carriage** is very materially better."

"Since I began working with you I have **increased my chest expansion 3 inches,** my diaphragm expansion from 2 to 5 inches, my **bust measurement** from 32 to 36. I have lengthened my front waist line 3 inches."

"**My deep breathing** has given my **skin** a new life and **color.**"

"Never in my life have I been as well as I am now, and I am indeed grateful to you. My sister, who had not seen me for three months, was surprised at my changed appearance."

Hon. Wm. T. Harris, LL. D., U. S. Commissioner of Education, says: "It is the glory of the present revival of physical exercises that it is led by educated physicians. It is a new movement of the highest importance. It means the end of the era of quackery in hygiene."

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., LL.D., writes me: "Your thorough preparation for your work and your high aim must surely give you a worthy success."

My exercises cultivate the distinguished carriage and bearing which at once bespeaks culture and refinement. They cannot do this work for women. They do not understand our conditions nor limitations.

Write to me. For 10 cents I will send you full information regarding my system and testimonial letters from numbers of women who have worked with me; an instructive and interesting booklet, and a card for your dressing-table showing the correct line of the woman's figure. Yours for a body expressing perfect health, perfect grace and perfect womanhood.

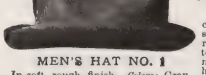
Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 171 Washington St., Chicago.

NOTE: Miss Cocroft is President of the Physical Culture Extension work in America. She needs no further introduction to the Public.

Write for Free Sewing Machine Catalog.

AT $8.65 to $26.75 we offer for sale the largest assortment in the world of light running and noiseless, pivot and ball-bearing sewing machines that do perfect work. We have drop-head, drop-desk, upright and automatic styles in plain or richly carved cabinets, all fitted with our famous **"Faultless" extra high and extra long arm heads,** which possess all improvements of $40 to $60 machines and many valuable improvements controlled exclusively by us. **OUR FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG** illustrates and describes our machines in detail, tells all about the mechanism and woodwork, gives hundreds of testimonials from people using our machines and demonstrates decisively that our machines at $8.65 to $26.75 equal any other machines at $40 to $60, no matter what the name may be. **We guarantee our machines 20 years, ship on easy terms, C. O. D., subject to examination and allow 30 days' free trial in your home.** For your own good you should not buy a machine anywhere before seeing our catalog. **JOHN M. SMYTH CO.** 150 to 159 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL. Write to-day.

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail



MEN'S HAT NO. 1

In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

MEN'S HAT NO. 2

In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 44 Mill St., Middletown, N. Y.

INDIVIDUAL Communion Cups

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK

Why do you permit a custom at the communion table which you would not tolerate in your own home? We will send a list of over 1500 churches where our Individual Communion Cups are used. Trial outfit free to any church.

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Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.*

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FREE HAVE YOU A PHOTO of some dear one which you would like reproduced in an artistic manner? If so, send your name and address and we will send you our illustrated catalogue and premium list, for club-raisers. also a beautiful hand-painted sample of our PHOTO-BUTTON WORK FREE. Address, **SUNBEAM STUDIO,** 1532 Third Ave., New York.

PHARISEE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 167

eren't thar. Course though we uns all ent runnin' soon's we heerd the shootin'. ncle Dan'l an' Uncle Ike they tried t' t Uncle Joe t' give up, but he wouldn't, ' when the men begun t' try t' take 'im, begun t' fight, an' Uncle Ike an Uncle an'l they nachally wanted t' help Uncle e an' theys all killt: an' the men that me atter 'em too, an' the hosses the men d got skeert at the shootin' an' they oke loose an' went back to the stashin, ' some men come out t' see what the atter was, an' they brung Uncle Joe an' ncle Ike an' Uncle Dan'l up to the big use, an' laid 'em on the beds, an' there t Gran'pap by the hath—never littin' his ad ner sayin' narry word—an' Granny in' from one bed t' tother, an' Aunt ary Ellen an' Aunt Lucindy an' the ungsters all a takin' on. Hit mighty gh put Marth' an' me crazy.

"Nex' mornin', we couldn't find Granny owhurs. Hit rained in the night an' was uddy. So me an' Marth' went out an' icked 'er. We follered 'er plum t' the 'still-house, an' thar we found 'er sorter ll over on a big rock—dead. They's all ryit at onct, an' Gran'pap ain't never an at hissef sence."

Shortly after Fairy had thus unburdened herself, she was absent from school for veral days.

On Saturday, I went over to learn the use, and she said her Gran'pap wasn't ll. "He ain't sey sick, jes' punnyin' un', an' gitten weaker ever' day an' eat mighty nigh nuthin' till I hate t' go off leave 'im; an' 'pears like, too, he hates hev me go, so I 'lowed I'd stay here an' nd Gran'pap, an' larn my book whilst 's sleepin'."

I assured her that she did exactly right, d bade her come to me at any time if I uld help her in any way. A few days er she came in great haste to the school use, asking one of the older boys to go the station for the doctor, and begging to go home with her.

"Gran'pap acts so quare, 'pears like I l skeery t' go back alone," she exined.

As we were going through the woods she pped suddenly, pushed back her sunnet, and exclaimed: "Gran'pap's done e me bouten the money an' all that. He s half of 't b'longs t'me, an' t'other f t' Marth'. I whist Marth' had a an thar, he talked plum purty. I'd ne sent Bud Hendricks down in the e arter 'er, but they ain' come yit."

When we got to the house, Gran'pap emed to be quietly sleeping. The doctor on came, and a little later the grandughter and other friends; but he never ised again, and before morning passed er the river.

* * *

Ten years have passed. A neat buildg, that serves as schoolhouse and urch, stands upon the site of the old schoolhouse. Nearby is a cozy cot e from which, as the bell rings, a stalrt man with books under his arm, om you instinctively know to be the ster, comes forth. The mistress of the ttage has come out for a parting word, l as he turns for a last good-bye, we ognize our old friends — Abe and Larisee.

ANNA ELIZABETH SCOTT DROKE.

CHASTENED

What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou s't know hereafter."

CAN we not trust the Almighty God,
The giver of all good,
To scourge us with his chastening rod?
If we had faith, we could.
He took his own begotten Son,
From walking in the light
Of heaven supernal, where are none
But spirits pure and bright.

We know not why this priceless gift
Should be the only way;
'Tis simply ours our souls to lift,
In meek, adoring lay.
Could our imagination paint
The joy of being with God,
We would not doubt, or sink, or faint,
But kiss the chastening rod.

We do not want to give our best—
Care not to suffer pain—
Have mercy on us, Father, lest
We miss the future gain!
Methinks, triumphant over pain
And loss, He'd love to see
Our faith march blindfold, and thus gain
A grand eternity. A. W.

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STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE
By OWEN WISTER

SKOOKUM SMITH AND FRISCO BALDY is the title of the next story in the series that Mr. Wister is now writing for this magazine. Skookum and Frisco are friends of The Virginian, and are the heroes of some surprising adventures.

By WILL PAYNE

TALES OF BLUE RIDGE: Six independent stories, which follow the rising fortunes of a printer's devil, and show how success and fame were won in the early days of the West.

By GEORGE ADE

TALES OF A COUNTRY TOWN: Only a humorist like George Ade could find a village boasting six characters with histories as plausible, and yet as absurdly funny, as those told in this series.

By EMERSON HOUGH

THE LAW AT HEART'S DESIRE: Tells how Justice first got a foothold in a little mining town and how her champion, Dan Anderson, secured the acquittal of his friend Curly, at whose door was laid the sudden death of a pig.

By F. Hopkinson Smith

Another popular contributor to the magazine is Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. His next tale, entitled A POINT OF HONOR, is a clever, humorous story, which centres around a French duel over an absurd misunderstanding.

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Is a Superbly Illustrated Weekly Magazine.
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BUILDING BONES.

Of Great Importance That Children Have Proper Food.

A child will grow up with weak and small bones or strong and sturdy frame, depending on the kind of food given.

That's why feeding the youngsters is of such great importance. The children do not select the food—the responsibility rests with the parent or guardian, or with you if you select the food for a boy or girl.

The scientific selection of this food should begin as early as possible. That's when the delicate little plant needs the tenderest care. A well known lady of Calistoga, Calif., says: "About two years ago my little niece was taken sick. When medical aid was called one physician pronounced the case curvature of the spine; another called it softening of the bones and gave but little hope of her recovery. For weeks she had been failing before her parents thought it anything but trouble from her teething.

"She had been fed on mushes and soft foods of different kinds, but at last her stomach could retain scarcely anything. At this time she had become a weak little skeleton of humanity that could not much more than stand alone.

"The doctors changed her food several times until finally she was put on Grape-Nuts, which she relished from the first and ate at almost every meal, and her recovery has been wonderful. She has been gaining ever since in strength and weight.

"She has eaten dozens of packages of Grape-Nuts in the last year and a half and the child is now a rosy-cheeked and healthy little girl, still clinging to her Grape-Nuts.

"It is plain the food has saved her life by giving her body the needed material to keep it well and the bone material to build with. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Story of Bible Times*

VIVID pictures of Jewish life, as it was in the time of Ahaz and Hezekiah, are contained in a story by Abraham Mappu, which has been translated into English by B. A. M. Schapiro, editor of *The People, the Land and the Book*. Mappu's stories have attained widespread popularity in Jewish homes, and Mr. Schapiro's translation of this one will prove whether they will be as congenial to the taste of the larger public. Mappu was evidently a diligent student of the times and scenes among which his story is laid. We know enough of that period of Jewish history from the historical and prophetic books of the Bible to believe that it was possible for such crimes as he describes to have been perpetrated, with comparative impunity. It was a time of splendor and of luxury; but the good king, anxious as he was to lead his people to God, could not stem the tide of wickedness which had gained impetus under his predecessors. There were conspiracies, and corrupt judges to defeat the ends of justice in spite of the king.

Mappu's story is full of romance, abounds in wonderful adventure of hair-breadth escapes and of astonishing coincidences. If we complain that in real life the good characters we know are not so good, nor the bad so utterly bad as those in Mappu's book; or that good people in adversity are not delivered in such extraordinary ways, we must remember that the book is a romance, and that the author can manipulate events to suit his purpose, and has the use of all the colors for the portraits of his characters. It must be said, as has been said for a certain school of painting, that there are strong definitions in it. The author does not use any delicate grays, but always black or white, so there is no possibility of confusion in the reader's mind. Admirers of the romantic school in fiction, if they can keep themselves from looking to the end of this book when they are half way through, will certainly read to the end, to know how the plot is unravelled.

**In the Days of Isaiah.* By Abraham Mappu Translated from the Hebrew by B. A. M. Schapiro. Published at 345 East Third Street, New York. Pp. 303. Price $1.50.

BOOK RECEIVED

A Wanderer's Legend, a new and interesting setting of the ancient story of *The Wandering Jew*, by Maxwell Somerville. Pp. 243; cloth binding. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia, publishers.

Announcement of Prize-Winners

SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 170

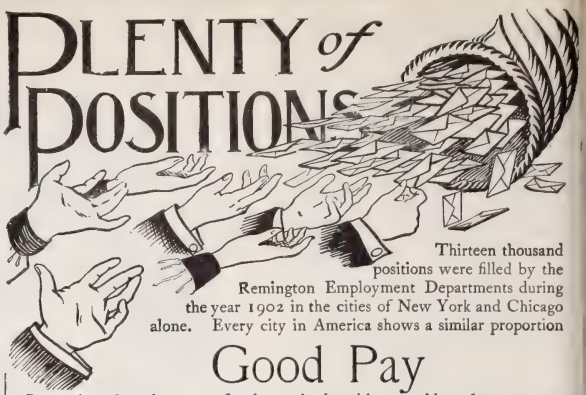
mentioned was Bezaleel. Ex. 35: 30-33. 3. Curious works in gold, silver, brass, wood-carving, all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman and of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver; all curious and cunning work. Ex. 35: 31-35. 4. Any fugitive seeking to cross the fords of the Jordan and pronouncing "Shibboleth" "Sibboleth" was slain by the Gileadites, who had just conquered the Ephraimites in battle. This word was chosen by the Gileadites as the test, because they knew that in the dialect of the Ephraimites, "sh" was sounded as if it were simply "s." Judges 12: 5, 6.

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of Jan. 28, **Jessie Hughes,** Edgar, Neb., receives a silver watch; for the best answer to "Curious Questions" of same date, **Rose Hickey,** Yuma, Ariz., receives a silver watch. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Adams, Ruth, Kans.; Andrews, Frank, Calif.; Brown, Florence E., Mass.; Canburn, Ruth, Mich.; Clouston, Agnes, Can.; Daley, T. L., N.Y.; Dobbs, H. Cloyd, Ill.; Eastman, Kenneth D., Oreg.; Eddy, Jesse I., Mich.; Forsberg, Ruth, Wis.; Gaines, Henry F., Wash.; Gardner, Ruth, Minn.; George, Sylvia, N. Dak.; Goodrich, Grace C., Conn.; Hood, Muriel Cale, Can.; Horsman, Annie C., Va.; Jackson, Catherine M., Ohio; McCrea, Frances, Ind.; McMillan, Margaret, Mo.; Penwarden, Pauline, Pa.; Rankin, Marguerite, Tenn.; Rodman, Giselle A., Nebr.; Severens, Martha G., Vt.; Vance, Esther, Mass.; Ware, Mary C., N. J.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions": Allis, Helen L., Vt.; Barrows, Winfield, Calif.; Carlisle, Cedric, Fla.; Cathers, Mildred B., N. J.; Cooke, Mary E., Kans.; Cooner, James C., N. C.; Davis, Bessie L., L. I., N. Y.; Doud, Edna L., N. Y.; Dumont, Anna G., N. Y.; Farlinger, Anderson C., N. Y.; Gulbranson, Marie Agnes, Ill.; Hall, Marian, Conn.; Hamilton, Rosella, Wash.; Hannum, Marietta, Ill.; Hodgson, Ruth, Del.; Kline, Eugene, Pa., Larkin, Floyd J., Calif.; Lundberg, Gertrude A., Wis.; McMurdo, Roy, P. E. I., Can.; Macfarlane, Wilhelmina, Md.; Pickett, Lee Francis, Wis.; Whitmer, Candace, Pa.; Wilkinson, Cornelia, Va.; Witcomb, Eleanor M., Wis.; Young, Frank H., Que., Can.

PLENTY of POSITIONS



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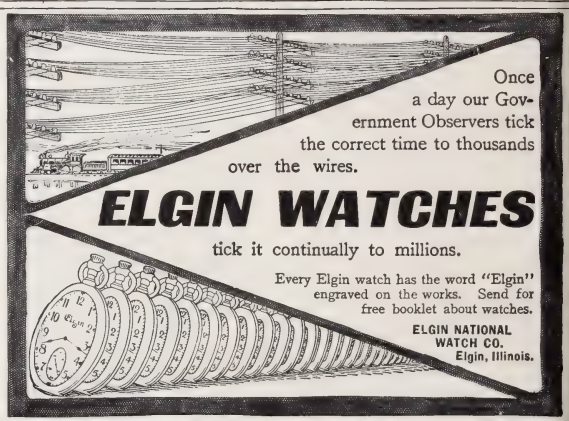

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Four-Track Series No. 5, "America's Winter Resorts," sent free, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

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THE FOUNDING OF A CHURCH

Practical Effects in Ephesus of Paul's Preaching

By Mrs M. Baxter

HOW diverse are the ways of God! In Thessalonica it took only three weeks to found a church which was used of God to be a light to the whole of Greece. After three weeks, the persecuting Jews succeeded in driving away Paul; but the Word of God, through him, remained, and the Word of God, which he had planted there, lived and increased in all the country around. In Ephesus, three months' reasoning and persuading did not produce the same effect. And God dealt otherwise with his servant. No bodily injury was here threatened. Some of the Jews were hardened and disobedient, *i. e.*, disobedient to the voice of God in his own Word and in their consciences, speaking evil of the Way before the multitude. And Paul was led here to do what till now he had never done before; he "separated the disciples, reasoning daily in the school of Tyrannus."

This was a new departure: till now he had always preached in the synagogue, where there was one; his sympathies were with the Jews, he had always considered Jewish prejudices, while he never made any compromise. To the Jew he became as a Jew that he might gain Jews, to them that were under the law, as under the law that he might gain them that were under the law (I. Cor. 9:20). He sought to put himself in the place of those to whom he came, to look at things from their point of view, that he might meet them there, and win them to Christ. But when he found that it was not want of light, but want of will, when in a wrong and hardened spirit, the Ephesian Jews spoke against "the Way"; the life and teaching of Christ: God showed him that the time had come for him to depart and leave them who would not be persuaded, as the Lord did when they would not come unto him, that they might have life (John 5:40).

For about two years he preached in the school of Tyrannus, "so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the Word of the Lord, both Jews and Greeks." "All that were in Asia" would probably include the western half of what we now know as Asia Minor. It was the Roman pro-consular Asia in Paul's time; and included Troas, Mysia, Phrygia, Caria, and Lydia; and was in extent about the size of Greece. Ephesus was the capital, where people were coming and going from all the cities of these provinces. Many of them would hear of the new teacher in the school of Tyrannus. They would come, hear and believe, and be baptized; and then would return and spread the truth in their own cities, as in a part of Brazil, in the Philippine Islands, in Japan, and elsewhere, is, by the grace of God, being done to-day. Paul was on fire for souls. "Woe is me," he said, "if I preach not the gospel." When a man is thus on fire, the fire kindles in the hearts of the hearers. Oh, for more of the fire of God!

Wherever God is really working there the enemy comes in to spoil. "Certain of the strolling Jews, exorcists, took upon them to name over them which had the evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, I adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth." It is an evidence to what a condition the Jewish priesthood had sunk when we learn that "there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, the chief priest, who did this. And the evil spirit answered and said unto them, Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" The priesthood rebuked by an evil spirit! Who knows but that times are at hand when the modern clergy who assume power and authority which God has not given to them, may awake from their fearful delusion by the enemy of their souls saying, "Jesus I know; but who art thou that pretendest to change bread and wine into his flesh and blood?"

"The man in whom the evil spirit was, (the medium as we should now say), leaped on them and mastered all of them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded" (ver. 12:16).

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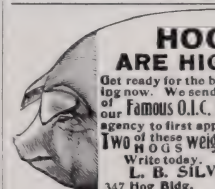

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QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM LXXVII
Sick Folks' Psalm

1 I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me.

"I CRIED UNTO GOD"

2 In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my sore ran in the night, and ceased not: my soul refused to be comforted.

3 I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed

. . . . .

This Psalm is better than a doctor's visit, for all the sick are not in hospitals and beds. Those whose heart-sore runs all the night, whose pain is of broken friendships and shattered hopes. The sweep of memory is like a raging fever—typhus at that. Remorse is worse than plague or pestilence. Sick in mind or body or spirit, all ye remember God, he will lead you to a land where "the inhabitants are never sick."

PSALM LXXVIII
Historic Psalm for Hebrews

1 Give ear, O my people, to my law: incline your ears to the words of my mouth.

"OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US"

2 I will open my mouth in a parable: I will utter dark sayings of old:

3 Which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us.

4 We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.

5 For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children.

. . . . .

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PSALM LXXIX
The Wormwood Psalm

1 O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple they have defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps.

"UNTO THE FOWLS"

2 The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth.

3 Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them.

. . . . .

This is the mixture of wormwood and gall folk make for themselves to drink when they sin, in the face of favor, when they commit iniquity often knowing mercy. More bitter than wormwood is it to the godly when the godless say "where is their God?" There are no God-forsaken folk, but there are many people who have forsaken him.

PSALM LXXX
The Penitent's Psalm

3 Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

"TURN US AGAIN"

4 O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

5 Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

7 Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

. . . . .

Let a thousand cold, cheerless, dead churches make Psalm 80 their prayer day and night and their penitential cry will make joy in heaven. The church is the vineyard of God—if it shall go to waste and weeds, the results are here told. "Turn us and return to us" is profitable praying for prodigals.

HEART RIGHTEOUSNESS*

The Law of Liberty a Higher Standard Than the Law of Moses

NEVER was a greater mistake made than when it was charged on the early Christians that their doctrines led to laxity of life. It was very natural, however, for superficial observers to make the mistake. Hearing Paul declare that the Christian was set free from the law, that he was no longer under the law, but under grace, he might expect the usual results of lawlessness. Some men appear to have joined the early churches under that impression. They soon learned their mistake. They found that "the law of liberty" was more stringent than the law of the Mosaic code. The man who observed the Sabbath, who did not murder, or steal, or perjure himself, was up to the standard of the Jewish law; but he did not measure up to the requirements of the law of liberty, unless his heart was pure from the desire to do these things. The man who hated another, but had so much respect for the law that he would not kill him, did not come under condemnation under the old law, but he did under the new. Thus the new law was a higher standard.

Its philosophy, too, was sound. It could afford to dispense with law if there was righteousness in the heart. Family life affords an illustration of the principle. If a son has been obedient to his parents and has scrupulously observed the rules of the household, but has been mechanical in his obedience, showing little affection for his parents, or interest in their concerns, they are naturally concerned when he leaves the home and goes into the city to live his own life. They are anxious about how he will behave when he is set free from parental control. They do not feel so about the son who loves them and has shown his appreciation of their principles. The springs of right conduct are in his heart and he needs no supervision. It is this principle which Christ introduced in his Sermon on the Mount. As the parent, during his son's childhood, has said to him, "Thou shalt not;" but when his son has grown up, expects him to do voluntarily and spontaneously the things that before he did under parental order, so God looks to men under the Christian dispensation to attain a higher righteousness, which comes from the spirit within them that has been transformed by the Holy Spirit.

*Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for March 8. Matt. 5. 20-48; 6 16-18

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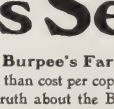

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The Christian Sabbath*

How the Institution of the Jewish Rest-Day Became the Lord's Day

WHAT a slavery life would be without its sabbaths! One of the most conspicuous illustrations of the fact that it is for man's own interest to obey God's laws, is this of the periodical rest-day. Actual experiments have proved that, in the long run, a man who rests one day in seven can do more work in the six days, than he who works seven days can do in the seven. Our constitutions require a periodical rest, to the extent of one seventh of our time. The French Revolution, which, its leaders thought, would set all things to a better time, changed the rest-day from the seventh to the tenth; but nature rebelled, and the seventh is now generally recognized as the proper proportion of rest, even in lands where the day is desecrated, and its purpose ignored. From the very lowest standpoint of physical well-being, even if man were only an animal, with no soul to be considered, it would pay him to observe the periodical rest day once a week.

The purpose of the institution of the sabbath, however, is on a higher level. It was intended to serve a spiritual end. There has always been, as there still is, a danger of men becoming so absorbed in the physical life, its needs and its duties, as to forget that the higher, the spiritual nature, has needs, too, which should receive attention. The institution of the sabbath, by the opportunity it afforded, was a reminder of the fact. The Jews, with their silly literalism, which survives in many Christian sects to this day, were more concerned about the command to rest being observed, than that the rest should be used for the right purpose. All through Christ's ministry, he reproved this spirit, and purposely worked cures on the sabbath, to show that the day was intended to be observed in the spirit rather than in the letter.

The present effort on the part of certain teachers to revive the observance of the seventh day, instead of the first, is a specimen of the same spirit. They are trying to bring men back into the bondage of the letter, which is ridiculous. The attempt falls short of the old conception of the day, in its rigorous obligations, but reverts to the particular day as if a special sanctity were attached to one day above another. As we see from Col. 2: 16, such attempts were made in apostolic times. The early Christians, recognizing the value of the institution of the Sabbath, would not discard it with the other Jewish laws, but turned it to its true purpose of spiritual development, and, in order more clearly to mark its use, associated it with that brightest and best day in all history, that day when the resurrection of Christ was commemorated. Thus it is now to us not the Sabbath, but the Lord's Day.

*Topic of the Epworth League for March 8 Exodus 31: 15-17; Mark 2: 27.

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Offices: Bible House, New York

HAS READ THE BIBLE NINETY TIMES

"WHEN I take this Book in my hand, I know it to be the Word of God. When I commence each time to read it anew, I do not begin it, I do not finish it, just to say I have read the Bible through so many times. I read it as a miner seeks for gold. Each time I read it through, I find something new and precious, and if I should live to be a hundred years old, and so be able to read it many more times, I should continue to find new things and precious within it." These words are of special significance as coming from one who had read the Bible through — systematically from cover to cover—ninety times. The venerable lady uttering them—Mrs. FitzGerald, mother of the Methodist Bishop of that name—celebrated the Sabbath before her ninetieth birthday by beginning her ninety-first reading of the sacred volume. The Friday preceding, she had led a "Holiness Meeting" in her parlors, with about one hundred ladies, many of advanced years, in attendance, and a number of clergymen and prominent laymen, several of whom paid tribute in eloquent words to the faithfulness of their aged host, naming the manifold activities which had marked her long years in the Master's service. Every Friday, for forty-five or fifty years, holiness meetings, led by this wonderful Bible reader, have been held in her dwelling. The house, standing in the closely built-up business section of Newark, is yet a lonely dwelling, for there are no residences around it. Fifty years or more has the Bishop's mother lived there; the place is rich in sacred associations for her; she clung to it when her friends of the old days moved to more fashionable residential locations. The Bishop sees that she is secure in its possession, and that her declining years are passed in comfort and with such attendants as she chooses. The old negro cook is eighty, the housekeeper seventy-two, and the man who minds the furnace is gray-headed. All the furnishings of the place are quaint and old-fashioned. The writer felt as if entering a sanctuary when admitted to the room of this aged servant of God. Despite her years, an illness from which she had not recovered, several severe shocks recently sustained, and her natural concern over a beloved son then lying dangerously sick in the house, Mrs. FitzGerald was bright and cheerful. On the mantel was a cluster of flowers some thoughtful friend had sent her. The table at her elbow was loaded with books, chiefly Bibles. Lifting one, the writer opened it, to see this on the fly-leaf, in a fine feminine hand, showing no indication of age or tremulousness: "Kirke B. FitzGerald. From his mother, January 1, 1903. May the Holy Ghost give him the richest of heaven's blessings, and may these be given to all who read this precious Word."

MRS. O. M. FITZGERALD
(From her latest photograph)

This Bible Mrs. FitzGerald intends to use in reading the Scriptures through the ninety-first time. She has read Bibles through and marked them for a number of near and dear ones who have asked this of her. "I have one book," she said, "that my daughter gave me, which I have read through forty times. I have another, which my grandson (the Bishop's son, presented me; I have read and marked that, and he wants it back. I began my consecutive readings of the blessed Word with our old family Bible when I was very young. I read that seven times; then a smaller Bible eight times; another, ten times, and so on." She did not include, I found, in these counts, her cursory readings of Scripture, nor her earliest readings.

"When I was twelve years old," she remarked, "I could say the Gospels by heart—" she paused a moment, and then added, "by head I should say. To know the Gospels by heart, that means a great deal." She has read the Bible in three languages besides her own—Spanish, German, and French. Her plan is to read the Sacred Book through each time from beginning to end, and then to look up marginal references and make comparisons. Each reading, when she is confined to her room as at present, occupies about sixty days. Asked to mention her favorite passages of Scripture, she looked like one perplexed to answer through embarrassment of riches, and then said slowly:

"'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done.'"

After a pause, the sweet, reverent voice of the little, white-haired lady in the invalid's chair was heard again: "'I am the Almighty God. Walk before me and be thou perfect' (Gen. 17:1). 'Ask me of things to come concerning my sons, and concerning the works of my hands, command ye me' (Isa. 45:11). 'O my Father!' I thought when I read that, 'I would not dare to command thee—and yet in thy name, I could dare command all the powers of darkness to move back.'" Again the silence, and then the sweet, weak voice in the quiet room: "'If ye will obey my voice indeed and keep my covenant' (the bargain I make with you) 'ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and an holy nation' (Ex. 19:5-6). 'No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.' 'If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin'" (Psa. 84:11). Silence again, and again the music of the promises that seemed to come almost like a faint, silver echo from the Valley of the Shadow. "'All things work together for good to them that love God.'"

Across from where we sat sat stood her bed—an ancient four-poster. "I can lie there," she said, "in my sick bed, and read

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Inquirer, Tacoma, Wash. Is there any city built on a mountain top? What city occupies the highest altitude in the world?

We do not know of any higher than Pasco, in Peru, which is on a tableland, about 14,200 feet above the sea level. Travelers say that its immense altitude involves extraordinary differences of temperature. In the sunlight the heat is almost unbearable, while in the shade the cold is intense. The city is noted for its rich silver mines.

Reader, St. Augustine, Fla. (1) What did Christ mean by being born of water (John 3: 5)? (2) In the parable of the laborers in the vineyard (Matt. 20: 1-16), why were all paid the same amount regardless of their length of service?

(1) Various explanations are given, but the only one that seems reasonable is the one that Nicodemus would be likely to associate with it. The Gentile who was received into Judaism as a proselyte was baptized to signify repentance, purification and the putting off his old life. Nicodemus, being a Jew, would naturally deem it unnecessary for him to go through the ceremony. Christ wished him to understand that he, too, required the new birth, typified by baptism and effected by the Holy Spirit. (2) The parable was given as a reproof to the bargaining spirit manifested by Peter in the preceding verses. The owner of the vineyard paid the men who bargained with him, the price stipulated and no more. Those who left it to his discretion, who trusted him without bargaining, he treated more liberally. Christ did not wish men to follow him for the sake of reward; he wanted them to follow him because they loved and trusted him. Men are not rewarded in Christ's kingdom by the measure of their labor; but according to their spirit and consecration.

Miss Zoe F., Mansfield, O. A couple being married at the parsonage, is it the gentleman's or lady's place to let the pastor know? The lady is a member where the pastor preaches. Would it be proper to let the pastor know through the mail or to speak to him personally? What would be the request? Does the engagement ring have to be a diamond?

It is usual for a man intending to be married at a preacher's house, to call in person and make the arrangements. A call, if it can be managed, is more to the point than a letter, as the details can best be arranged in a brief interview. There is no impropriety in a lady's speaking to her pastor, and arranging for her wedding, if the prospective bridegroom cannot do it himself. Common sense and convenience regulate these things. A pearl or turquoise ring, or a ruby, or any pretty stone, will do for an engagement ring as well as a diamond.

E. F. S, Coleman, Tex. When the children of Israel crossed the river of Jordan could a wall of water be seen, or did it all heap up at the city of Adam?

The Biblical account says "the waters of Jordan were cut off" (*i. e.*, retarded or held back). Josephus says "the depth of the water was restrained, the sand appearing at the bottom," and that as soon as the host had passed over, the waters arose again and came to their former magnitude.

W. W. F., Philadelphia, Pa. Is a mock trial in a church a proper proceeding?

No; we should not so regard it. The burlesque or travesty of justice is at best a thing in doubtful taste; but in a church it is altogether out of place.

Subscriber, Denver, Colo. I was baptized in infancy by sprinkling, but am now attending a Baptist Church. I should like to unite with the church, but cannot do so without baptism by immersion. Would it be wrong, seeing that I am already baptized, to be baptized again?

Certainly it would not be wrong. You may regard it as a fulfilment or ratification of the act of your parents in your infancy. They consecrated you to God by the rite; now, having attained years of discretion, you confess Christ publicly, by the same rite, differently administered.

T. A. W., Middletown, Md. What reason, apart from Scripture, is there for thinking the soul is immortal?

There is the common belief found in all lands and in nearly all ages, which is of the nature of an intuition. Again, there are hints that nature gives, as in the butterfly emerging from the chrysalis, which point in that direction. There is the independent action of the mind in thought and dreams, which shows that it has even now a separate life. There is the unsatisfactory condition of many lives, which seems to require another life for readjustment and completion, for the use of experience gained in this life. There is the fact that in many cases the mind is strong and vigorous, while the body is enfeebled and decaying.

Mrs. M. A. M., Seven Mile, O. 1. Did Queen Victoria's second son, Duke of Edinburgh, ever succeed to his father's estates? What was the cause of his death? Had he a son to succeed him, or had he other children? 2 Where is Frogmore, where Queen Victoria was buried?

1. Yes, he succeeded to his father's estates in Saxe Coburg and Gotha. He died of heart trouble three years ago; his only son a year earlier. His proper successor would have been the Duke of Connaught, but he preferred to remain with the British branch; so the succession fell to the Duke of Albany. 2. Frogmore is the Duke of Kent estate. The Prince Consort was buried there.

Anxious Inquirer. Is it right for a young woman to ask God for a man's love? In how far would she be justified in trying to find out if he loves her, after having received attention from him?

A young woman need not worry as to whether or not a man loves her. A man in love is usually a very transparent being and shows his feeling by unmistakable signs. A woman who tries to find out what should be evident, will surely alienate, rather than attract. It is right to pray about all our affairs, small and great.

Mrs. Eva T., Springfield, Mo. Who was Guido Reni, the painter of *Mater Dolorosa*, and why is the picture a noted one?

He was a famous Italian painter of the Bolognese school, born 1575. In 1602 he went to Rome, and labored there twenty years, painting great frescoes in palaces, churches and cathedrals. On returning to Bologna he opened a school of art, the most famous of its kind at that time. His later life was marred by gambling and dissipation, and he died in debt in 1642. His most famous paintings are: *Phœbus and the Hours*, *Niobe* group, *Venus de Medici*, *Massacre of the Innocents*, *Ecce Homo* ("Behold the Man!") *Israelites Gathering Manna*, *Ariadne*, *Coronation of the Virgin* and the *Mater Dolorosa* ("Sorrowful Mother.") The latter represents Mary, the mother of Christ. Carlo Dolce has also painted a "Mater Dolorosa."

Inquirer, Belleville, Tex. A owes B a certain amount and refuses to pay. B sues A; but in order to collect the just debt, B tells, or swears, a falsehood. Should restitution be made?

Certainly. Though B has used wrong and wicked means to collect, his sin does not make A's debt the lighter. Two wrongs cannot make a right. The debt should be paid and B should confess his error and apologize. In many courts, however, the discovery of perjury by the claimant would probably ruin the case and cause the perjurer's arrest.

Miss S. L. T., Kittanning, Pa. Is it known upon what day of the week Jericho was encompassed seven times and fell by invisible engines of war? Jewish writers mention it as an immemorial tradition that it fell on the Sabbath.

Reader, Ellington, N. Y., Is the "resurrection plant" sold by florists, the same as the "Rose of Jericho," a native of Syria, Judea and Arabia which is regarded by the Orientals as an emblem of the Resurrection?

We believe not. The familiar species of the well-known "resurrection plant," is a native of New Mexico and Arizona.

Reader, New York. A play is to be given under the auspices of the church. As we have no building in which to hold it, would it be wrong to hire a hotel, where all the accommodations may be had, providing they close the bar and give up the key?

The theatre, the dance, and the card-room are the three principal dissipations of the world of pleasure-seekers. Every one must conscientiously decide for himself whether or not the proposed entertainment is of a kind that harmonizes with the spiritual character and object of the church, as a religious organization. A play in the church is, plainly speaking, a profanation to serious minds. There are many proper entertainments that might be given in a hall elsewhere, that would be out of place in a church. But unless you can reconcile the matter with your conscience you had better stay away. Send to Bible Institute, Chicago, for a little book on *Popular Amusements*.

J. B. H., Bellwood, Neb., and F. G. B., Worthing, S. Dak., write to THE MAIL-BAG that the name, "Roosevelt," means "a field of roses." The Dutch pronounce it "Roo-se-velt," in three syllables.

E. Burrows, Albion, N. Y., writes:

I find in a collection of hymns (by Joshua Smith and others, dated 1797) the hymn commencing "Jerusalem, my happy home," containing ten stanzas, the last of which is the one,

"When we've been there a thousand years."

In another collection, dated 1834, by H. Miller the same hymn, containing eight verses, the last of which is, "When we've been there ten thousand years." A friend sends me another hymn, the first line, "My dear Redeemer, dying Lamb," of four stanzas, the third of which is the one named, and have the impression that I have heard it sung with the hymn, "When I can read my title clear," etc. therefore it must be a verse often transferred.

M. R. D. D. writes:

In compliance with the wish of Mrs. L. G. H., in the Mail-Bag of February 4, I would say that thought from a sermon has been very helpful to me in times of trial and temptation: "Who would not willingly, even joyfully, endure an hour of pain if thereby he might secure a thousand years of happiness? The longest life and severest suffering are less than 'an hour of pain' when compared with the eternity of bliss that will be ours if we endure to the end." They had been discussing the relative appropriateness of the various terms used in speaking of the higher life and wondering why Christians so often misunderstood or took offense at the testimony, when one exclaimed fervently, "O, for a baptism of common sense!" A few days afterward I dreamed of asking an aged minister what was the best way of witnessing to sanctification. "By a well ordered life, sister," he said impressively, and though it was only a dream it has been more than a sermon to me.

M. P. N., Pulaski, Va. The missionary's name is pronounced "Pay-tun."

Reader, Golden City, Mo. One should avoid even the appearance of evil. If certain songs and tunes are associated with doubtful words, why not avoid them altogether.

W. W. V., Shelbyville, Ind. Yes. According to the ancient chroniclers, Patrick or Patricius, was born near Dumbarton, on the Clyde, Scotland sometime between 373 and 396 A.D. His father was Calpornius, a deacon, son of Potitus, a presbyter and small farmer. See his Life, published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, Cooper Union, New York.

A. A. P., Oswayo, Pa. I have a violoncello, which I have reason to believe, is at least one hundred years old. On the inside, is stamped the name "Fillement A. Mirecourt." Will you kindly state who this person was and at what age did he live?

Messrs. August Gemunder & Sons, of New York, who rank as an authority on violins state that Mirecourt "made violins and cellos in Paris from 1790 to 1820. His instruments vary very much both in model and workmanship. The varnish he used was a dark color. He branded his instrument, as indicated by your subscriber."

PAUL'S PRISON IN ROME

The illustration on this page is reproduced from a photograph of the dungeon in the Mamertine Prison in Rome, which is still pointed out to travelers as the place where the great Apostle Paul spent his last days upon earth, prior to his decapitation by order of the Emperor Nero. His execution occurred on the land where now stands the "Church of the Three Fountains." Any one who visits Rome and inspects this ancient underground dungeon in the Mamertine Prison, will be led down a narrow defile of stone steps to the first dungeon, which is called the "Dungeon of Ancus." As there is another dungeon still further down, he will have to continue his journey along a spiral staircase till he comes to the place where tradition says the Apostle spent his last days, and where he wrote his second letter to Timothy. The original entrance to the dungeon was by a hole in the ceiling, covered by an iron grating, through which the prisoner was lowered by a rope. Since Paul's day, the Mamertine Prison has been venerated by the Christian world as the place where many faithful witnesses of Christ suffered and died. Tradition has it that in this prison the jailor was miraculously converted, like his brother of Philippi. Paul probably had an experience of more than five years as a Roman prisoner. No doubt half of this time was spent underneath the marble court-house in Cesarea (Acts 24: 27), where, for two whole years, he remained as the remanded prisoner of Felix, who, when called to Rome, left Paul's case to be acted upon by his successor. Governor Festus is said to have reached Cesarea in the spring of the year 60 or 61, A.D. After Paul appealed to Cæsar, he was sent in the fall of the year to Rome, with other prisoners. He did not reach the imperial city till the following spring. In Rome he was permitted to dwell by himself in his own hired house, though chained to a Roman soldier. It is evident from Acts 28: 30-31 that he remained here two full years and had the utmost liberty to preach the Gospel. During this time he wrote the epistles to the Ephesians, the Colossians and Philemon, the Epistle to the Philippians being the last written during this period. Shortly after this, Paul was released, and went visiting the churches he had founded during his first and second missionary journeys. Where he went to after that is a matter of conjecture. Soon after, he was arrested the second time, taken to Rome and consigned to the Mamertine Prison. During those last dark days, Luke was with him, and probably ministered to his needs.

JOHN MUNRO.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1908

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

MOHAMMEDAN GIRL AND BROTHERS | COURTYARD OF A NOBLEMAN'S PALACE IN PERSIA | A WATER CARRIER OF TABRIZ

INCIDENTS OF THE HOME LIFE OF WOMEN IN THE LAND OF THE SHAH

Persia's Heroic Women

By . . . HANNAH YOSEPH JACOB, M.D.

OUR friends in America and Europe conceive of Persian women as leading an idle, frivolous life, lolling on soft divans, eating candies, quarreling with one another, and having no object of interest but that of discovering a charm or talisman to obtain a husband, or to hold his affection when obtained. If people who have that idea were to spend a few days with me here, in Tabriz, they would be speedily undeceived. In my medical work I come in contact with women who come to me for treatment, and others whom I visit in their own homes, who are as active, as intelligent, and as, as sorely troubled, as in other lands. Some, too, there are who exercise an enormous influence and exert tremendous power over a wide area. I know instances of women, who possess in their own right by inheritance vast estates, on which hundreds of tenants have their homes. They not only regulate these dwellings, performing the duties of landlords, but they hold courts to which all disputes among the tenants are brought for adjustment, and all offenders are brought for trial and sentence.

During one of my journeys, I stayed at the home of a Mohammedan lady, whose husband is Governor of his province. He had been summoned to Teheran, the capital, to attend on his Majesty, the Shah, and while he was away, his wife managed all the affairs of the Province, and did so with remarkable ability. It astonished me to see with what commanding dignity that frail woman moved among her people and with what skill and vigor she dispensed justice. She wore a real Persian cap, generally covered with gold coins, and her dress was in the extreme of elegance and good taste. As a consistent Moslem, she sat in court behind curtains, herself invisible, but her decisions were shrewd and just, and no point bearing on the case in question escaped her. The justice of her sentences was never disputed, but there were often pleas for mitigation of the penalties, and bent mothers pleading for their sons, and wives who brought their children in their arms to add force and pathos to their petition; but the lady was adamant, and her sentence once pronounced was unaltered. Some of the penalties were severe, though she had not the power of capital punishment, which, in ordinary times, the Shah never confides to any governor.

Protestant in her neighborhood told me that she commenced her administration by forbidding the purchase or sale of spirits throughout the province, under heavy penalties, and that under this prohibitory edict crime of all kinds had largely decreased. The condition of the poor also had improved, and a whole system of extensive bribery had been swept away.

The lower classes of women show that they, too, are not deficient in energy, when they are deeply moved. I have known women smarting under wrong, or threatened with some grievous calamity to themselves or their relatives, make extraordinary efforts to gain their point. They would plead eloquently in their courts, and if every door was barred against them, would carry their petition to the Shah himself or the Crown Prince. There have been cases where a woman, pleading everywhere to get justice, has taken her stand on the highway, by which the Shah or the Crown Prince would pass, and surrounding herself with straw, loudly declare she would burn herself where she stood if her petition were denied. A petition so urged seldom fails to move the Shah's heart, and the very fact of a woman emerging from the seclusion and suppression in which she ordinarily lives and taking so desperate a

AN ARMENIAN LADY IN PERSIA

course, impresses him with the urgency of her case. But what will not a woman do when peril threatens her or those she loves! Persian women are like women in other lands, heroic in times of stress. As I become acquainted more intimately with them in my work, going from town to town and making short sojourns in various cities, my respect for them and my sincere sympathy with them increases.

I knew personally a lady who owned an extensive estate on which were two or three villages. Word was brought her one day that the inhabitants of one of her villages were not cultivating the fields. She learned that robbers from another khan had swooped down on the village when the harvest was ripe, and had carried everything off. The result was that the villagers had no heart to sow the seed again, believing that there would be another invasion when harvest-time came. The lady sent them word to cultivate their fields and sow the seed as usual, and she would see that they were not robbed. True to her promise, she collected a band of fifty of her tenants, armed them, and rode at their head to the threatened village. She led her little troop in the fight that ensued, in which she was victorious, the robbers being driven off with heavy loss. She received a gunshot wound in the fight, but said nothing about it, and even her own mother did not know of it until after it had healed. In startling contrast with this heroism, was an incident that came under my own observation. I was attending a case in the summer home of a gentleman in a mountain village and remained all night. In the night, thieves broke into the house. The women and children ran screaming through the house, and the servants, seizing anything that would serve as a weapon, fought the thieves and eventually drove them off; but the rich man who owned the house remained in his own apartments, and never lifted a finger in defence of his property.

A PERSIAN NOBLEMAN AT HOME

Many pathetic stories do I hear, of woman's devotion and heroism under trial. They come to me with their ailments and I do what I can to give them bodily relief, but for their sorrows Jesus Christ alone can give succor, and of him they know nothing. Their own faith teaches only dull submission to fate and gives them no comfort. It is pitiful to hear their tales of woe and to realize that the Divine Consoler, who would so gladly bless and comfort them, is to them a Stranger, whose very name the Mohammedan pronounces with hatred.

One day when I had seen my patients, two women entered my room. One of them was an old woman, almost blind, whom the younger woman was leading by the hand. "Hakim Khenim" [lady doctor] the elder woman began, "for the love of Issa [Jesus] open my eyes, that I may be able to work for myself." From her story, I learned that in the famine seven years ago, her husband, a Mohammedan, determined to divorce her, as his means would not support her and her seven children. She begged and pleaded with him not to separate her from her children. She offered to go out and work, or beg for alms, or do anything rather than leave them. The husband relented, but soon afterwards left them all, and went they knew not whither. "A Kaffir [heathen] husband or an Armani [Christian] husband would not have done such a thing," the woman declared. She went to work in the country, gathering sheaves and doing anything she could to earn a little food for herself and her children. Times improved, and she began to get back a few of the household things that she had been obliged to sell for food. For seven years she maintained her family, and no word came from her husband;

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THE AMERICAN PULPIT

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF CHRISTIANS

A Sermon by DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.
of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York

"Then said the lords of the Philistines, What do these Hebrews here?" I. SAMUEL 29: 3

THE beacons were kindled on the heights around the historic valley of Esdraelon where the hosts of Israel were arrayed for war. To the south, the Philistines were preparing to march against them; but there was trouble in the ranks. The officers of Achish had observed David and his followers in the rear ranks, and they made earnest and immediate protest: "What do these Hebrews here?" It was, indeed, a strange and incongruous situation. But David had been so long a fugitive, hunted like a partridge among the mountains, that he was at his wit's end. And, moved by the magnanimity of Achish, who had sheltered him in his exile, he begged to enlist under his banners. Just there he was in danger of making the mistake of his life. Had he not lost the fine edge of his moral perception, he could not for a moment have dreamed of falling into line with those who were marching to battle against his own people. The Lords of the Philistines saw the ambiguity of his position, if he did not; and their protest was well-taken and well-timed: "Make this fellow return," they said; and David and his men drew off.

The Enemy's Tribute

An old proverb runs, *Disce ab hoste*—that is, Learn from those who are opposed to you. The world has a clear opinion as to what should be expected of the followers of Christ: and "there's wit there, ye'll get there, ye'll find nae itherwhere." No higher tribute is paid to the superexcellence of Christianity than the criticisms which are passed upon the inconsistencies of the followers of Christ; for in calling attention to our imperfections, the critic emphasizes the fact that the religion which we so inadequately represent is a magnificent religion, and the Christ whom we so awkwardly and unsuccessfully follow is the perfect One.

The world can read the Bible; it understands, moreover, the rules of service laid down by our Lord; and its interpretation of those rules is perhaps more rigid than that of the church, because it does not itself propose to obey them. It views them with a cold, impersonal, critical eye. Not for a moment does the world propose to conform to our faith, but it holds us rigidly to it. I do not mean to say that public opinion is our ultimate rule of faith and practice. Far from it; but public opinion is not without significance. We cannot afford to be obvious of what the Lords of the Philistines say about us.

> O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as ithers see us;
> It wad frae mony a blunder free us
> And foolish notion.

At the outset, the world knows that we are "a peculiar people," and that as such we have no business in the Philistines' ranks. We do not like to be called "peculiar," but no alternative is left us. It is written of Christ, "He gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people." The word is from *pecus*, "a flock," and it suggests the segregation of those who follow Christ.

We are distinguished by marks or "stigmata," clear and unmistakable. These are not superficial. A Christian, be he layman or minister, is not to be known merely by his "cloth" or outward forms of piety. The Lord expressed himself in startling terms as to fringes and phylacteries, long prayers at the corner of the streets and almsgiving with the blare of trumpets. The real marks of a Christian are those which indicate an inward change manifesting itself in the outer life.

The Christian's Marks

One of these is Regeneration, or "the gainbirth" as the fathers were fond of calling it. A Christian is understood to be a new man in Christ Jesus; old things have passed away, all things are become new. He has a new heart, conscience and will; new thoughts, purposes and aspirations; a new way of looking at things; new tastes and appetites; new visions of the future life.

And another of these marks is Sanctification. A Christian under the influence of the Holy Spirit, while not perfect nor professing to be, is bound to be growing better from day to day. On the one hand, he is delivered from the penalty of past sin; "the handwriting of ordinances" which was against him, having been nailed to his Saviour's cross. His sins are blotted out, sunk in the depths of an unfathomable sea, cast behind the back of God. On the other hand, he is consecrated to holiness. His conscience is so quickened that it has become sensitive to the mere appearance of evil. He so feels the lingering bondage of sinful habit that he longs to be delivered from "the body of this death." He hates sin, grieves under the sense of it, loathes it, abhors it. All this is clearly involved in our profession. This is matter of common fame; it is known to the world; the Lords of the Philistines understand it.

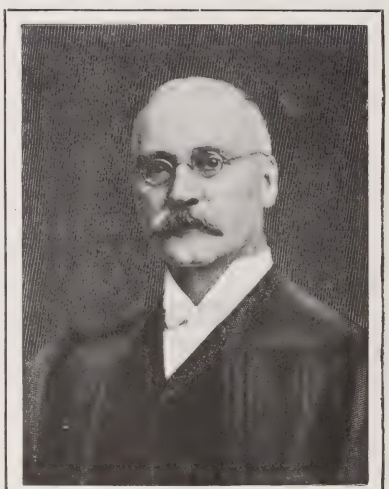
The world knows also that we, as Christians, have a creed, and it expects us to believe it.

We have accepted Christ as our Prophet or Teacher in spiritual things; and we call ourselves "disciples," because we sit learning at his feet. And when he speaks of God as our Father, of man as a sinner, and of himself as the only Saviour, it looks to see us receive these elemental truths, together with all other teachings of Jesus, without a word of demur or a moment of hesitation. We have no room for an opinion or a "theory" beyond his *ipse dixit*. His word is ultimate. Our creed is what he says.

A leader in a recent political campaign was heard to say that the platform of his party went for nothing; and for this he was immediately set down in public opinion as a demagogue. For it is understood that the candidate of a political party must in honor be true to its principles. The same holds in the matter before us. A man who professes the Christian religion may deny its fundamental tenets; but, in that case, whatever he may think of himself, the people are aware that he is wearing false colors, and the Lords of the Philistines have a genuine contempt for him.

The world knows, furthermore, that we have a moral code; and it expects us to live up to it.

In the precepts of the Decalogue, as interpreted by our Lord in his Sermon on the Mount, we have our symbol of practical life. In pursuance of these precepts we are expected to be pure, upright, honest in all our dealings with our fellow men; to respect our neighbor's rights of life and property; to honor the divine Name, remember the Sabbath day, and be humble and reverent before God. Our constant temptation is conformity to the world; but, being in the world, we are bound to live as pilgrims passing through it. We are to hold ourselves aloof from its evil ways, like the three youths in Babylon, like Lot in Sodom, like Jonah in Nineveh, like Paul in Athens. Are we ever moved to ask, "How far can I go into this or that without compromising my Lord or my religion?" Think of a bride asking how far she can go into impropriety without compromising the honor of her husband! The soul of a Christian, being betrothed to his Lord, must be kept unspotted from the world. Wherefore it is written, "Be ye not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable and perfect will of God."



REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.

Our unbelieving friends know still further, that we are under a definite commission, and they expect us to honor it.

Our Lord came to set up a kingdom of truth and righteousness on earth; and to his followers he said, "Seek ye first of all the kingdom." We seek this kingdom by declaring the evangel and doing good as we have opportunity unto all men.

Now suppose that a man who professes to follow Christ is found to be wholly absorbed in the pursuit of wealth or pleasure or sordid ambition, living as if the perishable things of this world were all or the most important part of life, what shall be thought of him? "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." The Lords of the Philistines know this; and they cannot but conclude that an avowed Christian who yields himself to worldly pursuits and gives but the superflux of his time and energy to the things of the kingdom, is false to his marching orders. And this is a just opinion; the facts warrant it.

Again, the world expects a Christian to respect himself.

To be humble. Aye; but with that humility of which John Milton speaks—"a lowly loftiness of mind which is exalted by its own humiliation." We would not forget that significant episode in the upper room when Jesus washed the feet of his disciples, saying to them, "I have given you an example that ye also should do as I have done to you." We are indeed to be humble in view of our sins, our littleness by nature, and our utter dependence on the heavenly grace. But never, never, must we forget that by that heavenly grace we are called to be sons and daughters of the living God; "and if sons, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ" to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away. The humility of Uriah Heep is not Christian. The truckling subserviency of Chadband and Pecksniff is not Christian. We are conscious of our infirmity and ill-desert: "We are not what we ought to be, we are not what we mean to be, but by the grace of God we are what we are." And better things are reserved for us. "Now are we sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

An Essential Characteristic

It is reasonably expected of us also, by those who are not of the household of faith, that we should love the brethren.

For this is one of the distinctive marks which our Lord put upon us: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." It is obvious, therefore, that envy, jealousy and censorious judgment are ruled out. The enemies of Jesus were accustomed to say of the members of the primitive church, "Behold, how these Christians love one another!" That was a gracious tribute to the sincerity of their faith. It is well to sing in our public services, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love"; but when in our churches we erect social barriers which take precedence of the rule of fellowship, it is obvious to the world that there is something wrong. If there come into our assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and we have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, "Sit thou here in a good place"; and say to the poor, "Stand thou there," or "Sit here under my footstool": are we not then partial in ourselves? And do we not give attention to thoughtful critics to say, "The teaching of Jesus was right; but there is one lesson which these Christians have not learned of him?"

And the world expects of the followers of Christ that they will have a passion for souls.

It is written of our Master, "He had compassion on the multitude." He said of himself that he had come into the world "to seek and to save the lost"; and to his disciples he said, "As the Father hath sent me into the world, so send I you." The woman seeking the lost coin, the shepherd going out on the dark mountains after the lost sheep, the father awaiting the return of the prodigal from beyond the hills; in these we have a portrayal of the seeking Son of God. He seeks the lost. The lost! He so regarded men: as lost to truth, to righteousness, to their own high destiny, to heaven and God. We shall never catch his spirit of earnestness until we also regard the impenitent as lost. So long as we minimize sin, so long as we interpose doubts and questions as to its just penalty, so long as we permit the suggestion that there is any other way of salvation except the royal way of the Cross, we shall be indifferent to the fate of our fellow men. The world knows what Jesus taught about this; and when it finds us standing idle in the market-place, with the multitude passing by, lock step, quick step, on their way to eternal death, it concludes, with just reason, that we do not believe what Jesus said and are not alive to the tremendous duty and responsibility which he laid upon us.

A Comprehensive Duty

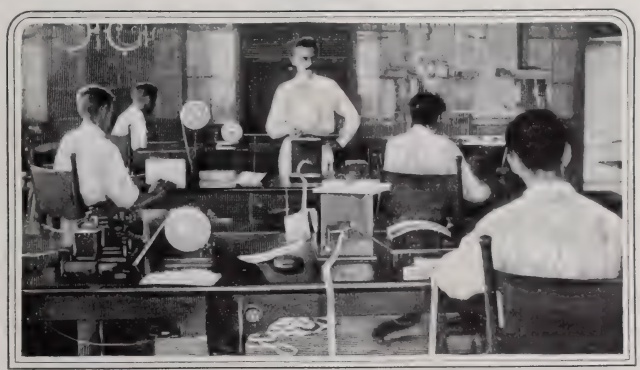
In general terms, it is expected of us that we will follow Christ.

This is suggested by our name. We did not call ourselves Christians; the world so called us. The title was first given by the people of Antioch in derision; and they spake better than they meant. We are Christians because we profess to follow Christ. We are not our own; we are "bought with a price; not silver and gold, but the precious blood of Jesus, as a lamb without blemish and without spot." As such we are bound to follow him, as sheep follow their shepherd, soldiers their leader, travelers their guide. Whither shall we

THE GERMAN CONSUL'S RESIDENCE RAPID TRANSIT, SAN JUAN DEL SUR A SECLUDED STREAM

IN A CENTRAL AMERICAN PARADISE

PERHAPS through the opening of an inter-oceanic highway, which seems more nearly a possibility than ever before, lies the promise of more effective missionary work throughout the whole of Central America. The only Protestant agency at present in Nicaragua is that of the Moravians, who have been at work since 1848, when a mission was started by them at Bluefields. Practically all their activities have been limited to the Mosquito Coast (so called from the Mosco or Mosquito Indians) who live there. The only hope which the Moravians had for the Indians was through teaching them the English language and giving them the Scriptures in this tongue; but a few years ago the Roman Catholics secured the closing of their schools. Much of the work is done in ships. The Mosquito Coast is divided up into little lagoons, and the missionary ships go in and out of these, services being held aboard. Recently the Moravians have secured permission from the government to follow their converts into the interior, which seems to indicate a more liberal spirit than has heretofore existed. I know of no Protestant mission work on the Pacific Coast of Nicaragua. Certainly there is none in San Juan del Sur, where my husband's duties as a physician took him a number of times during a long residence in South America. The Nicaraguan towns are so much alike in their social and religious conditions that to tell of one is to give some idea of all, and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will doubtless be interested to know something of San Juan, from the accounts of one who has been there often.



IN THE CABLE OFFICE, SAN JUAN DEL SUR

Seventeen miles from Brito lies this tiny, picturesque town. To the world, the diminutive metropolis is a place of consequence, because the Central and South American Cable office is located here. Through this office, a large number of the people of Central America are in touch with the outside world. To the Nicaraguan himself, San Juan del Sur is of large importance independently of this fact, because it is the residence of the Governor of the province of Rivas, through which the proposed canal route is to pass from Brito, and also because it is the headquarters of a handful of soldiers who belong to the Nicaraguan army; it is also of commercial significance, because it is the most southern port on the Pacific coast of Nicaragua. It lies on a beautiful bay, with a wide-stretching beach, and back of the town itself rise noble mountains. Ten years ago, the Pacific Mail steamers touched at San Juan twice a month. Now, the Chilian and English liners also put in there at regular intervals. All of the foreign trade with Rivas, the capital of the province of "Rivas" or Nicaragua, as it is called, and one of the more important inland towns, is done through San Juan del Sur. Everything is transported on *carettas*, or rickety carts. The oxen are yoked, not by the neck, like those in this country, but by the horns. The driver is provided with a wooden stick, on the end of which is a bit of sharpened iron. The roads are miserable. It is said that even the Chinese are more progressive than the Nicaraguans, for to this day they go on in the even tenor of their way, following in the steps of their forefathers. Their army, with its queer, hatless, coatless and barefoot men, has been called a "military comedy." The climate of San Juan is delightful, and in the heated months the place is filled to overflowing with wealthy people from the interior, and becomes, in a small way, a fashionable seaside resort.

The brown-skinned natives are fond of dress, and it is always the gay, bright colors which attract them. Laces, silver gewgaws of every description, strings of beads and dainty little satin shoes are as dear to the heart of my San Juan lady as a tailor gown or French hat to a New York woman. When permission to photograph them was asked of a group of native women "there was a flutter like that of a flock of blackbirds," says the artist, and a quick demand to be allowed to don holiday dress.

The men go about barefoot and with bare heads, in blue blouses, like the overalls of workingmen here, and trousers scant and short. The women marry very young. Large families are the rule, and there are many little brown babies running around. The Nicaraguan mother has enough to keep her busy, although the wardrobe of a little brown baby is the extreme of scantiness and simplicity. Then there are blankets to be woven, and straw hats to be made. Just here, it may not come amiss to state that a vast number of the so-called "Panama" hats take their shape under the deft fingers of San Juan del Surians. The brown mothers lose early whatever grace and beauty they may possess, as do most women of the tropics. The equipments of the average San Juan home are rude and primitive. The houses are mostly wooden shanties, much like the negro cabins through Georgia and Alabama. They are often built, however, of solid mahogany. Hammocks are largely used for beds.

Gay-colored flowers abound in every yard. The Indians plant trees about their homes and cultivate flowers as much as a matter of course as they do their maize and cacao beans. The women are very fond of wearing scarlet blossoms in their raven locks, which usually glisten with cocoanut oil. They are very merry. The Nicaraguan seems ever light of heart.

MARTHA GOODE ANDERSON.

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF CHRISTIANS

Continued from Preceding Page

ollow him? Wherever his footsteps lead us. To the anctuary? Yes; "he entered into the synagogue as is custom was." To the closet? Yes; "cold mountains and the midnight air witnessed the fervor of his prayer." To the oracles? Yes; he was ever a student of Scripture and revered it. To Bethesda? Is it not written, "He went about doing good"? If we tread in his footsteps we shall find ourselves going to prisons and hospitals, to homes of the poor and suffering, to minister unto them. Will he lead us to Gethsemane? Can we drink his cup and be baptized with his baptism? Yea, Lord, we would be seen like Peter "in the garden" with thee. Shall we follow even to the Cross? Blessed be his name, the highest privilege of our life is to enter into the fellowship of his sufferings and death for guilty men!

And wherever we go we are bound to take our religion with us. He went to dinner in a Pharisee's house; but hear his table-talk! Our profession is not like a garment to be put on and taken off at pleasure; but rather like the shirt of Nessus, which could not be laid aside without taking the flesh with it. Our religion must be in the very blood and marrow of our bones; it must be through and through us.

It thus appears that we are a watched people. "We are compassed about," as Paul says, "by a great cloud of witnesses." He was thinking of the galleries of the amphitheatre, crowded with spectators waiting to see how the athletes would run. We are watched in our business life, watched in social life, watched at home: "little pitchers have ears." And the onlooking world expects great things of us.

Alas, we all fall short; we fall short of even the world's standard of the Christian life. There is this to be said, however; we are trying: we have entered the race; we are reaching forth unto the things which are before and pressing toward the mark. Let our detractors do better if they can. It was a wise word that was placed by the artist Apollodorus over the entrance of his studio:

> 'Tis no hard thing to reprehend me,
> But let the man that blames me mend me.

It is no easy thing to live an exemplary Christian life. Come, friends, and try it.

But while we lament our shortcomings, we rejoice to know that our Lord can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities. "He remembereth that we are dust." He knows that we are hampered and handicapped by the remnants of sin abiding in us. He is not "a hard man."

And yet whatever the world may expect of us, he expects more. His standard is higher: "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." And again he says, "Ye are the light of the world; a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid; let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify God." We should not be unmindful of the just criticism of the world around us; but, after all, our high purpose is to please him. O, if we could but realize the great things which he hopes and purposes concerning us!

The engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge was confined to his bed when it was in process of construction. Day after day looking from his window, he saw its piers rise and the spider's web of cables cunningly formed. It had all been planned and held in his mind's eye. And when it was finished, being asked how it looked, he said, "It is precisely what I expected it to be." O, would that Christ might be able to say the same of us; that our life and character are according to his plans and purposes! Let us devote ourselves to the task of pleasing him. And, whatever other eyes may be upon us, let us live "as in the great Task-master's eye." So shall no man despise us: and so shall God commend us. Wherefore, "if ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

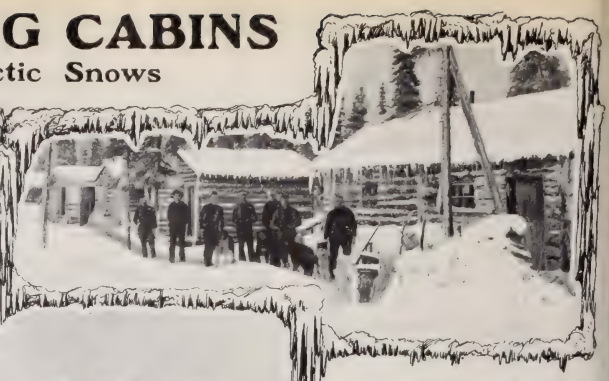
LIFE *in* LOG CABINS

Under Arctic Snows

TUNNEL TO A SNOW-COVERED CABIN

DOG SLED TEAMS

READY TO START



HOW COUNCIL LOOKS IN WINTER

WHILE our religious denominations and missionary societies are exerting themselves for the evangelization of our new colonies, it might be well, for some of them at least, to give attention to our lately opened territory in the Arctic. Alaska, or a very considerable portion of it, especially in those sections that have been populated by the crowds of gold-seekers, who come thither from all parts of the globe, is still practically virgin soil for the Christian worker. It is true, there are preaching stations at Dawson, Circle, Skagway, Nome, and a few other points, and Young Men's Christian Association workers are doing excellent service also; but there are many places where hundreds and even thousands of miners are gathered, where Gospel privileges are practically unknown.

Council City is one of these places. Situated about one hundred miles from Nome, it is a growing town of log-houses, with a population, during the summer months, of about 3,000. These are the four months when mining can be prosecuted to advantage; but in the long, dreary, eight months of winter, when the landscape is an unbroken sheet of snow and ice, with the temperature ranging from 20 to 50 degrees below zero, the population is only about 500. At the first blast of coming winter, there is a stampede out of Alaska, and all who can leave, do so.

MISS FRANCES FITZ

One of the very few women who have lived in Council is Miss Frances Fitz. Three years ago she left her home in the Eastern States for Alaska, and on reaching Council, which had been founded only a short time before, she decided to remain. She soon found opportunities for her activities and very soon, through her knowledge of law, she became Deputy Recorder of the camp. Her little log office is the business centre of the place. There, for two years, summer and winter, she worked industriously as stenographer and typewriter, assistant recorder and notary public. In good weather she made occasional trips to Nome and inland, and in the sub-arctic winter, when all the log-houses were buried in snow, sometimes up to the chimneys, she bore the cold and endured the privations with the rest of the "permanent residents" as bravely as any of them.

Miss Fitz's description of life at Council in the winter is not an alluring one. Tunnels, sometimes eighteen feet deep, had to be dug for entrance and egress to the cabins, and "going in" was like vanishing in a hole in the ground. Tunnels were also dug from the surface to the windows, for ventilation. As the snow deepened, the stove-pipe chimneys were lengthened. Great wood stoves were kept continually fed with fuel, and the temperature indoors was frequently so high that to venture outdoors, where the fierce arctic blasts swept the hard-packed snow, would be to invite certain pneumonia. Food and all the necessaries of life were at fabulous prices.

But though life under such conditions was sufficiently hard and discouraging, it was not wholly monotonous. In the little snow-bound community, there were a number of bright, optimistic members, who believed in always looking at the better side of things. Pleasant social gatherings were occasionally held in the long winter nights. (Part of the winter, there is only a single hour of daylight in the twenty-four.) Excursions on sleds during spells of clear weather in winter gave another diversion. Literature was scarce, and books were read eagerly in those tedious winter days, when the little community was wholly shut off from the outer world.

There is neither church, mission, nor Sunday School in Council City, nor is there a regular school of any kind. All these are greatly needed. Two years ago, a missionary visited the place, but none has been there since. There are many saloons in the place and a large number of gambling-houses, indeed, the principal street in Council is almost wholly devoted to such places. These are seemingly inevitable features in every new mining camp. Were a mission opened in Council, or an undenominational church planted there, it would have to contend with these evils; but there is a large element in the place which has no sympathy with such resorts, and which would loyally support any Christian work.

Here is a field in which the harvest is even now ripe, and awaiting the earnest laborer for souls.

MISS FITZ IN WINTER GARB

FOUR HAPPY LITTLE CHINESE MOTHERS

FIFTEEN years ago, among the girls in our Boarding School were Lo-tek, Mui-toan, Lek-a and Chhin-a. These former pupils last week were visiting each other, and came here to call. Mui-toan and Chhin-a are very capable women. Their husbands are two of the most useful pastors connected with the English Presbyterian Mission. Lo-tek and Lek-a are the helpful wives of two prominent school teachers. All four women have happy homes, and have, respectively, seven, five, five, and four children, twenty-one in all.

I took the photograph of the four mothers, and another of them with their children. Unfortunately Joseph, Chhin-a's oldest child, was absent, and Lo-tek's wee baby cried so lustily that we had to leave her out of the photograph. These children are carefully taught by their parents, and from their earliest years, know of the Saviour. If all the children of our former school girls could be photographed, they would make quite a little regiment. Surely one cannot place too much value on the education of the girls and women of China.

Amoy, China. M. E. TALMAGE.

LO-TEK, MUI-TOAN, LEK-A AND CHHIN-A, FOUR CHRISTIAN CHINESE MOTHERS, AND THEIR CHILDREN

The four mothers are shown in the central photograph, the children, in the photographs on either side

MRS. FITZGERALD'S BIRTHPLACE

THE FITZGERALD FAMILY GROUP

NEWARK HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS

Has Read the Bible Ninety Times ❋

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE

od's Word as if the pages were before me, chapter or chapter, without taking the Book up at all. Is ot that a comfort?"

On that bed, not four weeks before, a beloved friend nd relative, staying with her, died suddenly. Calmest f all present, the fragile nonogenarian, lying beside the ead, quietly gave necessary orders directing all that ould be done. A few days later, another dear friend as suddenly stricken before her in this same room, ith an illness that seemed unto death. No one else as with her. She sprang to her feet and ran the whole ngth of the house to her sick son's room for human elp, appealing first of all for her heavenly's Father's d. The night before my call, her "boy" (he is past xty), was thought at one moment to be ying. Yet, here she was, the frail, gentle ttle woman, wearing her ninety years like halo, and talking away cheerfully and ppily of the things that are not seen and at are eternal, and regarding all sorrows nd trials as "light affliction which is or the moment." Her optimism draws outhful people to her. Her most constant mpanion and closest associate, perhaps, a young lady, Miss Daisy Crane.

Letters from every quarter of the Union, king prayer, counsel and comfort, come this aged Bible reader. Many people ving in Newark and neighboring places ek her advice and consolation. There ve been many conversions in this quiet om. Not in spiritual matters only, but so in secular affairs, do a number look her for guidance. Her father was a ominent lawyer of Bernardsville, N. J., here she was born so many years ago in e house shown in our picture. When e was seventeen, she assessed the town- ip as an act of public service, the assessor ing ill or out of place; and everybody— en the rich, on whom she laid burdens at she lifted from the poor—pronounced the fairest assessment that had ever en made. She used to drive about New- k in her carriage and minister to the or. She is still President of the New- k Home for the Friendless, organized by r over thirty years ago. She has been a ember of the official board of many e charitable institutions of Newark.

very summer, she conducts at Mount Tabor, the ries of Holiness Meetings lasting a week, during hich the Managing Board gives her supreme control the Tabernacle and all services therein. When the eek ends, she holds three meetings daily in her cot- ge, at hours that do not conflict with the regular camp- eetings, and her rooms are always crowded. She is ry hospitable, and her cottage is always full of guests to whose entertainment she herself looks. Holiness Meetings week begins next summer at Mount Tabor, August 10; and arrangements have already been made for her to conduct the services as usual.

Of her own religious experiences, Mrs. FitzGerald says: "I know that I was converted when I was only seven years old, a little child sitting on my father's knee. I had been convicted of sin. Two years before —when I was five—I had heard some merry young men say: 'Let's steal some corn to-night and roast it.' In a childish spirit of imitation, I took one of uncle's watermelons. There was no reason why I should not have had one for the asking, but I did not ask. My young brother showed me I had broken God's law. I did not trouble myself much over it then. A year later, a small schoolmate had a little gingham bag, with a drawstring in it, which I wanted; I had a lead-pencil—lead-pencils were rare in those days—which she desired. We decided to exchange. I wanted it done legally before witnesses. We deposited bag and pencil in a crack of the schoolhouse wall until recess, when we came together to transact the business in due form. The pencil was gone. The girl hung her head. I said, 'You've taken the pencil. I shall take the bag.' But my conscience gave me no peace, and I returned it to her. That revived my memory of the watermelon incident. What was I to do to make that right? My father could not pay uncle for it. I could not. To pay would not adjust it. I lost my appetite with worry. The doctor was sent for, but his wisdom was of no avail. At last, I could not eat at all. My father sent a servant to bring me to the table. I said, 'I don't want any dinner, I want to see papa.' He took me on his knee, and I laid my trouble before him. He was a lawyer, I thought maybe he could tell me what to do. Uncle, of course, did not care. It was against God I had sinned. Papa showed me how Christ had paid for my sin. He bade me promise my Heavenly Father that I would never take so much as a pin that was another's without asking, would never tell a lie, and would never repeat what another said unless I could do it in their own words. So, he showed me how to pray and how to accept Christ's atonement. And then, O how the Lord filled my little soul with joy! I ran singing all over the house. From that hour, I began to study my Bible."

IN THE BIBLE-READER'S QUIET ROOM

Mrs. FitzGerald's husband died about ten years ago. Her daughter soon followed him. Two sons, besides the Bishop, remain to her. Our picture shows the complete family group, including grandchildren, taken not long before the death of her companion. Of her early consecration of the Bishop to the Master's service, she said: "When he was a boy, I prayed many times at his bed—a little trundle-bed such as was used in those days."

Many people tell of wonderful answers that have been vouchsafed to her prayers. She does not like to speak of herself, or to be much spoken of—save only as one who loves her Lord. The writer, as representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was welcomed into the sick room by the venerable saint, and her words reported here were uttered, not as for a secular paper, but as for a congregation of Christians ever glad to hear of another Christian's joy in the Lord. One of our pictures reveals her in this sanctuary, with two friends for company. Here, and at Mount Tabor the silver-haired Bible-reader, with God's Word for her rod and her staff, is ready to continue her pilgrimage and her labors on this side of the grave, or to pass confidently into the Valley of the Shadow, knowing the unspeakable joys that await her on the other side, where she may see the Master face to face and hear him speak the Words of Life. MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

PERSIA'S HEROIC WOMEN ❋

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 179

t at the end of that time he returned. As the ersian proverb has it, "his hands were longer than his gs"—that is, he was more ready to grasp goods than ork for them. Then he took possession and divorced e woman whose hands had toiled for his children rough all those years. Now, old and almost blind ith weeping, she is helpless and alone in the world.

Her companion, too, had suffered. In graphic, pitant fashion she told the story of her own troubles. er husband also had left her. She had one child, an fant, unweaned. With her child she went out to find shelter. A rich woman saw her and offered to take r as her servant. She hesitated. She had hoped for me other refuge. She was all alone and there was no e to whom she could go for advice. "So," she said, "I took my cap off my head and set it before me and I said, 'O my cap, what must I do? Shall I go into a strange house, where my ears will hear unlawful voices and where I shall be seen by the husband of my mistress, which are both strictly forbidden to all Moslem women? If I do not go it is famine and no husband, and there is my child, whom I love more than my life. What must I do, my cap?' And after a time the cap answered, 'If you had a husband it would not be lawful for you to go and work for that lady; but if you do not go, you and your baby will starve. Then it is a Moslem's house, not the house of a Kaffir [heathen] or an Armani [Christian]. Go and work for the lady.' So I picked up my cap and put it on my head and went into the house of my mistress."

I could tell you many more instances of maternal love and devotion and of sacrifices that these heroic women make for their children. Women in Christian lands do not have any idea of what it costs these Mohammedan women to put aside their traditions and customs and emerge from seclusion to earn a living. Nothing but the intense love they have for their little ones would constrain them to do it. I have seen them working in the bath-houses for a few shalihs [a shalih is worth about half a cent], or peddling from house to house, or crooning stories by the bedside of the rich to lull them to sleep, or spinning or sewing, hungry half the time, and their lives a heavy burden. Oh it is pitiful, and they have not the hope of rest at last that Jesus promises to those who love and trust in him.

THE OLD ARGUMENT OF VIOLENCE

The Riot at Ephesus

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 15
ACTS 19: 29-40

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: -- Ps. 31: 23: "THE LORD PRESERVETH THE FAITHFUL"

WE will let the town-clerk of Ephesus tell the story of this riot. "I shall never forget," he says, "that day in Ephesus when there was a riot instigated by the silversmiths, with Demetrius as their leader. It was in May, the month of Diana, and the city was filled with pilgrims, who had come to do honor to the goddess and to witness the games. It was a time of anxiety for those of us who were officers of the city lest some calamity or disturbance might be experienced. And the expected happened. Word was brought to me that there was a great tumult in the theatre. I started at once to go there, and on my way found the whole city in confusion. On reaching the theatre, I found fifty thousand excited people, some crying one thing, and some another. It seemed like a convention of demoniacs. Above the din I heard the cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' and I inferred that in some way the supremacy of our goddess had been called in question. But I realized that such excitement was not favorable to a wise or conclusive adjustment of the dispute. The people must be dispersed at once or there would be bloodshed; indeed, I had already seen two men, strangers in our city, dragged about in peril of their lives. As I entered the theatre, a silversmith rushed to my side and said, 'It is that man Paul who has made all this trouble. He has injured our trade in the little silver Dianas by preaching about another God. And our images are liable to be left on the shelves, for the people will not buy them if they listen to him.'

IMAGE OF DIANA

"I did not know until afterward that the mob had started in an indignation meeting held by the silversmiths. My sympathies were with the silversmiths, and not with Paul, but, as I have said before, it was not the time and place to settle the difficulty. I made my way to the rostrum and waved my hand for silence. And when the crowd recognized that the town-clerk had something to say, they quieted down to listen, and even sat down upon the stone seats. My speech was in substance as follows: 'Have no anxiety about the honor of Diana, for Ephesus is known throughout all Asia as her own city, possessing the great treasure of her image, dropped down from heaven for us by Jupiter. And knowing this, you ought to be quiet, and do nothing rashly. These preachers of another God in our city have not dishonored our Diana. They have not tried to enter into her temple and carry away the great treasures there. But if the silversmiths have a cause of complaint against them in that they sell fewer images than before, they can go to the court and have their matter determined in a lawful assembly.' I also warned the people against such disturbances as being sure to bring upon our city the displeasure of the Roman government, which might so find occasion to humiliate our city, besides punishing the disturbers with death.

"Then I dismissed the assembly, and the people passed quietly out and went about their business. I did not learn until afterwards how the preacher, Paul, was hardly restrained from entering the theatre when the mob was rampant, and bent upon the destruction of his two companions. His own life would certainly have been in great peril. A foul stain would his blood have made upon our city. And I must confess that while I did not agree with the man, I myself being a worshiper of Diana, I had observed his industrious and peaceful conduct as a dweller in our city for nearly three years. I had even wished sometimes that I might go to hear him speak, but that would not have been advisable for a man in my position as town-clerk.

"Almost immediately after the riot, Paul left Ephesus, much to the regret of his followers, I have been told. As for the silversmiths, they did apply to the court for redress, according to my suggestion. But they had injured their case by inciting the riot. An appeal to violence is never the way to settle any grievance. Those of the Jesus way were certainly a peaceful element in our city, in great contrast to the riotous guild of silversmiths. And some of them had previously been a great trouble to us by their vices and crimes. The new doctrine, true or false, improved their behavior."

Illustration and Application

What practical lessons for our own times may be found in the story of this ancient riot? 1. Christianity is spoken of here as "the Way" (in Japan they now call it "the Jesus Way"), reminding us that Christ leads men not alone to change their views, but especially to change their "ways." (The key word of the Epistle to the Ephesians is "walk," in the sense of behave). 2. If men really change their "ways" and seek to persuade others to do so, it will perceptibly affect the business of bad men, and they will in some way resent it. 3. Practical godliness will therefore make "no small stir" unless it is received in a small way. 4. Opposition is to be expected if our religion is genuine, since the real Christ brings to wickedness "not peace but a sword." 5. Christians should therefore gird themselves to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." 6. They should be at peace within even though battles be incessant without, for, as the Golden Text and Christian history assure us, "the Word preserveth the faithful." 7. In times of excitement, when tempted to act rashly, let us recall the proverb, coined out of this lesson, "We must consult the town-clerk of Ephesus." 8. Especially in these times when lynchings and riots are invading even conservative old towns, let us recall that this "way of Cain," this argument of violence, has behind it six thousand years of failure.

. . .

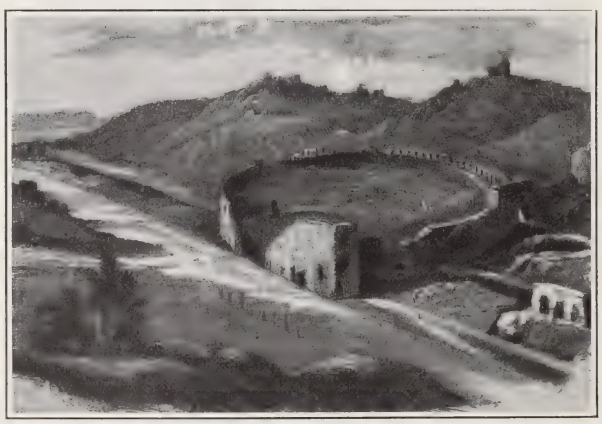
What is it Like in the Bible?

"The old argument of violence" was first used by Cain. God, who tests worship as well as conduct by motive, showed in some way—perhaps by descending fire as on Carmel (I. Kings 18: 38)—that Abel's altar was "the true church" of that time, while Cain's was but a heartless counterfeit. Cain immediately proceeded to prove that God was wrong by killing Abel. His course seems to us as absurd as it was wicked, but most of us still use at times the same foolish appeal to force. In political excitement one man declares that an opponent has "the instincts of a murderer," and the other answers by shooting him, which is manifestly a confession, not a contradiction. Another oft-repeated history is that of Herodias, who had John the Baptist beheaded because he accused her of adultery, as if murder would disprove the other crime. Alas, history is crowded with such cases where lips that could not be answered have been silenced. What true prophet has not been answered with stones by men who had neither heart nor brain enough for "the appeal to reason." Ephesus was not the first place where Paul met opposition and persecution from those whose fraudulent gains were diminished by the conversion of their victims (Acts 16: 16-24).

. . .

What is it Like in Nature?

The struggles Christianity has encountered, and the struggles of individual Christians are in harmony with God's natural order, in which perfection is ever the product of strenuous struggles upward. Nothing worth while comes easy. The noblest races are not those who loll in the tropics, where little labor is required to provide food and raiment and shelter, but those of colder climes, where "the struggle for existence" serves as a wholesome gymnasium to develop physical and moral vigor. And in individual lives, whether animal or human, the "survival of the fittest" is the outcome of struggle that makes the victor fit to survive. "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you." That has always been God's way to change coal into diamonds. Wherever we find in nature strength and beauty, whether in mountains and valleys, in veined marble or fine gold, there pain has been doing its strange work. Here surely is "a natural law of the spiritual world." What fire is to the gold, hardship and sorrow is to the soul (Mal. 3: 3).



RUINS OF THE THEATRE AT EPHESUS

Christians of an easy-going virtue, unwilling to do anything requiring sacrifice of money or even of ease or popularity may well feel rebuked, as almost every week they read of some one willing to risk life for science. That we may know the geography of the Arctic zone, how many explorers have suffered and died! Not long ago, a Colorado man was willing to be infected with germs of animal tuberculosis in order that something might be learned, at the risk of his life, by which doctors might save the lives of consumptives. There have been many such cases. Less unselfish but significant is the recent case of a young violinist who consented to have her too broad finger-tips narrowed by surgery that she might be more skilful in music. "Therefore, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth easily beset us, that we may more swiftly run the race set before us." In these days when the sacrifice of life is seldom required, when even minor persecutions are rare, about all the opportunity most of us have for enjoying the ecstacy of self-sacrifice for love of God and man is in giving up something that we do not count a sin, but which we know to be at least a "weight" upon our spiritual progress and usefulness.

May God give us grace to spare it, though it be as a right hand, if it hinders our usefulness. Before the days of anesthetics a little girl passed a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone toward her and struck her a cruel blow in the eye. She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready to let the doctor do what he could to cure her eye. "No, father, not yet," she replied. "What do you wish us to wait for, my child?" "I want

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS

kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

. . .

What is it Like in Common Life?

It would probably save much murmuring if we should [illegible] it clearly into our minds that life is a school, in which [illegible] lessons are to be experienced and will be useful and where strenuous athletics will be necessary for our best development. The football player "endures hardness" in training and on the field cheerfully, because he believes it is all doing him good by making him strong and fitting him for the rough and tumble of real life. Many a Christian is not willing to train half so hard for spiritual victories and strength of soul.

A little boy went to his mother in delight with a new discovery, saying, "Mamma, I don't have to cry when I fall down. I can make myself stop. I can just say, 'Stop that,' and make me mind me." Many an older person has not learned that secret of self-mastery. Not alone when crying, but especially when murmuring, or when repining even in silence, let us learn to say, "Stop that." An American soldier said, "If you have a post that is harder than any other, send me there."

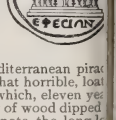
A poet, L. Frank Tooker, has pictured the tourist at sea who does not mind discomforts when homeward bound, with loved ones waiting, which has larger meanings for the Christian "homeward bound;"

There is no sorrow anywhere,
Or care, or pain. The stinging hail
Beats on our faces like a flail,
Green water curls above the rail,
And all the storm's high trumpets blare,
Whistles the wind, and roars the sea,
And canvas bellows to be free,
Spars whine, planks creak—I only smile,
For home our keel creeps mile on mile.

. . .

What is it Like in History?

Years ago a Bank of England £5 note, which had evidently passed through many hands, was being tested at some other bank where it had been presented for redemption, when the sharp-eyed clerk noticed red letters upon the thin, worn surface, but so exceedingly faint that at first neither he nor anybody could decipher them. On closer examination, however, through a very strong glass it was found that these letters had actually been traced in human blood. They contained just one sentence: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." Of course no time was lost in sending to Longhill this singularly conveyed message. With all possible speed, the pining captive in North Africa's far-off "Silver City," for centuries the dreaded headquarters of Mediterranean pirates was sought, found and liberated. From that horrible, loathsome dungeon of Algeria's cruel Bey, in which, eleven years previously, he had scrawled with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood the message on the bank note, the long lost one was taken back to England.



The message Paul preached in so much persecution was one written in the blood of Christ, which has since been [illegible] written often in the blood of apostles and martyrs. We are unworthy to bear the message if we are not willing to freshen it, if need be, in our own blood.

Fighting Famine in the Northland

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PORT OF HELSINGFORS, FINLAND, HEADQUARTERS OF THE RELIEF OPERATIONS

T can be truly said that Christian America does nothing by halves. Whatsoever it finds to do in the direction of making the world brighter and better, and of advancing the Kingdom, it does h zeal, enthusiasm and thoroughness that might well ve as an example to other lands. Since the appeal the suffering Finlanders was published in these pages, as been taken up in town and village communities, churches, church societies, Sunday Schools and other ganizations, and a great flood of practical sympathy s set in towards the af- ted nation. Every mail ngs to us additional tributions to the Fam- Fund—gifts that have en consecrated by ayer and which will be dly welcomed by the nnish Committee in lsingfors, which is nducting the relief rk.

The generous and rist-like spirit of the ople, who are thus help- the Finns, is shown in se letters. We wish it re possible to print m all, but we can only e a few brief extracts. . N. S., Albany, N. Y.), writes:

f all to whom our Lord trusts large resources uld respond as liberally many who can scarcely n enough to give their ilies even a humble liv- . what joy might be car- d to a multitude of suf- ers.

'I hope their faith in d and America's aid y preserve their lives ough this time of need," ites Mrs. H. O. B. ($1), w York City.

E. T. T., West Phila- lphia ($5), writes:

May an old subscriber tell ee in what a beautiful light r dear Lord shows to her s morning thy work for r starving brethren in the rd in far-off Finland? I nk thee is not only minis- ing to the sufferers, whom r dear Lord would have feed from our abundance, as fulfilling his command- nts, but thee is strength- ing the bonds of peace d brotherly love between our own and other lands, and tainly doing more to bring peace on earth and good-will men—to conquer hearts and bring them to Him, who indeed our Peace—than all the armies and navies of the rld can accomplish.

" We are working in line with our prayers," writes rs. M. B. Kingscourt, Ont., Can. ($1), "and proving e Scripture adage 'It is more blessed to give than to ceive.'"

Alice F. B., Fallsington, Pa. ($5), writes:

I find that I cannot enjoy the comforts and blessings God s bestowed upon me while others of his children are rishing with hunger. Take my mite, and I pray God to ess it to the saving of life in poor Finland.

From Allegheny City, Pa., W. C. B. (in behalf of hers) writes:

We five working men do send you these $12, trusting, all though it be, that it will be of some use. May God's blessing rest upon you for holding up before the world the needs of the poor Finlanders.

Pastor Kilburn, of the Anglo-American Church in St. Petersburg, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Kajana, Finland, giving further details of the famine situation. He says Dr. Verner Lagus, President of the Help Committee in Hyrynsatim, said in Helsingfors, in November: "If private friends had not helped, hundreds would have died" before the Relief Committee began its work. Pastor Johannes Wayrynen, of Kajana, also writes, expressing gratitude for what America is doing for the poor, starving Finns. He urges greater expedition on the part of the Central Committee in forwarding the relief, and that it be given as a free gift, instead of being granted for work done. "It is impossible to keep the people alive," he adds, if the Committee act upon this rule. What the sufferers can earn by the work given is so little, their families are often so large, and there are so many sick and aged, that if they are not freely helped, many will die."

In another letter, Dr. Kilburn writes:

The best place I know of for getting a good general view of the whole of this district is the place where I am now (Kajana). My opinion is, that the want and suffering will be much greater than is generally thought. I dread to think of what the spring will mean to thousands. The present is dark to many; the future will be darker to more.

Shall I give you a glimpse of some of to-day's experiences? As I look back over the day, now that it is drawing to a close, it seems to me more like a week than a day.

In the morning a man looking, quite [illegible] from Kuhmoniemi, a parish about [illegible] distant. He had been sent to carry a load of meal from Kajana thence. He had left home on Tuesday morning and by driving and part night resting his horses reached [illegible] on Friday morning. He started to get back [illegible] his horses [illegible] days. He had come [illegible] and four little children [illegible] the journey. Has [illegible] and two little children [illegible] to keep it for less than [illegible] that others were working [illegible] people, as a rule, seem willing to work [illegible]

PEASANT PAAVO'S FAITH IN GOD

By the Famous Finnish Poet Runeberg

HIGH 'mid Sarijarvis' moors resided
Peasant Paavo on a frost-bound homestead,
And the soil with earnest arm was tilling;
But awaited from the Lord the increase.
And he dwelt there with his wife and children,
By his sweat his scant bread with them eating,
Digging ditches, ploughing up, and sowing.
Spring came on, the drift from cornfields melted,
And with it away flowed half the young blades;
Summer came, burst forth with hail the shower,
And with it the ears were half down beaten;
Autumn came, and frost took the remainder.
Paavo's wife then tore her hair, and spake thus:
"Paavo, old man, born to evil fortune,
Let us beg, for God hath us forsaken;
Hard is begging, but far worse is starving."
Paavo took the good-wife's hand, and spake thus:
"Nay, the Lord but trieth, not forsaketh,
Mix thou in the bread a half of bark now,
I shall dig out twice as many ditches,
And await then from the Lord the increase."
Half bark in the bread the good-wife mixed then,
Twice as many ditches dug the old man,
Sold the sheep, and bought some rye and sowed it.
Spring came on, the drift from cornfields melted,
And with it away flowed half the young blades:
Summer came, burst forth with hail the shower,
And with it the ears were half down beaten,
Autumn came, and frost took the remainder.
Paavo's wife then smote her breast, and spake thus:
"Paavo, old man, born to evil fortune,
Let us perish, God hath us forsaken,
Hard is dying, but much worse is living."
Paavo took the good-wife's hand, and spake thus:
"Nay, the Lord but trieth, not forsaketh,
Mix thou in the bread of bark the double,
I will dig of double size the ditches,
But await then from the Lord the increase."
She mixed in the bread of bark the double,
He dug then of double size the ditches,
Sold the cows, and bought some rye and sowed it.
Spring came on, the drift from cornfields melted,
But with it away there flowed no young blades.
Summer came, burst forth with hail the shower,
But with it the ears were not down beaten,
Autumn came, and frost, the cornfields shunning,
Let them stand in gold to bide the reaper.
Then fell Paavo on his knee and spake thus:
"Aye, the Lord but trieth, not forsaketh."
And his mate fell on her knees, and spake thus:
"Aye, the Lord but trieth, not forsaketh."
But with gladness spoke she to the old man:
"Paavo, joyful to the scythe betake thee!
Now 'tis time for happy days and merry.
Now 'tis time to cast the bark away, and
Bake our bread henceforth of rye entirely."
Paavo took the good-wife's hand, and spake thus:
"Woman, he endureth trials only,
Who a needy neighbor ne'er forsaketh;
Mix thou in the bread a half of bark still,
For all frost-nipped stands our neighbor's cornfield."

[illegible] much of [illegible] Little boy had [illegible] the attic, [illegible] and [illegible] Indeed [illegible] Mother [illegible] Many had already had to mix flour bread with straw.

When I gave him what I felt I ought to give, his face rolled down his cheeks and his voice failed through [illegible]. I shall never forget him as he stood there before me, longing to express his gratitude but almost unable to do it.

In Cedarton, there are three hundred and seventy-three farmers in the parish. Almost every farmer is in need. They can't give work to others, they have not bread enough for themselves.

A member of the committee came in from Paltamo. His story was even sadder than the others. The most people come in from various parts, seeking for work, but the committee are unable to give any work. They have no money to pay for the work done. While they were convinced of the necessity of doing something to help the people, they appealed to the committee at Uleaborg and received no aid, but were told to go and they can do nothing.

Pastor Wayrynen tells me that the need in Paltamo is very great. The people are not merely without food, but without any means of earning anything to buy food. The farmers are in too great need to employ the laborers. They do not know where to get food for themselves or their children. There is no wood-cutting being done, and no wood company at work in the parish. Things are bad enough now, and are daily becoming worse.

Some little time after he had gone, a lady living in Kajana came in with a poor, pale-looking, thinly-clad woman. One could see that she was in need. She had come in from a village more than twenty miles distant, where there was great need. She was unmarried, and lived with a widowed sister. They had never before had to apply for help. They had always been hard working, and able to support themselves.

After one has lived in those parts for a time, one is utterly astonished that any one can say that the accounts respecting the need have been in any way exaggerated. My firm and growing conviction is that it is far greater than most people think, and that except far greater effort be put forth than yet have, many must die before the winter is over, and thousands of others wander abroad to seek help elsewhere, and thus carry disease and death to different parts of the land, as they did in 1868.

All contributions for the Famine sufferers in Finland, and also for those in Sweden, should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Contributors are requested to state clearly in their letters whether their gifts are for Finland or for Sweden. All will be acknowledged in these columns and will be duly cabled to the authorized committees, the one to the Finnish Central relief Committee in Helsingfors, the other to the Swedish Relief Committee at Stockholm.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage. For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Palace of Peace

MILLIONAIRE Andrew Carnegie, so the cable tells us, is negotiating for the purchase of an estate near The Hague, in Holland, upon which he will build a splendid edifice to be called "The Palace of Peace." It is designed to be an international library, and in it will be placed the greatest collection of books on international law the world has ever known. It is Mr. Carnegie's purpose to place this magnificent palace, with all its literary resources, at the disposal of the nations, the ulterior object being to foster the spirit of conciliation and arbitration throughout the world.

We do not share the hope, which seems to be cherished by Mr. Carnegie, that the palace will contribute in any appreciable degree to the peace of the world. The ancients had their libraries filled with laws and historic precedents; yet their wars were incessant. The Pharaohs, Moses, Cæsar, Napoleon, all gave men a plenitude of law; yet they themselves were men of war rather than of peace. No statute has ever yet been framed by man that could effectually supersede the arbitrament of the sword. It is in times of peace that a nation that is wise, according to the world's wisdom, prepares for war.

What, then, is to ultimately bring about the world-peace so universally hoped for? Not philanthropy; not invention; not education, for the most enthusiastic recruits in times of patriotic excitement are students. "The intelligent citizen makes the best soldier," say the veterans. Jean de Bloch, the poor Polish Jew of Warsaw, who rose through his unaided genius to be the financier of Russia and the adviser of the throne, did more towards opening men's eyes to the folly of war than all the legislative debates, the statutes and the diplomatic conferences of a century. In conceiving the idea of The Hague Court of Arbitration, he was inspired by economic considerations, and not by any higher motive. For what he did, however, the world is his debtor. Before he died, he was painfully disillusioned of the hope that conferences between the nations could bring about the world's peace.

Mr. Carnegie, too, will be disillusioned if his Peace Palace is to built on an equally insecure foundation. While his motive is doubtless excellent, we believe it might be far better to employ the millions it would cost to disseminate the only doctrine which gives real promise of the world's peace—the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which teaches the universal brotherhood of man, with love, tolerance, and mutual helpfulness throughout the earth. "The kingdom of God is within you," said Jesus, and where that kingdom is, there is the palace of the King. It is in the hearts of men that we must rear the Palace of Peace.

Oh, for a preacher with the divine courage and the power to reach the hearts of the rulers who now control the destinies of the nations! Then would they awaken to the real meaning of life, and to its glorious opportunities. Then the Temple of Divine Peace would arise, and the world might hope for respite from those wars and woes which have so long made it a spectacle for men and angels.

A Question Answered

FROM a reader in the West (H. P. R., of Arlington, Ill.), we have received this letter:

Is the name of Christ mentioned in Jewish and heathen histories of the first and second centuries? If so, when and by whom?

We answer, categorically, as follows:

For hundreds of years, in every copy of the Talmud printed and circulated among the Jewish race, and read in Hebrew homes and synagogues, the record of the trial, conviction and crucifixion of Jesus was to be found. Long afterward, in 1631, a Jewish assembly at Jaroslov, in Little Poland, decided to omit thereafter from the Talmud the passages relating to Jesus. The decree of the Synod reads:

"Whenever you publish such books anew, you shall leave, in place of any passage in which any of the deeds of Jesus of Nazareth are described, a vacant space, and in that space you shall print a circle like this O. For the rabbis and those who have learnt the omitted passages will know how to teach the youths in such case, while at the same time Christian scholars will be unable to base charges against us on such grounds."

In Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*, Book 20, chapter 9, § 1, this reference to Christ is found: "he (Ananus) assembled the Sanhedrin of judges, and brought before them the brother of Jesus who was called Christ, whose name was James, and some others . . . ."

So much for the Jewish records of the first century and successive centuries until the seventeenth.

In Book 15, chapter 44, of the *Annals*, written by Tacitus, a heathen (or non-Christian) historian of the first century, the writer speaks of "Christus, who, in the reign of Tiberius, was put to death as a criminal by the procurator, Pontius Pilate."

There are others that might be quoted, but those we have mentioned cannot be successfully assailed by critics who contend that there is no contemporaneous evidence on the subject outside of Christian sources. These facts should be kept clearly in the mind of every Christian student, not for controversy, but to establish the fact that in the times in which Jesus lived, his name, his ministry, and the church he founded, were not unknown. These are facts which all the efforts of infidels, agnostics, and antagonistic religionists cannot efface.

The Kaiser's Theology

THE lecture delivered before the German Emperor by Prof. Delitzsch, to which we called attention recently, has stirred up an impassioned controversy in Germany. The Emperor, as the head of the State Church, evidently feels himself implicated, and wishes to define the position he occupies between the conservatism of the Church on the one hand, and the radicalism of the Universities on the other. In a letter to Admiral Hollman, he states the results that the controversy has had on his own mind. He says:

First, I believe in one only God; second, we men need a form in order to teach his existence, especially for our children; and third, this form has hitherto been the Old Testament in its present version. This form will be positively and substantially modified under the influence of research and inscriptions and excavations. That does not matter. Neither does it matter that much of the nimbus of the Chosen People will thereby disappear. The kernel and contents will remain always the same—God and his works.

Probably the Emperor's utterance will not satisfy either the Church or the Universities, but it doubtless represents the attitude of the ordinary layman in Germany and other lands. We are not particularly concerned about the preservation of the nimbus, to which his majesty refers. The fact remains that, however much the Old Testament writers were influenced by the literature of Babylon, Egypt, and Persia, their conception of the Deity was much higher and purer than that of the writers of any other nation. God revealed himself to them as to no others, and we are indebted to them for a most important stage in the advance of divine knowledge. The inscriptions and excavations may show that some of the ideas which we had supposed were original with the Psalmists and Prophets, existed long before their time, but they show, too, that in passing through their hands, those ideas were purified and spiritualized to a degree which could never have been attained without inspiration and divine guidance.

Nothing is gained by disparaging the Old Testament writers, who rendered invaluable service to the world. Their productions have given joy and delight to innumerable souls, and they express, with beauty and force, the aspirations of devout men to this day. Who wrote such passages as the following?

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble; therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed." "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money come ye, buy and eat; yea come buy wine and milk, without money and without price." "He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, b that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, tu ye for why will ye die?" "He hath showed thee O ma what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but t do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with th God?" "This God is our God for ever and ever: he will b our guide even unto death."

How much does the world owe to the men wh penned such words? From the grateful hearts of mar generations which they have comforted, there is reflec ed a nimbus about the heads of the writers that neith professor nor critic, prince nor potentate, can tear off.

We can never forget, too, that it was they who u consciously prepared the world for the revelation God in Jesus Christ. That revelation superseded a others, for in him dwelt the fulness of the Godhea bodily. Through him the world learned more of th Divine character than it had learned in all the previou centuries. And it is still learning from him and gro ing in divine knowledge, and the end is not yet. "No are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear wh we shall be."

THE NORTHLAND FAMINE

American Finns Give Thanks

PAIVALEHTI PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CALUMET, MICH.

Editor The Christian Herald:

Your valuable efforts in behalf of the famine-stricken pe ple in Finland are very commendable, and we assure you th your good work is most highly appreciated by all the Finni people in America.

Thousands of poor, innocent people, over there in th beautiful "land of the thousand lakes," will slowly but sure starve to death, unless prompt assistance is rendered. Th funds which you will be instrumental in raising will, to great extent, alleviate the suffering and prevent permane disaster.

The Finnish-Americans are doing all in their power towa alleviating the suffering of their brethren in the moth country; but we realize that, without the assistance of th noble-hearted and generous Americans, our aid would not b sufficient. We feel the deepest gratitude towards all wh are so nobly assisting the distressed, downtrodden, famin stricken people in Finland. A. J. JALKANEN, *Editor*
J. E. HENDRICKSON,

. . .

The Good Work in the West

TACOMA, WASH., Feb. 12, 1903.

Editor The Christian Herald:

We thank you for mailing us some copies of your valuab paper. It has posted us on the subject of Finland ar Sweden. We are raising, I presume, in this town, abo $2000, and still the good work goes on.

The greatest men the world ever saw, were the ones th helped their fellow men, and the greatest nation in the wor is the one that helps others in need. Very truly yours.

Manager, *Tacoma Tidende.* J. BLAAUW.

. . .

A Finnish View of American Kindness

ASHTABULA, OHIO, Feb. 2.

Editor The Christian Herald:

DEAR SIR: The hearts of the Christian people of th great country have been touched by the appeals in yo paper in behalf of the starving in Finland, and I desire express my gratitude to you for what you have done f those who are suffering in my native land. You have aga demonstrated the fact that America is indeed a Christi nation, with hearts full of sympathy for those who suff and ready and willing to recognize the brotherhood of ma kind. We all know that the average European thinks t aspirations and ambitions of Americans are concentrat in the efforts to secure worldly gain, and that we, as a ru care little for the principles of religion. This wrong opini will be modified when it is made known that our hearts a purses are open, not only for those near and dear to us, b also for those of whom we only know that they are childr of the same Heavenly Father.

The Finlanders are to-day the most unhappy people the face of the earth, and it is no wonder that all who belie in the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man a hastening to spread a ray of light upon the pathway of t poor, suffering, unfortunate people.

Please accept my heartfelt thanks, and allow me to he you in your good work by handing you enclosed check ($2

Respectfully yours, AUG. EDWARDS,
Publisher of *Amerikan Sanom*

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Widows and Orphans in India

OUR readers, who have done so much for the orphaned children of India, will be glad to see the photograph we reproduce on this page. It is one of several sent to us by Mr. and Mrs. Bullard, of Kavali, representing various phases of the Orphan Work. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are supporting one hundred orphans in their mission, which bears the name of this journal. Also sheltered there are a number of widows, many of them, as frequently happens in India, mere children, victims of the degrading custom of child marriage. The elder widows are extremely useful in the institution, cheerfully helping in the care of the younger children. Some of them are Mohammedans, but a large number are Christian, and the number of these latter is being continually increased, as the people realize how far superior Christianity is to Mohammedanism or Hinduism. The evidence of that fact is brought home to them in their own condition, which would have been starvation or other misery had not Christians, for the love of Christ, extended a helping hand to them.

The mission is comparatively young. It had been established but a short time when the famine occurred. The missionaries found themselves in the midst of a native population of one hundred thousand, among whom there were not two hundred Christians. It was hard work to reach and teach under the circumstances, but, aided by the gifts of the Christian people in this country, the missionaries were enabled to do so much to relieve the suffering around them that the native prejudice against Christians disappeared. The children who were taken in after the famine, though wild and untractable at first, have become docile and eager to learn. Not only have many of the elder ones been brought to Christ, but some of their relatives and friends, impressed by the improvement in the children, have begun to inquire about Christianity for themselves, and several have formally renounced their religion and declared themselves Christians. Mr. and Mrs. Bullard say that if our readers could see the children they are supporting they would be well pleased with the results of their generous gifts. Every one who is supporting an orphan in India will be gratified at reading such testimony. It is a manifestation of the spirit of Christ, which must surely bring a fulfilment of the promise:

They cannot recompense thee; but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just (Luke 14: 14).

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS IN "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" ORPHANAGE, AT KAVALI, INDIA

Held by His Foot

A remarkable accident took place on the Long Island Railroad a few days ago. A man was crossing the tracks at a level crossing near Maspeth, when, in some way, that cannot even now be understood, he stepped on the cattle guard, and his foot was caught in it. He tried ineffectually to release himself, and at last grew nervous, as people shouted to him to get off the track, as a train was coming. He called for help, and several ran to his assistance, while others ran down the line to signal the approaching express train to stop. The engineer appears not to have understood their gestures and cries, for he continued his course till he saw the man on the tracks, and it was then too late to stop the train. It was remarkable that none of those who were trying to extricate the entrapped man thought of cutting away his shoe. It held him firmly, and the train passed over him and killed him. How sad it is to think that the man might have been saved if only he or the people about him had thought of cutting off his shoe! Better have cut off his foot than to have lost his life. Men realize that fact in such a case, but when the soul is at stake, they hesitate. Yet if we only realized what the loss of the soul means, we should see that no sacrifice is too great to make if it is of something which is holding a man to his destruction.

It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell (Matt. 5: 29).

His Ashes Scattered

A strange funeral took place in New York Bay last week. A citizen of Passaic, N. J., died recently in that city. Long ago he imbibed peculiar ideas on religion, and exacted a promise from his wife that in the event of her surviving him none of the usual formalities should be observed in the disposal of his body. He wished his body to be cremated and his ashes scattered to the four winds. In fulfilment of her promise, the widow took the remains of her husband to Fresh Pond, where they were burned. In due time she returned, and received from the officers the urn containing the ashes. She then chartered a tug, and, with a party of invited friends, steamed down the bay. When the lower bay was reached, the tug halted, and the widow, having divided the ashes into four portions, cast one to each point of the compass. It was a singular wish for a man to have, and we can imagine that it must have been painful to his widow to comply with it; but no harm would come of it to the dead man if he had committed his soul to the keeping of Christ. He could then feel the same security as that which comforted the apostle.

I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day (II. Timothy 1: 12).

An Interrupted Wedding

A press dispatch from Lexington, Ky., describes a scene very uncommon at a wedding ceremony. It took place at a church in Clark County on February 19. The families to which the bride and bridegroom belong are well known in that section, and there was a large crowd to witness the ceremony. The bridegroom was there with his best man, and the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, entered and met them at the altar. The minister began the service, and the bridegroom promptly answered the first questions. Turning to the bride, the minister asked her if she took the bridegroom to be her husband, and, to the surprise of the wedding party and the crowd in the church, she emphatically answered that she would not. The minister thought she had mistaken the purport of his question and repeated it in an undertone. He received the same answer. "Do I understand you to say," he inquired, "that you will not marry this man?" "I will not," said the bride, and turning away, she walked out of the church. To some one who inquired the reason for the extraordinary act, the bride said that she had learned at the last moment that her father's consent to the union had been purchased by the intending bridegroom for a sum of money. It seemed to her so like being sold that she could not bring herself to go through the ceremony. Probably the whole story has not been told. If the woman really loved the intending bridegroom, she might logically have regarded his payment to her father as proof of his love for her. The Church, which is the bride of Christ, has reason to glory in the fact that she was purchased by him at an infinite cost.

Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it (Eph. 5: 25).

Peasants Enriched

Five Bohemian peasants, living on the border of Moravia, in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, will inherit, by the decision of Judge Cant in the District Court at Duluth, Minn., one hundred and sixty acres of what is said to be practically solid iron ore in the great Mesaba Range, valued at from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000. This valuable tract was the property of a hermit, who had entered it as a Government claim before its value was known, and who died in the Duluth poorhouse in 1898. Several persons claimed to be his heirs, but the lawyers concerned were dubious as to the validity of their claims, and one of them went to the district in Europe where the dead man was born, and there found, after a long search, his three brothers and two sisters, none of whom had the slightest idea that their brother had left any property. They were eager enough to put in their claim, when they were informed that they were the true heirs. They did not act as so many do, who listen to the story of eternal riches which they may have, and go away indifferent.

An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you (I. Peter 1: 4).

A Hotel Stipulation

The new hotel opened on Chatham Square, New York, has leaped at a bound into popularity. It is conducted by the Salvation Army, and a man may obtain a night's lodging there for fifteen cents, or if he desires privacy, he can have a room to himself for a quarter. It is seldom that any of the 485 beds it contains are unoccupied. The scrupulous cleanliness of the place, the conveniences for reading, writing, and amusement it offers, have made the hotel a place to be desired by the homeless Bowery wanderer. From six o'clock to nine there is a steady stream of applicants for tickets, and if an applicant is sober and quiet and has the requisite funds, he is admitted. But once received, he is required to take a bath. From the appearance of many of the guests, it would be supposed that the offer of the free bath would be regarded as a privilege. As a matter of fact, however, the manager says that it is objected to. On a recent evening, of the first twenty applicants for lodging, twelve went away rather than take a bath. The stipulation is rigorously applied, and under no pretext can a man enjoy the privileges of the hotel without taking a bath. Dirty men are not excluded, but they must wash after they are admitted. It is the glory of Christ's kingdom that the same rule prevails there. None are too vile to be excluded if they will submit to the cleansing of the Holy Spirit after they are received.

And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus (I Cor. 6. 11).

BRIEF NOTES

Any choir or Sunday School in New York or vicinity, desiring the services of a competent, resourceful music leader, of wide experience, may address H. F. M., care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

We regret to learn that Rev. G. Campbell Morgan is again in delicate health. He has been ordered to curtail his work as the only means of restoration.

News from the Philippines indicates that the reform movement, led by Archbishop Aghpay, is likely to cause a serious inroad on the Roman Catholic Church in the islands. The new Church rejects the authority of the Pope, forbids the worship of images, and permits priests to marry.

The total number of votes cast in favor of prohibition in New Zealand at the recent plebiscite was 160,000, in favor of the reduction of licenses 134,000, and in favor of the continuance of the present system 147,000. This poll will involve the closing of nearly 200 out of the 1,000 liquor bars there are in New Zealand.

Friends and supporters of the Venezuela Gospel Mission will be gratified to know that the statement which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on January 30, concerning a mission boat on the Orinoco River, had no reference to the mission work conducted there by the Rev. R. W. Crichton and wife. This is stated in justice to Mr. Crichton.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding evangelistic services at Wilkinsburg, Pa., in the First Presbyterian Church, with most blessed results. Rev. Thos. Parry, the pastor, says that the meetings grew in interest perceptibly from day to day. Among the helpers were several who were converted under Mr. Hammond's preaching when they were children.

The following summary of statistics is made by an eminent German statistician from a laborious examination of census returns: There are 3,064 languages and dialects in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average length of life is about 33 years. Of 1,000 persons only one reaches a hundred years of life, of every 100 six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 600 lives 80 years.

Pastor Duche's Memorable Prayer at the Opening of the First Congress in Philadelphia

THE following description of this event is from the pen of the Venerable John Adams: "When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay of New York, and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments—some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists—that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue, who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duche (Dushay they pronounced it), deserved that character, and, therefore, he moved that Mr. Duche, an Episcopalian clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to Congress to-morrow morning. The motion was seconded and passed to the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our president, waited on Mr. Duche, and received for answer, that if his health would permit, he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning he appeared with [his clerk], and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the psalter for the seventh day September, which was the 35th Psalm.

"You must remember that this was the next morning after we had heard of the horrible cannonade of Boston. It seemed as if heaven had ordained that psalm to be read on that morning. After this Mr. Duche, unexpectedly to everybody, struck out into extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. It had excellent effect on everybody here. I must beg of you to read the psalm. Here was a scene worthy of the painter's art. It was in Carpenters' Hall in Philadelphia—a building that still survives—that the devoted individuals met to whom the service was read. Washington was kneeling there, and Henry, and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay, and by their sides there stood, bowed in reverence, the Puritan patriots of New England, who at that moment had reason to believe that an armed soldiery was wasting their humble households. It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently for America, for the Congress, for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston, and who can realize the emotions with which they turned imploringly to heaven for divine interposition and aid? I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia."

VARIOUS GOOD CAUSES HELPED

THE following contributions, sent in by our readers, for the various good causes mentioned below, are hereby acknowledged:

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Mary Rankin 3 00
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One to whom the Lord has been very gracious, Colton, Calif 5 00

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A Friend, Forest, O. 5 00

Jerry McAuley Mission
John McNab 1 00
—, Waterloo, N Y 50 00

Mrs. Bird
Reader, Chestertown. 50

Pundita Ramabai, India
Mr and Mrs J G Wallace 20 00

On Visiting the Sick

WHILE people are in the toils of serious illness, it is not unusual for them to receive visits from friends. Doctors forbid it, and nurses mount guard over the bedside. A suffering patient needs every bit of strength to fight the fever or the pain that is making havoc at the citadel of life, and he has no spare vitality to spend upon sympathetic acquaintances. The calls of the family are often limited to the merest appearances in the room, and conversation is not allowed, lest it shall excite or weaken the one who must be protected from strain.

Convalescents may be cheered by visitors, but they, too, are under orders, and are not to be tired out just as they are mending. If you would have your visit do a sick person real good, ascertain at what time in the day, he or she can best see you; find out how long you may remain, and go with a cheerful face. A dull, lugubrious countenance is sadly misplaced in an invalid's chamber. But do not overact your congratulations. To be boisterous in cheer, is as bad as to be melancholy.

In every community there are chronic invalids, to whom these directions do not apply. The young woman who, some years ago, made a misstep on the slippery sidewalk, and has been a cripple ever since; the older woman who has a cruel spinal trouble; the sad whose paralyzed body confines him to a chair or couch; the people who are maimed, or blind, or deaf, shut in to their homes, shut out from the blithe current of the world's bright life, these are to be lovingly tended, and held close to the warm, beating heart of friendship.

A young woman with time and health, can hardly put her loveliness and her sweetness to better account than in setting aside some portion of her week, regularly, to such sufferers, visiting them as the sunlight goes, to warm and bless. Let us look out for the neglected and forlorn among us, for those who are so used to being on the sick list and laid aside, that they do not know the joy of having a well day. If they like to hear reading, let us save up for them the bright stories and funny anecdotes in the papers. If we have good voices, let us sing to them.

One of the dearest and cheeriest of God's saints used to sing, every Sunday afternoon of her life, to somebody who had no chance to hear music. Sometimes she lifted up her exquisite silvery soprano in a hospital ward; sometimes in a tenement room; sometimes in a shaded chamber, where a friend who could not bear the light, could be uplifted by the joyous hymn. Dear girl! She has joined the angel choirs now, but there should be many left here to follow in her track, and do the angelic work that she so lovingly accomplished before she went home.

"Sick and ye visited me!" Do you want the blessing of the Lord's "Inasmuch"? Then give this cup of cold water to his little ones.

Courting Days

Ah, why should they cease when the wedding march is played, and the lady of one's desire becomes the queen of one's home? You used to carry her flowers, when you were engaged, and surprise her with little presents. Why not do the same now? I like to see the man take home a box of candy on Saturday night, hand it to his wife, and look at her with an expression which may be translated into, "Sweets to the sweet." Courting days should go right on, long after the honeymoon is over. Then would life be one ceaseless banquet of honey, with never a flavor of rue.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MOLLIE C. Never needlessly expose unfortunate family secrets.

—JOHN. You have no right to monopolize a young lady, being seen with her constantly, if you really care nothing for her. You are keeping other men away.

—JESSIE. Learn to say no. Only very weak characters yield against their will to the persuasions of others.

—WALTER. An engaged man is supposed to desire marriage at as early a date as practicable. He is not rightly treating his fiancee if he makes no allusion to the coming of the wedding day.

—SUBSCRIBER. From your letter, I judge that your fiance has an ungoverned temper. People appear to have yielded to him too ishly. If he cannot control his temper during courtship, you may prepare for storms after marriage. I advise you not to be in haste about the latter.

BUYING CURIOS IN THE BAZAR AT ASSOUAN, EGYPT

The passion of the traveler is to carry home some beautiful souvenir of his journey; so the American bride and groom are bargaining with the crafty old Mohammedan for the wares he displays. He asks a great price, but he will come down, sooner than lose a customer, and the pretty things he shows will, one day, be among the prized decorations of a little home in Ohio or Nebraska.

A LOST PEARL

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I DO not know where I lost it,
For it slipped from a broken string,
And far and away from my sight to-day,
It lies, a neglected thing.

Or worse; since it may be, another
Is wearing my pearl of price,
And the gem once mine, with its lucent shine,
May be set in some strange device.

I do not know when I lost it.
It was just as the dawning burst
Through the crystal bars of the waning stars,
With sorrow I missed it first.

Perhaps in an opaline twilight,
Perhaps when the moonbeams lay
With their delicate quiver o'er field and river,
And night was fairer than day.

I never dreamed half how precious
Was my beautiful pearl to me,
Till the grief of its loss, a heavy cross,
I bore over land and sea.

You marvel? You do not divine it?
I have lost what I could not lend,
What I'll mourn while I live, for no art can give
To my heart the lost heart of my friend.

The Miser's Strange Possession

IN a certain town a few weeks ago, a dying man hopelessly ruined, gasped, trembling and appalled, his last words, and left his estimate at the point of a hundred. He was taken to and understood by, but passed away before meeting, in the presence of his wretched mother, seated up in the shape of an ragged old rag, locked here, hidden there, where he was dead and no longer able to guard his secret, a large fortune, thousands of dollars or their equivalent in securities came to light. The man, separated from his family by his eccentric ways, had been sleeping in alleys and cellars and begging his bread for months and years.

When the devil of hoarding for mere hoarding's sake takes possession of a man it subtly robs him of his humanity. It makes him insensible to love, to respect, to the claims of kindred and the duties a man owes to society. To accumulate, that one may own a lot of gold and silver and carry bankbooks, secret investing them of using them or doing any good with them, or to be allowing them what the moneys is owning banks. Just to sit and count the money, to fondle it, to gloat over it, to hide it in secret places, where one can go and steal and steal and steal like a thief into them, where he may hide, so to live an awfully secretive life. God help the miser! I regret to say, he is a frequent illness more of than the man who is merely pauper in body. The hand to mouth living of the poorest day-laborer is princely compared with the forlorn wretchedness of the miser's long-drawn-out suffering.

Courtesy of Poverty

We are quick to observe the politeness of the rich and well bred. Not always do we note the courtesy of the poor, yet no one who visits in tenement homes can fail to realize the prevalence of conventionality and the domination of a code of good manners there. Mrs. MacShane may have but a single chair. She scrupulously offers it to her guest. Mrs. Lewenstein asks a neighbor in, and presents her. The children are not allowed to chatter or interrupt while the visitor is talking. There are women as cheery, as droll and as captivating as Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch, in the rear tenements and up the dark stairways of the East Side. The coal famine has brought to those people an acute and bitter suffering, a depth of privation never dreamed of, but their neighborly courtesies have not failed. Laundresses have shared their scraps of fire. Women who have had a little coal, have cooked for those who had none. In extremities, the poor show a liberality to the poor, which shames the more calculating kindness of the well-to-do. They don't stop to ask or investigate or find out as to possible worthiness—they just lend a hand.

True Brotherhood

A little dark-browed Jewish tailor was doing some work for a lady. His little dark-eyed wife was adding her help, as to the length of the skirt, the fulness, and the general effect. A lad brought in the evening paper.

"How is he to-night?" asked the tailor, as the wife unfolded the sheet. "No worse, God be praised," was the answer.

"He has everything to live for," said the husband. "I hope he gets well."

The lady's curiosity was aroused. Of whom were they speaking? Of a man, it transpired, lying in the shadow of coming death, it was feared: suffering from typhoid fever. A man who lived in a New York palace and owned millions; a man who swayed great enterprises, who had a beautiful wife, and who had entertained royalty. The little tailor and his wife had never seen the man. They were very poor; they worked very hard; sometimes they went hungry. But they cared about this rich man, and were in spirit at his bedside.

"I pray every night for him to live," said the little Hebrew wife. God bless the two loving souls. The Christ, though they knew it not, was abiding there. True brotherhood was exemplified in their speech and thought.

Demagogues foster class hatreds and suspicions for their own base ends. But there is love regnant over malice and uncharitableness in many an obscure home, and less than mischief-makers tell us, do the poor envy and distrust the rich.

By mail, at our stores or branch stores.

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THE LADY SERENE

By Edith Ferguson Black

CHAPTER I.

SUMMER'S morning! The fields of young grass ablaze with diamonds; the air aquiver with the melodies of birds; the river aflame with the sunbeams which threw themselves upon its bosom.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed the younger of two women, who stood together, with only a latticed gate between. She had not lived long enough in Hillsboro to grow accustomed to the intoxication of its mornings and the witchery of its nights.

Her companion looked at her with a contemptuous pity. "You're new at farmin' or you wouldn't waste so much of yer time on outside things." She was a tall woman, tall and gaunt, with a premature stoop, and a face that was deeply furrowed with anxious care.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Briggs!" cried Janet Moore. "Why, I go up to the back pasture two or three times a week, just to see the sunset and watch the light on the hills."

Mrs. Briggs' face took on an added scorn, as she said slowly, "By the time yer husband's tuk up a few more back lots, an' you hev' to feed the men that works 'em, you'll allow the sun ter set without you. Churnin' an' cheesin' an' cannin' an' curin' an' picklin' an' breadmakin' an' quiltin' is about enough fer one woman's day, with half a dozen children thrown in."

"But it helps you to look above them and beyond!" said her neighbor. "Why, those sunsets are the greatest comfort to me! You don't know how much easier the work seems afterwards."

The older woman's mouth hardened into a deeper curve of disapproval. "Them's the new flighty notions that the world's goin' crazy over. The sun and I've ben pretty intimate fer the last fifty years, but the only thing he ever done fer me was to make me mad that he could set jest at milkin' time, an' I couldn't. I've heard talk of such livin' before, but it all peters out in the tryin'. Jest wait till you get the grind of it into your blood. It's a treadmill, that's what life is. I'm tired clear through to the bone; but what's the use of sayin' so? You hev to keep on grindin'."

She turned sharply as a carriage rolled along the main road, and stood looking after it, her face growing harder and darker.

"Don't you think Mrs. Thurston is lovely?" ventured Janet Moore. "I wonder what makes her hair so white? She must have had a great sorrow."

"She's another of your whapsoders. It's easy fer folks to dote on Nature when they've nothing better to do. As fer her hair, I guess sorrow is light when the purse is heavy, and she'll never see its linin'."

"But her face looks sad," persisted the younger woman, "there is such a wistfulness about it."

"Pshaw!" was the ungracious reply. "Ail she's got to do is to ride round with that precious son of her's, who she watches as if he was a baby. It's a pity they wasn't where they wouldn't set all the boys a'grumblin' because they hevn't no kerridges to ride in. How do, Mrs. Porter?" she added, as a sunbonnet with a woman in its depths came towards her. "I'm just tellin' Mrs. Moore that Hillsboro's no place fer people whose only business in doin' nothing."

The newcomer smiled. "It beats me," she said, "what a spell she lays on the children. My Nance spends all her time trying to fix up her hair the same way, and I believe the boys would make a footpath of their bodies if she would promise to walk over them. She has a way of smiling at them when she meets them going to school that fairly turns their heads."

"I don't blame them!" cried Janet Moore, "I think she has a lovely face. I catch myself watching it in church instead of listening to the minister. It seems so strange she never brings her son."

"Silas says he believes there's a mystery about them. None of the boys have ever had a word from that son of hers—she keeps him that close. Bill Hammond has tried agen an' agen, but she always whisks him off in the carriage; an' you couldn't get anything out of that coachman no more than you could draw snakes' teeth. Mystery is always evil, Silas says."

"Oh, but she is good," cried Janet Moore. "Just think how she helps the minister! He always sends for her to visit the sick people, and she is so feeling and tender."

"Oh, yes, she's good at talkin'," quoth Mrs. Briggs. "Shouldn't wonder if she'd take the minister's place away from him. She's full of the new fangled notions of runnin' meetin's. They say she used ter preach in New York State. Paul's women wouldn't hev much show in these days. Just to fancy hearin' her pronounce the benediction! I'm thankful I, fer one, will always stick to the Bible way of doin' things."

. . . . . .

The beautiful woman, whose "only business was doing nothing," leaned back against the cushions of her carriage while the shadow of a great weariness oppressed her. All night the past had been beating loudly at the door of her memory, and her heart was sore with the repetition of the name which had been her sweetest music.

"Serenity, Serenity, Serenity!"

When the carriage drew up beside the large oak tree in the forest which was her favorite stopping place, she left her son to fish for trout in the brook and went on into the deeper shadow of the trees. She lay down upon a bed of moss and buried her face in its cool depths.

"Serenity, Serenity, Serenity!"

How near it seemed! In spite of herself, she lifted her head and listened, expectant. But she only heard the wind sighing among the pines, and the minor of a whip-poor-will in the far distance.

"Serenity, Serenity, Serenity!"

She buried her face again with a moan. Then came a child's voice, insistent, imperious.

"Mummie, Mummie! You've forgotten wee Davie. Come play with your bonny; your bonny, bonny lad!"

She rose hastily and walked towards the brook, where she had left her son. He had tired of fishing, and was coming to see why she lingered.

"How late it is!" she said, gently, as she always spoke to him. "I did not realize how the time had flown. Come, darling, we must go home at once."

. . . . . .

"Serene. That name just suits her!" Janet Moore said to her husband, as they stood together after Mrs. Thurston had passed them smiling. "She seems lifted up and far away, and yet, when you're in trouble, she's right down in the midst. I suppose you'll laugh, James, but she always makes me think of the sky that comes with the sunset, that pale, blue green. I'm always the better for looking at it. It seems to rest me. I expect it's like the children feel after a lullaby." She laughed, half ashamed. The good people of Hillsboro were not accustomed to talk their hearts out so.

But James Moore did not laugh. His spirit, although of a coarser fibre than his wife's, felt dimly the force of the truth she was trying to reach after. He was conscious of a difference between Mrs. Thurston and his other neighbors. He, too, had felt the power of her smile.

"She'll be going the morn to see poor Donald," said Janet, who fell at times into a Scotch phrasing. "I misdoubt but the poor lad finds in her all his sunshine. It's an ill body for company that aunt of his must be, with her gloomin' ways, and always complaining."

"Poor Donald!" said her husband, "he's got a heavier row to hoe than the rest of us, although he'll never bend his back in

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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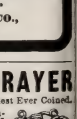

VOKES Mfg. Co., 46 Western Av., COVINGTON, KY.

THE LADY SERENE

Continued from Preceding Page

he field again. Janet, lass, the next time ou have a bakin', I'll take him a cake nd sit awhile."

. . . . . .

Donald Ross turned upon his pillow to reet his friend. Janet Moore had guessed ruly, she was the sunshine of his life—the fe so full of promise and hope and buoyncy which had been so suddenly laid low. oing out in the early morning in the ush of his strong young manhood to do day's mowing and plan for the summer's ork, which was to put the money in his ocket to pay for college in the winter, hat did he dream of the sudden fright of he powerful horses, and then their mad lunge which jerked him off and down mong the glittering knives? He was ng in regaining consciousness. There ere kind-hearted ones among the neighors who almost hoped he never would. o be a helpless cripple, with all his bright reams of a life that should make itself lt in the world, forever shattered, was itter enough, but to be dependent upon he widowed aunt with whom he made his

"But your eyes are not bound, my friend, and all these senses which God has given us. That is the triumph of living."

"I'm glad if you find any triumph in it," sighed Mrs. Ross. "I never could—'specially now. But I always was cut out for trouble, and it always comes double, too. Carriage troubles have rubber tires, and run easy. But I'm not complainin'. There is folks cut out for good times, and them that hasn't got them. I suppose the Lord knew which was best when he was makin' us," she added, in a tone which plainly indicated she had her doubts upon the subject.

"Donald," said Mrs. Thurston brightly, as she laid her hand over his closed eyelids, "What is it I have brought you? You must guess before I let you open your eyes. It is a dream and a vision and a message. An unfolding with a thought between."

"You make me think, Lady Serene, of Holmes' Chambered Nautilus," said Donald, with a laugh.

"THEIR MAD PLUNGE THREW HIM OFF AND DOWN"

me, this was as gall and wormwood to s sensitive soul!

The neighbors were kindly but they were isy folk, and after the first flush of the cident, it had grown to be a common ought that Donald Ross, whose strength d been their boast, would never walk ain. The familiarity of the ever prest thought robbed it of its awfulness to em and the nearer happening put it in e background—almost out of sight.

Only Mrs. Thurston never forgot. She me to him like the perfume that the nd carries from the orchards when the ossom blushes: she brought to him the pe of the springtime and the full fruite of the summer; and, what was better, e never, by word or tone, inferred that e pitied him or thought his life was done. He always heard her gracious, kindly, nes, as she spoke to his aunt in the outroom (his ears had grown keen with tening), and then he would shut his es sometimes in a happy trance, from hich she waked him with a touch of her ol, soft, hand, which fell light as thistlewn upon his brow.

"How goes the world this morning, rs. Ross?" she asked. "It is so exquie to-day! So much of God's beauty erywhere."

"Perhaps," was the ungracious reply, or folks that has time to look at it."

"Right you are, laddie!" and she held before his eyes a sea shell so exquisite in its tintings that he drew a long breath of delight. "I knew you needed a breath of the sea this wonderful morning. Now listen to the message which it brings to you and me.

"There are prison houses of many kinds for our soul's confining; some where the bars are never seen. We may sing songs in the night, like Paul in the dungeon; until the world bends its ear to listen to the weird melody and goes away feeling it has had a taste of better things. Our very tears may be changed into opals, out of which the sun makes rainbows. See in this shell how the light brings out the red glow of suffering and the clear green of hope. The dream of what might have been and the vision of what shall be. It is only the blind who count the first the better of the two."

Donald Ross looked up at her with a whole world of love in his eyes. "If you had been my mother," he said brokenly, "I should have died with joy."

Suddenly the bright eyes clouded, the sensitive mouth was caught in a sharp curve of pain, and, with a quick pressure of his hand, Mrs. Thurston left the room, and Donald buried his face in his pillow with a groan.

TO BE CONTINUED

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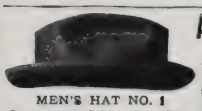

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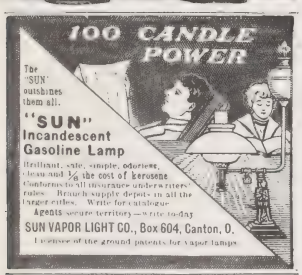
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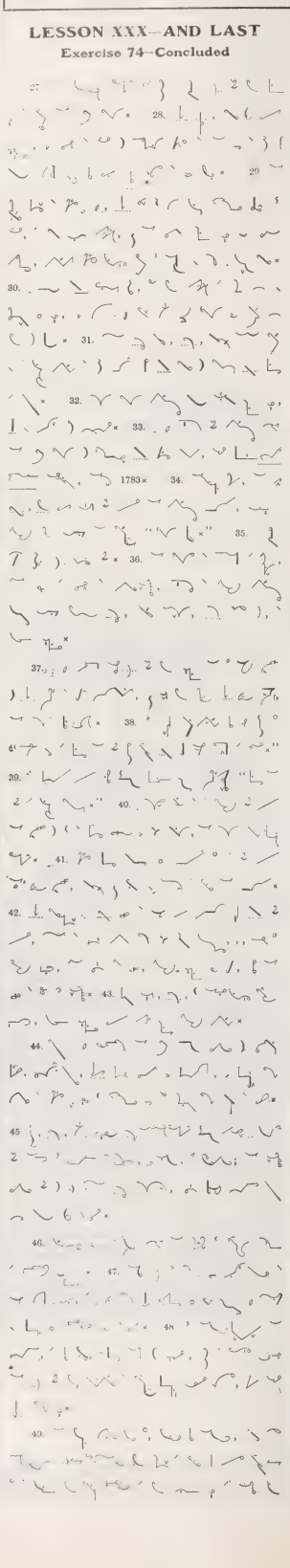
Exercise 74—Concluded



☞ To secure the best results from these shorthand exercises, the student should read them once forward, once backward, and again forward. Then copy the shorthand neatly twice, after which take your Key to the "Instructor," and from the ordinary type, turn the exercises into shorthand. Then compare your work with the engraved shorthand, correct if necessary, and repeat the process until you can write them without an error. Another admirable plan whereby to gain speed and accuracy in shorthand writing, is to take say twenty-five or fifty lines from an editorial article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and turn it into shorthand, and correct your notes with the aid a *Shorthand Dictionary*.

Closing Remarks to the Aspiring Student

Bright students do not always make the best stenographers. It is the earnest, patient worker who invariably succeeds. Do not ask for help until you have done your best. Personal effort and mental activity develop brain power.

Have faith in the system you write. Do not imagine you can improve it. Be a student, not an inventor.

Shorthand yields the best "bread and butter" and educational results of any study we know. Your motto should be: "This one thing I will do," Study and write shorthand every spare moment daily.

Review the principles regularly; form the shorthand characters neatly, and your progress will be rapid. "That which is worth doing, is worth doing well."

SPECIAL NOTE. Every student of this shorthand course is earnestly requested to write out in shorthand, on ruled paper, leaving every alternate line blank, Exercise 75, page 81 of *Shorthand Instructor*, and mail the same to Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons, 33 Union Square, for correction, enclosing at the same time a stamped return envelope. Messrs. Pitman & Sons, on returning same duly corrected, will offer suggestions for future progress in this valuable art.

Practice! Practice!! Practice!!!

With the publication of the foregoing lesson, "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Complete Course of Shorthand" is finished. Those who desire to obtain further instruction and to continue the study, can do so to advantage by addressing Mr. Orrin B. Booth, 115 Bible House, New York. Mr. Booth is an expert phonographic writer and teacher of long experience, and will give personal attention to all who may correspond with him with a view to taking a Supplementary Course of study, and quickly preparing themselves for positions.

"Saved by Grace."

Lately, one of the converts of the McAuley Water Street Mission, New York, celebrated the tenth anniversary of his conversion. "To my knowledge," writes Superintendent S. S. Hadley, "in all this time he has led an honest, upright life. This is all the more noticeable, from the fact that he was brought up in the slums of New York, and was a thief from childhood, and served altogether twenty years in prison."

A LAYMAN

Gave Doctor a Hint About Coffee.

Speaking of coffee, a doctor of Decaturville, O., says: "We used to analyze coffee at the medical college and in spite of our laboratory tests, which showed it to contain caffine, an active poison, I continued to use the drink, and later on found myself affected with serious stomach trouble, indigestion, headaches, etc.

The headaches came on so regularly and oppressed me so that I found it difficult to attend to my regular duties. One day last November I met a friend whom I had known to be similarly afflicted. His marked improvement in appearance caused me to inquire what he had been doing. He announced that he had, some time ago, quit coffee and was using Postum Food Coffee; to this change he attributed the change in his health.

I took the hint, even from a layman, and made the same change myself. The first week I noticed a little difference, but not much. The third week the change was almost magical. I have continued with the Postum and now my digestion is perfect, the nervous headaches have entirely disappeared, and I am well. My own analysis of the Postum Food Coffee shows it to be a pure food drink of strong character, which is a marked contrast to the old-fashioned coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Song-Writers and Poets. A SUCCESSFUL SONG WILL MAKE YOU RICH. We write music to your words, arrange compositions and publish. Groom Music Co., Steinway Hall, Chicago.

Delicious Drinks and Dainty Dishes

ARE MADE FROM

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Unequaled for Smoothness, Delicacy, and Flavor

Examine the package you receive and make sure that it bears our trade-mark.

Under the decisions of the U. S. Courts no other Cocoa is entitled to be labeled or sold as "BAKER'S COCOA."

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Its invention supersedes all other methods of House Lighting." SCIENTIFIC PRESS.

CLEVELAND HYDRO-CARBON LIGHT

BURNS 84% OF AIR AND 16% OF HYDRO-CARBON GAS.

EVERY LIGHT IS A COMPLETE GAS PLANT IN ITSELF.

Generating and Burning Its own Gas.

More light at less cost than any known system of lighting. For all houses wishing economical independence. Gives a steady white light, more brilliant than electricity and softer. Excels any town gas service; gas cannot escape. It gives ten times the light of a kerosene lamp at half the cost, with no smoke and no odor. Nothing to get out of order. No accident of any kind possible.

YOU CAN TEST BEFORE PAYING!

Knowing that if you give one of our lights a test you will at once recognize it as being far beyond anything in the line of house lighting, we will send you one of our Pendent Lights C. O. D. $4.00, express prepaid, with mantle, chimney and fluted porcelain shade, ready to light. Test it three nights and if not found satisfactory and most brilliant and inexpensive light you ever saw, return it to express agent, whom we instruct to refund your money and return light at our expense.

NOTE: If west of the Mississippi river enclose 50 cents for expressage. If west of Denver, $1.00.

A RARE CHANCE FOR AGENTS WRITE AT ONCE FOR TERRITORY

Write at once for our full description and instructions on the new system of Cleveland Lights.

THE CLEVELAND VAPOR LIGHT CO.,
1809 E. Madison Ave., - - - CLEVELAND, OHIO.
References:—Colonial National Bank (Capital Stock, $2,000,000) Cleveland, Ohio.

Write for particulars of our street lights, used in Chicago, Cleveland and other Cities

$33.00

California, Oregon, Washington.

From Chicago via the Chicago and North-Western Ry., every day February 15 to April 30th, 1903. Pullman tourist sleeping cars Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland daily. Double berth rate from Chicago only $6.00. Five personally conducted excursions each week. Choice of routes. Three through trains a day to San Francisco and two to Portland. The only double track railway to the Missouri River. All agents sell tickets via The North-Western Line. For full particulars address W. B. KNISKERN, Passenger Traffic Manager, 22 5th Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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FLEISHER'S SPANISH THE MILL WORSTED

These tags on a skein of yarn are a guarantee of perfection.

Five of them and two cents for postage entitle you to a New Knitting and Crocheting Manual, if sent to

S. B. & B. W. FLEISHER, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mention this publication.

FLEISHER'S GERMANTOWN THE MILL ZEPHYR

FLEISHER'S SHETLAND THE MILL FLOSS

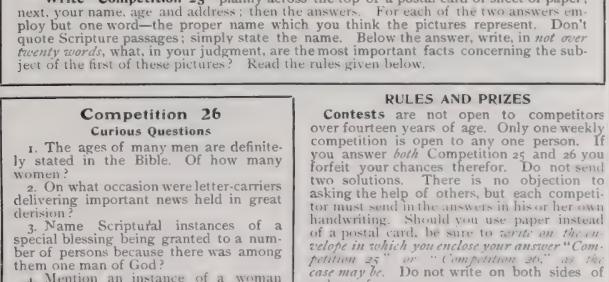
OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, dear, we welcome all who are interested in hooking up answers to our competitions. There is a particularly warm greeting for earnest little students who have not yet won prizes. There are many children sending in excellent papers; and their good work is well known in this office and fully appreciated by judges who are watching them, and who begin to know the hand writing of every one of the thousands of little folks who come to "Sunday Hour." "Here you are again. We are glad to see you," is said as we take up the letter of many a small person whose hands we would like to clasp. Here are some extracts from letters of friends, many of whom are not prize-winners, which show the real reward we have for the pains taken to make this department interesting:

Emma Marshall, Mo. We enjoy the puzzles and answers very much.—Ruth Matthews, Ind. I like to study the puzzles.—Bertha E. Gregory, N. Y. I will keep on answering the questions. It is such an interesting way to study the Bible.—T. D. Herrick, O. The knowledge gained by searching the Bible for answers to the questions is reward in itself.—Nettie W. Pike, S. Dak. I am quite interested in the puzzles for little folks.—Clyde Dimmitt, Va. I get all [illegible] from the Bible, but sure to [illegible] I am [illegible] N. J. I am not sure [illegible] any [illegible] but I like [illegible]

There was not one absolutely correct response to Competition 17—no one child gave right replies to all four questions. If our rules read that prizes would be given for the "correct answer" we could not award a watch in the "Curious Question" contest. Fortunately, the rules read that awards are made for the "best" and "next best" answers, and hence we can recognize good work by awarding a watch and twenty five books as promised. In "Picture Puzzles," many more answers were entitled to distinction. These are easier than the "Curious Questions" and not so profitable intellectually. In order to cover these two points and make a just balance, you will observe that another test is added to these in this issue, as it was in the last. The best answer of all to each competition secures the watch to the sender. In awarding consolation prizes, each child will be in competition only with children of his or her own State, territory or province.

COMPETITION 25



What two proper names mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 25" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the two answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name. Below the answer, write, in *not over twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subject of the first of these pictures? Read the rules given below.

Competition 26
Curious Questions

1. The ages of many men are definitely stated in the Bible. Of how many women?

2. On what occasion were letter-carriers delivering important news held in great derision?

3. Name Scriptural instances of a special blessing being granted to a number of persons because there was among them one man of God?

4. Mention an instance of a woman being enriched by presents from her husband's uncle?

Write "Competition 26" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 25 and 26 you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 25" or "Competition 26," as the case may be.* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

All answers must be mailed not later than March 9, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department*, Bible House, New York.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 25, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the best answer to Competition 26, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

ANSWERS TO COMPETITIONS OF JAN. 28, 1903

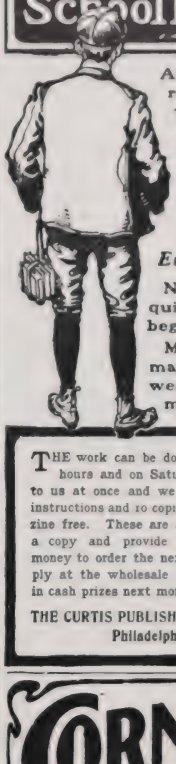
Answers to Competition 17, in our issue of Feb. 4, are: Picture Puzzle. 1. Damascus. 2. Moab. Answers to Competition 18, "Curious Questions" are: 1. Josiah. II. Kings 22: 1-2, and II. Chron. 34: 1-3. . . . 2. Abijah, son of Jeroboam. I. Kings 14: 11-13. . . . 3. Moses. Ex. 2: 3-10; 3: 10. . . . 4. Sam I. Sam. 3.

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of February 4, **DeWitt Caspary,** Tyler, Tex., receives a silver watch; for best answers to "Curious Questions," February 4, **Alma Lundberg,** Fish Creek, Wis., receives a silver watch. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to "Curious Questions": Ashley, James C., Wis.; Bennett, Elmer C., Del.; Blackwood, Earl, Ohio; Braxton, Janie, Katrine, Va.; Briggs, Mary, N. Y.; Buntin, Sarah, Miss.; Cochran, Alice, Ark.; Currie, Mary, Florence, N. S., Can.; De Jong, Flossie, Mich.; Dimock, Myrtle O., Me.; Ireland, Winifred, S. Dak.; La Due, Martha, Ill.; Lampert, Muriel, Ill.; Lesnett, Grace A., Pa.; Lewis, Edward B., Va.; Logan, Henry, Pa.; Pearson, Grace, Kans.; Pennes, Beatrice, Ala.; Pierce, Florence, Minn.; Pinkham, Lloyd, Me.; Reeve, Edmund, N. J.; Roop, Lavinia C., Md.; Scott, Maud, Tex.; Walker, Alice E., R. I.; Young, Frank H., Que., Can.

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Atkinson, Fannie, Del.; Bain, Cleve C., R. I.; Bathmann, Robert, Pa.; Benton, Ruth, Idaho; Bonham, Stella, Okla.; Breuninger, Lewis T., D. C.; Carpenter, Ruth Pearl, Mass.; Cheney, Glenroy H., Me.; Clyde, Alice V., Can.; Crutcher, Elizabeth, Ky.; Davidson, Neil, Ill.; Davis, Ruth, Colo.; Doxsee, Earl, Ia.; Drake, Fay M., Ind. Ty.; Eldridge, Hope, Cana.; Fornes, Maud, Ariz.; Haebelin, Howard, Calif.; Hardie, Mary H., Kans.; Haresnape, Leo, Nebr.; Hartshorn, Jr., Frank O., N. Y.; Hatch, Vermont, Utah; Head, Ella Aubry, Miss.; Herbert, Louise W., N. J.; Howe, Clarence, N. Mex.; Johnson, Laura S., Mont.; Jordan, Ruth, Arkansas; Lacey, Allen, Wash.; McCulloch, Lida, Canada; McEwen, Ernest, Can.; May, Ruth Hubbard, Conn.; Miller, Florence, Can.; Moffett, Harold L., Mo.; Moremen, Mary G., Ill.; Murray, Chalmers S., S. C.; Myers, Irma, W. Va.; Nordyke, Mary, Ind.; Poole, Herbert, Can.; Powell Ruth, Tenn.; Renton, Mara E., Mich.; Rollins, Ethel M., N. H.; Scripture, A. Merrill, Oreg.; Shuptrine, Beaston, Ga.; Simmons, John, Can.; Smrcek, Frank, N. Dak.; Ralph E. Slaughter, Va.; Swanman, Marvin, Minn.; Taylor, Clarence, Ohio; Trout, Chester, Md.; Tryon, Hazel E., Vt.; Urquhart, Ross, S. Dak.; Watkins, Earl, N. Car.; White, May, Nev.; White, Sherman, Ala.; Winnie, Maud, Wis.

We Want a BRIGHT BOY to work after School Hours



Any boy who reads this advertisement can start in business on his own account selling

The Saturday Evening Post

No money required. He can begin next week.

Many boys make over $5 a week. Some are making $15.

THE work can be done after school hours and on Saturdays. Write to us at once and we will send full instructions and 10 copies of the magazine free. These are sold at 5 cents a copy and provide the necessary money to order the next week's supply at the wholesale price. $225.00 in cash prizes next month.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

We have deposited a fund for $10,000 with the Corn Exchange Bank Co., agreeing to do exactly as we advertise. We refer you to them or to any bank in Chicago.

$10 DRESSES YOU COMPLETE IN LATEST STYLE

We are originators of the plan of dressing a lady complete from head to foot for less than half the price ordinarily charged by others.

NOTE CAREFULLY OUR OFFER THEN SEND FOR SAMPLES.

For $10 We Send You:
One Genuine Pure Wool or Wool Mixed Latest Style Tailor-Made Fatou Suit, Strictly to Measure. One Very Neat Satin-Finish Petticoat. One Entirely New Pattern Shirt Waist. One Beautiful Latest Style Hat. One Pair Strong Serviceable Shoes. One Pair Lisle Thread Stockings. One New Style Shirt Waist Tie. One Irish Linen Lace Handkerchief. One Latest Style Seal Grain Leather Belt.

Every article good honest value. You need not pay until you receive the goods and find everything exactly as represented. SENT C.O.D., SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION.

We make this magnificent offer to gain new friends and customers. We are a co-operative association and share our profits with our members. Anyone may belong—costs you nothing. Send for "Proposition" at once. Also send for 1903 Catalogue Ladies' Wear. We have ten different catalogues.

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The renowned Kenwood Pianos and Organs cost less than half what dealers and agents charge for inferior makes.
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FREE HAVE YOU A PHOTO of some dear one which you would like reproduced in an artistic manner? If so, send your name and address and we will send you our illustrated catalogue and premium list for club-raisers, also a beautiful hand-painted sample of our PHOTO-BUTTON WORK FREE. Address, SUNBEAM STUDIO, 1532 Third Ave., New York.

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YOUR MUSICAL EDUCATION FREE.

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500 only at this price, to Christian Herald readers express paid. Includes 100,000 new words, 1800 pages 9x11½ inches, weight 12 pounds. Elegant half-morocco bound. 1500 illustrations. Contains Lossing's complete History of the United States.

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There isn't a lamp chimney made that isn't ashamed of its maker except MACBETH'S.

My name on every one.

If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

$6.95 AT WE CLOTHE A MAN COMPLETE from head to foot with a stylish, perfect fitting sack suit, made of rich fast color dark blue ALL WOOL SERGE CHEVIOT, a pair of stylish dress shoes, latest London toe, a pair of fancy merino hose, a fashionable Derby or Fedora hat, a fine fancy percale shirt with two collars and detachable cuffs, a beautiful silk handkerchief, a rich silk fourin-hand, teck or bow necktie and a pair of fine silk overshot suspenders. SEND $1.00 DEPOSIT and give height, weight, chest, waist and crotch measure for suit, state size of shoes, hose, hat and shirt, style of hat and tie, and we will send the complete outfit exactly as described, C. O. D., by express, subject to examination, balance, $5.95, and express charges to be paid express agent if everything fits perfect, and is entirely satisfactory, otherwise we will instantly refund your $1.00. Order the outfit to-day, or write for FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of men's and boys' ready-made and made to order clothing and mackintoshes at prices ranging for Men's All Wool Suits at $4.35 up, Trousers $1.25 up, Boys' Long Pants Suits $3.50 up, Child's Two-Piece Suits $1.50 up, and Mackintoshes $1.50 up. Write for samples. JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-159 W. Madison St., Chicago.

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10 Years of Demonstrated Success.

TRIAL FREE

A delightful, certain and quick remedy for the peculiarailments of women and girls.

Helpful to all women (not bedfast) whose health or strength is not good. Makes work easy and walking a pleasure. Simple in construction.

Absolutely comfortable. Adjustable to fit both thin and stout people of any size or figure. No metal springs around the body. Worn with or without corset. Our little illustrated book might save you hundreds of dollars and years of health. Write for it today. It is mailed FREE with full particulars. Address

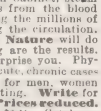
THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO.,
Howard C. Rush, Manager,
Box 171, Salina, Kansas.
Beware of imitators, copyists and infringers.

STOP TAKING MEDICINE

Taking drugs and nostrums. Your stomach is for food not "poisons." Cleanse your system by Nature's Drugless Method. Get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet, steam and sweat the poisons from the blood and system by opening the millions of skin pores, equalizing the circulation. Remove the load and Nature will do the rest. Astonishing are the results. 10 days' trial will surprise you. Physicians and best hospitals relieve acute, chronic cases by this method. Delightful bath for men, women and children. Harmless, exhilerating. Write for "New Book" just out FREE. Prices reduced. $5.00 Cabinet $3.50. $10.00 Cabinet $6.95. Catalogue free. Agents Wanted. Big Wages. Address, WORLD MFG. CO., 673 World Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

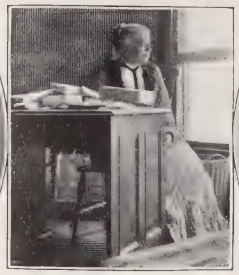
HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

are perfect in action. Over 50 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the improved. No tacks required. To avoid imitations, notice script name of STEWART HARTSHORN on label.



OUR HAPPY SUNSHINERS

BERNICE MAE DICKERSON
Seven-year-old Sunshiner



MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER
In her study at "Sunshine Cottage"

MRS. CHAS. H. DENISON
Second Vice-President, I. S. S.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunshine Branch now has over a thousand members, and its influence is felt all over the United States, indeed, all over the world. To those who have never heard of the Society, or to whom the Sunshine thought is new, an invitation is extended to join and help scatter Sunshine in all parts of the globe. A kind deed reported is the only requisite to membership, and dues are made by a persistent effort to make others happy, and by furnishing a monthly report of good-cheer work done. In the membership are found representatives of all known religious denominations. This is the Motto Song:

Have you had a kindness shown?—
Pass it on!
'Twas not given for thee alone—
Pass it on!
Let us travel down the years;
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears;
Pass it on!

Letters have been received at headquarters from almost every State in the Union, thanking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the "good cheer" that has been received through it. Mrs. Jennie Boucher, of 172½ Fall street, Seneca Falls, is one of the many shut-ins who are grateful to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Sunshine. If all the letters of thanks were mentioned, it would take up much more than the space given here to Sunshine.

Sunshine for Cripples

Little Herbert Gossett, of Fairmount, Ind., has been a cripple from birth. He drags himself along the streets, for he has no wheel-chair. Mrs. L. Amelia Brown, Box 129, Fairmount, Ind., is much interested in him, and will receive any clothing suitable for a boy eight years old that may be sent to her for him.

Will members send a letter with some little gift to Miss Willie Jane Sheppard, Wedowee, Ala., for her birthday, Feb. 5? She is a cripple, who has not walked since she was fourteen. She never had a pair of shoes until Sunshine got them for her.

Miss Helen E. Knight, Southborough, Mass., has been unable to walk for four years. She is trying to support herself by hemstitching, making baby-clothes. She would be thankful for good reading, and, after enjoying it herself, will "pass it on." Address her in care of Dr. C. P. Jones.

Sunshine in Patchwork

Ben Knight, Diana, Halifax, is a wheel-chair invalid. He would appreciate patchwork pieces. He also wants foreign stamps to complete a stamp album. Mrs. Bertie Johnson, Durant, I. T., is an invalid. She would be grateful for reading matter and silk pieces. Wools and patchwork of all kinds are asked for by Mrs. John Gresham, of Buckhead, Ga. She has five children to dress and sew for. Who will send them sunshine?

Mrs. Ada C. Pollock-Blundon, president Sunshine Branch of Live Oak School (colored), Baton Rouge, La., writes that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has helped them greatly. Mr. Mansfield, of Connecticut, has paid for the education of four boys.

Sunshine is growing wonderfully. Letters come from all parts of the world. In a recent communication from R. Kolandaivelu, a Hindu Sunshiner, he asks members for reading matter. The natives want to know more of what is going on all over the world. He particularly wants THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Send to R. Kolandaivelu, Mandura, St. Tirumangalem District, India. Be careful to have your packages weighed and stamped. A large box of dolls was sent to Mrs. Holcomb, Mission House, Jhansi, India. This was in answer to an appeal from Mrs. Holcomb, the Sunshine president. Children in India have very few of the simple pleasures enjoyed by little ones in this country.

A SUNSHINE TRUNK

Packed with treasures seen around it, this little trunk, once owned by Lila J. Mills, Jersey City, traveled in safety over four thousand miles across the continent, to Annie and Jessie Kinney, Welcome, Washington.

THE SAVIOUR'S SHEEP

Written on receiving the picture, "Lost in the Storm," in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD "ART GALLERY"

HOW sad this scene is to the view,
Though clouds are tinged with light,
Yet, the kind shepherd, ever true,
No longer is in sight.
In these poor dogs great grief I trace;
Faithful here in the storm;
Waiting to see the shepherd's face—
Some faint glimpse of his form.

O, yes, they feel he yet will come,
Though wild the storm and fold,
To take them to their peaceful home,
Their shelter in the cold.
The Saviour's sheep can ne'er be lost,
Though great may be the storm;
Through drifting snow and biting frost
He'll keep them safe and warm.
Though all around be bleak and drear,
No ray of hope be seen;
Yet Jesus still is ever near,
Though clouds may intervene.

E. V. SWANN.

FREE TO ALL HOUSEKEEPERS

The "1900" BALL BEARING FAMILY WASHER.

A Wonderfully Simple Invention That Cuts in Half Time, Labor and Expense of Washing Clothes.

No More Rubbing or Stooping—Monday's Drudgery No Longer to Be Dreaded.

Every Household in the Land Can Have One FREE.

In order to prove to the most skeptical that the "1900" Ball-Bearing Family Washer is unquestionably the greatest Home Labor Saving Machine ever invented, we will send you one absolutely free without deposit or advance payment of any kind, freight paid, on 30 DAYS' TRIAL. If you like it, you can pay for it either in cash or on the instalment plan at the end of the 30 days' trial. If you don't like it, all you have to do is to ship it back to us at our expense. You run no risk, no expense, no obligations whatever.

The "1900" Ball-Bearing Washer is unquestionably the greatest labor-saving machine ever invented for family use. Entirely new principle. It is simplicity itself. There are no wheels, paddles, rockers, cranks, or complicated machinery. It revolves on bicycle ball bearings, making it by far the easiest running washer on the market. No strength required; a child can operate it.

No more stooping, rubbing, boiling of clothes. Hot water and soap all that is needed. It will wash large quantities of clothes [no matter how soiled] perfectly clean in six minutes. Impossible to injure the most delicate fabrics. Saving in wear and tear of clothes, to say nothing of the saving in soap and materials, pays for machine in short time. Don't be prejudiced. This is entirely different from and far superior to any other washing machine ever made.

The "1900" Washer is not a cheaply made machine. It is constructed of the very best materials; it is handsome, compact and strong, and will last a life time.

We receive constantly hundreds of flattering letters from people who have used the 1900 washer. They are all unsolicited and must naturally be sincere. We shall be pleased to send to any one writing for it, our book of testimonials, which are guaranteed to be genuine and exact copies of originals on file at our office. Among the recent letters we reproduce one, entirely unsolicited, from a veteran locomotive engineer, who has been at the throttle for forty years.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.
HUDSON DIVISION No. 125.

E. B. S. Markill Rockland Co. N.Y. Oct 29 1900
F. E. S. Johnsonville Rensselaer Co. N.Y. Oct 29 1900

SPARKILL, Rockland Co., N. Y. Oct. 29, 1900

"1900" Washer Company.

I have given your washer a fair trial and found it all right as recommended. It is one of the best washers I ever saw. It washed three pairs of my dirty and greasy overalls and overshirts in ten minutes, and washed them clean. My housekeeper says it would have taken her two hours to have washed them the old way. It will wash ten shirts, with collars and cuffs, in seven minutes. It will wash three washes without changing the water, only adding soap suds and about two quarts of hot water after the first wash.

Enclosed you will find check in full payment of the washer. Please acknowledge receipt of the same and oblige, Respectfully yours,
EDWARD KENT.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

"A VIRGINIA GIRL"

AN unusual and very fascinating book just published under the title of *A Virginia Girl in the Civil War*, by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., is attracting a good deal of attention, North and South. Its permanent value lies in the fact that it is at once a historical and a human document; its singularity, in a certain nameless quality by which, though neither romance nor novel—nor indeed in any way resembling either—it holds the interest of the reader from first to last, with a power equalling that of fiction. It is rich in pathos and humor; free from sectional bitterness; and shows simply, sincerely and unconsciously what life meant to an American woman, during a vital and formative period in our national history. This woman, a bride of seventeen, at the beginning of the civic struggle, follows her soldier husband into battle-fields, keeping as near him as the fortunes of war permit. She is thrown with General J.E.B. Stuart, the famous cavalry leader, General W. H. F. Lee, and other noted men who wore the gray; is in Culpepper when the battle of fleetwood, or Brandy was fought; in Petersburg during the shelling, in Richmond at the evacuation. Through it all, she is simply a sweet, bright, brave, lovable girl, making merry over her hardships and trials, laughing even in the face of starvation, and winning hearts wherever she goes.

When the war was at white heat, she "ran the blockade," passing through the lines of both armies, to reach her moter in Baltimore. In this city, prominent Union officers befriended her, and her appreciation and gratitude color attractively this part of the book. A more striking situation could not have been conceived by a novelist than that which a true record supplies in the chapter entitled "The Flower of Chivalry," wherein the girl-bride sits between a Union and a Confederate captain, who are seeking to contrive ways by which she may return in safety to her husband. Fiction has never produced a more charming heroine than Nell Grey. Dan Grey, her husband, is very manly, very real, and would be entirely commendable if his expletives were less strong and frequent. The author does not assume the responsibility for characters in real life than a novelist, as their creator, would. She simply presents them as they were, and leaves them there. If there is a point she brings out in her story more strongly than another, it is indicated in this extract:

"I called on another widowed mother. Her little ones were around her, and the captain's sword was hanging on the wall. When I spoke to her of it as a proud possession, her eyes filled. Her little boy said with flashing eyes:

"'It's my papa's s'ode. When I gets to be a man, I'll take it down and kill all —.'

"'H—sh!' his mother put her hand over his mouth. 'God grant there may be no war when you are a man! Oh, Nell, when it's all over, what good will it do? It will just show that one side could fight better than the other, or had more money and men than the other. It won't show that anybody's right. You can't know how it is until it hits you. Nell, I feel that war is wrong. I'm sorry for every Northern woman who has a circle like this around her and a sword like that on her wall.' The little boy put his arm around her neck. 'My dear,' she said to him, 'I'm sorry for all little boys who haven't got a papa, and I'm sorry for their mammas. And I don't want you ever to kill anybody!'"

After Lee's surrender, when Mrs. Grey was looking anxiously for her husband, she went to General R. E. Lee's house, and there made inquiries concerning him of General W. H. F. Lee, to whose division Major Grey had belonged. He gave what information he could, and then:

"General Lee took out of his pocket a thin roll of bills, a very thin roll.

"'Mrs. Grey,' he said, 'here is all the money I have in the world, ten dollars in greenbacks. Take half of it—I wish you would—it wouldn't inconvenience me at all. I will make some more soon, and then I will divide with you again until Dan comes home.'

"I could hardly speak for tears. At that moment I was richer than my general. I had at home, in gold and greenbacks, more money than General Lee."

The book is full of incidents like this, that show human nature at its best. It is full, too, of mirth-provoking anecdotes, is optimistic and wholesome, and its spirit and tone are calculated to bridge and heal, rather than provoke sectional differences; it tends to make North and South see what is fine, good and imperishable in the other; its last word is one of loyalty to the Stars and Stripes; its strongest word is against war.

*D Appleton & Co., New York. Price $1.25 net: postage 12 cents additional.

By Myrta Lockett Avary.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Bible Criticism and the Average Man, by Andrew Agnew Johnston. Pp. 275. Price $1. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Eighty Pleasant Evenings. A capital little manual of social suggestion for the use of church workers. Pp. 117; cloth. Price 35c. Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston and Chicago, publishers.

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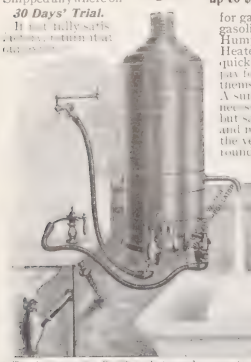

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THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL

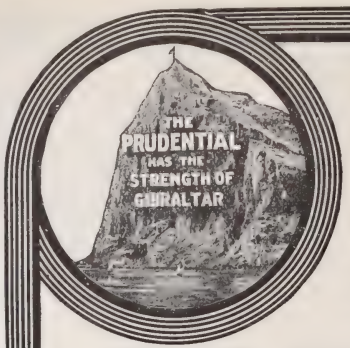
BY A. WADHAMS

THERE are very startling events in the history of the Jewish people, still future, which will certainly take place, according to the terms of the prophecies, concerning them, as for example, the restoration involves a repentance on the part of the House of Judah, this being in exact accordance with the statement made by Jesus himself. Behold your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." And the time is indicated, as again foretold by Jesus, when speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem (Luke 21 : 24), "And Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

Both these prophecies are even now running their course, and the very events mentioned are known to all who care to observe them. How true are the statements, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate" and "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles." But the rainbow of hope also overspans both these prophecies, because of the time yet coming in the history of the Jews, when they shall say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," and that Jerusalem shall again resume her history, when the treading down of the Gentiles shall have ceased.

The turning point in their history is recorded in the twelfth chapter of Zechariah, as will be seen by the following analysis of this chapter: Notice first, that in verse 1 the prophecy concerns "Israel." Israel is a general term, inclusive of both the "House of Israel" and the "House of Judah." The idea is brought out in the Revised Version by a division of verse 1. The paragraph of the Authorized Version at verse 3, is carried back and commences in the midst of verse 1, thus making prominent the fact that, while the prophecy concerns "all Israel," that specifically it refers to the "House of Judah" and its repentance. In verses 2 and 4, "Jerusalem is a cup of reeling" and "a burdensome stone for all the peoples" and verse 2 "upon Judah also shall it be in the siege." Verse 4: "In that day, saith the Lord . . . I will open mine eyes upon the house of Judah." In verse 5 is a remarkable statement. Notice what "the chieftains of Judah shall say in their hearts," and very definitely, "the inhabitants of Jerusalem are my strength in the Lord of hosts their God." Verse 6 shows that the "chieftains of Judah are to be miraculously helped," with the result that the peoples round about are to be subdued, and "in that day . . . Jerusalem shall yet again dwell in her own place, even in Jerusalem." In verse 7 the House of Judah is to be saved first, and in a marked manner. The reason given is well expressed (in Leeser's version of the Old Testament), "in order that the glory of the house of David, and the glory of the inhabitants of Jerusalem shall not become boastful over Judah." "In that day" (verse 8) the inhabitants of Jerusalem are to be defended by the direct intervention of the Lord, and (verse 10) "the spirit of grace and of supplication" is to be poured upon the house of Judah, here called "the house of David" and "the inhabitants of Jerusalem . . . and they shall look unto me" (or according to some MSS., him) "whom they have pierced." This statement, we know, refers only to the House of Judah, and could not be said of the House of Israel, who had been deported into Assyria, some 715 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour. The House of Judah, when this fact dawns upon them, become the subjects of a great mourning, described in detail in the remainder of the chapter.

In closing, attention is again called to the fact that while it is the prophecy of the repentance of the House of Judah (the Jews) in particular, yet the prophecy, in its general application (ver. 1), concerns the whole house of Israel (the twelve tribes). It is therefore clearly seen that the movement called "Zionism" has no lot or part in the matter, as it does not propose any recognition of Jesus as their Messiah. Wonderful things, however, are yet in store for the Jews, when they shall have discovered their brethren of the House of Israel, but who, and where, is Israel?



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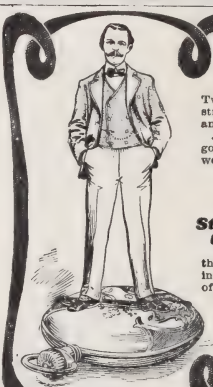

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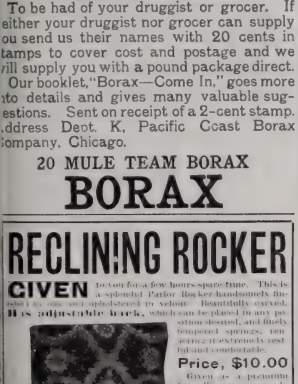

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By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM LXXXI
Persuasive Psalm

8 Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee: O Israel, if thou will hearken unto me;

9 There shall no strange god be in thee; neither shalt thou worship any strange god.

10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

11 But my people would not hearken to my voice; and Israel would none of me.

"NO STRANGE GOD"

Some Psalms are prayerful, some praiseful, some powerful, some mournful, some merciful, but this one is full of Persuasion. Plaintive appeal is made by God. Strange fact that instead of man pleading with Jehovah, the Lord is pleading with man.

. . .

PSALM LXXXII
Psalm for Judges

1 God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods.

2 How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked?

3 Defend the poor and fatherless: do justice to the afflicted and needy.

4 Deliver the poor and needy: rid them out of the hand of the wicked.

"DO JUSTICE"

. . .

Here is a Psalm for the legal profession. Lawyers and judges will find more in it than Blackstone. Back of all jurisprudence is Jehovah, the Judge of the whole earth. Justice and equity will yet prevail universally. Let those who have suffered at the hands of the law (and there be not a few), turn for help to this Psalm.

. . .

PSALM LXXXIII
Psalm for Crafty Folk

1 Keep not thou silence, O God: hold not thy peace, and be not still, O God.

2 For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult: and they that hate thee have lifted up the head.

3 They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones.

. . .

For a full list of crafty creatures this Psalm was created, and their children do live until this day. Modern Philistines and Ammonites stalk about with lifted heads, but their doom is certain and sealed. As their fathers, so they will soon become "dung for the earth." "Jehovah lives."

"THEY TAKE CRAFTY COUNSEL"

. . .

PSALM LXXXIV
Church-Goers' Psalm

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

. . .

One can read this Psalm and hear silent church bells ring. A walk to the house of God brings the soul that much nearer heaven. This Psalm must be read with the twentieth and ninety-second. One's love for the church, its sacraments and services, its songs and sermons, is a sure index of the inner spiritual life. The Gate of Pearl will swing wide for the saved sinner who can say verse ten in real truth.

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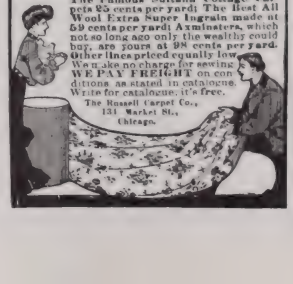

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T. C. Pendleton, Jackson, Mich., who suffered with severe rheumatism of the arms, neck and back.

Mrs. Casper Yahrsdorfer, Jackson, Mich., 70 years old, after suffering for 2 years.

James Gilbert, Locomotive Dept., Mich. Cent. R. R., Jackson, Mich., after 27 years of pain.

Dr. Van Vleck, Jackson, Mich., who is now using them in his practice.

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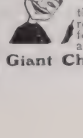

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Christ's Teaching on Trust*

What the Sermon on the Mount Does and Does Not Enjoin

FEW passages have been more frequently misunderstood than the one associated with the Topic. It is not by one sermon or one expression that we can get the spirit of any one's teaching. Least of all that of Christ. Taking, then, a general view, we find that Christ did not condemn the acquisition of money, nor the forethought that would lead a man to make provision for illness or old age, or for the support of his widow and family if he died before reaching old age. What he did condemn was that lust for wealth which would sacrifice principle or character to it. He condemned, too, that wearing anxiety and foreboding which destroys the peace of many and monopolizes their thoughts. He condemned, too, the principle of hoarding which paralyzes charity and turns money into an idol. In short, Christ's principle is that money-getting and keeping shall occupy a subordinate place in the lives of his followers. He wished them to make their spiritual interests the first and supreme concern. In all his dealing with men, he fixed his attention on character. Whether a man had little money or was rich did not concern him, but what he was, not what he had. It is unlikely that he would have told the rich young man to go sell all he had and give to the poor (Matt. 19: 21) if the young man had not challenged him to point to any imperfection in his character. With unerring finger, Christ touched his weakness and showed him that he loved his wealth more than treasure in heaven. He does this still. A rich man may enter heaven, as a poor man may, but neither of them because of his wealth or his poverty. The poor man who would sacrifice Christian principle to keep his position, or to make a few dollars in his extreme need, is just as much disobedient to this teaching of Christ as is the rich man who is deaf to the claims of charity.

*Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for March 15. Matt. 6: 19-34.

The Christian's Pleasures†

A Rule which may be Applied to Amusements called Innocent

EVEN the early Corinthian church was perplexed about the problem that disturbs us in the present day. Its terms have changed, but its principles are identical. We are not now troubled about whether we may eat food that has been consecrated to idols. All that dispute has gone to limbo with the idols; but we have still to consider what effect our conduct will have on others. The man who was shocked at the sight of the broad-minded Christian eating food forbidden by the Mosaic law, is still among us though he has turned his attention to other subjects. He must be taken into account by all who would obey the Apostle's teaching. We must not be content with proving that an amusement is innocent; we must also assure ourselves that it is harmless alike to ourselves and others. It would be difficult, for example, to prove that shuffling a few pieces of pasteboard according to rule is wrong; but when we find that card-playing exercises a fatal fascination over some minds, we see where the Apostle's principle applies. The boy who has been accustomed to see his father sit down and play a game of whist after the toil of the day and knows that no harm ever came of it, may have in him the gambler's spirit, which, under different environment, may bring him to ruin. So with the intoxicating cup. So with the theatre. The Christian who carefully selects the plays he will see, who sees only those that are elevating and wholesome, nevertheless, is marked as a theatre-goer, and his example is quoted in justification by others, who prefer the most pernicious plays. Other amusements and recreations come under the same rule. If they are liable to lead a weaker brother into harm; if the example set, may be followed by others to their undoing, we have no right to indulge in them. Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" ought to have no place on Christian lips. We are our brother's keeper, to the extent that we are bound to do nothing which will tend to his harm.

†Topic of the Epworth League for March 15. I. Cor. 6: 19; 10: 31-33.

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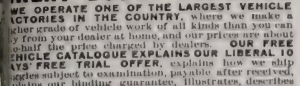

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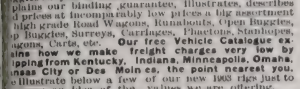

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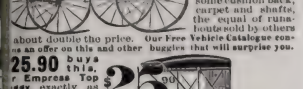

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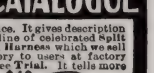

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AN HISTORIC RIOT

The Disturbance in Ephesus a Question of Money

By Mrs. M. Baxter

AFTER a personal blessing a time of proving almost always follows. All the Lord's gold must pass through the fire. It is the same with blessing in our service. When a great work of God is done in any place, some severe time of testing follows. The enemy of God and man comes in with his tares to caricature the real life of God which is in the hearts of men through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. If he cannot succeed in one way he tries another; and when the children of God are the most true, then he introduces persecution; it was so at Ephesus during Paul's residence in that city. Paul had already received intimations from above that his work at Ephesus was drawing to a close. Having with him, from the band of young men whom he seems to have trained for the ministry, Timothy and Erastus, he sent them into Macedonia, while he remained a little longer at Ephesus. And now persecution broke out. Previously it had been the Jews who had stirred up persecution against Paul. Now it was the heathen, not on account of their religion, but their commerce; it was a matter of money.

A religion that pays well must not be interfered with; to do away with it would throw thousands out of work. We cannot afford to have a religion which controls our consciences and interferes with our gains. Such was the argument of the men of business in Ephesus, who gloried in their idolatry. But such is also the argument of men of the world in our day. Musical services? Yes, they minister to our æsthetic tastes—they are all right, a cathedral anthem is as good as a concert. Intellectual preaching? Yes, we like to hear eloquence in the pulpit; it is almost as good as some of the finest political speeches—this suits us well, it ministers to us. But all this fine talk about the claims of God, about conscience, about heaven and hell, about judgment to come—all these things are useful to keep in check those who might be dangerous without such ideas, but they are not for intellectually enlightened people. Such are the ideas of a vast majority in our so-called Christian lands. All for us; nothing for God. Only a religion which panders to our tastes, and is good for our trade; but any religion which claims to master our conscience and regulate our life, we will have none of it. And yet these very men must every one of them give an account of themselves to God; and they must be judged in the last day by the rejected words which Christ has spoken (John 12: 28).

"Ye know that by this craft we have our wealth," said Demetrius. There is a certain consistency in an idolater making a god which suits his purpose, so that he can make a good thing for his business out of his religion. But what must be the sin in the sight of God of that man who wants to make his professed service of the God who made him to minister to his business? What must it be in the sight of God himself? How must the angels of God look upon it? What can the heathen think of it, when a follower of the God who made the worlds, and who gave his only begotten Son to live in our flesh and die for his salvation, treats that God as the heathen treats his image? That such thing can be possible goes to prove that "there is no difference" between the unregenerate heart of the idol worshipper and the unregenerate heart of the nominally Christian unbeliever. With him, too, business and self-interest are first, and his God is second. Both, nominal Christian and heathen, will have to give in an account of what they have done with the lives with which God has intrusted them; and they will be judged, not according to ideas of man which suited them, but according to the Word of the living God concerning them.

The appeal of Demetrius was not without its effect. The indignation meeting of the great idol-making industry was "full of wrath, and they raised the cry: Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The excitement rose to such a pitch that the whole city was in confusion; and laying hold of Gaius and Aristarchus, two of Paul's traveling companions, men of Macedonia, they rushed into the theatre.

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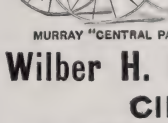

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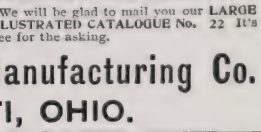

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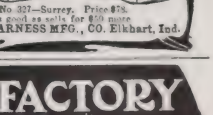

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

New York, March 11, 1903

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MISSIONARY WEIR

SEE PAGE 310

The Victorious Army of the Sultan of Morocco Returning to Fez after a Battle

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

G. A. R., Glassboro, N. J. In what sense was Paul debtor to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, as he declares himself to be in Rom. 1: 14?

He uses the word in the sense of obligation. Being the Apostle to the Gentiles he was bound (constrained as he says in another place) to take the Gospel to both the cultured and the ignorant peoples. Having accepted service under Christ, the whole world had a claim on him which he could not discharge until he had preached the Gospel to the full extent of his power. A second meaning may attach to his words in the sense of his having won souls among both the Greeks and the Barbarians. He was debtor to both, in the sense that he had gained fruit from them, as he says in the previous verse,—the fruit he desired above all, of converts for Christ. The souls he won were his crown.

I. T. M., Cascade Valley, N. Y. Please describe the regalia of England.

The Crown Regalia of Great Britain is a very extensive collection. It includes the imperial crown, worn by Victoria and later by Edward; the old imperial crown (made for Charles II.), the Prince of Wales' crown, the Queen's diadem, the Queen Consort's crown, the imperial orb or emblem of sovereignty, the Queen's orb, the temporal sceptre, spiritual sceptre, three other sceptres, St. Edward's staff, the Queen's ivory sceptre, the ampulla (a vessel for oil), anointing spoon, spurs, armilla (or bracelets), sword of mercy, sword of state, sword of justice, a gold and ruby ring, baptismal font of silver, golden salt-cellars, and a variety of minor articles.

J. W. S., Danbury, Conn. I am a lifelong Methodist, but am concerned about the present condition of the church. How is it there are now so few revivals? Is it too much to hope for a Pentecostal outpouring?

The questions you ask are, as you may have seen, perplexing the bishops and leaders of your church. There are probably many reasons for the rarity of revivals. One of them is the present era of prosperity in business. It has been noticed that some financial panic or some other calamity usually accompanies or precedes a revival. Men's thoughts are turned from this world to the other by loss and suffering. A second reason is probably to be found in the change in the character of preaching. The old time style, appealing to the fears and emotions, was more likely to produce strong desire after salvation than the present style, which appeals rather to the intellect. A third cause may be the worldliness of church members. Young people, and people outside the church are liable to come to the conclusion that a religion which makes so little change in the life as that professed by some church members, is not worth having.

E. L. M., Rex, Mich. Is it right for a preacher to uphold the prize matches, or to pay in money toward buying gloves for boxing?

While we believe a man may be both an athlete and a Christian, it is a degrading and brutalizing thing for a pastor to preach or teach the gospel in any form. Such was not the spirit of Christ. Boxing preachers might do very well as instructors in a gymnasium, but they are sadly out of place in the church. We should doubt the sanity of any preacher who punctuated his pious admonitions with pugilistic advices, and who could, with equal ability, instruct the young in holy living and head punching.

O. C., Bellerville, Ill. Suppose a person has two houses, both in the house and burglars break in and steal the books. Would it be wrong to say to them that you had no money? Or that you had only one confession of religion to be considered his views publicly before his death?

1. The same question, in a different form, has been widely discussed. Ans. "Is a lie ever justifiable?" In the strict spiritual sense, it is not. A person who "trusts in God, and does the right," God will not forsake those who put their trust in Him. Worldly wisdom allows "the lie of expediency or emergency." It is only those who have faith who refuse to yield to such temptations, or to show weakness in moments of trial. 2. He never did, as far as we have heard.

H. C. H., Houghton, N. Y. What States have abolished capital punishment? Has crime increased or diminished?

In Rhode Island, Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin the death penalty is forbidden by statute. It was abolished in Iowa in 1872, and restored in 1878; it was also abolished in Colorado, but restored in 1901.

E. L., Oakland, Calif. 1. What is meant by the first and second resurrections? 2. Does the word Lord in the New Testament apply to the Father or to Christ? 3. In professing religion and joining a church, is our guilt removed or are other requirements essential?

1. You will see by I. Thess. 4: 14, that there will be a resurrection of those who have trusted in Christ antedating that of all others. John says (Rev. 20: 5) that the whole length of the millennium intervenes. 2. You can easily see by the context to whom it refers.

WINTER IN THE NORTHWESTERN WOODS

This is a photographic view of the famous "Bridal Veil Bluff" on the Columbia River, Oregon

The disciples addressed Jesus as Lord, and in prayer, no doubt, addressed the Father as Lord. 3. Other things are essential. Any minister can tell you what they are. Joining the church, in most cases, implies that having forsaken sin and trusted in Christ for salvation, you publicly unite with the Lord's people and confess him before men. It does not imply perfection, but it does imply identification with Christ and an obligation to follow and obey him.

Reader, Yonkers, N. Y. (1) Why, if God is almighty, does he not save all the human race? (2) Does the soul go immediately to heaven at death, as we may infer from Luke 23: 43, or not until the resurrection, as appears to be taught in I. Thess. 4: 16?

(1) It is contrary to God's method of dealing with the human race, as we understand it, for him to use compulsion with men. Apparently, his desire is to have a people who, being left free to choose, voluntarily choose righteousness. He draws them, he yearns over them, applies discipline, offers them his help, but beyond this he will not go in this life. You see, a man who is good only because he is compelled to be good, is of a much lower type than he who, being free to become evil, seeks of his own accord to become good. It is this higher type that, as we believe, God is trying to produce. (2) The two passages you quote do not contradict one another. That in Luke promises the thief that he would be in Paradise, by which the Jews understood the abode of the blessed dead, and that in Thessalonians that Christ would bring the Christian dead with him at his return to earth. If he brings them with him, we must suppose that they have been with him before his coming. There is no direct statement in the Bible on the subject, but there are several from which it is fair to infer that those who have died in Christ are with him in glory.

C. C. B., Liberty, Miss. Kindly impress the Finns with the fact that the southern part of the U. S. contains vast acres of unoccupied and fertile land, congenial climate and people, who would gladly have them come among them.

These facts, so kindly expressed, are already well known to the Finns. Great numbers of them are now emigrating to this country.

Reader, Hoboken, N. J. What is the origin of the custom of raising a bush over a new building when the framework is complete?

Various explanations have been given, but the most probable is that it is a variant of the custom formerly common of displaying a bush of ivy over a new hotel. Ivy was symbolical of the heathen deity, Bacchus, and the display of it was intended to indicate that there was within the means for jollity and festivity. The display of the bush on a new house came to be regarded as a sign of thankfulness that the work was so far complete, and that the workers were being regaled at a celebration. The explanation seems far-fetched, but it is the only one we have seen that has the elements of probability in it. Perhaps some of our readers have heard a better explanation.

Mrs. S. A., Tola, Kan. Should a woman give according to her means for the cause of Christ if her husband is strictly against her giving anything?

Man or woman, the first duty is to God and conscience. Neither a husband nor a wife has the moral right to prevent the exercise of this duty. There may, however, be a legal question involved in some cases which this answer does not affect. Generally speaking, the wife does right to give according to her means. It should be remembered, however, that giving to the church, where it involves robbing the grocer, the butcher, or the baker of what one owes them, is not Christian giving, but its counterfeit.

New Subscriber, E. Dayton, Mich. Would it be right, in the sight of God, for a young man, who has led a wicked life, but has been converted and is now a Christian, to try and win the love of a good, pure girl?

It is a great risk for the young woman to assume; but if the man has been truly converted, and is leading an honorable and upright life, there is no bar to such a union. Such unions are far from being admirable, however, though there are plentiful enough. Judged in the strictest sense, it would seem that the man who has lived a vicious life is not justified in seeking to win the love of a pure, young girl. To make a pretence of worthiness in order to gain her affection would be hypocrisy. She ought to know something of the career of the man to whom she is asked to bind herself, and if, knowing this, she loves him notwithstanding, then she accepts the responsibility.

M. L. A., Pembrina, N. D. In what way can it be shown that Jesus was the son of David? The genealogies show the descent of Joseph, but do not say to what tribe or family Mary belonged, and it is from her, not from Joseph, according to orthodox theology, that Jesus derived his humanity.

The theory has been propounded and supported by Weiss and other scholars that the genealogy of Luke is that of Mary. You will notice that Luke says (3: 23) that Joseph was the son of Heli, whereas Matthew says (1: 16) that he was the son of Jacob. If we suppose that Luke's statement should read, "who was the son-in-law of Heli," that is, married the daughter of Heli, the difficulty is removed; for as you may have noticed, the genealogies differ. Luke traces the descent through David's son Nathan, while Matthew traces it through Solomon. Even that explanation, however, has its incongruities, of which there is no clear explanation. The fact that Mary before her marriage went to Bethlehem to be taxed or registered (Luke 2: 5), would indicate that she was of David's house. It is noteworthy, too, that Christ's claims to Messiahship were never challenged on that ground. If there had been any flaw in his pedigree, the Jews would have seized upon it without a doubt, because the prophecies clearly stated that Messiah would be descended from David.

A. O. R., Minneapolis, Minn. What is the origin of having towers on the churches?

As a feature of sacred architecture, towers are of very ancient origin. The Temple in Jerusalem was supplied with numerous towers. First of all, it seems, towers standing alone and not as a part of any building, were used for purposes of observation, refuge and defence. They were often established as outposts, for the protection of commerce, of wells, flocks and herds. Built in vineyards, they served a double end, for the keepers might dwell therein. Mural towers, at the corners of walls and gates, were part of the fortifications of towns. What more natural than that the tower should come to be an attachment of the principal buildings of a city, such as the king's palace, and the temple of worship? From such heights, not only could watch be kept, but proclamations made; trumpets could be sounded, calling to war or worship. Symbolically, as a place for protection or defence, the tower was a fitting adjunct to the House of God. In mediæval times, fully as much as before Christ, towers were in request for the same ends. By reason of its architectural dignity and beauty, because of convenience as belfry and observatory, and by reason of its symbolism, the tower has been retained to the present day as a characteristic of sacred buildings, the spires "pointing heavenward," being modifications of the old watch-towers of Palestine.

C. A. W., Kerr, Mo. It is pronounced "Senshee."

Subscriber, Hammond, Wis. 1. Foolscap size. 2. We never heard of it.

M. D., Schuylkill, Pa. If you mean whether God would forgive such a sin on repentance, we say, yes, assuredly. There are many promises encouraging such an one to repent. If you mean can there be repentance, we say there can, and probably there will, but it may be remorse rather than repentance, and that does not avail. As to your second question, there is a difference of opinion among ecclesiastics and scholars. Our own opinion, based on I. Cor. 7: 15 and other passages, is that he is justified. The bond is dissolved

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

PHILADELPHIA'S FLOATING ENDEAVORERS

THE river front of Philadelphia is a rough district, abounding in low dives, and full of pitfalls for the sailor. He returns from a hard, perilous voyage, to be beset by greedy scoundrels of l sorts. Unless some outside hand is stretched to aid im, it is small odds but he will sink in the mire. Recog- zing this condition, a body of Christian Endeavorers rganized to look out especially for the sailors, and, so far as possible, to show them a better way of life than the traditional "Jack ashore" dissipation. In the course of their work these earnest men and women patrol the river front, seek out newly-arrived vessels, board them in all weathers, and at almost all hours, and make a personal appeal to the seamen.

UP THE SHIP'S SIDE WITH AN ORGAN

The entire river front is patrolled by these brave Floating Endeavorers. The Northeast Branch cares for the five mile stretch of wharves from Poplar street to Tacony; the Delaware Branch from Poplar street to Market street, and the South Branch from Market street to Point Breeze; throwing out the lifeline to save some of the thousands of sailors at visit the port, from the land-sharks that lie in wait lure their victims into the low saloons as soon as they nd with a little money.

One hundred and fifty societies of these branches take rns in holding meetings on the wharves, or on nearby ssels. Every Sunday morning, as early as six or ven o'clock, bands of young people start out from the mes of the chairmen of these branches, with literare that is appropriate to the work. They hold five eetings in the morning, and as many more in the ternoon. But successful work means far more than lding meetings in a perfunctory way; it means apying Paul's "all things to all men," to the winning of ck's confidence and love.

uring the past six months, the Richmond and Kenington districts, 4,384 vessels ere visited, 39,000 papers id magazines were distribed, and 149 meetings held.

Mr. Simonson, of the Seaen's Mission, is an enthuastic Endeavorer, and has orked for eleven years mong his brother sailors. lmost any day he may be en diving into their boardg-houses and dens, and ambering aboard ships in arch of the men that need m. In his mission he has ail boxes, in which the en's letters are kept for em. In these may be seen roll of queer names, almost hausting the nationalities the earth.

At the Mariner's Bethel an ndeavor meeting is held ery Wednesday evening, ter which coffee and cake e served. Sometimes fifty en are in attendance. A easant reading-room is atched to the church for the ilors. As a result of this ıtiring attention and the siting of ships, boardingouses and other seamen's sorts, over 8,000 sailors have been gladdened during e past year by this bit of home care, and have been ought in direct touch with the great love of God.

The "Life Line League," of Point Breeze, is a band of thusiastic workers, of over 100 members. Here is where the vessels of the great Atlantic Refining Company come. A visit to one of the cook-houses can never be forgotten. They are the rendezvous of the sailors in winter. A reading-room was opened two years ago, and over 3,200 sailors, tug boatmen, conductors and motormen have visited the room and spent pleasant evenings. The League furnishes all writing materials free. In the different meetings held, hundreds of sailors and others have held up their hands for prayer; letters have been received from captains, officers and men from the forecastle, in all parts of the world, telling how they have been helped in the Christian life, how meetings have been started on board their ships, and some captains have said "they did not lose a man or have a drunken man on board while they remained at Point Breeze."

Some of the Endeavorers have walked a distance of three miles every Sunday to reach Greenwich Point, the most isolated spot along the river front, but a very busy port at certain seasons of the year. The workers are cheered by the echoes of their efforts. They recently learned that a German captain followed up their visit to his vessel by holding religious services regularly every Sunday, and also during the week, and that he was encouraged to continue this course by the marked improvement in the conduct of all the crew.

More than one hundred thousand sailors in the port of Philadelphia are helped every year to greater or less extent by the city's Christian Endeavor Floating Societies.

Thomas Stuart has missed but one Sunday morning during the five years he has been chairman of the Northeast Branch Floating work in visiting the sailors. He invites them to his home, and wins their confidence by kindness and love. He has received letters from sailors in all parts of the world, telling in warm terms how they were helped and guided to a new life, and of the treatment and kindness shown them by the Philadelphia Floating Endeavorers. The following is an extract from such a letter from Cornwall, England:

I am writing to thank you all for the great work you are doing on board the ships in Philadelphia. I have heard of it through my husband, Chief Engineer S. S. Mayfield. He tells me of your services, and of how all on board are impressed by them. He has evidently spent a most blessed time in your company and I write to express my gratitude to you all, who give your time to help those who so much need it. It is seldom that sailors are made to feel so much at home and welcome as you evidently have made my husband feel. He said he had never spent such a profitable time, and is filled with thanksgiving. You cannot imagine how full my heart feels toward you and your helpers. God bless you, and use you to help many to know his loving heart towards them. I join my prayers with yours and with truest gratitude.

Those who are reached are men of all nationalities, and of every conceivable degree of intelligence and education. They are for the most part acquainted with only the hard and brutal side of life. As is well known,

CHAIRMAN STUART DISTRIBUTING RELIGIOUS PAPERS

they are subjected to conditions and treatment whose tendency is to obliterate the finer sensibilities and impulses of the human heart.

With such an atmosphere surrounding them from year to year, it is no wonder that the influences of home, and all religious training which they may have received in their youth, should almost slip away. Yet there is probably no class of men whose proper understanding of moral questions, and whose salvation is of greater importance to civilization than this class, for they man our vessels, carry our commerce, and are the means of communication with all civilized and uncivilized peoples of the world.

The Endeavor workers are chosen with great care, all of them looking into the conditions and surroundings of these men, and acquainting themselves with the duties and temptations of their lives. After each service, these workers mingle with the sailors and converse with them on the better subjects of life. It is quite usual for the seamen approached, to refer to this work as the first manifestation of real interest in their personal welfare. Some have been away from home for twenty-five or thirty years, and the influence of the home fireside has faded away. This mission work calls up the old memories. They hear the dear old hymns, and the familiar voices rising in prayer and in praise, and it leads them to high resolves and to a clearer, saner view of life.

ALLAN SUTHERLAND.

A "SONG SERVICE" ON A MERCHANT VESSEL, BY THE FLOATING ENDEAVORERS

THE
American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park
Presbyterian Church, Chicago

OUR NATIONAL DEBT

TEXT—ROMANS 1: 14: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians"

A NATIONAL debt! It is popularly understood to be a financial obligation which a government has pledged itself to pay. Sometimes this is contracted in the interest of a single subject. About thirty years ago, the English government assumed a debt of over $25,000,000 to liberate a single man, Captain Cameron, who had been unjustly endungeoned by the King of Abyssinia, in the rocky fortress of Magdala. It took six months for the news of the outrage to travel to England, but in less than eleven days afterward, a British army of fifteen thousand men, under General Napier, was on its way. It not only crossed the seas, but also marched a terrible journey of four hundred miles under a tropical sun, until the troops reached Magdala, and battered down the fortress, and rescued their incarcerated countryman. A civilized country is usually ready to begin any undertaking, assume any financial responsibility, in order to protect its own from the tyrannical clutches of a foreign foe.

Sometimes an extra financial obligation is assumed by a government in times of peace, as well as in times of war. A depleted treasury during the financial panic of 1893, caused the President of the United States to issue $200,000,000 worth of Government bonds. Some of these interest-bearing bonds were purchased by foreign capitalists, and others by American citizens. But there are still other forms and causes of international obligation. A government can owe to foreign lands more than money. Such definitions as we have given are right as far as they go; but they are too circumscribed. When the Hebrew, Paul wrote, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians," I do not believe he had any idea of a financial interpretation. Referring to Greece, he was alluding to the intellectual influence of the Athenian capital, which made itself felt throughout the world. That city swayed the sceptre in the domain of intellectuality; it ruled the world of culture with the sculptor's chisel, the poet's pen, and the Demosthenean oratory of a patriot rousing the people to wage war against King Philip. When Paul spoke of the Barbarians, I believe he was alluding to the strength and the virility which the world had absorbed from the different provinces. As a man of learning he was indebted to those people to whom he was about to present Jesus Christ. So, to-day, I want to speak of America's national debt in a moral and spiritual sense, as well as in a financial. I want to show what we should give back to the lands across the seas, in return for what we have absorbed from them, consciously or unconsciously. As we balance our national books, the debit side of our ledger must be cleared off. If we are nationally honest, we are ready to pay for what we have received.

Indebted for Useful Men

Our country has been the reservoir for the best and the richest blood of all Europe. A few years ago, a noted Irish leader, now a member of the British Parliament, was addressing a great gathering of Irish-Americans in Chicago. During his speech, he made this suggestive statement: "You Irish-Americans congratulate yourselves, because every year you send over a few thousand dollars to help us in our struggle for Home Rule. But I want to tell you that you are doing no more than you ought to do. America owes a greater debt to Ireland than Ireland does to America. America has not taken from us money, but she has taken from us what is of more value than money. Her magnetism has come into our large cities, and villages, and factory towns, and wooed from our shores the best and strongest young men and young women we had. She has taken them away annually, not by the scores and hundreds, but by the thousands and the tens of thousands. She has taken away the strongest young men and women we had and has left only the weaklings—those who are afraid to start out in the new world. Meanwhile, we, the stay-at-homes, must go on struggling, while our stalwart Irish-American brothers and sisters are winning success in another hemisphere." What that member of the British Parliament said in reference to Ireland, can be said in reference to almost every country of Europe. Go down to the great seaport towns of Norway and Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, and England, and Scotland, and ask those emigrants, those stalwart young fellows, and those red-cheeked lassies where they are going. Everywhere you can hear the same answer, "To America. We are sailing for America."

Has America no obligation to meet, when she has taken from other lands such foreign-born leaders as Alexander Hamilton to run her finances, and Agassiz to read the records of her rocks, and Ericsson to save her navies, and John Summerville and John Hall to preach in her pulpits, and Andrew Carnegie to build her steel works, and John W. Mackay to develop her mines, and Thomas Moran to paint her pictures, and Dr. Nicholas Senn to stand at her operating tables, and Franz Sigel to fight her battles, and Speaker Henderson to preside over her Congress, and Thomas Watson to plead at her bar? Shall the Goddess of Liberty feel no indebtedness to foreign countries, when she has taken from their firesides their fairest daughters, and their bravest and truest young men, and clasped them to her own heart until these adopted sons and daughters look up and call her mother?

If we were to blot out from American history the deeds of its foreign-born children, we would obliterate many of the best pages of our national heroics. An old poem begins something like this:

> O give us men! A time like this demands
> Clean minds, pure hearts, true faith and ready hands;
> Men who possess opinions and a will;
> Men whom desire for office does not kill.

To supply this national demand, foreign countries have been giving us for centuries their best treasures. They have given us their sturdiest men of mental and moral worth, and their fairest daughters, whose virtues are, as King Solomon says, "above the price of rubies." Surely, for such priceless gifts, America must acknowledge she is a debtor "to the Greeks and to the Barbarians."

Indebted for Religious Liberty

Religious liberty's cradle also was built across the seas. True, it was floated across the Atlantic; and during its tempestuous voyage of many miles, its infantile occupant grew and waxed stronger. But after all, we should not forget that the cradle of civil and religious liberty was first hammered together on foreign shores.

In the astronomical world, we find that stars generally travel in constellations, or in groups. Thus, we also find that every great advancement of the human race, spiritually or mentally, socially or economically, is in touch with other events, though they may be seen or unseen. The sweet-voiced village church bell of today is not entirely of American manufacture. It was cast in the hot fires of the Covenanter's persecutions. It was cast among the flames which wrapped their fiery tongues about the shrivelling bodies of John Huss and Ridley, and Latimer and Cranmer. It was cast among the burning logs heaped about the dying body of Savonorola, when the Italian priest, Elijah-like, was about to go to heaven in a chariot of fire. It was cast, centuries back, among the Nerodian persecutions, in the days of the apostolic martyrdoms.

Can we ever reach the day when we shall feel that our religious liberty is not a natural outgrowth of the Christian heroes and heroines who dared to defy "Bloody" Alva, the persecutor of the Netherlands, or Lord Claverhouse, the persecutor of old Scotland, or demoniac Catharine, the fiendish female instigator of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, or the bloody Queen Mary, of the English throne? When that grand old man, Hugh Latimer, then over eighty, stood among the burning logs that were cremating him, he turned to Bishop Ridley, his fellow martyr near by, and said: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Aye, they did, they did. They not only lighted a Gospel torch for England, but a torch which would blaze in America centuries afterward. We have religious liberty in America, because the first great battles for the enchainment and the decapitation of satanic bigotry were fought upon the other side of the seas.

Gifts of Household Comfort

America is indebted to foreign lands in a commercial and an artistic sense, as well as in a moral and spiritual sense. Some political speakers love to boast, that commercially we are independent of the world. They assert, it would make very little difference to us whether or no foreign countries held any trade relations with us at all. But this is not true. You are a wealthy man. You invite me to your home, some night, to a banquet. I accept. As I sit waiting for the other guests to arrive, I say: "Mr. So and So, this is a beautifully designed home. Where did your architect get the idea?" You answer: "The plans of this house are not his ideas. He merely worked them out in detail, after I had described them. Some years ago, while I was in England, I came across a beautiful country home. I then said to myself, that if I should ever have money enough, I would buil a house upon that plan. This home is the result of m resolve, made at that time." Under my feet, is a rug c exquisite workmanship. Where was it made? In th city of Damascus. It is an imported rug. When you wife comes in to greet me, she is dressed in a beautif costume. It came from the silk-worms of France. Tha diamond, glittering upon your finger, was dug out c the African mines. That beautiful porcelain vase upo your mantel-piece, has a foreign name stamped upon i base. This beautiful table-cloth, which is spread i your dining-room, came from Belfast. Those gran pictures upon your walls, were painted by artists wh rose to be masters by studying in foreign schools, an sitting at the feet of the old masters of Europe.

Competition not Repayment

Up to a comparatively recent date our commerci dependence upon European markets for nearly all ou goods and chattels was almost absolute. In 1820, th *Edinburgh Review* of Scotland tauntingly asked, "Wh in the four quarters of the globe reads an American boo or goes to an American play, or looks at an America painting, or statue? What does the world owe t American physicians or surgeons? What new su stances have their chemists discovered? What ne constellations have their astronomers discovered? Wh drinks out of American glasses? Who eats fro American plates? Who wears an American coat, c lies down to sleep in an American blanket?" Foreig manufacturers of the present day know only too we that since 1820 the commercial dependency of Americ upon commercial Europe has mightily changed. B we are still dependent upon Europe in many ways. Fir sen, the Norwegian, reaches across the seas to lesse the horrors of smallpox. Charles H. Spurgeon an Joseph Parker sent their messages of the Christ-lov Queen Victoria gave us the example of how a roy Queen could be a domestic Queen. And the ship which ply the Atlantic still return with as heavy ca goes as when they left our shores.

How, then, is America to cancel the national debt, i a moral and spiritual sense, which she owes to th modern Greeks and to the Barbarians? "Well," a swers some one, "I suppose the best way to repay th debt we owe to foreign lands is to make our goods be ter and cheaper than they can make them, and then g forward and capture their markets for our home indu tries?" Ah, my brother, I am not here to fritter awa my time answering these selfish propositions prompte by mere commercialism. I am here to-day to tell yc how, in the language and the spirit of the Apostle Pau we are to cancel the national debt we owe to foreig lands. I am here to-day to tell you how best we c pay the debt, as individuals, as well as a nation. W can repay our national debt, first, by conveying to fo eign lands the sweet message of the Calvary Cros When, many years ago, five humble consecrated st dents met behind a haystack in old Williamstow where I used to go to college, and founded the fir American Foreign Missionary Society, one of th greatest purposes of America's future life was giv practical form. Those five young men planned evangelistic work, which had the same world-wide sco that Paul's mission had for the Christian religion. the religion of Jesus Christ is the beneficent thing th we profess to believe it, are we justified in keeping th knowledge of it to ourselves? Are we not bound debtors to the whole world to repay our obligations b making it known far and wide?

The Example of Physicians

The medical profession sets us an example in its pe formance of this duty. No sooner does a physician di cover a means of alleviating physical suffering than h places it at the disposal of his professional brethren, th world over. When Edward Jenner demonstrated th marvelous immunity of a human being who was vacc nated with cowpox, did he keep his discovery from th world? Did he refuse to advocate it lest he might b persecuted by such medical authorities as Dr. Inge housz and Dr. Pearson? Oh, no. As an intelligen man, he deplored the awful destruction made by th terrible scourge of smallpox. He knew that whol countries had been almost depopulated by the pes Mexico was not conquered so much by Cortes, as it wa made helpless by the invasion of this king of horrib plagues, called smallpox. When the Pilgrim Fathe landed upon the Massachusetts shores, they found th the Indian tribe which the year before had been inhal iting that part of the country, had been entirely obli erated, with the exception of one man, by the fat ravages of smallpox. So, in the face of derision, an

persecution, Jenner proclaimed the gospel of vaccination. Though he might, and to a great extent did, destroy his private practice, he kept crying to suffering humanity, "Here is a remedy for this dreadful and malignant disease. Take it and live! Take it and live."

When James Y. Simpson perfected his investigations in chloroform, did he keep them to himself? Did he patent them, and say: "You come to me, or suffer and die?" No. He freely gave the anæsthetic to the world. And to-day, thousands upon thousands of men and women who have been compelled to lie upon an operating-table, have risen up to call him blessed. Is the German physician, Robert Koch, working in his laboratory for personal gain? Oh, no. He is trying, purely on philanthropic grounds, to cure consumption, which causes at least one-fourth of the total annual mortality among the human race. If he ever perfects a germicide for the tuberculosis bacilli, he will at once tell all he knows. He is struggling, and working, and analyzing, purely to save a dying race.

What a lesson do these illustrious benefactors of the human race teach us! How they study, and investigate, and labor to alleviate suffering and increase the longevity of mankind! And when any of them discover a remedy for disease, or a means of removing deformity, how eagerly they make the discovery known, that all the world may share in the benefit! In our hands, we have a revelation of infinitely greater value. Their discoveries can, at the best, prolong life only a few years; while the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the Gospel of eternal life and the remedy for the universal malady of sin. Yet there are among us men calling themselves Christians, who make no effort to publish the knowledge of that remedy. They say: "If the Chinese are not willing to receive our Gospel missionaries, then let those missionaries stay at home. Let the Chinese hordes grovel and die! Let the human streams of heathen life become choked with moral vermin! It is their own look-out, not ours!" I tell you to-day, that Christian America's foreign obligations can never be cancelled until Jesus Christ is preached to all people. The nations of the world have also other claims upon us, as a Christian people, that must not be ignored. If we have the spirit of Christ, we shall not be unmindful of their material wants. He who "had compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat," would never have closed his ears to the cry of a famine-stricken nation. If we would be like him, we, too, should feed the hungry and succor the homeless, the widow and the orphan. How better can we make known the grandeur and beauty of the Christian faith, than in proving to other nations its beneficent influence. As the hand of Christian America is stretched out across the seas, bearing bread for the starving, they see Christ living again in us, and bless his dear name. Having accepted from us the bread that perishes, they will listen as we tell them of the Bread that came down from heaven, of which if a man eat he shall live for ever. Were the welcoming doors of heathen India ever more widely opened for the Gospel message, than when the shiploads of American breadstuffs were floated across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean, down the Red Sea, and over the Indian Ocean, until they were safely landed in the harbor of Bombay, during the awful Indian famines of 1897 and 1900? I have seen it estimated that hundreds of thousands of starving and dying natives were physically saved through American generosity during those two years. But no one, save the Recording Angel of Heaven, will ever be able to keep track of the multitudes of immortal souls who will ultimately be brought to the feet of Christ, through the contributions and the prayers of those who tried to some extent to allay the horrors of that awful famine plague. When did Russia ever hear a sweeter Gospel message than that played by the waves lapping the ships' prows, which carried American food to her peasants during the famine plague of 1892? And while we are thus considering the philanthropic aspect our national duty to other lands sometimes assumes, I want to make an especial plea for famine-stricken Finland. I make it the more earnestly, because many of her sons and daughters have migrated to our shores, and therefore, for that reason, Finland has a special claim upon us. They are of the same household of faith with ourselves, therefore, it is doubly our duty to aid them.

Though the religious and daily newspapers have been for weeks filled with the accounts of Finland's sufferings, the heroism and appalling misery that people of the North are going through, will probably never be fully told. But as I try to describe it to you in part, no words of mine can so forcibly present the condition of that afflicted land as does the simple statement which Inspector Leaitt, who knows that country well, gave to a representative of the American Press: "I have seen much of the suffering," he says. "It has been awfully black and is so still, take my word for that. I have become, through custom, almost hardened to seeing women and children crying for food, that was common as recently as two years ago. When I hear people talk about conditions being exaggerated, I think of how I have seen human beings eating bran; every mother in this community is delighted to get meat bones that have been discarded by more prosperous householders, and boil them and reboil them, until they float, in the hope of extracting particles of nourishment. You will be right in saying that we have staved off starvation till now, but God help us if relief should now fail us." Oh, my brother and sister, could any plea presented to you for food be more pathetic, more urgent than that?

Starving Finland is stretching her arms across the Atlantic, appealing for bread from Christian America. Dare we, can we refuse to heed the cry? Dare we, shall we stop our ears to this Gospel call? Remember that solemn question of the Apostle: "He that hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" As you love your children, think of those children that are starving. As you love your wife, think of those wives, and mothers, and sisters, who are now tottering upon the brink of the grave, because they have nothing to eat. May God lead you to see your duty in reference to this call which comes from across the seas. Then, to some extent at least, we may be able to cancel a part of the national debt which Christian America owes to the modern "Greeks and to the Barbarians."

CHRISTIANITY IN THE METROPOLITAN POLICE

POLICEMAN LOWE OFFICER W. E. WILLIS CAPT. D DRISCOLL INSPECTOR T. L. DRUHAN CAPT. R. E. DOOLEY SERGEANT E. D. STROPE ROUNDSMAN W. NESBITT

THE police force of New York city is composed of men from every walk in life: there are ministers and lawyers, doctors and dentists, musicians, artists, civil and mechanical engineers, mechanics of every trade, and also those who were hewers of wood and drawers of water. The majority are God-fearing, God-respecting men, many of them active, earnest workers for souls. Those of whom I write in this article are all active members of the uniformed force at the present time. They are doing their duty as policemen and are also striving zealously for the betterment of their fellow-man.

CAPT. M. O'REILLY

Sergeant Ezra D. Strope, of the Eleventh Precinct, comes of sturdy old Holland stock. He has a record for bravery and splendid service. He is very popular with the men and greatly beloved and respected by all. He is a Christian, having been converted in 1890. At the time, the idea of a policeman professing Christianity was the cause of much comment, one paper referring to it as a "modern miracle." The interesting story of his conversion is best told in his own words:

For forty years I was a man of the world, and you know what that means. I cared nothing for church work and had little thought of eternity or the salvation of my soul: in fact was very much offended if spoken to on the subject. This was my condition when the Salvation Army first came to this country. They shortly afterwards established themselves in the precinct to which I was attached as a patrolman, and I was often sent to their meetings to preserve order. For a long time I was indifferent, never thinking that I needed salvation as much as the worst sinner that was there. But after a while I became interested, and then my eyes began to open, and, although I was considered a moral man and a good citizen, I saw that I was a sinner and was drifting down as fast as I could go, and that unless I forsook my sins and accepted Jesus as my Saviour I was lost. Those were miserable days for me; and yet I couldn't keep away from these meetings: at every opportunity I was there, but still I resisted, and the wonder to me to-day is that the Spirit of God which was striving within me did not leave me. Many times the question was asked me, "Aren't you going to settle it to-night?" and I would say, "No, not to-night." Our only child was stricken down. Physicians gave no hope; and then I decided to ask the prayers of God's people, and promised that if he would spare the life of our dear one I would serve him the rest of my life. God answered those prayers, and thus far I have kept my word and have no desire to go back into the world, for I find it's good to serve him, and have been repaid ten thousand times for any sacrifice that I have ever made. I am to-day rejoicing in a precious Saviour.

Sergeant Strope is an active member of the Christian Police Association, a member of the Jane Street M. E. Church, and president of the Epworth League. On Sunday night, from 6.30 to 7.30, the league holds a prayer meeting from the band stand in Abingdon Square, and the sergeant writes me of the success of these meetings:

We are assisted by members from Perry Street Church and from Metropolitan Temple, and have an organ, a cornet and a choir of from seventy-five to a hundred voices. There has not been a time that our audience has not numbered over a thousand. These meetings have been a wonderful success, judging from the fact that upon each occasion from fifteen to twenty-five, both men and women, have expressed a desire to become Christians. Life is short, and I pray that God may open the way that I can do more, for I must work while it is yet day, for night cometh when no man can work.

Among the devout and conscientious Christian men of the police force, none ranks higher as a Christian than Inspector Thomas L. Druhan. He lives what he professes, and all his actions show his belief. He has heard the roar of cannon on the battle-field, and he has been a policeman for many years and has climbed the ladder to his present position by merit alone. He is always willing to help those of his command who are trying to do right.

Capt. Dennis Driscoll is another of the "old guard" of honest officers, who cannot be driven from the narrow path of duty. He lives in the neighborhood where he was born, and worships in the church where he was christened. Acting Inspector James Campbell, now in charge of the Tenth Inspection District, is another of those who believe in "doing, and not talking." He has been on the force many years. To Capt. Campbell, acting inspector of the Tenth District, was assigned the task to "clean Coney Island." For years it had been a stamping-ground for swindlers and gamblers, and loose characters of both sexes felt safe to ply their vocation there without molestation. All these moral offenders were ordered to leave at once or suffer arrest, and many went. Those who insisted on remaining were promptly arrested, tried, fined, or imprisoned, and in a very short time Coney Island was thoroughly purged of the vicious element.

Capt. Myles O'Reilly is a veteran of the civil war, a veteran policeman, and a devout Christian, who tries to live up to his profession of faith. He is literally a "terror to evil-doers."

Captain Robert E. Dooley is another of the honest, conscientious Christian members of the police force. Roundsman Alexander T. Atwater's bravery has earned his chevrons for him. He has repeatedly risked his like for others in the performance of his duty. He is indefatigable in all kinds of church work. He frequently gives entertainments to the inmates of an orphan's home, and in the summer he regularly gives them a day's outing at Coney Island, at his own expense. One can read in those happy little faces, how they appreciate the generosity of their benefactor.

The Rev. Herbert Lowe, patrolman of the Fifty-fourth Precinct. Officer Lowe was appointed on the force August 17, 1885, and, to use his own words, "joined the Army of the Lord about one year later." His career is already well known to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He was ordained into the ministry the 29th of July, 1901. He is thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, and has written many verses on Bible subjects. His endeavors to make his religion practical have brought good results, and there are many men residing in his precinct who can bear testimony to his teaching. He is an ardent advocate of temperance. Religion is not a fad with him, for he has been an earnest worker in the Master's vineyard for over sixteen years, and is a potent power in the cause of right. Herbert Lowe is just as good a policeman as he is a Christian, and his superior officers will corroborate this assertion.

Roundsman William Nesbitt is probably one of the strongest Christian characters that can be found on the force. He is attached to the Thirty-eighth Precinct, Tremont, as a mounted roundsman. When off duty, he is always engaged in performing some kindly deed to help his fellow man, and his "night off" is generally spent in some pulpit, preaching the Gospel. He was converted while attending services in the M. E. Church, corner Seventh street and Bowery, under the pastorate of the Rev. John Parker. He is an effective speaker and exhorter. He has been used to guide many a poor wayfaring soul into the Kingdom of Christ. He is an active member of the Christian Police Association, and of the Washington Avenue M. E. Church, Tremont.

These men have learned the truth of the Scriptures that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." They are wise, and are extending their wisdom to their fellow-man. Policemen, like other men, are human; their vocation subjects them to more temptations than those who follow some other pursuits in life. Yet despite all these handicaps, many of them are Christians and an honor to their calling.

W. E. WILLIS.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE IN CHINA

COPIES of the fifteenth annual report of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge Among the Chinese for the year ending September 30, 1902, have reached this country. All who concern themselves in this great fraction of mankind will find themselves much interested in this book of sixty-two pages, filled with data duly authenticated and not generally accessible.

This Society, made up of the missionary societies on the ground, includes the diffusion of that general information in which all agree. It is really the summary of the agreement of modern Protestantism *versus* the thought of China. Thoroughly Christian, it helps the Chinese leap the chasm between methods and considerations of the Chinese thinking to the methods and considerations of Christian thought in all of those bearings not strictly evangelical and denominational—in all the different departments of life, social, commercial, judicial and personal. This great region of thought not purely evangelical, fixes the habits of many minds as they reach the subject of evangelical Christianity.

The progress of Christianity in China, as well as in Japan, would be greatly aided if the natives thought by Christian methods. Every one realizes how great an obstruction are the Chinese printed characters, in any effort to obtain a knowledge of the people. Infinitely more serious and obstructive still, and far deeper, is the thought which underlies the language and the way of thinking. This pamphlet rests upon the Protestant missionary thought and progressive instrumentalities. The parties in control are largely detailed from the several missionary bodies, to carry on this work of general literature. It strengthens itself by printing every dollar given to its treasury, whether by the missionaries, or persons wholly secular, or given by native Chinese. It has in its pages, a number of pictures of the eminent natives who have aided this work. It signifies much that this Society, organized among the natives and people of the country, have distributed during the year over $62,000 worth of their publications among the people who read Chinese, and thus have begun to think by Christian methods. The Society utilizes the means afforded for circulation by the internal postal arrangements and the methods of commerce. During the year, they have circulated over 33,239 volumes of their publications, old and new, while they have a considerable number awaiting circulation. The Society gets over the difficulty of language—of going abroad to learn the language—in other countries, by putting the best thought into Chinese characters. The Society endeavors to bring the mind of China into the family of the nations of the earth, by issuing the publications which are sent wherever called for throughout the empire, and thus great numbers are beginning to think on current events as they occur.

A TRIAL BEFORE A MANDARIN'S COURT IN CHINA

The Society, on request, issues a pamphlet in the interest of the Anti-Footbinding Society of the country. So it responds to any great reform that is undertaken among the people. In the distribution of the half million of taels for the year, among the new colleges of the several States, the pamphlet gives the following: Chekiang, Honan, Kweichow, Fookien, Kiangsi, Kwangtung, Soochow, Nanking, Shantung, Shansi, Chihli, Prefectural Colleges in Soochow, Prefectural Colleges in Shantung under R. C. Bishop Anzer. These colleges for modern education all become great distributing agencies for the publications of this Society, and thus create especially a demand for text-books for modern culture, which would be greatly effective for its purposes.

* * *

The Secretary of the Society, Rev. Timothy Richards, D.D., has been in this country, and is personally known to many of our leaders of public sentiment. The friends are not surprised at the edict of the Chinese in their progress of modern thought, in which they commend his ministry.

JOHN EATON.

Washington, D. C.

A WEST INDIAN "DREAM ISLAND"

...By...
CHAPLAIN C. Q. WRIGHT, U. S. A.

ST. CHRISTOPHER appears a long way from the United States, after one has spent a few days there. The colored people, who compose the bulk of the population, have well defined classes among themselves. All the lower class, both young and old, male and female, are given to begging on the street and highway, as a side employment. The Portuguese have gradually risen from plantation laborers to shopkeepers, and are gaining the ascendancy in trade, thus increasing and magnifying the Catholic church, to which they all belong.

The entire island is given up to sugar planting, and from the sea looks like one unbroken plantation, from the base of the central mountain range to the coast line.

All things and customs here have a primitive look—the sugar mills, the buildings, the shops, the churches, the manners of the people, the fortifications. There is not a tramway on the island, and a tandem wheel attracted a mob that followed it as far into the country as the speed of their legs would allow. On the other hand, there is an excellent road clear round the island, and, at Basse Terre, the capital, a fine pier and landing, good new public buildings, a park, squares, a club, a weekly paper, and a daily sheet of cablegrams. Here the U. S. Consulate is the most attractive building to be seen from the harbor, and the Consul is one of the most popular and influential officials. He is Dr. Haven, of Chicago, and his good wife is as popular as he is. There is one mail-carrier for the capital, of some ten thousand population, with three deliveries daily. Rev. Mr. Price, of the Wesleyan Church, has the largest congregation in the city (two thousand). The "upper class" attended St. George's (Episcopal).

* * *

As elsewhere in the West Indies, the Moravians have long maintained an extensive and valuable work in St. Kitts (St. Kitts is a native contraction of St. Christopher), and in Nevis, which is separated from St. Kitts by a narrow strait, a little over a mile in width. The same may be said of the Wesleyans. I was gratified to find several excellent hospitals in St. Kitts, one a leper hospital, where about eighty unfortunates are accommodated, and where the several Protestant bodies alternate in holding religious services Sunday afternoons.

I found an interesting echo of primitive days in the local custom at Basse Terre of calling the English Church "the Protestant Church"—harking back to a time when there was but one Protestant body here. Another strange custom they have is that of a salt fish breakfast on Sunday morning—both in mansion and hut. Among the poor, salt fish and sweet potatoes form almost the sole diet, and the fish is none too plentiful either, though it sells for six to eight cents a pound.

Each church has flourishing schools, which are assisted by the government. There are weekly mails to and from England, Canada and the United States. A well-governed island it is; yet, without street or electric cars, book-store or news-stand, soda-fountain, wheels or automobiles, ferry-boats or trains or other features of modern life, it seems somewhat like an ancient island plantation—a dream-island out of the past, set down far out in the midst of the vast ocean, silent and alone—a little bit of world by itself.

THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL

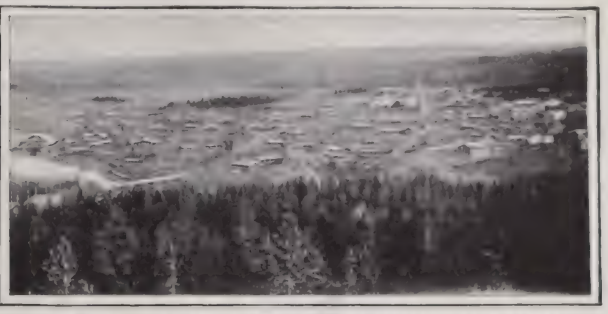
CANDIDATES MARCHING TO BAPTISM AT DEEP BAY, ST. KITTS

THE TREASURY BUILDING, ST. KITTS

N THE HEART OF THE FAMINE LAND

. Klopsch Now in Finland, Personally Inspecting the Relief Work—$20,000 More Given for Food for the Starving

A WINTER SCENE IN THE GULF OF FINLAND



THE TOWN OF KAJANA, WHERE MANY ARE SUFFERING FROM FAMINE

AFTER a long and arduous journey in mid-winter, Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of this journal, arrived in Helsingfors, Finland, on February 26. Owing, probably, to the ice in the Gulf of Finland, it was considered advisable to make the journey from altic port, overland, via St. Petersburg. He made a rt stay in the Russian capital, and while there succeeded in a marked degree in arousing a more active mpathy in behalf of the suffering Finns.

On reaching Helsingfors, where he was cordially welcomed by the Finnish Central Relief Committee, Dr. Klopsch immediately took steps to secure as full and urate information from the famine field as was available. On every side, he was met by reports of widespread suffering. After a brief but most convincing ssion with the Committee and its agents, during which latest reports from the famine districts were discussed, he directed that the sum of **$20,000** be paid to Committee from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine nd for immediate use. The total remittances from Famine Fund up to the present time, are as follows:

an. 16, $5,000 to Helsingfors Committee.
an. 22, 5,000 to Helsingfors Committee.
an. 27, 5,000 to Helsingfors Committee.
eb. 6, 10,000 to Helsingfors Committee.
eb. 6, 5,000 to Stockholm Committee.
eb. 26, 5,000 to St. Petersburg Finnish Com.
eb. 27, 20,000 to Helsingfors Committee.

$55,000 Total to date.

Accompanied by Mr. Gilson Willets, and by several ding Finnish gentlemen interested in the work, Dr. opsch is now traveling in the heart of the famine vinces. He will make a thorough tour of the north- and eastern sections of Finland, and will personally pect the relief methods. He will have an opportunity to observe how the plan of giving employment to relief applicants works, and also to what extent relief is distributed as a free gift. There are many remote alities in Finland where it would be impracticable to pose working conditions upon the applicants, on account of the scarcity of labor and the general poverty the farmers.

Dr. Klopsch's Tour

Mr. Klopsch's tour will probably occupy the next two eks. On his return to Helsingfors, he will submit to Committee any suggestions that may have arisen of his experience in the famine districts, and will e such other steps as the occasion may demand. On ving Finland, he will proceed to Stockholm, where will meet the Swedish Relief Committee, who have pealed for American aid.

The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and all who ve been associated with them in this life-saving cruade in Finland, will be glad to know that their symthy and generosity have already borne fruit in a very expected and significant way. Russia's heart has en touched by the evidences of American sympathy for Finns, and the Czar has interested himself personally. has ordered extensive relief works to be started thout delay—chiefly railroad building, swamp drainand the construction of great public buildings—and s expected that when these are fairly under way, the tress will be greatly lessened, and ultimately relieved. t the average government moves slowly, and even editing the Czar with the best intentions, it will probly be many weeks before the official relief can ect the general situation, or relieve the suffering in remote districts where famine-fever now prevails, d where there are thousands of weak women and chilen who must be helped gratuitously if their lives are be saved. It is for the rescue of these helpless ones at the Committee at Helsingfors and the local Committees throughout Finland must now exert themselves. If next two months can be safely passed, the starving ccored and the sick given needful aid and medicines, en the prospect will be favorable for a return to something like normal conditions in the spring, when the imperial relief works plan can go into practical operation.

Present Famine Conditions

Just what the present conditions in Finland are, may be gathered from the following letters, which have been forwarded by Mr. J. H. Jasberg, Secretary of the Finnish Central Relief Committee of the United States.

JUUKA, PROVINCE OF KUOPIE, FINLAND.
Jan. 6, 1903.

Amidst need and sorrow I wish to tell you of the misery that the Almighty has visited upon the poor Finnish people, to administer his will and correct both rich and poor, to show that no one may protest against his ways, no more than children against the punishment of their parents.

No work is to be had, and should one out of ten have some, what will the fifty pennias (ten cents) which he receives per day, be to the large families? Already many have been compelled to make bread from bark. Foreign grain is cheap, but money there is none. In the towns and cities large sums have been raised for the famine sufferers, but their help is not sufficient. All public funds even have been loaned, but even with that all could not be provided. Our parish has petitioned for 100,000 marks ($19,500), for the farm owners, but the distressed laborers are entirely helpless. Even though the older people should be able to endure the hunger more bravely, still the large number of innocent children crying for bread and clothing will cause their parents to heave many a sigh of sorrow, as they are not able to withstand the pangs of hunger like grown people. Often must we go to bed with our weeping families, all hungry, hoping that God may provide something for the morrow. There is no hope of conditions improving before next summer. Those most in need have selected me to make this appeal for help (in the name of the Almighty God, and praying for deliverance from this terrible condition) to you, and we hope that you will undertake the task of collecting money for our help as soon as possible, as you well know how long a day is in poverty.

We implore you, in the name of God, not to disregard our request, but to heed our cry of distress. ERO HUTTUNEN.

Another letter says:

KAAVI, PROVINCE OF KUOPIA, FINLAND, Jan. 15.

The punishment of God at this time is very severe, for, besides the famine, there is sickness and death, and the people here are dying, so that twenty burials are to be performed on most Sundays. In our own village, whole families are dying, and the famine-suffering is universal amongst all. Some aid is coming to the poorest people now and then, both clothing and food, but the farmers do not receive anything. No man can believe this story of starvation, unless he has been an eye-witness of a famine. For these reasons, many people are emigrating to America from here.

An Eye Witness' Story of the Famine

DREADFUL tales of want and suffering continue to come from Finland, where the present famine is the worst within the memory of living man, taxing to the utmost the strenuous efforts to ameliorate its severities put forth ceaselessly by the Central Relief Committee in Helsingfors and its many branches throughout the country. One of the most distressing of all accounts is that of an eye-witness who has just traveled through the extreme easterly section of the government of Uleaborg from the 66° north latitude down south to the 64°. In a corner of the extensive parish of Suomussalmi, under the 65th parallel, just where a narrow ridge acts as a watershed, sending the waters of the Vuokki, northeast over into Russia, and other streams southeast into the lakes around Lentura, there is an estate called Keskinen. Here poverty and want had wrought a ghastly picture indeed, and the degree of misery and suffering exceeded anything that had previously come under the observation of the travelers who tell this tale, and who had nevertheless had occasion to witness a constant spectacle of human woe differing only in degree.

The lot of the farmer folk who owned this estate was already a hard one, but what words can describe the abject misery to which the family lodging with them was reduced? Well might the visitors stand horrified and dumfounded with an overwhelming sense of pity and shuddering amaze, after they had, with bent backs, stepped cautiously through the low doorway and entered the narrow room, breathing an unhealthy and suffocating atmosphere.

The place was in semi-darkness, even though it was midday, for the small window-panes had been broken in places and patched with paper, rags, and bits of boarding, and what glass was left was covered with grime and smoke-stains. It was not until one's eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the gloom that it was possible to distinguish more than a few dim figures in the murky atmosphere. As their uncertain outlines gradually grew more clearly discernible, four or five children, stark naked, shaped themselves out from the darkness. The eldest, a girl of eleven or twelve, evidently ashamed of her nakedness, shrank back into the darkest corner, whence she emerged after a minute or two with an old petticoat of the farmer's wife suspended from her neck, and forming a sack like covering for her whole frame. The other children scurried across the floor in their Adam's costume, showing their crooked limbs and swollen stomachs and dirty skin of a yellowish gray.

A Sorrowful Group

The farmer's wife sat near the doorway, twining a thread hemp across her knees. She pointed out still another child lying in a cradle. "Every one of those children belongs to them—not one of them is ours," she declared. "Not a stitch do they possess in common."

Where, then, were the parents of this miserable brood? Further search in the farthest and darkest corner revealed a human creature squatting upon a few wretched rags. It was a comparatively young man, or rather, the withered figure of one. He was huddled together in a cramped position, trying to support his body on one emaciated arm. His sunken, dulled eyes stared aimlessly into space. His long hair straggled unkempt over his ears, while his pinched and haggard face was framed in a matted beard. Up from his bare breast and between his loose, open jaws, the breath labored hoarsely, painfully. Alongside of him was seated his wife, rocking a crying baby in a dilapidated basket, and staring unintermittedly upon the floor.

"Has he been lying there long?" they inquired.

The unhappy woman replied, without once raising her eyes: "Ever since St. Bartholomew's Day. That was just before this little one was born, and since then he has not been able to get up from the boards."

"Is it consumption he is suffering from, or what?"

"Who knows what it really is? In his side he has an open sore, which is running all the time. It is certain that it will be the death of him."

A Wife's Story of Suffering

The woman of the house laid down her work and came nearer to the group to give a fuller version of the woful story.

"They had their own cottage, sure enough," she said, "but last summer it was burned down, and the whole lot of them came over here to our place. We had precious little room to spare, but where could the poor, homeless creatures go? The father—this same man, Ollikainen—was a good, willing workman, a skilful timber-raftsman, and was perfectly able to look after his young ones. But all at once, he was taken sick and had to take to his bed, and, sure enough, he will never be well again. In six months' time he has dwindled away, till of the once strong, hale man, nothing remains but this bag of bones."

"But why have you done nothing for him?"

"Who is there to attend him, and what have we that will do it any good? It must indeed be terrible for him to have to rot away like this. The nearest drug store is at Kuhmo, about forty miles away, and, even if we had anyone to go all that distance after medicine, we have no money to buy any. We have not seen a single piece of money for months, and I doubt if there is now a cent to be found in the whole place."

The sick man's wife here broke down utterly.

"How," she asked in a torrent of tears, "is one to get medicines or bandages, when it is hardly possible to keep the breath in the children's bodies? Now and then we've been able to get a few drops of milk for the poor sick fellow from some compassionate folk, and that is all we can ask—any other sort of liquid it was no good even thinking of."

And indeed, the case was piteous beyond all words. Without such scant help as this wretched family had received from the community and chance visitors, they must have all starved to death long ago. As it was, the father was past all help, condemned to lie there and watch his own wife and child slowly starve before his very eyes.

The travelers spoke of getting the clergy at Kuhmo to send medicines and carbolic. They placed a few marks in the hand of the wife, bade her by every means possible get the most necessary medical supplies, and, with words of feigned encouragement and hope but hearts weighed down with pain and foreboding, bade the poor starving wretches good-bye. H. MONTAGUE DOSSETER.

All contributions for the Famine sufferers in Finland, and also for those in Sweden, should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Contributors are requested to state clearly in their letters whether their gifts are for Finland or for Sweden. All will be acknowledged in these columns and will be duly cabled to the authorized committee in Helsingfors, the other to the Swedish Relief Committee at Stockholm.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage. For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Papal Commission

THE questions raised by Prof. Delitzsch in his lecture before the German Emperor, to which reference was made in these columns last week, are to be submitted to a Commission of learned Roman Catholic scholars. As our readers are aware, the questions are not new. For many years past, as the books found in the ancient libraries have been deciphered, assertions have been made that the Bible writers made free use of literature which was already ancient when they wrote. Thousands of the clay tablets, which were the books of the ancient Assyrians, have been unearthed, and upon them are inscribed stories of the Garden of Eden and the Deluge and other events, which, in many details, closely resemble the Bible narratives. The scholars pronounce them to be of a date long before Moses, and suggest that he, being "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," may have derived his historical facts from them. It is worthy of note, however, that the scholars are by no means unanimous on the subject. Prof. Hilprecht, whose knowledge on such subjects is vastly superior to that of Prof. Delitzsch, affirms that "the polytheism of Babylon has absolutely nothing in common with the monotheism of Israel," and he has proved by quotations that no part of that which forms the essence of the faith of Israel has been borrowed from the religion of Babylon. To this may be added that the principles of Christianity are not involved in the question, which relates to matters long anterior to Christ's coming.

In view of this radical difference of opinion among the only men competent to decide, it is gratifying to learn that the Pope, who evidently fully realizes the momentous importance of the subject, has appointed the Commission to carefully examine all the evidence. He has placed at their disposal the manuscripts of the Vatican Library, which is the richest in all Europe, and has authorized the members of the Commission to consult scholars who do not belong to the Roman Catholic Church. They will thus be able to call to their assistance Jews and Assyriologists of other faiths, which will be of immense value to them. As the questions involved are purely those of scholarship, and have nothing to do with the differences between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches, the impartiality of the Commission is assured. Many years will probably be occupied by the investigation, but when its decision is announced it will command the respect of the whole world. In the meantime, Christian people have no cause for apprehension about the stability of God's Word. "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

The Wesley Celebration

NEW YORK and the whole country, on February 26, honored the memory of John Wesley, by a tremendous bi-centenary celebration in Carnegie Hall, at which the assembled thousands listened to eloquent addresses from President Roosevelt, Chancellor Day, of the Syracuse University, Bishop Andrews, and others, distinguished in ecclesiastical and public affairs. The rally was a fitting climax to the great effort recently put forth by the Methodists of America for the extension of that denomination's church, educational and missionary work. But it was, more than aught else, a splendid national tribute to the founder of Methodism —a Wesleyan pæan to the memory of the greatest religious leader of the eighteenth century, during whose long career of active service, hundreds of thousands were converted and brought into intimate relations with the Christian Church.

It was peculiarly fitting that the celebration should be held in the city where Wesley preached his first sermon on this continent, in 1776, and where, shortly afterward, was built the first Methodist meeting-house in America. What a wonderful harvest has sprung up from that one man's earnest, consecrated labor! Over 80,000 churches, with a membership of nearly 8,000,000; 48,000 ministers and nearly thrice that number of local preachers; 81,000 Sunday Schools, with an aggregate of over 7,000,000 scholars, and 860,000 teachers and officers —a grand total of 24,000,000 of adherents throughout the world. In his own lifetime he saw the seed of his labors greatly multiplied, and when he passed away, there were fully 50,000 Methodists in the United States. But the greater harvest came afterward.

Although some eloquent speeches were made at the recent celebration, perhaps no tribute that could be paid to Wesley's memory ever equalled that which was written by Lecky, the historian, who wrote that the ministry of Wesley was of greater and more far-reaching importance to the age in which he lived, and to posterity, than all of England's victories. His influence upon English-speaking people throughout the world has probably never been equalled by that of any preacher or statesman of his time.

John Wesley's enduring monument is in the hearts of his followers. Zealous to carry out the great soul-saving work he began, they have penetrated to every part of the globe, spreading the Gospel of Jesus. They have dotted the world with missions. They have added to their legions men and women of every race and color, from the equator to the arctic and antarctic. Now that they have set out upon a new crusade to the farthest boundaries, who can foreshadow the magnitude of the results to be accomplished? Such zeal, such energy, such self-sacrifice, are sure to be blessed with a harvest that will eclipse all past triumphs, and which will add new laurels to the crown which the Christian world has already wreathed upon the temples of the founder of Methodism, and bring fresh glory and honor to the Master whom Wesley loved so well, and served so long and faithfully.

Is Smoot a Polygamist?

IT is now openly alleged by citizens of Utah, that Apostle Reed Smoot, United States Senator-elect, is a polygamist. In a protest forwarded to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, the direct charge is made that—

> Since the admission of Utah into the Union of States he, although then and there having a legal wife, married a plural wife in the State of Utah, in violation of the laws and compacts herein before described, and since such plural or polygamous marriage the said Reed Smoot has lived and cohabited with both his legal wife and his plural wife in the State of Utah and elsewhere, as occasion offered, and that the only record of such plural marriage is the secret record made and kept by the authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which secret record is in the exclusive custody and control of the First Presidency and the quorum of the twelve Apostles of the said church, of which the said Reed Smoot is one, and is beyond the control or power of the protestants.

The signers of the protest ask that the Senate compel the First Presidency, the quorum of the Twelve Apostles and Senator-elect Smoot, to produce the secret record for the Senate's consideration. This would seem to be a reasonable demand. If the allegation of polygamy should be sustained by the evidence, it will relieve the Senate of any necessity for action in the case, as the Mormon member could not take his seat, being in violation of the constitutional pledge. If he be not a polygamist, there still remains for the Senate the exercise of its privilege of expulsion, under a concurrent two-thirds majority vote of its members. By all means let us have the record.

The Interfering Outsider

FAMILY peace is often marred by the interfering outsider. Almost always, if there is nobody to comment or fan the flame of a quarrel, husband and wife will adjust a transient difference. A cousin, aunt, or indiscreet mother, who takes sides and makes injudicious remarks, will stir up strife where domestic dissension gives the slightest peg on which to hang foolish words or satirical jests. Every home is best by itself; but when there is need for the presence of an outsider who must be an integral part of the circle, she must beware of interference. Silence is always safe.

Love is the sovereign solvent for every household puzzle. If you are in a home where there is friction, whether a member or a friend from without, try the virtue of true love every day in little things.

"Good Measure, Pressed Down"

To The Christian Herald: I wish to thank you for the beautiful volume, *The Speaking Oak*. It is far beyond expectation, and adds one more laurel to the paper it accompanies into so many homes. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD always gives more than it promises—good measure, pressed down, and running over.

Linwood, O. MRS. S. ROSS, SR.

God Heard Their Cry in the Dark

The Wreck of the S. S. Madiana Described by a Passenger on the Ill-Fated Vessel

FROM Mr. Edwin Ives, of Montclair, N. J., a passeng on the steamship *Madiana*, which was wrecked on t Bermuda reefs on Tuesday morning, at 4 A.M., Febr ary 10, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a most i teresting account of the disaster, and of the providenti rescue of the passengers and crew from what seemed to certain destruction. Mr. Ives writes:

"Sunday (Feb. 8) began very stormy, so that we could ho no service on board. There was no dry place on deck; sh rolling heavily all day and all night; most of the passenge are sick in their berths, and have been all day. The ga unceasing all night. No sleeping to-night.

"Monday—Deck wet all day; the heavy gale increasin Heavy seas are washing over the sides. Another restle night.

"Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, our ship at fu speed, has run upon the rocks, one of the Bermuda reef about a mile from North Rock, about fourteen miles fro Hamilton. It was a fearful pounding and grinding for son minutes, when the second mate and steward called all pa sengers to put on life preservers and get on the upper dec as soon as possible. The waters rushing into the holes mad in the ship's bottom soon stopped the engine, and in a fe minutes all was in total darkness, while the passengers their different rooms sought to cover themselves with wh they could, and then put on the life preservers. The sea rushing in so fast, some reach the upper deck with ver little clothes on; bare-headed, bare-footed; very much co fused. In the hurry, coming out of their rooms to see wh was the matter, and being dark, they go into the wron rooms and put on anything that they can feel in the darkne which surround them.

"Men make the same mistakes, so that in some instanc the clothing of the sexes are changed. The sea is closing upon us. The wind is blowing a gale on the port side an the heavy waves come over without mercy, so that the wave continually come over us. The moon opened out upon us fo a few minutes, then disappeared, and we saw it no more, unt the daylight came some two hours afterwards. We are no in total darkness, huddled together wherever it may be, t escape the heavy seas, which continually come over from th port side, and threaten to engulf us, for there seems no she ter from them where we stand, and the decks below are eve with the water's edge. These are moments of great su pense.

"One of our passengers offers up to God a very brief an earnest prayer, that "In this, the hour and moment of our en tremity and helplessness, he will come t deliver us according to the promise which he had made, tha if we will call upon him, he will deliver us." We all sai "Amen," and we all felt that for Christ's sake, God woul hear our prayer.

"These are painful moments. We are now just waiting t be washed off, or go down with the ship, when she is eithe blown or pounded off the rocks. Oh! the intense feeling ex pressed on the faces of all, as the husband clings to his wife or the man to his friend, lest the waves should tear ther asunder, and we have only the light of an occasional lanter to see ourselves huddled together."

The account continues, telling of the dreary watch till day light, when they discovered that the ship was surrounded b reefs, fourteen miles from land. Rockets and blue light were used to attract help. The passengers were calm, trust ing in God. They partook of food, and utilized sails to pro tect the women from the waves. About 9 A.M. Wednesday the American tug *Gladys* reached the *Madiana*. The latte lowered her three life-boats, and the passengers and crew were transferred, the women first. It was a perilous under taking, on account of the heavy seas. Two other relief boat arrived later, and all were safely transferred and taken t Hamilton, Bermuda. All were deeply grateful to God and to their brave rescuers.

"*Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.*"

Among the Workers

—A REVIVAL is reported from Norton, Kan., where Evan gelist E. R. Hermiston has been laboring for several weeks Many conversions are reported.

—REV. J. W. JONES, Memorial Presbyterian Church, Balti more, writes that a notable revival has taken place in that church, and over two hundred have accepted Christ.

—EVANGELIST JOHN A. DAVIS and Singing Evangelist H A. Depfer, from Binghamton, N. Y., held a series of meetings in Cambridge Springs, Pa. Many conversions are reported. The attendance at the Afternoon Bible Reading, reached three hundred. The workers are at present carrying on a successful campaign in Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Unrest in the Balkans

SIGHTS such as that depicted in the illustration on this page, are getting only too common on the Turkish side of the Macedonian frontier. The Sultan is marching his troops thither with all possible speed, and has called on the railroad companies to provide additional transportation as far as their lines go. It is evident that if Macedonia is ever wrested from his grasp, it will be only after a struggle more desperate than that which ended in 1878, in the treaty of San Stefano. Meanwhile Russia is not neglecting diplomacy, for he does not want to fight, knowing well that a war is almost sure to end as former wars have done, in the loss of territory. Russia has accepted the plan of reforms demanded by Russia and Austria for the administration of Macedonia, and with characteristic astuteness of the Ottoman has made formal acceptance a basis for suggestions looking toward the issue of a new loan. The suggestion is logical, for the reforms will involve an increased outlay, and the Sultan makes no secret of his empty treasury. If the European Powers insist on his instituting reforms which cost money, they should, he argues, lend him money, or assist him in floating a loan. The reforms demanded by the Powers, and promised by the Sultan, include the payment of Macedonian claims out of the taxes raised in the Province, before any of it is sent to Constantinople. It is also stipulated that taxes shall be equitably assessed and collected, and that they be deposited in specified banks. But the most important demand, and that which the Turk will most surely evade if he can, is that the gendarmerie or military police force, shall be officered by Christians, not of Turkish nationality. If these demands were loyally and honestly executed, Macedonia would gain all that one can reasonably expect. The Macedonian Society, however, have no expectation that the reforms will ever be executed, and it is eager for war. It can never hope to liberate the country from Turkish control, unless it receives help from Russia or some other great Power. Perhaps at the last extremity the other Powers might intervene, though the Macedonian Society has lost the confidence of the civilized world by its lawless methods, such as the capture of Miss Stone, the missionary. All observers agree in stating that the situation is extremely ominous. It is possible that the Sultan's acceptance of the proposals may temporarily delay the outbreak, but the ultimate conflict is inevitable. It will, however, be matter for regret if it comes at this time, when Turkey is so well prepared to deal with it, and the Macedonians have no assurance of help in the unequal struggle. They will better take the advice of the ancient preacher, knowing that God sees their wrongs, and in his good time will open the way to their rectification.

> If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for he that is higher than the highest regardeth (Eccles. 5: 8).

TURKISH TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH A MACEDONIAN VILLAGE

Italians Duped

An Italian Commissioner in the Federal Building in New York, accidentally discovered last week a plot the full extent of which is not yet known. An Italian applied to him for naturalization papers and brought another Italian as his witness. The latter was asked if he was a citizen and he replied that he was. Further inquiries developed the fact that he had been but a short time in the country, but he held final papers, signed and sealed by the Commissioner himself. He was told to produce them, and went home to procure them. On his return he presented the papers, and they bore an excellent imitation of the Commissioner's signature. It was clearly a forgery, for the records showed that the Commissioner had not naturalized any one on the date on the papers. The Italian explained the difficulty. He said that he was at work in the City Hall Park, when a man approached him and asked him if he would like to be a citizen. He said he would. The man told him it would cost two and a half dollars. In a short time the man returned with the papers and the Italian paid over the money, and had ever since regarded himself as a citizen. It was a shame to dupe the poor foreigner so; but how much worse is it to mislead a soul seeking citizenship in the Kingdom of Christ! There is reason to fear, that at the last, many who think now that they are members of that Kingdom, because they have been baptized and paid their money to the church, will be excluded.

> Then shall ye say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you I know not whence ye are: depart from me (Luke 13: 26).

A Flaw in the Title

One of the churches in the suburbs of New York has lost the ownership of its building. It is built on land which, forty years ago, was sold for only $300. The price was paid by the purchaser and the deed duly recorded, but the purchaser, for some unknown reason, did not call for it. Taxes accumulated on the land, and after the lapse of years the original owner, by paying all the arrears, regained the property. No one appeared to dispute his ownership, and he, consequently, regarding the land as his own, gave a long lease, which was practically a sale, to the trustees of the church. They erected a building upon it in which services continue to be held. Now, however, the heirs of the purchaser who neglected to complete title have made a claim for the land. They estimate the value of the land at $10,000, and real estate experts confirm the estimate. The trustees are advised to resist the claim, but have decided not to do so. They intend to buy land and build elsewhere. When they do so, they will doubtless be careful that the man from whom they buy a site has a right to sell it. One blunder of that kind is enough for any church, though it is not so serious as that sometimes made, of building up a church on a wrong foundation. The Apostle Paul's example in this matter deserves to be followed by all the churches.

> So have I striven to preach the Gospel not where Christ was named, lest I should build on another man's foundation (Rom. 15: 20).

Muskrats Cause a Flood

The people of Shelton, Conn., had a narrow escape of death, and considerable damage was done to property in the town on February 22. Early in the morning a huge torrent of water rushed down the hills back of the town, on which are plenty of muskrats. Their holes in the soil undermined the walls and making holes, which the flow of water enlarged. What a number of people would be saved from eternal destruction if they would pay as much attention to the warnings of the Christian ministry, as those people paid to the telephone message warning them of the approaching flood!

> He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him, whereas if he had taken warning, he should have delivered his soul (Ezek. 33: 5).

Killed by Chagrin

A death, which occurred in a New York hospital last week, is said to have been caused by vexation and worry. The patient had once been an exceedingly beautiful girl, whose good looks won for her popular favor. She had been much praised on account of her beauty, and had a large number of friends who admired her. One day, recently, while sitting at her work, the kerosene lamp on the table exploded, and she was so badly burned on the face and body that she was sent to the hospital. The first question she put to her nurse was whether she would be much disfigured. It was necessary to tell her that her beauty was entirely destroyed. From that moment the girl lost all desire to recover. She fretted and worried and became utterly despondent. Her progress toward recovery, which had been encouraging, entirely ceased, and she gradually sank and at last died. The cause of death was given by the hospital surgeon as burns, but it was really a broken heart. What a pity it was that she could not have been led to see that it was still possible for her to attain beauty of character, which would have been far better for herself and all about her, than the beauty of face that she had lost!

> Let it be the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price (I. Peter 3: 4).

BRIEF NOTES

The Church Missionary Society hopes to send out at least fifty-seven new missionaries during this year. There is a steady increase to the contributions of the society.

At a recent meeting of the Zionist Federation, Dr. Herzl expressed his satisfaction with the condition of affairs, "having regard," he said, "to matters which I am not in a position to disclose."

Two Brahmans were recently baptized at Vizagapatam, in South India, and one of them told how he had been given a Bible thirty years previously, and he said he would never forget the prayer which had been offered up by the missionary who had given it to him.

Rev. H. Stafford Smith, the famous English Evangelist, now laboring in this country, has a few dates still open for services before his return. Letters from Rev. F. B. Meyer and other eminent English clergymen commend him very cordially to the American churches. Both by singing and preaching he renders most effective service, and that in churches of various denomination. Letters to him at this office, Bible House, New York, will be forwarded to him.

Mrs. Young, who has been laboring with her husband in Brazil, is now in New York on a brief visit for rest and recuperation. She reports astonishing progress in the work in Brazil. Fourteen consecrated Christian evangelists are now going through the country preaching under the auspices of the mission and they find the people eager to hear the Gospel. Churches interested in mission work in this hemisphere, which really has a claim on us, should take the opportunity of Mrs. Young's visit to hear her thrilling story of experience in this grand sphere of labor. Letters and contributions, the latter urgently needed, if sent to her at this office, Bible House, New York, will be forwarded to her.

PAUL'S MESSAGE TO THE EPHESIANS

★ Transformed Lives ★

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 22 EPHESIANS 2: 1-10

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: -- EPHESIANS 2: 8: "BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH"

THE Apostle Paul, being a prisoner at Rome, was separated by sea and mountains from the churches which he had founded at Ephesus and elsewhere in Asia Minor. But he had the pastoral spirit which made him think much about the spiritual health of those who were his children in the faith. And while he could no longer see them face to face and communicate with them by word of mouth, the writing of letters became the means by which he could still instruct and guide them in things pertaining to Christ and his Gospel. Of such a character is the so-called letter to the Ephesians. It was not intended for the Christians at Ephesus alone, however. It was what we would call a "circular letter" written for all the churches in that region. We are not able to say whether the letter was taken by Tychicus in turn to the churches in Lystra, Derbe and Iconium, after it had been read at Ephesus, or whether several copies of it were made. The heart of the pastor was concerned lest his "children" might think more highly of themselves than they ought, and so he desired to restate to them the conditions of salvation, and therefore he wrote: "By grace (undeserved mercy) are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." He would have them remember how helpless and hopeless was their condition before Christ came into their lives, and so he wrote: "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." "By grace are ye saved," he repeated with emphasis. He would remind them of the uplift in social relations which this new life had brought to them, and so he wrote: "He hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (we, who in time past consorted with those who did the works of Satan himself). The pastor would remind his "children" that they had been "saved to serve," and so he wrote: "You were created in Christ Jesus unto good works." And the good pastor remembered that in most of the churches there were Jews and Gentiles, and so to guard against an exclusive feeling that might arise on the part of the Jews, he wrote that "Jesus hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." In this he referred to the soreg, which was the inner boundary line of the court of the Gentiles in the great Temple. On the soreg were inscriptions at intervals, threatening death to any Gentile who might press his way beyond it. The pastor would impress them with the fact that they were no longer Jews and Gentiles, but all Christians.

Let us not be content to read the small portion of this marvelous letter which is assigned for our study, but let us read it all, imagining Tychicus as reading the letter to church after church. He was more than a letter-carrier, for Paul introduces him in this letter as "Tychicus, a beloved brother and faithful minister in the Lord," and further commends him by saying, "He shall make known unto you all things."

Illustration and Application

The epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians are much alike, having 155 like expressions. Both exalt Christ as Lord, but while Colossians presents him as King of the Cosmos (the world) (Col. 1: 16,17), Ephesians presents him more especially as King of the Church (Eph. 5: 23). Six times Ephesians refers to the "mystery of godliness" (1: 9; 3: 3, 4, 9; 5: 32; 6: 19). Many sorcerers at Ephesus had been converted, and had proved the genuineness of their conversion by making a bonfire of their books on heathen "mysteries," and now Paul sends them a nobler book on the "mystery" of salvation. A part of this "mystery" is the relation of God's eternal purpose to man's freedom, which is referred to sixteen times in this epistle. Another part of the "mystery" is the relation of God's grace, that is, the unmerited favor and mercy he bestows on us, which is named thirteen times in this epistle, to our sinfulness and Christ's sacrifice a mystery which angels "desire to look into." Conversion is yet another part of the "mystery." All of which reminds us of the mysterious Lake de Funiak in Florida, which Ponce de Leon thought must be the long-sought fountain of youth. It seemed to violate the law that water cannot rise higher than its source. For years no one was able to find a source as high, or otherwise solve the mystery, but daily the traveler and the toiler drank its cool waters and were refreshed, even as "with joy we draw water out of the wells of salvation," despite the unsolved mysteries of its heavenly source in love and law. Over a child's bare feet, playing on the lake beach, flows a cooling wavelet when there is no wind and no boat in sight. The child cannot understand why, but some steamboat, out of sight behind an island, the mother knows, must have started the wave on its way. The spreading waves of love that are reaching all shores start in the heart of God, coming to us from the invisible world, mysterious in origin, but blessed in practical effect.

Blessed Mysteries

The characteristic word of this epistle, however, is not "mystery," but "walk," in the sense of behave. The whole Christian life may be outlined in its five passages about our wrong and right "walk."

1. *Ye once walked according to the course of this world* (2: 2). Some years ago an Irish wanderer and his wife and sister asked a night's lodging in the cabin of a country schoolmaster. They were made welcome. It was the hour of evening worship, and so soon as the strangers were seated, the schoolmaster read the portion for the day, which was the very chapter in which our lesson is found. The visiting young man, unfamiliar with the Bible, was impressed by the strong expressions: "Children of wrath," "Walking after the course of this world," "Dead in trespasses and sins." He asked an explanation, and was told that was God's description of all who have not been made new by conversion, the miracle of a divine life imparted to a heart penitent for sin. When the chapter had been fully and faithfully explained, he said: "In this way of the wicked world, I have walked from childhood. I am on my way to a fair to pass counterfeit money. Here is the coin. Cast it into the fire. And tell me where I can get the Bible instead." A Bible was given, and with that new treasure and a new life begun, he turned about and went homeward a saved man.

Mr. Spurgeon, in one of his sermons, asked every hearer to sit down thoughtfully at home and write his name, and after it the word "saved" or "lost," in fidelity to the facts in the case.

"THAT GREAT SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP"

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN"

In one home, a mother who was uncertain as to her son's state of mind and very anxious about her husband's indifference, determined to use the suggestion in the hope it might lead both to a right decision. On getting home that Sunday night she brought out pen and notepaper. Her husband looked on curiously, but when she started to speak and he heard the name of Mr. Spurgeon he hid himself again behind the newspaper he was reading. "I wanted to tell you all," said the brave wife, "what Mr. Spurgeon asked us to do—to write each of us his or her name on a sheet of paper, and after it the word "saved" or "lost." Mr. Mitchell at that moment got hold of the poker, and with needless noise poked the coals about in the grate. Meanwhile his wife was writing "Sarah Mitchell, saved." She handed the pen to her eldest girl who wrote, "Lucy Mitchell, saved." It was now Harry's turn, and his mother was greatly relieved and rejoiced to see him write, "Harry Mitchell, saved." It was his first open confession. The "baby," as the youngest girl was called, had learned in the Sunday School to love Jesus, and she wrote, "Alice Mitchell, saved." The father behind his paper had known all that was going on and now boldly said, as he was the only one left, "Pass me over that paper." He took it and wrote, "George Mitchell, l——" Before he could write another letter, his wife had seized his hand. "George, you shall never write that." "No, no, father," cried the children, "you must not write that." He tried to throw them off, playfully, but as they stood about him in tears, he broke down and gave his life to Christ, and when he finished the writing it was "George Mitchell, saved."

2. *Created in Christ Jesus for good works which God afore prepared that we should walk in them* (2: 10). — "If any man be in Christ he is a new creation (II. Cor. 5: 17), as if he had been "born anew," "from above" (John 3: 7). This is the same great truth that Christ proclaimed to the doubting Nicodemus. No less do the learned of to-day stumble at this new birth, looking to education chiefly for moral transformation.

Dr. Donald, of Trinity Church, Boston, in addressing a company of theological students recently, dwelt on two simple thoughts so impressively that they seemed like a new revelation. Whatever else of learning, or eloquence, or church machinery the clergyman may have, he must know God at first-hand, or fail. The other thought was the hearty acceptance of the fact of a miracle of grace. It may be called "conversion," or by any other theological name, but there must be a thorough recognition of the supreme fact of a divine help that makes it possible for man to take the chance of the heredity and environment of which scientists make so much and become a new creature.

A gardener had a rose-bush that he valued highly. There came a severe storm, and broke off five of its branches. But one branch was left, and the gardener, examining it, found that it was alive. "I will grow a new bush," he said, "from that stem!" That is a symbol of what love does for a lost man. It takes what is left of him, the remnant, and by the grace of God grows a new man from it.

It should be noted that Paul, in this letter proclaims not only the new creation, but its purpose, "good works." He said, in substance, "We are created anew for good behavior and useful service." To the catechism question, "Who made you?" should be added another, "What for?" Scientific men assume that everything was made to serve some useful purpose, and seek to discover that purpose. For what was man created, the highest of all the works of creation, with his threefold nature, body, mind and soul. A thoughtful boy looking out of the window one Sabbath morning, said to himself as he watched the objects in sight, "The sun was made to give light, and the cow to give milk, but what was man made for?" The church was next door, and he knew that was the place to get answers to such questions. As he entered the door, the preacher was giving out his text, "It is good for me to draw near to God" (Ps. 73: 28). The word resulted in his becoming a Christian, and afterwards a useful minister. In order to be helpful to men, we must first "draw near to God."

3. *Walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called* (4: 1).—At the fourth chapter as on a pivot, the epistle turns from the spiritual to the practical, from faith to faithfulness. An English boy, disgusted at a schoolfellow's dishonorable act, said to his mother, "I shouldn't be astonished at an ignorant street boy doing such a mean act, but the son of a lord—only fancy!" And shall not the children of a King walk worthily, purely, bravely? It is said that Alexander the Great allowed some of his bravest soldiers to bear his name; but if one of these conducted himself dishonorably or timidly he would say, "Change your name or mend your manners." No one who is dominated by greed or fear has a right to bear the name of the unselfish, fearless Christ. The distinguished Dr. Thomas Binney, in his last illness, said:

"It is a grand thing to have been a Christian minister; but if I had my ministry to live over again, I would preach one thing more than ever I did, and that is righteousness of life.' That is what Paul's "walk worthily" means. We ought to talk religion more, but especially should we "walk" it. A good woman who had employed a deacon to do a large job of carpentry for her, said after the job was done and 'paid for' "I would just as soon hear the deacon pray now as before he did the work for us." We are both to walk and work worthily. "The running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz." "He is a good man and cometh with good tidings" (II. Sam. 18: 27). So are some zealous men, known not by their walk but by their running. Let us covet to have it said of us, "Ye did run well" (Gal. 5: 7).

Do the work that's nearest, tho' it's dull at whiles:
Helping when you meet them, Lame dogs over stiles.

4. *No longer walk as the Gentiles walk* (4: 17).—This message was sent to church members, professing to lead a new life, but some of them really doing the same things as the Gentiles. A servant once told me she never suspected that the mistress she had worked for seven years professed to be a Christian, until she happened to be at the church she attended on communion day and saw her take the bread and wine. Otherwise she had been just like the "Gentiles." Strange any true Christian should feel anything but elation to be chided as "peculiar" when that is the very mark of God's "peculiar people, zealous of good works!" (Deut. 14: 2).

5. *Walk in love, even as Christ also loved you, and gave himself up for us* (5: 2).—As Christ gave himself to die for us so let us give ourselves to live for others. Paul was so living at this time, forgetting his prison in eager efforts to do good to others by his pen when unable to reach them by his voice. Love crowds out not only selfishness and hate but also pride. "I have a peacock in my heart," said a woman quite elated at an intellectual feat she had been able to accomplish. That is a dangerous bird to be allowed to make a nest in the human heart.

When the Missionary Collector Calls

POSSIBLY you have never thought much about her end of the matter, or you would have a fuller sympathy than you show, when the missionary collector calls. I say *you*, dear lady. If, by any chance, you do not need this bit of a reminder, you can skip this paragraph, and pass on to the next. It is queer, isn't it, that the blessed woman who takes on her shoulders the duty of going from house to house, and gathering up the gifts of the church sisterhood, so often stumbles upon an inconvenient time. Either she calls when you haven't any money in the house, or when you have just ordered a new bonnet, or paid two or three pressing bills, or when you don't want to ask John for any more funds, and you feel annoyed in consequence, or she presents herself when you are deep in some task that cannot easily be left or postponed. You are apt to resent her coming at just that moment; your resentment creeps into your manner, and you are ungracious.

Yet somebody in the society or the church must assume the responsibility of personally raising the amount of the annual subscriptions, or, at the end of the year, there will be a deficiency. We are now approaching the period which treasurers regard with trepidation, the late when the yearly sum pledged or anticipated, must be sent to headquarters. The large amounts given by active and generous churches are composed of a great many smaller amounts, tiny brooks and rivulets that swell the great volume of beneficence, when, with the tidal strength of a mighty river, it flows onward to the sea. But for the tact, persistence, energy, and patience of the collector, most women's orphanages and other home charities, and their missionary activities would be badly crippled. Hers is an office that requires immense self-denial, and is often far from easy or agreeable, but she undertakes it without a murmur. Is she not working for her Lord?

Shall I tell you how you may lighten her burden, and your own, too? First, by a definite setting aside of a daily, weekly, or monthly sum, as God prospers you. On any day you prefer, the Lord's day being an excellent one for the purpose, put your ten or twenty or thirty or fifty cents aside, and do not touch a penny of it. Do not suffer yourself to borrow it. Allow no one to disturb it, until the time for handing the money to the proper person has arrived. If you can, let a mite box stand where you may drop any odd pennies or silver, plus the regular amount; but give a fixed sum, even though it be a small one. Have it at hand when the collector calls, and greet her as a very welcome friend for whom you have been on the watch. Should she arrive near a meal time, cordially press her to remain, and if she be cold or tired and it is mid-afternoon, offer her a cup of tea. Our soul's expand as we sit together, chatting over a cup of good, hot, comforting tea, and accompanied by thin bread and butter, it is a refreshment easily prepared.

Another thing. Attend the missionary meetings, and keep yourself informed about the work you are supporting. Hundreds of givers have a very hazy idea of what their missionary money really does. They have given it because the pastor urged, or the good women at the head of affairs persuaded, but, it seems to their own minds like money dropped into the sea. Now, this is all wrong. Go to every meeting, unless you are ill, or detained by the illness of somebody else in the home. Once you are informed and in touch with the work, you will be enthusiastic in self-denial, and your gift will be increased.

The Spring Sewing

If you have not yet lengthened Jemima's last year's frocks, or made Carrie's new dresses for next summer, it is time that you began. For, spring not only brings the robins and the blue birds, the green leaves and the daffodils, it brings, too, in its wake, the house-cleaning, and the moving, and the papering and painting, the gardening, the ploughing and the sowing. Spring is a busy season. Hot weather is apt to pounce on us before it is half over. The mother who can manage to get the sewing done and out of the way in the earlier spring, so that the children are ready to change their clothes from thick to thin at the right moment, is a good and notable woman, worthy of holding the home sceptre.

A Golden Wedding

The bride of the present year, in her slim and lissome grace, and her filmy wedding veil, is the delight of all beholders, but a very tender interest, even more sacred and sweet, attaches to the bride of the golden wedding. Fifty years of faithful love, fifty years of joys and sorrows, mingled and shared, fifty years spent by husband and wife in their journey heavenward! No wonder everybody presses up to the happy pair with congratulations and gifts.

A golden wedding was celebrated at Great Bend, Kans., on December 24, Christmas Eve. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Reynolds gathered about them a great throng of friends and relatives in the First Congregational Church, and the exercises, consisting of music and recitations, with appropriate religious rites of prayer and praise, were of a tone and elevation worthy of the occasion. A long, happy and useful married life is, indeed, an occasion for rejoicing.

THE FIRST PIANO LESSON

"Sylvia," says mother, "strike the pretty key,
And make the music answer you by keeping time with me.
Your chubby fingers, little one, will toil full many a day,
Before you'll sit, like mother, at a great big box to play."

Don'ts for Mothers

—Don't say "No," when you may as well say "Yes."
—Don't reprove a child publicly.
—Don't show partiality.
—Don't imagine that your big boys can get on without petting.
—Don't scold the children because you are out of sorts yourself.
—Don't punish a child in anger.
—Don't expect good manners in company if you do not exact them when you are alone at home.
—Don't be anxious overmuch. If you set a good example and trust in God, the children will turn out all right.

Don'ts for Fathers

—Don't go to church, and then returning remark that the preacher gave a very poor sermon to-day.
—Don't be rude to your boy's mother, and scold him if he is impolite to her.
—Don't go to sleep in the evening over your paper. Exert yourself to be agreeable and keep awake.
—Don't find fault at the table.
—Don't have favorites. Treat the children all alike.

A Successful Philanthropic Endeavor

NOTORIOUSLY, boys and girls in reform schools, refuges and penal institutions are hard to discipline, rebellious and discontented. Girls especially, emotional and impulsive, loathe the feeling of the prison however it may take upon it any softer name. In the Iowa Industrial school, two years ago, the girls were insubordinate, continually under punishment and constantly seeking to escape. A kind hearted, practical, sensible superintendent was appointed, a man who knew human nature. He won the confidence of the girls, modified the severity of the rules, and substituted gentle firmness for irritating harshness. Mr. J. J Fitzgerald introduced music and games, offered prizes, and provided pleasant occupation for the girls. As if by magic everything was changed. Girls no longer ran away and no longer were shut into lonely cells to beat against the bars like wild birds in a cage. There was restraint, but it was that of a home, not that of a gaol. And the chances now are that good true women may emerge, to be useful to the community, from that institution in Iowa.

Such a man as this true hearted superintendent is worthy all honor from those who appreciate real philanthropy.

How to Make Money at Home

A great many ladies very earnestly desire to make money at home. They cannot leave the fireside. Duty chains them there. They have no special art or accomplishment, but they have a vague and hazy feeling that there must be something they can do, which will turn an honest penny. It is the very common mistake of such women, in putting their wish into practice, to try to do beautiful artistic work, which they should not attempt, or to write for the press, when they have had no training, instead of setting their hand to something right at their doors.

In every community there are bachelors and others away from their own women folk, who need buttons fastened, socks darned, and other clothes repaired. They can afford to pay for this mending if any one will do it for them. A gentlewoman is known to me, who makes a very respectable sum by taking stitches for busy women, replacing facings and braids, sponging and cleaning soiled waists, and generally keeping in repair the wardrobes of business friends. She, however, resides in a large city. A lady who has occasion to add to her income, might and should look around her, for some little practical thing, close at hand, which might do to aid another, and for which she might accept a small, gladly paid sum of money.

Kisses for Sale

According to the daily papers, in a certain country village, kisses were not long ago for sale on this wise. A girl kissed a certain marked ticket, and the person who bought this, presumably a man, had a right, on a certain evening of the bazar, to kiss her in public. I cannot think of a more objectionable method of raising funds for church or charity. A kiss is not a marketable commodity. In their desire to help along, women, young and old, sometimes resort to questionable devices for swelling the exchequer. Anything which tends to break down the barriers of modesty, and to cheapen young women in the eyes of men, is a thing to be scrupulously, and strictly, and severely avoided. Better have less money than more, made in that way.

Loving One's Enemies

Of all the injunctions given in the sacred Word, none goes against the grain with most of us, like loving our enemies. Possibly we have not very many, but we may be aware of some one in our group of acquaintances, who looks upon us coldly, whose comments on our conduct are unfavorable, and who does not wish us well. Hard work, it is to feel kindly and lovingly to such an one, not, even in thought, to return evil for evil. How are we to accomplish the difficult task? Why, by obeying the Master's rule to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us. One cannot very long continue to hate a person for whom he or she habitually prays by name, and from the heart.

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—Louis. Follow your wife down the church aisle. Do not precede her.

—Louise. A girl should not too openly show her preference for any suitor.

S. D. Of course a doctor expects you to take his prescriptions; otherwise, why go to him?

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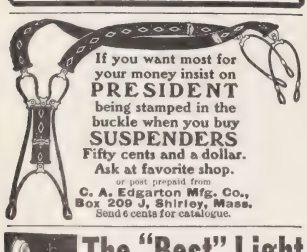

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THE LADY SERENE

By Edith Ferguson Black

CHAPTER I.—Continued

"MRS. THURSTON'S son is dying," said Nance Porter, coming soberly into the kitchen where her mother was at work. It seemed terrible that such a thing should happen to her, and the children had all walked home soberly, burdened with their news.

"Do tell," said kind-hearted Mrs. Porter, hastily wringing the soap-suds from her hands. "Why, whatever is the matter with him? It must be sudden. She was down to Grandma Grimby's a day or two ago."

"It's diphtheria, the doctor says—the worst kind—and, and, she won't let anybody else nurse him, and she'll catch it too," and the girl turned away with a sob.

"Nonsense!" said her mother, with energetic kindness. "Folks don't all get diphtherey. Tain't half as catchin' as you think. I'll go right along and see if I can help Mrs. Thurston. You hang out the clothes, Nance, and get the dinner for your father when he comes. I'll go right along."

But Mrs. Thurston met all the well-meant offers of help in the same way. "You have your children to think of," she said gently, "it is not safe. I should never forgive myself if anything happened, and I shall not leave him now."

Only Janet Moore stood beside the leaden casket. She had no children for whom to fear. She looked through the glass at the boyish face, beautiful as an ivory statue, but so pathetically young!

"'In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father,'" she whispered through her tears.

Mrs. Thurston smiled, a strange, exalted smile. "Yes, it is no longer 'through a glass darkly' now."

"Goin' to take the body to New York, to lay him beside his father in Greenwood, is she?" exclaimed Mrs. Briggs. "H'm. I always said some folks didn't count Hillsboro good for anything 'cept to go under their feet!"

But her children joined the group which followed the hearse to the station, and, as the train steamed away with its passengers, Donald Ross covered his face and prayed.

. . . . . .

She came among them again after a little, this gentle, gracious lady, and, as Nance Porter expressed it, Hillsboro was alive again. She gave herself to them unreservedly. She set her doors wide open and the children flocked about her. She was everybody's friend. Only Mrs. Briggs kept up her stony disapproval.

"Folks who have no axes to grind don't come to the grindstone," she said sarcastically. "You'll find her out by and bye."

"Listen to this lovely bit from Victor Hugo, Donald," said Mrs. Thurston one morning. "You love the birds. Do you know 'The Bird's Faith?'

What matter it though life uncertain be
To all? What though its goal
Be never reached? What though it fall and flee?
Have we not each a soul?
A soul that quickly must arise and soar
To regions far more pure—
Arise and dwell where pain can be no more
And every joy is sure.
Be like the bird that, on the bough too frail
To bear him, gayly swings,
He carols, though the slender branches fail:
He knows that he has wings.

Then she went out and closed the door behind her softly. She often left her message with him, without adding any word of her own. "Donald is quiet, Mrs. Ross," she said. "I think he will not need anything for an hour or two." So she shielded him.

On her way home she called at the doctor's. "I am worried about the boy," she said. "He seems to be losing his hold."

"It is hardly possible, my dear madam, that the life of Donald Ross could be a long one in the common order of things, and then, you know, the constant dropping of water will wear away the hardest stone."

"Is it environment, then?"

"I cannot say positively, but I should be inclined to think largely so. Poor Donald! He is a brave fellow—braver than most. It is hard to face life as he has done."

"You forget, doctor, he has a great soul."

CHAPTER II.

"Donald, lad!" Mrs. Thurston's voice was low as she greeted him, but it sounded to his weary ears like a chime of bells. "I am going to ask a favor of you."

"It is granted, dear lady, before you name the words. I cannot think of any favor which I could do for you, but I am very sure that none could be too great."

"Ah, now you have committed yourself!" she cried gaily. "Now I am sure of you, no matter how many times your lips may say me nay. Donald, will you come and pay me a long, long visit? In summer time you can lie on my verandah, and in winter we can study together. You see I need you for company. Do not say no, my friend.

"Your aunt is very tired," she added, as Mrs. Ross came into the room, "and she needs a rest. My old Mammy will be only too glad to have some one to fuss over. Her hands are so empty—now."

Had his ears deceived him, or was he dreaming? He lay motionless, while the hubbub of his aunt's objections mingled with Mrs. Thurston's quiet tones. He could not speak. And then there came the cool touch upon his forehead and the soft voice in his ear.

"Silence gives consent, Donald. The doctor and I will be here with a low carriage to take you out to Sunnyland to-morrow."

. . . . . .

Happiness makes the years fly swiftly, and Donald was still at Sunnyland.

"Take my boy's place," Mrs. Thurston said, when he spoke of returning to the old life, which seemed more than ever like a prison to him after the long months of delight in having his every thought appreciated and understood.

"I cannot take his place!" he had cried, in one of his rare rebellions against his destiny: "I am a cripple and he ——," and then the shadow which always bewildered him had swept across her face and left it ashen gray.

They read Milton together, and Browning—the old and the new: they companied with Shakespeare, and revelled in the majestic beauty of Homer. And then again Mrs. Thurston went to the old physician.

"Is Donald strong enough for study, doctor? I mean definite, hard work? I want him to go through college. There is such a thing as doing it on paper. Dare I let him try?"

"I no longer take the chances on Donald Ross," said the doctor, with a smile, "for you have given him an elixir which will make him a Sir Galahad on crutches." He looked at her with eyes that grew strangely dim. "Your definition of charity, my friend, has saved a soul alive!"

. . . . . .

"Donald Ross is to have a university education, is he?" sneered Silas Briggs, looking into the eager face of his youngest son, which was lifted pleadingly to his—"and you want to have one too. Well, I guess not. I've had to stick to my drill all my life, and 'like father like son' is a good motto. You can educate yourself over the onion beds.

"An education would teach you how to run the farm, would it? Well, I guess I'm able to run it without your valuable assistance. Next thing you'll be wantin' to introduce electricity to make things grow! I don't take no stock in these new fangled notions. We've ben farmers clear back for generations an' we ought ter know our business by this time, ef we're ever goin' ter. I used to think I did, too, but it isn't to be supposed that you'd agree with me. These air the days when the boys know it all, an' more too. Better

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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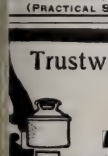

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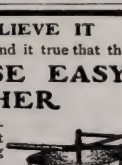

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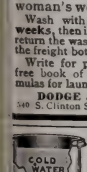

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THE LADY SERENE

Continued from Preceding Page

lay to on those onion beds pretty lively, fer I'll expect to see 'em all cleaned up by to-morrer.

"I'm goin' to the store, mother. Is there anything you want me to bring you?"

The boy threw himself across the table as his father left the room and buried his face in his arms. His mother laid her rough hand with awkward tenderness on his hair. He was her Benjamin.

"Don't fret ye, Robert," she said, "Your father only means that 'tain't no use to hev learnin' without the money to pad it with. He's bothered over the mortgage, too, this year. The man that holds it has raised the interest. It just keeps us grindin' every minit. It's a poor time to ask him to pay out fer extry schoolin'."

The boy shook her hand off roughly. "If he'd give me a chance I could pay the miserable old mortgage off for him," he answered, with sullen fierceness. "I have it here," he said, striking his forehead, "and if he supposes I'm going to grub in the dirt all of my life just because all his old ancestors have done it, he'll find his mistake, that's all. He needn't think he's going to keep me from finding out things. I'll find a way, see if I don't."

He flung out of the house, and Mrs. Briggs looked after him with anxious eyes. He did not turn towards the fields at all, but instead, vaulted over the gate that led to the main road and set out with a long stride for Sunnyland. By the time he reached there he was full of a dogged determination. Nothing should hinder him.

"Will you let me study along with Donald?" he asked Mrs. Thurston, as she came to meet him.

"Why, surely," she said cordially. "Perhaps we might get up a class. It would be pleasanter." She did not ask if his parents were willing. That they should not be did not seem possible.

"Come in and have a chat with Donald," she added pleasantly. "It does him good to see the boys. Then we can talk things over, you know."

Donald greeted him heartily from his wheel chair with the revolving book-rest beside it, and Mrs. Thurston, with gracious courtesy, drew up a pretty rocker for him, and took a seat beside him. She was full of interest in his plans, and the hours sped swiftly.

"Where you been?" demanded his father, as he came in late for supper.

"Out at Mrs. Thurston's," he answered respectfully, still with the glamor of her influence upon him. "She's going to let me study with Donald. I'll be able to have an education after all."

"I thought I told you to weed the onions."

"I'll do them to-morrow, father. I won't neglect things. And I don't want to interfere with your way of running the farm, either, only—I want to know."

Silas Briggs brought down his fist upon the table with a force that made the dishes rattle. "Well, there's one thing I'll have you know right here," he thundered, "and that is, that a farmer's place is on his farm, and you'll stay there! I'm not going to hev any wimmen interferin' with my business. If I can't afford to let you set all day with a book in your hand, nobody else is goin' ter do it, an' you'll just understand it once for all. Do you hear?"

The bright look on the boy's face faded. He glanced at his mother to see if she would help him out, but, at the mention of Mrs. Thurston's name, her face had darkened, as she ejaculated, "Meddle some Matty! Always poking her fingers into somebody's pie!" Then the old sullenness closed down about him as he saw his beautiful dream vanish. Though he might defy his father and go to Sunnyland, he knew Mrs. Thurston never would consent.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S TRIBUTE TO JOHN WESLEY

From his Speech at Carnegie Hall on February 26

"SINCE the days of the Revolution not only has the Methodist Church increased greatly in the old communities of the thirteen original States, but it has played a peculiar and prominent part in the pioneer growth of our country, and has, in consequence, assumed a position of immense importance throughout the vast regions west of the Alleghenies which has been added to our nation since the Continental Congress first met.

"For a century after the Declaration of Independence the greatest work of our people, with the exception and crowning glory of the preservation under Lincoln, was the work of the pioneers as they took possession of this continent. It was an iron task, which none but men of iron soul and iron body could do. The men who carried it to a successful conclusion had characters strong alike for good and for evil. Their rugged natures made them powers who served light or darkness with fierce intensity, and together with heroic traits they had those evil and dreadful tendencies which are but too apt to be found in characters of heroic possibilities.

"Such men make the most efficient servants of the Lord, if their abounding vitality and energy are directed aright; and if misdirected, their influence is equally potent against the cause of Christianity and true civilization. In the hard and cruel life of the border, with its grim struggle against the forbidding forces of wild nature and wilder men, there was much to pull the frontiersman down. If left to himself, without moral teaching and moral guidance, without any of the influences that tend toward the uplifting of man, and the subduing of the brute within him, sad would have been his, and therefore our fate. From this fate we have been largely rescued by the fact that, together with the rest of the pioneers, went the pioneer preachers, and all honor be given to the Methodists for these pioneer preachers whom they furnished.

"These preachers were of the stamp of old Peter Cartwright—men who suffered and overcame every hardship in common with their flock, and who, in addition, tamed the wild and fierce spirits of their fellow pioneers. The pioneer preachers warred against the forces of spiritual evil with the same fiery zeal and energy that they and their fellows showed in the conquest of the rugged continent. They had in them the heroic spirit, the spirit that scorns ease if purchased by failure to do duty.

"Great is our debt to these men and scant the patience we need show toward their critics. It is easy for those who stay at home in comfort, who never have to see humanity in the raw, or to strive against the dreadful naked forces which appear clothed, hidden and subdued in civilized life—it is easy for such to criticize the men who, in rough fashion and amid grim surroundings, make ready the way for the higher life that is to come afterward; but let us all remember that the untempted and the effortless should be cautious in passing too heavy judgment upon their brethren who may show hardness, who may be guilty of shortcomings, but who, nevertheless, do great deeds by which mankind advances.

"And now, friends, in celebrating the wonderful growth of Methodism, in rejoicing at the good it has done to the country and to mankind, I need hardly ask a body like this to remember that the greatness of the fathers becomes to the children a shameful thing if they use it only as an excuse for inaction instead of as a spur to effort for noble aims. I speak to you not only as Methodists—I speak to you as American citizens. The pioneer days are over. We now all of us form parts of a great civilized nation, with a complex industrial and social life and infinite possibilities both for good and for evil. The instruments with which, and the surroundings in which we work have changed immeasurably from what they were in the days when the rough backwoods preachers ministered to the moral and spiritual needs of their rough backwoods' congregations. But if we are to succeed, the spirit in which we do our work must be the same as the spirit in which they did theirs.

"In the century opening the play of the infinitely far-reaching forces and tendencies which go to make up our social system bids fair to be even hercer in its activity than in the century which has just closed. If during this century, the men of high and fine moral sense show themselves weaklings; if they possess only that cloistered virtue which shrinks shuddering from contact with the raw facts of actual life; if they dare not go down into the hurly burly where the men of might contend for the mastery; if they stand aside from the pressure and conflict; then as surely as the sun rises and sets all of our great material progress, all the multiplication of the physical agencies which tend for our comfort and enjoyment, will go for naught, and our civilization will become a brutal sham and mockery.

"If we are to do as I believe we shall and will do; if we are to advance in broad humanity, in kindliness, in the spirit of brotherhood, exactly as we advance in our conquest over the hidden forces of nature, it must be by developing strength in virtue and virtue in strength, by breeding and training men who shall be both good and strong, both gentle and valiant—men who scorn wrongdoing and who at the same time have both the courage and the strength to strive mightily for the right. Wesley said he did not intend to leave all the good tunes to the service of the devil. He accomplished so much for mankind because he also refused to leave the stronger, manlier qualities to be availed of only in the interest of evil."

DEAD?

DEAD? Did you say she was dead, lad—
The mother you loved so dear?
Her soul to its Maker was led, lad,
By a voice that the angels hear:
But her spirit is with you yet, lad,
And the clasp of the mother's hand
Will guide you, unless you forget, lad,
That your home is Emmanuel's Land.

Dead? Did you say she had died, lad?—
That mother whose greatest joy
Was to have you to kneel by her side, lad,
When she prayed for her darling boy?
There's a murmur of wings on the wind, lad,
And a song that your soul can hear:
"Look unto the Lord and you'll find, lad,
That your mother is very near."

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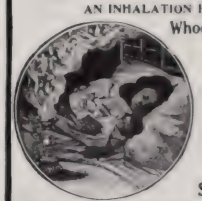

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She has suffered for years with stomach trouble and food coming up in her throat after eating. As soon as she quit coffee and began using Postum this distress stopped and she has been getting better and better ever since.

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From my own experience one can readily see that I can recommend Postum very highly." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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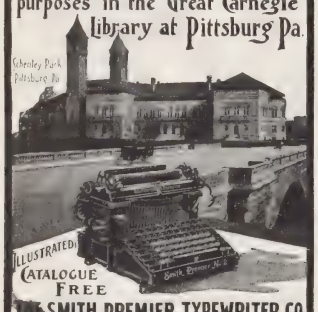

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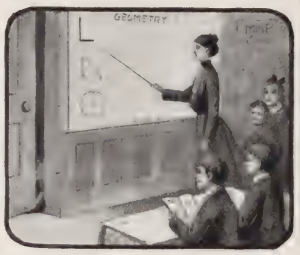
OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, everybody, everywhere seems to be studying puzzles; even in foreign countries, people are pleased to be thus pleasantly perplexed. A marked copy of an English magazine sent to the Editor of this Department has such a funny story! It begins with the picture of a gentleman of mature years brooding over a "Puzzle Page." The story goes on to tell how sweethearts leave off love-making to work puzzles; and how other grown-up people are diverted from matters, grave or gay, to untangle puzzles. Well, enough of this story, as it is all about grown people. Of course, grown people are not supposed to concern themselves over our Puzzles, to answer any questions, or write any letters whatever about them. This is "Children's Corner." We are good enough to let grown people help the children *a little* in finding answers. We hope they will appreciate this concession and not help too much, nor write letters about puzzles. It takes up all our time to read all the children's answers. *We cannot answer letters.* Welcome, children, all! but let none enter the contests who cannot accept decisions cheerfully. We do not say that awards are to the "correct," but to the "best" answer. Of a number of "correct" answers, one may be best; then, of a number of very good answers, not one might be "correct." We have had some competitions, where, if our rules read "correct," instead of "best," no prize could have been awarded.

COMPETITION 27



What two proper names mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 27" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the two answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name. Below the answer, write, in *not over twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subject of the first of these pictures? Read the rules given below.

Competition 28

Curious Questions

1. In Bible times did a carriage cost more than a horse, and if so, how much more? Give the price.
2. Mention two instances in which good men destroyed things that God ordered to be made.
3. Give an instance of a man losing his sight who probably regretted that he did not lose it earlier?
4. When did a mother promise in her son's behalf, that he should never make a change in his personal appearance that was made by another eminent Bible character?

Write "Competition 28" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 27 and 28 you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 27" or "Competition 28," as the case may be.* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

All answers must be mailed not later than March 16, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department*, Bible House, New York.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 27, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the best answer to Competition 28, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

Answers to Competitions of February 11—Names of Prize-Winners

Answers to Competitions of Feb. 11, are:

Picture Puzzles: 1. Jacob. 2. Carmel. Curious Questions: 1. Hagar in the wilderness, when fearing that Ishmael would die. Gen. 21:16. 2. At the birth of Enos. Gen. 4:26. 3. "Let there be light." Gen. 1:3. 4. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16.

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of February 11th, **Arthur F. Black,** Davidson, N. C., receives a silver watch; for the best answer to "Curious Questions" of same date, **Harvey Tobie.** Colton, So. Dak., receives a silver watch. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Anderson, Lottie, Can.; Benoit, Alice, N. J.; Bitting, Bertha B., Pa.; Bush, Walter I., Ill.; Carver, Anna L., Wisc.; Christianson, Hildur, Kans.; Cooper, Jessie, Can.; Eastham, Gertrude L., R. I.; Elmendorff, Lillian, Ind.; Emerson, Harry, Mo.; Fallis, Jessie C., N. Dak.; Fancher, Robt., Ohio.; Fassett, Harold C., Vt.; Foster, B. Ramone, Del.; Funnell, Arthur, Can.; Harlow, Mary, S. Dak.; Harrison, Luther, Miss.; Harvey, Tester, Mont.; Heath, Zayma Louise, Mass.; Higbee, Nelly E., Iowa; Hubbard, Abbie D., Conn.; Huckaby, Mamie, Tenn.; James Wiley, Okla.; Johnson, James, La.; Kimber, Morris, Colo.; Kimbrough, Ernest, Ga.; Lamb, James, Oreg.; Lawrence, Ralph E., D. C.; McDowell, Bessie, Ky.; Marble, Ray, Mich.; Millions, Jennie M., Me.; Morrison, Mary Willie, S. C.; Munroe, James, Can.; Oltman, Raymond, Minn.; Patterson, Susie Nell, Fla.; Roman, Dorcas, Neb.; Scott Stuart M., Va.; Shields, Mabel, Idaho; Simmons, Edna, Ark.; Smith, Alice C., N. H.; Swain, Fred, Tex.; Tabb, Maggie Argyle, W. Va.; Trackwell, Clarence, Calif.; Walker, Edith, Utah; Wardell, Wanda, N. Y.; Wood, Walter, Wash.; Zimmerman, Roy, Md.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions": Baldwin, Allison R., Kans; Brickert, Hugh R., Ind.; Brown, Lena M., Mass.; Dealing, Mabel, N. Y.; Dice, Harold, Mo.; Dyer, Everett W., N. H.; Fraser, Annie L., N. S., Can.; Frink, Almira, Conn.; Hamlet, Sarah D., Va.; Hammond, Myrtle, Fla.; Holmes, Andrew, Iowa; Holsinger, Clyde, Ill.; Hutchins, Leila C., Me.; Johnson, Lela, Tex.; Johnson, Robert, Tenn.; McCausland, Mary, N. J.; McClellan, Samuel A., Pa.; McNeese, Ruby May, Wyo.; Mackenzie, Esther, Ont., Can.; Mielke, Bertha, Md.; Munro, Ruth A., La.; Perry, Maud, Calif.; Seyle, Edna, S. C.; Snyder, Harold, Ohio; Tilbrook, Rachel, Mexico.

A Deaf Saint's Comfort

DR. KLOPSCH.—*Dear Sir:* I cannot tell you the comfort I derive from the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is my church and preacher and comforter in one. I am hard of hearing, and so cannot go out very much, beside, I am over seventy years of age, and I don't know how I would get along without this blessed paper. I wait for and expect it every week, and after I have finished with it, give it to some one who gets as much comfort from it, I hope. MRS. M. LEWIS.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *The Hall of Fame*, and the "Family Art Gallery"—your marvelous $2 combination—have come to hand. The book alone is worth the price of the three. It is beautifully written and truly inspiring. Every father should see to it that his son has a copy. From such books manhood derives its impetus.

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MOROCCO'S REBELLION CRUSHED

(See illustration on first page)

NEWS from Tangiers is to the effect that the power of the Pretender Bu Hamara, has been utterly crushed. The Sultan's troops have been victorious in repeated engagements. Bu Hamara is wounded, and will not lead the rebels again. El Lenebhi, the Sultan's Minister of War, is now engaged in subduing the refractory tribesmen, many of whom have not paid tribute to the Sultan in thirty or forty years. They are giving hostages for good behavior. Gen. Sir Harry Maclean, commander of the Sultan's forces, describes the general situation as satisfactory.

From Missionary Weiss, now in Tangier, this letter comes, dated January 29:

"We are glad to report to you, and to

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that in these perilous times we are kept safe from all harm and danger by our loving Heavenly Father. The Sultan is determined to punish every rebel in this domain. All the missionaries have made safe their escape from the interior, and are in the various coast towns. At the present time, there are no missionaries in the interior of Morocco. The American and English ambassadors acted wisely and in due time to save further loss of life. A few native Christians in Fez keep the missionaries informed as to what is taking place in and around Fez. These natives are not allowed to do any public work, and should they undertake to do so, they would likely be killed at once by the fanatics in the city.

"The latest news from Fez was that Shereefian troops had entered the valley of Beni-Warain and successfully commenced to punish the rebellious tribes, capturing a large number of cattle and sheep, and some prisoners. Additions to the Sultan's army during the week are very important, and enable the Shereefian government to send reinforcements to the front almost daily.

"The very latest news brings the account of the complete defeat of the powerful Hiana and Beni-Warain tribes; the Sultan's troops, under Kaid Omar El Yusi, having captured everything the rebels possessed, and destroyed their homes by fire. There is a considerable number of killed and wounded reported. Four mule loads of heads of the rebels were brought into the city of Fez, and placed on show. Amongst these was the head of Hiana's most influential leader, Benabida.

"It was stated three weeks ago that the Pretender, with powerful forces, was advancing on Fez, but this was a false report, as were many others which have been concocted here and published abroad. The fact is, that the Pretender has not ventured far from Tazza.

"We feel very keenly for the women and children, whose homes have been destroyed by fire, and in many cases the father has been taken prisoner, or had his head chopped off. Unprotected women and children are subjects of the most inhuman barbarities.

"We thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers for the interest that has been manifested in our work. Continue earnestly to pray for us in these perilous times. F. WEISS."

FOR FINLAND'S SAKE

THIS little gift I send to-day
Is very, very small,
For should I wait to send a greater one
I might not send at all
For like Peter of old,
I'm rather short of silver,
And I have not any gold.

But I know that He
Who looked with loving approval
On the "widow's mite,"
Will not let this poor dollar
Sink out of sight.
For, 'twixt me and thee,
My heart is aching
For the starving people
Over the sea.

Those dear, good people of the Finnish race,
Shivering and starving in that desolate place,
My heart goes out in sympathy, tender and true,
And I wish I could send them all they need,
But I am poor in pocket.
Don't you see?
And that's my cross,
'Twixt me and thee.

Poor in pocket, that is all,
His other gifts to me are far from small.
Surrounded by kind neighbors and good friends,
The common blessings which He daily sends.
Blest here on earth with mother, sisters,
Christian husband, home, and love,
While father and the children dear,
Sing in the choir above.

Thank God, I'm not a widow,
Lone and poor,
Nor yet a needy beggar,
Sick and sore.
You ask, have I no treasures?
Ah, yes, I've treasures rich and rare,
But they're not here,
They're laid up "over there."

My Bible reads,
"Bear ye the burdens of one another,"
And so, day by day,
I try to serve my Elder Brother.
So now, dear Christian people—
One and all—
Do not withhold your gifts
Because they're small.
For He who giveth the increase
Will fill your souls with love and peace,
And when we gather round the throne,
We'll reap the good deeds we have sown.

MRS. LESTER K. WEEKS,
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ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. A. H., Marathon, N. Y., writes:

I prayed that God would open the way for a dear one to find honest employment, and I thank my Heavenly Father who has answered my prayer.

F. T. J., French minister of the Gospel, Washington, writes:

I am thankful to the Lord that, at my ardent request, he brought my son home. I had not seen him for four years. He is not converted yet, but I hope the Lord will soon touch his heart.

A. J. D., El Reno, Okla., writes:

I have been helped by the Answered Prayer column. I want to tell, for the encouragement of others, how the Lord has answered my prayer, that he would convert my husband. I have been praying daily for thirteen long years, and now the Lord has heard and he has saved my dear companion.

Praying One, Farmingdale, N. J., writes:

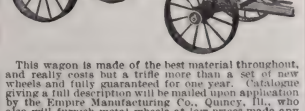
A friend and myself have been meeting and praying for the salvation of unsaved members in our respective families, for some time. Sunday night one of my brothers, who has been a non-church-goer for years, accompanied me to the evening service; this week another brother came out openly for Jesus, and is to unite with the church next Sunday.

I. J., Whitworth Female College, Brookhaven, Miss., writes:

About three years ago my Sunday School Superintendent gave me a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and has been giving me one every week since. I read the many answers to prayers, and my faith was strengthened. Now I write to say God has answered mine. I was very poor, and wanted to go to school, and could not see any way by which I might; so I told God about it. I prayed four years before I was answered. I came here last year.

Farm Wagon only $21.95.

In order to introduce their Low Metal Wheels with Wide Tires, the Empire Manufacturing Company, Quincy, Ill., have placed upon the market a Farmer's Handy Wagon, that is only 25 inches high, fitted with 24 and 30 inch wheels with 4-inch tire and sold for only $21.95.



This wagon is made of the best material throughout, and really costs but a trifle more than a set of new wheels and fully guaranteed for one year. Catalogue giving a full description will be mailed upon application by the Empire Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Ill., who also will furnish metal wheels at low prices made any size and width of tire to fit any axle.

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famous OSTERMOOR mattress. Well-to-do people between sheets. We make mattresses cheaper than cotton ever, **and the hair mattress is not equal to this requirement.** It [illegible] and lumps and [illegible] and [illegible] requires [illegible] and [illegible] on pedestals. It is [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] is put into perfect shape [illegible] *stuffed.* The

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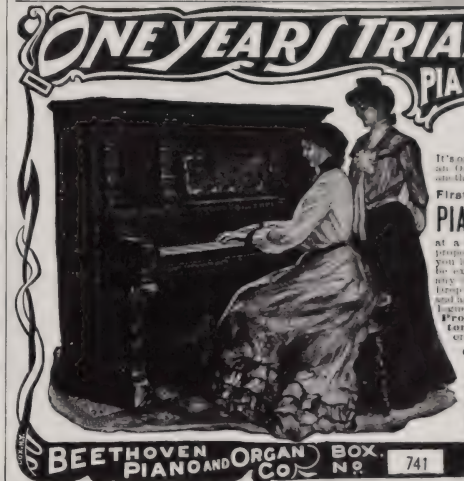
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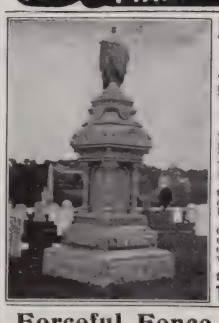

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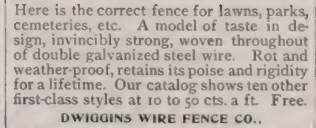

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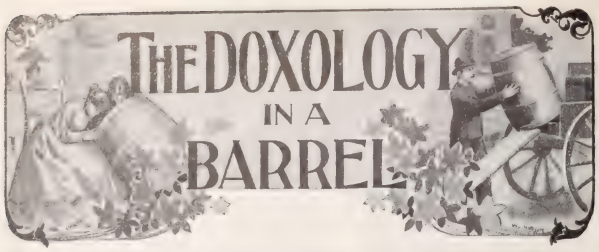

[From an incident in the life of H. B. Gibbud, Evangelist, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.]

A PASTOR had said in his sermon one day,
In speaking of courage and Christian content,
"I'd sing the doxology, then I would pray,
If I hadn't a dollar, a nickel or cent
In bank or in pocketbook, stocking or sock,
And nobody owed me where I could collect,
In mortgages, chattels, real estate or in stock;
I'd still have God's promise and my self-respect.

. . .

I'd put my head into the barrel and sing,
If my flour barrel was empty, I would!
With faith, hope and courage I'd make the tones ring;
Dear brothers and sisters, I ought to and could."
He was theoretical, scholarly, wise,
His wife was more practical, poiseful and strong,

. . .

She wanted to prove that he couldn't tell lies.
The barrel got empty—she called for the song.
He smiled at the emptiness then, in her face;
His hand in his pocket found nothing but dust:
"We'll sing it together," he said, "and say grace,
My faith is so lame it must lean on your trust."

Then into the barrel with Christian content
They poured the Doxology and a few tears;
The next day a barrel of sweet flour was sent;
The sender has hidden his name many years.

. . .

We hope the two barrels were made into chairs,
One for the good pastor, one for the wife Prue,
And as for the neighbor who answered the prayers,
God "gave him a chance" when he asked what to do.
There's something to carry or something to bring,
God hasn't a place for the sluggard and shirk;
There's a word of good cheer and a glad song to sing,
Go right to the gate of the vineyard for work.

. . .

If those who are praying for service and power,
Would open their eyes and their ears as they pray,
Would furnish the money, deliver the flour,
The kingdom of evil would melt in a day.

C. C. B.

JUDGING OTHERS*

Christ's Warning to Censorious Critics Against Vindictive Judgments

HOW difficult it is to discriminate between the sin and the sinner! How often the principles which should guide us in relation to each, are reversed! The severe reprehension which we ought to feel toward sin, the horror, the loathing which it ought to excite in our hearts, are manifested toward the sinner, while sin itself, possibly in some other form, is tolerated. Our Lord's attitude was shown never more clearly than in that scene in the temple, when the Pharisees brought that detected woman before him. We can imagine how a nature so pure as his, must have revolted at such a sin as her's; yet how compassionately, how gently he addressed her! It is only when we learn something of the intense love that he had for men, of the sorrow he felt at seeing them give themselves to evil, that we get at the true principles of action in this matter. There is to be no compromise with sin, no minimizing of its guilt, but for the victim there is to be pity and forgiveness.

Christ does not mean that we are to give up the right of judgment in all matters of offence. The State is compelled for its own safety to sit in judgment on the criminal. He must be punished to bring about his own reformation, as well as an example to others. In the family there must be discipline and punishment. The childish wrong-doer must not escape punishment, otherwise he may continue in his sin. It is the vindictive act, the harsh dealing with the culprit, the bitter censure of the fallen, that Christ warns us against. When there is a defalcation, one hears on all hands abuse and anathema, and sometimes it is hard to refrain from joining in the hue and cry; but it is frequently unchristian. How many who are loudest in their censure, would have fallen if placed in like circumstances! Christ's warning applies, too, to unproved offences. We are not to be prone to suspect evil in any one, nor to condemn any one unheard. There may be mitigating circumstances of which we know nothing, or constitutional propensities which ought to be taken into account in forming an opinion. Kindliness, compassion, and Christian charity must rule.

*Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for March 22. Matt. 7: 1-5.

Gave Her Boots as a Reward

READERS of this journal will perhaps remember a picture on its pages about two or three years ago, of a school in Monrovia, Liberia, Africa, carried on by Mrs. Mary Sharp, and her helper, Mrs. M. L. Allen, missionaries. Mrs. Allen has since gone to a more neglected place, farther down the coast line, and has been working for over two years in that hard, lonely place, forty miles from any white person, except the traders who traffic along the coast. Her work has been to have a school for the young, teaching them the Word of God, along with secular things.

Several have been converted. Some of the children and women of the little village of Nana Kroo have heard the call, and are started on a pilgrimage to a better country. Some bring their children and want them taught in the school, and give up all claim legally to them. The missionary offered her rubber boots as a reward to the one who would commit to memory the most of John's Gospel, and one boy learned eighteen chapters so perfectly as to repeat them word for word.

A great hindrance to her work has been the famine prevalent in that locality for two years past. Her work is an unsalaried one. Any reader desiring to aid her may do so by writing to A. W. Minick, care of R. C. Williams & Co., P. O. Box 1384, New York, who will give all information.

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Licentiate Dr. J. Benzinger, University of Berlin, writes on "Palestine."
Prof. Dr. Fritz Hommel, University of Munich, is the author of "Arabia."
Prof. Dr. George Stehdorff, University of Leipzig, furnishes the chapter on "Egypt."
Prof. Dr. P. Jensen, Univ. of Marburg, concludes with an essay on "The Hittites."
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PSALM LXXXV
Psalm of Forgiveness

1. Lord, thou hast been favorable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

"BROUGHT BACK THE CAPTIVITY"

2. Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people, thou hast covered all their sin.

3. Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

4. Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

. . .

To be forgiven, fully and freely by God is the essence of eternal joy. Sinai brings death by Law. Calvary brings life by Grace. It is no wonder that when Mercy and Truth meet, Righteousness and Peace kiss each other. In this Psalm, the wedding bells of the marriage of the Lamb can be faintly heard. It is a queer saint who fails to catch the music.

. . .

PSALM LXXXVI
Psalm of God's Greatness

5. For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

"GIVE EAR, O LORD"

6. Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

7. In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

8. Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works.

. . .

So great in his goodness and so good in his greatness, Note the "greatness" told of here. God to bow down to the poor and needy, giving them mercy, joy, forgiveness, and help in the day of trouble. Compassion, graciousness and long suffering in plenty. Crowning all with comfort. It is well written, "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord."

. . .

PSALM LXXXVII
Psalm of the Church

2. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

"THE GATES OF ZION"

3. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

. . .

The one divine institution in this old world of sin is the Church of Jesus Christ. He who loves the Church is loved by God. Help to establish it, and he will establish you; pull it down by strife, and he will pull you down by strength omnipotent.

John 3, the new, bright chapter of the Bible, must be read with this.

. . .

PSALM LXXXVIII
Psalm for Deserted People

14. Lord, why castest thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me?

15. I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up: while I suffer thy terrors I am distracted.

16. Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off.

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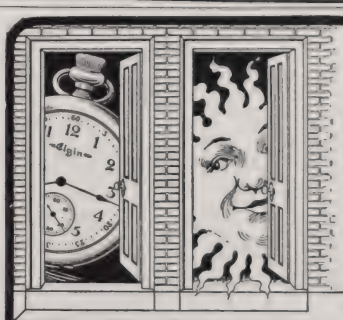

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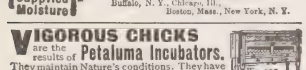

THE POWER OF RISEN LIFE

Paul's Teaching of the Indwelling Christ

By Mrs M. Baxter

WHAT a prayer that is which Paul makes (Eph. 1: 17-23) for the people to whom he wrote! And it is for us, Gentile Christians. It was according to God's will, and he did hear it (I. John 5: 14, 15). And surely the Holy Spirit, who inspired it, and he who ever liveth to make intercession for us, prays for Gentiles still. God only wants the Amen of our hearts' co-operation. And having prayed that we may know thus what we have in him, and what he deigns to have in us as his inheritance and his fulness (1: 18, 23), and what the power is to make us this, he prays again (3: 14, 19) a yet more marvelous prayer.

He has already prayed for the Holy Ghost to come into us as "a Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him." Now he prays that God would "grant, according to the riches of his glory, that we may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inward man," *i. e.*, the spirit as contrasted with the soul and the body. And why? That Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith (Eph. 3: 14-17, R.V.) God seeks to have his dwelling-place in us, that no spurious imitation, but the real life of Christ may be reproduced in us, through faith on our part and power on his. "That we, being rooted and grounded in love—we have only just as much of Christ in us as we have of love—may be strong to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and heighth and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God." That he may be filled in his body in its many members; that we, his members, may be filled with all the fulness of God. How wonderful! How far beyond human conception! And this was a prayer in the Holy Ghost!

God gave him to be "Head over all things to the Church which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all." And now follows a retrospect. "You hath he quickened who were dead through your trespasses and sins, wherein aforetime ye walked according to the age of this world (*i. e.*, the times we live in). Christ did not walk according to the age of the world in which he lived. His life was in a current diametrically opposed to the spirit of his age. And everyone who is really born again, and who lives in the power of that new life into which he is born of the Spirit, has lost his taste for this age; he sees men around him walking in a dream, pursuing shadows; blind and deaf to realities. They live in the things of time, and sense, and in the power of a life which is corruptible. Their "inner man," *i. e.*, their spirit, is like a dead thing; and they are only awake and alive to what touches sense, intellect and affection. God is not in all their thoughts: for the part of their being which is capable of understanding God is paralyzed; they are dead through trespasses and sin.

And we have all been thus, walking, though we knew it not, "according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" (Eph. 2: 1, 2). Every unsaved soul walks thus, and they know it not. How few of us realize that everyone is either a child of God, or else is "of that wicked one" (I. John 3: 12). God knows only two classes. And our life at that time consisted in "the lust of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind." No mention is made of the spirit. "We were by nature the children of wrath, even as the rest" (verse 3, R.V.) Here we have, clearly defined, what we are in God's eyes before we are born again; what we are without the Holy Spirit of God. "But God"—now we have something of what he is. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead through our trespasses quickened us together with Christ (by grace have ye been saved). Have we really realized that God loved us, because he is love, even when we were dead through our trespasses—loved us while we were rebelling against him? It was by reason of that love that he quickened us together with Christ. Our real life in God has its source in his resurrection. "If Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins."

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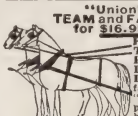

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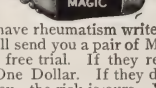

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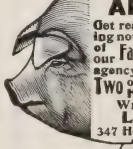

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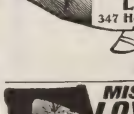

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CHRISTIAN EDUCATION*

The Development of the Spiritual Nature the True Object of Christianity

WHEN a child has been taught the facts of history, science, mathematics and perhaps one or two languages, he is generally supposed to be educated. It is possible that he is educated, but too often it happens that he is not. The mere storing of his mind with knowledge, alone, is not education. It is in the training of his mind and the development of his mental powers that education consists. The dull, stupid young people that abound in society are examples of the effect of mental indigestion. They have plenty of knowledge but it has not been assimilated. Christian education often has the same defect. There are young people who are strictly orthodox, who know exactly what are the doctrines of the different denominations, who are familiar with the Bible passages on which those doctrines are based, yet who are destitute of Christian education. Mr. Moody used to compare that condition with a locomotive standing still on the tracks, without fire or water. It was a locomotive, but useless, until power entered into it.

Christian education is a development of the mental and spiritual powers. It is an application to life and conduct of the sublime truths of Christianity. The man who is leading a wicked or a useless life is condemned, even though his orthodoxy may be unassailable. How often the Christian is violent and passionate in temper, selfish in his dealings, negligent of his duty to the poor, censorious of his brethren, miserly in his hoarding, unforgiving to those who have injured him, uncharitable in his judgment, while regularly attending the services of his church, and leading an irreproachable moral life. Such men are in need of Christian education. Religion is of no use as mere head-knowledge. It does not consist in observances, or rites, or ceremonies. It consists in an attuning of the spirit to the spirit of Christ, so that the sweet kindliness, the gentleness, the unselfishness, the love that characterized Christ shall be seen in his followers. It is a high ideal, but nothing short of that should ever be the Christian standard. And it is attainable, because to one who strives after it the Holy Spirit is given without measure.

*Topic of the Epworth League for March 22. Timothy 6: 13-9; II. Timothy 2: 15, 23.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Will the Clergy Reform? By Edwin W. Cossitt. It is difficult to tell what the clergy will do if they should read this book and find it so "pack full" of errata. Published by the author at Cape Breton, N. S., Canada.

In Merry Mood. A book of cheerful rhymes, by Dixon Waterman. Capital for reading or recitation, and every poem has a sound, ringing, helpful moral. Pp. 208. Price $1.25. Forbes & Co., Boston, publishers.

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Our great catalogue, **"Everything for the Garden,"** (value 20c.) sent *free* to purchasers, *provided* they name the publication containing this advertisement. This, our *50th Annual Catalogue*, is the recognized standard for reliability and excellence and is invaluable to all who love out-of-doors.

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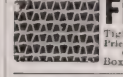

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I will not neglect a pupil—I certainly have no intention of reducing my income, hence the increase.

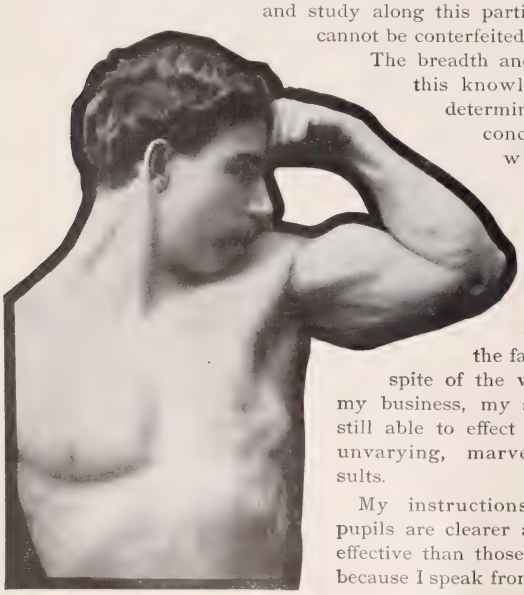
My system has always been worth more than twice the amount I have charged and many times as much as any other system.

Out of a spirit of fairness to those to whom I have already stated my fee, I make this public announcement so that they may either enroll themselves at once, or have no complaint at the future increase.

I cannot regard great swelling muscles, or the ability to snap chains and lift horses, or even a knowledge of the Marquis of Queensbury rules, as qualifying a man to keep in repair the most delicate of all organisms, the human system.

I am glad when a thinker begins to investigate the various systems for attaining physical excellence, for when a thinking man investigates, MY system is invariably selected. There is no other like it.

It is obviously impossible to imitate my instruction, not only because it differs according to the needs of each individual case, but also because my experience in the successful treatment of many thousands of different cases; my years of investigation and study along this particular line cannot be conterfeited.



The breadth and depth of this knowledge—the determination and concentration which my individual attention to each case demand, are evidenced by the fact that, in spite of the volume of my business, my system is still able to effect the same unvarying, marvelous results.

My instructions to my pupils are clearer and more effective than those of others because I speak from years of successful experience. I KNOW.

There is no guess work. Scientific physiological exercise is NOT a fad. Fads do not relieve hopeless cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, neurasthenia, insomnia and rheumatism, liver trouble and nervous diseases of every description, etc.

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It is right living in condensed form. By it the evil effects of wrong living are neutralized and a splendid condition of robust mental and physical health assured.

This is done without distasteful dieting and without discomfort of any nature. It makes men strong, alert and graceful. It gives women beauty of figure and grace of carriage, with a clear skin, bright eyes and rosy cheeks.

My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success requires no apparatus whatever and but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

There is no wasted effort, no wasted time, the instruction is entirely individual and will fit the exact requirements of YOUR CASE. I don't ask you to take my word for this; judge me by my works—they speak louder than words. Below is the unsolicited testimony of a man who knows through personal experience what the Swoboda system will do. This man is one of thousands. He has no earthly interest in me or my system beyond what it has done for him.

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I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information which I furnish free is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

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See Page 226

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1. Mrs. Roosevelt (from her very latest photograph). 2. Miss Ethel Roosevelt. 3. Theodore, Jr., and his pet Macaw, "Eli." 4. Master Kermit and his dog, "Jack." 5. Archie and his friend 6. Master Quentin (aged 4). 7. The favorite family reading-room.

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M 2 00
Lockwood, C H.... 1 00
Lockwood, H N... 10 00
Logan, Miss 1 00
Loomis, Mrs Ellen. 2 00
Loomis, M A..... 2 00
Lozier, Mary E.... 1 00
Lounesa, P 1 00
Lounsbery, Mrs E. 5 00
Lyman, M J..... 5 00
Lyman, John 100 00
Lyon, Jere M.... 10 00
McAlkire, J 1 50
McCarty, Geo 1 00
McClelland, L E.. 1 00
McCulla, Mrs A... 1 00
McGeoch, Arch 1 00
McGeoch, Mrs R J. 1 00
Macgregor, Mrs M 1 00
McIlveen, Miss ... 3 00
McKee, Mr 5 00
McKim, R V..... 5 00
McKinney, D C.... 15 00
McNeilly, H V.... 1 00
Mabee, Abram 5 00
Mabley, Helen R.. 1 00
Mabley, Ina 1 00
Mapes, Geo C..... 1 00
Markham, Helen O 2 00
Marsh, Mrs H L.. 1 00
Marten, Mrs Mary. 1 00
Mason, Mrs C J.. 1 00
Mather, Miss N P. 2 00
Maxwell, Mrs 1 00
Mattan, Mrs M C 2 00
Mead, C S..... 1 00
Mead, M B..... 2 00
Medbury, A S.... 1 00
Meidenbauer, M B 1 00
Meldrem, Wm 5 00
Merrill, Lottie M. 5 00
Miller, Emily A.... 1 00
Miller, A F..... 1 00
Miller, L Belle.... 25
Miller, Mrs M.... 1 75
Miller, A B..... 50
Mills, Helen S.... 1 00
Mills, Mrs S W... 5 00
Minot, The Misses. 2 00
Minot, The Misses 2 00
Moore, Mrs A E.... 1 00
Morrill, H H..... 2 00
Morris, Mrs C D.. 1 00
Mowry, Mrs E.... 1 00
Murray, Annie 2 00
Musfeidt, C 1 00
Myers, Mrs Carrie. 1 00
Myers, Mary E.... 1 00
Myers, Wm R.... 1 00
Nash, L H..... 1 00
Nearing, A G.... 5 00
Nelson, Mrs Mary
& family 2 50
Nesbitt, Mrs J W.. 50
Newcomb, Mrs A.. 1 00
Nicholson, Henry .. 1 00
Nicholson, J H.... 1 00
Norton, C W & Mrs. 2 00
Norton, Mrs Ellery 2 00
Nott, D..... 3 00
Noxan, Mrs G R.... 1 00
Osborne, Francis.. 5 00
Otis, Chas R.... 10 00
Owsley, Rebecca F. 2 00
Paddock, Mrs W W 2 00
Padgham, David .. 1 00
Palmer, Annette.. 10 00
Palmquist, Louis.. 5 00
Parker, Ira S..... 2 00
Parker, Mrs J A.. 1 25
Parker, Mrs Katie. 1 00
Parker, O 1 00
Parker, Vina V.... 1 00
Parsons, Mrs A.... 2 00
Parsons, D L.... 1 00
Parsons, Mrs E.. 5 00
Parsons, Mrs T E 1 00
Paul, Mrs Cyrus.. 1 00
Payne, E O..... 1 00
Payne, Mrs 1 00
Pearson, Elsie 5 00
Peck, Mrs C A.... 1 00
Peck, Mrs C A.. 10 00
Peet, Miss M W.... 1 00
Pfleger, Mrs J M.. 2 00
Phelps, Mrs E E.. 1 00
Pitt, Mary Ann... 5 00
Poole, Miss 3 00
Poole, Mrs Jane.. 10 00
Port, Mrs W C.... 1 00
Post, Mrs Frank .. 1 15
Pratt, B E & N B 2 00
Pulver, Mrs Jane.. 2 00
Putnam, Mrs C S 1 00

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Putney, Jno W.... 2 00
Quick, Mary F.... 1 00
Ramseyer, P E.... 1 00
Rawson, Mrs S R.. 1 00
Raymond, Miss A.. 1 00
Reed, Miss Nora .. 1 00
Rees, Wm A.... 10 00
Reynolds, Kent C.. 2 00
Rhodes, Mrs John.. 2 00
Rice, Mrs 1 00
Rider, Mrs C S.... 1 00
Roberts, Mary D.. 1 00
Roberts, Mrs T.... 1 00
Robertson, Mrs J.. 1 00
Robinson, Rev C E 5 00
Robinson, Hiram.. 1 00
Rockwell, Mrs E D 1 00
Roof, Miss M.... 1 00
Ross, Miss Mary.. 1 00
Ross, Mrs Thomas. 1 00
Rouse, Geo W.... 1 00
Rowe, Sigel 2 00
Rowe, T 1 00
Rubeck, Mrs Jane. 1 00
Ruhl, F W..... 3 01
Rupert, Mrs M.... 5 00
Satterlee, Mrs ... 2 00
Satterlee, Eliza... 1 00
Sawyer, Mrs W H. 1 00
Sawyer, Mrs A H. 5 00
Sayer, Florence... 1 00
Seace, Mrs 1 00
Seelig, L & Co.... 5 00
Schober, Wm 5 00
Schroeder, A J &
mother 10 00
Schureman, E R &
Mrs 3 00
Sears, Benj C.... 5 00
Sears, Marcus C.. 5 00
Sebring, Mrs L J. 1 00
Sergent, Mrs E.... 2 00
Sexsmith, C W.... 2 00
Shaijian, S Y.... 2 00
Shaul, Mrs M E.. 1 00
Sheldon, Albert 1 00
Sherman, Emily P. 1 00
Shultz, L T..... 2 00
Sickels, Miss L J. 1 00
Sickels, Robert...10 00
Sickels, Mrs Robert 2 00
Sicley, Mrs Jennie 5 00
Silberman, Wm H.. 5 00
Silverstein, Mrs S E 5 00
Sisson, L E..... 2 50
Skidmore, Mrs G W 5 00
Skinner, Bella 1 00
Skinner, Mrs C E 2 00
Sleicher, Jr, Wm. 250 00
Slingerland, A R.. 5 00
Sloan, W E..... 1 00
Small, Cora 10 00
Smith, Mrs Abner.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs A.... 4 00
Smith, A 1 00
Smith, Mrs 1 00
Smith, Mrs DD.. 5 00
Smith, E E..... 25
Smith, F 1 00
Smith, H C..... 25
Smith, H & Mrs.. 5 00
Smith, Lucella D.. 2 50
Smith, B B..... 2 00
Smith, R E..... 4 00
Smith, W Carlyle. 2 00
Smith, W H..... 1 00
Snell, Gertrude 1 00
Snyder, Mrs Selina
& J E..... 2 00
Southworth, W D. 1 00
Spencer, G W.... 1 00
Stahlitz, Mrs W.. 1 00
Stancliff, G S.... 1 50
Starks, Geo F.... 5 00
Steele, Mrs A H.. 1 00
Stephenson, Rev F 1 00
Stillman, R P..... 1 00
Stokes, Mrs Sarah. 1 00
Stone, Mrs 20 00
Stout, Mrs 1 00
Story, Harriette F 10 00
Stowe, Mrs J B.. 1 00
Strong, Mrs 1 00
Taylor, Miss A E. 1 00
Taylor, James 5 00
Thacher, Mr & Mrs
T K 2 00
Tibbits, Dudley ... 25 00
Tichenor, Mr 1 00
Ticknor, Mary A.. 1 00
Timpkin, E..... 1 00
Timpkin, A 2 00
Tomlinson, Mrs M 1 00
Tompkins, Mr & Mrs
John 1 00
Topping, Mrs H.. 1 00
Topping, Mrs M... 1 00
Towlerton, James. 1 00
Tracy, Mrs Alice.. 1 00
Trumpp, H 2 00
Tuthill, M N..... 1 00
Tuttle, Lillian R.. 5 00
Underwood, Mrs F
M 1 00
Vail, Mrs C E.... 5 00
VanAllen, Mrs C L 5 00
VanAlstine, Mrs .. 1 00
VanBrocklodt, Miss. 1 00
VanLove, Mathias. 1 00
VanLove, Mrs M.. 1 00
VanNorman, Mrs W
S 2 00
VanPelt, A A S.... 5 00
Vedder, M A & H 2 00
Vezar, Mrs Alice.. 1 00
Walker, A R & J.. 1 00
Ward, W E..... 2 00
Warner, Mrs F W. 2 00
Washburn, H C.... 1 00
Wasson, Mrs E N.. 2 00
Webster, Alice 25
Webster, M J..... 75
Weiss, J F..... 1 00
Welles, Lowell E.. 1 00
Wells, Asa H.....11 00
Wells, C S..... 1 62
Wells, Mrs E L.... 1 00
Wheeler, H S..... 2 00
Wheelwright, M M 2 00
White, Neva E.... 1 00
Wilcox, Mrs G R.. 2 00
Whitney, Mrs 25
Whitney, M R..... 1 00
Wicks, E G..... 1 00
Wightman, Mrs E.. 1 00
Wightman, Cora .. 50
Wilbur, Mary E.... 1 00
Wilcox, Mrs F H.. 1 00
Wilcox, Mrs R. 2 00
Williams, E C.... 2 00
Williams, Mrs J B 1 00
Williams, R..... 1 00
Williams, Mrs R W 1 00
Willis, Marion B.. 1 00
Wilson, Dan'l T... 5 00

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Wilson, Mrs G H. 10 00
Wilson, Miss Julia 1 00
Wilson, Mrs Robt. 1 00
Wilson, S L..... 2 00
Wing, Mrs G..... 1 00
Wood, Mrs A B.... 1 00
Wood, Wm E..... 1 00
Woodbridge, H A.. 2 00
Wyman, G 1 00
Wyman, T P..... 1 00
Wynkoop, Gilliett.. 5 00
Young, Miss F E.. 1 00
Youngman, Mrs C.. 2 00
Zabriskie, Rev A G 1 00
Zeh, Mrs J W.... 3 00
Elnore, N Y..... 1 00
E A R & Mother,
Acra 1 50
L K C, Adams..... 1 00
Mrs S C, Albany.. 1 00
A L, Athens..... 2 00
C E W, Belleville 1 00
M L, Berlin..... 39
L B P, Broken
Straw 1 00
A E G, Bklyn..... 2 00
C A B, Bklyn..... 1 00
E A, Bklyn.....10 00
A V, Bklyn..... 2 00
H C W, Bklyn.... 1 00
J R, Bklyn 2 00
L E S, Bklyn..... 2 00
T T, Bklyn 1 00
M B, Bklyn..... 1 00
M M B, Bklyn.... 2 00
W F B, Bklyn..... 2 00
A P G, Bklyn..... 1 00
Mrs F S, Buffalo.. 1 00
J I, Canandaigua.. 1 00
H J F, Candor..... 1 00
F G A, Chatham
Springs 50
S M A, Clifton
Springs 3 00
M, Dekalb Jct.... 1 00
J P O, Dogle..... 1 00
W D S, E Green-
bush 1 00
A E H, Florida.. 1 00
H T & F, Fredonia 2 00
N B B, Fredonia.. 5 00
B, Glen Cove..... 2 00
J L S, Glens Falls 2 00
J P, Herkimer.... 5 00
M E C, Honeoye
Falls 25
S M H, Hyde Park 1 00
M C, Inwood..... 1 00
M M F, Johnsonville 2 00
F B V, Kinderhook 2 00
L A A, Kinderhook 1 00
Mrs S B F & Son,
Laurel 3 00
W A B & Mrs,
Leonardsville .. 1 23
M W, Masonville 2 00
E H, Mechanicsville 2 00
P M, Middle Granville 1 00
R A, Millport.... 1 00
Mrs E F F, Monticello 2 00
Mrs I L, Mt Vernon 5 00
B H, N Y..... 25 00
C D, N Y..... 1 00
E H C, N Y..... 1 00
H H, N Y..... 1 00
M L, N Y..... 1 00
S A, N Y..... 5 00
S B C, N Y..... 5 00
V H Y & Co, N Y. 25 00
D F W, N German-
town 5 00
Mrs A C D, Nunda 3 00
E M V, Oriskany
Falls 1 00
M E T, Oswego.... 1 00
Mrs G & daughter,
Phelps 1 00
F A C, Rhinecliff.. 2 00
A M, Rocky Point 1 00
C L S, St Andrews 2 00
H E W, Sandy Crk 1 00
J L, Schenectady. 1 00
Mrs H, Schenectady 2 00
S D H, Schenectady 5 00
I B H, Shortsville 50
A O W, Southampton 1 00
J M L, S Salem.. 1 00
H S G, Sparow... 1 00
C M, Sterling Valley 1 00
M L, Utica..... 1 00
C L B & J H S,
Versailles 5 00
E & F, Wadhams
Mills 1 00
M O, Wappingers
Falls 25
M A D, Watertown 2 00
M H R, Wellsville 5 00
Mrs W Schuyler 1 00
S A W, Whitney Pt 1 00
G S, ——..... 5 00
S E G, ... 10 00
W M H & others.. 5 00
——, Amsterdam .. 5 00
——, Auburn..... 2 00
——, Auburn 1 00
——, Blythebourne,
Bklyn 1 00
——, Bklyn 2 00
——, Bklyn 5 00
——, Bklyn 1 00
——, Bklyn 1 00
——, Brunswick 1 00
——, Catskill 5 00
——, Charlton 1 00
——, Chenoa 1 00
——, Cold Spring.. 2 00
——, Geneva 5 00
——, Goshen 1 00
——, Hancock 1 00
——, Ithaca 5 00
——, Ithaca 2 00
——, Leroy 1 00
——, Lyndonville .. 1 00
——, Malone 1 00
——, Millerton 5 00
——, Newburgh 1 00
——, N Y..... 2 00
——, N Y..... 2 00
——, N Y..... 5 00
——, N Brookfield.. 1 00
——, Oneonta 1 00
——, Port Jervis .. 10 00
——, Rochester 1 00
——, Rosker 1 00
——, Sandyhill 5 00
——, Schenectady .. 1 00

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——, Tremont 1 00
——, Watervill 1 00
——, W Brighton.. 5 00
Cash, N Y..... 4 15
Friend, Auburn 1 00
Friend, Auburn 2 00
Friend, Binghamton 1 00
Friend, Black Crk 1 00
Friend, Bridgehampton 2 00
Friend, Bklyn 1 00
Friend, Bklyn 2 00
Friend, Bklyn 2 00
Friend, Canal'gua 50
Friend, Copenhagen 25
Friend, Elmont 5 00
Friend, Gardenville 1 00
Friend, Granville .. 2 00
Friend, Greenville.. 25
Friend, Homer 1 00
Friend, Ilion 5 00
Friend, Jamestown. 1 00
Friend, Kingston.. 1 00
Friend, Linlithgon 2 00
Friend, Moriah 1 00
Friend, Rochester..10 00
Friend, Watermill.. 5 00
Friend, Yonkers 5 00
Friend, A J R, Binghampton 10 00
M M A, Friend,
Groveland 3 00
Friends who sym-
pathize, M E M,
Nyack 1 00
Friend H, Stafford 1 00
A Friend, Brooklyn.. 1 00
A Friend, Auburn.. 3 00
A Friend, Brierhill. 1 00
A Friend, Bronx-
ville 1 00
A Friend, Bklyn 5 00
A Friend, Clinton .. 5 00
A Friend, Ferndale 1 00
A Friend, Fishkill-
on-the-Hudson 1 00
A Friend, Flatlands 1 00
A Friend, G r e e n-
wich 2 00
A Friend, Hornells-
ville 2 00
A Friend, Newburg. 1 00
A Friend, Pough-
keepsie 1 00
A Friend, Randolph 1 00
A Friend, Treadwell 1 00
A Friend, Troy 2 00
A Friend, Saratoga
Springs 1 00
Friends, Albany 5 00
Wellsley Isld Fr'ds,
Alexandria Bay.. 2 00
Friends, Canastota . 1 00
Friends, Corfee 1 00
Friends, Newbury.. 4 00
Friends, S Argyle.. 1 00
Friends, Syracuse.. 2 00
Friends, Union Spgs 5 00
Two Friends, Clif-
ton Springs 1 10
Two Friends, Corinth 2 00
Two Friends, Flemling 1 00
Two Friends, Hudson 7 00
A Sympathetic Fr'd,
Bellvale 1 00
Sympathizing Fr'ds,
Jamestown 2 50
Sympathizing Fr'd,
Schlitz 1 00
Friend in sympathy,
..... 2 00
I H N, Amagansett 1 00
I H N, Amram 1 00
I H N, Bklyn 1 00
I H N, Bklyn 5 00
A Cheerful Giver in
His Name, Bklyn 1 00
In His dear Name,
Bklyn 1 00
I H N, Wayland 2 00
Seventh West New
Brighton 10 00
—— I H N..... 50
In the name of the
blessed Jesus, Syracuse 10
In the name of Ruth,
Chappaqua 1 00
In memory of Jennie,
Waterloo 5 00
In memy of a dear
brother, Waterloo 5 00
A Reader, E Hampton 2 00
Reader, New Balto. 5 00
A Reader, Palmyra 1 00
Reader, Parishville 1 00
Reader, Sheshan .. 2 00
A Reader of Herald, Binghamton. 2 00
C H Reader, Cherry Valley 5 00
C H Reader, Rochester 1 00
A Constant Reader, Whitehouse 2 00
Subr to C H, Ballston 1 00
A Subr, Fayetteville 2 00
Subr Friend,
Gardenville 1 00
Old Subr, Geneva. 1 00
Subr, Owasco 50
One who sympathizes, Johnst'n.. 1 00
One who sympathizes, Mechanicstown 1 00
One who sympathizes, Middletown 25
Sympathizers, Klindorhook 2 00
A Sympathizer,
Port Jervis 1 00
Sympathizer, Valley Falls 1 00
Working Girl, Bklyn 1 00
The Widow's Mite,
Canandaigua 1 00
Box 507, Geneva.. 10 00
Thro N Y Tribune,
N Y C..... 26 00
Thro N Y Tribune 2 50
"A Descendant,"
New York 10 00
A Miserable Sinner, N Y C.... 1 00
The Sister, N Y C. 1 00

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Episcopal'n, N Y C 5 00
Parish of Northport, L I 5 00
Two Sisters, Olean 2 00
The Widow's Mite, Oneonta 1 00
A Thankful Christian, Pit Rich'd 5 00
"In Mother at Rest, Richmondville 2 00
Eighty-four years, Waterloo 5 00
Luth Pastors wife, Cashiers 5 00
June, Woodhull .. 2 00
Havens 25
In Service of the Presby & Bapt Cong, Akron 7 77
Bensonhurst P Ch, Bklyn 7 00
Bapt, Meth & Pres Chs, Cazenovia .. 32 40
Christ Epis Church, Guilford 5 00
Nunda M P Ch, Nunda 5 53
So Cong Ch, Rochester 26 71
M E Ch, Southampton 11 00
M E Ch, Springfield, L I 8 00
Womans Bible Cl, Bapt Ch, Watertown 3 33
1st Bapt Ch, Woodside 5 00
The Prim S S Cl of the 1st Pres Ch, Gadway 5 25
Prim Cl of Calvary Bapt Ch, N Y C 2 00
Charlton Industrial Farm Sch, Charlton 6 55
Pupils of St Faiths Sch, Saratoga.. 3 36
Inlet Miss'n, Ithaca 4 00
Miss'y & C E Soc of Vallonia Spgs, Vallonia 5 00
Gospel Chapel Chr Endvr, Albany.. 3 50
W C T U, Broadalbin 2 00
Mt Olivet Miss'y Soc, Cambridge 5 00
C E Soc, Dairyland 5 00
C E Soc, E Ashford 2 00
Branch No 1, Int Missionary Soc of Jamestown 2 00
Jr End Soc of the 1st Ref Ch, Kingston 5 00
Y P S C E of Ref Ch, Livingston.. 5 00
Y W C T U, Massena 2 00
Jr C E Soc of the 2d Ch of Christ, Rochester 2 50
C E Soc, St Remy 2 50
Union Missy Soc, So Lyons 10 00
Coll'n at mtg of Y W C A, Watertown 4 07
Y P S C E, West Brighton 6 00
——, N Y C..... 2 00

Miscellaneous

Anderson, Harold.. 25
Benjamin, Mrs 2 00
Brennan, Mary E.. 1 00
Daniel, Mrs M E.. 1 00
Dunn, Mrs M S.... 5 00
Ferguson, F R.... 2 00
Ferguson, Frank C 2 00
Ferguson, Ruth T. 2 00
Ferguson, Smith L 2 00
Houser, J M..... 1 00
Jackson, James.... 1 00
Larson, Mabel 2 00
Merritt, Mrs E B.. 5 00
Morrison, Mrs 1 00
Pittman, Mrs S.... 5 00
Salmon, Ellen E.. 1 00
Steward, Mrs C.... 1 00
Taulman, Miss C, Commiskey 2 00
Triplett, Annie F. 4 00
Waldron, Mrs 2 00
Woffard, J 2 00
Jessie K, ... 5 00
Stevens, ... 5 00
A B F, ... 1 00
A H, ... 3 00
B, ... 2 00
E B M, ... 1 00
H H E, ... 10 00
J & C, Susan 1 00
L, ... 5 00
Mrs L A R, ... 1 00
L N H, ... 5 00
Mrs M A B, ... 1 00
M D S, Baltimore 1 00
M P S, ... 1 00
M & S, ... 3 00
M S R, ... 1 00
M T, ... 1 00
S C B, Brockton.. 1 00
——, Alpha 1 00
——, Waldo 1 00
——, Warrensburg.. 2 00
Friend, Stillwater.. 2 00
Friend, ... 1 00
Friend, ... 1 00
A Friend, Hawley.. 1 00
A Friend, Los Angeles 2 00
A Friend, ... 1 00
Cayuta Friends .. 3 75
I H N 1 00
Husband & Wife, Gaithersburg .. 1 00
For Famine, ... 10 00
John 3: 16, ... 5 00
Laddie 1 00
A Neb Farm—wife 1 00
——, ... 25 00
——, ... 2 00
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NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

Our Sisters in India

Ten Years' Work Among the Young Girls of India's Capital

THE wonderful work that the readers of this journal are doing in India among the native orphans, over five thousand of whom are being fed, clothed and educated, by generous Christians, under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has encouraged the hope that they may be interested in another work. It is that of the Young Women's Chris-

Y. W. C. A. BUILDING IN CALCUTTA

tian Association, which has proved as beneficent to the young women of India as to those of other lands. The conditions in India render an institution of that kind an important aid to missionary work. It is so difficult for a woman earning her own livelihood in India, to overcome the prejudice existing in the native mind against self-supporting women, that she, more than her sisters, needs the aid given by association and friendly intercourse. She needs, also, in many cases, a Christian home that will protect her from the approaches of designing men. Gathered in such a home, the inmates are better able to nourish the Christian life and to devise plans for reaching their native sisters with the Gospel. It is chiefly by women that the native women of India must be evangelized. Although the broader culture now existing in India has worked wonders in opening the way to the woman's ear, there are many doors still closed against the male missionary, but open gladly to a woman.

In view of these conditions, a Young Women's Christian Association has been organized, and has done excellent work. Its benefits have been appreciated, and applications for membership have so increased that better quarters are needed. The white girls, daughters of civil and military officers in British employ, the Eurasian or half-castes, and the native Christians in membership are so numerous, that the present quarters in Calcutta are inconveniently crowded, and there is no possibility of taking advantage of the opportunity that now offers itself of extending the benefit still further. The managers of the Association are now planning to have a home which shall belong to the Association, and shall have more commodious quarters for meeting and for boarding members. Remembering the sympathy displayed by the Christian citizens of the United States with India in her hour of trial, they appeal to us for help in the effort, and have sent Miss Minnie L. Collins, their General Secretary, to this country to present the appeal. Following is Miss Collins' story in her own words:

"In the year 1893, a lady was sent to Calcutta by the committee of the World's Y. W. C. A., to see what openings there were for Association work in that city. She received such a warm welcome from all classes of English speaking young women (European, Eurasian, and native), employed in schools, stores, offices, business houses, etc., and such an urgent appeal to open a Home where it would be possible for them to live cheaply and comfortably, under the influence of Christian teaching, that she wrote to her committee, urging them to send out more workers at once, and in 1894 two other ladies joined her. The Home was opened, and soon filled to overflowing. Bible classes were started in schools, business houses, hospitals, amongst soldiers' wives, for girls employed in printing presses, and other places. Classes in typewriting, shorthand, dressmaking, cooking, nursing, physical drill, and other useful subjects were opened, and the work developed rapidly. In 1900 it was found necessary to rent another house for Institute work, and now both houses are too small to meet the demands made upon them. The need for enlarging the work has never been so great as it is now. There are hundreds of girls in Calcutta who need the help and protection of the Y. W. C. A., and applications have constantly to be refused from those who want to come into the Home, which has accommodation for twenty-seven only, and the need for a larger house is very great. The Institute, which is open all day, and every day, to girls, and young women of all classes and creeds, is much too small, and the committee feel the time has come for the Association to have a building of its own, with a Home large enough to accommodate fifty boarders, and an Institute specially adapted to meet the needs of the many young women in Calcutta.

A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, OF CALCUTTA

"To buy or build such a house will cost $50,000—nearly $20,000 have already been subscribed. When the whole amount has been raised, it is hoped that the work will be self-supporting, which is impossible at present, while the Association has to pay rent. The average salary received by Eurasian young women employed in dry goods stores is from $10 to $20 per month, out of which they have to pay all their living expenses, clothing, etc., so that the amount they are able to pay for board and lodging is very small. It is almost impossible for those living in this favored land to realize what a boon an association like the Y. W. C. A. is to lonely girls living in the midst of terrible temptations, with evil influences all around them: and unasked for testimonies are often

MISS MINNIE L. COLLINS, SEC. OF Y. W. C. A.

received from those who have been cheered and helped, and in many cases led to know Jesus Christ as a Saviour.

"One young woman, who had left her home in Scotland in answer to an advertisement, found on her arrival in Calcutta that it was a trap which unscrupulous persons had laid for her. Terrified when she discovered where she was, she escaped from the house at night, and sought protection in the Y. W. C. A. Home. Heartsick and homesick, the girl found what she needed—sympathy and loving help in her time of need. Sick ones have been nursed and cared for, and girls from almost every nation have at times found a resting place in the Association.

"The work has increased so rapidly during the last ten years, that there are now 120 branches in India, with a membership of over 5,000. Twenty-three qualified workers (American and English), a national committee, and a magazine, published monthly, called *The Young Women of India*, with a circulation of 2,500.

"Miss Minnie L. Collins, the general secretary of the Calcutta Association, is at present in New York seeking to raise funds for the new building. Will the mothers who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and want to help and comfort other mothers whose daughters are in peril, and the girls who have happy homes and shielded lives, stretch out a helping hand to their less favored sisters in Calcutta? Any sum, no matter how small, will be gratefully received by Miss Collins, at 21 East Forty-fourth Street New York City, where she would be glad to see any one who cared to know more about the work, and to explain more fully the plans and prospects of the Association."

A Day with the President's Family, Showing its Busy Life

ROUND *THE* CLOCK *in the* WHITE HOUSE

THE Chief Executive of this great nation works more long hours and harder than the great majority of his seventy million fellow-citizens. At Oyster Bay, the President's family are betimes risers, and the eight o'clock breakfast there is shared by all the members of the household. In Washington, this is not always possible. Miss Alice is often away from home on a visit, Teddy and Kermit are at Croton, at the Academy; from Monday until Friday, Ethel is at the Cathedral, an Episcopalian school near Washington; while Quentin, the baby, still has his meals in the nursery, and so it usually happens that Archie, who goes to a public school of the city, is the only one of the children who takes breakfast with his parents.

This little lad has the faculty of making things lively wherever he is, and often brings in his pets—dog Jack, the Manchurian Terrier, and Tom Swartz, the coon cat—to show off their latest tricks, while his elders are finishing their meal.

Before breakfast, the President hastily glances through the leading morning papers. Shortly after nine, he leaves the White House, and passing through the West Colonnade enters his office in the Executive Building, which was erected last summer near the entrance of the grounds, opposite the State, War, and Navy Building. He seats himself at his desk to sign a huge pile of papers that are waiting his signature. This finished, he calls for his mail. A vast amount comes addressed to him, but it is sifted out by the executive clerks under Secretary Loeb, and then sent to Secretary Cortelyou, who carefully culls from it that which needs to go to the President. Only that which is from his personal friends, or that pertaining to most important business, reaches him, and few letters are answered personally by the President. To the majority he dictates a reply briefly to one of his secretaries; in a few cases, he dictates an answer and signs his name; but only to his most intimate friends does he write autograph letters.

When the mail is out of the way, his "busy day" begins. Captain Loeffler (who for twenty-six years has been in charge of the President's door, and who has a most marvelous memory for names and faces), comes in and says:

"Good morning, Mr. President. There is a delegation of gentlemen in the outer office waiting, who say they have an engagement with you at ten, to extend an invitation to attend the dinner to be given by the Business Men's Club of their city."

"That's right, Loeffler, they have," says the President heartily. "Bring them in at once, and, in a moment, eight well-groomed men enter, each of whom the President grasps by the hand and welcomes cordially. He listens attentively while the grave spokesman makes his speech, and he promises to be present if it does not interfere with his official duties. After a moment more of pleasant conversation, the party file out.

"More waiting out here, Mr. President," says Captain Loeffler, again appearing at the door, "they want to ask you to prevent the dredging of the Great Lakes by the Government. One of the Senators from Wisconsin and several members of Congress are with them."

"Tell them to come in, Captain," says the President, and in another minute he has shaken hands just as heartily with a party of twenty, and gives the closest attention while the Senator presents the subject to him. A few pointed, intelligent questions follow, and then directing them to see the War Secretary, to whom the matter must be referred, he bows them out.

"The Secretary of State, with an Illinois Senator, are waiting to see you, Mr. President," next announces the faithful portal guardian.

The President crosses over into his private office, and, for three-quarters of an hour, is closeted with his premier and the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate in an important conference on the Panama Canal treaty. Just as he emerges from the room, a Congressional delegation from a Western State appear in a body to urge the appointment of one of its retiring members for judge in the new position which Congress has recently created in the Eighth Circuit. But another man had already been selected for the place, and the President explained the matter to them in the frankest matter. They move on to allow another delegation to urge the appointment of some one else for the circuit judgeship in Ohio, which Judge Day vacates to go on the Supreme Bench.

A handsome carriage, emblazoned with the German coat of arms, and containing the Secretary of State and the newly arrived Special Representative of Germany in the Venezuelan negotiations, Baron Speck von Sternberg, drove up at the south door. The Secretary and the Envoy were received in the President's private office, where formal greetings and expressions of good will were exchanged. This only occupied a few moments, and as President Roosevelt came back into his general office, Assistant Secretary Barnes appeared at his desk.

"Mr. Cortelyou's office is pretty well filled, Mr. President," he said, rather hesitatingly, as though loath to suggest another burden for his already overtaxed chief. But without a moment's hesitation the latter answered, "All right, Mr. Barnes, I'll come right out now," and followed him into the other room.

Mr. Cortelyou's office is the largest apartment in the executive building. In the centre of the floor, three men were standing, talking with each other as they waited. Beyond this group, a well-dressed colored man stood by the mantel.

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A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRESIDENT

and in front of him were three or four others, who seemed to have come in singly. On the sofa, against the west wall, was a party of ladies, and on the one near Mr. Barnes' desk was an old man and his wife, two younger women, and a small boy and girl who had come in with their Congressman to be introduced to the President. From one to the other of these groups the President passed rapidly, shaking hands with a warmth which is characteristic of him, and saying with a genuine ring in his voice to each one, "I am glad to see you," or "I am very glad that you came." The heartiness of the greeting and the personality which the President throws into his hand-shake always impresses those who meet him and makes the caller feel that in some way his Chief Executive takes a personal interest in him. The majority, when they had shaken hands, passed out, but the three men in the centre of the room held him for fifteen minutes in an earnest talk on the distribution of patronage.

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY GROUP

From a photograph of the President's children, taken several years ago

Mr. Loeffler presently looked in again, "There are a good many waiting, Mr. President."

"All right, Captain, but I must see these men first," and he crossed over to where a couple of newspaper correspondents were waiting. The room had cleared by the time he had finished talking with them. For an hour or two longer, the President was busy with Senators and Representatives, who invariably came out from his office through Secretary Cortelyou's room, and stopped at the latter's desk to leave a memorandum of the matters they had placed before his Chief. By one o'clock, a long line of people were again waiting to shake hands with the head of the nation. Once more the President came from his office and went the rounds. The last to be received were a company of boys from a Baltimore school, and the President gave them the heartiest welcome. He repeated their names as he shook hands, and where he knew any of their families he told the lad of it.

"You all play football, I suppose?" Mr. Roosevelt asked.

"Yes we do," they responded as heartily, "we're a football team, and Tommy's our captain."

Tommy, a red-headed boy of ten, looking decidedly abashed, was shoved forward, and received the second hand-shake.

"Well, who plays left end? My boys Ted and Kermit play left end, but Ted can beat Kermit. He's bigger, you know," he added. The boys looked delighted at this information, and after saying a few more words to them they passed out, very proud and very happy over their visit.

By the time the boys had left Secretary Cortelyou's room, lunch hour, two o'clock, had arrived, and the wearied President hurried across the terrace to freshen up a bit before he went in to greet his luncheon guests. That day they were a prominent paper manufacturer of Massachusetts, a Senator from the same State, the Pension Commissioner, a newspaper correspondent, and three or four ladies, who made up the lunch party. It is one of the President's customs to entertain a great many different persons at luncheon, but it extends his working hours indefinitely. When lunch is over business is again taken up, and it is often four o'clock before the Executive is at liberty. Then he goes for a long horseback ride or a tramp across country. Sometimes Mrs. Roosevelt or one or more of the children accompany him; again, General Wood or some other intimate friend. Two secret service men always keep him in sight on these jaunts. Rain or shine, storm or heat, these outings are never missed. For his rides, Mr. Roosevelt wears a heavy tweed suit, "rough rider" hat, and brown leggings. He rides one of his great bay horses, Bleistein or Renown, and is followed by young Archie on his little calico pony—a miniature reproduction as to suit, leggins, and hat, of his distinguished sire. The ride or walk is often prolonged until dark overtakes them, or until it is time for dinner. Seldom is this meal without guests. Sometimes they are personal friends or house guests of the family, but more often they are men of affairs who have been bidden so that the President may have an opportunity to discuss weighty pending public questions. When the ladies retire from the table, the conversation is prolonged often until a late hour. Frequently, if the dinner guests depart in good season, other people wait by special appointment in the Red Room, and with these the President confers at length. Then he goes to his study, the historic room on the second floor, and has a quiet hour with his books or the current magazines. Between eleven and twelve o'clock he goes to bed.

Does he never tire? No day laborer lays on his pillow at night a wearier head. Fortunately the President has a vigorous body, and his habit of regular outdoor exercise gives him an enormous amount of reserve strength to draw upon to withstand the constant drain of his powers.

Every other Thursday during the winter season a large official dinner takes place at the White House. On alternate Thursdays, a State reception is held. President and Mrs. Roosevelt have really revolutionized Washington society. When Mrs. Roosevelt inaugurated "afternoon teas," she quietly suggested to her Cabinet ladies the advisability of making something more of their Wednesday receptions. In many unostentatious ways she raised the standard of the social life of the whole official circle. At the weekly musicales, Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice usually receive the guests in the Green Parlor, and they are passed immediately into the East Room where they are seated for the programme, which lasts about an hour and a half. Refreshments are served in the long corridor, and the company, numbering from three to five hundred, wanders through the state apartments. The President mingles among his guests, stopping for a little chat with first one and then another. At one of these musicales, recently, he told the writer the following little incident. He was speaking about his family and laughing about his boys: "They are great little fellows and often 'down their father,'" said he. "On the night of the diplomatic dinner, I had just finished dressing for it when Mrs. Roosevelt said to me: 'The State dining room looks lovely. It's empty now; do run down and see it.' I did so, and was walking around the table admiring it, when suddenly two small boys dashed out from under it and grabbed me by the legs, shouting, 'Bear! father, bear!' Now, 'Bear' is a game which their mother absolutely prohibits in our household, unless my coat is off, and I'm prepared for the encounter; but this onslaught was so unexpected, and those boys had such a grip on me,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THROUGH SEALED TIBET

In the Presence of the Grand Lama...

SARAT CHANDRA DAS — WINE-DRINKING AT A MARRIAGE-FEAST — CHANDRA DAS ON HIS YAK IN TIBET — A TIBETAN WOMAN

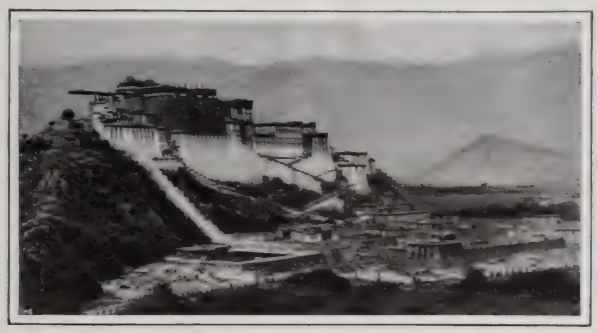
THE "Sealed Land" of Tibet and particularly its capital, Lhasa, the Forbidden City, has been the goal of many a daring explorer's ambition; and that a way might be opened to the seat of Lamaism has been the subject of missionary prayer and effort for centuries. Yet few Europeans have penetrated to Lhasa and lived to tell the tale. Readers of this journal are familiar with the tragic disappearance of Rev. Mr. Rijnharte, whose wife is even now seeking to find him in the "Sealed Land" that swallowed him up; they know how Landor, who attempted to enter Lhasa, came home at last, bent, aged and marred by torture; how Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer and a late visitor to New York, was turned back before he reached the portals of the mystic city where the Dalai-Lama, or Grand Lama, who is ever a little child, dwells to be worshiped by the ignorant multitude as a fresh incarnation of Buddha. The Regent, who must be approved by the Chinese government, and two officials appointed by the Chinese government, are the real rulers of Tibet; the Dalai-Lama is nominal lord. When a Dalai-Lama reaches his majority, so the laws read, the Regent hands over to him the seals of office of both spiritual and temporal power. "Since the beginning of the present century no Dalai-Lama has reached majority, and the regency has been without interruption," writes Sarat Chandra Das, the Bengalese explorer, who has twice penetrated Tibet, who has visited and sojourned in Lhasa and drank tea in the presence of the Dalai (Grand) Lama. Ninety years ago, Thomas Manning, the only Englishman who ever entered Lhasa, had a like privilege. The lama he saw was seven years old, with "a beautiful and interesting face, and the simple, unaffected manners of a well educated, princely child." This is the description which Chandra Das gives of his visit to a later Grand Lama, in a most interesting book just published.*

The Grand Lama is a child with a bright and fair complexion, and rosy cheeks. His eyes are large and penetrating, the shape of his face remarkably Aryan, though somewhat marred by the obliquity of his eyes. The thinness of his person was probably due to the fatigue of the Court ceremonies and to the religious duties and ascetic observance of his estate. A yellow mitre covered his head, and its pendant lappets hid his ears; a yellow mantle draped his person, and he sat cross-legged with joined palms. His throne was supported by carved lions, and covered with silk scarfs. The State officers moved about with becoming gravity; there was the Kuchor Khanpo, with a bowl of holy water, colored yellow with saffron; the Censo-carrier, with a golden censer with three chains; the Solpon Chenpo, with a golden teapot; and other household officials. Two gold lamps, made in the shape of flower vases, burnt on either side of the throne. When all had been blessed and taken seats, the Solpon Chenpo poured tea in His Holiness' golden cup, and four assistants served the people present. Then grace was said, beginning with "Om, Ah, Hum," thrice repeated, and followed by "Never losing sight even for a moment of the Three Holies, making reverence ever to the Three Precious Ones," etc. Then we silently raised our cups and drank the tea, which was most deliciously perfumed. . . . The Solpon Chenpo put a golden dish full of rice before the Dalai Lama, and he touched it, and then it was divided among those present. Grace was again said, and His Holiness, in a low, indistinct tone, chanted a hymn, which was repeated by the assembled lamas in deep, grave tones. A venerable man rose, recited the many acts of mercy the Dalai-Lamas had vouchsafed Tibet, presented His Holiness with valuable gifts, made three prostrations and withdrew, followed by all of us. One of the chamberlains gave me two packets of blessed pills, and another tied a scrap of red silk around my neck—these are the usual returns the Grand Lama makes to pilgrims.

Chandra Das' approach to Lhasa is one of the most interesting portions of the book. He wore green goggles and the dress of a lama; a lama was his companion, and he had a powerful friend within the walls. He writes:

The country around was everywhere cultivated, and the barley, wheat and buckwheat were in many places a foot high. The road became alive with travelers, mostly grain-dealers or angel-carriers, on their way to the city with trains of yaks, ponies, mules and donkeys with jingling bells . . . The white city stood displayed before us at the end of an avenue of gnarled trees, the rays of the setting sun falling on its gilded domes. It was a superb sight, the like of which I have never seen. On our left was Potala, with its lofty buildings and gilt roofs before us, surrounded by a green meadow, lay the town, with its tower-like, whitewashed houses and Chinese buildings with roofs of blue-glazed tiles.

We passed Kunduling, residence of the Regent, and entered the city by the western gateway. My heart leaped with exultation as I now reached the goal of my journey—the far-famed city of Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. . . . The street on both sides was lined with native and Chinese shops; in front of each was a pyramidal structure, where juniper spines and dried leaves are burnt as offerings to the gods. . . . Silk fabrics, porcelain, and various kinds of brick-tea were exposed for sale.



THE POTALA PALACE OF THE GRAND LAMA

The next entry in his journal reads:

June 1. The holiest day of the year, the day of the Buddha's Nirvana. Incense was burnt on every hilltop, in every shrine, chapel, lamasery and house in or near Lhasa. Men, women and children hastened to the sacred shrine of Jo Khang, to do puja to the Lord Buddha and obtain his blessing. All carried in their hands bundles of incense-sticks, bowls of butter, and *khatags* (scarfs) of all sizes and qualities.

There are no caste restrictions in regard to marriage. The rich may bestow their daughters on the poor; the daughter of a poor man may become the bride of the proudest noble of the land; but such unions are infrequent. In event of a suitable match not being found, girls of royal blood are usually sent to convents. A bride is often older than her bridegroom. Marriage ceremonies are very similar to those in most Eastern countries. Polyandry is sanctioned. Chandra Das refers to the "custom of several brothers making one woman their common wife, to keep the ancestral property entire and undivided;" it is not extensively practised.

Funeral customs are peculiar. The soul is not supposed to quit the body when the heart stops and the breath ceases, save in rare cases of those who have attained such great holiness that the spirit may go at once to Paradise. It is sinful to dispose of the corpse immediately after death. On the fourth day a lama, closeted with the body, slits the skull that the soul may pass out, receiving in return a cow, yak or other gift. In due state, the remains are borne to the cemetery, and there a lama dissects it, flinging the pieces to the vultures.

Among amusements of the people may be counted wrestling, archery, polo, foot and pony races. New Year celebration is Tibet's greatest festival. At Lhasa, the State begins arrangements for the New Year feast a month beforehand. The Grand Lama's kitchen, where stoves are ornamented with precious stones and metals, and where the utensils are of solid gold, is a busy scene, a corps of lamas, their mouths covered with eight thicknesses of fine silk that their breath may not pollute the sacred food, prepare dainties for the Grand Lama. All the butter and milk used here, is obtained from the great herd of sacred yaks belonging to the lama, which herd the people salute as it passes, taking off their hats and kotowing. The Grand Lama holds a levee on New Year's Day, refreshments are served, and presents bestowed—particularly on His Holiness.

In this book, from which by courtesy of the publishers, we reproduce pictures as well as facts, the veil is lifted for the first time from Lhasa as it is today. Before Chandra Das left Tibet, the little Grand Lama was dead of small-pox, it was said. Another child sits on the throne supported by the lions, and people worship him.

**Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet*, by Sarat Chandra Das. Illustrated; Maps; pp. 285. Price $3.50 net. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

ROUND THE CLOCK IN THE WHITE HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 226

that before I knew it I was down upon the floor in a mad tumble. When the fight was over, the father was so badly worsted that he had to rush back upstairs and change his coat before he could receive his diplomatic guests."

Sunday is always a quiet day at the White House. No official work is transacted, and all honor the sacredness of the day. It is the President's invariable custom to attend service at the Dutch Reform Church, Sabbath mornings. Sunday evenings are spent with his family in the library on the second floor of the White House. As far as possible, he makes the day one of rest and worship.

ABBY G. BAKER.

Helped by a Talmage Sermon

I desire to let the many of your readers know what one of Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermons has done for me. The sermon will be found in the issue of February 10, 1922. The theme is, "Every-day Religion." Text, I. Corinthians 10:31: "Whether, therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." That sermon, for many days, proved a spiritual feast for my hungry soul. There was so much in it for me, and I reread it more than a dozen times before I became satisfied. Though I had striven for more than eighteen years to follow very closely my Lord and Master, still there never came a time during those years in which I could speak of entire consecration. I kept on reading that sermon until I yielded everything to God, and covenanted to him that I would spend all the powers that he would give, in glorifying him on earth. Since then, I have gone forth, and I am still going, doing voluntary work for God and his kingdom. I meet with hindrances, but they only serve as an impulse to make me cling more firmly to the Cross of Christ.

Many were the sermons that I read from the pen of the "Sainted Doctor," and they gave me quite a deal of spiritual strength; but the one that is here mentioned, was the most effacacious.

WILLIS L. MCKAE.

Answers to Competition of February 18

Answer to the two names Ezekiel and Ebenezer.

1. Solomon's Temple, on Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered up Isaac, and where later was the threshing floor of Ornan, the Jebusite. Gen. 22: 2, and II Chron. 3: 1. 2. Between the Jews and Persians. Esther 9: 16. 3. Newborn are wings mentioned although in several places angels are mentioned as having 4 in pairs and some even six. At the Creation: Gen. 2: 1, 2. In the Wilderness, the Giving of manna: Ex. 16: 22. Fourth Commandment: Ex. 20: 10. In the Sabbath of the seventh years: Lev. 25: 4. In the Jubilee: Lev. 25: 9. In the Sabbath of the Law in the 19 years' captivity: II Chron. 36: 21. The greatest Sabbath of the world: Heb. 4: 9. Resurrection of Christ on Sabbath.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register such remittances.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.
Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

As to Senator-Elect Smoot

IT is evident, from the tone of the Mormon press, that the gathering "storm of public opinion" adverse to the admission of the Mormon Apostle, Reed Smoot, to the United States Senate, is regarded with qualms and forebodings. One of these organic publications, *The Saints' Herald*, representing the "Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints," devotes nearly two full pages to a reply to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S editorial comments on the Smoot case. It reminds us that there are Gentiles as well as Mormons in Utah; that religious belief does not exclude a man from office, if he is legally elected; that Mr. Smoot is not a polygamist; that, if permitted to take his seat, he would be powerless to enact hurtful laws; that, inadvertently or by design, the framer of the Anti-Polygamy Act, and the Enabling Act, under which Utah attained Statehood, left a peculiar loophole open, which made evasion of the prohibition of polygamy a comparatively easy matter, and that this was done for some undisclosed political purpose.

Now, all this does not affect, in the remotest sense, the points raised by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We have never charged Senator-elect Smoot with being a polygamist, though we understand that such a charge has been made by citizens of his own State, who have embodied the allegation in a protest to the Senate Elections Committee. Nor have we urged that he should be rejected because of his religion. To be a Mormon is one thing; but to be a Mormon Apostle, and member of a secret oath-bound council—the Apostolic Quorum of the Mormon Church—is quite another matter. That Council represents all there is in Mormonism that is antagonistic to our institutions and national interests. Its members are sworn to obey the mandates of the Mormon hierarchy in all things—an obligation which is in direct conflict with the duty of an American citizen. One of the protests before the Senate, charges that the apostolic oath binds the Apostle and his descendants "to avenge upon the Government of the United States" the death of the Mormon prophet many years ago, and "never to rest until that vengeance is an accomplished fact." How does such an oath (if this charge be true) sound to patriotic Americans? The Salt Lake Ministerial Association, in its protest to the Senate, also puts this part of the indictment in very plain terms, thus:

> An Apostle of the Mormon Church is not a citizen, as he has foresworn his allegiance and given it to another temporal government—the Mormon Church. . . . To give to such, a seat in the Senate of the United States, is to open the citadel of our liberties to our enemies.

Our Mormon contemporary has evidently misapprehended the real character of the case against Senator-elect Smoot, and it has equally misunderstood the attitude of the American people. They object, not to the Mormon, but to the Mormon Apostle, who is, by virtue of his office, one of the custodians of the secret records of polygamous marriages, which are kept beyond legal control. They recognize in him the personal candidate of the Mormon hierarchy. This is the basis of the protest filed by the Interdenominational Council of Women of the United States with the Senate Committee, and it also forms the groundwork of other protests. None of the protestants, save those from Mr. Smoot's own State, have charged him with polygamy. These citizens of Utah may be mistaken; or they may only mean that he is living "in evasion" of the Anti-Polygamy Law and the Enabling Act. They have demanded the production of the secret records of polygamous marriages in Court. Will the Apostolate grant this demand and throw the record open to the light of day? If the charge were sustained, it would supersede all others, and would probably settle the case. If unsustained, it would be a vindication, which, to be complete, would only require the further proof that Apostle Smoot had never taken any oath antagonistic to the general government. It is to his interest that his friends should bring these matters to the light.

As to the point raised by *The Saints' Herald*, concerning the evasive interpretation of the Enabling Act, encouraging practical polygamy without the marriage ceremony, we believe the verdict in decent communities everywhere would be that the evasion was several degrees blacker and more repulsive than the original offense. But the existence of such a condition of affairs in Utah, which our contemporary admits, does not shift the responsibility from the Mormon Church. Who connive at such evasion and foster such practices, if not the Mormon Council and its apostles? It must be *their* interpretation of the law which encourages such conditions.

If polygamy is ever to be stamped out, as the American people desire it should be, and as Congress intended, a more specific and comprehensive law will be needed. Such a law is even now being talked of and strongly urged. It is true, men cannot be made moral by statute; but it ought to be possible to enact a law that could not be overridden and set at defiance to the extent that now prevails in Utah, with reference to the law prohibiting plural marriages.

A Practical Church

IT used to be a fact that business men looked upon a college graduate as the most unpromising candidate for a business career It was partly owing, no doubt, to the graduate's unwillingness to begin at the foot of the ladder and go up from the bottom; but it was very largely due to the impression that college men were theorists, with vague or unpractical ideas of life; with a lot of learning in their heads that must be unlearned before anything could be accomplished.

There has been a change of late years. Colleges and universities are beginning to be looked to as centres of thought and research, not as mills to turn out so many machines ready-made. The work done is widely appreciated and is telling immensely on the progress of the world. But the colleges had to change their methods; give the young men less of theory and more of facts; the facts of natural science, the facts of history, the facts of political philosophy, the facts of sociology; had to teach men to think, and prepare them to act.

The case is almost parallel to that of the church. A practical world has very often looked upon Christianity as unpractical and visionary; spending too much time on its mountain-tops, instead of going down into the plains below and casting out devils, healing the sick and lifting the fallen. There has been too much truth in the indictment; the mint, the anise and the cummin of theological abstractions have been tithed regularly enough, but the weightier matters of justice and peace and neighborly love have been neglected. Let us rejoice that a change has come in this generation. The church is preaching these practical things as never before, and demanding them as proof of genuine Christianity.

It is a movement of the greatest promise for the Kingdom of Christ, and as it grows to be everywhere accepted as the true expression of the Gospel, the world will recognize the religion of Jesus Christ as the power that shall save the race.

Large or Small Families

A GOOD deal of attention has been given recently to the decrease in the size of American families. If any reader happen to belong to a family that came over in the *Mayflower*, or soon after that famous ship, and if that family have its genealogy all kept and properly brought down to date, he or she may be edified by reading the names of his ancestors. Families number eight, ten, twelve, and fourteen children as a rule. Jerusha, Samuel, John, Alexander, Sarah, Rebecca, Clarissa, Mary, William, the names come on in regular order, about two years apart. In those simple, early days, large families were brought up on very little money, and luxuries were unknown. If there was enough to eat, a roaring fire on the hearth, and shoes for the children's feet, the parents were satisfied. Hard by one another stood schoolhouse and church, and the boys and girls went to both, for plain living and high thinking accompanied each other in the early history of our country, and in piety and intelligence the men and women of colonial times were reared. Large families did not go out of fashion till long after the Revolution.

It is only as a feature of our modern civilization that the student of sociology sounds a warning note, looking at the one, the two, or the three children which compose the family of the average well-to-do American now.

As life has grown less simple and more costly, as artificial wants have multiplied, and education grown more elaborate, many people have felt that they could not support more than a child or two. It is not uncommon for young people in marrying to determine, that if they can help themselves, they will have no children at all. The charms of infancy, the prattle of little voices, and the patter of little feet, weigh very light in the balance, when on the other scale are put freedom to go and come, opportunity to wear pretty dresses, and immunity from domestic cares. We are speaking of city life, where people often dwell in flats, and take their meals in restaurants, a style quite different from our accepted home ideal, a style into which little children cannot easily fit.

In our country districts we get much nearer the true American ideal; and we still find there the larger family group, with the rosy-cheeked girls and the sturdy boys who are the nation's hope and true wealth. The towns show the large family in the foreign quarter, and among the very poor. But we do not associate poverty with the farm, where the house is big and roomy, the barns are filled with provender, and the acreage yields enough for the family wants. Thrift and comfort distinguish our beautiful farmsteads, and there our young people grow up in honor and integrity and have good times together.

A young girl said to us the other day, "I am glad now there are so many of us, for we have learned self-denial and generosity in our large household. When we have no help, my brothers (men grown), take hold. We have splendid times on birthdays and holidays; we have a good many common interests, and when we sit down at our long table when the day's work is done, we have fun and jests and a very happy hour together."

This, to be quite fair, must be said on the other side. When a man has a small fixed income, or a salary that will probably not increase with the years, he naturally wishes to lay something aside for the future. It is in his power to do this, and to thoroughly educate one child or two children, giving it or them advantages that cannot be spread over a dozen, and, when the time comes for a start in life, he may be able to give the smaller number the better send-off.

What do you think, gentle reader? Write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and let us know.

HIGH ENDORSEMENT

OUR readers, who have on their book-shelves *The Illustrated Story of the Hall of Fame*, will doubtless be interested in the following expressions of opinion regarding that work. The first is from a lady, who, as a representative of the Daughters of the American Revolution, took prominent part in the Dedication Ceremonies of the Hall of Fame, being one of the group selected to unveil the statue of Daniel Webster:

DR. LOUIS KLOSCH—DEAR SIR:—*The Illustrated Story of the Hall of Fame* proves valuable and very interesting, and you deserve great credit for your enterprise and patriotism. The illustrations are beautifully brought out.

Very truly yours,
M MARGARETTA (MRS. DANIEL) MANNING.

Writers of these letters served as judges in the selection of names to be inscribed in the Hall of Fame:

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH—DEAR SIR:—Your handsome and valuable volume in commemoration of the Hall of Fame, has recently come to hand. Such a work ought to have a definite result in stimulating a spirit of patriotic loyalty, and of arousing in the minds of readers, particularly the young, a zeal to emulate the deeds of those whose careers are so admirably outlined by Dr. Banks. Yours very truly,

CHARLES M. ANDREWS,
Professor of History, Bryn Mawr.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH—DEAR SIR:—I am under great obligations to you for sending me *The Illustrated Story of the Hall of Fame*, by Dr. Louis Albert Banks, and appreciate the kindness of the donor. It contains much interesting history and also a great deal of contemporaneous intelligent opinion in respect to the worthiest American characters.

Yours very cordially, ANSON D. MORSE.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH—DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of *The Illustrated Story of the Hall of Fame*. Please accept my thanks for your courtesy. I was much interested in the matter, and the book will serve not only to remind me of the episode of the contest, but will be read with unusual interest and profit. It is a superb volume in its make-up, a fitting sketch of the first "battle" and the scheme it writes about. Yours gratefully, CHARLES N. POTTER,
Chief Justice Supreme Court of Wyoming

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The Alaska Boundary

WITH the ratification of the treaty between our Government and that of Great Britain, for the settlement of the points in dispute in reference to the Alaska boundary, a cry has been raised that American interests have been betrayed. In Canada, too, there are many who are dissatisfied with the treaty. The two facts, taken together, imply that the treaty is fair, since the next best thing to its satisfying both parties, is that it offends both. It provides that six commissioners, three to be appointed by the United States and three by Great Britain, shall examine the questions at issue, and report upon them. This differs from a court of arbitration, in that the numbers on each side being equal, there is no seventh member to give the final decision. It is a court for the amicable discussion of the points involved, and it can render a united report only, if either side can present evidence which shall convince the judges on the other side of the justice of its claims. The constitution of the court is thus a stage on the friendly side of arbitration; and indicates a hope on both sides that the judges will approach the subject with open minds, intent only on justice being done. A glance at the map will show how the dispute has arisen. The main bulk of the huge territory of Alaska is north of the sixtieth parallel of north latitude. South of that, there is a strip of coast stretching to about latitude fifty-five, which is part of Alaska. The treaty between Russia and Great Britain, limiting the width of this strip, was drawn very loosely, neither of the two Powers regarding the land as of any value. It was roughly defined as thirty miles wide, and the question now arises whether the western line, from which the thirty miles is to be measured eastward, follows the indentations of the coast, or whether it is a straight line crossing gulfs and inlets. If it is the former, as our Government contends, some regions rich in gold will fall to our possession; if the latter, as Canada contends, not only will those regions fall to Canada, but she will also have the head waters of the Lynn Channel, which would give her access to the sea. The judges appointed by President Roosevelt are Secretary Root, and Senators Turner and Lodge. That both they and the British judges will, at the outset, be predisposed in favor of the claims of their respective countries, is only natural; but neither side is pledged to decide according to the prepossessions. It is a question of the interpretation of phrases, and of matters of geography, which should be easily settled, if they will make their maxim the rule laid down by the ancient lawgiver.

That which is altogether just shalt thou follow, that thou mayest live, and inherit the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee (Deut. 16: 20).

THE SUMMIT OF THE WHITE PASS—THE ANGLO-AMERICAN BOUNDARY

Checks on Immigration

The new immigration law, which has passed both houses of Congress, excludes persons from this country who, for various causes, are undesirable. It is much more stringent than the law now in force. The classes excluded from admission are idiots, insane persons, epileptics, and persons who have been insane within five years previous; paupers, persons likely to become a public charge, persons afflicted with a loathsome, dangerous, or contagious disease; persons who have been convicted of crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, polygamists, anarchists, or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force or violence of all government or the assassination of public officials; women of bad repute and persons who attempt to bring in such women, and persons whose tickets or passage is paid for with the money of another or who are assisted by others to come. It is made unlawful to assist or encourage immigration of aliens by a promise of employment by advertisement in a foreign country, and any alien coming in consequence of such advertisement shall be treated as coming under a promise or agreement. Any person belonging to any of the classes indicated may be deported at any time within two years, and be sent back to the country from which they came at the expense of the Steamship Company which brought them. Such checks are necessary for our own public welfare; but happily, not even those people whom we feel it our duty to exclude, are debarred from entering Christ's Kingdom, and we are authorized to invite them.

Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind (Luke 14: 21).

Settled by a Wedding

A judge and jury in a court in Long Island City, N. Y., were relieved of a painful duty at the last moment a few days ago. They had been engaged for three days in the trial of a prominent citizen for charges involving breach of promise of marriage. Many witnesses had been examined, and the lawyers on both sides had made eloquent speeches. The judge had charged the jury, and the jurors had retired to consider their verdict. The fathers of the plaintiff and defendant, both men well known in local political circles, went out into the corridor to await the result. While they were there a friend of both men made a whispered suggestion to each, and brought them together. There was a hurried consultation, and then the defendant's father went into court and spoke to his son. The son sought the plaintiff and had a few minutes conversation with her. The two families were soon gathered in one of the court rooms, and shortly afterwards returned to court just as the jury entered with their verdict. Before the clerk could receive it, the judge informed the jurors that they were discharged. The plaintiff had married the defendant while they were deciding, and the marriage was a bar to further proceedings. He congratulated the jurors and the newly married couple on the close of the trial. It may be hoped the future will justify the congratulations, though it is not a very propitious beginning to married life. It was, however, satisfactory in putting an end to the trial. All the parties would be thankful for that result. How devoutly thankful in the judgment at the last great day will those be who find that judgment against them is averted because in their life they entered into union with Christ, of which marriage is a type.

There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit (Rom. 8: 1).

Challenged Her Own Verdict

A curious action has just been tried and decided by the Appellate Court of New York. It was brought by a woman to secure dower rights in the estate of a citizen who died recently. She was formerly his wife, but had sued for divorce, and obtained a decree in her favor, about seven years ago. She showed, in her suit for dower, that the decree had been wrongfully granted, and was in fact invalid. The inference from this was that she was legally the wife of the deceased at his death, although she had not been living with him, and had in all respects acted as an unmarried woman. The decision of the court was against her claim. The judges held that whether the decree of divorce was or was not valid, she had sought it, obtained it, and taken advantage of it, thus treating it as valid. She could not now, therefore, when her interests were opposed to the decree, claim that it was invalid. It was against public policy for a person to rest at one time on a decision, and at another time repudiate it, according as pecuniary interest dictated. Her own conduct pledged her to the stand she had taken, and she must abide by it. It would be unreasonable to allow her to claim a relationship here, that she was anxious to renounce during her husband's lifetime. That fact should be borne in mind by people who hope to be acknowledged as Christians when Christ comes in glory, but are not willing to bear his name now.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory (Luke 9: 26).

Newly-Found Relatives

A poor old shoemaker died recently in the northern district of New York. He had lived there for twenty-five years, and during all that time, the neighbors say, no relative had ever been to see him. None came during his illness, and it was the hands of neighbors that ministered to his wants and closed his eyes in death. After his death, an iron chest was found covered with rags and old carpets, in his wretched room. The news of the finding of the chest spread, and, in a few days, more than twenty persons claiming to be cousins, or nephews, or nieces, clamored for the privilege of burying the old man and being acknowledged as his heirs. The public administrator took possession of the effects, including the iron chest, and turned all the claimants over to the courts. The chest itself could not be opened, and will require the services of an expert locksmith to get at its contents. What it contains no one knows, but the claimants are already engaging lawyers to prosecute their claims to a share of its contents. They must produce legal proof of relationship now: if some one of them had furnished natural proof of kinship when the old man needed the services of a kinsman, he might have inherited without trouble under a will. There are some who will be tested in this way when they appear before Christ.

Depart from me . . . for I was sick and ye visited me not Matt. 25: 41-43).

Changed by the River

A remarkable claim on a considerable tract of land has been before the law courts of Kansas City, Mo., for some time. It originally belonged, with other adjoining land, to a Wyandotte Indian, whose title gave him all the land "to the river bank." In 1867 the Missouri River changed its course, cutting off about eighty-five acres from the whole. The Indian, thinking that the river might eventually swallow up all his holding, was easily persuaded to sell the remainder. Extensive business houses were built upon it and it is now immensely valuable. A few years ago the river reverted to its original channel, thus restoring the eighty-five acres to the mainland. The owners of the land promptly took possession of the area given back by the river and extended their buildings upon it, at the same time taking protective measures against any future depredations by the river. The heirs of the Indian, however, believe that they ought to benefit by the restitution made by the river, and contend that as the land belonged to their ancestor, and was never sold by him, the present holders have no right to it. The lower courts have decided in their favor, but the case has been appealed. The question to be decided appears to be, whether the Indian lost his ownership of the land when it was submerged. The lower court seems to have thought that it belonged to him while it was under water and is still his now that it has reappeared. The question is an important one for his heirs: to him personally, being dead, it is of infinitely less moment than the one of his having so lived as to be entitled to an inheritance in the Kingdom of God.

The world passeth away and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever (I. John 2: 17).

BRIEF NOTES

We grieve to learn that Mr. Ira D. Sankey's health has again broken down. He is suffering from nervous prostration and from an affection of the eyes, which, though somewhat relieved by an operation he has undergone, still leaves him almost sightless.

A bill intended to make Sunday baseball games legal in Indiana, has been defeated in the State Senate by one man's action. He refrained from voting for Sunday baseball because of a pledge given to his wife.

THE ANCIENT TOWN OF VASA, FINLAND, WHICH DR. KLOPSCH WILL PROBABLY VISIT DURING HIS TOUR

RUSSIA'S PLAN *to* FIGHT *the* FAMINE

Great Relief Works Projected, but the Sufferers Must be Kept Alive in the Meanwhile

ALTHOUGH the dark cloud of famine and death still hangs over Finland, it is this week relieved by a gleam of sunshine that gives promise of a brighter day at hand. Everywhere the news has gone abroad in Finland that the Czar, moved by the benevolent attitude of America toward the suffering Finnish peasants, and the solicitude displayed by the American gifts, has personally interested himself in coming to the relief of the afflicted people. This is confirmed by the intelligence from St. Petersburg (mentioned in these pages last week), that extensive relief works will shortly be started by order of the imperial government. These works will include the proposed Idensalmi-Kajana railway, to cost $700,000, and the Uleaborg-Tornea railway, to cost $300,000. In addition to these, a loan of $2,000,000 for still further railroad construction, is to be arranged, and a bank, with $800,000 capital, will be established, which will make loans to the Finnish farmers. These are all projects that have their origin in the imperial desire to aid the impoverished and starving Finlanders.

While this vast relief scheme, when it is fairly in operation, will doubtless employ practically all the able-bodied men in the famine districts, and will be the means of bringing food and comfort to multitudes, it is probable that many weeks will elapse before the relief becomes a reality. Not until after the melting of the snows and the subsidence of the spring floods, can any work of the nature contemplated be started on an extended scale. During the intervening weeks, the many committees in the interior, whose members are personally conducting the relief work among the sufferers, must depend upon the benevolence of those who are supplying them, through the Helsingfors Committee, with the food necessary to sustain life.

. . .

Dr. Klopsch, who is now making a tour of the famine provinces, has visited a number of towns and villages in the interior, and will doubtless have much of interest to report. His reception everywhere has been remarkably cordial, and expressions of deep gratitude for American aid greeted him at every place where he visited. The Central Relief Committee at Helsingfors also voted its heartfelt thanks to the American people for the generosity to Finland in its time of need. The contributions to the relief work, which were sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, were distributed over a wide field of destitution and produced excellent results.

. . .

Many different organizations throughout the United States are still actively pushing forward the relief work in behalf of Finland and Sweden. The Minnesota House of Representatives has passed a bill appropriating $5,000 for the work, and the Illinois House of Representatives has done likewise. In many parts of the West, and even in New York State, thousands of carloads of supplies are being forwarded to the sufferers in Sweden.

The Finnish Fair in New York City netted nearly $1,000, which is to be sent to local committees at Pietisjarvella, Nurmeksesse, Ubo, Junassa, Enossa, North Kayala, and other places.

. . .

Among the many hundreds of letters received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the week, containing contributions for the Famine Fund, were the following:

The Christian Herald:—Enclosed, I have the pleasure to hand you draft for $1,000 for the famine sufferers in Finland, from the Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, collected among its members and congregations. As treasurer of this church, I send the money to you, feeling confident it will come into the right hands and be used where it is needest most.

J. S. FAABORG,
Treasurer, Danish Evan. Luth. Church in America.

WINDER, GA.

Please find enclosed one dollar order for the famine fund. May God bless you in the noble work. Wish I could do more.

MRS. M. O. B.

HIGGANVIN, CONN.

Enclosed, find $1 for Finland Famine Fund. May the relief work continue and the helpers be blessed, is the prayer of one who gladly adds this small amount for the good work.

A FRIEND.

DOUGLAS, MAN., CAN.

Enclosed herewith, please find money-order $2, my small contribution to the Finland Famine Fund. I am pleased to notice that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is not only Christian in name but in deed, and trust that all who are able will assist in the Christian work you have in hand.

MRS. A. C. S.

MONMOUTH, ORE.

Enclosed, please find one dollar for the sufferers of Scandinavia. This is from my wife. When she read of the fearful suffering of the Christians of those countries, she said she would get along without a certain necessary, and give the dollar where it was more needed.

C. W. S.

RACINE, WIS.

I have already sent in my contribution to the Finland Famine Fund, about two weeks ago, but this last week I thought I would ask some of my girl friends if they would not like to contribute some, and the result was that they more than filled the blank, and I herewith send a list of names and amounts contributed ($7.50).

MISS M. IVERSEN.

The names enclosed are:

Miss Ida Buess, Miss Cena Kirshner, Miss Elizabeth Williams, Miss Maggie Meyers, Miss Gertie Derks, Miss Ella Shamp, Miss Elma Spencer, Miss Hannah Poulson, Miss Tracy Felbah, Miss Jennie Johnson, Miss E. Marshke, Miss Sina Jacobson, Miss Gertie Kuetz, Miss Marie Fyhrie, Miss Lizzie Bott, Miss Lizzie Geb, Miss Katie Kohlman, Miss Emma Geb, Miss Mary Andersen, Miss Annie Nelson, Miss Mary M. Moritz, Miss Sarah Anderson, Miss Mary Nelson, Miss Rose Sherman, Miss Ida Zirks, Miss Mary Miller, Miss Mamie Fredricksen, Miss Sophie Fredricksen, Miss Elsie Sorenson, Miss Katie Ethldorf, Miss Lena Konnok, Miss Jennie Nelson, Miss Mamie Winkler, Mrs. H. E. Hulett, Mrs. Williams, Miss Petrea Jenson, Mrs. Hoffman, Miss Bertha Shappert, Miss Emile Erickson, Miss Louisa Menner, Miss Ellen Hanson, Miss Sophie Hanson, Miss Dora Nelson, Miss Anna Madera, Miss Julia Mathiesen, Miss Nellie Derks, Miss Annie Schwols, Miss Judith Peterson, Miss Amanda Race, Miss Lulu Meischke, Miss Marie Kruger, Miss Helen Gutman, Miss Mary Peterson, Miss Nettie Malaney, Miss Christine Nelsen, Friend (3), Mrs. A. K. Iversen, Miss M. Iversen.

A letter from Chaplain T. T. Taliaferro, of the Kentucky Penitentiary, at Frankfort, Ky., encloses $5 for the Finland sufferers, and says:

This was a movement of the prisoners at the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society last Sunday. The Colored Christian Endeavor, which meets separately from the white, said they wanted to have a hand in this matter, so I told them they could take their contribution next Sunday morning.

This is the prisoners' letter:

We, the following prisoners in the Frankfort, Ky., penitentiary, desire to contribute our little mite to the Finland Famine Fund. Our hearts are touched at the thought of these starving people, and our prison fare will be sweeter and our daily toil lighter, by reason of helping you save some lives.

Hollie Strutton, Anonymous, Anonymous, Geo. Greer, Gillis Sizemore, G. W. Tayew, Wick Simpson, Thos. Branham, B. Montgomery, Anonymous, Sol. Fleming, Sam Bromley, Henry, Wilhoil, Noah Kelly, John E. Brown, H. E. Youtsey, Ingram Rader, J. B. Croft, Anonymous, Anonymous.

MILKING TIME ON A LAPP REINDEER FARM

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Enclosed $10 for the starving Finlanders: $5 for Samuel A. Hening, and $5 for the writer. The Finlanders are truly a noble people, as any one may see who reads their remarkable national epic poem, the *Kalevala*. America is indebted to them and to the *Kalevala* for its only true epic *Hiawatha*. Then, it seems, we should aid them. They seem to me the noblest of Turanian peoples, with the possible exception of the North American Indian.

L. E. SMITH.

HARRIS, CALIF.

Accept this small contribution ($3) for Finland's destitute people. We wish it was many times as great, but the little collection is from poor, but not destitute people, and the poor can sympathize with the poor.

The following letter was sent to J. H. Jasberg, Secretary of the Finnish Central Relief Committee of the United States, by the writer's sister, from West Duluth, Minn.:

WALIKOSKI, KERASJOKI, HAPARANTA, SWEDEN.

Dear Sister: We have received great quantities of supplies, which have been sent from Southern Sweden, England and from America. Several hundred carloads of hay and straw for the beasts of labor, and many other kinds of provisions, such as barley, oats, potatoes, rye, rice, flour and clothing.

We therefore extend many thousand thanks to Almighty God for our unknown friends and benefactors, and we feel much relieved by the thought that God has turned their eyes and hearts towards us, we being so defenseless. But though we are worldly, and in such helpless condition, we hope and believe that in the home of our Heavenly Father there will be no want of either defense or provisions, and that we shall be provided with such goods as will never become exhausted by either moths or rust, if we obey His commands.

I will say that the famine still surrounds us on every side. All along the valley of Tornio, up to Lapland, the people and beasts of burden are suffering together.

In bidding you good-bye, I do it in the hope that through all the struggles in faith, we shall reach the eternal home.

ISACK WILHELM PERTTU.

. . .

In a recent letter from Lulea, Sweden, a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* gives a very comprehensive statement of the condition of that country, where famine has been raging for months past. We quote:

In eighteen small divisions of the government district known as Norbotten's Lan, three districts must have 9,180 tons of hay if the remaining stock is to be kept alive until the close of May. Seventeen small towns must have 1,200 tons of flour. Eleven towns call for 881 tons of straw, with which to save their stock. Nine districts ask for 98 tons of oil-cake, so that they can mix it with the leaves of birch trees, and feed it to cattle, as the only available fodder until grass appears the middle of next June. The town and parish of Ofver Kalix are "only on the edge of the land of snow and ice." The town is but a short drive from a railway terminal, yet the residents have already appealed for 250 tons of flour, 880 tons of hay, 220 tons of straw, 11 tons of oilcake, 40 tons of oats, and 66 tons of fodder meal. These allow only the scantiest meals for human beings and for live stock.

When the winter is ended, a very large amount of seed, grain and vegetables will be required to make another harvest possible, however favorable may be the summer season. Already the Swedish Government is securing pledges of seed, grain and vegetables from certain districts of Southern Sweden, where, thanks to the elevation of the land, the products are such as will grow to maturity within the three months' summer of the Northland. At Lulea, Karl J. Bergstrom, the Governor of the Lan, is working day and night in co-operation with the Central Relief Committee in Stockholm. The Governor extended his heartfelt thanks to the Americans that are contributing relief.

. . .

All contributions for the Famine sufferers in Finland, and also for those in Sweden, should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Contributors are requested to state clearly in their letters whether their gifts are for Finland or for Sweden. All will be acknowledged in these columns and will be duly cabled to the authorized committee in Helsingfors, the other to the Relief Committee at Stockholm.

A MISSIONARY TOUR WITH PAUL

:: QUARTERLY REVIEW ::

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 29

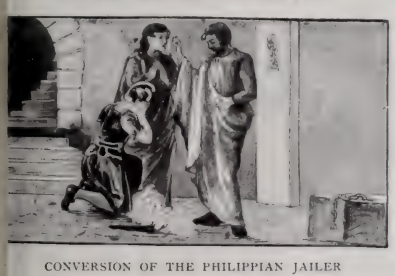
By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 28: 20. LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD.

WE begin with Paul and Silas at Philippi, in prison, their feet fast in the stocks, while their unfettered faith bursts forth in songs of love and praise to God. God's answer comes back in an earthquake, by which the prison doors are opened. One prisoner is released—the jailer himself. He accepts Christ as his Saviour, and is released from the bondage of sin. He begins at once the exercise of Christian charity by washing the bleeding backs of Paul and Silas, and setting food before them. Paul and Silas might depart, the prison doors being open, but they

BEREANS STUDYING THE SCRIPTURES

A MESSENGER FROM GOD TO PAUL



CONVERSION OF THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER

demand release from the authorities who placed them there. This being done, they depart for Thessalonica, thirty miles distant.

But Paul does not cast off his friends in Philippi, Lydia and her household, the jailer and his household, and other converts. He holds them dear, and they likewise think of him, and sometimes send him gifts of money out of regard for his health and welfare. Ten years later, when a prisoner in Rome, in response to such a gift, he writes them a letter which is carried back to Philippi by Epaphroditus, who had brought the gift of money. That letter to the Philippians has been a blessing to the world ever since.

Going back to the time when Paul and Silas left Philippi, we go with them to Thessalonica, and abide with them in the house of Jason, Paul's kinsman, during the three weeks they spend there. We listen to Paul on three successive Sabbath days, as he preaches Christ in the synagogue of the Jews. We go with him at other times as he talks to the Greeks. Among the Greeks he gathers converts, a multitude of them, some of them men and women of distinction. We find ourselves among those who were dragged out of the house of Jason by the mob, incited by the Jews. We see money collected of Jason by the magistrates as surety that he will secure the departure of Paul and Silas from Thessalonica.

We follow on after them to Berea, a place of refuge among the hills. We go into the synagogue of the Jews with Paul, and hear him preach Christ. How different the result compared with Thessalonica, for the people hear him gladly, and search their Scripture rolls to verify the words of Paul concerning the expected Messiah. But there is an interruption to this daily study, when the turbulent mob surges in from Thessalonica. We remain in Berea with Silas and Timothy, while Paul takes his departure for Athens.

We go to Corinth to meet Paul on his return from Athens. We listen to him as he tells of finding Athens wholly given over to idols. One vulnerable point he reports that he found, an altar "to an Unknown God," which had given occasion to proclaim the invisible, true and living God, the God not made with hands. Two names he mentions with delight as converts to Jesus, Dionysius, the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris.

We go with Paul back to Corinth, and visit him in the house of Aquila and Priscilla, where he abides, and works with them at tent-making. We listen to him as he talks, while he works, of Jesus, and the wonderful way in which, when a persecutor, he was led to become Christ's follower. We could never grow tired of the story, though we heard it many times during the year and six months of our stay in Corinth. On Sabbath days we go to the synagogue of the Jews, and hear Paul preach about Jesus. Great is the excitement when Crispus, the leader of the synagogue, becomes a follower of Jesus. A tumult arises when many others do so, and it is deemed expedient by Paul to remove his preaching services from the synagogue to the home of Justus, alongside the synagogue. We note the brave bearing of Paul, and discover the secret: the Lord had spoken to Paul by a vision, saying, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city."

One day we come upon Paul and Silas and Timotheus, engaged in writing a letter to the Christians in Thessalonica. Before that time, we had thought only of the angry mob, but were glad to learn that a noble church had been established there, which would, in time, become a centre for sending the Gospel into regions near and far.

We come with Paul to take up a residence in Ephesus. Aquila and Priscilla are of our company, for they have decided to remove their home from Corinth that they might still be with Paul. We hear Paul preach only a few times in Ephesus before he takes his departure for Jerusalem, that he may fulfil a vow which he had made. The lonely days of waiting for his return are enlivened by the coming of a great teacher named Apollos, who is even more eloquent than Paul. Sitting with Aquila and Priscilla in the synagogue we listen to Apollos, and are amazed that in his teachings he has nothing to say about the Holy Spirit. Aquila and Priscilla invited Apollos to their home, that they may impart to him what they have learned about the Holy Spirit from Paul. The glad day has now come that brings Paul back to Ephesus. He has been absent many weeks, having gone not only to Jerusalem, but also to Antioch, to visit the Christians there, and tell them of the spread of the Gospel in other cities. He has also crossed the mountains and visited the Christians in Derbe, Lystra and Iconium. Wonderful days follow Paul's return to Ephesus. Those who have been brought to Christ through the preaching of Apollos need to be taught concerning the Holy Spirit. A Pentecost comes upon the followers of Christ in Ephesus, as in Jerusalem many years before, and they, too, speak with every man in his own language about Jesus. Paul himself is endued with an unusual gift of the Spirit, for the sick are healed, when handkerchiefs and aprons are brought from Paul to them. It seems to us as though the whole city will be brought to Christ. But we have not measured right the hold that yonder great idol of Diana has upon the Ephesian heart. Neither have we reckoned with the commercial spirit of the silversmiths, who see their trade is in peril. From a decreasing business as many as they can retain from losses to Jesus.

We see Paul stop amid the stir to write a letter to the Church in Corinth. This letter was inspired in the unknown world had been brought into that Pauline life, arisen had come the Jewish and Greek members of the church concerning the eating of idol meats. We are glad with them upon which it brought back that has better had settled the difficulty, establishing the good of others as the principle by which all differences should be adjusted.

Now we come to a fatal scene in Ephesus, when the Christians make a bonfire of the books which have been their greatest treasures as worshipers of Diana. It is a solemn scene, and in great contrast to the riot which the silversmiths had provoked, a riot that might have resulted in the degradation of Ephesus by the Roman powers, had it not been for the tactful management of the wise town-clerk.

We are not sorry to leave Ephesus with Paul, though we have been with him there for three years. In his love for his brave and determined converts in Ephesus, four years afterwards he writes them a letter when in prison in Rome.

BURNING BOOKS AT EPHESUS

APOLLOS INSTRUCTED BY AQUILA AND PRISCILLA

THE CORINTHIANS RECEIVING PAUL'S LETTER

ANSWERED PRAYERS

ARTHUR WILLIAMS, Magnolia, Minn., writes:

I am a cripple; and none but such as I can appreciate my position, nor can they know how much grace it requires to live a cheerful life under such affliction. Yet my blessed Heavenly Father helps me so much when I go to him in prayer that I am happy. So contented, indeed, am I, that if to forsake my Lord were the alternative, I can truly and joyously exclaim:

The road that I travel is rugged
Yet I'd not have it changed if I could;
For I know that my Saviour would change it
If to change it would be for my good.
And often God's smile lights my pathway,
And the warmth of his love fills my breast;
Then the mountains are swallowed in glory,
And the chasms are dales of sweet rest.

A Wife, Wentworth, writes:

I have received much comfort and strength from reading the column of "Answered Prayers;" it gave me new strength and courage to continue praying for my unconverted husband; and now I thank God my prayers have been answered. I wish I could encourage other troubled souls as I have been encouraged.

S. G., Forest, Ohio, writes:

I have been helped by the acknowledgments of answered prayers. Some of my petitions have been answered; some I have to believe will be, if not I know it is for the best.

A Mother, Ballstown, Ind., writes:

My son joined the army a little over three years ago; he set off for China, which grieved me sorely; I prayed earnestly to my heavenly Father to bless China with peace; this prayer God answered speedily. When the ship that carried his command reached Japan, the trouble in China was over. Then he was sent to the Philippine Islands to struggle with the insurgents there. I still continued to pray for God to spare my son and grant him a safe return; this prayer has been answered. With great joy in my heart, I testify to God's faithfulness in answering them that call upon him.

A. L., Winnipeg, Man., writes:

I desire to acknowledge the very great help I have received from the statements of those who, through the much-loved CHRISTIAN HERALD, have spoken of a prayer hearing and a prayer-answering God's faithfulness. I, too, would add my glad testimony, that in many and varied cases I have received definite fulfilment of his precious promise. In two instances this has been very marked, and I have reason again this week to praise God and give thanks for a most merciful deliverance of a dear little one from what seemed inevitable and severe suffering. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

B. M. W., Chicago, writes:

As a testimony of my gratitude to God, I pen this letter; it may help those who doubt God's power to answer prayer, and persistence, strengthen the faith of those who believe. A girl I am who prayed for an operation at a time when such a blessing seemed impossible. The fact that those persons stood ready to each other, opened a way for me, and that I am now enjoying the opportunities that seemed beyond attainment is ample evidence to me that God heard my petition.

COLLEGE PROFESSORS
Talk of Foods.

The New York papers recently contained a long account of the so-called discovery of a celebrated professor in one of the leading universities. The discovery related to a new and successful way of treating wheat and barley to prepare the starchy part by dry baking, so it would be made more digestible and nutritious. Thereupon Prof. Livingstone commenting on the discovery of the other Professor says, "A discoverer who was a business man first and a scientist afterward found that such foods could be made more digestible when cooked with dry heat instead of by boiling in water, and has already placed on the market the food which he discovered prior to Dr.——." This refers to Grape-Nuts the most scientifically made food known. Grape-Nuts can be easily digested by babies or anyone with a weak stomach and the food contains the most powerful rebuilding element known, particularly as relates to the rebuilding of the brain and nerve centres. It is a delicious food requiring no cooking but ready for instant service just as it comes from the package. A receipe book free in each package describes many delicious dishes made from Grape-Nuts.

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THE LADY SERENE

By Edith Ferguson Black

CHAPTER II.—Concluded

"WHERE'S Robert?" Mrs. Briggs asked the question of her husband the next morning, as he came in from the barn, with a strange sinking at her heart. Something in the boy's face the night before had frightened her, and she had gone to call him for breakfast anxiously.

"I don't know where he is," said her husband crossly. "Anywhere but where he ought to be, I'll wager. Here, girl, can't you carry a milk pail without spilling half it holds?" He turned so savagely on his daughter Molly, that in her nervous haste she stumbled, and the whole contents of the pail poured in a white deluge on the floor.

"Hold your tongue, Silas!" said Mrs. Briggs impressively, as she shook him by the arm. "Robert has gone!"

Something in her white, set face awed him. "Gone!" he echoed.

"I went to call him and his bed had never been touched. Come and see."

He followed her silently. Pinned to the pillow they found a scrap of paper, with a few lines in pencil:

"Dear Mother: I'm going to find an education. You've always been good to me. If father had given me half a chance I'd have done my best for the farm. But it's too late now."

With a wild cry Mrs. Briggs threw her arms above her head. "He's run away! you've done it now, Silas, with your domineering ways. I hope you're satisfied! Oh, my boy, my boy!" She wrung her hands as she walked aimlessly about the room.

"Quit taking on like a fool, woman!" said her husband, sternly. "The young scamp will be back in a week, I'll warrant, and ready to eat his humble pie. He'll get a good big slice if I have the cutting of it. It's no use crying over spilt milk. There's enough of it!" he added, with grim humor.

After that Mrs. Briggs grew more than ever soured against the world and its people. She had hoped great things of the clever boy who was always first in his classes, and had often spared him to his books although it made her own work harder. And now, to have a runaway in the family! The disgrace of it seemed more than she could bear. With the unreasonableness of all narrow minds she laid the blame of this, too, on Mrs. Thurston's shoulders, and hated her with a concentration of purpose that was terrible in its force. At times, the mother in her would overpower every other consideration, and she would fret and fear for her boy. His father never mentioned his name.

. . . . . .

The days in Hillsboro passed smoothly with little to disturb their even flow.

"I'VE BEEN WICKED," SHE SOBBED

Donald Ross was studying with an enthusiasm which made him forget his pain, and his happiness was beautiful to see.

"You are 'all things to all men,'" he told Mrs. Thurston, one morning, as she came in from the greenhouse laden with flowers for Bertha Miller's wedding, and told him of the programme she had arranged for their next musical evening. "I wish Paul could see you now."

Mrs. Thurston laughed brightly. "Oh, Donald, lad! Paul is very real to you, isn't he?"

"Yes," he answered simply. "He suits me. I suppose there is a comradeship between us,—on account of his 'thorn.' I, too, have to 'keep my body under,' you know."

"My dear, brave soldier! I am very sure that Paul himself never did it more royally than you!"

. . . . . .

Suddenly, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, there came the fearsome cry of Diphtheria, and, before it had time to realize its fate, Hillsboro found itself held in the grasp of an epidemic so deadly that it spared neither old or young. Mrs. Thurston and the doctor held daily consultations and telegraphed to the city for nurses, but the cases increased so rapidly the demand far exceeded the supply.

One morning she came to his office in a blue uniform. He looked at the white cross upon her arm curiously.

CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE

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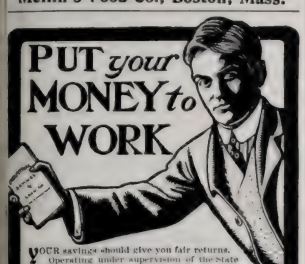

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THE LADY SERENE

Continued from Preceding Page

"What do you mean?" he asked abruptly.

"Only one more," she answered with a smile,

"Nonsense!" he cried, almost roughly. "Why, it would be 'pearls ——'" but the reproach in her eyes checked him.

"Are they not my friends?"

"But you do not realize the danger!"

"I am immune," she said.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"What are you coming here for?" Mrs. Briggs lifted a gray, set face to greet her visitor. Her husband had been carried to the churchyard and in an adjoining room Molly lay moaning. "There's nothing in this house but misery and trouble. What do you want?"

Mrs. Thurston held towards her an envelope. "I bring a letter from your son."

She caught it hungrily and tore it open.

"You'll be proud of me yet, mother, but you must thank Mrs. Thurston for it. She sent me money when I was starving and she is helping me through college. Then I am coming home."

The long tension gave way and the worn out woman sobbed like a child.

Unrepulsed, Mrs. Thurston laid her hand upon her shoulder. "Now you must come and rest," she said.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The old meeting-house was crowded as the people of Hillsboro came together again to pray. There was no singing—the choir was too full of vacant places. The minister's voice had broken as he attempted to read "Nearer, my God, to Thee" but at the first sound of the familiar words Mrs. Porter cried, "That was my Nance's hymn!" "And my John's!" "And little Ben's!" until her sobs were echoed in a storm of weeping against which the people struggled in vain.

Mrs. Thurston was sitting in one of the front pews. She rose impulsively and turned towards them. "Oh, my friends, if I could only lead you all into the Kingdom of Peace," she said. "Believe me, the Christ can give power to rise above the pain. It was no idle promise of His to give us a peace that should pass our capacity to understand. He is able to make of these very sorrows stepping stones by which we shall be lifted into a communion with himself so real that we shall prove it true that, 'Our Jesus can repay from his own fulness all he takes away.'

"You think I have had no trouble; that I do not understand. Listen.

"My husband was a king among his fellows and for five wonderful years I lived in a dream, and then, one day, they brought him home to me—murdered! and then—my baby was born.

"He was beautiful as a picture, but—but—he was always my baby, although he lived to be twenty-one. I took him to all the specialists. A case of arrested development they called it, but there was nothing to be done. My only comfort was that his father did not know!

"You thought I held aloof. Ah, forgive me. I was a proud woman. Can you fancy what it was to watch your children and contrast them with—my son! And then—God came."

Suddenly there was a movement among the hushed audience, and a tall, haggard woman came up the aisle and threw herself at Mrs. Thurston's feet.

"I've been a wicked sinner," she sobbed. "I've envied and hated you until I would have killed you if I could, and now—God has punished me."

Mrs. Thurston knelt down and put her arms about her. "Let us pray," she said.

Soothed and comforted the people listened, as this tried soul lifted them up to the heart of God.

"And now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

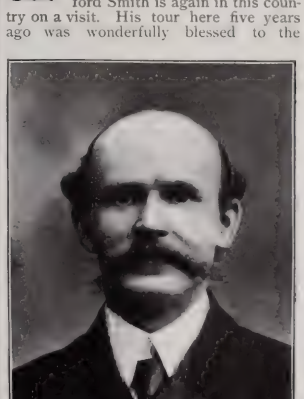
Lady Serene had pronounced her benediction.

* *

A Pastor's Helper

Rev. H. Stafford Smith, the English Evangelist, now Visiting the United States

THERE are Christian people in many of our cities who will be glad to hear that Rev. H. Stafford Smith is again in this country on a visit. His tour here five years ago was wonderfully blessed to the churches with whom he labored. There are some now in active Christian work in many cities that he visited then who have reason to bless the Providence that brought him to our shores. Some there were who had sat under the Gospel ministry for years, who were brought to instant decision under Mr. Smith's preaching and singing. Many young people, too, were led to give up the habit of procrastination, which in these days besets so many, and to consecrate their lives to Christ. His children's services, lasting usually about an hour, are a delightful experience. He takes a Bible incident, telling it in modern phrases and with modern coloring, and shows how its teaching applies to present day life. The charm of the story and of incidents relating to it wins the children's attention at the start and keeps it to the close, when, with a few vivid touches, they are led to see how their own lives may be made Christian, noble and beautiful.



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A Composite Poem

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The pictures are all beautiful.
Some are so merry and so sweet.
Some teach a lesson dutiful.

And some are grand and some are strong
"Lost in the Storm" is both, we ween.
Full lovely is the "Even Song,"
And all are fine as can be seen.

One dollar and-a-half for these
Alone would be a trifling price,
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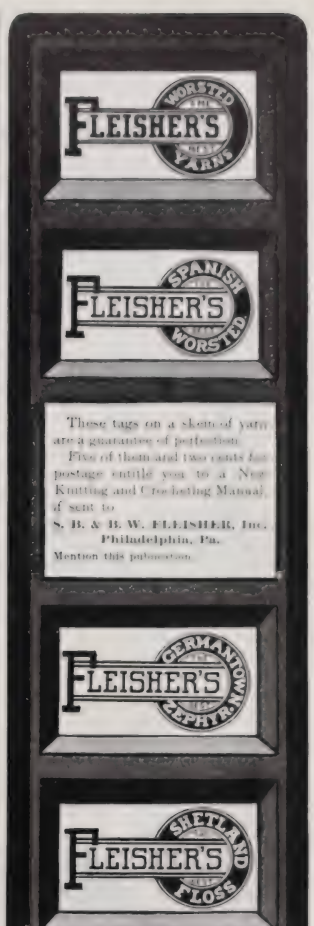
Your young friends. THE C. H. C.



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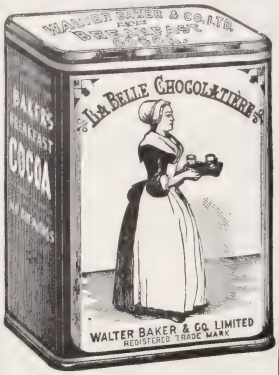

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Our Mail-Bag

MARRIAGE AND CAREER

Is a man or woman justified, for the sake of achieving what the world calls "A Successful Career," in renouncing marriage, and avoiding the cares and responsibilities, as well as the joys and dignities of home life?

Married Life the True Life

To my mind no one is justified in renouncing married life. Why? Because married life is a complete life. One may have a successful career in business, or even in religion, as did Paul, sucessful, yet incomplete, because he never obeyed the first command God gave to man (Gen. 1 : 28). What is a complete successful life? A life that has hearkened to the voice of God in childhood, been obedient unto his moral laws, matured into manhood or womanhood, pure and virtuous; then, by the counsel of God, selected a partner for life, one who was spiritually right with God; then lived together, both loyal to their vows, and like Hannah, the mother of Samuel, consecrated their unborn children to God; then reared them in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and by his help, raised them into a pure man or womanhood. This is a true, successful life, full of cares and responsibilities as well as joys and dignities, which no one is justified in renouncing. C. L. SCHMIDT.
Philadelphia.

Celibacy not a Danger

In regard to either sex, I would say: Pull in the single harness, when the double harness would interfere with achieving a religiously successful career. Do not think that, by so doing, marriage will become so infrequent that our country will be depopulated. Is Cupid dead? Did you ever hear of his funeral? I never did. In fact, the last picture I ever saw of him he wore glasses. Having recovered from his blindness, it is probable he will shoot more than ever and more accurately too.
Brewster, N. Y. LEON LEWIS HADDEN.

Man Free to Follow His Career

I do not think the Scriptures authorize any person to assume this obligation. Who among God's saints have married simply from a sense of duty to him? God has implanted in us attributes which seek enjoyment in different lines. The person who marries is simply following and obeying a propensity, and deserves no credit. On the other hand, the person who foregoes for the sake of greater success, should not be blamed. Love should always be the motive, and the renouncing of marriage would signify an absence or deficiency of love, which would result in unhappiness in the marriage state. Any person, who for the sake of greater worldly success, can surrender love, is at liberty to do so.
Webster City, Ia. ULYSSES G. WILLIS.

Marriage, a Universal Duty

No. Every young man or woman who is fit morally and physically should desire marriage and a home. No pursuing of a career will justify any one in shirking his duty toward those who come after him. They should stand before his own personal need. And why need marriage and the duties of home life lessen one's ambition? I can see no reason why one may not achieve a successful career and at the same time perform his (or her) duties toward mankind. C. PUTNAM.
Brooks Station, Mass.

A Bachelor Maid's Reply

There are many reasons why the modern young woman, college-bred or otherwise, does not marry. She is quite able to support herself, and her social position is secure, even though she earn her own living. The one reason she sees for giving up her independence is love, and possibly it takes more of a man to inspire love in her independent heart than it did in the heart of her mother or grandmother. Her head must first be convinced that the man who is seeking her favor is clean morally, reasonably strong mentally, at least as well educated as she is, in good physical health, and with the well-balanced disposition that education and right living alone can give. If our modern woman be a Christian, she hopes to find a well-developed spiritual nature, or at least a sincere respect for her own religious convictions. Then, too, she has probably earned her own money and spent it as she pleased, and the knowledge that many women must needs go to their husbands whenever a new hat is desired, or baby needs new shoes, is not encouraging. With her whole intense woman's nature, she longs for the shelter of a strong man's love, for a home, for baby arms about her neck, for the soft pressure of a baby face against her own, for the music of baby voices about her hearthstone; but she is inclined to be particular as to whom she will select to be the father of her babies, for she looks forward to the time when these babies shall be men and women, and she knows full well the effect of heredity as well as of environment, upon the human species. All the allurements of love, of home, of prattling children, sink into insignificance beside the fear that some taint of vice, disease, or of crime, might attach to these little lives brought into the world through her instrumentality, and she hesitates.

But there is another side. Our modern young woman meets a man in whom she finds no fatal flaw. Their tastes are congenial, ambitions similar, mentally they seem just fitted for each other; but her heart refuses to follow the conclusions of her mind. Is she then justified in giving her hand without her heart, to a man who gives her both? Is she doing the fair thing by him, even though she be a faultless housekeeper, an economical manager, a devoted wife and mother, in giving him a loveless home?

I believe that few modern young women give up marriage for a career. But thousands upon thousands choose a career of their own, however humble, to marriage with a man they do not love, or whom, loving, they cannot fully trust or respect. The brightest, most successful professional women I have ever known did not hesitate to give up their careers for love, when their well-trained heads told them their hearts had selected wisely.
A BACHELOR MAID.
New York City.

The Inherent Desire for Companionship

In no case would a man or woman be so justified. God has placed in the human heart that inherent desire for the companionship of the opposite sex, which no man can eradicate; and, in almost all cases where marriage is shunned, it can be traced to one of two causes. First, for the purpose of gaining more wealth in a shorter time (which might be termed a "successful career" in these days), and second, for the purpose of avoiding the cares and responsibilities of home-making and bringing up a family.
Leonta, N. Y. PARKER KNAPP.

It is not Good to be Alone

The world's idea of a successful career is the attainment of wealth, or fame, or power; and for such success it might be said, almost without exception, that no man or woman is justified in renouncing marriage and family responsibilities. If we set before us the highest goal of success—the devoting of our powers to the spiritual betterment of our fellowmen—there are some few cases in which family responsibilities might be renounced. The case of the Apostle Paul shows that there may be such exceptional cases. But we ought to have a very clear call to such a course of life before accepting it. Here is where the trouble comes in. A person may be impelled either by enthusiasm or misanthropy, to launch on such a career, who has really no marked qualification for it. For the great bulk of mankind, the safe and simple rule holds that "it is not good for man to be alone." And the family relationships involved in the observance of this rule provide opportunities of the highest real success on a moral plane, and under sacrifices the most sacred in human life. In this age of enthusiasm and quasi-enthusiasm, it is a wholesome thing to fall back on the simplicities of duty and opportunity. JOSEPH HAMILTON.
Mimico, Can.

Marriage an Incentive to Success

Marriage is the natural state planned by an all-wise Creator, in which, as a rule, both man and woman may reach the highest possible state of development—a development where the powers of mind, heart and soul are well-balanced, and which results in a beautifully rounded, symmetrical character. Naturally, the human heart yearns for this sacred love and companionship, and the man or woman who deliberately shuts such joys and responsibilities out of his life, with no higher motive than that he may gain wealth or fame, chooses a sordid, narrow, selfish existence, and misses the highest, sweetest and noblest in life. A well-chosen life partner, instead of being a drawback, proves an inspiration and an incentive to reach the highest attainments of which one is capable.
McMinnville, Tenn. KATHERINE RUSSELL.

The "Bachelor Woman" Justified

I have always believed that every able-bodied man who has sufficient brains to make a comfortable living, and who is capable of love, should take care of some good woman. A wise marriage would tend to help rather

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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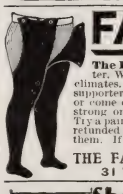

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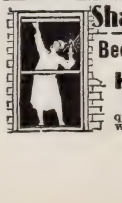

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an to interfere with his success, no matter hat his career or ambition. With a woman, is somewhat different. Supposing she has a irect calling to work out a talent that burns r expression, she is certainly justified in giv- g her life to that, rather than to bury her ift beneath wedded joys and household cares, nless conjugal love can be to her supreme. r, if her true mate has died, or never makes is appearance; then happy is the woman who an prove that to marry is not all of life. lowever, to most people, wedded life is and hould be the most satisfactory and happy. ut either a marriage or a "career" should be actuated by the truest principles of life, at they should be above any selfish gratifi- ation of fame, money-getting, mere pleasure r vanity, and be devoted to that end which ur Maker meant us to fulfil—a useful, whole- me, sweet existence.

MARY SPAULDING HATCH.

Nashville, Tenn.

o Home nor Country Without Marriage

In a certain very beautiful part of the earth, here the brooks from Lebanon flow silently, ere are many monuments of ruin. On them is engraved: "Born—Died." The only ing commendable is born. This is because e once prosperous people did not obey od. They achieved successful career in assive ruins. There is another section from hich came Ruth, David, Jesus, Paul. Paul eceived a wireless message from heaven cts 26: 18), preached it at Berea, and from thence it emigrated to the land of Luther, Knox, and Wesley, thence to America. If we should renounce marriage, forgetting a "help meet," our land, too, would soon be only a graveyard of fine monuments. In one-third of a century weeds and frost would overthrow this kind of successful career. There can be neither home nor country without a mother, the "crown upon the head" of her husband. There are no grand ruins the result of this marriage.

JACOB FLOMERFELT.

Gladstone, N. J.

Celibacy, a Serious Mistake

I think not; if the achieving of what the world calls "a successful career," is the only reason. Those who forego the joys of married life for some good and noble purpose, that they may be more useful in the world and have more time to devote to lifting up their fellow-beings, to science, or to the great and important affairs of life—makes a great sacrifice. They deny themselves for the good of others. Of course a person, I suppose, has the right to marry or not to marry. It is a matter for each to decide for themselves honestly and conscientiously. But one who foregoes the joys—or refuses to assume the cares and responsibilities of married life for the sake of fame, fortune, or what the world calls a successful career, makes a serious mistake, as he shall find later in life.

J. CALVIN WATKINS.

Kanawha Falls, W. Va.

... MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS ...

eader, St. Paul, Minn. What organized steps are being taken to prevent Senator-elect Smoot from taking his seat?

Formal protests have been sent to the enate Elections Committee from representa- ve residents of Utah, alleging that Smoot is tually a polygamist. This charge, if sus- ined, may of itself be sufficient to bar him t. The Interdenominational Council of omen have also lodged a protest, asserting at Smoot is a member of a secret oathbound rganization; that he is a member of the Mor- on Council, and sworn to obey the com- ands of the Mormon Church. Other organi- tions are about to take similar action.

, Lynn, Mass. 1. What is the duty of an em- ployee entrusted with responsibility by his principals as office manager, in a case where, through negligence or otherwise, one under him causes loss of money? 2. Is he justified in keeping silent if such loss may not be recover- able? 3. What should be the duty as one next to the office manager, who knows the circum- stances?

1. He should inform the principals, and if he loss was the result of carelessness on his rt, he should do everything in his power to ake it good. 2. No; if he be a faithful ser- ant he will not keep the matter hidden. 3. e occupies a delicate position. Probably e best thing he could do is to communicate s knowledge of events to the manager. It the manager's duty, not the subordinate's, inform the principals; but if the manager stinctly ordered him to keep it hidden, he ould be justified in laying the matter before e principals, although it might cost him his osition.

S., Brandon, Manitoba. Is it a sin for a person to quote a text out of its connection for the purpose of proving a religious ceremony being Scriptural?

By misquotation or distortion of a text, ou can prove or disprove almost anything. his form of argument is not to be considered eriously for a moment, and can only impose pon the ignorant.

. M. M., Beard, W. Va. 1. Is magnetic healing recognized as a scientific method? 2. Have the magnetic healers been able to make any cures?

1. It is unscientific, and in some States, we believe, illegal. 2. We personally know of no ases it has accomplished. The business is iefly conducted by charlatans.

. F. E., Trip, N. C. Will you please tell me what "vegetable ivory" is?

It is the kernel of the nuts of a species of alm which grows in Peru and other parts of outh America. They are called, com- ercially, "corrozzo nuts." The ripe kernel white and hard. It is used extensively by utton-makers and for umbrella-handles and mall trinkets.

H., Oakwood, O. What is the meaning of "humble yourself in the sight of God," or "except ye become as humble as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven?"

Human pride and arrogance should have o place in our hearts and thoughts, when we neel before the throne of God. We are all hildren of the Divine Father, weak and elpless in his hands and wholly dependent pon his goodness. We should come, there- fore, in the spirit of children, meek and simple and obedient, and laying aside all vanity and self-sufficiency.

H. H. McP., Brandon Hills, Can. I notice that the Finland Famine Fund is nearly all made up of small amounts. Were are our rich, or do they contribute direct, or through other channels, or do they turn a deaf ear to such calls, and have their whole soul wrapped up in their wealth?

We have no means of knowing how the wealthy class contribute in such matters. They may do otherwise, as you suggest. We are glad, however, to know that so many in moderate circumstances, and even poor, are not forgetful of the call of suffering humanity, and make willing sacrifice for Christ's sake.

C. R. G., Harrisburg, O. Is it right for a local preacher and a Sunday School superintendent (a stone mason by trade), to lay the founda tion of a building which he knows will be a saloon?

It is difficult to understand how any one could ask the Divine blessing on a building intended for a business which brings ruin to body and soul.

Mrs. De Bord, of Sharpsdale, Colo., writes, that on account of drought, there is great suffering among the homesteaders in that section. Many have spent everything, and are without food and clothing and have no seed for planting. None are actually starving, but the outlook is ominous. They are honest and industrious and deserve help.

Mrs. Bessie M., Stafford, Va., writes:

In reading an article in your editorial forum, headed "Idols from America," I am prompted to suggest that some of the American Christians gather around that poor Korean heathen, who is seeking for gods to worship, and point out to him the God which all can worship without cost and with eternal profit, and send him back to his countrymen a convert to the only true and living God.

J. S. F., Deerfield, N. Y. See answer to C. R. G. on same subject.

J. R. M., Antigonish, N. S. There were no English at the battle of Leipsic.

H. H., Oak Hill, Kan. We cannot express an opinion in any case where the facts are not known to us.

Miss Helen M. B., Lowell, Mass. Scientists assert that light does not exist visibly save where there is atmosphere, and that what we see is the light shining through or reflected on particles in our atmosphere.

Rev. C. H. Trowbridge, Easton, Pa. In your Feb. 25 MAIL BAG, in answer to the question, "When, where, and by whom was the first Sunday School organized?" you say, "It is generally conceded that the first Sunday School was organized by Robert Raikes, a printer, in Gloucester, England, in 1784." Permit me to say that your Lutheran readers will differ with you as to this statement. Under the head "Sunday Schools," in the *Lutheran Cyclopedia* (Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1899), it is asserted that "the Sunday School may be said to have originated in the Bible school of the ancient synagogue. The two essential characteristics of the modern Sunday School are the interlocutory method of instruction, and the system of division into groups or classes. In the synagogue school the method was catechetical. To trace the history of catechetical instruction is to connect this early Sabbath School with the 'Ragged Sunday School' which A. H. Francke opened in 1695, in Halle, nearly a hundred years before Robert Raikes began his famous work, with his paid teachers, in England. I call attention to this historic fact, not from any desire to start a controversy, but simply to supply information.

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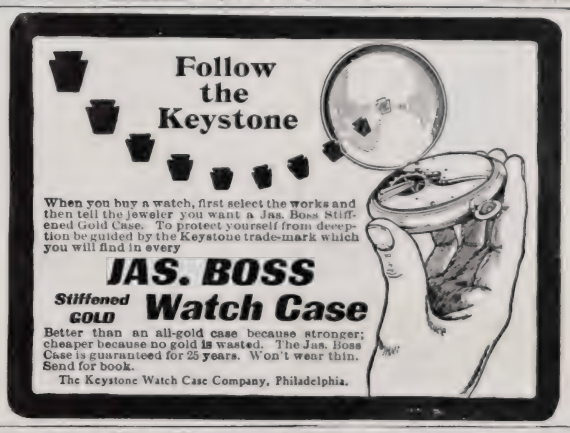

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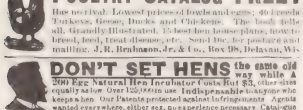

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MISSIONS IN AFRICA*

The Pioneer Missionaries who Gave their Lives to the Evangelization of the Dark Continent

WIDE is the field chosen for consideration on Missionary day. No one can even guess at the population of Africa, which is roughly estimated at two hundred millions, with any degree of assurance. The variety of races, too, in the Dark Continent, renders missionary effort varied to an uncommon degree. There is no connection between the Mohammedan population of the North with the Kaffirs and Zulus of the Southeast, the Hottentots of the South, the savages of the West, and the wild tribes of the interior. Every mission was compelled to work independently, and had not even the advantage of a common language to aid in the work in different regions. With all the discouragements, however, from the nature of the inhabitants, the climate, and not least the rapacity of European governments, which have exasperated the people against white men, by seizing the most fertile lands and parcelling them among themselves, the triumphs of the Gospel in that country have been marvelous.

Less than a hundred years ago, the only regions touched by the missionary were those constituting a thin belt around the coasts of the Continent and in that belt there were many and extensive breaks. In 1818 Robert Moffatt began his pioneer work in the South, extending the operations begun by Dr. Van Der Kemp. David Livingstone took up the work, extending it northward into the interior, and adding vast regions, previously unknown, to the map. It was not until 1840 that Livingstone left his native land for Africa, so that our knowledge of that vast region which he was the first to explore, is only half a century old. His first journey of exploration was begun in 1849. Shortly after his return in the following year he began that arduous journey across Africa, which occupied four years of his life. Three years after his return, spent in trying to arouse the interest of the civilized world in the great work of evangelizing the tribes he had visited on his march, he set out on his next great journey of exploration on the Zambesi, during which he discovered the great lakes Nyassa and Shirwa. His last journey was begun in 1865. During that journey he discovered Lake Tanganyka. Worn by privation, hardship and toil, Stanley found him at Ujiji in 1871, a broken, prematurely aged man, who for six years had not looked on a white face. Yet he was still full of ardor in his work and stubbornly refused to return with Stanley. He had given his life to Africa, and his journals sent home after his death, two years later, show that his devotion ended only with his life. To his pioneer labors the missionary societies have been indebted for all that they have been enabled to do in the interior of the continent during the past quarter of a century.

Melville B. Cox was another one of the many martyrs who have given their lives to the evangelization of Africa. Though his period of labor was only five months, he laid during that time the lines of foundation on which Methodist missions in the Dark Continent have been conducted since his time. His sphere was in Liberia, where he landed in 1833. He was only entering upon the great work he had sketched out, when he was seized with fever and died. He was a native of Hallowell, Me., born there in 1799.

Alexander M. Mackay, the hero of Uganda, was sent out by the Church Missionary Society in 1876. At that time nothing was known of the region save the reports that Stanley had given and the facts recorded in Livingstone's journal. Never did man set to work with more energy and vigor. To him belongs the credit of first proposing and advocating the plan which alone has in it the hope of thorough evangelization of those deadly regions. He urged the erection of a college in some healthy location, in which American and European missionaries could train natives, who were inured to the climate, to go forth and preach to their countrymen. If his plan had only been adopted more extensively, how many precious lives might have been saved and how much more good might have been done! His work lasted fourteen years, and was one of strenuous labor, sorrow and disappointment. In 1890, the crown of martyrdom was set on his brows, and he went to his reward. If he can now know what a glorious harvest of souls has been reaped in the region to which he gave his life, he like the Master, whom he served so faithfully, sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

Adolphus C. Good was an American pioneer for the Presbyterian Church. He gave twelve years to earnest work, and then he, too, fell a victim to the fever. Volumes would be needed to give but the slightest sketch of the labors of the devoted men like Hannington, Bishop Taylor, Dr. Stewart and others, whose lives have been consecrated to this arduous work.

*Topic of The Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Society for March 29. Ps. 68: 29-31: Isa. 43: 3.

A Young African Convert

IN a letter by the Rev. R. Wodehouse, Missionary, Umtali, Rhodesia, South Africa, the writer says:

"A dear lad, only sixteen years old, was converted in our native church, and came forward as a seeker, to an old rude penitent form made out of packing cases. It is wonderful how he has grown in six months. I am giving him an opportunity at the meetings to exercise his powers. He exhorts with power, prays in the Spirit, and sings like an angel. He has chosen the ministry, he says, as his life work, and we are bending every energy in that direction. Mrs. Carson is giving him an hour daily. He knows his multiplication tables, writes a fair hand, reads fluently and drinks in the expositions of the Word with eagerness. He has a gift for poetry, and may be useful in time in preparing a hymn book."

"WILLIE," THE AFRICAN CONVERT

Henry Drummond's Conversion

THE Rev. E. Payson Hammond, A. M., widely recognized as "The Prince of Preachers for Children," closed a series of evangelistic meetings February 25, in Wilkinsborough, Pa.; 350 at least are reported to have confessed Christ. Mr. Hammond is now working with Rev. Dr. Reed in the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church in New York City. The following reminiscence of the distinguished evangelist is both opportune and interesting:

When in Scotland, I became acquainted with Mr. Peter Drummond. It was in the year 1859 that he invited me to his home in Stirling. Soon after my arrival I found the children from all around the neighborhood tramping through the deep snow, pressing their way to his large parlors. It was quite a surprise party to me, but Mr. Drummond had been in some meetings of mine in other places, and knew how the children loved them. So he sent all through the town, and got as many as he could to meet me, and I am sure that he and his good wife had been much in prayer that God's blessing might be upon the gathering. At that time few people in Scotland thought of singing American hymns; but I had some with me and I asked the children to join in the singing of them. I told them of the great love of Jesus in giving himself to die for them and explained how it was that, because of his sufferings on the cross in our place, God could now forgive all their sins, give them new hearts, and make them happy here and hereafter.

I noticed in front of me a little boy, with curly, golden hair, who seemed much interested in all that I said. At the close of the meeting, he and others remained that we might talk and pray with each one. He put his little hand in mine and said, "I want to be a Christian and love Jesus."

I told him again what Jesus had done for him, and asked, "How can you help loving him, when he has suffered so much for you, that you might be happy in heaven, and wear a crown of joy?"

He answered, "I must love him, and I will give myself to him."

We knelt, and he took this prayer from my lips, "Dear Jesus, thou hast loved me and died for me, that I might have my sins forgiven; and now, as well as I can, I am going to give myself to thee, and will never be ashamed of thee who hast done so much for me."

I believe it was there, in his uncle's house, that this little boy, afterward Professor Henry Drummond, accepted Christ as his Saviour, and from that hour began to live a new, happy, Christian life.

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

COMPETITION 29

What scene in the Old Testament does this picture illustrate? **Write "Competition 29"** plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; write next your name, age or address; then, in not over thirty words, a description of the picture. First, read the rules carefully

CHILDREN, dear, for sake of variety, and because of requests from some little friends, we give this week a Bible Picture, such as you ad in the first competitions, instead of icture Puzzles. We hope you will have pleasant "Sunday Hour" finding out hat it is, and writing, in not less than irty words, what you know about it. nd we trust that you will not think only the winning of a prize by doing this, but at you will find the task a pleasure in it- lf; otherwise, we would rather you would not undertake it. In regard to one of our first prize-winners announced this week, it may be said that she has sent in answers regularly to many competitions: other answers were better, and so, we could not award her even a consolation prize. Her persistent and patient endeavor impressed the judges, who have been watching her work. It has improved from week to week, and her paper on which award was made is of such exceptional excellence, that it surpassed our own expectations, and the watch—the first prize—is rightfully awarded her.

Competition 30

Curious Questions

1. A noted prophet set an example that public men of the present day usually try to avoid following. Name the prophet and the example?
2. Who was the first negro convert to Christianity?
3. What is the first record of a home being mortgaged?
4. Name the agricultural implements mentioned in the Bible?

Write "Competition 30" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 29 and 30 you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 29" or "Competition 30," as the case may be.* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

All answers must be mailed not later than March 25, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department*, Bible House, New York.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 29, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the best answer to Competition 30, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

Answers to Competitions of February 18—Names of Prize-Winners

See Answers on Page 227

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of eb. 18, **Ruth B. Jenkins,** Washington, N. J., ceives a silver watch; for the best answer to urious Questions" of same date, **Christie Dougall,** Antrim, N. H., receives a silver atch. Each of the following receives a book: Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Alexander, Allie, Ky.; Arnold, Edwin B., R. I.; ddome, Jean, Can.; Bodemuller, Robert, La.; adley, Harry W., Oreg.; Bruner, Beth, Fla.; shnell, Budge Ogden, Conn.; Carlisle, Renwick, C.; Clark, Ray C., S. Dak.; Colquitt, Mary, Ark.; avis, Humbert, N. Y.; Davis, Mina P., Me.; Deadon, Katie, Can.; Dinwiddie, Lucy W., Va.; Druse, ton S., Wash.; Edmond, Neil S., Texas; Filer, illis S., Ja.; Hardman, Bessie, Mo.; Hollis, Theo. bert, W. Va.; Houston, Coral O., Okla.; Johnn, Charles P., N. H.; Johnson, Paul, Kans.; Kiln, Janie May, Colo.; Kinney, Joyce, Ind.; Mcusland, Addie, Utah; McLennan, Hattie, Minn.; cDonald, A. Corbett, Can.; Meeks, Edward J., C.; Morgan, Lorenza D., Ala.; Morse, Anthony, D. C.; Nickerson, Irene Nash, Ga.; O'Connor, Louis W., Md.; Osborn, Gladys M., Mich.; Pearson, Viva, Wis.; Perrine, Amy Carlotta, Mont.; Phelps, Rena, Calif.; Poteet, A. J., Neb.; Rankin, Elma L., Tenn.; Rehm, Alvin B., Ill.; Revere, Lucy W., Mass.; Rice, H. E., N. Dak.; Ridington, C. R., Pa.; Rowell, R. M., Vt.; Sibley, Jennie, Del.; Wallace, J. E., O.; Wharton, M., Miss.; Young, A. L., Can.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions": Ainslee, C., Minn.; Baker, C., Colo.; Bennett, E. C., Del.; Brailsford, Maysie, S. C.; Brown, F., Can.; Buck, Alice, Tenn.; Crosby, F. B., Can.; Eskew, T., Ky.; Farnsworth, Dorothy L., N. Y.; Freeman, J., N. C.; Gray, Estelle, Ark.; Hopkins, R. C., R. I.; Hubbell, Eller, Va.; Hunnicheouse, W. Ill.; Hutchison, R. K., Kan.; Johnson, Orlena M., Vt.; Lamb, Clara E., Okla.; Lorbeer, Vera, Calif.; McAllister, W., Ia.; McKell, J. R., Can.; Massey, Richard, Me.; Moore, Eva S., Mo.; Park, Georgia H. B., Pa.; Phillips, Winnie, Mont.; Potts, Jennie, Wis.; Schilling, Grace, Neb.; Sheetz, Jr., James E., W. Va.; Smith, Douglas, N. J.; Sprague, Lester W., Mass.; Sullivan, Kennay, Ind. Ty.; Swain, Cassie, Texas; Wichers, Edward, Mich.; Wilson, Hazel, Ohio.

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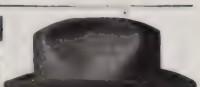

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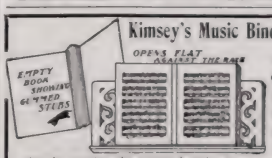

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By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM LXXXIX
Covenant Psalm

1. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

"I WILL SING OF THY MERCIES"

2. For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

3. I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant.

4. Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations.

. . . .

"A covenant keeping God"—the very name is a bulwark to saints. A covenant keeping people would result from the applied truth of Psalm 89. Isaiah 55:3 is a prophet's story of God's faithfulness. This is the Psalmist's way of telling the same truth. Faithfulness can only come by faith-full-ness. "He is faithful that hath promised." So let us be.

PSALM XC
Funeral Psalm

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT"

2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

. . . .

God would let no human hands bury the man who wrote this, He buried him. The only headstone to mark his grave is this. It fits the great Hebrew lawgiver. It is the Pentateuch epitomized. It is the old wine of experience, and could only come from one whose life was amidst battle and storm and bondage. No wonder he appears in the transfiguration, and is the centre of "The Faith Chapter"—Hebrews 11. This Psalm and I. Corinthians 15 robs death of sting, and gives the grave no victory.

PSALM XCI
Safety Psalm

1. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

"FROM THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER

2. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

. . . .

For tempted, tried and sore perplexed people, there is no Psalm like the ninety-first. In poetry or prose, sung in the major or minor key, it alike is big and beautiful. Its sixteen verses are all diamonds. Its song is of safety, and its safety is salvation. Not only God, but his angels, are here to guard and guide the good.

PSALM XCII
The Righteous Man's Psalm

12. The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

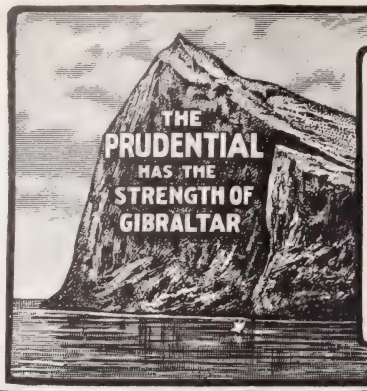
"LIKE A CEDAR IN LEBANON"

13. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

14. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing.

. . . .

It is only a righteous man that can really put soul in song or Psalm. Sin is discord. Then, too, the righteous flourish—like palm and cedar. What a difference there is between the righteous and wicked. It is giant oak against thistle and briar. It is fatness and fruit against failure and fire.



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For this large, roomy phaeton, just what you want for solid comfort, wide, roomy spring cushion, solid panel spring back 23 in. high. Trimmed with fine imported all wool broadcloth. Full patent leather fenders, large lamps, long distance axles. Retails for nearly twice our price.
No 1647
53.75
For this high arched axle, low wheel, **Guaranteed Rubber Tired** driving wagon, open head springs, long distance axles, Bradley couplers, Bailey loops, stick seat, rubber padded steps. Trimming fine whipcord or broadcloth. 31 other styles. **Don't buy until you see our catalogue and most wonderful offers.**
No 1184
34.50
Stick seat driving wagon. Long distance axles, Bailey loops. All complete.
No 1905
36.50
Platform spring wagon, 7 ft. body, heavy gear and wheels; 12 other styles spring wagons in catalog.
$7.00
No 1015
No 190
14.60
No. 105. Single harness. Nickel or Im. rubber trim. $7.00. No. 190. Dbl. harness, traces 1¼ in. $14.60
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It illustrates and fully describes every kind of a vehicle and harness made. Cut this ad out and mail to us and we will mail the catalogue FREE.
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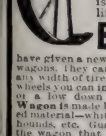
WAS REFUSED LIFE INSURANCE

Rejected on Account of "Coffee Heart."

Life insurance companies have fully established the fact that the use of coffee causes an organic derangement of the heart, shortening the long beat and imperiling life. For this reason habitual coffee drinkers are refused life insurance in many cases. A well known merchant of White's Creek, Tenn., proprietor of a large store there, says:—"Three years ago I was examined for life insurance and to my surprise was rejected because my heart action was at times out of place 15 beats in 60.

"I consulted several good doctors and was invariably asked by them 'Do you drink ardent spirits? use tobacco? or drink coffee?' To the first I answered 'Very little,' to the second 'No,' to the last 'Yes,' and they would all say, 'Quit coffee.'

"I determined to do this. I had read about Postum Cereal Coffee and bought and used it and I liked it as well as the best of real coffee find as a result of its use in place of coffee I and myself without a skip in my heart action and I can get insurance on my life cheaper by 25 per cent (notwithstanding the advance in ages), than I could when I first commenced using Postum." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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The man who has had experience in running a wagon knows that it is the wheels that determine the life of the wagon itself. Our

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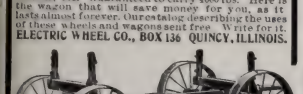
have given a new lease of life to thousands of old wagons. They can be had in any desired height and any width of tire up to 8 inches. With a set of these wheels you can in a few minutes have either a high or a low down wagon. **The Electric Handy Wagon** is made by skilled workmen, of best selected material—white hickory axles, steel wheels, steel bounds, etc. Guaranteed to carry 4000 lbs. Here is the wagon that will save money for you, as it lasts almost forever. Our catalog describing the uses of these wheels and wagons sent free. Write for it.

ELECTRIC WHEEL CO., BOX 136 QUINCY, ILLINOIS.



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"Cossack,"	guaranteed	**$10.75**
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"Neudorf,"	a beauty	**$14.75**

no better bicycles at any price

Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price. Choice of any standard tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.*

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500 Good 2nd-hand Wheels $3 to $8.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.

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Strictly new, perfect, Semi-Hardened Steel Sheets, 2 feet wide, 6 feet long. The best Roofing, Siding or Ceiling you can use. No experience necessary to lay it. An ordinary hammer or hatchet the only tools you need. We furnish nails free and paint roofing two sides. Comes either flat, corrugated or "V" crimped. Delivered free of all charges to all points in the U. S., east of the Mississippi River and North of the Ohio River

AT $2.25 PER SQUARE

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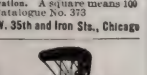

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262 Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Paul's Life and Teaching

Dependent in all Things on God's Guidance

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THERE are several biographies given at some length in the Old Testament—those of Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Elijah, etc. In the New Testament, next to our Lord's own life, no individual man stands out so prominently as Paul, "the apostle of the Gentiles." It was to him that God's thought, hidden from ages and generations, was revealed; and he became the chief organizer of the Gentile Church, which is, in fact, one with "the churches which were in Judea," and whose joint existence is owing to the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus.

This man, with his chosen companion Silas, began a mission at Philippi, where the prayers of a company of women had been heard of God, and he had not permitted the continuance of Paul's ministry among the Jewish colonists in Asia Minor, because he needed him to commence a purely Gentile Church—the first on the continent of Europe. God has a plan for each of our lives. If we are pliable, and yield up our will at all points to him, he leads us in the way of the plan which he has foreseen; when we find one obstacle after another in the way of plans which we may have formed, however good they may seem to be, it is the moment for us to consider, and to inquire of the Lord, whether we are mistaken, and whether the plan we have is really that which is in his mind. Paul was fully loyal to his God in this matter; he would not go forward until he knew the mind of God. God can bless and greatly use such an instrument. We read how, as soon as the devil's stronghold in the poor possessed girl was attacked, he stirred up persecution, and the two missionaries were thrown into prison. But the Word of God which had been sown in Philippi, grew, and brought forth fruit, as we see from the Epistle to the Philippians, in which Paul tells out so fully his personal experience, and what the high calling which he taught, was in his own life (Phil. 3: 1-16).

We see also how fully Paul lived out all he taught. He did not call upon his children in the Lord to tread a path which he himself was not treading; they saw in him that Christianity is not a doctrine, but a life; not an opinion, but a power. Wherever Paul was, men felt his presence, or rather the presence of God indwelling him. He entered the prayer-meeting of women by the riverside; and the Spirit of God which was in him entered into the heart of Lydia. He entered into Lydia's house; the whole house was changed, and became disciples of the Lord. He was thrown into the prison, and the very prison and its jailer became changed, and all the jailer's household believed, and were baptized. In the epistle to the Philippians, where we read of Paul a prisoner in Rome, the presence of this man and his bonds were known in all the Prætorium. The apostle says, "My bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole Prætorium guard, and to all the rest" (Phil. 1: 13, R. V.). All around him became changed; but once changed himself, no circumstance could change him back to what he had been.

"My bonds became manifest in Christ." What an expression! How full of meaning! Christ was made manifest in the way in which his character shone out through Paul in his imprisonment. There was in him no self-pity, no desire to excite sympathy for his hard lot. There was no regret that he was no longer free to travel about and preach the Gospel. He accepted from the hand of God his new vocation to preach by his life as a prisoner, and because it pleased God, the sunlight of God was on the countenance, and shining in the spirit of his servant; and men marveled; for they had never seen the like before. His Epistle to the Philippians is not the letter of an oppressed or wounded spirit. He praises God even for what might seem a hindrance to the Gospel; his faith triumphed over circumstances, and with the vigor of one who is strong in faith, he gives glory to God when others would have complained. This is "newness of life," "the power of an endless life." This strikes men; they cannot get over it; they persecute such witnesses for God, they may kill them, but they cannot forget what they have seen in them.

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By Using a Set of Our New Wheels With Rubber Tires

which we furnish painted any color desired and wheel, we guarantee to fit your buggy or carriage perfectly; ready to put on the vehicle

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after you receive them. By following the instructions which we will send you FREE you can paint the vehicle any color desired without the services of a professional carriage painter and make your old Buggy as good as new.

We are the largest wheel manufacturers in the world. We own the land, and heavy forests in existence, and our wheels are made of the best quality, thoroughly seasoned hickory. We warrant the tires not to split and the spokes not to get loose in the hub. Write for our liberal proposition and give the name of your blacksmith or carriage maker.

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WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but ship anywhere for examination, guaranteeing safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied. We make 196 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness. Visitors always welcome at our factory.

No. 644—Top Buggy; with 3/4 in. Kelly Rubber Tires. $52.50. As good as sells for $75 more.

No 327—Surrey. Price $78. As good as sells for $90 more.

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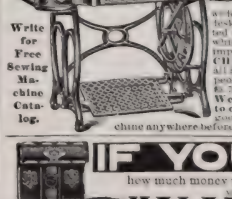

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BALL-BEARING SEWING MACHINES

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OUR HIGH ARM

which equals any sewing machine at any price. We have drop-head, drop-leaf, desk, upright and automatic styles, in plain or richly carved cabinets, all fitted with our famous "Faultless" extra high and extra long arm heads, and all the latest improvements of 50 to 100 machines and many valuable improvements controlled exclusively by us. OUR FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG illustrates and describes our machines in detail, tells all about the machines we sell, gives hundreds of testimonials from people using our machines and demonstrates decisively that our machines at $5.75 upwards equal any other machines, no matter what the name may be. We guarantee our machines 20 years, ship on easy terms, C. O. D., subject to examination and allow 30 days' free trial in your home. Test your own eyesight, your own hearing, your own judgment, and if you find you should not buy a machine after seeting our catalog. Write us to-day.

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IF YOU ONLY KNEW

how much money you can save and how much better stove or range you can get, you'd send to-day for full particulars about the

KALAMAZOO Steel Stoves & Ranges

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All our Cook Stoves and Ranges have patent oven thermometers.

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1 of 100 Premiums

LOCKWOOD SOAP CO., Dept. 13, KANSAS CITY, MO.

IF YOU COULD MAKE $5,000

BY PAYING $6. A MONTH

—$510. IN ALL—WOULD YOU DO IT?

WE put the above startling headline at the top of our advertisement for two purposes—one, to induce every reader of *The Christian Herald* to at least read the advertisement through. Second, in the hope that at least half of them will let us tell our story and endeavor to prove that we have an investment in New York real estate which in 10 years will return to you several thousand dollars, perhaps as much as $5,000 for each $500 invested—and this $500 can be paid at the rate of $6 per month. We know we have one of the greatest propositions in real estate every offered in the history of cities, and our difficulty is not to convince you, but to get the chance of presenting the facts to you.

$500 invested for a child may put him through college; $500 invested for a young married couple will go far toward making them independent in their old years; $500 invested by a young man or a young woman will, in our opinion, pay them better than any life insurance they can possibly take out, and this $500 can be invested **at $6 a month.**

4,000 Investors Bought $3,461,000 Worth of our New York Lots During the Past Year

Nearly three and a half million dollars!—that's the forceful story of our real estate sales during the year just ended. We ask *you* to dwell on these figures long enough to realize—to understand what they really mean. These three and a half million dollars actually represent the *confidence* which the thousands who have invested in our New York City lots have in us. *You*, perhaps, have not yet invested—not even investigated our wonderful proposition:—

"$10 Secures a $510 Lot in Greater New York"

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Within 35 Minutes of These Skyscrapers—by Trolley, 5c.

This is a high-class and strictly honest proposition, or you may be sure *The Christian Herald* would not permit our announcement to appear. Nor would we have the privilege of referring to twenty odd National Banks, the Commercial Agencies, and over 30,000 customers all over the United States.

Doesn't it seem fair to presume that the same reasons which convinced so many thousands of practical thinking men and women everywhere of the undoubted value of our proposition, would convince YOU? Isn't it worth the time at least to send us your name to-day—and learn how you may make thousands by paying $10 down and $6 a month until your payments amount to $510—and in the meantime own the safest form of investment in the world.

This may sound extravagant—yet every statement we make is based upon a fact. It is in evidence—it can be verified—it can be SEEN. Naturally we will be accused of being biased in our opinions—of painting New York's future in too rosy colors—but listen!

HERE'S THE OPINION AND ADVICE

OF ONE OF THE

World's Greatest Investors and Financiers, RUSSELL SAGE

(From the *New York World* of September 28th, 1902.)

"I do not think the future of New York can be depicted in terms any too glowing. The most fanciful writers cannot exaggerate the greatness of its future.

"A man who buys real estate in any of the five boroughs—of course exercising average good judgment—has a fortune before him. *Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year.*"

"Young man, buy real estate in the outlying boroughs, and then work hard at your usual avocation. Your real estate purchases will make your old age comfortable." RUSSELL SAGE.

Our property is located in Brooklyn—it is therefore a very significant fact when Mr. Sage says "BROOKLYN IS GROWING AT THE RATE OF 75,000 PEOPLE A YEAR." Think of it! That means THREE-FOURTHS of all of New York's enormous yearly increase of population.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

As a guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return, if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or in case you buy, we will credit cost of the fare on your purchase; to those living farther away we will pay a proportion equal to round-trip Chicago ticket—$36.

If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick, you will not forfeit the land. You have absolutely nothing to lose by writing at once for full particulars, or better still—mail us $10, the first payment on a lot, **with the distinct understanding that we must return it to you if we have misrepresented our proposition in the slightest particular. Write under all circumstances.** You would not be fair to yourself if you failed to look into this matter. Fill out the coupon and mail it to us to-day. That costs two cents and a minute's time. **Isn't it worth while?**

.....1903

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Please send me full particulars in regard to your New York Lot.

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City and State .....

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MAGAZINE NUMBER

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
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NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1903

VOL. 26 NO. 12. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

DRAWN FROM LIFE FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY L. H. RUYL

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SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

COOK BOOK FREE — Except cost of mailing. We will send our splendid Gold Medal Cook Book, containing over 1000 carefully prepared recipes, to any lady who will send us 2 cents in stamps and the names and addresses of two housewives who would also like one of these books. Address, Washburn-Crosby Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Please mention this magazine.

Spent all but 5 days

of his life on

ESKAY'S FOOD

Insured Against Sickness—Assured of Perfect Health

MRS. LOUISE W. BURRILL, of No. 42 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., the mother of this fine baby, writes as follows:

"After nursing my baby for five days, and finding it did not thrive, our doctor prescribed ESKAY'S FOOD, which we have used ever since. He was one year old on the fifth of December, and has never had anything but ESKAY'S FOOD since he was five days old. He has never been sick a day. I cannot recommend it too highly."

Mrs. Burrill's letter is only one of thousands which testify as strongly to the perfect sunny health which ESKAY'S FOOD has brought to their babies.

We have published a most valuable book for all mothers, entitled: "How to Care for the Baby," which, besides telling about ESKAY'S FOOD, gives the opinions of noted infant specialists on the care of babies. **We will send this book FREE with generous samples of ESKAY'S FOOD to any address.**

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH COMPANY, 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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R & G

Corset "837"

is designed to fit the normal, average figure. It has a moderately low-bust and moderately deep-hip. It is the best type of straight-front corset.

It is a sensible corset, combining comfort of fit with beauty of outline. It will suit all figures except the very slender and the very stout. The price is **$1.50.** Over 10,000 dealers sell "837" and other R & G Corsets, ranging in price from **$1.** to **$10.**

R & G CORSET CO.

395 Broadway
NEW YORK

Hungry Man sees Willie's plate

"My! Quaker Oats!

"Well ain't that great!

"No wonder that it will create

The Smile That Won't Come Off

NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

The "White Button Brigade"

AND ITS GOSPEL WORK AMONG THE RAILROAD MEN OF THE WEST

ONE among the important departments in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is that of work among the railroad employees. Temperance reform in the railroad business is coming to the front. Law is power when enforced, and rules against railroad employees visiting saloons are being enforced with the best results to all concerned. If there is one place above another where clear brains and steady nerves are required, it is among railroad men.

How much we owe to these men, not only those upon the road, but those in the shops as well, for as a class they are deprived of their Sabbath and home comforts. Thus, it behooves us to do all we can to surround them with those influences that will tend to lead them into a higher and better life, which many times can but result in better morals, better workmen, and redeemed souls for Christ's Kingdom.

A GOSPEL MEETING IN THE RAILROAD SHOPS, DECATUR, ILL.

Under the direction of the Local Superintendent, Mrs. Kreidler, the members of the Decatur W. C. T. U. have held, for the past two years, weekly Gospel meetings in the carpenter shop of the Wabash yards, which have been well attended and full of interest. One outgrowth of this interest was manifested in the purchasing by the men of a "Baby organ," and they also have their own song-books. Mrs. Widdons, with a consecrated voice, gave her time and filled the place as organist, and her sweet spirit and singing aided in leading many to nobler desires.

To Miss Crissey is due the organizing of the Railroad Temperance Association, which now numbers 180 men, that are wearing the white R. R. T. A. button; her earnest words on the subject of total abstinence and prohibition, and the importance of proper education in the home, have led many to think seriously upon the subject of temperance in all things. Over half of the railroad corporations of the United States prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors among their employees, and many of them are prohibiting the use of tobacco on duty. Over 100,000 white buttons, with "R. R. T. A.," are now worn by railroad men.

Pastors of our various churches, with visiting evangelists, have from time to time given their services, expounding the Scriptures, and leaving with the men truths that would lift them to a higher manhood, and bring them to a saving faith. Hearts have been touched and led to righteousness, homes made happy, and God glorified.

Our personal experience has shown us, as a result of these noontide meetings, that the spirit of the Lord was present in convicting and converting power, which the following incident will verify. One of these men was living in sin, spending his Sabbaths reading novels, fishing, and in various forms of desecration. He was given to drinking and profanity. He was convicted of sin and finally yielded, striking his anvil for the last time for the devil, and he says, "I am striking it for Jesus now." Upon going home, he told his wife and children he was going to erect a family altar. Poor woman! She doubted the reality of the change; but the altar of prayer was erected, and burnt were the novels, and he took the Bible as his book. He invited us to hold a cottage prayer-meeting in his home. The wife was won to Christ, children were made happy, and the family is now regularly going to the house of the Lord for worship. This man is now a class-leader, and God uses him with power. His testimony is clear, and he is a living example of one "saved to the uttermost," testifying to the power of God to cleanse from every bad habit.

At different times, Gospel meetings were held in the R. R. Y. M. C. A. on Sabbath afternoons. On one of these occasions we had the pleasure of a Bible exposition from Rev. L. S. Coffin of Fort Dodge, Ia. Subject, "Our Father, and his love for humanity." Mr. Coffin has a wide acquaintance among railroad men, and has a deep interest in their welfare.

National R. R. Evangelist Miss Jennie Smith, of Washington, D. C., was with us ten days, holding services daily at the noon hour, with the men at the shops, and in the evening holding evangelistic meetings in one of the largest churches. Miss Smith captured the hearts of many by her loving, Christ-like simplicity in presenting the truth. Many new-born souls rejoiced in having found a personal Saviour. During her stay we also visited the hose-houses, and held meetings with the firemen, which they greatly appreciated. Much good resulted, and this work is being continued by the young people of the Epworth League, with the assistance of the pastors.

The average attendance of shop-men weekly is about forty-five. They manifest interest by giving marked attention and quietness, helping in song and often saying, "We are glad you came." Over five thousand leaflets and tracts have been distributed among the men, and sixty copies of the 1902 Christmas issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a gift apparently much appreciated.

The Union have placed eight literature boxes in the depots, streets, barns and hose-houses, thus endeavoring by great reading to help the passers-by. Over 45,000 papers were placed in them last year, and forty Scriptural motto calendars were given for the caboosses. On "Flower Mission" day, the Superintendent, Mrs. Kreidler, presented the seventy-five shop-men each with a bouquet of roses and carnations, also sending to the sick flowers, with greetings.

When God would not be mocked His Name,
He calls Himself "the great 'I Am'."
And leaves a blank where Christians may
Insert those things for which they pray.

MRS. JENNIE KREIDLER.

Decatur, Ill.

MRS. ELMA WIDDONS, Organist of Local W. C. T. U.

MISS MARGARET E. CRISSEY, State Organizer

MRS. JENNIE KREIDLER, Supt. of R. R. Work

THE
American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park
Presbyterian Church, Chicago

The Ideal Nurse

TEXT—I. TIMOTHY 5: 10:
"Well reported of for good works . . . if she have relieved the afflicted"

WELL, indeed, may a woman be reported of for good works, in such a world as ours, if she have relieved the afflicted. Such women are sorely needed. There is suffering everywhere, in the rich man's palace and the poor man's tenement. If any woman desires to be well reported of for good works, she can attain her ambition in no surer, better way than in relieving the afflicted. It is a glorious mission that has been chosen by these noble women, who are graduating as trained nurses, and are going forth in their striped uniforms, like valiant soldiers, to contend with fell disease. I want to present to you my conception of what such a woman should be, whether she stands by the operating-table, or bends over the invalid's bed, or walks through the wards of a hospital for contagious diseases, or sterilizes the surgeon's knives, just before the limb is to be amputated. Every year of my residence in Chicago, I have been asked by the officials of the different training-schools to speak upon this subject. I take this opportunity to address not a single graduating class of trained nurses, but to speak to all the different training-schools for nurses with which my pulpit comes into contact.

The scope of my theme can best be realized, if the hearer is led into the humble home of the most beloved and internationally honored of all women living at the present time. Who is she? I will answer that question by relating an incident which happened about the year 1858. Lord Stratford was entertaining at a London banquet many of the prominent military officers of the British Army, who had led to victory the Queen's soldiers in the Crimean conflict. As a matter of curiosity, the noble Lord asked them, one and all, this question: "Who do you think, of all the participants of the late war, will be the most honored and most revered by the coming generations?" He asked his guests to write the names of their choice upon slips of paper, and he would read the same and announce the result of the ballot. When the slips were collected, the vote was unanimous. Wonderful to state, the name which Lord Stratford announced was not that of a general. It belonged to an untitled woman. Her name was Florence Nightingale. Who was Florence Nightingale? She was not a Joan of Arc, or Marie Theresa, who achieved victories by the sword. She won her universal fame by the way she bound together the bleeding lips of the wounds which the surgeon's knife had opened. She carried in her hand not the battle-torn Union Jack, but the white bandage. She ignited no flame which burst forth from the cannon's mouth. She simply lighted a little candle, with which she went from ward to ward in the field hospitals, long after the tired men were asleep.

A Famous Nurse's Gift

Who was Florence Nightingale? I will tell you. She was the heroic nurse who did not want the British people to rear for her a monument of cold marble; but instead, she took the $250,000 which was a free-will offering given by her countrymen, and with it built and endowed, only a short distance from Westminster Abbey, the famous training-school for nurses which now bears her name. This school, established in 1860, is the foster-mother of all the modern training-schools for nurses. When a woman so honored by church and state as Florence Nightingale, thinks the development of the trained nurse a work so important that she devotes to it her fortune and her consecrated energies, we need make no apology for taking as our theme this morning, the qualities which are needed in the ideal nurse.

The trained nurse, in the first place, must be intelligent. She is the right arm of the physician. By that we do not mean that the trained nurse is to be a mere automatic machine, and that when the physician pulls the string she is to move, and when he stops pulling she is to stand still. Oh, no! She is to be far more. When Stonewall Jackson lay dying, after having been shot at Chancellorsville, Robert E. Lee turned to the messenger who brought him the sad news, and said: "Tell General Jackson he cannot, and must not die. If Stonewall Jackson dies, I shall lose my right arm." When Robert E. Lee said that, he did not assert that General Jackson had no brain, no thinking power, or that, as Lee's right arm, he merely obeyed the behests of Robert E. Lee's brain. He meant that Jackson was, in one sense, absolutely essential to him for the best organizing and development of the Southern armies, as well as for helping him in the laying out of a campaign. So we find that to-day, the intelligent trained nurse is more than the mere physical right arm of the physician: she is his eyes, his hands, his constant helper. What the intelligent trained nurse is able to report, in reference to the progress of the patient, to a great extent decides the physician's diagnosis. He sees the patient but once in twenty-four hours, while she is by the invalid's bed practically all the time. She can record the progress of the disease by the flight of minutes; he can only study it by the morning and the evening call. The value of the intelligent nurse is to be found in what she sees, as well as in what she is willing to do; her usefulness is to be enhanced by what she can tell, as well as by her willingness to obey orders.

A Nurse's Blunder

"It is high time," Florence Nightingale once wrote, "that the fallacy should be exploded, that every woman is able to become a competent nurse." It is high time that the standard of our training-schools for nurses should be raised, that unworthy institutions should be crushed out, and that the question of a trained nurse's efficiency should not be decided by her ability to buy a gingham dress and to read a thermometer. It is high time that the State legislatures should place laws upon the statute book, so that the graduates of these different institutions should be compelled to pass examinations for licensure, as the doctor, the pharmacist, the lawyer, or the locomotive engineer are compelled to do. Incompetent nursing has involved the loss of many a life, and caused many an agonizing pain. Some time ago a dear friend of mine—a brother minister—had his little five-year-old son nearly burned to death. The only way to save the child's life was by grafting human skin upon the little one's stomach and chest. The father and the child's two brothers volunteered to let the doctor peel the skin from their bodies to save the baby's life. After one of the brothers—a noble lad about ten years of age—had had the skin cut off his arms and shoulders and chest, the surgeon turned to the nurse and said, "Nurse, where did you get that knife?" "Out of the alcohol," she answered. "Did you then place the blade in sterile water before you gave it to me?" "No," she answered, "I did not know you wanted me to do it." "Then," said the surgeon, "we have cut all the skin off from this boy's body for nothing. Your criminal ignorance is to blame for this useless suffering. You should have known enough to place that knife in sterile water. You profess to be a trained surgical nurse and a graduate of a nurse's college." Thus, you women about to become trained nurses, it is of vital importance that you are intelligent and efficient. It is of vital importance that you should know the value of fresh air, and of proper dietetics. It is of vital importance that you obey the laws of cleanliness, and not allow your patient to become infected. The ignorance of incompetent nurses has sent many a patient to the grave. If you voluntarily enter your noble profession intellectually unqualified, you are committing a sin against the human race, just as surely as is the ignorant switchman, who throws open the wrong switch, and sends the passenger train crashing into the freight train, which has been side-tracked. "I did not know," in the sick-room, is about as criminal as "I did not think," or "I forgot." In this age of fine training schools for nurses, it is just as much every nurse's business to learn how to think right, as it is to learn how to do right.

Consecrated Nursing

The ideal nurse should be a Christian woman. During the dark night, when the black-winged Death Angel is hovering, wing-and-wing, beside the white-winged Birth Angel, or when, in the crisis of pneumonia or typhoid, the life seems to be hanging by a slender thread, no intelligent nurse is so competent to bend over the bed as the one who believes in God and prayer, and the one who can ask for the divine blessing when she pours out the medicine, or places the ice-bag on the fevered brow. A great deal of Florence Nightingale's power over her patients was due to the fact that she could tell the physically helpless and the dying about the Good Physician, who was able to cure the sufferer's soul as well as his body. The Crimean soldiers had a better chance for getting well in this world, when Florence Nightingale's mere presence made these rough men stop their swearing, and influenced many of them to turn their lips towards heaven with a beseeching prayer. We know that one of the beneficent tasks of a nurse is to inspire patients with peace of mind and of heart. Therefore, is not the ideal nurse doubly fitted for her work, when she can impart to the sufferer's soul a knowledge of the peace that passeth understanding?

Was that nurse's practical usefulness marred by her faith in God, about whom Dr. Banks relates this thrilling incident. During one of the bloody battles of the Civil War, a wounded youth was carried into the field hospital. He tossed upon his cot crying and moaning "Do not let me die! Oh, I am afraid to die! Oh, I am afraid to die!" The Christian nurse walked up to his side, and placed her hands firmly upon his shoulders. Then she said: "Boy, if you have to die, don't be a coward. Die like a man!" Then, after she had quieted him a little, she sat by his side, and began to tell him of that Christ who was waiting to be his Saviour whether he lived or died. After a while, tears of penitence rolled down the lad's cheeks. He put his faith in Christ. Then, with perfect confidence and trust in the divine forgiveness, like a little child, he went to sleep in his Saviour's arms. Do you not feel that a Christian nurse's practical usefulness is enhanced when, during the convalescing hours, she can talk upon the higher the spiritual themes of life, and send her patient forth from the sick room with noble aspirations to do right? You know, as well as I know, that much of the sickness of this world is due to the direct results of sin. Therefore, is it not in one sense essential for an ideal nurse to be a Christian woman, so that she may fight against the cause as well as the results of many sicknesses?

The Christian Armor

But there is another reason why the nurse should be a Christian woman. No young girl who enters this noble profession is morally and spiritually safe, unless she enters it with the divine arm of protection encircling her. We talk about the temptations which confront an average actor and actress. Mary Anderson, once the uncrowned queen of the American theatre, has warned young girls against the temptations. Actors like Edwin Booth would never allow their daughters to follow in their footsteps. Some of us would rather see our daughters dead than hear that they were going upon the stage. But the temptations of the stage have their counterpart in the perils, more subtle and no less menacing, of the nurse's career. The breaking of the home ties, the silence of the sick room, the evils of the hospital, the unprincipled lives of many physicians, and the perils which must necessarily arise in the discussion of certain cases, all conspire to overthrow the spiritual life of one who may have entered the nurse's profession with the highest and noblest of purposes. Ah, nurse, you realize only too well that the words of warning which I speak have a far-reaching and overpowering meaning. Therefore, if you are going to enter this profession in your own strength, I beg of you to stop, before it is too late. Better scrub in the kitchen, stand behind the counter, be a chambermaid, or anything that is honorable, however humble, rather than attempt to be a trained nurse without Christ by your side. As a noble, Christian woman, a trained nurse has the grandest opportunities for usefulness. As one who is not divinely protected, she is in weekly, and daily, aye, perhaps, in hourly danger of spiritual overthrow.

Essential Qualities

The ideal nurse should be a brave woman. The battlefield, with its storm of shot and shell, shows no greater percentage of loss of life than that found among the trained nurses in our contagious hospitals. The soldier who charges the enemy's breastworks is looking death in the face with no braver eye than the uniformed nurse who times the pulse of the small-pox patient, or the young girl who offers to go with the physicians into the quarantined city affected with yellow fever. Then there are the dangers which may affect the patients as well as the nurse, which result from delirium. The other day I read an account of a case in which the quick-witted bravery of a nurse saved the life of a raving patient, committed to her charge. Having stepped out of the room for a little, when she returned, she found the patient standing by his bed with a knife in his hand, ready to cut his throat. Instead of screaming or running away, she fixed her eye calmly upon his, as she said: "I would not cut my throat with such a dull knife as that, if I were you. Let me have it, I know where to get a sharper one." The delirious patient hesitated a moment. Then he handed it to her. Then she calmly turned and threw it out of the open window, as she said: "Now go back to bed, or else I will call for help to put you there." Ah, that was bravery. That was bravery as great as Lieutenant Cushing exhibited when he tried to blow up the iron-clad ram Albemarle at Plymouth, North Carolina, or as General Funston exhibited when, with a handful of followers, he invaded Aguinaldo's headquarters, and captured the chief of the Filipino armies. That is the kind of physical and moral courage which many nurses have to possess in order to fulfil the trying duties of their noble profession.

But there is another way in which the ideal trained nurse must prove her bravery. That is, when she has the moral courage to refuse to work for an incompetent

physician. Sometime ago, one of the training-schools for nurses gave this question in an examination paper: "Supposing you positively knew that if you obeyed the doctor's orders, to give to your patient a certain medicine, which you knew would kill the patient, would you give it?" Most of the students answered, "No." Some answered, "Yes." I myself believe that neither answer fully covered the duty in the case. If there should come a time—and that time will come—when a competent nurse knows that her patient is being cared for by an incompetent physician, then that nurse should go to that doctor and tell him plainly what she knows, and then and there refuse to work any longer under his orders. She should do as an officer in the United States Army ought to do. As an officer in the army, I must obey my commander's orders. If I do not, then I am punished. But if I know that my commander is a drunken incompetent, or is following a fatally wrong policy, then I should have the moral courage to hand in my resignation, or to protest to the higher authorities. That is exactly what certain officers in the Spanish-American War did, in reference to their orders in Cuba. When the Washington War Department wanted to keep the American Army in Cuba, after Santiago had been captured, all the Generals wrote a public protest to the President, and that protest brought the army home. A trained nurse has no moral right to work under an incompetent physician. By doing so she becomes a party to his malpractice. She should not disobey his orders. She should refuse to work for him at all.

The ideal nurse should be a happy woman. Happy! Why? Because as King Solomon wrote, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The rippling laugh makes the croaking owls, and the bats, and the vermin, which love to fly or walk or crawl about in the midnight gloom, flee for their lives. Happy! Why? Because good cheer is contagious as well as infectious. The nurse's smile in the sick room has the same curative qualities as the sun bath, or an alcoholic rub. And yet there are some nurses who go about their tasks with the gloomed visage of an undertaker's assistant, rather than with the radiant face of one who is trying to cheer up those who are pain-racked and depressed. They never seem to realize that a true nurse's facial expression should be full of sunshine, as well as her fingers' touch gentle and true.

But outside of her duty towards the patient, there is another reason why the ideal nurse should be happy. Her life is one of self-sacrifice. It is a life which has in it a sweet consciousness that she is trying to help her fellow-men. It is not a life of mere money-making, as many suppose. After the trained nurse has taken out her legitimate expenses, she has little money to save. It is a life of sweet and noble self-sacrifice. In 1876, Mr. H. C. Fahnestock, a wealthy merchant, gave $100,000 to endow a training-school for nurses, because he had seen two nurses tenderly care for his dying wife. He knew they were worth all the help that he gave. He knew that the ideal nurse, whom such an institution would develop, was a woman capable of self-sacrifice—a woman who trusts in Him who said: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Oh, the transcendent joy of the Christian nurse's sacrifice for others! It is the same joy that came to that young girl of Doctor Keigwin's church at Wilmington, Delaware. Her little brother had a diseased limb. The flesh over the bruised bone would not heal. The doctors told the father that unless they could get some little child who was willing to have her flesh grafted onto his, he must die. The young sister heard what the doctors wanted. She offered to lie down and let her tender flesh be taken. The father refused. He felt that in the dangerous operation both children might die. She finally won his consent. There, for three long weeks, the little girl lay with her arm bound to her brother's, while the flesh was healing his wound. And during all the time, with a happy smile, she kept saying: "Brother is going to get well. Yes, my brother, because I am lying here, is going to get well." Young women who are about to enter the nurse's profession, if you are to become ideal nurses, this is to be your joy. You will be happy, because you will know that your sacrifice and devotion and faithfulness will save other lives. You will have the sweet consciousness that you have been able to lead a sufferer back from the dark valley of the Shadow of Death. Or, if you have to close the eyelids of the dead, you will know that you have been able to place their hands in the saving hand of Jesus. Christian women about to enter the noble profession of trained nurses, I congratulate you. I give to you a Gospel salutation. I wish you Godspeed.

I have chosen for my subject the "Ideal Nurse" for two reasons. First, I want to remove the prejudice which is harbored in many minds against hospitals and trained nurses. Some people think that a hospital is only an adjunct to a cemetery, and that a trained nurse is a hospital is not nearly so competent or faithful as the mother, caring for her sick child. How simple fact is, many a life would have been saved if the patient had been sent to a hospital, instead of being kept at home under the parent's charge. Some time ago I was called to see a young girl sick with pneumonia. The patient lay in a room that was damp and cold. The mother's every action proved she was incompetent to care for the invalid. I gently told her so, and suggested that she send her daughter to a hospital, where she could be properly cared for. She answered that that was what the doctor wanted her to do, but she could not and would not let her daughter be under any other care but her own. Within a few days the young girl died. I officiated at the funeral. They had a beautiful casket and plenty of flowers, but the whole service seemed to me a mockery. I do not say that neither killed her child; but I do say that if she had been taken to the hospital and received the right kind of treatment, the daughter might have recovered.

Secondly, I have preached this sermon because I want to throw wide open a door of usefulness for Christian women. Nursing is essentially women's work. It is as much a woman's work, as caring for a baby is a mother's work. Therefore, I want to show to young women a field in which they can, not only make an honorable living, but in which they can do an infinite amount of good. Sisters and daughters, Christian girls, it is time for some of you to stop learning to play upon the piano, when you have no musical talent, or try to paint upon china, when you have no artistic talent, and to learn to do something practical in the higher training schools for nurses. You will there find a womanly vocation.

May God bless to-day the memory of Florence Nightingale! And may the bandage and the nurse's cool hand upon the fevered brow ever be accompanied by the earnest Christian prayer of the ideal nurse.

LED ALL HER "JEWELS" TO CHRIST

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THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS IN A CHICAGO CHURCH . . .

MISS EMMA VICK AND SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF HER FAMOUS SUNDAY SCHOOL "JEWEL" CLASS

DURING the year 1894, Miss Emma Vick, one of the lady teachers of the afternoon Sunday School of the Second Baptist Church, of Chicago, Ill., thought it would be a good plan to be a teacher in the morning school also, as this church had two sessions of Sunday School, one at 9 A.M., and the other at 2:30 P.M. She wanted a class that she could really call her own; not one given up by some other teacher, but, if possible, a new class. This she did not know how to go about. Her pupils in the afternoon school were young ladies, so she thought came to her, why not have a class of little girls in the morning school? How to get the little girls, and entirely new children, to the school, was the perplexing question.

The way was provided in this instance on the last Sunday evening of the old year. A number of little girls, between ten and twelve years old, went to church that evening, and occupied the rear gallery. Miss Vick went into the gallery that evening, and seeing so many girls, the thought came to her, "Now is your opportunity, improve it." She went to them, and asked each if she attended Sunday School anywhere, and if not, if she would like to attend the morning Sunday School. She obtained the names and addresses of five who were willing to come (this was the required number to form a new class in this school), and received their promise to attend on the first Sunday in the New Year, 1895. She wrote to each in the latter part of the week, reminding them of their promise. When the next Sunday came, Miss Vick sat near the church entrance to welcome them as they came in. The weather was very disagreeable, raining and snowing. Three out of the five came, the other two were sisters, and had moved to a distant part of the city, far away. This seemed a small beginning, but Miss Vick taught these three little girls to the best of her ability. In the spirit of love and sacrifice, she continued the work Sunday by Sunday, and day by day, working through the week in various ways to secure the promise and attendance of new scholars, and thus adding steadily to the membership of the class. It gradually increased until it had an enrollment of over sixty members, with an attendance averaging from twenty-five to forty each Sunday. The membership of the class to-day is forty-six, but instead of little girls they are now all young ladies, many being among those who joined during the year of the class organization.

Teacher and class love each other dearly, and God has caused this love to be interwoven into each of their lives. They are loyal and true-hearted to his cause, and to the cause of right everywhere and at all times. This class has always abounded in the sunshine of the Saviour's love. In the course of time, the name of "Jewels" (Mal. 3: 17) was chosen for the class and voted upon by them for its approval and adoption, and this name has been retained ever since. Then, too, they wanted to have class colors and a class motto, and finally decided upon the colors of purple and white—purple representing loyalty, and white, purity. The class button bears the single word "Jewels," in silver on a purple ground. They also chose as a class Scripture text, Prov. 3: 6.

An entertainment or a social is given each year by the class, to which everybody is invited. At the celebration in 1901 "Aunt Lizzie" Aiken was crowned "Queen of the Sunday School" at the advanced age of eighty-four years. Rewards are given each year for good attendance.

In the eight years of its existence the class has seen many of the girls give their hearts to the Saviour. Some are now in Sunday Schools elsewhere as teachers; seven united with the church last year by baptism and one by letter; three have united with the church by baptism this year, and others are preparing to confess their love for the Saviour in the near future. It is the chief aim of the class to win each and every member to a true Christian life.

Only one member has been separated from her classmates by death—Miss Lillian Anderson, a sweet Christian girl. Some have moved away, and some have been married and are in homes of their own, but the teacher endeavors to keep in touch with them in their new homes. Others have moved to distant parts of the city, but their love and loyalty for the class keeps them as faithful in attendance as they were when they lived near the church. Thus they continue to live and work for each other, and are kept together by the interwoven chain of God's love, which has been so wonderfully exemplified in their long class experience.

A Welcome Visitor

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD came to our home every week of last year, not only as a welcome and interesting paper, but especially as a Christian friend, guide and instructor. It is a paper for old and young, for Sunday school teacher and Christian worker, for parents and children. It is uplifting and encouraging to the homeless and the fallen. The Red Letter Bible is just as represented. My wife and I desire to express our gratitude to you for making God's own dear Word, the Bible, look so beautiful, so durable, so inviting, as in this exquisite example of the printers' art, and so cheap. I am sure our heavenly Father will reward THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the noble work it does at home and abroad. The "Family Art Gallery" is a fine collection of pictures.

MR. AND MRS. A. J. RHYNSBURGER.

"Good for Boys"

I received your premium, *The Speaking Oak*, before we left Port Huron, and it is such fine, good reading—just what I like for my boy. This book, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, is more than worth the two dollars asked. (MRS.) BELL MCCORMICK.

A Song of the Oak

"*The Speaking Oak* is a book worth having," writes Mr. Alfred Blauvelt, of Tenafly, N. J. "The name suggests a fine ballad, that I give you from memory. An Englishman—a bootmaker from London—used to chant it to me thirty or forty years ago:

A song of the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath stood in the green-wood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the West fades out;
Then still flourish he, a tree of the free,
While a hundred years are gone.

This book, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, two dollars.

"A Messenger"

I could not dispense with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is a messenger of God bearing healing in its wings.

Milton, Ky. REV. LEWIS DUKAND.

Gospel Singer Sankey Threatened *WITH* Blindness

THE SANKEY HOME IN BROOKLYN

MR. SANKEY, HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND GRANDCHILDREN

This is one of the latest photos taken before his illness

THE COUNTRY HOME AT EASTPORT, L. I.

READERS of this journal who are familiar with the spiritual work of Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist and life-long companion and associate of the late D. L. Moody, will regret to learn that Mr. Sankey has, for several months past, been in enforced retirement in consequence of an affection of the eyes. The famous Gospel singer and hymn writer, whose voice has delighted vast audiences throughout the world, is now practically blind. He is living quietly with his family in Brooklyn, and is under the care of expert physicians and oculists, who hope to be able to restore the sight of one of his eyes. The vision of the other is probably darkened forever.

MR. AND MRS. SANKEY AND GRANDCHILD

Mr. Sankey's affliction has been one of slow progress. Two or three years ago, his fine constitution and robust frame seemed to defy fatigue. He was a tireless worker, and never spared himself when there was a call to give the Gospel in speech or song. After the death of Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey's burden of labor was practically doubled. He preached, and he sang the sweet songs of salvation, and undertook long and exhausting journeys in the interest of the Gospel work. His health was rugged, and he drew upon his strength in many ways that would have quickly broken down other men. About two years ago, the strain began to tell upon him, and he became ill. Still he clung to his work, and whether at home or abroad, he preached and sang, night after night, paying no heed to friendly warnings that he was overtaxing his strength. He would not leave his post while he felt able to either sing or to speak. His eyes, which had given him more or less trouble for some time previous, became seriously affected. He ceased evangelistic work altogether, hoping that rest and retirement might assist in effecting a cure.

Some time ago, his condition became so serious that an operation was decided upon. This was performed under the direction of Dr. Kalish, and the result was a reasonable hope that the sight of one eye, at least, might be saved. The other eye is in a less hopeful condition, and may remain permanently sightless. Mr. Sankey's affliction is known as "glaucoma," a very serious disease, which often causes absolute blindness.

These particulars concerning Mr. Sankey are furnished by his son, Mr. Allan Sankey, who is his constant companion. The following announcement is made by his attending oculist, which presents the exact condition of the case to-day:

"Mr. Sankey first came under my care about two months ago suffering from an attack of congestive glaucoma, caused, undoubtedly, in this case, by physical exhaustion from overwork. This disease is due to an increase in the tension within the eyeball, which, if not reduced, causes wasting of the optic nerve, and abolition of sight. The operation necessary to reduce this pressure was performed as soon as the condition of the eyes permitted. He rallied at once, the pain and suffering being relieved; but it is now too soon to express a definite opinion as to the result of the operation. In the right eye, the existing conditions are not unfavorable to the recovery of a moderate amount of sight, which will probably be accentuated by improvement in his general health. The left eye has not responded to treatment, as the other has done, and at this time any anticipation that sight in this eye will be restored is hardly justifiable.

(Signed) RICHARD KALISH."

Ira D. Sankey, the sweetest of America's Gospel singers, was born in Edinburg, Pa., August 28, 1840. Ever since his seventeenth year, when he was converted, he has been identified with Gospel work in church and Sunday School, but especially in the service of song. Mr. Sankey has sung the message of salvation to the hearts and souls of men in almost every land under the sun. The story of his long association with Mr. Moody in whose company he has crossed oceans and continents and held vast audiences spellbound by the charm of his voice, is too well known to need recapitulation here. The prayers of God's people everywhere will rise, that he may be restored to health and usefulness.

THE EVANGELIST AS A FISHERMAN AT EASTPORT, L. I

MRS. SANKEY ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

MR. SANKEY ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

THE EVANGELIST SINGING ON "DAVID'S TOWER," JERUSALEM

ACROSS FINLAND IN SLEDGES

FROM Kajana, in the very heart of the remote famine districts of Finland, this cable message comes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from its editor, Dr. Klopsch, who is still engaged in his mission of personally investigating famine conditions and the methods of relief work.

Kajana is the northern section of the lake district, and has been a centre of extreme suffering. Other places in the same section are Idensalmi, Sotkamo and Hyrynsalmi, from which letters have come bringing tales of general suffering and destitution among the peasants. Uleaborg, which will next be visited, is northwest of Kajana, on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. It has been an active centre of relief work during the present famine, and the neighboring towns and villages have, with its help, been fighting a brave battle with starvation.

Dr. Klopsch's announcement, that he found the reports of suffering fully confirmed, proves that the relief measures so extensively organized, were amply justified. The means at the disposal of the Central committee, and the local relief committees in Finland, are now probably sufficient to supply food to the starving thousands in the remote districts. The recent situation in Kajana and the surrounding neighborhood is very vividly described in letters that have been received by Finlanders living in the United States.

A well-known citizen of the town of Kajana, writes to the *Uusi Suometar*, the leading Finnish newspaper at Helsingfors, describing the recent condition before the arrival of relief, as follows, viz.:

Very few persons living in other provinces of Finland know how miserable the outlook is here. A man came to me some days ago. He had just been visiting Ristijarvi and Hyrynsalmi, two parishes in the neighborhood, and had many astonishing facts to relate. In the Ristijarvi there were fourteen dead children, whose bodies still awaited interment. Still more appalling was the situation in Hyrynsalmi, where nineteen dead children were unburied. Those children did not die of hunger, but of measles or small-pox. That is true; but would it have been possible that so many would have died had it not been that they were starving before contracting disease? Would it have been possible that so many fell ill, unless hunger had previously weakened them?

It is said that out of the forty children which were taken into the Children's Home at Hyrynsalmi, which was founded by the Central Relief Committee, nearly twenty died in one month, and half of the children in the Children's Home at Ristijarvi are sick at present. The same kind of reports are received from Paltamo. The forty children taken into the Children's Home at Hyrynsalmi constitute about four per cent. of the total number in that parish, and if nearly half of those taken into the Home have died.

This letter, like that which follows, was translated by Mr. J. H. Jasberg, Secretary of the Finnish Central Relief Committee of the United States, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The second letter, from a Finnish pastor at Sotkamo, says, in part:

Sotkamo has a vast area, inhabited by about 9,000 people. The surface of the country is very hilly, with high, broad ridges in it. On these broad heights are the poorly-built dwellings, for the high-land soil is more fertile, though it is rocky. About the dwellings are the productive fields, but small as compared with those of other parts of Finland. The coast is thinly settled, because the soil is too rocky. About half of the population, or 4,500, are working people, without farms of their own, and farm-tenants are few. The dwellings of the tenants and those not owning small farms are small, low cottages, in which the dwellers abide in compactness.

Some one calls for a minister to come to the bedside of a patient. The scene is in winter. In the summer the journey to be described is mostly made by rowboat or on foot. An old man is ill in a cottage. A sleigh is borrowed from Rupukka, a horse from Hepolahti, and a large sleighbell from Pulikka—the names are not products of the writer's imagination, but are a reality. The journey goes to Sapson and to Kianta Lake.

After describing the journey, the writer continues:

I descend from the sleigh, and in a stooping position pass through the door into the hut, albeit I am not a tall man. On a bench near the fireplace lies a patient. A table, a long bench along the wall, and a smaller one constitute the furnishings of the interior. Half a dozen children stare at the new-comer. Each wears a ragged sack-cloth shirt; these are their only clothes. The eldest is ten years of age.

These children, with their large abdomens and thin legs, filled my heart with sympathy, and made me think of the many, many mothers, who provide their well-fed children with pretty clothes, covered with embroideries and lace. The scene described is very general in the interior of the country.

A FINNISH FAMILY OF THE ULEABORG DISTRICT

Dr. Klopsch Cables the Result of his Tour in the Famine Districts

KAJANA, FINLAND.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, NEW YORK: I have just completed a five days' tour on sledges across the snow, and I find the reports of famine and suffering fully corroborated. I will start again to-day, and on Thursday will be at Uleaborg.

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

[Three days later, **$10,000** was cabled to Uleaborg at Dr. Klopsch's request, to be used in the local relief work and for the surrounding districts.]

Mr. Willets Describes the Tour

ULEABORG, FINLAND, March 14

Five thousand persons, including two thousand school children, serenaded THE CHRISTIAN HERALD party here at noon to-day, bringing tributes of flowers and song as an expression of gratitude and appreciation of America's loving sympathy for Finland, in her time of trouble.

Our journey through Finland on sledges and by rail penetrated to all the important points. Everywhere we were received with demonstrations of welcome and gladness, and the joy of the Finnish people found expression in song. Our parting serenade at Helsingfors station, when we left for the interior, was particularly touching. The world's most famous male chorus sang, and five thousand Finlanders, men and women, joined in the musical ovation—a tribute to Christian America. They literally covered our party with flowers. GILSON WILLETS.

THANKS FROM FINLAND

The Finnish Central Relief Committee at Helsingfors, has sent the following cable message to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

HELSINGFORS, March 11.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

Please convey to the American people, heartfelt thanks in behalf of Finland, for the generous relief already afforded. (Signed) SALTZMAN,
Chairman Central Relief Committee.

granted to twenty-five communes, including Kajana, Haspaijarvi, Knussamo, Jawalkoski, Tudasjarvi, Mohos, Iltajarvi, Turtola, and Kolari.

Many idle will now be employed. The Governors of Abo and Bjorneborg have proposed to the Senate that 18,500 marks be expended in improvements at Lake Wusnijarvi, in order to employ the idle in Tarkano, and also 27,000 marks on the Siloneva Swamp, and 37,000 on the Sarkkineva Swamp. These are mentioned as illustrating the relief methods that are now being employed. 15,500 marks have been appropriated to repair the flood damages in the Nyby and Pedalaks districts. In the latter district men could not be found to do the work desired, although called by advertisement and in the churches.

Many Finnish ladies are taking an active part in the relief work and rendering excellent service. Among them are Misses Elin Olander (Puldarno), Alphild Hallmerus (Kuhmoniemi), Anna Leskinen (Nurmes), Miss Gauffin (Sotkamo), and Miss Naemi Bondsdorff (Ivars). These self-sacrificing young women do not hesitate to go in and out among the famine sufferers and nurse the sick, even at peril to themselves.

Mr. A. Sandstrom, of Suanussalmi, has visited the famine-stricken sections of the Russian Karel and reported on the condition of affairs there to the Uleaborg authorities. The latter, having a balance of relief funds in hand from the last famine in the Karel, authorized Mr. Sandstrom to make the necessary expenditures. He distributed 138 sacks of flour among the starving in seven villages, but says much more will be needed. In two other villages he gave to the sufferers twenty-eight sacks. These people are usually unable to perform any work, and indeed none is to be had, so the relief is distributed as an absolute gift. These and many similar instances show that where the people are sick, or where work is unobtainable, food is not withheld, although it is the policy of the relief managers to impose work as a condition of receiving relief, wherever this is practicable.

News from Sweden, though brief, is far from encouraging. The bitterness of the famine still seems to be widely felt in the land. A governor of one of the northern provinces of Sweden, writes thus:

"If good and merciful friends, of their great abundance, will 'present either money or other things, it will be received with greatest thankfulness, and I will always follow the expressed wishes of the donor.

CARL J. BERGSTROM, Governor."

It is now more than probable that all famine needs in Finland will soon be supplied. At the present time, indications are that requirements at relief headquarters, with the funds now in hand and on the way, will be ample for urgent needs. In Sweden, however, there is still much suffering, as the above message indicates. Contributions for relief work in Sweden may be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to the Relief Committee in Stockholm.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FINLAND FAMINE FUND

RECEIVED PRIOR TO FEBRUARY 24, 1903

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Adams, W. H., 5 00
Adams, Mrs. J. A., 1 00
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Allen, R. L., 10 00
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Baker, Wm. H., 1 00
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Baffin, Mrs. F. E., 2 00
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Fuller, Rev. F. A., 5 00
Fuller, A., 5 00
Fuller, J., 1 00
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Gallup, Mrs. N., 1 00
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Meyer, Henry, 25
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Rose, Mr. & Mrs. F. M., 5 00
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Scott, Mrs. B. M., 1 00
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Stevens, Warren, 1 00
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——, So. Norwalk, 3 00
——, Terryville, 2 00
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Friend, Milford, 2 00
Friend, New Haven, 2 00
Friend, New Haven, 1 00
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A Friend, Greenwich, 1 00
A Friend, Guilford, 1 00
A Friend, Hanover, 50
A Friend, Higganum, 1 00
A Friend, S. Britain, 1 00
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A Friend, Winthrop, 1 00
A Friend of the suffering ones, New Britain, 1 00
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Two Friends, Nepaug, 4 25
Two Friends, New London, 7 00
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Two Friends, Stamford, 20
Friend in W. Hartford, 3 00
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No. Haven Cong Ch, 5 00
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Cngl Ch, Somerville, 11 32
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M. E. Ch. Miss Bd., Southington, 3 00
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Hooper, J. P., 2 00
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Hutchinson, H. A., 1 00
Hendrix, Miss D., 5 00
Higgins, Mrs. M. A., 1 00
Hill, Mrs. Jno. G., 1 00
Hilton, Mr. & Mrs. G. A., 5 00
Hiscock, Geo. A., 25
Holman, Livonia., 25
Holman, Mrs. M., 25
Hooper, J. P., 2 00
Hussey, T. B., 5 00
Hutchinson, H. A., 1 00
Hendrix, Miss D., 5 00
Higgins, Mrs. M. A., 1 00
Hill, Mrs. Jno. G., 1 00
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Jones, Frank H., 1 00
Jones, Nellie M., 1 00
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Morse, Ella., 50
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Orr, Clement, 25
Parkhurst, S. E., 1 00
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Preble, C. S., 1 00
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Rounds, Mrs. G. W., 1 00
Safford, A. W. & wf, 2 00
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Sargent, Wm. H., 5 00
Sawyer, D. J., 5 00
Scott, Ida S., 25
Seamans, Mrs. A., 1 00
Seamans, Mrs. E., 1 00
Seamans, Mrs. J., 50
Small, A. H., 5 00
Small, Emma F., 5 00
Smith, M., 5 00
Stain, Ellen, 50
Starkey, A. J., 1 00
Stone, Rev. O. L. & Mrs. F. E., 50
Swett, Mrs. J. A., 2 00
Taylor, Addie, 25
Thompson, J. P., 2 00
Tobin, Mrs. Jno., 1 00
Torrey, A. M., 1 00
Torrey, P. W., 1 50
Turner, Miss E. B., 50
Walker, Mrs., 8 00
Walton, Eugene H., 20
Watts, P. L., 4 00
Whitmore, Mrs. J. T., 1 00
Wilson, Mrs. Nora Childress, 70
White, Zerna E., 50
Williams, Mrs. J. W., 1 00
Williams, Frederick, 1 00
Wright, H. E. & wf, 1 00
Yelland, E. A., 5 00
York, A. S., 5 00
Zirra, Waldo, 25
Chesteria, N. Dexter, 1 00
J. D. H., Brower, 4 00
E. J. & S. S., Center Lebanon, 2 00
J. P. & Mrs., Corinna, 5 00
R. D. R., Cumberland, 2 00
S. S., New Gloucester, 1 00
H. M. C., N. Bethel, 2 00
L. A. F., N. Warren, 5 00
Rockport, M. E. Ch., 10 00
T. E. J., S. Portland, 1 50
J. F., Windsor, 1 00
——, Boothbay Harbor, 2 00
——, Edgecomb, 1 00
Friend, Dixfield, 25
Friend, Old Orchard, 2 00
Friend, Portland, 1 00
Friend, Westport, 5 00
A Friend, Benton Falls, 1 00
A Friend, Coudersport, 5 00
A Friend of Jesus, Calais, 2 00
A Friend, Eden, 3 00
A Friend, Greene, 1 00
A Friend Hallowell, 1 00
A Friend, Richf'd, 1 00
A Friend, W. Pound, 5 00

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Friends, Fayette Corner, 45
Friends, Oxbow, 7 00
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J. W., Gorham, 8 00
Reader of C. H., Pittston, 1 00
An Isaiov, Harrison, 2 00
Pine Tree Masters Sake, Hudson, 1 00
People of Lee Village, 12 50
A Little Boy, York Beach, 1 00
The Church at Chesterville, 3 00
M. E. Ch., Sawyer, 4 00
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Litchfield Chapel, 12 00
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Rust & S. Parkman, 1 00
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C. E. Soc, W. Kennebunk, 9 50

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Bacon, T. H., 1 00
Baker, Emma E., 30
Baker, W. H. D., 1 00
Barkdoll, D. W., 1 00
Barkdoll, J. W., 1 00
Barkdoll, Miss L. B., 1 00
Baugardner, H. T., 10
Bayly, Mrs. Mary, 1 00
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Bell, E. C., 1 00
Bennett, E., 10 00
Bennett, Mrs. E., 2 00
Bowers, C. C., 1 00
Bowers, C., 1 00
Brenner, Mrs. L. B., 2 00
Brown, J. J., 1 00
Brown, T. S., 1 00
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Butler, Mrs. F., 1 00
Cash, D. F. D., 1 00
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Cash, R. K., 10
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Duffy, Mrs. Miss, 1 00
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Kaufman, Mr., 15
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Kemp, Wm. R., 1 00
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Miller, Emma, 1 00
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Schroeder, F. J., 25
Shipley, E. L., 25
Shipley, Mrs. E. L., 25
Simcoe, George, 2 00
Simmons, Z. W., 10
Smith, Mrs. Jas. R., 1 00
Smith, Mrs. M. E., 1 00
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Snyder, W. F., 25
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Tull, Mrs. Jennie., 50
Turner, Elanora., 1 00
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Waidner, L. A., 10 00
Watters, Miss E. J., 25
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Pierce, G. Ed 5 00
Plumley, I D. 2 00
Plumley, A. 5 00
Pollock, Jno G. 1 00
Powell, Mary L. 1 00
Pratt, J L. 10 00
Pratt, Mr & Mrs M J 2 00
Pratt, Nelson 5 00
Price, W 1 00
Pritchard, R F. 2 00
Pruden, H. 5 00
Quackenbush, Leigh 20
Quackenbush, Lavin 10
Quackenbush, Mable 10
Quackenbush, Nora 10
Quinby, L D. 2 00
Ramsdall, Mrs E D 25
Randall, Mrs R N 1 00
Rapson, Mrs H 2 00
Rasey, Walter E. 25
Rauke, A J. 50
Raymond, Miss CW 50
Raymond, Mrs E. 50
Raymond, Mrs J H 1 00
Raymond, R C. 1 00
Raymond, Mrs R M 1 00
Reasoner, Mrs Sarah 5 00
Read, Mrs D. 10
Rebscher, Mrs M S. 25
Rector, Lucy 50
Reed, Mrs A C. 5 00
Reeder, Mrs Susan 1 00
Reilly, J M. 1 00
Remington, E K. 1 00
Resseguie, A P. 1 00
Rhea, Lottia & Robt Perry 18
Rich, Miss Jane & Mrs Sarah 6 00
Richards, H H. 3 00
Richardson, Mrs M 1 00
Rickard, Arthur 1 00
Riggs, F. 1 00
Risley, Mrs J T. 25
Ritz, Jno C. 10
Roberts, Mrs C. 1 00
Robinson, Delbert. 25
Robinson, Sr, Mrs Douglas 10 00
Robinson, Mrs H. 25
Robinson, Mrs H E. 25
Robinson, Mrs J E. 25
Robinson, John 50
Robinson, Mrs M. 25
Robinson, Will 25
Rockefellow, Mrs VS 1 00
Roemer, Mrs F. 20
Roesler, Mrs 25
Root, W S & Mrs. 2 00
Rose, Wm H. 1 00
Rommel, Geo J. 2 00
Rowell, R A. 1 00
Rowland, J T. 2 00
Russell, Diana 1 00
Saltsman, A M. 1 00
Sanderlin, Mrs G. 1 00
Sanders, Mrs H A 2 50
Sanders, Mrs F A 1 00
Sanders, M F. 1 00
Saporito, Chas 1 00
Sawdy, Mrs M. 1 00
Sawdy, C R & M E 1 00
Sawyer, Mrs C. 1 00
Sayles, Mrs L. 50
Schaible, ... 50
Schaply, Ch 30
Schermerhorn, F. 25
Schermerhorn, V. 25
Schofield, Miss R. 1 00
Schrader, Mrs G C 3 00
Schroeder, Frances & mother 10 00
Schultz, W F. 20
Schuyler, Mrs M A 1 00
Scofield, Mrs E H 1 00
Scott, A M. 1 00
Scott, L T. 1 50
Scott, Mrs Sarah 1 00
Seabury, Irving H. 2 00
Searles, Mrs C W. 1 00
Seifert, Carl R. 50
Seigfried, Geo 25
Sellick, Lydia 50
Sellick, G G. 1 00
Sharp, Edward G 1 00
Shaw, Rev A M. 2 00
Sheldon, Mabel E. 1 00
Sherman, Mr & Mrs M F. 1 00
Sherwood, Glenn O 1 00
Shields, Misses 1 00
Shields, Henry 50
Shields, Edith 50
Side, Gertrude M. 50
Silvers, Mrs A R. 5 00
Simpson, Mrs H. 1 00
Slagenhauf, Mrs 10
Slate, E F. 25
Slater, Mrs 1 00
Sleath, H. Willis 1 00
Sloan, Mrs Willis 2 00
Sloan, J H. 25
Sloeum, Gilsef 1 00
Smith, Dr Mrs N 2 00
Smith, Eugene 1 00
Smith, H C. 5 00
Smith, Mrs Homer 1 00
Smith, Mrs J. 1 00
Smith, Miss J A. 25
Smith, Mrs M A. 3 00
Smith, Mrs O F. 10
Smith, R. 2 00
Smith, Wm. 50
Snell, John 50
Snow, M E. 25
Southall, E W. 2 00
Sprague, Mrs S H 2 00
Spranger, F J. 50
Squires, Henry 25
Squires, W T. 25
Stanbro, H 5 00
Stanley, Wm E 1 00
Steele, Bruce 75
Stewart, Donald 50
Stewart, Mrs C. 2 00
Stiles, Floyd E. 10
Stillwell, Miss S. 1 00
Storie, A L. 50
Storie, R J. 1 00
Streeter, K J. 5 00
Strong, Miss J 10 00
Sturtevant, Dr J R 25
Sutherland, H L. 1 00
Swain, Clara A. 5 00

SYRACUSE

Adams, A 1 00
Adams, Mrs 1 00
Adams, M G A 1 00
Adams, ... 1 00
Adams, Mrs G. 1 00
Adams, ... 1 00
Adams, ... 1 00
Adams,

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage. For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Plea for Ostracism

IN a recent address to wealthy Roman Catholic ladies in New York, a prominent priest made a remarkable plea. He asked them to become the leaders of a movement to ostracize persons who obtain divorces, and especially persons who, after divorce, contract another marriage. He confessed that the churches were powerless to raise a breakwater against the flood of divorces, but he thought the ban of society might succeed, where the churches fail. It must have caused the preacher some humiliation to ask the world to go to the aid of the church in a matter of social morality, and he must have had a depressing consciousness of the futility of his plea. It is among the wealthy classes, and among people socially prominent, that divorce is most prevalent. To ask them to close their doors against the sinners, is therefore to ask them to exclude from society persons with whom they are closely connected, either by blood or friendship. Even if they complied with his request, it is doubtful if the effect would be potent. Persons who desire divorce are not likely to be restrained by fear of social ostracism, and they are now becoming so numerous that they could easily form a circle of their own, the company of which we could imagine their finding congenial.

It is not by any such means that the evil of divorce will be remedied. As a rule, those who fear not God do not regard man. The virus is too deep for any such means of cure. As we have seen in cases that have occupied public attention recently, the divorce is merely the outward evidence of widespread corruption. When wrong becomes intolerable, or when it is detected and exposed, the divorce comes, but the evil precedes all that. It originates in the corrupt mind, which often feeds on corrupt literature and on foul French plays, and would flourish even if divorce were put under the ban of society, or abolished altogether. It is only when society turns to God, and seeks the purifying influences of the Holy Spirit, that we can hope for reformation.

Russia and the Famine

THAT Russia is now thoroughly awake to the serious character of the famine situation in Finland, and is putting forth all her energies in an earnest effort to check the suffering, is news that will be everywhere welcomed. It is announced that the Czar, feeling compassion for the afflicted peasants, and doubtless influenced by the sympathy displayed in their behalf by the American people and other foreign nations, has personally taken up their cause. Under imperial direction, a vast relief scheme is projected, which involves an expenditure of not less than $3,000,000 in public works of various kinds, loans to farmers, and for seed supplies for planting. When these plans are in full operation, it is believed that there will be work for every able-bodied man now out of employment, and that by this policy, the impoverished Finns will be able to surmount the present distress, and to live and labor on, in the hope of better times.

As far as can be learned at this writing, the imperial relief plan, which is supplemented by relief appropriations from the Finnish Senate, contemplates expenditures aggregating about $3,800,000, and include these items:

Idensalmi-Kajana railway	$700,000
Uleaborg-Tornea railway	300,000
R. R. construction loan	2,000,000
Bank for farmers' loans	800,000
The Finnish Senate has appropriated:	
For public works	$375,000
For grain seed (to be sold at cost)	500,000
For cottage industries	75,000
For relief in various provinces	500,000

With the exception of the last-mentioned sum, these are all independent of the relief work. There are four Relief Committees—two in St. Petersburg and two in Helsingfors. In Helsingfors, one is the Finnish Central Committee, the other that under Governor Bobrikoff. In St. Petersburg, the chief committee is that under Admiral Kraemer, which works in harmony with and through the Central Committee of Helsingfors, to whose work the Czar has already personally contributed $5,000, and the Czarina a like amount.

This far-reaching relief scheme is itself the best answer to those who have charged Russia with indifference to the fate of Finland's peasantry. But while there is no reason to doubt that it will be carried through to the utmost detail, or that it will be effective, as the expenditures will be controlled largely by native Finnish officials, it should not be forgotten that such extensive projects mature slowly. Dr. Klopsch, who has just made a long journey on sledges across the snows to the interior provinces, cables a confirmation of the reports of distress and starvation, proving that the earlier statements, received in letters from Finland, were nowise exaggerated. He has paid from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund $10,000, to relieve the distress in the Uleaborg district, where there are 50,000 famine sufferers. With outside help, the local committees and their bands of relief workers will struggle on. But the fight will no longer be hopeless; for they know that if the people can be kept alive and fed until the larger succor comes, the battle will be won.

To all who, by their prayers and their gifts, helped Finland in her hour of need, we extend cordial congratulations on this brighter outlook. Already the food procured with your gifts has stayed the famine, and saved lives in many a Finnish peasant home. When Russia's splendid liberality comes into play, your duty will be done. Like a phalanx of tried Christian veterans, you led the forlorn hope, and held back the gaunt battalions of hunger and disease while the relief reserves were on the way. And if, when the famine has become a thing of the past, there should be no gloomy death-roll to remember with sorrow, as in former famines in Finland, that consoling thought alone, and the knowledge that, under divine blessing, you were made instrumental in averting such a calamity, will be a sufficient reward for all you have done for the peasants of Finland.

The Soul's Life and Light

IT was Thoreau who remarked that it would be a dreadful thing if, when our time comes to die, we should suddenly realize that we had not lived!

There are two kinds of life: the one natural, the other spiritual. Unless one has actually entered upon the spiritual life—the life of faith and willing service, of obedience and sacrifice, of self-denial, of one-ness with God in Christ—he cannot be said to live.

The Christian who is walking worthy of the calling wherewith he is called, in whom the Holy Spirit dwells as in his own chosen temple, flooding all its chambers with his light divine—how can the spiritual life in such a Christian be hid? No man could carry the sun in a dark lantern; it would drive itself out by the intensity of its light.

A man or woman whose heart is really radiant cannot help showing it everywhere, in the car, on the street, in the office, at the sea-shore or in the mountains, in the parlor or in the kitchen. There are insects that fly at night, phosphorescing light at will, flashing and closing, and so there are Christians that flash out on Sunday and shut up all the week. That sort of light can be hid. But not the other sort.

You go into your garden and collect a handful of fragrant leaves and blossoms—this leaf of geranium, and that leaf of sweet-scented verbena; this blossom of mignonette, and that of Arabian jessamine—and carrying them in your hand, in an abstracted mood, at last you put them heedlessly in your pocket. They are now hid. You return to the house, and directly the little prattler comes running about you, and says: "What you got?" "I have got nothing," you say. Presently others come around you, and commence sniffing and saying: "You have a perfume about you." You cannot keep the secret. Those fragrant leaves and blossoms, though concealed, send out a fragrance, which others certainly recognize.

Men and women and children, who have begun to live the spiritual life, have something of Christ's gentleness and humility and kindness and purity, which they cannot keep secret. The fragrance of it will diffuse itself, whether they declare it or not. It will go wherever they go, and make itself manifest. Their light will shine and their lives will declare to all men the Master whom they serve.

TO FIND THE DATE OF EASTER

EASTER is a movable feast: in different years it is celebrated on different days. If the average person were asked why the 12th of April was chosen as Easter Day this year, he would probably have no more satisfactory answer than that it was so fixed in the almanac. A person of inquiring mind, however, is very apt to ask by what process the almanac people decided that April 12 was the right time. The churchman would refer him to the Prayer-book, where he would find rules and tables for the determination of Easter for every year of the Christian era. Confronted by what seems to him a mixed conglomeration of Golden Numbers, Epacts and Dominical Letters, more than likely he would be glad to turn away to some less complicated and more interesting puzzle.

Let us see, then, if we can construct for ourselves a table of reference, which will indicate Easter Day for any particular year. The rule in force among all Christian nations is this: "Easter day is always the first Sunday following the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st of March; and if full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after." But what makes the determination so difficult, is that the "moon" referred to in the rule is the calendar moon, which, although on the average much the same as the true moon in the heavens, yet at any particular time may differ from it by one or even two days. The reason for adopting this average moon in place of the true moon, was that otherwise full moon would occur at different times in different parts of the world, and hence Easter would not be universally observed on the same day.

Seeing, then, instead of the true moon it is some fictitious moon that governs the appointment of Easter Day, we must learn something about the occurrence of its chief phases before we can attempt to invent an Easter table. Some centuries ago, the ecclesiastical authorities hit upon a very clever arrangement, whereby the lunations of their calendar moon were made to agree very nearly with those of the true moon. This was accomplished by making use of a certain well-known law which had been discovered by Meton, an Athenian, who flourished in the fifth century before Christ. He had made known to the world that the moon completes 235 revolutions (or lunations, as they are generally called), in exactly 19 years. Here, then, was the groundwork for the ecclesiastical calendar. Every period of 19 years was made to consist of 235 moons or months; some years had 12, others 13 months. The beginning of every month in this calendar was called new moon; and the fourteenth day was full moon. The first Metonic Cycle of 19 years was supposed to commence with the 1st of January, 1 B.C.; for on that day there was actually new moon. It must be particularly observed that, in corresponding years of different cycles, the dates of new moon (and of full moon), will be the same. So, in order to discover on what days of the month in any year full moon will happen, it is only necessary to find what number that year is in the Metonic Cycle. This number is known as the Golden Number—so called, it is said, because in the old calendars it was printed in gold. Since 1 B.C. is the first year of the first cycle, 1 A.D. is the second year, and its golden number is 2; 5 A.D. is the sixth year, and its golden number is 6; 19 A.D. is the first year of the second cycle, and its golden number is 1. The general rule may be enunciated thus: To the number of the year in the Christian era add 1, and divide by 19, the remainder will be the required golden number for the year. Consider, for instance, the present year 1904, divided by 19, leaves as remainder 4, which the reader may find given in the almanac as the golden number.

* * *

If we tabulate the dates of full moon for all the years of one Metonic Cycle, we can see at a glance the date of full moon for any year, after finding its golden number. To illustrate the method of using the Easter Table, we will determine the date of Easter for the year 1947. The golden number (found by dividing 1948 by 19), is 10. In the second column of the golden numbers 10 is placed opposite to April 5, which is, therefore, the date of full moon. Now from a perpetual calendar, we find that April 5, 1947 is a Saturday, Hence, in the year 1947 Easter will be celebrated on Sunday, the 6th of April.

THE EASTER TABLE

Days of Full Moon	Golden Numbers Before 1900	Golden Numbers After 1899	Days of Full Moon	Golden Numbers Before 1900	Golden Numbers After 1899
March 21	14	—	April 5	—	10
March 22	3	14	April 6	18	—
March 23	—	3	April 7	7	18
March 24	11	—	April 8	—	7
March 25	—	11	April 9	15	—
March 26	19	—	April 10	4	15
March 27	8	19	April 11	—	4
March 28	—	8	April 12	12	—
March 29	16	—	April 13	1	12
March 30	5	16	April 14	—	1
March 31	—	5	April 15	9	—
April 1	13	—	April 16	—	9
April 2	2	13	April 17	17	17
April 3	—	2	April 18	6	6
April 4	10	—			

Mitchell, Ont. F. L. SAWYER.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Unique African City

ONE of the most remarkable cities in Western Equatorial Africa has just been occupied by a British expedition. It is Kano, the chief city of the Niger country on the south of the Great Desert. Travelers describe the city as one of the most populous and thriving of that part of Africa. A high wall, fifteen miles in circumference, surrounds the nucleus of houses and public buildings and encloses also a large tract of cultivated land on the north, east and west. Large crops of Indian corn, wheat, rice and other cereals are raised there, besides an excellent quality of cotton. It is also an important manufacturing centre. The cotton is woven into a cloth dyed with indigo and commands a ready sale throughout the Soudan, where it is preferred to any other fabric. A species of leather is another article of commerce produced in Kano. It is made chiefly of the skin of goats and sheep, and is so skilfully tanned by a process of hand beating that it becomes soft, and is much sought for hand-bags, slippers, pocket-books, the covering of boxes and other purposes. It closely resembles morocco, and is often used as a substitute for it. Many other minor industries are carried on in the city. Yet, a singular feature of its life is that there are no large factories, but each article is made in the homes of the workers. A daily market is held, which is a very busy scene, and once a year there is a grand fair, to which merchants go from all parts of Africa. It is not at all uncommon for more than a million persons to assemble at this fair, which continues several days. The inhabitants are chiefly Hausas and Fulahs. The former are the workers and merchants; the latter are warriors and slave-stealers. They are, however, the governing class, and hold the Hausas in contempt, as inferior beings. The Fulahs are the aristocracy. Since the country came under British "protection," stringent orders have been issued against the slave raids; but the Fulahs have disregarded them. An explorer who visited Kano last year, saw a huge cage full of men, women and children, who were being sold like cattle, at the fair. Whatever may be thought of the morality of the "protectorates" established in Africa by European Powers, it will be matter for rejoicing if England, according to her usual custom, sternly suppresses this horrible traffic in Nigeria, and in this particular justifies the Apostolic conception of government.

He is the minister of God to thee for good; but if thou do that which is evil, be afraid for he beareth not the sword in vain (Rom 13:4).

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WALLED CITY OF KANO, IN NIGERIA, AFRICA

Russian Reforms

The decree issued by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, on March 12, is the most momentous document for the Russian people that has been penned since the famous ukase, liberating the serfs, was signed by the Emperor's grandfather, Alexander II., in 1861. The latter decree set free 23,000,000 slaves. The decree now signed gives practical religious liberty to the whole Russian people and at the same time gives a measure of civil liberty which is a step toward constitutional government. There is the more hope that the concession will prove workable, because it is not altogether an innovation, but is an extension of existing institutions and a removal of restrictions which have hitherto crippled local self-government. New powers are given to the Zemstvos, or Provincial Assemblies, and they will have greater freedom in proposing necessary reforms. Besides this, the peasants are to be released from their present liability to perform forced labor. The peasant is apparently to be treated as an individual, and not as part of the commune. This is an important reform, because, hitherto, the taxes were gathered from the commune, and the industrious, thrifty peasants had to make up the deficiency created by idle members, who failed to pay their taxes. These details, with other reforms, are submitted to the Provincial Councils, which are directed to make suggestions as to their execution, in order that the Emperor may be informed. We in this country cannot fully appreciate all that these changes mean to the Russian people; but the joy that has been manifested throughout the Empire shows how welcome are the boons that have been granted. One significant expression in the Czar's decree is that he "is irrevocably decided to satisfy the needs for which the State has become ripe." This is an intimation to all whom it may concern, that the Emperor does not intend to be thwarted in the measures he has adopted. It is no secret that while the nobles and the people are in favor of this extension of civil and religious liberty, the vast official class is violently opposed to it. The governors of provinces, in many instances, stifled the inquiries which the Emperor instituted before he decided on this measure. These officials have evidently now reached the limit of resistance to the will of the autocrat and his people, and will continue their opposition at their peril. We admire the courage of the young Emperor, who is evidently fully aware how numerous and powerful are the enemies he is making in this effort to liberate his people. We hope he will persist in it, for it is just the kind of work on which a blessing is promised by the prophet:

THE DWELLINGS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF THE CITY OF KANO

Seeing Without Eyes

A French journal publishes a story that is received among scientists with general incredulity, but which the journal insists is strictly true. It is that a system has been discovered by which a blind man, or one whose eyes are covered, can actually see. It appears that Prof. Stems, studying the principle of the telephone, conceived the idea that a power which could bring sounds from long distances to the ear, might also bring the sight of objects to the brain without the use of the eye. His theory is that it is not the eye that sees, but the brain. The eye is simply the medium of sight. Proceeding from that basis, he argued that if the image of any object could be transmitted to the brain directly, without the use of the optic nerve, the image would be seen. The professor invented an apparatus which he places on the temples of a blindfolded person, and immediately that person sees any object brought near to him. An experiment made on Dr Caze, one of the professor's colleagues, is described by the French journal. It states that Dr Caze was blindfolded, and taken into a dark room. The apparatus was put on his head, and he gradually became conscious of every article in the room, and stated accurately the number of fingers held up at any kind can now be obtained on the installments of one Pence.

Rev E. Payson Hammond has been holding services in New York at the Seventeenth Street M. E. Church. During the past fortnight he held at Williamsburg, L. I., Dr. Hall the pastor of the church, issued a notice of his own now the pastor of a large church in the West, was among unconverted people. And as a result under Mr. Hammond's influence. He also says that at Monmouth, Ill., where Mr. Hammond held meetings some years ago, he found many young people and children who had grown up and been taken into Christian work who were converts then made, still are.

A Waiting Bride

A young lady in a small town in New Jersey is having a trying experience. Some three years ago her brother was making a tour on the Pacific Coast. She corresponded with him during his travels, and one day, while staying with an old friend in Los Angeles, Cal., a letter from the sister was delivered to him. In it was a photograph which his sister had just received from a photographer. He showed it to his host, who became deeply interested in it, and asked many questions about the character and disposition of the young lady. The guest was enthusiastic in praise of his sister, and eventually a correspondence was begun which has continued ever since. It grew more and more cordial, until it resulted in an engagement of marriage. The young man, however, was prevented by pressing business from coming East to be married, so he pleaded with the girl to go to California for the ceremony. Ultimately he won her consent. A day was fixed on which she was to start on her journey. He promised to send before that day a check in payment of her expenses. The bridal trousseau was packed, and on the morning of the day appointed she sat on her trunk awaiting the coming of the letter-carrier, who, she felt sure, would bring the expected letter. But no letter or check came, and her disappointment was acute. Her friends have lost faith in the young man, but the expectant bride still believes that the delay has been accidental, and will be short. It may be hoped that her confidence will be justified. She sets an example to some Christians, who, in spite of the promises of One who never fails, have ceased to expect the coming of their Lord:

Saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning (II. Peter 3:4).

BRIEF NOTES

Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of Pitman's shorthand, was at one time a local preacher and class-leader in Methodism, which he joined in his youth.

Mr. John R. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, and of the Student Department of the American Young Men's Christian Association, has started on a tour around the World. He is in Australia and New Zealand, where he will meet the student bodies and colleges for the second time.

Christians of all denominations are requested that the week April 12-19 next has been designated as "Lord's Day Week," when it is hoped all Christians will give more attention than usual to the observance of the Sabbath, and to the duties and claims of the Lord's Day as the consecration of Christ's friends and liberty.

The Continental Committee of the 1900 Congress which was organized for the purpose of carrying on the work of the Congress, has left the preliminary arrangements for the Congress of 1903 to be held in Toronto, Canada, in June next.

A Habit of Finding Fault

THE most inveterate fault-finder I ever saw, flatly denied that he was even critical. We are often strangely blind to our own defects, strangely unwilling to admit that we have any. The trouble is that the fault-finder is often not on his guard, and the tendency to complain creeps on one; like malaria, is stealthy in its approaches, and is in the character before its presence is recognized. What do you and I find fault with, in the home, for example? Often with what we have to eat. Either it is not the special viand we crave, or it is too hot or too cold, too fat or too lean, too wet or too dry, too thick or too thin, too *something* to please our overfastidious taste. The lady at the head of the table sighs; it is a thankless task to cater for a fault-finding husband or fault-finding children. The maid in the kitchen, who is independent, and who can leave when her month is up, gives warning; the pleasure of the meal is spoiled, all because a person, who should have known better, indulged himself in calling attention to flaws, instead of praising successes.

If the fault-finders, who devote themselves to scolding about the table, could only be deported in a body to Finland, or Norway, or Alaska, could know for a few weeks the pinch of hunger, the torment of real gnawing, wolf-like famine, they might be cured of this evil habit.

One sees a child or a young woman fretful and fault-finding about clothes. Love of dress in some girls amounts to a passion. Not satisfied with garments that are whole, neat and comfortable, the desire is for what is rich, elegant and showy. Also for many changes of raiment. When these wishes must be denied, there is fault-finding.

Many people find fault because they have not enough money to meet their needs, not considering that by economy and simplicity they could make money go farther. A flat pocket-book often makes a fretful countenance. The boys and girls, not knowing the father's anxiety, or the mother's trial, fly from the atmosphere which is so freighted with gloom. They are afraid to speak or to move, lest they shall awaken displeasure, yet they are not to blame.

In the morning when we rise, may we not wisely call on God for help to keep us from this one sin of foolish, useless, wasteful, idle and thankless finding of fault?

Don't Snub Your Boy

Fathers are greater sinners in one regard than mothers. Often they fail to understand and appreciate the sensitiveness of the growing boy, the boy who at sixteen swells with importance, and feels himself a man. A lad's conceit at that turning-point in life is often amusing, but it is part of nature's effort to equip him for the race, and to snub it, or the boy for showing it, is both foolish and cruel. Do men not recall the fact that they were once boys themselves?

Old Letters

People who have the habit of keeping their friend's letters would do well to consider whether or not they would like others to read them after they are themselves gone. If, in a letter, there is anything, whatever, that you or your friend would prefer no other eyes to see, destroy the letter now. Do not leave it to the haphazard of the thing that may come to pass after your death. When a letter has been several times perused, and answered, burn it. Considerations of sentiment to the contrary, letters are somewhat useless lumber.

Back Views

Did you ever stop to think how much character is expressed in a back? Stubbornness is indicated by the set of some shoulders. You do not need to see the man's face. His obstinacy, even his pugnacity, are revealed by the look of his back as you sit behind him. And a whole life story of disappointment and drudgery may be read in the resigned way in which some tired women sink into a seat, the head thrust forward and the shoulders curving in. A strong and vigorous personality is indicated by an erect, flat back, showing force in reserve, and plenty of physical power and courage.

An Act of Gallantry

The train had pulled out from Hoboken heavily loaded. Newark was the first station-stop. In one of the cars, near the door, sat an Italian peasant women with a babe in her arms, an older babe at her side, and a child of four clinging to her skirt. She was further encumbered with a big, shapeless, and very unwieldy bundle, in a newspaper, tied by a cord. When the train paused at Newark, she rose, baby in arms, two other babies toddling after her, and tried to grasp her bundle, too.

"Madame, allow me to carry that bundle!" A young man, finely dressed, from boots to hat, with an unmistakable air of breeding, touched his hat, and picked up the big package. He also took the fat, dimpled hand of Baby Number Two, and simply, as if he had been assisting his mother, sister, or a friend of his family, escorted the burdened woman down the aisle, and helped her to the platform. She was too bewildered to thank him, as he lifted his hat again, and returning to his seat, resumed his paper. There was the gallantry of a real gentleman. That boy had been well brought up and showed it.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

Here are four little people together,
Bobby, and Jean, and Tim,
And the darling sister Gertrude,
Who is always so neat and trim.
She is mending up Bobby the careless,
And Jeanie is helping along,
While the day is full of brightness,
And the hour as sweet as a song.
And she murmurs softly and clearly,
A word from a dear old rhyme,
How much is saved, in a family,
By taking a stitch in time.

Railway Accidents

EVERY season has its list of accidents on the road, and wintry weather, when fogs blur the air, rails are slippery, and the extreme cold dulls the vitality of engineers and motormen, is always distinguished by some terrible catastrophes. Few calamities seem so frightful as those which occur on short distance journeys, where men are going home from their daily work, or women setting out on errands of shopping or amusement. If we are starting on a trip around the globe, we take into our account the probability of disaster, but nobody expects sudden wounding or sudden death, when taking an ordinary journey of a few miles over a familiar route. When, as recently in Newark, a trolley car, crowded with children going to school in the morning, dashes down a steep grade into the very jaws of a racing express train, and beautiful girls of sixteen, and boys of the same bright age, are torn to pieces, the country holds its breath in horror. Maud, Viola, Rosebud, and the like, the pretty, dainty names of the fair young girls who were sacrificed in that holocaust, simply breaks one's heart. I cannot think of the scene without tears. Everywhere the snow, white and glittering, heaps of it, that came in the heavy storm when the drifts grew deep, and the north wind was an icy gale. And scattered about it, the children's note-books, and bags, and dinners, and garments, and the poor, maimed bodies all scarred and bruised; some living, some dead. Mothers sent those children forth with such light hearts; they had so little thought of peril; school was so safe a place, and who dreamed of death ready to spring on them from that grade-crossing, that every one had seen and passed over for years without accident.

Dear friends, when we send our loved ones out to business, or to school, or for any reason, let us do so with tender yearning and prayer. And when at night we lay our heads on the pillow, and the children are indoors and asleep, and all are well, let us thank God. And do not let us love him less, or lose our faith because these strange things happen, for, depend upon it, in the most mysterious, the most inexplicable dealings of Divine Providence, there is a Father's hand and "God's in his heaven. All's right with the world."

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—SNOWFLAKE. The third finger of the left hand is for betrothal and wedding rings.

—CONSTANT READER. Adopt a short skirt for street wear. Long skirts must sweep up much dirt and many disease germs.

—ELLA B. Nothing would be so wrong as to marry a man for whom you have no love. Wait awhile and your parents may withdraw their opposition to the man you prefer.

—POSY. A thing may be in poor taste without being absolutely wrong. Engaged people should not kiss in the presence of others, because it is a parade of their situation and quite needless.

—A SUBSCRIBER. Choose your portieres of soft wool, rather than silk and wool, in a dull, shade of olive, or a dark crimson, according to the other furnishings and the wood-work of your house.

—NANNIE. A grown woman cannot wear as ornaments the gold medals she wore as a schoolgirl. She may keep them as heirlooms for her children or nieces. They would be valuable to the mission cause, only if sold for old gold, and would not bring their real worth.

—JEHU. I do not approve of long drives in the country, taken by young people alone. There should always be a party, and an older person in charge.

—INQUIRING FRIEND. Married men do not bear a label, so if one of them happen to attend a strange church without his wife, he might easily be asked by a single woman to sit in her pew. The act would have no significance, but the man should be occupied with the service, and not with his neighbor.

—INQUIRER. A son whose wife refuses to stay under the roof with his mother, and who must give his mother a home, is to be pitied. He is the cloth between the shears. The two women, who both love him, should settle their differences for his sake. As you state the case, the wife is in the wrong.

A SOJOURN IN A ZUNI PUEBLO

Written and Illustrated for "The Christian Herald"
By LOUIS H. RUYL

GATHERING THE CORN-STALKS

A ZUNI SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

A ZUNI MOTHER AND HER HOME

SIMPLICITY is the key-note to all that applies to the Indian life, both to his habit of thought—religious or social—and his manner of action and work. Even his usages are rarely changed in spirit, however much so in externals. Yet a casual visitor, happening down there among the Zunis of New Mexico during the time of a dance, would come away with an impression of confusion, because of bewilderment caused by the actors, costumes, and intricate grouping of the various clans, in the performance of their "sacred rites," yet if he understood the symbolism of these acts, and how every detail was dependent from a central fact of the Zuni belief—"the earth-mother" —it would become apparent that all was based on the simplicity of fact—of the absolute unity of Zuni thought and faith in their gods.

The Zuni to-day number about 1,500 people, and in habit only a single large pueblo of adobe houses. This pueblo, however, is divided, not always clearly to the eye, but very clearly in the estimation of the people themselves, into seven parts, corresponding in sequence to their subdivisions of the "worlds" or world-quarters of this world. Thus, one division is related to the North, and to be centered in its *kiva* or *estoufa*, another the West, another the South, another the East, another the upper, and again the lower world, while a final division represents the middle or "mother," and synthetic combination of all in this world. This middle division symbolizes the central fact of Zuni organization. It has given a solidarity to the tribe, making the outlying pueblos subsidiary to the central one.

The Zuni remain, as regards their social and religious institutions and customs, and even their daily life, the most archaic of the Pueblo peoples. They still continue to be the most highly developed and representative of these people, uninfluenced by the white races. It is due more to this peculiar development than to any other that the Pueblos have remained distinctive, in some measure, of the time of the Spanish conquest of the Southwest, and that they have maintained so long, and so much more completely, their primitive characteristics.

They have successfully combatted the Catholic invasion. The history of their struggles, beginning with Don Vasquez de Coronado, to Diego de Vargas, is more or less familiar. The last Catholic attempt was in building the old church of Our Lady of Guadeloupe, in 1775. It now harbors only burros and shivering dogs of cold winter nights, and is toppling to ruin in the grand plaza of Zuni, never again to be reoccupied. "The church could not be rebuilt," say the Zunis. "It had been dead so long that, even if rehabilitated, it would be no longer familiar to the fathers, who, in spirit, had witnessed its decay. Nor can it be taken suddenly away. It had stood so long that, missing it, they would be sad, or might, perhaps, even abandon it." These people are slow to accept from an alien race any but material suggestions, and whatever they do adopt from others, has thus far neither distorted nor obscured the native religion nor the Zuni traditions.

To-day the Zuni tills his soil in the same primitive way his forefathers did. He does not reap his wheat, but gathers it as he gathers corn, in the ear. His sheep and goats are driven by day over the plains and mesas for feeding, and at night are housed near the town, or in distant shelters and corrals. The women, in the same primitive manner, weave their blankets on rudely constructed looms: their spinning wheel is simply a slender stick, to which is affixed a balance wheel, and they spin the wheel on their knees.

In pottery they excel, but no tools other than the hands are used: yet the beauty of the simple vases which they produce in these jars is remarkable.

The work of weaving blankets and baskets, and of making pottery, is performed by the women only, as well as the labor of keeping the house clean, and preparing food for the men.

The light side of life is always apparent in Zuni. They make work a sport, necessity a pleasure, and are ready in an instant to have a laugh or joke. The men sing while at work: the mother sings to her babe: the corn-grinders sing at their toil, and give variety to every occupation. To be sure, the dark side exists; but the Zunis are like children, and a smile lurks just behind every sorrow. Telling stories is one of the amusements of winter around the open fireside.

When the green corn comes, the Zunis live bountifully. Tall columns of smoke rise from the ovens at early morning, inviting to a feast of roast corn. Then there is feasting while the oars are hot, and jollity reigns in the pueblo.

There is a continual round of visiting from one friend's home to another. Away into the late hours they sit around the firesides, the men smoking, the women all gossip and smiles.

Their lives vary only as the seasons bring a change: but they are always apparently happy, contented in their simplicity. They do reverence to the heathen gods with solemnity and earnestness. To enlighten them with the Gospel is a task for missionary effort that is well worth the trying.

DR. PARKER'S SUCCESSOR

REV. REGINALD J. CAMPBELL ACCEPTS THE INVITATION TO THE PASTORATE OF THE LONDON CITY TEMPLE

NEWS comes by cable that the famous pulpit of the London City Temple, from which the late Dr. Joseph Parker addressed the most eminent men in the British metropolis, will be occupied by Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, M.A. This arrangement was foreseen at the time of Dr. Parker's death, and several prominent religious journals, before it was made, expressed the hope that it would be effected.

The choice of the church is all the more gratifying because Mr. Campbell was a most intimate friend of Dr. Parker, and enjoyed his confidence in a remarkable degree. He has also proved his fitness for the work, by his services during Dr. Parker's illness. One of the most important features of the City Temple's work is the Thursday noon service. To that service the statesmen, lawyers, bankers and merchants of the city have been going for many years. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery were frequently present, and other eminent men were seen in the congregation occasionally. The vast building was always filled to its utmost capacity, and this, too, on the busiest day of the week, and the busiest hour of the day. During Dr. Parker's last illness, Mr. Campbell preached, and there was the usual large and attentive audience.

Mr. Campbell is thirty-six years of age, and has been eight years in the ministry. His father and grandfather were both Congregational ministers. His university education was gained at Oxford, where he graduated with honors in modern history and political science. Hitherto he has been pastor of a Congregational church at Brighton, but he has been heard in most of the large cities of the country. He is described as thoroughly evangelical, and is a sturdy opponent of the political union of Church and State. In a recent address on public affairs, he took occasion to laud Oliver Cromwell as the greatest ruler England ever had—an utterance which, in present conditions, is very significant.

Some idea of the character of Mr. Campbell's preaching, as well as of his loyalty to the memory of the great preacher whom he succeeds, may be obtained from the following extract from the sermon he preached in the City Temple, on the Sunday after Dr. Parker's funeral:

REV. REGINALD J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

"Young men, I appeal to you, in the shadow of a great bereavement. Live only for the highest, 'tis the only thing worth while. Live for the Master, live for the things that are holy and true, for all that is high and noble and good shall live for evermore. All that was good in Dr Parker came by way of Jesus Christ, and as he said in the last sermon he ever delivered from this pulpit, Christ is not dead: no, he is alive for evermore, and always the same. Still is he calling across the field of time. Follow thou Me."

We are thankful to know that in a pulpit so prominent, the old doctrine of the Atonement will be clearly and definitely proclaimed. In a recent sermon, Mr. Campbell related the following incident: "I was summoned to the bedside of a lady who had been a great sinner, and was dying in great distress. 'Oh,' she sighed, 'that it were possible for some great, strong friend to take my conscience as though it were his own, that I might have a little peace!' I learned more from that sentence concerning the mystery of redemption than up to that moment I had ever thought of. Here was a soul who knew and stated the need of just such a salvation as we are bidden to proclaim. She asked, without knowing that there was any answer, for the Saviour who was made sin for us. The sense of guilt had awakened with power in this poor, dying woman. To have told her that the Most High could forgive her sins, would have carried no comfort to her heart. The only possible relief for her was to look at Him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. The reason why I venture to tell you this story is, because it is the best example within my knwledge of a soul knowing and stating its own need, without being aware that there was any hope of the satisfaction of that need."

WATCH AND REMEMBER

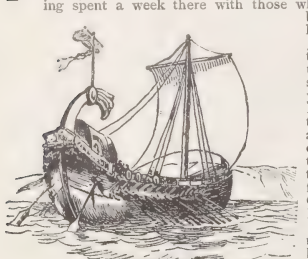
Paul's Farewell to Ephesus

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR APRIL 5
ACTS 20: 28-38

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: "REMEMBER THE WORDS OF THE LORD JESUS, HOW HE SAID, IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE." ACTS 20: 35

PAUL is sailing into Miletus. It is Thursday, April 20, A. D. 58. Three days ago he took ship at Troas, having spent a week there with those who had been brought to love the Lord Jesus Christ through his teachings, seven or eight years before. He had come to Troas from a ten months' circuit among the churches that he had founded in Greece and Macedonia.



SHIP OF APOSTOLIC TIMES

Will anyone meet him as he lands at Miletus? Likely not; but he will lose no time in gathering people about him whom he can help, for the ship is to remain at Miletus three or four days shifting her cargo.

Paul lands at Miletus, and at once sends to Ephesus, thirty miles away, asking the elders of the church to come to him, explaining that he would go to them, but that his plans would not admit of a stay in Ephesus, as he must reach Jerusalem in season for the Feast of Pentecost in May. They are glad to come at his bidding, for they have not seen his face for a year, not since they had affectionately and reluctantly parted with him on the occasion of the great uproar brought about by the silversmiths. It was then that Paul had departed to undertake his tour among the churches he had established in Greece and Macedonia. They greet him with *Chaise* (rejoice), and this greeting is returned by Paul. They kiss him first on one cheek and then on the other, in Oriental style.

They note that Paul seems somewhat burdened in body, and he explains that he is bearing with him a considerable sum of money, donated by the churches in Greece and Macedonia, for the poor in the church at Jerusalem.

The hours are few and precious, and how shall they be spent? Above all things, they from Ephesus would hear Paul speak again. He briefly recalls his dwelling among them for three years, and how he had, in synagogues and public places, proclaimed the Gospel of Christ alike to Jew and Greek, and how he had gone from house to house teaching "in His Name." He tells them of his prospective journey to Jerusalem, that he knows afflictions await him, because the Holy Spirit had so prophesied to him. "But," he adds, "none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Paul goes on to say that they will probably never see him again, and that he hopes they will remember him as one who was faithful to his duty at all times. And then he proceeds to talk to them about the duties which lay before them as elders in the Church of God. He tells them that they have been made shepherds of the Church by the Holy Spirit. He tries to impress upon them the sacredness of their charge, as souls having been purchased with the precious blood of Jesus. He warns them of dangers in the Church from those who will call themselves "teachers," but who will lead some of the people into wrong-doing. Those Paul calls "grievous wolves" destroying the flock, the Church of God. He says to them, "When those evil days come, remember my prayers and my tears." And he takes out his Bible roll from the folds of his cloak, and urges them to read for themselves and for others, God's own words about how they should live, and act, and speak. He beseeches them to be kind to the poor and the weak, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus how he said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He finally kneels upon the sand, and prays with them that all grace may be given to them.

The sails are being hoisted, commands are being given to start the ship. Loving friends bow their heads on Paul's shoulders and weep as they kiss him good-by, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompany him to the ship, which is soon in motion, and the bank of oars on either side rise and fall in unison. The ship is headed toward the small island of Coos, forty miles away, where the next stop is to be made. But there will be no friends to greet Paul. He will not see a friendly face until he comes to Tyre, seven days hence, where he will spend a day with mutual friends of Christ. On the day following his visit to Tyre, he is to spend many days in Cesarea, in the house of Philip, who is himself a teacher and preacher, and has four daughters who are Christian teachers. At Cesarea he is to meet friends who will try to dissuade him from going on to Jerusalem, and he is to be shown by a man named Agabus, lately come from Jerusalem, that he will surely be bound and thrown into prison when he gets there. But Paul will answer again: "None of these things move me," and he will pursue his way on to Jerusalem.

Illustration and Application

The key words of this lesson are, "Watch and Remember." Watch your words, watch your deeds, for memory will make both immortal, for pleasure or pain in recollection, in this world and the next. Let your words, like those of the Lord Jesus, recalled in the Golden Text, be so unselfish that you and others will be glad to remember them. Let your deeds, too, be as unselfish as those that Paul recalled in his own life without regret. Eternal reward and eternal punishment inhere in the wonderful power of memory, which keeps a book of life where every word and deed and thought is indelibly written. If the very fear of death will swiftly turn the prayer of this book, as it often does, to bring to view wrongs we have done that we had long forgotten, much more will God's stern call, "Remember" (Luke 16: 25) open every page, unless forgiveness sought through the Crucified, who puts the past under the blood, has given memory the song, "Unto him that hath washed us from our sins in his own blood" (Rev. 1: 5).

* * *

Take heed unto yourselves and to all the flock.—Beginning in the Pentateuch, the Church of God is tenderly pictured all through the Bible as a flock, of which God is the loving Shepherd, whose under shepherds are pastors—the very word means shepherds—and other church officers. A group of elders from the little church at Ephesus are here charged by Paul to "take heed to themselves and to all the flock." It is but an application of the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which calls for egoism (not egotism) as well as altruism. A man who would do most for others must first of all take heed to himself, physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. The best development of self includes self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-forgetfulness. Though most of us are too selfish, we instinctively praise as nobler every act of unselfishness, especially when it rises to self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness. Even a bird won honor in the case of a carrier pigeon, which was shot by some sportsman as it bore its message, but it kept right on till the precious letter was delivered to its master, shortly after which the wounded bird laid down and died. Surely we who bear an invitation from Christ for sinful, endangered men, will not let some slight ailment keep us from Sunday School or prayer meeting or personal work.

Happy if with our latest breath
We may but speak His Name.

The faithful shepherd often risks his life in battles with robbers and beasts to save his sheep; much more should they who are shepherds of human souls forget selfish interests to save them now and forever. When a ship's captain, in some disaster, forgets his own peril and his own interest in efforts to save his passengers and crew, we crown him with admiration. Such a case was recorded in connection with the destruction of Martinique by the eruption of Mount Pelee. The *Roddam* had just anchored in the harbor when the fiery shower fell upon her, destroying instantly any who had not swiftly hurried below, and even in the cabin the penetrating ashes blistered the hands and face of Captain Freeman and others. After a few moments, however, the plucky captain mounted the bridge, and signaled to the engine-room, "full speed, astern," and they escaped "as by fire." All the beautiful paint was scorched off the vessel, and its deck and crew were covered with gray ashes. As they entered the next harbor, St. Lucia, their own port, the captain said to the ship's agents who came on board: "You do not know me?" "Yes, by your voice, not your looks," they answered. "You have come through an awful time." "Aye," said the captain, "from hell's gate; but look to the others, I'm all right." In the presence of such unselfishness, how mean seems the average commercialism that cries, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Why should we not do business put the interests of "all" above the selfishness of the one, as is so often done in war, and fire, and in home life, and in supreme moments, when the best in us asserts itself?

* * *

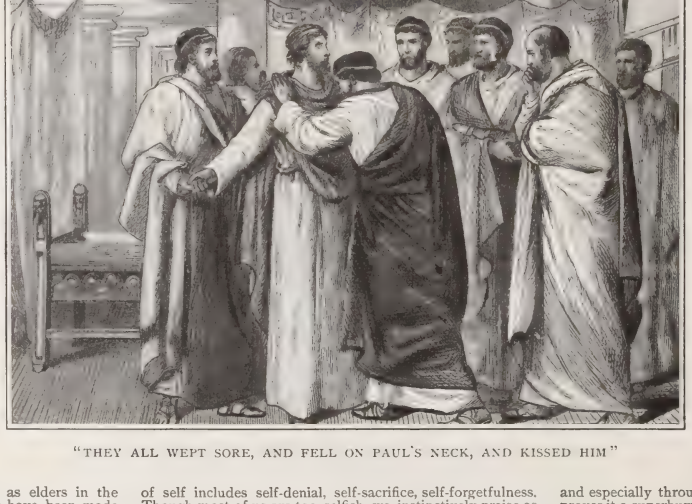
Feed the Church of God.—This word to the elders of every age can mean no less than Sunday School teaching by them—their best opportunity to "feed the Church of God." It is a wonder that so many church officers can stay at home from the teaching hour and leave classes unshepherded or inadequately shepherded. "Lovest thou me? Feed my lambs. Feed my sheep." The story is told of a nobleman who, when he went forth to walk over his estates, carried acorns to plant where a spot seemed bare and dreary. Thus went he, planting the seeds of Christian life and of Christian nation, wherever he found opportunity. And the same spirit in us will incline us to use our opportunities to plant the Christian life especially in young hearts. And even the young may find open fields to plant among their fellows.

* * *

Purchased with his own blood.—How precious the church and even a single soul, purchased with such a price! And how great the privilege to save anything so costly from waste and loss!

Under an eastern sky, amid a rabble cry,
A man went forth to die—For me!
Thorn-crowned his blessed head, blood-stained his weary tread,
Cross-laden he was led—For me!
Pierced were his hands and feet, three hours o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat—For me!
Thus wert thou made all mine; Lord, make me wholly thine
Grant grace and strength divine—To me!
In thought and word and deed thy will to do, O lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed—To thee!

Therefore watch and remember.—Why should we stumble in faith, and fear Christianity itself, because there is false or falling because hypocrites appear in the Church, men who wear religion only as a cloak, who dishonor it by what they do in business, in politics, in the home, and even in the Church itself, where they are wolves in sheep's clothing? Such hypocrites have been in the Church from the days of Cain, and Achan, and Judas, and Demas; and the parables of the tares and the net assure us they will be, until the final separation of good and evil. But our anxiety be only that we be not of those whose religion is only an outward form and farce. "Lord, is it I?" "Watch and remember" is the charge that we watch against those who even in the name of religion say harmful things, and "remember" instead the sure word of inspiration, such as Paul himself spoke, and he recalls. A reckless youth named Davoine, a French Catholic creole of Mauritius, walking on the seashore picked up something that had drifted in from a wreck. It was a well-bound book, which a friend told him was the Bible, a book he had been made to feel that only priests should read. But it had come to him in such a strange way that he resolved to read it. It led him to become an earnest Christian, and to bring his friends to the flock of the Good Shepherd. So a shipwrecked Bible had saved a human soul from wreck. Surely the words of men, even of good men in the Church, should be allowed to displace, or even dishonor the divine words God has sent us through Christ, and especially through the Book, whose history proves it a superhuman Book, since it has transformed many



"THEY ALL WEPT SORE, AND FELL ON PAUL'S NECK, AND KISSED HIM"

* * *

The Word of his grace, which is able to build you up.—There is a strange plant called nardoo, which grows in the deserts of Australia, a fern-like plant, with seeds that the natives eat when they can get no other food. For the moment it seems to satisfy hunger, and produces a pleasant feeling, but it does not nourish, does not "build up" the body. A party of explorers, crossing this centre desert, found themselves without food. "Here," said King, the leader, "is a plant which the natives eat, I know. We need not fear starvation." Day after day they fed on the nardoo. At first they felt satisfied. Presently their strength began to fail. "I feel weak as a baby," said one. "I am sure I cannot walk more than a mile to-day," affirmed another. Their flesh wasted from their bones, and, unable to proceed further, they lay down and died of starvation. A solitary survivor was discovered under a tree. He told the story of their journey and expired. All substitutes for the Bible are nardoo seed.

* * *

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Mr. John R. Mott visited a college in Ceylon, where he found a band of students in poor that sixteen of them occupied one room. Near the building was a garden in which they spent their spare time cultivating bananas. When he inquired, "What do you do with the money?" they took him to the shore and pointed to an island off in the sea. "Two years ago," they said, "we sent one of our graduates there. He started a school, and it has developed into a church. We are going to send him another island this year." Their cook laid aside every ten handful of rice, that they might sell it in order to have Christ preached more widely. Among the richest joys of earth and heaven are the memories of such unselfish words and deeds

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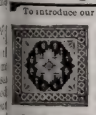
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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, a good many little folks have asked, "More pictures and fewer questions," and so we give you this week four picture puzzles and no "Curious Questions." It may be that quite a number will plead for "Curious Questions" to be restored, so we do not engage not to have them again.

There is, therefore, but one competition this week. The answer best of all wins a watch; the answer next in excellence, our Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary; the third, Long's *Beasts of the Field*, a handsome, illustrated book about animals, and the fourth, Bailey's *Our Own Birds*, a delightful, illustrated book, telling all about American birds. For answers that are strikingly meritorious, but that do not reach the standard of these, the same rule will be observed as heretofore—the letters from each State, territory or province being judged by themselves—and a beautiful book awarded to the best from each.

Answers to Competition of Feb. 25

and Names of Prize-Winners

Answers to Picture Puzzles of Feb. 14 are: 1. Gerard. 2. Enoch. 3. Cotton was a cloth but its bulk, worth twice its weight in silver. 4. Enoch "walked with God," for was translated. These are the most important facts about the subjects of the two picture puzzles. For Curious Questions: 1. Jacob. Isaac. II. Kings 11: 2, 3. 2. At the laying of the foundation of the second Temple, when the people shouted for joy, "and cast lots" when remembered the greater magnificence of the first Temple wept, and the "noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping" cannot hardly be discerned. Ezra 3: 11-13. 3. Crack

COMPETITION 31

What three proper names mentioned in Scripture do the three first of these pictures represent? What name not mentioned in Scripture does the fourth picture represent? And under what name is its possessor referred to in the New Testament?

Write "Competition 31" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper, next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the three first answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. For the fourth, two words—the name the picture stands for and the Scriptural name of its possessor. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the names. Below the answer, write, in *not over twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subject of the first of these pictures? Read the rules given below.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 31."* Do not write on both sides of a sheet of paper.

* * *

All answers must be mailed not later than March 30, 1903. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department*, Bible House, New York.

* * *

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 31, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the second best answer, our *Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary*; the third, Long's *Beasts of the Field* a handsome, entertaining, and instructive book about animals; the fourth, Bailey's *Our Own Birds*, a delightful illustrated book about American birds. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of Feb. 25th, **Ora McFall,** Pickens, S. Car., receives a silver watch; for the best answer to "Curious Questions" of same date, **Eva S. Moore,** Kansas City, Mo., receives a silver watch. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Angell, Martha, Ark.; Ashley, Neuman, Wisc.; Bidwell, Karl A., Mass.; Brown, Milton A., Mich.; Buck, James E., Md.; Bunnick, Winifred, Ont.; Cartmell, Lily, Man., Can.; Clark, Ray C., S. Dak.; Copper, James C., N. C.; Criswell, Grace, Indian; Davis, Viola, Ill.; Dodds, Mary A., Colo.; Elliott, Wallace, Tex.; Ellis, Albert, Ala.; Engesh, Frank, Iowa; Gowdy, Fannie, Mont.; Greenleaf, Francis H. F., Me.; Goodrich, Grace C., Conn.; Hanson, May C., Wash.; Harbaugh, Dorothea, Ky.; Harmon, Ira, Nolan B., Miss.; Hix, Mabel, Ont., Can.; Hoyle, Tony, La.; Jetardo, Alice, Pa.; Johnson, Martin, Calif.; Johnston, Della, B. C., Can.; Leavitt, Gertrude, Vt.; Lincoln, Winthrop, R. I.; Lowdermilk, Romaine, Kans.; Lynch, Kate R., Va.; McDougall, Donald, P. E. I., Can.; Margabee, Mary, Que., Can.; McKillop, Archie, N. W. T., Can.; Rabida, Bert, Ind.; Ransters, Gordys, N. Y.; Can.; Peppard, John T., N. H.; Peterson, Carrie, Neb.; Potter, Louis, D. C.; Robertson, William A., Tenn.; Shrader, Earl A., N. J.; Smead, Catherine C., Pa.; Stevens, Claude G., Ga.; Stenger, Fay, Ind.; Stevens, Cecilia N., Ind.; Tubbs, Harriet E., Utah; Walker, Edith, Utah; Williams, Ethel M., W. Va.; Wood, Ethel, Mo.; Yambert, Dale W., Ohio.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions": Baugh, Harold, Calif.; Bidwell, Marion C., Mass.; DeBoer, Martha, Minn.; Flehr, Etteline, O.; Fraser, Annie, N. S., Can.; Ives, Axel S., Ind.; Kennerly, Lois, Wis.; Hazlet, Ray, N. Y.; Irwin, Cary, Kans.; Lincoln, Leslie T., Pa.; McQuarrie, Eva C., Pa.; Neal, Beni. F., Ga.; Newlin, James, Man., Can.; Phillips, Winnie, Mont.; Pratt, Nellie, Ark.; Rankin, Emma Tenn.; Shergalis, Ralph, Va.; Stanley, Bertha, Mich.; Sullivan, Linden, Ind. T.; Van Vliet, Wm., Ill.; Whisler, Bertha, Neb.; Young, Frank H., Que., Can.

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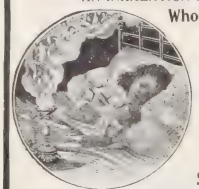

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Kate Brook's Protégée

By MARY LOWE DICKINSON

KATHERINE BROOKS belonged to the Win One Chapter. She had worn her little silver cross a whole year before she had heard of this branch of the Order's work. She was young, and so brave and bright that everybody thought her pretty. She was out of school now, and the circle to which she had belonged in the seminary days was scattered. It had been a very lovely tie that bound them, and the little meetings in the upper room of the class building had been very sweet, and the girls had tried more or less earnestly to do the school work In His Name. The teachers would have said the Order's influence in the school was good. There was more courtesy, less slang, less snubbing of the poorer, and more helpfulness toward the duller girls. Of course, it must have meant that there was more sweetness and patience and tenderness on the *inside*, or these outward signs must have failed, for the spring is no sweeter than its source.

Be that as it might, for good or evil, that life was over now. Kate was "in society," but somehow there had dropped out of its daily round of pleasant occasions the music of His Name. She went faithfully to church—it had been the habit of the family life. She laughed and sang and chatted and flirted through days that were crowded with social pleasures.

She wore her little cross when she did not forget it, or was not too hurried in dressing to remember it, and she still said her prayers—rather sleepy ones, sometimes, before she closed her eyes at night. Everything looked well, and certainly everything would have been well but for an undercurrent of unrest and dissatisfaction beneath all the sparkling surface of her life.

It was Lent, but Lent is not a very sombre time in New York, and the service every day did not shut out the gayety of every night. There was a good deal to enjoy, and Katherine enjoyed it to the full until the angel sent of God stirred to their depths the waters of her life.

It was a breezy March evening, and Cousin Tom had promised to take her to the concert. It was Lent, but then it was early, and, by and by, she meant to be very strict indeed. Besides, she was not often in New York, and Tom was so busy with his clubs and things that he was not always available as an escort, and since Tom was a little inclined to be wild, it was only right that she should please him, lest she should lose all influence over him.

All this went through her mind as she adjusted her hat and drew on her gloves. As she gathered up the lace at her throat, and took up the little pin which she usually wore there, her eye caught the flash of its pendant, her little silver cross. For an instant she hesitated, then with an impatient gesture she quickly detached it, and dropped it into the little jewel box. "It isn't a bit of use to try to wear it always! It isn't suitable, anyway, when one is dressed; it should be of pearls, or something less conspicuous, and plain. Besides, Tom hates it. He thinks it only a fad, and I know he wouldn't like to see it tonight," and she ran down to him as fresh and lovely a creature as one could wish to see.

They reached the concert hall.

"What's this?" said Tom, observing that as large a throng seemed to be moving away from the place as was moving toward it. "What is the matter?"

"No concert to-night. Leading singer fell down in a faint. They have found out that she is dead. Heart gave out all in a minute," said another, "and there was no one to take her place."

The crowd increased, and before Tom could force his way out, an ambulance rolled slowly away from the side entrance, and Kate shuddered at the outline of a human form that filled her vision for a moment as it passed.

"Never mind, Coz," said Tom, cheerily. "Let's try another place. We can't have such ghastly luck again. It's very inconsiderate of the woman to choose just the night to make her exit when we wanted to be amused."

"Hush, Tom! How can you joke in sight and sound of such a dreadful thing!"

"I'm not joking; I am only trying to keep my pretty cousin from hysterics over a person not worth a thought."

"She was a woman, Tom."

"Yes, but what a woman! Her pretty daughter is on the stage, and I heard Dick Elwood say she was coming on the same way. She was to sing to-night. I wish you had seen her; she looks a little bit like you. But where shall we go, Kate?"

"Nowhere, Tom, thank you. I really don't feel like being amused any more."

They were passing the entrance to a hall. A light streamed out on the pavement, a chorus of many voices, some manly and loud, some womanly, but not very sweet, was singing heartily. The words broke strangely upon Kate's ear, as if from another world—quite unlike this thronged and lighted street. She paused involuntarily.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave.

"It's the Rescue Mission. Want to go in?"

"No." But as they passed on the words rang after her:

Care for the erring ones, tenderly lead them,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

"Yes, Tom, let us go in. I—I want to see what it is like."

And it was like nothing she had ever seen or heard. There were men and women, too, with sin-scarred faces and work-grimed hands speaking with tears of the power to save that was holding them back from the pit. There were young men, even lads, bloated and bleareyed. There were women and girls, too, whose faces wore the mark of many an evil day; and some of these prayed and praised and pleaded for and with others, coming tremblingly and half blindly to One who was mighty to save.

There were ladies there, gentle of face and voice, and a Great-Heart of a leader, who, having been saved from drink and sin himself, seemed to have but one thought, and that, how to rescue the perishing. And he talked in the simplest way of the Win One Chapter, of the Order to which Kate belonged. The little cross was on his watch-chain.

"It is one of the sweetest privileges Christ gives us," he said, "that of sharing his blessed work. His heart is loving, bent on saving, and he divides up the precious wanderers, as it were, and says to you and to me: 'Find one. Bring one home to my fold and to me, the Shepherd. Each of you who love me, prove it by *seeking* and loving and bringing one back to my heart.' There is only one way to win them. Only one road by which they will come. Go into their wilderness after them, and be to them what Christ was to the friend beloved. They may come up out of the wilderness then, leaning on your arm and your heart, and so find their way even into his heart which yearns over them, waits for them—waits for us to bring them one by one."

The words were very simple. Kate knew it all before, but this touched her strangely. As she listened, her eyes softened with tears, her heart with prayers that seemed to fill it for these, the sinning, the weak, for whom her Master cared enough to die. If He could die, surely she might live to help Him in saving them. Perhaps she could win one.

And suddenly there rose before her vision a face that Tom had said was a little like her own, the face of the motherless girl who was going, as he said, the same way the mother went. Perhaps—perhaps—who knew? He, the Christ who loved her would let her help win this one, this one, already wandering "Away on the mountains wild and bare, away from the tender Shepherd's care." Her mother was dead, poor child. Perhaps there was no one to care very much. Perhaps God would show her how to let the poor girl know *she* cared. It is too long a story to tell the wondrous way he showed her how.

She could not go to seek the child of the dead singer, but she told her story to a woman who could, and they came together in that woman's home, the fair "society girl" and the motherless young actress, whose face, as it looked out from the black veil, was sad and as sweet as Katherine's own.

"This is the young friend who was at the concert the night your mother died, and whose heart has been so touched by your sorrow that she wants to know you better," said the woman friend, who was wise enough then to go away and leave the two girls alone.

And they became *friends*, meeting again and again. Sometimes they sat in some dim church at the vesper service, that was at first only a soothing hour in a peaceful spot, whose chief charm to the orphan girl was that she could be there by Katherine's side.

But Katherine's earnest-hearted prayers, accompanied as they were with the marks, not of missionary condescension, but of friendliness, real and strong, could not fail to be felt. And by and by the dim church became the place where *two* prayed, and where two hearts united in the purpose to go forth and help the Master bring another and another home to the heart of God.

When Easter morning came and Katherine was ready, radiant as any bright blossom of spring, and cousin Tom waited with his hat to go to church with her, she said:

"Excuse me, Tom, but I want to go with Agnes; it is her first communion, you know."

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 262

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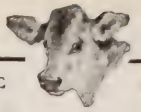

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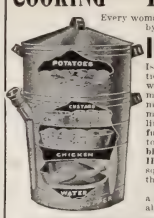

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ESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M., Portland, Oreg. What is the "Black tone" of Mecca?

is an irregular, oval boulder, about seven s in diameter, three inches broad, and reddish brown in color. It is set into a er of the Kaaba (the temple or shrine), encircled by a silver band studded with r nails. It has been split by heat, carried by Karmathians, and broken by a blow, he band and nails hold it together. Some declared it a fragment of lava, others a of volcanic basalt. Millions of kisses worn its rough surface somewhat smooth. Mohammedans believe it was a hyacinth ght from heaven by Gabriel to Abraham, that contact with the human race has ged its properties.

am M. B., Marion, N. C. Who was the boy nd what was his name, who held the basket ntaining five loaves and two fishes, which fed e multitude?

cording to tradition, he was Ben Ezra, son arianne, sister of Philip the Disciple. He ward became a bishop of the Christian rch, the tradition adds.

W., St. John, Kans. 1. Is Noah's Ark still sting on top of Mount Ararat in a state of reservation, or not? 2. Is Mount Ararat the ighest mountain in the world? 3. How did Noah get his folks and animals down off of that igh mountain, when they say no man can get p on top of it, and if they could, it is so cold here that they would freeze to death in a few minutes?

Nobody knows. 2. No. Mt. Everest in Himalayas is believed to be the highest. he climate may have changed greatly, or conditions immediately after submersion have made the descent comparatively . All this is mere speculation, however.

ent, Cambridge, Mass. I find it difficult, in iew of the teachings of science that there are illions of such worlds as ours, to believe that od cares for an obscure individual, living for few years, on such an infinitesimal fragment f his universe. Is it not probable that he will ose sight of me in the mass?

is not probable, and it would be very unand unwise for you to act on such a supion. We have no means of estimating relative importance of our world to the erse. A learned astronomer, Dr. Alfred Vallace, has published recently an argut that our world occupies a central and ue position in space. That theory is otful, but we have no means of knowing ther other worlds are inhabited, or by order of beings. It may be that man being of far greater importance than we estimate. Certainly the teachings of Jesus y that God is deeply concerned about the ation of mankind, and will hold every individually responsible for his treatment he offer of eternal life that he has made to race.

E. L. M., Hannibal, Mo. Is there any time in he twenty-four hours when the vitality of the human system is at its lowest ebb, and deaths, consequently, more frequent?

ysicians state that between midnight and ight vitality is lowest, and that there are e deaths among the weak and the aged than at any other time.

scriber, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Is there a planet etween Mercury and the sun? If so, what is he name, and when and by whom discovered?

Ir. Garrett P. Serviss, the well-known onomical authority, furnishes this answer]: t was formerly thought that a planet exd between Mercury and the sun, and it named 'Vulcan.' But all attempts to dier the supposed planet have resulted in ure, and the few instances in which observ- have reported seeing a suspicious object, ch might have been Vulcan, are now dislited as evidence of its existence. The ent opinion of astronomers is that there o such planet, but that there may possibly a ring of small, and separately invisible, ies revolving around the sun, inside the it of Mercury, which produce the irregucies in the motion of Mercury that were origin of the Vulcan hypothesis."

. C., New Haven, Conn. Paul taught in his sermon to the Athenians that God was the Father of the whole race. Is that a different relation from that which he occupies toward the Christian?

es, the latter is much closer. You may the difference in families. A good ner may have a son so wicked as to dise the name he bears. He may be a liar, a rtine, a thief, while his father is all that is ight and honorable. The son is a son still ugh he is disobedient and undutiful. If he ents and reforms, his father would gladly come him, not as a stranger but as a son. son who has his father's spirit, who is his father, is nearer to him. Physically relationship is the same, but the good son spiritually as well as physically his son. So with God. We are his children even in our unconverted state, but unworthy children Only when we come to him and are born again of the Spirit are we in very deed his children in the highest sense.

Additional answers to our Marriage Question (of February 25) have been received from Rev. C. P. Atkinson, Dayton, Ala.; Wesley N. Peck, Alice C. Boynton, Fruitvale, Cal.; O. E. Worcester, Marie Broadhurst, Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. J. Fleming, Greenwood, Ind.; Mrs. J. M. G., Bonaparte, Ia.; M. K. D. D., Mrs. Sue G. B., Matawan, W. Va., and H. H., Leonia, N. Y. These were too late to be included in the symposium which appeared in last week's issue.

J. L. S., Union City, Pa., writes:

In the Mail-Bag, February 18, there is a question of how a church bell should be rung. Having had several years of experience as sexton, which duty included the ringing of the bell, and from observation, I would give my opinion. In the first place, many bell ropes are so adjusted to the wheel that no less than two strokes can be given before a rest, which makes the sounds of the bell monotonous. If the bell-rope is properly adjusted, any number of strokes can be given between pauses, and by these variations we get rid of this sameness. As to the length of time between pauses, I should judge from twelve to fifteen seconds a reasonable time.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. The church of which I am a member has decided to raise funds for an object of which I disapprove. I hate to stand aloof from any effort my church is making. What ought I to do?

Much depends on the ground of your objection. If the object is wrong, if it involves a surrender of principle, then you ought not to contribute. If it is merely that you think it is unnecessary, or that the church is under no obligation to give, you may rightly waive your objection and be loyal to the decision of the church.

D. B. S., writes:

I noticed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 25, a question by Mrs. J. W. W., in regard to the organization and design of the first Sunday School. I found the following in an old scrapbook: "In 1668, a school for Sunday instruction was attempted in Holland. In 1698, the elders of the church in Roxbury, Mass., were ordered to instruct the children in the tenets of religion on Sunday afternoons. In 1750, Ludwig Thatcher opened such a school in Pennsylvania. Robert Raikes began in Gloucester, England, in 1784, with four salaried teachers: Wesley seized upon the idea, and gathered in one year eight hundred pupils and eighty teachers."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Pitman Shorthand Course seems to have given universal satisfaction. A very large percentage of the students have sent to Mr. Pitman excellent specimens of their work. The pupils include young, middle-aged, and even old people. One lady of seventy (Mrs. C. Crane) writes that she followed all the lessons, finding them systematic and explicit. Her own specimen of shorthand work is excellent, and shows what can be accomplished even at such an age.

O. C. B., Manistique, Mich. The annual renewal of the deer's horns takes place just in time for the mating season, when they are needed for the combats that always mark that period.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 258

FOOLED THE HOSPITAL.

Was Pronounced Incurable, But Got Well on Pure Food.

Sometimes in a case of disease resulting from the use of improper food, the symptoms are so complex that medical science cannot find the seat of trouble, and even the most careful hospital treatment fails to benefit. A gentleman of Lee, Mass., says: "On April 1, 1900, I was sent home by one of our Massachusetts hospitals, saying nothing more could be done for me. I have been a great sufferer from nervous diseases and rheumatism and nervous prostration, and had previously been treated at Sharon Springs and by a number of doctors without getting much assistance.

"One day I was feeling worse than usual when I read an article about your Grape-Nuts that impressed me so that I sent out for a package. I commenced using it at breakfast the next day.

"For fifteen months I never missed one day. If you ever saw anyone grow strong and improve it was I. I gained from 125 to my old weight, 165. I will always be a cripple from rheumatism, but otherwise I am so much improved that I now feel as well as any man in this country." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 257

Earnest Inquirer, Harpersville, N. Y. 1. Who is Thomas a Kempis? 2. In his *Imitation of Christ*, the word "Jesu" occurs. Is it identical with "Jesus?"

1. He was Thomas Hamerken, born in Kempen, in Prussia, 1379. He became an Augustinian monk, and lived a long life of study and seclusion, dying about 1471. He was a man of great sanctity and learning, and wrote many sermons, treatises, biographies, letters and hymns, his principal work being the *Imitation*, which has been read all over the civilized world, and translated into many languages. 2. The words are identical.

A. M. H., Brighton, Mich. We never heard of it.

H. M. K., Morganfield, Ky. Write to Garrett Serviss, 8 Middagh street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for information.

G. F. W., Washington, D.C. We have no other estimates on the subject than those that can be found in almanacs for the current year.

Francis G. McN., Shannon, Ill. 1. We note, with approval, your comments on the durbar. 2. Yes, Ederseim was a Jew, who had become a convert to Christianity.

Mother, Paterson, N. J. You can procure the book of "Prayers for Public Worship, Private Devotion and Personal Ministry," from Miss Munson, publisher, 77 Bible House, New York. Price $1. It is just what you want.

J. J. N., Larned, Kan. There are doubtless many sincere people who hold the belief to which you refer, but it is also unfortunately true that it has been degraded to the level of a money-making business. Our advice would be to leave it alone.

Susan M. S., Mansfield, O. Practice and profession should go hand-in-hand together. This should be specially the case with those who are in the forefront of Christian work. They should avoid even the appearance of evil.

Z. T. H., Cookeville, Tenn. Spiritualism, so-called, is largely practised by charlatans and humbugs, and your friend has probably been deceived by such people. Professional spiritualism has been thoroughly exposed.

N. N. P., Mount Carmel, Conn. Stockjobbing is a speculative "time bargain," in which there is no actual transference of shares, but simply a payment of the difference by the buyer or seller, according to the fluctuation in the price of the stock at the time, above or below the price named in the bargain. It is simply gambling.

An Aged Christian Honored

"AUNT LIZZIE" AIKEN, of Chicago, Ill., will this week be the recipient of a notable testimonial. She is eighty-six years old on March 24. "Aunt Lizzie" has been one of the truest soldiers of the Cross, and during her lifetime has done a noble work for the Master she loves so well. She was a nurse on the battle-field during the four years of the Civil War, and, shortly after the war she came to Chicago, and incidentally found her way to the Second Baptist Church, where she was shortly after employed as its Sunday School visitor and church missionary, a position she has efficiently filled ever since. Now that she cannot go to the people as she used to do, they come to her, and in the quiet of her own room there is meditation and prayer for all. She has a large number of callers daily, with the exception of Sunday, when they are excluded, as it is reserved as a day of rest for her, outside of the regular church services. The last years of her life are very much like those of Paul. She is loved by old and young, grown people and children of all ages, and her friends are legion. "Aunt Lizzie" is a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She says: "I don't only read it myself, but I loan it to others to read. I like to pass the good news along."

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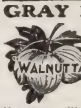

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ich is a rank poison to many a highly or-
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A lady of Atlanta, Ga., says, "My Mother
s a slave to the whims of her children and
us eat and drink anything we called for,
rticularly she gave us coffee and lots of it.
grew up delicate, nervous, half sick and
erable. When I was about grown I began
ving serious spells with my heart and my
ndition became so bad my friends decided
ould not live long. At a consultation of
ysicians one of the doctors proposed that
iscontinue coffee. This was years ago be-
e Postum was discovered. I quit the cof-
and in a year or two my heart was per-
tly well.
Several years later when I had a home of
y own I imagined that the stimulant of cof-
might benefit me, so I started in on it and
a few days the old symptoms of heart
uble returned. I quit it and took up Pos-
m Food Coffee for my morning beverage
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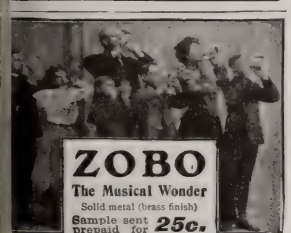

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PAUL'S FAREWELL

Affectionate Injunctions and Warnings to the Leaders

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IN all his journeys, Paul was about his Master's business. At Troas he tarried some days. The words, "We sailed away from Philippi," show that Luke was again his companion, and some other brethren were of the company—Sopater, Aristarchus and Secundus, Gaius and Timothy, Tychicus and Trophimus. But these seven had preceded Paul, and waited for him and Luke at Troas.

The first day of the week, the Sunday, a farewell meeting took place. Paul's heart was very full, and he spoke on until midnight, for he had much to say under the consciousness that it was his last visit to Troas. There were many lights in the upper chamber, the air was close, and a young man, Eutychus, sat in a window, and, being overcome with sleep, fell from the third story, and was taken up dead. Paul was the messenger of life; he went down and fell on him, and, embracing him, said, "Make ye no ado, for his life is in him." And then, after a last Lord's Supper, and a very late evening meal, this energetic man talked with his beloved disciples until daybreak, and departed. But he left behind him the resuscitated Eutychus—a living proof of the power of the Word, which he preached as a life-word for spirit, soul and body. After this, Paul, needing, no doubt, time alone with God, went south by land, leaving his companions to journey by ship. He avoided Ephesus, for he was "hastening, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the Day of Pentecost." Paul had "purposed in the spirit" to go to Jerusalem (Acts 19:2).

From Miletus Paul went to Ephesus, "and called to him the elders of the church." In this journey he seems to have had a kind of presentiment that it was his last visit to Asia; but II. Tim. 4:13-20 shows that between his two imprisonments at Rome he must have visited Troas and Miletus once again. When the elders came to him, he said unto them, "Ye know now from the first time that I set foot in Asia, after what manner I was with you all the time, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and with trials which befell me of the plots of the Jews" (Acts 20:17-19, R. V.). How different this from the way in which Christian workers often speak of their labors, their difficulties, and their success—what they have been able to achieve, etc. Paul's word to his elders spoke first of him whom he served, and how he served him. "Serving the Lord." He was no man's servant, and he depended on no man for his salary, but worked with his own hands for his maintenance, and thus he was free from all men, accountable to none but God.

He served the Lord "with all lowliness of mind, and with many tears." His lowliness of mind was unto the Lord; his tears, too. It was not in the first place with the object of winning more souls, although the result would surely be that, but his tears were part of his service to God, and his persecution by the Jews also he speaks of as part of the same service. These things were not personal between him and the Jews; to endure them was a part of his vocation. It was in the midst of these persecutions that Paul served the Lord in his ministry to the Ephesians. "I shrank not," he says, "from declaring unto you, anything that was profitable, and teaching you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to Jews and Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." His teaching and testifying were all part of his service to God.

Paul's teaching was "repentance toward God," as an absolute necessity for "faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Whether Bible-reading Jews or idol-worshiping Gentiles, each man must recognize his responsibility to the one true God, and know himself a condemned sinner in his sight, that he might know for what he had to trust a Saviour. The preaching of faith, before men are conscious of their sin, leads to mental or sentimental faith, and certain backsliding. Paul did not try to force men either to repent or to believe, but he served the Lord in preaching what is due from creatures to the God who made them.

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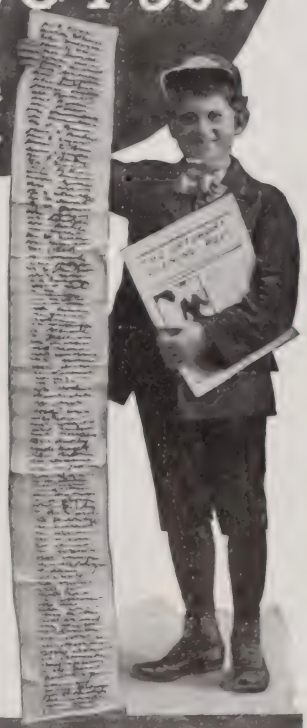

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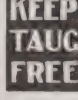

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The Good Samaritan*

An Exhibition of Kindliness of Spirit Characteristic of the Christian

SPECIAL significance attaches to the Parable of the Good Samaritan, because more than any other, it breathes the spirit of Christianity. There is little doubt that both the Priest and the Levite were strict observers of the law. They would have gone to the assistance of the robbed and wounded man, if there had been in the law a specific command requiring them to help such a man in such circumstances. Herein is the difference between Judaism and Christianity. The New Testament contains few specific injunctions; it expects a man who is under the influence of Christ, to be in a state in which specific injunctions are not needed. If his heart is right, if he has the spirit of Christ, he may be trusted to do the right thing without an order. In becoming a Christian, a man's disposition is changed. Touch him, at what point you will, you bring a Christian response. In Christ's picture of the last judgment (Matt. 25: 31-46), the people on his right were surprised at being commended and rewarded. They could not remember doing such things as he mentioned. They had been done so naturally and spontaneously, that no expectation of reward had been cherished. The Good Samaritan, whom Christ sketches, was a neighborly man, a helpful man. The question which elicited the Parable, was one of discrimination: "Who is my neighbor?" Christ turned the question away from the object to the subject. He asked, in effect: "Have you the neighborly spirit?" If a man has the neighborly spirit, he will not wait to scrutinize too closely the object. He wants to help, and if another needs help, it is given. This does not mean that every request for money is to be granted, that every beggar on the street is to be relieved. The need of the suppliant may be for something different from money. In fact, it often happens, that a gift of money may do more harm than good. Perhaps, giving a little time, making a little effort, or a little sacrifice, would be of more avail than giving money. The point is to give the man the kind of help he needs. As the Samaritan gave up his steed, risked his own safety, and provided for the unfortunate's future welfare—in fact, adapted the help to the need, so true charity is intelligent kindliness applied unselfishly.

INDIFFERENCE†

A Grave Danger Against Which Every Christian Should Be On His Guard

ONE of the significant incidents related by a well-known adviser of young people is that of a French professor, who, hearing that a friend was about to settle in a certain district, advised him not to do so. Asked for his reason, he replied: "The boys who come to our industrial branch from that district do not strike hard on the anvil." He believed that no country could be prosperous in which the people were not earnest and energetic. Success in any occupation depends upon those qualities. Whether it be mental or manual, its prizes go to the earnest worker. It is so in religion. "Strive to enter in"; "So run that ye may obtain"; "Be diligent that ye be found of him"; "I press toward the mark"—these and a host of other passages all show that earnestness is required in religion as in other pursuits. The Laodicean Church had a withering condemnation (Rev. 3: 16), not because of its great wickedness, but because it was disgustingly indifferent. It had not energy enough even to be bad. The prize that God sets before the Christian is grand enough to arouse his enthusiasm. There is nothing in life to compare with it. No man ought to call himself a Christian who does not appreciate it so highly that he is striving earnestly to gain it and is prepared to sacrifice everything that hinders him in the struggle. Yet indifference, especially in nominally Christian lands, is fearfully common. In lands where there is persecution the soul is toned for the conflict; but where there is no opposition there is often indifference. This is the great danger young Christians in our day need to avoid.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for April 5. Luke 10: 30-37.

†Topic of the Epworth League for April 5. Haggai 1: 2; Heb. 2: 1-3; Jude 3: 20, 21.

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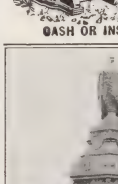

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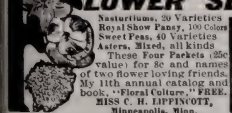

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Light on the Exile

Mrs. M. Baxter's New Book on the Life and Writings of the Prophet Ezekiel*

DEEP interest will be stirred in the mind of every reader of Mrs. M. Baxter's just published work on the prophet Ezekiel. Occasionally, during the past few months, we have published extracts from advance sheets, but now, that the book is completed form has reached us, its charm and force are better realized. There is so much that is enigmatic in the prophet's writings, that despite the wondrous beauty of his imagery, the mind is left of a guide who can explain for us, not only the circumstances which evoked the various passages, but also their broader application to the situation of the church in later times, and especially to the times in which we live. Such a guide Mrs. Baxter proves to be in her lucid work.

The subject is a fascinating one. Ezekiel, like his fellow-exile, Daniel, was a man of intense piety, profoundly convinced that the misery which had fallen upon his people was the result, not of God having forsaken his people, as they thought, but of their having forsaken him. He was convinced, too, that the love of God toward them was unaltered, and that when they realized the fact and returned to their loyalty, but not until then, would God restore them to their beloved land. To make them understand this fact, Ezekiel delivered the series of seven discourses, which make up the book of his prophecy.

The picture of Ezekiel in Babylon is very impressive. He was apparently among the first of the captives carried away by Nebuchadnezzar. The mighty king wanted to cripple the Jewish nation, which was continually revolting from its allegiance to him. He thought that if he took away their king, their statesmen, their foremost priests and their most valiant soldiers, the poor and common people, whom he left behind, would be too weak to give him any further trouble. Ezekiel, was one of those whom he carried away to Babylon. We do not know to which of the classes he belonged, but from the few hints he gives us, and from the character of his writing, we should judge that he was both a prince and a priest. He was evidently a young man, for he lived in Babylon at least twenty-seven years after his arrival. But it is clear that he was not so young as to be ignorant of the character and teaching of Jeremiah. The latter's prophecies exercised a powerful influence over his mind, as his writings show, and though he does not refer to him by name, it is clear that he deeply revered the teacher from whom he was separated. The Jewish aristocracy enjoyed wide liberty in Babylon and were allowed to live as they chose, so long as they abstained from plotting. They were also allowed to communicate with the Jews left behind in Palestine and to receive letters and messages from them. When news arrived, they would naturally meet to discuss it, and from various passages in Ezekiel's book, it appears that his house was one of their meeting-places. After five years of practical silence, Ezekiel began to address them as a prophetic preacher, showing them the significance of the news received, and urging them to take the only means, in repentance and reformation of life, of recovering the favor of God. Ezekiel was disappointed in them, and as he was told (33: 31), the majority came to hear him preach, just to pass away an idle hour, rather than with any intention of giving practical heed to his sermons.

Ezekiel's discourses at first were denunciatory. The first twenty-four chapters are devoted to showing that the God of righteousness punishes iniquity in all nations, and especially in his own people, from whom better things might have been expected. The next eight chapters show how other nations were under condemnation. Then follow seven chapters of comfort and encouragement, and in the last nine chapters, foreseeing the restoration, he plans a constitution for the re-established nation, and even describes a temple, which might be built to replace that of Solomon, which had been destroyed.

Mrs. Baxter's analysis helps the student to get an intelligent comprehension of the prophet's work, and shows how many are the lessons, taught to those proud Jewish exiles by the brilliant preacher, which the modern world still needs to learn.

Ezekiel, Son of Man: His Life and Ministry, by Mrs. M. Baxter, 332 pages, bound in cloth. Price fifty cents, including postage. Can be ordered through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

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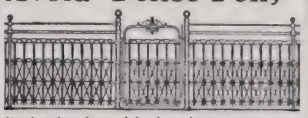

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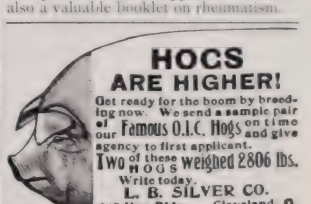

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QUAINT PSALMS for QUEER FOLK

BY REV. C. H. YATMAN

PSALM XCIII—Sailor's Psalm

3. The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

"THE FLOODS HAVE LIFTED UP"

If I were a sailor I'd make this Psalm my own. Amidst the rush and roar of wave and the howling of the hurricane, when sails go to shreds by the winds and the sun shines not for reckonings, I would shout amidst the tempest: "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters." As it is, on life's broad sea, I often say, "He is mightier than the billows of great sorrows." Port is just ahead, and there will be calm and quiet and rest soon.

PSALM XCIV—For Proud People

1. O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, shew thyself.

"RENDER A REWARD TO THE PROUD"

2. Lift up thyself, thou Judge of the earth: render a reward to the proud.

3. Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?

4. How long shall they utter and speak hard things? and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves?

. . .

You have to choose between Pride and Piety. God's vengeance goes with the first. God's mercy and love with the last. They that trust in themselves will find eventually when they come to naught, they have nothing to trust in. The feet of the pious may slip, but they do not sink into the mire of eternal misery. Pride goeth before destruction and the closing verse is where they are cut off.

PSALM XCV
Psalm of Worship

6. O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

7. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

"LET US KNEEL BEFORE THE LORD"

. . .

This Psalm is for universal worship. No chapel or church or cathedral needed. The farmer in the field; the sailor on the sea; the miner in the pit; the watchman on the walls—all alike may pour out praise in these words of spirit and truth, and be accepted in the Beloved. The Psalm ends queerly; one may dwell in a world of worship and yet have neither Rock or rest.

PSALM XCVI
Psalm for the Ungrateful

7. Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

"BRING AN OFFERING, . . . INTO HIS COURTS"

8. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

9. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

10. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

. . .

Thankless, thoughtless, ungrateful folk should read verse 8 of this Psalm and join the heavens and earth, the sea and fields and woods in rejoicing over the majesty, strength and beauty of the Lord's doings. When he holds the scales in judgment at last, grateful folk will not be found with the ungrateful, any more than chaff will be found with wheat.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

KATE BROOK'S PROTÉGÉE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 256

"No, I didn't know," he answered thoughtfully, "but I do know how you have been giving yourself to the saving of that girl, and I thought I'd like to tell you, Kate, that watching you and seeing what religion meant to you, although I rebelled a bit at first, has made a new man of me. I have been thinking, too, of that time when I was a Christian, before I went to college. I feel now as if I'd like myself to help some of the fellows up that are down. I can't talk much about it, Kate, but I suspect that while you thought you were winning one, you have been winning two."

Tears of joy watered the lilies on Katherine's breast as she knelt at the altar with Agnes that day, for when his parents moved forward, from the old family pew, she saw that Tom went, too. As he turned away from the table of the Lord, the table neglected since he was a lad, she caught upon his watch-chain the shine of a little cross.

Health, Strength and a Good Figure

Are More to be Desired than a Pretty Face.

It is just one year since I began to teach physical culture by mail, after 12 years of personal experience in prescribing individual work for women. I have never broken faith with my pupils, but have myself dictated every lesson. Were it not that pupils are finishing their courses daily, I could take no new ones. Fully one-third of the pupils who have worked with me this winter have been recommended to me by pupils who worked with me last year. If your vitality is at a low ebb, if you are troubled with any of the so-called chronic ailments—Constipation, Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Sick Headaches, Nervousness, Sleeplessness; if you are **overly large** and wish to be reduced (and increase your vitality in reducing); if you are thin and want to put on flesh, you can do so by no better means than a course in scientific physical **culture.** The experience of hundreds of my pupils would bear me out in this. My work is not physical exercise alone. Women do not wish an athlete's strength, but that roundness and symmetry which has made women's form a model for sculptors and painters, and they want that vivacity and force born of a healthful spirit, which Emerson calls "the ecstacy of life." They want perfect health to make them cheerful wives, helpful companions and better friends.

The following extracts from letters from my pupils are on my desk as I write:

"I believe that my lessons are the best investment I have ever made."

"I just read your last advertisement in a January magazine, and from my own experience I know that you claim no more than you accomplish."

"Have **left off my glasses** and my eyes seem to be all right."

"My **neck** and **chest** are developing finely. I can scarcely believe it is my own neck."

"Have been using my fourth lesson for a week. Abdominal measurement reduced 4 1-2 inches, waist 3 inches."

"If you could have seen me when I first began and see me now, you would not think me the same person."

"I used to be so stoop-shouldered, now I carry myself as well as my friends."

"I have not had a **headache** for four weeks. Menstruation painless and I can apply myself to mental work all day long and not feel tired and nervous. I think I know how to **breathe** now."

"I **sleep all night,** for which I cannot adequately express my thanks."

"Have not had a cold this winter. Have lost 20 pounds in flesh. My friends all note the difference in my size."

"My mother has been taking the exercises with me and has lost entirely the **rheumatism** which troubled her for so long."

"My **constitution** is entirely revivied."

"My **indigestion** has all gone. I can sit down and eat as I have not done for years."

"My **complexion** is very decidedly clearer and my eyes brighter."

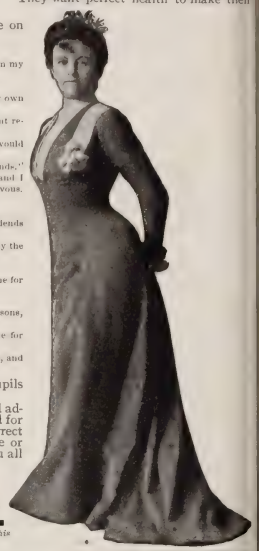
"If the remaining three lessons do me as much good as the first three lessons, you will have done wonders. I am **never tired** now."

"I wish that more women would wake up and see what could be done for them. I cannot be thankful enough that I have made a start."

"I am still **well** in the **literal** sense of the word. Not a cold have I had, and never did I enjoy such wonderful health."

Letters similar to the above come to me from my pupils every day.

If you will write me, I will furnish you with names and addresses of women who have been helped with my work, and for ten cents, I will send you a little booklet, showing you correct lines of the body in poise and movement. If you need me or wish to know more of my work, I will cheerfully give you all information I can.



SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 188, 57 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO

NOTE.—Miss Cocroft is President of the Extension Work in Physical Culture. This position has given her a wide experience in personal work.

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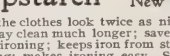

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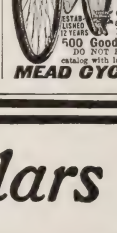

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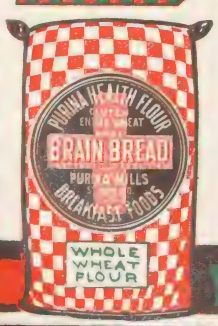

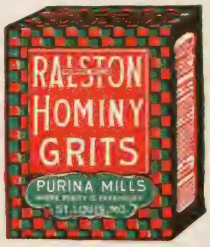

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VOL. 26—No. 13. PRICE 5 CENTS
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SKETCHED FROM LIFE FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY G. W. PETERS

FINNISH IMMIGRANTS ARRIVING AT THE PORT OF NEW YORK

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mrs. John C., Kirksville, Mo. Where did the saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," originate?

The aphorism first appeared in the *Beraitha*, as the last Mishna of Sola—a sacred book of the Hindoos.

John L., Dasie, O. What crime did Socrates commit for which he was condemned in Athens? Was it before or after Paul preached at Mars' Hill?

The charge was that he neglected his country's gods, introduced new divinities, and corrupted the Athenian youth. Socrates was born about 468 B.C., more than 500 years before Paul's time.

Mrs. L. H., Huscher, Kan. In this free Gospel land of ours, must a Christian necessarily be persecuted, as evidence that he is a true Christian, as some teach?

Not necessarily. If he be fortunately placed amid Christian influences, he will meet encouragement rather than persecution. Many, however, encounter opposition from relatives, or are in employment which is uncongenial and unfavorable to spiritual progress; but these differences may be surmounted by patience and prayer. There is no such thing here, however, as religious persecution, in the sense in which it is still experienced in many lands where religious liberty has not been granted to the people.

Inquirer, Brooklyn. When your child fails every time to perform some necessary task well, what should you do?

This is a big question. Froebel lays it down as a principle that a child should never be allowed to fail in a task: that his work should be so adapted that he will succeed every time, and that he should be led step by step to something more difficult. This means that a parent must know a child before assigning a task—must have tested the child's powers by degrees. The mistake once made of wrong assignment can be rectified, doubtless, if the parent has patience. He might begin all over again and give the task out little by little until the child has succeeded; or if judgment dictates, change the task at once to something he knows the child can do.

C. H. Harris, New Haven, Conn. Who is it to whom Christ refers (Matt. 10:28) "who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell?"

Stier and some other writers contend that it is Satan to whom Christ refers; but the context, in our opinion, disproves the theory. The whole tenor of the chapter is directed to encouraging men to trust in God and to fear offending him. Christ shows in the following verse how God's control covers all life, and that without his permission no life is lost. Christ does not teach us anywhere to fear Satan, but to rejoice that, through himself, Satan has been overcome. In this passage the contrast is between the fear of man on the one hand, which might lead us to keep away from Christ or desert him lest we should be persecuted; and the fear, on the other hand, of God whose power is infinite in extent, and whom we should dread to displease.

Mrs. J. A. H., Rankin, Ill. I see by a notice from Dublin, in one of our papers, that a large force of workmen are excavating the top of the famous Hill of Tara, in the hope of discovering traces of the Ark of the Covenant, which members of the local historic society claim was buried there." The idea is based on this reasoning: "During the stay of the Jews in Egypt many of them fell back into idolatry, and this so annoyed the prophet Jeremiah that he fled, with a number of others, to seek refuge in one of the Israelitish colonies of the tribe of Dan (Denmark). This is concluded from the last verse of the forty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah. He carried with him the Ark, containing two tablets of stone upon which the Commandments were inscribed. His ship was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, whose youthful king fell in love with one of the King of Judah's daughters, who accompanied Jeremiah. The prophet allowed the king to marry her, upon the condition that he should establish a college at Tara and promote learning and religion. This the king promised, and upon the death of his wife, he raised a cairn, 'The Hill of Tara,' overlies it, and buried he with her the Ark and other relics."

Now, I certainly cannot find anything in the forty fifth chapter of Jeremiah, or in other chapters, to confirm this. As I understand it, Jeremiah was in Palestine, and the Jews in Egypt were those who had left Palestine with the intention of worshiping idols in Egypt. I can see nothing indicating a moving to Israelitish colonies. What authority is there that the Jewish colonies extended so far, and that the Danites were in Ireland?

There is no reliable historical information on the subject, but there are many legends and traditions. One of the latter states that a granddaughter of Noah led the first colony into Ireland; another, that Gomer, eldest son of Japheth, was the progenitor of the Celts. We should be disposed to class the traditions you mention in the same category. There are no means of proof or disproof, and, as they are not authenticated, they do not merit consideration by the student.

Concerning the custom of placing a bush or broom on the peak of a newly-finished dwelling, Subscriber, New York City, writes:

Centuries ago, it was a custom, when the frame or walls of a house approached completion, to place upon the summit a cross. This was to commemorate the last words of our Saviour, "It is finished." In later years, both in prose and poetry, the cross was spoken of as a tree. Gradually the cross, as a symbol, was omitted, and a small tree used in its place; but as small trees were not always available, a bush of any kind was used, which custom is still in use. The symbols have changed, but the idea symbolized remains the same.

Carl M., Saratoga, Calif., writes:

In regard to the question of the "Origin of the man in the moon?" I would say that among the Jews we say, "that it is Joshua's face in the moon and Moses' face in the sun." The ground for the belief is in the fact that Moses had the sun to stand still, and Joshua the moon. May it not be that this is the origin to the "man in the moon?"

Mrs. J. P. W., Toomsuba, Miss. While we cordially sympathize with such individual cases of suffering as we frequently meet with, we believe it to be the duty of Christian people living in the same section to take up the burden of helping such local cases. General appeals are only justified where large numbers are involved, and where the suffering extends over a wide area.

K. L. S., Matawan, N. J. Is there still a demand for the Gospel of St. John in Spanish and English, and if so, how can I best assist in meeting it.

Yes, these little books are greatly appreciated by both English and Spanish-speaking people. Chaplain Oliver C. Miller, of the 13th U. S. Cavalry, writes: "I have used to great advantage the Gospel of St. John in Spanish and English, and as I am now ordered to return to the Philippines, I write to ask you if you can send me a grant of these books, as I find that many officers and men read the Gospel of St. John in order to learn Spanish." These little books are bound in durable leatherette with red edges, and contain a number of Gospel Hymns following the Gospel. On receipt of twenty-five cents, five copies will be sent to Chaplain Miller at Manila, and an additional copy, free of charge, to the person sending us the money.

C. H. S., Rosendale, Wis. Your letter on dancing is very clever and amusing, but we believe you would both think and write in a different vein if you gave the subject due consideration. In dancing, as in cards, theatricals, etc., there is no harm *per se*, but you should surely consider the association which the love of dancing, card-playing and theatre-going implies. There is where the harm lies. Any father who wishes his daughter well, does not wish her to be subjected to the promiscuous acquaintanceships, the doubtful companionships of the ball-room, where she must inevitably meet persons at times who would never be considered fit to be invited to her home. If you desire to keep your children pure and honorable, keep them from evil associates, who are common in every dancing and card-playing community.

Schoolboy, Walla Walla, Wash. 1. Is the widow of Tennyson living? 2. Is she a writer?

1. Lady Emily Tennyson, widow of the poet laureate, died August 10, 1896, four years after her husband, at Aldworth House, England. 2. She was a poet.

V. C. Philomath, Ind. I read in a local paper that the Catholics had in Constantinople, I think some pious relics, as the robe the Virgin Mary wore at Christ's birth, and the swaddling clothes, and others, which are shown every seven years.

These and many kindred so-called "relics" belong to a class of monkish impositions which were very rife some centuries ago, but to which nobody now gives the slightest credence.

D. B. F., Marlton, N. J. Can a person who has joined a church which forbids theatre-going, expect to be saved if he goes to the theatre?

That is a hard-and-fast line to draw, and one that lacks divine authority. It is crude and arbitrary. The Christian is one who has the Christ spirit, who is trusting in Him, seeking to be like him and to know and do his will. We cannot understand how such an one can find pleasure in theatre-going and should expect that his thoughts and feelings would lead him to very different places for enjoyment. But that is a matter for his own conscience. It is not for you, or us, or any church, to say that he will be excluded from heaven for any such cause.

Margaret D., Plainfield, N. J. How did Scotland Yard, in London, come to be so named?

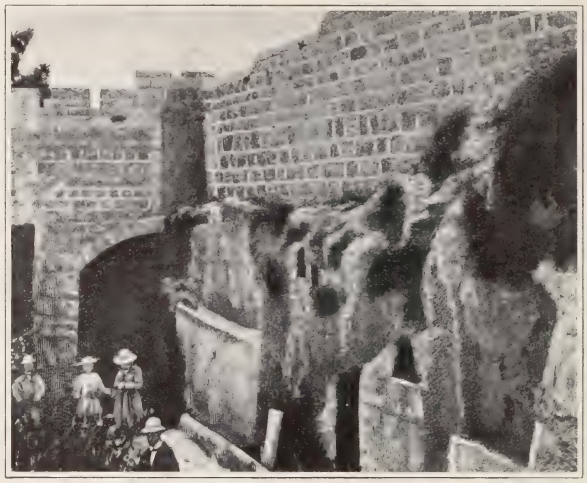
It was once the site of a palace, built for the reception of the Scottish princes when they visited the English capital, and which was given by King Edgar of England to Kenneth of Scotland. When the palace was removed and the present detective headquarters built, the latter was not inappropriately named "Scotland Yard."

G. S. R., Columbia, Pa., writes:

I am teaching a Bible class of men in the Presbyterian Sunday School, of Columbia, Pa. I have in my class six brothers: George, Thomas, Richard, Martin, John and William Caley. Their names appear here in the order in which they joined the class. Has any other Sunday School teacher who reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, an experience similar to mine? It would be interesting to know if there is any other Bible class of men with such a record.

The late Dr. Joseph Parker of England was a fine poet as well as a famous preacher. The following lines, entitled "Death Confronted," were among the last to come from his pen:

"Why break our hearts and mock our thirst
With the brine of useless tears? O death! I would
That thou were dead."
"I understand thee well," said Death, "but thou dost not
Understand thyself. Why does God send this cold snow
Before the spring? Why icebergs first, then daffodils?
My grimness, too, thou dost not comprehend.
The living have never seen me. Only the dying
Can see Death. I am but a mask. The angel thou
Doth pine for is behind. Sometimes angel-mother
Sometimes father, sometimes a vanished love,
But always to the Good and True the very image of the
Christ!"



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THE SCENE OF THE RESURRECTION

VISITORS to Jerusalem are taken to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and are there shown the stone on which the body of Christ is said to have been laid; the place on which he stood when he appeared to Mary, and other objects which pilgrims have visited with veneration for hundreds of years. More careful scholars, however, in modern times, have pointed out the difficulties there are in accepting the site. Mr. Fisher Howe, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the first to put them in tabulated form, and to point out another site, which corresponds more clearly to the narratives of the Gospels. One strong objection to the traditional site is that it is, and always has been, within the city walls; whereas we know that Calvary was outside, and the Sepulchre was in a garden "nigh at hand." There is just such a site outside the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem. It is a knoll, in the side of which are two large holes, giving it, at a distance, the appearance of a skull, which is the name given to Calvary by Matthew (27:33). Dr. Selah Merrill, Dr. C. S. Robinson, Gen. Gordon, Sir J. W. Dawson and Col. Conder all agree with Mr. Howe, that this knoll, known as Jeremiah's Grotto, is Calvary, the site of the Crucifixion. The sepulchre must have been near it. (See John 19:40-42). Such a tomb has been found, and a photograph of it is given here. It was hewn out of the rock, and was evidently the property of a rich man, thus corresponding to the record. Passing through the entrance shown in the illustration, a vestibule is reached, from which, by two steps, the visitor descends to an inner chamber, in which the body was laid. The author of the "Leeper Lesson Helps," to which this illustration belongs, adds that a striking corroboration of the theory that this is the veritable sepulchre has been found. It is, that on another rock-hewn tomb, near at hand, is the inscription: "Buried near his Lord."

Miscellaneous Questions

L. R. G., Prattsville, Mich. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis.

Frances A. H., Roscoe, S. Dak. Pride and vanity are incompatible with true Christian character.

Harry K. R., Waddington, N.Y. We have no data at hand concerning monopolies. Write to the Journal, N.Y.

Miss R. L. Hankinson, N. D. We have seen it stated somewhere, that either the Comstock or Consolidated Virginia mine was the deepest excavation in the world, but cannot be certain.

Mr. W. E. Willis, of Brooklyn, writes to say that the credit of the "moral cleansing" of Coney Island belongs to Captain Driscoll, not to Captain Campbell, as was stated in a recent article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. W. P. L., Centreville, Ga. The passage from Josephus, to which you call attention, was not overlooked. It is a disputed passage, and is claimed to have been interpolated long after Josephus died. Therefore we omitted it, and used the passage concerning which there is no question.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A MACEDONIAN PEASANT DANCE NEAR MONASTIR — A MACEDONIAN FAMILY — MACEDONIANS OF EXHIBITING THEIR SKILL

Macedonia's Gallant Struggle *For* Freedom

MACEDONIA, the land of Philip and of Alexander, the cradle of an empire whose founder sighed for more worlds to conquer, after many centuries of comparative obscurity, once more attracts the anxious gaze of mankind. It is not the Macedonia of old, or even its shadow. A few crumbling remnants alone tell of cities from which went forth the victors of ssus and Arbela. Their very race is extinct, and its ace has long been taken by descendants of those whom e ancient Greeks regarded as barbarians.

Modern Macedonia is a part of European Turkey. It is t the name of any political division of the Ottoman Empire, it is applied indefinitely to the region included in the three oyinces of Kossova, Monastir and Salonica, wedged in between Adrianople on the east, Albania on the west, the ee or autonomous Balkan States and Bosnia, occupied by ustria, on the north, and the Ægean Sea on the south. hese three provinces have an area a little more than thirty ousand square miles in extent, or almost equal in size to e State of South Carolina, and a total population of about o and three-quarter millions, nearly all Christians of the lgarian or the Greek churches, the former greatly in the ajority.

It is a sad fact that the religious animosities between ulgarians and Greeks, are almost as bitter as the hatred the Moslem toward Christians of all denominations. he Greek population is chiefly in the important city of Sala and elsewhere on the Ægean shore, while the interior of acedonia is occupied almost entirely by peasants of the ulgarian race, with a mingling of Greek merchants and urkish officials and residents. It is between the Bulgarians d the Turks that the present struggle is being carried on, a ruggle which may start a great war in Eastern Europe, and hich, apart from this possibility is of pre-eminent interest ecause it is, in all probability, the last of the conflicts beeen Christian communities in Europe and their Turkish ppressors. Greece, Servia, Roumania, Montenegro and lgaria are free, save that the last named State is in nominal vassalage to the Sultan. Albania is chiefly Moslem, and Macedonia alone remains, her Christian people enduring horrors which show how little the Turk has advanced since the days when cruel slavery or horrible torture was the fate of the "infidel" captured in arms.

Macedonia is a rugged and also a fertile land, including broad masses of mountains and extensive sweeps of lowland, with a hardy peasantry, which has learned, through many years of misrule, an unquenchable hatred of the Turk. Every spring witnesses outbreaks, but in the present and the two preceding seasons, these outbreaks have been more formidable than before to Turkish power, and amount to a general uprising by the Christian inhabitants of Kossova and Monastir, and a large part of Salonica. Had the Christian Powers of Europe done their duty twenty-five years ago, when the Treaty of Berlin was signed, and Bulgaria was liberated from the Turkish yoke, Macedonia, too, would have received self-government, and would doubtless have escaped the horrors which now afflict its population. But "everybody's business" was neglected, as is too often the case, and now Europe has to dispose of a problem then simple enough, but which has grown in gravity with intervening years.

The anarchy, insecurity, and intolerance of all creeds calling themselves Christian, which prevail wherever the Turk has full sway, sufficiently accounts for conditions in Macedonia. There is no foreign influence there to restrain Turkish greed, licentiousness and cruelty. The Albanian Moslems, who are brigands by nature and training, prey on the Christian Macedonians from the western boundary, while Turkish levies from Asia, whose idea of soldiering is comprised in murder and plunder, inflict all sorts of outrages on the wretched inhabitants whom they are supposed to protect. Violence has provoked violence, until the Macedonians regard revenge as the only means of redress for Turkish crimes, and if Macedonia is not in continual revolution, it is only because the winter season is too severe for active hostilities. But with the melting of the snows the mountaineer descends to renew his warfare with the Turk, and the waters of the Vardar, of which Homer spoke as "the fairest stream that flows in all the earth," is often reddened by sanguinary strife between the peasantry and their tyrants.

The Macedonians are not without active aid and sympathy. Their brethren of Bulgaria have crossed by hundreds and thousands into the afflicted land to join in battle against the hereditary foe. Prince Ferdinand, ruler of Bulgaria, has made efforts, more or less sincere, to maintain neutrality, and even caused the arrest of Colonel Zontcheff, head of the Macedonian committees in Bulgaria, for his part in assisting the insurgents. This action did not lessen the zeal of Bulgarian sympathizers with Macedonia, and they are still hurrying in bands to the frontier to help in the revolt, which, according to latest advices, is spreading like a prairie fire through the Macedonian provinces.

Russia and Austria, acting in combination, have secured from the Sultan promises of reform in Turkish treatment of the Macedonians, and these Powers are said to be halting for the time being as to further action, to see whether the promises are kept. The Macedonians and Bulgarians evidently have, however, no faith in the Turk, and the former are fighting for their lives, while diplomats are mincing over the Sultan's fair words at Constantinople.

The horrors of Turkish warfare are too well known to need depicting, and there is abundant evidence that the Macedonians are suffering the worst forms of savage cruelty known to the Asiatic horde which the Sultan has poured into that hapless European dominion. The descriptions of these cruelties recall the barbarities inflicted upon their captives by North American Indians. Worse even than death is the treatment of the Bulgarian wives and daughters by the brutal Turkish soldiery. The Bulgarians, on their part, do not spare the Turks when the latter fall into their hands, and massacre by one side or the other, is the usual termination of a conflict.

The leader of the Macedonians is Lieut. Colonel Jankoff, who is reported to have a considerable force under his command. His proclamation, recently issued, has a patriotic ring.

All indications point to the beginning of the end of Turkish rule in Macedonia. The Christians of that unhappy region will doubtless have yet much to undergo before that end is accomplished. The horrors of Turkish oppression in Bulgaria were never so fearful as just before deliverance came. Macedonian conditions have come to that acute stage when even the most callous European statesmen cannot long ignore the aroused conscience of the people, which, when awakened, is irresistible. Christian Europe will not look calmly on at Moslem fanatics wasting out of existence nearly three millions of Christians in Macedonia.

A simple, honest, plain people, doing their best to live good lives so far as they are permitted by their masters, the Turks, the Macedonians well deserve the sympathy of nations more fortunately situated. With peace restored, and appeal to reason and justice taking the place of unspeakable Turkish brutality, Macedonia would undoubtedly be an excellent field for missionary labor. The kidnapping of the American missionary, Helen M. Stone, and the Bulgarian convert, Madame Tsilka, captured by brigands in September, 1901, and to whose ransom readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD generously contributed, called the attention of Americans in a signal manner to the disturbed conditions in the region which is now the scene of fierce struggle between Christian and Turk. Miss Stone, notwithstanding her unhappy experience, expressed a most favorable view of European Turkey as a land where workers for Christ might reap a rich harvest of souls, and the cry from Macedonia, which touched the heart of the apostle Paul, should not be unheeded now by the nations whom God has favored with the light of the Gospel.

HENRY MANN.

A STREET IN MONASTIR, MACEDONIA

GIRLS' MISSION SCHOOL AT MONASTIR

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

A THREEFOLD OUTLOOK

A Sermon by REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN*

TEXT, Luke 4: 27, R.V.—"And there were many lepers in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, but only Naaman the Syrian"

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

I THANK God that the New Testament comes after the Old, and that the words of Jesus light up for us that old-time story of Naaman the Syrian with great suggestiveness. From the words of the Master we find that Naaman had a second "but" in his life. We were introduced to the first one in the Old Testament, and it was full of sadness. He was a great man with his master; he was honorable; he was rich—BUT he was a leper! Now, Jesus says "there were many lepers in Israel, . . . and none of them was cleansed BUT only Naaman." Naaman got into blessing. Naaman found a place where the leprosy passed absolutely out of his life. Sweetest word of all, it seems to me, in that story—"his flesh came again as the flesh of a little child."

The law of life in the physical realm, as revealed in the healing of Naaman, is the law of life in the spiritual realm. The Master confronts all those smitten with leprosy, the leprosy of sin; and he says to us: "Except ye turn and become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

I do not propose to dwell at any length upon the story of Naaman. It is familiar to us all. We know all its points and its beauties. My business is to find out how we may get the second "but" into our lives. We are all conscious that the first "but" is there—at least, if we are not, we shall never find our way into the second. We are all ready to say:

"It is quite true that we have almost unnumbered blessings, health, reason, friends, and countless mercies; BUT we are sinners."

The supreme question for every one of us is, how we may obtain the experience of the second "but," not theoretically, but actually, definitely, positively, that it may also be said of each of us: "But he was cleansed."

There is a very terrible revelation in the word which Jesus utters about Israel: "There were many lepers in Israel."

The Stained Record

Lepers in Israel! Lepers among the children of the covenant! Men and women living right in the region of blessing and yet lepers. How absolutely and utterly useless was privilege to them, because they did not make use of it; because they did not take hold of the great blessing of God which was theirs as a nation, and in the covenant, and appropriate it to themselves! Yet this man outside of the covenant; this man who had not lived in the realm of privilege; this man who had not been brought up in the knowledge of the oracles of God; this man who knew nothing in his family or in his past history of the wonderful working power of the Most High; this outsider passed into blessing, while the men who were inside missed it!

The great truth that is impressed upon our minds from this thought is that it is not enough that you and I have been among the privileged people; it is not enough that we know the power of God; it is not enough that we have been brought up and nurtured in the fear of the Lord; there must be a personal appropriation of all the blessing presented to us in Christ, or else we miss the blessing. "And they shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God" while the children of the kingdom are "cast forth without." It is not enough that we know these things. We must do them.

I want to say a word first as to the need of every heart that has found the first "but" in their lives. Then a word as to the message of the Gospel to such needy hearts. And then I want to press home a final practical message.

I believe there is a general conviction of need. People generally agree that they need the pardon and the cleansing that Christ alone can bring; but I want, if I may, to analyze that general sense of need, and ask as through my own heart's experience: "What do I need?"

I answer it by a threefold statement: (1) I need that something shall be done with regard to yesterday; (2) I need that something shall be done with regard to to-day; (3) I need that something shall be done with regard to to-morrow.

I need that something shall be done with regard to yesterday; for yesterday was the day of sin. The years that have passed have been years of wrong-doing, actual wrong-doing; years of carnal, self-pleasing rebellion against God. What am I going to do with these years? Suppose that I now surrender myself to Christ, accepting his invitation—what about the past? I need that something shall be done with the past, or else I can have no peace, no sense of purity, no blessing.

And then I know that something must be done in the present moment. Supposing it be possible to deal with the deeds of the past I shall still be the same being; still in my own nature there will be that which will propel me towards wrong, and towards sin, and therefore I shall still be unacceptable to God. I need forgiveness. I need also the consciousness of acceptance with God.

And then, when I have faced these two needs, if there be a message in the Gospel that shall meet my need as to the yesterday of my life, and the to-day of my life, I still have another need. I look out to the future. I see to-morrow coming on, with the same old forms of temptation, the same old suggestions to evil from without, and I reverently say that if God forgave me yesterday, and accept me to-day, yet I am helpless unless he make some special provision for me to-morrow.

Pardon, Purity, Power

The general sense of the need is analyzed for my own heart when I take this threefold outlook upon my life.—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow. And what need I? I need first of all pardon for the past; I need that in the present moment purity shall be given to me in order that my nature shall be changed, and I shall be accepted with God; and for to-morrow I need power for all that may come. Pardon, purity, and power; pardon for yesterday; purity for to-day; power for to-morrow. I stand amid the years of my life, coming and going so swiftly that they seem to glide away before I know it, and I say:

"In the past I have sinned; I want pardon. In the present I am impure; can I have purity? And to-morrow—I dread it, because of my own weakness—can there be for me a power that shall come into my life, and energize me in the future?"

Now, is not this the Gospel that you have heard through all your lives? Is not every need thus expressed, met in the message that Jesus Christ sends to you again to-day?

What about the past? He meets you by his Cross, and he says to you: "I will blot out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions." Do you know what it is to blot out a transgression? Do you know what it is to have sin put away at the Cross of Christ? He does it by his own blood-shedding.

But what is this blessing of the blotting out of sin?

A boy ran in to his mother one day after he had read that promise. "I will blot out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions." And he said: "Mother, what does God mean when he says he will blot out my sins? What is he going to do with them? I can't see how God can really blot them out and put them away. What does it mean—blot out?" The mother, who is always the best theologian for a child, said to the boy: "Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?" "Yes," he said. "Well, show it to me." He brought his slate to his mother, who holding it in front of him, said: "Where is what you wrote?" "Oh," he said, "I rubbed it out." "Well, where is it?" "Why, mother, I don't know." "But how could you put it away if it was really there?" "Oh, mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and it is gone." "Well," she said, "that is what God meant when he said, 'I will blot out thy transgressions.'"

My brother, are you troubled about the past? Are sins of the past haunting you to-day? I do not ask you to make a list of them—you cannot do it; but I ask you to remember that the list is made. The whole black list of sins is before thee, and there comes thy way to-day the Man of sorrows and of tears, the Man of suffering and of triumph, and he says: "I will blot out thy transgressions."

But I need more than that: I need purity; I need to know that I am accepted by God. And again he calls me to his Cross, and at the Cross he tells me that he will not only forgive sins, but cleanse from all unrighteousness. He tells me that he will take my nature, and purify it, and make it like unto his own; and that in him, and in the power of his life communicated to me, I shall be accepted of God.

Hope for the Future

"Ah, but what about to-morrow? How am I going to manage to-morrow?"

The Master bends over the trembling soul that asks that question, and says: "Lo, I am with you always."

Some years ago, in Scotland, a Scotch lord gave to his old servant Donald, a little farm. He called him in one day and said: "Donald, I am going to give you that farm, that you may work it for yourself, and spend the rest of your days there upon your own property." Donald, with all the canniness that characterises a Scotchman, looked up into the face of his lord, and said to him: "It is nae gude to gie me the farm; I have nae capital to stock it." His lordship looked at him, and said: "Oh, Donald, I think I can manage to stock it also." And Donald said: "Oh, well, if it is you and m for it, I think we will manage."

Trembling soul, if Christ Jesus pardoned thee, if h purified thee, then say to him: "Now, Lord, I than thee for the pardon; I magnify thee for the purity; bu Master, I have no capital; how am I going to live in th future?" And he says: "He that spared not his ow son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he nc also with him freely give us all things? Lo, I am wit you." "Jesus, Master, if it be thee and me for it, w can manage."

Thus far we have seen the need, and the provision yesterday, pardon; to-day, purity; to-morrow, powe The Gospel of Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-da and forever; pardoning the past, purifying to-day, an energizing for every moment of the pathway to glory.

Now we come to the point of actual dealing with Go for ourselves. I cannot help you here, except to sa what Naaman's servants said: "Try it." Even if yo are very weak and trembling and doubting, never minc Try it. Venture on God. Take some risk in th matter. Two men in the life of Jesus came to him—an one never can read the story of either without feelin how poor was the faith of each.

One said: "Lord if thou wilt, thou canst." Don you see, he wasn't perfectly sure that the Master wa willing, but he ventured on him. He came to him on crutch, because he could not walk straight, and th crutch was a little "if"—"if thou wilt."

The other had to get another crutch, a crutch for th other side, and he said: "If thou canst do somethin for my boy, do it." And how did the Master deal wit this man? Did he say, "No, I cannot help you; you faith is not strong enough; you haven't confidenc enough"? Not he. If a man got to him, he didn care. It is better for a man to come with, "Lord, tho canst," "thou wilt," and "I believe"; but if you cann come that way, come the other way. Come with you "if." "Lord, if thou canst make me clean, do it; only come to thee."

A Sensible Committee

Do you remember those four leprous men that sat i the gate of the city of Samaria? One of the mo sensible committees that ever sat in the history of th world, was that committee of starvation. There in th city of Samaria famine stared them in the face. Th host of the besieging army had cut the city off fro supplies. The committee of four lepers held one of th only committee meetings I ever cared to attend; and like to go there, and watch these men as, discussing th situation, they propose a resolution, and carry it. Wh is the resolution? Said they: [II. Kings 7: 3–9.]

"What do we sitting here? If we go into the city w shall die. That is very evident. If we sit still here w shall die. If we go down to the host of Syria, whi they may save us alive, they may kill us. That is the ou look: first, certain death in the city; secondly, certai death sitting here; thirdly, half a chance of life dow yonder. We move as a resolution that we turn our bac upon the certain death in the city, certain death in th gateway, and venture upon the half chance of life dow yonder."

Wasn't that a sensible thing for a committee to do And you know how it worked. They took the ha chance of life, and found that it wasn't only a chance life, but it was more abundant life, life for everyboc except the men who didn't believe God could do it.

My brother, I want you to come to Jesus Christ th way now, if you feel that you cannot come any oth way. It is certain death to go back to the old life. is certain death to sit in the gateway sighing for virtu and never finding it. You are not quite sure Jesus ca do for you what he has done for others, but you thir he may. Then try him on the off chance! Venture o him. Come to him now and say: "Lord, if thou can do anything with such as I am—Lord, I give myself thee!"

How will it work? Many a believer could tell you

> I came to Jesus as I was—
> Weary, and worn, and sad;
> I found in him a resting place,
> And he has made me glad.

Accept that testimony. Come, venture on him.

How was it that Naaman nearly missed cleansing Two things very nearly wrecked his faith. The fir was: "Behold, I thought"—preconceived notions how God was going to deal with him; and the secor was: "Are not Abana and Pharpar better than th Jordan?"—an attempt to dictate terms to God as to ho he should get healed. First of all, he had an idea as how God should work, and because God was not goi to work that way, he nearly missed his blessing; a then he wanted to say that he knew a better way Abana and Pharpar were better rivers than the mud Jordan.

Thousands of souls have been wrecked upon one other of those rocks at the entrance of the harbor

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fety. "I thought"—what did you think? Did you ink God was coming to wave over you some magi- an's wand, and give you some strange feeling? He ver does. His way is the way of obedience. "To e Jordan! Dip seven times! To Christ, in absolute andonment of self!" Along that line only comes his essing. And the only way in which some men and omen will ever get through into salvation or sanctifi- tion is to sweep out of their life, by a determined ef- rt of their will, all preconceived notions, and to say: h, God, get thy way, in thy way, whatever I think."

The other danger is that we want to dictate terms. hat is so often done. I remember years ago conduc- g a mission, and at the back of the chapel sat a man. the very first after-meeting, as I moved around speak- g to various persons, I came to that man. I found the ly Spirit of God had been dealing with him, but he oked at me, and said—I had been inviting people to me out into an inquiry-room: "Can't I be saved thout going in there?"

Now, when a man begins to ask that question you st deal with him just in one way. And I said: o; I don't think you can." "Why," he said, "is sal- tion in the inquiry-room?" "No, it is in God; but st as long as you sit here and want to dictate terms to od, you are proving that you have not got to the end self, and there is no salvation for you. That is the trouble with you." "Then," he said, "if I cannot be saved without going into that room, I will go to hell." "My brother," I answered, "that is not God's choice for you. If you have chosen it for yourself I cannot help it."

Every night that man came and sat there. Oh, how gracious God is! He does not take us at our word. He does not leave us alone when we have said some rash, foolhardy thing. I had warned the workers, and said: "Don't talk to that man. Leave him alone. Let God have his way with him." I shall never forget the last night of the mission. Before I had time to ask a soul to move, that man came forward over the backs of the seats to the altar. I looked at him and said: "I thought you were going to hell, my brother?" He said: "Oh, I have been there all the week." Praise God! it does a man good to get there a little while that way sometimes.

As long as you are dictating terms—"Can't I be saved right here?"—you are likely to miss the blessing. You can be saved there. You can be saved without a man knowing of it at the time. Somebody is bound to know of it soon, however. Nobody ever became a Christian without it flaming out sooner or later. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea both tried to be Christians in private; but by and by there came the day of crucifixion, and these two men got the body of the dead Christ, and laid it to his last rest. You cannot be a Christian and keep it under a bushel long; the light will either go out or set the bushel on fire. The way think you can get to Jesus Christ quietly, but as long as you are trying to dictate terms, as long as you are saying, "I don't like this noisy, babbling, rushing, muddy stream of Jordan; let me have the quiet, placid, crystal waters of Abana," just so long you are in a condition for blessing. It is when you come to say, "Anywhere that he points the way, any means that he mentions to me, any cross he puts in front of me, I will take up and go to him to have his cleansing," when you come there, then they are in the way of blessing. There were many lepers in Israel, but none of them were cleansed save Naaman; and he was cleansed because he entered into the spirit of true relationship to God by obeying. And there are many who are suffering from the leprosy of sin for there, and they only will have cleansing when in the divinely marked way come to him who alone can cleanse, and abandoning all preconceived notions, and sweeping aside every temptation to dictate terms, say

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come! I come!
In spite of all my unbelief,
In spite of all my many griefs,
In spite of all the powers of hell,
And that my soul is sick to feel,
O, Lamb of God, I come! I come!

God help us all so to come!

GOSPEL WORK IN BRAZIL

MR. AND MRS. REGINALD J. YOUNG'S EVANGELISTIC LABORS RECEIVING A BLESSING

LETTERS recently received from Mr. Reginald J. Young, whose work in Brazil was described in these columns some weeks ago, contain most encouraging news. As our readers will remember, Mr Young and his wife began their labors in Brazil only three years ago, and without the support of any denominational board, simply went from house to house, carrying God's Word and talking with the people as they had opportunity. Gradually preaching services were commenced, and converts were won, who are already carrying the good news of salvation to others. The city of Sao Paulo has been thoroughly canvassed, and there is now there a large congregation of attentive hearers, many of whom have made profession of faith.

Among the early converts was Senor Samuel Mello, a business man of considerable means. How deeply did the Spirit operate upon his mind, that he determined to abandon his business and devote himself and his property to the Lord's service. For several months after quitting business life, he spent his whole time in the study of the New Testament, under Mr. Young's guidance. At the end of that time he began to give addresses in Gospel meetings, which were wonderfully owned of God. Through his thorough acquaintance with the people he has acquired a happy manner of address, tactful and convincing, and full of shrewd, apt illustrations which hold the attention of his hearers. After working for some time with Mr. Young in Sao Paulo, he bought a troop of mules, which he loaded with Bibles, Testaments and portions. With these he set out on a long evangelistic tour through the States of Parana, Santa Catherina, and Rio Grande do Sul.

Everywhere he disposed of Bibles and Testaments, selling them when he could, and giving them away when he met people anxious to possess them but unable to buy. Occasionally he would hold a Gospel service, assisted by two friends who accompanied him on the tour. On reaching Paranagua, an important city on the sea coast, he canvassed the city and preached on the street. So attentive and earnest were the people that he hired a hall for longer services. Here the audience numbered fully five hundred persons. There were many inquirers among them, and Senor Mello decided to stay and prosecute the work. He has been there four months, holding services every night. The number of persons who are now attending regularly and have definitely cut loose from old associations, and are regarded as inquirers, is over two hundred and fifty, while seventy have already made profession of faith, and are proving by their changed life the sincerity of their conversion. Mr. Young has now sent an experienced evangelist, Mr. Glass, to the aid of Senor Mello, in order that the latter may proceed as he desires to other places. There has been some persecution in the town, but the converts remain firm, and a subscription has already been started to buy land and erect a mission station.

Eight of the twenty-one States of Brazil have so far been reached with the Gospel. Though an extended sale has not been made at many cities, the circulation of the Word of God must inevitably produce results, which will be seen at the next visit. Since Mr. Young began work three years ago, he and his helpers have disposed of 1,137 Bibles, 3,102 Testaments, and 1,072 separate Gospels. Considering the fact that these volumes are prohibited, and that the people run a risk in having them in their possession, the circulation is remarkable, indicating a striking degree of interest from which much good may be hoped.

This work has developed from small beginnings, extending as the workers availed themselves of opportunities. It looks now as if it would permeate the whole of Brazil, for each little company is no sooner grounded in the truth than it looks around for missionary work. Of all the fourteen evangelists now at work, under Mr Young's direction, all but one—Mr. Glass—are Brazilian converts, won for Christ during the past three years. Mr. Young says that hitherto there has been no difficulty in the matter of funds. Whenever a need has arisen, money from some source or other, has come in. He is confident that God will continue to provide the means as they are needed. When funds are in hand, a church will be built at Sao Paulo, and efforts will be made to reach States not yet entered. As announced two weeks ago in these columns, Mrs. Young is now in this country for a brief visit: she hopes to take back with her funds for Bible distribution, and for mission work in other States.

EVANGELIST AND MRS. REGINALD J. YOUNG AND SOME OF THE BRAZILIAN CONVERTS

Porto Rico Mission Progress

CHARLES W. DREES, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Porto Rico, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from San Juan, as follows:

"We have removed our Orphanage, so far as the girls' department is concerned, to San Juan, enlarging its scope, as is indicated by the name it now bears, 'The Girls' Orphanage and Industrial Home.' For our boys' department we are seeking a suitable location, and means for its establishment.

"The Methodist Episcopal Church has its principal stations in San Juan, Arecibo, Guayama and the Island of Vieques. In connection with five missionary charges we have more than twenty preaching places. At several points our work is extending into the hill country and reaching the neglected white peasantry of that region, so completely neglected by the Roman Church.

"A native convert, himself of the class referred to, Juan Vazquez by name, is doing great good in this work.

"In Puerta de Tierra we are following up the beginnings made three years ago under the auspices and with the material aid of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Mission. We have met with very encouraging success in our Sunday School. The former now has a steady and reliable attendance of children and adults and the awakening of spiritual and intellectual life is very remarkable. The school numbers about one hundred, with an average attendance of some sixty or more."

A Syrian Pastor's Testament

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—Many thanks for the beautiful Red Letter Testament in German I have presented to an old man, whose appreciative note accepting the same I herewith inclose. Mr. Hanauer is a devoted missionary, an able preacher, and one of the best informed men of Palestine that has ever been in this country. He was born in Jerusalem, was trained under Sir Charles Warren in his extensive excavations here, and for many years has occupied the first rank among experts on the antiquities and topography.

Very sincerely your friend,
SELAH MERRILL, U. S. Consul.
Jerusalem, Syria.

CHRIST CHURCH, JERUSALEM
How and Kyo Sooyo Hanauer, A. M., L. L. D.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my cordial thanks for the beautifully printed and bound copy of the Red Letter Testament (in two) which I received through you from Dr. Klopsch. It will, I am sure, prove extremely useful. The characteristic features—having our Lord's words printed in such a manner—making that they strike the eye at the first glance—will stand out from the book as a most valuable one. Convey my hearty thanks, and this expression of my gratefulness to Dr. Klopsch.

Yours gratefully,
J. E. HANAUER,
Assistant Clergyman, L. J. S. Church, Jerusalem.

A COOLING DRAUGHT A LITTLE BLACK PATIENT AN IMPROMPTU NURSE GIVING THE MEDICINE

WEALTHY WOMEN NURSE IN THE SLUMS

Volunteer Florence Nightingales, who Labor for Christ among the Poor and Lowly

A YEARNING to become Florence Nightingales of the slums has taken possession of a number of Philadelphia young women, the daughters of wealthy parents. Among others, the daughters of Judge William N. Ashman, of the Orphan's Court, are interested in this new development. The Misses Ashman decided, after reflection, that by nursing the sick poor, they could find a way to that contentment of soul which is sought in vain in the fashionable social circle. They took a course in nursing, and immediately nursing became popular among a number of their rich acquaintances. As a result, a private school for nurses, with headquarters in the Witherspoon Building, has on its staff of volunteers a band of young women who are pledged to answer calls to nurse the sick of the poorest districts at any hour of day or night without remuneration, and to assist, as far as their means allow, in providing medical necessaries for their patients.

The young women are not anxious to let the world know the work they do. The writer obtained permission to accompany a party of volunteer nurses on a visit to the poorer quarters of the city. With the group that left the Witherspoon Building were a Swarthmore graduate and three young women who were heiresses in their own right, but volunteer nurses by choice. The spotless white dress of the conventional attendant of the sick was worn by each beneath a long coat. The caps of the party were carried in a satchel, which also contained delicacies for the sick.

A call had come that morning for an attendant for a patient, whose wife had been unable to nurse him and to support the family as well. When the house was reached, the family was in the depths of despair, and the nurses arrived like a beam of sunshine. One of the nurses took charge of the case, and set about arranging the bed with deft hands, propping him up, smoothing the pillows and applying the lessons learned in the lecture-room.

The remaining trio, after leaving the room, went down a narrow stairway into a sloppy little court, under an archway, down a mean-looking street, and in due time came to the house of an Italian woman, whose baby was sick. There was a large family of children. The Swarthmore graduate took charge here. She soon had the baby undressed, washed, dressed in clean clothes, and feeding contentedly from a bottle of sterilized milk, while the mother poured forth her thanks.

At the next place of call, a joyful greeting was extended to the girls. A very old woman lay sick, tended by her daughter, who could do little for her, she had to work for a living at the same time. T nurses consoled the old invalid, gave her medici shook up her pillows, conjured delicacies from t depths of the satchel, and wiped away the tears th immediately began to flow from the aged woman's ey The old woman and the daughter showered blessin on the young girls' heads.

A neighbor came into the room, carrying a chi from whose head blood was flowing freely. The was not dangerous. It had no terror for the skil nurse. Leaving her companion to attend to the woman, this girl took the child from the distract mother, and in a few minutes had the wound bound and the child sobbing contentedly in her arms.

The nurses are allowed to select their own cases, to great extent. In typhoid cases, where constant care needed, two nurses are sometimes assigned to a patie so that they may relieve each other, and never, even a moment, leave the patient alone. Physicians who ha assisted the girls with lectures are desirous of seei the movement extended to other cities.

H. D. JONES.

THE SEAMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

JACK'S LIGHT ASHORE

THE SEAMEN'S HOPE CIRCLE..

THE fourteenth anniversary of the Seamen's Christian Association, 399 West street, New York, marks a milestone of steady progress.

THE SHIPPING BUREAU

Readers of this journal are familiar with the history of this organization, and are aware that from its earliest inception its one aim has been to promote the well-being, spiritual and physical, of seafaring men ashore, by surrounding them with uplifting influences and safeguarding them in every way from the temptations abounding in the neighborhood. From 8 A.M. to 10 P.M., the hospitable reading and recreation room is open to sailors, who are welcomed by the Seamen's Hope Circle.

The Free Shipping Bureau has been very successfully managed, and it meets the hearty endorsement of the trans-Atlantic liners, which make use of its services to supply vacancies in their crews. Through this bureau hundreds of sailors out of employment have found occupation; there is an agent in charge day and night. The notice that a certain number of firemen or stokers are wanted, which often appears on the walls of the reading-room, is as cheerful a message as a seaman out of work could wish to see. Last year, places were found for 704 seamen; each was sent forth with kindly words. Aggregate attendance on services in the mission room during the same period was 53,464; 434 temperance pledges were signed; 1,632 meals were furnished at the mission; 642 lodgings were given. Through the banking system, over $17,000 was sent home by seamen to their families; this last feature of the institution is one of its most useful: all the world knows how Jack is robbed by land-sharks, and how when he gets ashore, it seems as if he c not but throw his money away, even thou his distant dear ones or himself may be sore need; the mission workers seek encourage his reform in this respect a take all pains to protect his interests fr those who would betray him. The gre need of the work is a Sailors' Home Christian dwelling, where seamen can safely and decently lodged when asho Some money has been raised to this e but not enough; $3,000 was the result a concert in which the musicians the big liners took part out of rega for the work the mission has done seamen. The Marine Superint dent of the White Star Line wr the Association: "I can testify your excellent work for seamen, a I trust the day is not far distant wh your Home will be opened." T Purser of the *Teutonic* said: "W want more of this Christ-like effort do good." The last moment bef sailing, if we want a man, we can g one fit at your mission," report Robert Nicol, Master. The co mander of the *Oceanic* testifie "The influence of the mission counts in part for the good cond of our men in port." Pastors a temperance workers commend Letters from seamen's wives a mothers, living in distant lands, press gratitude for kindness to lov ones. Miss Emma Bangs, the S retary, will answer questions ab the work, that may be sent to her 399 West street, New York City.

A GOSPEL SERVICE AT THE SEAMEN'S MISSION

FINLAND STILL IN FAMINE'S GRASP

THE NATION GRATEFUL FOR AMERICA'S AID—OUR RELIEF EXPEDITION CROSSES TO SWEDEN

tographed by Sundstrom specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE FINNISH CENTRAL RELIEF COMMITTEE AND THEIR AMERICAN GUESTS

1. Dr. Saltzman, Chairman. 2. Dr. Klopsch. 3. Mr. Gilson Willets. All the members of the Committee appear in the photograph

(Special Cable Dispatch to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD)

HAPARANDA, SWEDEN, MARCH 17.

Dr. Klopsch, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Finland Relief Expedition, to-day crossed the Swedish frontier from Tornea, Finland, to this place, having driven from Uleaborg by sledges.

Throughout the entire journey of the expedition, from Helsingfors to Tornea on the Finnish boundary line, its progress was marked by extraordinary popular demonstrations, the people welcoming the travelers with song, oratory, poetry, and tributes of beautiful flowers, to express their heartfelt appreciation of the generosity of the American people, in helping Finland in her time of need.

At Tornea, their arrival was made the occasion of a public holiday. All the schools were closed, and the whole populace gathered at the City Hall and enthusiastically welcomed the expedition. In the party with Dr. Louis Klopsch were Gilson Willets, of New York; Professor Julio Reuter, of Helsingfors University, and Robert Alopaens, Superintendent of the Government Industrial Schools at Haparanda. The Mayor of Tornea, members of the clergy, and Government representatives welcomed the party to Sweden.

In three weeks, the expedition has traversed the greater part of northern Finland by sledges, including Kuopio, Idensalmi, Kajana, Suomussalmi, and practically every important centre of distress north and east of Helsingfors, being the first party of Americans who have ever journeyed through northern or eastern Finland in winter.

Notwithstanding official claims that the situation is well in hand, the expedition reports that the famine throughout Finland is gradually increasing in intensity and extent. Present conditions fully corroborate all previously published accounts. Even as far south as the sixty-second degree, at Idensalmi, the most appalling conditions prevail. Hundreds of children are begging bread from house to house. Scarlet fever and measles are epidemic. Eight hundred deaths have occurred in the district.

A single church parish reports that five thousand are absolutely destitute, and have been subsisting solely on "hunger-bread" since October. Meat, milk and potatoes are utterly lacking throughout the whole famine area. Thousands are barefooted and clothed in rags, while the ground is covered by deep snow. The suffering and want are beyond description.

In the Kajani and Uleaborg districts, the conditions are worst of all.

At least one hundred thousand Finlanders are wholly dependent on relief at the present moment. Half the cattle are dead, and the reports of human deaths by starvation are persistent.

The American contributions, exceeding $125,000, have unquestionably averted a large mortality.

The worst will come in April and May, when the spring thaws will render many of the sufferers inaccessible, even by snowshoes.

Finland's gratitude for American help is universal.

THE JOURNEY TO FINLAND

r. Willets Relates the Story of the Relief Expedition

OUR readers, who have so nobly helped the stricken Finns, will be interested in the following narrative of the journey of Dr. Klopsch and his fellow-traveler Mr. Gilson Willets:

Their voyage across the Atlantic, in the new Hamurg liner, *Bluecher*, was uneventful. On touching at ymouth at daylight, Monday, Feb. 16, a cable mesge from Stockholm was received, urging Dr. Klopsch visit the Swedish capital, but the first duty was to nland. Hamburg was reached on Feb. 18. In Ber-, Dr. Klopsch met Mr. Wile, the correspondent of e Chicago *News*, who had just returned from a long urney through the famine districts of Sweden. He us invited to address the American Women's Club of erlin on the Swedish famine. Dr. Klopsch was pres- t by invitation of the American Consul (whose wife President of the Club), and his presence becoming own to the audience, he was asked to speak, and mplied briefly. Several speakers referred with warm approval to the generosity of the readers of this journal in aiding the stricken people of the Northland.

Owing to the condition of the ice in the Gulf of Finland, interrupting navigation, it became necessary for Dr. Klopsch to proceed to Helsingfors by rail, *via* Russia. The journey from Berlin to St. Petersburg vividly recalled to Dr. Klopsch the remembrance of a similar journey in 1892, when, with the late Dr. Talmage, he went to Russia to visit the famine provinces, the steamship *Leo*, loaded with breadstuffs, medicines, and delicacies, the gift of Christian America, having already preceded him.

Across Russia's Frontier

Russia's frontier was reached Feb. 22, and after the usual inspection of passports and baggage, the travelers proceeded. They were now sensible of the increasing cold. They sped through the Czar's territory in a Russian train, and after a few hours' sleep awoke in the morning in a land of snow, ice, and penetrating temperature. Mr. Willets writes:

Many of the farmers along the line of railway earn their living in winter by preparing hemp and flax for market, and selling it at the railway stations to traveling agents. Others are occupied in hauling wood by sledge to the line. Farm-yards and out buildings are grouped closely together and enclosed, in order to be more accessible when the snows are deep.

Each stop at a Russian railway station proved colder than the preceding one; snow became more plentiful and people were more wrapped up in furs.

On Monday, February 23, the travelers reached St. Petersburg.

We were told that the Hotel Europe was full and a room to be had. Nevertheless we always there [illegible]. This was the only time we rode in a wheeled vehicle in Petersburg. All the rest of the time we sped along over the snow in sledges. At the station there were fifty or more of the sledges in a row. All were very small and low and [illegible] strange to Western eyes. They say the sleds are made small so that two riding together must necessarily sit closely [illegible].

During his stay in St. Petersburg, Dr. Klopsch had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with Count Andre Bobrinskoy, of the imperial staff, who rendered excellent service to the American relief work during the Russian famine of 1892. He also had the honor of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Far-Reaching Work

EVERY one of our readers who is supporting an orphan child in India is entitled to share in the gratification produced by a letter just received from Rev. A. E. Ayers, Methodist Episcopal Missionary at Baroda. In the orphanage under the care of Mr. Ayres, are over two hundred children, who are supported by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He is, therefore, in a position to estimate correctly the value and prospects of the work and to form a reliable judgment of the influence it is likely to have on the evangelization of India. Having been in contact with the children, having seen the effect on them of Christian training and education, he can speak with authority. He writes:

I wish to express my high appreciation of the great work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing in India through these orphanages. It is a most extraordinary and remarkable work, and I want to say that as a missionary, and responsible to heaven for the very best investment of my life on earth, I covet no higher opportunity than the privilege of co-operating as I am, in this work which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is so nobly pushing and sustaining. My thought is that if it is projected into the future, by also taking up the maintenance of these same girls and boys, after they have become men and women, as Christian workers in this land, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers will have done, when the final account is rendered, **one of the mightiest and most far-reaching tasks to be found in the whole missionary history of the world.** REV. A. E. AYERS.

Baroda, India.

In various orphanages, of many denominations, in different parts of India, are children to the number of five thousand five hundred, each of whom, bereft of parents, is being fed, clothed and educated at the expense of some reader of this journal. In some instances it is an individual, in others a Sunday School, or a young people's society, but in every case the funds are forthcoming, and the missionaries on their part are loyally fulfilling their duty to the children. These waifs, who might otherwise have been left to starve, or to go to moral ruin, are being brought up in Christian surroundings and under Christian influence. They know that the people in this country, whose adopted children they are, have incurred the expense from Christian motives, and have thus given practical proof of the beneficence of the Christian faith. What may be expected of them when, as men and women, they go forth into the world? The people who are supporting them have consecrated them to Christ by their prayers, and we are justified in believing that He, in whose name and in whose spirit the work is being done, will care for them and make them his own. It is impossible to estimate the extent of the influence they will exert on their countrymen. To every one who has had a share in this Christlike enterprise we offer sincere congratulations. They have sown the seed which will bring forth fruit that the Lord of the Harvest will gather into his garner in the day of his glory. If, as He said, a cup of cold water given in his name should surely bring its reward, how much more will the gifts and sacrifices made for his sake to these orphans bring a blessing to both givers and recipients?

Family Fealty

WHATEVER faults the head of the family may have, wife and children should not unveil them to the neighbors, nor proclaim them in the market-place. If the mother have her little failings of temper or attacks of nerves, the daughters should never reveal them, or comment upon them by word or look, especially to strangers. Should children have habits which need improvement, let the work of correction be done at home, but never let a syllable be spoken anywhere else about their bad manners or their lapses of conduct. Family fealty absolutely exacts the presentation to the world on the part of the family of a strongly united front, and the suspicion of disloyalty is a misfortune to be deprecated.

People who forget this often create misconceptions in the minds of their auditors, and leave most undesirable impressions there. Years afterwards, seeds sown in the merest thoughtlessness may spring up and bring forth evil fruit. The loyalty which is the obligation of the immediate family group should spread even further and pervade the various branches of kindred, so that the clan may feel the beating of a common pulse, and the kindred be welded together as a single integer, in the contacts and strifes of humanity.

Occasional frictions will occur in the most peaceful family circles, but beware of quarrels in the presence of guests or servants. The latter lose respect for employers who descend to fretfulness and recrimination; the former are extremely uncomfortable when their hosts are out of temper. Doubtless while human nature remains imperfect, even the most devoted friends and relatives will now and then disagree, but they should always do so behind closed doors.

The Message From Finland

THERE is a tragic significance in the cable message from Dr. Klopsch and his traveling companion, which appears on another page. It is the first message they have sent from Swedish territory, but it deals mainly with the famine in Finland. They have traveled many hundreds of miles in sledges across the bleak, snowy wastes, in a temperature far below zero, and have visited practically every centre of want and suffering in northeastern Finland. Their experience forces them to the conclusion that the famine, far from being under control, is increasing in intensity, and that the worst is yet to come.

Nothing can exceed the pathos of the description of famine conditions, as Dr. Klopsch found them. Hundreds of little children begging bread from house to house, ragged and shoeless, in the arctic midwinter! Fever on every hand, in the lone Finnish villages, laying low the strongest and the weakest. Eight hundred dead in a single district. In another, five thousand living on tree-bark and spoiled rye, ever since last October. One hundred thousand men, women and children, foodless, and wholly dependent upon charity. A picture to shock Europe, and to excite the sympathies of the whole world!

This cable message makes it quite clear that America's work of rescue in Finland is not yet finished. Not until the permanent relief promised by Russia actually arrives, should our energies in behalf of the patient, uncomplaining Finnish peasants be relaxed. Now that the relief work is so thoroughly organized that it reaches to every centre of suffering, the task of sustaining the lives and the hopes of the stricken, until the spring thaws are past, will be greatly simplified. It needs only the generous co-operation of God's people, here and elsewhere, to make the rescue complete.

Among the Workers

—LAPEER, MICH., has been the scene of a notable revival. Dr. Smiley and his gospel singers spent a week there, holding meetings in the First Presbyterian Church (Rev. J. D. McDonald, pastor). 180 are reported as having confessed Christ.

—CROSSLEY AND HUNTER, the Canadian evangelists, have just closed a union campaign in Kingston, Ont., in which between 700 and 800 publicly enlisted for Christ. These brethren are now in Bradford, Pa., in a union between the Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists.

—OVER FOUR thousand men arose for prayer, or otherwise expressed a desire to begin a Christian life, in the twenty-two meetings held for men recently, conducted by Rev. S. Edward Young in the Bijou Theatre, Pittsburg. It is believed that the total attendance was nearly 80,000, Pastor Young is corresponding with ministers and workers in various cities concerning the inauguration of similar meetings elsewhere.

—REV. M. S. REES, of Rochester, N.Y., recently held a two-weeks' series of meetings in Central M. E. Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa. The attendance was large and the interest great. There were more than one hundred and fifty seekers. Central Church will have over one hundred accessions, about one-half men, others going to churches in and out of the city. This is the third time that Mr. Rees has worked successfully with the pastor of this church, the Rev. C. E. Mogg.

—DR. FRANCIS E. SMILEY began a religious campaign, which has resulted in a revival, in Traverse City, Mich., with the united churches on Jan. 20. On a recent night, 1,600 people packed the largest opera house. Business houses closed during the mass meetings, and the town had the appearance of a Sunday. The mills and factories shut down before noon. There were fifty cottage meetings, and almost continuous services during the day. Many men, women and children are enrolled as converts.

—A REVIVAL is reported from the New Mexico Penitentiary at Santa Fe. Corresponding Secretary Joseph W. Looper, of the Prison Christian Endeavor, writes: "God has placed in our midst good Christian women—Mrs. J. E. Wood, Miss Edna E. Berger (our president), and Miss Ava Glidden. Many prisoners have found the cross and the meek and lowly Jesus, in the Christian Endeavor Society organized here. Mr. H. O. Bursum, warden, W. E. Martin, assistant, W. D. Newcomb, clerk, aid in this grand and noble work. We ask the prayers of your readers."

FINLAND STILL IN FAMINE'S GRAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 271

meeting the Dowager Countess Bobrinskoy, Admir Kraemer (a Finn, and head of the Finnish Committee i St. Petersburg), U. S. Ambassador McCormick, Re Mr. Kilburn, U. S. Consul Hollowell, and others. A were glad to do what they could to forward th mission of mercy.

Reaching Helsingfors

Helsingfors was reached by rail on the morning Feb. 26. Mr. Willets thus describes the Finnish capita

The city, as you see on the map, is not north, but rath west, of St. Petersburg. We looked for much colder weath than in St. Petersburg, but found it not so cold as it usual is here at this season. We will get the really cold weath north of here. There is snow everywhere, and all traffic by sled in the city. The harbor ice is six feet deep. It is amazingly modern city, with trolleys, a hotel appointed well as the best in the United States, modern building electric lights, four newspapers, and a university with an e rollment as large as that of Yale.

On the evening of our arrival, Dr. Saltzman, Chairman the Finnish Relief Committee, called on Dr. Klopsch. Saltzman is of the highest standing as a citizen; indeed the members of the committee are of the first repute in th community.

Our travelers were entertained at dinner by Dr. Salt man next day, when a distinguished company was pre ent. Dr. Saltzman spoke in glowing terms of th philanthropic mission of Dr. Klopsch, who made suitable reply.

The following evening, the Finnish Central Relief Co mittee met to formally welcome Dr. Klopsch, who arrived the House of Representatives, where the meeting was held, eight o'clock. After several speeches had been made, Klopsch asked the committee various important questio relative to the famine and the relief work, the answers which will be transmitted to you when received.

Dr. Julio Reuter, of Helsingfors University (Profess of Sanskrit), was elected as a representative of the comm tee to accompany Dr. Klopsch on his tour through t famine districts. The meeting was most decorous and ord ly throughout. The members expressed the highest app ciation of the work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and of t contributions of the American people to the relief ca They also thanked Dr. Klopsch for his visit in behalf of t American contributors.

Throughout our stay in Helsingfors, the distress in F land, individual and *en masse*, has been impressed upon us every conceivable way. As many as 150 persons have call during a single day, either to ask aid or to thank Dr. Klops for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S work. He, of course, co not see them all, and was obliged to refer them to the C tral Committee. The callers and letter-writers included r resentatives and delegations from many different organi tions, from workingmen's clubs to singing societies.

Dr. Klopsch has obtained much useful information fr the members of the Salvation Army. There, as elsewhe the Army is doing a practical work close to the core of d tress.

Off for the Frozen North

We leave Helsingfors, Tuesday evening, March 3, for t North, including in our route Kuopio, Idensalmi, Kaja Uleaborg, Kemi, thence to Torneo around the Gulf of Bo nia to Leslev in Sweden, and thence through the Swed famine area to Stockholm. We have much traveling now do in sleds, and under conditions akin to those of an expl ing party. We are obliged to leave our baggage, and to ta a small compact clothing outfit and food supplies before sta ing.

Here we leave comfort to begin the real hardship, and face the Arctic winds and temperature of the icy North GILSON WILLETS

The Famine in Sweden

Fenton MacPherson, of London, who has recen made a tour of the famine districts of Sweden, wri that the population has now suffered in silence nearly six months. In the far north, the disaster h been most overwhelming. It began with last autun when famine appeared in Norbottens Lan, Swede most northerly province. The people there, are, as rule, deeply religious, and the Bible is their mainst Private help was sent from various quarters, and people were barely kept alive, but the supplies w soon exhausted, and death by starvation stared people in the face.

Gradually the famine in Sweden has swept down fr the north to within 200 miles of Stockholm, the capi It is now almost general over a very large section the country. Dr. Klopsch, on reaching Stockholm, confer with the Relief Committee. The Swedish p ple have urgently appealed to American sympathy.

Contributions in aid of both Finland and Swed may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible Hou New York, to be forwarded to the committees at H singfors and Stockholm. Contributors should st clearly for which country the contributions are intend All gifts will be duly acknowledged in the columns THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

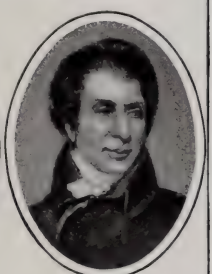
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Notable Centenary

WITH appropriate exercises, in which many men of world-wide fame participated, the British and Foreign Bible Society celebrated, a few days ago, its entrance on the one hundredth year of its useful career. It is intended to make this year a banner year in its history, by raising a fund of 250,000 guineas ($1,312,500), to extend the work of Society. It was stated at the meetings, that in the rse of its life, the Society has issued over one hun- d and eighty million copies of the Scriptures, the put last year being over five millions. There is no eign missionary society in the world that has not n at some time indebted to the British and Foreign le Society, and it is its proud boast that it has er received from any people a request that it give m the Bible in their own tongue, that has been re- ed. It has now the plates for printing the Bible in languages and dialects, in each of which a supply come from its presses. It has also printed portions he Bible in thirty-three other languages, so that there now scarcely a people on earth altogether without Bible in its own tongue. No wonder that Pope Pius I. declared that the Society "is a plague to Christen- m," and that Pope Pius IX. publicly endorsed the nion. A work so extensive has been done that it has ie far to fulfil the resolve of William Tyndale, who, en threatened by the Pope's representative for is- ng the Bible in the English language, said, "If God res my life, I will cause the ploughboy to know re of the Scriptures than the priest."

t was on December 7, 1802, that the idea of the So ty was first broached. A meeting of the Religious

REV. THOMAS CHARLES



LORD TEIGNMOUTH

act Society was being held in the offices of Mr. eph Hardcastle, a London merchant who, as the ciety had no home, placed the parlor of his ware- se (a picture of which as it now appears is here given) ts disposal. After the conclusion of the business, a elsh minister, Rev. Thomas Charles, whose portrait ears on this page, spoke on the destitution of Bibles re was in Wales. He quoted an incident of a Welsh l who, for several years, walked a distance of seven es every week to hear a chapter of the Bible read. nnah More, too, said that she and her sister had isvassed every house in a district of two thousand in- bitants, and had found only one house in which there s a Bible, and in that one it was being used to prop a flower-pot.

Mr. Charles proposed that a society be organized for sole purpose of promoting the circulation of the riptures. The proposal was accepted, and one of the nisters present was appointed to embody the general ling in a paper entitled, "The Excellence of the Holy riptures, an Argument for their more General Dis- sion at Home and Abroad," having for its prophetic tto the words: "Let us be the first institution t ever emanated from one of the nations of Europe the express purpose of doing good to all the rest." at was a period of slow communication, and there re many influential persons whose support it was sirable to enlist. It was not until March, 1804, that Society was organized. Lord Teignmouth was its t chairman, and for thirty years he gave it devoted vice. He was succeeded by Lord Bexley, who held office for seventeen years, and he by the Earl of aftesbury, who was chairman for thirty-four years. e Earl of Harrowby followed, and when he died, ee years ago, he was succeeded by the Marquis of rthampton, who is now in office. There has been no se in the Society's growth, and it has aided in estab- ing similar societies in other lands, notably the erican Bible Society, organized in 1816, which are operating in the work it initiated. To the efforts of se societies in disseminating the sacred volume we may attribute, by God's grace, in no small degree the advance of religion in the world.

So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed (Acts 19: 20).

Testamentary Avowals

In recalling the curious wills which have at various times been presented for probate, a newspaper writer mentions the following: After disposing of his property, the testator wrote: "At my death I wish to be cremated, and my ashes put into the earth enclosed in nothing. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,' in any spot which is most convenient that I have loved. I particularly request that no Christian mummeries or tomfooleries be performed over my grave, but that I be buried as a secularist and agnostic. If it will comfort any one, there are plenty of those of my own friends who would come to say a few words of common sense. Over the spot where my ashes may lie, place no monument or stone. It is not necessary or required, nor is a procession, as the ashes can be carried in one person's hand. They can be buried in any place where the stars shall ever shed their light, and the sun shall gild each rising morn." Perhaps it was best that over the remains of a man capable of writing such words, there should be no religious service. When a man deliberately spurns the good that God has provided for his spiritual development, he voluntarily degrades himself to the condition which the Preacher described:

I said in my heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them and that they might see that they themselves are beasts; as the one dieth, so dieth the other (Eccles. 3: 18).

WAREHOUSE AT OLD SWAN WHARF, LONDON
The Building in which the British and Foreign Bible Society was born

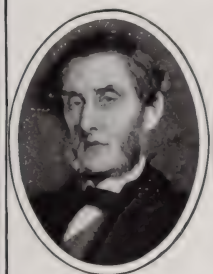
Self-Sacrifice in Death

One of the most pathetic stories in the history of medical science, is related by a physician of New Orleans. It is that of a practitioner in Vienna, who had been experimenting to find a remedy for the Bubonic plague, which has worked such awful havoc in India during the past six years. Dr. Franz Mueller, a young man on the threshold of a brilliant scientific career, devoted himself to the discovery of a remedy for it. In the course of his study, he contracted the malady from the bacilli in "culture tubes," and when he became certain that he was infected, he immediately locked himself in an isolated room and posted a message on the window pane, reading thus: "I am suffering from plague. Please do not send a doctor to me, as, in any event, my end will come in four or five days." A number of his associates were anxious to attend him, but he refused to admit them, and died alone, within the time he predicted. He wrote a farewell letter to his parents, placed it against the window, so it could be read from the outside, and then burned the original with his own hands, feared it might be preserved and carry out the mysterious germ. Seldom has any one displayed so much concern for the safety of others, as to deliberately renounce the comforts of friendly ministration in the last crisis of life, lest loved ones might suffer. We can admire such self sacrifice even though we listen unmoved to the infinitely greater example of that spirit in Him who gave his life to save our souls from death.

He saved others; himself he cannot save (Matt. 27: 42).

Repudiating an Offer

A man who ventured his life to save a lady from drowning has been suing her husband in a court in Indiana, to recover the reward which he offered while his wife was in peril, to her rescuer. The lady, with her husband, a wealthy farmer, was crossing a bridge during a flood, when the structure collapsed and they fell into the river. The farmer was able to swim to the bank, but his wife was carried down the stream. Her course, however, was arrested by a tree, in the branches of which her skirts became entangled. Her situation was full of peril, and her husband ran along the shore in great distress, calling for help and offering a thousand dollars for her rescue. A man who heard the offer ventured out and brought the lady ashore. He demanded the reward, but the husband demurred. He said he had made the offer under temporary excitement, and it was much too large a sum to pay for the service rendered. The jury, however, after hearing the case, determined otherwise, and gave the rescuer the amount offered by the husband. The decision was just. A promise so made ought to be kept; but how many are broken! How few there are who fulfil the pledges made on a sickbed or under the dread of some impending calamity!



EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON

When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it, for he hath no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hast vowed (Eccles. 5: 4).

A Caution to Medical Men

The present tendency to send consumptive patients to the mountains is liable, it appears, to work disastrously in some cases. Writing in a medical journal, a well-known physician says: "The experiment is dangerous in all cases in which the patient has any disease of the heart, or has a weak heart. It is especially the rapidity of the change from one altitude to another, with differences of from three to four thousand feet, which must be considered. There is a call made on the contractibility of the small arteries on the one hand, and on the amount of muscular force of the heart on the other hand, and if the structures in question cannot respond to this call, rupture of an artery or dilation of the heart may ensue. In the case of a normal condition of the circulatory organs little harm is done beyond some transient discomfort, such as dizziness, buzzing in the ears, palpitation, general *malaise* and this often only in the case of people totally unaccustomed to high altitudes." The physician cites several instances of death occurring through the removal of patients to higher ground. Happily there is no such danger in the condition of the soul.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God (Col. 3: 1).

BRIEF NOTES

The Maine Legislature has defeated another attempt to repeal the prohibitory amendment.

The new President of the American Bible Society is Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, who was for many years President of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Gilman is a brother of Dr. Edward W. Gilman, who was chief secretary of the American Bible Society for more than thirty years.

THE CONQUEST OF DEATH ❋ The Resurrection

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR APRIL 12
EASTER SUNDAY. I. CORINTHIANS 15: 20, 21, 50-58

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: NOW IS CHRIST RISEN FROM THE DEAD, AND BECOME THE FIRST FRUITS OF THEM THAT SLEPT. I. COR. 15: 20.

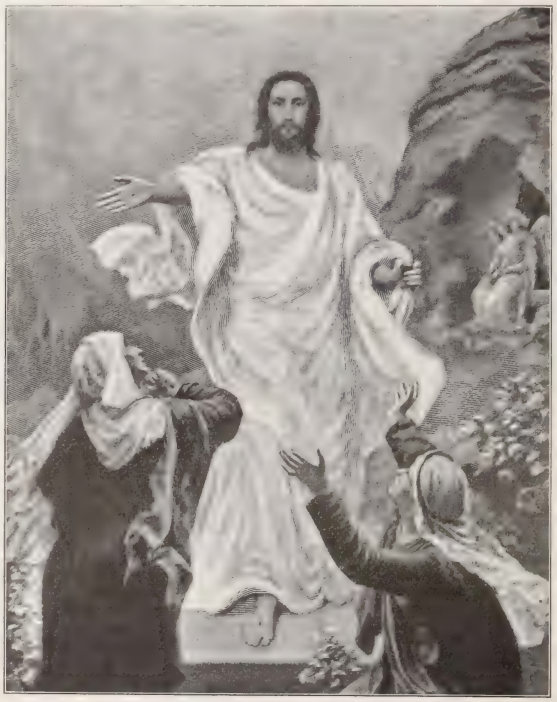
IN the church that Paul planted at Corinth, some denied the resurrection of the dead. For them and for all who have doubts on this great subject, this chapter of logic on fire was written. No other chapter has been read so often at funerals, to assure the bereaved that death is not the end of life and love. Paul's order of thought and argument is: I. Christ rose, of which there are abundant proofs, v. 1-8. II. Christians are so united to Christ that his resurrection is the promise and precursor of their resurrection, v. 12-34. III. Objections to the resurrection answered, v. 35-58.

Now hath Christ been raised from the dead. Let us recall the events of that first Easter, which was also the first "Lord's Day."

"While it was yet dark" on that first Easter morn, an angel, heralded by an earthquake, sped to the sealed tomb of Christ and rolled away the stone. "His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow; and for fear of him the watchers did quake, and became as dead men." He who had laid down his life, took it again and came forth. Shortly after this, the Marys and other women, unmindful of the oft-repeated promise of Jesus that he would rise from the dead, which they doubtless thought was only a figure of speech, came to the sepulchre with spices to embalm his body, saying as they came, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" And when they looked, behold it was rolled away—not alone from Christ's tomb, but from every Christian tomb to the end of time. The Marys hastened to tell Peter and John that the body of Jesus had been removed, but this news was not heeded, for these apostles thought the women had been deceived. The Marys, however, returned to the tomb and went in. The body of Jesus was not to be found, but an angel, looking like a young man, in white, was met in the tomb, who said, "Ye seek Jesus—he is risen, as he said unto you." Again they told Peter and John what they had seen, and this time these apostles raced to the tomb, John outstripping Peter, but Peter was first to go in. "Then went in also that other disciple," a suggestive example of unconscious influence. They found in the tomb only the folded grave clothes that Christ had left behind, and shortly went away. Mary Magdalene, however, lingered by the tomb. She looked in and saw two angels, one at the head and the other at the foot, where the body of Jesus had lain—angels of Memory and Hope, perhaps—who said, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She answered, "Because they have taken away my Lord." Just then she heard a step behind her, and turned. It was Jesus, but she thought it was the gardener, and said, reproachfully, "Tell me where thou hast laid him." Jesus said, "Mary," and she answered, "Rabboni—O my Master." While they talked, the other women returned, and Jesus said, "Go tell my brethren," but when the women reported to them that Jesus had been alive, the apostles thought it too good to be true.

Meantime the fear stricken guards had fled to the city, and had told their story to the crucifiers of Jesus, who bribed them to say that while they slept beside the tomb, the body of Jesus had been stolen away.

In the afternoon of that first Easter, two disciples were walking to Emmaus, a nearby village. One was Cleopas, the other is not named. Perhaps it was Luke. Jesus walked with them, at first unrecognized, but at last revealed in the breaking of bread. Those disciples, to whom Jesus was made known at Emmaus, hastened back to Jerusalem and told the apostles, whom they found gathered in the upper room where they were wont to meet, that Jesus was risen indeed. And even as they spake, Jesus suddenly appeared, despite the closed doors, and said to them in their agitation, "See my hands and feet, that it is I myself." And then he ate with them, and explained the prophecies he was fulfilling. He bade them tarry in Jerusalem for the Holy Spirit, and then go forth as witnesses of the Cross and resurrection and the way of salvation to all nations. As a foretaste of the Pentecost to come, he said, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." And so ended the first Easter Sunday, with all the doubting apostles assured, save only Thomas, who had a sad week of continued doubts, because he missed that Easter evening service. Not one of Jesus' friends, when the day began, expected his return, but when the day was ended they had become convinced that Christ had conquered death.



"BEHOLD, JESUS MET THEM, SAYING, ALL HAIL"

Illustration and Application

The Gospels give the history of the resurrection; Paul adds the philosophy of history, as we should always look for the meaning of facts and events. Paul used the resurrection, first, to prove the divinity of Christ as Lord of life and death; second, to show his humanity, and the consequent resurrection of Christians, who become by faith one with him; for the wicked there is a resurrection unto death, a deathless death; third, to incite men to newness of life this side the grave, a rising out of death like selfishness into a Christ-like life.

The first fruits of them that are asleep. There are two beautiful pictures in these eight words. Death is compared to sleep, in which we get rest and renewed strength in preparation for a new day beyond the night. And Christ's resurrection is spoken of as the "first fruits," given to God, of a world harvest of resurrections, in which all who are identified with Christ are to come to a like harvest-home of golden immortality. Dean Farrar tells of a boy who took a flower with him every morning, and laid it on his school desk, to remind him of God, and so displace evil thoughts. Every plant of springtime or harvest should remind us of God's presence and power, and especially should assure us at Easter that he who can bring living beauty and rich fruitage out of a buried seed, which decays, but rises in a new body of more abundant life, can bring us through death to life. In man, "the identity that survives death is not one of particles, but of personality" (v. 44).

For since by man came death. The argument here is for Christians only, that as by their natural connection with Adam, they must die, so by their spiritual connection with Christ, they will rise from the dead.

We shall all be changed. Paul here teaches that even those who are alive at the final glorious appearing of Christ must be changed into spiritual bodies, corresponding to the resurrection bodies of those who die, since flesh and blood cannot enter the perfected life of heaven. In the presence of the multitudinous resurrections of spring, when the homely bulb is rising into the beautiful lily, and the worm is rising into the broader life of the butterfly, surely no one can say that the resurrection body is contrary to the analogies of nature. Archbishop Whately, shortly before he died, hearing some one read Philippians 3: 21, "who shall change our vile body," stopped the reader to protest that the word was not rightly translated. He gave the translation since adopted for the Revision, "the body of our humiliation," saying earnestly, "Nothing that God made is 'vile.'"

Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock found resurrection voices in the clouds: "What Shelley wrote of his cloud each of us may say in the same spirit to his soul:

> I am the daughter of earth and water,
> And the nursling of the sky.
> I pass through the pores of ocean and shores,
> I change, but I never die.
> For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
> The pavilion of heaven is bare,
> And the clouds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
> Build up the blue dome of air,
> I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
> And out of the cavern of rain,
> Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
> I arise, and upbuild again.

"Without a Bible, I should believe in my surviving life, though everything about me pass away."

Paul's pæan of triumph over death is a burst of rhythmic prose:

> Where, O Death, is thy victory?
> Where, O Death, thy sting?
> Now the sting of Death is Sin, and the strength of Sin is the Law;
> But to God be thanks who gives to us the victory
> Through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Joseph Parker, in a poem prompted by this chapter, exclaims:

> "O Death!
> I would that thou wert dead." Then Death answered me.
> His voice was gentle, and through all his pallor
> There gleamed the outline of a smile. I saw
> Transfigured Death.
> "I am God's servant. The flock must be brought home.
> I go to bring the wanderers to the fold.
> The lambs are God's, not yours; or yours but to
> Watch and tend until he sends for them.
> Through your own fatherhood read God's heart.
> Through your own watching for the child's return
> Conceive the thought that glows in love divine."

Another poet has sung in the same key:

> We asked an earthly thing of Thee, O, Lord,
> That night in our hour of dread;
> But the Lord God answered all our prayers
> With a heavenly thing instead.

Therefore be steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord. . . . Now concerning the collection upon the first day of the week. Paul will not allow thoughts of death to lead to idle brooding, but makes his resurrection song a call to better living and nobler giving, here and now. The chapter division hides in part the application Paul makes, that as Jesus completed his life of self-giving on the first day of the week, the resurrection, so we who claim to have his spirit and bear his name, should regularly on that day give of our substance to the cause for which Christ died. The weekly Lord's Day should be a weekly reminder of the resurrection of Christ, which it celebrates. To rise out of the death of selfishness into spiritual life is the best Sabbath observance. To keep the Lord's Day is to acknowledge the Lordship of Christ over death and life, over time and eternity. To desecrate the Lord's Day is to trample on the sign, the ensign of his supreme government, an offense kindred to treason. This part of the resurrection message should not be overlooked in too absorbing thoughts of death, for the best way to rob death of its terrors is to live aright, and the Lord's Day is the rudder of the week, whose good or evil use turns it all to the right or to the wrong. And this is the very season to fortify against the summer temptations to this sin, which men count trivial, but which God forbade in his longest commandment, and disapproves by linking the day with the great of miracles, the resurrection of Christ.

Three children brought gifts for a hospital. One brought a costly present for which his father had paid; and that did not count as a gift from the child. Another brought several toys which she did not use or care for; and that present did not count as from the child. A third, a poor boy, brought a plant which he had been wanting for a long time, and had been saving his pennies to buy. He was the only one that really gave the hospital anything.

> Behold us, the rich and the poor.
> Dear Lord, in thy service draw near;
> One consecrateth a precious coin,
> One droppeth only a tear;
> Look, Master, the love is here!
> —CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

God established the Christian Sabbath, first for rest; second, for worship; third, for doing good; fourth, for training in unselfishness, in order to which we must give up selfish pleasure as well as selfish work (Isa. 58: 13, 14).

If ye then were raised together with Christ, seek things that are above (Col. 3: 1). That is the climax of all Paul's reasoning about the resurrection. He describes a whole life of Christ in the soul. Its Bethlehem is in the words, "I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you" (Gal. 4: 19). Its transfiguration is in the words, "Be not conformed to the world, but be ye transfigured by the renewing of your mind" (Rom. 12: 2). Its crucifixion is in the words, "Crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I—Christ liveth in me" (Gal. 2: 20). Its Easter is in the words "Raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above," not as a future bliss, but as present power.

Gleanings

Not death but sin is most to be feared, and the only death worth fearing is that second death which is the wage of sin. Pension Commissioner Eugene T. Ware has put this into a quaint rhyme of sombre significance:

> If the wages of sin are death, I do not want to begin;
> If I can't get living wages, I will not work for sin.
> Then, again, if I went to work, and the work I didn't like
> After I'd passed a pay-day, I would find I couldn't strike.

A kind-hearted, sympathetic physician sat by the bedside of a young man to whom he had been summoned on a professional visit. After considering the patient's case, he frankly informed him that his time was short.

The invalid was alarmed. Looking up into the doctor's face with a despairing expression, he said, "I have missed it at last."

"What have you missed?" was the inquiry.

"I have missed it at last," he repeated. "Missed what?" "Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul." "Ah, sa not so; it is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?

"Yes, I remember the thief on the cross, and I remembe that he never said to the Holy Ghost, 'Go thy way,' *but I die* And now he is saying to me—*Go thy way.*"

While lying there gasping, and looking with a vacant, star ing eye, he continued in substance, "I was awakened an anxious about my soul, but I did not then want to be saved Something seemed to say, 'Don't put it off; make sure o salvation.' I said to myself, 'I will postpone it,' and I did I have missed it at last." And so he died.

In contrast, let us set some of the many cases where Christians have faced death in the spirit of Paul's exclamation, "O Death, I will be thy death." A Christian woman was going cheerfully to prison as a martyr, when a bystander exclaimed "Oh, you have not yet tasted the bitterness of death." "No, she answered, "and never shall, for Christ has promised that his friends shall never see death."

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"Over the Hills and Far Away"

WHEN spring comes dancing over the hills, and the little streams that were lately frozen go leaping and laughing in the sun, and the grass is green in a thousand meadows, and the birds sing again, how we long to be up and off, to go "over the hills and far away." Very likely we cannot obey that vagrant impulse. Duty binds us to the shop, and the office, and the kitchen. The same routine, familiar by repetition, day after day, month after month, and year after year, must be ours to the end. Yet do not fret, you whose lot it is to tarry by the stuff. Home ways and looks are very precious, and one never rests anywhere as in one's own bed at night.

An afternoon's outing, a ride on one's wheel, a ride in cable or trolley car, a visit to an old friend, and a cup of tea at her fireside, an hour in a library, a stroll in the park, a visit anywhere, just beyond the accustomed boundary of the day, may work re-creation for us, and do just as much good as would the longer recess. Over the hills, over the sea, over the continent, by all means, if one can, but if one cannot, then be content with a walk down the street, or an excursion to the next village.

Sometimes one is refreshed by moving into another room: changing the north room for the south, or down the stair for up the stair. If one cannot change at all, one can thank God for health, and courage, and feet, and hands, and a quiet mind. There is always blue sky somewhere, friends.

❧

Mary's Engagement

When the first daughter to have a household is its eldest-born, the special joy of her father, and her mother's confidante and aid, there is not unmixed gladness in the parents' hearts. It is going to be lonesome without Mary. Father feels positively jealous of John. Why should this young fellow walk in and boldly make love to Mary? Nevertheless, Mary's mother was courted the same way, once upon a time, by a young man named John, and she said Yes—a long time ago. It has been a happy time since. Mary the second has a right to have her own home and a good husband. Nobody denies that.

How shall the engagement be announced? Well, Mary may do it herself if she likes, by having a little party and telling the girls. Or, she may write a few notes to her dearest friends. Or, her mother—and this is a very good plan—may mention the fact when she is writing to her friends, saying that the engagement is pleasing to Mary's family, and that they like the man she has chosen. If Mary is a popular girl, and the town is not a very large one, the news may slip into the papers. This is a kindly world, and a world that loves a lover; so, when the newspaper spreads the tidings, people who know neither Mary nor John, will feel an interest, and wish them both God-speed.

❧

About Wearing Specs

"Where are my specs?" Grandpa is looking for them everywhere, in mother's room, on the mantel-piece, in the wood-shed, on the shelf where the clock ticks solemnly the long day through. "Hello!" cries little Tim, "your specs-acles are on your head, Grandpa," and so they are, resting benignly on the dear old fellow's shining bald pate. Grandpa is absent-minded and forgets easily, but he is good-natured and joins in the laugh against himself as if the incident were not one that happens every day.

The question which he puts so wistfully, I want to put, in another form, to you, my reader, "Where are your eye-glasses, please?" You fumble over your sewing and spots dance before your eyes. You bass and fidget to get the exact angle by lamp light where you can read the paper, and you affirm your belief that the print is poor. To remedy the trouble, you need artificial aid.

A timely visit to a good oculist may so relieve you, that the face of the world may be changed. Those weary, nervous headaches that are so irritating and so frequently recur, may disappear after you have been suited with the proper lens that will cure astigmatism or myopia. The latter word means short-sight, the former, unequal sight.

Please be advised in time, and even if you fancy that spectacles will rob you of some portion of good looks, never mind. To be able to look out on life in comfort, is much better than merely to be agreeable to look at in the eyes of others.

I have seen girls under thirty who had the eyes of seventy-five, literally, because vanity kept them from wearing spectacles. I ask again, Where are yours?

❧

That Restless Child

"She wants to do everything herself. She thinks of so many things to do, that I get all tired out."

True, little mother, but don't repress that restless child. She has self-reliance. She has the power of initiative. Both are splendid qualities that will serve her well by and by.

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

With the lambs in the meadow, the birds in the nest,
And the bloom on the bough, and the wind in the West,
Oh, lovely is earth, and our hearts leap to hear
The breeze in the grass in the sweet o' the year.

THE FIRST CROCUS

I knew you were coming
Though March winds were rough,
His bluster and fluster
Is only a bluff
For swift as he hurries
And scurries along,
He announces the entrance
Of birds in a throng.
And lo! in a twinkling upon his wild track,
There'll be perfume and bloom when
The flowers come back.

❧

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—BENJAMIN. It is not reading much, it is reading thoughtfully that enriches the mind.

—MILDRED. Wear your old jacket another season, rather than go in debt for a new one.

—BELLE. A girl must not make advances to a man she knows slightly. Let him ask if he may call.

The Crying Need of Pockets

THE wind fairly howled around the corner day or two ago, and I, trying bravely along at both arms, caught a lady who was just coming through the door of the post office. She had pushed a money-order for a hundred million dollars, and the letter, safely deposited from the envelope, as she thought, were in her hand. But as a matter of fact, she had not. Pockets are not important enough in our experience. The lady clutched her skirts with very commendable hand already furnished with bag and umbrella. In the other hand was the precious little envelope, and such it, too, she stood to hold for me. A few words the gale blew off. Money flew away. The lady was not pleased the ladies as it did to those behind her. They, however, restrained herself had hard work to maintain a bearing. Tranquility was returned to the post with a no less rife for pocket, and she had to borrow car fare to ride home.

Women in countless instances, they never find their way into the papers, are robbed because they have no proper place in which to carry money. I have had one purse taken from my hand as I passed a street crossing, and have lost a long, the exact substitute for a pocket, as I passed through a crowd to the entrance to a theatre. One started to carry her money at home after having experienced, carrying with her only the necessary change.

There are however, occasions when a woman must carry her fifty dollars, as on the event of a country sale, or money is required, as in the case of the Washington ladies, when a check at monument must be cashed. Every woman who expects to carry money about, should provide herself with a snug, flat, little pocket in the front of her jacket, a pocket that may be buttoned up securely, and that cannot be rifled without her knowledge. A bag, or a purse, or an envelope in the hand is an unsecure device, a temptation to thieves, and possibly the sport of the wind. A pocket in the petticoat is, by old-fashioned ladies, supposed to be very safe, but one is by no means placed. An elbow and pocket by suggested to a street car has been known to rip an outside skirt with a pair of scissors, and clean all under and pocket-contents into the open space of the petticoat pocket. The best is far safer pocket in the skirt for a woman's [illegible] pocket.

But my friends, how many of us need pockets? Ladies have [illegible] pockets and pockets [illegible] pockets. I was [illegible] as old grew [illegible] to feel away in a fold of the lining, in a most inconvenient and inaccessible place. I came upon a pocket. The great discovery was made. The pocket was there. I had not supposed it was there. Until we [illegible] dresses with pockets there is fear of [illegible] at the very least. A need never disturb the [illegible] in the world of [illegible] over [illegible].

❧

Absent-minded

"I am dreadfully absent-minded. It often makes me awkward and embarrassed." This statement is supposed to excuse preoccupation in society, absentness of manner, and numerous peculiarities which make people appear useless and put them out of the current of affairs. Now one has no right whatever to be absent minded. One's obligation is to be present minded, or, in other words, to give one's continuous attention to what other people are saying, and to whatever may be going on around one. To a very great portion of the second fit of absentness of mind may be excused, but so few of us are gifted with anything beyond mere talent, or a common knack, that we cannot shield ourselves behind that barricade. The point of the matter is, that whatever we are doing, and wherever we are going, and in whatever place we are, we must put ourselves into it, with our whole might and mind. Then, too, we shall go through life much safely, and with more ground immunity from accidents, if we know not were about us, and the mishaps that befall one being easily attributable to thoughts that are at the ends of the earth, when they ought to be in front of us, watching the cars at the corner, or the crowd, or the truck that is bearing down the street nearly to mark our ruin.

Don't be absent-minded on the road of life. The crowd is far too great, and the risks too many.

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

CHILDREN, there are so many Puzzle Answers, and the careful reading of them requires so much time and pains, that the names of the prize-winners for March 4, are not ready as this issue goes to press. They will be given in the next; and in future, announcement of prize-winners will be made every fifth, instead of every fourth week from publication of competitions.

Believing that you are really more interested in the puzzles than in this little talk preceding it, you may perhaps be pleased hereafter should no preamble whatever be interposed between you and your puzzles.

COMPETITION 32

What two proper names of places mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 32" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the two answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name. Below the answer, write, in *not over twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subject of the first of these pictures? Read the rules given below.

Competition 33

Curious Questions

1. When did men refuse the offer of cooked food, and insist on having it uncooked?
2. When did a man employ an article of common domestic use to commit a murder?
3. Mention the name of a man the sum of the letters of whose name, according to their value in the Roman notation, give the date of his death within ten years?
4. On what occasion did the hearers of a foreign speaker, who was addressing them in their own tongue, interrupt him with a request that he would use his own?

Write "Competition 33" plainly across the top of your postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age, and address. Answer as many of the questions as you can, writing in each case the number of the question (not the question itself) before its answer. Answers to all four questions must not exceed fifty words in the aggregate. Read the following rules.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Only one weekly competition is open to any one person. If you answer *both* Competition 32 and 33, you forfeit your chances therefor. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 32," or "Competition 33," as the case may be.* Write on one side of paper only.

* * *

All answers must be mailed not later than April 6. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department*, Bible House, N. Y.

* * *

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 32, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the best answer to Competition 33, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

Names of Prize-Winners in Competition of March 4, will be Announced Next Week

A Singing Evangelist

SINCE October, Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis, of whose work readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are familiar, has been leading a remarkable series of revival meetings in Connecticut, Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Nyack, New York City and other places, witnessing, it is said, the conversion of some 1,500 souls, and the renewing of faith of many already church members. Among the interesting conversions may be mentioned that of a prosperous farmer on his seventieth birthday, after which he immediately began to lead others to Christ, among them his own son. At several places of great awakenings, there had been no revival for many years. The meetings at the old Seventh Street M. E. Church, New York, were of special interest; there were one hundred and fifty conversions. A number of gamblers, who were induced to hear Mrs. Davis, have been turned from their evil ways.

By singing the Gospel, as well as preaching it, by personal converse, by distribution of tracts, and any method that appeals to her, Mrs. Davis seeks to reach and to win the lost.

Through the generosity of Mr. Freeborn Garrettson Smith, of Brooklyn, the little sermon cards and other literature which she gives away, is supplied to her for that special purpose.

MY FRIEND

I MUST have Christ abide with me,
Amid life's changing scene;
He must my trusted Saviour be,
My friend on whom to lean.
I tell him when I have prevailed,
All I have meant to do,
And things wherein my hand has failed—
The hopes I still pursue.

I must have Christ abide with me,
He sympathizes so,
Responsive to my earnest plea,
My inmost thought to know.
Though other friends be loving—true—
As human friends can be,
They cannot help as he can do,
Nor give such peace to me.

Life has temptations—trials—woes—
And disappointments grim;
But all that comes my Saviour knows,
And I can trust in him.
He will not let grief's smiting touch
Be laid too hard on me;
Nor let care try me overmuch,
Nor sin my conqueror be.

His grace will be sufficient strength,
He will not let me fall;
And I through him shall be at length
A victor over all.
My ever-present Friend divine!
Oh, how can any live
Without this precious Friend of mine,
Who can such kindness give?

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

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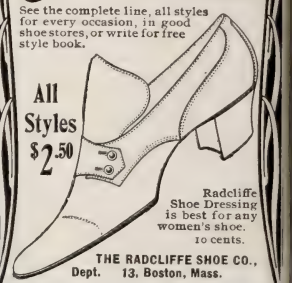

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ALABASTINE

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

IN MISS VINY'S GARDEN*

"THAT'S exactly what ails her," agreed Mrs. Wiggs: "it's nerves, Miss Hazy. To my way of thinkin', nerves is worser than tumors an' cancers. Look at old Mrs. Schultz. She's got the dropsy so bad you can't tell whether she's settin' down or standin' up, yet she ain't got a nerve in her body, an' has 'most as good a time as other folks. We can't let Lovey Mary go on with these here nerves; no tellin' where they'll land her at. If it was jes springtime, I'd give her sulphur an' molasses an' jes a leetle cream of tartar; that, used along with egg-shell tea, is the outbeatenest tonic I ever seen. But I never would run ag'in' the seasons. Seems to me I've heard yallerroot spoke of fer killin' nerves."

"I don't 'spect we could git no yallerroot round here."

"What's the matter with Miss Viny? I bet it grows in her garden thick as hairs on a dog's back. Let's send Lovey Mary out there to git some, an' we'll jes repeat the dose on her till it takes some hold."

"I ain't puttin' much stock in Miss Viny," demurred Miss Hazy. "I've heared she was a novelist reader, an' she ain't even a church-member."

"An' do you set up to jedge her?" asked Mrs. Wiggs, in fine scorn. "Miss Viny's got more sense in her little finger than me an' you has got in our whole heads. She can doctor better with them yarbs of hers than any physicianner I know. As to her not bein' a member, she lives right an' helps other folks, an' that's more than lots of members does. Besides," she added conclusively, "Mr. Wiggs himself wasn't no church-member."

The following Sunday being decidedly cooler, Lovey Mary was started off to Miss Viny's in quest of yellowroot. She had protested that she was not sick, but Miss Hazy, backed by Mrs. Wiggs, had insisted.

"If you git down sick, it would be a' orful drain on me," was Miss Hazy's final argument, and the point was effective.

As Lovey Mary trudged along the railroad-tracks, she was unconscious of the pleasant changes of scenery. The cottages became less frequent, and the bare, dusty commons gave place to green fields. Here and there a tree spread its branches to the breezes, and now and then a snatch of bird song broke the stillness. But Lovey Mary kept gloomily on her way, her eyes fixed on the cross-ties. The thoughts surging through her brain were dark enough to obscure even the sunshine. For three nights she had cried herself to sleep, and the "nervous sensations" were getting worse instead of better.

"Just two months since Kate was hurt," she said to herself. "Soon as she gets out the hospital she'll be trying to find us again. I believe she was coming to the factory looking for me when she got run over. She'd just like to take Tommy away and send me to jail. Oh, I hate her worse all the time! I wish she was—"

The wish died on her lips, for she suddenly realized that it might already have been fulfilled. Some one coughed near by and she started guiltily.

"You seem to be in a right deep study," said a voice on the other side of the fence.

Lovey Mary glanced up and saw a queer-looking old woman smiling at her quizzically. A pair of keen eyes twinkled under bushy brows, and a fierce little beard bristled from her chin. When she smiled it made Lovey Mary think of a pebble dropped in a pool, for the wrinkles went rippling off from her mouth in ever-widening circles, until they were lost in the gray hair under her broad-brimmed hat.

"Are you Miss Viny?" asked Lovey Mary, glancing at the old-fashioned flower-garden beyond.

"Well, I been that fer sixty year'; I ain't heared of no change," answered the old lady.

"Miss Hazy sent me after some yellowroot," said Lovey Mary, listlessly.

"Who fer?"

"Me."

Miss Viny took a pair of large spectacles from her pocket, put them on the tip of her nose, and looked over them critically at Lovey Mary.

"Stick out yer tongue."

Lovey Mary obeyed.

"Uh-huh. It's a good thing I looked. You don't no more need yallerroot than a bumblebee. You come in here on the porch an' tell me what's ailin' you, an' I'll do my own prescriptin'."

Lovey Mary followed her up the narrow path, that ran between a mass of flowers. Snowy oleanders, yellow asters, and purple phlox crowded together in a space no larger than Miss Hazy's front yard. Lovey Mary forgot her troubles in sheer delight in seeing so many flowers together.

"Do you love em, too?" asked Miss Viny, jerking her thumb over her shoulder.

"I guess I would if I had the chance. I never saw them growing out of doors like this. I always had to look at them through the store windows."

"Oh, law, don't talk to me 'bout caged-up flowers! I don't b'lieve in shuttin' a flower up in a greenhouse any more'n I b'lieve in shuttin myself up in one church all the time."

Lovey Mary remembered what Miss Hazy had told her of Miss Viny's pernicious religious views, and she tried to change the subject. But Miss Viny was started upon a favorite theme and was not to be diverted.

"This here is a denominational garden, an' I got every congregation I ever heared of planted in it. I ain't got no faverite bed. I keer fer 'em all jes alike. When you come to think of it, the same rule holds good in startin' a garden as does in startin' a church. You first got to steddy what sort of soil you goin' to work with, then you have to sum up all the things you have to fight ag'inst. Next you choose what flowers are goin' to hold the best places. That's a mighty important question in churches, too, ain't it? Then you go to plantin', the thicker the better, fer in both you got to allow fer a mighty fallin' off. After that you must take good keer of what you got, an' be sure to plant something new each year. Once in a while some of the old growths has to be thinned out, and the new upstarts an' suckers has to be pulled up. Now, if you'll come out here I'll show you round."

She started down the path, and Lovey Mary, somewhat overwhelmed by this oration, followed obediently.

"These here are the Baptists," said Miss Viny, waving her hand toward a bed of heliotrope and flags. "They want lots of water; like to be wet clean through. They sorter set off to theyselves an' tend to their own business: don't keer much 'bout minglin' with the other flowers."

Lovey Mary did not understand very clearly what Miss Viny was talking about, but she was glad to follow her in the winding paths, where new beauties were waiting at every turn.

"These is geraniums, ain't they? One of the girls had one, once, in a flower-pot when she was sick."

"Yes," said Miss Viny; "they're Methodist. They like lots of encouragement in the way of sun an' water. These phlox are Methodist, too; no set color, easy to grow, hardy an' vigorous. Pinchin' an' cuttin' back the shoots makes it flower all the better; needs new soil every few years; now ain't that Methodist down to the ground?"

"Are there any Presbyterians?" asked Lovey Mary, beginning to grasp Miss Viny's meaning.

"Yes, indeed; they are a good, old, reliable bed. Look at all these roses an' tiger lilies an' dahlias: they all knew what they was goin' to be afore they started to

*From *Lovey Mary*, by Alice Hegan Rice, Author of "Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch." Pp. 167: illustrated; cloth. Price $1. Century Co., N. Y., publishers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 278

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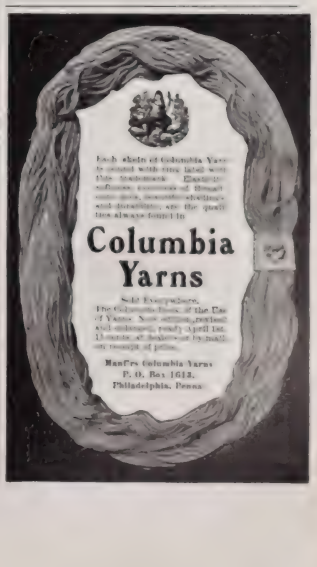

BOOK RECEIVED

Pickett's Charge and Other Poems, by Fred [illegible] written with a good deal of spirit and a little humor. Some show true pathos, but the optimistic spirit prevails throughout the book as a whole. Pp. 211; cloth binding. Price $1.25. Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago.

The Winning of Sarenne, by St. Clair Beall. In these days of historical romances, the young folks will welcome this excellent story. Pp. 343; illustrated cloth cover. Price 50c. Federal Book Company, New York, publishers.

The Story of Some Wonderful Leaves in the Round Ball that Floats in the Air, by Jane Andrews. An ideal story for the children, and beautifully illustrated. Pp. 119; illuminated cloth covers. Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers.

What Shall I Tell the Children? Object Sermons and Teachings, by Rev. George W. Reichel, brimful of good suggestions for teachers generally. Pp. 303; cloth covers. Price $1. Thomas Whittaker, New York, publisher.

Addresses on War, by the late Chas. Sumner. These are the famous Tremont Temple philippics of the American orator, who, as he himself said, "declared war upon war." Pp. 319; cloth covers. Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

IN MISS VINY'S GARDEN

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

grow. They was elected to it, an' they'll keep on being what they started out to be clean to the very end."

"I know about predestination," cried Lovey Mary, eagerly. "Miss Bell used to tell us all those things."

"Who did?"

Lovey Mary flushed crimson. "A lady I used to know," she said evasively.

Miss Viny crossed the garden, and stopped before a bed of stately lilies and azaleas. "These are 'Piscopals," she explained. "Ain't they tony? Jes look like they thought their bed was the only one in the garden. Somebody said that a lily didn't have no pore kin among the flowers. It ain't no wonder they 'most die of dignity. They're like the 'Piscopals in more ways 'n one; both hates to be disturbed, both likes some shade, an' "—confidentially—"both air pretty pernickity. But to tell you the truth, ain't nothin' kin touch 'em when it comes to beauty! I think all the other beds is proud of 'em, if you'd come to look into it. Why, look at weddin's an' funerals! Don't all the churches call in the 'Piscopals an' the lilies on both them occasions?"

Lovey Mary nodded vaguely.

"An' here," continued Miss Viny, "are the Unitarians. You may be s'prised at me fer havin' 'em in here, 'long with the orthodox churches; but if the sun an' the rain don't make no distinction, I don't see what right I got to put 'em on the other side of the fence. These first is sweet-william, as rich in bloom as the Unitarian is in good works, a-sowin' theyselves constant, an' every little plant a-puttin' out a flower."

"Ain't there any Catholics?" asked Lovey Mary.

"Don't you see them hollyhawks an' snowballs an' laylacs? All of them are Catholics, takin' up lots of room an' needin' the prunin'-knife pretty often, but bringin' cheer and brightness to the whole garden when it needs it most. Yes, I guess you'd have trouble thinkin' of any sect I ain't got planted. Them ferns over in the corner is Quakers. I ain't never seen no Quakers, but they tell me that they don't b'lieve in flowerin' out; that they like coolness an' shade an' quiet, an' are jes the same the year round. These colea plants are the apes; they are all things to all men, take on any color that's round 'em, but if left to theyselves they run back to good-fer-nothin's. This here everlastin' is one of these here Christians that's so busy thinkin' 'bout dyin' that he fergits to live."

Miss Viny chuckled as she crumbled the dry flower in her fingers.

"See how different this is," she said, plucking a sprig of lemon-verbena. "This an' the mint an' the sage an' the lavender is all true Christians; jes by bein' touched they give out a' influence that makes the whole world a sweeter place to live in. But, after all, they can't all be alike! There's all sorts of Christians: some stands fer sunshine, some fer shade; some fer beauty, some fer use; some up high, some down low. There's jes one thing all the flowers has to unite in fightin' ag'inst—that's the canker-worm, Hate. If it once gits in a plant, no matter how good an' strong that plant may be, it eats right down to its heart."

"How do you get it out, Miss Viny?" asked Lovey Mary, earnestly.

"Prayer an' perseverance. If the Christian'll do his part, God'll do his'n. You see, I'm tryin' to be to these flowers what God is to his churches. The sun, which answers to the Sperrit, has to shine on 'em all, an' the rain, which answers to God's mercy, has to fall on 'em all. I jes watch 'em, an plan fer 'em, an' shelter 'em, an' love 'em, an' if they do their part they're bound to grow. Now I'm goin' to cut you a nice bo'quet to carry back to the Cabbage Patch."

CALLED HIGHER

A friend, in Burlington, Ia., writes: Mr. W. E. Tomlinson, a subscriber and reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD since 1877 — one who sent THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into many homes—"passed on" September 27, 1902. A pure and beautiful life brought to a peaceful end.

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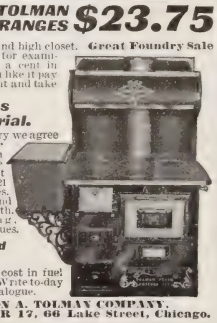

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QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM XCVII
Blind Man's Psalm

10. Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

11. Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

12. Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

"LIGHT IS SOWN FOR THE RIGHTEOUS"

In this Psalm, blind men see. "Light is sown for the righteous," and the Lord of the whole earth is visible in the dark, for his lightnings and fire confound and consume the wicked and their wickedness, so he may preserve the soul of his saints. If you dwell in the dark, this Psalm gives you sympathy.

PSALM XCVIII
Singer's Psalm

4. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5. Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

"SING UNTO THE LORD"

Singers who have salvation, here get a new song, and it is sung with full choir and fine orchestra; to complete the harmony, the deep bass of the sea roars in, and the hills join with joyful music. This Psalm is a song of the soul for the singers.

PSALM XCIX
Psalm for Unholy People

1. The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble: he sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.

2. The Lord is great in Zion; and he is high above all the people.

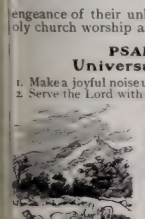
3. Let them praise thy great and terrible name; for it is holy.

"BETWEEN THE CHERUBIM"

Unholy folk need to know of a holy God. They are very apt to think people of their own stamp reign, but "The Lord reigneth" is told in thunder tones here. Even Moses, Aaron and Samuel, good as they were, found God took vengeance of their unholy inventions. Let a holy church worship a holy God.

PSALM C
Universal Psalm

1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
2. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.



"THE SHEEP OF HIS PASTURE"

3. Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Possibly "Coronation Psalm" would be a better name. One needs to go to Scotland to hear it well sung, but it's for "all lands," and some sweet day, by and by, white, black, brown, yellow, and red folk will use this poem. I think when the truth of Revelation, chapter seven, being made history, "that great multitude which no man can number of all nations, tongues, tribes and peoples" singing this joyful oratorio, will sink all the sorrows of life in a flood of praise. If we sigh here, we shall sing there.

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He began by making a clean sweep of his block, getting everybody possible to sign an order directing him to deliver for four successive weeks. Street by street he canvassed his part of town with such success that all his boy friends were excited about it, and wrote to us clamoring to be agents. But Master Duncan had thought this problem all out for himself long before. He figured that we would not be apt to take chances on new boys to compete against him, if he could sell at the rate of 50 copies a week. So he wrote us a letter, requesting control of the whole town—knew he "could sell unassisted all the copies the people would buy"—wanted us to refuse all other boys; said he could "beat all of them put together, anyway," and wound up by inclosing a cash deposit to pay in advance for fifty copies a week for several months, just to show that he "meant business."

We complied with his request to refuse to sell to the other boys. Since then he has sold an average of 100 copies a week for almost a year. His town, lying in the copper country of the upper peninsula of Michigan, has been built four years and has just 750 inhabitants, and he is ten years old.

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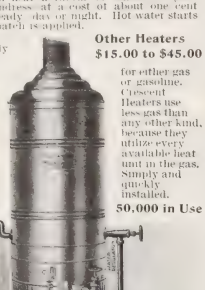

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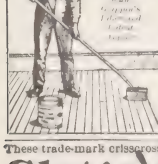

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IDLENESS*

A Prolific Source of Poverty, Misery and Iniquity

WORK, so far from being the curse with which it is commonly associated, is really a blessing. The picture of the ideal life given us in the first chapters of Genesis, contains the element of occupation: "The Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it." He would probably not have been happy, even in Paradise, if he had had nothing to do. In one of the great novelist's strongest stories, a physician is represented as finding relief from intense sorrow and distress, by learning the trade of the shoemaker. It substituted the problems of the hand for the agony of the brain. Many men have learned the same lesson. The grief that eats out the heart is relieved in no way so readily as by getting to work. Work, therefore, ought to be recognized as a benefit independent of its reward. Better be at work without wages than spend the time in idleness.

Idleness is the prolific mother of all kinds of evil. It relaxes all the powers, leaving its victim a weakling. It robs him even of the repose that he desires, because healthful repose comes only to the man tired with labor. Above all, it leads to vice, for the natural propensities find in idleness a congenial soil in which they grow rank and luxuriant. That it leads also to poverty is a foregone conclusion. The idle man is not only incapable of earning, but he is incapable of protecting inherited property from the depredations of his enemies.

So insidious is the habit of idleness that every man, and especially every young man, ought to be vigilant over its beginning. When he finds himself shrinking from difficult tasks, when he begins to postpone to another day duties that ought to be done at once, when he chooses the less promising path because it is the easier, when he allows an opportunity of doing useful work to escape him—in any of these signs he should recognize a danger signal, and should set himself resolutely to overcome a tendency which threatens his ruin.

The Resurrection†

The Transformed and Regenerated Soul has Resurrection in Life

HOW passionately men in all ages have longed to pierce the veil that falls on every closed life, we well know. We have the same intense desire, but we, like the ancient sages, fail to penetrate it. Perhaps we could not understand, even if we were told. We know that we leave the body behind us, and when we are stripped of the senses by which we perceive life, how can we conceive of life? In any case, we do not know and cannot know. But the Bible bids us hope, and Jesus was emphatic in his assurance that we shall have another life, that death is not the end.

What then may we hope for? Not simply immortality. That would be a boon of doubtful value. Ask the weary toiler, the harassed and worried burden-bearer if the mere continuance of life would be welcome to him. We long for better conditions; we hope for higher powers; we aspire to larger life. What then? Are we simply to wait until they are conferred upon us? Christ's words forbid such an attitude. There is such a thing as resurrection in life. We know well enough what is low and grovelling and ignoble in our being. Is it not possible to die to all that and to rise into a higher life? We cannot imagine that the gratification of the senses, or the love of money, or the struggle for fame or power, will be continued after death. But the kindness, the unselfishness, the purity of thought and action, and many other high characteristics will persist. Why, then, may not He who said, "I am the resurrection and the life," so come into our lives that all these immortal qualities may be quickened and nourished? So may we who are dead to heavenly realities obey the divine voice which Lazarus heard, and come forth, as he came, into new life.

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 12. Prov. 24: 30, 31; Rom. 12: 11.

†Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for Easter day, April 12. John 11: 21-27; 40-44.

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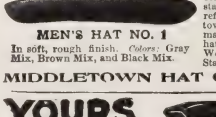

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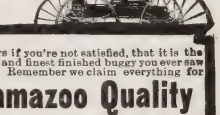

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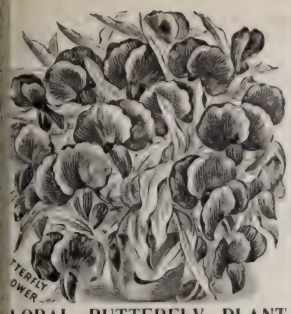

FLOWER AND SEED CATALOGUES

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1903 ought to be in the hands of every farmer gardener and florist. The book contains a great deal of valuable information, it is not stereotyped, but written from fresh notes taken during growth of the various crops and thousands of comparative trials save the publishers. The experience gained during twenty-seven years of seed growing by such a firm is something the progressive planter will be eager to avail himself of, and many will doubtless send for the annual. It is liberally illustrated and has attractive colored plates. Planters visiting Philadelphia are invited to inspect the new Burpee Building and there secure permits to visit Fordhook Farms, the "largest trial grounds in America." Pp. 188. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Condensed Catalogue of Specialties, Novelties, and Specific Offers will be welcomed by customers who for years have bought seeds, plants, bulbs and fruit trees from John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N.Y. A seedsman, florist, and publisher of that well known horticultural monthly *The Mayflower*, and of the little 15 monthly *The Harbinger*, which is devoted to the study of our 12 native birds, setting forth their usefulness in orchard, farm and garden. The catalogue describes a number of choice new and useful fruits, vegetables and flowers, and announces some attractive premiums.

Garden Annual, 1903. Every beautiful thing that grows in a garden, and all manner of succulent and nutritious things found therein, supply the subjects discussed and pictured in this dainty and useful book. Here are stories of asparagus and tomatoes and melons and corn to make the mouth water, and of roses and sweet peas and pansies and pinks and poppies to set the eye and nostril aflame with desire; instructions as to how all these may be had and how they may be grown are not spared—these matters being set forth by expert florists and gardeners than whom there are no better or more reliable authorities. J. Roscoe Fuller & Co., Floral Park, New York.

Everything for the Garden. Henderson's Annual is always one of the handsomest sent out. Each year it is, if anything, a finer work of art than the season preceding. There are colored plates in this, notably that of "Sweet Peas," worthy of framing. But beauty of presentation would count for little were it not for the solid facts back of it when one comes to a question of seed buying and seed growing. These solid facts consist of correct data about grasses for lawns and golf courses and for cattle-feed; about beans and beets and onions and cabbage and other supplies that come up out of the earth for man's sustenance; and about grapes, berries and flowers that delight and refresh him. Pp. 186. Peter Henderson & Co., 35-37 Cortlandt street, New York City.

Maule's Seed Catalogue, 1903. This is a good book for "everybody who buys anything to sow or plant." It is another annual that is a work of art; some of the pictures make one hungry and thirsty. "Maule's New Model Muskmelon" on the cover, is just the tempting dish to begin breakfast with. Such fine tomatoes, onions and lettuce come after for lunch and dinner, with scarlet radishes, and fat, full beans and mealy potatoes, and celery, all fit to please an epicure's palate and to nourish a strong man for his work. Then, here are flowers of every sort and shade to adorn the garden and to gladden the eye. Pp. 137. Wm. Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our New Guide to Rose Culture. Although the "Queen of Flowers" claims the larger share of this pamphlet, a liberal number of pages is given to ferns, fine chrysanthemums, lilies, dahlias and other garden glories, and due space to select garden vegetables. Pp. 171; handsomely illustrated. Dingee & Conard Co., West Grove, Pa.

New Floral Guide. The "Queen of Flowers" again has right of precedence. Some new varieties are described. But cannas, fuchsias, geraniums and all their glorious company, follow in the rose's train, and wise words about bringing them all to perfection are written. Several pages are devoted to fine lawns and their care. Pp. 135. Conard & Jones Co., West Grove, Pa.

Landreth's Seed Catalogue. Seeds, plants, trees, vines, fruits, nuts are presented in good illustrations, and timely hints in regard to their culture furnished by experienced growers. Pp. 81. D. Landreth & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

Catalogues for Spring. Fruits, plants and vines and ornamental trees, plants and vines are the specialties in this attractively-illustrated manual issued by Green's Nursery Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Dreer's Garden Calendar. This annual is a beauty. The cover is particularly handsome. There are a number of fine colored plates; and the book is a real library of information about seeds, plants, bulbs, etc. Pp. 209. Henry A. Dreer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Annual Catalogue Iowa Seed Co. A very attractive, full and complete manual of information about fine seeds and plants, fruits, flowers, vegetables, grains and grasses. Pp. 133; illustrated. Issued by Iowa Seed Co., Des Moines, Iowa, a firm established thirty-three years ago.

Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Old reliable garden products and novelties in vegetable, fruit and flower seeds are brought to the reader's attention, together with a number of improved implements for garden culture. James J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.

The Storrs & Harrison Co.'s Catalogue (Springfield, Ohio), displays in colors on the front cover a handsome new rose and a variety of clematis recently introduced from Japan; on the back some very fine cherries, currants, raspberries and pears. The pages are crowded with pictures and information about flowers, fruits and nuts and ornamental shrubs and trees.

The Family Garden. A handbook on the treatment of all kinds of garden vegetables, flowers and small fruits. This is really a valuable compendium of information and instruction. Sent free with every order for $1.00 worth of seeds from the publishers, L. Templin & Sons, Calla, Ohio, who also issue a catalogue *Ideal Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, etc.*, sent free on application.

Stark Bro's Nurseries and Orchards Co., who may be addressed at Dansville, N.Y., or Louisiana, Mo., are sending out interesting illustrated literature about beautiful and luscious fruits. They present some striking specialties in apples, plums and grapes, and give much attention to ornamental trees and shrubs.

FLORAL BUTTERFLY PLANT

No plant possesses so many good points as do those glorious new Cosmedullas. Of graceful trailing habit, superb for carpet bedding or for hanging pots—*pots they bloom every day in the year.* In the garden from May until frost, showing *daily* scores of large ranged butterfly-like blossoms. Color (No. 1) the most beautiful blue to be found in any flower. A shade so positively lovely as to baffle description. Thrives in sun or shade, wet or dry, rich or poor soil; as easily sown as a weed from seed or cuttings, grows rapidly, covers at once, and propagates so easily that plants are very cheap. Blooms in 50 days from seed.

No. 1 Exquisite Blue, like tropical Butterflies.

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Strong plants for blooming at once by mail guaranteed to grow, 20c each; the 2 for 30c, 5 for 60c.

Seed of both colors mixed, 25 cts. per packet.

FREE OUR GREAT CATALOGUE of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Rare New Fruits, Profusely Illustrated, Large Colored Plate—*Iris Gracilipes*. Do not miss our great Novelties. Emperor Asparagus—grow in 4 months from seed. Early Lima. Perfected Rhubarb. Pineapple Onion. Climbing Currant and Blackberry. Everblooming Wistaria. Tree, and Double Tulips, etc. We are the finest Asters, Pansies, Peas, Stocks, Verbenas, Cosmos, Azaleas, Roses, Palms, Ferns, Pyrethrums, Gloxinias, Tablets, Phloxes, Gladiolus, Cannas, Dahlias, Lilies, Calceolarias, Shrubs, Vines, New Fruits, and all Vegetables, every one of which colors mixed, 25 cts. per packet.

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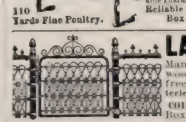

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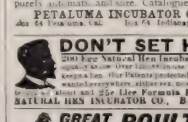

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Relieved Without Medicine

9,000 Persons Permanently Relieved by Magic Foot Drafts Last Year. They Will Bring Comfort to YOU.

Trial Pair FREE on Approval to Anybody. Try Them.

Our new booklet on rheumatism, which is sent free with the trial Drafts, contains letters from the following persons who have received permanent relief from rheumatism by using Magic Foot Drafts:

Mrs. W. D. Hartman, wife of Judge Hartman, of Ann Arbor, Mich.

Carl C. Pope, U. S. Census Supervisor at Black River Falls, Wis., who had Rheumatic Gout.

T. C. Pendleton, Jackson, Mich., who suffered with severe rheumatism of the arms, neck and back.

Mrs. Casper Vahrsdorfer, Jackson, Mich., 70 years old, after suffering for 2 years.

James Gilbert, Locomotive Dept., Mich. Cent. R. R., Jackson, Mich., after 25 years of pain.

Dr. Van Vleck, Jackson, Mich., who is now using them in his practice.

Thousands of other letters of praise for Magic Foot Drafts are on file in our office.

Send no money—we only ask [illegible] will send you a pair of Magic Foot Drafts. If you are troubled with [illegible] them, send us the Drafts. If you are satisfied with the relief they give, then send us the Drafts. If you are not satisfied with the relief they give, then send us the Drafts. We know there's comfort and health in every pair, and we want you to know that [illegible] are willing to take our word for it.

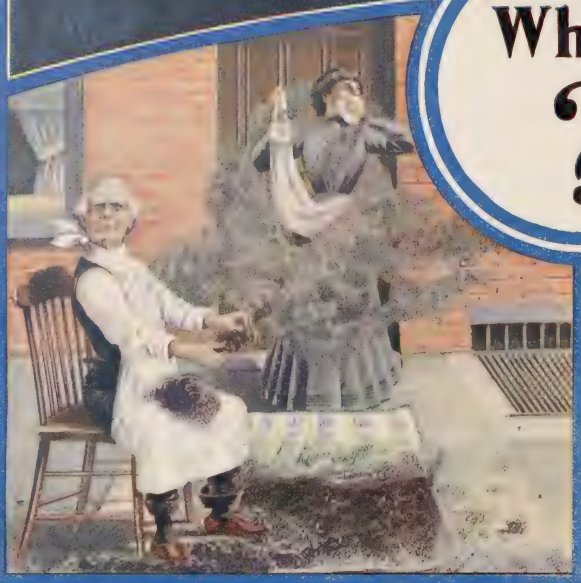
The drafts are worn in the shoes and by their [illegible] they relieve rheumatism in any part of the body by drawing out and destroying the poisonous acid system, thus giving it a chance to heal itself. Try them—Free. Write today. Magic Foot Draft Co., R 4, Oliver Building, Jackson, Mich.

"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do." Don't use SAPOLIO

Cleaning Hair is a dirty job

Which ?

The Ostermoor needs only a sun bath



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Every hair mattress is a tick stuffed with animal hair, often swarming with disease germs. Our advertising has driven the old-line makers to claim "sterilized" hair, which is absurd; for the only process that would be effective destroys the value of the hair—makes it brittle and lifeless.

The hair-stuffed tick gets lumpy—has to be "made over" every three or four years, at a greater expense each time.

THE "OSTERMOOR"—Built, Not Stuffed

Each Ostermoor mattress is built—not stuffed. Hand-laid sheets of snowy whiteness, each the full size, are carefully compressed into the tick. The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt is purity itself, germ-free and vermin-proof.

Ostermoor mattresses *cannot* get lumpy, never need renewing; an occasional sun-bath is all they require. The tick can be taken off and washed whenever soiled.

The Ostermoor PATENT ELASTIC FELT Mattress $15.

has met with success so great that dozens of would-be rivals have flattered themselves and us by unsuccessful attempts to imitate it. Do not be fooled! *There is but one* Ostermoor! It is not FELT if it is not an OSTERMOOR. Our name and guarantee on the end of every genuine mattress.

Send for Our Handsome 96-Page Book FREE

whether you want a mattress or not. There is no other mattress as good as the "Ostermoor" and we want you to know why—*we challenge comparison.* Our book "The Test of Time," gives testimonials from such men as Rev. Dr. MacArthur, and George H. Daniels, whom you *must* believe—*even if you think* WE *exaggerate.* It illustrates the various uses to which the Patent Elastic Felt is put—Pillows, Window Seat Cushions, Boat Cushions and Church Cushions, etc.

Sleep On It Thirty Nights FREE

and if it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

STANDARD SIZES AND PRICES:

2 ft. 6 in. wide,	25 lbs.	=	$ 8.35	All 6 ft. 3 in. long
3 ft. wide,	30 lbs.	=	10.00	
3 ft. 6 in. wide,	35 lbs.	=	11.70	
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Made in two parts, 50c. extra. Special sizes, special prices.

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES EVERYWHERE

LOOK OUT whether you doubt the dealer or not, ask to see our name—it is sewn on the end. It is a safe thing to do—"mistakes" will happen, you know.

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We have cushioned 25,000 churches
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NEW YORK ≡ EASTER NUMBER ≡ APRIL 8, 1903

VOL. 26 NO. 14
PRICE 5 CENTS

CHRISTIAN HERALD

"At Easter, Earth Awakes and Smiles in Flowers"

A HAPPY DISPOSITION *is the* FORTUNE *of every*

ESKAY FOOD BABY

Thousands of grateful mothers write us every year to tell us of the improvement they have seen in baby's health and disposition after a few months' use of ESKAY'S FOOD. In all these letters there is hardly one that does not tell how happy and well baby has become since ESKAY'S FOOD did it. A few days with ESKAY'S FOOD there is an end of fretting and peevishness. Here are seven examples of ESKAY'S FOOD babies. We have over three hundred in our possession.

Send for our book, "How to Care for the Baby," a most helpful little volume containing just the information that every mother should possess and will send free with a sample of ESKAY'S FOOD.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.
427 Arch St., Philadelphia

Health, Clear Skin and Good Figure

I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to induce every woman who sees this advertisement to at least write to me.

I have spent twelve years in prescribing **reducing, developing** and **curative** exercises for women in person, and my marvelous success in my work and my desire to reach and help more women induced me to take up the course of physical culture by mail. I can take only a limited number of pupils because I give each one my personal attention, and no two lessons are exactly alike: each woman receives just the work adapted to her individual needs—no more.

I know that I can give you Health, Strength and a Good Figure; relieve you from **NERVOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, TORPID LIVER, OBESITY, LEANNESS** and all so-called chronic ailments, and build up women who are run down.

I prefer to let my students speak for me, and the following extracts are from letters from my pupils:

"I am not nearly **so nervous.** My chest expansion is four inches and the best of all I am gaining in weight."

"My **height is increased a good inch.** My hip measurement has **reduced** from 44 to 38 inches."

"It seems wonderful that the exercises could have helped me so much in a short time. the exercises for the **eyes** are so good, as are all your other exercises."

"My husband, who has been away for six weeks, was so surprised and delighted over my **reduction** and my **improved figure.**"

"I never felt or looked as well as at the present time. I have not had an attack of **indigestion** and but one **headache** in six weeks, and compared with the previous weeks it is a miracle."

"My **constipation is entirely relieved.** I only wish I had known of your physical culture years ago. I should have been saved four 12 years of suffering. Your **breathing exercises** are helping me greatly."

"I feel better in every way. **Lighter, brighter** and a **desire to live.** My **nerves** are better and my general health improved. My **carriage** is very materially better."

"Since I began working with you I have **increased my chest expansion 3 inches,** my diaphragm expansion from 2 to 5 inches, my **bust measurement** from 32 to 36. I have lengthened my front waist line 2 inches."

"My **deep breathing** has given me **skin** a new **life** and **color.**"

"Never in my life have I been as well as I am now, and I am indeed grateful to you. My sister, who had not seen me for three months, was surprised at my changed appearance."

Hon. Wm. T. Harris, LL.D., U. S. Commissioner of Education, says: "It is the glory of the present revival of physical exercises that it is not by empirical physicians. It is a new movement of the highest importance. It means the end of the era of quackery in hygiene."

Dr. Frank W. Cornish, D.D., LL.D., writes me "Your thorough preparation for your work and your high aim must surely give you a worthy success."

My exercises cultivate the distinguished carriage and bearing which at once bespeak culture and refinement. Men cannot do this work for women. They do not understand our conditions nor limitations.

Write to me. For 10 cents I will send you full information regarding my system, and testimonial letters from numbers of women who have worked with me, an instructive and interesting booklet, and a card for your dressing-table, showing the correct lines of the woman's figure.

Yours for a body expressing perfect health, perfect grace and perfect womanhood.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 197, 57 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO

NOTE.—Miss Cocroft is President of the Physical Culture Extension Work in Vassar. She resides at Harlem Avenue, Berwyn, Ill.

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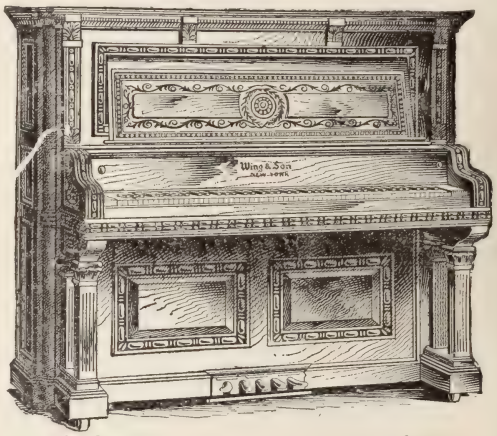
By buying directly from the Manufacturers. The **WING PIANOS** are known the world over, and thousands of them are in the homes of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.



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If you intend to buy a piano. A book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship and finish; will tell you how to know good from bad. It describes the materials used; gives pictures of all the different parts, and tells how they should be made and put together. It is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 116 pages, and is named **"The Book of Complete Information About Pianos."** We send it **free** to anyone wishing to buy a piano. Write for it.

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1868——THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR——1903

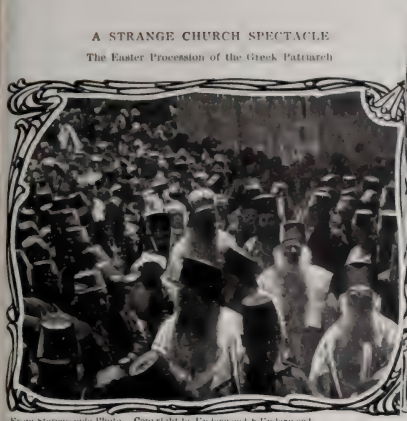
NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1903

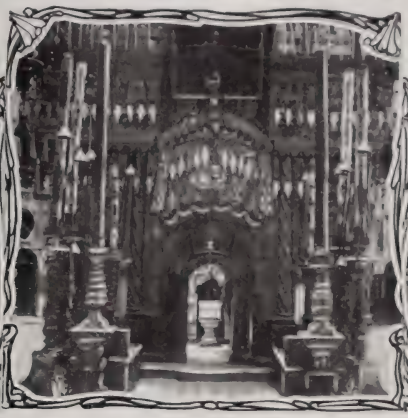
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE ADORNED FOR EASTER

A STRANGE CHURCH SPECTACLE
The Easter Procession of the Greek Patriarch





LOOKING TOWARD ST. STEPHEN'S GATE
A Street in Jerusalem at Easter time

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From Stereoscopic Photo. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

EASTER DAY *IN* JERUSALEM

The Strange Spectacle of the "Holy Fire," as Described by an Eye-Witness

JERUSALEM was thronged with pilgrims. As we rode in through the new parts, outside the old walls, it seemed as if all the city were having holiday; and after passing in through the Jaffa gate, the crowds became more dense. So did the dust and the heat.

The streets were busy. In spite of the sun, people of all colors and races were crowding and pushing, all hurrying to one point, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was the day before the Greek Easter, and at two o'clock, they told us, "holy fire from heaven" would descend upon the sepulchre of Christ, as an eternal token of his resurrection from the dead. There were manly-looking officers and seamen from the Greek man-of-war stationed at Jaffa, native priests, with their queer stove-pipe hats, and tall, solemn fanatics from Abyssinia; but most numerous of all were the multitudes of Russian peasants, stolid and solemn, the men all wearing heavy beards, and with long, light hair parted over meek foreheads. Poor peasants! They come at enormous expense, and even at risk of life, thousands of weary miles, over muddy roads and in filthy steerages. They are so simple, so sincere, as ignorant and trustful as the dumb beasts. However we may condemn the priests, we can only pity the people.

Of course there was no place for us on the floor of the crowded church, but through the kindness of our consul, ten or twelve American gentlemen were admitted to a little archway reserved for the purpose. Under the guidance of the consular dragoman and two *kawasses*, a path was cleared for us, and we were led safely through the dark mazes of the crowded building, and up to a gallery, some forty feet above the main floor. We were under the great dome, in the best possible place for witnessing the coming ceremony. Below was a sight never to be forgotten. Under the centre of the dome is the Chapel of the Sepulchre—an ugly, octagonal building, about twenty-six feet long and seventeen wide. Around this, a narrow aisle was kept open by Turkish soldiers. There must have been a couple of regiments of them. The privates locked arms all along both sides of this pathway, and the officers preserved order by the unsparing use of rawhide whips. Except for this narrow aisle, the whole building was packed with people, not only under the rotunda, but out in every direction as far as we could see.

I have been in many great crowds in New York and Chicago, but I never saw such a crowd as this. Men and women were pressed together so that they could not even move their hands. The front ranks were driven back by the strength of hundreds of soldiers, and by the blows of whips: the rear ranks were simply crushed, until they could be crushed no more. There were many fights; fierce ones, too, not like the good-natured struggles of an American crowd. Most of the people had been standing there since the night before, standing perhaps twenty hours in that heat and stench! No wonder they lost their tempers! Now two big Syrians would enter into a fierce struggle for some place of vantage. Now a priest would vainly attempt to force his way through the solid mass. The scene was strained, crowded, filthy, earnest, cruel. We heard afterward that several Russians were trampled to death. It is probably true. Such things happen nearly every year.

It is now one o'clock. The ceremony is not due till two; but it is beginning already. The Greek patriarch, resplendent with gold and jewels, marches around the Chapel of the Sepulchre, followed by bishops and deacons, only less gorgeous than himself. Now the crowd takes up a chant, fierce and loud and monotonous, and a roll of thunder comes from the voices of 10,000 pilgrims, who are at the consummation of their hopes. I was told that the chant begins like this:

> God has come to earth to-day;
> we are saved by his blood.
> We are glad, but the Jews are
> sorrowful.

After encircling the chapel three times, the Greek patriarch was joined by the Armenian patriarch and both entered the sacred building. What happens inside? The Greek priests say that fire descends from heaven upon the sepulchre of Christ. A man, who stood next me, derided this as "a heathenish farce." It would be interesting to enter with the two patriarchs and see how they act in the presence of this greatest of mysteries, or this greatest of impostures. But to the multitude outside, it is all intensely true.

The moment has come! The fire is to be handed out through a hole in the side of the chapel. Near it are stationed a score of large, muscular men, dressed only in their underclothing. They are runners, strong men of the different churches, who will take the fire and carry it to their chapels, which are scattered throughout the great building—Coptic, Armenian, Greek, Abyssinian, Syriac.

THE CEREMONY OF THE "HOLY FIRE" IN THE CHAPEL OF THE SEPULCHRE

Everyone is silent now. The great bell suddenly begins clanging, as if for an alarm of fire, and again the throng takes up its weird, thunderous chant. A spark appears at the opening. A runner lights his torch and holds it under his bent body, while two others

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

TRAINING A MIXED CHOIR OF THE DEMENTED IN PHILADELPHIA

Copyright, 1903, by H. D. Jones

A REHEARSAL OF THE BASSOS OF THE LUNATIC CHOIR

Copyright, 1903, by H. D. Jones

INSANE PEOPLE TAUGHT TO SING SWEET HYMNS

A REMARKABLE feature of the Easter services in Philadelphia this year will be a song service, by a choir composed entirely of insane vocalists. Selecting a number of men and women from the inmates of the Asylum for the Insane in Philadelphia, Mrs. Hughes, widow of the former resident physician of the institution, has, by dint of the most patient training, developed from this unpromising material a band of singers whose rendition of sacred songs has attracted numbers to the services that are held each Sunday in the chapel at the almshouse adjoining the asylum.

The experiment of teaching mentally unbalanced persons to sing hymns, and march in processional during church service, was thought by many to be an attempt at the impossible. At first, it was necessary for attendants to constantly watch the insane singers during rehearsal, for fear of bodily danger to the teacher. But Mrs. Hughes, although once attacked while the service was in progress, refused to give in, and by firmness and kindness she has not only brought the choir to a marvelous standard of musical skill, but has so brought the mindless pupils under her control that a word or a look from her is sufficient. In fact, it has become possible to hold rehearsals with only one attendant, the nurse, who officiates at the organ.

One of the greatest punishments that can be inflicted upon any member of the choir is to be forbidden to attend rehearsals, or to be ejected from the choir-room. It is only necessary to threaten a rebellious patient with expulsion, to ensure good behavior for the rest of the session.

A stranger, finding his way into the room in which this strangest of all choirs is at rehearsal, would hardly suspect the mental condition of the singers. With Mrs. Hughes beating time, the singing swells out to the accompaniment of the organ, not a note out of place, not a voice discordant.

The hymns that are usually chosen are not simple Gospel tunes, but sometimes difficult musical selections that it would be supposed none but clear-minded men and women could be taught to render.

Some vocalists are harmless in their dementia. Others are a source of continual anxiety to the attendants. One soprano with a fine voice, will swallow all the nails, pins, needles and other hardware that she can get hold of, and is periodically in the hospital, despite the most vigilant watching. Some of the patients are morphine wrecks, and are difficult to control. The sweetest singer in the choir has to be watched day and night in order to prevent her committing suicide. All have some pet fancy or other; but to hear them sing with enthusiasm is one of the most remarkable experiences of this age of unusual doings. H. D. JONES.

A TEMPERANCE ARMY OF CHILDREN

EARNEST Christians everywhere who are interested in enlisting the young in temperance movements, will be pleased to read the following letter from Mr. J. K. Snyder, Superintendent of the Loyal Temperance Legion of Camden, N. J., an organization of remarkable growth and of much usefulness:

"We have been engaged in the Sunday School work from childhood. Our labors as teachers began in 1878, when our especial power for drawing the children to us seemed to be that of song. For about twenty years my wife and I have been alone in the work, depending only on our Divine Father for help and guidance. It is for twenty-five years that we have been especially identified with this temperance work.

We organized the Loyal Temperance No. 1 in 1887. Since that time thousands of children have been under our care and influence. We have seen many little ones accept the Master, pledging themselves to follow him in temperance truth and holiness. God lets us plant the seed, and he gives the increase.

"Our Legion meets every Sabbath at 9.30 A.M. We have known some of our children to come without their breakfast, so eager were they for the meeting. The Legion is a branch of the Wiley M. E. Church work, but we maintain it financially ourselves. Reports are made to the Church quarterly or semi-yearly of our progress. We give one or two concerts a year, and generally have a picnic on Decoration Day, and in the fall a nutting picnic, and do everything we can to make the children happy.

"Our last report showed the year's attendance, 4,051; cards given out, 3,715; picture tracts, 3,065, etc. We don't know how we manage to do the work and meet the expenses. Our only help is that received from a few of the children. I am regularly employed at my business. My wife has a large house to look after and take care of; the many boys and girls that come in to be helped or entertained keep her busy. Somehow the Lord directs and helps us, so that we find time for everything. It is a great pleasure to train the children in the singing; she plays and I lead, and the earnest little voices follow heartily.

"Every meeting, rehearsal or concert is begun with prayer. The Lord gives the success we pray for.

"We reward the children for continuous attendance; giving Bibles, testaments or what we can afford; we gave out yesterday nineteen golden text-books as rewards. One of our scholars has not missed a Sabbath for nearly three years. We have no teachers to assist us—often visitors, but no teachers. There is a large primary department to the Legion and a long 'cradle roll.' Of course, we have to plan and study to do all we need to do. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD forms an important part in our readings and meditations. Our boys and girls derive much benefit from it. In our various calls we carry the paper to the sick, and the shut-ins. Our boys take them sometimes to the jails. Our work is done without money and without price, in His Name. This incident shows what precious rewards we sometimes receive: My wife and I were called to Kensington, Philadelphia, on New Year's Day. While there the young man (he was about 23) of the house where we stopped, came into the parlor and handing my wife a book said, 'Do you remember this?' It was a Bible she had given him when a mere boy, with our temperance pledge pasted on the fly-leaf. She had forgotten about it. He told her he had been true to his pledge, and that he was trying to be true to his Bible."

MR. J. K. SNYDER

MRS. SNYDER

THE CAMDEN, N. J., TEMPERANCE LEGION ON AN OUTING

EASTER DAY IN JERUSALEM

Concluded from preceding page

rush him through the crowd and out of the church. Now he is mounted and galloping towards Bethlehem. Others of the strong men light their torches and, forming wedges, they rush through the struggling crowd and bring the fire to their chapel. The Abyssinian team makes frantic efforts, but again and again their torch is put out by the opposing factions, and it is only at the fifth rush that they are successful.

Here and there in the multitude, men have caught the fire. Each pilgrim has a torch made of twenty or more candles and the flame is passed from one to another. Ropes carry it up to galleries above. Away down the long aisles lights appear. Now the whole building is one mass of fire and smoke. And all the while the great bell is clanging, and ten thousand throats are roaring out a chant which is half a praise to God, and half a curse upon their fellow-men.

Poor pilgrims! they let the smoke of the candles play around their faces and naked breasts. "It will not burn them," they say. They will save these candles, and will light them upon festal occasions or on the days of sacred feasts.

The very caps with which they extinguish the flame are sacred, and will be worn upon their death-beds as a sure passport to paradise.

Poor pilgrims! They are so happy now. You can see it upon their homely, careworn faces. For they have journeyed far to see the Holy City, and they have "lighted their candles at the very flame of God!"

Beirut, Syria LEWIS GASTON LEARY.

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"WITH SPRING'S GAY GARLANDS CROWNED"

Easter
The World Over

Jesus Christ to-day is risen,
And o'er death triumphant reigns;
He has burst the grave's strong prison,
Leading sin herself in chains.
Kyrie eleison.

In his hands he hath forever
Mercy, life, and sin, and death:
Christ his people can deliver,
All who come to him in faith.
Kyrie eleison.

MARTIN LUTHER, from the Latin of Thos. Hess

"EASTER! GLAD TRUMPETS SOUND"

THE universality of the observance of Easter as the chief of Christian festivals, the joy that Easter brings the world over, the curious origin of many customs connected with its celebration,

WITH BLOSSOMS BURDENED

the truth that in "Time's dim dawn" heathen nations held holidays foreshadowing it and its promise of immortality, are facts impressing themselves upon one who thinks seriously of this blessed season and its history, past and present.

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HARK! TO THE EASTER SONG

Before Christ "Athenians celebrated earth's awakening and blossoming with pipes and pæans of praise and processions to the violet-crowned hill of the Acropolis." The word Easter is derived from the name of the Anglo-Saxon Goddess of Spring, *Eostre* or *Ostara*. All ancient peoples greeted nature's renewal with rites religious. Christ's resurrection informed the spring festival with divine promise for man; early Christians kept vigil till cock-crow, and then the stillness of the night was rent by the joyful acclamation: "The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen!" From remotest antiquity, the egg, holder of the germ of existence and type of the universe, and the hare, type of the Light-Giver in Darkness (the moon, in which its picture was supposed to be seen), and in itself of abounding fruitfulness, have been symbols of life's renewal; to-day, Parsees of Bombay distribute eggs at their spring festival, as the Chinese, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, and Greeks did thousands of years ago. With influx of foreign population, the egg and the hare are more and more the chief decorations of American shop-windows at Easter. Our white lily is the old Egyptian symbol of joy immortal, the Greek type of purity.

Nowhere are the pleasant home features of Easter more observed than in Germany and Holland, nowhere do "hares lay" more eggs for children to find. Easter is a great time for wedding-bells in Kaiser Wilhelm's country; pastors of the State Church exact no fee for marriage service Easter Monday, which is an advantage for the poor, and sometimes twenty-five couples stand in a row before the minister, making vows in unison. In some parts of Europe, peasants keep vigil on hills for the rising of the sun, which, they say, "dances for joy Easter morning." White-robed watchers in Silesia, on a hill called "Calvary," appear in the dawn like spirits rising from a graveyard, which the place resembles. The people in the valley, looking up at them, cry, "Easter!" In Hungary, youths sprinkle maidens with rose water, and receive eggs in return. Provincial Great Britain is rich in quaint and curious Easter customs.

Rome, of course, celebrates Easter with such magnificence of ritual, music and decoration, as can be found nowhere else. Here, as in Russia, food prepared for Easter must be blessed by the priests. The city is filled with tourists from everywhere. Paris, too, is a great centre of attraction at Easter, when the gay and beautiful city, at its loveliest, is compared to a tremendous flower and fashion show. Everybody — nurses and washerwomen included — wear sprigs of green: windows of even the very poor are gay with bits of bloom.

"Christ is risen!" "He is risen of a truth!" Bearded Russians, exchanging this salutation, kiss each other. Easter began at midnight, in cathedral or church, where peasants knelt in darkness on cold stones until twelve, when lights flared up and priests acclaimed and choirs chanted: "*Christos voskress!*" ("Christ is risen!") and the multitude, as in one great sob of joy, responded: "*Vo istenu voskress.*" ("He is risen of a truth!") They have been fasting many days. Now may they feast. Paul calls on Ivan and his wife, offers her an egg, and receives one which he gives his next hostess. Every entertainer serves refreshments. The Czar and Czarina present their courtiers such eggs as the rich Viennese interchange, and as many kings and queens are wont to bestow on friends and favorites at this season — eggs of mother-of-pearl, silver or gold, holding "trinkets or ducats." Egg-making, in which hens have no part, is a great industry, by which many artificers make the money that buys the Easter feast for wife and little ones. According to Russian etiquette, a peasant at Easter, offering a princess an egg, may, with it, give the kiss of brotherhood.

"Christ is risen!" From Tyrolean hills picturesque jodelers (carolers) send loud and clear upon the night the joyous words, and jodelers on other hills repeat, while from people in valleys below floats up response: "He is risen indeed!" until all the land sings of the resurrection. Torches flash forth; dwellers in castle or hut greet passing jodelers, offering meat, pastry and eggs. Children run into each other's arms, lisping, "Christ is risen!" Sweethearts embrace; old feuds are forgotten.

"Christ is risen!" in Athens, St. Peters-

THE EASTER GARDENER

burg, Moscow, Rome, Paris, London, New York, San Francisco, and all great cities, mighty organs throb accompaniment to choirs, whose blended voices sound like angelic chorals crying: "Christ is risen!" The coldest agnostic listening

A LILY AMONG THE EASTER LILIES

WHITE THOUGHTS, WHITE BLOSSOMS

must echo some response. All people of all lands, as carols in granite cathedrals, little churches, palaces, prisons, mines, acclaim with simple faith: "Christ is risen!"

MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY

THE SAVIOUR'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM, *(From an Old Painting)*

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY

The American Pulpit

A SERMON BY
Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

TEXT—John 12: 13:
"Took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried Hosanna"

THIS is Palm Sunday. In the ecclesiastical year, it is the day on which we commemorate the strange scene on the Judæan road which constituted the one sole pageant of our Lord's life. It is the day that ushers in Holy Week, the beginning of which saw him riding into Jerusalem in triumph, and the end lying in Joseph of Arimathea's tomb. This is the time when the same surging crowds which, a few days later, will cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" now make the Judæan hills echo and re-echo with their exultant shouts of "Hosanna to the Son of David! Hosanna to the King!"

Appropriate, also, is my subject in reference to the audience to which I speak! I know not of any class of people to whom the significant lessons of Palm Sunday can be better applied than to ourselves. Christ among the waving palms ought to have for us Gospel teachings, as well as Christ in Pilate's Judgment Hall. Christ among the vociferating multitudes should appeal to us suggestively, as well as Jesus carrying his cross, Jesus resurrected from the grave, Jesus appearing unto his disciples after the crucifixion, or Jesus ascending from Mount Olivet.

Transient Adherence

Palm Sunday emphasizes the truth that a false and a selfish adoration of Jesus Christ never results in a triumphant and a lasting worship. Why did that great concourse of people, which came forth to welcome Jesus into the Davidic capital, soon turn upon Christ, and become his taunting executioners? Why did they one day throw under his feet the branches of palm, which have always been the symbol of victory, and within a week be eager to mock his dying agonies upon Calvary? They were not welcoming Christ as their spiritual Saviour. They were merely greeting him as a temporal king, who would lead them on to national victories, as Napoleon did the French, Frederick the Great the Prussians, Alexander the Greeks, as Rameses the Second the Egyptians, or Saladin the Saracens, when he totally defeated the Crusaders near Tiberias, and captured their leader, Guy de Susignan, in 1187. They were not welcoming a Messiah for whom they must, if necessary, suffer and die; but they were greeting one whom they believed to be about to drive the Roman tyrants off the Hebrew soil; one who would restore the Solomonic grandeur, when the national treasury would be full of gold, and the kings and the queens of the north, east, south, and west, would make pilgrimages to Jerusalem, as the Queen of Sheba came, bringing her presents of spices and precious stones. Thus, when Christ allowed himself to be arrested as a common criminal, the rabble wanted to destroy him, because they had cherished in their breasts the false hope of a temporal dominion.

Interested Motives

My friends, is our faith in Jesus unsatisfactory? Are we, too, worshiping Christ from selfish and not from spiritual motives? Do we attend the fashionable church in our neighborhood, merely to win social prestige, rather than with the desire to fit us to help the troubled and the lost? I once had a physician bluntly tell me that he joined the church with the same purpose for which he joined the club; he went to both places, so that he could be brought into contact with people, and win as many patients as he could. I wonder how many of us are kind to our friends solely from the selfish motive to make our friends kind to us. It is possible to even feed the hungry with the most mercenary of desires. Christ stated this when he said: "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and recompense can be made thee." In other words, we should not make our Christian engagements merely a case of reciprocity—you do so much for me, and I will do so much for you. But when you make a gospel feast, ask that young man to your home who has no friends, and is alone in a great city. Ask that young girl, who has no chance of coming in touch with a refined family circle, unless you give her an invitation. "Call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee."

Are we, this Palm Sunday, in our worship, honoring Christ with the unselfish purpose of the disciples, who were accompanying him from Bethany, and who not only threw the palm branches in his way, but who were also ready to die for him? Or are we worshiping Jesus with the selfish adoration of the great host that came out from Jerusalem to welcome him as a temporal king?

Palm Sunday emphasizes the reckless and unreasoning fickleness of the human race. Christ, the popular favorite, being led to crucifixion within six days after his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, has his counterpart all over the world. Human likes and dislikes, adulation and denunciation, approbation and prejudice are very apt to tread upon each others' heels. The oscillating pendulum which swings one way, gathers momentum to swing as far the other way.

If we make an idol of common human clay, as the French did of General Boulanger in 1889, then in a very little while we may become iconoclasts and smash our idol, and also the shrine before which we once worshiped. President Carnot understood this fickleness of the human race. When the "Man on Horseback," as Boulanger was called, threatened to ride down the Champs Elysees and overthrow the French Republic, some of the leading statesmen, like Ex-premier Waldeck-Rousseau, wanted the President to quietly lead Boulanger to the outskirts of the city and have him shot—for the good of France. The President only smiled at his friends' anxiety. He said to them, "Wait wait just a few months. The rabble will turn. Then the most popular man of France will be the most despised. Such popular adoration as this is always short lived." Carnot spoke better than he knew. Not only did the tidal wave of public adoration which threatened to lift the "Man on Horseback" into the Tuileries subside, but within a few months, General Boulanger was friendless. In despair he committed suicide while an exile in Brussels.

The Fickle Multitude

The Duke of Wellington well understood the fickleness of popular applause. Long after the conqueror of Napoleon had regained his popularity, and had become the most beloved subject of the Victorian Empire, he always kept the fence around his city home broken down, as an object lesson, to recall the time when the London mob battered it down, to show their disgust at one of his official acts as Prime Minister. William E. Gladstone was again and again execrated in the streets of the British capital, through which his dead body was afterward carried to sleep its last sleep among the honored dead of Westminster, the Prince of Wales, now King, being among the pall-bearers. Joan of Arc, who led the French armies to victory, was deserted by her followers, who came to believe her a witch and a devil. The same tongue which once charmed the Roman assemblies, was afterward cut out from the mouth of Cicero by the mobs, and nailed up in the Roman Forum, with the epitaph, "Thou fool, wag no more!" Ah! we do not have to stand among the vociferating multitudes of Palm Sunday to hear and see the fickleness of the human race. We can see everywhere the human idols being shattered. The same voices that are ready to cry to us, "Put him upon a throne," are the voices which to-morrow will call, "Lead him away to execution."

Now, my brother, as the adoration of the human race is so short lived, it does not pay to sacrifice everything for popular applause. Cannot and will not we live with the nobler and higher purpose of trying to have God

rather than man think well of us? Would that we might one and all heed the blessed advice which "Chinese" Gordon, a short time before his death, wrote to a friend, then living in distant England:

"Dear Friend: Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh try, to be no longer a slave to it. You have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it. It is bliss! All this caring for what people will say, is your pride. Hoist your flag, and abide by it. Thank God, I am quite well, and so happy now, that I resigned the government of the province, and put all the faults on my 'Friend.' He is able to bear them, and will use me, as long as He pleases, as his mouthpiece, and when He is done with me He will put me one side. 'Casting all your care on Him,' has just come to mind."

Palm Sunday indicates the city as the greatest of all battle-grounds, where the spiritual conquest of a sinful world is to be decided. It is the field of Esdraelon—the Armageddon, where the Satanic and Divine powers will make their last stand, and grip and wrestle in mortal combat. It is the Sedan where the demoniac invaders will be annihilated, as a chemist with a pestle crushes a substance in a mortar. It is the Waterloo, the Yorktown, the Agrigentum, the Solferino, the Chalons, the Thermopylæ, where all the powers and principalities of darkness shall be forever overthrown by the principalities and powers of light, and Christ shall be proclaimed King of kings, and Lord of all!

Why is the city to be the great field whereon the sovereignty of Christ shall be universally recognized? In the city there is a commingling of all classes. Among the throngs who came forth on Palm Sunday to greet Jesus, I see the good and the bad, the autocrat and the plebeian, the mighty capitalist and the small shopkeeper, the Pharisee, the disciple, the curiosity-seeker, all commingling, all circling, some cheering, and some cursing under their breath. We are not to suppose for a moment that all who came forth to see Jesus, threw branches in his way. Oh, no! The High Priest's hirelings were in that crowd, as well as Jesus' disciples. I am thankful that you and I live in a great city. We live in a city where our influence for good can tell most effectively, if we only use that influence as Jesus would have us do. If we capture Paris for Christ, we capture France; London for Christ means England saved; Berlin for Christ means Germany bowing before the Cross. If we capture New York and Chicago and our other great cities, for Christ, we capture America for Christ. Oh, what a blessed opportunity it is for us to be able to fight under the standard of the Cross, where the satanic forces are unlimbering their heaviest artilleries, and where every blow struck for Jesus can redound with the best of all results!

But while I congratulate you because you are able to testify for Jesus in a large city, I also cast my eyes over the hills, and send forth gospel congratulation to the Christian farmhouses that are helping us in this Christian struggle. A city is a great human reservoir which collects its streams of life from everywhere. Many of those streams trickle down from country hills, where cattle are lowing, and horses neighing, and sheep bleating, and harvests waving. These country streams of human life are the brooks which clarify the muddy waters of a large metropolis. The country farmer and his wife are very apt to fear that their boys and their girls will be swallowed up in a large city, and never heard from again. But I want to tell you that the majority of the mightiest workers for Christ in the large cities have been born upon a farm. A short time ago, thirty-eight prominent business men of New York City sat at a banquet in the Union League Club on Fifth Avenue. How many of them do you suppose came from the country? Thirty-six out of the thirty-eight gentlemen present. A history of prominent lawyers, ministers, doctors and merchants in a large city was once compiled. Eighty per cent. were found to come from the country. Thus, ye farmers and farmers' wives, do not mourn whenever your stout-limbed boys and beloved girls leave you for the great cities. Remember that you are giving them to the service of Jesus Christ. Remember that your prayers and Christian training are now to bring forth their gospel results in the place where they are most needed.

When my father, then a young country minister, was called to a large city church, my grandfather, David Talmage, protested against his going. He said, DeWitt, you are doing well now in your little country church. Why do you go into that large city, where your influence will be swallowed up, and no one ever hear from you again?" But DeWitt Talmage answered, "Father, I must go; it is my duty to go: I believe God is calling me to that field. And if I go in his name, he will bless me." God did bless him. And so farmers and farmer's wives, God will also bless and is blessing the Christian work of your Christian children in the same way, if he has called them to live in a great city.

Palm Sunday emphasizes the fact that the easiest way to capture a city for God, is to go after the masses. Who are the masses? They are the most of today. They are the common people, who for the most part fill our churches. And yet, they are the common people who today, if they are only roused with holy enthusiasm, can conquer this old world for Christ. They can do it as easily as the common people who came out to greet Jesus on Palm Sunday, made the Pharisees and the High Priest's hirelings at that time afraid to lift their threatening fingers, or to do Jesus any harm. To-day, that religious organization which is most spiritually influential for Jesus, is the church which appeals to the employee as well as to the employer, to the poor man's but as well as to the rich man's palace; to the artisan, and the mechanic, and the laborer, as well as to the merchant prince, the capitalist, or the man dressed in broadcloth.

Oh, the infinite influence of the common people! If we could only, by the power of the Holy Spirit, enlist the common people to fight for Jesus Christ, under the standard of the Cross, there would be no doubt as to the ultimate condition of our nation. When Robert G. Ingersoll was a candidate for the gubernatorial chair of Illinois, he was defeated for the nomination. Why? Because, if he had been nominated, every church pulpit would have become a political rostrum. Every little meeting-house, and prayer-meeting room would have been filled with Christian workers, who would have worked and voted against him. Thus, if we could only inspire the great mass of the church members, made up of the common people, with a holy enthusiasm for Christ, it would mean no political agitation. It would mean the enthronement of the nation. Then an Christian would vote for a candidate unless he emphatically stated he would use all in his power to drive out the Satanic dominion. It would mean the purification of the home and of the church. The heart of the common people was stirred when it was moved. To arouse that it was during that Jesus passed the most of his earthly ministry; they were the first to recognize him; from them came the first members of his church, and it is with feelings of gratitude to them that we remember that it was they who gave to our Lord the only public welcome and acclamation that he ever received.

But Palm Sunday also throws into our captured city the sorrow of Easter dawn, as well as it overshadows our heavens with the dark clouds of the Crucifixion of "Black Friday." Palm Sunday promises unto us, "You may have tribulation, and bear your burdens and suffer your death as Jesus Christ had to suffer and die. But you may also live Christ, have your resurrection and reunion and ultimate triumph." This was the reason why the ancient Christians placed of the palm leaf upon their sanctuaries. This was the reason why they also had the palm as the symbol of martyrdom. It meant victory. Victory in the name of the Lord Jesus. Victory over the world. Victory over sin. It meant the kind of victory that St. John described in Revelation, when he cried out, "After this I beheld, and lo a great multitude which no man could number, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." Chrysostom called an athlete who had won a great number of games as "a man of many palms." So today, as we see the palm branches thrown under the feet of Christ, we know that they are to become symbols. They may remind us of the palms of many heavenly rewards.

What a happy day that will be when Christ greets his loved ones in heavenly lands, and gives to them their victorious palms! The palms of reward for all their past sufferings, and trials, and sorrows, which were undergone for him. When Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, expressed a wish that Caligula might some day sit upon the Roman throne, Emperor Tiberius was angered. He threw Agrippa into a loathsome dungeon. There he languished, week after week, and month after month. But when the passing time did place Caligula upon the throne, then the new emperor went in person, and opened the prisoner's gates. He robed Agrippa in royal purple. He gave him a palace in which to live. He took his heavy iron chains which had once manacled the prisoner's feet, and weighed them. And for every heavy link of iron, he gave to him a heavy link of gold. Our Divine Master, on that happy day of the rewardings in heaven, will give to each one of his suffering children greater compensation than ever Emperor Caligula gave to the ragged prisoner, Agrippa. Jesus will clothe us in white, not only the symbol of victory, but of purity. He will make the jewels of our crown out of the crystallized tears we have shed in his service. And in each one of our hands Christ will place a palm; the palm of victory, the palm of never ending joy. Oh, Christian brother, do not worry because you have to suffer for Jesus. It means a palm; a waving, trimphant palm.

The palm is such a suggestive symbol of victory, that to-day I would that we might have had this pulpit decorated with palm branches as an object lesson. Then, after the service is over, I would have you, members of this congregation, each take a palm leaf home, as the priests allow the worshipers to do this day in Catholic Churches. Then, after you have gone to the quietude of your own homes, I would have had to look long and earnestly at that palm leaf, and decide what you are to do. Would you accept the palm leaf as the Grecian athlete received it, merely as a symbol of worldly victory, or would you accept it as a symbol of a heavenly triumph? Accept it in the same spirit that the Christian martyr, who was about to be torn into pieces in the Roman Colosseum, accepted it. But, as we have set a palm leaf here for you to take home as an object lesson, I ask you here and now to decide the question of your life. How will you deal with your worldly conquests? Have your efforts won for you the palm of wealth? Have they won for you the palm of political power, or popularity? Then, can you cast them down at Christ's feet and pledge yourselves and all you are and have to his service? If you can do this, you shall become a spiritual palm tree, planted by the River of Life, a palm which will blossom on earth, and which will some day be transplanted to come to full fruition in the heavenly gardens of the New Jerusalem.

An Easter Song

O HEART, to-day be blithe and gay,
Forget thine ancient sorrow,
Go singing on thy happy way,
Nor dread the coming morrow.
For he who slept in Joseph's tomb,
As in a dreary prison;
Hath outward stept where lilies bloom,
Our Saviour hath arisen!
When on the Cross, in pain and loss,
His life for us was given;
Such glory dimmed for mortal dross—
Our very hearts were riven.
When broken in the garden tomb
His body lay before us,
No rift of gladness pierced the gloom
That hung its curtain o'er us.

But as He said, three days are sped,
Most true, that sweet evangel,
And where He lay, at feet and head,
Lo, keepeth watch an angel.
Why seek the living in the tomb?
Hath not the Lord arisen?
Henceforth for Christ the King make room!
Proclaim, the Lord is Risen!
O lift a song, where thousands throng,
O sing, though life be lonely,
For praises to our Lord belong,
We praise our Saviour only.
For He who slept in Joseph's tomb,
All angels tell the story!
Hath outward stept where lilies bloom
And upward to His glory.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

HIS WEALTH A BLESSING TO OTHERS

THE STREETS OF LE CLAIRE — MR. N. O. NELSON — A COTTAGE AT LE CLAIRE

WHAT one man may do toward helping his fellow-men, who have been less fortunate than himself, is well illustrated in the career of Mr. N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, who has just added to his great industrial profit-sharing community at LeClaire, Ill., a university, to educate the children of the poor, while at the same time he gives them work in his factories. Men and women who leave his community in the future will be equipped in hand and brain, if they have the ability to profit by the training they receive.

For several years, LeClaire has attracted attention as a profit-sharing community. Mr. Nelson owns a large plumbing works there, and employs two hundred workmen, who live adjacent to the factories. He also lives at LeClaire with his family, and he has built up around him one of the most entertaining and contented communities of working men to be found anywhere. Now he is adding to it a large educational training school, which has been placed in charge of the non-sectarian church-workers of St. Louis. It will accommodate one thousand pupils.

Mr. Nelson is in warm sympathy with his people, and lives their life and grants every demand that he believes he would desire if he were in their ranks. He has never had a strike, despite the fact that he employs hundreds of workingmen in his establishments at LeClaire, Ill., Bessemer, Ala., and Mound City, Ill. In private he is as plain and unassuming as any of his workingmen. He has passed the middle age, but his face always wears a happy smile, and the hand he extends to greet one gives a hearty welcome. He never refuses to aid in a worthy cause. He has given a great deal of money toward relieving the poor in St. Louis, but privacy in benefactions is one of the conditions he always imposes.

He established the colony at LeClaire in 1890, acquiring 125 acres of land. Commodious factories were erected, surrounded by flower gardens, trees and shrubbery. The buildings were of brick, and climbing plants were set around the walls, so that in summer the sides of the factories are covered with shrubbery and the place looks like a botanical garden. Ample provision is made for cleanliness in the factories, even bath-rooms being provided, so that every night after their duties were complete in the work-room, the workmen could take a plunge and feel ready to enjoy a pleasant evening with their families. An immense dining-room is located in every one of the buildings, and here the workmen bring their luncheon and spread their meal, as if they were at home.

A GROUP OF CHILDREN UNDER TRAINING IN THE MODEL VILLAGE

THE WORKSHOPS AT LE CLAIRE

LeClaire has always been a profit-sharing community. In 1886, Mr. Nelson first commenced the profit-sharing system. Union wages are paid to the workmen. No restrictions are imposed, no agreements are required. A fair rate of interest is taken for the use of the capital Mr. Nelson has tied up in the colony, and the balance of the profit is divided among the workmen. From 1886 to 1895, the dividends on wages varied from five to eleven per cent. Now Mr. Nelson has commenced paying dividends in stock, as he is planning to retire from the control of the factory in his old age, and wishes his workmen to take charge.

LeClaire's streets are wide and clean; the houses are all owned by the families who live in them, and no renters are allowed. All the citizens are interested in keeping the town in good condition. There is no mayor, no governing board. Very little interest is taken in politics.

Everything is done that will tend to elevate the minds of the population. Boys are taught in the village school, and at a proper age go to work, while the girls are urged to remain at home. It is an intensely religious community, though no particular sect predominates. Most of the citizens attend the evangelical church established there. In winter, there are entertainments for the young folk and lectures for the older ones. In summer, the children are provided with tennis courts and baseball grounds, and in winter they have bowling alleys and skating ponds. Everything is done to bring wholesome amusements to their doors, so that they will not seek the wild carousal of the city, eighteen miles away.

Since Mr. Nelson has opened the industrial school at LeClaire, the St. Louis philanthropic societies are turning over to his care many of the poor waifs and outcasts of the city. He takes them and puts them into clean clothes, and surrounds them with new conditions. They are made to work in the factories during vacation, in payment for tuition and board. The work is not difficult, but it keeps their hands busy, and teaches them a trade, fitting them to cope with the world, should they go out into it again. No student who enters is compelled to remain.

Mr. Nelson considers the management of his colony at LeClaire in the light of a sacred duty he owes as the possessor of wealth, for he regards wealth as a trusteeship. He is using his millions to aid others to climb the ladder to independence and happiness.

WM. R. DRAPER.

AN IVY-COVERED FACTORY

A BEAUTIFUL OCCASION

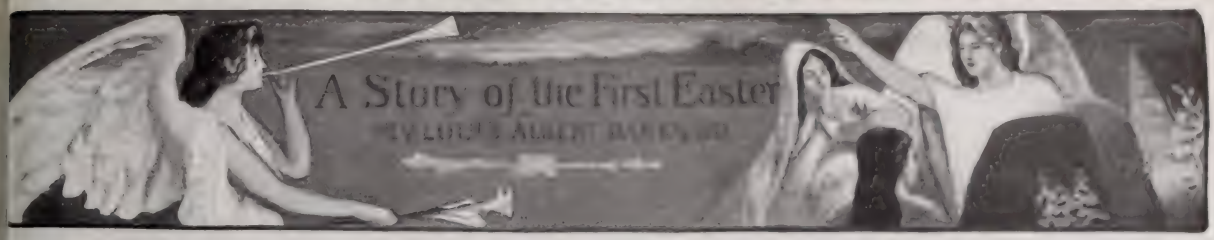
ANY one whose privilege it was to stand on the platform on the evening of Feb. 28th, in Mation Hall, New York, and look down on the sea of people singing below, will never forget the sight. The occasion was a Fair for the benefit of the Finland famine sufferers, and as many of the Finland people resident in New York as could crowd into the hall, were present. Among them were beautiful matrons and fair young girls, wearing the picturesque national costume, stalwart and fine-looking men, some of whom wore the colors of Finland in broad sashes of pale blue and pure white ribbon: blue for the sky, white for the snow of their native land. When the Finland music was given, sung by the Finnish Good Templars' Society, the enthusiasm of the assembly burst all bounds. Men, women and little roly-poly children joined in the chorus. At the singing of the Finnish National Anthem many women had tears standing in their eyes as they sang. There was beautiful singing, too, by the Swedish Musical Society, and the whole affair, so creditable to those who, with great effort and painstaking, arranged it, was a side-light on the cosmopolitan character of our great city of New York. And, too, it showed how true and steady burns love for the fatherland in those who make a new home on our shores. Those Finlanders had loved ones in the old land—a land so ancient and so grand in its history. Their thoughts went over the sea to the men and women and little ones suffering at home. They longed to help them in their hour of need, as also do we of America, who have never yet been deaf or unresponsive to any cry of want or pain from any quarter of the globe.

"Indispensable"

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—Your beautiful Re Letter Bible received, and am delighted wit the same. I consider it indispensable to Sunday School teacher, or a Y.M.C.A. worke as it is not only an excellent edition of th "Holy Writ," but also an encyclopedia whic is so useful to a student of religious literatur You are to be congratulated on your wor The "Family Art Gallery" alone is worth th entire price. H. W. DIRKSON.

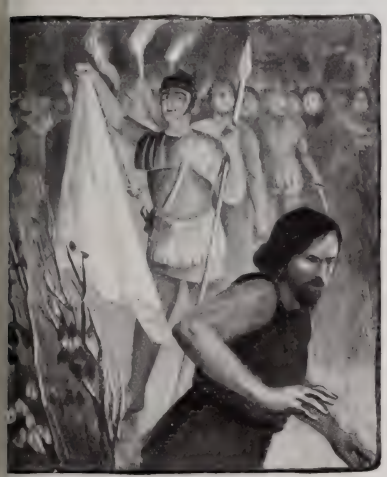
Our Red Letter Bible, with THE CHRISTIA HERALD one year, $3; the "Family Art Ga lery" free to all subscribers.

HOW JOHN MARK REGAINED HIS COURAGE



IN the year 33, not far from the Garden of Gethsemane, lived Mary Mark, a widow, with one son. She was one of the early friends of Jesus, and her house was a frequent meeting-place for his disciples. It was not uncommon for them to come there, to talk matters over quietly in any time of trouble, and Mary Mark's hospitable ard was always open to them.

On that dark night of the arrest of Jesus



"HE FLED THRO' THE DARKNESS TO HIS MOTHER'S HOUSE"

the Garden of Gethsemane, when Judas etrayed his Lord with a kiss into the nds of his enemies, and Jesus had given e hint to his disciples to leave him to s captors to work their will; James and hn, who, with Peter, had been with the laster in the garden, came in great haste nd excitement knocking at the door of lary Mark. The moment the door was pened, they burst in, crying out in agony: t is all over! Jesus has been arrested, nd is even now in the hands of the fficers!"

Now John Mark, a young fellow just ushing up into manhood, had been very ond of Jesus. John was of a temperaent which is quite common. He had a ertain ready enthusiasm for every new ersonality or cause that appealed to his ncy. He was impulsive. He leaped uick to a decision, and rushed at once to e performance, but he was not steadast. He was likely to give up and be asily discouraged on meeting opposition. he knocking at the door aroused John ut of sleep, and startled him up in bed. hen, when he heard the cry of the disiples, and the statement that Christ had een arrested, he rushed forth before them, lad only in his night-dress, saying exitedly:

"Why did you leave him?" And beore they could explain, he rushed out into he night, hurrying away to where they ad last seen the Lord, determined to folow him up, and stand by him. He came apidly, running to where he saw the light f the torches of those who had charge of esus, and pushed his way close to the laster. The guards, seeing his evident xcitement, and expecting an attempt at escue, turned on him to take him in harge. At this, John Mark's courage beegan to ooze out, and as the guards had only caught hold of his outer garment, he slipped out of it, and leaving it in their hands, fled through the darkness to his mother's house. When he came slipping in, the others, despite their sorrow, could not help but smile at his discomfiture, as he, with abashed and sorrowful face, slipped away to bed. But later, Mary went to his room, and, kneeling by his side, talked long with him of what to her was a great sorrow, the lack of steadfastness of purpose in her son.

The tragic and terrible days had passed over Jerusalem. Jesus of Nazareth had appeared before Pilate and Herod, had been crowned with thorns by the soldiers, and scourged by the orders of Pilate. He had fainted under his cross, at the door of the judgment hall, and the immortal scenes of Calvary had been stamped forever on the canvas of human history. Joseph and Nicodemus, broken-hearted and ashamed that they should have denied to Jesus the testimony of their faith while he lived, had joined with the faithful women in taking the body of Jesus and laying it in Joseph's new tomb in the garden. To please the politicians, Pilate had had the grave, which was closed by a huge stone, sealed with the insignia of Rome, and a company of soldiers had been set there to keep guard, and make sure that Jesus remained in the grave.

As the time drew near when Jesus had prophesied his resurrection, the women who loved him most became very nervous and anxious, and on the last night before the first Easter, they came together as with one accord to pray, and talk, and hope, and fear. As yet, fear was in the ascendancy. But there was in their hearts a glimmer of hope. A good woman hopes for and believes in many things for which she has no proof to offer or logical argument to present.

This was the first great woman's prayer meeting of the Christian era. Mary, the mother of Jesus, was there, the revered leader, to whom every one turned with deference. And as the long hours of the night passed, she opened her heart to her sisters, and told over again the sweet story of Bethlehem, of the shepherds, of the wise men who came from the East, of the flight into Egypt, of the days in the Nazareth carpenter shop, of the visit to Jerusalem when Jesus was lost, a boy in the temple. These and many other things she talked about, recalling incidents from the treasury of her mother's heart, and telling them as only a mother's love could make possible.

After she had talked a long time, Mary said: "Sisters, I cannot believe that this is to be the last. Some great change is to come, I am sure. Jesus would not have told John to care for me if he himself was to remain as before. But I feel to the depths of my soul that something is going to happen, and that my dear son, who has always shown so much of the presence of God with him, will not remain in the grave, and yet, while I thus feel, it is all mysterious, and my heart is full of fear."

Then Mary Magdalene spoke of the wonderful work of Jesus for her. With tenderness and humility, she told how her life had been tortured by wicked spirits, and how marred and hurt she had been by sin, until Jesus passed by and looked in her face. Said she:

"I can never forget that first look when I saw his eyes resting on mine. They seemed to read my very soul, and know the worst that was there, and yet there was nothing in them that turned from me, or looked contempt. I felt that here was one who could help me, and save me, and from that very hour I began to get the victory over myself, and the evil spirits were banished from my heart and life. And oh!" exclaimed Mary Magdalene, "I cannot believe that this is to be the last. Surely he who could cast out devils, and work such a change in me, is not to lie in the grave. And yet it is all so dark!"

Then a widow spoke. She had come up from the town of Nain, attracted, as had been many other women, by the knowledge that something of serious import was about to happen to him whom they loved. She was a woman of quiet dignity, and she spoke with sadness, and yet there was a thrill of hope in her every tone.

"Sisters," she said, "no one here, unless it be the mother of Jesus, has more reason to love him and believe in him than I. I was on the way to the grave with my son. The last staff of my broken life had been taken from me. It was a bright, sunshiny day, but to me it was blacker than the darkest midnight. My boy, my only child, was being borne to the tomb. I was not looking at anyone, nor anywhere. I was walking along with my head down, weeping, when suddenly I heard a voice, a voice full of authority, and yet the sweetest, tenderest voice my ears have ever heard. The word was, 'Stop!' I wondered who it could be. If it had not been for the tone, I should have been grieved, thinking an enemy sought to do me injury by halting the funeral procession of my son; but the tone thrilled my soul, and I looked up, and saw Jesus. Oh, the glory of that face! the depth and tenderness of his eyes. He looked on me a moment, and then took my son by his cold, dead hand, and said, 'Young man, I say unto thee, arise!' It was like a flash of lightning! Every one about the bier felt a thrill go through them, and, trembling with life, my son sat up on his bier, and turned to me in smiling wonder. I fell on his neck rejoicing, and when I turned to thank him who had brought us this great blessing, he was gone. And now, sisters, how can it be that he who brought back my son to life, shall be himself held by the bonds of death? It is all strange, but somehow I feel to-night something of the thrill that I felt that day by the bier of my child, and something great, methinks, is going to happen. We shall see our Lord's face again!"

And so they talked one after another; Martha told over again the story of the resurrection of Lazarus. And Mary Mark brought her quiet word of love and sympathy. The night passed in prayer and testimony, in hope and fear, in love and tears. Just as the day dawned, they said, one to another, "Let us go to the grave, and take with us precious perfumes, and make sweet his body while we wait and pray and hope."

All the world knows what the women found at the sepulchre. How the stone was rolled away, and the angel sitting upon it, and the message which the angels sent to the disciples. Very soon afterwards, these women scattered to their homes to tell their friends the wondrous news of the resurrection of Jesus. Mary Mark came home that morning with her face all aglow. As she came in at the door, John Mark, who was waiting for his breakfast, started up at the sight of her face, and exclaimed:

"Why, mother, where have you been that you should look so happy? It is a long time since I have seen your face with much gladness in it. Tell me, mother, what is it?"

And as they drew about the board for the morning meal, Mary Mark looked into the faces of her son and her guests, and said with tremulous voice: "There is reason for my gladness. The Lord is risen!"

If a bomb-shell had been exploded in that quiet home, it could not have created more excitement. The men leaped to their feet. John Mark exclaimed:

"Mother, how do you know? Have you seen him?"

Then Mary repeated all the story of the night and of the morning, and the message of the angels.

Among Mary's guests that morning was Cleopas, who was also a friend of Jesus. After breakfast, for which no one had seemed to care, Cleopas said to John Mark, "Let us walk out to Emmaus, to my home. The long walk will give us an opportunity to think, and talk, and reason about this matter, which is so strange and wonderful to us."

Nothing could have suited better young Mark's mood. He was a vigorous, live young fellow, and he felt how impossible it was to content himself in any ordinary duty at such a time. So they set out on the long walk to Emmaus.

The story John's mother had brought to them had filled them with wonder, but

"THEY STOOD BEFORE THE DOOR OF CLEOPAS"

they had not found it possible to enter into her joy. The story she told seemed impossible, and while they did not doubt her truthfulness, they feared she had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 913

SWEDEN WELCOMES THE RELIEF

The King and Queen Personally Thank America Through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

HAVING finished up work in the Northland, among the famine-stricken Finns and Swedes, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief party is now homeward bound. Every centre of suffering has been visited, the methods of existing relief work have been observed with watchful interest, and the assurance has been received that the generous gifts of Christian America, which were distributed through the native Relief Committees in both countries, have been of the greatest service in mitigating the suffering.

The cablegrams which appear in this issue, relative to the visit of our Relief party to Sweden, show how greatly needed was the help afforded to the country and how deeply appreciative its rulers are of America's kindness. Both the Committees in Helsingfors and Stockholm have cabled their official thanks through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the American relief, and to Dr. Klopsch in person many representative Finlanders and Swedes have expressed in the warmest terms their gratitude for the kindness that prompted our nation to extend help to the multitudes of the famine-stricken in the distant Northland.

THE CITY OF STOCKHOLM, THE CAPITAL OF SWEDEN

In the Lower House of the Rigsdag (the Swedish Parliament) at Stockholm, Minister of Agriculture Odelberg stated, a few days ago, that not less than £51,220 sterling was urgently needed to relieve distress in the northern districts of Sweden. Toward this need, American donors, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, had contributed £5,560 sterling, which had been transferred to the Relief Committee by Dr. Klopsch. Whether the Swedish government would grant state aid to the sufferers he did not know. It was gratifying to know that the Swedes in America did not forget their fatherland.

It will doubtless interest the thousands of readers who have had a personal share in this work of relief in the Northland, to learn how the people of those unfortunate countries regard the splendid generosity of Christian America toward the famine-stricken. The Finnish daily paper *Uusi Suometar*, of Helsingfors, Finland, in its issue of February 27th, says:

Never before, in times of need, did our poor land receive such aid from a foreign country as now, through the energetic efforts of Dr. Klopsch and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The sums sent by him to the Central Relief Committee here are no longer counted by the tens, but in hundreds of thousands. They bear witness of the warm sympathy that is felt in America for our poor, unfortunate people, and are an evidence of the grandly humane activities dwelling among that great, energetic and free nation, compelling it to stretch out its helping hand, not only to its bleeding neighbors, but also to the remotest corners on the other side of the ocean, as is now the case.

Dr. Klopsch has come to see personally how matters are here, not to rely solely upon the information he receives from the Central Relief Committee. He is going to visit the regions of distress himself.

The journey will enable him to become familiar with the distress prevailing in our country. We wish our welcome visitors a safe journey; they are giving up all accommodations to which they have been accustomed, and going into the interior of the country to accomplish noble ends. We cannot give them any other reward than our most heartfelt thanks, but they will get most satisfaction from the knowledge that their work will bring relief and comfort to thousands of Finnish homes, where it will be long remembered.

The Helsingfors *Posten*, Mar. 3, contained the following:

Dr. Klopsch has, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S magnificent gifts, which was made to the Central Relief Committee with full confidence and unconditionally, added another to a list of unique benevolence. The very considerable support our Committee has received, through the gifts from America, will enable us to carry into execution the carefully planned relief work much sooner and more completely than otherwise would have been the case. The Finnish nation's warmest sympathies follow Dr. Klopsch on his journey into the stricken districts. It is to be hoped, that during his travels in the sombre North, he may get an opportunity to realize, that the help he has brought, will confer blessings and inspire new hopes among our poor people.

In another issue, *Uusi Suometar* says:

Dr. Klopsch has transferred 100,000 Finnish marks to the Central Relief Committee for the famine-stricken in Finland, which amount, together with the money he remitted before, is 250,000 Finnish marks.

A quarter of a million marks has been remitted during a short time for the starving in Finland. With the famine-stricken, we feel deep thankfulness about this great gift to our countrymen, which feeling brings evidence to the mind of every Finn of that warm sympathy, which the American nation has shown to us.

We hope that Dr. Klopsch, during this journey, will be convinced that he has undertaken the work, which indeed is deserving of all his great efforts, and that, when he returns home he can assure his compatriots that their generous gifts came to the greatest need.

It is true that in a land like ours, famine and misery are not to be found in the same measure as in India, and some other countries where he has carried help; and it is true, also, that our State has taken up great works—we need only mention the railroad from Tisalmi to Kajana—by which a great number of people receive their living. But the Americans, they turn off from the high roads to the interior parts of the country, where there is little land cultivated, will meet there more misery than they could expect, which the collected donations have been insufficient to help. They will see there hovels where the bark bread chopper is the principal household implement; rocky lands, whereon the peeled bare pines grimace with bare ribs and trenches where the food mill grinds straws to make bread. There they, perhaps, will feel that they are accomplishing their mission to these poor of the wilderness, where so many families are in misery, so many helpless widows and orphans in rags, who can tell them a tale about father or brother, their only helper, but who went to America and left his relatives to struggle again a harder destiny.

While there is famine in Finland, the famine in Russian Karel (Karjala) is twice as great. And to relieve the famine there, little or nothing is done.

The newspaper *Uusi Savo* of Kuopio, says:

Yesterday, March 5, there went by Kuopio toward the north, the American, Dr. Louis Klopsch, who through his newspaper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has collected large sums for the famine-stricken in Finland. By this splendid help has the American philanthropic mission undertaken to lift up the heavy burden which, by lack of food, has depressed innumerable Finnish homes during the winter in northern Finland. Probably we can now put into effect many plans for famine relief work, which, owing to scantiness of money, have till now been impossible. The American traveler will continue his journey to Tisalmi and will visit the northern villages of the district, where the famine is most painful, and where he will glance into the forest cabins and the small farms. We hope that our American friend would give to the Russian Karel also some help. There the famine is most cruel and the people have no alms to give them. The thankfulness of the whole Finnish nation follows the benefactors along their journey.

The *Hufondstadsblater*, Helsingfors, says:

Great suffering prevails in the remote hamlets of Kittila. People walk around from house to house, poorly clad. The numerous children are in dire want of clothing

SWEDEN'S MONARCH GRATEFUL

(Special Cable Dispatch to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD)

STOCKHOLM, March 23.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief party consisting of Dr. Louis Klopsch and Mr. Gilson Willets, arrived in Stockholm from Finland yesterday. American flags were displayed on public buildings, the American Legation hoisting for the first time in its history the American flag for a private citizen.

To-day at noon the Relief party lunched at the Legation. Minister Thomas, in a short address, said this great charity had done more to bind Sweden and America closely together, than anything that had been accomplished in forty years.

At two o'clock the unusual distinction was granted of a special audience of half an hour in the private chambers of the king and queen, who were together.

Their majesties expressed their heartfelt thanks to the great-hearted American people for their kindness to the suffering people of Sweden. They hoped we would contradict the statements that the American reports were exaggerated. Both were moved to tears, when told that there were many thousands of individual contributors to the relief work.

The king said he was sure the Swedes made good American citizens, reflecting credit alike on themselves and their adopted and mother countries. He hoped the visitors liked Sweden. He was proud, he said, to be king of such a country and such a people.

At the queen's invitation, the Relief party visited a hospital founded by Her Majesty.

The Relief Committee Sends Thanks

STOCKHOLM, March 24.

To THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

The Swedish sufferers desire to thank the American people for their magnificent relief.

(Signed) CENTRAL RELIEF COMMITTEE.

A SWEDISH WOODLAND SCENE IN WINTER TIME

THE NORTHLAND *SPEAKS ITS* GRATITUDE

The Press and People Warmly Praise the Great-Hearted Generosity of Christian America

WASHING CLOTHES BY THE RIVER SIDE

A FARMER'S WIFE IN A POVERTY-STRICKEN FINNISH HOME

nd food. For many places no food can be gotten for the attle. When a sufferer the other day applied to the comunity for assistance, he received about two kilograms of our for a family of seven children. One father complained hat he had six children at home, but not a vestige of proisions in the house, and he had in vain been looking for ome work, by which he might earn enough to keep his little nes from starving.

From America, the community has received 1,000 marks, hich stayed the distress for only a very short while.

Mr. Sev. Leino, distributor of relief to the helpless, rrites the *Uusi Suometar*, as ollows, concerning the need at Hyrynsalmi and other places:

After three weeks' investigation of he famine-stricken regions, I can ssuredly state that the reports in apers of the needs have not been s graphic as the conditions really re. Evidences of this are seen at Hyrynsalmi and Suomissalmi, where eventy to eighty persons are sufferng with the swelling sickness (it inates the flesh), and many have aleady perished there of this sickness. This is the result of unwholesome ood, according to the testimony of hysicians. Those still appearing ealthy, tremble with feebleness. The local relief committee at Hyrnsalmi is doing commendable work, mitigating the misery; but even more ffective work is necessary there han is now in progress. Soon these withered images of human beings will enter the realms of death, unless the aid is increased. In the pring, the hardships will be more intense, because what work there now is, will end, and the number of the helpless will be increased. Wages have been so small, and the means of subsistence so high, that nothing could be saved or laid by for the proverbial rainy day, when there will be no more of such work, even with the best will.

I hope that the Central Committee will work henceforth with all energy, for the calamity is great in these so-called "hunger regions." I also hope that individual donators will continue their blessed work.

* * *

Dr. Julius N. Reuter, who accompanied THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Expedition throughout, says that but for the assistance of the Relief Committee, which was so largely aided by American gifts, there would have been untold suffering. The Committee now has branches in every village and parish, and every case of suffering is attended to as soon as discovered. Potatoes and milk are scarce, but the Committee supplies sufficient bread, peas and salt fish, and exacts labor in payment for the help wherever possible, so as to avoid pauperizing the people.

All the late reports received concur in the general statement that the situation, in Finland at least, is greatly improved. To maintain this improvement, it will be necessary to keep up the relief work throughout the spring, and this the Committee is prepared to do.

Secretary J. H. Jasberg, of the Finnish Central Relief Committee of the United States, writes from Hancock, Mich., to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

The American people have opened their hearts, and are doing a great deal towards relieving the distress amongst our suffering countrymen in the old world; but I take the liberty of saying that which is also a fact—that without your paper and its readers first starting the great work we would not have been able to accomplish anywhere near as much in this country, outside of our own Finnish people; and on that account I, personally and in behalf of our people here and at home, take pleasure in thanking you from the bottom of my heart for your great work of relief. I hope that the Finnish people, at some time or other in the future, may be able to partly recompense your readers for the great assistance given them in their hour of dire need, and that God, who repays all who do good work and assist the poor and needy, will bless you and your paper and its efforts to the last.

* * *

The Finnish newspaper *Paivalehti*, says: "In Suomussalmi, the famine-stricken are in such destitution that the only way to help them, is for the State to send them to the southern part of Finland, or send them to America. The same complaint is heard from several districts in Northern Finland, but the realization of the latter idea, if not impossible, would cause enormous emigration. In any case, immense quantities of food are needed.

In several districts, including Pavlyva, Kaulampira, Kuusala and Lentiala, small-pox has appeared as a sequel to existing famine conditions.

At many of the soup kitchens established by the Central Relief Committee for the starving schoolchildren of the interior parishes, clothing is being supplied to the half-naked little ones.

In Kolari, in Northern Finland, had it not been for the relief supplied by the charitable, hundreds of the starving would have perished. The food reached them in time to save many lives.

The Dowager Empress of Russia has contributed 10,000 marks for famine relief, and the Grand Duke Michael has contributed 2,000 roubles for the same purpose.

The following letter from a Western reader, shows how deep and practical is the sympathy for Finland and Sweden:

BOULDER, COLO., March 22.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

I enclose check for $400 for relief of famine sufferers in Northern Europe. If, as I find may be the case from the marked paragraph on enclosed proof sheet, my subscription is too late to be of practical use, you will kindly return my check. Do not mention my name.

The worst will come in April and May, when the spring thaws will render the sufferers inaccessible, even by snow shoes.

This gift, with all others that are sent for the famine work in the Northland, will be forwarded to the native relief committees. All contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

AMERICA'S GIFT TO SWEDEN AND NORWAY

Special Cable Dispatch to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

ST. PETERSBURG, March 28.—"The Christian Herald" Relief party reached the Russian capital yesterday.

Before leaving Stockholm, Dr. Klopsch, having made full inquiry concerning the famine in North Sweden and Norway, transferred to the Central Committee from the Relief Fund, 100,000 KRONEN ($26,800) for Swedish relief, and 20,000 KRONEN ($5,350) for relief operations in Norway.

The American party had an hour's interview with Prince and Princess Bernadotte in Stockholm. Both expressed themselves as profoundly grateful for America's kindness. They sent salutations to Christian America, with the message "Hold fast the faith of the Scriptures."

The Prince and Princess may visit the United States this year.

AN AFTERNOON REST IN THE HAY-FIELD, FINLAND

A WELL-TO-DO FARMER'S FAMILY IN FINLAND

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Postoffice, New York, as Second-class Matter

Easter

VERY significant is the coincidence of the celebration of Easter at this season of the year. Unlike the Christmas festival, as to which there must always be a doubt whether the event it celebrates occurred at that season, the Easter festival is conclusively identified by the Gospel narratives with the spring. It was at the Passover time that Jesus was arrested, crucified and rose again, and that feast was always held soon after the vernal equinox. There is, therefore, historical authority for holding at this season, when all nature is breaking forth into new life, and the trees are putting forth new leaves, and the dead seeds are sending shoots through their earth covering, the festival that speaks to us of life from the dead. All nature seems to be in sympathy with the spiritual joy which fills the devout heart, at the thought which Jesus left us as an invaluable legacy: "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore and have the keys of death." It is as if God had specially arranged for our benefit, that this festival, which leads us to try to grasp anew the great truth of the resurrection, and when we are asking ourselves with natural incredulity: "If a man die shall he live again?" should come at a time when the doubter has only to turn his eyes to the natural world, and read there, in the new life abounding everywhere, a reproof to his doubt. It says to him in sweetest song: "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die," and it leaves him to apply the lesson to his own perplexing problem. The springing shoots that speak to us of the dead seeds hidden in the earth; the butterfly on the wing, that has broken from the chrysalis, bid us take heart and believe the promise that in our case "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power."

We need to follow apostolic example in making the resurrection of Jesus prominent in our preaching and teaching. It is the keystone of our faith. We are often told that the divinity of Jesus precludes us from building on his resurrection an argument for our own. We are reminded that the fact that the God-man having risen from the dead, is no evidence that ordinary man will rise. But we have yet to learn that the Christian is, in that sense, an ordinary man. He who has been born again is a partaker of the divine nature. Christ in him is the hope of glory. The spirit of Christ so lives in him, that it is not his own life that he lives, but one on which death has no power. The life of the vine is in the branches, and so for ourselves and for the loved ones who sleep in Jesus, we are justified in cherishing the confidence that, because he lives, we shall live also. So let us keep our Easter with joyful hearts, assured that over the last enemy, God has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

A Christless Religion

OUR esteemed contemporary, the New York *Sun*, has called attention, in a timely and suggestive editorial, to the extraordinary character of recent utterances by certain prominent clergymen in New York and other American cities. Some of these illustrate, in a marked degree, the modern tendency to a loose theology, and a grave departure from recognized standards of religious belief.

"Christianity," declares Dr. Heber Newton, of Stanford University, "is not exclusive, but inclusive of all religions,"—a misconception too obvious to need refutation. "Religion," says a well-known New York clergyman of ultra-progressive views, "does not ask you to be a Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Christian; but simply that you do justly, love mercy, walk reverently with God." This definition was old even in the days of Moses and of Micah; indeed, it is the latter's own language. "A Christian," says another minister, "is a pure, honest, unselfish man,"—a definition which, if meant to be complete, would be quite as appropriate from the lips of a pagan as from those of a modern Christian preacher—and he adds that it (Christianity), has "brought into the religion of to-day no new thing that was not in the Old Testament, except a clearer revelation and a freedom from the errors of the Old Testament."

This is Christianity with Christ left out. In ignoring or rejecting the essential truths of the Christian faith, these misleading teachers have substituted for the vital, living Gospel, a doctrine which is a strange, inert mixture of Moses, Confucius and the anthropomorphists (who ascribed to Deity a form and attributes that were purely human, and held God to be the manifestation of physical energy). "I am the Light of the world," said Christ, "he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness;" but these teachers are heading toward the outer darkness of the spiritual wilderness. Blind themselves, how can they lead or enlighten others? Teaching the moralities and an impersonal God, is dangerously near to pantheism, pure and simple.

Again: they teach the "saving doctrine" of good works. So did the ancients and the prophets; while He who is the central figure of all the prophecies, God's only begotten Son and the world's Redeemer, declared "no man cometh unto the Father but by me." These teachers point the inquiring soul to a hazy and indefinite future, indistinct and elusive as the mirage that deceives the weary traveler; but there was no uncertain note in the utterance of the Divine Teacher, who, while He lifted the curtain and brought life and immortality to light, declared, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die!"

"Do your duty," further say the latter-day moralists, "and you will come out all right." No need of a Saviour, in their plausible theology! No need of Him who came to save a lost world, and, through His life and atoning sacrifice, to redeem the race and set it right with God. No need of a Gospel which has brought countless multitudes into a true and harmonious attitude toward their Creator, and which remains to-day as the world's brightest hope.

Pride of intellect is sometimes permitted to go to extreme lengths in assailing and disparaging the plain, old-fashioned, time-tried Gospel; but in preaching a Christianity without Christ, these moralists have attempted to demonstrate a logical impossibility. What the world needs is not ethical doctrines, nor creeds, but a living Christ; not the memory of a good man who delivered his message to the race, and then passed away, two thousand years ago, but a Divine Saviour, who is to-day as tender, and loving, and helpful to men, and as active in their behalf as when He walked upon the earth; a Christ to whom they may turn in instant appeal, and in whom they have a faith so strong and upholding that it brings them through sorrow and trial triumphant and rejoicing. This is the Christ of the martyrs, of the persecuted, of the redeemed heathen, of the great army of believers throughout the world. And the recognition of this living, loving, spiritualizing, redeeming Christ, constitutes the essential difference between Christianity and all other religions. Even though the "higher critics" should successfully dismember the Old Testament, portion by portion, and a large part of the New—if such a thing were possible—leaving us the living, personal Christ only, Christianity would still stand intact and impregnable.

> On Christ, the solid Rock, we stand;
> All other ground is sinking sand.

In these days of "advanced theology," it is not a new thing for the doctrines of Christianity to be brilliantly derided in the pulpit, in order to please rich and fashionable audiences, who would very likely find the plain truth unpalatable. It is time, however, for the Christian ministry to awaken to the need of combating this pernicious tendency, and to speak out clearly and boldly in refutation of such shallow teaching. Perversion of sacred truths and the discrediting of religious standards may please a few thoughtless minds, but such utterances are a discredit alike to reason and religion, and deserve to be condemned from every loyal pulpit.

The Cruelty of Careless Accusation

A LITTLE girl in New York, the other day, took carbolic acid and ended her life. She left behind her a pitiful little letter to her brother, saying, "I am very sorry to leave you, but what can I do? I never in my life have enjoyed myself. I am always crying." The child was an orphan, and lived, turn-about, with various relatives. Somebody accused her of stealing a pocket-book, and, stung by the stigma, she went out i desperation, bought the stuff that killed her, and wa presently out of the world of humanity.

Probably the little girl was passing through one o those periods of extreme sensitiveness which affec some children acutely and induce depressing morbi ness, yet, those who thoughtlessly blamed her for crime, without being sure of their facts, are in a mea ure responsible for her death. In China, many littl female children, superfluous in the family from birt and knowing themselves to be thus regarded, do thro off the burden of their griefs in suicide. Little girl of eight, nine and ten in the Flowery Kingdom, drow or hang themselves, to escape their daily sufferings a the hands of cruel people, but very seldom does a chil in our happy America resort to such an awful remed for unbearable ills. Our children, as a rule, are o stronger stuff, and endure what they cannot escap with more or less fortitude.

The point, however, for us is that we should neve wrongfully accuse any child; that we should be sure w are right before we assert that a boy or girl has told a untruth, committed an act of disobedience, or take what was the property of somebody else. Peopl should be uniformly just. Most of all should we b just to children, who cannot defend themselves fro those who are older and stronger than they.

The Spirit of the Work

AFTER all, questions of method and material ar outer things, and important as they are, essentia even as they are, and conformed though they may be t the plan of the Great Architect of the Kingdom, ye when he looks upon them there will be no smile on hi face, no light of hope in his eye, no sweet thrilling of hi heart, unless within the true form he sees the true life

The instrument may be all right, but the instrumen is not the music. The most precious Stradivarius violi in existence is nothing but dead wood. As it lies in it case, or as it is held in the cunning, caressing hands o a master, it is nothing but dead wood. The music—wh shall say what that is? It is not the wood of the violin it is not the strings, it is not the bow. What is it Who knows? Who has ever been able to tell us wha the witchery is in the "concord of sweet sounds" Something invisible, intangible, imponderable; some thing that no microscope has discovered, no scales hav weighed. And yet a real thing; the thing without whic the instrument, whatever it be, is a foolish mockery.

Christ listens for the music of the instrument,—th hidden spirit of the work. If that is right, the form wil be sure to please him. And remember, that the spiri of any work of Church or Sunday School, of society o board, is only the spirit of the individuals who do th work. We look at things in the lump; Christ neve does. We generalize from particulars, and often fron too few particulars. Christ concerns himself with noth ing but the particulars; beyond these there is for hin no total, no conclusion. The individual spirit of th workers—that is what is all important.

Among the Workers

—MORTON, KAN., has experienced a very remarkabl revival, under the leadership of Evangelist E. P. Hermiston 150 came to a definite decision.

—EVANGELIST ROBERT L. LAYFIELD and wife closed successful two weeks' meeting at Anthony, Kan. Abou thirty persons publicly confessed Christ.

—THE FIRST season of the Pocono Pines Assembly, Na omi Pines, Pa., will be particularly attractive. A camp con ference and federal convention of the Brotherhood of An drew and Philip will be held July 8-13. A Conference o Bible study and Sunday School work, July 11-26. A cours of summer schools, July 27 to August 15.

—THE ELEVENTH International Conference, Railroad De partment of Young Men's Christian Associations, will b held at Topeka, Kan., April 30 to May 3. President Roose velt has consented to come to Topeka specially to addres the Conference. Other speakers are Governor W. J. Bailey of Kansas; Rev. C. M. Sheldon, of Topeka; Rev. Elmor Harris, D.D., of Toronto; Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. of New York; Rev. H. H. Gregg, D.D., of St. Louis; Georg R. Henderson, of Topeka; W. C. Douglas, of Philadelphia Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. Representa tives of work for railroad men in Denmark and Mexico an probably from other countries will be present.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Niagara Falls Dry

MEN and women in large numbers enjoyed, a few days ago, the unprecedented feat of walking dry-shod over the rocks over which the mighty Niagara pours its torrent. A dispatch the New York press says: "On March 21 the river owed as usual. There was considerable ice passing own stream with the water, but during the night the e floe from Lake Erie grew so heavy, that great mass- s of ice crowded upon the ledges near the head of oat Island, and diverted the water from the American the Canadian channel. Above the ice-jam the water as at least three feet higher than usual, but below the oint where the ice rested on the rocks, there was little ater, and the rocks were quite bare. The greater part f the water in the channel rustled along close to the merican mainland, and so people crossed to Green sland or Goat Island to get out on the river-bed. The at was easy, as well as interesting and attractive. len, women, and children, unmindful of the fact that e river might break through the ice-jam above them, nd carry them over the Falls and to eternity, romped bout the rocks, and gathered ice with great glee, for he possibility of walking over this portion of the river ppeared to intoxicate everybody there with delight.

SCENE AT THE AMERICAN FALLS, WHEN NIAGARA DRIED UP

WALKING OVER THE DRY BED OF THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE AMERICAN FALLS

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Leaving Green Island, the pretty spot that nestles in midstream between Goat Island and the mainland, people were able to walk right straight up the river bed to the head of Goat Island and to plod about over the vast area between the mainland and Goat Island. For centuries untold, Niagara has been the glory of the world as a waterfall, but to-day the awful fascination of the famous fall was gone." Once before, fifty-five years ago, there was a similar jam, but it continued a day only, and few of those who crossed this year remembered it. Looking at the mighty torrent as it ordinarily flows, it would seem impossible to stop it, yet in one night the whole scene was changed, without human intervention. It is no wonder that the ancient patriarch, meditating on the forces of nature, should have prostrated himself in adoration before the Creator, as he said:

By the breath of God ice is given: and the breadth of the waters is straitened. . . . Touching the Almighty we cannot find him out; he is excellent in power and in judgment (Job 37: 10, 23.)

A Daring Rescue

A woman and her child were rescued last week, from a burning house in New York, by a brave policeman. As he was on his way to report for duty at the West Thirtieth Street Station, Policeman Cornelius Willence passed through Twenty-fourth street, and saw an excited crowd gazing at the upper floor of a house. On the fire-escape outside a window on the third floor, a woman and a child were standing, while smoke poured from the windows. The crowd thought the woman was about to jump and called to her to wait for the firemen; but the woman was hysterical, and her danger was increasing every moment. Policeman Willence tried to make his way to her through the burning building, but the fire was so fierce and the smoke so dense that he was driven back. He then tried the house next door, but could not gain admittance. Two doors away he entered and made his way to the roof, thence going over roofs to that of the burning building. It was four stories high. He descended to the third story fire-escape, where the woman and child were. Finding that the woman had fainted, he carried the child to the roof, and then returned and carried up the woman, then a lifeless burden. The crowd saw his brave act, and when the woman and child were both safe on the roof they gave a mighty cheer. Men rightly admire a man who risks his life to save those of others, but how low, comparatively, give a thought to Him who actually laid down his life that they might be saved from everlasting destruction.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3: 16).

To Die for a Totem

There is trouble among the Indians in South Eastern Alaska. Some time ago they decided to hold a potlatch at Sitka. They belong to the great frog tribe, and deputations from groups of that tribe were soon on their way to Sitka from various districts. Among them was a party from Wrangel. They came down in highly decorated canoes, and were dressed in all their glory. On the way to Sitka, a member of the party was taken ill and died. By inexplicable reasoning the Sitka Indians were held responsible for his death, and a demand was made upon them for one hundred and fifty blankets as an indemnity. As they refused to pay, their totem was seized and carried off. An expert carver was employed to make a new totem. After weeks of work it was completed, and a wonderful work it was. Ten feet long, six feet wide, with lips of brass, and enormous glass eyes, it was gay with the colors of the rainbow. It was se. up on a high pole, but not without protest. It is contended that it is a counterfeit totem, and that the Sitka people have no right to a totem until they have paid their indemnity. So the excitement has grown, and now a threat is made to destroy the symbol, and a number of men are determined to destroy it, while others, armed with rifles, stand guard over it night and day. To civilized people it seems incomprehensible that men should attach so much importance to a grotesque symbol. What a change it would work in their lives if they could understand the symbolism of the Cross, and cherish that for it all it implies!

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world (Gal. 6: 14).

Farthest South

A wonderful story of Antarctic exploration comes from Auckland, New Zealand. The British steamer *Morning* has returned to that port from its voyage southward, where it went to carry supplies to the explorers who are trying to discover the secret of the South Pole. It found them at McMurdo Bay, Victoria Land, which is much farther south than was expected. They reported that their vessel, the *Discovery*, entered the ice pack on Dec. 23, 1901. By the following March, the vessel was frozen in, and the crew landed and prepared winter quarters. The temperature was [illegible] sixty-two degrees below zero. In September, which is the closing of the winter in those latitudes, sledge journeys were organized. One of these commanded by Capt. Scott and Dr. Wilson, reaching the eighty-second degree of south latitude, which is nearly three hundred miles farther south than any explorer has ever been. They saw from that point isolated peaks twelve thousand feet high, and high ranges of mountains stretching far away to the horizon. As their dogs had died on the journey, they were obliged to return, dragging their sledge themselves. The arrival of the relief vessel was timely, as provisions were running short. Ample supplies were left with the explorers who expect to resume their journeys by sledge in September next. If men were as much in earnest in their endeavors to learn all about the heavenly world as the explorers are to find out all about this world, how much better and holier our lives would be!

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light (Luke 16: 8).

BRIEF NOTES

The Easter Sermon, by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, will appear in next week's issue.

Canon Farrar, the famous English preacher, is dead. He has been in a feeble condition for several months. His death is a severe loss to the English church.

The number of immigrants who entered Canada last year, exclusive of those who entered from the United States, was 67,379, an increase of 18,230 over the figures of 1901.

A great Christian Endeavor Convention will be held in London on April 10 (Good Friday). The Metropolitan Tabernacle, Rev. Thomas Spurgeon's church, has been secured for it.

The Church Missionary Society recently received an unknown visitor at its office who said he wished to present a check to its funds. He handed the clerk five thousand dollars, but would not give his name.

Japan proposes to be up with the times. It has recently ordered some X ray machines to be used in the Tokio court on the employees whom it suspects of swallowing jewelry and other articles to carry them away.

The highest death rate of any town in the civilized world is said to be that of the city of Mossoul, [illegible] per 1,000. [illegible] 2,000 feet above sea level, but in spite of this fact the [illegible] average makes the mortality very great.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, who have been holding meetings in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, etc., propose spending the summer in America, and returning to England in September for a great mission in London next October.

A prominent native journal in India, referring to the introduction of the Bible in the schools, says: "The Bible, if made the centre of India's religious thought, would work out the moral regeneration of the land. And that is the end to be desired more than all else."

The proposal to add at least ten per cent. to Christian Endeavor members before the Convention week of July 5 is meeting with great energy. New York and Massachusetts have each organized twenty-nine new societies in twenty days. The Pennsylvania follows them closely with an increase of [illegible].

Miss Minnie L. Collins, of Calcutta, asks us to state that she has received the following sums for the funds of the Young Women's Christian Association of that city: Miss Stanwood, Hampden, $5; Mrs. O. A. Fuller, Montpelier, Me., $5; A. Friend, Nest Berne, $1; J. R. M. Kingsford, $5; Rev. Hall, Bridge Union Bridge, Md., $1; Mrs. M. L. Keene, Fairfax, [illegible] $5; Mrs. I. S. Kuhn, Kansas, $1; Mrs. M. L. [illegible] & Dawson, $10; $5; Mrs. Isabella Reed, Washington, $1; Miss [illegible] Cross, Boston, $5; Mrs. L. E. Hartman, Philadelphia, $1; Miss J. Richmond, Patterson, N. J., 50 cents.

"THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS ARE RESPLENDENT WITH BEDS OF TULIPS, HYACINTHS, VIOLETS, AND PANSIES"

Easter Egg-Rolling ON THE White House Lawn

OUR National Capital lies far enough below the Mason and Dixon line to insure, usually, an ideal spring day for Easter, and when it occurs, as it does this year, toward the middle of April, the city is sure to be a dream of beauty. The tree-lined streets, which stretch in every direction from the Potomac to the boundary line of the District, are quivering in the balmy air beneath the bursting buds, in the pale greens of their pristine foliage. The grounds at the White House and Capitol are resplendent with their fragrant beds of tulips, hyacinths, English violets, and pansies, while the many parks and reservations are ideally lovely under the witching touch of returning spring.

Franklin Park, Fourteenth and K streets, is especially attractive now. In its centre is a running fountain, surrounded by a large lily pond, filled with Japanese water foliage, which begins flowering early in the spring, and by Easter morning its broad surface will be covered with gorgeous colored blossoms. Just beyond it a tall dog-wood tree is completely covered with a shower of white blossoms. Tropic and Oriental flora of many varieties are growing within the square block of this sylvan reservation. Thomas Circle, with its luxurious umbrella trees, and rounded beds of smiling pansies; McPherson Square, with its riotous growth of trees and shrubs; and Lafayette Park, opposite the White House, with its spring magnolias in full bloom, are as beautiful as Franklin Square, while those which lie in the remoter parts of the city are equally attractive in their spring dress.

Easter week has become almost as much of a holiday season in Washington as the Christmas-tide. That which, more than anything else, attracts the eye at Easter-tide has been the annual egg-rolling on the undulating lawn of the White House. Colonel Crook, who was President Lincoln's personal aide, and who for almost forty years has been a member of the White House force, was asked recently about the origin of this custom.

"I cannot say positively," he replied, "but you know that the custom was begun on Capitol Hill. In those days the Capital Park was surrounded with a high picket fence, and at a certain hour every night, the iron gates were locked, and no one could pass in or out. The park was always a popular playground with the children of that end of town, who used to play there all the year 'round, and on Easter Mondays they took their eggs there to roll them down the grassy hills. When I came to Washington, nearly forty years ago, they were rolling them on the hillocks of the south grounds of the White House, as they do now. As to its origin, I heard that one Easter Monday morning, President Buchanan was riding past the east gate of the Capitol grounds, when he saw a big crowd of disconsolate children standing there with their baskets of eggs on their arms, and many of them crying. He stopped his carriage, and wanted to know what in the world was the matter. The sobbing urchins told him that the hard-hearted Senators had ordered the gates locked, and left word that the children were not to roll eggs any more in Capitol Park 'because they made such a muss.'

"'Muss, indeed!' Mr. Buchanan ejaculated. 'Well, the White House grounds are not too fine to be covered with egg-shells. Here, as many of you as can, get in and ride with me; the rest can follow along, and you can roll your eggs in my grounds to your heart's content.'

THE CHILDREN'S EASTER FROLIC IN THE PRESIDENT'S GROUNDS

"Whether this story be true or not," said the Colonel, "I cannot pretend to say, but I do know that when I came here, during the Civil War, it was the custom for the little people to have their Easter Monday frolic, although they did not attend it then in such numbers as they do now. The Sunday Schools of the District of all denominations had an alliance then called the Sunday School Union. For a good many years I was president of the Southwest Washington branch of this Union, and we inaugurated an Easter Monday celebration, which was participated in by all the schools of the District. On that day the scholars, teachers, and officers gathered, and with bands playing, flags, banners, mottoes and bunting flying, marched in a body up to the White House, where the President would come out on the south porch and review them. Then speeches were made by prominent public men, afterward the scholars disbanded and would remain to play in the grounds as long as they liked. In this way I really think that the egg-rolling became a fixed spring outing for the children of the capital."

In by-gone years, before the crowd which attended became so great, the President often opened the East Room and received the little people at a short reception. The last Easter that Mr. Cleveland was in the White House was a damp, raw day, and soon after noon a drizzling rain set in. Despite the weather, hundreds of little folks had gathered on the lawn. As the rain commenced to come down, they were utterly disconsolate, but their sorrow fled in a twinkling, when word was passed that the President would receive them in the house. Mothers and nurses, with their broods of water-bedraggled youngsters, hurried to the north door of the mansion and presented themselves in the East Room. Mr. Cleveland had a handshake and a smile for each child.

"You must have a lot of patience in stock to-day, Mr. President," said one lady, toward the end of the hour, as she piloted three little tots up to him.

"Oh, it doesn't require patience to meet children," he replied quickly. "I am always glad to see the little folks," and stopping the lad of the party, a sturdy boy of eight, he added, "How do you do, my son, did you get tired of waiting?"

It's needless to say that the President made a life-long friend of the mother of that boy.

Washington's older inhabitants recall with sadness the Easter of '61. The capital was under siege, and cut off from all communication. No trains could come within miles, and the telegraph wires were down. All who could secure conveyances, sent their families with all speed toward the Pennsylvania State line. Easter was indeed that year a "black Sunday." But the glad bells of peace have rung that memorable Easter far into the past, and its horrors have been forgotten in the happy ones which have passed since then. This year, the services in all the churches will consist of magnificent music and appropriate sermons, and flowers in profusion will decorate altar and chancel. The President will be away on his western trip, but Mrs. Roosevelt will have the children of the family with her at the White House, and will give one of her popular "At homes." The town will be filled with distinguished guests, and there will be entertainments in their honor at many of the embassies and legations. ABBY G. BAKER.

Preaching to the Prisoners

The readers of this journal are familiar with the work of the Gospel Mission to the Tombs. Nearly 1,600 persons, representing almost every State in the Union, and often every quarter of the globe, find themselves in this prison in the course of a year. Gratifying results have been made in preaching and working personally among the prisoners. The annual report of the work is just published, and any one can have a copy by writing to Chaplain Munro, Tombs Prison, New York City. Contributions, may be forwarded to Mr. George E. Sterry, 79 Pine Street, New York City.

Easter at Lonesome Ford

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MISS CHARLOTTE PERKINS, with a young companion, lived in a large house on a fine avenue, lined with mansions similar to her own, and surrounded by fair gardens, which in April were ablaze with tulips and jonquil. The town was a thriving place in the Middle West, and society there was cultured and refined, with a somewhat exclusive inner circle to which Miss Perkins belonged. She was of aristocratic traditions, and possessed inherited wealth, having, in fact, more money than she could spend, and often finding time heavy on her hands for lack of something interesting to do. Most springs saw the Perkins' home closed, except for a room or two, left in charge of a caretaker, while the owner was abroad in Athens or Nice, or on the Nile, or else enjoying the lavish bloom of California, or loitering in the orange groves of Florida. This year Miss Perkins, in weariness of body and surfeit of travel, had remained at home, and the daughter of an old schoolmate was keeping her company. Lulu Bond had known nothing of luxury until she came to D——, and had been installed in her position as companion and secretary, with a generous salary, in this home of elegant ease. Her father was a home missionary at Lonesome Ford, in a frontier mining community, and his annual stipend was less than the amount paid by Miss Perkins to Lulu for her services. But the girl, homebred and home-taught in the little parsonage, where self-denial went hand in hand with truest love, had never seen such discontent, such fretfulness, and such poverty of resource, as confronted her every day in her employer's house. There were days when Lulu was so homesick for that bit of a cottage, with its penury and privations, and its brave, courageous facing of difficulties, and joyous endeavor, that she wanted to fly back there. Only the thought of what her earnings meant to the dear people at Lonesome Ford kept her steadfast at her post. She was helping along, and that was a comfort.

"Lulu," said Miss Perkins, one morning in early April, "the Flower Committee will be sending somebody round for any contribution to the Easter decoration of the church. Run out to the greenhouse and ask John what he can send. Not that I care much for Easter," she added.

Lulu loved the greenhouse, especially now. As she pushed open the door, and stepped into the warm, moist atmosphere, noticing how the beaded drops stood on pane and roof, how the dear little violets were scenting the air and smiling as if glad to be alive, observing the carnations and jonquils making a riot of color, the azaleas whiter than the drifted and new-fallen snow, and the lilies uplifting their beauty in sheaves, she was for an instant spellbound. She drew a deep breath of delight. The crusty old Scotch gardener, who liked Lulu, gave her a red rose, and told her to report that he would have flowers and to spare for Easter.

"Flowers and to spare," she repeated, wistfully, with a longing look in her blue eyes. "Oh, John! Many to spare?"

"Why surely, miss, a heap of them," he answered. "Miss Perkins can provide all her friends with Easter posies this April."

Lulu went slowly back. She was trying to gather up her resolution to the point of asking Miss Perkins to send some Easter bloom to the little church at Lonesome Ford. Oh, if she but dared to propose it!

Such a rough little church it was, built of logs, and with hard pews that had no backs. A mere shelter from wind and weather; but her father was so thankful to have it, and when it was filled to the door, as sometimes it happened to be, with the miners and their wives and children, Lulu had seen a look on that father's face, that made her understand how Moses must have beamed on the people when his countenance shone after communion with God in the secret fastnesses of the mountains.

"What are you thinking of, my dear?" asked Miss Perkins, an hour later, suddenly growing aware of the far-away look in Lulu's eyes.

The girl pulled herself together. It was part of a companion's duty to be cheerful and not absent-minded.

"I was just then at Lonesome Ford, I'm afraid, Miss Perkins. It's a year since I saw my mother, and her last letter shows me that she is not well. I've been wondering if I ought not to go home."

"Nonsense, child, you can't leave me. I'm not well, either."

"I know, dear Miss Perkins, but you have so many friends, and a good doctor, and the servants all devoted to you, and mother has nobody but father and the children."

The spinster sighed inaudibly. Her thoughts were reminiscent. Helen Sherman and herself had been seat-mates at school. Not one of her class had been more beautiful, more fascinating, more brilliant and clever than Helen Sherman. When she married Frank Bond, and went away as a home missionary to a wilderness exile, to want, and hard work, and a life cut off from the world, most of her acquaintances had soon forgotten her. Charlotte Perkins had kept up a rambling correspondence, writing to and hearing from Helen at long intervals, finally sending for Lulu, when she felt too acutely the isolation of her own home, Helen had not done so badly. Miss Perkins thought, to have raised a daughter like Lulu, to have five other children, sons and daughters, and a husband of Frank's calibre. Why, oh! why, with his talents, had he buried himself there? Why had he never come out of the desert, come where he might have a city parish?

Miss Perkins was a woman given to rapid decisions. She made up her mind quickly, and having ways and means at her command, she never had to hesitate long. A project flashed upon her imagination suddenly.

"Telephone to Madame Rosalind and Mrs. Dunwiddie to come up at once with samples," she said. "You and I must take a little journey; we are both getting

"OH, JIM CARSON," SHE CRIED, "HOW ARE FATHER AND MOTHER?"

blue, and we both need a new outfit, Lulu. I want you to look as charming as twenty ought to, my dear."

Lulu obeyed, but with a sinking heart. The drawing homeward was so strong, so peremptory, and here was a new departure; probably she was to go across the continent again, as she had already done twice or thrice, at the caprice of Miss Perkins. What did she care for more new frocks? Her wardrobe was bulging with raiment now, and her mother had nothing but a shiny alpaca for best, and a gingham for everyday, while her father's coat was white at the seams, and hopelessly shabby. The money she sent was to educate the boys. None of it would be spent for clothes, she was sure.

"Lulu!"

"Yes, Miss Perkins."

"Is your mother as stout as I am?"

Lulu laughed.

"Mother is no larger than I. She is as slender and thin as if she were sixteen."

"Indeed! Well, she is to be congratulated. I do hate being so stout."

Lulu made no reply.

"You may as well pack up everthing of yours that she can make over for the children. Helen was always a genius with her needle, I remember, and send the box right along. And I have a letter for her, that is to be put in the middle of the box; her birthday comes on Easter Sunday this year."

Lulu stared in surprise. Miss Perkins surveyed her gravely. "Child," she said, "you are not the only person in the world who loves your mother, and knows that she is sweet and brave and too good for us all. That she belongs, and your Luther, too, both of them, belong to the band of whom the world is not worthy. By the by, when you go to pack, send old John up to see me."

John, a little rheumatic, gray as a badger, and a gardener from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, came hobbling into his mistress's presence.

"John," she said, "I'm going away. You will see that the Easter flowers are sent to the church in time, and send also as many as you can of the left-overs to the hospitals. But, tell me, can you possibly pack a box of lilies and ferns and roses, and get it to Lonesome Ford, where Miss Lulu's parents live, in good order, the day before Easter. It's two days journey, John."

"The thing can be done, madam."

"Then, you do it. And mind, John, Miss Lulu is not to know one iota about it."

The next week was a perfect whirl of dressmaking, errand-going and dismantling the house. Lulu noticed that Miss Perkins was preparing for a long jaunt. When she asked where they were going, Miss Perkins gave her a very curt reply. So that she felt her curiosity inopportune, and did not venture another allusion to the subject. But she was not a girl to mope, and having decided that it was right to stay with her employer for the time, she maintained her serenity, was bright and sunny, and so lovable that Miss Perkins had hard work to persevere in her reserve, and not disclose the destination to which they would presently be bound.

The truth was that Miss Perkins had resolved to go to Lonesome Ford, take Lulu, and see for herself what Helen's life was.

They started Westward on a Wednesday, stopping off each evening to rest in a hotel. Miss Perkins had a horror of sleeping-cars. Before very long Lulu divined the intention of their trip, and was mentally swinging, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. She was wild with rapture at the thought of seeing home again. She was cold with dismay at the impression home would make on Miss Perkins' mind.

They arrived at the last station, and were deposited on a rough platform where there was not a house in sight. An old, ramshackle stage, with a nondescript harness and a pair of mules, would take them the last five miles. As they climbed into this conveyance, Lulu could have hugged the rough, red-faced driver, who squeezed her hand until it ached.

"Oh, Jim Carson!" she cried, "how are father and mother?"

"Your pop's hearty, Lulu, but your marm's looking peaked. Be this lady goin' home with you, Lulu?"

"Yes, Jim. This is Miss Perkins, a friend of my mother's."

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am," said Jim affably, extending a rough paw, and crushing Miss Perkins' hand almost as fiercely as he had Lulu's.

To say that Charlotte Perkins had a novel sensation when she sat at Frank Bond's right that evening, and heard him ask God's blessing on the frugal meal that was served before the family, faintly expresses the case. She had seen poverty in city tenements, afar off. Now she met it close by in a home as exquisitely clean as her own, though bare as an empty plate. Only necessities there. Not a useless cup or saucer.

In the two days before Easter, she had a revelation of the dignity, the beauty, the stern asceticism of the life Frank Bond and his wife had chosen. She saw the bleak holes in the ground under which lay untold wealth of mineral and ore. Lulu took her around to the cabins to make friends with the people. Her heart went out to them. Frank carried her with him in his creaking old buggy to visit his sick parishioners miles away, for his was a widely scattered flock.

Not a complaint, not a whispered murmur did she hear, but when the box came, a day after the travelers, and Helen found a roll of crisp ten dollar bills as her birthday present, she put her arms around Charlotte's neck and cried.

"My dear," she said, "I haven't seen so much money at one time since I was a girl. But why did you send it by freight?"

"When I sent it, Helen, I was not quite certain that after all, I would dare to come. But the yearning in Lulu's eyes pleaded with me, and it was borne upon me that I was getting to be a selfish old maid, and I hurried seeing you would give me a lift into a better life, and it has. Yes, it has."

John's box of flowers came in season, and very early in the dawn of Easter Day, Miss Perkins and Lulu

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 307

LOVE, LAW, LIBERTY ❋ Quarterly Temperance Lesson

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR APRIL 19
ROMANS 13: 7-14

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: "LOVE WORKETH NO ILL TO HIS NEIGHBOR: THEREFORE LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW." ROMANS 13: 10

THE Epistle to the Romans was written by the Apostle Paul in Corinth, A. D., 57, just before starting for Jerusalem. It was sent by Phoebe, a deaconess. Let us recall what great men have said about this epistle: Luther calls it, "The chief part of the New Testament and the purest Gospel." (The Reformation of the sixteenth century was inspired by the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians). Coleridge speaks of Romans as "The most profound work in existence." Meyer thinks it "The grandest, boldest and most complete composition of Paul."

Some one has copied the Emancipation Proclamation, so as to produce by the shading of the letters, an excellent likeness of its author, Abraham Lincoln. The portrait seems to lie below the words, as if they were being uttered by his lips. So, in our lesson, we see under the words: "Render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due," a portrait of Christ on that day, when he was asked by his enemies: "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?" and he replied: "Show me the tribute money." They brought him a penny, and he asked: "Whose is this image and superscription?" They answered: "Cæsar's." Jesus replied: "Render therefore unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God, the things that are God's." And those who had asked the question to entangle him, became their own victims. Paul was wise and tactful, to put in this form the truth he would teach to the Roman Christians that they should do their duties both to God and government. As they rendered back to Cæsar the coin stamped with his image, they were also to render back to God themselves, being created in his image. Man, created in God's likeness, should be like God in his feelings and in his relations to his fellow-men.

Again we see a portrait of Christ in the writing of Paul, under the words, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." In Christ's presence there stands the rich young ruler, asking, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" Jesus repeats the Commandments: "Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The young man claims always to have kept these commandments from a child, and asks, "What lack I yet?" Jesus sees a root of disobedience in the young man's heart, which he himself has not discovered, and reveals it to him by asking him to devote his wealth to the poor. This the young man is unwilling to do, and turns sorrowfully away. He lacks supreme love to God and man, and so has broken the whole law of right relations by his selfishness. Paul writes: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." And yet again Paul reminds them to bear the image of their unselfish, spiritual Master when he says, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." The image in which they had been created they were in danger of marring by drunkenness, and other bad habits to which liquors lead. No one thing so often mars the image of God in man, nothing so often puts hate and selfishness in place of love to our neighbor as the curse of drink. We have sometimes seen a coin whose superscription had been so worn off, as to become illegible. Such coins have diminished value. Paul appeals to those Christians who may have lost the brightness of the Christ image, to have it restored. He calls on them to "awake out of sleep," and "cast off the works of darkness," and "put on the armor of light." Let us place two coins side by side, one fresh from the mint, with even the smallest hair-line of the superscription standing out in relief; the other battered and misshapen, the image nearly destroyed; and let us decide that we will be the "clear-cut" Christians, rendering to God the things that are God's and to Government, no less, the duties we owe to Government; getting into right relations with God and man by loving both, and on such love building our laws, personal and social, and crowning all with true liberty, which can be built only on love and law.

In the spring of the year 372, a young man, in the thirty-first year of his age, in evident distress of mind, entered his garden near Milan. The sins of his youth

LIBERTY — THE RUMSELLER'S IDOL

With apologies to Bartholdi, the designer of the famous statue at the entrance of New York Harbor

— a youth spent in sensuality and impiety — weighed heavily on his soul. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and pouring out abundant tears, he heard from a neighboring house a young voice saying, and repeating in rapid succession, "Take and read! Take and read!" Receiving this as a Divine admonition, he procured the roll of Paul's epistles. Describing the scene, he says: "I opened it, and read in silence the chapter on which my eyes first lighted (it was the thirteenth of Romans). 'Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.'" He obeyed at once the divine command. His mother's prayers were answered. The grand career of Augustine, the holiest of the Fathers, then commenced.

Illustration and Application

The young and old of this self-indulgent age, which combines an increasing demand for "personal liberty" with a diminishing sense of personal responsibility, need to be reminded over and over again that there is no true liberty apart from law, and no true law that God has not made out of love. Anarchy is as much the opposite of liberty as is tyranny. Indeed the tyranny of the mob is worse than the tyranny of the monarch. Liberty is not an engine jumping the track, but an engine moving forward on the fixed rails of law, with liberty only to go the right way and lead others in it. In God's world of wise laws there can be no personal liberty to do wrong with impunity. The liberty of the person must be subordinate to the liberty of the populace. If it were true that a strong man might use a saloon without manifest harm to himself, yet if, on the whole, the saloon will be a harmful resort to the young and the weak; if it will disturb right relations among men by quarrels and crimes and impoverishment, the liberty of the community to promote its best good must overrule the selfish personal liberty that demands a dangerous indulgence.

"Liberty under law" has been the great Anglo-Saxon watchword, under which greater and more secure progress has been wrought than under the frantic French cry of "personal liberty." But "Young America" especially, should be taught that law is not a stern taskmaster, but only another name for "Love divine, all love excelling." Man cannot make or break law, though it may break him. Man can only translate God's law, born of his love, into its human applications, even as a lawyer does not make but only interprets and applies law. Legislators are "ministers of God," "ordained" to serve him and humanity by applying the great constitutional law of God to civil affairs. A "license" to do wrong is not a law but a legislative crime. On the other hand, every prohibition of what works ill to our neighbor, is a translation of love for man into a statute, its purpose being, as Gladstone has said, to make it "harder to do wrong and easier to do right." Since wrong-doing is the road to unhappiness here and hereafter, for the individual and for society, surely love can do no better service than to prohibit and prevent such wrong-doing. The solid, divine, foundation of all laws prohibiting liquor selling, and of all other prohibitory laws that forbid what is harmful, is, in our golden text, the best of "no license" texts: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." Again, we suggest the use of that text as a saloon sign. If the saloon cannot bear such a motto, it is a crime, and not only those who own it, but those who keep it up by their patronage, or their petition, or their ballot, are working ill to their neighbor, and so breaking the law of brotherhood, which is the law of God.

Even among Christians there are many who think it is not always "expedient" to do right. If God made and rules this world, can it ever be "expedient" for man to do wrong? Was Lincoln wrong when he said it was vain to seek a midway between right and wrong? "Right wrongs no man." Is not the man who denies that Christian axiom in word or deed an infidel? God forbids us to "call evil good and good evil," and to "justify the wicked for a reward." Do we not do both when we as a community permit a saloon to run in consideration of a fee paid into our common treasury? All will agree it is right to vote for any degree of prohibition we can get, but is it ever allowable to vote for any license of what is harmful? If it is not right for an individual to sell alcoholic beverages, can it be right for a whole town or State to become rumsellers on the dispensary or Norwegian plan? This is now likely to succeed high license as the "Diana of the hour" among those who want to find something easier than righteousness in dealing with the liquor traffic.

"RENDER UNTO CÆSAR THE THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S, AND UNTO GOD THE THINGS THAT ARE GOD'S"

AGAINST SWEARING

Results of One Year's Activity by the Anti-Profanity League....

IT is just one year since there appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an article introducing the Anti-Profanity League to the great circle of its readers. That challenge for a campaign against our "national sin," swearing, was not ignored. Twelve hundred CHRISTIAN HERALD readers responded and became members of the League; five hundred gave themselves to active assistance in the distribution of literature; forty-five organized local Leagues of their own, and four became secretaries of their respective States. As a result of this lively interest, what was before a local movement has become a religious force of recognized national importance. As the result of one year's efforts, the League reports:

1. We have gained a pledged and registered membership of 1,000, coming from forty States, two territories, Canada, Nova Scotia, Scotland, England, Ireland and Switzerland, making our organization international in its scope.

2. We have formed sixty efficient working organizations in various States.

3. We have appointed State secretaries in five States, who are waging the campaign in their respective States.

4. We have secured the preaching of at least one hundred sermons against profanity, some of them by leaders of the national pulpit, most notable among them being "The American Pulpit" sermon by Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 15, on the theme, "Pestilent Profanity." This was printed in the newspapers in the United States and England, and had millions of readers. We likewise have the promise of similar sermons by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and others.

The League has waged so effective a campaign as to attract the attention of the secular press and excite favorable editorial comment in many States. It has published three sermons, and forty cards, tracts and circulars against cursing and swearing. It has waged an extensive propaganda, distributing and circulating 150,000 pieces of literature. Its secretary has addressed twenty-one audiences and four ministers' meetings upon the work. It has secured the insertion of a topic bearing on the "Evils of Profanity" in the Y. P. S. C. E. Junior and Local Union topic-list for 1903, and laid a similar request before the union committee on topics for all young people's societies. It has drawn the attention of the Christian church to what was hitherto a practically neglected field. It has induced Y. P. S. C. E., Epworth Leagues, Young People's Unions and Sunday Schools to appoint Anti-Profanity committees, and in other ways take up the work. It has enlisted the sympathies of that class of men who do things, as witness—a town ordinance against profanity in Nebraska; swearing prohibited in factories, and among employees. It has scores of letters testifying to specific cases where our work has brought profane men to their senses, and in some cases to Jesus Christ.

It asks the hearty and generous co-operation of "friends old and new," and solicits from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a share of their prayers, their thoughts and personal influence during 1903.

The apostles rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer reproach for the name. Are you not willing to make a little effort to preserve its honor?

To all who will write me, I will gladly forward full particulars of our movement.

REV. ROLAND D. SAWYER.

Hanson, Mass., February, 1903.

Hail, Glorious Morning!

A Carol for Easter Day

Composed Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Solo.—*Declamatory.* Semi-Chorus.—*A little faster.*

1. Hark! hark! the bells, Glad cho - ral bells; Ring-ing a - gain the Eas - ter time,
2. Hark! hark! the bells, Sweet fes - tive bells; Cap - tives to sin, be - hold your chains,
3. Hark! hark! the bells, Soul-thrill-ing bells; Life in His life the cross who bore,

Small notes for accomp.

Ring - ing a - gain in tones sub - lime, Say - ing to all in tune - ful chime,
Bro - ken by Him who Con - queror reigns; Wel-come the news with grate - ful strains,
Life in His life who dies no more; Tell it a - gain from shore to shore,

FULL CHORUS.

Je - sus a - rose to - day! Glo-rious, glo-rious morn - ing, Hail, O hail its birth:

Come, come re - joic - ing, And sing with ho - ly mirth; Shout, shout sal - va - tion to

all the earth, Je - sus a - rose to - day! Je - sus a - rose to - day!

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Loose Preaching Rebuked

In a sermon preached in Syracuse, N. Y., recently, Bishop Huntington, of the Episcopal Church, sharply criticized a class of ministers who figure out "an easy time for the sinner after death." Not one in a hundred had the courage to preach the truth concerning judgment and retribution:

A man of the world who has never claimed to be a believer and is a pew-owner, who does not pretend to apply the precepts or principles of his Gospel to his business or club life, drinks freely, swears profanely when he is provoked, if he goes occasionally to church, likes sermons that insist upon God's love for everybody alike, discredits rigid religious standards, disparages creeds and advocates open Sundays, why should he like such sermons? A man that has been cheating, lying and lecherring all the week, goes to church and is told that hell is a bugbear, and that ministers who preach it are bigots. He will go home to his dinner with satisfaction and cheerfully pay his pew tax and crush widows' homes and cheat and lecher another week. That God loves and will not punish all he sees in Wall Street and Vanity Fair, in fashionable society, in shops, in nurseries, in seminaries, in slave pens, in saloons, in kitchens, and in chambers, I will not believe

A GRINDSTONE FOR A PULPIT

IT is Saturday morning. The sun is just beginning to shine and yield. The thermometer registers 20 below zero. The prairie is thirty inches deep in the snowdrifts. It is impossible to keep the appointment. He knows the road will be in terrible condition, calling it nothing. He takes his gun, a few shells, lighter, pencils, in his hand, and starts some time up the road. Some [illegible] come along with the hand car and gave him a ride of a few miles. Then a long tramp of four hours, followed by a ride of eleven miles in the power of appointments. A social gathering with the parishioners and helping the evening, and late at night he is at liberty to retire.

The Lord's Day dawns. The thermometer has gone down still lower. It is 32 degrees below zero. A few hundred people in gathered, and after a ride of two and a half miles a service is held. Twenty-two are present. Two couples have not been able to attend a service for three years. The pastor speaks of the cheer and comfort of God's presence (Acts 23:11). The aged father and mother are elated to see and are very grateful. As soon as the service ends the team is hitched up and away we go to town. The pastor now takes his own team and the brethren with us with him in the morning, and they go to the logging camp five miles on the other side of town. We go to the "bunk house" where the men are. Some are reading, some writing, some darning socks. The bunks are ranged around three sides of the room, in two tiers. In the centre of the room stands the big box stove. Around the stove, on wires stretched across the room, hangs the week's washing. About forty men are present. Hymn books are distributed. A hymn is sung and the pastor leads in prayer. All are quiet. The pulpit is a large grindstone. The text is from Luke 15:17. The pastor tries to show how the world is blessed in Christ. A more respectful hearing could not be asked for.

After the service we repair to the "grub shanty," and are regaled with a hearty dinner, three-thirty, and the pastor has held two services and driven ten miles in the cold since breakfast. Lunch is served in tin dishes, tin plates, tin cups. The butter is in a tin cup, the sugar in a tin can. Not a dish of sweetmeats on the table. Hunger is a good sauce, and the sincere welcome makes one forget the plainness of the surroundings. After lunch we begin to pray, and at half-past seven meet for worship in the schoolhouse. Thirty are present. The pastor gives a Bible reading, getting his subject, "Gospel Conversation." Luke 24:13-32.

The day is gone. Three services, and fifteen miles driven in the cold. What has been accomplished? God knows. The pastor is only responsible for the faithful presentation of the Gospel. The results rest with God. Rev. G. W. [illegible]

Missionary Pastor.

Navy, Minn. Bap't Church.

A Western Mission

In the western part of Oklahoma Territory is a mission field of fifteen by twenty miles in extent, with a population of about 5,000, many of whom are poor and are in need houses and "dugouts." My husband preaches to them Sundays in the little sod or frame schoolhouses and during the week we visit them, talk with them about Christ, and leave religious books and papers for them to read. If any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wishes to send me good literature for distribution, I will see that it is put where it will do the greatest good.

MRS. B. A. LOVING

Persimmon, Oklahoma Territory.

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"The Apostle of the Filipinos"

Evangelist Nicolas Zamora writes to "The Christian Herald" of his Gospel Campaign

THAT the spread of the Gospel is progressing in the Philippines is shown by the encouraging letters received from the Christian workers in those islands. Rev. Nicolas Zamora, "the Apostle of the Filipinos," whose recent work has been materially extended by the aid rendered by readers of this journal, sends this interesting letter:

EVANGELIST BAUTISTA

"On the 12th of October, 1902, I went to the province of Pampanga, to preach in the towns of that province called San Fernando and Mexico. The day I was there, the number of men and women who took part in the services at San Fernando was five hundred, and in Mexico, two hundred. We have now two good chapels in those towns. During the months of October, November, and December, 1902, I continued holding services in Manila and Malibon. On the 27th of November, Thanksgiving was celebrated by a great meeting in a large hall in the Santa Cruz district of Manila. The 'Obispo Maximo' of the Yglesia Filipina Independente (the Philippine Independent Church), Rev. Gregorio Aglipay, and one of the members of the committee of that church, Dr. Isabello de los Reyes, aided in the service. The number of people, men and women, present passed the 1,200 mark.

"On the day of the Nativity a dedication service was held for the new Methodist Episcopal Chapel at Santa Mesa, with attendance of more than five hundred men and women. On Christmas night, as well as at the watch-night service at the close of the year, more than twelve hundred persons were present to participate in the meetings held in the Pentecost Tabernacle.

"On Jan. 3d I made another itinerary in Pampanga province; eight hundred people at San Fernando, three hundred in Mexico, and one hundred at Sta. Tomas (a small *barrio*), took part in the meetings. There is now residing in San Fernando an evangelist who is doing faithful work, Telesforo Pineda.

"I am kept continually busy with my work, having had no vacation from preaching since the month of August, 1899, and now have about one thousand who are regular attendants at my services, the weekly congregations being, in Malabon, at Tulong Duhat, 300, at Tangos, 300, at Tonsuya, 100, and in Santa Cruz, Manila, 300.

"Very sincerely, your servant in Christ,
NICOLAS ZAMORA"

. . .

In a later letter, dated Feb. 7, Pastor Zamora writes:

EVANGELIST CASTRO

Your letter, with draft, received. Our work here is thoroughly organized under the direction of the Evangelical Union, composed of the membership of all the Evangelical Missions represented in the islands. This organization is a great help in avoiding all effects and even the appearances of denominationalism. We are a united body for Christ. We cannot take care of more than a small part of those who are clamoring for the Gospel, and who, through the arrangements of the Union, have been placed under our particular charge. We need many more workers indeed. Our Mission carried on a training school last year, and we have several young men who, so far, have been supporting themselves entirely and doing much work, preaching and teaching. We believe several of these will make good pastors.

. . .

I conferred with the finance committee of our mission (composed of Dr. Homer C. Stuntz, Rev. J. L. McLaughlin and myself), and we chose two young men who have had training and shown ability. These we recommend to your CHRISTIAN HERALD readers' support. One, brother Jose Bautista, goes into a new place to open services for the first time, the other, brother Servilliano Castro, goes to Mololos (about twenty-five miles from Manila), where considerable work has already been done. He seems to be gifted as a trainer and director of those who have started in the Way, but who do not know what to do. So we thought that would be the best place for them to go. The whole amount contributed by your readers will be deposited with the treasurer of our Mission, and held as a special fund for the purpose for which it is sent, and an account will be rendered to you from time to time, as to the expenditure of the money, and the work accomplished by the men whom it supports.

(1) EVANGELIST NICOLAS ZAMORA. (2) HIS WIFE, CHILDREN AND (3) ATTENDANT

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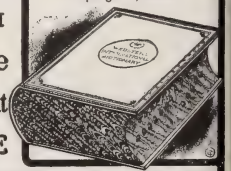

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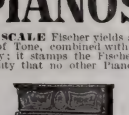

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THE MOTHER IN THE FIELD

By MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE

FROM the beginning, the small girl, even more, perhaps, than the small boy, should be taught to respect the body. To respect it by giving it proper nourishment, and withholding from it the things that will work it harm; to respect it by bringing it to its best possibilities through athletic training; to respect it by keeping it outwardly and inwardly clean.

The fashion that has, of late, dictated outdoor sports as part of the curriculum of the English and American *jeune fille bien elevee*, is wise enough to atone for many of the follies that have been perpetrated in the name of *La Mode*. After all, it is but a reversion of the young lady to the tastes she probably had as a child. If little girls do not climb trees—and tumble out of them—go wading, and fishing, and bird-nesting, and hunt "yellow-jackets" in summer; skate, and slide, and sled in winter; and play ball, spin tops, and shoot marbles in their season, it is because they lack the chance. Turn them loose in the country and they would do all the outdoor things their brothers do, and with as much zest and enthusiasm. They, too, love to drive the cows to and from pasture (especially if this is not their regular work), to ride the horses to water, to climb on the loaded hay-wagons, and take a hand at cleaning and harnessing the horses, or in feeding the pigs. Blessed be the new convention that permits them to don overalls or "knickers" in their summer vacations! When circumstances deny small girls these joys, substitutes must be sought in gymnasium work, and in such outdoor sports as lie within reach of the city child. These are indispensable, if the future home maker is to be sound of body as well as of mind.

. . .

If more stress seems to be laid upon other things than upon study, it is because the topics handled are not cares that may be deputed to others. Teachers may train the brain, but no one except the mother can adequately look after the development of the heart and of the body. Yet, while the book education may sometimes be safely entrusted to teachers, the girl who is accustomed to the surroundings of a cultured home, will show the effects of this throughout her school life. She may not have known that she was taking in knowledge at the pores, so to speak, but the result will manifest itself in her routine work. Even without being the girl's instructor in specific branches, the mother is incessantly teaching. The accurate speech, the corrections of fault in word and phrase, the taking for granted of certain knowledge, the clearing up of hazy information, the rectification of false impressions—all have their part in educating the girl. When it comes to the wise choice of books for the girl to read; to the equally wise refusal; to the encouragement and general supervision of correspondence; to the cultured fellowship the mother may give the daughter; the benefit the latter may reap from the constant association, make the mere recitation and hearing of lessons even an almost inconsiderable factor in the general education.

Yet, in this, too, the mother must bear her part. The rules and regulations of the majority of our schools appear severe enough to oblige a child to learn, willy-nilly, but the youthful mind has a marvelous facility for the parrot-like acquisition of learning that profiteth nothing. Witness the case of Emmy Lou, in her struggle with music and with spelling. A, in the musical scale is "do," had taught the music-master.

"Do!" said Mr. Cato, "do—always *do*—not A, nor B, nor C, never A, nor B, nor C again—do! *do!*" the bow rapping angrily the while. "Forget now it was ever A. A is *do* here!"

Emmy Lou resolved she never would forget. A is dough. How or why or wherefore it did not matter. The point was, A is dough. Then came spelling. This time the rest might forget, but Emmy Lou would not. It came her turn.

She stood up. Her word was Adam. And A was dough. Emmy Lou went slowly to get it right. "Dough-d-dough-m, Adam!" said Emmy Lou.

One hardly needs to read the early part of the tale to know that the child was motherless. For the right sort of a mother would have known enough of the child's lessons to have given her help at home and aided her over the stumbling blocks of misunderstanding and through the slough of ignorance.

. . .

As the girl grows older and comes to her college days, it is asking a good deal of the ordinary mother to keep abreast of the daughter in her studies. Dearly as the older woman would love to do this—for there is a keen hunt in falling away from the child with whom she has hitherto walked side by side—the mother cannot, in justice to herself and to her other duties, go to school again. But the ready sympathy, and the encouragement may still be forthcoming, and if she can give to the girl what so many women lack—a sense of proportion that enables her to discern the relative values of her occupations or her pursuits, the mother has furnished the daughter with a potent aid in the work of home-making.

There are other things, too, which one hardly hesitates to declare of more importance than book learning. First among them, are courtesy and good breeding. Even now, one occasionally finds them in young girls, but seldom enough to raise them possessed to a possibly disproportionately high place in one's esteem. The rising generation is so sure of itself, so convinced of its own importance, that it has little time and less inclination for thought of the individualities of others. The positive qualities are so much dwelt upon that the negative have almost disappeared from view. One is homesick for them sometimes, or for their possessors. If it were but possible, once in a while, to be refreshed by meeting the girl whom the young women of to-day pillory in one scornful phrase!

"She is not beautiful," they scoff, "and she is not brilliant, but she is a good girl and a great comfort to her mother."

. . .

After all, she is not quite so extinct as the dodo. I know one. She is not pretty and she is not clever. But she is a good girl,—good all through, gentle, unassuming, unselfish, always thoughtful for others rather than for herself, saying the friendly word, rendering the friendly service.

She doeth little kindnesses
That most leave undone or despise,
For nought that sets one heart at ease
Or giveth happiness or peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

It goes without saying that she is a comfort to her mother and to all about her. And what a home she will some day make!

Like the training in obedience, the girl's course in courtesy must begin at a tender age. The twig is so easily bent then that it scarcely resists the guiding hand. Even with this training, the girl may, when half-grown, come to a stage when self-assertion shows itself and when she feels that it is quite the thing for her to force herself upon people's attention. All growing things have their trying age. But this, too, will pass away, and if the girl has been started right, there is not much difficulty in inducing her to believe that she and all her affairs are not of paramount importance to the public at large; that gentleness and consideration command more love and popularity than self-assertion and carelessness of the concerns and whims of others.

So many qualities besides the severely practical go to the composition of the home-maker as she should be, that what might be called the mechanical part of the training almost slips out of sight. Sometimes it is allowed to remain there, and then the home-maker fails of success. Abstract traits are beautiful and indispensable, but

Will the love that you are rich in
Build a fire in the kitchen
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?

In other words, will a well-trained physique, a thoroughly educated mind, a perfectly balanced moral nature, and a due share of what the Italians call *gentilezza*, make up for ignorance of domestic economy, including in this a knowledge of cookery, of the purchase and care of food, the management of servants and the like? Nay, verily. Do the one, but leave not the other undone.

"The Evening Anthem"

It was in the quiet of a winter evening that I spread the excellent "Art Gallery" out before me for inspection, and to learn which of the ten rare beauties would gain my favor. To add anything to the following soliloquy would be a superfluity.

No carnal thoughts ever wrote upon that face;
Those eyes are windows in a residence of peace.
Wherein a glowing fire of love prevails
As sunshine in the quiet summer vales.
And as I gaze, there cometh like a balm,
O'er my world weary life a strange, sweet calm.
Out from the dust and smoke of earthly strife
She looks, and sees the better light of life.
The woodlands grow serene in afterglow,
I hear "The Evening Anthem" sweet and low.

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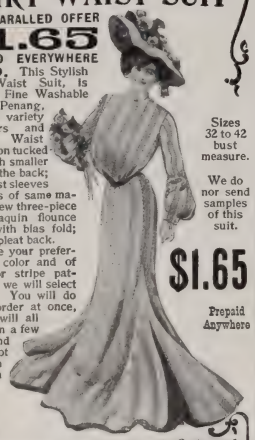

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M. A. R., Benkelman, Neb. 1. Ought there to be so many churches as there are? Are they all sanctioned by Scripture? 2. Can they and will they all be drawn into one?

1. Every church believes that it has Scriptural authority for its being. The fact that Christ made no definite church organization, inevitably led to the formation of different churches, each of which emphasized some special aspect of the truth. 2. The first step in that direction is now being made by the Federation Society, which is persuading them to co-operate in Christian work. Perhaps, that is the best that can be hoped for in this generation.

C. L. K., West Leesport. What color is a jasper stone?

A jasper, though generally green, may be of various colors, including purple and cerulean. Its green is not as brilliant as that of the emerald. It was one of the twelve stones in the high priest's breastplate.

Christian. 1. Are there any passages in the Bible forbidding the marriage of first cousins? 2. What States, if any, have laws prohibiting their marriage?

1. See Leviticus, 18th chapter. The rules therein laid down are applied to other relationships, equally close, though not specified, first cousins being usually included. 2. Marriage between first cousins is prohibited in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Indian Territory, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming.

Reader, Spey, N. Y. 1. What is the meaning of Acts 17:31? Does it mean that the righteousness of Christ is the standard to which we are expected to attain, and that those who have not attained to it will be condemned? 2. Is it possible for any one to live a life as pure and holy as Christ's?

1. It means, as we understand it, that people will be judged righteously. Paul was speaking to men who had some experience of courts where men were not judged in righteousness, but suffered through the prejudices and corrupt morals of the judges. 2. Christ is our pattern. He has promised the help of the Holy Spirit to those who seek it. We ought, then, to strive earnestly, depending on him, to live holy lives, and see for ourselves whether it is possible. Why worry over the question if it is possible? Make the attempt and do not lose heart. With God all things are possible.

C. S. J., Rockford, Ill. How did the expression, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," originate?

Rome long ago, it is said, kept Sunday as fast-day, Milan as festival. St. Augustine, in perplexity over his own course when in these cities, went, at the suggestion of his mother, Monica, to St. Ambrose for advice. St. Ambrose said, "When at Milan, be as the Milanese, when in Rome, do as the Romans do."

Mrs. E. C. L., White River Junction, Vt. What was the name of the first church? The Romans claim their church as the first.

The first organized Christian church, known as such, was that at Antioch, Syria, which became a central point for the diffusion of Christianity. There was no Roman church until long afterward.

Regular Subscriber, Plum Run, Pa. A friend who is opposed to Foreign Missions, tells me that of every dollar given to the cause not more than one cent reaches the field: that is, that ninety-nine cents of every dollar given are consumed in administrative expenses. Can that be true?

No, it is wickedly untrue. We have examined the balance-sheets of the chief missionary societies in this country and find that the average cost of administration is from five to seven per cent. That is, that of every dollar received, about ninety-four cents is used in the support of missionaries in the field, the distribution of Christian literature in heathen lands and the general costs of the missions. We believe that of the other six cents a portion is spent in presenting the claims of the mission to the American public, and should therefore be regarded as a productive expense.

E. R., Paris, Texas. Give, with symbolic meaning, birthstone and flower for each month, please.

There are two series of precious stone symbols for the months, the Hebraic and the Polish. We give first the Hebraic, with traditional meanings of stones, and then the numbers of the Polish series, which differ from it. January, garnet (power grace and victory); February, amethyst (health, longevity, wealth); March, jasper (courage, wisdom); April, sapphire (constancy, truth, virtue); May, chalcedony (disperses melancholy), carnelian (prevents misfortune), agate (health, longevity, wealth); June, emerald (immortality, incorruptible, conquest of sin and trial); July, onyx (conjugal felicity); August, carnelian; September, chrysolite (gladness of heart); October, beryl (happiness, everlasting youth); November, topaz (friendship, happiness), December, ruby (charity, dignity, divine power). Polish: March, bloodstone (courage, wisdom); April, diamond (purity, peace, innocence); May, emerald; June, chalcedony or agate; July, ruby; August and September, sardonyx (conjugal happiness); October, aquamarine or beryl; December, turquoise (prosperity, soul-cheerer. Tiffany uses the opal (hope, innocence, purity) and the sapphire for October. The flower symbols are: January, snowdrop (friendship in trouble, consolation, hope); February, primrose (youth and sadness; believe me; the red primrose, inconstancy; the evening primrose, neglected worth); March, violet (love, faithfulness, if blue; modesty, candor, if white); April, daisy (innocence); May, hawthorne (hope); June, honeysuckle (fidelity, bonds of love); July, waterlily (purity of heart); August, poppy (consolation); September, morning glory (affectation); October, hops (injustice); November, chrysanthemum (love, cheerfulness); December, holly (domestic happiness).

M. E. P. ——. Are we to regard the speeches of Job's friends as inspired truth? I have often seen expressions from them quoted as Scripture. Did God inspire them to speak as they did?

Your question is answered authoritatively in the book itself. (See Job 42: 7), where God is represented as saying, "My wrath is kindled against thee and thy two friends; for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right." You will get a clearer idea of the book, if you regard it as a symposium on the problem of suffering, each speaker being a representative of a school of thought. You will notice that each speaker keeps to the same aspect of the subject, but they all agree in regarding unusual suffering as an evidence of unusual sin. They imply that in Job's case, he being outwardly so good a man, his sin was aggravated by hypocrisy. This was cruelly unjust, because, as we learn by the first chapter, it was precisely because he was so good a man that his affliction came upon him. The author of the book evidently wished to administer a warning to the people of his time against being uncharitable in their inferences.

Jos. G., Anson, Tex. Why are heart failures more common among men than among women?

It is doubtless due to the fact that the abnormal strain and excitement of business life, make men easier victims of such attacks. Woman's life, as a rule, is more placid and normal.

Marian, Roanoke, Va. 1. When were X Rays discovered?

1. The public announcement of the discovery of the X Ray was made in January, 1896, by Dr. William Konrad Roentgen, at the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of the Berlin Physical Society; in following up the researches of Hertz, Lenard and other predecessors on the problem of the cathode rays from a vacuum tube, accident revealed to him the rays, later called "Roentgen" or X-Ray. In 1891, Professor Hertz had demonstrated that a cathode ray would penetrate thin metal; and, in 1894, Dr. Lenard showed that it would not only penetrate thin films of aluminium, wood and other substances, but produce photographic results beyond.

Mrs. W. L. S., Petaluma, Cal. A minister threatens to knock another man down for broaching a disagreeable subject, and when accused of it, replies: "Yes, I did; and it would have been a good thing if I had, only I didn't want to get into a fight with him." Do you think a man of such spirit is fitted to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ?

He went to extremes. He should have confined himself to an emphatic rebuke, but under no circumstances was he justified in threatening personal violence. All the teachings of Christianity oppose it.

M. A. L. Could you tell me through your columns why prize-fighting brought the elbow into the seal of the State of Massachusetts? 2. Also, what made the little jug in the Connecticut seal?

1. Prize-fighting had nothing to do with any device in the Massachusetts seal. The meaning of the arm, bent at the elbow, the hand grasping a sword, is shown in the State motto, also on the seal: *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam* (With the sword she seeks calm peace under liberty). 2. There is no little jug on the Connecticut seal. There are grape-vines on it, and these symbolize the colony brought over and planted here in the wilderness; the motto interprets the thought *Qui transtulit sustinet* (Who transplanted sustains).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 305

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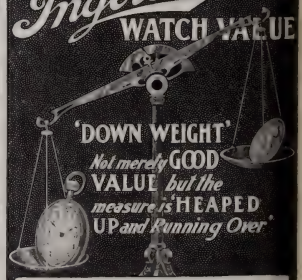

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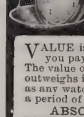

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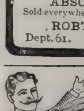

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CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

D. F., Scranton, Ia. Why are we taught, in the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," when in James 1: 13 we find a clause, "neither tempteth he any man?"

more accurate translation, favored by e scholars, reads, "Suffer us not to be led temptation." A still better rendering is of Dean Alford, which reads, "Abandon ot in temptation." It is a prayer for pro- ion against the dangers of temptation.

A. H., Orono, Me. What is the origin and lit- ral meaning of the word Paradise, and in what sense did our Lord use it in addressing the thief on the cross (Luke 23: 43)?

he word, according to Dr. Salmond (see bner's Dictionary of the Bible), is of sian origin, and was transferred to the brew, and afterwards to the Greek. It ans a tract of land, enclosed in walls and of beautiful fruit-bearing trees. A royal asure ground attached to the palace. The d soon became spiritualized in Hebrew ught. It was used for the Garden of n, and also for the heavenly abode of the teous dead. We do not know the exact se in which Christ used it in speaking to thief. The fact, however, that he said, th me in Paradise," would be sufficient to e the repentant man a sense of peace and ty, but whether of being actually in heaven ncertain.

Bridesmaid, Danbury, Conn. 1. Who wrote, "Hope is the bridal cake's best plum?" 2. Who wrote "Love makes marriage merry age?"

We do not know. Jerrold wrote, "In all wedding cake, hope is the sweetest of the ins." The quotation you give may be a ruption of that. 2. "Anonymous" is ap- ded to this expression by books of quo- ion.

Constant Reader, Elwood, Ind. If a husband be- comes dissatisfied with his wife and obtains a divorce, not on Scriptural grounds, is the wife justified in accepting an offer of marriage from another man?

here are differences of opinion on subject. Many believe she is justified marrying again. It appears to be a case allel to that mentioned in I. Cor. 7: 15. d it does not appear that the thirty-ninth se of the same chapter forbids the union. ay be urged that there is only one justifi- on for divorce and therefore in this case, divorce, though granted by the court, is valid in God's sight. Even this objection probably be removed by the husband's on. In the majority of such cases, the son obtaining the divorce soon contracts ew marriage. It is right, however, to say t the above opinion is not that of all Christ- persons. Some hold that marriage is in- oluble by any cause but death. As the rriage service has it, "Till death do us t." Many have no sympathy with that view, it is only fair to recognize the fact that it eld by some learned theologians.

Will "A friend, Carrington," and "Reader," o sent gifts of jewelry to be sold for Fin- d, please send their names and addresses his office?

tressed, Chicago, Ill. A preacher I have heard lately, insists with great emphasis, that unless our sins are confessed publicly before men, they will not be forgiven by God. Is that true? I have sincerely repented of some things I have done, and have made restitution as far as it was in my power, but I would rather die than pub- licly tell the story. Is it necessary?

ay no heed to any such teaching. It is necessary that you confess the details of ur sins to the world. It is not fit to hear the ry; it could not judge rightly; it could not nt forgiveness. In confessing to God and king restitution, you have done your whole y, and if you resolutely abandon your sin l sincerely ask God to forgive you and help to avoid its repetition, you may be sure he will blot the sins out of his book. "The od of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from sin."

ader, Lexington, Ky. Who invented the plough? According to Chinese history and tradition, Emperor Chin-nung did; and from that ment, they say, Chinese civilization made id progress. According to Egyptian his- y, it was invented in that country. In some de form or other, an implement filling the ce of the plough has doubtless been in use m time immemorial, no one nation more n another being entitled to the distinction ts creation.

F. E., Delta, O. Ought the teacher of a Bible class, composed of young ladies, to speak to them of moral dangers which may assail them, when there is a possibility of their being shocked by the revelation of sins and practices that they do not now suspect?

t would be better that such warnings should ne to them from their mothers. If there reason to believe that the mothers are rlecting that duty, and they are of an age en such knowledge ought to be imparted, it should be given. It is better that the knowledge should reach them in a delicate and sensible form, than in the coarse and vile way in which it may otherwise come to their ears. It should be given in a way that will not excite their curiosity, and great care should be taken to impress them with the beauty of purity in thought, word, and deed. This may be done without entering into de- tails about the "sins and practices" you refer to.

Faithful Reader, Indiana. 1. Why did Jacob fail to train all his children to be good men? He was one of God's chosen. Doesn't this prove that it is impossible to train children up to be true Christians? 2. Is the world getting bet- ter or worse? 3. Isn't the use of profanity becoming more general as the world grows older?

1. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says that Jacob's sons were good men until their father's evident partiality to Joseph excited their envy and led to many troubles. It shows the dangers and discord that may be caused in a family by such preferences. 2. There are many evidences that it is growing better. The spread of the Gospel, the growth of fraternal feeling among the nations, the in- crease of philanthropy and benevolence, all indicate that the Christlike spirit is making progress. 3. We believe not. A few genera- tions ago swearing was very common among all classes. In Elizabeth's reign in England, there was in circulation a manual of polite swearing, prescribing various forms of objur- gation and malediction. Such a thing would not be tolerated to-day.

J. S. R., Columbia, S. C. We are taught to despise jealous people; what then is the meaning of the statement (Ex. 20: 5), "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

The words were addressed to a people prone to the idea that they could worship the idols of the heathen while professing to be God's people. Idol worship in those days was indescribably vile, associated with the most loathsome vices. It was necessary to warn them that they could not combine idol- worship with that of Jehovah. We speak of a man as jealous when he entertains unfound- ed suspicions of his wife's fidelity. God is not a jealous God in that sense, but he is rightly insistent, as is a husband, on the duty of absolute fidelity.

Miscellaneous Questions

U. P., Sumas, Wash. Write to Missionary, Honolulu, for all information.

Subscriber, Belmont, N. H. All the letters are pronounced, except the "c," which is silent.

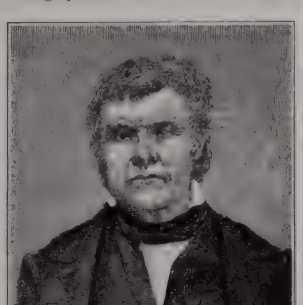
S. M. B., Philadelphia. Your conscience must decide. You may find an opportunity to do some good where you are. If not, and you are in doubt, seek another place at the first opportunity.

J. C. Van D., Wellston, O. You should put the matter before a good lawyer. As you state it, the act would seem to be a strange and irregular one; but there may be mitigating circumstances.

Evangelist Peter Cartwright

From a reader of this journal, Miss Emma S. Emerich, of Beardstown, Ill., we have re- ceived this letter:

Seeing a picture of the Rev. Peter Cartwright in



EVANGELIST PETER CARTWRIGHT

your paper, I enclose a correct likeness of the great Western preacher, as I often have seen him, heard him preach, and often shook hands with him. I know this to be just like him. This picture has been in my keeping about fifteen years. I forget what paper or book it was cut from. In a sermon at the dedication of Griggs' Chapel Mr. Cartwright spoke of his old age, and said he never had in all his life worn a beard.

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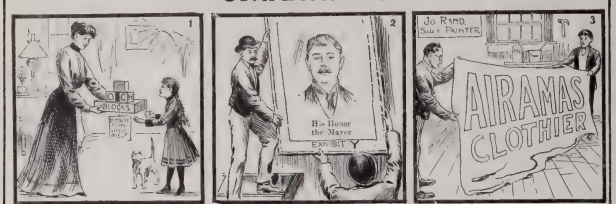
OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

COMPETITION 34



What three proper names mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 34" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the three answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name. Below the answer, write, in *not over twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subject of the first of these pictures? Read the rules given below.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 34."* Write on one side of paper only.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 34, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the second best answer, our *Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary;* the third, *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, a beautiful illustrated book, by Mrs. William Starr Dana; for the fourth, *Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny, the Life Story of Two Robins*, by Effie Bignell. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

All answers must be mailed not later than April 13. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department*, Bible House, N. Y.

Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of March 4

Answers to Competition 23, in our issue of March 4, are, Picture Puzzle, 1. Pharaoh; 2. Saul. Answers to Competition 24, "Curious Questions," are: 1. The ages of only two women are definitely stated in the Bible. Sarah, at the time of her death was 127 years old (Gen. 23: 1). Anna, the prophetess, was about eighty-four when the infant Saviour was presented in the Temple (Lu. 2: 37). Jairus' daughter's age is given as twelve (Lu. 8: 42), but she would be considered a child rather than a woman. 2. When the "posts went with the letters," from Hezekiah and his princes proclaiming that the Passover (which had not been kept for a long time, because of the indifference or prohibition of idolatrous kings), should be held, many "laughed them to scorn" (II. Chron. 30: 10). 3. When God promised blessings to the heathen among whom Abraham should go (Gen. 12: 3). When the Lord blessed Potiphar's house for "Joseph's sake" (Gen. 39: 5). When, after their worship of the golden calf, the Lord consented still to lead Israel, because Moses had found grace in his sight (Ex. 33: 17). When the ship bearing Paul towards Rome, was saved with all on board, because Paul "must be brought before Cæsar," and because God had given him all that had sailed with him (Acts 27: 24). 4. The mother of Rebekah (Gen. 24: 53). Her husband was Bethuel, the son of Nahor (Gen. 24: 47). Nahor being Abraham's brother, Bethuel was his nephew. Another instance is that of Achsah (Joshua 15: 16-19), but in that case the woman was enriched by Caleb as his daughter. Lack of space forbids publication of essays.

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of March 4, **H. C. Emrich,** Buchanan, Iowa, receives a silver watch; for the best answer to "Curious Questions," of same date, **Florence L. Beggs,** South Bethlehem, N. Y., receives a silver watch. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Barker, Lottie, Me.; Bates, Marjorie, Vt.; Blair, Theresa, Colo.; Bondurant, James Sylvan, Tenn.; Bowden, Ralph, Mass.; Braxton, James A., Va.; Broughton, Mildred, N. J.; Clark, Arlene, S. Dak.; Crandall, Harold F., N. Y.; Crutcher, Nell, Ky.; Fisher, J. Carl, Martinsburg, W. Va.; Forney, Mary, Ariz.; Foster, Harry, S. Car.; Foster L., Del.; Hanseth, Bessie, Oreg.; Howard, Ethel, Wyo.; Howell, R. Fain, Fla.; Howland, Amy K., R. I.; Hughes, Arthur C., Neb.; Ivins, Maxwell Slater, Ill.; Jeffery, Morey, Mich.; Jenkins, Chester A., N. H.; Keiser, Helen M., Ala.; Kilgore, Clarence, Idaho; Knauf, Glendora, Washington, D. C.; Larkin, Jessie M., N. Dak.; McCausland, Addie, Utah; McCullough, Grace E., Calif.; McDougall, James, P. E. I., Can.; Martin, Annie Elizabeth, Ark.; Moore, Albert, Tex.; Ogg, Lester, Ohio; Page, Cherrie Hazel, Conn.; Passmore, Lynnie, Mont.; Patterson, Don, Pa.; Price, Robert B., Okla.; Reed, Joe, N. C.; Scoles, Willie J., Miss.; Shepard, Morton, Wisc.; Smalley, Carrie, Wash.; Starr, Kathleen N., N. S., Can.; Stutsman, Rachel, Ind.; Suber, Edith, Ga.; Sullivan, Kennay, Ind. Ty.; Voltz, Miriam, La.; Walker, Alta B., Kans.; White, W. W., Md.; Williams, Thomas R., Minn.; Wray-Leota May, Mo.; Wuest, Charles, Ont., Can.-Young, Amy L., Que., Can.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions": Anderson, Willie, Nebr.; Ashley, James C., Wis.; Ball, Cleo, Iowa; Barcalow, Alice, Pa.; Barton, Harold C., Vt.; Daniel, Gussie L., N. S., Can.; Eskew, Thomas, Ky.; Forney, Maude, Ariz.; Hall, Marian, Conn.; Lampert, Muriel, Ill.; Madison, Hazel E. M., Wash.; Oerth, Ira, N. Dak.; Pearson, Grace, Kans.; Preston, Bessie, Ohio; Prettyman, Robert D., Del.; Robins, Addie, Mich.; Scott, Kitty, Va.; Sprague, Lester W., Mass.

What a Class of Girls Did

This letter, from young readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, explains itself:

ROMULUS, MICH., March 17.

Kindly accept the amount enclosed ($5.25), given for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Finland Famine Fund by Class No. 4 of Romulus M. E. Sunday School. Our class, a class of eight girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age, subscribe for two subscriptions of your paper, and when we read about the starving Finns we decided to raise some money to send to their relief. We had a "Conundrum-in-a-peanut-shell" social, and cleared this amount. We all enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and we thought the picture gallery lovely. "The Horse Fair" is my favorite. I gave Papa a Red Letter Bible for a Christmas present, and he thinks it is lovely. Yours truly,

COILA M. CARMICHAEL.

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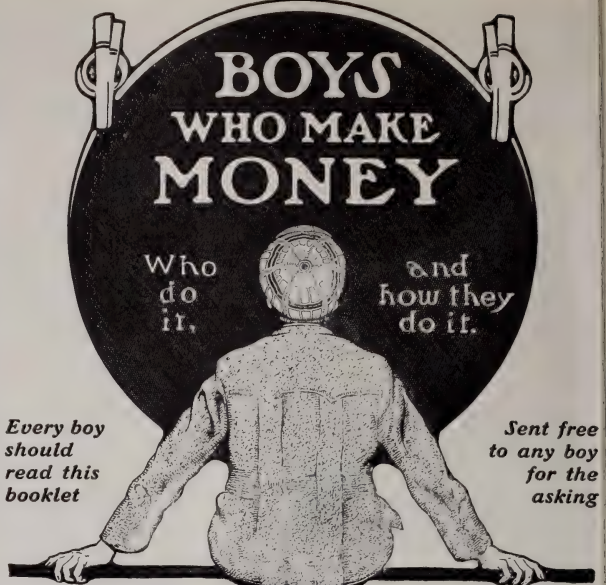

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WE MAKE NO CHARGE FOR THIS MACHINE. It is free, and the only condition we attach is that your order for one of these machines, to be shipped you free of cost, must include twelve of these newest and highest grade Columbia Records (our special assortment) for which we make a charge of $5.00.

OUR $1.00 OFFER. You can send us $5.00 with your order, and we will send you this talking machine and outfit free of cost, and include twelve records (our own assortment), for which you pay $5.00; sending the outfit to you with the understanding and agreement that if you are not perfectly satisfied when the outfit is received; if you are not convinced that you can sell the talking machine which we give you free for as much or more than we ask for the twelve records, $5.00, you can return the machine, records and outfit to us at our expense, and we will immediately return your $5.00, together with the express charges you have paid. But if you prefer to see and examine this machine, which we furnish free, before paying for the records, we will on receipt of $1.00 send the talking machine and the twelve records to you by express C. O. D., subject to examination. **YOU CAN EXAMINE THEM AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE, and if found perfectly satisfactory, you can then pay the express agent the balance, $4.00, and express charges.**

UNDERSTAND you get the talking machine free of any cost. This offer is not a reduction in the price of the twelve records and the talking machine. It is simply sending you the talking machine free of any cost and charging you our price for **TWELVE RECORDS, NAMELY $5.00.**

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We guarantee satisfaction.

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We sell for **Cash or Easy Payments at Factory Cost;** you only pay one small profit and you can't buy a **Genuine Cornish Piano or Organ** anywhere but **direct from our Factories. SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND MINIATURES TO-DAY.**

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By Abbie C. Morrow. A New and Priceless Help to Spiritual Life. Invaluable to Christians everywhere. Gives aid to persons of all ages wishing to take part in prayer in public, also Prayer Meetings, Special Occasions, Family Prayers, Prayers in Sickness, in Sunday Schools, etc., also the Prayers of eminent Christians. **A Complete Guide to Devotion.** Sent postpaid to any address. Fine cloth binding, gold side and back stamps, $1.00; Royal Purple cloth, silver back and side stamps, silver edges, $1.50. Beautifully bound in leather, gilt edges, $2.00.

M. E. Munson, Pub., 77 Bible House, New York

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet free.*

STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

THE EASTER GUEST

By Mary Lowe Dickinson

I KNEW Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine,
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock hewn grave
Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me;
And my heart o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in:

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;
There was nothing to offer, no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself, a small, dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,
And tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now let me come nearer, O Lord Divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest.
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Easter tide.

EASTER AT LONESOME FORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 299

and the children stole out of the little house like ghosts. They crept into the church, and garlanded the pulpit, and made the table in front of the altar most beautiful with lilies. Then, full of excitement, they softly went home.

Lonesome Ford always wanted to hear Mr. Bond's Easter sermon. Indeed, he was a man with a message, and therefore he never failed in having people to listen to him. But when he stepped inside his church door and saw the flowers, such flowers as had adorned the church at home, the day he married Helen Sherman, his eyes were dim with tears. He opened the Bible and read from the Song of Solomon: "My beloved spake and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!"

"Frank Bond," said Miss Perkins, the day before she went home, three months later, "you should have a wider field. There are people in D—— with souls to be saved. Won't you leave this endlessly hard work, and take up something at home if the way is opened?"

"No, Charlotte Perkins, not while the Lord makes it plain to me that I am needed here at Lonesome Ford."

"I shall leave Lulu here to take care of you awhile, and carry Helen back to civilization," was her reply.

"You may do that. I would like my wife to have a holiday. She has borne the burden and the heat, and often has been stronger than I. God bless her. Yes, she may have a vacation from Lonesome Ford, but I'll stand in my lot still, for God has given me health and strength."

And, valiant for the truth, Frank Bond is at Lonesome Ford yet.

Answered Prayers

M. M. B., Lowell, Vt., writes:

A dear friend and her husband, for whom I have long prayed, have now begun to live the Christian life, and I would say to all, trust in God. He surely will answer prayer.

A sister, Brandon, Manitoba, writes:

I wish to acknowledge in your paper the answer to my prayer to God to save my brother from a terrible sin. If God answers another prayer of mine I shall acknowledge it also in this paper.

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Trial Size 25 Cents at druggists or from us

A generous sample FREE Jno. Carle & Sons, Dept. F, 153 Water St., New York

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Upon taking stock recently, we find that we have on hand a few slightly damaged sets of the last edition of the "World's Best Music." For all practical purposes these sets are **as good as new.** Here and there a leaf is slightly soiled or a binding a little rubbed, but there are no torn pages. Sixty-four of these remaining sets have been reserved for readers of the "Christian Herald," and we offer them, as long as they last, at little more than the cost of making and handling. The coupon cut from this advertisement will bring you a set for examination, and you may return it if it is not satisfactory. Every lover of music will appreciate this opportunity to obtain the **world's greatest collection of music at almost cost price.**

The World's Best Music

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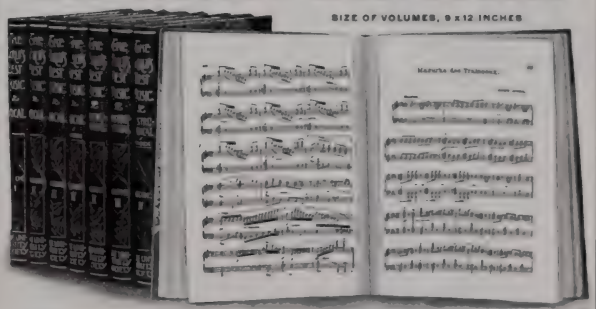
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The "Library of the World's Best Music" is the most complete and satisfactory collection of music in existence. It contains **2200 pages of sheet music** carefully selected by an experienced corps of music editors. If you were to buy the music it contains one piece at a time, it would **cost you over $200.00.** The sets are in eight large volumes 9 x 12 inches in size, attractively bound in half-leather or cloth. By means of an ingenious device in binding the volumes open flat at the piano. The set contains over 400 illustrations, including numerous chromatic art plates printed in colors.

IF YOU ARE A PIANIST you will find this collection of music invaluable. It contains **300 instrumental selections** by the best composers, including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, and classic and romantic piano music. Such composers are represented as Paderewski, Gounod, Sullivan, Mascagni, Wagner, Mozart, Balfe and Liszt.

IF YOU LIKE MUSIC but do not play yourself, you cannot make a better present to your wife or daughter than a set of this musical Library. It means evening after evening of pleasure, for it furnishes in the most compact and simple form all the world's greatest music. This collection is to music what the encyclopedia is to knowledge: the best of all properly proportioned.

IF YOU ARE A SINGER the "World's Best Music" will increase your repertoire. It will place in your hands **300 of the best old and new songs,** duets, trios and quartets, arranged for all voices and for piano accompaniment. The collection embraces all the old songs of your childhood days, besides the new and popular melodies of the last few years.

IF YOU ARE A STUDENT of music you will find this Library more than half a musical education. The selections have been made by Rubinstein, De Koven, Victor Herbert, Helen Ketterlin-Johnson, Gerrit Smith and others equally well known in the musical world. As a musical encyclopedia it is unexcelled, and contains **500 biographies of musicians and 400 portraits.**

Every Home in Which There is a Piano

should possess this splendid musical library, for it doubles the value of a piano as an entertainer. As long as the slightly damaged sets last, they will be sold to "Christian Herald" readers at **$21.00** for sets in half-leather binding and **$17.00** for the cloth binding—and you may pay in small payments of **$1 a month.** The amount saved by securing one of the remaining sets is shown by the fact that this musical library sells regularly at $48.00 and $36.00. Send us the coupon to-day if you wish to secure a set at these prices. We feel confident that you will keep the set after you have examined it, but if it is not entirely satisfactory, you may return it to us **at our expense.** Do not forget to send the coupon, as this offer is made only to "Christian Herald" readers.

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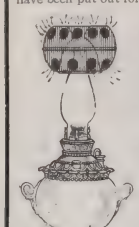

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is not 50 per cent. better than others. My superior location on Lake Erie, where iron, steel, coal, freights and skilled labor are cheaper and best, enables me to furnish a TOP NOTCH Steel Range at a clean saving of $10 to $20. Send for free catalogues of all styles and sizes, with or without reservoir, for city, town or country use.

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is prepared from the juice of the Philippine Islands walnut, and restores Gray, Streaked, Faded or Bleached Hair, Eyebrows, Beard or Moustache to its original color, **instantaneously.** Gives any shade from **Light Brown to Black. Does not wash off or rub off.** Contains no poisons, and is not sticky or greasy. **"Walnutta" Hair Stain** will give more satisfactory results in one minute than all the hair restorers and hair dyes will in a lifetime. **Price 60 cents a bottle,** postpaid. To convince you of its merits we will send a **sample bottle postpaid for 20c.**

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THE ELEVENTH HOUR

The Final Opportunity for Repentance and Reconciliation and Labor

By Mrs. M. Baxter

OUR Lord in that solemn parable of the Laborers in the vineyard (Matt. 20: 6, 7) represents the householder going forth at the eleventh hour and telling the idlers to go into his vineyard. The eleventh hour! For the waiting ones in whose hearts the Day-star has arisen, it is the last hour before midnight, when the Bridegroom cometh! For the laborers, the last hour before sundown, the last hour of opportunities, the last hour before the reckoning, the last hour before rest. For the Church of Christ on earth, the last hour before that "redemption of the body," when there shall be the manifestation or revealing of the sons of God! The hour for which the groaning creation waits, to be "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God!" (Rom. 8: 19-22). It is the hour of our groaning, and of the groaning of the Spirit who dwells in us; but also the hour of our hope, as we see the rising of the Morning Star. For the Jew it is the hour which announces that the time of Israel's deliverance approaches, when all things that are written must be fulfilled.

To the thoughtless world the eleventh hour sounds the funeral knell of all their hopes of peace and security here on earth. For the "children of light and of the day" "the morning cometh"; but "also the night" (Isa. 21: 12) for the children of this world! "They have not spoken according to this word:" "To the law and to the testimony," therefore "there is no mourning for them" (Isa. 8: 20). "The Light is come into the world, but they have loved the darkness rather than the light, for their works were evil" (John 3: 19, R.V.): they have had their choice—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6: 7, 8); very soon there can be no appeal. "When they shall be hungry, they shall fret themselves, and curse by their king, and by their God, and turn their faces upward: and they shall look unto the earth, and behold distress and darkness, the gloom of anguish; and into thick darkness they shall be driven away" (Isa. 8: 21, 22). O how crazy are the children of this world! They utterly ignore their responsibility to know what God says to them in the sacred Scriptures, while it is by these very Scriptures they will be judged in the last day! "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my sayings, hath One that judgeth him: the Word that I speak, the same shall judge him in the last day" (John 12: 48).

The eleventh hour, and Christians idle! Opportunities slipping by—priceless opportunities, never to occur again; and Christians neglecting them! "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Because no man hath hired you? "Cease ye from man"; another Voice says to you: "Go ye also into the vineyard"; no agreement for reward. What is the value of one hour, and that just before the day ends? It is grace, it is an unspeakable privilege, to be permitted, and permitted so late in the day, to work in the vineyard. But it is now or never: "The night cometh, when no man can work" (John 9: 4). How near we may be to the hour when our Lord shall come we know not; but the precious service he gives is "till he come." Do you say, "My service is not worth any reward; it is not worth offering to the Master; but if he will use me, whom men have rejected as unfit, here I am, and I seek no reward"? What says he? This one shall be first rewarded! Why? Because his eye is not on the reward, but on the privilege of being permitted to serve his Master. He loves free-will service. Perhaps the eleventh hour, the present time, may bring out thousands of just such laborers.

What work can I do? Some who have been "standing all the day idle" are finding out that they can join with one or two others, and pray, and a new joy and power has come into their life. There is nothing they can glory in, nothing for which others can praise them in this, nothing in which they can have self-satisfaction; and yet the Master is pleased, and they know it. Some very feeble Christians are beginning to be conscious that they are, in some very small way, entering into the thoughts of God, and helping forward the salvation of souls; and the littleness of their lives gives way before the greatness of a service in which they are come so often face to face with God.

And God is indeed hearing prayer, and from many places in different countries news is coming of the working of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of men. We hear of wonderful things in India, of brokenness and confession of sin by missionaries and Indian evangelists, of many converted and baptized, of a testimony meeting lasting seven hours, in which most of the time was taken up with heart-broken confessions of sin. Feuds are ended; lives wonderfully changed. "This is the finger of God" in answer to prayer. We bow down in deep adoration. Let us pray on in faith and in self-surrender, leaving the Holy Spirit to teach us how to pray. But let us not be astonished if God works in ways we have not expected. We are praying for, and waiting for, a world-wide revival; God has put it into our hearts, and given us the courage to pray.

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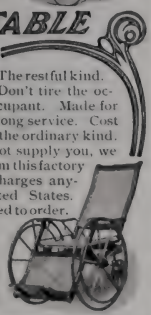

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CORDIAL welcome will undoubtedly be given by the American churches to the Australian evangelist, Rev. Jesse Mayo, who has come here with the unction upon him of the great Australian revival, in which Dr. Torrey took so prominent a part. Mr. Mayo has learned by personal experience what united prayer

REV. JESSE MAYO

for a revival can do, and is prepared to render help in bringing our churches to a similar realization of the blessing, which has stirred his own country from sea to sea.

Mr. Mayo has been associated for several years with the Evangelization Association of Australia, which planned and executed the national union of churches in petitions to the Throne of Grace for the pouring out of the Holy Spirit which preceded the great revival. He was one of the first ministers in Australia to take up in earnest the movement which culminated in the revival and he labored energetically in it to the close. Exhausted and physically depleted by manifold labors, he found a period of rest absolutely necessary. He therefore took a voyage to England. No sooner, however, did he arrive there, than the National Council of Free Churches applied to him to organize a united evangelistic work. He held services as arranged by the Council, in Yorkshire, Cumberland, and various towns in the south of England.

The value of his services was heartily appreciated. Rev. F. B. Meyer wrote: "I know Mr. Mayo as an earnest evangelist of good standing and character, who has been much used in helping believers and in the conversion of the ungodly. I commend him to Christian ministers and others who want the help of a good reaper. His later work has been done in connection with our Central Free Church Council."

Rev. Thomas Law, Secretary of the Free Church Council, writes: "I hear that Rev. Jesse Mayo is going to America for the conduct of evangelistic missions. I most heartily commend him. He has conducted most successful missions for our councils."

Mr. Mayo is now holding services at Toledo, O. Letters addressed to him in the care of Rev. G. W. Belsey, 226 Kenilworth avenue, Toledo, O., will reach him.

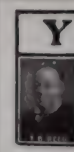
FLOWER AND SEED CATALOGUES

Seed Annual. Between the gorgeous mottled lilies on the top cover, and the royal purple and gold pansies on the nether one, lies the picture and story of many another floral "beauty that is a joy forever." And then there are disquisitions on melons and pumpkins, potatoes and other homely delights. Pp. 101. D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide, 1903. What farmer, florist or gardener feels as if his table supply of annuals were complete with this old reliable visitor missing? Every year "Vick's" brings good, solid information, welcome alike to the amateur or expert; announcements of new treasures to be found in the soil, and an array of pretty pictures to please the eye. Pp. 105. James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N.Y.

Seed and Plant Guide. The watermellon, corn and tomatoes, strawberries and lemons, in colors that appeal to the eye of whoever takes up this catalogue. They are persuasive arguments in favor of the garden and seed farms of H. W. Buckbee & Co., Rockford, Ill., who publish this book, which is full of pictures and information about fruits, melons, grains, vegetables and flowers. Their specialty, "Prosperity Corn," is well named.

Your Choice of these Booklets will be sent you. Complimentary



"Something for nothing" is a fond desire even in these confining and prosaic days. We have something we want to send for nothing to every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we profess to be profound fools if you, and that you just as well as we, expect to receive it without the slightest thought or expenditure. We leave the waffle business to the fraternities of the one "greatest day" and the one "greatest meal" of the year, and we know that if you receive and read this you will be one of the most delighted readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that we have had since the days of Noah. Read a unique offering of modern eloquence, and we know that if you receive and read any one of the six brilliant After-Dinner Speeches, Lectures and Addresses contained in the Library of the World's best spoken thoughts, you will want to send for the whole set at once, and would probably want to quite as bad should you have found your own name among the others. Then, too, the point we make is, we are going to send, upon receipt of 6 two-cent stamps to cover postage, your choice of the booklets described below. Let us add a thought: Read the first page and see how you like your book before you send for it. In these Booklets, on the MODERN ELOQUENCE, each speech is given in full, just as it was delivered.

Booklet No. 458
MERCHANTS AND MINISTERS
By Henry Ward Beecher
THE BENCH AND THE BAR
By Joseph Hodges Choate
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION
By Samuel Hallowell Ward
INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION
By William Maxwell Evarts

Here are topics that are timely and vital in turn no matter what your occupation may be.

It is not necessary now to allude to the eloquence and intellectual Beecher. Nearly before was his theory that the church and the store have a common interest in the foundation of morality as applicable to conditions.

Ambassador Choate was a lawyer before he was a diplomat, and whatever he has to say of his profession is replete with humor and truth.

Dr. Ward's opinions of physicians and their practice are subscribed with levity while containing at the same time much food for thought.

As for William M. Evarts, no man stood higher as an exponent of law and few excel him in beauty of expression.

There is instruction as well as entertainment in these speeches.

Booklet No. 459
ACRES OF DIAMONDS
By Russell Herman Conwell

His wonderfully notable address in Concord previous to Conwell preaching it over and over again by thousands of times, and, wherever in America or Europe, in the United States or Canada, or between these lands such is heard, He must possess some marvelous secret of success.

His word-picture lectures, and in the greatest opportunity lies the secret. And realized. It introduces no theories with abstract principles and fanciful. He is well able to furnish these illustrations, for during his long lifetime has been an intimate friend of the great masters of national thought, and with the insights of the infidels in the most notable and professional worlds.

This lecture has delivered the last dozen of thousands of listeners, and no man who desires to succeed in life should let pass by this opportunity to read the whole lecture free of charge.

Booklet No. 460
NEW ENGLAND WEATHER
By Mark Twain
A Blend of CAVALIER and PURITAN
By Hon. Joseph H. Choate
CAUSES OF UNPOPULARITY
By Henry Labouchere

Here are three speeches on subjects that will interest every one. The "Talk" is worth many times the amount of the entire book.

Mark Twain has long since captured the world by his wit and humor, and his speech on New England weather is a wonder.

Joseph Choate presents the principles that the United States is a blend of these two elements, and the subsequent development of the American people.

Henry Labouchere, the famous English statesman, discusses the causes of unpopularity, and his remarks are as applicable here as to England.

Here are a few more reasons why you should send for these booklets. Please name your choice of booklets, and enclose 6 cts. in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

JOHN D. MORRIS AND COMPANY
SUITE 35, COMMONWEALTH BLDG.,
PHILADELPHIA, - - PENNSYLVANIA

"True as the needle to the pole" is the hand to the minute on an

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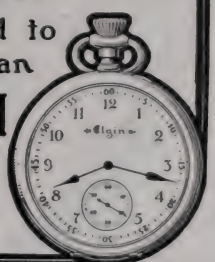

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

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$10 dresses you complete in latest style

We are the originators of the plan of dressing a lady or gentleman complete from head to foot for less than half the price ordinarily charged by others. We operate one of the largest tailoring departments in the country, and in order to gain new friends and customers, make this remarkable offer.

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For $10 we send a complete lady's outfit as follows:

1 genuine pure wool or wool mixed latest style tailor made Eton suit (strictly to measure).
2 very stylish satin-finish petticoat.
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1 latest style seal grain leather belt.
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Every article good honest value.

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1 Derby, Fedora or Panama style hat.
1 pair latest style satin calf shoes.
1 pair Lisle-finish hose.
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1 latest style percaline shirt.
2 collars, 2 cuffs to match.
1 silk bow, teck or four-in-hand tie.
1 gold-plated scarf pin.
1 pocket handkerchief.
1 pr. fancy suspenders.

We have deposited a bond for $10,000 with Chicago Loan & Trust Co., agreeing to do exactly as we advertise. We refer you to them or any bank in Chicago.

You need not pay till you receive the goods and find them exactly as represented.

SENT C. O. D. with privilege of examination

We are a co-operative association and divide our dividends with our members. Anyone may belong—costs you nothing. Send for our "Proposition," also send for catalogues of Ladies' Wear and Men's Wear. We have ten different catalogues. Address Tailoring Department.

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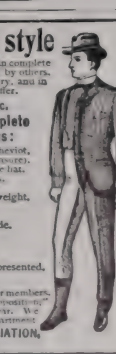

GREATEST Labor saving device ever invented. It will save three times its price in waste, saves time, trouble, space and labor. Convenient places for baking utensils, cereal products, spices, table linen, etc. We make 20 styles, all sizes, prices $2.00 and up. Following bargain catalogues FREE.

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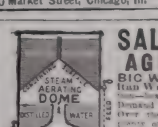

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BIG WAGES for Some Pure Water Still, a modern home necessity. 72,000 already sold. Demand enormous. Fourteen new, Over the Counter sales to families every 10 minutes. Sells itself. Pure Water. Only Safe Water Process and Dr. Hills' process owned exclusively by us. Write for Booklet, New Plan, Terms, Etc. FREE. Address,

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A healthy and well nourished infant gains in weight. Mellin's Food babies gain in weight.

SEND A POSTAL FOR A FREE SAMPLE OF MELLIN'S FOOD.

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

A QUAKER CITY LANDMARK

More than 150 Smith Premier Typewriters are used by the City Departments having Offices in this Building.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.

The Most Popular of All Beverages

The great Spring tonic and health drink, in thousands of American homes.

Purifies the blood and gives vigor and vim.

HIRES Rootbeer

A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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Do You Want a Genuine Bargain

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Knabes, Fischers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new yet all are offered at a great discount, as low as $100. Also beautiful New Uprights at $125, $135, $150 and $165. A fine instrument at $200, fully equal to many $600 pianos. Monthly payments accepted. Freight only about $5. Write for list and particulars. You make a great saving. Pianos warranted as represented. Illustrated Piano Book Free.

LYON & HEALY
38 Adams St., CHICAGO.
World's largest music house; sells Everything known in Music.

ENEMIES OF THE CHILDREN

How Corruptors of Youth are Thwarted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice . . . .

QUESTION I. Do you know how many boys and girls there are in the United States?

ANSWER. Hon. William C. Hunt, Chief Statistician of Population at Washington, D. C., reports as enrolled in the last (1900) census, 36,727,363 persons twenty-one years of age or under.

CAN you comprehend this multitude of youthful souls? Let us help you. If you should attend at a given point for one year, and each day have passed before you one hundred thousand of these children and youth, at the end of the year there would remain 227,363 that had not passed.

But this is not all. Between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-three years, there are several millions more. This means that more than one-half of the entire population of the United States are twenty-three years of age or under.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK

The making or unmaking of the character of the rising generation means the making or unmaking of the future welfare of this nation. Our destiny is bound up with the integrity and virtue of our youth. Every child is a character builder. Like storage batteries, they are being charged for future weal or woe. Every young heart is eagerly sought after by the Spirit of Evil. He seeks to convert it into a commissary department, wherein he may store up and hold in reserve for future requisition insidious and deadly influences, to damn the soul.

In the heart of every boy and girl there is a weaving department, wherein the looms of the reproductive faculties of the mind are ever kept busy, weaving entertainment. It is a breeding-place for secret thoughts. Corrupt thoughts are the nest-eggs of evil habits. The devil's motto is, "Anything to turn the thoughts of the heart away from God," and when he can successfully link the imagination and fancy—the reproductive faculties of the mind—with the sensual natuie, he has secured a recruit for his kingdom. A soul so cursed in youth, has had hung up in the chamber of imagery in his heart matters which he can never forget; and which will be a perpetual menace to spiritual peace and development.

QUESTION II. Can these millions of youthful souls be reached by corrupting influences?

ANSWER. Yes, readily. The mails of the United States furnish an ever-ready means of reaching the youth in all communities, and in all ranks of society. The worst villain, under the sanctity of the seal, may send by mail, unknown to parent or teacher, the vilest matter to the purest child. Express companies and other common carriers furnish additional facilities to these disseminators of moral contagion.

It is to check the growth of evils that are calculated to undermine the innocence and happiness of the children of America, that the Society for the Suppression of Vice is now bending every energy at its command. These evils are legion. They include objectionable publications of all sorts, and a great variety of picture machines that cater to the most depraved tastes. In 1872, there was found an organized business for the spread of immorality. There were then no laws adequate to stop these evils, and the country was flooded with a mass of vicious literature, especially aimed at the young. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice has since prosecuted many of the offenders, with the result that they have been convicted and imprisoned.

During the past year 116 arrests have been made by the Society's officers, 9 convictions secured, and over 2 tons of impure literature, pictures, etc., seized and destroyed.

Summing up the entire record of the Society for the Suppression of Vice since it began in 1872, it has made 2,654 arrests and seized 84 tons of matter, the latter including books, papers, prints, negatives, electroplates, type, steel and copper-plate engravings, woodcuts, circulars, letters, names and addresses, lottery and pool tickets.

Many of the old contributors to the Society have died, and funds are lacking to work with. It requires help to keep up the campaign against impurity. Are not the millions of youth in our own country worth saving? And should not these facts presented above awaken a lively interest in their behalf? Good men and women should supply the sinews of war, to sustain and perpetuate this fight for the purity and morality of the boys and girls of America.

All who are interested in the Society and who desire to aid its work, should address Mr. Anthony Comstock, 41 Park Row, N.Y.

Plus trade marks on every skein of the best yarns made.

THE WORSTED FLEISHER'S BEST YARNS

Send 5 tickets taken from Fleisher's yarns + 2 cents for postage, and Manufacturers' Crocheting Manual will be sent you by

J. & J. S. Fleisher Inc.
Philadelphia

This Waist Free

MADE from fine white Mercerized mummy cloth, trimmed with white silk cord embroidery, large pearl buttons; in sizes 32 to 42, worth $2.00.

We are going to give away five thousand of these beautiful waists FREE.

Don't send us money; simply send name and address, and we will send you twenty improved aluminum thimbles at 10 cents each. Go among your friends and sell them. When sold send us the $2.00 you receive, and we will send you this handsome waist.

Unsolicited Testimony

PHILADELPHIA, March 22, 1903.

RENOWN TRADING CO., New York.

Gentlemen: Permit me to acknowledge receipt of my premium for selling your thimbles, and to say that the shirt waist is one that is in all ways finer in appearance and quality than I expected, and is very satisfactory. Wish to also thank you for the extra premium (the hand bag) and to express my entire satisfaction with our business relations. Yours truly,

2643 N. 17th St. MRS. MARY GILLEN.

THE RENOWN TRADING CO.,
47 J. Lispenard Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.

43 FLOWERS 30 cents

Worth $1.25. *A SPECIAL OFFER made to introduce our goods. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

20 Pkts. SEEDS

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" Pansies, 10 colors mixed.	" California Sweet Peas.
" Washington Weeping Palm.	" Double Chinese Pink.
" Mary Semple Asters, 4 colors.	" Carnation Marguerite.
" Artesuan, Little Gem, mixed.	" Heliotrope mixed.
" Bouquet Chrysanthemum.	" Poppy—New Shirley.
" Forget-me-not Victoria.	" Umbrella Plant.
" Hibiscus Crimson Eye.	" Giant Verbena, mixed.
" Lovely Butterfly Flower.	" Japan Morning Glory.
" Phlox Drummondii.	" Petunia Hybrid, mixed.

23 BULBS

1 New Red Calla Lily, 1 Summer Flowering Hyacinth, 1 Double Pearl Tuberose, 2 Butterfly and 2 Hybrid Gladiolus, 8 Fine Mixed Oxalis, 2 Rainbow Lilies, 2 Hardy Wind Flowers, 2 Lovely Cinnamon Vines, 2 Splendid New Canna Lilies—1 crimson, 1 golden.

A Return Check good for 25 cts. on first $1.00 order; also our New Floral Guide, all above postpaid, only 30c.

THE CONARD & JONES CO.
Growers of the "Best Roses in America."
Box O, West Grove, Pa.

TOURS TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Presbyterian General Assembly.

For the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at Los Angeles, Cal., May 21 to June 2, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run three personally-conducted tours to Los Angeles and the Pacific Coast. These tours will leave New York and Philadelphia May 12 and 13. Tour No. 1, covering twenty-four days, $134.50 from New York; $132.75 from Philadelphia. Tour No. 2, covering forty-three days, including Yellowstone Park, $253 from New York and $251.25 from Philadelphia. Tour No. 3, covering thirty days, including Grand Canyon of Arizona, $159 from New York and $156.75 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points. Arrangements may be made to return independently on Tours No. 1 and No. 3.

Special Pullman trains will be used, and the services of a tourist agent, chaperon, baggage master, and official stenographer will be provided on each train.

For itinerary giving rates and full information apply to Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A Good Position and a large salary always await an expert Bookkeeper. For 60 days we will teach you bookkeeping thoroughly by mail, and make absolutely no charge for tuition until we place you in a paying position. We have the largest employment bureau in the world. No other school can do so much for you. If you wish to better yourself, and earn a larger salary, write for our guarantee offer and our **Free** book, "How to Succeed in Business." Everyone should have it. **Commercial Correspondence Schools,** 226 D Schools Bldgs. Rochester, N.Y.

DISTINCTIVELY A SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK

GEMS OF SONG

BY IRA D. SANKEY AND HUBERT P. MAIN.

Rev. J. R. HENSEL, Shenandoah, Pa.—"*It gives universal satisfaction. Its beautiful hymns, rich in words, sweet in melodies, are well adapted for all seasons and occasions. I should not wonder if it became*

THE STANDARD OF ALL SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOKS."

Handsomely Cloth bound, 30c. by mail; $25 per 100.

Copies for examination mailed free.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago.

DEAFNESS

The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of DEAFNESS.

It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company,
Dept. E,
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia.

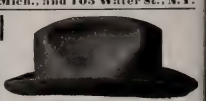
We want to tell you of the durable and sanitary wall coating, and tender the **Free** services of our artists in helping you work out complete color plans; no glue kalsomine or poisonous wall-paper. Address **ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich., and 105 Water St., N.Y.**

ALABASTINE

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

MEN'S HAT NO. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*



MEN'S HAT NO. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 44 Mill St., Middletown, N. Y.

With the "Dip Hip" Without the "Dip Hip"

Fashion Says "Hips In"

Our "Dip Hip" Corsets are the only models that mold the hips and keep them in so your spring gown will fit just like the late fashion plates. The clinging skirt is still the rage for spring and summer. To secure this effect insist on having "Dip Hip"

G-D Justrite CORSETS

If not easily obtained in your town, write us, mentioning the dealer's name and we will supply you. Every woman needs our "Corset Guide," which keeps you posted on the newest styles and helps you to select the proper corset for your figure. Sent free on request. Write for it today.

Gage-Downs Co., 264 Fifth Ave. CHICAGO

Dirt and Disease

Cleanliness is essential to health and comfort.

Our book, "*Uses of Banner Lye*," tells how to keep your home free from sickness and disease. It calls attention to the places where dangerous dirt collects—dirt that is full of germs that bring disease of every sort from measles to consumption. It shows a cheap, easy and natural way of thoroughly cleaning the home.

The book is free. Write for it.

Banner Lye

is obtained from your grocer or druggist for 10 cents. It is the safest, best and easiest cleanser and disinfectant in use. Odorless and colorless.

Cuspidors	**Toilets**	**Cellars**
Garbage-pails	**Sinks**	**Drains**

require thorough cleaning and disinfecting with *Banner Lye*. The book or the directions on each package tell you just what to do.

Obtain *Banner Lye* of your grocer or druggist. If he hasn't it, he can get it quickly of his wholesaler.

The Penn Chemical Works, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

50000 FARMERS

Now use Duplex Machines, making Fence Horse-high, Bull-strong, Pig and Chicken-tight at **ACTUAL COST OF WIRE** and save profit fence manufacturers extort. Why don't you? Machine on Trial. Catalog free

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CARRIAGES Direct from the Factory

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO.

Columbus, O. St. Louis, Mo.

Write to nearest office. Catalogue free.

The Transformation of Old Phil

AN impressive ceremony took place recently in the Old Jerry McAuley Mission, under the Brooklyn Bridge, in Water street, New York. The scene was remarkable, even for the McAuley Mission, where so many unusual things happen. In a casket in front of the platform, almost covered with flowers and wreaths and other floral tokens of love, lay the calm, peaceful features of old Phil McGuire. It seemed as though he had just fallen asleep, so peaceful and serene was his face. Nothing that the observer could see would indicate the tempestuous career that this man had passed through during his long life of seventy-two years. The crowd, which filled every inch of the room, and still kept coming so that the doors had to be locked, was distinctly a mission crowd. In no other place on earth, but in a mission in New York, could such a heterogeneous crowd be found. Some had come from long distances, though old Phil was no public character.

It is ten years since Phil McGuire came into the McAuley Mission one night, in such a ragged, dirty, drunken condition that he was disgusting. He had been brought up from childhood in the Catholic faith, but had departed far away from its teachings. He was a thief from childhood, and had been arrested a number of times before he was ten years of age. He spent two terms in the Juvenile Asylum. Finally he ran away, and made a voyage on a whaler, and was gone three years. He had served altogether twenty years behind prison bars, in several terms, for burglary. He sat in the same seat in Sing Sing prison with Jerry McAuley, when the latter was aroused by the tremendous preaching of "Awful Gardner," which brought Jerry to repentance. But the message that brought Jerry into light had no effect on Phil. He kept on in his bad way after his release, and at the age of sixty-two he was as bad as ever.

On the night when he came to the Mission, he had just spent the ten cents received from a pawnbroker for his last shirt, with a saloonkeeper for a drink of whiskey. That night, when the usual invitation was given to any who wanted to be saved, to come to the altar, for us to pray with and for them, about fifteen wrecks of humanity responded, and among them was old Phil McGuire. He knelt with the others and his voice shook with emotion as he uttered the prayer of the Publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." His prayer was heard. Mercy came to him in a degree that he could not understand. That night was the turning point in his career. It was the beginning of a new life. Old Phil became a changed character. He stopped drinking, gave up all his evil ways, and dropped all his old associations.

At Phil's age and with his record, it was not easy for him to obtain honest employment. He was frequently in hard straits, but he never wavered in his determination to starve rather than go back to crooked ways. When we needed a janitor for the mission, Phil pleaded for the job, and we took him on, and he was with us several years. Never was there a more faithful, earnest worker. He took an interest in all our efforts, besides doing the duties of his office. On the day of his death, he was as cheerful as usual, and, at the close of our meeting, distributed tickets for lodgings to some homeless men. He was closing up the mission for the night, when he was seized with sudden illness. Mrs. Lamont, our missionary, went to his assistance, but it was clear that the end was near. He was evidently anxious about something, and now and again tried to raise his hand, that was benumbed by approaching death, to his vest pocket. Mrs. Lamont helped him, and with some difficulty he drew out two one-dollar bills. "Books," he said feebly. He had sold that night two copies of my book, *Down in Water Street*, and the last act of this old converted thief was to square the financial transaction. A few minutes afterwards he peacefully breathed his last. Such an end to such a life is a testimony to the wonderful power of the Spirit. Does any one believe that the old glorious Gospel of the transforming power of Jesus has lost its power? If so, let him come down to Water Street and see some of the Trophies of Grace there, and they will change their minds. S. H. HADLEY.

Free to All Housekeepers

THE "1900" BALL-BEARING FAMILY WASHER

A Wonderfully Simple Invention That Cuts in Half Time, Labor and Expense of Washing Clothes.

No More Rubbing or Stooping—Monday's Drudgery No Longer to Be Dreaded.

Every Householder in the Land Can Have One FREE.

In order to prove to the most sceptical that the "1900" Ball Bearing Family Washer is unquestionably the greatest Home Labor Saving Machine ever invented, we will send you one absolutely free without deposit or advance payment of any kind, freight paid, on 30 days' TRIAL. If you like it, you can pay for it either in cash or on the installment plan at the end of the 30 days' trial. If you don't like it, all you have to do is to ship it back to us at our expense. You run no risk, no expense, no obligations whatever.

The "1900" Ball-Bearing Washer is beyond doubt the greatest labor-saving machine ever invented for family use. Entirely new principle. It is simplicity itself. There are no wheels, paddles, rockers, cranks or complicated machinery. It revolves on bicycle ball bearings, making it by far the easiest running washer on the market. No strength required; a child can operate it.

No more stooping, rubbing, boiling of clothes. Hot water and soap all that are needed. It will wash large quantities of clothes (no matter how soiled) perfectly clean in six minutes. Impossible to injure the most delicate fabrics. Saving in wear and tear of clothes, to say nothing of the saving of soap and materials, pays for machine in a short time. Don't be prejudiced. This is entirely different from and far superior to any other washing machine ever made.

The "1900" Washer is not a cheaply made machine. It is constructed of the very best materials; it is handsome, compact and strong, and will last a lifetime.

We receive constantly thousands of flattering letters from people who have used the "1900" Washer. They are all unsolicited and must naturally be sincere. We shall be pleased to send to any one writing for it our book of testimonials, which are guaranteed to be genuine and exact copies of originals on file at our office. Among the many thousands on file, we reproduce the following:

Peoria, Ill., Sept. 2, 1902

I have given the "Washer a good trial, now with my washing and ironing. It is the best I have ever used for blankets, as fast. I think it is the best all around washer I ever heard of. I would not do without mine.

MRS. LILLIAN SELLERS

Washington, D.C., Sept. 8, 1902

You will find inclosed payment for the "1900" Washer. It fully comes up to our expectations and is all that you have claimed for it. We take great pleasure in recommending it to all who want to avail themselves of one of the greatest labor saving devices of modern times for domestic purposes.

WM. F. SALLER

East Plymouth, Ohio, Feb. 25, 1902

P. O. Ashtabula, O.

We have been using the "1900" Washer since May 15, 1900. Have done over 1,200 washings and I think it is good for as many more. We do family work from Ashtabula. We have used 3 different machines, and the "1900" beats them all for good and fast work and durability.

GEO. N. BURNETT.

Hart, Mich., August 25, 1902

Please find inclosed money order to pay for my washer in full. We are well pleased with the washer. A great many people have looked at it. My mother, 83 years old, and I, who am a cripple in a wheeled chair, have done our washing by it for the last three weeks.

MRS. ALICE ROUSE.

Kansas City, Mo., May 14, 1902

I have given your washer a fair trial. It is the best washer I ever saw. It has washed our heavy blankets with ease. I washed them last Spring and rubbed more than an hour, and yet they had to go through again, but the "1900" Washer cleaned them thoroughly. We do our washing very quick, and have no tired and worn-out feeling as of old. I wish every lady had a washer.

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DUE respect for our departed loved ones demands that we erect **Artistic and Enduring Memorials.** Marble has proved an unfortunate failure. Moss-grown, broken and tumbled-down it is the abomination of the cemetery. Sometimes pushed under, entirely. Usually, too, soon gets discolored, moss-grown, cracks, crumbles and decays. Besides it is very expensive.

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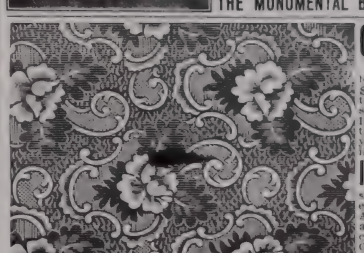

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SYMPATHY

Far, far away,
A fair-haired child is pleading, all in vain
For bread to ease the cruel hunger pain
Each weary day.
Its soft blue eye
Is dimmed with tears, its hollow cheek is pale
Where once the roses bloomed, and strength will fail
Until it die.
Unless we send
Help quickly to the little suffering one.
O do not wait, but ere another sun
Brings near that end.
Search well your heart.
God asks to give your help to those who need.
And His rich blessing on your kindly deed
Will ne'er depart. —E. M. L.

FOUR WARNINGS*

Common Faults against which the Apostle Puts Christians on their Guard

WHILE Christianity is a religion of broad principles, Christ never intended that it should be lax in details. He warned his followers that their righteousness must exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, the most punctilious people of his time, otherwise they could not be his disciples. With the principles of Christianity enshrined in their hearts, it should not be necessary to tell them they must not do this or that. They should know at once what was inconsistent with those principles and avoid it. Nevertheless, hints are given here and there in the Bible, to show them how those principles are to be applied. Four such hints are given in the passages cited in connection with the Topic.

They touch the Christian's conduct in relation to others. They are, however, in close connection with his conduct toward God and his relations to him, and are indeed founded upon them. The first duty inculcated is humility. He is not to be proud, arrogant, conceited. The second duty is tolerance; he is not to cherish unreasonable prejudice. The third is kindly feeling; he is not to grudge others their advancement or prosperity. The fourth is fair speaking; he is not to be uncharitable nor censorious, nor to speak evil of others. These are four beacon lights, which are to show the Christian the dangers which he will find in his course through life, against which he must be on his guard. He must not be heedless, otherwise the natural propensity of humanity may lead him into evil. If he has a right sense of his position before God, of the conditions under which he is looking for salvation, he is not likely to fall in any of these particulars. It is one of the surest proofs of conversion that the heart is drawn out in love for others. The man is conscious of a new quickening of kindly and benevolent feelings, and when he remains under their influence, he is little likely to feel jealous, or envious, or quarrelsome, or censorious. Nevertheless, those faults are so common in society, and so easily enter the heart, that the warning is not unneeded. If it were always heeded, what a delightful association the church would be! It would be so attractive, that it would be a living epistle, which even the world would esteem and applaud.

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 19. Rom. 12: 16; Prov. 6: 34; Phil. 2: 3.

THE LORD'S DAY*

The Institution which has Superseded the Burdensome Jewish Sabbath

VERY significant is it that Christ should have been teased and harassed by charges of breaking the Sabbath. It seems that there were men in his day, as there are in ours, who, delighting in literalism and formalism, are ever on the watch for the commission of acts by others, which may be held as technical breaches of the law of the Sabbath. These men were a nuisance in their time, as their representatives are now. Sticklers for the letter, regardless of the spirit, they would, if they could have their way, force every one to keep the Sabbath in a narrow and burdensome way. The rules laid down by these men in Christ's time were carried to an absurd extreme. No man might carry a handkerchief or use a staff on the Sabbath, because it would be carrying a burden. No one might walk on the grass, because that was a species of threshing. If chickens were fed, no particle of grain must be left on the ground, because that might be sowing, and there were hundreds of such prohibitions. God never meant the Sabbath, which he ordained for the good of man, to become a burden to him.

In the time of the Apostles, there was a new effort made to fasten on Christians the burdens as to the Sabbath, which had harassed the Jews. This was probably due to the change of day. The Apostle Paul was appealed to, and he promptly brushed the silly and stupid cavils away, by directing his converts (Col. 2: 16) to "let no man judge you in respect of a holy day or of the Sabbath." This is a good rule for modern Christians to adopt when they are urged to give up keeping the Lord's Day, on which we commemorate the resurrection of our Lord, and to keep the Jewish Sabbath, which commemorates the seventh day of creation.

The teaching of Christ as to the day lifts it to a higher plane altogether than is occupied by the literalists. He declared himself Lord of the Sabbath, and would not be hindered from doing good on that day. The Sabbath, he declared, "was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." It is an opportunity God gives man to cultivate his higher nature; to quit for a time the affairs of the world and give his attention to the interests of the soul. So let us give up talking of the "Sabbath," a day of rest, and call it the "Lord's Day," a day consecrated to Christ and his service.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for April 19. Matt. 12: 1-12.

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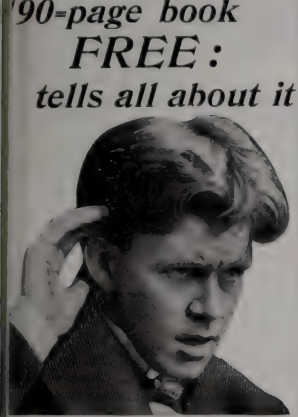

Since the discovery of a Louisville man it is no nger necessary for any deaf person to carry a umpet, a tube or any such old-fashioned device, or it is now possible for any one to hear perfectly y a simple invention that fits in the ear and can ot be detected. The honor belongs to Mr. George I. Wilson, of Louisville, who was himself deaf and ow hears as well as any one. He calls it Wilson's ommon Sense Ear Drum, is built on the strictest cientific principles, containing no metal of any ind, and is entirely new in every respect. It is so mall that no one can see it, but nevertheless it ollects all sound waves and diverts them against he drum-head, causing you to hear perfectly. It ill do this even when the natural ear drums are artially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, laxed or thickened. It fits any ear from childood to old age, and aside from the fact that it oes not show, it never causes the hearer irritation, nd can be used with comfort day or night.

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HOW JOHN MARK REGAINED HIS COURAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 293

been deceived. So their reflections, as well as their faces, were sad.

As they walked, they were suddenly conscious that another was walking with them. They never could remember just when he came, but there he was, a kind and sympathetic fellow traveler, who inquired the cause of their sadness. Then they told him about Jesus, and how they had hoped that he should have redeemed Israel, but he had been taken by wicked hands, and slain on the cross. Three days ago all this had happened, and some women had been to the tomb that morning, and came back with the story of an empty grave, and a vision of angels who had told them that the Lord was risen. That the grave was empty they had proved, but their hearts were full of fear and doubt as to what had become of Jesus.

Then the wonderful stranger, who had about him an unique charm and fascination, which seemed to quiet their inmost souls, began to recall the prophecies to them. Scriptures they had never noted, or if they had, had found all dark and mysterious, this stranger brought to their attention, and on his lips they glowed with light upon the life and the death of Jesus.

Absorbed by his conversation, the time passed rapidly, and they soon stood before the door of Cleopas, and the stranger saluted them farewell, starting to go on. But they could not bear to see him go, and they begged him to come in, and stay with them. They went into the house, and soon gathered about the table for the evening meal. The stranger lifted his face toward heaven in prayer, and at that moment the veil fell away, and they saw that it was Jesus. They started forward with a glad cry, and he was gone. Cleopas and John Mark did not wait for supper. They had other food. They hurried back to Jerusalem to tell their friends what had happened to them. Mark was never willing to talk much about the experiences of that day. Years afterward, Cleopas gave Dr. Luke an account of it, in which he said that their hearts burned within them as Christ opened to them the Scriptures. But so sacred and holy was his memory of it all, that Mark contented himself by writing in his old age only these significant words, "After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country."

Good Housekeeping

Mr. J. C. Earl, who for many years has given considerable time and attention to the study of domestic accounts, has produced a book of instruction of some thirty pages for the use of housewives and young matrons. This little work gives in detail, and in the simplest possible manner, the subdivision and classification of domestic expenditure. It tells the housekeeper how to commence her account book, how to carry it on through the year, and how to close it at the end of that period. It is not a blank book for practical work, but a simple set of rules, very clearly expressed, which the housekeeper can easily follow out in her own account book. Interspersed through the book are examples of the several accounts—food, clothing, etc.,with the regular entries and rulings, showing a complete week's expenditures. It also contains many exceedingly interesting letters of comment from America's most prominent women, the whole forming a most attractive and readable little volume. *Earl's Housekeeping* ought to be in the hands of every housekeeper in the land, and should enter into the studies of every young girl on the brink of womanhood. We predict for it a wide popularity. Sent to any address for 25 cents. Address John C. Earl, 1,223 Bible House, New York.

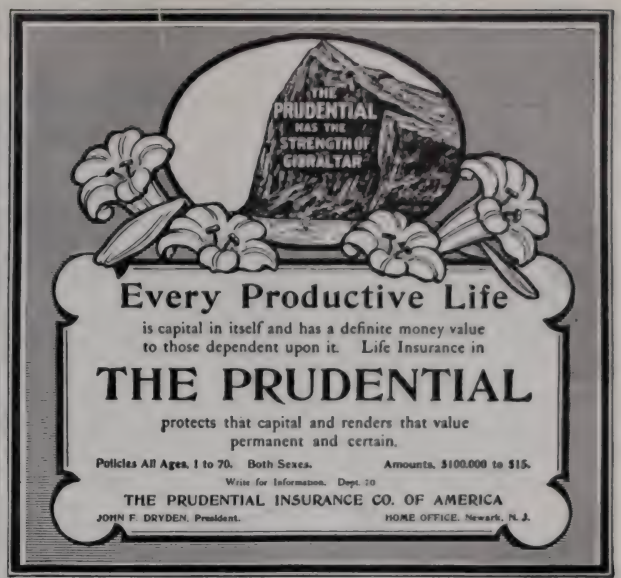
BOOKS RECEIVED

Elementary Hygiene for the Tropics, by Azel Ames, M.D., an author of wide experience. In these days of colonial expansion, such a book should be in wide demand. Pp. 180; illustrated. Price 60c. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, publishers.

The Story of the Bible in Rhyme, by Mrs. Jamie M. Mosher; a big undertaking, industriously carried out to the end. Many will undoubtedly be pleased to read it. Pp. 249, cloth binding. Price $1. Independence Book Co., Independence, Ia., publishers.

Money and Banking, illustrated by American history, by Horace White. A valuable book of reference, and full of compact and accurate information concerning our financial system. Pp. 474; Price $1.50; cloth. Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers.

The Attainment of Womanly Beauty of Form and Features. Papers by twenty specialists, edited by Albert Turner, illustrated; an interesting and helpful volume on a popular subject. Pp. 288, cloth binding. Health Culture Company, 503 Fifth avenue, New York, publishers.



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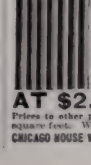

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By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM CI—Noble Purpose Psalm

2. I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. O when wilt thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.

"O, WHEN WILT THOU COME UNTO ME?"

3. I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes: I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave to me.

4. A froward heart shall depart from me.

. . .

It is a great thing to have a noble purpose, and Psalm CI. is the crystallization of aim that is God-like and good. The application of this to the present-day life of young men and women would revolutionize society. If applied to home and business life in general, civic redemption would be near.

PSALM CII
Psalm for the Destitute

2. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call answer me speedily.

"LIKE A PELICAN OF THE WILDERNESS"

3. For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as a hearth.

4. My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread.

5. By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.

6. I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert.

. . .

Destitution is neighbor to Desolation and both are friendly to Death. Not a few folk in a sin-stricken world dwell in this Psalm and its experiences. Let the Christian with hope, light, love and friendship, like that of Christ, quickly visit them, and bring them from Psalm CII. to Psalm CIII.

PSALM CIII
Bread-and-Butter Psalm

2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

"THY YOUTH IS RENEWED LIKE THE EAGLE'S"

4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

. . .

The writer of this Psalm knew the value of the blessings God gives us in this world. Very queer religion that, which cannot meet "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker," with honor and honesty. Ripening harvests are a part of God's salvation. The cattle on a thousand hills are his and are for us. "Milk for babes, and meat for men" is only a half truth if limited to Scripture. Let us have full Gospel crops here—crowns hereafter.

PSALM CIV
Psalm for Weak Folk

13. He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

"HE WATERETH THE HILLS"

14. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

15. And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

. . .

Little faith folk, weak-kneed Christians, doubting Thomases and deserting disciples need the strength of this wonderful Psalm. It is fresh air and sunlight to sweat-shop people. A thorough reading of it is better than a dozen doctor's visits and drugs combined. It is like a voyage for one's health, or a visit to the country in spring.

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Among the departments in The Housewife are the following: **Among th Flowers**, Edited by Eben E. Rexford, **Mother's Hour**, by Margaret Eytinge, **Ta Kitchen**, **The Best Ways**, **Literary World**, **With Needles and Hooks** and othe The stories printed in The Housewife are always **Bright, Interesting an Wholesome.** Hundreds of Bright Ideas, Useful Hints and Helps in every numb

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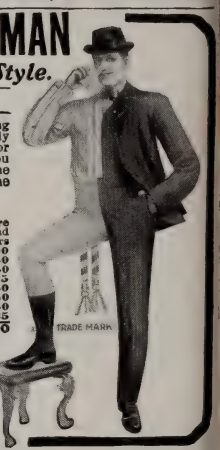

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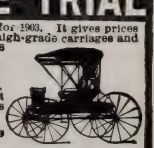

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IT DOESN'T matter whether you want to buy or whether you want to sell any kind of real estate or business in any section of the country, I can give you the kind of service that means to you a great saving of time, trouble and money. Generally speaking, my success is proof of my ability—but I want to give you proof of my ability to sell **your** property, if you want to sell, or to promptly fill **your** requirements if you want to buy. If you think there is any reason why I am not able to do just what I say I can do, I want you to write and tell me exactly what you think. I want to be perfectly frank with you in regard to every detail of my business, but I can't be unless you are perfectly frank with me. If I find, upon investigation, that there is some special reason why I cannot handle your property satisfactorily, I will tell you so; or if I find that the kind of property you want to buy cannot be obtained for the price you want to pay, I will promptly tell you that. I believe in giving the best possible service in the shortest possible time. This is the secret of my success. Will you let me serve **you?** If you want to sell, fill out the left-hand blank on this page and mail it to me to-day. I will then tell you exactly what I can do for you, and how and why I can do it. If you want to buy, fill out and mail to me the right-hand blank. I will then send you a list of properties which I think will fill your requirements.

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Please send without cost to me a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of .....

.....

in the town or city of .....

County of ..... *and State of* .....

and which I desire to sell for $ .....

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property:

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Name .....

Address .....

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If You Want to BUY, Fill Out, Cut Out, and Mail this Coupon to me To-Day

.....*1903*

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With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond approximately with the following specifications:

Kind of property .....

Size ..... *State* .....

City or County or part of State preferred .....

The price must be between $ ..... *and $* .....

I will pay ..... *down, and the balance* .....

.....

.....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1903

VOL. 26 NO. 15. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices : Bible House, New York

JACOB A. RIIS, AUTHOR-PHILANTHROPIST AND ORIGINATOR OF SETTLEMENT WORK AMONG THE NEW YORK POOR

The upper and lower illustrations show: 1. The Settlement Headquarters, Henry Street, New York. 2. One of the Summer Homes. The story of Mr. Riis' noble efforts appears on page 322

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Subscriber, Pella, Iowa. How long did the ten plagues last in Egypt?

There is no record to show how long they lasted, but in all probability it was a comparatively short time—not many weeks, or a few months, at longest.

Subscriber, Somerville, Mass. Will you kindly inform me of the names of the places where Paul stopped on his three missionary journeys, and the voyage. Also the places in the Bible where I can find all these points.

You will find all the points indicated in one of the maps bound up with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Teacher's Bible. For fuller description see McClintock and Strong's Biblical Encyclopedia.

E. C. S., Belle Vernon. Who is now Secretary of National Union of Christian Endeavor?

Mr. Von Ogden Vogt, an American, of Swiss descent, a Western man, Presbyterian, College graduate, and an ardent and experienced Endeavorer.

Flora, Augusta, Me. How long has the cut-flower industry been pursued in the United States?

"Fifty years ago," writes an excellent authority, "it would not have been possible to purchase cut-flowers during the winter season in any of the large cities of this country. Millions of dollars are now invested in the cultivation and sale of cut-flowers; by census estimate they make more than one-half of the florist's business. The growth and evolution of the business has been very rapid in the past twenty-five years." Many can remember when the camelia was the chief cut-flower for personal adornment, and when blossoms on wires, in set bouquets, was love or friendship's offering, superseded long since by long-stemmed roses, loosely arranged.

A. Y., Scotsburn, Can. Does the deviation of the magnetic needle from the geographical north vary according to longitude? If so, what is its present variation at 63° west of Greenwich?

We have submitted this question to *The Scientific American*, New York, which answers as follows: "The variation of the magnetic needle is not according to longitude at all. We have no map showing the magnetic variation for the part of Canada from which the inquiry comes. Maps published by the United States Government do not cover the region. It is probable the variation is about 22°-23°. The correspondent should apply to the Canadian Geological Department, at Ottawa, Canada, for the data."

S. B. DeG., Bradford, Pa., writes:

Referring to the question of a correspondent in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 25th, I would say that Mt. Ararat was ascended October 9th, 1829, by Dr. Frederich Parrcat with five companions, to the highest point. The thermometer registering only six and two-thirds degree Fahr. below freezing at three p. m., though the summit is covered with perpetual ice—a good preservation for the ark. He found the mountain to be 17,210 feet high.

Mrs. E. J., Ogden, Utah. Please publish the complete stanza in which the following verses occur—we have all but the last line.

"God is great and God is good,
Let us thank him for this food,
From his hands all blessings flow—

The little tenement waifs who are each summer our fresh air guests at Mont Lawn (our readers aiding us in giving them outings), sing as a grace before meals, the following:

God is great and God is good,
And we thank him for this food,
By his grace must all be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen.

G. A., St. Cloud, Minn. How was it possible for a work of the supposed dimensions of the Tower of Babel to be erected in the time, and by the few people who lived directly after the Flood? It appears to me, after careful calculations, that not over 2,000 people, men and women and children, composed the population at the confusion of languages. This is based on the given population of the "ark," and their greatest possible profication.

It is clear, from the Biblical account, that in the considerable period which must have elapsed between the Flood and the confusion, the race had multiplied rapidly and spread out over the land (see Gen. 10). Josephus, the Jewish historian (in *Antiquities*, Book 1, chap. 4), says that they were "a multitude" when they followed Nimrod's advice to build the tower. He adds "by reason of the multitude of hands employed on it, it grew very high sooner than any one could expect." All the evidence points to the conclusion that the period intervening was much greater than is indicated in Ussher's chronological notes found in the margin of the Bible. Those calculations are not in any sense a portion of the text itself, but were made about the year 1650.

Martin, Newport, R. I. Why is typhoid fever found, according to population, more frequently in the country than in the city? In rural mountainous districts, where one has every reason to expect health, this disease often overtakes the visitor from town or attacks him soon after he returns to the city.

Because, as medical authorities state, sanitary conditions in regard to water supply are not so well understood or enforced in the country as in the city, where a Board of Health (usually composed, in part at least, of physicians and other scientific men), looks after such matters. A family in rural districts is often found drinking water from a well in close proximity to, and possibly below, the level of a graveyard, or other contaminating source, and in direct line of drainage therefrom. The fact that water may look perfectly pure is no evidence that it is so; nor is the fact that one person does not succumb to poisonous effects, proof that another, more susceptible, may not. Every one should study the question of pure water supply, filtration, sewage and drainage. The use of plain common sense in digging wells in the right place, of guarding the drink of milch cows from pollution, of washing vegetables in clean fluid, goes a long way in elevating the health standard of farmsteads and villages.

M. G. B., Dayton, Ohio. My wife is greatly pleased with the little work, *Earl's Housekeeping*, and is now keeping her accounts, with both satisfaction and economy, along the lines indicated therein. I wish to present some copies to my young nieces to incorporate with their other studies, and will thank you to quote me price for half dozen copies, postage prepaid.

Six copies delivered, postage prepaid, for $1.50, or twenty-five cents each.

American, Walla Walla, Wash. Is the rate of increase in American population greater or less than formerly? 2. Are more children employed at money-making?

A decline in the rate has been recorded for each decade since 1860. The percentage of increase for each decade since 1790 is: 1800, 35.1; 1810, 36.4; 1820, 33.1; 1830, 33.5; 1840, 32.7; 1850, 35.9; 1860, 35.6; 1870, 26.6; 1880, 26; 1890, 24.9; 1900, 20.7. The "desire to accumulate wealth" has been cited as one retarding influence. 2. The percentage of persons ten years of age or over engaged in "gainful occupations" has increased. In 1880 it was 47.1; in 1890, 48; 1900, 50.3; also, more females are at work.

Mrs. D. B. S., Seaville, N. J. Am I mistaken in my information, that you have given no notice nor protest against the unlawful and shameful "convening of Congress" on Sunday (the House, to do business), when signatures on that day are unlawful and are "null and void," thereby setting an example to this and other lands, which is, and will be pernicious in its effects on the people of all nations?

You have been misinformed. If you will read the article on the subject on the editorial page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, issue of February 25 of this year, you will there find what is probably the first comment on the subject by any religious publication. Congress violated the Sabbath on February 8, by transacting current business in the Lower House, and it rescinded its action on February 9, when an outspoken member denounced the Sunday work as immoral, reprehensible and illegal.

J. B., Cottage Grove, Wis. What particular property or virtue is in the number "seven," that it should be used in the Old and New Testaments in preference to any other number, from Genesis to Revelation.

One explanation is that is a symbolical number, composed of elements of which three are divinity and four humanity, the whole typifying the union between God and man. Another is that it has reference to external things, and many ancient nations so regarded it. Cicero called seven "the knot and cement of all things," natural and spiritual. It was anciently used as a cyclical and astronomical number, and as typical of perfection. The Hebrews probably received their notion of its sanctity from other and older nations, and gradually adopted it in connection with the appointment of all religious periods.

New Subscriber, Belmont, O. How may a person know when he is really converted? Does not the commission of sin prove that conversion has not taken place?

That is not a reliable test. Unhappily, even converted men fall into sin at times. There is, however, this difference, that before conversion sin occasions little if any sorrow, after conversion it is sincerely mourned and deplored and God's help is sought not only for pardon, but for strength to avoid it in the future. There are many signs of conversion. One is that just stated in the soul's attitude toward sin. Another is love for Christ, through whom all blessings come. There is, too, an intense desire in know him and be like him and a complete dependence on him, and a resolve that if his will is recognized it shall be obeyed at any cost. There is also a change of feeling toward others, especially toward all who also love Christ. The soul that has been born again is full of love to men and women and there is a desire to render them service. These are among the most conspicuous signs of conversion, but they are not always all present at the beginning of the Christian life, but develop later.

J. R. E., Belleville, Pa. In your recent article on "Temperance," by Hervey Wood, he reports in Pennsylvania 600 cities and towns, and 20 counties having local option. We are living in a small town cursed with license. The majority in the town and township oppose it, but our judge grants the license all the same. Having the good of the community at heart, how can I proceed, or what can I do to help bring about the condition enjoyed by the no-license towns?

Write to editor of *The People*, published in Philadelphia, who will advise you.

James D. L., Metuchen, N. J. 1. What does the Finnish word "Suomi" mean? 2. Where did the Finns come from originally—Europe or Asia?

1. It is an ancient name used to denote a branch of the Finnish race and now transferred to the country itself. 2. Philologists state that they belonged to the Finnish-Ugrian, whose descendants are now to be found along the rivers Ob and Ural and the Danube, and that they are therefore related to the Magyars. In the early Christian era they were called Fens or Finns by the neighboring races—probably meaning the people who lived in the fens or marshes.

R. T., Fordyke, Miss. Did Christ know that Judas was a thief when he appointed him to the apostleship? If so, was it done to ensure the fulfilment of prophecy?

It is probable that Judas was not a thief when he was chosen by Christ to be an apostle. Every man has in him the germ of his worst act, but in the case of Judas, it may not have been at that time developed to the extent that it was afterwards. We cannot conceive of Jesus deliberately choosing a dishonest man to be his disciple. He may have hoped that, like other men who are capable of good or evil, the good might triumph under his own influence. The fact of Judas committing suicide when he saw that Christ was about to die, is an indication of there being good in the man. One altogether given over to evil would not have felt such remorse. He would have been indifferent.

THE NEW FLAGLER CHURCH, MIAMI, FLA., A PRETTY TEMPLE IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS

During the winter just past, Florida has been, more than ever, the Mecca of tourists, health-seekers and wealthy pleasure-seekers from all over the world. The changes noted by those who have been annual visitors, for a long time back, are interesting; palatial hotels, springing up by sunny beaches; picturesque riverside little villages, blossoming through prosperity, into new charm, like the flowers; and, best of all, fair temples of worship arising here and there, to replace buildings less attractive and commodious, are among those mentioned. One friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends this picture of the pretty church in Miami, given, about two years ago, by Mr. Henry M. Flagler. It is under the direction of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and stands where the lowly Mission House used to be. The attractive manse is also Mr. Flagler's gift. "It is thought," says our correspondent, "that Mr. Flagler will endow the church, unless he is anticipated by some wealthy winter visitor, who may do this, as a thank-offering for health restored." Miami has only 1,600 residents; but in winter it entertains many guests from a distance, who swell the congregration of the pretty church.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. A. M., Hiawatha, Kan. Write to the *Silver Cross*, New York.

Subscriber, Young's Creek, Mo. We pay no attention to chain letters.

Mrs. E. R. F., Tiffin, O. No, they do not believe in the divinity of Christ.

Subscriber, Stone Creek, O. Write to the State Board of Health, Denver, Colo.

Reader. Write to Baptist Publication Society, New York, for the information required.

Wm. Francy, Shawano, Wis., will be glad to hear from any reader who has a volume of poems by William Morris, of Monaghan, Ireland.

C. A. Y., Bridgeport, O. T. You can find all the instructions for the mechanical part of proof reading in the appendix to an Unabridged Dictionary.

Subscriber, Palo Alto, Cal. Write to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., for reports issued on the subject; also for Consular Reports.

Mrs. Mary Little, Morris, N. Y., writes that the statement in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that Mrs. Fenton and Mrs. Hurlbut were baptized in 1850 should have read "1830."

Bessie, Stoneham, Mass. It looks a little like peddling or junk-dealing, as you describe it; but we see nothing wrong in it, provided he deals fairly and is satisfied with a reasonable profit.

Frank J. J., Ravenna, Neb. A Christian should avoid even the appearance or suggestion of evil. If he does not believe in a pastime, he should let everything connected with it alone.

Fred S., Scotia, Neb. No, it is not right for a Christian to drink intoxicating liquor. If for some other reason than for the sake of example, and that he may not cause others to stumble and offend, he should avoid it.

Reader, Cohoes, N. Y. A person is presumed to be willing to pay for what he accepts. If you do not want it, you should notify the postmaster not to deliver it, and also notify the senders to stop putting it in the mails.

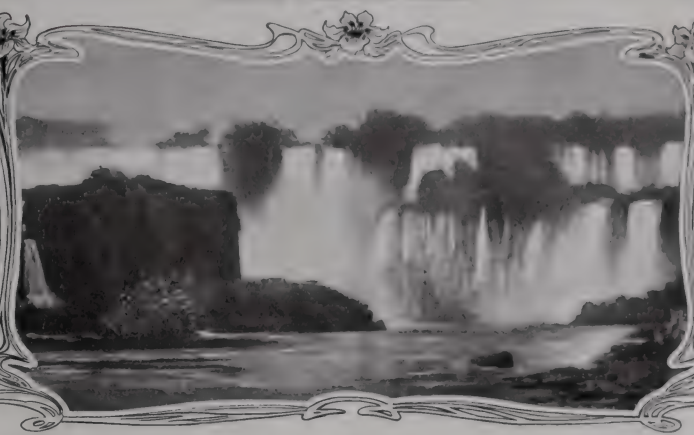
NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A NATIVE PRIEST

MADEIRA FALLS, SOUTH AMERICA



A NATIVE CARRIER

A JOURNEY AMONG SAVAGE TRIBES

By EMILIO OLSSON, Missionary in South America

THE Indian tribe of the Chiquitanos, is located about 2,000 miles inland from Buenos Ayres. During my long ride of ninety-two days on mule-back, through the great Indian forest of the Bolivian Chaco, on my ay towards the River Amazon, I me across this tribe, which I consid- a remarkable race. Originally the hiquitanos came from Peru, many enturies ago. They are descendants f the ancient Incas of prehistoric mes. The Chiquitanos are pacific, d plant corn, rice, mandioca, ba- anas, coffee and sugar, for exporta- on to the rubber district. The cli- ate on the mountains in the prov- ce is very healthy for foreigners, and favorable for European emigration. his part of Bolivia is the most im- ortant in South America, and mil- ons of people could find work here. he land and forest afford opportu- ities for development.

To this simple people I preached he Gospel of Jesus, through an in- erpreter, throughout a territory of bout 1,000 miles. I doubt not that it as the first time they had heard the ondrous story of a Saviour's love, d their interest was intense. When told them "The Bible was the Word f God," such was their reverence at some of them wanted to kiss the ook.

One chief embraced me at parting, d asked me to remain among his eople.

South America's wild tribes are ripe r the Gospel, and many are eager to ceive the missionary as teacher and friend. But who will o? Where are the workers to be sent to these tribes, now st in spiritual darkness?

At Bella Villa, in the very heart of the continent, I held a meeting, where about one hundred souls, for the first time in their lives, prayed most earnestly to the living God.

During our journey we had to travel through forests and pampas, frequented by wild beasts and human savages.

CAMPING ON THE BOLIVIAN CHACO

In fact, most of the eastern and northern parts of Bolivia are inhabited by savage tribes, making the road dangerous to travelers. Several settlements which we passed had been lately attacked by Indians and a number of the people killed with machetes. At one time a savage tribe was round about our camp all night, making noise. I slept soundly that night, being very tired after a hard day's ride. In the morning the Indians had gone, but their foot-prints were seen near by.

One morning, near our camp, a tiger was seen by one of our peons, who fired a gun at him, frightening him off. At another time a large snake brushed up against the mule I rode, but did no harm beyond scaring us. In the treacherous swamps of Mojos, my mule sank twice in the mud, and we were extricated with difficulty. These swampy plains are completely under water in the rainy season, and at times the people travel about in boats or canoes. At Savario, our mules had to swim across a river which was infested by caimans. We shot one of these creatures, about two metros long. Besides crocodiles, there are in this region many annoying small insects and mosquitoes, which sting one painfully. One day my black guide and I lost our way in the forest. We were without water and food, and in the darkness it was the most terrible night I ever spent. We were repeatedly bitten by great ants, about an inch long and venomous. We both jumped about and screamed like wild men. We hurried away from that place, and struggled on through the forest to save our lives.

At another time, while "shooting" the perilous rapids above Madeira Falls, we nearly perished. One boat that came after us was capsized in the awful cataract, and five men lost their lives. The deadly tropical fevers, too, were very dangerous. I had a touch of the fever twice. I do praise God for saving my life in that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 334

CROSSING THE PAMPAS

BOLIVIAN LLAMAS AS BEASTS OF BURDEN

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

HE IS RISEN!

AN EASTER SERMON BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

TEXT—I. Corinthians 15: 14: "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain"

Cut branches and spread them in the way — "Now Jesus stood before the Governor" — Joseph claims the body of Jesus — An angel came and rolled away the stone

THE following are imaginary extracts from a daily newspaper supposed to be printed in Jerusalem during the lifetime of Jesus Christ.

1. "We have called the attention of our readers several times to the fact that the person known as Jesus Christ, is either the greatest Being that ever trod this earth, or he is the greatest impostor that ever lived. The raising of the dead man Lazarus at Bethany, a few days ago, is said by those who were present to be the most remarkable scene they ever witnessed. Several members of the Sanhedrin were present on that occasion, and they do not deny that a man who had been actually dead four days walked out of his tomb, when Jesus Christ said in a loud voice, 'Lazarus, come forth.' Still, they think it is best to be cautious in the matter of believing too much. They mean to watch Christ even more closely than before, and, if possible, discover the secret or trick by which he seems to perform these miracles. We also shall watch the history of this wonderful Person with the greatest interest, and from time to time give our readers the most trustworthy items of information concerning his public career.

2. "Yesterday was a remarkable day in Jerusalem. The Nazarene came into the city surrounded by a multitude of eager, shouting, enthusiastic men, women and children. They saluted him by the title of King, and he listened to it in silence. Those nearest him in the great crowd, say that they saw tears in his eyes and his face took on a sad expression, such as no man ever saw on human face before. It is said that the 'Master,' as he is called, has of late been making some mysterious allusions to his own approaching death. It is reported that he has declared that after his death he will rise again after three days. Such language, even on the part of one who seems to have such power, must be taken with a good degree of caution.

"But the most surprising fact about the demonstration of yesterday, is the manner in which the whole affair ended. The Chief Priests and Scribes and Pharisees fully expected that Christ would assume entire authority in the city, take the title of King, so freely given him by the people, and by a series of miracles begin his reign by driving out the Roman garrison. But to the astonishment of every one, his immediate friends included, who had, it is whispered, the same expectations, at the close of the day Christ walked quietly out of the city and spent the night with his friends in Bethany. It is impossible to understand his motive in letting slip such a chance to place himself at the head of a powerful force. We are more and more inclined to believe the High Priests and Scribes are right, and that time will show Jesus to be a great deceiver of the common people.

3. "Another remarkable scene in Jerusalem must be added to all the rest which has been so strange in connection with Jesus Christ. Last night he was arrested, while in a small garden just outside the city walls, and this morning taken before Pilate, the Roman Governor, on a charge of insurrection. It is the old charge. He has often called himself,and allowed others to call him, the 'King of the Jews.' And no man can do that safely as long as Augustus Cæsar is Emperor of the world. Pilate was very much puzzled to know what to do in the matter, but finally consented to the death sentence. Christ will be crucified this morning, unless he uses the wonderful power which he is said to possess to escape from his enemies. To our minds, it seems highly probable, that this will be the last that will be heard of this Person. His friends are very few, in comparison with his foes, and they are from the lowest laboring forces. It is reported that when their Leader was arrested, they all forsook him and fled.

4. "The crucifixion has taken place, and the remarkable person known as Jesus of Nazareth is no more. He was executed with two robbers upon the elevation called Golgotha, northwest of the city. He met his death with the calmness and patience which have always been characteristic of him, and even conversed with one of the robbers who hung beside him. His death occurred much earlier than any one had expected, in such a young person (he was only thirty-three years old), and it is conjectured that one of the blood vessels of the heart may have burst owing to the intense agony of suffering he endured.

"There were some remarkable features connected with this crucifixion, which we cannot pass over in silence. A few hours before Christ's death, a darkness began to fall upon the earth, and this grew deeper and deeper until he finally died; while at the very moment of his death a distinct earthquake was felt all about the hill Golgotha, and even in the city itself. We mention these facts, because it seems a curious coincidence that the death of this Person should be marked by these manifestations of nature, since he has so often apparently exercised his power over the natural elements.

"As soon as it was ascertained that Jesus was actually dead, Joseph of Arimathea, who is well known in Jerusalem, went to Pilate and asked permission to take the body down and place it in a new tomb near the place of execution. Pilate granted his request, and the body was removed by Christ's friends. Thus a strange life is finally ended. The failure of Jesus to assert his power over death proves, almost beyond a doubt, that his pretensions were unwarranted, and throws considerable suspicion upon his supposed miraculous ability.

5. "To-day the Chief Priests and Pharisees went in a body to Pilate, and asked that a guard of soldiers be appointed to watch the sepulchre where Jesus is lying, for fear his disciples may come by night and remove him, and then claim that he rose from the dead of his own accord. It will be remembered by our readers that before his crucifixion, Jesus uttered some such words as these: 'After three days I shall rise again.' The entire notion of such a thing is too absurd to claim any reasoning person's attention. Pilate, however, authorized the watch, and it is now stationed at the tomb, making it impossible for his disciples to steal the body away. But they do not seem to have any such intention. They are said to be thoroughly disheartened by the crucifixion of their leader, and quietly hiding for fear of meeting the same fate.

6. "There is a rumor going about the city that in spite of the guard stationed at the sepulchre where Jesus was placed, his friends managed to enter and remove his body. It is entirely certain that his body is not there this morning. Reliable witnesses who have been to the tomb state that it is empty. The excuse given by the guard is that they fell asleep. If that is so, their carelessness deserves the severest punishment. Of course, the disciples of Jesus will make new capital out of this. They will pretend that their Master rose himself from the dead, as he said he would do. There is little probability, however, that this fiction will meet with success. As we have said before, Christ's followers are comparatively few, and almost without exception from the lowest classes. A few persons whom he is said to have healed of diseases may continue to have respect and affection for him, but the large majority of people in Jerusalem and the surrounding country, will soon forget that such a person as Jesus Christ ever lived. His name will survive one or two generations possibly, and then sink into oblivion along with his obscure disciples, fishermen and peasants of Galilee. The Jewish nation need have little fear that Christ will have any power from this time forth.

He is dead, and this recent ruse of his disciples in stealing away his body will not advance their cause. Rather it will be the death-blow to it. No good cause truly flourishes when built upon deceit. This is the last we expect to hear of Jesus Christ, or of his doctrines."

IF there had been a daily newspaper in Jerusalem two thousand years ago, it would probably have contained just such opinions. To all human foresight the career of Jesus Christ was over; and, worst of all, his disciples had committed the gravest mistake of all, in stealing his body from its resting place. With what emotion, then, do we, on this Easter morning, so far removed from the first one, hear these words of a man whose mental equal for calmness of judgment and penetration of intellect, it would be hard to find in the world to-day. "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain." Ah! Paul understood well enough the basis of true preaching. It was a living Christ, not a dead one who could make others live also. It was a risen Saviour, not one yet held captive by the last enemy, who could inspire men's hearts, and fire their speech and touch their souls. Turning now from the facts of the Resurrection, but keeping the great fact itself in mind, let us consider briefly:

1st.—The object of preaching, and,

2d.—The motive power of preaching.

These two points will necessarily be closely related. I ask you to follow me earnestly in a simple analysis of each point in turn. 1st.—The object of preaching.

To put it very plainly, what am I preaching to you for every week? I know you will not say it is simply for the salary, because I might earn that in a great many other ways far easier than by preaching. It is not simply to amuse, or interest, or even instruct you, for I might do all that without entering a pulpit; by simply editing a newspaper, or writing a book, or going upon a lecture platform. It is not solely for the purpose of telling you to do what is right, to live lovingly together, to be good citizens of this town, that I preach to you. Anybody can do that. Nothing is easier than preaching to people about what they ought to do. Neither is the object of preaching to get men to join this church as the end of all my effort. That might be a very small or even selfishly personal motive. What, then, is the object of preaching on my part? It is very easily answered, but after it is answered, that is not by any means the end of the matter; it is only the beginning.

The object of my preaching, and of all true preaching, is to present a living Christ to men; it is to reach men's souls rather than their intellects. I sometimes think a man's intellect is the only thing that gets between him and Christ, and then I feel like exclaiming for myself, "Teach me, O God, to aim more at the heart and less at the head. At any rate, help me to win men; not simply their dry, intellectual assent to old truths that they know as well as I do, but a warm, honest, manly assent of the man himself to a living faith." That is the object of preaching. It is not to read so many moral tracts a year from the pulpit; it is not simply to give eloquent and pleasing descriptions of scenery in Palestine, it is not to amuse and entertain for a self-satisfied audience; but it is to get hold of men, with something that can stir them in the deepest part of their natures. It is to do something more than tickle their fancy for something pleasant; it is to make the reality of life more real, and man's eternal relation to him more vivid. It is to thrust the glowing, blazing intensity of one's whole Christian personality in among the cold, indifferent, torpid, self-satisfied souls of men, and set them ablaze with the thought of Christ's love for them. This is my object in preaching. Show me a higher, better object and I will try to make it mine. There is no higher object, no better object. But all that would fl[at]ly to the ground, the preaching would be in vain[.] Christ were not risen from the dead. You cannot lig[ht] one dead coal by putting another dead coal beside i[t]; neither can you warm men's hearts, or ignite their so[ul]s by preaching a dead Christ to them.

Heaven pardon us who stand too often in weakn[ess] and imperfect utterance to proclaim the loving God [to] sinful men! How often we throw down before t[hem] hungry soul husks instead of grain! What a mocke[ry] it seems sometimes to deal in rhetoric, or childish o[ra]tory, or youthful declamation, when Christ is waiting [to] be presented. How empty is the preaching when t[he] living Christ is absent, and useless discussion over ma[ny] articles of belief, or foolish argument over disput[ed] points of doctrine take the place of a living faith, spea[k]ing to men in entreaty, invitation, almost comma[nd] urging them to choose between life and death! Som[e] of you may think that the preacher is doing all he oug[ht] to do in preaching a good, moral life, in mildly reco[m]mending religion as an antidote to vice, in softly exc[o]ing sin as an unavoidable disease. But, unless preachi[ng] has something in view more serious and earnest a[nd] vital than the timid suggestions of such timid moralis[ts], then Paul must have been tremendously mistaken in h[is] ideas of preaching. Paul said that the preaching w[as] vain if Christ was not risen. This makes the presen[ta]tion of the living Christ to men the great object [of] preaching. Other objects may be included in this: [in]struction, warning, rebuke, encouragement, consolati[on], advice, even all these may be in the preaching, but do[wn] at the bottom of all else is the one great object — [to] bring men to Christ, and thus to a Christ-like life. [As] soon as the pulpit begins to let go of this one end [of] preaching, it is losing its hold, it is bound, sooner,

ater, to feel its weakness, and despair of its influence. f the time ever comes when I feel that the object in reaching is anything less or lower than to reach men s they can be reached only through the love of Christ, ay that moment be the last moment of my ministry. Without the risen, living Saviour, preaching will be othing but words. Smoke without any heat; and oise without any result.

And 2d.—The motive power of preaching. The ob-ect of preaching is to reach men through the risen hrist in the soul of the preacher. The one has to do ith those who hear; the other has to do with him who peaks.

The preacher's best subject is Christ. There is some-ing definite, satisfying, and universal in such a sub-ct. The preacher might talk five thousand years bout the usefulness of an honest life in society without eaching more than the outside of men's moral tissue. He might discuss in the most beautiful language the ifferent philosophical schemes of the world, without ver reaching a soul and making it quiver under his ouch. He might pile up mountain high his arguments rom probability as to the continued future existence of he person, and end it all with a "perhaps," and still men ould go away unfed. He might point out to men the nevitable consequences of wrong-doing, and the harden-ng fixity of character, and men would still listen, cold, ndifferent, or unresponsive. He might appeal to reason y every art known to the scholar or the orator, and still ail to win men themselves. He might attempt to tell men f God, and they would turn on him in moments of sorrow r despair, and demand of him the proof of such a state-ment. He might even do what has been done, preach to men of a Christ who never rose from the dead, who was simply a great and good man, and men would say, "What is the use of it all? What do we care for a dead Christ? Oh, no, no, no! Give us a living Christ or none! Preach to us a living Saviour, or else be silent altogether!" And, thanks be to God, we can preach a living, risen Christ! There is something here which goes deeper than utility, farther than argument, farther than cold reason; something warmer than philosophy, and more consoling than probability. What you and I want is not more theories respecting the creation of man, but more light concerning the Creator of man; and Christ brought that light into the world, for he was the true light "which lighteth every man coming into the world." What you and I want, is not so much an answer to the question: "Why does God permit evil?" But, "how is evil going to be pushed out of my own life?" And Christ has answered that question by pointing men to himself, the sinless One. What you and I want is not simply the hope of a possible immortality, so much as the absolute certainty of it; and that is assured for us again in Christ who triumphed over death on purpose to prove immortality.

He rose, the Christ we love, to live forevermore;
He passed from earth triumphant to the skies;
The fast shut tomb became an open door,
Thro' which He entered into blissful Paradise.

Death lost its universal terror then; and now
No demon sits on graves of mortal clay,
But angels wait, with radiant face and brow,
To roll the heavy stone which seals the tomb, away.

It is not without its significance that the angel not only rolled away the stone, but also sat upon it, in governing majesty, as if to prevent all Hell's power to roll it back again.

Will you listen to the Christ this day? He has spoken to you in many ways already, more tender and appealingly than I can ever speak. Will you not go home this day with some deeper resolve than you have yet ever made, to be more worthy of God's love to the race? Will you close either your mind or heart to all those better influences which will come in to make your life sweeter, more peaceful, and happy, if you will only encourage them to enter? Will you not go to your homes and in the quiet of the Sabbath day, in the calm confronting of yourself with yourself, choose the best thing a human being can choose, a life of Christian service in the Kingdom which is going to be the universal Kingdom of Love and eternal Happiness? And shall we all bear away with us the hopeful spirit which breathes about this commemoration of the resurrection of the Saviour of men?

I know my Lord is risen; for I feel
The gentle touch of that once pierced palm,
Which has not lost its earthly power to heal,
Which soothes my fever into heavenly calm.

I know my Lord is risen; for I see
Those blessed feet, once pierced by nails of pain,
Hasten with steps of mercy unto me.
That mercy which can make my loss my gain.

I know my Lord is risen; for I find
The heart that beat within that bleeding side,
Is beating still for me, and all mankind,
And so, I know He lives, tho' once He died.

GIDEONS *WITH* PITCHER *AND* TORCH

THEY INVADE NEW YORK, ORGANIZE A CAMP, AND MAKE MANY FRIENDS IN THE METROPOLIS

THAT wonderfully energetic organization of Christian commercial travelers, the Gideons, which in a remarkably short time has expanded to national proportions, has invaded New York. On Saturday and Sunday, March 28 and 29, seven of the leading evangelistic and progressive churches of the metropolis, together with the Y. M. C. A., opened wide the gates, and gave a cordial welcome to the traveling men's organization. These churches were the Judson Memorial, the West End Presbyterian, the Calvary Baptist, the Metropolitan Temple, the Marble Collegiate, the Broadway Tabernacle, and the Westminster Presbyterian, while the Y. M. C. A. centre was the very prominent West Side Branch on Fifty-seventh street.

This simple organization of commercial travelers for Christian fellowship and service, is not yet four years old. All are members of some church, and their short creed is that they believe in Jesus Christ as their only Saviour. They wear the button with the white pitcher and torch of flame, that they may recognize each other. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are already familiar with the history of the rise and growth of the movement. From the first humble meeting in Janesville, Wis., July 1, 1899, with only three men present, the Gideons have grown to over three thousand members, with eleven state camps and more than sixty local camps. The most prominent and active camp is that in Chicago, of about three hundred members. Several of the national officers, including Mr. Frank A. Garlick, National President, and Mr. Charles H. Palmer, National Superintendent, and many forceful and trained workers, are members of this camp. It has had the joy of seeing over three hundred souls confess Christ in its various meetings, held at the invitation of pastors in churches, and its Willard Hall noonday services, during less than two years of active history. In Wisconsin, where the movement started, the Gideons already have to their credit the fact that seventy-one hotels in the smaller towns have thrown out their bar, in response to the frank and manly protest of these wearers of the button,—a fruit of the work which will yet be witnessed all over the land.

Having no salaried officers to go out into the field as organizers, the Gideons volunteer, each paying his own expenses or having them made up within the brotherhood. The movement has spread slowly eastward, embracing now the States of Indiana and Michigan. The opportunity to organize in New York came in the removal of the Rev. Charles H. Morgan, Ph.D., a member of the organization, from Chicago to New York, early in the present year. In his work of authorship in the Bible study course used by the United Society of Christian Endeavor and Epworth League, Dr. Morgan went to Chicago in October, 1902, where he came into intimate relations with the aggressive work of the camp. He had already had the privilege of Gideon membership accorded him, though a clergyman, because of his frequent trips into various States to speak at young people's conventions, taking with him samples of the Bible study text-books for the convenience of those desiring them.

Soon after coming to New York, Dr. Morgan was requested by President Garlick of the Gideons to prepare the way for Gideon organization there, and through his interviews and conferences with pastors and church workers, the plans were arranged which have now been so successfully carried out.

Mr. Charles H. Palmer, whose business takes him from Chicago to the Pacific, and who is the National Field Superintendent of the Gideons, and one of its ablest leaders, came at his own expense from Chicago to New York to assist in forming the new camp. Hon. John V. Farwell, an enthusiastic friend of the movement, as he has been of every similar Christian cause for forty years, came from Atlantic City, where he is spending a few weeks for the benefit of Mrs. Farwell's health, that he might join in the work.

GIDEON ORGANIZERS AND OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK CAMP

1. Hon. John V. Farwell, of Chicago. 2. Mr. F. B. Burt, Vice-President New York Camp. 3. Mr. C. Maclean Smith, President New York Camp. 4. Mr. Shepherd Harris, Secretary and Treasurer. 5. Dr. Charles H. Morgan, Chaplain New York Camp. 6. Mr. Charles H. Palmer, of Chicago, National Superintendent.

The organizing meeting took place in the rooms of the Men's Club of the Judson Memorial, March 28, at 8 o'clock. Dr. C. H. Morgan presiding. Rev. David A. MacMurray, President of the Club, gave words of welcome. Rev. G. A. Gordon, Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston, Mr. Farwell, and Mr. Palmer made brief addresses. A resolution was presented by Dr. John Lloyd Lee, and unanimously adopted, expressing the joy of the pastors and Christian workers in the growth of the Gideon movement, welcoming its entrance into the religious activities of Greater New York, and giving assurance of Christian co-operation with the Gideons in their soul-winning work. Mr. C. Maclean Smith was chosen President, Mr. F. B. Burt, Vice-President; Mr. Shepherd Harris, Secretary and Treasurer, and Dr. Morgan, Chaplain. Mr. John S. Huyler, Mr. D. Benedict and Mr. J. C. Andress are among the well-known men who take an active interest in the movement, the first named having been admitted to membership.

Very marked interest attended each of the various meetings during Sunday, March 29, in the churches already mentioned, at each of which the principles and spirit of the Gideon organization were fully and clearly presented. Mr. Farwell, Rev. Robert Bagnell, Mr. Palmer and Rev. Mr. Morgan were among the speakers. The closing and crowning event of the day took place at the Westminster Presbyterian Church, where the pastor, Rev. John Lloyd Lee, and his people enjoyed a typical Gideon meeting such as is regularly held on invitation in many of the churches in Chicago.

National Field Superintendent Charles H. Palmer, in less than four days spent in New York, spoke twelve times, ranging from the Water street and Chinatown missions to the cultured congregations of the uptown churches, and every address seemed exactly fitted to the occasion. Over one hundred of his hearers gave expression of a desire for the Christian life. The cordial reception and sincere fellowship given to the work and the workers in all the churches, will be remembered as a most pleasing feature of the founding of the Gideon movement in Greater New York.

THE HOME MAKERS' CLUB

PART OF THE SEWING SCHOOOL

HOW A FLOWER GREW INTO A SETTLEMENT

SEE PICTURES ON FIRST PAGE

EAST of the Bowery, in New York, is a district, which, for density of population, variety of nationality, misery and squalor, has few, if any, equals in the world. It may be doubted whether even Cologne, in which city a visitor declared that he counted five hundred distinct and clearly defined stenches, is richer in this bad product than this section of the American metropolis, when, after a drizzling rain, the spring sun sends its heat into the gutters. Push carts line the curb in many of the streets, and dirty pedlers stand there and bargain with untidy, dirty women, over the vegetables and fruit and other wares that they have for sale. Seldom is a word of English heard, and in the excitement that is caused by a dispute over a cent, it is difficult to tell whether the disputants are talking Yiddish, or some dialect of the Balkan provinces. Men, gloomy and morose, stand at the corners of the streets, with the out-of-work look on their faces, and the suggestion in their manner and gait of acquaintance with the stuff that, under various aliases, is sold in the saloons. On the stoops are women, wan and spiritless, talking sadly to one another, and keeping an eye on their children, playing on the sidewalk. There are enough of these little ones to show that President Roosevelt's indictment against small families does not apply to this section. Bright children they are, and one would imagine that many of them were pretty, too, if one could see them without the veil of dirt that hides their features. This district presents, in sad and distressing shape, the types of "The Other Half" about which Jacob Riis has written so eloquently and sympathetically.

Prosperous Christians passing through the district might well be thankful to God that their lot was cast in a neighborhood more healthful, physically and morally. Probably the Priest and the Levite, who passed the man lying robbed and half dead on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho were similarly thankful to Providence at having escaped his misfortune. Happily for these people, the spirit of the good Samaritan was in the hearts of some also who went through those streets. Mr. Jacob Riis, the friend and helper of the poor, knew where to find such good Samaritans, and some fifteen years ago he called their attention to the conditions of the East Side. He had seen a point in the character of these people which indicated an avenue by which they could be approached. This was their innate love of natural beauty, which not even the grime of their lives could eradicate. Going through the district from his country home, to his work on the New York *Sun*, he had generally a flower in his button-hole, for which the children on the sidewalk eagerly clamored. It gave the proud possessor so much pleasure, that Mr. Riis began to bring with him every morning a bunch of flowers, so as to multiply the recipients and extend the pleasure. This was the clue to acquaintance, which he put into the hands of his Samaritan friends. Such a clue is necessary, for the problem of giving the right kind of help to the American poor is more complex than that of helping the Judean victim of the robbers. Their need is not so obvious, though it may be quite as real, and they are not so willing to incur obligations.

Mr. Riis' hint was sufficient for a few ladies connected with the King's Daughters, to whom he first gave it. They obtained a regular supply of flowers, which they distributed in the basement of an old church in the district. As had been foreseen, the simple gifts led to acquaintance with the people, and a knowledge of their troubles and difficulties. The ladies did not foresee to what the acquaintance might lead, but with the spirit of Christ in their hearts, they could not hear of sorrow and suffering without making an effort to alleviate it. They were soon known to the people of the district, especially in the rooms of the sick, and their visits were heartily welcomed. They took with them flowers and delicacies, and occasionally articles of clothing or household need, the absence of which they noticed. There they met the physicians of the Board of Health, who visit the sick poor, and from them they heard of other homes in which their ministrations would do good. There was no preaching, no teaching, no officious interference, nothing but kindly sympathy and helpfulness. Before many months had passed, there were three hundred homes in which they were welcome visitors and were regarded as friends.

THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS

Many a sad story was told to sympathizing listeners, and these stories were made the subject of consultation by the kind-hearted Samaritans. How to help the sufferers best?—that was the problem. A clothing bureau and a collection of medical supplies were the two most obvious steps. Three rooms were taken in a house in Madison street, to which supplies could be sent. Gradually, as acquaintance ripened, other needs were disclosed. The mothers were concerned about their children, but did not know what to do for them. Their friends knew, and soon a kindergarten was begun. Then there was a sewing school for the older girls, and then the mothers, conscious of their own defects, put in their claim for help, and a Mothers' Club was organized. The loan of a few books, which were speedily worn out, suggested a Circulating Library. The slow convalescence of some poor sick women suggested a Fresh Air Fund. Thus the work has gradually broadened, until now there are thirty-nine distinct branches of helpfulness in operation. Among them are: the Kitchen Garden Class, in which girls are taught how to become systematic and economical housekeepers: the Vigilant Literary Club, composed of young men of different nationalities, including Jews, Italians, Greeks and Irish, who study together and conduct debates; the Home Makers' Club, in which women study household economy and learn how to cut and make children's garments; the Athletic Club, for young men who delight in physical exercise, and many other clubs and classes. These were organized in response to suggestions made by the people themselves or to meet needs observed by the workers. They are managed by the members, with such help and suggestion as they may desire. Another privilege profoundly appreciated is the use of the back-yard, which has been turned into a garden for the benefit of the young folks. The bigger ones cultivate plants, and at one side is a sand-pile, with which the little

MRS. KUICHLING
Leader of Men's Committee

MRS. L. S. HOUGHTON
Vice-President

MRS. JULIAN HEATH
President

MISS CHARLOTTE A. WATERBURY
Head-Worker

CONTINUED ON PAGE 331

FINLANDERS GIVE WELCOME IN SONG

2,000 SCHOOL CHILDREN OF ULEABORG GREET THE CHRISTIAN HERALD RELIEF PARTY WITH SONG AND FLOWERS

The photograph, taken specially for this journal, shows the scene in front of the Societetshuset, at Uleaborg, on Saturday, March 14. The Mayor and other officials of the city, and the Americans, are standing in the entrance. Dr. Klopsch is speaking. Crowds of Finlanders surround the children, who are massed in front of the building.

ULEABORG, March 14th, 1903.

The most northerly city in the world.

Just a few lines to tell you that I am very ired, but well, and very much satisfied with the rip.

For the past ten days, we have traveled in ledges over snow and ice, through tremendous ine forests, across lakes and rivers, frozen solid wenty inches in depth; far away from mail, elegraph and railroad facilities.

Wherever we stopped for the night, crowds athered under our windows, singing songs of welome, bringing flowers, and on our appearance, elling us, in a strange language, how sincerely hey appreciate the great goodness of the American people in the hour of Finland's direst eed. In every instance I replied through an nterpreter. Yesterday, two thousand school hildren and three thousand adults met in the quare in front of our hotel, for an ovation. They sang four songs and deluged us with lowers.

Thousands Living on Hunger-Bread

Wrapped in furs, we drove through wilderness after wilderness, crossing lakes, six, ten nd twelve miles in width. We stopped at armhouses and visited the people. We did not ome to them as strangers. The papers had rinted so much about the kind-hearted Amerians, and about ourselves, that every man, oman and child in Finland knows our names nd our mission.

The people are poor, very, very poor, and tens of thousands of them have not tasted anything but hunger-bread, made of chopped straw, ground pine-bark and rye flour, for over seven months—morning, noon and night the same thing, day after day, week after week, and month after month—and sometimes for days at a time not even that.

We have thus far given them $65,000, and but for this help from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, one must shudder to think what their fate would have been. To-morrow night, after six hours by rail and twenty-five miles in sledges, we cross the Swedish frontier at Haparanda, where the Governor of Lulea has sent guides to meet us. Then, after visiting some famine points in Sweden, we travel eighty miles in sledges to the first railroad station.

Hardships of the Tour in a Land of Ice and Snow

It has been a very wearing trip—dreadfully so! Some nights our party of four—consisting of Dr. J. N. Reuter, appointed by the Helsingfors Central Relief Committee to accompany us; Mr. Robert Alopaeus, Overseer of the Government Industrial Homes; Mr. Gilson Willets and myself—slept in a single little room in some foul-smelling post-house, two in beds and two on the floor, the beds being chosen by lot. I have never had quite such an experience before; but, after all, these discomforts tend only to bring us into closer touch and more loving sympathy with the poor, pale-faced, sad-looking people we met at every house we visited.

If our readers could have made with us the trip to Saraisniemi, and witnessed the sights of destitution and suffering that met us there, and heard from colorless lips in a foreign tongue, God's choicest blessings invoked on the heads of the generous-hearted American people, they would surely have esteemed it an exalted privilege to have had an opportunity to bring a ray of sunshine into these disconsolate hearts and these cheerless and desolate homes.

As soon as we get through with our work, I shall tell the story of America's Relief operations in Finland in greater detail, and until then I beg the indulgence of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. LOUIS KLOPSCH.

Dr. Reuter's Story of the Journey

Concerning the journey of Dr. Klopsch, Mr. Willets, and Dr. Reuter, through the poverty-stricken regions in the far North, Dr. Reuter has communicated the following details, which are published in the Helsingfors *Hufundstadsbladet* of March 17:

From Kajana the travelers took a trip to the surrounding villages on March 7, visiting a great number of small farmhouses. Dr. Klopsch had in his company Rev. Vayrynen, the druggist Stenius, and the forrester Svanstrom. Another trip was made on the following Monday to Sotkamo, and this time the visitor had occasion to notice the dire distress prevailing all around. To the most needy families, Dr. Klopsch gave from five to twenty marks in every instance, and also procured bread to allay the pangs of hunger. He received the heartfelt thanks of the recipients of these gifts.

On Tuesday, the travelers started for Uleaborg. In Vuottolahti village (Kajana parish), they made a stop, and a peasant named Haataja conducted them to several poor homes, where ready assistance was given to the distressed. The journey was then continued to Vuolijoki village (Saraisniemi parish), where the party stopped at the Penttila farm. Next day the farm owner took his visitors to Saarimaki village, and here were found many persons who badly needed, and who were given relief. Dr. Klopsch left some money with

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Tainted Money

A QUESTION has recently been occupying the attention of the secular press, which has in these days a more than usual pertinency. It is whether money can be tainted. That is to say, whether it is right for a clergyman, or a church, or a theological college to accept gifts of money from a man who has made it in dishonest or dishonorable ways. It is argued logically that there can be no taint on the money itself. That is obvious, as a child can see; but the question goes deeper than that. There can also be no dispute as to the moral side of a gift that is in the nature of a bargain. If the wrong-doer makes a gift, with the implied understanding that, in consideration of the gift, there shall be no denunciation of his evil deeds and evil methods, and if the gift is tacitly accepted on that basis, the money is a bribe and its taint smells to heaven. The receiver enters into complicity with the giver and his condemnation is just. A gift that closes the eyes and locks the lips disgraces the receiver.

It is with other gifts that conscience is concerned. When a man has done wrong, and has gained by that wrong a sum of money, and devotes a portion of it to religious or benevolent purposes, unconditionally, should his gift be accepted? Such gifts are prompted sometimes by a curious process of reasoning. Occasionally, the motive is the pagan one of bringing luck. With others, it is a sop to conscience, which is soothed by the reflection that the money is doing good, and that the giver, who knows he is debited with the wrong he has committed in getting the money, expects to be credited with his benevolence, and so to get the account balanced, at least in part. Or, it may be, that the giver is really penitent, and desires to make a species of restitution, not to the persons from whom it has been wrongfully taken, which might involve humiliation and confession; but in some way to get it out of his hands and into those of worthy persons or causes. It is with the offer of such gifts, that men who would keep their conscience void of offence, are in doubt.

We are told by the editor of an honorable and able journal, which has long been famous for its high principle and sound morality, that "We are to look not at the origin of the money, but to its power over ourselves. If it does not buy our truth and honor, it can only do good." But the origin of the money appears to us to be an aspect which ought not to be ignored. If we are not to regard its origin, there is nothing to prevent our accepting a part of the proceeds of a murder, or a burglary, or of arson. Such money no decent man would touch. How, then, can we escape the duty of considering the origin, when its taint is only one of degree? If we refuse to accept the proceeds of a crime, on what principle can we accept a gift from a man who has made his wealth by debauching other men, or by defrauding the widow and the orphan? The taint of wrong is upon the money, and the Church of Christ and the holy cause of charity ought to refuse to share in the proceeds of such wrong-doing.

Registered Drunkards

AFTER three months' experience of the new Licensing Act in Great Britain, the people have now an opportunity to judge as to the merits and efficacy of a system which is certainly the hardest blow ever dealt to the drink traffic in that country. Under the new law, the cities are divided into districts, and in each district the local magistrate has the power, if he rigidly enforces the law, to greatly diminish the too common evil of drunkenness within his jurisdiction, and to reduce the number of drinking places. In England, the saloon and not the saloonkeeper is licensed, and the aggregate of license revocations since the new law went into effect, has already been such as to gratify the temperance element and excite apprehension among the liquor men as to the future.

To illustrate the operation of the new law, it should be explained that persons who have been arrested and convicted of habitual drunkenness are registered, and "black lists," containing full and accurate descriptions of such offenders, are furnished to the police and the saloonkeepers in the district where the conviction took place. Under a previous law, it was difficult to convict a saloonkeeper of selling liquor to habitual drunkards; but now the fact of a "registered" drunkard having been seen coming out of a dramshop in an inebriated condition, is of itself conclusive evidence of guilt on the part of the saloonkeeper. Unless he is able to prove his innocence beyond all question, the license will be endangered, and the rum-seller will be subjected to the personal penalties provided in the statute. At each conviction, the premises are recorded as having a bad reputation; and three such entries on the record result in absolute forfeiture of the license. No new occupant can enter and conduct the place as a saloon. It is thereafter closed to the drink traffic permanently. Even though it should be the finest and most profitable barroom in the city, its business is gone the moment the license is annulled.

But the new law is equally drastic and uncompromising in its dealings with the drunkard. It can readily be understood that the saloonkeepers, knowing the peril of violation, try to keep well within the law by refusing to sell to doubtful cases. The same law makes it a punishable offense for any one to be found intoxicated in public. It is punishable for one who has been registered as a "habitual drunkard," to even try to procure liquor from any licensed place within three years after conviction. No saloonkeeper, grocer or druggist, knowing him as a registered man, will sell or give him drink and incur the penalty of a fine. He may, of course, procure it by going long distances; but the general effect of such a system as we have outlined is to deprive the drinker of his source of ready supply, and to keep him unavoidably sober.

Friends of temperance in our own land will watch the English experiment with deep and curious interest. Even if it should not accomplish all that could be desired, it is a reform in the right direction, since it makes for national sobriety.

About Saying the Wrong Thing

AMONG the minor humiliations of life, nothing surpasses the regret one feels at having said the wrong thing. A lady was taking a meal with an acquaintance whom she knew very slightly, and just before the dessert was brought on, she observed that she had an aversion to ginger-snaps—they seemed to her unfit for any decent table. In stepped the maid and set on the board a plate of spicy ginger-snaps, fresh and fragrant from the oven, the only cakes there were in the house. The unfortunate guest did not partake of the snaps, nor could she eat her words. "I learned," she said to me, "to be careful about expressing any dislikes, even the most innocent, in a strange house." When you do not know people very well, it is discreet to refrain from general observations which may reflect either on their past history, or their present condition. Embarrassing situations may result from an undue frankness, which had no excuse.

But this is a good and golden rule: When you do make a mistake, never deepen your own confusion by an apology. A giddy young woman suffered from a tendency to laugh immoderately in solemn places. The incongruity of some trifle would arouse her sense of the ludicrous, and life had not taught her self-control. One evening, something caused her to laugh in prayer-meeting, not at anything in the services, but at a foolish little incident that took place before her eyes, droll in itself, and therefore upsetting enough to a gay young girl. She restrained herself finally, and nobody would have been the worst or the wiser, if she had not, in an excess of penitence, gone and confessed her fault to the leader, a person with no sense of humor, who was exceedingly offended. When one does say or do the wrong thing, the better plan is to let it go, and as soon as possible forget all about it.

This advice refers solely to what socially are labelled "breaks." When one has by accident or on purpose done an injustice, the only right course is to make reparation by ample explanation and retraction. The cowardly spirit and temper are never to be tolerated, and are sternly to be repressed, if one discovers them as defects of character. The smaller, unintentional *faux pas*, which fill one with passing mortification, are to be left to the drifting of oblivion as soon as possible.

Finlanders Give Welcome in Song

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the farm owner for distribution among the poor whom l was personally unable to reach.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the travelers arriv in Saraisniemi proper. They spent the evening in co pany with Miss Forselles, superintendent of the wor house, and Miss Gripenberg, superintendent of the orphana of the parish. On Thursday, a visit was made to a manu training school for boys, conducted by the civil engine Alopaeus. The night following, the travelers reined up Frantsila church village, where the hostelry-keeper had on one room to offer to the party of four. Next day Heisk was reached. Here the travelers were invited to inspect t rural high school by its superintendent, Mr. Kerkkonen. mixed chorus rendered patriotic hymns.

Dr. Klopsch arrived in Uleaborg Friday evening. At A.M. the following day, the members of the Relief Committ in Uleaborg county, paid their respects in person, on whi occasion the county controller Levonius, in a sincere speec voiced his countrymen's gratitude for the magnificent pec niary assistance that had been received from Americans f the sufferers. He particularly thanked Dr. Klopsch and t contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund for taking t initiative in this great relief work. Dr. Klopsch inquired abo the approximate number of famine sufferers in the count and also asked how much money it would take to keep the in decent circumstances until August. Dr. Relander volu teered the information, that 25,000 mark per week would needed, according to his estimate. Before the audien came to an end, Dr. Klopsch told those present, that he h that very day given the Relief Committee 50,000 marks fro THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, to be used for the suffere

He resumed his journey northward from Uleaborg on t following Monday. He found out that the accounts of t suffering have by no means been exaggerated.

While in Uleaborg, Dr. Klopsch was serenaded by abo one thousand school children from the public, preparato and kindergarten schools. The little ones sang, under dire tion of M. Pallari, "Olet maani armahin," "Tuotta taiv hasta," and "Mun kanteleeni kaunoinen." The Americ visitor received the ovation from the steps of his ho (Societetshuset), up which ran the children, showering flo tributes in plenty. To the great mass of people in front the hotel, numbering several thousand, Dr. Klopsch said:

"I thank you for having come here to extend your gre ings to me in this way, and through me to those good peop in America who have helped Finland. I love children. my own country I have charge of a large institution. It is summer home for children. While traveling here I ha observed that your people honor with song those they lo This is a very beautiful custom, and I have taken a liking it. When I return to America I will tell my people of t custom. God bless you, God bless the Finnish people."

Writing from Kajana, Finland, Mr. Gilson Willets sa THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief party traveled in op sledges and on skis, over forest, lake and river, across fie of virgin snow, in a temperature far below zero. Part of t time, a snow-gale was raging. Some nights were passed the open, others in the uncomfortable post-houses. Amo the population the travelers found famine conditions wor than anticipated, fully corroborating reports. The wo would come in April and May. In one poor home, five ch dren were found who had subsisted since October on t hard black bread made from flour furnished by the Comm tee. It had been their sole food—not even a drop of mi being obtainable for the youngest, a baby. All the childr were abnormally distended with this starvation diet. Th had neither fire nor food, very little clothing. The America brought in a dozen loaves.

In other homes, they found women and children who h eaten nothing but black bread and frozen potatoes f months. Milk was an extreme rarity. The children were marked by the famine that they looked aged. These po sufferers had endured hardships so long that they had b come indifferent to life or death. Yet their hearts melte and their eyes filled with tears when the American visito brought them the long-hoped for and prayed-for relief.

During their tour, Dr. Klopsch and his party carried a co siderable quantity of supplies, and gave personal aid to eve really necessitous case with which they came in contact. one remote section, a family of fifteen was found, represer ing three generations, and all huddled in one room. Th kept the vital spark alive with hunger-bread alone. Son were ill, and lying on beds of straw. Yet, despite i wretched condition, this family every day had prayers, a never relaxed its faith in God's goodness. The visitors ga them a large bag full of good bread. The Committee has no made arrangements to reach all the suffering districts a "hunger-bread" need now be eaten no longer.

At Sotkamo, Saleva, Petays, Kutako, Tisalini and oth villages visited, the Relief party gave "first aid" to the star ing, in the form of substantial food. Cabins, cottages, po children's homes and similar places were visited and the co ditions noted. Among others who met and discussed far ine conditions with Dr. Klopsch were Rev. Mr. Wayryne of Kajana, and Director N. J. Hjelman.

A recent cablegram from the Secretary of the Swedish R lief Committee in Stockholm says:

"The report that further assistance is not necessary without foundation. As long as the winter lingers, 200,0 crowns a week will be needed to keep the cattle alive alon All gifts from America are distributed freely and uncond tionally."

All contributions for the Northland famine will be a knowledged in these columns and will be duly cabled to t authorized committees in Helsingfors and Stockholm.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

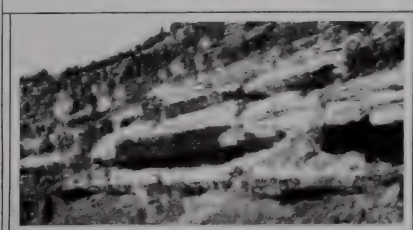
The President's Tour

SELDOM has so extensive a tour been planned by a President, as that on which President Roosevelt has started. Setting out on April 1, he intends visiting twenty-four States, and stopping one hundred and thirty-four cities, where he will iver speeches. The journey involves 13,581 miles of ilroad travel, and is expected to occupy sixty-six days. will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and m the Mexican border to the Canadian line. Alphaically arranged, the States and Territories the Presit will visit are Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, nois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Minnesota, ssouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, rth Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South kota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. e President proposes to make a stay of sixteen days the Yellowstone National Park, and four days in the semite National Park. In the former pleasure- ound, he will have the advantage of the society of n Burroughs, the poet-naturalist, under whose guid- ce he is sure to obtain a good idea of the wonderful rk. In the Yosemite, John Muir, the famous natu- ist, will be his companion, aided by Le Conte, the le Yosemite guide. The President hopes to make

SOME OF THE SCENIC WONDERS THE PRESIDENT WILL VISIT DURING HIS WESTERN TOUR

VIEW IN THE GRAND CANON

CLIFF DWELLINGS, NEAR FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.



CLIFF DWELLING IN WALNUT CANON, ARIZ.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, CATARACT CANON

s stay in those parks a period of recuperation, hich even his iron constitution will be likely to need r the time he reaches them. He will do no hunting, it will enjoy exploration and sight-seeing. The enes in Arizona, however, of which some pictures ppear on this page, are likely to interest him no less an the grandeurs of the Yellowstone and the Yosemite. he newspapers have been giving him advice as to the pics for his speeches, cautioning him as to the subcts he should avoid as well as those it is considered fe for him to deal with. We are glad to see that ery Sunday on the tour is to be a day of complete st. The example will be good for the country, and it a tribute to religion which redounds to the President's redit and it has attached to it the promise of blessing.

If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy easure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of e Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, r finding thine own pleasure, I will cause thee to ride upon the gh places of the earth (Isa. 58: 13).

hief in Clerical Garb

A robbery was committed in New York a few days go by a man who adopted a particularly shameful ruse. e dressed himself in the attire of a minister and spoke a sanctimonious key. Going to a house in a fashionble district where there was an apartment to rent, he ngaged it, after being assured that his studies would ot be disturbed by piano-playing or other noises. He had been amputated. As it was thought he might become a public charge, he was sent back to his home. In November last, he presented himself again, having been in correspondence with a fellow-countryman resident in Philadelphia, who was able to give a guarantee that the country would not incur expense by admitting him. Through some informality, the Commissioners rejected the guarantee, and again sent the would-be citizen back to Austria. Arrangements have now been made through the Austrian Consul for the acceptance of a bond of indemnity, and the immigrant is now, for the third time, on his way hither. Most men would have been too much discouraged by a double rejection to have made a third attempt, but this man persists, and is now likely to succeed. It is much to be wished that men were as determined to enter the kingdom of Christ, for in that case persistence is sure of success.

The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence take it by force (Matt. 11: 12).

Engineers Who Fail

An eminent railroad authority, speaking recently to young men who are studying to become engineers, dwelt on the qualities necessary for success. He said: "A man who has any disposition to indulge in the use of alcoholic stimulants, or who has trouble of any sort to disturb his mind, should never undertake service as a locomotive engineer. It is when the engineer is not exactly himself, whatever may be the cause, that the vital test seems to come nearly every time. Sometimes it is a great wreck which results, because the mind of the engineer is not equal to the occasion. I have never known one engineer of gloomy and melancholy disposition to grow old in the service of engineer. Such men are either killed or discharged from the service before they have worked any great length of time. I have known several men who had domestic trouble of various kinds, and of them I do not remember one who ran an engine for more than five years. It seems that they cannot concentrate their minds or cannot keep them concentrated upon what they are doing. I have known some of them to forget, after getting the green, whether they had a green block or a white block, and to run at a speed beyond their control straight into the rear of another train." Similar warnings are given by the Apostle to those who would take service in Christ's cause:

No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him (II. Tim. 2: 4).

Menaced with Blindness

An employee of the Board of Education in New York has narrowly escaped a severe affliction, which was brought on by an inadvertence. She had been examining some public school-books, and soon afterwards complained of pain in her eyes. As it became worse she consulted a physician, who, recognizing that the case was serious, called an eminent oculist in consultation. He pronounced the case one of specific ophthalmia of diphtheretic origin. In a short time one eye was completely covered with a thin membrane and the other was badly inflamed. For several days it seemed as if the patient would permanently lose her sight. Skilful medical treatment has now subdued the inflammation and the membrane has been removed. It is now hoped that the patient is on the way to recovery. The doctors believe that the books she was examining before the attack, had been used by a child suffering from diphtheria, and that after turning over the leaves she had rubbed her eyes, thus carrying the infection to those organs. This is quite a new danger to come from books. We have long been familiar with dangers of other kinds which come not from the books having been handled by diseased persons, but from their contents. This is a much more common danger against which every one should be on his guard, for among popular works are many that belong to the order described by the Apostle:

Shun profane and vain babblings; for they increase unto more ungodliness (II. Timothy 2: 16).

A Persistent Immigrant

A man is now on his way to this country from Austria who has been twice turned back by the Immigration Commissioners. Early last year he came, but on examination, it was found that the thumb of his left hand

Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves (Matt. 7: 15).

BRIEF NOTES

The Salvation Army publishes sixty-one periodicals, in twenty-three different languages.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey is much improved in health, and hopes are now entertained that he will recover the sight of one of his eyes.

Without God in the World

By EMMA BATES HARVEY

As a child, I hated God. I look back with wonder now at the thoughts and forms by means of which my childhood fancy repressed and expressed this emotion. I think this hatred was an inheritance to me; for my father was known throughout our county as an infidel lawyer, who was a personal friend of Ingersoll.

In the Puritanic New England town where a man's theology so frequently dictates his caste, we were pariahs, indeed. When my dear mother was alive, it was all different. My mother loved God, and had she lived, I have often thought how my whole life might have been changed. Even when a mere baby, because I loved my mother, I refrained from showing my lack of appreciation, when daily I was taught certain portions of the Scripture. For the same reason, too, my father did not interfere, but looked upon this teaching of my mother as a mere simple fancy, that would do neither harm nor good to anyone. When only nine years of age, my mother died, or in the language of the village minister, "The Lord took her!" From that moment I hated the power represented by the words, "The Lord," even more intensely, and my greatest comfort was that my father, too, hated God even as I did.

I remember well the call of the minister after the funeral. My father and I were alone in the great parlor. How our hearts ached in their awful loneliness! The minister was embarrassed, and so were we. In the doorway, tall, thin and spare, with a little stoop in his shoulders, he stood. I was a child, and the principal thing I saw about him was that stoop. With a deprecating cough, he began: "I have come to see if there were anything I could do——"

My father arose and said: "I thank you, but there is nothing," and remained silently standing, waiting for the minister to take his departure.

But the minister had a New England conscience, and was honest in believing he had a mission to perform to us, and as I look back at the little scene now, I can see how heroically he performed it.

"I beg your pardon, Brother Holbrook," he stammered, "but don't you—won't you and the little boy see it your duty to attend church sometime now? You see——" He stopped, exhausted and embarrassed.

"What for?" my father quietly remarked.

"What for!—why, you might get help, you know! And then, too, you musn't let this little man grow up a heathen right in our midst, because the good God has taken his mother away. Won't——" But he got no farther.

While talking, he had been nervously patting my head. I could stand it no longer. I jerked away from under his ministerial arm, and fairly screamed: "I will be a little heathen if I want to," and I rushed into my father's arms for comfort. I have only a dim recollection of the rest of the scene, but have a vague idea that Rev. Mr. White left the house somewhat exhausted. From that moment he became my legitimate prey, to persecute as only a wide-awake, mischievous New England boy can. I have often since thought that my father had a far greater knowledge of these youthful escapades than I imagined, but once, and once only, did I carry my pranks to such an extent that he was obliged to interfere.

. . .

A year or two after my mother's death we had a hired man, whom I detested. At this time, in the category of my natural enemies, I had placed God first, Rev. Mr. White second, and our hired man, Dan Martin, third! He was ignorant, quick-tempered and arrogant—qualities too akin to those that constituted my own temperament to permit us to get along at all well together. Dan's most vulnerable point was his love for Hannah Lee, the village dressmaker, a spinster of uncertain age to herself, but of a certainty some ten years the senior of Dan Martin. To both of them this was really an affliction, for although very fond of each other, the discrepancy of their ages was the joke of the villagers, and had caused them many a trying moment.

Hannah's favorite color was virginal pink, and this, with cork-screw curls and maidenly airs, did much in the eyes of Hannah to atone for surplus of years. She was so kind-hearted, so thoroughly good, and above all things so lost in admiration of her future husband, that Dan loved her faithfully, and admired even cork-screw curls, because they belonged to such a devoted little body. For several years they had, in the village parlance, kept company together, and now it seemed as if the time had come to witness the consummation of their happiness. They were going to be married! What a fiend the American boy can be at times! I could be one, and was! All the village was to the wedding, and I was there, too! The Rev. Mr. White arose. The organist was grinding out painfully from the old-fashioned organ Lohengrin's "Wedding March." I did not know this beautiful gem at the time, and I remember her execution of it simply made me wish that she would stop! But on she grinded, and up the aisle came the happy pair, arm in arm! Even the little curls on Hannah's head seemed trembling with happiness. Before the altar they stopped. A moment of hushed expectancy, and then the minister gave his characteristic introductory cough; he fumbled through the pages of his ritual, and, with a benign look at the waiting couple, began:

"Dearly beloved, you have assembled yourselves here before me to-day for the purpose of holy matrimony, which is a state honorable for all men." And here he turned a page, or rather two, for in some mysterious manner two had been glued together!

"Madam, you promise," he unconsciously continued, "to bring up this child in the holy admonition of the Lord, when of proper age to teach him the catechism, the Apostles' Creed, and—"

By this time the man, who had unconsciously rambled on, was vainly aware that something was wrong! He had somehow mixed the christening with the marriage service! The whole church was in an uproar. The bride was hysterical, and I, Oh little fiend that I was, I was congratulating myself on the success of the wiles of the wicked, when I felt myself yanked out of the seat, and hastily hurried out of doors by the not protecting, but avenging arm of my father!

Dear old man! One of the best things you ever did for your heathen son was your justly severe punishment of that day. My father never laid a hand on me, but at sunset, that night, he and I could have been found making pastoral calls. To pastor, Dan and Hannah in turn, was I compelled to make my humble apology, and when Mr. White in such a gentlemanly manner excused my heinous fault, for the first time I began to wonder why I had ever hated him so.

. . .

Until I was sixteen, my father superintended my education. I was taught early that religion, as understood by my neighbors, was a pitiable illusion. There were parts of the Bible that my father admired and used to discuss with me from merely a literary point of view. For some reason, that I was never able to discover, anything that pertained to Jesus Christ was specially distasteful to him.

"I FOUND MYSELF HASTILY HURRIED OUT OF DOORS BY MY FATHER"

I remember his saying once, "Phil, think as you want to, but of all the humbugs the world has ever produced, the myth of Jesus Christ is the greatest. Don't misunderstand me. I don't hate Christians or the church, Phil, but I pity them much as I do the Zulus in Africa. One calls his fetich a monkey, the other a being, half God half man. What's the difference?"

I admired my father. I knew well that in all the country around there was no one who could match his intellect in brilliancy or argument! What need to tell me to think as my father did? My greatest happiness was to be, to act, as he would!

. . .

One important factor of my childhood I have not yet mentioned. Her name was Edith White. The daughter of the hated clergyman was my boyhood's friend, and many was the long tramp together through the woods for earliest May flowers, for later nuts—that we took. Intellectually my equal, charming and dainty in her ways, Edith supplied an element in my life that represented to me all that was highest and best. On one subject alone did we have nothing in common, and that was religion. Until Edith was fifteen and I was seventeen, this troubled us but little. Her own attitude towards all religious subject against which I felt such active antagonism was one simply of indifference. Edith had several times inferred to me that her father was much exercised by this, but she apparently had not deeply considered the subject herself.

One Sunday night, when I had stepped into the little church a few minutes before nine o'clock to walk home with Edith, I found myself in a revival meeting. How my father had laughed at these excitements. Usually I had waited outside of the church, but that night some mysterious influence led me within. A neighboring minister was addressing the people, and as nearly as I could make out, was pleading with those who were not Christians to become Christians by going forward to the altar, and kneeling there.

My lip curled contemptuously. I felt proud that Edith was too strong-minded to be affected by such a performance, when, to my horror, I heard a loud "Amen!" from the minister, and saw Edith, my little friend, stand, and with tears streaming down her face, start forward for the altar! She was certainly considered an object for congratulation, for the "Amens" grew louder and louder. I did not listen to the prayers that followed. I could only keep my eyes on Edith and wonder what would happen next. It was not long to wait. She soon arose, and, with a smile of wondrous beauty, turned right around, facing us all, and then Edith, who was unusually diffident and timid, spoke out loud, clearly and sweetly, "Friends, I have a confession to make. I have sinned against Jesus Christ all my life, and now I have found him I will trust him forever. Pray for me!"

I must confess some wonderful power seemed to actuate her, for her words, simple as they were, strangely thrilled me. But the reaction soon came, and I felt disgusted with the whole business, its cheapness and publicity, and all. I did not feel as if I wanted to see her again that night, but hurried home alone. I felt aggrieved, wronged, and that in some way she had deliberately taken herself out of my life, and I felt more than ever bitterly towards Jesus Christ, whoever that was, as being the cause of all my unhappiness.

. . .

All the next day, I could not set myself to study or to work. Towards night, I wandered over the hills in the direction of a little chestnut grove, that only a few days before had been the scene of a merry little picnic on our part. Under one beautiful pine I soon saw Edith's white dress, and hurrying toward her, without a word flung myself on the ground at her side. Not considered beautiful by many, there was something about her that afternoon so wonderfully attractive that she almost frightened me. She was no longer the Edith I knew, but another and radiant creature. She slipped her hand in mine, and with eyes lustrous with a new found hope, said, "Philip, I have been wanting to see you all day. I am so happy. There is such a being as Jesus Christ, and I want to tell you to-day, that I know he is indeed the Son of God. Oh, Philip, for your mother's sake now, won't you learn to love God, too?"

What madness possessed me that I sprang to my feet, and pushing her away from me, exclaimed, "Love Him! I hate God, and the very name of Jesus Christ more than ever! Even your friendship would he take away from me." In great passion, I rushed away home, leaving her alone.

How vividly that little scene comes to me to-day! I can even hear over again the chirp of the cricket, and the plaintive note of a certain quail in a neighboring pine, while Edith's tones still thrill me, echoing again and again, "Won't you learn to love God, too?" The quail, in mocking tones, seems to repeat, "Love God! Love God!" And even the cricket's shrill note becomes a plaintive echo of "God! God!" God everywhere—but in my aching heart.

It was not long before Edith and I met again, but by tacit consent the subject of her religious experience was left untouched.

My father was ill. How I prayed that if there were a God, his life might be spared! But God took him, too, and in my anguish, my hatred for so cruel a God became greater.

(To be continued)

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MATING AND HOME-BUILDING

AT this season the birds are making love before our eyes, the pretty drama going on in eloquent and bewitching song and movement for the whole world to see. Robin and wren, thrush and oriole, catbird and meadow-lark, they are wooing and winning and mating, and then, with wn and fluff and twig and straw, are weaving their sts.

"In the spring," said Tennyson, "a young man's fancy htly turns to thoughts of love." Others than our tle brothers of the air are choosing their mpanions for life. The old fashion of ve will never lose its vogue, wherever ere are young people. Young people will mutually attracted, and, since all the rld loves a lover, older people will watch pastime with sympathetic eyes.

A word to the young man who is in love, t hesitates to bind himself in betrothal. hat is it you fear, dear knight of the rue- l countenance? Why do you call on some 'l whom you admire, not once, nor twice, t often, paying her very devoted attenns, yet never asking her to marry you? hy do you shrink from the definite step at would make her yours for life? In a ajority of cases, you put the blame on verty and prudence. She is in a very mfortable, or, perhaps, a very luxurious me. You cannot offer her wealth. You fuse to drag her down to privation. How n two live, you say, on an income that rdly supports one?

Prudence and discretion are not to be spised. It may easily be that you misterpret them, however. Are there any aks in your expenditure which might be opped? Some personal, unnecessary inlgence, like tobacco, which a young man really better without? How do you know at good management will do? I have en a very beautiful home carried on, on a ry small salary, by thrift and intelligent gality. At least, if you are fair-minded, lieve this, that the good daughter of a od mother will make a good wife. Beve that a girl, if she be worth anything, ll rejoice to share poverty with a hardorking and honorable man who loves her. ive her the chance to say yes or no.

Now, a word to the young lady. When a an wants to marry you, whatever his conition, let there be nothing clandestine out it. If a man cannot openly and in e face of the whole world marry a daughr from her father's house, there is, generly speaking, something wrong. Occasionly one hears of exceptional circumstances, it, usually, the lover seeking a wife, ould marry her in the presence of her th and kin. Secret marriages, elopements d the like are very undesirable.

This is the season for seeking a mate, r building a new home; this is the season love and of love's gladness.

uggets of Gold

In the days of the Forty-Niners the old alifornia prospectors sent home nuggets of old as they found them in the mines. A nugt might be large or small, but it contained some yellow e that was pure and worth owning.

I wish we might each of us search in the mines of knowlge for a nugget daily of pure gold. He or she who learns heart a Scripture text, just one, each day, will have a eat store of golden Bible nuggets laid up in memory. The e who reads a little in some good author every day, will be ually the gainer in mental wealth.

he Fine Art of Receiving

To receive friends graciously is in itself a fine art. However shy and reserved one may be by nature, however deient in acquaintance with manuals of etiquette, one may always show pleasure in extending a warm and cordial hand, in smiling, and in showing gladness. A cold and ungracious or indifferent manner in one's own house, is an unpardonable sin. A hostess, if she have invited guests on an appointed day, must take pains to treat all alike. To receive one acquaintance with marked politeness and the next with scant courtesy, is to show one's self somewhat untrained and ignorant in and of social usages. Any one who comes within your doors is entitled to a genial reception, and the fine art of entertaining, is never better illustrated than when people show that they are delighted to give a welcome.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—SARAH. The dignity that requires coddling is worth very little.

—AUNTY. You are the next best thing to a mother but you must not be surprised if the children prefer their mother to you. This is only natural.

—OLD MAID. You must call yourself a spinster, or a single woman, and please don't regard your condition as a reproach. I don't know how society could get along without you.

—JOHN JACOB. It is your wife's province to invite company to dinner, but most wives expect that good husbands will now and then bring a man home at an inconvenient time. He must then take pot luck.

—CLARA. When there are a half-dozen forks and spoons beside your plate take them in the order your hostess takes hers. Spoons are for different uses—soup, coffee, or sauces. A little observation makes such things easy.

—MARJORIE. If a lady open the door for you, do not hand her a card, but if you wish to leave it, watch your opportunity and leave on a table or the mantelpiece, or somewhere else convenient to your hand.

SPRINGTIME IN THE SOUTH

While yet old Boreas lingers here, with threatening in his mouth,
There are who watch the flowers appear; 'tis springtime in the South.
And there the blossoms scatter sweet, the breezes kiss the spray;
The birds to leafy nests retreat, and all the land is gay.

The Story of a Poem

SEVERAL weeks ago, a gifted writer in the *Evening Post* (New York), quoted, with approving comments, a poem which she had kept by her for many years. She did not know by whom it was written. As I wrote it, one summer morning in the long ago, and as thousands have loved it, I venture here to acknowledge my child, and tell its story.

This is the poem. It was originally published anonymously, in *Harper's Bazar*, for which it was accepted by the paper's first editor, the late Mary L. Booth, of honored memory. At once, and instantly, it was copied, until it literally encircled the globe, finding its way into city papers and country papers alike. Later, I included it in a volume of verse, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., *Poems of the Household*, on page forty-nine of which you may read:

OUR OWN

If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
I said, when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex our own with look and tone,
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth at morning,
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late,
To undo the work of morn.

. . .

Once, in a large audience in the West, I repeated this little poem by request. A lady and gentleman sitting in front of me clasped their hands and looked at one another. When the meeting was over, they came to me and said that they had read the poem on the morning of their wedding day, cut it out of a newspaper and carried it with them round the world, with never an idea of the author's name or personality.

. . .

If it has a message for any heart, it is because it emphasizes a truth that comes home to every one's experience. We are not on guard with "our own." So we speak the blunt or brutal word, out of a passing irritation, we are captious or cynical or despotic with "our own." Yet we do love "our own" the best, and when they leave us, what bitter tears drop on their silent graves! MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

An Informal Luncheon

Among the most charming ways of showing attention to a friend who may be visiting you, and whom you wish to honor, may be reckoned the luncheon to which women only are invited. You have an old schoolmate staying with you, or an aunt or cousin from a distant place. Ask to meet her six or eight agreeable friends, who know one another, or who are likely to have subjects in common. They arrive at the designated hour, one or half-past, usually, and probably keep on their bonnets or hats and their gloves until they are seated at the table. For a first course, grape fruit in halves, with the pulp removed from the skin, and put back, so that it may be easily eaten with a tea-spoon, then three or four strawberries added, and the whole sugared, is very nice. Follow this with bouillon served in cups. Creamed or fried or broiled chicken, with peas and potatoes may be the next courses; or broiled lamb chops, or any dainty meat may be substituted for the chicken. Then, have a salad of plain lettuce, or lettuce and tomatoes, or lettuce and chopped apples and celery. For dessert nothing is quite so popular as ice-cream and cake, but strawberries or preserves, or a delicate pudding or pie, will answer as well. Finish the luncheon with coffee.

Conversation should be general, not confined to one or two, or to neighbors at the table. If you know a funny story, tell it. You owe it, as hostess or as guest, to be bright and chatty at a party, and your mood can do much to make the party succeed.

People do not linger very long when the luncheon is over, it being polite to take one's leave almost immediately after this function.

The Heroism of Love and Duty ❋ Paul's Journey to Jerusalem

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR APRIL 26 ACTS 21: 9-12

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—ACTS 21: 14: "THE WILL OF THE LORD BE DONE"

Leaves from Paul's Diary

IF Paul kept a diary, we can imagine it containing such entries as the following: *Monday, April 24,* A. D. 58. Departed from Miletus. Tender words and tears were in the farewells of my friends, who had come from Ephesus to bid me a last good-bye. We parted, never again to meet in this world. We kept in sight of each other, they on the shore and I on the ship, until the distance became a veil between us. My traveling companions were Sopater, of Berea; Aristarchus and Secundus, from Thessalonica; Gaius and Timothy, of Derbe; Tychicus and Trophimus, of Ephesus, and Luke, the beloved physician. After a sail of thirty or forty miles we came to the island of Coos, which greatly interested Luke as a physician, for there was located one of the greatest medical schools of the world, which, however, we could not take time to visit.

Tuesday, April 25. To-day we reached Rhodes, the sunny island of roses. While the ship was discharging a portion of her cargo we went up to the markets to purchase fresh fruits. The coins they gave us as change had a rose on one side and on the other Apollo, the deity of the people. My heart burned within me to preach the Gospel there, but I could not tarry, as I must be in Jerusalem at a certain date. I saw prostrate, the famous Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, a bronze image so huge that ships passed between its legs in entering the harbor, when it was in an upright position. It was of interest to me as a picture of how false religions would be overthrown.

Wednesday, April 26. This day brought us to Patara. The most distinguished citizen, we were told, was a certain oracle of Apollo, but we had no wish to make his acquaintance. Here we parted with our ship, not without regret, for upon its decks our little company had sat together in delightful communion upon the Word of God, for hours together. Earnest prayers had gone up for those who stood or sat as a fringe upon our circle, that they might listen to our words, leisure of the voyage giving them nothing else to do. A change of ship was necessary, because a larger, stronger vessel was needed to cope with the open sea that we were now to cross.

Lord's Day, April 30. This day we were in Tyre. On the way we had passed the familiar shores of the island of Cyprus, and I recalled to our group gathered on the deck the days when, with Barnabas, I had been privileged to carry the Gospel to many cities of that island. We were told that our ship would be seven days in Tyre, discharging her cargo and reloading. The city itself appeared to us like a great ship resting upon the water. But my chief interest in Tyre was to find some place where I could preach the Gospel during those seven days of enforced waiting. Inquiry brought me to a company whose hearts the Lord had touched, and through them large opportunity was afforded me to preach the Gospel in Tyre. Tender relations with the people quickly grew up, so that on our sailing day a large number of men, women and children accompanied us to the ship. We had our good-bye kneeling upon the seashore and praying together.

Wednesday, May 10. Having on Monday completed our sea voyage, and on Tuesday begun our overland journey to Jerusalem, after covering between thirty and forty miles, we came to Cæsarea, my third visit to this city. I was invited by Philip the Evangelist to become a guest in his home; and there I had delightful fellowship for ten days, for his family were all fellow-helpers with the truth. My stay in Cæsarea was a blessed opportunity to preach Christ. My friends tried in many ways to dissuade me from continuing my journey to Jerusalem, because they feared my life would be in danger from those who opposed Christ. But none of these things moved me, even the tragic warning of one Agabus, who had lately come from Jerusalem, who made his warning very emphatic by binding himself with my girdle to show that I should suffer bonds. When at last I departed from Cæsarea with my eight companions for Jerusalem, there were no expostulations, for my friends had become fully aware of my determination to go forward, even if it cost me my life. Their only words were: "The will of the Lord be done."

Wednesday, May 17. We reached Jerusalem to-day, on the very day of the Passover, and told the elders of the church what God had done by us among the Gentiles.

. . .

Illustration and Application

Finding disciples we tarried there seven days. Here is a most practical lesson for our times of much traveling. Wherever Paul tarried seven days, or even one, he found disciples, and worshiped and communed with them for mutual benefit. But to-day many a Christian, who is to be even seven months in a place, does not bring his church letter, or actively identify himself with the Sunday School or other church activities. It is less trouble to get a church letter than to pack a trunk, and it makes a very great difference to change "your church" to "our church." Cutting off that "y" adds much to responsibility and brotherly fellowship. Speaking of trunks recalls how many yellow letters, expired by the statute of limitations, have been smothered to death, even after they were packed in a trunk, because there was a delay that grew from days to years in taking them out and presenting them. Any week, any day may be our last, and we should therefore "find disciples" and seek opportunity to make new disciples, wherever we are, even for a day. It is a good rule to live as we would if we knew we had but a day. Let us repeat, until it becomes a rule of life, the following:

We should fill all the hours with the sweetest things
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
On our upward way;
We should be from our sinful selves set free,
To work and to pray,
And to be what our Father would have us to be,
If we had but a day.—*Mary Lowe Dickinson*

. . .

Who said to Paul through the Spirit, that he should not go up to Jerusalem?—They thought they were prompted by the Spirit when they urged Paul to a cowardly and selfish retreat, in place of the ever forward march he was making to the post of duty, though he knew it was also the post of danger, and would become ere long the post of death. The man who talks cowardice and selfishness to himself or to his friends is certainly not moved by that Holy Spirit that transformed the cowardly Peter, who had denied Christ at his trial before Annas on a servant's accusation, but after Pentecost, in that same hall of the Sanhedrin, proclaimed the Crucified as Lord, in the face of his murderers, sitting as judges, with power to destroy him also. Here again is a much-needed lesson for our times, when so many Christians think they may turn aside from duty if it involves loss or hardship or peril. For example, how many church people think they are not bound to keep the Lord's Day, if to do so involves a loss of position, or even a day's wages! Such need to be reminded again and again that in the early church many a mother, with children clinging to her skirts, when asked the question, which was the martyr test, "Servasti dominicum? (Do you keep the Lord's Day?" replied firmly, "Deo confido (I believe in God, and therefore cannot do otherwise, whatever the consequences.") Beside such a fearless faith, beside the courage of Paul, who walked with steadfast tread into peril after peril (II. Cor. 11: 26), that had been foretold at the very beginning of his Christian life (Acts 9: 16), how mean the cowardice of the man who, to-day, bears the name of Christ and yet lives a cowardly, selfish life, unwilling to do any but easy duties!

Paul's Courage

. . .

They all brought us on our way, with wives and children.—Paul had won the hearts of all the church members in Tyre in a single week, so that when he sailed away they all turned out, even the children, to bid him good-bye. What a winsome reformer he must have been! We call John the apostle of love, but the thirteenth of 1st Corinthians and many other outbursts of love, and such scenes of loving fellowship as we have seen all along his journey to Jerusalem, show that Paul was hardly less entitled to that name. With all his Puritanism, his brave rebukes of sin in the church as well as outside, he knew how to "keep sweet." Like a skilled and kind physician, he kept his lancet in a perfumed sponge. And here again is a lesson for our times, when rampant sins call for brave rebukes, which Paul reminds us may be made more effective if the heart seasons them "with tears" (Acts 20: 31).

Paul's Winsomeness

"SO SHALL THE JEWS BIND THE MAN THAT OWNETH THIS GIRDLE"

Four daughters which did prophesy.—A Sunday School session is too short to debate whether a woman is warranted in becoming a pastor by the examples of Miriam (Exod. 15: 20), and Deborah (Judges 4: 4), and Philip's daughters, all of whom "did prophesy," which means, not foretelling, but forthtelling of whatever truth about the past, or present, or future God has given one to utter (Joel 2: 28). There are many men in the church who would be glad if some one would find a Bible passage telling them to keep silence in the churches. Whatever reason there was why women should not "teach" in the Corinthian church but "keep silence" (I. Cor. 14: 34, 35), evidently did not apply in Cæsarea, and does not apply in our choirs and Sunday Schools and mission fields. We can afford to waive the question whether a woman should pronounce the benediction, while she has liberty to teach classes of hundreds, young and old, the way of life (John 4: 28, 29; Matt. 28: 5-7).

. . .

I am ready to die.—As at Tyre, so again at Cæsarea, the disciples thought it kind to urge Paul to be a coward. They seemed to assume that if duty became dangerous, it ceased to be duty. When Agabus, a prophet—a good man, no doubt, but not good enough to be fearless—dramatically took Paul's girdle and bound his own hands and feet and said, "So shall the Jews in Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles," every Christian present except Paul thought the proof conclusive that he ought not to go to Jerusalem, even though God had ordered him to go there. To such cowardly friends Paul answered in substance, "I am ready not only to be bound, but even to die in the path of duty." Luther repeated that history when cowardly friends sought to stop him on the way to the Diet where he was to be tried, answering them, "It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live." When a criminal, excusing his theft, repeated to the judge that common falsehood, "A man must live," the judge promptly replied, "I don't see why." A man must live—forever. Therefore let us live while we live, refusing to die to escape death. Let us repeat again and again the noble strain:

Living and Dying

There are times when a man "must" die.
Imagine for a battle cry,
For soldiers with a flag unrolled,
For soldiers with a sword to hold,
That coward's whine, that liar's lie,
"A man must live."

"Corporal," an old slave, believed with unalterable firmness in the truths brought to him. In his own simple way he was a good deal of a philosopher, and did not a little good by the every-day showing of his quiet faith. Finally the time came for Corporal to leave this world. The doctor said to him, "Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die." "Bless you, doctor, don't let that bother you; that's what I've been living for," said Corporal, with a happy smile.

. . .

The will of the Lord be done.—How like us were those early Christians, not alone in cowardice, but also in the dismal way they talked of God's will being done, as if to have God's will done instead of our own would be a dreadful trial to which we must be "resigned." Once in a while we strike the right note, as in the song, "We worship thee, sweet will of God." To Paul, God's will brought gladness even when it brought suffering, for he knew God's will is but the expression of God's love. Paul's writings are like a field full of springs in their frequent outbursts of joy, some of them springs in prison yards, some of them springs stained with his blood that yet overflow with triumphant gladness. We know almost nothing of sorrows ahead And this is one of God's great mercies, that we are called to bear only the sorrows of to-day. But Paul knew from the first that his salary would be "bonds and afflictions in every city." (Acts 20: 23).

Like Christ, he was in the shadow of the cross for years. But like Christ he walked joyfully because trusttully, knowing that through his sufferings blessings would come to men and glory to God. That was infinitely more desirable than a life of selfish cowardice. "He that saveth his life," said Christ, "shall lose it, and he that loseth it for my sake shall find it." Because he counted not his life dear, Paul doubly lives in a twofold immortality, on earth as well as in heaven. Since God's will is based on wisdom and love, let us learn to say joyfully, for ourselves and our friends, in brave unselfishness, "The will of the Lord be done."

A good lesson for Christians in "very wet Summer" or some sore trial, when storms are frequent and clouds almost daily obscure the sky. That is the very time to illustrate the "joy of the Lord" and "let a little sunshine in."

"I want my children to grow up strong and healthy, Dr. Falconer. What am I to do with them? They are so thin and white."

"Change houses, Mrs. Vulcan, I advise you. Do away with curtains and blinds. Better have roses in the cheeks than colors in the carpets! Insist on your chicks living in the sunshine. That is the secret of health and growth." Mrs. Vulcan followed her old friend's wise advice. She moved from the north house, and settled in one with a southerly aspect. She made the children follow the sun as he went from room to room. In the morning they played in the east room. In the afternoon they frequented the west nursery. And she found that white cheeks grew red; thin limbs stoutened; health took the place of sickness.

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PEORIA'S UNIQUE GOSPEL MISSION

ON November 29, 1888, in a small room on Bridge street, in Peoria, Bacon Memorial Mission was established by Mr. Weston R. Gales and his Bible Class, in honor of the memory of Charles F. Bacon, the former teacher. So effective were the efforts of these earnest men and women, and so intensely tenacious was their faith in the outcome, that in the latter part of 1891 Mr. Charles A. Jamison, a merchant of Peoria, proposed to erect a building, which might give larger scope to the work.

CHARLES H. JAMISON

WESTON R. GALES

In October of the following year, the new building was completed, and it has ever since been under the control of Edward T. Munns, as Superintendent. In his latest report, he writes: "The mission has in all its undertakings the one definite object—to bring the individual to a saving knowledge of the truth." With this view, there have been organized special departments of labor of an industrial and economic character, and these have contributed to the success of the mission. Kindergarten work is done each morning. The attendance is large, and the school is in charge of a skilled teacher. Every Saturday, a sewing school is held, cared for by volunteers from the various city churches. The children are taught to make simple and convenient garments, which, when completed, are sold to the little ones for a mere trifle, that thereby the lesson of self-help may be emphasized. The Senior, Intermediate and Junior Endeavor classes meet on stated evenings during the week, and are in a most flourishing condition, both as to number and interest. The enrollment of the Sunday School is over three hundred, the primary department constituting nearly one-third of this number.

On each Monday night, the W. C. T. U. has charge of the work. About one hundred and sixty persons have signed the pledge during the past year. The Mothers' Meetings, held twice a month, are of special significance. Parents are permitted to bring their little ones, who are properly cared for during the exercises. These gatherings are meant to teach the lesson that happiness is a creation of the inner life, and not dependent upon environment. An address is usually given upon some important phase of domestic life and effort. The superintendent preaches every Sunday, both morning and evening, and nightly meetings are held during the week.

At least four thousand people are reached by the mission every month. During the heated term, open-air gatherings are held in different parts of the city, and cottage prayer-meetings are frequent.

An idea of the outreach of the work is suggested by the wideness of its touch with divers phases of city life. Mr. Munns officiated, during the year past, at forty-nine funerals and fifty-three marriages, while eighty-two professed Christ.

Mr. Jamison, who erected the building, is allied with many good works in Peoria, and in large measure meets the present expenses of the mission.

Material assistance has been furnished to hundreds of needy ones, and this care is always supplemented by a strong effort to keep in continued and constant touch with the persons aided. The work of the mission is unique and exceptional, in that it meets a need peculiar to river towns. For miles along the levee in Peoria are flat-boats and huts, peopled by men and women whose sole claim to any manner of citizenship consists in a permanency of domicile. Like barnacles on a ship these people cling, and the denizen of ten and fifteen years ago is still found at the old stand. To uplift them, and at least save their children from a life of degradation and crime, is a problem not easy of solution. A great part of the work of the mission is among this class, and so effective has been the effort put forth, that nearly every church in the city is indebted for increased membership to the Gospel message so faithfully proclaimed from the pulpit in the Bacon Memorial.

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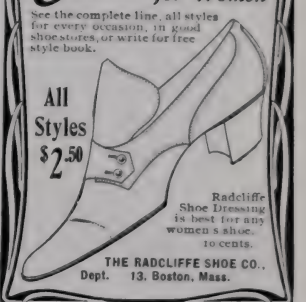
See the complete line, all styles for every occasion, in good shoe stores, or write for free style book.



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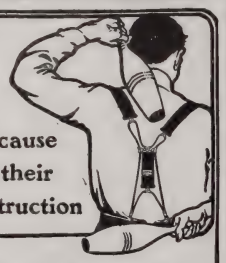

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invalids or anyone else. From the meadow to your home, every process in producing and shipping is absolutely sanitary.

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flows from the can rich in every ingredient which enters into body and mind building. It furnishes the muscle—bone—nerve element—makes weak babies strong. Simply full-cream cow's milk, evaporated, sterilized and canned. Try it in your coffee or on your breakfast food.

Most grocers sell it. If yours does not, give us his name and we will send you a sample can free.

Herbert Day's beautiful drawing, "Motherhood," size 11 1-2 x 18 in., given away in exchange for 12 labels taken from pound size Highland cans.

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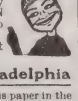

Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

COMPETITION 35

What three proper names mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 35" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the three answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name. Below the answer, write, in *not over twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subject of the first of these pictures? Read the rules given below.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 35."* Write on one side of paper only.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 35, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the second best answer, our *Smith-Pelouhet Bible Dictionary;* the third, *Four-Footed Americans,* by Mabel Osgood Wright, beautifully illustrated by Ernest Seton Thomson; for the fourth, *Squirrels, and other Fur Bearers,* by John Burroughs. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

All answers must be mailed not later than April 20. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department,* Bible House, N. Y.

Answers to Picture Puzzles of March 11, are: 1. Esther. 2. Paul. To "Curious Questions" 1. A carriage cost 450 shekels (about $270) more than a horse. The price of a carriage ("chariot") was 600 shekels (about $360); of a horse 150 shekels (about $90). I. Kings 10: 29 and II. Chron. 1: 17. . . . 2. Moses broke the "tables of stone" which "were the work of God," the commandments "graven" thereon being "the writing of God." Ex. 32: 16, 19. Hezekiah broke the "brazen serpent" Num. 21: 8 and II. Kings 18: 4. . . . 3. The King of Babylon had Zedekiah's sons slain "before his eyes" and then had his eyes put out. Jer. 52: 10, 11, II. Kings 25: 7. . . . Joseph, when brought out of a dungeon to be presented to Pharaoh "shaved himself" before entering the royal presence. Gen. 41: 14. Hannah, Samuel's mother, "vowed a vow" that no razor should come upon the head of the child God should give her, this being part of the Nazarite vow of dedication. I. Sam. 1: 11. The angel announcing Samson's birth to his mother said, "No razor shall come upon his head," the command was faithfully obeyed, but it is not recorded that she made any promise. Judges 13.

Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of March 11

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of March 11, **E. Ray Gaines,** Dayton, Wash., receives a silver watch; for the best answer to "Curious Questions" of the same date, **Marian Hall,** Willimantic, Conn., receives a silver watch. Each of the following receive a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Anacker, D. M., La.; Bond, H. A., Me.; Cartmell, H., Can.; Clark, Ethel, Conn.; Currie, N. T., Can.; Dalenberg, Cora C., Ill.; Darnell, Orra, Neb.; Dolan, O., Mo.; Drain, Perley, O.; Garinger, C., Calif.; Harcourt, Hazel, Oreg.; Hunt, Winnie, Can.; Johnson, Vivian, S. C.; King, Myrtle, Del.; Labron, May, Can.; Langworthy, Ruth, Minn.; Lee, Mary E., Kan.; McCart, R. D., Mass.; McDavit, Nellie, N. J.; Meredith, Lida, Md.; Moore, Bessie, Ind.; Nolte, C., Ia.; Prentice, B. N., N. Y.; Price, R. B., Okla.; Shearer, M. D., S. D.; Stone, Grace, Wis.; Tregloan, H., Mont.; Vogt, Sophie, Pa.; Walker, M. B., Mich.; Wilcox, Catherine, Vt.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions": Ashley, N., Wis.; Atkinson, Fannie, Del.; Ball, Cleo, Ia.; Barton, H. C., Vt.; Brakenridge, E. A., La.; Braun, W. F., Can.; Brickert, H. R., Ind.; Brown, Lena M., Mass.; Cartmell, Lily, Can.; Clark, Arlene, S. D.; Cooke, Mary C., Kan.; Cooper, J. C., N. C.; Currie, Grace M., Can.; Curtis, Eliz'th C., Me.; Eastham, Gertrude L., R. I.; Edgar, Gladys, Neb.; Ferbrache, H., Mo.; Ford, Ellen W., N. H.; Helland, F., Va.; Hunter, Sue F., Ky.; Irwin, Gertrude, Tenn.; Larkin, M. H., Calif.; Lesneti, Jr., T., Pa.; Littlejohn, Lula M., S. C.; Littrell, I. P., N. Mex.; Lundgren, H. A., Ill.; McKell, J. R., Can.; Martin, Carrie B., N.Y.; Post, Anna, Mich.; Shield, R., Minn.; Suber, Edith, Ga.; Swain, Cassie, Tex.; Wilson, R. S., O.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

C. N. P., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

Some months ago a terrible sorrow came to me, which, for awhile, almost stunned me. I knew that my Heavenly Father was a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, so I took the matter to him. Gradually the storm passed away, and in God's good time all things were right again. Verily there is a God who listens to the cry of his trusting children.

M. D., Venango, Penn., writes:

Not long ago we moved to a strange city, and after a few months' work my husband fell ill and lost his situation. He was out of work for three months, and though we so often asked the Lord to give him work suited to his age and strength, there seemed no answer, and we were almost discouraged. I prayed again, and I said I would write and tell you when my prayer was answered, that others might be inspired to new faith as I had been. The Lord heard and answered, blessed be his name. My husband has work now.

Miss H., Oberlin, Kans., writes:

I do not write to tell of some special time that God has answered prayer for me, but to make known what a comfort and peace comes to me through constant communion with God in the daily walk of life. He not only hears and answers prayer in regard to the more important things in life, but helps me through all the little every-day trials.

E. S. P., Holton, Kans., writes:

I have neglected a promise I made to God three years ago. There was a terrible trial hanging over us. I prayed God to give us justice, and the difficulty was settled so easily that it seemed as if it could never have been hard.

A Mother (no address), writes:

My son was out of work, and I prayed many times that the dear Father would help him to find work and among good men, and the answer came sooner than I thought it would. I know God answers prayer.

Mrs. E. N. K., Winthrop, N. Y., writes:

When I read of the answered prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I am reminded of how many prayers I have had answered miraculously in my darkest days and of a wonderful vision that has cheered me. The Lord deals with his children according to their necessities.

R. C. H., Troy, Penn., writes:

I want to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in our family, in wonderfully changing a dear, wayward relative, into one whose spirit was that of meekness, goodness and submissiveness.

S. C., Louisiana, writes:

God does answer prayer. He heard mine about a dear boy who was given to drink.

Mrs. C. E. H., Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

As I have seen so many testimonials in your paper about prayers being answered, I also wish to join in giving glory to God for listening to the cries of his children. Some time ago my way was very dark, as I felt near the gates of death. I turned to the Almighty Father. He heard and helped.

S. A. S., Hicksville, O., writes:

For a long time I had a burden on my mind of a financial character. I left it with my heavenly Father in earnest prayer, and just did my best. I have come out all right. I rejoice in his love and power to help in every time of need.

C. R., Tyrone, Pa., writes:

I speak for one who wishes to thus testify to special answer to prayer. She supports herself and an aged mother. Her health failed to such an extent as to almost disable her for work; she asked God for special strength, which was given her. Many times the writer has received direct answer to prayer.

M. A. T., Rising Star, Texas, writes:

I wished to accomplish something which seemed almost impossible, but God gave me the victory. Not only in this case, but in many others, has he answered my prayers.

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a dentifrice whereby a child's teeth may be kept white forever. *25 cents at Druggists'.*

Free Sample Vial.
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90 West Broadway, New York.

Preaching Christ on Canada's Canals

AMONG the efforts to reach with the Gospel special classes, is an interesting and useful work which has for many years been carried on along the route of the Welland Canal in Canada. The sailors on the vessels which ply on the canal know the work well, and even those who make no profession of religion acknowledge the kindness and the help

REV. THOMAS BONE

that it is rendering. The missionary is a friend to them all, and his sympathy and advice are counted on by the men with no little appreciation. He visits them on board the ships and cordially welcomes to the little Bethel where he holds his services all who will come. Many a sad story has been heard from the men whose confidence he has won, and many a family on both sides the border has had reason to thank God for the restoration of prodigals who, through his efforts, have been led to Christ.

The work originated in the visit, more than thirty years ago, of a colporteur of the American Tract Society, who spent some weeks at St. Catharine's, disposing of the literature of that most valuable society. He found ready purchasers among the sailors, and was anxious to make a permanent station there, but the Society felt that in Canada they were outside their bailiwick, and that it would be better to let the work be managed by Canadian hands. It was promptly taken up by the Rev. Alexander McGlashan, who was then at St. Catharine's, and a meeting was called of the Christian people of the city, at which a mission was regularly organized. Money was subscribed to engage colporteurs, and a hopeful start was being made, when Mr. McGlashan fell sick and died. Mr. Cooley, one of the colporteurs engaged, had already seen enough of the situation to realize that an excellent opportunity for Gospel work was open, and he obtained permission to appeal to the sailors themselves for help. The response was generous, and a little Bethel was built for services. The work was then placed under the control of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society, under whose auspices it is still carried on. It is in charge of the Rev. Thomas Bone, whose bluff manner and hearty, cheerful disposition, have made friends for him all along the canal. He found on entering on his labors that the regulations of the Canal were a distinct advantage to his work. The locks were closed at midnight on Saturdays until midnight on Sundays, so that there was ample opportunity for Gospel effort on the stationary vessels. In 1881, the enlargement of the Canal was completed, and the mission correspondingly extended its operations. Mr. Bone still does his itinerating work on the vessels, but two missionaries are now laboring on the lakes, east and west. From the beginning until now, the blessing of God has rested on the effort, and many souls have been added to the Kingdom through its service.

HOW A FLOWER GREW INTO A SETTLEMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 322

nes build castles and lay out miniature arks. The little folks gave the retreat he name of "The King's Garden," and it as so appropriate that it stuck.

No one who has not visited the Settlement and witnessed the delight of the people in these various forms of helpfulness, can form any idea of the change it as worked in their lives. They regard he workers at the Settlement as their riends and neighbors. They go to them hen in trouble, sure of finding sympathy, ood advice, and ready help in emergencies. In cases of sickness, they know hat there are no kinder nurses, and when he worst is over, the workers will send he convalescent out of the reeking atosphere of the streets into the country, here, amid trees and flowers and grass, hey may grow strong again.

The three rooms on Madison street have ong been outgrown. A house taken on Henry street has proved too small and the ext house has been added, and still the uarters are inadequate. The work, now nown as the Jacob Riis Settlement, is so xtensive that a volume would be needed o fully describe its manifold ways of helfulness. The constant and ever present roblem is that of means to carry on the ork. It depends entirely on the gifts of eople who know how much it is doing to lleviate the suffering of the poor and righten gloomy lives. Often the funds re almost exhausted and only by some mely help, can some sick women or children be sent into the country, or some lothing, or an extra blanket, be taken into he homes where they are urgently needed.

Every summer THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home at Mont-Lawn receives some of the children from the Settlement, and from other friends help comes in emergencies. God does not allow work, so thoroughly inspired by the Spirit of Christ, to fail for lack of means; but there are times when the faith of the workers is tried, and when they grieve at being unable to do more when so much is waiting to be done. Every dollar is thankfully received and is made to go as far as possible in Christ's service.

Like Dorcas of Old

On October 5, 1902, there passed to her reward, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Adams, the story of whose good deeds reads like a romance. She died at the residence of her son, P. A. Nourse, Fitchburg, Mass. Her home had been in Hopkington, N. H., then in Lowell, Mass. She also lived many years in New London, N. H., and was a member of the Baptist Church of that place. During the latter years of her life she was a constant attendant of the Highland Baptist Church, Fitchburg, Rev. A. T. Kempton, pastor. She was devoted to mission work for the colored race, and for men in prison. She was like Dorcas of old, in the goodly garments she had made for others. During the Spanish war and the war in the Philippines, she was constantly corresponding with soldiers on both sides of the fight, and gathering packages of good reading and sending them to men in prison, in the army, in hospital, or to missions. The paper she prized the most of all was THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Equipped with several copies of this journal, this aged woman carried on missionary work among the negroes of the South, and far-off Africa, in prisons and hospitals, among the families along the frontier, and in many places that were not reached by regular organization work. She has taken the paper for many years.

Guy Holmes

in a small town in Nebraska, earned $77.18 in December, selling

The Saturday Evening Post

IN A DAINTY little booklet, which we will send to any boy free, twenty-five out of more than three thousand bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Pictures of the boys—letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours—interesting stories of real business tact.

Some of these boys are making $10 to $15 a week. You can do the same. NO MONEY REQUIRED TO START. We will furnish ten copies the first week free of charge, to be sold at five cts. a copy. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week. IF YOU WILL TRY IT WE WILL SEND THE COPIES AND EVERYTHING NECESSARY.

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by mail, covering the whole Bible. Terms easy. Catalog free. Write C. J. BURTON, Pres. Iowa Christ. College, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Waiting for God*

OFTENTIMES, when the desire of our heart is unfulfilled and our prayers remain unanswered, we are tempted to feel that the reason lies in our own hearts. Frequently it does, but not always. Have you never been in a situation where it would be a relief to you to find something wrong in your life? The assurance of being right with God that comes when waiting before him, you are almost tempted to distrust. You have practically decided that something must be wrong, else the answer to your prayer would come, and hence you feel bound to find something. But every season of self-examination and agonizing before God, results in the quiet conviction that you are simply to rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. What is the matter? Why, beloved, God is simply teaching you patience, for it is after ye have done the will of God that ye are to receive the promise. God is ripening and mellowing you. God wants you to be "perfect," that is, mature. He wants you to be "entire," that is, no part lacking. Just as the October sun flavors the apple, so it is the grace of patience that makes us a "savor of life" unto others.

Another reason why God frequently delays the answer to our prayers is the trial of our faith. The word "temptations" in James 1: 2 does not mean enticements to evil, but rather times of testing. Of the true meaning of the word, God's command to Abraham to offer up Isaac is an illustration. Satan tempts men, but God tests them. According to I, Peter 1: 7, it is not our faith, but the testing of our faith that is precious in God's sight. And let us remember that it is not our faith that God tests, but the faith of Christ in us.

The first thing the trial of faith accomplishes is the breaking down of what little faith we have of our own. Our faith will not stand the strain. The test of faith must continue till only Christ's faith in us remains. I was told recently of the method out West by which gold is purified. It is put into a furnace. The fire waxes hotter and hotter, and is allowed to continue till the sparks stop flying, when the gold is purified. The flying sparks are the dross which is being burned up. So God lets the testing fires of our faith wax hotter and hotter, and continue till the sparks stop flying; the sparks of impatience, murmurings and questions of all kinds. It is encouraging to remember that the faith of Christ is a tested and proven faith. In the wilderness he met the enemy and conquered him. There is no possibility, consequently, that the faith of Christ in us will break down. God knows just how far we can go and just how much we can endure; and when he can see reflected in us the image of his Son, he will put out the fires and we shall come forth as gold purified.

A Book of Common Sense

HERE are one or two wise sayings from a new book. Read them. Thereafter let them expand a little while in your mind.

"A man can always climb to the heights he can see—if he will."

"It is hard to think, and many shrink from the pain of it; but if a young man is dismayed at the cost of thought and turns away from it, he abdicates the throne of life."

"Potent as a young man's surroundings are, they are, after all, not powers. The man is the power. The circumstances of birth, education, companionship, are the chessmen in the game of human life; and you, young men, are the players."

"Everything that you find about you, when you come to yourself and realize something of your human potency, is to be used, worked over, moulded, as you will."

"Leaves in the book of life are not turned as easily as the leaves of a novel."

"A young man is better known by his neighbors than he ever dreams. They judge him by the sort of surroundings he chooses, the places he frequents, the comrades he consorts with, the recreations he takes."

"Take heed of ambitious thoughts when unaccompanied by ambitious efforts to carry them into action."

"Few poor men can any more appreciate and use the responsibility of sudden wealth than a blind man, who for the first time sees, can interpret and enjoy the gorgeous glory of a sunset. To fall up is often as disastrous as to fall down."

"The keenest joy of life is to that man who gets his bread and butter in the tasks that are a delight."

"When a man, under the ordinary circumstances of life, excuses himself from doing something because he has not the time, he really means that it is not of sufficient interest or importance for him to find the time."

About the Right to Marry

"No man is morally justified in marrying so long as he does not see his way clearly to the maintenance, in honorable independence, of a family.

"Love is no excuse. This is not orthodox, but it is better, it is common sense. One might as well plead his love of jewels as a reason for stealing diamonds. You are stealing something from a girl which neither you nor she can ever replace, for which you can never make up, if you marry her before you are well rooted in your life work and fruit bearing. You are stealing the joy of her girlhood."

Study the Marriage Contract

"A man usually reads a document before he signs his name assenting to its propositions. It is a very remarkable fact that many a man stands before the clergyman, hand in hand with the woman he has chosen to be his helpmeet, without once looking at the vows and promises he is to take, save perhaps the day before, in a hurried way, to see where his 'answers' come in, and this for the solemn act of life with which is bound up the lives and happiness of others."

On the Advantage of Having a Hobby

"What may be said for the encouragement of the man who finds himself harnessed to a task by which he earns a competence, but which is a task and nothing more? His is by no means a hopeless outlook. He may have a hobby.

"By a hobby, I do not mean a mere ridiculous whim. A hobby properly considered is a dignified pursuit. The fundamental distinction between a hobby and an avocation is, that your avocation rides you, and you ride your hobby.

"Avocation is usually bread and butter. Hobbies are appetizers. When the two are identical, and you have the supreme joy of earning the wages for life's needs in pursuit of the thing you like best, get another hobby.

"In other words, we should have some interest in life outside the treadmill of the daily task. It is good for any man."

These extracts are from *The Young Man in Modern Life*, by Beverley Warner, D.D. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 83 cents net.) It is a book of ideas and common sense. The advice of a man having experience and sympathy—a good sort, we would say. Quite naturally there is not a little going over old ground—but it is a fact, we enjoy reading the things we have thought, but have never got to the point of saying.

BOOKS RECEIVED

We are requested to state that the price of *Around the Capitol*, published by the Nutshell Publishing Co., New York, is in the various styles of binding $2, $3 and $5.

Ideals for Young People, by Rev. M. E. Harlan. This little volume treats of the ideal young woman, the ideal young man, the ideal church and the ideal home. Pp. 107; cloth. Christian Publishing Co., St. Louis, publishers.

Bible Lessons for Little Beginners: Fifty-two Lessons, comprising the Second Year of a Two-Year Course, by Margaret J. Cushman Haven. With music and blackboard sketches. Pp. 295. Price 75 cts. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

The Reformer, a story, by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*. Pp. 299. Price $1.50. Published by The Advance Publishing Company, Chicago.

Life Secrets: Spiritual Insights of a Christian Physician, by Henry Foster, M.D. Pp. 241. Price $1. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Neglected People of the Bible, by Dinsdale T. Young, author of *Unfamiliar Texts*, etc. Pp. 277. Price $1. Published by The American Tract Society, New York.

Billy Whiskers, the autobiography of a goat, by Frances Trego Montgomery, is a book to delight any boy or girl. It is the story of a goat, who was not bad by nature, but who managed to get into more trouble than any other goat that ever lived. There are five full-page pictures in color, and a number of funny pen-and-ink sketches. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. Price $1.00.

*From *The Still Small Voice*. Quiet Hour Talks, by Rev. G. P. Pardington, Ph.D. These are a series of devotional messages which are calculated to be spiritually helpful and encouraging to the reader. They are written in a simple, familiar style of address, and every line breathes the spirit of resignation and consecration. Pp. 244. Cloth. Price $1.

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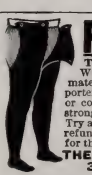

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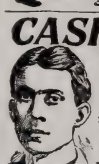

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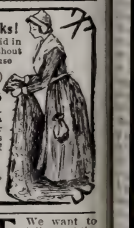

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Called Higher

Miss R. Mae Baldwin, daughter of the late Mr. E. H. Baldwin, of Palmyra, Neb., writes:

"*Dear Dr. Klopsch*:—My dear father, who has been one of your oldest and most appreciative subscribers, passed to his long and happy home on January 10. The last request he made of me, just a few short hours before his death, was that I should write and thank you heartily for the pictures in the Art Gallery, which you sent with our subscription to the paper, and which he enjoyed so much, though he was too weak to express them to you in words. I asked him, through my tears—for I knew his hours were numbered—to tell me his favorite, so I might write it to you. He responded by pointing to 'The Evening Hymn,' while his face shone, as though he already heard the evening hymn of his noble, pure life being sung by an unseen choir. He then quoted Mr. Moody's words while on his death-bed, 'I shall soon be more gloriously alive than ever before.' You have lost an ardent admirer of your good paper, and one who thoroughly appreciated the worth of the most excellent and helpful articles, which were enjoyed each successive week by one whose pure soul could best enjoy purity of thought and language."

Notice has but recently reached this office of a death that will carry sorrow to numerous readers of this paper, who have become familiar, through these columns, with the gentle, faith-inspired poems of Phoebe A. Holden. 'Her death," writes a friend, "occurred in her Berlin home, Nov. 12, 1902. She was seventy-seven years old, eleven months and sixteen days. She was a lineal descendant of Daniel Holden, who came to this country from England about 1720, and settled in Nantucket. Miss Holden was a graduate of the Westfield Normal School, and taught many years in the high schools of Hinsdale and Lee, in Berkshire County, as well as in the schools of Berlin. She was a graduate of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific circle class of 1885; and added more than fifty seals to her diploma. She delighted in literary pursuits and was a writer of much ability, contributing both prose and poetry to various periodicals. One collection of her poems was published under the title, *Voices from Lakeview*, and several of her poems have been set to music. Occasion of interest to her townspeople always inspired her pen, and so she was our poet laureate.' Miss Holden was chosen one of a committee of five to complete the history of Berlin. She was a member of the Berlin Congregational Church sixty-one years, and taught a Sunday School class many years.

QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM CV
Psalm of Remembrance

4. Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore.

"REMEMBER HIS MARVELOUS WORKS"

5. Remember his marvelous works that he hath done, his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth;

6. O ye seed of Abraham his servant, ye children of Jacobhis chosen.

7. He is the Lord our God: his judgments are in all the earth.

8. He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations.

. . .

Memory is immortal; well is it for folk to use it here and not wait until it becomes a bane instead of a blessing. To remember the works of God is to help greatly in walking in the ways of God. A thousand generations may pass ere God forgets his covenant. No, he never forgets. Let us remember our covenant and holy vows made when uniting with the church. More, let us keep them.

PSALM CVI
Sinner's Psalm

43. Many times did he deliver them; but they provoked him with their counsel, and were brought low for their iniquity.

"THOSE THAT CARRIED THEM CAPTIVE"

44. Nevertheless he regarded their affliction, when he heard their cry:

45. And he remembered for them his covenant, and repented according to the multitude of his mercies.

46. He made them also to be pitied of all those that carried them captives.

. . .

All Psalms are for the sinner, but this one shows him in historic life and light. Here he is in the mire of iniquity. The backslider is, of all wicked folk, the worst. "They fall deepest who fall backward into hell." Well may the beginning of his day, like the beginning of this Psalm, say, "Oh visit me with thy salvation."

PSALM CVII
Thanksgiving Psalm

8. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

"HE SATISFIETH THE HUNGRY SOUL"

9. For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

. . .

The whole world should have a yearly "Thanksgiving Day," and Presidents, Kings, Queens and Emperors should appoint this Psalm to be read in every church, chapel and cathedral; not only there, but at every table before the bountiful meal is served, with all the family about the board. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

PSALM CVIII
Exaltation Psalm

3. I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations.

4. For thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds.

5. Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: and thy glory above all the earth.

. . .

When a soul exalts God, then the humble are set on high. Folk who fix their heart on him, may bravely boast of valiant doings. All the Shechems and Succoths, the Manassehs and Moabites bow at last to those who go forth with the Lord. Vain is the help of man. Great is the help of God.

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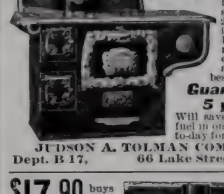

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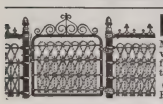

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A JOURNEY AMONG SAVAGE TRIBES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 319

perilous journey to the Amazon, through the heart of the Continent.

In another letter, Mr. Olsson writes:

I hope to make a trip next week up the Uruguay River, at Mercedes. The people there are calling for a preacher of the Gospel.

During January, February and March, 1902, I traveled over 3,000 kilometres with my Bibles. I circulated 144 American Bibles, 94 Testaments and 20 portions, calling at the following places on my way, Temperly, Cannalos, Lao Flores Maipur, Mar del Plata, Mira Mar, Bolcarse, Neeackea, Tandul, Tres Arrayos, Bahia Blanca and El Puerto. I believe that in many places the precious seed has fallen into good ground and will bear fruit.

If some Christian friends would aid us, we could buy a mission farm suitable for industrial and school training for interpreters for the Indian Gospel work. We need this for missionary work. If in the port of Buenos Ayres people are to be found who never heard the story of the Cross, what awful darkness must there not be in the great interior of South America, where I traveled over 3,000 miles without even meeting a single Protestant missionary! God will hold Christian America responsible for the evangelization of this land, with its millions dying without the Gospel of Christ. EMILIO OLSSON.

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Missionary Olsson has opened a large hall in Buenos Ayres, where he preaches the Gospel in Spanish. He carries his work into the interior at frequent intervals, and has been successful in reaching many tribes who never heard the truth till now. South America, with its seven million square miles of territory, and its population of forty million, has only one preacher to every two million souls.

PAUL'S VISIT TO PHILIP

The Prophesying Women Not Restrained

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THERE is much significance in the visit which Paul paid to Philip the deacon, as described in Acts 21: 8-14. "And on the morrow we departed and came into Cæsarea: and entering into the house of Philip the evangelist, who was one of the seven (Acts 6: 5; 8: 5), we abode with him. One of the seven deacons, and the man who had been used in the awakening of the entire city of Samaria; it must have meant much that he should meet with Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles. As iron sharpeneth iron, so the countenance of a man his friend (Prov. 27: 17). And as these two men were more than friends, brethren, and more than brethren, fellow members of the same body (I. Cor. 12: 13), this meeting must have been of deep interest in heaven.

"Now, this man had four daughters, virgins which did prophesy"—*i. e.*, they spoke unto men "to edification, and exhortation, and comfort" (II. Cor. 14: 3). Paul, who seems to have had fellow-helpers, men and women, who "labored with him in the Gospel" did not restrain them. Contrary to some in the present day, he said, "I would that ye all prophesied" (I. Cor. 14: 2). "Ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted" (ver. 31): but he cautions the Corinthian women to prophesy with their heads veiled or covered (I. Cor. 10: 5, 6, 10). And lest the prophesying—which must be in the Spirit to be prophesying at all—should be taken advantage of by women to talk or chatter in the assembly, Paul says, "Let your women keep silence in the churches or assemblies: for it is not permitted unto them to speak [or talk], but to be under obedience, as also saith the law" (I. Cor. 14: 34). But Paul never forbids man or woman to testify—*i. e.*, to speak in the Spirit. He would be the last to quench the Spirit thus.

In the Old Testament, as in the New, there were prophetesses (Exod. 15: 29; Jud. 4: 4; I. Sam. 2: 1-10; I. Sam. 22: 23-31; II. Chron. 34: 22, etc.). It was the prophecy of Joel 2: 28, quoted by Peter on the Day of Pentecost, that sons and daughters, servants and handmaids, should prophesy, and Peter did not rebuke any of the prophesying of those women who formed a large part of the hundred and twenty who, filled with the Spirit, spoke to the multitudes as he "gave them utterance" "the wonderful works of God" (Acts 2: 4-11). Any man, be he minister or not, who really knows the fullness of the Holy Spirit in his own soul, would shrink from quenching God, the Holy Ghost, when he chose to make a woman his voice for the time.

The stay of Paul and his company at Cæsarea was "many days," and during that time "there came down from Judea a certain prophet, named Agabus" (probably the same as in Acts 9: 27, 28). He "took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet, and said, Thus saith the Holy Ghost, so shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles." It was a word from the Lord on the line of much the same effect which had been said to him before: but Paul saw it to be only a temptation, when the Cæsarean disciples and the men of his own company sought to deter him from going to Jerusalem. "What mean ye," he said, "to weep and to break my heart? For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." And when he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done. The Church had spoken by the Holy Ghost; Paul had never said, God sends me to Jerusalem, yet when he would not hear, they on their part would not argue, but trusted all to God. This is the Spirit of Christ.

And so, in spite of all, the plan was carried out, and Paul and his company reached Jerusalem, "Mnason, an old disciple," traveling with them to give them hospitality. The day after their arrival they sought an interview with James and the elders, and Paul told particularly what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry. They glorified God—they could not do otherwise; but Paul found that his presence caused difficulty. When we are in the direct line of the Spirit's leading, all things fall into shape, and a clear way, without strain, is made before us. The elders proposed to Paul that he should adopt the course of joining men which had a vow, as a proof that he kept the law, in order that the prejudices of the Jews against him might be met. Such a stratagem is so unlike the ordinary life of the apostle, there is in it so much of human wisdom, that it looks like a departure from the clear, straightforward walk of the apostle. One doubtful step, in which we have not the undoubted direction of God, may lead to a course which is in some way very unworthy of our faith, as not reflecting the full glory of God. God would easily have managed the Asiatic Jews, and the stratagem was unsuccessful.

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MISSIONS IN THE ARCTIC*

Efforts by the Moravian Brethren and the Presbyterian Church to Reach the Esquimaux

COLD, nor heat, nor miasma, can be regarded as a barrier to the zeal with which the self-sacrificing missionary goes, bearing the standard of the Cross. In the Arctic as in the Tropics, there are souls which Christ died to save, and thither the missionary must go with the good news that the soul that believes in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

As far back as 1752, a mission was begun by the Moravians among the ice peaks of Labrador. The pioneer was John Christian Erhardt, a sailor, who was converted on the Island of St. Thomas in 1741. In the course of his voyages, he visited the Arctic, and there found such utter ignorance of Christianity that he abandoned a seafaring life, and with four companions went to Nisbet harbor and began work in a wooden hut. The whole party was treacherously murdered. Two brave men, Haven and Drachart, volunteered to renew the work, and a mission was established at Nunengoak Bay, which has been the means of many conversions.

Thus encouraged, the Moravians began work in Alaska. Wainland and Killbuck, the latter a converted Delaware Indian, were the leaders in this new field. They established a mission which they named Bethel, on the Kuskokwim River. This also was a success, and has done excellent service. Subsequently another mission was begun near Fort Alexander, to which the Moravian brethren gave the name of Carmel. A good work has been done here, especially among the children, through whom the parents were reached.

The man who has probably done more than any other for the propagation of the Gospel on our own side of the Arctic Circle, is Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who went to Fort Wrangel in 1877, and from that point journeyed through long stretches of country. After long effort, he succeeded in introducing reindeer into the region, by which the people have gained prodigiously, both in locomotion and in increased comfort. Dr. Jackson was reinforced later by Dr. and Mrs. McFarland, and other missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, whose heroic devotion passes all praise.

MISSIONS TO IMMIGRANTS†

The Vast Mission Field of the Foreign-Born Population

WORK among the foreigners who come to settle among us is a duty incumbent on us as patriots, as well as Christians. History furnishes no other instance of a nation being under the necessity of assimilating on so large a scale an immigration so heterogeneous as that which we receive. It is simply marvelous, that men should come from every nation under the sun and should be absorbed so easily and quickly into our national life. Their children grow up as Americans and identify themselves with us, accepting our traditions and adopting our ideals. Not only the enterprising and industrious come, to find an opportunity for a better life than is possible in their native land, but men who have disgraced themselves and their families come to escape the consequences of their wrongdoing. Yet out of this mixed material the nation is being built up on the lines laid down by the fathers of the Republic, and the principles that were their guide still rule our national life. It is a wonderful spectacle, unprecedented in history.

While we have reason to congratulate ourselves that this great flood of immigrants has had no disastrous effect on our political and social life, there is reason to fear that it has not yielded the spiritual harvest that it should have done. The churches have not increased so fast as the population. The new comers, while taking their places in business, social, and political life, must have held aloof from our religious life to a very large extent. This is partly due to their own prejudices, but we are not altogether free from responsibility. Our efforts to reach them with the Gospel have not been equal to the opportunity. Much has been done to influence the Chinese and the Italians, but little has been done in view of the numbers that have come. The task was formidable, but that fact should have evoked the greater effort. So with those who have come from the Balkan States, for whom comparatively little has been done. It is a missionary field within our reach, which is urgently demanding our attention.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for April 26. Job 38: 22-30.

†Topic of the Epworth League for April 26. Jonah 3: 1-10; Matt. 25: 35-40.

Where Paul was Shipwrecked

THE following letter, written from Malta, by Rev. Ezra T. Sanford, Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, Hackensack, N. J., who, in company with a number of Americans, is visiting Bible lands, will interest many readers:

On February 23, one of America's patriotic days, while many Bible-lovers in our homeland were taking their morning look into the Book of Books, our good ship *Aancin*, was entering the harbor of Valetta, on the eastern shore of the little island of Malta. The day was bright, and dancing between the blue of the sky and the blue of the Mediterranean, our little boats carried us safely from ship to shore, and soon our feet trod the island, interesting not only to Bible students because of Paul's shipwreck there, but to students of history because of its connection with the crusades to the Holy Land. The first object of our visit was to stand upon the shore where Paul's ship was cast; to look into the waters of the little creek flowing into St. Paul's bay (Acts 27: 39), and to pick up as souvenirs some pebbles from the beach.

We took the narrow gauge railroad to Citta Vecchia, and from thence proceeded by carriage over an excellent highway to the fishing village by the bay.

The apostle came up the little valley by this route to the home of Publius, the Roman officer. I saw no reptiles around, except the lizards that crawl upon the rocks. The monument erected upon the island, the agreement of geographical surroundings of the bay with Scripture narrative, impress the visitor with a sense of the truthfulness of Biblical portraiture. The fact that Paul spent the winter there and sailed in the ship of Alexandria, leads me to believe that his vessel was anchored in the Bay of Malta, at Valetta, near where we saw two great English warships casting anchor. Publius, the Roman officer, whose father Paul healed of a fever, must have lived near this harbor in winter, keeping, perhaps, a summer house at Citta Vecchia, the highest point inland, as one tradition states. The Knights of St. John, who, during the crusades, built a church near this Valetta harbor, believed that their cathedral covered the spot where once stood the Roman Governor's dwelling. Our visit was on the first day of the peculiar carnival which the people of the island hold preceding lent. The young men, arrayed in gorgeous costumes, throw confections along the street and up at gaily-attired maidens crowding the balconies.

Malta, Feb. 25, 1903.

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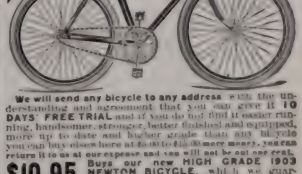
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SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 343

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

N. M., Locust, Ky. 1. Are the words regeneration and sanctification synonymous? 2. Is the command for women to keep silence in the churches still obligatory?

1. No; regeneration is, or should be, the beginning of sanctification. It is the new birth, the beginning of a new life, in which the soul grows and develops under the Holy Spirit's influence and Providential discipline, and is, as the apostle says, "changed into Christ's image." Sanctification is a life process tending all through to the perfect character. 2. It was undoubtedly first given on account of abuses in the Corinthian church. We doubt whether the apostle would have given it in our modern conditions. Even in his own time, he does not appear to have silenced Philip's daughters (Acts 21: 9). At least there is no record of his having done so.

M. M., Paterson, N. J. 1. What authority is there for the statement that Judas was red-haired? 2. Was hair of that color regarded with aversion in ancient times?

1. The authority is purely legendary. 2. Among some nations it was regarded as a mark of divine reprobation. Nebuchadnezzar's hair, according to tradition, changed to a reddish hue when he was convicted of sin. Among the Copts, in Egypt, there was a fixed detestation of the vivid color. On the other hand, it was and still is highly thought of by northern nations.

M. J. P., New Brunswick, Can. 1. Will a person committing suicide, while of unsound mind, be held responsible for self-murder? 2. How may we know that we have the Holy Spirit? 3. Is it right to close a Sunday School because few people attend?

1. You may be quite sure that God will deal justly with such a person. It is not for us to measure his responsibility. It depends entirely upon the state of his mind, and of that God is the only Judge. He never expects from us more than we are capable of giving. 2. The fruits of the Spirit are enumerated in Galatians 5: 22, 23. There is no better way of learning whether the Spirit is in the heart than in noticing whether the fruits are found in the character. 3. It depends on the circumstances. If there is no interest in the school, there is no benefit in keeping it open. A better way, however, would to to canvass the neighborhood, and bring in new pupils.

Mabel, Brooklyn, N. Y. To what is due the custom of wearing orange flowers as bridal wreaths?

It is said to be of Saracenic origin, and to have been introduced into Europe at the time of the Crusades.

E. L., Ada, O. 1. Who invented the loom? 2. Is weaving the oldest industrial art? 3. Why do some public schools give instruction on hand-looms? Does not this look like retrogression?

1. The Egyptians are supposed to have been its inventors. 2. It has been so stated by good authorities. It dates back so far that none can say when it had its beginning. After Adam's coat of skin, came the simla, a piece of cloth woven of grasses or wool. 3. Training the hand trains the perception and the will and develops the moral nature, so educators affirm. Simple, primitive tools leave much for the hand to do. Patience, perseverance and delicacy of touch are created or increased by hand-weaving.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. Is the phrase "Cleanliness is next to godliness" in the Bible? If not, where did it originate?

The expression has been attributed to many writers of different nations. The earliest is believed to be a passage in the Talmud. The last Mishna of Sota says: "Carefulness develops into vigor; vigor into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; and cleanliness is next to godliness."

L. E. S., Toronto, Ont. A sceptical friend assures me that all the leading doctrines of Judaism, and much that has survived in Christianity, have been derived from more ancient religions. Can this be true?

It would be surprising if there was no correspondence between the ethical principles of Judaism and early religions. The conscience of man would ensure that. The Persian or the Egyptian, trying to attain the highest life, and trying to help the people of his time to live for better things than mere animal gratification, would inevitably get light similar to that found in Moses and the prophets. There are traces to be found of such men in ancient literature. It is not necessary, however, to suppose that the Jews borrowed from them. Two men earnestly seeking the same object may, independently, arrive at the same conclusion. One thing is clear, that if the Jew borrowed from earlier writers, he purified and elevated his material. No older system of morals has been found, nor any religion at all comparable to that to be found in the Old Testament Scriptures.

L. J., Centerville, Ala. Kindly give history of Handel's "Messiah."

The oratorio was completed September 1, 1741, composition having occupied Handel fourteen days. It is said his tears mingled with ink as he penned the notes, and that he wrote it kneeling. Of the "Hallelujah Chorus," he says: "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself." March 27, 1742, an advertisement appeared in London of "Mr. Handel's New Grand Oratorio," to be given for relief of "Prisoners in Several Goals, and support of Mercer's Hospital and the Charitable Infirmary on the Inn's Quay." It was rendered April 8, 1742, before a "most Grand, Polite and Crowded audience." Ladies were requested to come "without their Hoops, as it will greatly increase the Charity, by Making Room for more Company."

R. S., Albany, N. Y. How is it that the descendants of Abraham of whatever tribe are called Jews?

The name was applied to the inhabitants of Judea. Its first mention in the Bible is II. Kings 16: 6. After the downfall of the Northern kingdom, sometimes called Israel and sometimes Ephraim, the kingdom of Judah alone survived. Efforts have been made to identify the Anglo-Saxon race with the descendants of the people of the Northern kingdom, but the only descendants of Abraham who have preserved their identity, belong to the tribe of Judah, or of Benjamin, which was absorbed in it.

Young Man, Newton, N. C. Can a man work on the Sabbath at such work as street car and railroad work, and live a Christian life?

Works of "necessity and mercy" are justifiable on the Sabbath. If he has no other means of livelihood, he is justified; but not if he makes a deliberate preference of work which involves Sabbath desecration. A Christian, under the circumstances, would endeavor at the earliest opportunity, to make such a change as would permit him to enjoy full Sunday privileges.

Student, Bridgeport, Conn. How may a young man know whether he has a call to the ministry?

The most conclusive proof is the practical one, that in such efforts as he is making, God is blessing his words and using them to the salvation of souls. There are many opportunities of speaking for Christ in Sunday Schools and missions. These should be used, and if under such addresses conversions take place, there is good reason for believing that the Lord is calling the speaker to his service. Entering the ministry as a profession is a mistake. There should be consecration and a complete surrender of the soul to the work, otherwise it will be a disappointment and failure.

Mrs. R. F. H., Rockville, Conn. What is the estimated total immigration to the United States up to date?

The total immigration from 1789 to 1902 was 21,151,816 estimated. Last year's total was 648,743. Presumably 1903 will show equally high figures, but this cannot be predicted confidently.

L. N., Jersey City, N. J. In reading of the case of Dr. Funk, who is said to have been in communication with the spirit or familiar of the late Dr. Beecher, and to have had a revelation about a "widow's mite," the very existence of which he (Dr. Funk) had forgotten, it seemed to me that the reverend editor had been made the victim of a practical joke. There was nothing to hinder some joke-loving acquaintance, knowing his proneness to dip into the occult, from giving the seance conductors a "pointer" about the mite, which would easily enable them to mystify a credulous and unsuspicious person, such as the good doctor appears to be.

Very likely there has been either collusion or delusion; but beyond what has appeared in public prints, we know nothing of the case. To us it has always seemed incredible that intelligent persons could believe that spirits return to earth for the sole purpose of playing circus pranks and absurd tricks, worthy of a minstrel show or of some sleight-of-hand performer in a country barn.

W. L. M., Washington, D. C. Is "Earl's Housekeeping" a book of instruction in keeping domestic accounts, suitable for the study of young girls, or is it only intended for advanced housekeepers?

It is especially designed with a view to simplifying details, and though its principles are adapted to the requirements of the largest institutions, it is equally suited to the model home of an artisan. It is particularly recommended for the study of young girls, being plainly worded and interspersed with samples and illustrations of the various accounts. Published by John C. Earl, 1223 Bible House. Price 25 cents.

Reader, Gorham, Mass. 1. Please can you tell me of Alexander Mackay, the missionary, his nationality and place of labor? 2. What society sent him out? 3. Had he a family? 4. Is there a written history of his life? 5. Who is Donald Sage Mackay?

1. Alexander M. Mackay was born in Scotland, 1849. In 1876 he went to Victoria Nyanza, Africa, as a missionary. He did excellent work in Uganda and other parts of the Dark Continent. He died of fever at Usambiro in 1890. 2. He went out under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. 3. No. 4. Yes; you can procure from Revell & Co., N. Y., the book entitled, *Mackay of Uganda*. 5. A preacher in New York City.

S. M. C., Butte, Mont. 1. What does "Pundit" mean? 2. I see so many Hindu names end with "bar." Can you tell me its significance?

1. Pundita means teacher. 2. The suffix is equivalent to our "mistress" or "miss." It is very convenient in that it may be applied as a title of respect or courtesy, alike to the married or unmarried person of feminine sex. Our own tongue and other European languages need such a word, for there is embarrassment in addressing a lady when one does not know what title to give without first asking her whether she is single or married.

Despairing One, Syracuse, N. Y. I am oppressed by a sense of sin, not only of a general character, but of particular sins, and though I have repented sincerely and asked God for pardon I cannot get peace. Must I regard that as a proof that I am not forgiven?

By no means. You should rather regard it as an evidence of a lack of faith. You must remember that you are not forgiven because of your consciousness of pardon, but because God for Christ's sake has blotted out your sins. God does not break his promise. Those who repent and plead to be forgiven for Christ's sake, at the same time renouncing their sins, are assuredly forgiven, whether they realize the fact or not. If you owed a debt, which you could not pay, and your creditor cancelled that debt, you would not worry about your own consciousness, but would accept his assurance. Put the gloomy thoughts away from you, and, rejoicing in God's promise, go forward, carefully avoiding a repetition of your sins. Assurance will come in time.

Mrs. Lizzie Stone, of DeKalb, Ill., writes that her baby boy has been named "Herald Immanuel Stone." Herald is now six months old, and is a bright little fellow—such a baby as any two parents might be proud of.

M. D., Schuylkill, Pa. A person who, knowing the truth, sins wilfully and from deliberate choice, is in a very much worse condition spiritually, than one who sins through ignorance, or from impulse, or who only yields under strong temptation. But even in such case, we are not to be the judges of the sinner. Divine grace is infinite, and can reach even the hardest heart.

J. C. B., Hobsonville, Oreg., replying to W. J. W., St. John, Kan., writes:

The Bible (Gen. 8: 4) says the ark rested "upon the mountains of Ararat." In his *Harmony of the Bible with Science*, Dr. Kinns says: "Now the ark could not have rested upon several mountains, for it might float on to a portion of this chain of mountains, and be left there some feet above the ground when the water subsided.

Mrs. C. E. T., Jackson, Mich. A species of boils or tumors, accompanied by fever.

Moses L., Copenhagen, N. Y. Write to Department of Mines and Metallurgy, Cornell University.

S. M. P., Parkman, O. Write for full information, address, etc., to *The Woman's Journal*, Boston, Mass.

M. F., Osage, Ia. The "c" is silent. All the other letters are pronounced as written, the "c" short, as in "on."

Mrs. E. A. T., Fostoria, O. 1. The son should take out citizen papers; but as he came here under age, it is not necessary that he take out "first papers." 2. The same answer applies.

J. H. Warren, Minneapolis, Minn., replying to A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. (whose query appeared in a recent issue of The Mail-Bag), writes: "He asks if there ever was a bridge built over Broadway, N. Y. I have in my possession a picture of this bridge."

TOKENS OF ROYAL GRATITUDE

Queen Alexandra, King Christian, and the Dowager Empress of Russia, Send Greeting and Thanks to America

The following cablegram from the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, now on his way home from Finland and Sweden, will be read with appreciation, conveying as it does a special message to all who have aided, even in the smallest degree, in the India famine and orphanage work and the later relief work in the Northland:

COPENHAGEN, April 11.

To-day we were favored with an audience, lasting an hour, with King Christian of Denmark, Queen Alexandra of England, and the Dowager-Empress of Russia. It took place at the Royal Palace.

Queen Alexandra, who was the first to enter, expressed her profound appreciation of the good work done by Americans for India, during and since the famine. She had read and heard of its magnitude with ever-increasing amazement and admiration. She begged that the generous people of America might be assured of England's sincerest gratitude.

The Dowager-Empress of Russia was moved to tears at the recital of our Finland famine experiences. Both Queen and Empress repeatedly expressed the deepest sympathy with the sufferers. The recital of incidents, showing the self-denial practised by many of the poor contributors to the relief fund, evoked many times the expression, "God bless and reward them!"

King Christian, who spoke in German, was very cordial, and said at parting: "Please convey my greetings to the Danes in America, from whom I have received many tokens of continued love and loyalty."

On Friday forenoon, we had the pleasure of an audience with the Crown Prince, and in the evening were entertained at dinner with his family, twenty sitting at table.

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

PREACHING CHRIST TO OUR STUDENTS IN PARIS

By the COMTESSE DE MONTAIGU

AMONG the most interesting of the religious movements in Paris, are the "Atelier Reunions," presided over by the Rev. Sylvester Beach. This work, which has never made an appeal to the public, goes on unostentatiously and unceasingly among the students in the *Quartier Latin*. It is supported by half a dozen persons in America, who, having lived in Paris, recognized the utility of such a centre. These generous people, who provide the modest salary of the minister, are members of the Presbyterian Church, as is also their faithful envoy; but they understand the futility of denominational teachings, as there is every variety of religious belief among the art and musical students. There are among them Greek and Roman Catholics, Baptists, Christian Scientists, Theosophists, and Free Thinkers. The greater portion of the art colony are indifferent to spiritual things.

A little retrospective history of the mission may prove interesting. The necessity for some centre, where the American men and women in Paris, for the purpose of study, might assemble, and listen to some form of moral instruction, was conceived by Mr Newell, a son of the Rev. Dr. Newell, of Brooklyn, in 1902. This earnest worker was connected with the McAll mission, and for a time occupied the pulpit of the American church in the Rue de Berri. He took up his residence in the Latin Quarter, and was in close touch with his compatriots who lived on the left bank of the Seine. He gradually gathered together a handful of artists who met in his private apartment. An Episcopal Church was finally organized, under the fostering care of Dr. Morgan of the church in the Avenue de L'Alma, and Mr. Newell became the rector. His new departure changed the nature of the work, and left the field open for a distinctive enterprise. Shortly after Mr. Newell died.

In the year 1895, Dr. Wood, of Germantown, Pa., exchanged pulpits with Dr. Thurber of the Presbyterian church in the Rue de Berri, for six months. He became greatly interested in the moral welfare of the students, and rallying about him a few of the faithful, he reorganized the meetings in an atelier in the Impasse du Maine. Returning to America, he left the work to be continued by the Rev. Wm. M. Paxton, of Philadelphia. Following Dr. Paxton, came in turn the Rev. Mr. Barnes and the Rev. Geo. W. Davis. In 1902 the work devolved upon the Rev. Sylvester W. Beach, an eloquent and efficient minister of the Gospel, who was sent over by the people whose subscriptions made the Atelier Reunions possible. He had obtained a leave of absence from his church, the First Presbyterian of Bridgton, N. J., for six months. After a winter passed in Paris, he became so convinced of the utility of the movement and so identified with its work, that he was loath to abandon it. The attendance gradually increased until it doubled. After his six months' leave had expired, Dr. Beach returned to his parish and begged for a dissolution of the pastoral relation. This was reluctantly accorded, and he resumed his work in Paris last October. He is a graduate of Princeton.

All who have attended the services, which are undenominational, have been pleased with the way in which they are conducted. The meetings are held every Sunday evening, at 49 Boulevard Montparnasse, in the very heart of the Latin Quarter, in the Academie Vitti, one of the most celebrated art schools in Paris, and are largely attended by Americans. The hall is bare, except for a few charcoal sketches — the work of the students. There is a huddle of canvasses with faces turned to the wall, and of palettes spread with fresh paint, while in one corner hang the aprons of the girls, stained with colors and with a suggestion of oil and turpentine — the students feel at home in the familiar smell-scent and are glad to come. There is no richly appointed altar, no pillared aisles, no carven organ. Almost all who attend are artists. The girl straining every nerve in the attainment of an education, has neither time nor money to waste on tripperies. She may slip unobserved into the crowded room, while the masculine student, weary with striving and in his threadbare garments, can listen in some dimly lighted corner.

Some of the people who sing and play at the services enjoy world-wide renown, and include Mr. Charles Clark, America's finest baritone; Miss Playfair, who won the first prize for the violin at the Conservatoire; Mr. Alberto Villasenor, a talented young Mexican, who received the first prize for the piano at the Conservatory of Leipzig: also Mr. and Mrs. Paul Savage, a baritone and soprano well known in America, with a number of other talented performers. After the music, Dr. Beach gives a plain Gospel talk, inculcating the highest standards of Christianity and morality, and calculated to hold the interest of people of thoughtful and imaginative minds. His hearers feel that he is one of themselves—a friend who mingles in their every-day existence, rejoices with them in prosperity and sympathizes with them in adversity. Dr. Beach has become a sort of father-confessor to the students.

Although the Philadelphia friends of the work support the minister, there are many outside expenses, and these are met by voluntary contributions. They include rent, the honorarium to musicians, the simple refreshments provided at the gathering held every second week at Dr. Beach's residence, and similar [illegible] expenses. No public appeal for funds has been made in Paris, and all

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AN "ATELIER REUNION" OF AMERICAN ART STUDENTS IN THE ROOMS OF REV. MR. BEACH, PARIS

THE American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago

DANGEROUS FOLLY

TEXT — Prov. 14: 9: "Fools make a mock at sin"

THERE are times when hints and delicate phraseology are inadequate for useful purpose, and when the kindest and wisest course is to use plain, outspoken characterization, shot forth on arrows of denunciation and excoriation. So, in my text, Solomon says plainly that the man who mocks at sin is a fool. When the human body is slowly but surely being eaten up by a cancer, it is time to use the surgeon's knife. The gangrened limb needs amputation, not balms, or plasters, or poultices, or fragrant ointments. And when men and women with wide open eyes, deliberately place themselves in a position where they may inhale the fetid atmosphere, reeking with the deadly germs of that contagious and fatal plague called sin, it is high time that some one should be bold enough to stigmatize them by an appropriate name. They are not misguided children, who are merely lost in the crooked by-ways of life's journey. They can see the evil results of sin everywhere they go, if they will only look as they are capable of looking. They are not mental weaklings, who have been confined behind the iron bars of a lunatic asylum. They can think, and clearly think, if they will, and do what they ought to do. Such men and women are displaying suicidal folly, and the only appropriate name for them is that which Solomon applies to them; they are fools. Going to destruction by their own choice and volition, mocking at victims who have already been destroyed, heedless of the fate impending over their own heads, they are as foolish as would be a sea-captain, who, in mid-ocean, and in the grip of a hurricane, broke his rudder-chains, threw his chart overboard, and smashed his compass.

Plain Speaking Necessary

When a gigantic sin is working evil to the body politic, and is endangering our national well-being, Solomon's method is demanded. President Roosevelt evidently thought so, when, a short time ago, referring to a common sin, he wrote: "I do not know whether I most pity or despise the foolish and selfish man or woman who does not understand that the only things really worth having in life, are those, the acquirement of which normally means cost and effort. The man or the woman who deliberately avoids marriage, and has a heart so cold as to know no passion, and a brain so shallow and selfish as to dislike having children, is in effect a criminal against the race, and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence to all healthy people." The same kind of an excoriating warning against sin Hugh Latimer gave when he sent to Henry VIII., his king, the present of a New Testament, with these pungent words written in plain letters upon the fly-leaf: "For this ye know that no unclean person hath any inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ, and of God." The same kind of warning against sin in high places John Knox used to give, when, as Court preacher, he would look down from his pulpit, and denounce the sins of his ruler, until the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, would grit her teeth, and turn pale, and clench her tiny fists in paroxysms of rage. Let me show you why the mockers at sin are fools; also why men and women in the daily walks of life should kneel every morning and evening, and ask the Heavenly Father to protect, and guide, and save them from the evil temptations which beset them everywhere they go.

Evil temptations invariably are introduced to their victim in a seemingly harmless way. They seek your companionship at first as friends, and not as enemies. They do not approach you glaring and convulsively working their claws and leap at you, as the man-eating monster might try to get at your throat, when, in all his fury, he is caged in the Zoological Gardens of Calcutta. But temptations come to you at first with the soft fur, and the purring salutation of the little kitten, which might nestle in your lap. They come insidiously, as the cholera germs might reach you, wrapped in the beautiful garment which is sent to you from far-off India. They come with all the fragrance of the poisonous leaf, which brings death to every creature that touches it. Dr. Cuyler once gave a wonderful description of one of the poisonous trees, aptly called the Judas Tree. He said that the blossoms of this tree are of a brilliant red. From far and near, the fatal beauty of those flowers attracts the insects. Yet, "every bee wandering in search of honey, that alights upon the blossoms, imbibes a fatal opiate and drops to the earth. Beneath this enticing tree, the earth is strewn with the victims of its fatal fascination." That fatal plant is a vivid symbol of the way deadly sin first appeals to its victims. Sin, in the beginning, fascinates the eyes, as with the brightest of floral colors. It fascinates the ear, as with the sweetest of harmonies. It soothes the sense of touch, as with the velvety softness of a tiger's paw, while beneath is concealed the sharp claw. It first woos its victim to pillow his head upon the lap of a beautiful Delilah, and while the sinner sleeps, his lips are parted in a smile, as he dreams the happiest of dreams.

Insidious Enemies

"Sin is a sweet poison," once wrote Anthony Burgess. "It tickleth while it stabbeth. The first thing it does is to bewitch, then to put out the eyes, then to take away the sense of feeling." It is when the temptation is concealed and hidden among attractive surroundings, that it has its greatest danger. The mighty furred bruin of the Rocky Mountains is not caught by the steel trap lying unconcealed in the opened pathway. He shambles along; sniffs it; pushes it aside with his paw; moves round it, or leaps over it. But when that trap is concealed under the green grass a short distance from the tempting meat, then the mountain bear has need for fear. No sooner is the great paw placed upon that harmless looking covering, than the steel teeth of that trap spring shut. The massive limb is held in a vise, and the great beast is as helpless as the murderer about to be executed in the prison yard. The wild turkey will not stoop down of his own accord and enter the small aperture of the fatal trap; but after the hunter has scattered along the forest path the many grains of corn, this wild fowl will lower his head and eat, and eat until he is confined within the wire screens, from which he will be taken out to his death. My brother and sister, are you among those whom King Solomon designates as fools? Do you mock at sin merely because it comes around in a harmless way? The mere fact that the highwayman crouches behind the rock, makes his sudden attack the more dangerous. The mere fact that the quicksands look, to the unpracticed eye, as strong as the rock under your feet, makes their invitations to step upon them the more fatal.

Evil temptations should not be derided. They assail a man at his weakest points of character. They do not try to assault his impregnable citadel, or attack him at those points of his nature that are protected by massive walls, so high and thick that the heaviest of battering rams can only make the slightest indentations. But they try to destroy their victims by strategy; by throwing them off their guard; wounding Achilles, not through the breastplate, but in the heel; conquering Alexander the Great, not with the sword, but with the wine-cup; destroying Charles Stewart Parnell, not with a man's gruff voice, but with a woman's gentle arm; making Thomas Cranmer sign his recantation, not by the power of argument, but by the power of fear. It only needs a comparatively light blow between the eyes to stun the most powerful animal which was ever driven into the Chicago slaughter-houses. It only needs one small sinful temptation to appeal to us in the right way, to destroy any man, unless he is upheld by a divine panoply.

Vulnerable Places

Evil temptations always assail their victims at their weakest points. Is there any man foolish enough to think that his character is so perfectly formed that there is no weak point in his moral armor? A constructor who would not try to strengthen his sagging girder is a criminal. Awful was the catastrophe when, a few years ago, a great bridge across the river Seine broke under the feet of the multitudes, merely because one of the iron links snapped. Poor is the general who would not be vigilant about the weakest part of his fortifications. It was after the famous mine was exploded under the earthworks of Petersburg, that the Federal troops were able to drive back Robert E. Lee's forces into Richmond. And can it be that, with all your brain and force and past experience, you do not realize there is some helplessness, some weakness in your nature? Have you never been tempted in the past and overthrown? Can you not realize that you may be tempted again in the future, and overthrown in the same way?

By being aware of, and trying to strengthen our weaknesses, we are able to supplement our strength. A well-known and thrilling story is told, that the engineer of the Holland dykes was one night invited to a party. That afternoon an awful storm arose. As the hour drew near for the festival, the engineer wavered, but at last he said: "No, I will go to the dykes where my duty calls. My services may be needed there." When he arrived upon the dykes, he found that under the ceaseless bombardment of the seas, some of the stones in one place had become loosened, and a little water was beginning to trickle through. That little stream was gradually growing larger. Over the walls the engineer went. He tried to stop that hole, first with stones. Then he took off his coat, and jammed it into the loosened rocks. "More clothes," he shouted, "more clothes!" And he made his men take off their garments, and at last the dykes were saved. Had that water been allowed to trickle on, and had not the weak part of the wall been strengthened, all the dykes would have been swept away, and thousands of men, women and children would have been drowned.

Solomon well said that when a man with his moral weaknesses scoffs at sin, he is a fool. I heard the reformed John Gough, after he had been forty years a teetotaler, say: "Rather than eat a piece of mince pie flavored with brandy, I would cut off my right arm. I would no more touch it, knowing my physical and moral weakness for drink, than I would be willing to touch a lighted match to a keg of gunpowder." It is sometimes more manly to run from sin than it is to fight sin. God gave us two feet as well as two fists. That means there are certain times when we should flee from temptation that we should never allow ourselves to be placed in a position where we may be tempted. Temptation always fiendishly strikes its victim at his weakest point. Therefore, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed less he fall."

The Seared Conscience

Evil indulgences should not be derided. They dull the moral sensibilities. Their sinful effects cannot be seen so much in the wasting away of the moral tissues as Bright's disease might wreck the kidneys, or tuberculosis might eat away the lungs. But evil indulgences have a hardening, or a dulling effect, as cirrhosis hardens the liver, or as paresis affects the cell tissues of the brain. It is said that when a man's right side is benumbed through the effect of a paralytic stroke, the doctor can take a pin and drive it into his limb, and the patient is oblivious to the sense of pain. So, when a human being is suffering under the paralyzing effect of sin he loses his moral sensibilities. What appeared to him once as wrong, now appears to be right, and what was once right, now does not appear to have any special significance in his life.

The gradual dulling or the paralyzing of the moral sensibilities by the touch of sin, may be seen in the life of a country boy, who has come to live in our large cities. When that young man left home he was as pure as his sister, or his mother. He had a delicate, spiritual touch. He could distinguish right from wrong as readily as a trained artist's eye can tell the harmony of colors, or a musician's ear can be shocked at the slightest discord. But after awhile, that young man allows himself to be led into questionable enjoyments. When he first saw enchanting sin, a fiery blush mantled his cheek. But after awhile his perceptions are dulled, evil is no longer repulsive to him; he begins to believe that the theatre may have a beneficial influence. He can argue for it with a clear eye and a steady heart-beat. After awhile he can go, and with absolutely no qualms or upbraidings of conscience, can sit and listen to the vilest of talks which are being uttered upon the stage, sit there with a young girl by his side, who is no more ashamed of what she sees and hears than is her masculine escort. The fact that the young man is able to argue with you, and that he sees no wrong in watching a sinful play, proves beyond a doubt that he has cirrhosis of the soul, a hardening of the moral sensibilities, an inability to spiritually distinguish right from wrong. What color-blindness is to the locomotive engineer, who is unable to distinguish warning signals alongside the railroad track, spiritual color-blindness is to the sinful soul. After awhile, by the touch of sin, the sinner loses his capacity to distinguish right from wrong, and, like the eyeless ground-mole, is unable to tell the brightness of midnoon from the darkness of midnight.

Gradual Degradation

I have seen, more than once, this hardening of the moral sensibilities by sin. Within a few blocks of my old Chicago home, there was a sinful place, where most of the victims caught were young boys of fifteen or sixteen years of age. That evil place, thank God, has since been closed. In the windows of that pool-room were hung up a great number of lewd pictures. Again and again, I have seen young men come up to that place for the first time. When they would do it they would stagger back as though stunned. Then they would look around the street, as though they were thieves about to rob a house. Then at those lewd pictures in the windows they would look again, with glassy eye and flushed face. But afterwards, those same boys, who at first were ashamed to look, would become bold-faced and vile-tongued. They would stand around that corner, smoking filthy cigarettes, and insul

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PREACHING CHRIST TO OUR STUDENTS IN PARIS

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PASTOR BEACH CONDUCTING A GOSPEL MEETING AMONG AMERICAN ART STUDENTS IN PARIS

hat has been given has been done without solicitation. The informal gatherings at the minister's rooms are upplementary features of the main work itself. Mrs. Beach is the doctor's helpmeet, and ably seconds her husband, visiting the sick and comforting the despondent. At these gatherings the rooms are crowded, and he minister and his wife meet all with a warm welcome. To the American student, homesick and heartweary, hese occasions come as an agreeable break in the monotony of existence, and he feels as though a little corner of his native land had been dropped down in the midst of a foreign environment. With scarcely an exception, the guests are the students from the "Quarter," with a sprinkling of others interested in the work.

One who has never lived in Paris can scarcely realize the benefits arising from these Atelier Reunions. The peculiar conditions among which the students live are responsible for much of their imputed laxity of morals. Few are people of independent means, the majority living off a bare pittance. Men and women lead a Bohemian existence—a hand-to-hand struggle with poverty—many sacrificing everything in order to attain an art education. They occupy small and ill-ventilated rooms, too often devoid of the ordinary comforts. Most of them eat at obscure restaurants, far from tempting. Perhaps, in the whole city of Paris, there is not a door open to welcome them, not a friendly hand to grasp their own, not a kindly soul to whom they may turn for advice or sympathy. The inauguration of the Atelier work has greatly improved their social condition, for they know that they are always welcome at the Sunday reunions or the gatherings at the house of the pastor. The work has done much to draw them away from low resorts. Many of them, coming from the narrow environment of some country village, and away from home and family, are curious to know about that fast Parisian life, which they have heard discussed in whispers. Left to their own resources, a few succumb to these baleful influences; but the majority are serious-minded men and women, who have neither the time nor the inclination for leading irregular lives. Until the establishment of the Atelier work, there was no place in which the student could pass Sunday evening. The brasseries (beer saloons), the cheap theatres and concert halls, the Bal Bullier, and other such places, always offered warmth and amusement to these sojourners in a foreign land, with rest and refreshment, although not of a salutary kind.

It may be asked, why do the American students inhabit the Latin Quarter? There are several reasons. Rents are cheaper, and there are any number of small restaurants where food may be obtained reasonably. Perhaps the most potent attraction is, that most of the celebrated art schools are in this vicinity, and the students naturally group themselves around these institutions.

As a rule, the Americans in Paris are a law-abiding community, and command the respect of the people. The American girl student has improved the moral status of the women in the Latin Quarter, for the French have recognized the fact that she is not to be judged by foreign standards. While the French girl cannot go in the street unattended, the young American student may go and come at any hour of the day and night, without molestation, clothed with the armor of modesty, the most powerful ægis of the virtuous woman. Most of the girl students are faithful attendants at these Atelier Reunions, conducted by the Rev. Dr Beach, where they find relaxation after effort and hard study.

DANGEROUS FOLLY ✳ A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. ✳ *Continued*

ng young girls as they would pass by. Within the valls of my own church, I have seen this paralyzing of he moral sensibilities by sin. I have seen a man who nce led a noble woman to the marriage altar, not only acrifice himself, but sell his own child into sin, for the gratification of quenching a drunkard's thirst. My brother and sister, with such examples before you of the metamorphosing power of sin, can you afford to run the risk of scoffing at sin? Are you not afraid that, as in Circe's palace, you may be changed into the form of a human brute? Are you not afraid that by the touch of sin, your conscience may become so hardened that you shall have no moral sensibilities left?

Evil temptations should not be derided. The depths of human misery into which they can fling their victims, his side of the grave, are unfathomable. It is upon he dark side of the results of sin I would speak. The rouble with many of our so-called Christian teachers, s that we put a halo over sin. We picture temptation as a creature of beauty, seated upon a silver cloud lined with gold. She holds in one hand a pack of cards, and n the other a goblet of wine. The color of her cheek, he flowers caught in the folds of her garment, clinging about her lithe form, make her look so innocent, one cannot help loving her, even though she may be bad. But I would tear away the beautiful robe, and under the rim of that cloud, I would show you a crouching demon, whose only music is the agonizing cry of those whom he has got in his clutches; whose only joy is in tantalizing those whom he is destroying, and whose frightened, pleading eyes have no more effect upon his stony heart than the cry of the helpless fawn upon the boa constrictor, who is wrapping its coils about the trembling body for the fatal hug.

The first steps to moral destruction may wind through a garden; but that floral pathway soon changes into he hilly road, covered with jagged rocks and running by the side of yawning precipices. The bracelets of gold are soon changed into the handcuffs of steel. The merrymakers will soon hear the echoes of their laughter in the shrieks of the doomed and the lost. There is no permanent happiness in sin. Mark that, my brother—no real happiness in sin.

Tell me, O drunkard, that you are happy? No! No! Anyone who has heard John B. Gough describe the miseries of his past life knows that no drunkard is happy. Tell me that the libertine is happy, when by his crimes he lost the respect of all good men and women? Tell me that the gambler is happy? No! No! When he sat at the gaming table, he not only lost his honor, but his home, his business, his all. He cannot even buy a pair of shoes for his feet, or a coat for his back. Thomas Guthrie once described the cup of sin as a beautiful chalice filled with wine, but at the bottom of the cup lay coiled a serpent. And so, after we have sipped for a little while the cup of pleasure, then the evil serpent will appear and sting us, and bite us as we put the chalice to our lips. Let no man consent to be a mocking fool by supposing that an evil life ever brings happiness this side of the grave.

But how much more awful must be the evil results of sin on the other side of the grave! Can a tiger change his striped fur? Can a wolf have his hair bleached into the white wool of a lamb? Can a man born in sin, reared in sin, and living in sin, and dying in sin, be emancipated from sin, merely because his body sleeps for a little while in the tomb? Oh, no! The soul that sinneth is the soul that must suffer the results of its sins, unless Christ forgives those sins and washes them clean in the Blood of the Lamb. And whenever there is sin—whether in this world or the next—there is agony. I do not care whether you call the place of everlasting punishment a "lake of fire and brimstone," or the haunting caverns of memory. The sinner, dying unrepentant, must suffer, and suffer, and suffer forever. The Bible declares it. We must believe it.

The suicidal folly of the sinner, who, year by year, adds to the long record of his sins, was vividly and impressively compared by Mr. Spurgeon to a blacksmith, who, at the command of an Oriental tyrant, forged for him a long chain. The blacksmith, at his forge, worked week in and week out, month in and month out. Then he brought the chain to the fiend, and said: "Here is the chain which thou didst order." "Make the chain longer," said the tyrant: "longer, make it longer." When at last the blacksmith answered: "I cannot make the chain any longer, for I have used up all my material;" the tyrant said to his slaves: "Take it, and bind the blacksmith with his own chain: and cast him into a furnace of fire." So Satan, as a demon by the power of sin, and by a man's own acts, will not only destroy a man's life for this world, but also for the next.

My brothers and sisters, who have heretofore been mocking at sin, as I have been painting for you a picture, with the dark background of warning, will you not let me paint in the bright foreground a sweet, divine love? Will you not let me describe for you the Christ who is ready to stand between you and all future temptation? The Christ who will not only forgive the past, but by his power will keep you in the future? Who is he? The Unchanging Rock; The Lily of the Valley; The Bright and Morning Star; The One who is altogether lovely; The One who is now standing by your side. Will you receive him?

Ye mockers at sin, I would plead with you also. Come to the fountain of which, if one drink, he shall never thirst again. I would plead as I have never pleaded before. Why? Because I know that under your sneers and laughter you have a breaking heart. I know that you are at heart weary of your sin and dread its punishment. Come, then, and let Christ save you. Do not be kept back by the thought that you are too bad to be saved. You are invited, and Christ assures you that none that come to him shall be cast out.

A CHURCH UNDER A TREE AT MATANGAS

BRIDE AND GROOM AT MT. SILINDA

UMZUMBI SCHOOLGIRLS CARRYING WATER

RAISING *THE* CROSS *IN* SOUTH AFRICA

SINCE the return of peace in South Africa, missionary work, temporarily interrupted by the British-Boer war, has made rapid progress. From the letters given below, from four missionary workers in the field, the reader may form an impression of the character and extent of the work now going on in Rhodesia and the Transvaal:

A Native Zulu Evangelist

MT. SILINDA, MELSETTER DISTRICT, RHODESIA, AFRICA, Nov. 3, 1902.

Editor "The Christian Herald":

The check which you sent us to aid in our mission work came duly to hand, and we acknowledge this gift with many thanks. Never has the outlook upon the field been so promising. The educational interests of the mission, within the last few months, have been moving forward by leaps and bounds. At Silinda, where the educational work was first inaugurated in 1893—less than two months after the arrival of the mission on the field—the attendance has steadily increased and the advancement of the pupils has been most satisfactory. At Chikore, which is surrounded by a large population, within easy access to the school, the attendance has risen to more than one hundred. A mission school was opened in April at Melsetter, to meet the educational needs of the children of the colonists. In spite of many difficulties, this school has already become a mighty agency for righteousness in this young and rapidly developing colony.

Of peculiar interest, is the opening of a new out-station at Matangas, between Silinda and Chikore. Here the family of a Zulu evangelist from Natal has been located, and a school has been opened, which, within a month, had an enrollment of forty-one, and is still increasing. This school is taught by Mtisu Dhlakama, a youth who followed the pioneer mission party from his home in the lowlands to the hills. For the last two and a-half years he has been at work in the mines, in order to provide himself with money with which to establish a home. He recently returned, married one of our girls, who has been in school here for some five years, and sought the opportunity to do Christian work under the superintendence of the mission. We engaged him for a few months, hoping that from some unexpected quarter funds would be forthcoming, and that his services might be permanently retained. Sixty dollars is sufficient to support the family of a Christian native teacher for a year. The opportunities for opening schools in the surrounding regions are boundless.

LAURA H. BATES.

Many Converts at Umtali

UMTALI, RHODESIA.

Dear Editor:—It is marvelous how God is blessing the work here. Nearly every Sunday, someone is saved. Last Sunday evening, six entered into the light. David, a little boy of about ten, was found in the river bed with his little companion, praying.

The church is becoming too small for the people who are coming. It is beautiful to hear the clear, definite testimonies given to God's saving power. In the great majority of cases, they never heard the name of Jesus till they came to this mission. It is blessed to be the first heralds of salvation to these people. They acknowledge that they have no desire to steal and tell lies, as they used to do. Old things have passed away and all things have become new. We have over eighty in our probationers' class, and Mrs. Wodehouse has over one hundred in her night-school—all new converts, eager to learn.

The Rev. David Carson and wife have been transferred from Liberia to this conference, and will be a great help in this rapidly growing work.

William, one of our boys, was converted some months back at one of our meetings. He is a bright lad, and gifted, and his great wish is to become a preacher of the Gospel. He has begun already to exhort and pray in the meetings. We are training him with the ministry in view. Mrs. Carson gives him an hour every day, besides home work. I want your readers to pray for Willie, that God may use him amongst his own people. He is only sixteen years of age.

R. WODEHOUSE.

In the Transvaal "Compounds Mission"

JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA, December 15, 1902.

Dear Editor:—I have much pleasure in sending you the hearty and grateful thanks of our evangelist, Sibhalo, who lost all he possessed in our late war. The Boer, for whom he had worked many years, had paid him in cattle and horses, and they had increased, so that he thought himself a rich man. The wife of this Dutch farmer was a Christian. She told the servants about Christ, and of repentance and salvation; but Sibhalo began to drink. The lady warned him, and said, "It is written that no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God." He had a severe illness. One morning he awoke to realize the sad fact that he was blind. Then came home to his soul the words he had heard, and a great desire to know more filled his thoughts. He found a lad to lead him to a mission station. There he gave his heart to God and started for the American Theological Seminary at Adams, Natal, to learn. He found those willing to teach him to recite verses and chapters, for his memory was remarkable, and it was a delight to teach him, because his comments taught his tutors to understand the verses even better than before. When he finished the course, he was set apart as an evangelist. He is called to conduct revival meetings. I have attended several of these meetings. I have heard many speak of the good he had done to their souls.

Some of Sibhalo's sayings are quaint and suggestive. "A big potful of beer fills some people's hearts, and there is no place for Christ to enter in to save them," he says. "I know a girl whose shawl filled her heart, and there was no place for the Saviour to enter in." "I saw a girl weeping. She said she was the one whose love of clothes had kept Christ out." In this way he kept on, until he seemed to hit the consciences of all who had not yet yielded their hearts to the Saviour.

The native school-teacher at Icwadi writes to tell me of a very blessed work attending the meetings held there by Sibhalo, lately. Many rose to confess their faith in Christ. To him I sent THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S check. Two of our Christian workers said, "You could not do better with the money, than to help Sibhalo. He is a very good man and an earnest evangelist." He has no salary, but the people give as they feel that he deserves help.

Mr. Goodenough is the missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Johannesburg, and superintends the work of four evangelists, preaching in the Compounds. The work is interesting here. Crowds of natives from the interior come here to work in the mines. I have met travelers from the interior who told us that they had come upon little schools, taught by young men who had learned to read in these mission schools in Johannesburg, and from their books that they had carried home, they were teaching others to read.

I had a pleasant surprise here lately. I was speaking to a crowd of young native men, when one looked at me as if he recognized me, so I asked him where he came from. He replied, "Emzinyati; very near Inanda, my home. Do you remember," he added, "when you met me, about praying and telling me about the King in Heaven? I have been praying every day since, and I am now a Christian."

Would you believe it! There has risen a native Zulu preaching that he is the Christ!

M. J. LINDLEY.

A 700-Mile Missionary Ride

SWEDISH INDEPENDENT BAPTIST MISSION, GREENWICH, SOUTH AFRICA.

Dear Editor:—It is now two years since I first had the joy of reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It has become "a friend of mine," and I receive it with pleasure as it appears week by week, bringing tidings from all over the earth. The loneliness and desolation of heathenism around us seems to pass away when reading its pages, and one is brought in contact with the civilized world, and the "hustle and bustle" of it, as he reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Anderson and I, together with two native boys, went on a journey a few months ago, preaching the Gospel and exploring the country. Our little wagonette, drawn by five donkeys, was for two months our home, during which time we covered 700 miles. The wagonette was our drawing-room, sitting-room and bedroom (and in wet weather, also kitchen and dining-room). In some districts, the native women and children had never before seen a European lady. They flocked around the wagonette, and all Mrs. Anderson's actions and movements were watched and commented upon. "See how confidently she speaks to him—and she laughs also," they would say. Then we would stop, and ask them to sit down on the grass while we told them of the love of Christ and how he came to save sinners.

About 200 miles of our route went through a district where the recent war had been raging, and had left its mark of destruction and desolation.

A. ANDERSON.

A NATIVE WEDDING PARTY IN SOUTH AFRICA

A CHOIR OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS AT UMVOTI

FINLAND'S OWN STORY OF THE FAMINE

A SNOW-BOUND COTTAGE NEAR UTOJARVI, IN THE HEART OF THE FAMINE PROVINCES OF FINLAND

In this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presents a very remarkable series of photographs, direct from the famine field. These photographs were procured through the courtesy of Herr Castren, Burgomaster of Uleaborg, and involved a long and arduous journey of nearly one hundred miles on the part of the photographer, F. Suomalan, in bleak, arctic weather. They show more eloquently than words can express, the forlorn condition of the people. Fortunately, the acute stage of the famine is now over.

THIS touching story of the famine in Northern Finland, prepared for this journal by the direction of the Burgomaster of Uleaborg, is one that will interest every reader. It comes from one who has thorough knowledge of the situation. The patient, uncomplaining, Christian spirit of the Finns in deep tribulation is probably without a parallel in the world.

"No clearer idea of the condition of the Finnish people at the present time can be presented than that described in the words of the Psalmist. 'For I am made to suffer, and my agony is continually before me' (Ps. 38:18). These words the history of the Finnish race is now verifying on every page of its annals, which tell of incessant sufferings caused by wars, famines and plagues. Through these sufferings and trials, the Finns have become inured to hardships. These acts of God have put their stamp on the national character, so that it is undoubtedly true what a great Finnish poet (Z. Topelius) says: 'If the Finnish people were as energetic in their actions as heroical in their sufferings, there would not be their equal in the whole world.'

"Although those inspired words of the poet may be to some degree exaggerated, the essential point remains, that the Finnish people have heroically borne their afflictions. They have neither trumpeted out their cares, nor lamented their sufferings to the world. God alone knows them.'

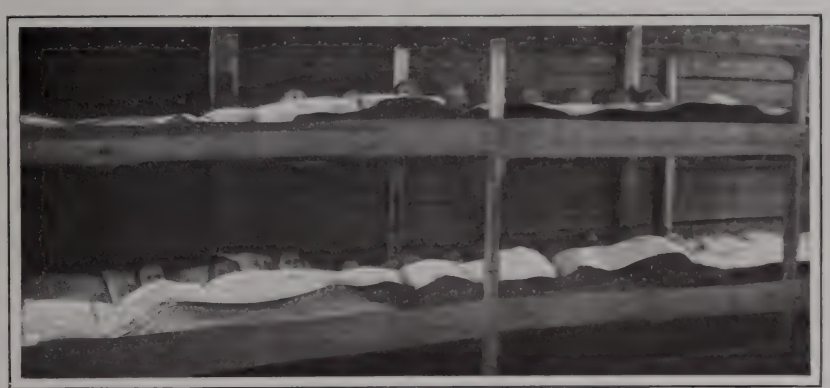
"Dark clouds are gathering over Finland at present. During the last four years, the old state of things has been changing. And now the famine is grinning at the doors of the poor living in the northern deserts of our land. On account of the peculiar condition of things, large commercial and industrial transactions are at an ebb. Uncertainty reigns everywhere. If the people did not know that 'although the Lord tries, he will never reject the people that put their trust in him,' they soon would perish in despair. It is truly wonderful to see the patience and humility with which this people bear their sufferings. The spark of hope is still glowing in their hearts, although external appearances look so dark and dismal.

"A vivid picture is given by those who have visited the famine-stricken provinces, of which we will borrow this description, given by Dr. K. Relander, of the parish of Sotkamo:

"'Entering a cottage, I observed on the bench by the fire three pale and emaciated small children, warming their cold, shivering bodies. Close to the fire sat the haggard-looking mother, holding a little skeleton-looking baby of seven months, and trying to give it nourishment from her empty breasts. When I stepped in, the mother exclaimed: 'Oh, Lord, my God, hast thou sent here thy angel and heard my prayers, when I cannot go anywhere, and these poor children are crying for food?' I answered: 'I am not an angel, but I am sent to show that the Lord is hearing those that pray to him with the humility of their hearts and trust in him.'

"'Five cakes of poor-looking bread were all the provisions in the house. There was only about a teaspoonful of salt. For a long time they had had no other food—only poor, black bread, with a small allowance of salt. 'Oh!' exclaimed the mother, 'if we only had once a week a proper meal, I would be better fit to nourish this poor baby.'

"The doctor gave of his own provisions to the hungry family, and afterwards sent them



CHILD WAIFS OF THE FAMINE, SLEEPING IN THE CHILDREN'S HOME, PAOLANKA

smoke and humidity, so that you cannot properly see anything else but small beings crawling around your feet, trying to escape to a corner. Having satisfied the inmates, I sat down to the last cake. The pale, thin worings of the house is just taking out from the oven some cakes that look black and yellow, but she doesn't speak a word. She stares at me with wondering eyes. As I ask her about her home, she bursts out crying and goes in a corner to sit down. She puts her torn apron over her eyes, and continues weeping, without uttering a word.

"'The situation began to be painful, so I turned to other but as I could do none anything. At last my spoke by going on to speak. But soon she had been feeding them half of it was put back on the plate, pointed to smoking it more to lessen the bitter taste, after which it was eaten with great avidity. This woman had seven children, the youngest one at the breast, so that she could not leave her home to beg alms. The children were emaciated and half naked. Her husband had worked to get some meal that was to be mixed with the bark, but as his work was finished. Then had no more.'

"To help the sufferers in the Uleaborg district, energetic measures have been taken. Besides large sums collected, and a lot of provisions and clothing distributed among the sufferers, children's homes have been founded at several places where the destitute children, besides tuition, are fed and clothed.

"Such are the general features of the present situation. The hand of God rests heavily on the people of Suomi; but if we humiliate ourselves, he will, in his time, help us.

"Receive our most hearty thanks for the high-minded and ample help rendered through the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. You may be assured that in our land there will rise from many thankful hearts prayers and devout aspirations, that God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, may bless you with all spiritual blessings."

All contributions to the Northland famine will be acknowledged in these columns, and will be duly called to the authorized committees in Helsingfors and Stockholm.

IN THE SHELTER OF A "CHILDREN'S HOME"

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH

A DESTITUTE FAMILY AT MUHOS

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Popular Orthodoxy

A DISPATCH from San Francisco announces the resignation of a well-known clergyman, of his position as preacher of the Memorial Church of Stanford University. The cause is not fully explained, but it is said to have arisen out of the severe criticism of his efforts to discover and establish "the common denominator of religions." This is a curious phrase, but we infer that it implies a belief that all religions have a common basis and do not differ radically one from another. Almost simultaneously with the publication of this dispatch, appears a statement issued by a religious association, disclaiming responsibility for an utterance by another clergyman which he made in a Lenten talk in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the association. Some time ago a Congregational Council was called on to repudiate the utterances of a prominent congregational minister in his pulpit in Brooklyn, or at the least, to declare that the statements he had made must not be regarded as representing the beliefs of his brother ministers. All these preachers are so eminent and conspicuous, that these actions in regard to them have unusual significance. They belong practically to the same school and hold to a considerable extent the same views of Christianity.

The natural inference from these actions is that the views expressed, in spite of the learning and ability of the preachers, do not find favor among the people. The fact will be recognized with satisfaction by all orthodox Christians. It shows that there is abroad a deep, strong love of the old Gospel, which cannot be undermined by the "new thought." It is not surprising that men whose hearts have been filled with the peace which passes understanding as the result of believing in Christ as the only begotten Son of God, by whose blood atonement has been made for them, should hold fast their faith and refuse to accept in its stead the nebulous, abstruse doctrines of the new school. They have a profound conviction that however beautiful and noble other religions may be, however much truth they may contain, they lack the saving power that Christianity possesses. Of none of them can it be said, as of the old Gospel, that "it is the power of God unto salvation." Like the blind man in the Gospel, they refuse to be entangled in disputes about the origin of doctrines, or in questions of philology, and plant themselves squarely on the experience, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

Very reassuring must this fact be to some who have been apprehensive of the future of the Church. It shows that the heart of the rank and file of the Church beats true, and that its mind is too clear to accept the husks and chaff of modern thought in place of the verities of the faith. The old Gospel has lost none of its power, and it will continue to win its trophies, even though some have left its simplicity for more cultured and refined, but less vigorous doctrines.

The Problem of the Children

WHEN President Roosevelt, in his recent letter to a New York author, discussed with his customary frankness the problem of "race suicide," he awoke the American people to the consideration of a subject, which, till then, had rarely found its way into the public prints. It has now become almost a national theme. In response to our request in a recent issue, for an expression of opinion on the part of our readers, a very large number of letters have been received, some of which appear elsewhere in this issue. These will be found most interesting reading.

This is a question, however, upon which human society has never been agreed. Since the days of Malthus, and probably long before, it has arisen at intervals, to be discussed indecisively and set aside for the time, only to be revived again and again. Wholly apart from the moral aspect of the problem, it is evident that it can be viewed simultaneously from a variety of standpoints, dependent upon many circumstances, and qualified by social, industrial and domestic conditions. Any one who visits the congested tenement districts in our great cities, will easily find material for argument against large families, for the plight of those thousands of neglected, ill-fed, ill-clothed and uneducated little ones is enough to move the stoniest heart to pity. But it is the condition of society, and not the children, that needs reforming. Their plight is the result of abnormal conditions, which the individual and the community should constantly strive to improve. Under a better state of things, the large families of the very poor would no longer be regarded as a menace or a burden, but a blessing to the home, the State, and the nation.

There is, perhaps, no more beautiful or inspiring picture in the world than that drawn by the sacred writer who describes the children of the righteous as "an heritage of the Lord. . . . Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them;" "thy children (are) like olive plants around thy table;" and again, "children's children are the crown of old men." Nor can we forget that the Saviour himself loved the little ones, and specially blessed them, and held them up to his disciples as a type of the Kingdom. We cannot agree with that cold-blooded philosophy which holds that, as the race advances mentally and spiritually, the love of offspring will decline, and that, in the coming millennial era, the question of race reproduction, as a problem, will have disappeared. Not in any earthly state, but in the heavenly alone, will there be "neither marrying nor giving in marriage." And even in that blessed land, where worldly questions never enter, the little children, neglected, despised, abused on earth, have special honor, for "their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven," said Jesus. It is not his will that one of them should perish, either here or hereafter.

We See According as We Are

THE eye sees what it brings with it to see. The saying, "Tell me what you think of other people, and I will tell you what I ought to think of you," is the only way of saying that a man's view of the world is necessarily determined by his own character.

Some time ago, an artist was employed to reproduce the portrait of a poet, not more distinguished for his genius than for his devotion to the highest moral and spiritual ideals. When the artist had finished his work, the reproduction at first seemed perfect. The two portraits were put side by side for study; every detail of one was reproduced in the other, yet something was felt to be wanting. The new picture was unsatisfactory. It lacked inspiration. One day, the owner of the two pictures showed them to a friend, who unwittingly supplied the solution. Well knowing the artist who had made the copy, incidents in his life were related, showing most conclusively his inability to appreciate the incorruptible purity of the poet, whose face he had attempted to portray. His own character was written in negatives on the picture he had failed in making.

Take a man or a boy who always suspects others of doing deceitful things, and you may be pretty sure there is some doubleness in his own life. Or hear a man crying out against the ingratitude of the world, and it is more than likely that he has not done much to call for gratitude. And so it is usually not the best people in the world who are loudest and cruellest in their indignation against sinners; it is rather those who are deeply, secretly, sinning themselves. It is the penalty of sin to suspect sin in others.

On the other hand, it is the reward of goodness to believe and know that others, too, are good. How fine and fitting the words which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Brutus:

> My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
> I found no man but he was true to me.

How fitting—for Brutus was "the noblest Roman of them all," and it was his own nobleness that made others seem noble to him.

Progress Heavenward

YOU have watched the beautiful motions of the sea birds following a ship—now floating on the wind with no apparent exertion, now flapping their wings in upward flight, now dropping to catch from the crest of a wave a morsel of food thrown from the ship, now outstripping the wind to recover the distance lost, now wheeling with graceful curve to right and left, and ever crossing and recrossing one another as if in joyou dance. Watching them, one forgets that they have an other motion. Yet all the while they are traveling o ward, twenty knots an hour. Those various motion among themselves do not suspend at all their stead flight across the deep.

God means that we shall have life's movemen among ourselves. That is the truest, most beautif Christian life, in man or woman, which, diligent i whatever station Providence may have assigned, wit cares of business, cares of children, cares of socie cares of friendship, is yet amidst all making stead progress heavenward; now stooping for food, no soaring in thankfulness, now sweeping hither an thither in the exercise of God-given faculties, and eve with friendly heart mingling in beautiful harmony wit the kindred flight of others; yet in every one of thes motions regulated by the purpose of an all-controllin flight onward, ever onward, to the desired haven.

Suffering, the Gateway of Glory

THERE is no other entrance into glory, the glory o any victory—victory over the low, the false an the evil, over self-hood or Satan-hood—but the gatewa of suffering. The history of our country, from Valle Forge and the Brandywine to the Rappahannock and th death-bed of martyred presidents, proclaims the truth Even the banner of the Republic, which is loved an reverenced through all the world as the bringer of fre communion between nation and nation, the bringer o order and equal justice and holy freedom, and the divin majesty of law and the light of the blessed Gospe wherever it goes—is not that flag a beautiful and dee sign to us, almost an ordinance of God, that, whethe for nations or for men, stripes are first, blood-red, pe chance, and only afterward and through them, the star of peace and glory?

He who will not suffer for principle has no prin ciple. He who will not suffer for love—love of man love of country, love of God—does not know wha love is. To sink self, to bury self—that is greatness that is glory. When the monitor *Tecumseh*, on tha August morning in Mobile Bay, was running the Con federate forts, she was rent by a torpedo and wen down in a few moments. It was then, says the histo rian, that her commander, Craven, did one of thos deeds that should always be linked with the doer' name, as Sydney's is with the cup of cold water. Th pilot and he at the same instant instinctively made fo the narrow opening leading to the turret. Craven drew back. "After you, pilot," he said. There was no after ward for him; the pilot was saved, but the commande went down with the ship. There was a lineal descend ant of the knighthood of old, and the true type of th hero for all time to come.

The Ladder of Prayer

THE blessed commerce between heaven and earth begins in heaven: God sends his promise down Then follows prayer—man sends up his request base upon the promise. Then comes the second downward motion, which is the answer to prayer in blessing. And finally, the reflection upward, in thankful surrender, and service to that love which came down on us in respons to our call.

It is like the letter W: the first stroke is downward the promise from above; the second is upward, th prayer from below; the third is downward, the answe from God; the fourth and last is upward, the offering of grateful love from man.

Remember, it takes four strokes to make a W: leav out one of them and see how it looks! So, likewise these four things—promise, prayer, answer, praise, mak one perfect and blessed whole. Prayer is nothing til promise has been given; and answer is certain if praye is true; and praise must follow if the gracious exercis is to be complete.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST ROBERT L. LAYFIELD and wife have jus closed a successful meeting in Sedalia, Mo. They are no at work in Kidder, Mo.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Balkan Disturbances

NEW difficulties have developed in the dominions of the Sultan. The steps he has taken toward executing the reforms demanded from him by Austria and Russia have exasperated the Albanians, who occupy the region on the west of Macedonia, which is ancient Epirus. From this district the Sultan obtains his bravest soldiers, and so thoroughly does he trust them that he employs them as his bodyguard. They are indignant with him for yielding to the two Powers, and declare that if he will supply them with a million rifles they will soon rid him of his enemies. He is thus placed in the disagreeable dilemma of being threatened with destruction by the Powers if he does not grant reforms, and of being deserted by his trusted Albanians if he does grant them. There is reason to believe that at heart the Macedonians are as much opposed to reform as the Albanians. It is not reform that they want, but independence. They would prefer that the Sultan should commit such outrages that the European Powers would unite to wrest Macedonia from his hands and make it autonomous, as they did Bulgaria. To this end, they are provoking attack by pillage, rapine and murder, in the hope of exciting the Turkish troops to barbarities. They are led by Boris Sarafoff, who is the man popularly believed to have planned and directed the seizure of Miss Stone, the American missionary, who was ransomed by this country. The Albanians, on their side, are guilty of excesses. They recently attacked the town of Mitrovitza, roughly expelling the foreign officers, whom the Sultan, at the mandate of the Powers, had appointed. They fiercely attacked the Russian Consulate, inflicting wounds on the Consul, from which he has died, thereby arousing the hostility of Russia. It would appear that the Sultan has need to pray for deliverance from his friends, as well as from his enemies. His position is so difficult and so dangerous, that he would be pitied, were it not that people remember his fiendish cruelties in Armenia, and care not how he may suffer, nor do other Governments interpose to relieve him of embarrassment.

BORIS SARAFOFF
Leader of the Macedonian Committee

MACEDONIANS ORGANIZING FOR A PILLAGING EXPEDITION

He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke; he that ruled the nations in anger is persecuted, and none hindereth (Isa. 14:6).

Sentenced to Kiss the Flag

A despatch to the New York *Times* from Boston, Mass., describes an unusual scene which was enacted on the United States revenue cutter *Seminole*, lying in that harbor, one day recently. One of the seamen, of foreign nationality, broke out in the forecastle one day in violent abuse of pretty nearly everything. He proceeded in his vituperation without being molested until he called the United States flag a dirty rag and indulged in other unpatriotic sentiments. A Quartermaster standing near reported this language to Capt. Rogers, commanding the *Seminole*, and the latter took prompt action. All hands were called to general muster, and when they were lined up the captain addressed them on the enormity of the offense committed by one of their number. Then he compelled the culprit to kiss the flag six times, and to repeat after him an obligation never to speak disrespectfully of it or to allow any one else to do so in his presence. The culprit's sentence was probably lighter than it would have been if it had been left to the other seamen, and as it may be if the offence is repeated when there is no wise, forbearing officer around to restrain wrath. Christians who hear their Lord derided are often tempted to inflict punishment, but it is even in those cases unwise. Christ will eventually vindicate his own name.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled (Ps. 2: 12).

Virginian Heroines

A beautiful story of devotion to humanity comes from Richmond County, Virginia. A Northerner settled there some time ago. Recently he was attacked by smallpox and died. His wife, who had tenderly nursed him through his illness, was stricken and then her child, and finally a woman who had been helping her in her household affairs. The three sufferers lay there in their misery, no one daring to go near them. Dr. Fisher, who had charge of the case, sought vainly for some one to nurse them. He mentioned his quest at home and there was a prompt response. His two daughters volunteered to undertake the task. He told them, as was his duty, of the danger they incurred, but they did not shrink from it. They went to the house from which all others fled in terror, and attended to the patients. In spite of their care and attention, the child died, but the other two patients are recovering. The young ladies did not limit their good offices to the living, but when no one could be found to bury the child they took charge of the little body and even helped their father to dig a grave for it, and one of them read the burial service when it was committed to the grave. Such noble conduct deserves special honor, and we may be sure that even if it does not win it from men, it does not miss the approval of heaven.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world (James 1: 27).

A Flood-tide of Immigration

All previous records of foreign immigration to these shores were eclipsed on Friday, April 10, when an army of 10,226 aliens arrived from European ports, between sunrise and sunset. They came on a fleet of ocean steamships, and represented many nationalities—Italians, Greeks, Arabians, Turks, Poles, Slavs, Germans, British, and Scandinavians. In language, costume, and appearance they were picturesquely varied, and they crowded Ellis Island, packed the railroad ticket offices, and loaded the westward bound trains, eagerly struggling to reach their many different destinations as quickly as possible. The Scandinavians were chiefly bound for Minnesota and South Dakota, the Germans for the North and West, some of the Poles and Jews for Pennsylvania, while the Italians and Asiatics, with a fair proportion of the Polanders, expected to stay in New York. Within the last decade, New York has achieved the unique distinction of being the most cosmopolitan city in the world. It is also the greatest Jewish city of modern times, and according to the best Hebrew authorities, it contains "more Jews than have been together at any one time and place since the destruction of Jerusalem." This great body of Russian, Galician, Roumanian, Hungarian, Spanish, German and English Jews, is massed chiefly on the East Side of New York. They represent every degree of ignorance and intelligence, of wealth and poverty, and they talk many different languages; yet they cling together with the tenacious cohesion that has always characterized the Jews, and which is probably the outgrowth of long continued conditions of persecution, which compelled them to unite for mutual protection. They have been persecuted and harassed in all lands, and have found in bitter suffering how true was the prophet's warning:

My God will cast them away because they did not hearken unto him, and they shall be wanderers among the nations (Hosea 9: 17).

Fighting Consumption

Prussian statistics, just published, show that the new method of treating consumption under the guidance of Prof. Koch, have been successful beyond the most sanguine hopes, and that if the progress is continued at the present rate the disease will almost disappear in Germany before the end of the first quarter of the century. An American journal, commenting on the figures, points out that the first disappointment that came after Dr. Koch's discovery was really a blessing, because it turned public attention from remedies to prevention. "If the expectations first raised by the discovery had been realized, the social and moral origins of the malady would have been neglected, while now they are receiving careful attention, with the best of results in many ways besides the prevention of consumption. Evil and sickness," it says, "are often the same, or at least so intimately connected that one cannot be eliminated from human life without the other. The most striking proof of this now comes out in the fact that Koch himself admits and even preaches that the great decrease in the death rate from tuberculosis has been due, and will still be due, to sanitary and social betterment. The conditions that breed and scatter physical contagion are precisely those that degrade and morbidize the soul and character." Thus medical and sanitary science confirm the dictum of the wise king:

As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death (Prov. 11: 19).

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. Wm. H. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the United States Senate, died on April 15. He had been in feeble health for some time, and had gone to Santa Barbara, Cal., in the hope of delaying longer from the climate. He was in his eighty-sixth year. He was elected chaplain of the Senate in 1857, and re-elected in 1861.

Dr. T. J. Barnardo, whose work among the street waifs qualifies him to speak with authority, says: "I am strongly of the opinion that there is no difference between a good boy and a bad one, no matter how descended or how surrounded, when they are taken out of London or at least separated under favorable conditions from the influences exerted between boyhood and manhood. I have long judged that, all other things being equal, environment is the determining factor of the two. No one is more forcibly impressed with this than myself."

A movement has been organized in Chicago with the [illegible] cooperation of Bishop Fallows, Dr. A. D. [illegible] and several other well-known clergymen, to put in circulation [illegible] which a passage of Scripture is printed. The selection is being made by the cars for advertising and carrying the [illegible] tracts from God's Word [illegible] to pass the time [illegible] to some one traveling on the cars. Full particulars of the card may be obtained by addressing Mr. Bernard Rowsome, 7132 Parnell avenue, Chicago, Ill.

TRAGEDIES OF THE TONGUE ❋ Paul Arrested

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MAY 3 ACTS 21: 30-39

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

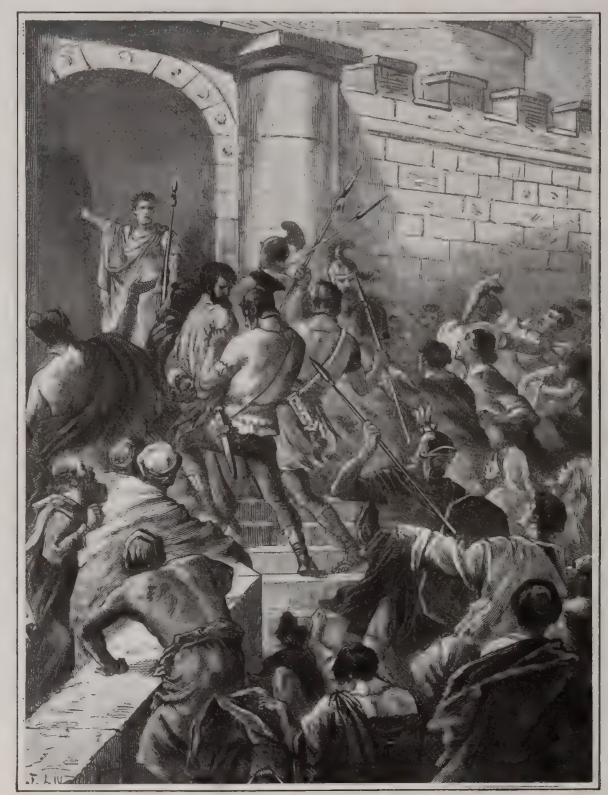
GOLDEN TEXT—I. PETER 4: 16: "IF ANY MAN SUFFER AS A CHRISTIAN, LET HIM NOT BE ASHAMED"

IF James, the brother of our Lord Jesus Christ, the head of the church at Jerusalem, had told the story of Paul's arrest, it would probably have been after this style:

"About seven years had elapsed since Paul had come with Barnabas and others from Antioch, to have the question considered in a Council, as to whether or not the Gentiles must be circumcised in order to become members of the Christian Church. It was decided that while Jewish Christians should continue this rite, it should not be forced upon the Gentile converts. Previous to that occasion, we had been much disturbed by reports that Paul in his preaching in Asia Minor, Macedonia and Greece, had set at naught the law of Moses. But Paul's testimony at the Council fully assured us that such was not the case; and his plans of work received our unqualified commendation. Still there were murmurings against Paul, even from Jewish Christians, mostly in distant places, which reached us at the time of the Feasts, when throngs of Jewish pilgrims, Christians and non-Christians came together in Jerusalem. The non-Christian Jews, who came from Ephesus, at the time of our story, were especially virulent, and fomented opposition to Paul. It seemed to me wise that Paul should disarm this opposition by the performance of some Jewish rite, and I was glad when I found that it had been his purpose to fulfil the Nazarite vow. I had knowledge of four men with limited means, who had come to Jerusalem for a similar purpose, and I suggested to Paul that he join himself to them and pay their charges, which kindness would help much to correct wrong impressions, and stop slandering tongues. This he consented to do. He went with the four men into that part of the Temple devoted to the Nazarites, a small compartment in the southeastern corner of the Court of the Women. There he had to stay for a week and pay for sixteen sacrificial animals, beside four for himself.

"It was while Paul was thus in the very act of keeping the law that he was charged with having violated it, by bringing a Greek within the sacred enclosure of the Temple. Trophimus was not with Paul when this charge was made, but he had been repeatedly seen with Paul in the streets of Jerusalem, and perhaps in the court of the Gentiles. Paul was dragged out through the Gate Beautiful, which was immediately closed by order of the priests to prevent pollution of the Temple by murder. They were less solicitous about murder than about ceremonials. I was not there myself, but every detail was given me by an eyewitness. It seemed as if Paul must be torn limb from limb by the infuriated mob, and doubtless he would have been but for the timely arrival of the Roman soldiers under the command of Captain Claudius Lysias. These soldiers came by an underground passage from the Castle Antonia, which was located at the northwest corner of the court of the Gentiles. At their appearance, those who were beating Paul stopped. The chief captain himself lifted Paul, and then bound him with chains to two soldiers, who supported him on either side, the whole company of soldiers escorting him to the castle, the crowd following, but not attempting violence.

"There were two flights of stairs leading to the castle, and when Paul and his guard had reached the second flight, and were about to enter the castle, Paul appealed to Captain Lysias, asking permission to speak to the people. The captain was surprised by Paul's cultured words, for he had taken him to be an outlaw. Permission was given Paul to speak. It was surpassing strange that he had strength for speaking after the terrible beating he had received. But standing there on the castle stairs, he motioned, after the manner of orators, that he had something to say, and expected quiet attention. He had no charges to bring against the mob for their abuse, but began by addressing them as, 'Men, brethren and fathers.' And then he told them of his past life, how he had once been a persecutor himself, until the Lord Jesus had spoken to him out of the opened heavens and shown him that he was following an evil way. And Paul told the people how he had then given up the persecution of Christians, and himself become one of them. And he told how he had been commissioned by the Lord himself to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles. At this the people became angry again, and they showed by tearing their clothes and by other signs that it was their wish to beat Paul again and take his life. By the command of Captain Lysias, the soldiers took Paul into the castle that he might be safe until such a time as he might be brought up for trial. When news of what had happened to Paul came to us, we gathered the church to pray for his safety and release."



"HE WAS BORNE OF THE SOLDIERS FOR THE VIOLENCE OF THE PEOPLE"

Illustration and Application

In Paul's life, as a whole, we see the blessing and the bane that may lie in words. What blessings to the ages have come from his words, that have been wafted like seeds to all lands, to grow up in noble deeds! On the other hand, he illustrates the truth that the bravest and most unselfish cannot expect to be exempt from his "thorn in the flesh," the malicious tongue. He may have had some other "thorn" also, but surely there were few things he suffered from so much as from evil speaking, prompted by hatred in his foes, and by prejudice among those who, as Christians, should have been his friends. In this lesson, hatred and prejudice were guilty of the same lie, namely, the charge that Paul had set aside the ceremonial law of Moses in proclaiming the Gospel of Christ by which it was fulfilled. There was, as usual, "two grains of truth in the bushel of chaff." He had taught that the ceremonial candles of the morning twilight of prophecy were no longer essential when the Sun had risen, and so the Gentiles could not be required to be Jews in order to be Christians; but he had also, by word and example, taught Christian Jews to continue the observance of Jewish ceremonies, if only to avoid useless controversy, and was engaged in such ceremonies at the very moment he was mobbed for neglecting them. Such absurd misunderstandings and misrepresentations do good men suffer from in every age. It is greatly to be hoped that the most needed warning against sins of the tongue, which this lesson affords, may be so presented that the young people of our Sunday Schools may be saved from the sins and sorrows of slander.

* * *

Paul began to suffer from the false tongue at the very beginning of his Christian life. When the revelation of Christ at the gate of Damascus had conquered and converted him, God called to his help one Ananias, not the liar, but one whose tongue was otherwise at fault, for he said, even to God, "I have heard from many of this man how much evil he hath done." "I have heard," was then a false witness, and "I have heard," is making as false judgments every day. You have "heard" of the sins, but not of the repentance. "Behold he prayeth." Let the past tenses go, if the present is right. Who of the great Bible characters was not misunderstood or misreported? Jeremiah, who loved his country so deeply that he sought to purge it of its deadly sins, got only slander and persecution in return (Jer. 9: 3, 5, 8). When Nehemiah was rebuilding Jerusalem, envious men said to him (afterwards they made the same charge to the king): "It is reported among the heathen, and Gashmu saith it, that thou and the Jews think to rebel." Who was Gashmu? The name seems to be the original of our "Mrs. Grundy." In any case, Gashmu lied. Envy cannot see straight and inevitably talks crooked. How David suffered from lying lips his Psalms show. Even Christ was grievously lied about. He said to those who were ever plotting against the Roman government, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," but those very rebels accused him of plotting to be the earthly king they had vainly asked him to be, and got him crucified on that charge. The death of Christ and Paul on false charges are but two of many tragedies of the false tongue (Prov. 18: 21).

* * *

What is it Like in Nature?

The evil tongue is repeatedly compared, in Scripture, to a scourge (Job 5: 21) and to a devouring fire (Isa. 30: 27; Jas. 3: 6). It is also, with equal aptness, compared to a serpent (Psa. 140: 3). On the other hand, the tongue that is used for kindly words is said to have honey and milk concealed below it (Cant. 4: 11). It is also pictured as a tree of life (Prov. 15: 4). Some one has said well: "A slander is like a hornet. If you can't kill it the first blow, you had better not strike at it." Our sentiments, our thoughts, our words, lose their rectitude on entering certain minds, just as sticks plunged in the water look bent.

I heedlessly opened the cage
And suffered my bird to go free;
And, though I besought it with tears to return,
It never came back to me.
It nests in the wildwood, and heeds not my call,
Oh the bird once at liberty, who can enthrall?

I hastily opened my lips,
And uttered a word of disdain
That wounded a friend, and forever estranged
A heart I could die to regain.
But the bird once at liberty, who can enthrall?
And the word that's once spoken, O who can recall? VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

One who has formed the habit of censorious criticism sometimes goes so far as to criticize God. One October day, a passenger on a Hudson River boat called the attention of an English traveler to the tints of the autumnal forests, that seemed like a confluence of fallen rainbows. "Is it not beautiful?" The reply was, "Well, yes; but don't you think it is a little tawdry?" A colored brother in a slab meeting-house, prayed, "O Lord, bless our preacher, and give him a pennyroyal tongue." Pennyroyal is an herb growing abundantly in that region, and is used for ointments and salves. It is healing, soothes irritation, heals old hurts, reduces inflammations.

What is it Like in Common Life?

The evil tongue is compared, in the Bible, to a sword (Psa. 57: 4; 64: 3), and to a razor (Psa. 52: 2); also to a bow, bent to do harm, and to an arrow shot out (Jer. 9: 3-8). But the strongest figure of all is where it is compared to a wild colt that cannot be bridled or tamed (James 1: 26; 3: 8). A bomb in the hands of an anarchist is a terrible weapon, but the tongue of a scandal-monger is an instrument of more tremendous power.

What is slander? A verdict of "guilty" pronounced in the absence of the accused, with closed doors, without defense or appeal, by an interested and prejudiced judge. And what is gossip? The babyhood of slander. "For every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account in the day of judgment."

Will Carleton, in a passage we have before quoted from the story of a home broken by one thoughtless outburst of unkind words spoken by the husband to his wife, contrasts words with kites, a timely illustration for this season:

Boys flying kites call in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster writes in a similar vein:

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I spoke when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
That sorrow can never set right.

Probably nine-tenths of the outward sins into which Christians fall are sins of conversation. It would be better if we read more and talked less, with an improvement in quality. Reading families require far less attention of the pastor than those that don't read. They are far less complaining and fault-finding, for the good reason that they have something to read about, and think about, and talk about, other than the village gossip, or whether the minister visits them less than the family over the way. Especially should we be slower to express judgment. It has been said, that "one must be really courageous who would suspend judgment on any subject in these days. Whatever topic happens to come to the front instantly stimulates people, not to search the libraries for information, or to seek solitude for quiet thought, but to quick expression of opinion." One would not suppose the divine caution had ever been spoken. "Judge not." That word certainly does not forbid us to condemn a "clearly proved wrong," but warns us against hasty judgments. How frequent, too, are the thoughtless lies of our daily lives—the promise to do something, or go somewhere at a certain time, which we disregard altogether, or keep but tardily. To promise to pay a bill Monday, which we do not pay till Tuesday, is a lie. To promise to meet a friend at 8 o'clock, and get there at 8:30, is a falsehood. To repeat a remark we have not verified, may make us untrue.

Large or Small Families?

A SYMPOSIUM OF CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS

Edited by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SEVERAL weeks ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD placed before its readers, editorially, some reflections on the comparative advantages of the small or the large family. The article closed by asking for suffrages, and the answers have been pouring in with every mail since then. The conclusions of intelligent men and women on this timely theme are diverse, and all the more interesting on that account. We present a number of the letters received, and ask all to notice that the subject is one which awakens earnest thought. When the President of the United States sounds a warning note, and tells us that we may fear "race suicide," it is indeed time for us to consider this matter, and see where we agree or disagree with him.

Our first letter comes from a man, whose voice we may well listen with respect:

Wealth Should Not Shirk Privilege

In my extensive journeyings, it has always been a source of regret, when moving among the better and wealthier classes, to find comparatively few—and I lament to add, in some instances—no children. There are two places that cannot be called home—one is the motherless abode, the other the childless. With all that society, influence, and money can produce, how passing strange that here the fatherly and motherly instincts should be missing.

Yet, when we leave the divans, the tapestry, and the Oriental hangings of the wealthy homes, and pass down the swarming streets and crowded alley-ways of the tenement districts, behold the children! Witness the single rooms that shelter five, seven, and even nine little ones!

One may say: "This is but as it should be!" Nay! the opposite should be the case. The larger proportion should rather be where God has given the means wherewith to rear, train, and educate childhood.

The burden is unequally borne, and as a result, we have the fashionable with too few children, and the poor with too many!

BALLINGTON BOOTH.
President of the Volunteers of America.

. . .

The next speaker is an alarmist, and comes to us from North Carolina, where large families are still in fashion. He is firmly established in the opinion he presents:

Quality Better Than Quantity

Those who believe that this is the age of small families, have certainly taken a very limited view of the subject. From Maine to California, in town or country, the family of from five to eight children is the rule and not the exception, and that the population of the world is growing with wonderful rapidity is amply demonstrated by statistics. This increase proves, if it proves anything, that the majority of the world's population is unthinking and irresponsible, and that the advent of their progeny into the world is purely accidental, and unconnected with even the love for and desire to have children. Therefore the discussion of this topic can be of interest only to the thinking part of our people, only a small percentage of the whole. This percentage is reluctant to have the responsibility of large families, not because it robs them of selfish pleasures, but because they do not see their way to doing their duty by many children.

Men and women who have the care of large families are cut off from all intellectual and spiritual activity. No matter how fine their mental powers, and their ability to labor for the good of the Master's cause, all their talents are allowed to rust; while otherwise they could do more justice to their own, if they had but few, and were permitted to exercise their gifts properly. Thus, Church and Sunday School work suffer by being deprived of the aid of those who are competent to help.

I offer no plea for small families for the sake of selfish enjoyment, but for the good of the children and for the sake of the good the parents can do.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

A physician, on the other hand, in a private letter, gives a solemn warning against the sin of destroying unborn life, a sin which some mothers do not hesitate to take upon themselves, because children will interfere with their convenience and pleasure. Surely no wife who deliberately attempts this crime, can ever lift a blameless soul to God's altar.

. . .

A Woman's Opinion

There is undoubtedly much that is pleasant, desirable, beautiful, in the large family; nevertheless, as the processes of social evolution go on, it is more than probable that small families will become the rule; nor on the whole, perhaps, is this to be regretted. For one thing, it removes the fear that in the millennium the earth will be overstocked with inhabitants. They who adopt the day-year principle in prophecy, namely, that a day stands for a year, believe that there will yet be not merely one thousand, but 360,000 years of prosperity and peace. But even in that case, a perfectly balanced race would never overpopulate the earth. "Among mankind," says one, "as in the animal creation, it is usually low life that is prolific, and high life that is chary of over-population." People who have few resources for enjoyment, come to depend almost exclusively on domestic gratifications, and naturally dote on large families. They who give full play to their higher faculties, may be just as happy, just as useful, with the smaller family as others with the larger one. The "children of the resurrection," we know, will be happy even with none.

AMELIA H.

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The next contributor to the discussion is a pastor, in Norfolk, Va., who takes a view which is suggestive and appealing. From one in the pulpit, the word comes with authority:

America's Crowning Sin

You are doing a great service to the cause of humanity in opening the columns of your beneficent paper, if only for a little while, to expose the selfishness of individuals, and racial danger of extinction on the part of those who are guilty of America's crowning sin, as it is the crowning sin of France also, the prevention of offspring by married people. The figures are alarming. It is not long since the State of Massachusetts showed 82,000 families with but one child in each. This evil is depopulating our country homes, making barren our villages, producing divorces in city life (for nothing holds hearts together like many children), and passing over to the foreign born, also to the illiterate and the criminal classes, our fair land. The brave and able New Englanders of other days have but few family successors. It is not a question of quality against quantity, but of extinction, of the blotting out of the old American families, the genuine American stock, should such a state of things continue.

There can be no greater mistake, to say nothing of the loss of all faith in God, than to think that a large family hinders prosperity. The elder Vanderbilt began life poor and became the father of many children, but they did not stand in his way of amassing a great fortune. Children nerve men to fight the harder. But the bliss of life is not found in the amount of money one possesses. All honor to those sturdy men and noble women who find in the children that gather around them their wealth and joy.

J. J. HALL.

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A story of personal experience is always interesting:

Fifty-five Thousand Loaves

Some years ago a trusted employee became anxious about his income because of his numerous family. After much consultation with his wife, he ventured to ask his employer—a very exemplary man—about this question. He was requested to remain a short time after business hours, that they might talk the matter over.

Coming into the young man's office the merchant picked out of his match box three matches, and said, "Nearly fifty years ago I used these to light my fiery serpents. On one occasion, as I saw the fire on the match spluttering as if in glee at my folly, the thought forcibly impressed me, 'A fool at one end and fire at the other.' Since then not a match or fiery serpent has touched my lips. Since then the three matches have sufficed to light my fires and gas. The three fiery serpents—which I note you use each day—have put bread for my three loaves of bread each day for fifty years, a total of about 55,000 loaves for my family. If you will do as I did, I will increase your salary fifteen cents a day for the next six months, and double it the remainder of the year and then as the cloud of smoke—which I dislike—disappears from your brain, I will increase your salary sufficient to make you a partner in my business, for the sake of your family and Him who took them in his arms and said, 'Bring them unto me and forbid them not.' As to wine—which I see you indulge in occasionally—I was cured of it by an incident in our home, when, reading Isa. 65: 8, my wife asked me what the new wine in the cluster meant; and our daughter Ruth answered, 'Why, ma, our teacher told us to-day that cluster means a group, and we are a group—the baby in the cradle, I on your lap, and David and Jess, one on each of papa's knees.' As I read the words, 'One saith, destroy it not,' I stopped, because my heart was too full for further utterance. I have also had my attention drawn to the fact that parents who seek only worldly pleasures seldom produce sons of genius or daughters of moral integrity. Think of this for two weeks, then let me know your decision." He embraced the opportunity. To-day they all rejoice in their happy Christian homes.

JACOB FLOMERFELT.

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Another correspondent sums up the whole thing in a nutshell, with a degree of conviction that will probably meet answering sympathy in some, if not many, quarters. In his mind

All Depends on the Income

A great discussion has arisen as to the correct number of children which the American household should contain. The writer's opinion may be expressed in a few words, viz., small income, small family, and *vice versa*. Not half the pauperism and misery would exist that now do, were this suggestion followed. Better have three or four well educated children than a dozen or more ignoramuses.

Not long ago mention was made in the daily papers of a certain woman on the East Side of New York, mother of ten children, who claimed to be supremely happy in the care of her flock, though poverty was the only legacy which she could leave them at her death. How a mother can be happy with her children growing up about her in ignorance is more than I can comprehend. Why do we clamor for a larger population? The cities are overcrowded now. It is not quantity but quality which is lacking. While it is to be admitted that a large family contributes to the happiness and contentment of a household, this proviso should also be made—that each one be given the opportunity to develop along the lines on which his or her talent lies. The "prattle of childish voices" sounds poetic, to be sure, but to quote the poet's own words,

Life is real, life is earnest,

and when the child grows up to the age of understanding, and realizes its own helplessness and misery, because of the poverty with which it is surrounded, when that same voice is raised in reproaches and complainings, then the poetry dissolves into wretched reality.

INDIGNANT.

. . .

The symposium is like the shifting of a kaleidoscope. In every view given there is a residuum of truth, and we cannot help thinking that such free and candid utterance of honest opinion, must, in the end, benefit the American home. We have room for one more letter.

The Complaint of the Childless

I am a childless mother, not one who has never had a child, but one whose childless God has taken to himself. As I look on parents with children around their table, and think of the little graves where mine lie, I wonder that any mother of living children ever dares to complain. Where can I find comfort? M.

. . .

In adopting some little orphaned one and giving him a good home. If mothers who have been bereaved would thus find comfort, this would be a happier world.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM"

Dear God, my little child to-night, must sleep within Thy loving care.
Oh, keep her safe till morning light, and listen to her little prayer!

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With the above I include my booklet "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," showing many delicious ways KNOX'S GELATINE can be used. I will send the book and a full 2-quart package (enough for ten for 15c.) for 25c.

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A SUNDAY SCHOOL IN A BARN AT WALTERS

IN THE COLORADO DESERT

How a Missionary Organized Two Sunday Schools

FROM Missionary J. M. Hartley, of the American Sunday School Union, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received the following interesting letter, giving a story of pioneer experience:

"Soon after midnight our belated train came to a stop, far out on the Colorado desert in California, leaving a lone missionary gazing about. No depot, no hotel, no home in sight. The mountains looked cold and lonely in the distance, and only the moon looked friendly. A carrier had been waiting for the pouch of mail which is delivered from this train. He directed me to the nearest house, which I readily found, guided by the barking of a dog. The owner soon had me installed in his warm cot, remarking: 'Sunday School men are as scarce as hen's teeth in this country, and we try to take good care of one when we see him.' Then he lay down on an improvised bed on the floor, and we slept to the music of the coyotes.

"In the morning, I got a saddle-pony from my host, and proceeded to announce to the scattered people that we would have Gospel services twice on the next day. Investigation brought out the tact that the nearest physician, minister, or church was forty miles distant. Once or twice a year some Mormon missionaries come around with literature, and hold a service or two.

"A goodly number attended the services, and some seemed helped by them. We organized a Sunday School, placing it in charge of a Christian man who had recently moved there.

"My next opening was at Walters, also on the desert, and a little farther from any church or minister. In this neighborhood water can be secured by boring very deep. Several new families have located here within the past two years. When my mission was made known, a man suggested that we have an all-day meeting in his barn, with a basket dinner. So it was arranged. There were horses and cattle in the back part of the barn, but the part used as a wagon shed had a rough floor, and was used for all public meetings in the neighborhood. Our meeting was very successful, and seemed to do the people good. Their hearts were touched. All took hold of the Sunday School willingly, and it is being carried on successfully. Most of them are either Mexicans or a type of Indians. Few speak English, but the more intelligent permit their children to attend school, so that we will have a better chance to help the coming generation. Among others are two little Indian boys. They cannot read, can hardly understand English, but they want to learn.

"Next year a schoolhouse will be built, which will be much more convenient. I hope to be able to arrange for occasional preaching for them; but the distance is so great for a minister to go, and the expense so heavy that they will probably get but little care, outside of what the missionary can give them. I supplied them with a good Sunday School library, with money sent through Mr. Bancroft, which I am sure will prove helpful.

"I feel sure that you will not forget to pray for these communities, and for the one who tries to help them."

Any one desiring further information about the work of the American Sunday School Union can write to Rev. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Spring Days at Mont-Lawn

BEAUTIFUL Mont-Lawn, our Children's Home on the Hudson, begins to look as if our children ought to "come home." The lady ferns, the little white hepatica, anemones, blue wood-violets, queer little "Dutchman's breeches," creamy blood-root, and other heralds of the spring-tide, peeping up here and there in the woods, seem waiting for bright child eyes to find them, and eager child hands to pluck them. Soon fruit trees will be like pink and white clouds of beauty and fragrance. Birds are twittering, robin readbreast and his little wife parade up and down the lawn, squirrels play hide and seek in the big trees, and everything seems to say: "Children, where are you? Come home!"

And the children—well, they hear the call. Missionaries are receiving scrawlly little letters—O, such queer, pathetic, funny little letters—begging to go to Mont-Lawn, "when the country opens." Here are extracts from some.

I am writing you these few lines to let you know what I'm writing you about. We want to go to Mont-Lawn. Mamma wants us to have a chance She can't send us out in any fresh air. She can't hardly make much money washing; coal was so high. Signed by six children—the oldest eleven, the youngest six.

I heard thare was flowers growin thare an gras. I heard I cud play on em. An' there was milk an to ete. An scups. I will cum to the bible house an I hope you will let me go thare.

Scarcity of coal, and the high price of provisions have made the winter a trying one on the city's poor. That mother, whose six children will be kept at Mont-Lawn for ten days, and be sent home clothed in good, new garments, will be greatly helped. We hope to lighten the burdens of hundreds of hard-working tenement mothers this summer. Who will aid us? It costs only $3 to give one child a ten days' outing; $6 sends two; $18 sends six; $36 twelve; and so on. $21 supports a cot for the season; it can be named for the sender, or for a beloved one passed away. Any garments that children can wear are welcome. All gifts sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, will be promptly acknowledged.

Called Higher

C. E. F., Williamstown, Ky., writes: As a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family, I tell of the sudden death of my dear daughter, Anna Fry, the last member of my family, a wife and two sweet children having preceded her. I am an invalid, and Anna was an angel of love and devotion to me, ever ready and willing at any hour, day or night, to administer to my comfort and necessity. She was twenty-seven years old. She was much attached to her church and Sunday School, and lived a life beautifully consistent. While engaged in domestic duties and singing a hymn, she was suddenly stricken, dying without speaking again, yet I know in whom she trusted.

Mrs. E. P. Requa entered into life eternal in her eighty-first year, having been a blessing herself to every life with which she came in touch. She was for a long time a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family, for over sixty years a member of the Methodist Church, and a faithful worker.

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They're ready to serve on a moment's notice, and lend zest to any feast.

Free—the booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat." Send five 2c stamps for Libby's big Atlas of the World.

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

COMPETITION 36

What three proper names mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 36" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the three answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name. Below the answer, write, in *not over twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subject of the first of these pictures? Read the rules given below.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 36."* Write on one side of paper only.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 36, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the second best answer, our *Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary;* the third, *School of the Woods,* a delightful book, by William G. Long, beautifully illustrated; for the fourth, *A Real Queen's Fairy Tales,* by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

All answers must be mailed not later than April 27. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department,* Bible House, N. Y.

Answer to Competition 29, in our issue of March 18, is "Moses appointing Joshua his successor." Answers to "Curious Questions" of that date are: 1. Jonah paid his fare, whereas public men of to-day often secure passes. Jonah 1: 3. . . . 2. The Eunuch of Ethiopia. Acts 8: 27, 38. . . . 3. When the restoration of Jerusalem under Nehemiah's direction was in process, the people complained of their lot, saying: "We have mortgaged our lands, vineyards and houses that we might buy corn, because of the dearth." Neh. 5: 3. . . . 4. Agricultural implements mentioned in Scripture are: the axe (which when used in clearing land comes under this classification); basket (used in tossing or conveying grain); coulter (the meaning is variously understood as a sort of mattock or a ploughshare); fan (used in winnowing grain); fork, goad, harrow, mattock, muzzle, ox-goad, plow, pruning-hooks, rod, scythe, sickle, "threshing instrument" (Amos 1: 3); "sharp threshing instrument having teeth" (Isa. 41: 15); shovel, sieve, staff. There were irrigating machines in Scriptural days, but the name for them is not given. Wagons and carts were in use. "Threshing-floors," which cannot, of course, be classed as "implements," were yet so essential to the threshing process, that mention by our little readers was too natural, to be counted against them as an error. The first form of the hoe and the plow were two sticks with which ground was stirred or broken. Exigencies of space forbid publication of essays.

Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of March 18

For the best description of the picture, "Scripture Problem No. 29," of March 18, **Donald McDougall,** Bangor, P. E. I., receives a silver watch; for the best answers to "Curious Questions" of same date, **Margaret E. Gettle,** Steinauer, Neb., receives a silver watch. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest:

Anthony, Hettie, Conn
Baugh, Harold, Calif.
Buttat, Arthur, Tenn.
Culver, Mabel, Ill.
Daniel, Kathryne E., Wis.
Dorrance, Verda, Treg.
Dutton, Wade H., N. C.
Edmond, Neil S., Tex.
Fulton, Leah, Ia.
Hadley, Theo. E., Okla.
Hannah, Isabella, Can.
Hardy, Mahood, Va.
Hatch, Vermont, Utah.
Heath, Zavina L., Mass.
Houser, Carl, Pa.
Jackson, Lena, Wash.
Jesseman, Lulu B., Vt.
Lucas, Gladys O.
Marschall, Emma, Mo.
Morgan, Lorenza D., Ala.
Parker, Grace, Kan.
Pettum, Ana C., Mont.
Phelps, Nellie A., N. Y.
Pinquet, Susie, S. C.
Pollard, Frances, Me.
Roman, Dorcas, Neb.
St. George, Alma, Can.
Simcock, Frank, N. D.
Walker, Edna, S. D.
Ward, Naomi, P. I. T.
White, Alma, N. H.
Williams, Frank, Minn.
Wood, C. S., Mich.

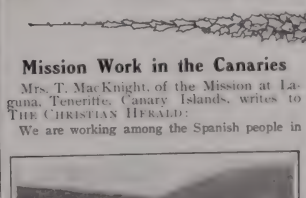
Second best answers to "Curious Questions":

Atkinson, Fannie, Del.
Baldwin, Allison R., Kan.
Barcalow, Alice, Pa.
Brailsford, Maysie, S. C.
Brickert, Hugh R., Ind.
Ferbrache, Anna, Mo.
Fuller, Winif'd E., Mass.
Helland, Wiley, Va.
Hill, Merrill C., Me.
Irwin, Gertrude, Tenn.
Knox, Earl, N. H.
Logg, Clarence A., Wash.
Milligan, Aimee, Ala.
Paxton, Agnes J., O.
Pierce, Florence, Minn.
Potts, Jennie, Wis.
Randerson, Lucile, Tex.
Robins, Addie, Mich.
Roland, Olive, Ia.
Smith, Kenneth, Conn.
Steele, Roland B., Can.
Swanson, Laura, Can.
Sykes, Grace, Ark.
Thorpe, Roy W., Ill.
Topping, Alice G., N. Y.
Trackwell, R., Calif.

Mission Work in the Canaries

Mrs. T. MacKnight, of the Mission at Laguna, Teneritte, Canary Islands, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

We are working among the Spanish people in



A TENERIFFE FARMER AT THE PLOUGH

these islands, where the priests have wholly had their own way. Many come from the town of Laguna to argue and to try us. There are forty priests in Laguna, and it is the seat of the bishop and of the priests' college. The bishop has appealed to the civil authorities of the island to put us out. In Teneritte, we have around us some true converts, three Bible-women, who go about to the villages with great joy, and the work is increasing. The women that attend our meetings with their families are called "devils" by their neighbors, and there is strong feeling against them. We need the prayers and sympathy and help of friends. We ask some to post to us Christmas cards, calendars, etc. These things please here, and look on the Christian work. Pictures of a sort for the houses and cottages are most acceptable. At our girls' class, needle is taught in knitting and in making children's clothes. The national feast in England I send you a photograph of ploughing in these islands. We look for the prayers and help of your people.

A Heroic Rescue

Mr. A. A. Hodett, of Benson, Vt., while on his way to Fair Haven, Vt., in passing a house found the cat of Mrs. [illegible] leaving his home to rescue the horse and cutters, in answer to the screams of a woman whom he found sick in bed. Taking her in his arms, he carried her and through two rooms to safety. Before he could succeed the fire spent his clothing, his own clothes were burned, his face and neck were badly burned, also the skin of his head, his body, and his right hand, but the woman was saved. All honor to the courage and self-sacrifice of such a man, who risked his own life to save another.

The New Summer Styles Are Now Ready

We have just received [illegible] Summer Styles for Tailor-made Costumes and Skirts for Summer wear. These are the most stylish and correct models for the season, and we are prepared to make them to your measure in the most satisfactory manner. Our tailors are the best that can be obtained, and our prices are moderate.

New Suits, well-tailored, showing many variations of the prevailing fashions, from Paris models, $5 to $35.

Etamine Costumes, in styles to prevail during the coming season, $12 to $35.

New Skirts, well-fashioned, in cool Summer weight materials, $4 to $20.

Rainy-Day and Walking Suits and Skirts.

Jaunty Jackets, Traveling Dresses, Etc.

We have no ready-made goods, but make everything expressly to order. If the garment is not entirely satisfactory, send it back promptly and we will make it over to your measure.

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SYRACUSE EASY WASHER
It is not like other washers, it washes by *air pressure*, no rubbing. It cleanses without friction.

Try it for five weeks, at our expense, wash everything, filmy laces, wearing apparel, heavy bedding, carpets, horse blankets, then send it back if you wish, we pay freight both ways. Write for prices and free book of modern laundry formulas.

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FREE value for only $10 and nothing to pay but after you receive garment and have satisfied yourself it is just as represented. Send us your name and post-office address and we will send you FREE SAMPLES OF CLOTH, self tape line and measurement blank for ladies' suit, Skirt, Cape and Shape.

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DON'T DELAY—After receiving Blood [illegible] orders our prices for these suits will be $20.00 and No Free Articles.

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Reference: First Nat'l Bank, Chicago. Capital $12,000,000

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(with doors)

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Condensed Milk Co.

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Louisville man originates a simple little device that instantly restores the hearing—fits perfectly, comfortably and does not show.

190-page book FREE: tells all about it

Since the discovery of a Louisville man it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube or any such old-fashioned device, for it is now possible for any one to hear perfectly by a simple invention that fits in the ear and cannot be detected. The honor belongs to Mr. George H. Wilson, of Louisville, who was himself deaf and now hears as well as any one. He calls it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, is built on the strictest scientific principles, containing no metal of any kind, and is entirely new in every respect. It is so small that no one can see it, but nevertheless it collects all sound waves and diverts them against the drum-head, causing you to hear perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the hearer irritation, and can be used with comfort day or night.

It will relieve deafness whether acquired from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gathering in the ear, shocks from artillery or through accidents. It not only relieves, but stays the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. It does this in a simple, sure and scientific way. The effect is immediate.

Let every person who needs this at once send to the company for its 190-page book, which you can have free. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains many bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from people in every station of life—clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from the use of this wonderful little device. You will find among them the names of people in your own town or State, and you are at liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure their opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear drums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

Write to-day and it will not be long before you are again hearing. Address, for the free book and convincing evidence,

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CLEAN CUT CAKE TIN **FREE TO AGENTS**
Flat thin knife cuts loose a perfect cake. **$2 Outfit free Exp. prepaid.** Dept. T
HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N.Y.

WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD

By Emma Bates Harvey

II.

I WENT to college and enjoyed my life there, for I was a born student. The years sped on. I only one profession could ever be my choice, and that was my father's.

It was during my college life, that I found out that I loved Edith. The discovery was one of both pain and pleasure, for I knew her father would be bitterly opposed to his daughter's marrying the "infidel," as I was called throughout our county. But although I had been prepared for this opposition, I was not expecting that Edith herself would place religious convictions paramount to her love for me, for that she did love me, I felt sure in my heart was true.

I told her of my love on one of my vacation days, and never was she dearer to me than when, still trembling in my arms, she started away, and said, "Philip, you will never know how much I love you, but I never can marry you, even if father would consent, unless you first become a Christian." At first, I couldn't believe it,—couldn't believe in her decision, in her will-power; but as time went on, and I saw her unmoved in her determination, though evidently it cost her much, I was obliged to submit to the inevitable, and hated God more and more.

Again and again I came to her, but on the morning of my twenty-fourth birthday, I awoke to the realization that I, although with one year's successful practice at the bar, wealthy and with apparently every advantage in life, could never marry the woman I loved, and was of all men most miserable.

Even then I never thought of blaming Edith, but loved her most desperately, and blamed God the more. That summer I was down upon the Cape, camping with some college fellows.

We were out driving one day, when passing through a grove of trees, our attention was hailed by a sound of singing. "Camp meeting, as sure as you live!" said one of the boys. "Let's attend," was at once the suggestion.

In a spirit of fun, we soon found our way into the outer part of the circle, where there were nearly a thousand people gathered, listening to a preacher. A strange familiarity about his voice soon showed me that the speaker was no less than my old friend, Rev. Ezra White! It had been years since I had heard him preach, and I must admit that there was both eloquence and wisdom in the sermon. It made a much deeper impression upon me than I cared to acknowledge. I looked up, and saw that my companions were also evidently affected.

In ringing tones, came the words from the preacher, "Without God in the world! How awful a fate! Take God from your heart, your home, the world, and what is left? An awful darkness, a hell of despair, an eternity of woe! Young man, you owe everything you have to God! Without him you are a lost soul. Through Jesus Christ, he has redeemed you. Repent, before it is too late. Young man, would you be without God forever?"

What madness possessed me? What fiends held sway, that I arose, and in answer to the last question, hurled at the minister the awful words, "Yes, I would be without God, always, I hate him so!"

I never shall forget the dreariness of the moment that followed—the solemn stillness that fell on one thousand people—the awful hoarseness of the preacher's voice, as in tones of thunder came the words: "He has chosen. God forgive him. From this time forth he shall be without God in the world!"

The vast crowd were on their knees. Fearful, most dreadful, was the kneeling silence of the thousand people! Not one stirred. Their lips seemed locked by supernatural power. I tried to arise, but couldn't. Even my companions were on their knees. An awful shiver went through my frame. I trembled from head to foot. I suffered fearfully, indescribably. Was it physical? Physical, moral, spiritual, all three, I can't tell. I never have been able to tell what that suffering was like. It was the torment of fiends! I tried to arise again. I couldn't. Just then, a voice—Edith's voice, arose in that grand old hymn, "Jesus, the name high over all." At the sound of that first word, "Jesus," I could not control myself, I shrieked and ran from the grove. On, on I rushed, as if impelled by demons.

What followed I do not remember, but they tell me that I was found five miles away from the meeting, prostrate on the road, and delirious with fever.

For three long months, between life and death, Edith watched over me, and then they said I would live. I was told that it was her nursing that saved me, and when, of her own accord, she said she would marry me and take care of me on an ocean voyage, I felt not at all surprised, but loved her more than ever.

I had had several strange relapses, the cause for which no one could account. One day, Edith's father had knelt down to pray, I suppose, and I was too weak to object, but the very sight of him on his knees was too much for me; I fell back unconscious on the pillow. It was some hours before I came to myself again, and then I was too weak and weary to wonder what ailed me.

Gradually I gained strength, and one day, for the first time, dragged myself to a mirror. I didn't recognize the being that looked back at me from the glass. Was that haggard-looking, prematurely old man I? Impossible! What misfortune had came over me? I screamed in dismay, and Edith hurried to my side and comforted me.

The day before we were to sail, we were married in the little cottage room that had now become a part of my life. They thought I was much better, and with Edith's hand in mine, we stood before her father. Slowly he began the marriage ceremony. Strange sensations crept through my frame. I used all the will power of which I once had so boasted when the last words came, "By the authority of a minister of the Gospel, according to the laws of the State of Massachusetts, I pronounce you husband and wife. What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

It was useless, all the will power in the world could not have prevented it, the awful suffering with which I was now becoming so familiar, mastered me, I no longer heard the words of the beautiful marriage service, but in their place rang to my innermost being, the words, "Without God in the world forever!" and I fell a helpless heap at the feet of my wife.

Our ocean journey was delayed by my untimely illness, but in the society of my wife I gained rapidly, and finally we started for the Continent. My physical strength was fast coming back to me, but to my horror I found I was subject to peculiar psychic laws, of which the slightest violation would bring most awful penalty.

My relation with Edith was very much strained. I didn't understand her. God knows I loved her, and I know well how true she was to me, but there was a pitying, half-frightened expression she had at times that greatly irritated me.

It was weeks before either of us mentioned my camp-meeting visit, with its dire effects, but we both were conscious that it was continuously uppermost in our thoughts. Religion was a subject we always tacitly avoided.

One night Edith had pleaded a sick headache, and retired early to our cabin. Soon following her, as I opened the door quickly I found her on her knees. The sight actually maddened me, and if it had not been for one of my old attacks coming on, I do not know what the outcome might have been.

A terrible knowledge was gradually coming over me. I would not admit it to myself, but I knew I was cursed among men—and no longer could take delight in the ordinary pursuits and pleasures.

I had at first anticipated much pleasure from the voyage, in the thought of having Edith read to me, but we soon found out that at the very mention of the word "God" in any poem or story, one of my attacks would instantly come on again. We dared not admit it to each other. I know now how hard Edith tried to find articles that left out all reference to a deity. To while away the tedious hours of an ocean voyage, a Shakespeare Club was formed. I really supposed I could enjoy it, but the very first reading sent me back to my cabin in awful agony. Shakespeare believed in a God, and his plays were full of his belief. It was an awful crisis to me when, for the first time, I realized that the world of literature, of which I had always been so fond, was hereafter a closed continent to me. I couldn't believe it. I tested myself on Browning, Dante, Milton, and even the Bible, only to find that, not to speak of the awful agony that I must endure, if I would even preserve my reason, I must indeed be henceforth without God in the world!

Edith and I had always been passionately fond of music, and many were the duets we had enjoyed together. Music was surely left to me as a consolation in my misery.

One night, we had been singing some college songs in the cabin. For fifteen minutes I was almost happy again. Then a young lady started to sing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." I saw Edith start with an appealing glance at me. I rushed for the gang-way, but it was too late. I was carried in agony to my state room.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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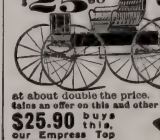

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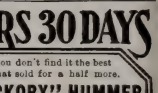

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WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD

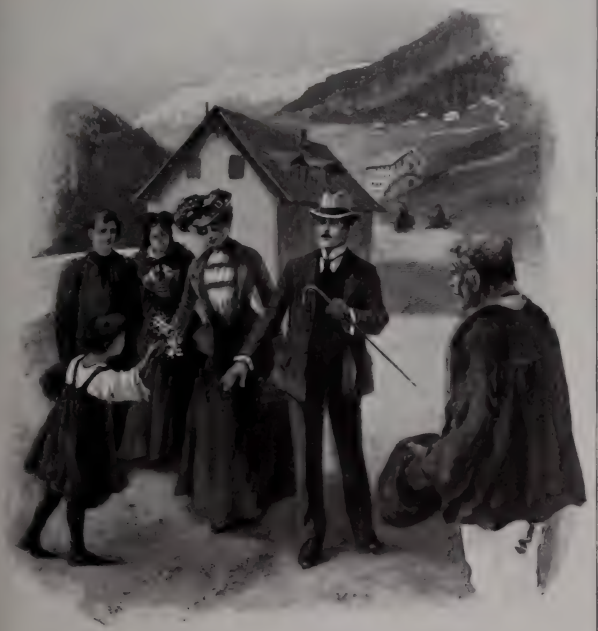
CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

From that moment, I kept closet than ever to my room. No longer did I even care to eat my meals with the other passengers. I ran too great a risk of the hearing of that hated name.

Our voyage was ended, and for six months we wandered through Europe. I sought one doctor after another, but it was all in vain. I think the most of them thought me insane. They all acknowledged their helplessness to aid me. From one noted place to another we went, but with no thought of pleasure.

The art-galleries, how much pleasure we had anticipated in these! After a few attempts, I dared not visit one. Wherever I went, some Raphael had invaded with an "Infant Christ"; some Hofman or Rubens. Thorwaldsen closed the world of sculpture for me. Take the image, the painting, the spirit of Christ out of the art-galleries of Europe, and what is there left?

The cathedrals, those "poems in stone," that in themselves would repay the devotion of the most ardent tourist, I dared not even enter.



"THEIR SIMPLE GREETING, 'GOD BE WITH YOU,' AFFECTED ME CRUELLY"

Their very sight so affected me, that from one station to another we would travel in closed carriages.

In Paris, a strange fancy seized me. I would visit the home of Voltaire, and there, indeed, I might find peace!

Almost happy again, I called a carriage and drove to the home of this noted infidel. My first admonition that anything was wrong, was to feel warnings of a return of my attacks, and glancing up, I found the sign, "American Bible House," and was told that Voltaire's home had been torn down, and that this was in its place!

At first, in natural scenery I found relief, but it was of short duration. My mother's words on the plastic memory of her little boy had been done too well. I had learned too many Bible verses that applied to the work of nature. Standing in the Swiss mountains, after once the words had flashed across my mind, "The strength of the hills are His!" I could no longer enjoy the wondrous scenery.

At evening I stood on Mont Blanc. I had been restless in my little room, and was vainly seeking peace. Thousands of stars shone forth, but had not my mother taught me that "God had numbered them all! That he knew them each by name?" One moment the great beauty thrilled my very being—the next, even as I heard one of the party repeating Addison's beautiful lines

> The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens a shining frame,
> Their great Original proclaim!

I cowered and shivered, and then, in spasms of pain, was carried within the hotel, there on my bed to spend the rest of that lovely night in tossing agony! The cattle of the "thousand hills" became an annoyance to me, when I remembered their maker was God.

In going from one little peasant village to another, their simple greeting of "God be with you!" affected me cruelly, and I would groan aloud at the sight of the wayside crosses. I found my condition, whatever it was, was becoming worse.

Whereas at first it was necessary to hear or see the word "God" to lose control of myself, now the mere thought would have the same effect.

We hurried home to America, and on my estate, my beautiful birthright, in which once I had taken so much pride, I shut myself in to a living death.

Can words describe the torture of our lives at this period?

We Holbrooks were a proud race. We traced our lineage back near to the crown of England, and each generation had held the honor of the name intact. We had prided ourselves on our character as gentlemen. What was my horror to find that since this strange mental condition of mine, my very nature was changing. I, who had, when a man grown, wept over a sick dog, was now actually cruel! I delighted in beating my horses. I strangled a pet cat one night for pure pleasure, and kept repeating to myself in fiendish glee, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." I was enough of a psychologist to watch with interest as well as horror, the gradual change that could come over a man without a God!

I soon found that anything that occurred to me as being a direct command of God was a sufficient compelling force to at once make me long to disobey that command. I still did some little law business. My honesty had never been impeached even by my enemies.

One day I remembered that God said, "Thou shalt not steal." That was sufficient. With all the cunning and skill of which I was the master, I at once developed a scheme that for rascality and fraud I had never seen equalled. I cheated the widow of a dear friend out of $20,000, and was glad.

(To be concluded)

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The "Family Art Gallery" is one of the most beautiful gifts, and *The Speaking Oak* one of the most entertaining and helpful books ever sent to my home. L. C. BLOOD.

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BY REV. C. H. YATMAN

PSALM CIX—Swearer's Psalm

17. As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him: as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him.

18. As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones.

"HE CLOTHED HIMSELF WITH CURSING"

. . .

This Psalm is right. You can never trust the word of a swearer. The man who blasphemes is wicked, he will play the double and talk "against you as quickly" as against God. What an awful life and death and "eternity" will be his when these "Lets" of the Psalm are come to pass. One hundred years hence, many will wish they had never been born.

PSALM CX—Messianic Psalm

1. The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

3. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

4. The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek.

"THOU ART A PRIEST FOREVER"

. . .

Messiah and Melchizedek mingle here. Messianic fragrance from prophetic fields is borne in by the breezes of the morning. Here you get the spring blossoms of prophecy; in Hebrews you get the fruit full ripe. To a thirsty soul after God, this Psalm, if opened to the mind by the Holy Spirit, is like a drink from the brook in hot summer time.

PSALM CXI
Psalm of Wisdom

10. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth forever.

"THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM"

. . .

This Psalm is like the great entrance to a palace. The first nine verses are the marble steps that lead to the King's Court, for surely verse ten is kingly in its teaching, and if put with Proverbs III. the "wisdom chapter" of the Bible, will make one wise unto salvation, and bring the soul to a place where praise endureth forever.

PSALM CXII
Obedient Man's Psalm

1. Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

2. His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

3. Wealth and riches shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth forever.

"WEALTH AND RICHES SHALL BE IN HIS HOUSE"

. . .

This Psalm goes with the twentieth of Exodus and John XIV. The Prophet Isaiah in chapter 1, verse 19 gives its true exegesis in small compass. Obedience and blessing go hand in hand, and no modern reading is better than the ancient lore of the Hebrews in Deut. XXVIII. It makes the blood tingle to read that chapter.

A Lone Finnish Colporteur

Andrew Ojala, of Quincy, Mass., a native of Finland, has the distinction of being the only Finnish Bible colporteur in the United States. The Finnish Synod (corresponding with the Episcopal Church) has organized congregations in many different towns. Mr. Ojala travels widely among these congregations, and has been the means of distributing thousands of copies of the Word of Life among his people. Many of the Finlanders speak English and are readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

ANDREW OJALA

A Gem of Kindness

Among many beautiful deeds of self-sacrifice and kindness filling the annals of our Finland Famine Relief work, that shown by the following letter surely has honorable place. It is written by the pastor of St. Paul's Colored Mission, Rev. P. J. Wallace, 237 West Fortieth street, New York City. The members are poor and worthy negroes of the laboring class. They have no church of their own, but gather together for worship in a little hall, which they secure when they can and as best they can. The largest individual gift in the total mentioned below was ten cents. It was their entire collection one Sunday when the pastor had told them about the starving Finns. "Some of them cried," he said, "and all gave gladly."

Editor of The Christian Herald:—Kindly add the $3.70 which we send herewith to the Finland Relief Fund, in the name of our little mission. Although we have no permanent place of meeting, and struggle sharply for existence, yet we are so deeply touched by the appeal of the Finnish sufferers, we willingly take the above amount from our rent money, and wish it were more Our object, our mission on earth, is the glory of God and the relief of suffering humanity. We feel that we must help too.

"Gates Ajar"

Of your premium book, *The Speaking Oak*, I wish to tell you that I am greatly pleased. I have just read the article, "Gates Ajar." Well do I remember the circumstances related, for I was at Litta's funeral; that last tribute by Bloomington to the songstress will never be forgotten by me. I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, and for many years have also sent an extra copy and premium to some friend. May it long continue its good works. Respectfully,

Bloomington, Ill. MRS. WM. J. RHODES.

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THE STORY, SO OLD! SO NEW!

(A New Missionary Hymn, Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by Erwin H. Richards.)

ON the western shores of the Indian main,
In the province wild of Inhambane,
Three millions of people are waiting for you
To tell them the story, so old! so new!

Oft, when the blazing sun has set
I wander forth, while 'tis twilight yet,
To meet the chief, with his headmen near,
And ask: "Brave man, is there naught you fear?"

"Alas! O white man, we fear the night,
The leopard's stealth and the lion's might;
The magic force of the witches' wand,
And diseases fell—beyond command.

But we shudder the more and quake," he saith,
"At that fathomless mystery we call Death.
Life is sweet and the kraal is dear,
But that sudden end is always near.

Tell us, O man, shall we meet again?
And if so, how, or where, or when?
Perchance to you there is given Light,
Whereas with us, 'tis dark as night."

"I am the Way," the white man reads;
He teaches him Christ for all his needs.
"Life's but a journey through the night,
Death's but the dawn of eternal Light."

Slowly but surely the "Story of Old"
Changes the heart of this chieftain bold.
But millions of others are waiting for you
To tell them "The Story," so old! so new!

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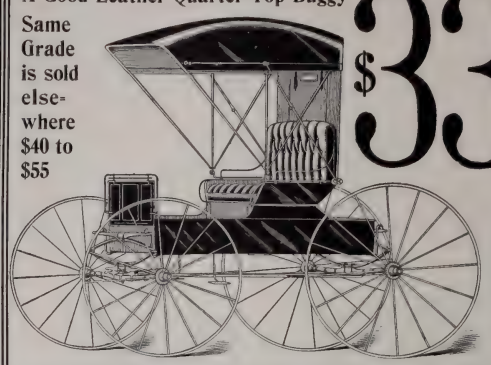

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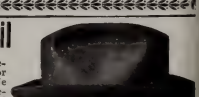

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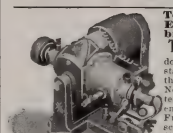

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A GREAT PREACHER DEAD

Dean Farrar, Author, Educator and Preacher, Passes Away

FEW men in the English Church who have passed away in recent times, have left so important a place vacant as has Dean Farrar. The politicians who dispense ecclesiastical patronage did little for him, but it is safe to predict that long after the archbishops and bishops they appointed are forgotten, the name of Frederick William Farrar will continue a household word. Though he visited this country only once, he had many friends here, who had learned to admire him through his works and whose love he won by his charming personality. A man of wide erudition, he preached for the common people, and as with the Master, they heard him gladly. But it is by his works that Dean Farrar will be remembered most widely. Beginning with fiction relating chiefly to schoolboy life, he turned to philosophy and philology, and

THE LATE DEAN FARRAR

produced the volumes on languages which won him the coveted Fellowship in the Royal Society. In 1868 appeared *Seekers After God*, a volume of biographical sketches. It was in 1874, however, he found his true place in literature by the production of his *Life of Christ*. This work, rich in historic allusion, and vivid in picturesque description, had an enormous circulation on both sides the Atlantic. In England alone twelve editions were exhausted the first year. It was translated into many foreign languages and was warmly commended by foreign theologians. This work was followed by the *Life of St. Paul* and the *Early Days of Christianity*, and several shorter works.

Dr. Farrar was seventy-two years of age when he died. For several months, he had been so enfeebled that he could not preach, and as he would not stay away from the services in the Cathedral of Canterbury, of which he was Dean, he was carried thither daily. His mind, however, lost none of its clearness nor alertness. To the last, his conversation was bright and cheerful. He was the son of a missionary clergyman and was born in India. After passing through the University of London with high honors, he became Master of the famous schools of Marlborough and Harrow. In 1876, he was made a Canon of Westminster, and it was then that his splendid qualities as a preacher were first recognized. In the historic Abbey, in St. Margaret's Church, or in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, whenever he preached, large audiences of the most cultured people in London assembled to hear him. His sweet, tender nature shrank from the sterner truths of his creed, and he ever clung to the hope that, even for those who die impenitent, God, in his infinite mercy, might provide a way by which they might be saved. A series of sermons, which he called the "Eternal Hope," he preached on this theme. They brought a storm of denunciation about his ears, but though he would not argue, he could not be moved. Dr. Farrar, throughout his life, was a stalwart advocate of total abstinence, and an earnest pleader with his aristocratic hearers for righteousness of life.

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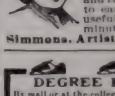

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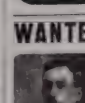

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Lessons from the Most Encouraging of All the Parables

FROM the parable of the Prodigal Son lessons of inestimable value have been drawn in all ages of the Church. It is a gospel in miniature, and from a purely literary standpoint is a story marvelously concise and beautiful. It would be difficult to find in any literature a story in which so vivid and graphic a picture is presented in so few words. We have in it a picture of the man attracted by the pleasures of sin; of his impatience with the restraints of home; of his discovery that the friends of his prosperity desert him in the time of his need; of the kind of relief that the world gives to the impoverished spendthrift—not even the husks reserved for the swine; of the resolve to return as a recovery of reason "he came to himself," his previous condition being aberration; of the welcome he receives from the Father, recognized as a son in spite of his wandering; of the resentment of the elder brother, a lesson in humanity; and of the reproof of the Father, a lesson to the Church in its treatment of a penitent wanderer.

One of the most precious lessons of the Parable is the perpetuity of sonship. The prodigal is a son even in his shame. True, he is an unworthy son, but a son still. If men only realized that fact, how many would return to God. It is hard to recognize in the debased, dissipated dregs of humanity that one occasionally sees, any remnants of a child of God, but we may be sure that there is in everyone, the element which is capable of development, an element that God sees, and which he can bring into supreme control. Let the most abject, degraded creature put himself into God's hands—let him arise and go to his Father, and he will be recognized as a son, and will be made fit for his Father's house. He will find that the rejoicing is mutual. His return is not only a joyful thing for himself, but is a cause of joy to the Father. As the wandering was a misery in its issue, it was a grief to the Father. As the ancient prophet taught, God has no pleasure in the death of the sinner. That is not at all what he wants. The sinner is practically a suicide. He might live and be happy if he would. He retains the privileges of sonship, even though, as he perceives, he has forfeited the right to claim them. He has only to quit his sin and return, and he receives a welcome, not grudging or reproachful, but abounding in love—the welcome of a recovered son. Not even the unbrotherly behavior of the elder son can diminish the cordiality of that welcome.

Last Words in Jerusalem

Paul's Final Testimony to his Countrymen

By Mrs M. Baxter

THAT was a remarkable speech which Paul made to the mob in the Temple (Acts 22: 1: 21). Probably he knew it would be his last public testimony in Jerusalem, and we may know how he would trust that, according to the word of Jesus, it should "be given him in the same hour what he should speak, that it should not be he, but the Spirit of his Father speaking in him" (Matt. 10: 19, 20). Paul established the fact that he was once just as they were now—that he could understand their jealousy for the law; it had been his own. And now he would tell them by what means he had been turned from a hater of Jesus of Nazareth to be his chosen and prominent witness. He showed that it was not of men.

"And it came to pass that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus, about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me! And I answered, Who art thou, Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." The Jewish Scriptures told again and again of how God's light and fire had shone from heaven. Would the Jews now bow down before this startling testimony that God shines down from heaven still? Would they believe in the light from heaven who had rejected the very Light of the world when He walked, the Word made flesh, among them?

Alas! the same powers were at work among them then which are ruining our own youth, and those of other Protestant countries, in the present schools and colleges. Sadduceeism then is called Rationalism now. Reason is spoken of as the test which should pass judgment on the revelation of God from heaven, until the belief in the supernatural is ceasing, and consequently obedience to God has gone out of fashion. Many of our young people fear to be thought wanting in intelligence if they believe in the divine inspiration of Scripture, and if they look for real answers to prayer, or regard God as a living Person who interposes in the life of men on earth. Thus they come to ignore responsibility to God. Sin becomes to them a matter between man and man, as to which God has nothing to do; and a mention of judgment to come, and of hell, provokes a smile. And yet God's truth stands ever the same, and the mighty facts which they ignore will surely meet them—perhaps when it is too late. God's truth is neither injured nor destroyed by men's rejection; by it they must be judged at the last day (John 12: 48). These Jews at Jerusalem bowed before no light from heaven, because they subjected the Scriptures to their reason, and ruled God out of their counsels. So the testimony of Paul fell upon ears deaf against the fact of a present mighty God, and their hearts were closed against the light from heaven, as against the light of Scripture.

Paul showed that the very glory of God which had left Jerusalem and the Temple, because of the people's sins (Ezek. 11: 23) had shone upon him to stop him in his persecution of the followers of Jesus; that the presence of Jesus, whom they had crucified, was in that glory with which their fathers had been familiar. It was the strongest proof that Jesus was God. There were witnesses to prove that Paul saw the light from heaven, and, moreover, the fact of the healing of his sight proved that the divine power of Christ to heal remained amongst Christ's disciples. Would the Jews accept, or once again, and finally, reject the testimony of Christ through Paul! He continued: "And he [Ananias] said, 'The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldst know his will, and see that Just One [R.V. the Righteous One], and shouldest hear the voice from his mouth. For thou shalt be his witness unto all men—not Jews only—of what thou hast seen.'"

All through his narrative, Paul shows that what he did was in exact obedience to the heavenly vision (Acts 26: 19). And now he relates what is mentioned nowhere else, "When I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the Temple, I was in a trance, and saw Him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, for they will not receive thy testimony concerning Me. And I said, Lord, they know what I have done to thy saints and Stephen. And he said, Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."

Till now the multitude had listened. Now the mad cries arose against him from the crowd as once against his Master: "Away with such a fellow from the earth; for it is not fit that he should live." What was his sin? The belief in a living, present God and Saviour, who willed that all men, Jew and Gentile, should come to the knowledge of the truth. Such is the natural heart of fallen man; such is our heart till we are born again; and now the doom of Jerusalem was sealed, in ten years the city was desolated.

The chief captain could not understand the ground of the popular indignation against Paul, and thinking there must be some evil deed behind, he commanded that Paul should be brought into the castle and examined by scourging or torture, that he might know wherefore they cried so against him. Paul remonstrated against an illegal procedure: "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" A Jew by birth, he was a naturalized citizen of Tarsus, and therefore by law a Roman citizen. The centurion told the chief captain, and the lictors, which would have tried to draw out some confession by torture, departed. Thus Paul was arrested, and from this time his life as the prisoner of the Lord begins. He had passed many examinations in God's school, and his Epistles bear witness of how he had mastered, by the Holy Ghost, one lesson after another, so that he might graduate in the school in which whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth or educateth, and might therefore teach others also.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for May 3. Luke 15. 11-32.

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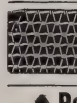

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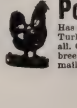

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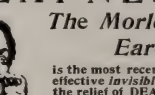

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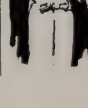

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ONE of the most potent ideas a man can get into his mind is a conviction of the personality and actual living presence of God. The disguised pantheism of much of our modern teaching is responsible for the indifference of men to religion. The thought of God as "a power that makes for righteousness," the recognition of him in every tree and flower and thing of beauty in the world, has its value in influencing our lives; but the real need is to conceive of God as a living Being, cognizant of our actions and having direct relations with us. He is a Being with whom we have to do. We may ignore him and go our own way in the world, but only at infinite loss to ourselves. We lose the power he offers us for our own development, and the guidance that will save us from disaster. He does not force his influence upon us; it is part of his plan for us that we should voluntarily choose his ways; but he encourages us by assurances of his infinite resources and by promises that they shall be placed at our disposal.

Our lives show how seldom these facts are realized. Christ never wearied of presenting them and enforcing them, yet with the best of men there is not a full grasp of them. It is true that he does not guarantee us against worldly adversity, or accident, or harm. As the ancient writer said in describing Satan's depreciation of Job, there would not be much merit in a man being good, if he was sure that God would make a hedge about him. God would have men trust him even when everything in life seems to be against them. It is hard, sometimes, and it must be very hard for the modern pantheist; but to the man convinced of God's existence and of his infinite love, it should always be possible. The old story of Luther's wife mourning over the death of God is very true to life. Luther saw it at once, and his depression vanished. God lives and cares for us. We wonder how it is that he permits certain things to happen, how it is that he allows wickedness to triumph, and evil to flaunt itself unpunished; but he has some wise reason without a doubt. Happy, then, the man who puts his trust in him. God keeps him in perfect peace to the full measure of his trust, and not death itself can disturb it.

*Topic of the Epworth League for May 3: I. Cor. 3: 21-23; I. Tim. 6: 17; II. Tim. 1: 12.

Answered Prayers

C. A. A., Boston, writes:

I think many of your readers will join me in saying, that probably no part of your paper has given the help and comfort to hundreds of people that your "Answered Prayers" have. We were in great straits, and saw no way out; but my daughter and myself prayed together for ten days, uniting in the promise in Matt. 18: 19. The answer came, and relief for us.

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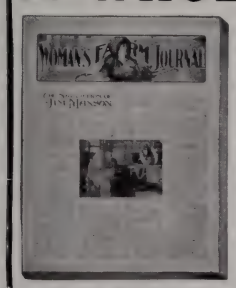

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A Saddle was returned at our expense a few days ago. Although it had been properly boxed, it was damaged by rats before being unpacked, according to customer's letter. Of course this was no fault of ours, but he got a new saddle just the same. Do you know of any other firm who would have given him the same liberal treatment? Why not buy your supplies from a firm with whom it is a pleasure to deal? All goods guaranteed and prices always lowest, quality considered.

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Published 52 Times a Year NEW YORK = MAGAZINE NUMBER = APRIL 29, 1903 Offices: Bible House, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER ANNUM LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor VOL. 31 NO. 17 PRICE 3 CENTS

"THE VIOLET AND ANEMONE, THE DOGWOOD'S LAVISH BLOOM SMILE FORTH IN PRAISE AND FILL THE WOODS WITH BEAUTY AND PERFUME"

Spring Blossoms

How a Doctor raised his baby on ESKAY'S FOOD

Told in picture & letter

Dr. W. R. Franklin, Rockford, Ill., says in his letter to us:

"For four years ESKAY'S FOOD has been a favorite prescription of mine, and nine months ago, when this boy was born, I resolved to give ESKAY'S FOOD a thorough and exhaustive test. The picture at 8½ months tells the story. It represents nothing abnormal, but a perfect physical development. He weighed

At birth	3 months	6 months	8 months
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His only food since his second week has been ESKAY'S, with two short trials of other foods for experimental purposes. He was so perfectly well I wished to see if some other food might not give as good results, but each time it put him out of order, and we were glad to get back to ESKAY'S within 36 hours.

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He cleans his bowl and leaves no trace,

And you may see upon his face

The Smile That Won't Come Off

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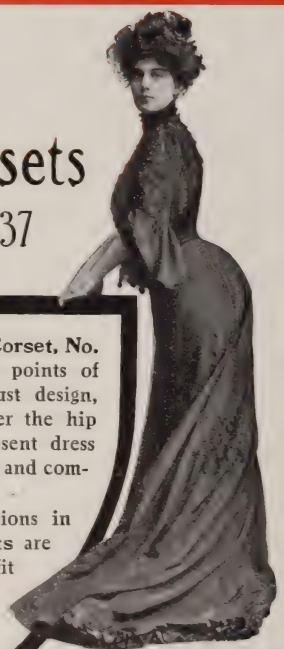

The new model **R&G Corset, No. 837,** combines the good points of the straight-front, low-bust design, with sufficient length over the hip to conform with the present dress styles and yet remain easy and comfortable.

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No. 837 is a dollar and a half corset. Other numbers are from $1. to $10. The costume shown herewith is fitted over **No. 837.**

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The Redfern Corset

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We have always fitted these models successfully, and so can judge their value.

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We call this the particular corset feature for this season and one is not quite sure to secure the perfect figure result without the hose supporters attached to the corset as the designer intended they should be.

Boned with genuine whalebone.

Prices range from

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NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

PERSIAN WOMEN WEAVING, SPINNING, AND KNITTING, AFTER THEIR ANCIENT WAYS

DEFT-HANDED WOMEN *OF THE* ORIENT

By HANNAH YOSEPH JACOBS

WITH the idea that America's busy women may be interested in the occupations of their Persian sisters, it occurred to me that some account of how the latter employ their time, and of how the nimble fingers of Persian children are put to use, would be welcomed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

The women in the house get up while it is quite dark, and do their cooking for the day; about seven or eight o'clock they sit down to their spinning or other handicraft. When I was a child, I loved to listen to the strange, squeaky noise of the rickety wheel my grandmother used, and I often besought her to let me take her place and spin. Sometimes there are several wheels in the same house, and when they are whirring in concert they make a queer chorus. The spinner's task is to prepare thread for the weaver, who sits apart with his simple machine, and sings as his shuttle flies smoothly in and out. The thought that by his labor he shall be able to give something to those dependent upon him, makes him happy. The most privileged person in the house, the eldest daughter, sits, embroidery in hand, just under the sky-light in the roof.

Until recent years, all fabrics for personal adornment or household use were made in the homes of the people; and this is yet the case in places distant from the great cities, where European goods—chiefly from Russia—are worn. Not so very long ago, Persians cultivated, carded, spun, dyed their cotton, and wove it into cloth in their dwellings. They excelled in the art of dyeing cotton fast and beautiful colors—red for women and children, white and dark blue for men, plain white for feminine head-coverings. At certain seasons of the year, women and children went to the fields and mountains to search for the color-producing roots, barks, herbs and berries. It is a pity that they have almost lost their cunning in this matter of fine dyeing. Aged people deplore it, declaring the old-fashioned cloth healthier raiment than the gaudy, fast-fading prints of Russian importation; but the younger generation show increasing preference for the latter.

Silk-production and silk-weaving make one of Persia's greatest industries. The most beautiful and expensive silk carpets and rugs in the world are made in Tabriz. The culture of the silk-worm and much silk-weaving goes on in Persian homes; but heavy European and American demand for Persian carpets, has encouraged the establishment of large factories. Carpet and rug work is mostly done by women, and boys of seven to sixteen years: the latter class, composing two-thirds of the total body of factory toilers, receive four to twenty cents or more daily.

In company with a party of friends, I recently visited the largest carpet factory in Persia. A half hour's walk from the Armenian quarter brought us to the gate, where we were courteously received and conducted over the establishment. We found 1,500 boys employed here, and were told that they consume daily one *khavar* of bread, cooked in the bakery connected with the factory. Around a large open yard is built a continuous one-story room. On both sides of the room and on each side of the partition running through its centre, sit the children, close together. We watch curiously the little brown hands tying woolen and silken threads into beautiful carpets. Large carpets have six workers on each side; small ones three on each side; a teacher or director presides at each. Instructors sing to the weavers orders like this:

"Tie ten red knots across brother—tie ten red knots above. Tie twelve knots across brother. Tie to the right four red knots. Tie seven dark blue knots to the left, brother. Tie six green knots, brother." All orders are sung. It is a fine thing, since we hardly hear one's self think. Three particularly splendid rugs in hand are for America. The largest carpets are finished in two or three years. Our mats now and then catch words of Mohammedan prayer. We wonder if that is to be put into a pattern, too, but are informed that as it is their time for devotions, some Mohammedan children are praying. A large dyeing room is connected with the factory. We see artists busily engaged in making patterns.

Persian needlework, embroideries and finely woven cotton linens, are known the world over. The sewing-machine has come to Persia. Hardly a prosperous house in Tabriz, Teheran (Persia's most European city), or any other large town but has its sewing machine, and the *khanum* (lady of the house) uses it. High-class people, until within a few years, thought all work degrading. A Mohammedan lady once told me with disgust that she had caught the wife of a certain high official "mending her own clothes—just like any poor woman!" Wealthy homes have pianos and organs, often valued chiefly as ornaments or curiosities. "Do you play?" you ask high-class ladies, and are answered haughtily: "Our servants play for us." These are native instruments. Many ladies know how to play on guitar, tar or tambourine, but they would never let their servants see them so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 381

"THE MARTYRED DERVISH"

ONE OF THE LARGEST CARAVANSARIES IN TABRIZ—COTTON FOR EXPORT

PERSIA'S CROWN PRINCE

The American Pulpit

STEPS IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

A SERMON BY

Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

EPHESIANS 4: 20-24: "Put on the new man which is created in righteousness and true holiness"

THE words, "Ye have not so learned Christ," are full of meaning. It is one thing to learn about Christ and another to learn him. The difference is like that between reading a biography and taking a portrait. If you were to engage an artist to paint your portrait, saying, "Here is a bundle of photographs, here are the main incidents of my life; proceed," he would laugh at you. He must have "sittings," so that he may catch your pose, your manner, your "atmosphere." He must see you face to face and eye to eye, that he may know you. We have been learning about Christ from our youth up; but have we caught his life-giving spirit?

To be a disciple is not necessarily to be a Christian. We sit about his feet, and listen to his words, and believe them, and formulate them into our creed and moral code; and we derive an incalculable benefit from doing so; nevertheless this is not that life eternal which is to know him (John 17: 3). He himself is the one comprehensive fact in the curriculum of our spiritual life. To see him is to see character. To learn him is to imbibe the mind that was in him. To know him is to attain unto the fullness of the stature of a man; as it is written, "We all beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord." This is the evolution of the saint; the making of a man. There are five steps leading upward to the perfection of character, as follows: First, an apprehension of the fact that the natural man is sold under sin.

The Natural Tendency

Now this does not mean that there is nothing good in the natural man, but that his tendency is towards evil. He is a creature of habit, and his habit is bad. He is a slave in the galley, chained to the bench; when his master bids him row, he bends to the oar. This is what is meant by being sold under sin.

The second step is to perceive that we are ransomed in Christ. Jesus said, "The Son of Man is come not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." The ransom for our deliverance was paid on Calvary; as it is written, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, not with silver and gold, but the precious blood of Jesus, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." In order to receive the full benefit of this "propitiation for sin" it is necessary that we shall appropriate it, by the exercise of faith; that is, drop the oar, quit the galley and enter into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

The third step is regeneration; which follows an acceptance of Christ. This is the work of the Holy Spirit, and is necessary to our spiritual life; as Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This means more than "turning over a new leaf" or making a good resolution, more than putting on an outward veneering of morality or joining the church; it is a revolutionary change; the getting of a new heart, a new conscience, a new mind, a new purpose. "Old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new."

The fourth step is conflict. This is life-long. Regeneration is only the beginning of life; it does not eradicate the evil in our nature, but fatally wounds it; so that thenceforth there is an unceasing struggle within us. The end, however, is to be seen from the beginning. The better nature is bound to win. The "new man," strenuous by reason of ever increasing life, is constantly getting the better of the "old man" who is stricken with death. Do not suppose that the end of salvation is reached when Christ bends over you saying, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." This is but the tocsin of strife. It is the enlisting, the unfurling the flag, the drawing of the sword. It is related of Hercules that on the day of his birth he strangled two serpents that had been sent by Juno to his cradle to destroy him. But the serpent is our life-long foe. "There is no discharge in this war."

And the fifth step is perfection or glorification. Then a man is rid finally and forever of sin; then he puts on the "fine linen, clean and white," crosses the threshold of heaven and finds himself unabashed in the presence of a holy God.

Now let us return to Paul, and observe how he illustrates these successive steps in his own life and experience. He repeatedly speaks of himself as "the bond-slave of sin," that is, prior to his conversion. He says he was "a blasphemer, a persecutor and injurious." He held a commission from the Sanhedrin as its arch-inquisitor, his business being to hunt down the disciples of Jesus and hale them to judgment and death. In this he was thoroughly honest and wholly wrong; as he says "I verily thought within myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus." He was swept onward by an unholy purpose and bound like a galley-slave to do what his master required of him.

Then came the second step in his upward life. On his way to Damascus he heard a voice saying, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest!" and smitten with sudden blindness he saw Christ in a new light. He saw the hands that had been wounded for him, stretched forth to proffer the ransom that had been paid for him. The case was proved beyond controversy; insomuch that he was instantly turned, right about face, crying, "Lord, what will thou have me to do?" He was no longer his own man but Christ's man. He was bound, from that moment, to believe what Christ said, to go where Christ sent him and to do what Christ required him to do. The love of Christ constrained him.

Beginning the Journey

The third step was regeneration. This may have occurred at the moment when Christ appeared to him on the Damascus highway or subsequently. On the third day afterward the Lord said to a certain Ananias "Go to such and such a house in the street which is called Straight, and inquire for one called Saul of Tarsus." And when Ananias, trembling, answered "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy people!" The Lord said, "Go thy way; Saul is a new man; behold, he prayeth!" By

DR. DAVID JAMES BURRELL
PASTOR MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, NEW YORK

this we understand that the revolutionary change had been wrought by the Spirit of God.

Then came the conflict. In Paul's case it was singularly fierce and unremitting. His writings are full of it: "We wrestle"—"I see a law in my members warring against the law of my mind; for what I would, that do I not, and what I hate, that do I"—"I keep my body under"—"So fight I."

Lifelong Conflict

The parties to this conflict are "the old man, corrupt according to the deceitful lusts," and "the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." The battle is on and will never cease until the old man is slain and the new man is perfected in the likeness of Christ. "This is hard pounding, gentlemen," as Wellington said at Waterloo. How Paul agonizes! Hear him crying: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The thought is of a strangling swimmer, chained to a corpse. But he cannot drown. His deliverance is sure. Hear him: "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" And this is the experience of every soul that has been in the thick of the battle with the great Helper beside him.

The final step in the experience of Paul was reached when he laid his head upon the block outside the walls of Rome. In anticipation of that hour he had written: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith! Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown." What sort of a crown? "A crown of righteousness!" Thus he passed through heaven's gate, crowned at last, a saint of God.

He was writing now to the Christians of the Ephesian church; and let us observe how he indicates the same upward steps in their experience. He calls their attention to the wicked life of their fellow townsmen, who had "given themselves over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness." And he reminds them that they were once in like manner sold under sin, "walking in the vanity of their mind and alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that was in them."

Then he proceeds to put them in remembrance of what Christ had done in their behalf: how he had died to ransom them from their former sin and misery. The disciples at Ephesus were constant witnesses of the imposing rites and ceremonies and the magnificent games in honor of Diana. Their temptation was to conform their lives to the idolatrous and pleasure-seeking customs of their heathen neighbors. It was easy then, as it is now, to fall into line and keep step with the fashion. But the boundary between the Christian and the pagan life was perfectly clear. There was a difference, and the Christians of Ephesus must be admonished to regard it.

A Moribund Enemy

He emphasizes the fact of their regeneration: "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins; wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air; but God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, hath quickened us together with Christ, and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." In evidence of this stupendous change he might have recalled the bonfire which they had kindled in the streets of Ephesus, when they had brought their magical books and cabalistic letters and "burned them before all men."

But the thought which he impresses upon them with profoundest emphasis is that of the conflict. This, indeed, is the vital point of his epistle to the Ephesians: "Ye are in the thick of battle! It is the sinful nature against the regenerate nature. It is the old man against the new man. Fight the good fight! Lay hold on eternal life!" In the context he outlines, with much particularity, the character of this "new man," reminding them that they are ever to be "putting off" and "putting on;" putting off the faults of the old man and putting on the graces of the new. The old man is represented as moribund; the process of death is going on continually in him. The new man, on the contrary, is growing more and more into the likeness of Christ, being renewed progressively "after the image of him who created him." The old man is crucified with Christ; the new man lives, lives with ever-growing fullness of life, and the life which he lives is by faith in the Son of God. The old man is wedded to sin and shame; the new man is pledged to holiness. The old man is a hoary reprobate and the sooner he dies the better. The new man is destined to live forever.

The Vigor of the New Man

At this point the Apostle proceeds to indicate the characteristic features of this new man. "Put away lying," he says, "and speak every man truth with his neighbor." He means: Be honest, be candid, free yourself from every form of deception, be transparently true. Froude says: "I have heard thousands of sermons and discourses and homilies on Faith, on the Apostolic Succession, on the Efficacy of the Sacrament: but never during these thirty wonderful years, never that I can recollect, one on that primitive commandment, 'Thou shalt not lie;' yet we have lying all around us, false weights, false measures, and shoddy everywhere." It behooves us who are Christians wholly to unmask and show ourselves before the world as honest men.

> Lord, make me like Thyself,
> Lord, make me be myself;
> Seeming as one who lives to thee,
> And being what I seem to be!

Paul continues, "Be ye angry and sin not;" that is, Add to your truth equanimity. Now there are two sides to Christian equanimity; one side is, Be angry; and the other is, Sin not. It is a man's business to be angry when there is occasion for it. We must ever have a store of holy indignation in reserve. Not long ago a lad of eight years, the son of a rumseller, who had whipped him with a rawhide, ran limping through the street with blood streaming from his wounded face and body. What sort of a Christian man would he be whose gorge did not rise in view of such inhumanity? Be ye angry at all vital and unholy things! Be ye angry at the dramshop and the gambling den, at oppression and corruption everywhere! But sin not. Cherish no grudge. Do no rash thing. Lynch law is as bad as the crime it pun

hes. Hate the sin; but wish the sinner well. Be ye
igry as Christ was; whose indignation against sin
ought him to Calvary, where his last prayer was,
Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"
The Apostle proceeds, "Let him that stole, steal no
ore; but rather let him labor with his hands, that he
ay give to him that needeth." He is not thinking of
tty larceny; but of the more radical and pernicious
shonesty of the man who assumes that the world owes
m a living. Put off your indolence, he says, and put
industry. Be a producer, not a consumer only. Add
the exchequer of the public good. If you are a fol-
wer of the Nazarene Carpenter, see to it that, as be-
ometh the new man created in righteousness and true
oliness, you lend yourself to the world's advancement
having something to do and doing it well.

Responsibility of Speech

He goes on to say, "Let no corrupt communication
roceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to
e use of edifying." It is sometimes intimated that
aul and James were at odds in their theology; but
ere certainly they are at one. It is James who says,
f any man among you seemeth to be religious, and
idleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart,
at man's religion is vain." The tongue is an index of
e heart; for out of the abundance of the heart the
outh speaketh. The tongue is a little member, but it
asteth great things. Behold, we put bits in the horses'
ouths that they may obey us, and we turn about their
hole body. Behold, also, the ships, which though they
e so great and are driven of fierce winds, yet are
rned about with a small helm whithersoever the pilot
steth. Even so is the tongue among our members; it
efileth the whole body and setteth on fire the course of
ature."

On one occasion our Lord was asked to heal the infirmities of one who had an impediment in his speech: but before he acquiesced he "lifted his eyes to heaven and sighed:" Why did he sigh? Was it because he knew the great responsibility which he was about to place upon that man in restoring his power of speech? In any case, it is well to remember that wholesome speech is one of the characteristics of the new man in Christ Jesus. And the more our life is developed in Christlikeness, the more do our words come to shine like apples of gold through the meshes of a silver basket.

Then Paul adds, "Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." It is related that when Charles V. of France was dying, he said to the heir-apparent, "Kings are only happy when they are doing good." The same is true of all: we are happiest, because most Christlike, when the law of kindness dwells in our hearts and finds expression in our lives.

The Ideal Man

So Paul describes the characteristics of the new man—truth, equanimity, honest industry, wholesome speech and kindness—and he exhorts the Ephesians to busy themselves in "putting off" the opposite faults and putting on these graces, that they may become like Christ. For this is the ultimate, to be like Christ. This is character, sainthood, perfection: I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness. Pope defines a Christian as "the highest style of man." The new man in Christ Jesus is the best expression of human character, because he is the nearest approach to Christ himself, the ideal Man.

In view of the foregoing, many of the criticisms which are passed upon the inconsistencies of Christians, lose their point. We do not count ourselves to have apprehended, as though we were already perfect: but we are making a fight for character. If our critics regard this as an easy matter, let them come in and try it.

The best man is not always the one who is outwardly most presentable, but he who, surrounded by his heading sins, as by mortal foes, is striving most hopefully for his life. God knows the hard struggle. Do not flatter yourself that because you find it an easy thing to resist the temptations of corruptness, you are, therefore, approved before God. Remember he looketh on the secret imaginations of the heart. Let the other man, the scarred veteran who, confronted by old haunts like beasts of Ephesus and resisting unto blood, bears the wounds of many a momentary defeat, yet lifts his eyes to heaven and struggles on—let him stand forth to receive the guerdon of spiritual knighthood.

Unending Growth

But the important question for those who are disposed to look askance at imperfect professors is this, Are you sure that you are in the battle at all? Do you realize the importance of it? Are you putting off the old nature and putting on the new? Have you so learned Christ as to esteem character at its true value, as the only thing in the world worth striving for? For this is where the thing begins, in "learning Christ." Do you realize what he has done for you, and what he would have you do for him, and what he would have you be? O, this is what makes life worth living, to make the most of ourselves and do our utmost for others and for God. This is sainthood: to grow toward this is to grow into the likeness of Christ. He who puts up the bravest possible fight and dies with his harness on, will surely reach the stature of a man. And God will give him the new name, which will appropriately designate the new man, as it is written, "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone with a new name written therein, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it."

DEFT-HANDED WOMEN OF THE ORIENT

Continued from Page 359

mployed. So, too, with dancing. Their servants, who
ance for them, must not see them dance.

In the interior, women may yet be found working
de by side with men in the field. This was once en-
rely customary in districts near large cities. Socially
d industrially, the people are divided into *khawany*
hans or chiefs), and *rayats* (tenants), who are the very
e and backbone of the country. It is the *rayat* and
e members of his household who "tickle the soil with
hoe that it may laugh into harvests." As soon as
ow disappears from the face of the earth the *rayat*
d his tribe go forth with shovel and hoe to prepare
e ground for seed. Ploughs are drawn by buffaloes,
ows, oxen, donkeys, and sometimes,
I have heard, by a woman yoked
ith an animal. Wheat is sown in
utumn, in April cotton seed, in May
ce. Farmers have some pretty cus-
oms. An aged Nestorian lady tells
e: "My brother-in-law when ready
o sow seed, first prays that God will
ess and multiply it. As he scatters
he first handful, he says,'This is for
irds;' the second,'This is for gleaners;' the third,'This is for them that
ass this way.'" A Mohammedan
sually begins sowing grain with
ese words: "*Bismillah Rahmany*
Rahim" (in the name of God, the
Most Merciful).

In the mountainous districts, we
ill find the people tending sheep,
andling wool, gathering herbs and
oney, making butter and cheese.
n the plains they busy themselves
ith rice, wheat, cotton, raisins, fruits,
c. Not many years ago, everything
at the *rayat* and his household ate
nd wore was made by themselves.

Of Persia's great cities, Hamadan
noted for the fine felt and leather
rticles offered to commerce; and
or valuable antiquities in gold,
lver and precious stones. Maragha
known for its delicious honey,
ream, almonds, raisins and soaps.
rumiah for tobacco, rice, arak,
olab (attar of roses), and raisins.
leshed Koorasan for turquoise jew-
lry. The Persian Gulf is famous
or its pearls. The names of these
ommodities indicate various kinds
f employment for men, women and
hildren in the Land of the Shah.

Persian ladies of high degree often find time hanging
eavily on their hands. The rooms and gardens of the
arems bound lives that custom makes too narrow.
here is too much latitude for gossip and idling. Yet
eminine industries, tendernesses and amusements
bound too. I send a picture of the two daughters of a
oble man standing upon a small bridge in their father's
arden; the one in the long skirt is attired in semi-Eu-
opean dress; the other in Mohammedan costume is,
ccording to the game they are playing, showing a Eu-
opean lady some hospitable courtesy. No ladies in
ersia, of course, lead more luxurious lives than those
elated by marriage or otherwise to the Shah and the
rown Prince. The caravansary shown in one picture is just to the rear of the palace of the Crown Prince. The Armenian ladies in the picture leading this article, are prosecuting typical home industries: the first, on the left, is spinning; the two next, are knitting; the fourth, is making tape; the little girl at the extreme right, is putting together three strands of thread, making it ready for knitting.

A PERSIAN NOBLEMAN'S LITTLE DAUGHTERS

The superstitions of the people greatly retard their progress. From king to cowboy, this nation is governed by "sneezing." A few hours ago, the servant of one of my patients entered, saying, "Hajy khanim (my lady) was quite ill yesterday; but as I was saddling the horse to come for you, I was taken with sneezing; and we postponed the journey." No matter how urgent a business call may be, if one is taken with sneezing, they say, "It is a bad omen," and defer the journey. The story of the "Martyred Dervish," whose portrait I send, illustrates the point that superstition has retarded Persian progress in art as in industry. He was a musician, and he was killed because he defiled a mosque by playing on his guitar in the holy place.

There was a time, not so long ago, when an *Armani* (Christian) was not allowed by the Moslems to ride horseback or to share further than they could prevent in privileges enjoyed by themselves. The green color held sacred and worn in the girdles and turbans of the *Sayids* (descendants of Mohammed) no Christian dared to wear. Henna (the vegetable dye with which they stain lips and nails red, and *goolab* (attar of roses) were not to be sold to Christians—a prohibition of far less importance than withholding from them medicinal herbs. Christian missionaries, teachers and physicians have, by patient effort, wrought some great changes in the spirit and conduct of the people in such matters.

A few enlightened Mohammedans brave much to send their children to European instructors. Almost every lady can read and write. One whom I was visiting was handed a small triangular green velvet package, with sewed edges. She inspected it, kissed it, laid it on her forehead, opened it reverently—and lo! a letter buried among a lot of rose-leaves! They do not all correspond in written words. I saw a Kurdish chief's love-letter: it was full of beautiful colored drawings of flowers and birds.

The visiting of the sick and destitute is absolutely unheard of among them: this is peculiar to Mohammedan women, the world over, I believe. They do not know of ministry to the afflicted, in the sense that the Christian accepts and applies it. A short while ago, a woman in deep mourning came to me as a patient, and began to tell me of all her ills and misfortunes, one after another. I assured her that she was not very sick. "You will be all right," I advised, "if you will occupy yourself with something that will take your mind out of yourself and off your own troubles. Go visit the poor and sick women; take them tea and sugar; talk with them; listen to their sorrows; cheer them. Carry comfort into bereaved and desolate homes." "O," she cried in horror, "what would people think of me? They would say I *atima Khanim* is crazy going about visiting the low and mean people." I told her how Christian queens in Europe and ladies of high position in America, go themselves among the poor on missions of mercy, but she could not understand such precedure. "That sort of thing is not customary here," she said. "My husband would not like me to do as you advise. It is all very well to do good, and our Prophet commands it. But there are certain things to be considered. Our Prophet forbids that women should walk too much, or be seen on the street. It would be an unpardonable sin for me to be seen by male relatives of the sick and poor, which might easily happen if I were to visit these people as you suggest. Our blessed Koran," comforted my Mohammedan friend, "requires us to give alms and do good. Last year, I sent a poor man to our holy Mecca, paying all his expenses. I can send gifts to the poor people you speak of, but for a lady in my position to visit them is out of the question." It is Christianity's mission to give Persian women higher occupations, by teaching them the beauty of service. In the passing of the lazy dervish mendicants and the coming of Christian missionaries, lies a new hope for Oriental womanhood.

Drawing-Room Talks

By MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME

CHRIST holds two receptions—one now, and the other in the future. Unless we accept the invitation to the first reception, we shall not be at the second. To the first reception, only one class is invited; if we are not in that class, we are not expected, and will not be received. Nothing could be plainer than the words of the invitation; even his enemies spoke the truth about this: "This man receiveth sinners." This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "I came not to call the righteous." People who think they are good, and that they are not sinners, need not apply. Make no mistake here; "sinners" Jesus came to save. You need not have committed any outward crime, but in the sight of God and in your own sight, of your own conscience, if spiritual eyes have been opened, you know you are a sinner, so you have an invitation to Christ's first reception. I am glad that the first hymn that my childish ears listened to was

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

. . .

As a child, I presented myself at the altar in the church as a sinner needing a Saviour. There are a good many new isms these days, and some of them leave out even the words "sinner" and "Saviour." Well, according to the New Testament (and I am not as yet prepared to give up the New Testament)—I haven't seen anything yet to be compared with it—those who are not sinners and do not need a Saviour are not invited to Christ's first reception. If we come to this in answer to his invitation, he will take us and save us from all that would prevent our attendance at his second reception. That will be the great event of all this world's history.

. . .

The reception will take place before an assembled universe. Hear these words: "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever." Amen.

You present yourself as a sinner at his first reception, and accept him as your Saviour. He presents you faultless at his second, with exceeding joy. No wonder he will have exceeding joy in presenting you a perfectly saved sinner—faultless. This word "faultless" to my mind is reserved till then. He makes us "blameless" in his sight, but "blameless" and "faultless" are two very different words. This distinction between blamelessness and faultlessness came to me years ago through a dear child of mine, who later grew to manhood and who is now in heaven. He was a very little boy, but he always wanted to help me. I was tacking down a carpet. He said:

"Mamma, can't I help you?" and looked up as if he did so want to be of use. I answered: "Yes, you can; hold the tacks"; so I gave him the saucer with the tacks in it. He was so delighted to be helping me, that he upset the saucer and spilled all my tacks on the floor. Did I tell him he had hindered me? Not at all! I thanked him for assistance. He was blameless, but not faultless—he had shown love, and love always helps; it was truth to say he "helped me"; he had served my heart—he loved me, and wanted to help me—my beautiful, blameless boy. I shall see him some day presented "faultless."

Between the two receptions is the time when we are being made fit for the presentation by Christ himself as "faultless." We must see we grow in grace by reason of all we pass through, profiting by our trial and suffering. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering, and the servant is not above his Lord. We must not shrink; we must say: "This means the perfecting of my character; and the cup which my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?"

. . .

This is the meaning of life. The meaning of "death oft"—the meaning of the thorns of life, hiding eyes among the roses. We must keep our eyes on the glory to be revealed—on what we are going to be. We will come to where we shall rejoice in tribulation. All things work together for our perfect preparation for the Bridal Reception. Let us not lose sight of our glorious destiny as the Bride of Christ—His second reception will be a wonderful Easter wedding.

I do not know where my mother ever learned the quaint old lines, that I can still hear her sing as she rocked her babies to sleep:

How beauteous are the garments,
The bride of Christ doth wear,
He adorns her with his presence,
And feeds her with his care.
He decks her with rich jewels,
And crowns her with his love,
And by his mighty power,
He'll bear her safe above.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

A TIMELY ALLEGORY

THE Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shore of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," said the merry World,
"And walk with me this way,"
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered—"Nay.

"I will not give thee my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way of eternal death,
And your words are all untrue."
"Nay, walk with me a little space,"
Said the World with a kindly air,
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;

"*Your* way is narrow and thorny and rough,
While *mine* is flowery and smooth;
Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,
But in rounds of joy I move.
My way, you can see, is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide;
There is room enough for you and me,
And we'll travel side by side."

"Come, give me your hand," said the merry World, "and walk with me this way"

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
And the false World grasped it, and walked along,
And whispered in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
I have gold and pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip,
With a smile contemptuous curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place

Beautiful satins, and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
Waving in thousand curls.
"Your house is too plain," said the proud, bold World,
"Let me build you one like mine,
With kitchen for feasting and parlor for play,
And furniture never so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Splendid it was to behold; [there,
Her sons and her daughters met frequently
Shining in purple and gold.
And fair and festival—frolics untold,
Were held in the place of prayer;
And maidens bewitching as sirens of old—
With world-winning graces rare.

Bedecked with fair jewels and hair all curled,
Untrammeled by Gospel or Laws, [World
To beguile and amuse and win from the
Some help for the righteous cause.
The Angel of Mercy rebuked the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin;"
Then the Church looked sad, and anxiously longed
To gather the children in.

But some were away at the midnight ball,
And others were at the play;
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
And the Angel went away.
Then said the World in soothing tones,
"Your loved ones mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent sports,"
So she leaned on his proffered arm.

She smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers
And walked along with the World;
While countless millions of precious souls
To the horrible pit were hurled
"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay World with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales,
Which I do not like them to hear.

"The Father is merciful, great and good,
Loving and tender and kind;
Do you think he'd take one child to heaven,
And leave another behind?"
So she called for pleasing and gay divines—
Deemed gifted, and great, and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the Cross
Were out of her pulpits turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
Though the poor need shelter, food and clothes,
Why thus need it trouble you?"
So the poor were turned from the door in scorn,
She heard not the orphans' cry
And she drew her beautiful robe aside
As the widows went weeping by.

And they of the Church, and they of the World,
Walked closely, hand and heart,
And none but the Master, who knoweth all
Could discern the two apart. [said
Then the Church sat down at her ease and
"I'm rich, and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and naught to do,
But to laugh and dance and feast."

The sly World heard her and laughed within
And mockingly said aside, [Church—
"The Church has fallen — the beautiful
Her shame is her boast and pride."
Then the Angel drew near the mercy-seat,
And whispered in sighs her name, [hushed
And the saints their anthems of rapture
And covered their heads with shame.

BLOCK HOUSE AND CITY GATE — GENERAL VIEW OF NEW AMSTERDAM, 1639–1640 — FERRY TO LONG ISLAND

1653 New York's Municipal Anniversary 1903

FROM May 24 to May 30, 1903, New York City will hold the most unique patriotic celebration in its history. It will be in honor of the 250th anniversary of the establishment of New York, then called New Amsterdam, as a municipality under a charter granted by the Dutch West India Company. It was not much of a charter, for it gave very little to the people, but it was, like New Amsterdam itself, the small beginning of a great municipal organization, which to-day exceeds in its yearly expenditure the combined annual expenditures of several European kingdoms, and has a revenue from municipal taxation far exceeding the total revenue of Holland, the country from which the founders of New Amsterdam originally came. The celebration, as planned, will be in all respects worthy of the memorable anniversary. The anniversary day was February 2, 1903; but it was deemed better to have the celebration in the more genial season of May. President Roosevelt, himself a native of New York, is expected to be among the invited guests, together with the members of his Cabinet, who hold portfolios which existed when the government of the United States was located in New York, to wit: the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General and the Postmaster-General. State and local officials will, of course, take part, and General James Grant Wilson will deliver a historical address in the Chamber of the Board of Aldermen. There will be a general display of flags during the entire week of the celebration, special exercises will be conducted in every school, and pastors will be requested, in their various houses of worship, to call the attention of their congregations to the event, and to invoke the Divine blessing on the municipality. Every day of the celebration lectures will be delivered in the public schools and other buildings, upon the history and growth of the city, and at these lectures hundreds of old prints, illustrating the New Amsterdam and New York of the past, will be reproduced as stereopticon slides. The same slides will be used, in connection with magic lanterns, for street displays in as many public squares of the city as may be practicable, and public concerts will be given.

New York has a history well worth the telling, and it has a religious side of exemplary interest. The first settlers of the island of Manhattan were Walloons, who had taken refuge in Holland from the relentless persecution to which they were subjected by the Spaniards, on account of their Protestantism. When they landed, on a beautiful May morning in 1623, they gave thanks to God for their safety, and implored the divine blessing on their future home. A church, with a double roof, was among the earliest buildings erected, and "the tapping of beer" was forbidden during the hours of divine service. A fine was imposed for taking the name of God in vain. All servile labor was forbidden on the Lord's Day, and while religious observance was not as strict as in the New England colonies, the Gospel was deep-rooted among the emigrants of New Amsterdam. Professed Christians of to-day, who think it a hard matter to go a short distance to church, may perhaps take a lesson from the Huguenot settlers of New Rochelle, who, before they had a church of their own, walked to New York every Saturday and Sunday to attend divine worship. They started on Saturday morning, going all that day, and resting for the night in the suburb called "Stuyvesant Village," near where the Bible House now stands, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published. On Sunday morning they started again, and walked down to the French church on Pine street, reaching there in time for the services.

When New Amsterdam was chartered as a city, it was already fated to pass under English rule, and a few years later a large part of the Dutch settlements on Long Island were brought within English jurisdiction. In 1664, New Amsterdam surrendered to the English, and in 1665 it received a city government, somewhat like that of to-day, with a mayor, aldermen and sheriff. With this latter date real civic government began.

In 1664, the population of New Amsterdam was about fifteen hundred—it was certainly much less when the charter of 1653 was granted—probably not over 1,000, including negroes. To-day New York City has a population approaching four millions. In that early period, the Dutch West India Company complained that the whole colony of New Netherland, including, of course, New Amsterdam, yielded the Company not more than fifty thousand guilders a year. To-day, there are many single buildings in New York yielding several times that amount in rents. The schoolmaster of 1653 appears also to have been bell-ringer, grave-digger, court-messenger, chorister, and general factotum to the magistrates. The New York of to-day has a public school system unsurpassed in excellence by any other city of the world. The double-roofed church in the New Amsterdam fort, is succeeded by hundreds of churches and chapels accommodating vast multitudes of worshippers, and proving that the faith in Christ of the exiles of 250 years ago, is potent in the city of to-day

ALONG THE OLD CANAL IN MANHATTAN — GOVERNOR PETRUS STUYVESANT — SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN OF THE BURGHER CLASS

THE FIRST WAREHOUSE — THE STADT HUYS IN NEW AMSTERDAM — RIVER AND DOCK FRONT—1642

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Proposed Peace Treaties

FROM the French capital comes news of a movement, which should awaken hearty sympathy in this country. It is an attempt to translate into active operation the principles of the Peace Conference at the Hague. About a hundred members of the French Chamber of Deputies have organized a league to promote international arbitration. They recognize the fact, which is obvious to every observer of statecraft the world over, that there is a disposition to regard the decisions of the Conference as purely academic and theoretic. Kings and Emperors and Generals are disposed to proceed in the same old barbarous way, relying on armies for the maintenance of their power. There is no sign in any cabinet of disarmament, but rather a vigorous endeavor to increase the efficiency of armies and navies, and to acquire the most destructive means of warfare. Yet, at the Hague, the representatives of the twenty-six most powerful nations of the world, constituted a Court of Arbitration, and with all formality and ceremony, agreed to recommend to their respective governments the submission to the Court of all matters of dispute. The French deputies are engaging in an effort to hold them to their pledge. They are urging the preparation of treaties specifying definitely the matters of possible dispute, which shall be submitted to the Hague Court whenever they may arise. If such treaties were framed, and properly presented to the various governments, it is difficult to see how they could logically avoid signing them. The deputies have decided to urge their own government to take the initiative in this movement. It may be hoped that they will succeed, and that similar success may attend the effort to get the Powers pledged to arbitration. No treaty could be framed that would cover every possible cause for dispute, but it will be a long step ahead to have some of the most probable causes eliminated from the sphere of the sword.

A Notable Anniversary

NEW YORK is now busily preparing for the enthusiastic celebration, a few weeks hence, of her two hundred and fiftieth year of municipal existence. In the most public manner, by lectures, illuminations and other means, the romance of the young colony's early history will be impressed upon the minds of the vast cosmopolitan population in the metropolis, a very considerable proportion of whom, being ignorant on the subject, would otherwise be unable to appreciate the meaning of the celebration. To these multitudes, representing almost every known nationality and all shades of religious opinion, it might seem, at first, that the coming anniversary would possess little interest. But this is not the case. They have the keenest and most eager interest in all that relates to national progress —political, social, intellectual and religious. And specially do they value the precious privilege of religious liberty, which America gives to all her children.

It is in this connection that the anniversary at hand may be said to possess a peculiar interest. Among the settlers in the young colony of New Amsterdam, besides the adherents of the Dutch Church, were French Protestants (known as Walloons), Huguenots, Lutherans, Baptists, and a few Catholics. Under Peter Minuit's rule, and even under Van Twiller, religious toleration prevailed, and all who took the oath of allegiance were on equal footing. Attracted by this absolute freedom of worship, thither came not a few exiles from the Puritan colonies in New England, among them Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson and others, who had fled "for conscience sake," and to avoid persecution. Even those good old Dutch preachers, Dominie Jonas Michaelius, whose first church was a loft over a horse-mill, and Dominie Everardus Bogardus, who expounded the Word in a stout wooden building, from whose pulpit he delivered vigorous blows at Satan on Sundays, were tolerant of other religionists, who either held services of their own or none at all. They kept a vigilant watch over their own flock during the week, and on Sundays did not hesitate, when occasion demanded, to rebuke even the Director-General. Van Twiller is said to have more than once writhed under the sturdy eloquence of Dominie Bogardus, who was one of the most fearless and outspoken preachers of early Colonial days. Their successors, Dominies Megapolensis and Dresius, were men of narrower views, who, though faithful and conscientious, were rather disposed to stir up bigotry than to preach a Gospel of love and peace.

Under Stuyvesant's rule, the little colony gradually felt the autocratic powers of the Director-General being more rigidly enforced. Religious toleration, too, was in danger, and although the Dutch West India Company had explicitly instructed that "all be allowed the free exercise of their religion in their own houses," the Lutherans, the Baptists, and especially the Quakers, were subjected to harsh persecutions, and some even to fines, punishment and banishment. At this time, many other nationalities besides Hollanders were represented in New Amsterdam, and one historian tells us that "eighteen languages were spoken on Manhattan Island." Stuyvesant's administration had become so despotic that a movement for radical reform spread rapidly among all classes, Dutch included, probably no less on account of the Director-General's religious intolerance, than his antagonism to popular feeling in other matters. Adrian Van der Donck went to Holland as the advocate of this reform, and presented it with an ability that did much toward bringing about the great change, by which, under the first municipal charter, "modelled after the ancient charter of Amsterdam," New Amsterdam, in 1653, attained local self-government. Van der Donck, during that memorable trip to Holland, wrote a little pamphlet, which was widely distributed throughout the Continent of Europe, and in which he pictured in enthusiastic terms, the material prosperity and religious liberty of the colonists.

Immediately thereafter, immigrants began to arrive in large numbers from different countries: Waldenses from Italy, Huguenots from France, Lutherans from Germany and Sweden, Independents from England; Scottish Presbyterians, Moravians, Anabaptists, and even Jews (says Wilson, the historian), and between 1653 and 1664 the population of New Amsterdam doubled. There were occasional outbreaks of bigotry, but these were sharply and effectively rebuked by the Dutch Chamber.

Such was the religious condition of New Amsterdam at the time it became a municipality, and when the only substantial place of worship it possessed was a stout stone building within the walls of the fort. It is recorded that the first hundred guilders for this church were subscribed by David De Vries, a worthy burgher, who, having visited the New England colonies and seen their handsome churches, felt ashamed of the shabby wooden structure in New Amsterdam, where the Walloons and Dutch were wont to worship. To one who counts the hundreds of spires pointing heavenward to-day on what was once the site of New Amsterdam—a varied host of temples, but all for the worship of the same Father—the contrast must bring the conviction that the seed of religious freedom, planted and watered by those sturdy burghers in 1653, has thriven and multiplied apace.

Humble Service

SOME of the metropolitan newspapers, a few days ago, printed a touching incident, which told how a lady, riding in her carriage along one of the crowded streets, observed an aged pedestrian fall heavily on the slippery roadway. She immediately descended from her carriage, and, kneeling in the mud, held the poor man's head upon her lap, and comforted him with words of kindness and sympathy until the arrival of an ambulance. A wondering crowd stood by, astonished to see the lady do such an unusual thing. Some said it was an unprecedented act; others remarked that her dress was ruined; a few praised her good-heartedness; but not one came forward to help her. Like the Levite in the parable, they passed by "on the other side."

We must be content to take the hands even of beggars, if we are to make the blind to see. Sympathy is never sweet or helpful when it is reached down with a long arm. It must be at close range. If it is to do any good, it must go straight out horizontally, from heart to heart.

Father Taylor, the famous sailor preacher of Boston, was a wonderfully practical man. During his last illness, a friend who came in one day, said to him, in sentimental sort of way, that no doubt the angels we about him. "I don't want angels," blurted out the blu high-hearted old warrior; "I want folks. Folks a better than angels." It was a strong but not irrevere statement, and enfolds a gospel truth. Paul thank God that Jesus Christ took not on him the nature angels, but took on him the seed of Abraham. Th which makes Jesus Christ so dear to the heart of ma kind, rich and poor, the whole world round, is that took upon himself our nature, and lived as one of us in all points made like unto his brethren. The myste of the Incarnation, and the meaning of it, is simp this: He put out his hand—not stretched it down, b put it out—and touched humanity in its misery a ruin, just as he took the blind beggar by the hand.

If we would follow in His footsteps, we, too, must n be afraid or ashamed, though our path lead us into t humblest quarters, or bring us into contact with t very poorest and the weakest. That service from whi the whole world selfishly shrinks, is often the one whi the Christian should most quickly and gladly perfor

The Kaiser Criticized

AN interesting contribution to the discussion whi is agitating the religious public in Germany, ane the Kaiser's relations with Prof. Delitzsch is made Prof. Harnack. No name probably in all German th ological circles commands so much respect as his, and may be predicted that this latest emanation will increa the esteem in which he is held. It is a delicate duty reprove royalty, especially royalty which holds the th ory of the divine right of kings; but Prof. Harnack h done it with so much tact that the Emperor, unless is very shrewd, will not be conscious of the severity the blows.

Prof. Harnack says there is great force in the distir tion that the Emperor draws between the revelati that is general and that which is directly religious. I goes on, however, after administering the honey, to gi the unpalatable medicine. "There are not two reve tions at all," he says. "Religion and knowledge are t closely interwoven for that." But the bearers of t revelation are diverse in character, vocation and missic Nothing is lost to Christ by placing him in line wi Moses, Isaiah and the Psalmists, any more than comparing him with the secular teachers cited by t Emperor—Socrates and Plato. In this all Christendo will agree with the Professor. Christ is so superior them each and all, that we realize his majesty a grandeur all the more clearly when these lesser en nences are in the line of sight. The Professor sa rightly that, "the Christian community is bound to pudiate every estimate of Jesus which effaces the d ference between him and all other teachers." He ad to this emphatic statement a word of practical couns for which he deserves the thanks and applause of Chr tians of every name. "It is more important," he say "to ponder those words of Jesus, 'By this shall all m know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to a other,' and to order our lives in conformity with the than to contend with one another in the attempt press the venerable and inscrutable into formulas How much of theological rancor and unchristian ac bity the world might be saved by heeding Prof. Ha nack's timely admonition!

Remembering Old Sins

PERHAPS you can see them now as you look ba into your past, — words and deeds of guil thoughtlessness, if not of wanton wickedness.

A poor, humble Christian died weeping over the collection of old sins. The nurse dried the tear-w eyes, and as the last breath left the body, and the pul fluttered no more, wiped them again, and withdrew some other duty. When she returned to the bedsi she called the attention of a visitor to another tear the cheek of the dead. Life had been extinct for so minutes; but the water gathered in the eye had dropp on the cheek in that last tear—a sacred token of god sorrow for sins forever past.

Only a life of love and well-doing plants no thorns the dying pillow.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

ntarctic Exploration

DETAILS received by mail, supplement the cable story published in this journal on April 8, of the expedition which has gone in arch of the South Pole. They show that e explorers have had a most arduous perience, and have encountered terrible ngers. Soon after settling their quars, they sent up a balloon, but, even at great height, found the horizon enclosed lofty mountains. The sledge journey mmenced in September, which is the ring season in those latitudes, occupi- ninety-four days. After the explorers d left a depot, which had been previsly established sixty miles to the south the ship, the snow became soft, and it as almost impossible to drag the sledges ng. Half of the dges had to be uled five miles, and en the party returnd and brought up the mainder: each five iles covered thus, volving fifteen iles traveling. This lay work lasted venty-nine days. he explorers estabished a depot in laude 80° 30′ south. ere they discarded superfluous gear, d set out from the epot on December for a dash to the outh. As they proeeded, the snow beame softer, and the xtra strain told uickly upon the ogs, which ultimate- all died. They enetrated to latitude 9° 17′—the farthest oint yet reached by ny explorer—about ve hundred and fifty iles from the Pole. The return journey as still more trying. Thick fogs envelped them, and for five days the party had o steer a course practically in the dark. hen they had to go on short rations, and o add to their difficulties, Lieutenant hackleton burst a blood vessel in one of is lungs. Such were the hardships of the ledge work on the various journeys made y the *Discovery's* men, that they are deribed by the officers of the *Morning* as eing palpably aged, though nevertheless ell and cheerful. Forty-one men in all emained to continue their explorations. ieut. Shackelton and nine men, all of hom had suffered in the severe climate, eturned home on the *Morning*, as the hysician in charge believed that another inter in those conditions would endanger heir lives. The *Discovery*, a picture of hich is here given, remains with the xplorers for their return journey. She is escribed as a stanch vessel, well-fitted or the work of exploration. It is, however, clear that if the explorers succeed in heir object, it will be by sledges. Even n the summer, the vessel could not safely roceed farther south. The heroic band re aware of this fact, but are not daunted y the stupendous difficulties before them. Their courage and endurance are marvelous. If men will suffer such hardships, and expose themselves to such dangers, in order to solve a scientific problem, what kind of consecrated service ought the cause of Christ to inspire in those who bear his name?

Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible title (I. Cor. 9: 25).

vessel in the world, was launched on April 17, at New London, Conn. The *Minnesota* can stow away in her cavernous holds 28,000 tons dead weight, and, in her superstructure, reserved for passengers, she can carry nearly 2,700 persons, including 172 first cabin, 110 second cabin and 68 third cabin voyagers. As a transport she could accommodate ten regiments. The *Minnesota's* dimensions are: Length, 630 feet; breadth, 73½ feet, moulded depth, 56 feet. Her great depth and beam enable her to beat the world afloat as a carrier. She was not built for speed. Her triple expansion engines, turning twin propellers 20 feet in diameter, are intended to drive her at the rate of 14 knots in pleasant weather. The new ship bristles with cargo booms. There are thirty-four of them, two being fitted to lift fifty tons. Some of the hatches are large enough to admit a locomotive or a freight car. She can carry a cargo that would fill a railroad train seven miles long, or 125 trains of twenty cars each. The big ship was begun in March, 1901. In one month 2,000 tons of material were put into the *Minnesota* and her sister ship the *Dakota*. The cost of building these two Pacific liners was about $5,000,000. The construction of such ships is a sign of the stupendous development of our commerce. We have a right to rejoice that our nation is taking so prominent a place among the nations of the world; but we ought also to be careful that in our prosperity we do not forget what is the true source of national greatness.

OFFICERS OF THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

THE "DISCOVERY," NOW IN THE ANTARCTIC

When thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied, beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God (Deut. 8: 13).

A Miser's Hoard

For some days past, a miserable man, eighty-two years old, had been missed by people living near Belvidere, N. J., who for many years have been used to see him going about the town, eagerly getting a few pennies whenever he could, to buy him food. Inquiries were made about him, and finally a man who knew where he lived went to see what had happened. His home was a miserable hovel in the woods in a wild, mountainous district called Harker's Hollow. Entering the hut, the old man was seen sitting dead in his chair. The single room was inexpressibly filthy. It contained only one chair, a trunk which served as a table, and a wretched mattress which was used as a bed. The authorities were notified, and they searched the hovel to find it there was any clue to the old man's relatives. When they broke open the trunk they found a pile of bank bills, some of them covered with mold and almost unrecognizable. Next they tore apart the bedding, and out of the collection of old rags fell coins of gold and silver. In an old lard can under some musty flour was a bag of silver. In the weather boards, in the chimney, under the rafters—in fact, wherever the men searched, they found money concealed. Papers partly filled up showed that the old man had begun arrangements for entering a home for aged and destitute persons. There was a memorandum of the address of his sister in New York, and she was notified of the death. She had heard nothing of her brother in many years. The old man had died in poverty and squalor in spite of his riches, for his disposition would not allow him to make use of his money, and therefore he was to all intents and purposes a poor man.

There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty (Prov. 11: 24).

Dr. Lorenz's Patient

The great Viennese surgeon is again in this country. He returned to remove the plaster cast which he placed, six months ago, on the body of Mr. Armour's little daughter. She had been suffering from congenital dislocation of the hip, and had been unable to walk. Dr. Lorenz put the member in place, and then enclosed it in the plaster cast to keep it there. The child and her parents have passed the interval in intense anxiety, for not until the cast was removed, could it be known whether the operation had been successful. On the arrival of Dr Lorenz, he took a penknife, and opened the cast. It came away easily, and without pain to the little patient. Then the good doctor gave her his hand, and to the joy of all present, she tripped easily across the room. Her mother almost fainted with delight as she clasped in her arms the child who had been crippled from birth, and saw her walk as other children. "Oh! I am so happy!" said the child. "See, mamma, how I can walk now!" How thankful her parents must be to the skilful surgeon who has removed the deformity and enabled their child to walk like other children. We may hope that they will seek for her the help of the divine Physician who can do infinitely more for her happiness.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness (Ps. 23: 3).

A Wife's Responsibility

The Appellate Court of New York has just decided a case which has been pending in the lower courts for a long time and has been watched with deep interest. It was a suit brought by a dry-goods firm against a wealthy man for goods supplied to his wife after she had separated from him. Justice Ingraham, in giving the decision of the Court, said: "If a wife, without cause, deserts her husband and refuses to live with him and to accept the support which he is willing and able to give her, the separation ends any implied authority based upon the marriage for the wife to make contracts upon the credit of the husband, or liability of the husband for necessaries furnished to the wife. It has never been held, so far as I know, that a wife could voluntarily and without cause leave her husband, repudiating her obligations that she incurred upon her marriage, and then compel the husband to support her separated from him, and it has duty to his wife is performed when he offers to support her in accordance with his means and station in life when living with him, she has no implied authority to purchase the things necessary for her support from others and make her husband liable." The principle enunciated by the judge is too often forgotten in spiritual matters. People have no right to expect the rights and privileges of their position when they neglect its duties. There are many who hope to enter heaven when they die, though they live away from Christ and do not love, honor or obey him.

If we deny him, he also will deny us (II Tim. 2: 12).

The World's Largest Ship

In the presence of an immense crowd, and saluted by whistles from factories and the cheers of thousand of throats, the *Minnesota*, the biggest freight-carrying

BRIEF NOTES

Capt. Eugene T. Wilson, of the Artillery Corps, at Fort Liscum, Alaska, reports that the abolition of the canteen has had a great influence on the men. It has been followed by a decrease of drunkenness, their being now no occasion for restraint formerly exercised.

An important Sunday School campaign is now going on in North Carolina under the auspices of the State Sunday School Association. The Executive Committee has sent out a Field Party to cover the entire State. It is composed of Prof. S. M. Smith, of Lenoir College; Mr. [illegible] Furman, of New York; Rev. [illegible], of Marietta, Ga.; and Rev. [illegible], of Montreat, N. C. These brethren are [illegible] in their respective counties, and [illegible] perfection in all kinds of Sunday School work. The work is interdenominational, and is starting up greater interest in Sunday School [illegible] in all denominations.

Crowned Heads Praise American Benevolence

KING CHRISTIAN

CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK

THE CROWN PRINCE AND FAMILY

PRINCE WALDEMAR

PRINCE HAROLD

FOUR generations were in the family party gathered in the Royal Palace at Copenhagen recently, to celebrate the eighty-fifth birthday of King Christian IX. of Denmark. Dr. Klopsch's cablegram, published in our issue last week, shows how democratic and genial a party it was. The king has six children—three sons and three daughters. Some of these are already grandparents, and the little children were not the least delightful and welcome of the guests. Seven of them are grandchildren of the Crown Prince. The Queen of England, the king's eldest daughter, the beloved Alexandra, has also seven grandchildren, and the dowager Empress of Russia, the king's second daughter, has eight. Every year the patriarchal king delights to gather under his roof as many of his descendants as possible, and it is their joy to accept his invitation. During the life of the late Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., he was a regular visitor to the home of his father-in-law. There he laid aside the cares of State and was the most light-hearted and joyous member of the family circle. The tradesmen of Copenhagen still tell stories of his boisterous mirth and of the pleasure he took in loading his nephews and nieces with presents. His death was mourned nowhere more sincerely than in the Danish capital. Another vacant place in the circle is that of the venerated Queen Louise, who took no less delight than her husband in these annual reunions of their numerous descendants. It is now five years since, at the age of eighty-one, she passed away.

Few royal couples have been so devoted to one another and to their family as were the King and Queen of Denmark. When they began their married life in 1842, there seemed little prospect that they would ever reach a throne. Christian was Prince of Schleswig-Holstein-Glucksburg, and it was not until ten years later that the European Powers, concerned over the fact that the reigning King of Denmark had no direct heir, assembled in London and selected Christian as his successor.

In 1863, or about eleven years afterwards, King Frederick died and Prince Christian succeeded. Prior to that time, his income had been so small that the utmost economy was necessary. He lived plainly at home, entering but little into society. His wife loyally aided him, and kept the household expenses down to a minimum. She trained her three daughters in domestic habits, and even taught them how to make their own garments. It is said that they were able to rival the court milliners in skill, and were adepts in all household duties. Nor were accomplishments neglected. They acquired several languages and were musicians of no mean order.

Even now, the king, who is passionately fond of music, has no higher enjoyment when his daughters are under the paternal roof than to set them playing on the old piano. Best of all, they were sweet, good, lovable women, sympathetic with poverty and suffering, and kind and considerate to their attendants. That these traits of character have not been lost, in spite of the illustrious stations they have occupied, is evident from Dr. Klopsch's cablegram. He says that the Queen and Empress were moved to tears as he described to them the scenes of suffering he had witnessed in his tour of the famine-stricken districts of Finland. They cordially appreciated, too, the generous relief sent from America, and as he explained how many a gift had been rendered possible only by the self-denial and self-sacrifice of the givers, the two ladies exclaimed: "God bless and reward them." The Queen of England, as was natural, was especially interested in the relief of the famine in India, and was charmed by the explanation of the system, by which the five thousand famine orphans in that land are being fed, clothed, and educated at the expense of generous Christian people in America. She desired Dr. Klopsch to tender to every one of those foster parents her sincerest gratitude, as Empress of that afflicted land.

OUR RELIEF WORK IN FINLAND

Having completed his extended famine tour in the Northland, Dr. Louis Klopsch, the Editor of this journal, is now returning to the United States. He writes

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA

that the tour has been a severe trial of physical endurance. "The tremendous distances of the houses from one another—rarely less than five miles, and frequently twelve or fifteen miles—the dull, leaden sky, with scarcely a ray of sunshine; the unpalatable food, the monotonous landscape, and the many inconveniences, have contributed to rack us physically, nervously, mentally. On his arrival, he will present, through these pages, the story of his famine experiences, which it has been impracticable to do while the journey was in progress.

Dr. Julius Reuter Mr. Allopæus Dr. Klopsch Mr. Willets

OUR FINLAND RELIEF PARTY DISCUSSING PLANS FOR THE TOUR

. . .

The following report of what has been accomplished with aid furnished from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund, in a number of villages around Kajana is typical of the character of the work done by Dr. Klopsch in many localities in Finland.

Dear Sir:—In remembrance of you, and of the good work you have done for us and numerous other suffering families in our unhappy land, we feel that we owe you thanks, more thanks than we can find words for. The world knows very little about us and our sufferings. We are living in our wide forests, among snow and ice. Generation after generation we have struggled and suffered, and many have died for lack of the commonest necessaries, unknown to the world. Such was like to have been our own lot in this year of need. But you heard of it. You made it known to the world. You and your good readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD began great relief work for us, and it has proved admirably ample. You did more than that; you came over to see us and our need. You suffered much, struggling through waist-deep snows to our cottages, in order to help us, and to bring a ray of light and joy to us in our hopeless situation.

We thank you for your beneficent work, for your visit, and for the help you brought us and our poor children, and we ask you to convey to the American people our warmest regards and thanks. God bless you and all our American friends!

[Signed] KAJANA, March 29, 190

Matti Reinikka, with his old father and 6 children.
Leonhard Kijrelainen, with 7 children.
Reune Leinonen, with 7 children.
Jussi Leinonen, with 8 children.
Paovo Tolonen, with 5 children.
Autti Rautiainen, with 4 children.

(From Formua village, Kajana land community.)

Tapani Kontio, with 5 children.
Era Leinonen, with 6 children.
Era Huusko, with 4 children.
Kalle Leinonen, with 6 children.

(From Woottolahti village, Kajana land community.)

Kalle Merilainen, with 2 children.
Matti Leinonen, with 5 children.
Pekka Huttunen, with 5 children.
Paovo Huotari, with old mother and 5 children.
Matti Purainen, with 6 children.
Kusti Korhonen, with 6 children.
Hermon Sirvio, with 4 children.
Huki Sirvio, with 6 children.

(From Nuas village, Sotkamo parish)

Also Johannes Wayrynen, in behalf of nine families in Saaremaki village, Saraisniemi parish, which Dr. Klopsch visited.

. . .

Our Consul General in Sweden sends this voluntary testimony to the value of the American relief work in that country:

My dear Dr. Klopsch:

The enclosed card came to this office for you, and knowing you would be pleased to receive it, I forward it. With it I send my sincere regards and good wishes, and my echo of the grateful expressions of the people of Sweden, for the perfect manner in which you fulfilled your noble mission to the suffering districts of the famine-stricken north.

Most cordially and respectfully,

EDWARD L. ADAMS,
U. S. Consul-General.

. . .

Among the contributions received during the past week was the following:

SAVINGS LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY,
MADISON, WIS., April 10,

Editor The Christian Herald:—Enclosed find check for $536.65 for the famine-stricken people of Finland. The money has come in my hands as the result of a proclamation appeal by our Governor, R. M. LaFollette, some weeks ago. The appeal was for Finland, Sweden and Norway, and the amount has been divided as per understanding with the Governor. Kindly own receipt in accordance with the above. HALLE STEENSLAND
Swedish and Norwegian Vice-Consul.

. . .

Contributions in aid of both Finland and Sweden, may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, to be forwarded to the committees in Helsingfors and Stockholm. Contributors should state clearly for which country the gifts are intended. All gifts will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FINLAND FAMINE FUND

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I H N, Wilmington... 5 00
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Snyder, B O 25
Snyder, Elbridge 25
Soule, C 25
Southard, Mrs 1 00
Spangler, Mrs A 1 00
Speidel, John 1 00
Spencer, Mrs 1 00
Stancliff, Mrs D 2 00
Stanley, Mary I 1 00
Statesir, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Stetson, Mrs B 50
Stearne, Chas 25
Stearne, Henry 50
Steffens, Mrs Otto 20
Stevens, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Stewart, Miss B 1 00
Stewart, Mrs E 25
Stewart, W J 5 00
Stoll, Albert 25
Stoney, Jr, W H 25
Strachan, Miss B 1 00
Strainge, T J & Mrs 3 00
Strings, Mrs A 25
Strong, Mrs H 1 00
Strong, Miss H E 2 50
Stulz, S 1 00
Sullivan, Miss H 25
Swartz, C 1 00
Sweetman, Mrs E 25
Sweetman, J T 15 00
Sweetman, Mrs M 50
Swensen, C 5 00
Sybrandt, Mrs C G 1 00
Talbot, R A 25
Tallidrow, Mrs J 25
Tallman, Irving W 2 70
Tarpening, Mrs J 10
Taylor, Nancy M 2 00
Tefft, Mrs Chester 1 00
Terpening, Jennie & Lelia Shafer 25
Terry, Miss Ina 50
Terry, Mrs R 1 00
Terwilliger, H S 2 00
Tharger, Mrs R 10
Thatcher, Mrs O 2 00
Thomas, Mrs C A 1 00
Thompson, Miss B 25
Thompson, Mrs F 25
Thompson, Mrs J 10
Thompson, Mrs 1 00
Thompson, Miss M A 50
Thompson, Mrs M J 1 00
Tibbetts, Mrs 1 00
Tibbetts, Milton 50
Tibbitts, Mary E 5 00
Toll, Mrs 25
Tollner, Miss F 50
Tracy, Miss Sophia 25
Travis, Cora 1 00
Truedell, Miss 10
Turner, A D 25
Twiss, Mrs John 1 00
Tyner, A J 2 00
Unamann, Mrs 50
Upercraft, J & wf 1 00
Upham, A & wf 2 00
Vallien, George 25
VanAllen, Mr & Mrs C 8 00
VanBunkirk's, Mrs S S Cl 4 03
VandeBogart, M 2 00
VanDerlip, Mrs B B 2 00
Vandervoort, Mrs J 1 00
VanDeusen, Ella M 2 00
VanEps, A Y 2 00
VanFleet, Mrs F D 1 00
VanHise, N M 2 00
VanVranken, C M E 1 00
VanWil, C H 2 00
Vaughn, Mrs J G 50
Vialle, Mrs 1 00
Vincent, Mrs 25
Vines, L M 2 00
Vines, Sophia 50
Vollmer, Henry 1 00
Vosburgh, Mrs A 1 00
Wadsworth, Mrs LP 10 00
Wager, Mrs M A 2 00
Wagner, Thos 25
Walker, A 1 00
Walker, Miss C 1 00
Walker, Mrs D 1 00
Wallace, H G 2 00
Wallis, Mrs C P 25
Washburn, Hattie 1 00
Washburn, Stephen 3 00
Wasmansdorf, A 1 00
Watrous, Mrs J C 1 00
Watson, Mrs Benj 1 00
Watson, Claude 50
Watt, John 50
Webb, Mrs C 25
Welch, J Q 1 00
Welch, Mrs L A 1 00
Wells, Mrs J H 1 00
Wenzel, Miss 15
Werner, Mrs W 1 00
West, Mrs Emma 1 00
Wheelock, Miss M 1 00
Whitlin, Leland 03
Whitlin, Rev Thos 1 00
White, Mrs Homer 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd

Whitehead, E S 1 00
Wilbur, John 25
Wilde, Mrs P S 25
Willey, Mrs F H 2 00
Williams, Allen S 50
Williams, D A 25
Williams, Mrs J J 2 00
Williamson, Mrs J D 15
Willson, Dr 10
Wilson, Miss A J 1 00
Wing, Mrs J O 3 00
Winslow, Mildred 05
Wollaston, A M 2 00
Wood, Mrs F C 1 00
Wood, Florence 50
Wood, Mrs H B 2 00
Wood, Lulu 10
Wood, N C 1 00
Woodard, Mrs 25
Woodard, Mrs L 1 00
Woodman, Mrs E B 1 00
Woodruff, Mrs H G 25
Woodruff, Mrs M 1 00
Woodworth, Mary A 1 00
Woolworth, Mrs E 50
Worthen, A M 2 00
Wright, Mrs A 1 00
Wright, Mrs C 1 00
Wyckoff, C D 2 00
Wyman, Anthony 50
Zimmerman, Mrs J 1 00
Zimmerman, Mrs L 5 00
Zink, Mrs Albert 1 00
Clara C. Amsterdam 50
A M J S H, Albany 1 00
Smith, A Patricia 1 00
A B, Astoria 5 00
Mrs G A H, Astoria 1 00
H L C, Auburn 1 00
Smithers, Bainbridge 1 00
T M, Bridge-hampton 1 00
E C R, Bklyn 2 00
F M, Bklyn 25
F V G, Bklyn 50
M C V D, Bklyn 1 00
J R, Buffalo 1 00
J C, Canaan 4 Corners 08
Miss M K, Canandaigua 3 00
W S B, Cedar Hill 1 00
M S, Charlton 5 00
H B C, Clarks Mills 1 00
H H, Cod Spgs 3 00
H H H, Colins Ctr 1 00
C L, Dannemora 3 00
Mrs H H, Fulton 1 00
C C K, Glovers-ville 1 00
H M, Gloversville 1 00
C M C, Groveland 1 00
S B, Haverstraw 2 00
I L J, Hector 1 00
H K, Hoosick 2 10
B V B, Hudson 1 75
M B L, Hurleyville 1 00
F C, Jamaica 1 00
Mrs B, Jefferson-ville 50
D B A, Kingston 2 00
J H H, Lancaster 1 00
Mrs E A, Lansingburg 1 00
L—, Livonia 2 00
L Mac—, Lockport 1 00
J H S, McGraw-ville 2 00
A K, Matteawan 1 00
Mrs O W B, Mo-hawk 1 00
E J L T, Moravia 5 00
L A H, New Berlin 1 50
F A M, Newburgh 5 00
M A P, Newburgh 1 00
M M, Newburgh 50
G B T, N Y C 2 00
E M P, N Y C 1 00
F A P, N Y C 20 00
Mrs R A H, N Y C 1 00
M R M, N Y Mills 1 00
Mr & Mrs S G, Osborne Bridge 1 00
J A F & family, Richmondville 6 75
Mrs B, Riverhead 50
Mrs E J, River-head 5 00
J B, Rochester 1 00
J M B, Rochester 2 00
A S, Saugerties 1 00
J R K, Schenectady 1 00
S D H, Schenectady 5 00
S D H, Schenectady 5 00
E C, Utsellic 1 00
J D, Troy 2 00
Mrs F M L, Troy 1 00
K R S G M, Utica 2 00
Ava M, Warsaw 5 00
S J E, W Charlton 4 00
L J T, Westfield 2 00
G C H, W Hebron 1 00
Mrs, White Plns 1 00
I T, Winans 2 00
A A P & L S P, Woodbury 2 00
S S, Mt Vernon 5 00
—, Albany 2 00
—, Alden 2 50
—, Batavia 1 00
—, Boonton 1 00
—, Buffalo 1 00
—, Buffalo 2 00
—, Cambria 1 00
—, Carthage 5 00
—, Clifton Spgs 26
—, Cobleskill 1 00
—, Durham 5 00
—, Homer 1 00
—, Hoosick Falls 1 00
—, Hornellsville 1 00
—, LeRoy 1 00
—, Meadville 1 00
—, Moores 1 00
—, N Y C 30
—, N Y 1 00
—, Nelson 1 00
—, Warwarsing & Salisburg 2 00
—, Westtown 1 00
—, Woodhaven 1 00
Cash, Bklyn 50
For Christ's Sake, Spencerport 1 00
For Jesus' Sake, Canajoharie 1 00
Friend, Auburn 1 00
Friend, Baldw l n-ville 1 00
Friend, Cedar Hill 1 00
Friend, Darien Ctr 1 00
Friend, Kennedy 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

Friend, New London 1 00
Friend, N Y C 50
Friend, Poughkeepsie 1 00
Friend, Southampton 2 00
Friend, Warwick 1 00
Friend, Averill Park 25
A Friend, Antwerp 25
A Friend, Bklyn 2 00
A Friend, Buffalo 50
A Friend, Dolgeville 1 00
A Friend, Fishkill 10 00
A Friend, Geneva 1 00
A Friend, Mannsville 1 00
A Friend, Mannsville 05
A Friend, Marcellus 2 00
A Friend, Melrose 25
A Friend, Melrose 50
A Friend, New Baltimore 1 00
A Friend, N Y C 25
A Friend, N Y C 1 00
A Friend from Osborne Bridge 2 00
A Friend, Oxford 25
A Friend, Preston Hollow 2 00
A Friend, Roches-ter 1 00
A Friend, Rome 25
A Friend, Rushford 4 00
A Friend, Schenectady 5 00
A Friend, Schuylerville 1 00
A Friend, Troy 2 00
A Friend, Victory 1 00
A Friend, W Charlton 2 00
A Friend, Wilton Plains 1 00
A Friend, ——— 1 00
A Friend P A, Atwater 25
Friends, Ashton 1 25
Friends, Cazenovia 50
Friends, Conquest 1 00
Friends, Harpersfield 5 00
Friends, Melrose 1 15
From a Friend, Forsville 1 00
An Albany Friend 1 00
A Friend very much interested, Manorville 3 00
A Friend of the Needy, Schenectady 1 00
Friends in M E Ch at Ballston Spa 5 00
Friends at Thousand Isld Park 1 50
Canada Friends 2 10
Ithaca Friends 20 00
Some Friends, Patchogue 4 00
Two Friends, Elmhurst 3 00
I H N, Amsterdam 1 00
I H N, Bath 5 00
I H N, Dunkirk 6 15
I H N, Mexico 1 00
I H N, Moores Mill 20 00
I H N, Norwich 1 00
I H N, Schuyler Isld 1 00
In Jesus' Name, Barre 2 00
In Jesus' Name, Child 1 00
Reader, Rexford Flats 20
A Reader of the C Herald 1 00
A Reader of C H, No Manlius 2 00
Readers of C H, Gravesend Neck, Bklyn 5 00
C E Soc of Ch Hollow 25 00
W C T U, Cohocton 2 00
Ref Y P S C E, Fonda 9 00
The Silson, Schuylerville Chap, Gloversville 5 00
W C T U, Hanover 3 00
Y P S C E Soc, Higginville 2 24
Y P S C E, Kingstone 5 00
Olive Branch of Sunshine Soc at Middleton 4 50
Jr C E Soc, Peoples Tabernacle, N Y C 3 00
Childrens Coll, Peoples Taberbnacle, N Y C 10 00
The Y M C A, and others of Christ Cong Ch, N Y C 6 00
St Paul Col Miss, Rome 3 70
St Pauls M E Ch Ep Lea, Niagara Falls 10 45
Y W C T U, Norway 2 00
Ladies Guild of 1st Pres Ch, Oswego 1 00
Lads C E S, Richmondville 2 85
Ladies Missy Soc, Germ Ref Emanl Ch, Rochester 5 00
W C T U, Sherwood 3 50
Hanover Ctr C E, Silver Creek 3 00
Friday Club, Springwater 5 00
Shining Light Miss, So Bklyn 13 00
Pres Mission Soc, Trenton 6 50
So Trenton Ladies Bapt Miss Soc 6 50
Ladies F Miss Soc of Asbury M E Ch, Tarrytown 5 00
Hopewell C E Soc, Thompson Ridge 6 66
Mt Hope Miss Cir, Ticonderoga 5 00
Y P S C E, Tupper Lake F Miss Soc 5 00
The New Prospect Y P S C E of Ulsterville 7 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

M E Ch, Edinburg 6 60
Ref Ch Coll, Fonda 12 00
Bapt Ch, Ft Covington 7 61
1st Bapt Ch, Gloversville 30 00
1st Cong Ch, Homer 14 15
Cong Ch, Kinderhook 17 85
St Johns Ev Luth Ch, Manorton 10 00
Pres Ch, Montgomery 2 50
1st Presby Ch, Mt Morris 12 16
Bapt Ch, Oswegatchie 7 77
M E Ch, Ovid 11 00
Ref Ch, Plattekill 13 70
1st Germ Bapt Ch, So Bklyn 12 00
1st Pres Ch, Springwater 6 00
Zion Scan Luth Ch, S I 129 55
First Bapt Ch of Woodside, L I 25
Olive Branch M E Ch, Staten Island 1 00
Immanuel S S Cl, Auburn 1 00
S S, Berwyn 7 00
Prospect Hall, Prospect Pk S Sch, Bklyn 40 95
S Sch, Cedar Hill 10 00
F M P S S, Coxsackie 3 00
Congl S S, Deansboro 7 09
Ref Ch S S, Flatbush 18 26
Ref S S, Fondo 4 00
S Sch of the Ref Ch, Ft Miller 7 50
Bap S S, Gilbertsville 4 00
Bapt Kindergarten, Gloversville 6 00
Ch No 2, 1st Pres S S, Hammond 4 00
S S & other Friends at Harris Hill 6 66
Pres S S, Hoosick Falls 2 00
Stillwater S Sch, Jamestown 8 00
S Sch of M E Ch, Lisle 5 50
Free Bapt S S, Marilla 5 25
M P S S, Minoa 2 02
Bapt S S & friends, New Berlin 6 00
Bapt S S, New Berlin 18 00
Walesville Bapt S Sch, Oriskany 5 00
S Sch, Oswego Ctr 5 00
Pres S S, Rensselaer 12 75
S Sch of the Thiels M E Ch 10 50
S S Cl, W Charlton 3 00
Hall M E S S, W Hampton 4 33
Free Meth S S, W Hampton 6 15
Woodbourne S Sch 3 00
Girls Comfort Cir, Holland Ref Ch, Albany 5 00
Free Meth Soc, Albion 15 00
C E S, Bloomington 2 00
Bklyn Tabernacle Employm't Soc Sewing Sch, Bklyn 5 50
C E Soc of Prospect Pk Pres Ch, Bklyn 2 50
Opportunity Circle of Kgs Daus of Graveend Neck, Bklyn 5 00
C E Soc of Ch Hollow 25 00
W C T U, Cohocton 2 00
Ref Y P S C E, Fonda 9 00
The Silson, Schuylerville Chap, Gloversville 5 00
W C T U, Hanover 3 00
Y P S C E Soc, Higginville 2 24
Y P S C E, Kingstone 5 00
Olive Branch of Sunshine Soc at Middleton 4 50
Jr C E Soc, Peoples Tabernacle, N Y C 3 00
Childrens Coll, Peoples Taberbnacle, N Y C 10 00
The Y M C A, and others of Christ Cong Ch, N Y C 6 00
St Paul Col Miss, Rome 3 70
St Pauls M E Ch Ep Lea, Niagara Falls 10 45
Y W C T U, Norway 2 00
Ladies Guild of 1st Pres Ch, Oswego 1 00
Lads C E S, Richmondville 2 85
Ladies Missy Soc, Germ Ref Emanl Ch, Rochester 5 00
W C T U, Sherwood 3 50
Hanover Ctr C E, Silver Creek 3 00
Friday Club, Springwater 5 00
Shining Light Miss, So Bklyn 13 00
Pres Mission Soc, Trenton 6 50
So Trenton Ladies Bapt Miss Soc 6 50
Ladies F Miss Soc of Asbury M E Ch, Tarrytown 5 00
Hopewell C E Soc, Thompson Ridge 6 66
Mt Hope Miss Cir, Ticonderoga 5 00
Y P S C E, Tupper Lake F Miss Soc 5 00
The New Prospect Y P S C E of Ulsterville 7 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

Y W C T U, Ulsterville 2 50
W C T U, Ulsterville 2 50
Clark Dist Appt, Edinburg Charge 2 10
Bennett, Rev A H per, Free M Soc 15 00

Rhode Island

Berry, Homer 1 00
Bullock, A N 5 00
Bullock, Mrs A N 5 00
Cooke, A P & H E 5 00
Gardiner, C 2 00
Gardiner, M E 2 00
Gavitt, Miss M P 50
Godfrey, Mrs C H 1 00
Gladding, Mrs H M10 00
Grant, Mrs Danl 5 00
Hazard, Abby C 2 00
Himes, C R & wf 5 00
Johnson, Sara 1 00
Mitchell, Mrs Jno 1 00
Orton, E 1 00
Pierce, Miranda 5 00
Randall, Mrs Lucy 1 00
Stryker, Mrs Peter 1 00
Thornton, Mrs C W 2 00
A H J, Newport 1 00
C F G, Providence 2 00
Friends, Foster 1 40
I H N, Pawtucket 1 00
A Well Wisher, ... 2 00
The Whaley Mite, Middletown 2 00
Thank Offering, Providence 2 00
Seed Drop Cong Ch, Crompton 37 00
Cong'l S Sch, Chepachet 7 44
Y P S C E, Chepachet 2 50

Vermont

Adams, C C 25
Adams, R E 25
Allen, J H 50
Baird, Mrs Josy 25
Baldwin, Mrs O A 25
Barber, Mrs O A 25
Barrett, L C 40
Bascom, Mrs H D 50
Bell, Mr & Mrs F J 2 00
Benedict, Mrs J S 1 00
Billings, Mrs C 50
Bird, J B 25
Blair, Nellie 50
Blake, M W 1 00
Blakely, F 10 00
Bogue, A E & S 5 00
Bogue, I E & S A 5 00
Bogue, Mrs T F 25
Borland, Martha 10
Boyce, Ezra 1 00
Brock, Herbert 1 00
Brown, J C 25
Burbank, S R 50
Burdit, Mrs D 1 00
Burditt, Mrs E 1 00
Bushnell, Mrs S 50
Cate, J C 5 00
Chetlin, Mrs C 50
Clough, Mrs Elsie 50
Coleman, Fred 2 00
Coleman, Mrs F S 75
Coleman, R 50
Coleman, J A 50
Cowan, Mrs Jas 25
Cummings, Mrs A M 1 00
Davidson, Mrs L A & Son 1 00
Dean, Laura A 1 00
Degree, S P 25
Denison, Mrs 1 00
Denison, Mrs W T 50
Dower, E W 50
Fancher, W 5 00
Farnsworth, Mrs B 50
Fessenden, J D 25
Fessenden, Mr J D 25
Flint, B A 50
France, Mrs M R 50
French, Mrs E M 1 00
Gibson, Agnes 50
Gibson, M D 1 00
Gibson, Nettie 50
Gilfillan, H A 5 00
Gilfillan, James 2 00
Gilfillan, Mrs Jas 1 00
Gilfillan, W A 50
Gilhander, John 25
Goodroe, Henry W 50
Goslant, Peter 1 00
Gould, Frank 25
Hale, D M 25
Haling, Gretchen 1 00
Hallady, W C 25
Harris, Mrs G H 50
Hartley, A M 2 00
Heath, Mrs M 50
Hewitt, Olin S & other 2 00
Holden, Mrs M A 1 00
Holton, C L 1 00
Howe, L L 25
Howe, Mary E 50
Howe, Mrs Nellie 50
Howe, W D 25
Hubbard, Mrs G F 1 00
Jones, Mrs E 50
Kenerson, Mrs J S 50
Kenyon, Orson 50
King, Mrs C B 1 00
Kingsbury, Mr & Mrs 10 00
Lackie, Frank J 1 00
Lane, Rollin 5 00
Lang, Carl 50
Lang, Merton 25
Lord, R P 5 00
Lothrop, F P 5 00
Lovejoy, H E 1 00
McKibbon, Dr 25
McKinlay, D M 3 00
McKinlay, Mrs M 1 00
MacLane, Mrs E G 2 00
McLaren, M S 1 00
Manley, B P & E L 1 00
Manley, May E 1 00
Manning, J G W 50
Martin, Elon O 1 00
Miles, J F 35
Miles, Mrs Ruth 1 00
Montgomery, Robt 25
Morgan, E A 25
Murray, Chas K 1 00
Nelson, Irving 1 00
Nelson, J G W 50
Nelson, P I 1 00
Nelson, Mr & Mrs Wilbur 3 00

VERMONT—Cont

Noonan, John 1 00
Page, Mrs H M 1 00
Palmer, Mrs E 1 00
Palmer, Mark E 1 00
Parmenter, G W 1 00
Parsons, C E 1 00
Partch, Noble D 1 00
Peabody, Henry G 1 00
Peck, C G 1 00
Penfield, K J 1 00
Peet, Alson 1 00
Pelham, Mark D 1 00
Pierce, Mrs C W 1 00
Pierce, Harrison W 1 00
Post, Frank M 1 00
Powers, R C 1 00
Randall, G O .....

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Girl who Failed

"YOU do not mean to tell me that Lena failed?"

"Well, not exactly failed, Ida, but she missed the goal."

"I am surprised," was the answer. "There is no one in the class better qualified to take the prize. What could Lena have been about to have allowed it?"

Lena, the subject of this conversation, was in her room, busily packing her trunks to return home. Many of the girls had already left the institution; tearful good-byes had been said, and vows of eternal friendship exchanged. It had been a year of pleasant memories and hard work, and now the uncertainty was all over, there was not even the commencement day left to look forward to. There was a happy smile on Lena's face, although she paused now and then to brush the tears from her eyes. "I do not see why here I am ever going to put them all," she said. "What, dear," her room-mate asked quizzingly, "your dresses?"

A merry laugh greeted the words. "Well, hardly," she said. "It's these keepsakes, I mean: I'm cramming them into every conceivable corner, but still the problem baffles me."

"That's the penalty you pay for being popular. Really, I thought I should give the college all this morning, when cook gave you that locktie. I just got a glimpse of it, it looked as if the colors of the rainbow had been struck off."

"Oh, Dora, hush! That gift must have meant a good deal to cook, and I appreciate the thought."

"Well, don't forget your diploma, anyway, here it is. Lena, what a queer girl you are! Excuse me for repeating myself, I think I have said the same thing fifty times before."

"I think you have, dear; but why do you say it?"

"Why do I say it? Oh, because in this intellectual race you were the swiftest runner of them all; but stopped to wipe away tears, to bind up wounds, and to spend your hours in loving, Christ-like service. Don't say a word," she demonstrated, as Lena lifted a warning hand, "I mean to finish what I have to say, if only to believe my own mind. Right in the midst of preparing for that advanced geometry examination, didn't you stop and spend several hours with Lillian Adams, who was not half as ill as she thought she was?"

"But she was really suffering, and I helped to give her relief."

"No doubt of it. I was suffering that same evening, too, I remember, with a troublesome tooth; but no one came to my relief."

"All are not like you, dear. You do not demand the sympathy of every one."

"Fortunately all are not like me, but you are mistaken about my demands on sympathy. I like it just as well as the next one, but trust I have been too well brought up to make exorbitant drains on my friends. And what is the result of our labors? I just ran across Ida and Belle in the hall, talking about you as the girl who had failed."

"You have not delved down into the baser side of my nature," she said, smiling. "One of my weaknesses is an overmastering desire to excel in whatever I undertake. When I first came here there was a prayer foremost in my mind, and it was something like this: 'Save me from myself.' I used to breathe it very often, as I found before I had been here long, that there was more need of it than even I had anticipated. The first shock came when I found my reluctance to give up any chosen task for the sake of others. I fought many a battle, dear, and often my soul's life was dwarfed and threatened thereby. Yes, I failed in ranking with the leaders," she continued with a quiet smile, "and am very sorry to disappoint my friends; but I am not unhappy."

"Unhappy! Well, I should say not. You have done more toward uplifting the moral element of the class than any ten students in it. While the rest of us have been selfishly striving for the goal, each in her own way, you have been living the religion of Christ."

"Hush. I have only striven to sacrifice selfish desires."

"And God has blessed you for it," was the heartily spoken answer.

"How did Lena rank in her class?" asked an inquiring friend, of her mother.

"Lena has not told me, but I always have the happy assurance that she will do nothing short of her best wherever she is placed."

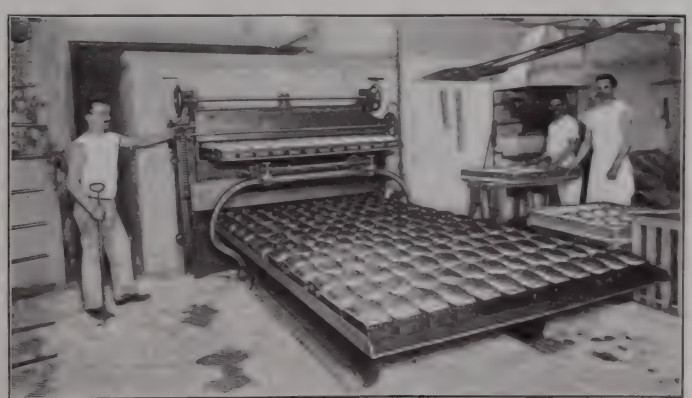
HERE IS THE DOUGH

The brave girl, happy in her consciousness of having loving approval, sighed under her breath and said: "I believe I was ranked as 'the girl who failed.'"

But, was it failure?

Oh, watching angels' faces paled,
And music swelled to her who failed.

SARAH V. DUBOIS.



PRESTO! THE LOAVES

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ANGIE. Your callers should leave at ten o'clock.

—LOUISE. In a sick room do not try to sweep. Wipe the floor with a dampened cloth.

—IRENE. It is very natural that your daughter of sixteen should object to the constant company of her sister of five. Can you not manage to let her be relieved at times?

—MARTHA. Have as many photographs and pretty things in your room as you can keep neat and well dusted. Small articles that gather dust are not an addition to any room.

Boys and Housekeeping

FOUR years ago, in a suburban town in New Jersey, two lads of sixteen, having between them eighty seven cents in money, started a business enterprise. One of the boys had always enjoyed helping his mother in her housewifery, particularly when the season came round for making preserves and pickles. When a summer of unrelenting heat the mother aside, the farmer made up their minds that the next winter would be marked by a consumption of the canned and preserved fruit, of which it was found, but very rarely could without the pluck and energy of the eldest son. He used his vacation in doing all for the benefit what his mother had formerly done, and as the autumn her preserves closet showed fully six hundred shelves. It was this experience that enthused him and a companion to go very simply and inexpensively into the business of running restaurants, small parties into the business of running restaurants. To-day, after four years, one young partner having retired and gone into other business, the original beginner is the proprietor of a large and paying plant. He says housekeeping was easy as an extra as well as a girl, and the lessons that conquering so eagerly to the demands of baseball and football can be trained without trouble to the lifting of many a domestic load. Whatever you do, mothers, do not undone, do not forget to set apart the boys that they may look outside of the narrow circle of home. They will be better sons and brothers for this training, very possibly better men of business for it, and very certainly, better husbands by and bye, for girls who are fortunate enough to marry them.

A New Way to Manage an Old Task

Though the world has moved so swiftly forward in arts industrial and in applied sciences domestic economy has hardly been able to keep the pace. Women by scores and hundreds make bread exactly as their grandmothers did, and even bakers who turn out loaves in great quantities have not been able to secure all they ought out of the flour, in the way of saving and work manipulation and profit. The kneading and mixing machine of the National Bread Company, can turn a whole barrel of flour into bread in thirty minutes, which is certainly much like magic. Machine made bread is thoroughly kneaded, altogether clean, and absolutely well moulded. This machine is a champion mixer and kneader. Appealing to bakers in the first instance, some modification of this ingenious invention may soon be introduced for the individual housekeeper. I long to see the day when families may combine in a given neighborhood and do their cooking and baking in a co-operative kitchen, thus lessening the housework in room some portion of the daily drudgery and leaving her free for other engagements, and for more enjoyment of her children.

The pictures give you a good idea of the ease in which bread is made by this new machine.

WHEN BLUEBIRDS COME

When bluebirds bring
The earliest spring
And on the wing
Flash past the door,
Then shall we look
In Nature's book
And hear the brook
Dash on once more.

Patchwork Quilts

Great store of beautiful patchwork quilts lies in many a thrifty woman's attic. I speak of country homes, for in the city we have no attics. These quilts are valued, not only for their obvious use, as coverlets for the bed, but also, when two people use one, to cure them for portieres and draperies and for the cushions of couches. I saw one a few days ago that was [illegible] to adorn any mansion, so choice was its coloring so harmonious its arrangement, and so intricate the pattern of its quilting.

Small Courtesies

Never omit small courtesies: Good morning, and Good evening, I thank you, Pardon me, Please, and other gracious forms are signs of good breeding, and most helps to make the home-life gladder and to lighten the daily load.

A Boy Who Was Part of God's Great Plan

THE PLOT AGAINST PAUL

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MAY 10
ACTS 23: 12-22. READ 22: 29 TO 23: 9

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—ACTS 23: 11: "THE LORD STOOD BY HIM AND SAID, BE OF GOOD CHEER"

IT is hardly more than a week since the loving friends of Paul, men, women and children in Cesærea, had with tears and entreaties, bidden him farewell, as with anticipation of persecution he resumed his journey to Jerusalem. And Paul is now back in Cæsarea, bound with chains, as Agabus had predicted he would be, in the dramatic use of his girdle. The days intervening have been full of tragic events. "Tell us, Paul, did you make a mistake in leaving Cæsarea against the advice of your friends? And what brings you back so soon?"

ORIENTAL BOY

Paul answers: "I will reply to the first part of your question by saying that no mistake was made in leaving Cæsarea to continue my journey to Jerusalem, for I was instructed by the Spirit of God to go. As to why I come to Cæsarea so soon, I have much to say. The circumstances of my seizure in the Temple, and the rough usage given me by the infuriated mob, who were mercilessly beating the very life out of me when the Captain Claudius Lysias appeared on the scene with his soldiers, and released me from their grip by bringing me as a prisoner to the Castle Antonia, are all known to you. At my request, the captain granted me opportunity to address the people from the castle stairs, in the hope that I might appease them by a statement of facts concerning myself. But their fury was only aroused again, and I was brought into the castle.

"I soon discovered another beating awaited me there, for the captain gave orders that I should be scourged, in order that I might confess the crime which had so enraged the people against me. I brought about a stay of proceedings by declaring that I was a Roman citizen, and as such could not be scourged until condemned. This claim on my part brought Captain Lysias himself to me, who, in a half apologetic way, tried to conciliate me for the proffered indignity, and I was left alone with my guard for the night. In the words of King David, 'I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.'

"Early in the morning, at the command of Lysias, I was taken before the Sanhedrin for examination as to the charges brought against me. In this way he tried to shift the responsibility he had incurred in ordering me to be scourged. But how could it be hoped that a man could have justice in the council of his enemies?"

Illustration and Application

I. The sure promise of God. What a beautiful sample of God's exceeding great and precious promises is the one that came to Paul, like "songs in the night," in the prison to which he had been twice brought to save his life from the Jewish mob! It is when we, too, are misunderstood, misrepresented, bruised, in peril, that God's promises come like angels to minister cheer and strength and assurance of deliverance. Judson, the great missionary, who, like Paul, was "a prisoner of the Lord," when asked in those days of few converts and many difficulties, whether he thought the prospects bright for the conversion of the world, replied, in words that are deservedly familiar, but still needed: "As bright as the promises of God." When men like Paul are on the scaffold, and men like Nero on the throne, and when even church people allow bigotry to take the place of brotherhood, we need to turn to such a promise as the second Psalm, as given in its full significance in the Revision:

Why do the nations rage,
And the peoples imagine a vain thing
The kings of the earth set themselves,
And the rulers take counsel together
Against Jehovah and against his Anointed.

. . . . . .

Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

. . . . . .

Blessed are all they that take refuge in Him.

And when the peril and anxiety are personal, God puts his promises, like stars, into our midnight, saying, as to Paul:

Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He faileth not, and thou art dear.

Plans are said to be in the course of completion, to establish a system of wireless telegraphy between one of the great packing houses in Chicago and its branches in Kansas City and other points. The company are said to pay more than $100,000 a year to telegraph companies for the use of wires, which are interrupted by storms. The telegraph has often been used to illustrate prayer, but prayer is a wireless telegraphy that is "not interrupted by storms." Again and again in Paul's stormiest seasons, his prayer for help was answered by Christ coming in person to "stand by him." Assurance that we are saved and safe may be ours from the beginning if we rest unquestioningly on God's sure promises. "How is it you are so sure you have not been rejected?" said a doubting Christian to a joyous convert. The reply was: "Because Jesus promised, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' and I'm the 'him' that came." God makes a contract with us in the promise, "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Shall we only "cherish a hope" that God will keep his word? Rather let us rest in his promise, like Paul, though forty devils plot to kill our faith.

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II. God's Providence uses even a boy. God had assured Paul he should go to Rome. The next day Paul's young nephew, by doing a simple duty—carrying news of the Jews' deadly plot to Uncle Paul and Captain Lysias—unconsciously helped God to carry out his plan by hurrying Paul off on the first stage of his journey. So every boy and girl may say, in words borrowed from the Song of a Star:

I'm a little part of God's great plan.
And I'll always do the best I can.

Since science has revealed the orderly laws of nature it has become harder for many to believe in Providence and prayer. To this doubt Victor Hugo once answered in a company of Frenchmen: "I believe in Providence because I am a providence myself. We caught a mouse yesterday. Its death sentence was already pronounced, when my little granddaughter, Jeanne, with eyes glistening with tears, begged for the life of the gray prisoner. Her mother hesitated whether to listen to the dear little advocate or not, and in her doubt said, 'Grandfather shall decide.' So they came to me. For a moment I held the power of life and death over the little creature; and I thought: The heavenly Providence may find itself in my situation when the fate of a being of higher order is to be determined. Naturally, I set the mouse free; for, when a man undertakes the roll of Providence on a small scale, he should, at least, imitate its generosity."

Every day human love and will interpose their higher laws among the laws of nature, and why should we doubt that the All-Father, too, shall hear the cry of the children he loves and interpose his mightier will, guided by perfect wisdom, to do what we ask, in the time and way we ask, or to do something better at a better time and in a better way. If we may not ask anything of God because he is wiser, no more may a child ask anything of its earthly father. A case where a mother might have helped God in the soul of her boy is the following: In a summer home at the seaside a mother told her boy not to go down to the beach, hard by, but stay on the lawn awhile till she should come and take him for a walk. His boy friends came again and again and called him to come down to the beach and wade, but he sadly shook his head. After waiting a long time for his mother and refusing again and again temptations to disobey her word, he walked down to the gate and began to toy with the latch, looking eagerly to the glistening ocean in whose wavelets his little neighbors were having great sport. But after standing a moment or two at the gate, he turned, and with firm set lips and hands clasped tight behind him, walked away from temptation. His mother did not come, and after awhile he went again to the gate, and this time opened it a little, but instead of going through he turned firmly and walked back to the veranda. Still his mother did not come. It was hot and lonely and stupid in his yard. At last he ran to the gate, and, without stopping, ran through and played on the beach till the supper bell called him in. His mother met him with uplifted finger and reproving look. "Ah, Rodney, Rodney, you have disobeyed me," and his flaming cheeks and downcast eyes were full confession. "I was watching you all the time," his mother went on. "I saw you go to the gate twice and come back." With trembling lips the boy answered, "Why didn't you tap on the window and help a fellow?" God was working manifestly in the child's conscience, and a wiser mother would have helped God and helped her boy at the time of half-victory by a tap on the window and the fulfilment of her promise to take him for a walk. We help the King of kings to save the world by every act of brotherly love which proclaims the power of Christ to conquer selfishness.

General Ts'en has recently been appointed viceroy of Si-Chuan in Western China. In the province of Shansi he had resolutely repressed the Boxers. The various missionaries in the province of Si-Chuan therefore wrote him a letter of welcome. In his reply, the heathen general declares that he could not have accomplished his object had it not been that all the leaders of the Christian Church had lived up to that precept of the save-the-world religion: "Love men as thyself."

RUINS OF CASTLE OF ANTONIA, PAUL'S PRISON

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III. *God's plan does not dispense with our work.* In all the Bible there is no better illustration than in this story of Paul's deliverance, of the harmony of God's foreordination and man's freedom, of faith and works. The eleventh verse gives God's promise that Paul is to testify in far-off Rome. In verse twelve we see forty Jews making a plan to kill Paul before breakfast. A little later, Paul's nephew brings the news of this plot to Paul. Does he say, "I shall do nothing about it, for God has other plans, and he will see they are not frustrated?" Nay, Paul does just what he would have done if his escape wholly depended on himself. He sends his nephew to Captain Lysias, a Roman worshiper of Jove, who helps God with four hundred and seventy soldiers, and starts Paul forthwith on the first stage of his journey to Rome, all unconscious, as was the boy also, that he was playing a part in a plan of God.

THE CENTURION LOOSED PAUL OF HIS BANDS AND SET HIM BEFORE THE COUNCIL

The connection between faith and works is happily illustrated in the case of the little Philadelphia girl. "Mamma," she said, when looking for a lost treasure, "I think God will help us find it if we ask him; so I'll pray while you hunt."

Paul's promise did not end with Rome. Beyond it he ever saw the only "Eternal City." On Rothschild's palatial residence at Hyde Park, London, are the words, cut in the cornice: "This is not my home: I am traveling to eternity." A few weeks ago, a celebrated preacher, Dr. Joseph Parker, was lying on his death-bed. Every effort was made to relieve the monotony of the long, weary days. One afternoon, a friendly minister, who had just returned from a holiday in Palestine, sat by the bedside of the sufferer and endeavored to interest him with an account of all he had seen and heard in the Holy Land. Dr. Parker seemed to give but little heed to what was said, but at last, his eyes riveted upon the "golden sunset deepening the west," he pointed to the glorious sky and murmured: "My Holy Land is there."

Gleanings

As God made the wrath of the Jews to work out his purpose to send Paul to Rome, so God has often overruled the hatred of truth to promote it. A French colporteur was in a crowded train on the Continent. Opening his pack, he quietly offered his Bibles and Testaments for sale. Some passengers purchased, others angrily refused to do so. One gentleman bought five Testaments, then opened the window, and with a gesture of scorn threw them out, saying: "That's the best place for such rubbish!" The colporteur prayed earnestly that God would not let those copies of his own Word be wasted. Time passed. It was suggested to this colporteur to carry his books to the signalmen and pointsmen along the line of a certain railway. As he was showing them to some navvies he found working there, one said: "Why, these are like the books our mates picked up a year or two ago!" "They are," said another; "a neighbor of mine got one, and he and his wife are never tired of reading it. They say the whole world is different since they had it and believed what it told them." The colporteur found ready purchasers among those rough men, all of whom were Roman Catholics; and probably none of them would have bought, but for knowing about those Testaments, and the blessing they had brought to at least two lives.

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COMPETITION 37

What three proper names mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 37" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper, next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the three answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. Don't quote Scripture passages. Simply state the name. Below the answer, write in not more *twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subject of the first of these pictures. Read the rules given below.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 37."* Write on one side of paper only.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 37, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the second best answer, our *Smith-Pelouhet Bible Dictionary;* the third, *Child-Life in Colonial Days,* by Alice Morse Earle, a delightful illustrated book; for the fourth, *Bob: The Story of Our Mockingbird,* by Sidney Lanier, illustrated. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

All answers must be mailed not later than May 4. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department,* Bible House, N. Y.

Answer to Competition 31, in our issue of March 25, are: 1. Methuselah. 2. Isaac. 3. Noah. 4. Nero: Cæsar.

The longest-lived man, son of the saintliest man of his time, was Methuselah. Noah's grandfather. He lived 969 years.

Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of March 25

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of March 25, **Herbert P. Creed,** Fredericton, N. B. Can., receives a silver watch; for the second best answer, **Madge Lee Ivins,** Schuylkill, Ill., receives our *Smith Pelouet Bible Dictionary;* for the third, **Marguerite Rankin,** Tuscumbia, Tenn., receives a copy of *Jessica of the Dead,* by Long; for the fourth, **Marion C. Bidwell,** Stockbridge, Mass., receives a copy of *Our Own Birds,* by Bailey. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest

Baker, Arlie, Mich.	King, Myrtle, Ind.
Baker, Helen M., N. H.	Lamb, James, Ont.
Baugh, Harold, Calif.	Lewis, Retha W., R. I.
Baughan, Marie G., Va.	Luidell, J. R., Ala.
Broxholm, Samuel, N. Y.	Lunney, Eva, Minn.
Cadogan, Geo., Pa.	McKell, James R., Can.
Cartmell, Bessie, Can.	Markell, Charlotte, Md.
Clark, Ethel, Conn.	Masters, Gladys, Ore.
Cooper, James C., N. C.	Potter, Jr., Louis A., D. C.
Cowan, Celia, Idaho	Randerson, L. B., Tex.
Fisher, J. Carl, W. Va.	Rotnam, Bertha, Neb.
Gaines, E. Ray, Wash.	Rosser, Harold, Dak.
Gant, Reggie, Mo.	Suber, Edith, Ga.
Gray, John Yale, Kans.	Sullivan, Rev., Ind. T.
Hackett, Bertha, Me.	Sullivan, Vera, Colo.
Hogan, Grace, Vt.	Swartz, Jaysen, Sr., Wis.
Johnson, Marguerite, O.	Tillcock, Rachel, Mex.
Kemp, Emma L., N. J.	Windett, Olive F., Iowa

Entertaining Christ*

The Publican who had the Honor of Having Christ as his Guest

THERE is little reason to doubt that the Jews had valid reason for their dislike of the publicans. That one of themselves should undertake to collect the public taxes for the hated Roman government, was in itself a reason for contempt. But the publicans, knowing that they were hated and despised, appear to have retaliated by extortion, and so intensified the public scorn. It is evident, however, that there were good men among them, though they could not redeem the general character of their profession. The declaration of Zaccheus, that he gave half his income to the poor, and that he made restitution whenever he discovered that he had wrongly assessed a taxpayer, shows that he was an honest and benevolent man. The original language proves that this was not a thing he intended to do, as a result of Christ's visit, but a thing that he did habitually. A man of this character deserved public esteem, but he was so lowered by the profession which he followed, that there was general surprise that the young Teacher should become his guest.

It was certainly a great honor that Jesus paid to the man. What a privilege it was to entertain Jesus! How we envy Zaccheus! Yet the privilege is open to us. Christ promises that those who overcome, shall be honored in just this way. He will come and sup with them. It is worth the struggle to obtain mastery over self, to resist temptation, and to reject the maxims and principles of the world, that Christ will come as a guest and be a companion. We may well be astonished, as was Zaccheus, by such condescension. He, doubtless, never expected such an honor. He went out desiring only to see Jesus, and he was so much in earnest in his desire, that he overcame the obstacle of his stature, by climbing the tree. We, too, find it difficult to see Jesus, to get a clear view of his character, to understand his spirit and motives. But how few are so intent on accomplishing this, that we take trouble, as Zaccheus did, in order to succeed. We know the blessing that comes to those who do succeed, for they not only behold him, but in beholding are changed into the same image.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for May 12. Luke 19: 1-10.

A Humble Christian Worker

HARRY H. PROBSTFELD, a student in the Seattle Seminary, of Seattle, Wash., is a Christian who believes in practical Christianity. He spends most of his spare time in circulating CHRISTIAN HERALDS and other religious literature in the saloons, restaurants, boarding houses, dance halls and jails of Seattle. He has the love of his fellowmen at heart. He carries in his pocket the Bible he received when he was converted, a number of years ago. It was a premium given with a subscription for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A rather novel feature of Mr. Probstfeld's work is a Home Department Sunday School Class in the Kings County jail. His love for the poor unfortunates is an open door for doing the inmates much good.

HARRY H. PROBSTFELD

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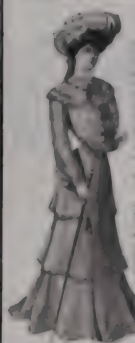

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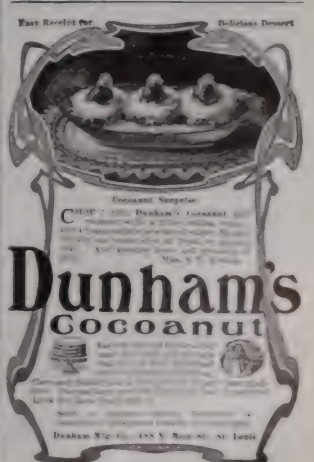

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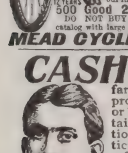

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WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD

By Emma Bates Harvey

III.

NO longer had any sympathy for anyone. I was hypocritical, timid, cowardly and treacherous. I felt and knew, in my better moments, that everything noble in my nature was fast disappearing, and I remembered that God had said man was in his own image. How could a man without God have anything of the image left?

I have dwelt on my own sufferings, but what must have been Edith's! Never swerving in her love for me, doomed to be shut in from all sunlight of life with a man whom all considered a maniac.

At first I was not unkind to her, until one day I remembered the Bible said, "Husbands, love your wives." That was her death sentence to all happiness. From that moment, I believe I hated her at times, and yet how wildly, passionately, did I love her, at others.

She was, indeed, my guardian angel. I believed then, and always shall believe, it was owing to her care and love, to her religion, that I did not lose my mind.

Five years went by, and oh, the horrors of living. Do not think that I became the loathsome wreck I was all in a moment; oh, no! My punishment was much more cruel than that! It was a gradual loss of my higher nature, a slow, living death of my better self, to which I was doomed, a daily spectator.

The age has gone by when brimstone and fire represent to us the highest degree of torture. My physical sufferings were intense, but were nothing compared to the mental agony, as in my stronger moments I compared my present self with the manhood in which I once had taken such pride! I had once such high ideals, and had so despised anything mean or untrue, and here I was daily abhorring myself more and more, as a thing most vile. What could be the end? I had once read of a story among the ancients of one of Cleopatra's slow poisons. The victim to whom she gave it lived on and on to suffer, and it was said that each day one new pang of agony was added to the suffering, and with each new pang was added a day of life! The poison was so deadly in its work, that, one by one, the fingers, the toes, and then the hands and feet of the victim would wither away. The eyes, nose, and ears would become affected, until no semblance of the human form was left! I felt mutilated, deformed and agonized lump of flesh was left cringing and crawling on the ground, and suing in vain for death!

What that poison was to the body became a curse to my soul! I repeated over and over again to myself: "A mutilated, deformed and agonized lump of flesh, cringing and crawling on the ground, and suing in vain for death!"

I could not sleep for misery. I would lock myself into my beautiful library, now destitute of all books; for one day, in a sudden frenzy, I had burned one after another of costly volumes, lest, in some evil moment, I might open their lids and find within them some reference to God.

I paced up and down my magnificent halls. No longer could I trust myself with my profession. I could not endure even the oath of the court-room.

Back and forth did I walk until dinner-time. Usually, Edith and I ate this meal in silence, for long ago she had given up, as in vain, the task of entertaining me.

One day, I well remember, I pushed my plate away in disgust, I had no appetite. Edith looked distressed, but pretended not to notice me. "There is smallpox in the village," she said at last, "and they can get no nurses." She hesitated, "Old Hannah, your boyhood's friend, Philip, is very ill, and Dan has just died of the disease. Do you mind if I go to their help? Really, Philip, I feel that I ought."

I looked at her savagely. "Yes," I roared, "what do I care for their distress? Leave them alone!"

I left the room and slammed the door after me. A feeling of shame came over me, as I realized that, not ten years before, in boyish enthusiasm, I had sat up all night with my sick pony; but this was another world and I another being, and I groaned as I remembered the light-hearted boy.

Then, I knew afterwards, Edith went to her room and spent many minutes on her knees, praying that help to me might speedily come. I have learned since, that on that very morning our old doctor had called on her, and urged the necessity of putting me at once into an asylum, telling her that it was no longer safe for her to live with me! So Edith spent that afternoon praying, praying as for a lost soul. Who knows the potency of prayer!

I never had suffered more mentally than on that afternoon. Towards night I rushed into Edith's room. It had been so long since I had sought her company, that the poor child trembled with fear when she saw me, as if a new calamity had befallen us.

"Edith," I said, "isn't there an old law somewhere, saying that if a man commits murder, by confession and giving up his own life he gains forgiveness?"

"Yes," Edith said, "I remember."

"Well, Edith, I am in hell, and shall be lost forever, if something is not done quickly. I am going into the thickest of the smallpox, and while I yet have self-control enough, I will give my life to nursing those poor men, and so may gain release from this awful curse."

Happier than I had been for five years, out of doors I rushed, down into the village. I saw the red flags, the devastation everywhere, I found Hannah's house, and I hurried in the door and found her moaning for water. What was it sent me back? Fear of the infection? Oh, no. We battle not with "things visible, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness."

Even as I was going for water to quench the thirst of a dying woman came the words to my heart, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

By my own choice, I was without God in the world and did not believe in Jesus Christ—how could I do anything for Him?

I groaned in agony, and hurried back to my room, there to feel Edith's arms around me in loving compassion.

"Oh, Edith!" I sobbed, "that is the law of our land, but there is a greater law. What, oh what, can save a man's soul?"

Darker days followed. My errand to old Hannah had been given the widest interpretation. Nothing but the awful ravages of the smallpox prevented the authorities from at once placing me under lock and key as a madman. I thought I could not live and suffer more, but I found I little knew the possibilities of suffering for a God-forsaken soul.

Edith, my protecting angel, was ill. I myself had brought her the smallpox. I should have committed suicide then if I had dared, but I dared not. I was too big a coward, and if you will believe it, so little manhood did I possess, that there was one thing I feared more than Edith's death, and that was my own. My soul was tormented night and day. Life was hell to me, but I feared death more. I had indeed experimented, and knew to what depths a man could sink without a God.

I remembered of once reading from a favorite author of the "Evolution of the soul," in which he claimed that the soul had evolved through the ages, acquiring, itself, in turn, the nature of each lower form of life, and of itself rejecting the lesser functions, and holding fast to the higher, until the finished product was called the soul of man.

It was strange how these atheistic beliefs that once had so delighted me now merely added to my agony.

I remembered with greatest scorn this author now, and thought with almost fiendish glee, that I would like to write a "Treatise on the soul" myself, and call my work "The devolution of the soul." I was pleased with my coining of this expression, as I thought what a work of genius it would be to trace the backward growth of a human soul, down, down through the very ugliest, lowest forms of animal life—down, down to the devils themselves.

Owing to God's goodness, Edith got well—and I, for some strange reason, found my own sufferings less acute. Edith needed a change, and in one of my stronger moments, I agreed to take a little cottage in the woods of Cape Cod, hoping that, under new conditions, help might come to both of us. I could not be more miserable anywhere.

On one summer's day we drove together. I do not know what mystical influences were at work. I only know my heart was strangely at rest. Twice lately, I had heard Edith indirectly refer to religion, and for some strange reason had not even objected.

"Philip" said Edith suddenly, and a strange pallor spread over her countenance, "I have been very near to another world, and I believe new help and knowledge have been given to me. Over five years have gone by since you sinned grievously. You have been awfully punished. At the time, father and I both felt uncertain how far was his own responsibility, in regard to this curse." I cringed, but Edith continued. "It was for this reason, he was so willing for me to marry you, and why I, too,

CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE

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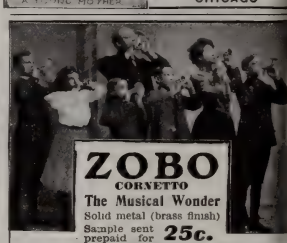

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WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD

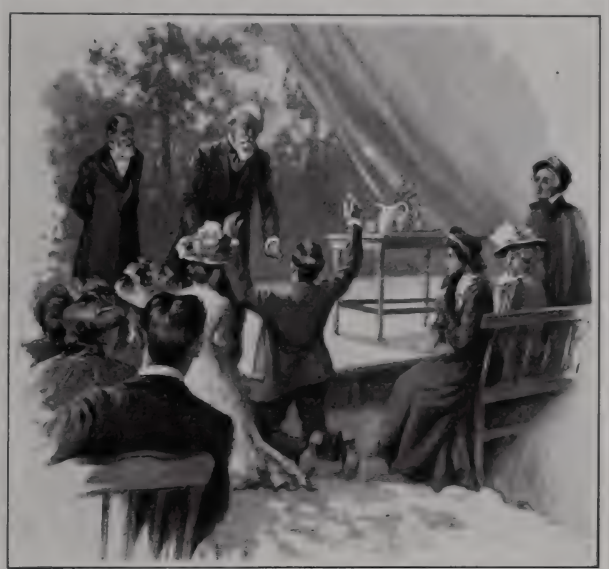
CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

hesitated to no longer. He believed his daughter in some way might be used to help redeem your soul. Five years have gone by, and daily I have seen you grow lower and lower before me. Don't interrupt me. I beg you. You cannot know how wells but Philip. I believe there is help for us. It may be a wild mistake. You may suffer more than ever, but for my sake, for the sake of all my suffering, will you go to camp meeting with me? It is only a few minutes' ride from here. We are nearer than you think. I believe I am being led in this way by a mighty power outside of myself.

"Because of the suffering, we have avoided what we considered the exciting cause. I believe we are all wrong, and the only way to bring you peace in this world or the next is to resolve to face your sin like a man; resolve you will believe in the One whom you have rejected, and seek for his forgiveness until you find it, or death."

My old pain came on, and as Edith watched me suffering, I supposed that would be my answer, and she would be only too glad to take me home.

But what was my surprise to find her determined in her first purpose, and for some strange reason, I silently acquiesced to her will.



"I FELL ON MY KNEES AT THE ALTAR"

Through what a tumult I was going! One moment I resolved I would jump from the carriage and rush for home. The next, I felt held to my place by some strange influence.

We rode on, and soon heard the distinct singing from the camp meeting. Attuned to the murmuring branches of the pines, the æolian harps of the woodland, is there any singing like the distant echo of those camp-meeting melodies? I was amazed, for at their sweet cadence, though suffering, the suffering was within my control.

The singing no longer stirred the tree-tops, and in its place there was the voice of one that was preaching, and his tall figure stood out in wonderful distinctness against the background of evergreen.

It was, indeed, Edith's father! At the sight of me he started, and then, as he lifted his face to God, I knew he was praying for a lost soul.

We drew up in the outer circle, within easy hearing distance of the minister.

The preacher told the simple, old story of the prodigal. At the time I did not marvel that I could hear "God" mentioned, and keep my soul in peace, I only knew that I was breathlessly interested, for it was a story of a man who had forgotten God, and I pitied him. Inspired as one of old, the preacher talked on. Such was his pathos and power that the vast audience was in tears, and I, with Edith's hand in mine, sat spellbound.

"My friend," said the speaker, "you cannot live without God. You need him in every path of life."

He then portrayed with vivid power the condition of a lost soul. I groaned in agony. I knew his words were true.

Bursting into tears, the old saint concluded, as if but one auditor was in that whole assembly: "My boy, come home; oh, come home to a Father's love! There is only one thing in the universe that can save a lost soul, that your cure was effected by simply going forward to a camp-meeting altar, and saying, 'Lord, I believe. Help thou my unbelief'"

I can only reply, "If you consider what was represented by that act, yes."

I cannot explain what to my heart was a wondrous miracle, and yet I know that there was power enough in the simple story of Jesus Christ to bring one poor soul from hell to heaven.

And is this any more wonderful than the daily miracles of God's power in nature every day?

Oh, thou profane philosopher, thou sayest thou believest nothing that does not come within the bounds of reason. Art thou sure?

I have a little seed. In time, the little seed, helped by the sun and rain, and my care, becomes a flower.

Thou sayest thou believest the seed became the flower, because of thy reason, which shows the relation between cause and effect.

I say that for five years I was without God in the world, and I say belief in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, changed my very life. My belief is based on my knowledge of reason, as shown in the relation of cause and effect.

Thou, who so easily can believe in the power of a little flower seed, canst thou not believe in the greater power of the Son of God?

[THE END]

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. I. L. K., Seneca Falls, N. Y., writes: God has answered my prayers, that he would help a huge drinking habit, which has been a great burden to me. He has taken a firm step against it now, and I have great hopes of his perfect restoration. This would be raising to new life a widow's only son.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Subscriber, Cleavesville, Mo. When a man objects to alms-giving, would his Christian wife be justified in giving alms without his knowledge, provided, however, she gives from her own money?

Surely, if she is dealing with her own money there need be no secrecy about it. We can hardly understand how a man should find fault with a wife for well-doing. In law and morals, she would be justified in giving alms, of course. Her duty to God and her own conscience should take precedence always.

M. J. G. Has the term "horticulture" come to be limited to the growing of flowers only? I so often hear it applied as if this were so.

To quote *Bailey's Cyclopedia of American Horticulture*, the term embraces four co-ordinate branches—pomology (growing of fruits); olericulture (growing of vegetables); floriculture (growing of flowers), and landscape gardening. Floriculture is the most important in the world at large, says the same authority, as measured by the number of people interested, and the number of species of plants grown; no less than 25,000 different species of plants are in cultivation. In North America, the great fruit-growing country of the world, pomology is the most important, by reason of its commercial supremacy.

C. J. H., New Tripoli, Pa. When and by whom was the æolian harp invented? Was the string made of gut or steel wire?

Very little is known about the æolian harp. It was devised in Greece, and named after Eolus, the god of the winds. It consisted of a wooden sounding-box, over which catgut strings were stretched, and these, when exposed to a current of air, produced a variety of pleasing, harmonious sounds, in strange succession and combination. The strings were probably keyed up or tuned to chord.

From Mrs. Woods Baker, Arlayd, Djursholm, Sweden, comes this touching little poem, telling of a child's sympathy for the starving little ones of Finland:

A Swedish daily paper
A touching group displayed,
Of haggard, hungry children,
Then asked for "Finland's aid."
Soon in the homes of plenty,
Full many hearts awoke,
And at their loaded tables,
Of "Finland," fathers spoke.

Wild-eyed, the children listened,
And not without a tear;
And wondered things so dreadful
Could be to them so near.
"I have not seen that paper,"
"A country uncle" said,
"That picture of the children,
Who died for want of bread."

He opened wide the journal—
"What are these scraps?" he said,
As bits of broken "candies"
Were round the starving spread.
"O! that is Elsie's doing,"
(The mother's tears would come)
"Whenever she has goodies,
She gives those children some.

"It seems to soothe her feelings,
To fancy she has fed,
Those little ones in Finland,
Who have not even bread."

Mrs. R., Dresden, Germany. Who founded Robert College in Constantinople, and when was it founded? Is the founder living? Was it founded for Orientals only?

Robert College is a memorial to the benevolence of Christopher Robert, a New York merchant, now dead. Established in 1863, in the Mission Theological Seminary at Bebek. Present buildings erected 1869. Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, the distinguished missionary, was instrumental in making the project a success. Its students represent nearly every nationality found in Constantinople—Bulgarians and Armenians probably predominating.

Rossiter, Camden, N. J. I was deeply interested in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S story of Chandra Das' exploration in Tibet. What other explorer has recently succeeded in penetrating to Lhasa?

Carey, an English traveler, penetrated Tibet in 1889, but did not reach Lhasa. Twenty-two white men in all have succeeded in reaching Lhasa, the first being a priest, named Odoric, in 1325. The last white man to succeed was M. Huc, a Frenchman, who, with M. Gabet, a fellow-countryman, spent two months in the Tibetan capital and was then expelled. Chandra Das' first journey to Lhasa occurred in 1882.

Anxious, Germantown, Pa. Does the warning to those who sin wilfully after conversion, really exclude the penitent from hope?

No, the penitent seeking pardon is sure to obtain it, though it may be after much sorrow and suffering. There are too many passages scattered through the Bible encouraging the backslider to return, and assuring him of welcome and forgiveness, to admit of any doubt on that matter. God will assuredly receive his wandering children if they return to him, as the Prodigal Son in the parable did, forsaking their sins, humbling themselves, and pleading for pardon for Christ's sake. The trouble generally is that they have no desire to return, being hardened; or that they despair, being tempted. The passage you quote does not refer to such cases. It applies to people who turn away from Christ to seek salvation by rites, ceremonies or penances. They are warned that no other means avails for the purging of sins than the sacrifice of Christ, and that those who reject that, must suffer the penalty.

J. J. O., Pittsburg, Pa. What was the cost of the great wars of the last century?

In his famous book, *The Future of War*, the well known authority, Jean de Bloch (who died lately) gave these approximate figures: War between France and Russia, 1812-1815, $345,000,000; Crimean War, $1,700,000,000; American Civil War, $5,000,000,000; Danish War, 1864, $36,000,000; Austro-Prussian War, 1866, $330,000,000; Franco-German War, 1870, $2,500,000,000; Russo-Turkish War, 1877, $1,200,000,000.

Rev. E. F. Burr, Lyme, Conn., writes:

In common with many, I hope, I have been much gratified with the more positive and aggressive note of your journal of late as to the current apostasy from the Bible. Shall the enemy take possession of the fortress without any outcry from the watchmen? "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet," etc.

T. K. S., New York. In the *Church Bulletin* (a Catholic monthly magazine) is published that beautiful consecration hymn,

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee"

and the authorship is ascribed to "Kalamazoo Augustinian." In our church hymn-books this poem is attributed to Frances Ridley Havergal. The two versions are alike, with the exception that the Catholic edition does not contain the two lines,

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold."

Will you please say who was the author of the hymn?

In a letter written Feb. 4, 1874, Miss Havergal gives the origin of her "Consecration Hymn." She writes: "I went for a little visit to Ardsley House. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, and some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer: 'Lord, give me all in this house,' and he did . . . The last night, I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another, till they gushed with 'Ever, only, All for Thee.'" There is not a word in the letter to show that the hymn was not original and spontaneous. It has been translated into many languages. We have never before heard the authorship questioned.

Y. L. M., Houghton, N.Y. 1. Has the sale of liquor increased as fast as the population in the last century? 2. Where is the centre of population?

1. Figures on the subject are not available earlier than 1877. These are given below:

YEAR	POP. AT LAST CENSUS	TOTAL CONSUMPTION OF WINES AND LIQUORS
1877	38,558,371	386,225,115 gals.
1880	50,155,783	500,076,400 "
1885	"	688,632,415 "
1890	62,622,250	972,578,878 "
1895	"	1,140,764,716 "
1900	76,303,387	1,349,176,033 "
1901	"	1,390,127,329 "

In 1880, the consumption was about 10 gallons per capita; it is now 19.48, an increase of over 93 per cent. 2. The centre of population is six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind.

F. C., Buena Vista, Ky. Please give me some information regarding the appearance and customs of the inhabitants of Treasury Island, one of the Solomon group.

The Solomon islanders, excepting the inhabitants of Bellona and Rennell and Ongtong Java, who are pure Polynesians, are described as "a small, sturdy Melanesian race," with brown or copperish skins, short noses, rather thick lips, receding chins: they are intelligent, crafty, thievish, revengeful; are fond of dancing; make pan-pipes and jew's-harps; speak many dialects; go often unclad; little is known of their religion. See some good encyclopædia.

M. H. W., Fall River, Mass. Can you inform me of any school or schools for sub-normal children? My friend has a son, not idiotic nor a fool, yet not mentally up to the standard of the average boy. He has an excellent memory, and is very observing, but seems childish for his age, and cannot compete with other children in his studies, etc. He needs to be in a school where he can have special training, and where his weak faculties, mental and physical, can be developed.

Your letter was sent to the editor of the *Journal of Education*, Boston, and this reply

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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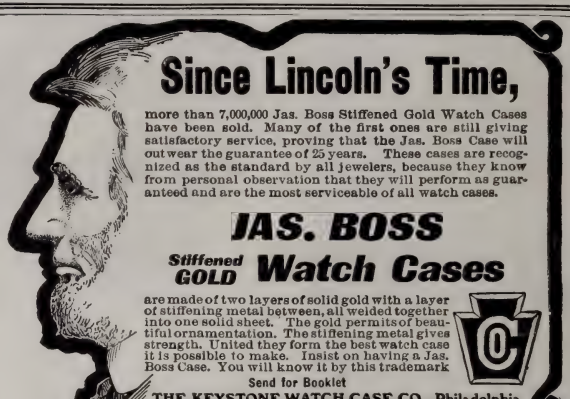

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was received from Winship Teachers' Agency, Boston, to which he submitted your inquiry: "We recommend for such cases the Mitchell Home School, Billerica, Mass., and the Waban School, Waban, Mass. We advise the inquirer to write to these institutions for further information."

Arnold A. McK., Maxton, N. C. In the present conditions of society, the Sunday work of firemen, policemen, and, to some extent, of railroad men, is a necessity. It is, however, a great misfortune, since it debars them from the religious privileges of the day and denies them the needed rest for their bodies.

G. R. C., Hollidaysburg, Pa. Was Paul a member of the Sanhedrin? If so, could he have been a bachelor?

The only passage we know of which implies that he was a member of the Sanhedrin is Acts 26: 10, in which he spoke of giving his voice or vote for the condemnation of Christians. It is possible that the vote may have been cast in some other court, or as a witness or agent of the Sanhedrin without his being a member of that high court. There is now no means of knowing. If he was a member, he must have been married, for only married men were eligible. In that case, we must presume that his wife died, for when he wrote I Cor 7: 7, 8, he evidently had no wife. The more probable presumption is that he was never married, and therefore never a member of the Sanhedrin.

John Rule, Goshen, Ky. Can any reader tell me where I can find the old hymn entitled, "Christ in the Garden"? The first stanza ran something like this:

When nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
And the last beams of daylight shone dim in the West.

Inquirer. The Gospel Mission at Sydney, Cape Breton, Canada, is in charge of Miss Jessie Mae Leod. It combines rescue with spiritual work and is a work of faith. Write to Miss MacLeod for further information.

Mrs. Chas. R., Bullville, N. Y. We have never heard that a man who sent a substitute to the war is entitled to a pension.

Reader, Churubusco, Ind. Mr. Sankey's full name is Ira David Sankey.

CALIFORNIA'S FLORAL FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S tour of the Pacific Coast will be marked by a variety of forms of welcome, but he will probably appreciate none more highly than the floral festivals that have been arranged in his honor in California. These unique festivals had their origin among the Spaniards and Mexicans. Some of the valleys of Central and Southern California produce such a wealth of bud and blossom, that a great number of varieties—from the modest daisy to the stately lily, and roses of gorgeous coloring—can be used in these festivals. Some of the archways under which the President will pass will contain tens of thousands of the choicest blossoms. In the floral parades, some of the vehicles will be wonderful creations of artistic beauty. The decorations are not confined to the carriages themselves, but frequently the harness and even the horses are included, while the gala costumes of the ladies, who occupy conspicuous places, greatly enhance the picture.

CHRIST'S ROYALTY*

Obedience to Him and Personal Loyalty to Him, the Test of Character

WHEN Christ said: "Follow Me:" and when he told his disciples that the test of their affection for him was, that they keep his commandments, he took a position that is not even now fully realized by men who call themselves by his name. We are so accustomed to speak of Jesus as being meek and lowly, that we are apt to forget how high were the claims he put forth, and how implicit is the obedience he requires.

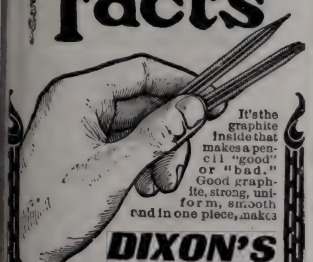
Christ insisted that he was a King, and, at the very last, when clothed with the royal robe in mockery, he would abate not one jot of his claim, even when he knew that he was furnishing Pilate with an excuse for putting him to death. He firmly believed in his own royalty, and, in simple majesty, he performed its functions.

Christ was a king in the sense of establishing a kingdom. He proclaimed the Kingdom of God. People scoffed at him, but he was right, and his claims have been substantiated. They would have understood him had he set up his throne in Jerusalem and defied the Roman power. But how much higher was his ideal! He conceived of a kingdom which should embrace all nations and be above all governments. He has established such a kingdom. Throughout the world are to be found men loyal to their respective rulers, good citizens and law-abiding men, who in a day would be turned into rebels, if the claims of those rulers ever became antagonistic to the claims of Christ. He is to them King of kings, and their allegiance to him transcends all others.

He is also king in the sense of legislation. He does not argue or explain. His is no limited monarchy. His word is, "I say unto you." He expects unfaltering, unquestioning obedience. Personal attachment, personal loyalty are the principles of his kingdom. Men may hold different creeds, may worship him by different ceremonies, but there must be no division, no diversity in allegiance to him. He issues his commandments, and it is only as we obey that we can have any valid claim to call ourselves by his name. Only so can we enter the kingdom of heaven.

*Topic of the Epworth League for May 10. John 15: 10; I John 3: 22.

Inside Facts



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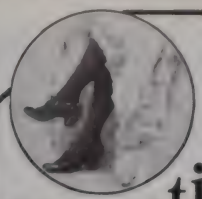

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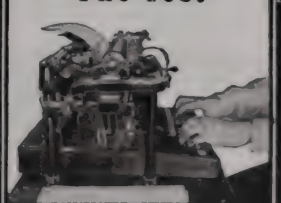

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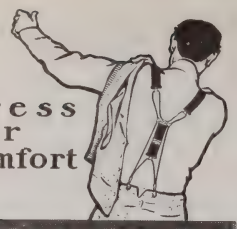

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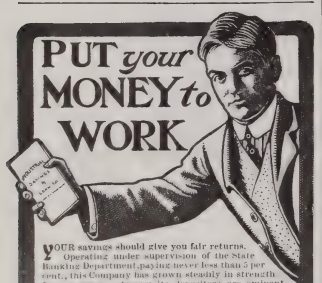

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Excavations in Bible Lands *

THE attention of our readers has already been called to the exhaustive work edited by Prof. Hilprecht entitled, *Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century*, in an article published in these columns on Feb. 11. A resume was then given of the results obtained at Nippur, with which Prof. Hilprecht was personally associated. These, however, by no means comprise all that is of interest in this fascinating volume. There are chapters on Researches in Palestine, by Dr. J. Benzinger; on Excavations in Egypt, by Prof. Georg Steindorff, Ph.D.; and on Explorations in Arabia, by Prof. Fritz Hommel, Ph.D., all of which furnish new light on Biblical subjects.

Dr. Benzinger's articles, especially, being descriptive of the Holy Land, deserve careful study. They show, as is now generally acknowledged, that all descriptions and identifications prior to those of Dr. E. Robinson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1838, were practically worthless. He was the pioneer in scientific exploration, and his work was continued by the Palestine Exploration Fund, under Captain Conder and Lord Kitchener, by whom careful surveys of the Holy Land were made, and the way prepared for the German expedition under Dr. Schumacher and Dr. Stubel, in 1884. We now know that the old city of Jerusalem has to be looked for about one hundred feet below the surface. It has been so often "conquered and destroyed and almost leveled to the ground and upon the ruins of the old, a new city always rose again." Excavations were almost impossible, as the owner of a modern house naturally objected to his property being pulled down or undermined to satisfy antiquarian research. Happily, however, there was on the ground, in Dr. Schick, an enthusiastic and vigilant explorer, who, for now nearly fifty years has watched every work done in the city requiring digging, and has been always eager to encourage every builder to lay a good foundation by going deep into the ground, while he followed every step with ardor, photographing and sketching and recording every object of interest In this way material has been accumulated, and year by year knowledge of the city has increased. It is gratifying to learn that the work is to be prosecuted with more vigor. Who can tell what that soil covers, and what corroboration of Scripture may yet be unearthed?

Egypt has proved a richer field of archæological search than any other of the Bible lands. Its close connection with the chosen people, not only in the time immediately preceding the Exodus, but in the later period when the Jews, coquetting with Egypt, brought on them the wrath of the Babylonians, renders it a most hopeful field of exploration. It was there that the Rosetta Stone was found, in 1799, on which was an inscription in three styles of writing, one of which being Greek, gave the key to the others, and so enabled scholars to decipher the hieroglyphs on the monuments. Among recent discoveries, the most important is that of the treasure city of Pithom, mentioned in Exodus 1: 11, and of the granaries, rectangular in form and without doors, which were probably made by order of Joseph, for the storing of corn during the seven years of plenty (Gen. 41: 48). Greatest discovery of all, however, was of the body of Rameses II., the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, whose death is mentioned (Ex. 2: 23), and of the beloved Queen Nefertari, the mother of a long line of Pharaohs. The inscriptions on the mummy cloths in both instances furnished conclusive proofs of the identity of the bodies.

Exploration of Arabia began in 1764. It was not, however, until 1884, that the most successful of all explorers of Arabia—Eduard Glaser began his work. He found inscriptions which were of material help to explorers in other fields as well as to Biblical students. Incidental mention of names as in Isaiah 21, Ezek. 27, etc., find in these inscriptions elucidation. It is also evident that the ancient peoples who inhabited the region did not soon lose the religious impressions derived from Ishmael, the half brother of Isaac, and Esau, the twin brother of Isaac, whose posterity they were. Dr. Hommel believes that in the northeastern part of Arabia was the Ur of the Chaldees (Gen. 11: 31) from which Abraham came. Numerous words found in the inscriptions show also the origin of words used in the Pentateuch being either reminiscences of Moses of his long sojourn in that land, or of the earlier associations of the Patriarchs.

Prof. Hilprecht's book is so rich in its Biblical references and so full of elucidation and suggestion, that it is difficult to give a fair epitome of it in our space. We must refer the reader to the book itself, with its maps and numerous pictures, for further information.

* *Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century*, by Prof. H. V. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania. Pp. 809. Price $3. Published by A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia.

A Book of Finnish Poems*

THE prominence Finland has recently acquired in the eyes of the world, owing to the terrible famine now raging over her territory, lends a peculiar timeliness to a little volume of poems, the first and probably the only work by a native Finlander in the English tongue. *The English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp* is a book to be estimated as a valuable addition to English poetic literature. In Mr. Donner, Finlander though he be, it is not difficult to recognize a writer who may be ranked with the younger generation of English masters of verse of to-day. In all that he writes, there is the individual note that betokens the sincere artist, the one who has really felt and pondered, and who has a message personal and vital, and of real import to mankind.

As is to be expected, perhaps, from a native of the far North, and particularly of muchtried Finland, a tinge of melancholy runs through almost all of his poetry, possibly more so in the original lyrics and sonnets than in the dozen translations of Finnish songs included in the book; yet one cannot lay the volume down without a consciousness of having listened to a message of cheer, an appeal to all to practice fortitude and courage in the face of the various adversities of life, and to progress toward higher ideals. This strong spiritual note, in the midst of the pessimism rampant in so much of our current literature, is in itself matter for congratulation. Listen, for instance, to this clarion tone from "Grit":

O Youth! rejoice that God has given
A will to scorn rebuff and threat;
And when thou hast undaunted striven
Toward goal for longer effort set,
Rejoice! thou hast enriched thy soul,
And summoned comrades to thy goal!

And this from the stirring "Song of the Undaunted":

For the coward and moping world has need of another strenuous voice,
Vibrant with elemental force, that will bid its clans rejoice
In the sweep of moor and sea and sky and the might of forest and flood,
And stir its melancholy heart with some independent blood.

Undeniably there is as much of the Anglo-Saxon as of the Finn in passages such as these. The same indomitable spirit, together with moods by turn sad and gay, is found in the "Songs of Finland," which seem to be admirably translated, preserving the spirit of the original. Among these are, notably, *Sveaborg* (Runeberg's celebrated poem descriptive of an incident in the Russo-Finnish War of 1808–9), and *Suomi's Song*. The last-named we quote, as typical not only of the quality of those metrical renderings, but of the Finnish temperament itself:

Hark! to Nature's voice enchanting,
Waino's runic hails still haunting
It is Suomi's song!
Hark! the lofty pines are sighing,
Hark! the mighty streams are crying—
It is Suomi's song!

Everywhere are changing voices—
Nature mourns or she rejoices—
Each is Suomi's song!
Brother, mourns thy heart in sadness,
Do thy pulses leap in gladness,
Thou hear'st Suomi's song!

Original lyrics take up the greater part of the volume, and are rich in poetic spirit, and filled with a high and tender idealism. We only quote a few from many fine passages:

The wild-flower bells that swing their silent toll
As some stray spirit passes down the flood.

The awed and tremulous joy of maid forsaking
The shrine of girlhood for her own new hearth.

These passages, from "Lombard Memories," have fine, idealistic descriptive power:

Sweet Sol the conjuror has come to play,
* * * * *
And coaxes from the winter-starved sprig
A diffident wee scout of tender green.

Again the vesper blush of your unmatched skies
Upon your faithful Alps glows joyously,
And your unbedied fays, the zephyrs, rise
To whisper to each mortal secretly
That Nature, praying to her Architect,
Has made your glorious floors her shrine.

In the "Ode to Finland," these lines are peculiarly appropriate now:

Dear Finland! loved cradle of my birth!
Once more cold, iron-heeled Adversity
Is picking his grim steps upon thy earth,
Wearing the conscious scowl of tyranny.
Feels thy great heart, O mother-country mine,
One pang of sorrow, whatsoe'er the cause,
There sorings in travail in my exiled breast
The answer-pang to thine.
Yet thousands of thy distant children pause
Consoled: "He chastens whom He loveth best."

We commend the book to the reader, who will enjoy the work of this gifted Anglo-Finnish poet.

* *English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp*, by Herman Montague Donner. Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.25.

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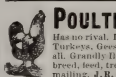

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While many stronger fell,
The reason why we cannot tell;
But what to us seems mystery
The Builder knows full well.

But now 'tis weather-worn and old:
The summer's heat and winter's cold
Pierce through the walls and roof.
'Tis like a garment, so worn out
To mend there seems no whereabout,
So worn is warp and woof.

The tottering pillars are all weak;
The poor old rusty hinges creak:
The windows, too, are dim,
Those slight discomforts we'll let pass,
For, looking darkly through a glass
We catch a hopeful gleam.

And when you see it prostrate lie,
Let not a tear bedim the eye,
The tenant is not here:
But just beyond Time's little space
She finds some quiet resting place,
No more to date her year.

And though she walks with you no more,
The world will move just as before,
'Tis meet it should be so.
Let each her house in order set,
That we may leave without regret
When we are called to go.

Northport, N. Y. ADELINE NAOMI FOX.

The New Secretary

UPON the resignation of Mr. John Willis Baer, as General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, the Trustees made a careful inquiry to obtain the services of an efficient successor. Their choice has fallen on Mr. Van Ogden Vogt, of Beloit, Wis., and it is gratifying to learn that it was unanimous. He is not yet twenty-five years old, but has earned an excellent record, not only in Christian Endeavor work but in his college, where he has served as Secretary of the President and financial agent. Before going to study at Beloit, Mr. Vogt was a member of the Woodlawn Presbyterian Church, in Chicago. He is of Swiss descent, but both his father and grandfather were American citizens.

MR. VAN OGDEN VOGT

Morocco's War Goes On

In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Tangier, Morocco, Missionary Frederick Weiss, writes:

War is still going on in the interior. The Sultan has come off victor in every battle, and he now has the confidence of the larger cities. Many heads of rebels have been cut off, salted, according to custom, and sent to the different cities, where they are nailed over the city gates. A few days ago, about one hundred men of the Amur tribe, on their way to Beni Abbas, were attacked by Moors of the Dumeria tribe, while loading the camels. The caravan lost, during the attack, one hundred and fifty camels and some of the merchandise, and a number of men were killed on both sides. Roads are unsafe in many districts owing to robber bands. All the missionaries have returned to the inland cities and the work is again prospering in their hands.

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WORSTED THE FLEISHER'S YARNS
Send stickets taken from Fleisher's yarns 2 cents for postage. Knitting & Crocheting Manual will be sent you by
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This Porcelain is the same material that the bluc and white ware serving kettles are made of. A THING OF THE PAST OF A TRIFLE.

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THE LEONARD-CLEANABLE ALL METAL ICE RACK

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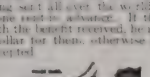

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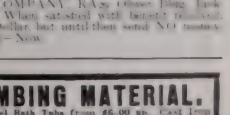

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I would be glad to have you make the most careful and scrutinizing search of my record, find out whether I will do just as I agree to or not, and then find out if the mortgage securities I offer for sale are the kind described as gilt edged or not.

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QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM CXIII
Sunbeam Psalm

2. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. 3. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

"FROM THE RISING OF THE SUN"

. . .

This Psalm has a queer way of clearing up cloudy skies in Christian life. It pulls people from dust and dunghill and puts them on seats beside princes. Desolate wifehood is changed into joyful motherhood.

This Psalm, unlike most of David's writings, is free from even the names of the wicked or mention of iniquity. Sin turned out—Sunshine turned in.

PSALM CXIV
Red Sea Psalm

1. When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language;

"JORDAN WAS DRIVEN BACK"

3. The sea saw it, and fled: Jordan was driven back.

4. The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs.

5. What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

6. Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams, and ye little hills, like lambs?

. . .

Hard pressed pilgrims to Mt. Zion, who meet great obstacles in their way, get good reading here. Seas roll back; mountains melt; rocks, like flint, pour out fresh water like fountains. When God leads people by a wilderness route it is only to prove that his name is Wonderful.

PSALM CXV
Idolater's Psalm

4. Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

"THEIR IDOLS ARE SILVER AND GOLD"

5. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not:

6. They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not:

7. They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not:

8. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.

. . .

Here is a Psalm for the heathen; their golden gods are good for nothing. Idolaters and idolatry are like the idols—dumb and dead. Small and great who trust the Lord get mercy. Great and small who trust to idols get misery. Covetousness, which is idolatry, is the one great sin of this day; it is universal—gold instead of God.

PSALM CXVI
Restful Psalm

6. The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

"AND MY FEET FROM FALLING"

7. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

8. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

9. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

10. I believed, therefore have I spoken.

. . .

When the sorrows of death and pain of hell, and trouble like great waves of the sea roll over the soul, here is the Psalm that leads to rest. It is more than an anchor to a ship; it is harbor and home in the courts of God. What a tempest the writer must have been in, when he said in haste, "all men are liars." It is well he had the cup of salvation near to drink and drown such falsehood.

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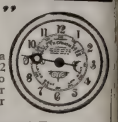

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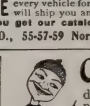

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THE PRISONER OF CHRIST

Paul Saved by a Heathen From His Brethren

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHEN the Lord disclosed to his servant Ananias, his purposes for Saul of Tarsus, he told him, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." This Paul accepted as his vocation. He did not count it a strange thing concerning the fiery trial which was to try him, as though some strange thing happened unto him, but rejoiced inasmuch as he was partaker of Christ's sufferings. He reckoned that he had suffered the loss of all things that he might "win Christ," with all that this involved of "the fellowship of his sufferings." Already, in Asia, he had suffered trials which befel him by the plots of the Jews (Acts 20: 19, R.V.). But how he was to experience the most determined and desperate plot against his life which had yet been formed.

After bearing his witness of the Lord Jesus, and of the personal dealing of the Lord with him, standing on the steps of the castle, he was detained there as a prisoner, but loosed from his bonds. And on the morrow the chief captain, who was desirous to get to the bottom of the cause why such bitter hostility had been manifested against him by the multitude, commanded the chief priests and all their council to appear, and brought Paul down, and set him before them (Acts 22: 30). Paul did not alone meet his accusers: his God was with him. Earnestly and steadfastly beholding the council, not like a man who had guilty conscience, he said, "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God unto this day." (Paul had an exercised conscience: he had ever before him to be void of offence toward God and toward men"; Acts 24: 16).

At these words, the high priest commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth. It was an illegal proceeding, and Paul said unto him, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?" As a prisoner at the bar, Paul had a right to the protection of the law. He always taught obedience to the law (Rom. 13: 1–7), while he taught that, in a personal matter, it was better to suffer wrong, than for brother to go to law with brother (I. Cor. 6: 1–7). But now he was standing convicted, not of any breach of the law, but only of faithfulness to Christ, and he would have been untrue to the high priest and to the chief captain if he had not pointed out the inconsistency of the high priest's action. But when he was asked, "Revilest thou God's high priest?" he at once gave in, and said, "I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest; for it is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people" (Exod. 22: 28).

Jesus and the resurrection were always the theme of the first teachers of the Gospel. Paul, perceiving that his judges were composed of both Pharisees and Sadducees, cried out in the council, "Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee; of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question." Had Paul been a man of the world, this would have been wise policy, but it may be that the Spirit of God led him in his also. At once a dissension arose between the rival parties. The Sadducees, the Rationalists of those days, said there was no resurrection, and they denied the existence of angels or spirits; and consequently they must have explained away much of the Scripture. The Pharisees believed in the resurrection, and in the existence of angels and spirits, although their worship consisted of externals and formalism.

There arose a great clamor (R. V.), and some of the Pharisees took Paul's part, and said, "We find no evil in this man; and what if a spirit hath spoken to him, or an angel?" And when there arose a great dissension, the chief captain, fearing lest Paul should be torn in pieces by them, commanded the soldiers to go down and to take him by force from among them, and to bring him into the castle." There he met with his unfailing Friend. "The night following, the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." Oh, the strength of those moments in which the Lord thus draws nigh! In critical hours of our lives, what an intense peace has come when the Lord has stood by us, and we have been conscious of his holy presence, and understood him!

It was the eve of another danger. The morning light shone upon a conspiracy of Jews who banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. There were more than forty in this combination. And to the shame of the chief priests be it said, they knew they would find sympathy with them. It is very awful to think that these men who had refused the light when Paul told them of an opened heaven, and of God's message to him, should have come to this, that they could become parties to a dastardly attempt to murder the man whose testimony had condemned them! What an awful thing it is to resist the light!

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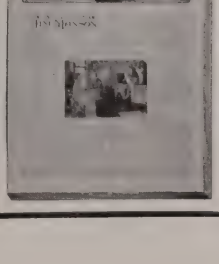

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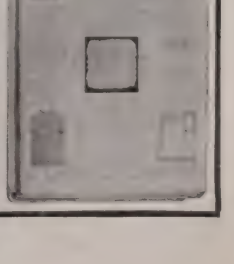

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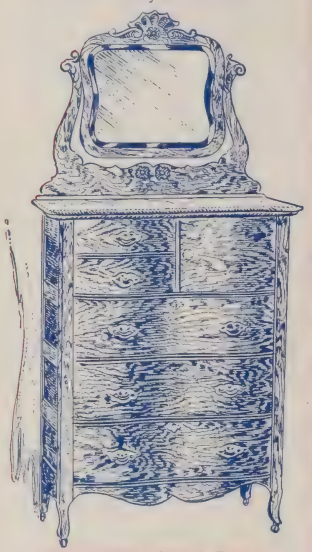

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, MAY 6, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 18. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

The Tidal Wave of Immigration — Scenes at Ellis Island, New York Harbor

1. A crowd of newly-arrived immigrants buying tickets on the railroad floor. 2. At the Register's desk. 3. On the way to the Immigrant "Clearing-House." 4. Dinner-time—the women sit at table, the men pass in line. 5, 6, 7. Scandinavian types. 8. Detained immigrants, mostly Italians. 9. Excluded ones, to be returned.

SEE PAGE 387

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Uncle Oliver and Aunt Eliza, Winatchee, Wash. 1. Where are the verses entitled, "John Barleycorn" to be found? 2. Did Jephthah fulfil his rash vow? 3. What is the "Liberty Tree"?

1. In the poems of Robert Burns. 2. It is not recorded whether he did so or not. Some commentators conclude that the daughter may have been "offered up" by adopting a life of voluntary retirement. 3. During the war of Independence, Americans planted trees "as symbols of growing freedom." The idea was adopted by the Jacobins in France in 1790, and by the Italians in 1848.

Subscriber, N. Y. City. The names of our Presidents are well known, but probably few remember the names of our Presidents' wives. They were as follows:

1	Martha Washington	13.	Abigail Filmore
2.	Abigail Adams	14.	Jane A. Pierce
3.	Martha Jefferson	15.	Unmarried
4.	Dorothy P. Madison	16.	Mary T. Lincoln
5.	Elizabeth K. Monroe	17.	Eliza McC. Johnson
6.	Louisa C. Adams	18.	Julia D. Grant
7.	Rachel Jackson	19.	Lucy W. Hayes
8.	Angelica Van Buren	20.	Lucretia R. Garfield
9.	Anna S. Harrison	21.	Ellen L. H. Arthur
10.	Letitia C. Tyler and Julia G. Tyler	22.	Frances F. Cleveland
		23.	Caroline L. Harrison
11.	Sarah C. Polk	24.	Ida S. McKinley
12.	Margaret Taylor	25.	Edith C. Roosevelt

E. L., Richmond, Va. What country was first to grant political rights to women?

Russia was the first government to grant any political recognition and rights to large numbers of women, says Kate Trimble Woolsey. Russia was, quoting the same authority, "the first to grant wives the right to individually hold and control property. Russian wives are mistresses of their own fortunes, and all women householders can vote either direct or by proxy in municipal matters. These are privileges they have had for centuries." In 1735, Sweden gave women taxpayers votes; France, 1831, gave widows votes by proxy, but has since removed the privilege; Prussia, 1856, gave all women with property qualifications votes by proxy.

Mrs. M. A. H., East Brookfield, Mass. 1. Where shall I find information as to the early life and training of Aaron Burr? 2. Into whose hands did he pass, and what was the style of his teaching after the death of his parents, at or before his third year? 3. How shall we account for the child of two such parents growing up so destitute of moral feeling, and so utterly unlike all we know of his ancestry?

1. *Parton's Life of Aaron Burr* (Houghton, Mifflin & Company, New York), and Todd's *The True Aaron Burr* (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York). 2. "Before he was two years old," says Todd, "he had lost father, mother, grandparents, and, orphaned and desolate, went to live with his uncle, Timothy Edwards, a strict martinet, steeped in the cold, rigid theology of the day. To his coldness and unwise government may be attributed much that was faulty in the character and subsequent career of his nephew," described as "impulsive, warm-hearted and high-spirited." 3. It seems indeed a mystery that the son of a clergyman, and the grandson of Jonathan Edwards, should have developed into such a character as that of Aaron Burr. Personal ambition, according to most authorities, led him astray. Mr. Todd claims that proofs, soon to be published by Mr. McCaleb, their finder, have been discovered in old Spanish archives in New Orleans and Mexico, showing that Burr was not altogether the traitor he has been adjudged by some historians.

Mother, Plainfield, N. J. What is the best way to teach children manners? I can tell my child not to eat with her knife, not to do this or that, but how can I impart to her a code that will so govern her conduct, as to make her at ease in any society?

Your question is a broad one, and too important to be lightly answered. The Golden Rule is the foundation of all good manners; in the absence of special training in life's small courtesies, it is a guide that should put none to the blush in any circle. Indeed, a person who knew no better than to eat with a knife might, in following this rule, be saved from offending in more serious ways where one of purely surface politeness would fail. All like to be familiar with the little customs and courtesies that distinguish life among cultured and well-bred people, and to give reasonable study in this direction is no mean occupation. "What we want," says Mrs. Hugh Bell, in *The Minor Moralist*, "is some scheme by which a complete training in demeanor should form part of regular curriculum." She thinks there ought to be a night school, where even grown people could take lessons in applying the wisdom of the ages and the cardinal virtues—justice, prudence, temperance, fortitude, faith, hope, charity—to their conduct in small matters of every-day life. The curriculum, she speaks of, would train children to play pleasantly, instead of quarrelsomely together; and to be in their daily behavior at home among kindred as they are desired to be abroad. They should be encouraged by parents to make a fine art of courtesy in little things.

Constant Reader, Jersey City, N. J. Do you think that the statement in Philippians 2: 10, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, etc., implies that there may be repentance after death?

It rather seems to imply a confession of Christ's supremacy and triumph. We can imagine a man dying impenitent, realizing afterwards how foolish as well as how wicked he has been. You remember that in the Parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 16: 27, 28), the rich man was so convinced of his folly that he begged for his brothers to be warned, lest they, too, should be lost. James, too (2: 19), says that the devils believe and tremble. It is not so much a question of whether there is repentance after death, as whether repentance avails then. It is not for us to limit the mercy of God, but there is nothing in the Bible to encourage the hope of there being an opportunity of gaining salvation after death. Any man postponing repentance till then, runs an appalling risk against which he is emphatically warned.

From a reader of this journal in San Juan, Puerto Rico, we have received the following letter:

Dear Sir:—I wish you would give me all the information possible in regard to the "Christmas Tree," its origin, its meaning or significance, its use among the Protestant bodies of Christianity, and if it is or has ever been used by Roman Catholics anywhere. The reason I desire this information, is that last December many of the public schools in this island had Christmas festivals, with trees trimmed as you do in the States (the work was done mostly by American teachers). I had also the festival of my Sunday School (M. E. Church), and had a nice tree given to me from one of the public schools here in San Juan. A tree in the festival is an entirely new thing in this country; the Roman Catholics never had anything of the kind. I was surprised to see in the daily papers here, these Christian festivals invariably called *La fiesta del arbol de Navidad*, which means, "The Christmas Tree Festival." When I had the festival in my church, I explained to the audience that we were not celebrating the tree; that it was not a tree festival, but that the tree was simply an adornment. There is danger that the tree will become a species of idolatry. This people is used to festivals in which the image of some saint is present and finely adorned; and seeing now a tree, either in a school or in a church, where there is no saint or image of any kind, and a festival being observed, they do not dream that the festival is in honor of the birth of our Lord, but to give homage to the tree.

MANUEL ANDUJAR.

We do not share the apprehension of our correspondent that there is any real danger of the Christmas tree festival, in the Protestant churches or missions of our new colonies, ever degenerating into idolatry. The missionaries and teachers will see the necessity of explaining that the tree and its burden of gifts is an illuminated and decorated fir-tree in the church, which all the people round about came to see.

RUINS OF THE FAMOUS TEMPLE AT SARNATH, WHERE BUDDHA TAUGHT

Three miles from Benares, India, on the Grand Trunk or Pilgrim Road, is the site of the famous Buddhistic remains of Sarnath, a spot sacred to the followers of Buddha. According to the traditions, Prince Gautama took his abode at the Isipattana Vihar, a monastery in a deer park north of Sarnath, and near the present ruins, whose priests spent their time in meditation on the Vedas, and communed with nature, believing as they did, that departed spirits inhabited the surrounding forests. Buddha was supposed to have taken the form of a stag, and to haunt the spot where he had taught in former life. The Mohammedan invaders razed Sarnath to the ground and stripped it of its treasures. While looking at the splendid ruin, the traveler is apt to be surrounded by a host of beggars, the lame, halt, and blind, from the little village of Ghazipur, near by. The native boys and girls are relic hunters, and occasionally find valuable coins among the heaps of debris. Behind the tower is a rude pantheon dedicated to a collection of dilapidated stone deities, the best being one of Buddha, seated upon a lotus pedestal. They are, however, in too good a state of preservation to have belonged to the sixth century. Close by, and overshadowing the ruined tower of Sarnath, stands a new and gaudy temple, erected in honor of Shiva, the popular god of the Hindus of to-day.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

L. E. M., Danville, Quebec, Can. Who is the "Dudley" who is mentioned on page 60 of *The Land We Live In*, one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Library books? Was he Governor Thomas Dudley?

The author, Mr. Mann, states that the person in question was Governor Joseph Dudley, a son of Governor Thomas Dudley. He was born at Roxbury, Mass., July 23, 1647, and died there April 2, 1720. King James II. appointed him President of New England, and King William afterward appointed him Chief Justice of New York. He visited England, was a member of Parliament and Deputy Governor of the Isle of Wight. In 1702 he was appointed Governor of Massachusetts, and held that office until 1715, when he retired to Roxbury. Inquire of the Librarian, Boston Public Library, concerning his descendants.

Schoolboy, Walla Walla, Wash. What were man's first weapons of war?

The natural supposition is that they were rocks, which could be thrown, and sticks, which could be used for beating. Then, working in flint, primitive man shaped his rocks into spearheads (fastening them on to his sticks, which had become polished poles), and into imperforate axes. He progressed until he made knife-daggers, shaped like a leaf, and choosing stones, now, for beauty of color as well as for qualities of use. The elongated knife-dagger, was his first sword. Next, perhaps, came the bow and arrow, a very beautiful invention, and representing what has been characterized as man's first step in applied mechanics. His first need for weapons seems to have been for protection against wild beasts, rather than against human enemies.

John S. W., Forsythe, O. Is it a sin to fish on the Sabbath?

The commandment is very plain, "On it (the Sabbath) thou shalt not do any work." Taking the highest example, that of Jesus Christ, we find that only works of necessity or of mercy are justifiable on the Sabbath. The pursuit of pleasure or the following of our ordinary week-day vocations cannot be said to come in this category.

Jessie M., Camden, N. J. What were the facts connected with the public sale of a slave girl by the late H. W. Beecher?

It is said that he once brought a fugitive slave girl on the platform of Plymouth Church and raised her ransom then and there. Again, on October 23, 1848, Rev. Mr. Beecher took a leading part in a meeting held in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, to raise a ransom for two slave girls, named Edmiston. The ransom was raised amid the utmost enthusiasm.

Inquirer, Dayton, O. Where can I get the list of the passengers who came over in *The Mayflower*?

This is the list:

Isaac Allerton	Francis Eaton	John Goodman
John Alden	Thomas English	Richard Gardiner
John Allerton	Samuel Fuller	George Soule
William Bradford	John Howland	Miles Standish
William Brewster	Stephen Hopkins	Edward Tilly
John Billington	Edward Leister	John Tilly
Peter Brown	Christoph'r Martin	Thomas Tinker
Richard Britteridge	William Mullins	John Turner
John Carver	Edmund Margeson	Edward Winslow
Francis Cook	Degory Priest	William White
James Chilton	Thomas Rogers	Richard Warren
John Crackston	John Rigdale	Thomas Williams
Richard Clarke	Edward Fuller	Gilbert Winslow
Edward Dotey	Moses Fletcher	

There were also fifteen servants with the party.

Miscellaneous Questions

J. C. Whittier. Write to the Navy Department Washington, D. C.

M. S., Jermyn, Pa. For full information concerning the "Win One Chapter," write to Mrs M. L. Dickinson, King's Daughters, 156 Fifth avenue, N. Y.

Mary K. M., Westport, Ind. No, we do not consider the works of either Alexander Dumas or Bulwer Lytton as profitable reading in the highest sense, although they were famous as novelists.

Inquirer. Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., was incorporated February 25, 1795. It was the second college incorporated in the Empire State and the first north of the city of New York. It received its name from the circumstance that several religious denominations co-operated in its organization, and was the first college in the United States which was not of a strictly denominational character.

a type of the goodness of our Divine Father, who sends to us his gifts in abundance, and that it is also an emblem of that Calvary tree, which bore upon it the choicest gift the world has ever known. The use of the fir or pine as a Christmas tree is believed to be of South German Catholic origin. Tradition says that the first Christmas tree was prepared by Gertrude, the good Countess of Wartenstein, during the time of the Crusades. Her Crusader husband had told her of the beautiful custom in the Christian lands of the South, of wreathing the altar on Christmas day with roses and laurel, to glorify the festival of the Nativity, and she adopted the idea, and placed

NEW YORK, MAY 6, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A QUICHE "ALCALDE" OR MAYOR AT THE TOWN "PILA" OR WATER TANK A QUICHE MAIDEN

Guatemala Indians Destroy Their Idols

LIFE AMONG THE QUICHES, PICTURESQUE DESCENDANTS OF THE ANCIENT TOLTECS

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT

IN July, 1900, my wife and I arrived in Guatemala. A few months later, we began work among the Quiche Nation, composed of about 350,000 members. We were the first missionaries to settle among them for the purpose of teaching them the way of life.

The Quiches are descendants of the Toltecs, and retain many of their ancient customs. In no way are they to be compared to the aborigines of the United States, as they are extremely intelligent and industrious. They live in cities, towns, villages and farms, and are expert in spinning, dyeing, and weaving, and plant grain of all kinds, vegetables and fruits. The market gardens of Guatemala City are situated near this town, in the dry season under a good system of irrigation.

Before the advent of the Spaniards, the Quiche Nation was supreme in the greater part of Central America, and under its great king, was feared in all parts. In the ancient capital of the Quiche state, Quiche, twelve miles from this town, was the national college, where 3,000 youths were yearly taught, but to-day not a trace of it is to be seen. What do remain are the ruins of the last Quiche king's palace, but nearly all the stones are being used in the foundations of other houses in the town. War is now forgotten, and since 1812 there has been no general revolution among them, although at times certain towns rebel against acts of oppression and injustice, and much blood is shed. However, the Quiche native is now very peaceable. Cotton and woolen goods, of real merit and beautiful designs, are made by the natives on home-made looms. Besides, almost every trade is represented among them, and first-class carpenters and masons are common.

To suppose the Quiches are Romanists is a mistake, for, while Rome claims them, they care very little for her. While it is not a rare thing to hear an Indian pray to the Virgin and the saints, their real faith is the ancient one, which they have never given up. Native priests or wizards, called *ajkeetz*, conduct the worship, and teach the people about the conquest and their former greatness. On stone altars in secluded mountain spots, fire, incense, flowers, etc., are offered as sacrifices, and the priests declare that their god appears to them oftentimes. Until recent years, a live child was yearly thrown into a volcano near here, as an offering to the god who is supposed to live in it; but that custom has been abolished.

A NATIVE TYPE

A few years ago, a steamer was placed on a large lake near here, against the wishes of the inhabitants of the twelve towns along its shore. One day, when a steel launch (which was being towed by it) went down with people and animals, the accident was ascribed to the angry god of the lake, and sacrifices were offered secretly for several days afterward.

Until recent years, the Indian priests baptized newborn infants at a stream of running water, sacrificing at the same time a live chicken or turkey, and planting a grain of corn. The fruit of the stalk was carefully gathered, when ripe, made into cakes, and a great feast celebrated. Now the Roman priests pay certain ones to gather up the children for baptism in the churches, and the ancient custom is little practised.

QUICHE NATIVES OF CHICHICASTENANGO

Drunkenness is more and more prevalent, the liquor, called *aguardiente*, being made from bran and sugarcane. There is one town where it is not sold, the inhabitants paying a yearly tax to keep out saloons, and punishing every one who arrives home drunk.

Each town has a distinctive costume for its people, some of which are to be seen in the photographs I send you. The great gatherings of the people are on market days; and as Sunday is market day here, thousands are to be seen in the plaza, buying and selling all sorts of things.

We have an independent medical mission among the Quiches, and hundreds from all parts of our great field come to us for medicines and care. For a long time we were compelled to carry on our work in two small rooms, but a year ago were enabled to purchase a piece of ground in the centre of town, and have built a preaching hall and dispensary. We are now working on a room for a hospital and a dwelling-house. Our work is purely one of faith. The great difficulty has been for us to keep a sufficiency of medical supplies, as we buy in the United States, and receive goods by post and express.

Not only do we preach, teach and heal the sick here, but do a great deal of itinerant work in the towns and cities of our large field. About two hundred pounds of Gospel literature have been placed in the hands of the people, as many read Spanish, and we are forming a lending library of useful and instructive books. A friend in England recently sent us a number of Spanish books, and we hope to add to them from time to time. Good literature is rare in these lands, and we are besieged for reading matter wherever we go.

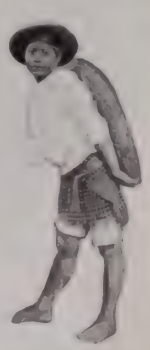
God has graciously blessed our labors, as numbers have been brought from darkness into light, and several are earnest workers. In one Indian school, near here, the boys carry new Testaments in their pockets, and not only read them, but read them to others. Several Quiches have destroyed their idols upon hearing the truth, one man burning an image which cost him $100 silver, or $100 paper money.

The volcanic eruption of October last has left the country poorer than ever. As far as eighty miles around, ashes, stones and sand were thrown, coffee plantations ruined, and thousands of lives of people and animals lost. There has been great interest in the Gospel in all parts, but now, as a war is threatened, every available man (Spanish-speaking) is at the front, and Gospel work is somewhat hindered, as martial law rules. One of our faithful evangelists is acting as a nurse among the sick soldiers; also preaching and distributing Gospel literature. He was the first-fruits in Quicheland and the first believer baptized here.

While we are working among the largest tribe, several others have as yet to receive Christ's messenger, as about six hundred thousand compose the remaining tribes.

C. F. SECORD

Chichicastenango, Guatemala



WEAVING CLAY

THE
American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park
Presbyterian Church, Chicago

NOBLE LAWYERS

TEXT—I. TIMOTHY 1: 8:
"The law is good, if a man use it lawfully"

PAUL had all the mental qualifications of a great lawyer. When he stood before Felix, and as his own advocate tore into pieces the charge made by the prosecuting attorney, Tertullus; when he argued before King Agrippa, until the king admitted he was "almost persuaded"; when he pleaded upon Mars' Hill with the jury of Greek scholars until at last even that central seat of Athenian culture was shaken to its very foundation by his proclamation of the "unknown God," we find the highest development of forensic training and legal acumen. As one schooled in the law, Paul knew the mighty and majestic power of the law, both spiritual and temporal. Therefore he lays down the broad proposition that law is good for the community, and that it is needed not only for the vindication of the right, but for the punishment of wrongdoers, whether the laws that they break are human or divine.

But though the legal profession offers such wonderful opportunities to defend the weak and punish the bad, there are some cynics who profess to believe that an honest lawyer does not exist. Sir Hartley Williams, a celebrated Australian judge, once pessimistically commented upon the fact that there was a pious lawyer in his circuit who used to regularly pray that he might get clients. "Imagine," said the judge, "the insult to the Almighty contained in the request that God should stir up strife among the people, foment discord, and promote litigation, just to serve the selfish purpose of this pious solicitor?" But that cynical comment of the learned judge might have been entirely wrong. That lawyer might be innocent of any desire to foment strife, and only anxious to have the opportunity of serving his fellow-man, and be able to redress the wrongs of some injured person.

The noble profession of the law is often unjustly maligned. Like other professions, it has in its ranks unworthy men who disgrace it, and there is no profession in which trickery and rascality reaps so rich a harvest. But it has also in its ranks noble, honest, sterling men, whose knowledge and talents are devoted to the cause of right and justice. I want to say to all young men who are entering that profession, that if they set before themselves a lofty ideal, and hold fast to Christian principle, they may win success in it, serving God faithfully, and keeping their character unstained. Let me try to give you briefly my conception of the principles of a Christian lawyer.

Champions of Justice

He will never champion a cause that he knows to be dishonest. Why? Because he would be aiding one man to deprive another of his rights. Oh, the wrongs that are perpetrated by the rich and powerful! Oh, how many there are who suffer all their lives at the hands of unscrupulous foes! For many years in the French Bastile, was confined a State prisoner, known as the "Man with the Iron Mask." He died in 1703. This prisoner was supposed by many writers to have been a twin brother of Louis XIV. He was confined in his living tomb with an iron mask over his face, lest he should come forth and claim the French throne, and thus cause a revolution. The iron mask concealed the face, because the prisoner was supposed to be facially an exact duplicate of the reigning king. If this story be true, it brands Louis XIV. as one of the most stony-hearted monsters who ever sat upon a throne. No matter what his own rights may have been, to protect those rights he was not justified in practising a lifetime injustice upon a brother. How many men are trying to deprive their brother man of his rights! The lawyer who helps them in their nefarious attempt, is a partaker with them in their crime. I am not here contending that it is wrong for the lawyer to defend a criminal in court. Every man is entitled to a fair trial. Even the wretch, Czolgosz, had his rights before the law, and justice required that those rights be protected. A lawyer often does an heroic part in defending a criminal, or in pleading that mercy be shown him; but there is no heroism, there is only shame, in aiding a client to cheat or defraud another.

Yet there are a great many lawyers who affirm that they have nothing to do with the honesty or dishonesty of a client. All that they must do is to present the best side of a civil suit, and then the judge or the jury will decide whether a cause is just or unjust. If a drunkard, by his own carelessness, falls off a moving electric car, they will bring suit against the street car corporation for $10,000, and not have one qualm of conscience. If a distant relative, by a technical flaw can break a will, they will help him do it, and divert the money of a rich man into a channel where it was never intended by the testator to go. This was the way the estate of a famous lawyer-statesman was legally stolen. Every one who read his will, clearly understood what the dead statesman wished to have done with his property. He wanted to have built a great public institution. Yet, some distant relative, with whom he never had any close affiliation, by the aid of scheming lawyers, broke that will. It was only because one of the new heirs was intrinsically honest that part of the estate was placed at the disposal of the trustees who were appointed to carry out the scheme.

There is an old saying, that "nothing is more deceptive than a column of figures." There is another old saying: "Nothing is more unjust at times than law." Any lawyer who prostitutes his brain and energy to plead the dishonest civil suit of a client, becomes a party to the corrupt purpose. The lawyer himself, by that advocacy, becomes a dishonest man. Abraham Lincoln won the appellation "Honest Abe." How? He would never allow himself to get mixed up in a dishonest suit. Many years ago, a man went to his office in Springfield, and wanted him to be his attorney for a certain case. After Mr. Lincoln had studied all the facts, he turned to this man, and said: "My friend, by a technicality ot the law you can win that case, but I will not argue it for you. You are dishonest in your attempts to win that money. If I stood before a jury to plead for you, every word I uttered would seem to echo in my mind this sentence: 'Abe, you are pleading for an untruth; Abe, you are a dishonest man!'" John J. Crittenton, the great Senator, had marvelous power with a jury. Every Kentuckian knew that Senator Crittenton would not under any condition consciously argue for a dishonest cause. Many a college lad has contracted a habit which has contaminated his whole future, by standing up in a literary society to champion a wrong theme. Therefore, my legal friend, never under any condition become a party to a fraud, by advocating in civil suit the dishonest cause of a corrupt client.

Scorns False Evidence

The honest lawyer never uses false means to plead for a justifiable cause. He never produces false witnesses to prove an alibi, no matter how much he may believe in the innocence of the defendant. He never believes it honest to be dishonest, or to tell a falsehood, no matter how good the cause may be for which that falsehood has been told.

But though this may be all true, the temptations before honest criminal lawyers are very great. Believing in the innocence of their clients, they know as no other class of men, how many innocent victims have been sent to the penitentiary or the gallows, through an unbreakable chain of false circumstantial evidence. In one of our large cities of the East, a man was aroused one night by a noise. With lighted candle and cocked revolver, he descended the stairs, and was shot dead. An ex-convict was arrested and charged with the crime. His lawyer believed him to be innocent. He did all in his power to save him. He was hanged. Some years after the execution, a dying convict confessed to that crime, and thus proved that an innocent man had his life choked out by false circumstantial evidence. In the same way, a few years ago, a woman in the far West was murdered. An innocent man, proved so by later developments, was found to have suffered for that crime. I once said to the Warden of Sing Sing Penitentiary: "Warden, do you believe there are any innocent men in this prison, who have been sent here unjustly by circumstantial evidence?" "Lots of them," he answered, "I believe there are lots of them." "Now," says the honest lawyer, "I believe my client is innocent. And yet this false chain of circumstantial evidence will convict him unless I break it. Is it not right to fight fraud by fraud? Am I not justified in using any means to deliver this innocent man?" In such a crisis the temptation is overwhelming to present any evidence available, even though it is known to be false. He argues himself into this position, because he believes he is justified in doing a wrong to win a right.

Disinterested Advice

But, my legal friend, two wrongs never make a right. No lawyer in any capacity is called upon to lie. A falsehood is a falsehood, no matter how it is told. If you believe in justice, your own hands must be clean when they touch hers, nor must you contaminate your own lips when you would woo her to protect the life of your client. If a lawyer is willing to lie for a good cause, the time will not be very far distant when he will be willing to tell a falsehood to win a bad cause.

The righteous lawyer tries to keep his client out of litigation, if possible. That means, he does for his client exactly what the honest doctor would do for his patient. The family physician, coming to the bedside of an invalid, does not say, "How long can I keep this man sick, so I can make as much money out of him as possible." He says, "How soon can I make this man well? The sooner the better. Better for me; better for the patient." Neither does the honest lawyer try to force his client into litigation. He knows that often the best way to settle a legal difficulty is outside the court, instead of inside.

An Eminent Legal Example

Practical illustration: A man comes to his lawyer and says, "I have been unjustly treated, and I want $5,000 damages. I want you to bring suit right away." What does that honest lawyer do? He looks all over the details of the case. Then, if he is conscientious, he says to his client, "My friend, you have sufficient grounds for damages; but as your lawyer, I am going to advise you as I would my own son. Do not get mixed up in this case, unless you must. The lawyers' fees may in the end cost more than you would make. Then, there is no telling what a jury may do. You might lose everything. I would compromise. I would take what I could get and let the rest go. It will be cheaper in the end. That is my advice." This is the same kind of advice which John K. Porter, for many years the leader of the New York bar, once gave to my father. My father determined, on one occasion, to appeal to the courts for vindication. He had conclusive evidence to support his case. He took this evidence to Mr. Porter's office and read it to him. After reading it, John K. Porter, as a conscientious lawyer, turned and said: "Dr. Talmage, upon that evidence I can win the suit for you. But I am going to tell you what I told Horace Greeley, who last week came on the same kind of an errand, and sat in the same chair on which you are now sitting: Go home and mind your business. You have a work to do. Life is too short for you to spend any of that time fighting in a court of law, unless your work is menaced." My father went home. The suit was never brought.

"But," says some young lawyer, "that may be all right for a well established attorney like John K. Porter to do. He had all the business he could carry. He could afford in his position to turn down a Greeley. But that is not the way a young man can build up a practice. It is what he does in the court, and not outside of it, that wins him fame." No, my friend, you are wrong. The public is not as stupid as you think. If that public once hears a whispering that you are trying to keep clients out of trouble, instead of pushing them in, you will have all the clients you want. Study Mayor Jones' history of Toledo, Ohio, who has just been re-elected for his fourth consecutive term. He is generally called "Golden Rule" Jones. I know nothing about Mr. Jones' private life, nothing about his politics. But this I do know, the people, the common people of that city, believe that Mr. Jones is their friend, and trying to help them as far as he is able to do. Every newspaper in that city was against him. During the campaign, they would not even print his name. The Republican and the Democratic organizations were against him. Each party had its separate candidate. Yet "Golden Rule" Jones went quietly ahead. At the public ballot boxes he received an overwhelming majority, his vote being seventy per cent. of all the votes cast. Why? The people, the common people, believed he was trying the lighten their burdens, instead of getting them into deeper trouble. What is true in reference to politics, is true in the lawyer's office. One of the best recommendations a lawyer can have is, that he always conscientiously and faithfully makes his clients' interests his own.

The Poor Man's Advocate

The high-principled lawyer protects the weak as well as the strong. The young graduate from a legal school is likely to take any case which comes in his way. It is not so much then a question of money, as of getting something to do. He will spend as much time over the case of a pet dog which has been poisoned in a backyard, as he will, twenty years later, on a hundred-thousand-dollar suit. But after awhile, that young man works his way up the legal ladder. His brain becomes keener, his experience greater. He stands in the front rank of his profession. What is the result? He ceases, as a rule, to deal with cases involving small fees. He is a railroad attorney, or a rich man's advocate.

My legal friend, now is your opportunity for heroic self-sacrifice. Do you know of a case in which a poor man is menaced with injustice? Do you know of a man who is charged with a crime of which he is innocent? The glory you win in championing his cause is better to you than a million-dollar fee. The great corporations and the wealthy men have reserved for their services the strongest legal brains of the country. I ask, who are going to look after the legal interests of the poor and the helpless? You know, just as well as I, that the critical time in the young man's life is just after he has committed that sin which he did thoughtlessly and without realizing its heinousness. You know that, if he is once convicted and sent to the penitentiary and herded in with a lot of old criminals, he will become one of the

THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, WHERE THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION TAKES PLACE

The Louisiana Purchase Centenary at St. Louis

AN event of national importance during the present week, is the dedication in St. Louis of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the acquisition of the Louisiana territory. On April 30, 1803, Napoleon, by a treaty signed in Paris, ceded to the United States the magnificent territory which afterwards became the State of Louisiana, for the sum of 60,000,000 francs. The celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of this event in our nation's history will take place in the beautiful Liberal Arts Building, on the World's Fair grounds when the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will be formally dedicated. These ceremonies are under the direction of a Joint Committee, consisting of Hon. Thomas H. Carter, Chairman, and Messrs. Wm. Lindsay, John M. Thurston, John M. Allen, Corwin H. Spencer, W. H. Lee, James G. Butler, Lewis D. Dozier, J. C. Van Blarcom, Cyrus P. Walbridge, and James L. Blair. Two hundred acres in Forest Park, St. Louis, have been laid out as a site for the World's Fair, and about $20,000,000 is now being expended in the building of various exhibits. Every State in the Union and most of our island possessions have been allotted sites, to say nothing of the government exhibit, private concessions and buildings to be erected by fraternal and church societies. A majority of the foreign countries have signified their intention of having fine exhibits of their industrial, social, and artistic life. France will lead, having played a large part in the Louisiana Purchase.

Many church societies have adopted resolutions commending the World's Fair management upon the high moral plane after which they will conduct the Exposition, but none is of more significance than that adopted by the National Reform Association, at a recent annual session, which commends the action of the managers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, who have from the beginning maintained an unequivocal position against the Sabbath opening of the gates at the World's Fair. The whole moral plane of this Louisiana Purchase Exposition will be so far above the average Fair of this kind, that even veteran travelers will be lost in the maze of really good things to be seen. The officials are sincere in their announcement to give a Twentieth Century Exposition, with all improper features missing.

There will be no sensational Midway, no dancing, no improper exhibits in any of the foreign villages. This clause will enter into all concessions to be granted. On the Concession street, which is to be a mile in length, and will include all foreign exhibits of small proportion, there will be no performance that will violate propriety. The chief features of Concession street will be a series of villages, representing the life and industries of native races of the several continents. These are to be arranged so that visitors may make a tour around the world, in miniature. Beginning with the quaint old cities of Europe, crossing Turkey to Damascus and Jerusalem, thence to India and the East Indian Islands, and returning by way of South America, Hawaii and the Philippines, the trip will be well worth taking.

The question of closing the Exposition on Sunday having been settled—officers and the Board of Directors having signed an agreement to that effect—the question of the sale of liquor on or near the grounds has likewise been settled, and no intoxicating drinks are to be purchased. The Hall of Philanthropy, to be constructed for the Board of Lady Managers, will contain much that will tend to influence the mind in a channel of good and righteousness. Mrs. James L. Blair, President of the Board, is endeavoring to secure only refined and instructing features for the Women's Building, so that the whole Fair will be a place of instruction in the truest sense. Plans have been made in St. Louis, by Rev. C. R. Carlos, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for an Epworth hotel, with accommodation for 500 guests. Other denominations will arrange for similar hotels.

C. H. SPENCER, 1st Vice-Prest.

THOS. H. CARTER, Chairman

D. R. FRANCIS, President

J. L. BLAIR, Gen. Counsel

NOBLE LAWYERS ✳ A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. ✳ *Continued*

blackest of the black. Will you leave him to the care of one of those legal incompetents who are found hanging about every courtroom, waiting like vultures to pounce upon the helpless and the slain? Or will you, in the front rank of the legal profession, give your time and services to save that young man?

Shall the strong lawyers only look after the strong clients, and not after the weak? No, no. That is not what they ought to do. Surely the lawyers should be just as self-sacrificing in caring for the helpless unfortunates, as their brother professionals, the surgeons and the doctors. The poorest in our cities can have, if necessary, the services of the very best surgeon, or oculist, or aurist, or lung specialist. All a man has to do is to go to the hospital clinics, and the best medical and surgical skill is at his command free. Can it be that the lawyer is not ready to sacrifice as much for humanity's cause as the physician or the surgeon? Besides that, my able legal friend, you know your success has brought you plenty of money. You know the reason you do not retire from practice is simply because you cannot bear to be idle. Then, why not give a part of your time to helping the weak and down-trodden? Why not be a good Samaritan in the profession in which you see only too often the bruised and bleeding travelers who have fallen among the thieves on the Jericho road, and who have not one strong legal friend to come to their rescue?

The noble lawyer's greatest influence should be traced in the spiritual realm. It is necessary for him to plead the cause which will affect the individual temporal destiny. Is it not much more important for him to plead that cause which will affect another's life, not only for time, but for eternity? Every great lawyer is a leader in the community in which he lives. If he wishes, he may become a leader in municipal politics and statecraft—a leader in all the reformatory movements. Shall he not be a leader before the throne of grace?

Some people are foolish enough to suppose that a lawyer demeans his office when he champions the Gospel, just as a minister nearly always degrades his spiritual office when he becomes embroiled in the bitternesses of local politics. When Sir Thomas More used to visit his old home on the Sabbath day, he could always be found in the Episcopalian chancel, taking part in the service as a lay reader. A state officer one day came to him and said, "Sir Thomas, do you not think you are casting a slur upon your official position under the king? Ought the English Chancellor to perform the humble duties of a lay reader?" "Yes," answered the great statesman, "a Chancellor always serves his earthly king better when he is truly serving the King of kings." The lawyer who honors Christ above all, is the lawyer who will be the most faithful to his clients.

The noble Christian lawyer is most anxious to serve aright his associates in a spiritual and in a temporal sense. Why? He knows that, some day, all the acts of his life shall be passed upon by the greatest of all Supreme Courts, the great Judgment Seat of Christ. A lawyer is always more careful of a case if he thinks that case is going to be appealed to a higher court. One misstatement in a brief, or the lack of the sworn testimony of a witness, may mean the reversal of the lower court's decision. How much more, then, should the fact be ever present to him that he will one day have to stand at the bar of God. The true Christian lawyer is the man who is prayerfully careful of every word and deed and act of his life. All these acts are to be recorded in the "Book of Life," and read at the great "Assize of Heaven." Will you, my legal friend, live and work with this one thought before your mind? Live with the idea that some day the Christ, who once stood as a defendant before Pilate, is the Christ who, as a Judge, will have Pilate and other famous wrongdoers as defendants before him.

Young men about to enter the legal profession, I congratulate you. My congratulations, because you are going to enter the profession of Judge John McLean, the Christian; of Elder McDougal, the late leader of the Cincinnati bar, the Christian; of Benjamin Harrison, who used to pass bread and wine at the holy communion; of Judge Neilson, the Christian, and Daniel Webster, the Christian; of Joseph Story, the Christian, and of hosts of other leading advocates, and judges, whose faith in God was just as strong as their belief that law means justice, tempered with mercy, and justice to the strong and the weak alike. May you live as they lived. Do such work as they were able to accomplish. Die in their faith. Have the sins of your past life cleansed by the blood of Jesus, as theirs were wiped out. "The law is good, if a man use it lawfully."

POSTPONED REPENTANCE ❋ *Paul Before Felix*

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MAY 17
ACTS 24: 10-16; 24-26.

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—PSA. 23: 4: "I WILL FEAR NO EVIL; FOR THOU ART WITH ME"

PAUL was called to be the Apostle to the Gentiles. God, in his providence, arranged that his imprisonment should provide him with an influential Gentile audience. In no other way than as a prisoner on trial could he have preached to Felix, the Governor.

Illustration and Application

Felix means happy. Names in those days were used with close reference to their meaning. How sad and suggestive the contrast between his parents' dream of what he was to be, and what he was! Let us think a picture of the scene at his birth. The glad word had gone through the Roman household, and the sympathetic neighborhood, "A man child is born." What shall he be called? His parents expressed their own joy, and their prayer for the child's happiness by calling him "Felix." In his innocent childhood he was happy, and made others happy. But in manhood he allowed himself to be swerved by temptation from righteousness, that is, rightness, and from temperance. He lost that essential of happiness, "a conscience void of offence toward God and man." He could no longer look his mother or his wife in the face. There were persons who knew things that he was afraid they would tell. He got into public office and accepted bribes which did not bring joy. He had lost the very heart of happiness, God's approval and self-respect. And finally, when Paul brought him face to face with God, and he might have become a real Felix, passing from repentance to rejoicing, he postponed decision, and so lost his last opportunity to fulfil his mother's dream. He left Paul bound in body, and, sadder still, left himself bound to sin and sorrow. Let us every one ask whether there is not such a contrast in our lives between what we were to be and what we are. Many a mother has named her boy for John Wesley, or John Knox, or George Washington, or some other noble man. Surely the name itself was a perpetual prayer that the child might also have the nature of his great namesake, and might be at least as good, if not so great; might have his graces, if not his gifts. Are those thus nobly named fulfilling their cradle picture and prayer? Let it always be remembered that a prayer that a child may be good, is the right prayer to secure his true happiness as well.

A Lesson from Felix

PAUL PREACHING BEFORE FELIX AND HIS JEWISH WIFE, DRUSILLA

Let us now turn to Paul. His father named him after the tall King Saul, with a prayer for greatness more than goodness, it is to be feared. That original Saul had been too fond of power and of property, and so had dwarfed his soul, which might have towered above his people, as did his body.

Saul, afterwards called Paul, was one who proved better than his cradle prayer. He became great indeed, greater than his namesake, because his goodness towered aloft, the admiration of the ages, though his "bodily presence was weak." While Felix, unrepentant, could not be happy on a throne, Paul's letters are full of joy, even when written from his prisons. In all of his many "perils," our golden text was his comfort: "I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

David, from whom Paul got such words of comfort, though he tasted almost every human sorrow that life can know—persecution, bereavement, defeat, slander, betrayal—worst of all, blood guiltiness—found in repentance and trust springs of joy that overflow like rivers in his psalms.

Paul's courage, in preaching to a royal sinner, recalls many a prophet: Moses calling Pharaoh to repentance and justice; Samuel rebuking Saul for disobedience; Nathan, rebuking David, at the risk of his own life; Elijah, reasoning of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come before Ahab and Jezebel; Isaiah, rebuking the mighty in Judah, while Amos did the same in Israel; John the Baptist, daring to rebuke Herod's royal iniquity and die for it; Christ pouring upon the rulers of his time, the sevenfold lightning of his seven-times uttered: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites"—all these are given us as examples, not of reckless accusations but of fearless preaching and teaching, that no less faithfully points out the sins of the mighty than those of men of low degree. Yet, let us remember with what tact and tears Paul spoke, lest courage without tenderness should fail.

* * *

There is a third party in this lesson that we should study for our own warning—the Jewish accusers. They were better men, morally, than Felix, and had a far better creed—all the great truths of the Old Testament. But their religion was not deep enough to save them from envy and false accusations, and a hatred of men who differed in doctrine that was murder in the eye of God, and would have grown to that in deed, but for the interposition of a heathen captain. Let us not accuse others, but let us, who observe religious forms and belong to religious bodies, search our own hearts whether our religion is not contradicted by our deeds, our words, our very spirit of bitterness.

A Lesson from the Pharisees

It is said that three-fourths of the Bible is aimed at the unconverted members of the churches. The calls to "repent," if searched out in the concordance, will be found to be mostly addressed to those who professed religion in the Jewish and Christian churches. In the wilderness, what trouble God had with the church he had organized at Sinai, of a people newly delivered from Egyptian bondage, whose gratitude should have kept them loyal for one generation at least. Let us read the story anew of their murmurings, their doubts, their fearfulness, saying ever: "Lord, is it I?" How the prophets plead with the church whose sins brought disaster on the nation! And how large a part of Christ's preaching was to upright Pharisees, whose morals were clean, but their hearts bitter as gall! And even his own apostles, how slow of heart and selfish they themselves tell us they were! Not content with killing Christ, the Pharisees killed the Apostle James and sought to kill Peter and Paul—all the while so strict about religious forms, that they postponed killing Peter till "after Easter" (Acts 12), and dragged Paul out of the Temple lest his blood should pollute the holy place. In Revelation, the seven churches, most of which John lovingly censures, were Christian churches, some of which had already crowded out Christ and the love he brings (Rev. 2). It is to these backsliders that John cries "Repent."

* * *

And so we come back from study of the outside sinners, of whom Felix is a type, and of inside sinners, of whom Ananias is a type, to the call that Paul makes to both, for rightness and temperance, in view of the "judgment to come." There is a widespread feeling that because eternal punishment has been disputed, hell has been abolished. But we say again that we are not of those who pretend to be more gentle and merciful than Christ. Let his words be read even without comment, and the awful warning they naturally convey must be their true meaning. "Not literal fire," some say, but certainly the reality will not fall short of the figure. Christ is the one voice that all the world has heard, and we cannot but believe in his every word; and if we believe his words, and are repentant, we shall tremble as we read them.

"Judgment to Come"

Paul's Master said (Matt. 25: 46) "These shall go into everlasting punishment." Supposing that the word "everlasting" means, as some contend, "Age-long," though the best scholarship does not accept that rendering, yet surely, if it is only age-long future punishment of which the gentle Christ lovingly warns us, is not that enough, coming from such a Friend, to make us "tremble" for our sins and repent? The word of him whom even his critics call, "the purest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the pure," we cannot doubt. If he is not to be believed then no one in all the ages is to be trusted. And as sure as he is the Truth, there is a hell for unrepentant sinners.

And let us not postpone repentance, lest, as in the case of Felix, the very disposition to repent may be destroyed even while we live. He spoiled both worlds by his habit of delay. We do not so often as formerly press on congregations and classes the appeal for decision on the ground it may be "the last chance," but we should be wiser if we did. The only wise way is to live every day as if it were, as it may be, our last. We do not see so much remorse at the death beds of unrepentant men as formerly, because of the "eternal hope," that was not learned of Christ, and whose effect is often to make men who formerly postponed repentance to the death bed, postpone it to beyond death, and in that delusive hope waste the present life. The very fruits of the theory condemn it.

We may have told in these columns before, a story so pertinent to Felix that it will, in any case, bear repeating. A man raised in a Christian home, who postponed becoming a Christian when he was a boy, on the ground that he was "too young," when he took up business, postponed again because he was "too busy," said to his wife and his pastor, that he would give attention to religion when he had made a hundred thousand dollars. He did secure that in the course of years, but the habit of postponement continued, until suddenly a sick bed brought him face to face with God. His pastor urged him to repent and trust in God, and when he said it was too late, cited the penitent thief on the cross. "Nay, nay," said the merchant, "he had had no previous chance. He had not been urged to be a Christian for years by a Christian mother, a Christian teacher, a Christian wife, a Christian pastor. I have trifled with God until I cannot forgive myself nor ask God to forgive me." And so he died. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

A Story of Deadly Delay

RUINS OF THE CASTLE AT CÆSAREA IN WHICH PAUL WAS IMPRISONED

How mean such a life of selfishness seems as against unselfish efforts to save even the bodies of others! The very week this lesson was written, at a fire in Philadelphia, it was found that the family in escaping had left a little girl behind. A poor lad of about fourteen years, who knew the family, dashed into the flaming building to rescue her. The stairs he must climb were all aflame, and he turned back once, his hair on fire, but seized a sheet, wet it and threw it over his head, and then rushed through the fire and brought back the child, already so badly burned that she soon died. But it was a comfort that she died in the arms of her mother and was not consumed in the flames. The young hero belittled his brave act, saying, "Any one would do that to save a child." And shall we not be willing to make yet nobler efforts to save a child's soul from the blight of sin in this world and the world to come?

THE NEW YORK HELPING HAND'S ANNIVERSARY

Greatest of "Mothers' Meetings"

UPLIFTING EAST SIDE WOMANHOOD

A PICTURESQUE celebration was the twenty-third anniversary of the Stanton Street Helping Hand Association, in New York City recently. The assembly-room of the Pro-Cathedral was crowded with a company of tenement mothers, nearly everyone adorned with a big white apron and wearing a pleasant countenance. Many had no head-covering. Some wore little shawls on their shoulders. Everybody was spick-and-span, no matter how poor the garments. It was the gala-day of an organization which conducts what is perhaps the largest "Mothers' Meeting" in New York.

The platform looked like a conservatory, cut flowers and potted plants forming the fair line of division that separated the "Mothers" from their friends beloved — the Officers and Managers of the Helping Hand. What a difference between the hands on this side of the flowers and the hands on that! These are soft, white, pink-nailed, glittering with jewels; those are roughened with toil — washerwomen's and scrubwomen's hands. Yet in one respect all hands here are alike, and alike are beautiful—all are helping hands. None belong to the class the speaker of the day, Rev. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, describes as "only good to look at and to receive gifts from others."

The "Mothers" have brought pots of flowers, one for each of their friends on the platform; they would not be prevented from spending some hard-earned pennies thus. And for each mother there is a potted plant, the gift of Mrs. Elias J. Herrick, founder of the Order. In the name of the "Mothers," Mr. Herrick, chairman of the meeting, presents photographs which they have had taken of themselves, one to Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, First Directress of the Board; one to Mrs. William F. Lee, Second Directress and their venerable spiritual leader, and one to Mrs. Herrick. There is no display of vanity in this. The "Mothers" know these ladies will set as great store by the picture of their white-aproned friends as by any fine painting on their walls. Rev. Mr. Kerridge, vicar of the Pro-Cathedral, voices the neighborhood's appreciation of the visits and services of women of wealth and culture, who have given not only of their means but of their time and toil to the task of making life sweeter and brighter for the poor. A musical entertainment as excellent as would be arranged for a rich woman's drawing-room has been provided. Mrs. John F. Brimes sings; Mrs. Corning and the Misses Keickerhoter play on piano, violin, 'cello and banjo. Then, the fine ladies go among the "Mothers," serving delicacies, cake and cream. Mrs. Lee plays "America"; "Mothers," officers, managers and guests sing it together, and everybody goes home happy.

SECTION OF ASSEMBLY-ROOM—MOTHERS' MEETING IN SESSION

"We hope you will come," says a soft-voiced lady manager to the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "to one of our regular meetings when they begin again next fall. I really enjoy more than an occasion like this our quiet hours here reading, sewing and tea-drinking with the mothers." Inquiry shows how thoroughly practical this Helping Hand work is. Its aim is to promote the moral, spiritual, social and economic welfare of the women in a very broad East Side territory. "It helps the mother, who usually is the most neglected one in the home, because of her self-denying love for her family," says Miss Faulhaber, the Association's faithful and efficient missionary visitor. The work is strictly unsectarian, although it has its home in an Episcopal institutional church. Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt contributed liberally to the construction of the Pro-Cathedral, to the end that the Helping Hand might have headquarters there. His wife meets all the running expenses of the organization, pays the Missionary Visitor's salary, and equips the Emergency Closet, which supplies delicacies to the sick. The "Relief Fund," upon which the missionary draws for cases of distress encountered in her visits is supplied by the Board. At regular sessions, the "Mothers" are divided into classes of ten, each in charge of a teacher who reads and talks to them and instructs them in sewing. These teachers are ladies from wealthy and fashionable sections of the city. To illustrate the spirit with which they enter into their work, the plea of Mrs. Louis J. Bellosa (daughter of the late Theodore Havemeyer), may be quoted: "Give me the most unattractive women that come for my class—those that nobody else wants—the lame, halt, deformed."

Care is taken not to pauperize beneficiaries. Women are paid by the hour for sewing done at the meetings; and with credits thus obtained, they purchase the garments they make and groceries which the Association secures for them at wholesale rates. Most of them are widows. Many are washerwomen. The "communal coal fund," to which each had contributed pennies as she could, banking through Miss Faulhaber, was a blessing to them last winter, for thus they got coal at wholesale rates instead of paying the ruinous price charged for it by the pail-full—when it could be had at all. The cutting and distribution of work is under the supervision of Mrs. E. M. Blum; Mrs. W. C. Stuart is in charge of the Emergency Closet; Mrs. Underhill, 267 Madison avenue, is Secretary; and anyone interested in the work can address their inquiries to this lady, or to Miss M. C. Faulhaber, 3,077 Webster avenue, New York.

Cherry Tree Homes of the Salvation Army

THE Salvation Army is making a heroic endeavor to save the children the world over. In England's large cities, effort is made to serve a hot breakfast to destitute children during the severe winter weather. In London, alone, 8,000 children are thus fed every morning of the week. In India, the Army has 10,000 children in its day schools, and 700 famine children in its orphanages. The Commonwealth of Australia engages the Salvation Army management for its reform schools, to which, at present, are committed 480 charges of the country—boys and girls, who, for one offence or another, have been brought before the police court.

Under the Stars and Stripes, we every year care for 500 children in our Rescue Homes. Nearly 9,799 pass through our slum nurseries. We have accommodation for 105 in our orphanages, better known as our Cherry Tree Homes, for waifs and strays. These Cherry Tree Homes (for there are three of them supported by the Salvation Army), had their day of small things years ago, when the slum sisters first began their work of love and mercy in New York City's darkest slums, Cherry street being the spot chosen for a day nursery, which was quickly established. It lacked almost every comfort except cleanliness and love. Cribs were an unknown luxury. A friendly store-keeper in the neighborhood helped us out by giving us boxes, which loving hands soon transformed into comfortable beds, and the babies were cared for, while the mothers left free to work. It more than once happened that the mother's death left the baby a ward of the Army. We had to have a home for waifs and strays, and our Cherry Tree Home at Rutherford, N. J., came into existence. The cost of this work to the government is much smaller than if they undertook it themselves, as beyond a small capitation grant per child, the entire expense is borne by the Army.

Two years ago, Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker decided that a still larger home was an absolute necessity, so a beautiful building was erected on the Salvation Army Colony at Amity, Colorado. Forty acres of land have been deeded to the Home by Commander Booth-Tucker. Already fully seven hundred trees and shrubs are doing well upon the place. Our boys are brimful of farming. Our chickens we hope to make a considerable source of income to the Home; the boys find immense interest in the poultry yard, and are learned in "Dominicks, Leghorns, and Black Spanish." Many of the babies are adopted yearly, and go from us into carefully selected homes, where good moral training as well as affection is assured to them. We look with thankful hearts upon

THE CHERRY TREE HOME AT AMITY, COLO.

our happy family of fifty boys and girls. As we see the moral and physical transformation going on around us, we think of the time now close at hand, when we shall be able by God's grace, to send these boys and girls out to the great, busy world, fitted to earn their livelihood by honest toil, and filled with a desire to brighten the lives of all around them. MRS. COL. MILES.

A GREAT IMMIGRATION YEAR

(See pictures on first page)

UP to the present time, the year 1903 has eclipsed all its predecessors in the multitude of its immigrants. January and February were moderately heavy months, but March broke all records for the same month in previous years, with 91,000 immigrants, or 14,178 more than in March, 1902. April's record is considerably larger. On April 10 there arrived in New York harbor 12,226 immigrants, the largest number ever recorded on a single day. Even this figure promises to be eclipsed more than once during the coming summer. If the present ratio is maintained, the population of the United States, our Washington statisticians assert, will be increased by over a million within the year.

It would be difficult to find any place more picturesquely interesting at the present time than Ellis Island, the immigration station in New York harbor. There the new arrivals are received, registered, examined, and either detained or forwarded to their ultimate destination. Our photographer, in the series of illustrations on the cover page of the present issue, has shown some very interesting and characteristic scenes. Among the aliens are Germans, Russians, Italians, Poles, Swedes, Norwegians, Finns, Slavs, British and Asiatics, the Italians, Scandinavians and Slavs predominating. Norway is sending to this country an unusually large immigration, 30,000, chiefly of the artisan class, having arrived here last year. Finland will send anywhere from 50,000 to 75,000. Many of the Finns will go to Washington, Oregon, Michigan and Minnesota. Italy, however, still furnishes the greatest number of the new arrivals, with Austro-Hungary and Russia second and third on the list.

Within a very short time after their arrival, the great body of immigrants is dispersed. While the majority go West, very large numbers remain in the Eastern cities, especially the Hebrews and Italians, most of whom go to augment the vast population on the East Side of New York.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Uses of Wealth

IT is a cheering sign of the growing Christian spirit of the age in which we are living, that the rich are beginning to recognize the moral obligation to employ their possessions to good purpose.

During Christ's earthly ministry, He frequently spoke to his disciples and to the multitudes, concerning the right uses of riches. For those possessed of wealth, but who, instead of employing it righteously, applied it to their own selfish purposes, He had only merited denunciation. On the other hand, for the generous and liberal-hearted; for those who not only sympathized with the unfortunate, but who freely gave of their abundance to mitigate hardship and suffering; for the compassionate Samaritan, the open-handed neighbor, He had words of commendation. He taught that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"—that it was the right use of those possessions alone that sanctified their ownership and converted them into blessing. In the parable of "the rich fool," in Luke, we have a most eloquent illustration of the selfish misuse of wealth, and its influence in hardening the heart, filling it with a vain self-sufficiency, and shutting out God.

In these days of great individual fortunes, it is a notable thing that an increasingly large proportion of the rich are beginning to realize the truth that, after all, their possessions alone are incapable of conferring either happiness or satisfaction. They have discovered by observation and experience, that the mere piling up of millions is vanity and vexation—an endless, futile task, at the close of which there is no gleam of hope or reward. And the truth has dawned upon them that there is a wide difference between the ownership of bonds, stocks and mortgages, and being "rich toward God." Last year, nearly four hundred of the wealthiest men in the United States gave more than $94,000,000 to charity, philanthropy and education. This is exclusive of the recent endowments by Rockefeller, Frick, and Armour, and of the $21,000,000 Thankoffering raised by the Methodist Church. The $94,000,000 included homes for the poor, for the incurable, the crippled, the aged, the blind, and help for the "submerged millions" of the tenements. In almost every instance, it would seem to be indisputable that the motive was purely one of sympathy for the needy and afflicted, and a deep compassion for the great multitude of the unfortunate, who had been side-tracked or stranded in the struggle for existence.

To the humble wage-earner, these vast benefactions may seem, by their very greatness, to overshadow the modest gift he is able to spare from his meagre means, in answer to the call to aid human suffering. But the gifts of the poor can never be overshadowed by the alms of the opulent. The widow's mite, in the Saviour's estimation, was greater than all the other contributions. Our friends who have pinched and economized and denied themselves oft, to help the distressed at home and abroad these many years, have shown an example of benevolence to the whole world. It is to the influence of this phalanx of generous souls, inspired by Christian love and sympathy, that we now owe, in a great measure, the sudden increase of benevolence among the rich. The lesson of their Christ-like work has not been without its influence. In laying up for themselves "treasures in heaven," they have unconsciously led others to emulate their example. Let us hope that the object-lesson they have given in benevolence may strike deeper still.

God's "Not Yet"

DR. MACLAREN calls attention to the frequency with which during our Lord's life on earth that expression was on his lips—"the hour," "my hour," as implying clearly that every act of his was regulated by the conviction that the time appointed for it had arrived. Friends tried to hurry him, but he would not be hurried. He waited for his hour to strike, and until that was heard, nothing could induce him to act. And he made no mistake. Those who trusted him learned then, and all who have trusted him since have learned that his hour is always best. God's clock does not go at the same rate as ours. A thousand years may sometimes be crowded into one of his days, or one of his days may be lengthened to a slow thousand years. The considerations which determined his hour are beyond our sight; but this we know, that whatever holds back his hand, it is not lack of sympathy with our sorrow; it is not disregard for our confidence; it is not unwillingness or inability to respond to our cry. All delay is the result of his love, and is meant for highest good.

How beautifully Ruskin has clothed the thought: "There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come in between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the rests. If we look up, God himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, 'There is no music in a rest,' let us not forget there is the making of music in it."

So let us wait God's good time with no drooping faith, never doubting that his delays and our sorrows are the fruits of his love, and the preparation for larger blessings and deeper joy. The Lord's "not yet," may darken to-day, but it ensures a bright to-morrow.

The Congested Ghetto

ONE of the most serious and perplexing of the problems involved by the enormous flood of immigration, described and illustrated on other pages, was discussed at a meeting held in New York a few days ago. Men, whose position enables them to know the facts, said that in the square mile of the city south of Houston street and east of the Bowery, there are now not less than three hundred thousand Jews, and that many more are on their way to our shores, who will inevitably gravitate to the same congested district. The reason for this is that Jewish immigrants do not understand the English language, and must go among people with whom they can converse, and who can be of use to them in helping them to make their way here. Ultimately, the problem will solve itself, for the Jew has the faculty of adapting himself to his surroundings, and, as he prospers, will move to better districts, as many others of his race have done. But the present crisis is serious, and is becoming more acute every day.

That the problem is presented to us for solution is due to the fact that other nations have solved it in a rough and cruel way. The East Side of New York is congested because eastern Europe has driven the Jews out by legislation, and by all kinds of social oppression. The prophecies of the Bible have been fulfilled with a stern and relentless hand. Wherever the Jews have settled in other lands than our own, they have been oppressed. They are coming here for refuge, and for that equality and fair treatment which have been denied to them elsewhere. Surely, in the land consecrated by the pilgrims of the *Mayflower* they ought to find such a refuge.

There are grounds for encouragement on our side as well as on theirs, for an intelligent and kindly effort to solve the problem. We have already assimilated huge populations without detriment to our institutions, and there is no reason to doubt that our power is still vigorous. Besides, in the Hebrew race there are elements which directly encourage such efforts. There is no race that requires so little help; no race so industrious and thrifty; none so quick to appreciate and seize the advantages of our social life. The fact that in all our poor-houses there are to-day only seventeen inmates of the Jewish race, is strong testimony to the independence and self-reliance of this people. They of all races are least likely to add to the public burden.

The greatest obstacle to assimilation, of course, is that of religion. While he retains his religion, the Jew ostracizes himself. But that very tenacity of faith is a commendable feature in his character. There are all too many among our non-Jewish citizens, who would abandon any religion that was an obstacle to their prosperity. We honor men who will suffer and die for their faith. And the Jewish faith has the strongest of all claims on Christian kindness. The Saviour, by whose name we call ourselves, was of Jewish race, and it is to the Jews almost exclusively that we owe the Book to which we go for guidance and consolation. They have, therefore, peculiar claims on the gratitude and hospitality of a Christian people. Who can tell whether this huge influx of Jews is not divinely arranged for Christian service? The Jew, harassed and oppressed in the name of Christ in the lands from which he comes, has learned to hate the hallowed name with intensified scorn. Be it ours to show him by kindness and helpfulness what Christianity really is. Men who go so far with us in our religious principles, worshiping the same God and holding in reverence the same literature, have already the basis for a common faith.

It is only a few days since Christian ministers gathered around the bier of a Jewish Rabbi, whom they all revered and honored. Of him, one of them said, "We called him a Christian Rabbi, but he replied, in the words of Nathan, the Wise: 'What makes of me a Christian in your eyes, makes you a Jew in mine.'" So near do good men of every faith draw to one another. If the Jew finds in every Christian community in our broad land, to which he may go, the spirit of neighborliness and helpfulness, his views of Christianity may change, and without any effort to proselyte, the Christian may win him to the faith of the Gospel.

A Winter's Work at The Bowery Mission

DURING the past winter, spiritual and rescue work of the Bowery Mission has been prosecuted with undiminished earnestness. The Gospel meetings have been carried on amid an ever-increasing interest, and blessed results have been obtained nightly.

Inroads are being effected on the inveterate indifference and stubborn prejudice of the vast multitude of men who live in the lodging-houses of the Bowery, and who may be considered the permanent element in the population of that unique thoroughfare. The Bowery Mission has always contained, in its evening congregations, a large proportion of strangers, wanderers with no home, outcast tramps, who have been allured by its bright lights, its music, and its warm welcome. But the sixty thousand men who nightly "doss" in the bunks of the lodging-houses, including many men who are regular wage-earners, and who, therefore, have a strong aversion to associating with the tramps, have long been the despair of church and mission alike.

Now, however, from end to end of the Bowery, there is not a lodging-house where every day, the Bowery Mission and its doings are not discussed. This awakened interest has had several causes, not the least of which has been the presence and addresses of several of the ablest of New York city ministers. When the names of these devoted men are recounted, it will be seen that the whole course of winter's meetings have been of a very special character. The prominence of such men as Drs. R. S. MacArthur, P. S. Henson, and Robt. Bagnell, could not fail to strike the Bowery mind, and it was clearly regarded as something extraordinary that they should all visit the mission the same week. When, in the following week, the Rev. James H. Darlington, D.D., of Christ's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, came, and delivered one of the most powerful addresses ever heard in the Mission, a wonderful impression was made, and one of the most remarkable conversions took place that the mission has witnessed. A venerable man, shattered by drink, surrendered publicly, and has become since one of the most respected of the workers. Every night, indeed, without exception, "brands from the burning" have been gloriously saved. The warmest thanks of all friends of the mission should be accorded to the foregoing, and to the following ministers, who have assisted in the proclamation of "the sweet old story" of Christ and his love:

Rev. F. M. North, D.D.,
Rev. J. H. Elliott, D.D.,
Rev. L. W. Batten, Ph.D.,
Rev. Walter E. Bentley,
Rev. H. M. Warren, D.D.,
Rev. M. S. Littlefield, D.D.,
Rev. J. B. Devins, D.D.,
Rev. F. B. Richards,
Rev. W. C. Stinson, D.D.,
Rev. A. P. Atterbury, D.D.,
Rev. Stephen Merritt,
Rev. W. T. Elsing,
Rev. A. Mangano,
Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D.,
Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, D.D.
Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D.,
Rev. J. L. Campbell, D.D.,
Rev. Percy Stickney Grant,
Rev. A. H. Evans, D.D.,
Rev. H. A. Johnston, D.D.,
Rev. A. M. H. Hodder, D.D.,
Rev. E. S. Holloway, D.D.,
Rev. C. B. Chapin, D.D.,
Rev. R. Hartley,
Rev. C. D. Case, D.D.,
Rev. E. A. Dent, D.D.,
Rev. C. J. Keevil,
Rev. Geo. S. Avery,
Rev. George Sanderson, Chaplain of Sing Sing Prison.

Mention should also be made of a splendid address delivered by the Rev. Charles Inglis, the famous English evangelist, on the evening previous to his departure from this country, and also of an address of great beauty and power from Dr. O. S. Marden, the editor of *Success*.

The crowds of men that attend the Mission never forget their obligations to the generous readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A year ago, many readers responded cheerfully and promptly to the appeal for subscriptions of "a dollar and no more." It is simply impossible to estimate the far-reaching results of the help thus rendered to the work of the Mission. These wanderers come from every city and State and country. At this season, any aid extended to the Mission by readers who are interested in its work would be specially welcome. All contributions will be acknowledged in these columns.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The Oldest History

ONE of the most remarkable discoveries yet made, in connection with the history of Egypt, has just come to light. Prof. Flinders Petrie, in an article in the *Sphere*, relates the circumstances which have astonished the historical world. It appears that for thirty years past, a stone, covered with inscriptions on both sides, has been lying unnoticed in the museum of Palermo. A German professor, who happened to visit the museum recently, saw the stone and made a careful copy of it, which he submitted to Dr. Shafer and two other learned Egyptologists, in Berlin. They saw at once the importance of the inscriptions, and have now deciphered the whole. The stone proves to be part of a large tabulated historical record of a date far older than any hitherto found. It gives a long list of kings, and then, in separate compartments, a record, year by year, of important events. Each year is characterized by some achievement which made it memorable, and to this is added in each compartment, the height attained by the Nile in that year. Thus, one inscription is: "The year of the smiting of the Anu. Nile four cubits one span." Another reads: "Year of draining the lakes on the west, north, and east by all the people. Nile three cubits one span." The first record on the stone is about the year 4,700 B.C., but evidently the upper portion of the stone, which is missing, contained earlier records even than this. It is believed that the entire stone contained records of fully a thousand years. Some of the events thus recorded strangely confirm the statements of the Greek historians of Egypt, which the learned world has for a long time believed to be mythical, and altogether unreliable. Similar opinions have been uttered by learned men about the historical parts of the Bible. It would not be surprising if some of the many explorers now at work in Bible lands should find similar evidence to confute the scoffers, and so the promise be fulfilled:

Truth shall spring out of the earth (Psalm 85: 11).

Russia in Manchuria

Our Government is deeply concerned in the news recently received from China. In the Boxer troubles, three years ago, President McKinley earned China's profound gratitude by the determined stand which he made against the dismemberment of the country. There was danger at one stage of the negotiations, of the European powers seizing large portions of territory, while Japan would naturally claim a share. It was supposed that the danger had been avoided. Russia, however, had sent a large force into Manchuria, an extensive region in the northeast of China, adjoining Siberia. The ostensible reason for occupying the district was, that armed bands of Manchurians had passed over the border into Siberia and committed depredations. After the settlement with China, the Russians remained in the province, but gave an explicit promise to withdraw as soon as order was restored. Russia has now stated the conditions on which alone she will withdraw. She requires China to close all Manchurian ports against foreign trade, to employ no foreigners except Russians in the public service, to deposit all customs receipts in Russian banks, and to give Russia absolute control of all telegraph lines in Manchuria. China is naturally averse to granting these concessions which would practically give the province to Russia, but is aware that without foreign help she cannot resist her powerful neighbor. She has turned to our Government, as the one which befriended her in her former trouble, hoping that through our mediation she may be saved from this wholesale spoliation. Inasmuch as Russia made clear and definite promises to our Government, which these demands on China openly violate, we have the right to protest, and to insist that the Czar shall fulfil his engagements, and not take advantage of the weakness of a neighbor.

Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled; and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee! (Isa. 33: 1).

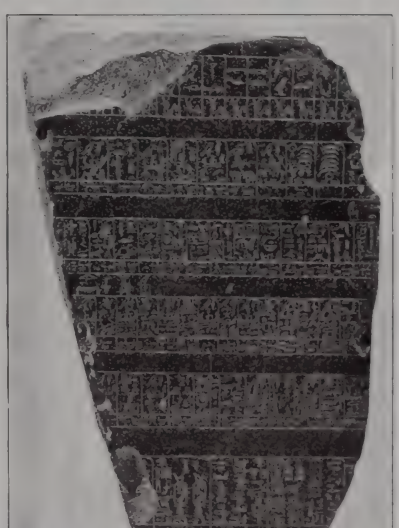
The Fading Document

A press dispatch from Washington, D. C., says that the Declaration of Independence is to be seen no more by the public. An order has been issued that henceforth the historic manuscript shall be kept under lock and key, in a great fire and light-proof safe. The Declaration will never be exhibited again at any of the great international fairs. This decision was reached as the result of an examination of the document by a committee of the American Academy of Sciences, now in session in Washington, who acted at the instance of Secretary Hay, whose attention has been called to the sad state of the famous document by Andrew Allen, librarian of the State Department. Most of the text of the Declaration is still legible, but only one or two of the signatures can be made out. There is only a trace of the autograph of John Hancock, the first to sign. The Government does well to take measures for the preservation of the famous document, which is one of our most precious relics; but even if it did unhappily perish, no practical harm would result to our institutions so long as its principles are established in our hearts. It is thus that God would have his Word enshrined.

I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts (Jer. 31: 33).

An Abortive Will

Many legatees are disappointed by a revelation just made by the executors of a man who died recently in a hotel in New York. He had made his home in the hotel for several years and had spent money freely. He claimed to be a count, and frequently spoke of his estates in Germany as being very extensive, and of a large property which he would inherit on the death of his father. He had many friends and went a great deal into society. When he was taken ill, he sent for a lawyer and gave instructions for his will. He left various legacies, varying from $25,000 to $5,000, to friends in New York. The property, after paying these legacies, was to be divided into two parts. One of these, consisting of $30,000, was to be placed in the hands of trustees and the income to be paid to a lady to whom he had been engaged to be married, and she was to have the right to dispose of the principal in her will. The other portion was also to be in the hands of trustees, who



THE EGYPTIAN STONE FOUND AT PALERMO

were to invest it for the benefit of relatives in Germany, in proportions carefully specified. After the man's death, the executors made a search for the property, but in vain. They traced his history, and found that he had always been a poor man. His sole possession had been a little cottage formerly owned by his father, which had been sold long ago. He had been a sailor, and the money he had spent in New York was the savings of his various voyages. A few pawn-tickets, his watch and clothes, worth about fifty dollars, was all the property he had to leave, and against that were debts of ten times the amount. It is difficult to understand what could have been the man's motive in making a will of this kind, when he had nothing to bequeath. It is a sad disappointment to some of the legatees, some of whom had already begun to make arrangements for the enjoyment of their legacies. It is sad to think how many people there are who, at the last, will discover that the tempter has similarly deceived them.

While they promise them liberty, they themselves are servants of corruption (II. Peter 2: 19).

A Voluntary Hostage

The sergeant in charge of a Police station-house in Atlanta, Ga., was astonished, a few days ago, by an offer from a little boy to become a prisoner. The boy, who said he was seven years old, entered the station house and asked the sergeant if he had found his papa. "Papa gets lost sometimes," he explained, "and I've time to found him." The sergeant asked the papa's name, and referring to the blotter, found that a prisoner of that name was then in the cells on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. He had gone into a saloon with his week's wages in his pocket, and had been turned out intoxicated and penniless when the saloon closed. The boy was told that his father was there, and he said he would take him home. The sergeant replied that the man could not be released without the payment of five dollars fine. The child was much distressed by the news, for, he said, he had no money in his bank, as his papa had borrowed it. "I want him to go home," he added, "for mamma has been crying all night and she won't stop crying till he comes home." His eyes began to fill and there was a sob in his voice. He brightened, however, as he said, "I'll tell you what you can do, you can have me instead. I'll stay in papa's place till he brings you the money. Then he can go home and mamma will stop crying." The sergeant could not trust himself to speak, for the child's sob seemed to have got into his own throat. He went into the captain's room and explained the situation. When he returned he had the prisoner with him. The child sprang to his arms and kissed him. Then he resigned himself to the police, but was delighted when the sergeant told him he might go with his father. Perhaps nothing can redeem such a man from his curse, but if anything can, it would not be punishment, or denunciation, but such love as his child displayed, in offering to be imprisoned in his stead. It is such love that Christ showed in his death.

Christ hath suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God (I. Peter 3: 18).

PORTION OF THE YEARLY RECORD ON THE PALERMO STONE

BRIEF NOTES

Lady Henry Somerset has announced that, owing to ill-health, she cannot be elected President of the British Women's Temperance Association this year.

Forty-three pastors in Finland have simultaneously been deprived of their livings, because they refused to cooperate in carrying out the new Russian military service law.

A call has been issued by 2,834 clergymen, asking that the clergymen of the country recognize in suitable ways on May 25 the centenary of Ralph Waldo Emerson's birth. May 25, 1803.

Rev. Arthur Lloyd, of Tokio, Japan, who expressed the hope that the Protestant Episcopal Church would yet be represented in the Roman Catholic Church, has been called to account by his Bishop, and has resigned.

We regret to hear of the sudden death of Dr. Francis A. Horton, of the Temple Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. He was stricken down by apoplexy while preaching on April 19, and died without recovering consciousness.

Another symptom of social reform in India is seen in the re-marriage of a widow of Bombay caste at Jeypur, Dec. 19. The bride had been a widow since her tenth year. The bridegroom, a man of education and a pleader, was twenty-two years old.

The death of Dr. Clarence E. Hartman, Field Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, is a severe loss to the Society, and will be deeply deplored in many lands. His bright, cheerful, genial spirit made him a welcome visitor everywhere.

M. Witte, the distinguished Russian Minister of Finance, is an ardent temperance worker. He is himself a total abstainer and has induced the Czar to decorate the men and women in his employ who have distinguished themselves in temperance work. He makes no secret of his preference for teetotalers in the various offices of the department he controls.

In its annual estimate of "the nation's drink bill," *The Anniversary Cyclopedia* puts the total for last at $1,300,000,000. This, however, includes an expenditure of $147,000,000 for tobacco, so the correct amount, leaving $1,152,000,000 for alcoholic beverages of all kinds and purposes. Since 1880, it says, the use of alcoholic beverages has nearly doubled, having increased from 1.04 gallons per capita to 19.48 gallons, an increase of over ninety-three per cent.

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, charges the increase of typhoid to neglect on the part of the Health Department. The eighteenth ward, in which Hull House is situated, has been suffering from an epidemic of typhoid. Miss Addams has been in conference with Hull House people and physicians, and they have found that the health officers have been warned again and again, but no improvement.

Plans are being perfected for the conduct of the Student Summer Conferences of Young Men's Christian Associations of Canada and the East to be held at Lake Geneva, Wis., from June 5 to July 5. This conference will be under the supervision of Mr. D. L. Moody, as usual, and many Bible teachers will be present. Increasing attendance. Last year more than 1,000 students and teachers from the United States and Canada were present at the Northfield Conference. This is one of the Summer Conferences which are held under the auspices of the Student Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations in different sections of the country.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A WORD TO WOMEN

NOT long ago, a lady who had just won a case involving a goodly sum of money, about twenty thousand dollars, in fact, found herself in the mortifying position of having sworn falsely. She was perfectly innocent in the matter, as everybody knew. Nevertheless, the Court reversed its decision within the hour, and the other side gained their point and kept the money, because, confronted with her own signature, the lady acknowledged it, although she had positively affirmed and sworn that she had never affixed it to the document in question. The explanation was this: The lady is now a widow, and must attend personally to her business affairs. During her husband's lifetime, he managed affairs as men usually do, no doubt very wisely, but when papers were to be signed, he told his wife where to write her name, and she obeyed, without in the least knowing to what she was pledging herself.

. . .

Women are not much to blame for being ignorant of business forms. Nor are they wrong in putting trust in their masculine nearest of kin. The mistake they too often make is in carrying their trust and their childish ignorance so far, that they become legally responsible for transactions which may cause them future embarrassment, or of which their sober judgment once awakened, would not approve.

. . .

Always read what you are requested to sign. Any sort of contract, lease, or agreement which is made in writing, and which requires a signature, is of sufficient importance to be carefully considered. If you do not understand its terms, ask for information and enlightenment. It frequently happens in the transfer of property, that the names of both husband and wife are needed, and a confiding wife called from her sewing or her ironing to add her name, does as she is bidden, heedless not only of her own interests, but perhaps of her children's. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it may be right, but the exceptional hundredth case may be all wrong. Simply, dear women, be guided. Take the precaution to read before you sign. Do not forget that your signature stands for yourself, and should not be heedlessly set upon anything under heaven.

A VISIT FROM THE PASTOR

Now Jeames and Dick and little Tot,
Behave yo'sef, the preacher's hyar.

We gib him jes' de bes' we've got,
Dis yer's de bes' day ob de year!

A Mooted Point

They who adore dogs, and they who cannot endure them, are always at variance about that dread malady, rabies. Some physicians stoutly maintain that real hydrophobia, that terrible sequence of the bite of a mad dog, does not exist. Yet the Pasteur Institute is crowded with people who seek to be exempted from danger, after having been wounded by the teeth of a pet or a stray animal. The truth is, that whether or not the disease be hydrophobia, there is a fearful nervous disorder which attacks its victim subtly, and ends in death after frightful spasms and infinite torture, and that this malady follows on the heels of a wound which has poisoned the blood—the wound made by a dog or a cat suffering from rabies. This should not lead to wholesale destruction, to any sort of extermination or cruelty toward dogs. But dogs should be carefully protected from danger, from the attacks of vagrant curs which have been driven to madness by neglect and suffering. All such vagrants, if a home cannot be found for them, should be mercifully put to sleep, or painlessly killed. One's own dogs should be well-fed, well sheltered, kept clean, and afforded opportunity to drink when they are thirsty. During summer, drinking basins should be kept in public places and by the roadside for horses, dogs, cats, goats and birds. Dumb creatures that are our friends and dependents often suffer wofully from thirst. This should not be allowed. If one of us is bitten by any animal, have the wound at once cauterized, and do not for an instant take into the mind the thought, even as a remote possibility, that any harm will come to you. Probably, nothing will happen. Whatever else you do, never go clamoring for the immediate killing of the poor dog that did the deed, accidentally or on purpose. The dog's life should be preserved with the utmost care, until it is ascertained whether or not he is in health. If any animal is suffering, send for a veterinary surgeon, just as you would send for your doctor were a child of the house ill.

Taking Cold

The common experience called taking cold is so very familiar, that people think very little about it, and yet few things are more dangerous.

A sudden chill when one is very warm, a surfeit of indigestible food, a draught on the back of one's neck, damp clothing in which one sits, and exhaustion from over-fatigue, are among prolific causes of cold.

When one is aware by some creeping chill down the spine or round the ankles, or some burning sensation in the throat, or sharp clutch at the lungs, that he or she has taken cold, send at once for the doctor. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. If miles away from a doctor, take a hot drink, bathe the feet in hot water, go to bed, under heaps of blankets, and stay there for a whole day. Heroic treatment, but it will rout most colds.

A Delicate Question

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following question, one by no means easy to answer:

Should a woman inform the man who wishes to marry her, of any wrong which she may have done in the past and of which she has repented? Would it not be better for him to remain in ignorance of the facts, which may cause him to distrust her, providing she feels that she can be trusted in the future?

Nothing implies or requires such absolute confidence as marriage. To begin it with a secret in reserve is seldom safe, and never wholly honorable. Both parties should enter wedlock with a clean record if possible. If not, there should be nothing concealed on either side.

The exception to this rule is as follows: If a confession or admission or revelation will inevitably traduce and perhaps ruin another and third person, it is better to be silent. The nobler way in this case would be not to marry. If one does marry, holding back some unfortunate error of the past, one must resolve upon a ceaseless silence, and this would be better than to bring scandal on or cause trouble to another.

A woman is somewhat less likely than a man to have anything in her past, on which she wishes to drop oblivion's veil. If she should confess, so should he. But in this world, the harder measure is meted to the feminine culprit. A good example of this is seen in Thomas Hardy's novel, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, in the chapter entitled "The Woman Pays." Alas! the woman always pays, pays terribly at the best of times, in the loss of her purity, of her self-respect, of her happy innocence. Also of the two transgressors, the depravity of the woman is less excusable than that of the man, because even more directly than does sin on his part, sin on her's strikes at the integrity of the family.

On the whole, a woman in such case as our correspondent suggests, must make her own decision. A chivalrous man who loves a woman will never suspect or question her.

It may happen that in the very ignorance of youth, some dreadful thing may have befallen a girl for which she was not wholly responsible. Or, a morbid conscience, oversensitive in its repentance, may magnify some trifle into a crime. Here, silence is golden.

A young woman may usually safely ask and act upon her mother's counsel in every crisis of her life.

If a man, having been generous enough to accept and condone a previous wrong committed by a woman he loves, ever taunts her with it in later life, he proves himself unworthy.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

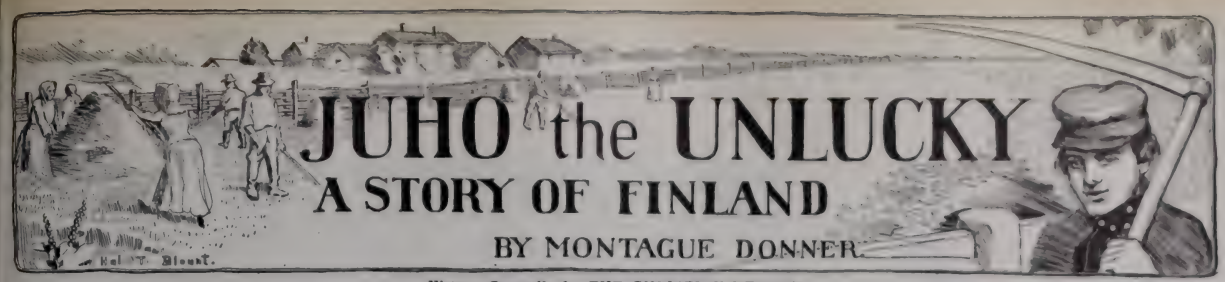
—EMILY JEAN. Beware of a critical spirit. Fault-finders are never loved.

—JACK. Unless absolutely prevented by business or trains, be at home in time for dinner.

—LULU. Pet names are reserved for the family circle. To the public present your full name.

—MARY ANNE. A man is impertinent who addresses a young lady by her Christian name without prefixing "Miss," while he is still almost a stranger to her and her family.

—FARMER'S WIFE. I appreciate your letter. Of course you are in no need of pity, and have many advantages city women lack. You don't have to crowd yourself and your children into a flat. You have closets, a cellar, an attic and a garden. I think you are to be envied.



JUHO the UNLUCKY
A STORY OF FINLAND

BY MONTAGUE DONNER

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

I.

IN a remote parish in the eastern section of the Finnish province of Ostrobothnia, known as Karelia, a small group of men and women emerged, one early July morning, from the dark doorway of a farmhouse that fronted the south, flanked by five or six much smaller outhouses. It stood in the midst of a clearing of some eighty or ninety acres. No other human habitation was within twenty miles, save a "torpare's" cabin, a mile down the road. Dense forest surrounded the fields on three sides, and a broad, rapid stream, flowing westward, skirted the fourth.

A PEASANT GIRL

A narrow road, just broad enough to allow of the cautious passing of two vehicles, led from the farm straight through the fields down to the water's edge, where it turned off along the river to the east as far as the woods. Here the stream took a sudden turn southward, while the road plunged straight through the forest for a couple of miles, where it once more met the river, which had made another abrupt curve northward, and now proceeded side by side with the road, on its course due east, till it crossed the Russian frontier fifty-five miles away. Westward from the farm, the stream ran on for ten miles more, when it suddenly swerved to the south, to fall at the "kyrkoby" or village of Pulijarvi, into the most easterly of a chain of lakes.

The men of the party carried spades and pick-axes, grappling-irons and chains. They made their way through the rain-sodden fields of sorry-looking barley and oats, that were not only green, but barely half-grown, and which showed marshy patches where the grain had barely risen. They proceeded straight down to the river, and turned to the left along the water's edge. As they gazed over the unpromising crop, their countenances wore an expression that intensified the customary stolidity of the features of the Finnish peasantry. The owner of the farm, Matti Luhtanen—a member of the "bonde" class, a big, sturdy man of some forty years—trudged along at the head of the party stolidly indifferent, and only occasionally turning his head to address some brief remark to his companion, Lippo Wanhala, a frailer-looking man, some five years his senior.

"It looks like a mighty sorry harvest for us this year," he said gloomily, as his gaze roamed over his sodden acres. "The sickle may even grow rusty waiting for it unless old Ukko[1] will draw off these everlasting clouds at last."

"Well, it does seem as if good Dame Suvetar[2] had been frightened away by him this year," replied the other, falling in with his landlord's taste for mythological allusion.

"I'm afraid we're going to have lots of trouble with our tar-burning this season," went on Luhtanen, "we've got a good high bit of ground, but the trees are pretty well soaked, and it'll take an age to get them to ignite properly, and many a weary day and night of watching to keep the turf roof in shape."

"Maybe Tapio[3] will be kinder to us this month," was all his companion vouchsafed, believing his words, however, with a sceptical grunt that had grown habitual with him.

Lippo Wanhala's somewhat pinched face was entirely lacking in the expression of sturdy independence and self-reliance that marked the features of Luhtanen, as it does those of nearly every Finnish "bonde," accustomed to be lord of his own little domain, even while owing and cheerfully paying respect to the nobility and clergy, hearty and unwavering allegiance to his Creator and the constitutional government of his forefathers. And had not Matti Luhtanen in particular additional cause to be proud, seeing that he was the father of a couple of strapping sons and two daughters, each comelier than the average peasant maid of Karelia? Even now, the few gleams of good humor that lighted up his passive face were occasioned by the voice of his daughter Karin, as she turned now and then to banter Juho Wanhala, who, with his elder brother Antero, brought up the rear.

The Wanhalas formerly had a cabin of their own, but a year ago it had burned down, and, lacking the means to build again, they had become "inhysningar" in the home of Luhtanen, giving their labor in return for a roof and food. All had accepted the change philosophically save Juho, who was moody and dissatisfied. As the party proceeded along the bank of the river eastward, he contrived to fall further behind with his brother, partly to unload his mind, partly to escape the banter of Karin Luhtanen, which increased as Juho's face grew more and more sullen under it.

"Look here, Antero, I tell you I can't stand it any longer," he exclaimed, as a burst of laughter from the girl greeted a rather surly answer of his to one of her sallies, and called forth, even on the faces of the farm hands, smiles, that, to his distempered imagination, seemed to be secret sneers. "Just because I am an 'inhysning' of her father, the girl thinks she can make what sport of me she pleases."

"Tut, tut, Juho!" answered his brother, a stalwart young man of thirty, "I don't believe Karin has any wish to hurt you. On the contrary—"

"Then why does she always keep laughing at me?"

"Well, I suppose it's because a girl is naturally fond of teasing, especially when she finds it easy to hit the mark hard. As a matter of fact, I'm inclined to think she's really a bit fond of you."

Juho gave a hard little laugh, accompanied by a scornful shrug of the shoulders, while Antero continued:

"And then, she's not the only one; but I notice you don't seem to mind it so much when Minna is the sinner—"

"Oh! that's different," burst in Juho, while a faint flush showed itself on his face.

Antero glanced at his brother, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders in his turn.

"Minna is a girl of another stamp," continued Juho, hurriedly linking his arm in that of his brother and slowing his steps, so that the two fell still further behind. He lowered his voice as he went on. "There's no malice in her, although she calls me Juho the Unlucky, and I don't mind her poking a little fun at me now and then—she does it so gently."

He looked at his brother, who remained silent.

"Why don't you say something?" with a touch of peevishness.

"I don't know that there is anything to say."

"Oh! that's just like you. You like to let me babble till I'm out of breath, and then you come in with one of your wise saws, just invented to save lazy men like you the trouble of telling their thoughts, or of thinking at all!"

Antero laughed softly. "Deep streams don't run dry," was his sole comment.

"There, didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Juho, impatiently. "Always some musty old proverb. There's no talking to you, even when one has something important to say."

"Something important to say, lad?" Antero's voice took on a tender solicitude. "What is it? You have not had another dispute with Luhtanen, have you?"

THE TAR-BURNERS

Juho merely shook his head, and his brother went on:

"You know you have to be careful what you say to the old man, or he'll be turning you out some day."

"Yes, I know, hang him! He thinks it's a crime for an 'inhysning' to have a mind of his own; but I'll show him."

"Oh, come, now, Juho, Matti Luhtanen's not a bad sort of fellow at all. I think he's treated us pretty well altogether, and if you fall out with him, I fancy it will be mainly your own fault after all, with your airs. But what's the use of threshing old corn? Tell me, is it about Minna?"

"How did you know?" burst out Juho. Then, with an air of mystery, "Do you know Bengt Maijala's coming here?"

"No! I thought he was over the Russian border."

"So he was a month ago. But Paavo Saari told me yesterday morning in the forest that Bengt was in the country again. You know Paavo is just back from Mantsala, where he went to take a few loads of lumber and a couple of Lutheranite cows as they have only two or three left through the failure of the grass crop, and he says that the lad told him he was on his way to Luhtanen's and was going to stop over awhile at Luhtanen's gard on his way."

Antero looked at him in some surprise, not seeing the drift of his brother's speech much less its connection with Minna. Juho did not leave his longer long in doubt.

"Well," he went on, "you know Bengt Maijala doesn't confine himself to singing of 'Wainamoinen' and 'Ilmarinen' and the old folk myths—nobody can beat him at making up a rune on the spot. Well, I'm going to tell him just how things are with Minna and myself, and get him to put us both in a new song of his, of course without names mentioned. You know everyone looks on him as inspired, and if he makes the 'bonde's' daughter and the 'inhysning' in the song come together, I tell you I'll have Minna before long, father or no father."

"But if Maijala sees the girl doesn't care for you——"

"Who is to say she doesn't? At least, she doesn't dislike me. And then don't forget that I saved the old bard two years ago when we were out hunting, that time he fired at a lynx and missed it, and the beast was about to spring on him. Why, Maijala would do anything for me now."

"Well, I wish you luck, Juho. But there, father's calling us—let's catch up with the others; we've nearly reached the tar-burning grounds without knowing it."

II.

So deeply interested had been the brothers in their conversation, that they had not noticed when they left the high-road at the spot where it plunged into the forest, and struck into a side-path. This path followed the southern curve of the river for three-quarters of a mile, afterwards climbing a gradual slope in a southeasterly direction through the trees, until it ended in a clearing on the summit of the thickly-wooded eminence. This tract of forest land, with the road to the Russian frontier as its northern boundary and the river on its three other sides, was composed of rocky masses worn on the southern side into bays and coves by the swift waters of the curving stream. It presented an ideal spot for both the woodsman and the poet, for the lover of nature and the predatory timber-merchant.

Arrived on the broad crest of the slope, the men, with hardly a breathing space, set to work with a will digging an enormous trench, some fifty yards by ten. It had already been staked out by Luhtanen the previous day, with one end some five yards down the shoreward slope. They worked steadily, rhythmically, not needing more than an occasional encouraging word from the "bonde," throwing the soil into heaps, ranged along the sides, while the women fastened the grappling hooks to the biggest logs, and cleared away the undergrowth where it was likely to hinder the men's progress. At length, when the trench had been dug to a depth of from two to two and a-half feet at its lower end, Matti gave the signal to stop.

All around were lying, felled the previous winter, trunks of pine-trees, carefully selected for their resinous quality. They had been stripped while still standing of most of their bark, and sawed since April into lengths convenient for transportation and kept dry by tarpaulin covers, awaiting the sunny weather that never came. These huge logs were now carried, dragged, and pushed to the pool toward the trench at the bottom of which the women had a wooden trough about two inches broad and six deep, sunk in a long spout that projected about a foot over the shoreward side of the slope. This trough was stamped firmly into the ground and the logs were piled above it in the form of leaving a space on each side large enough for a man to walk up and down.

Noon arrived, and the workers rested for lunch. Some [illegible] rod and line, but [illegible] catch fish, the waters [illegible] lent. Their interval of rest at an end, the men set to work, once more, piling up the moist earth above the logs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 393

1 In Finnish mythology, the God of the heavens.
2 Goddess of the south wind and of summer.
3 The old Finnish god of the forest.

How the Northland Fought the Famine

SAD STORIES OF SUFFERING FROM FINLAND — THE WORST NOW OVER IN SWEDEN

GRADUALLY the details of the terrible sufferings and privations endured by the peasantry of the interior provinces of Finland, are coming to light. We give below the substance of a letter received from the Rev. J. D. Kilburn, formerly pastor of the American Church in St. Petersburg, describing conditions among the peasant farmers of Onkamo. He writes:

When I reached Sordavala, I was told that the famine had spread as far south as Johmajarvi. On telephoning to the pastor there, I found that this was but too true. He gave a worse account of things than I heard in Sordavala. Yet, even from his account I was not prepared to find things so bad as I did when I arrived in his parish. I will, in as brief a form as I can, give an account of what I saw and heard in a few of the homes which I visited in and around Onkamo, in the parish of Johmajarvi.

Home No. 1.—A small farmhouse. The family consists of six people. The only man in the house is sick. He is so weak that he appears to be unable to stand except as he leans against the table. He seems to be about seventy years of age, yet the pastor tells me he is not sixty. Want and overwork have aged and broken him. His wife is old and weak. They have had nothing to eat except bad black bread for the last three months. Even that will soon be at an end. They have very little left. There is an aged and lame woman living with them. Who is she? She is poor and crippled and has no home of her own anywhere. These people, in their deep poverty, have taken pity on her and let her share their home, and are now sharing with her their last black bread.

Home No. 2.—An exceedingly small house. Inside we found only a sick and lonely woman. She was so weak that it was difficult for her to answer the few questions we put to her. Her husband had had to leave her to go and seek work. There was no work to be found near his home. This poor woman had been ill some time, she was weak and utterly alone, yet one did not hear one word of complaint. The thought of this poor woman in her sickness and loneliness haunts me. Were it not that so many equally sad cases have crowded upon me in quick succession since then, I should hardly be able to forget her.

Home No. 3.—A small, chimneyless room with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. It has a low door and one little window. It was difficult for me to remain more than a minute or two in this room: it was so full of smoke. Yet, as the pastor well said, some of those we meet there must live in it day and night. Inside this little house we found an aged and almost blind man and his aged wife, and a homeless and almost equally aged woman, on whom they had taken pity and whom they allowed to share their home and their nearly exhausted black bread. There was also a young man, their son, who lived with them and for them. He is their only support. He is without work now. This makes matters for them darker than ever. If not helped they must suffer and die.

Home No. 4.—Such a home I have heard of but have never seen before. It is dug out of the side of a hill. In it live a man and his wife and four children. The poor, thin, pale mother is nursing an almost naked three-months'-old baby. The father and his two little sons, of six and nine years old, are out working. All three cannot, however, earn enough to keep one. What will be the state of this poor family if not helped?

Home No. 5.—Another home dug out of the same hillside. Poor though the people were in Home No. 4, those in Home No. 5 are poorer still. The man and his wife have been sick and unable to work for nearly three months. The wife is sick still. The man may be said to be sick also, yet he has gone back to work. How have this man, his wife, and their four little children lived through this long and trying time? By one of the noblest arts of benevolence and self-denial I have ever known. A fellow workman, with a wife and six children, who is hardly earning enough for himself and family, has taken care of them. When he himself could not help them further, he got others to lend him money on whatever security he could give, so that he might lend this money to this sick and starving family. In this way he borrowed nearly £3. He does not know how they will be able to repay him, nor if they will ever be able to do it, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has saved this whole family from starvation and death.

FAMINE CHILDREN OF FINLAND, CARED FOR IN THE CHILDREN'S HOME AT PAOLONKA

The Famine in the Remote North

The following from Mr. Relander, describes the present situation in a remote part of Finland, which has only lately been reached by the famine relief:

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—According to promise, I will try to give you a brief sketch of conditions in the parish of Kolari, situated a short way north of 67 degrees, on the rivers of Torneo and Muonio. This parish has been much spoken of during the present year of distress. The population is 1,723 persons, and is spread over an area of 2,223 square kilometres, grouped on lakes and rivers, in small villages, containing six to twelve farms and as many crofts. In the poorest tracts of narrow space you find cleanliness everywhere.

Last autumn, when distress appeared and assistance had not yet been received, the parish fund had come to an end. The chairman of the board of guardians gave to the neediest pieces of paper, by which he requested some merchant of other well-to-do person in the parish to give to the bearer such assistance as the chairman ordered, and engaged to redeem those pieces of paper by the next raising of taxes. However, it appeared very difficult to get these parish bonds exchanged for cash or victuals. Meat must be fetched from far-off, from Torneo, a distance of nearly two hundred kilometres. Flour is bought at 26 marks per kilo. Salt, bacon and general food at famine prices. Meat is difficult to be had, even with money.

Farther north, the parish of Muonio is considerably better off; there the reindeer culture is an important source of income. In parishes situated immediately south of Kolari—chiefly in Turkola and Karunki—the crop failure has also caused severe economical disturbances, but the conditions of these parishes are on the whole better.

With thanks to you on behalf of my people, as well as myself, for the warm interest you have shown our poor country, and for your visit, which always will remain in our memory, highly appreciated, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

KONR. RELANDER.

Better News from Sweden

Cheering news comes from Sweden. In its official report of the distress in the northern provinces, the Stockholm Central Relief Committee states that the funds at its disposal are now sufficient to meet requirements, provided the growth of the pasturage is not retarded. This intelligence will be welcomed by all who have helped in the relief work, and who by their gifts have aided in saving many precious lives.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF THE FAMINE SUFFERERS IN THE SWEDISH PROVINCES

Richards, Mrs W C 50
Richardson, C H.. 05
Richardson, Mrs R H 1 50
Ritchie, E M ... 10
Rigby, Mrs Bertha 1 00
Roberts, W S & Mrs 5 00
Robertson, Ralph.. 1 50
Robinson, A A.... 2 50
Robinson, Mrs P.. 50
Rogers, Mrs W E.. 1 00
Rosander, A 1 00
Rosenquist, F 1 00
Rowse, Mark R.... 50
Rundahl, O J.... 2 00
Ruth, A 1 00
Ruth, Miss M J... 50
Saberson, J B..... 1 00
Sack, Andrew ... 1 00
StClair, J O & Mrs 15 00
Sakrison, C J..... 1 00
Salomon, Mrs L.. 10
Samuelson, Miss L 2 50
Schedvin, August. 1 00
Schmele, Wm 1 00
Schock, George ... 5 00
Scoon, J A..... 25
Searle, Geo 50
Seaver, S 2 00
Sexton, N G..... 2 00
Shannon, F 1 00
Sharp, Mrs E E Howard, Mrs WJ Holmes, Miss E. Jappson, Miss P. 7 00
Sharp, Geo 50
Sharp, H N & Mrs 1 00
Sheldon, Mrs E... 10
Shepnard, W H ...30 00
Sherwood, Mrs E..25 00
Shietz, Mrs M M.. 2 00
Short, John 1 00
Shrom, Harriet 1 00
Shubon, John 50
Simpson, Mrs A... 5 00
Smith, Miss B.. 50
Smith, J H.....10 00
Smith, Jesse M... 7 50
Smith, John H.... 75
Smith, S H..... 10 00
Smoots, Mrs 1 00
Smyth, Joseph 1 00
Snavely, Lezi 1 00
Snelling, Miss B.. 50
Snyder, Oscar 25
Soderberg, Chas A 2 50
Soderholm, Elmer.. 25
Soderholm, Mrs O. 1 00
Soderin, Christine. 1 00
Sorenson, Martin.. 25
Soule, Mrs J..... 50
Southard, Misses M & M..... 2 50
Southwick, Mrs W H 56
Speidel, John 1 00
Spellmeyer, C G... 25
Spikings, Mrs W H 1 00
Spink, L A..... 1 00
Spy, John 50
Staley, L A.....15 00
Stanchfield, Luzena... 1 00
Stange, E G..... 25
Stangland, Gurine. 1 00
Stever, Mrs W C.. 50
Stewart, David 10 00
Stienhilber, Cora.. 3 00
Stiles, D M..... 2 50
Still, A Judson... 2 50
Stone, Mrs 1 00
Stonebraker, J W.. 25
Strong, Miss H E.23 00
Strong, Wm & Mrs 2 00
Strowen, H 2 00
Sturgeon, W O, thro25 00
Sturtz, H 1 00
Sutherland, G W. 1 00
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Swann, Mrs J E.. 1 00
Swanson, Mrs C... 1 25
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Swanson, Herman. 1 00
Swanson, John ... 1 00
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Swenson, Mrs S A 1 00
Swoope, Mrs N M 50
Tandy, Mrs J H.. 1 00
Tegtmeier, H C... 50
Thomas, Robt 2 00
Thomas, Mrs W.... 25
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Tyes, by 4 25
Tilson, I E..... 25
Tipler, C H..... 5 00
Tissington, Mr & Mrs Thos 10 00
Tollefson, Rev S R 6 77
Tompkins, Susan.. 1 00
Tonsley, Mrs & L 2 00
Topley, John 1 00
Trcloar, John 1 00
Tubbs, D & E.... 3 00
Tuckolke, Anna... 1 00
Turson, Mrs 10
Turner, Ira 50
Twiss, Mrs J R.. 1 00
Twombly, R L.... 2 00
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Umbarger, A B... 25
VanArsdell, Etha.. 1 00
VanBuren, Mrs F. 1 00
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Walder, M 1 00
Walker, Anna E.. 2 50
Wallace, R Howard 2 50
Walmsley, Mrs E.. 2 00
Walsh, Chrse 10 00
Walters, Lena A.. 2 50
Ward, Mrs 25
Warren, Geo 2 50
Watkins, M P.... 2 00
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Webb, J W..... 50
Weber, Rosalie 2 00
Welch, Mrs J W.. 50
Westen, A 2 50
White, B R..... 1 00
Whitelaw, Iska.... 1 00
Whitlock, Miss B. 1 00
Wiesema, A 2 50
Wild, Mrs 10
Williams, Mrs S.. 2 50
Williams, Thos... 1 00
Wilsey, Mrs H R.. 50
Wilsey, Wm O.... 75
Wilson, Alex 2 50
Wilson, Eliz M... 1 10
Wilson, H C..... 1 00
Wilson, John M... 25
Wilson, Mrs L W.. 5 00
Wilson, Mrs Thos. 1 00
Windel, M E.....12 50
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Wood, Miss & Mrs White 1 00
Wood, Mr & Mrs W J 1 50
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Woodworth, Miss E 1 00
Wunder, Ed 50
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Zimmerman, Mrs L 5 00
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D B, ——..... 2 00
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Friends who sympathize, Niles... 1 00
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A Friend, Amesbury 50
A Friend, Columbia 25
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Two Sisters, Luthersburg 1 00
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Tabor Ev Ch, Milwaukee 5 00
Church in Orange. 5 00
Big Spg Pres Ch, Newville 22 6
Congl Ch, Pomona. 1 0
Mt Pleasant F B Ch, Racine 5 0
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Y M Cl for Bible Study, Pres Ch, Delaware 10 0
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S S Sch & C E Soc, W Brattleboro .. 5 0
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Columbia S S, Sudbur 5 8
Graded Sch, Landrum 3 5
Jr C E S, Pres Ch, Arcola 3 0
Y P S of Swedish Cong Ch, Auburn50 0
C E Soc, Pres Ch, Bayne 5
Red Bank C E Soc 4 0
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Tabor Ev Ch, Ladies Aux, Milwaukee 2 5
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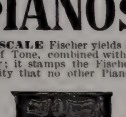

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ALL EAGER TO GO TO MONT-LAWN

City Waifs Looking Forward Expectantly to the Opening of Our Children's Home

As warm weather approaches, the streets of New York, in the tenement sections, furnish the usual cause for wonder to visitors and tourists who carry their journeys of investigation into the crowded districts. Even when these sections are not sought deliberately, it is impossible to escape seeing somewhat of them and their congested conditions, on one's way to the ferries downtown, and to the parks uptown. Recently the writer was taking a guest over the Third Ave. Elevated Road to the Bronx; looking out of the windows upon the side streets running towards East River, the stranger said:

"I never saw thoroughfares so thronged. All the people in New York must be here. And the children! No place to play but the streets! No green grass! Only stone under their little feet! No brooks to play in—just a gutter!"

When she was convoyed through Stanton, Cherry, Hester, Clinton, Oak and other streets of the lower East Side, the exclamation came: "I thought all the people in New York were uptown. Now, I see they are here. Where do these people live? Not in the houses—it can't be. There is not enough room for them in those buildings. Why, the doors and windows and fire escapes are as full as they can hold now. And the middle of the street is full, and the sidewalks are full."

"But they do live in those houses. It is said that five hundred children live in that big tenement nearly opposite the Gospel Settlement. And that is a fairly comfortable house; it is nearly new and of stone. There are some homes in this neighborhood where all the cooking, washing, ironing, eating and sleeping goes on in one room—where children never know what it is to have a bed to sleep on; never know what it is to sit down to an orderly table, or to eat a good and sufficient meal——"

"Except when they are at Mont-Lawn," she said with a smile.

She had heard children on all sides asking the missionary, "Can't we go to Mont-Lawn this summer?" "Can me little brudder go to de country, missus? He's been sick." "Aw, say, teacher, can't me little sister go to Mont-Lawn, too?" And she had seen many childeyes brighten with hope when childlike lips were too shy to plead.

She had seen homes at the top of steep, dark stairways, where poverty stricken mothers labored away at their sewing or washing, with a devotion and faithfulness that made their toil a sacred thing. In damp, dark cellars she had found motherhood and childhood showing forth a some measure of inherent beauty and tenderness, even as a plant may sometimes flower in the dark.

"I do not see how they exist at all here in the summer time," she said. "The heat and odors must be fearful."

After her departure a letter came from her, and the picture on this page. "You remember my little Kodak," she wrote. "Well, most of my 'snaps' were failures. They were simply a blur of too many figures. This that I got in one of the less crowded quarters is the only one my little boy likes. It is a bit cheerful and happy, too, and a pleasanter souvenir of my 'slumming' stroll than those I failed to get would be. I simply want to forget some of the things I saw—they make me unhappy. But I don't want to forget to help.

"NO PLACE TO PLAY BUT THE STREETS! . . . . . NO GREEN GRASS!"

In my little boy's name, I send $42 to sustain two cots at Mont-Lawn this summer. It is not much, but it will make sure that fourteen waifs sleep in good beds, play on the grass and have plenty to eat for ten whole days in 'Childhood's Paradise.'"

How many like this good mother will help us bring sunshine into darkened child-lives this summer? Only $21 supports a bed (the bed to be named by the donor) for the season: $3 gives one waif an outing of ten days; $6 sends two to Mont-Lawn; $9 three; $12 four; and so on. Little garments your children have outgrown, boots, shoes and hats—anything that a child from five to thirteen can wear will be welcome; rubber balls and dolls will not be despised. All contributions sent to this paper will be promptly acknowledged.

JUHO THE UNLUCKY

Continued from Page 391

It was about three o'clock when Matti Luhtanen, looking up from his work, announced that the pile would soon be ready for igniting. He felt in his pockets for a match, but found none, so he called to his eldest son Wilho to give him some.

"I lent my box to Juho Wanhala this morning," said Wilho. "Say, Juho!" he cried, "hand over my matches, will you?"

But there was no reply. Half a dozen voices were soon crying for Juho, but no Juho was to be found! Lippo Wanhala began to look anxious; even Antero was uneasy. That conversation of the morning began to acquire an unusual significance. He remembered that Mina Luhtanen was alone with her mother at the farmhouse, and he began to fear he knew not what.

One of the party chanced to have a burning-glass, but there was no sun, nor had been all day. Antero was plied with questions as to Juho's whereabouts and his motives for absenting himself on such an occasion, when every man's labor was needed, and his inability to explain placed him in an embarrassing position, and caused Wilho and his brother Aaro finally to lose their temper, and indulge in muttered threats against the absent Juho. Karin attempted to pacify her brothers, but met with ill-success. Aaro turned on her sharply:

"It ill beseems a Finnish maiden to blow hot and cold with one breath. This morning you were tormenting Juho without reason, and now when we have just cause to complain of him, your feathers are all ruffled in his defence."

Karin blushed hotly, and was about to reply, when her father broke in authoritatively.

"Now, now, children, put an end to this useless discussion. We must deal with Juho later. Hunt for some dry sticks, and we'll see whether we cannot manage to rub a flame out of them."

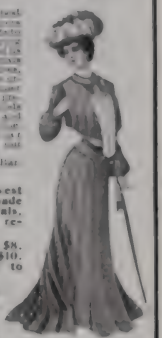
After a long search, and infinite trouble and patience, a spark was fanned into a flame, and the great pile was at last lighted at the exterior edges. Dense smoke began to curl upward around it, and struggle up through the damp covering of soil, while the whole band busied themselves in zealously fanning the incipient blaze till reasonably assured there was little danger of its becoming extinguished.

"And now, boys," said Luhtanen, "Wilho and I will stay behind to take turns to watch the burning. Do you others go home, while you, Lippo, can come with my boy Aaro, at six in the morning, to relieve us. Aaro," he called after his son, as the men were setting out, "do nothing about Juho when you get home. I'll attend to that afterwards."

The young man gave an unwilling assent, and went muttering after the rest. So Matti and Wilho were left to keep watch over the charcoal oven.

TO BE CONTINUED

Reduced Prices on Suits and Skirts.



Suits in the newest Summer models, made of up-to-date materials, former price $10, reduced to $6.67.

$12 Suits reduced to $8.
$15 Suits reduced to $10.
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Etamine Costumes, extremely dressy, light in weight, and:

$15 Costumes reduced to $10.
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Latest designs in Traveling, Walking and Dressy Skirts, with just the right style to them, made of cool Summer-weight materials, former price $5, reduced to $3.34.

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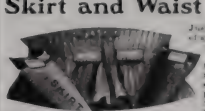

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OUR OFFER—Put your dealer's name and 4 cents postage, we will send you sample, no money in advance, prepaying [illegible] and agree to [illegible] as [illegible] consisting of six [illegible] and [illegible] sold [illegible]. Try them—if pleased [illegible]. If not [illegible] send [illegible] you paid [illegible]. Then send us [illegible] per set. If you [illegible] we will send a Beautiful Reproduction in Colors [illegible] 12 inches [illegible] Illustration. If the "Sunbonnet Baby" [illegible] Booklet, [illegible] with [illegible] from good [illegible]. Better send 4 cents and your dealer's name today. Agents earn good money selling the Minuet. Ask for particulars.

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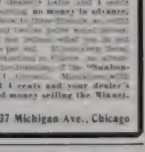

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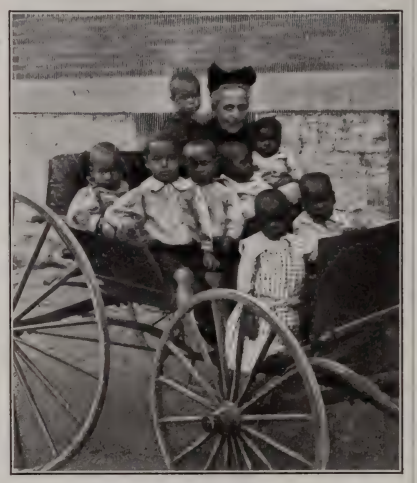
WORK AMONG NEGRO CHILDREN

MRS. STEELE, founder and manager of the Steele Home for Needy Children, Chattanooga, Tenn., an institution well known to readers of this paper, related during a recent visit to this office, the following incident connected with her work:

"Last summer, we had a very severe drought in our part of the country, and wells and cisterns became dry. And although in May I had moved our family out to our summer home, in July I had to move them all back to Chattanooga for lack of water on our place. I brought the youngest—our babies—in on the train myself, having wired our boy to meet me with the buggy. I had to let him walk home, while I drove, because my buggy was full without him, as the picture shows. The babies were all good as gold, still as mice, and gave no trouble, but as we went through the town, I noticed people staring at us and laughing; and then I realized that we were really a comical sight. Up to that time, I had been so engrossed with the care and comfort of the babies that I had not thought of our appearance at all. After I reached home, some of my helpers suggested that we have a photograph taken. 'Because,' they added, 'when you write to your friends that you carried eight babies in that buggy, you ought to send proof along.'



MRS. ALMIRA STEELE AND HER LITTLE CHARGES

"I have cared for 944 children since I founded this home for destitute colored orphans in 1880. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have been among my strong helpers, and Dr. Klopsch's checks have always come to us as a timely relief. Since we have never had to solicit financial aid from any source, we are the more deeply touched when the Lord inclines his people to remember us. Through the kindness of a Quaker friend we have been provided with a summer home-place where we have erected one building, and hope to erect another, and also to get an artesian well bored. After all, the feeding of my charges is my greatest care—no, I should not say my greatest care, for the Lord careth for us."

Harlem's Little Finnish Church

AMONG Finlanders living in New York, none have shown more active interest in the welfare of their compatriots here and over the ocean, than Pastor Gustavus Blomgren, of the Finnish Evangelical Church of Harlem. The word "church," applies only to the body of worshipers, not to the place in which they meet, for that is only a little rented hall, corner of Park avenue and 120th street. On Thursday nights, and twice on Sunday, a handful of earnest Finlanders gather in this hall around their pastor, and worship the Lord with the voice of prayer and praise. They support Pastor Blomgren and his family out of their scanty earnings, pay hall rent, and carry all the other expenses of their church work cheerfully, asking no outside aid. There is something touching in the thought that they sent for him to come from far-away Finland to be their shepherd here. There are many Swedish churches in New York which Swedish-speaking Finns can attend, but those speaking Finnish only have been at great disadvantage on this account. Finns not understanding the language of any churches near them stood in religious isolation. Hungry to hear the Word of Life in their own tongue again, they sent money to Finland and brought over their pastor.

PASTOR GUSTAVUS BLOMGREN

Pastor Blomgren is a native of Williamstrand, Finland. He is thoroughly devoted to his Gospel work among his fellow-countrymen here. Young Finns coming to the great city, encounter temptations unknown before. They are often dazzled, confused, diverted into strange, wrong ways before they know it. "We are doing everything at my church to draw them in — to save the young," said the Pastor. "There are about 6,000 Finnish-speaking Finns in Greater New York, and but two Finnish-speaking churches — the one I serve and one in Brooklyn. We here and abroad thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for bringing our starving friends at home to the attention of Christian America."

Pastor Blomgren's district "covers," as he says, "half of New York." He is a very busy man. He visits his people in their homes, officiates at baptisms, weddings and funerals; visits the sick in the hospitals—all the hospitals have his card and his promise to go at call to any afflicted Finn. He is trying to establish a "Christian Home for Finnish Immigrants," where poor Finns, arriving here, may stay overnight, or for a few days, while looking for work. And he is endeavoring earnestly to secure means for the erection of a chapel for his congregation, which is growing so fast that the little hall is not large enough. Only twenty-five people called him. His church has eighty-four members now, a Young People's Association numbering fifty-three, and a flourishing Sunday School.

"MATER DOLOROSA"

BECAUSE of one small low-laid head all crowned with golden hair,
Forevermore all fair young brows to me a halo wear;
I kiss them reverently. Alas! I know the pain I bear.
Because of little dimpled hands that now enfolded lie,
All little hands henceforth to me do have a pleading cry;
I clasp them as they were, small wandering birds lured home to fly.
Because of little death-cold feet, for earth's rough roads unmeet,
I'd journey leagues to save from sin or harm such little feet.
And count the lowliest service done for them so sacred—sweet!

M. E. PAULL.

"Better Every Year"

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I have received *The Story of the Hall of Fame*, and wish to say that it exceeds my expectations; it is grand. I have also received the "Art Gallery." The pictures are all beautiful. I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a number of years and like it better every year.
Box Avon, Pa. MARY E. MACFERRON.

The above book, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2. The "Family Art Gallery" free to every subscriber.

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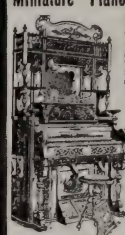

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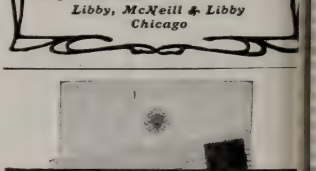

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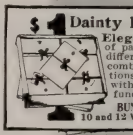

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OUR SUNDAY HOUR WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS

COMPETITION 38

What three proper names mentioned in Scripture do these pictures represent?

Write "Competition 38" plainly across the top of a postal card or sheet of paper; next, your name, age and address; then the answers. For each of the three answers employ but one word—the proper name which you think the pictures represent. Don't quote Scripture passages; simply state the name. Below the answer, write, in *not over twenty words*, what, in your judgment, are the most important facts concerning the subject of the first of these pictures? Read the rules given below.

RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Do not send solutions. There is no objection to using the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 38."* Write on one side of paper only.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 32 **a handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the second best answer, our *Faith-Pelouet Bible Dictionary;* the third, *Little Folks in Many Lands,* by Louise Jordan, a delightful book, beautifully illustrated; for the fourth, *The Story of the Government,* showing how a party of boys and girls went to Washington and found out all about the Government of the United States, illustrated. For the next best answer from each State, Territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

All answers must be mailed not later than May 11. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department,* Bible House, N. Y.

Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of April 1

Answers to Competition 32, in our issue of April 1, are: 1. Philippi. 2. Kedron. To "Curious Questions" (Competition 33) of that date are: 1. When Eli's sons refused the usual cooked meat of the sacrifice, demanding the raw flesh. (I. Sam. 2: 13-15)... 2. When Jazael spread a wet towel (or "cloth") over the mouth of Ben-hadad, thereby smothering him. (II. Kings 8: 15)... 3. David. The letters of his name according to Roman rotation equal 1006; he died about 1014.... 4. When Hezekiah's representatives interrupted Rab-Shakeh, Sennacherib's messenger, who was speaking to them in Hebrew, with the request that he would use Syriac, his own language, Rab-Shakeh was uttering blasphemies and seeking to incite the Jews to rebellion against Hezekiah and the acceptance of Sennacherib as their ruler. Hezekiah's representatives did not wish the Jewish people who were listening to understand what was said. II. Kings 18: 26.

Philippi: Founding of Europe's first Christian Church, Lydia's hospitality, Imprisonment and midnight praises of Paul and Silas; jailer's conversion; apostles' deliverance.

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of April 1, **Winnie Phillips,** Marysville, Mont., receives a silver watch; for the best answer to "Curious Questions" of same date, **Paul James,** New York City, receives a silver watch. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest:

Allen, Clifton L., Me.
Ames, Raymond, Ia.
Bates, Ray E., Mich.
Bradford, Louise M., Ill.
Deadman, Katie, Can.
Gray, John Y., Kan.
Hursey, Nellie W., Va.
Ilsley, L. LeRoy, Can.
Jerauld, Alice, Pa.
King, Myrtle, Del.
Knapp, Lee H., Mass.
Lorbeer, George, Calif.
McFall, Ora, S. C.
Patterson, Edith, Neb.
Rodger, Helen, N. Y.
Schanck, Emily, N. J.
Shearer, Morris D., S. D.
Swartz, Jayson Stanley, Wis.
Wainwright, Frances N., Md.
Waite, Leslie C., Vt.
Wilson, Hazel, O.
Young, Amy L., Can.

Second best answers to "Curious Questions":

Ashley, James C., Wis.
Bennett, Elmer C., Del.
Brakenridge, Lucile, La.
Brown, Franklin, Can.
Hackett, Bertha, Me.
Hunter, Paul W., Pa.
Lorbeer, Vera, Calif.
McDougall, Gertie, Can.
Rankin, Marguerite, Tenn.
Ross, Josephine, Ill.
Scott, Kittie W., Va.
Skinner, Burton, Can.
Wilson, Robert S., O.

An Encouraging Question*

An Anniversary Consideration Full of Inspiring Suggestion

HOW many brave souls have taken new heart under discouragement, and have renewed the struggle against an enemy that seemed too powerful ever to be defeated, as they have recalled the Apostle's question: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" After these years of progress and achievement, the Epworth League asks the question triumphantly. It has proved that the opposition of men is of no account when God is owning and blessing the work; but time has been, in the history of the movement, when the question was needed as inspiration and encouragement. Men who ought to have been in sympathy with the movement scoffed at it, derided its principles, and questioned its utility. It was an innovation: it was duplicating machinery; it was liable to develop youthful vanity; it was this and that and the other, that was unnecessary, if not mischievous. Cold water was thrown on it, sometimes obstacles were raised in the way; but how it has grown, how it has prospered! The mighty host of its members scattered over the land answers the Apostle's question.

The movement is now at its critical stage. The novelty has worn off; jealousy and discontent have manifested themselves here and there. Difficulties, which it is useless to disguise or ignore, have arisen, and there are many holding aloof whose help would be welcome. There is need of vigilance, of fidelity, of renewed consecration. Every anniversary is an Ebenezer, but the journey is not finished. Past achievements are an inspiration, and not couches of rest. Since the movement began, young members have attained middle age, and are now active in other departments of church work. It is for them, conscious of the help they have derived from it, to foster and encourage the movement, so that the young people may be trained, as they have been, and may be prepared for adult service. The young members, too, may be encouraged by the example of the pioneers, and may go on to new triumphs. There is still much land to be possessed. Does any heart fail? Let that heart nerve itself with the conviction, that God being for us, it matters little who is against us.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Anniversary Day, May 17. Rom. 8: 31.

Chinese Christians in New York

THE thirteenth anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Chinese Guild, was celebrated in New York lately. Mr. Guy Main, a native of China, who has charge of this important work at St. Bartholomew's, presided. The exercises consisted of original and selected pieces recited in English by converted Chinamen. The subjects chosen were spiritual and national, such as "The Bible," "The Lamb of God," "George Washington," and many others. It was a touching sight to see the uplifted faces of these Christian Chinese as they sang with great earnestness the old Gospel hymns. The influence of Christian missions upon the Chinese is very apparent in this work, in which the Chinaman is not treated as an alien but as a fellow citizen of the Heavenly Kingdom.

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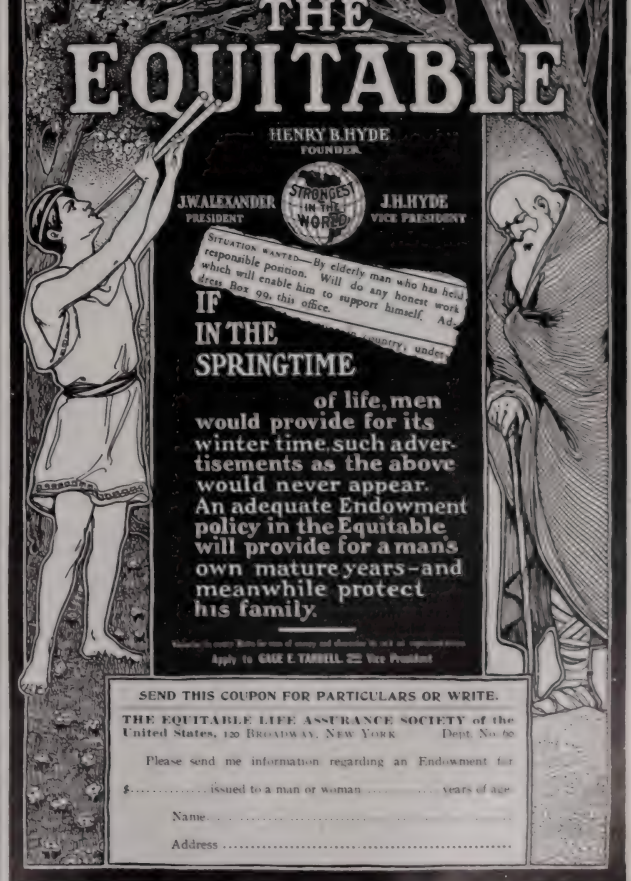
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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Home Coming

THE brother motioned her to precede him into the house.

It is what is known in some sections as "a double-pen house"—a four-roomed cottage, divided by a passage open at either end. The construction was of the rudest. The walls were unceiled. No effort had been made to hide the native ugliness with paint or whitewash. Above the bare beams loomed the dark comb of the roof. But from the room on the left cheery firelight was streaming, and Philip Arnold stopped on the threshold with a cry of astonishment.

"Una, you witch! what have you been doing?" he cried. For the rough walls were clothed with crimson; the gaunt chimney had become a bower of cedar and pine, and over the black rafters had been thrown a veil of fruit-blossoms, fine and fair as a bride's lace. There were flowers, too, on the table, which was laid for the evening meal. Snowy sheepskins were on the bare floor, and beside the hearth, a couch, piled high with cushions of the same ruddy hue as the walls.

"Do you like it?" asked the girl, with a happy laugh.

"Like it?" He drew her to him, his eyes starry with feeling, but could say no more.

She led him to a lounge beside the fire, and pushing him gently down on the cushions sank on a fleece at his feet.

"I planned it all out one night when you were sick, Philip. I saw just how it could be done, though, of course, it has taken time to work it out. Maggie has been so interested and so helpful. Her father made the couch you are sitting on out of wild grape vines—do you see? And the shelf yonder for your books and the little closet with the red curtains, where I have put my bits of china. And her mother gave me the dye, that I might have everything the warm color that you love, my darling!" The playful tone changed suddenly to one of passionate tenderness. "Do you suppose I do not know what the life in the mining camp is for you. There is a meaning in what I have been doing to-day. Can you read it?"

"How love conceals defects and makes ugliness beautiful?"

"No, sir! It is how much beauty there is in the commonest things about us; if we would only take the pains to bring it out."

This is part of the scene which introduces the hero and heroine of *Fool's Gold*, by Annie Raymond Stillman. It is essentially a story-book—would, in fact, make the basis of an excellent melodrama. The action is quick enough to prevent the interest from flagging, and in the delineation of the conflict between duty and supposed self-interest the strong purposes of the book is evident. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Price $1.50.

What Berry Found

THE fact that Paul Laurence Dunbar is the only Anglo-African author who is entitled to literary honors, gives a special interest to his novel, *The Sport of the Gods*.* He presents his picture in strong colors and it is impossible to withhold praise from the workmanship. Unfortunately, the subject is not a pleasant one. It is a pitiful story of the degradation of a whole family through the unjust imprisonment of the father. But the book is not one to put down unfinished — the characters are drawn with a rare fidelity to life; not once do you encounter a jarring note of exaggeration.

There is a good scene when the father, at last released from jail, goes to New York to find his wife.

Now he stood before her, and she knew him at a glance, in spite of his haggard countenance.

"Fannie," he said, holding out his arms to her, and all of the pain and pathos of long yearning was in his voice, "don't you know me?"

She shrank away from him, back in the hallway.

"Yes, yes, Be'y, I knows you. Come in."

She led him through the passageway and into her room, he following with a sudden sinking at his heart.

When they were within the room he turned and held out his arms to her again, but she did not notice them. "Why, is you 'shamed o' me?" he asked brokenly.

"'Shamed? No! Oh, Be'y," and she sank into a chair and began rocking to and fro in her helpless grief.

"What's de mattah, Fannie? Ain't you glad to see me?"

"Yes, yes, but you don't know nothin', do you? Dey lef' me to tell you."

"Lef' you to tell me? What's de mattah. Is Joe or Kit daid? Tell me?"

"No, not daid. Kit dances on de stage fer' a livin', an' Be'y, she ain't de gal she ust to be. Joe—Joe—Joe—he's in pen'tentiary fu' killin' a ooman."

Berry started forward with a cry, "My little gal! My boy!"

"Dat ain't all," she went on dully, as if reciting a rote lesson; "I ain't yo' wife no mo'. I's ma'ied ag'in. Oh, Be'y, Be'y, don't look at me lak dat. I could n't he'p it. Kit and Joe lef' me, an' dey said de pen'tentiary devo'ced you and me, an' dat you'd nevah come out nohow. Don't look at me like that, Be'y. Don't cry, Be'y," she said, "I done wrong, but I loves you yit."

The Culture of the Voice*

A VOLUME entitled *Physiological Voice Culture*, by T. Edward Perkins, M.D., just issued, presents a very complete and exhaustive treatment of a most attractive subject. The book will be specially welcomed by teachers and students of voice culture. The second chapter, treating as it does, in masterly analysis of the components of the speaking and singing voice, is alone worth more than the price of the book. The anatomy and physiology of respiration, or the breathing process, will be found especially helpful to those who have studied about the breath in sustaining tones. The larynx and the various parts associated in the production of voice are described and illustrated in a simple, attractive manner, quite different from the style in which the subject is usually treated. It is a difficult problem to present a scientific subject in a way easily understood by both teacher and student; to brush aside technique, even to the point of losing sight of scholar and master, in order that the average plain man may read and understand. If the author has no other excellence, he excels in this respect. He has produced a popular treatise on an abstruse subject.

Young People's Ideals†

Ideals for Young People is an interesting little book by the Rev. M. E. Harland. In it the author not only gives his own views on a number of questions that appeal to young people, but also a clever summary of the views of some 2,000 young men and women for whose opinion he asked on the various topics.

Among the questions that concerned the ideal home is this: "Is club-life, for either husband or wife, a menace to the home?" All the men, and seventy per cent. of the women, answered that it was.

Another question was: "Is the present tendency of young men to enter business or professional careers a menace to future ideal homes?" Sixty-seven per cent. of the women and sixty per cent. of the men answered in the affirmative.

**The Sport of the Gods*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., $1.50.*

**Physiological Voice Culture*, by T. Edward Perkins, M.D. 196 pp., fully illustrated. Published by Theo. E. Perkins. Philadelphia, Pa.

†*Ideals for Young People*. Christian Publishing Co., St. Louis. Price 50 cents.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Herd Boy and His Hermit. By Charlotte Yonge, whose books for children are always good, wholesome and instructive. The "Hermit," of this story is a famous royal personage, and the scene is laid in England of many years ago. Pp. 258; illustrated; price $1.25. Publishers, Thomas Whittaker, New York City.

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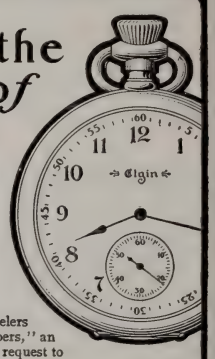

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is a practical monthly magazine for those who are seeking new occupations, whether with capital or without. It keeps track of the chances of the aspirant in the ever-changing professions, trades and occupations. It tells which of these are crowded and why, and which are not. It tells definitely, in figures as exact as possible, what a person may expect to earn in any line of work. It treats also of the newly-opened professions, such as forestry, for instance, and tells of the chances in the colonies. In short, through its correspondents and experts everywhere, it keeps in touch with the whole world, and the thousands of opportunities it affords in a way impossible to any single person.
"OPPORTUNITIES" does not deal in platitudes and sermons on the necessity of honesty, perseverance, sobriety, energy and all the other virtues. It takes it for granted for the most part that the reader recognizes these qualities as absolutely necessary nowadays in the race for success, and leaves preaching on these topics to the magazines that make a specialty of that sort of thing. "OPPORTUNITIES" get right down to facts and figure, and strives to give its readers real help in directing their efforts. It tells how a person with a little capital may invest it safely to bring a competence. If you are tied down to unhealthful office work, it can show you how to acquire independence and make money in healthful outdoor pursuits. The future possibilities of irrigation for the person of small means will be one of the topics treated. The numerous ways of adding to one's income on the side is a regular department, and also the chances for women in the professions and crafts, as well as at home.
"OPPORTUNITIES" takes occasion to point out to its readers the fake and fraudulent schemes that are advertised so extensively in questionable papers, and in this way alone may save many times its cost to the subscriber. It at all times guards the interests of its subscribers, giving them practical aid in making their lives successful and in avoiding failure. "OPPORTUNITIES" is an honest, practical magazine.
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QUAINT PSALMS for QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM CXVII
The Shortest Psalm

PRAISE! PRAISE! PRAISE!

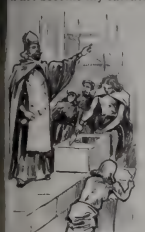
1. O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.
2. For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord.

. . .

Short in words but long in meaning. The triple trio, Mercy, Kindness and Truth, with Lord, Lord, Lord, and Praise, Praise, Praise, will keep the other trio of Ye, Ye, Ye, busy with doxologies all one's life.

PSALM CXVIII
Corner Stone Psalm

21. I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation. 22. The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.



"THE HEADSTONE OF THE CORNER"

23. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.

. . .

Character building is eternal. The Lord is the chief cornerstone. Modern Babel builders leave Him out, but their rejection is to their own hurt, not his, save as it hurts his heart. The names cut in the stone, are Mercy, Trust, Help and Righteousness. Read this Psalm, then the venth of Matthew and you will say with the riter, "God is the Lord, which hath shewed light. For he who builds on the Word of od, builds on rock, not sand."

. . .

PSALM CXIX
The Great Psalm

164. Seven times a day do I praise thee, because thy righteous judgments. 165. Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them.

"I HAVE KEPT THY PRECEPTS"

166. Lord, I have hoped for thy salvation, and done thy commandments.
167. My soul hath kept thy testimonies; and I love them exceedingly.
168. I have kept thy precepts and thy testimonies: for all my ways are before thee.

. . .

Only God is great, and his Testimonies, Precepts, Commandments, Judgment and Truth are like unto himself. This Psalm is pure gold. It is The Word of God" over and against the ord of man. It is the Law and Liberty of eaven, over and against the license and oseness of earth. The closing verse is the urable of the "ninety and nine," told in brief.

. . .

PSALM CXX
Psalm of Distress

1. In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he ard me. 2. Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue.

"IN THE TENTS OF KEDAR"

5. Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!
6. My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace.
7. I am for peace: but when I speak, they are for war.

. . .

Distress, sharp arrows, war and woe, are not the most comfortable companions on earth, but thousands have them, have them all, with lying lips and deceitful tongue heaped on. Queer olk who will not be glad to pass the Pearly ate and leave them all outside. A ship in istress is not so bad as a shipwrecked soul. ery Godward is the only sure help.

THE LOAVES AND FISHES*

Christ Requires and Accepts Gifts and Services, which He Makes Adequate to His Purpose

CARE for the physical comfort and thoughtfulness for the physical need of the people, appear in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, as they do in so many of Christ's miracles. If we were in danger of forgetting the human element in his character, his own conduct, as it is described in the Gospels, would remind us of it. While never losing sight of the infinitely greater importance of spiritual over temporal need, and while continually emphasizing the difference, he had a tender regard for physical suffering and evidently delighted in removing it. He might in this case have adopted the suggestion of his disciples, and have sent the crowd away to get food, but it was clearly a pleasure to him, for once, to be a host, and provide a meal for his hearers. How one would have enjoyed tasting that food which was furnished by his love!

There is one impressive aspect of the miracle which Phillips Brooks has presented with great force. It is the question, why Christ used the food that the lad had with him. It was so little compared with the quantity required to feed the vast audience that one wonders why Christ, having to work a miracle, did not disregard the insignificant supply and create all that was necessary. The great preacher pointed out how consistent Christ's act was with his usual manner of working. He loved to have men participate with him in his beneficent acts. What could they bring? It might be so little as to be not worth mentioning; but he preferred to have that little. In his hands it served the purpose. Thus he asked one man, who craved healing at his hands, if he believed. Of another he asked if he was willing to be made whole. So now, in the work of conversion it is so little that we can do, but that little is indispensable. If it is only the desire to be saved, Christ accepts it and proceeds to use it. So in our work for others. Our own efforts are so feeble and ineffective, but Christ prefers to bless them rather than to work directly on the unregenerate soul. How many loaves have ye? What can you bring to him? The poor little talent, the poor gift of a consecrated life, the cup of cold water—it is not worth bringing, but he accepts it, and enlarges and multiplies it.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for May 17 John 6: 9-13.

A Service in Jail

A lady of this city sends to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following letter, which may interest readers of this journal:

Dear Christian Herald:—Attending a Sunday morning service in Ludlow Street Jail recently, I was much impressed with the solemnity of such worship as this. The congregation is invisible. Behind the bars, prisoners listen to the simple, earnest sermon by Chaplain Munro, to the prayers that are put up for them, and to the message of the Gospel songs sung by the chaplain and the few earnest workers that go with him. A little hand-organ is sadly needed. Only $35, says Chaplain Munro, would purchase one that would answer, and doubtless kindly friends will soon supply this. Surely if any need to have gloom broken by melody and hearts uplifted by praise, it is the waifs and strays of humanity confined in prison walls. Miss Clara Meyer, organist of Camp Memorial Mission, and Mrs. F. W. Baker, of Brooklyn, and several other Christian ladies, are co-operating with the chaplain in his Sabbath work here. It is to be hoped that many more may become interested.

Answered Prayers

B. I. C., Oneida, N. Y., writes:

For years my husband was most of the time out of work, and we had sickness in the family near unto death. All the hope I had was my faith in prayer. Once my husband was extremely ill, and I prayed earnestly that he might be spared. My prayers were answered, and it led to the conversion of us both. Through prayer our two daughters have been brought into the church

Burdened Heart, Butler, Pa.

In answer to a prayer, made in agony of heart, I was permitted to see a dear one, cruelly separated from me.

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has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers and miners a daily comfort, "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea and chocolate.

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FREE! Send us ten Fairy Soap oval box fronts (or if you prefer, 25c in stamps) and we will forward you a handsome portfolio of ten beautiful little "Fairy" subjects (one of which is shown above in reduced form). These pictures are artistic reproductions from photographs and will be admired and preserved by all lovers of children. Size 9¼ inches by 12½ inches. FREE FROM ALL ADVERTISING MATTER, ready for framing.

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RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF EPHESUS

IN DIANA'S TEMPLE

REV. EZRA T. SANFORD, whose interesting letter, dated Malta, appeared in a recent issue, supplies, in a later epistle, an account of how things look to-day at other interesting points in his tour of the East:

I have just visited Diana's Temple, and am now sitting in the railroad car with Rev. B. B. Tyler, D.D., of Denver, Colo. On our arrival at Ephesus, we first saw the ancient aqueduct which brought water to the city. On the top of the pillars that supported the arches, the storks have built their nests; westward, we beheld the ancient church of St. John, and, following our guide, came to a Mosque in which are some of the columns of Diana's Temple. The capital I saw was a well-preserved specimen of the architecture of the time of Alexander the Great. Still going westward, we descend into the ruins of Diana's Temple. Here are sections of columns twelve feet below the surface. We went along the old Roman road that led to Miletus, over which the elders passed who were sent for by Paul at the time of his last call there. Crossing the plains and fertile fields, where flourished the ancient gardens connected with Diana's worship, we were soon looking at the ruins of the theatre where Paul was defended by Alexander the Jew.

I surveyed the extensive ruins of ancient Ephesus in company with Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia. Although these are the most complete of any visible section of the famous city, yet the most vivid association of the historic past still clings to the broken columns and sculptured capitals. At this place not only did Xerxes and Alexander worship, but here the Apostle Paul instructed concerning the true God, greater than Diana of Ephesus. While I watched Dr. Hoyt trotting his faithful horse along the old Roman road (which is in excellent preservation) towards Miletus, I thought of the elders of Ephesus hastening to meet Paul; and of the tears shed at that sad parting. While I examined the Gate of Persecution, supposed to have been the entrance of St. John's Church, I saw in mind the aged apostle pronouncing his benediction on his disciples here. Through the apostle whom Jesus loved was to come one of the most precious promises of Scripture written on Patmos to the Church at Ephesus: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

. . . .

March 3, 8 A.M.—We have just passed the Island of Patmos. It has occurred to me, in the midst of these scenes associated with Paul and John, what a happy name your paper bears: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. John, writing from Patmos, pronounced to ages to come the message: "Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book." When I stood last week on Mars' Hill, the words of the first Christian Herald to the Gentiles of classic and cultured Athens, that God had given "assurance unto all men" in that he raised Christ from the dead, came to my mind. What the world needs to-day is assurance. Read John's first epistle; study Paul's letters, and read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, filled as it is with articles that strengthen faith. Pray till assurance is yours.

. . . .

Nazareth, March 5.—I must write you just a word from Nazareth, the home of Jesus for nearly thirty years. The well of the city is probably the same visited often by our Lord as he grew to maturity. When we viewed the Mont of Precipitation (from which I now write), a large rabbit jumped out of a small cave, and we thought of the Saviour's words: "The foxes have holes." We had scarcely gone ten rods, when two partridges sprang from their nests among the thorn bushes, and it seemed we heard the words of Jesus saying: "The birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Our visit to Galilee has been of deepest interest. We found fishermen with their nets upon the shore. The waves were rolling high, and we seemed to hear a voice saying: "Peace, be still."

A Gambler Converted

ACCORDING to police statistics, New York City has ten thousand professional gamblers. But there is probably an equal number of others, mostly young men, who possess the gambling craze and indulge in this sin frequently. Many began at social card parties; then they bet on horse races, and by and by they visited the regular gambling dens and played with experts. With repeated losses they become desperate and resort to crime to get money. The gambler usually ends his life as a suicide, or in jail as a criminal.

"A short time since (writes Rev. Josiah Munro, Chaplain of the Tombs, New York), a young gambler, who gave his heart to God while in prison, wrote me a letter, in which he told of his downfall and how he had been ruined by the passion for gambling. He had robbed his own family, his employer and his friends to get money to play. He lost all he had. In prison he came to himself. He cried to God and found mercy. Then he wrote me a letter from which I quote a few sentences: 'Some months ago it was my misfortune to gain an entrance to one of the places of New York where I spent my time gambling. From that day I forgot my church, my wife and dear children.' Day and night this man spent his time scheming how he might rob people to get money to gamble. His wife entreated him, on her knees, to give up his evil ways and become again a good father and husband as he formerly had been. To this he agreed, and uttered a half-hearted prayer for deliverance from the vice, but only to renew the gambling habit more vigorously the next day. He went on from week to week, breaking his wife's heart and impoverishing his home, until the gambling spirit had completely mastered him. Then he committed a crime that made him a felon. 'The first day of my incarceration,' he writes, 'I had brought before my mind, through the singing of an old hymn, sung by the prison choir, the miserable life I had been living, I had come from a New England home, but had fallen low in sin. In my cell I had time to think over my ungodly life. I determined then and there to ask God's forgiveness.' This was the turning-point in his life. He wept like a child, and made full surrender to the Lord Jesus. He was discharged from prison on a suspended sentence. Next day, I called at his home and he and his family were rejoicing in the Lord Jesus. O, how he poured out his heart to God in an earnest plea to be daily kept by divine power. Jesus saved this gambler. Since his restoration, months ago, he has moved into a better neighborhood and is now doing well, and living a quiet, law-abiding, Christian life."

"Lost in the Storm"

Oh, hark! how the storm is raging without,
Are all of my lambkins in?
Are none of them braving the wind's wild blast?
Are they safe in the shelter from sin?

Nay, did you not hear them without in the storm?
A cry cometh now and again;
"Oh, can you not help us to safety and rest?
To find the Lord's fold we are fain!"

Haste away, 'ere the Shepherd has fastened the door,
Go search for His lambs that are lost;
Bring them into the fold of our Saviour and King,
Swell the number of heaven's glad host.

The above was suggested by one of the ten beautiful pictures in the Family Art Gallery, which came to me as a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. L. M. L.

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THE GUIDING HAND

Paul Willing to be the Prisoner of the Lord

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHEN the servant of God is fully given over to his Master's service, opportunities of ministry are provided for him. Felix commanded the centurion not to forbid any of Paul's friends to minister to him. And there is little doubt that the church at Cæsarea found opportunity to lighten his imprisonment in many ways. It is more than probable that he also ministered to them, and that out of the prison much precious truth and Bible light went forth to the disciples, and through them to others. A man always in communion with God cannot be without influence. The walls of a prison have no power to shut in the presence of God. Wherever a man or woman, who is filled with the Spirit of God, lives or journeys, there He who makes that body his temple is, too, and "living water" flows out even from a prison where the temple of God dwells.

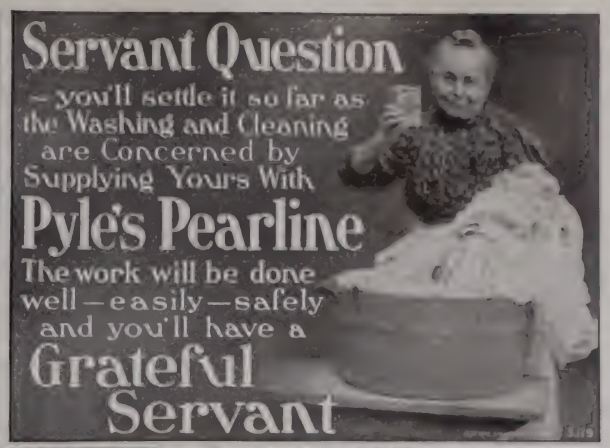
Something in Paul's defence must have struck the governor, for he sent for Paul, and heard him concerning the faith in Christ Jesus." Perhaps Felix had imagined that this man of God would have simply given him a theological discourse, learned and finished, proving point after point, and addressed to the intellect alone. But the man was unprepared to find that he was face to face with no mere man, but a man in whom God dwelt—a man who was the temple of the Holy Ghost. Paul "reasoned of righteousness." Not only was it a higher standard than Felix had yet known, but as the man of God opened the wondrous story of the Gospel of the grace of God, he could not but see that it appealed to him; that this Gospel was meant for him, and that he might, he ought to, he was then called to, forsake his sins, and be saved from them through believing in Jesus. When the prisoner before him reasoned of "temperance," of moral purity and sobriety, and all that is included in "self-control" (R.V.), he began to feel that prick in the heart which made it impossible to evade the direct conviction of the Spirit of God, "Thou art the man."

And when Paul opened before him "the judgment to come," the very Christ whom the Jews had crucified sitting on the throne of his glory to judge, going into every word and action, and every secret thought, terror took hold upon the man—he felt he must yield, or get away from the sound and the message which appalled him. Alas, he did *not* yield! He did not wait for Paul to finish. As he reasoned . . . Felix answered and said, Go thy way for this time, and when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Miserable man! he spoke as though it were a matter only between him and Paul, between man and man. But when the great day of account opens, and Felix is brought to judgment, it will not be Paul, but his Master, who will say, "Felix, you put me off when I would have saved you; you let your chance go by. There is no convenient season now—you have chosen, and you have your choice."

It was not his last interview with Paul; he sent for him the oftener and communed with him, hoping for money to be given him. With such a thought in his heart, after having been brought under the power of God, no wonder that we hear nothing of his conversion. A new-born soul esteems the truth of God as "silver" and as "hid treasures" (Prov. 2: 4). Felix detained Paul for two years in Cæsarea: it was needful in order that his life should bear witness to the truth of his words, written only a year or two before to the Romans: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpose." Times of waiting, testing, enduring, are not lost time; in the end we shall find that it is in these things, and not in those when we were most consciously serving God, that he was the best enabled to conform us to the image of his Son. Many a one comes out from a time of very fruitful service with some savor of self; but out of the school of a crossed will, a tried patience, a closely-tested love, an understood and accepted humiliation come Christ-like acts.

No sooner had Festus, who succeeded Felix, come into the province, than he visited Jerusalem, and the chief priests and elders lost no time in informing him against Paul, and requested that he might be brought to Jerusalem. But it was with the intent to waylay and murder him. Festus would not yield to them, although we are not told that he was aware of the murderous intent of the Jews. One thing we know, that He who watched over Paul, did not will that he should be slain at that time. Festus called on those who were of power among them to go down with him to Cæsarea, so that if there was any cause of complaint, they might accuse him. How many might say: What a loss of time! Surely God could have hastened matters so that Paul's valuable labors might be resumed! But God knows when persons and things are ripe; He who times the stars and the comets can regulate his children and his work.

After eight or ten days, the new governor went down to Cæsarea, and on the morrow he sat on the judgment seat, and Paul's case came on, but was not adjudicated there.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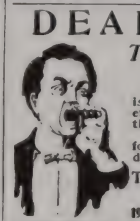

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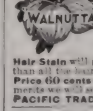

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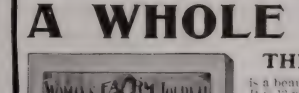

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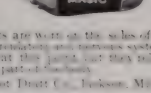

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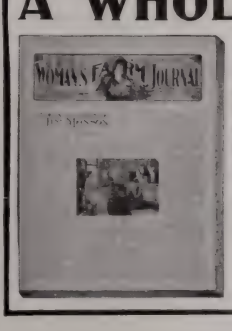

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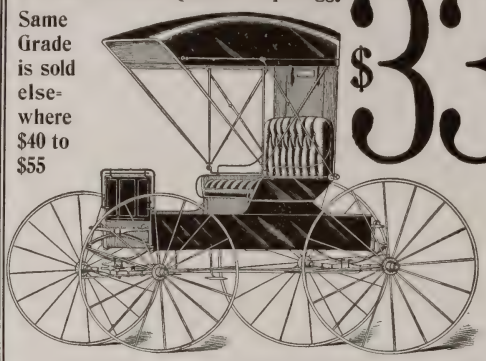

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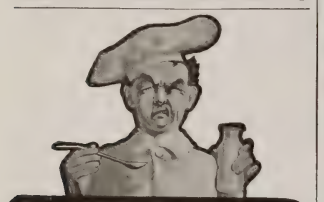

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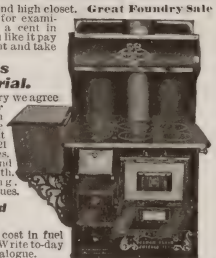

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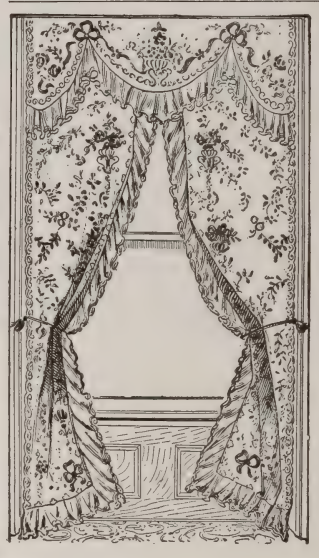

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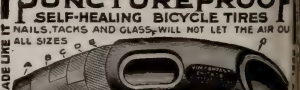

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VOL. 26 NO. 19. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

SEE PAGE 405

THE DEEP-SEA ARCTIC MISSION AND ITS INTREPID COMMANDER

1. Dr. W. T Grenfell, Commander of the Labrador Mission Steamer. 2. Sealing in the Ice Floes 3. A Snow House 4. Sealers off with Flags to put on "Panned Seals" 5. A barefoot Hudson Bay Eskimo Girl 6 20° below Zero. 7. Skinning a Polar Bear on the *Strathcona*. 8 Indian Harbor, site of the Hospital. 9. Building a Cairn on Strathcona Mountain overlooking Grenfell Straits.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

U. W., Bearcreek, N. C. What is the meaning of the expression in Isaiah 7:20, that God would shave with a razor that is hired?

The passage is its own explanation. It is that God would use Assyria to chastise and punish his people. The loss of the beard among the Jews was considered an indignity and a disgrace. Evil was to come upon them, and Assyria would be the instrument in God's hand of inflicting it. The Assyrians were not his servants, and did not know that in attacking Israel they were doing God's will. They were hired, in the sense that they received compensation in plunder, not as God's children obeying him, but as strangers who were hired and paid for performing a special task.

Mrs. J. H. F., Jr., Watervliet, N. Y. 1. What were the dates of Paul's first, second and third missionary journeys? 2. The dates of each Epistle and where they were written from?

1. Paul's introduction by the sacred historian (when he was a witness of Stephen's martyrdom), is supposed to have been about A.D. 36. At that time he was probably between thirty and forty years of age. His conversion took place A.D. 37. He left Damascus A.D. 37. First missionary journey undertaken A.D. 44; his second, three years later, and his third, four years after the second. 2. There is no certainty about the dates of the Pauline Epistles, but the following dates have been fixed upon as approximately correct:

EPISTLE	WRITTEN IN	YEAR
Romans	Corinth	A.D. 58
Galatians	Corinth	58
Ephesians	Rome	62
I. Corinthians	Ephesus	57
II. Corinthians	Philippi	57
Philippians	Rome	62
I. Timothy	Rome	64
II. Timothy	Rome	66
Titus	Rome	64
I. Thessalonians	Corinth	52
II. Thessalonians	Corinth	52
Colossians	Rome	62
Philemon	Rome	62

C. W. G., Toronto, Can. Of what is the hare at Easter a symbol? It seems associated with eggs.

From remotest antiquity, the egg, holder of the germ of existence and type of the universe, and the hare, type of the light-giver in darkness (the moon, in which its picture was supposed to have been seen), and in itself of abounding fruitfulness, have been symbols of life's renewal, and thus appropriate to Easter. Their conjunction in ornamental devices and in folklore, naturally followed the continued employment of the two as Easter symbols.

M. A. B., Albany. What noted American poet was buried at Westminster Abbey?

James Russell Lowell and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow each have memorials there, but were not buried there.

J. D. G., Gardiner, Me. The laws of God being unchangeable, why should there not be visions, appearance of angels, speaking in unknown tongues, miracles, etc., as in former times?

In one sense, of course, God's laws are unchangeable; they are always wise, beneficent and righteous; but it does not follow that he always deals with men in the same way. There is an obvious growth in the development of his revelation of himself which you can trace in the Bible. Moses and Samuel and David and the prophets had not so clear an idea of him as we get in Jesus Christ. It is as with the education of a child. In his early years we teach him by pictures and stories, but as he grows older we leave all that behind. Christ was clearly hurt by the craving of the people to see miracles performed. Paul had but a low estimate of the value of the tongues (see I. Cor. 14:19). God in our age is dealing with men in preaching and by the Holy Spirit. As Abraham said to Dives, "If men believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be convinced though one rose from the dead."

G. H. E., Sterling, O. T. Does Christ command us in Matt. 6:24-34 to make no provision for sickness or old age? If so, how do Christians justify themselves in saving up money?

Christ's teaching, in the passage you quote, is against making the acquisition of money the chief end in life. It is against anxiety and worry that he warns us. The first thing to be sought is character, not property. It is those people whose thoughts are continually concentrated on worldly success, who live for business and neglect their souls, who are warned in the passage. They are reminded that their first duty is to seek the Kingdom of God, and, that if they do so, they may safely leave the future in his hands without apprehension. Honest work and thrift and provision for future emergencies are in no case condemned, but rather encouraged in the Bible. "He that provideth not for his own family," Paul says, "is worse than an infidel" (I. Tim. 5:8).

Helen D., Memphis, Tenn. Kindly state who wrote the hymn "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus"? Also state something of the circumstances under which it was composed.

It was written by the Rev. George Duffield, a Presbyterian pastor in Philadelphia, in 1858. He delivered it as a peroration at the close of a sermon addressed to the Y. M. C. A. The sermon was based on the dying words of the Rev. D. A. Tyng, who was asked a few moments before he expired if he had any message for the young men. He replied in a whisper: "Tell them to stand up for Jesus." This was the theme of Mr. Duffield's discourse. His hymn has been translated into many languages, and sung all over the world.

M. M., Bloomingdale, Mich. 1. What kinds of flowers were those Dr. Klopsch saw in Finland? 2. Is the spirit spoken of in Acts 2:17 and other places, now in the world? 3. Who is represented by the Beast mentioned in Rev. 14:9?

1. This and other questions relating to Finland are being fully answered in the series of letters by Dr. Klopsch, now appearing in this journal. 2. The Holy Spirit is certainly working in our time. The manifestation differs in different ages, but, as Paul said, the Spirit is one and the same, and is adapted to the needs of the time. No conversion ever occurs without the Holy Spirit's power and influence. 3. The Beast is generally understood by students of prophesy to mean the final incarnation of Satanic power, which will precede the second coming of Christ. It is to be an attempt to establish a world-wide empire. Daniel also gives a description of it (Daniel 11:19-42).

Reader, Sheridan, Mont. Is a husband justified in denying his wife the privilege of doing Christian work?

Our first duty, man or woman, is to God and our conscience. No one has a moral or legal right to stand between us and the performance of that duty.

G. K., Des Moines, Ia. In view of the fact that Christ's kingdom is to be a kingdom of peace, how are we to understand his warning (Matt. 10:34, 35), that he had come not to send peace on earth, but a sword?

Christ's work on the individual soul may help you to understand his meaning. The converted soul enjoys a peace passing all understanding; but how is it attained? The first stages of the process are those of fierce conflict. See the agony, the distress that the majority of men pass through when they are under conviction. It is through conflict that peace is attained. It is so with the evil in the world. Christ's kingdom is, as you say, one of peace; but not the despicable peace with wickedness and oppression. With those evils there must be war. If a father wisely loves his son, he does not ignore that son's bad ways; he punishes him in order to save him. You may say how do we reconcile the rod in the father's hand with his love for his child. There is no need to reconcile. The rod is a sign and proof of the father's love. So Christ's coming brought a sword to smite the evil that is cursing the world.

Miriam, Germantown, Pa. Who wrote: "As the marsh-grass sends roots into the sod, I will take hold on the goodness of God"? It is a poem, I think, called "The Marsh-Hen."

Perhaps this, by Sidney Lanier, in "The Marshes of Glynn," is what you are thinking of:

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God.
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me ahold on the greatness of God.

W. P. C., Deer Harbor, Wash. Is a church still an organization which has had no business meeting, or religious service of any kind for nearly three years?

Yes, but a moribund organization, and one which could be legally dissolved upon the application of any one or more parties in interest.

Mrs. H. J. Van R., Portland, Me. Concerning the book on domestic accounts, *Earl's Housekeeping*, I am at loss to conjecture in what way it leads to economy, which, after all, is one of the main results a housekeeper looks for

To this there can be no better reply than the following extract from the letter of a housekeeper in Montclair, N. J., who has used this method of home accounts for the past three years: "At first start, Earl's plan of housekeeping merely interested me from the mechanical accuracy with which it laid down the various forms taken by the small stream of wealth set flowing from my pocketbook; but, bye and bye, it began to demonstrate to me disconcerting comparisons of different week's expenditures—food, for instance—and this led to investigation, and then to the discovery of reckless expenditure, improvident outlay and extravagant waste. Unconsciously, as the weeks went by, my knowledge and experience became more and more mature and my weekly expenditures were fewer and better regulated."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

The photograph shows the President addressing a gathering at Gardner, Mont., at the laying of the corner-stone of the new entrance to the Yellowstone Park. He spent a two weeks' holiday in the Park, but did no hunting. He spoke to large audiences at Cinnabar and other places outside the Park, the people coming from long distances to greet him.

Miscellaneous Questions

X. Y. Z., Cambrook, Ont. The salary is $50,000.

Reader, Auburn, Mass. You will find the reply to your inquiry in the article on Dr. Klopsch's visit to Finland, which appears in this issue.

Subscriber, Waynesburg, Pa. The wife can take out letters of administration. She is entitled to do this. She should consult a lawyer as to her rights.

Subscriber, Boston, Mass. "Automobile" is pronounced with accent on first and last syllables, "au-to-mo-bil." "Chauffeur" is pronounced "show-fare."

Mrs. Sarah A. W., Westfield, Mass. 1. There is, we believe, a Board of Health ordinance against smoking on the electric cars. 2. You require a permit from the Park Department if you wish to photograph the animals in the Zoo.

Mrs. Annie L. B., Corning, Ia. 1. All the facts concerning Mr. Sankey's illness were published in a recent issue of this paper. He was singing in excellent voice less than three years ago. 2. Don't know.

Reader, Cambridge, Md. The Sabbath is for rest and worship, and not for work or pleasuring. Whether or not what you propose is a violation of the Sabbath, your own conscience must decide. If it be necessary, then it is justifiable; if not, not.

Rev. H. B. E., Perth Amboy, N. J. I notice the inquiry, "How long has the cut-flower industry been pursued in the United States," and your reply, "Fifty years ago it would not have been possible to purchase cut-flowers during the winter season in any of the large cities of this country." Allow me to say, that sixty-four years ago I was in the habit of going out to Hogg's garden and greenhouse, near what is now Thirty-fifth street, in the early winter mornings, to purchase bouquets of a variety of flowers, to throw into the window of a fair maiden, on my way down town to Columbia College, then under its noble elms below Chambers street. The garden had been in existence then many years. This was not peculiar to New York. I am sure the same could be said of other large cities at that period.

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE RAILWAY SQUARE IN HELSINGFORS, CAPITAL OF FINLAND

OUR TOUR THROUGH STRICKEN FINLAND

By DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH

I.—In Helsingfors

JUST returned from my tour of inspection of the famine fields and relief operations in Finland and Sweden, I hasten to report the result of my observations to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose generous contributions made possible the extensive relief measures which effectually checked the ravages of hunger and destitution, and unquestionably averted the fearful mortality which otherwise must have ensued.

The party which left New York for the famine districts consisted, as already published in this journal, of Mr. Gilson Willets, an American journalist, and the writer. Our first stop was Hamburg, and thence 2,000 miles by rail to St. Petersburg.

We had at first planned to go direct to Helsingfors, by way of Copenhagen, but in view of the present unfortunate political situation in Finland, and her very much strained relations with the Imperial Government, we determined to enter Russia by the front door, and thus escape the possible imputation of political motives to our purely philanthropic mission.

The Journey from St. Petersburg

At St. Petersburg we had interesting interviews with Hon. Robert S. McCormick, the American Ambassador; Count Andre Bobrinskoy, Russia's foremost philanthropist; Admiral Craemer, President of the Russian Red Cross Society and Chairman of the Russian Finland Relief Committee, and Rev. J. D. Kilburn, formerly pastor of the English-American Church in St. Petersburg. To each of these gentlemen we are greatly indebted for excellent information and advice, which materially aided us in our subsequent operations. We then continued the journey, leaving St. Petersburg in the evening and arriving at Helsingfors early the next forenoon. We drove at once to the Societetshuset (hotel) and requested that Professor Saltzman, Chairman of the Central Relief Committee, be notified by telephone of our arrival. While awaiting his reply I looked out of the window, and found myself confronted with the Gulf of Finland, covered with a solid ice crust, twenty inches thick, and that again with an equal depth of snow.

Professor Saltzman arrived at two o'clock. He is tall, stout, dignified, and confidence-inspiring. He stands very high indeed in the councils of his people. There is probably not another man in all Finland who is more universally beloved and respected. After cordial greetings and expressions of highest appreciation of American generosity, sympathy and kindness, Professor Saltzman gave me an intelligent and comprehensive survey of famine conditions, the details of which coincided closely with those already published broadcast in the columns of the American press.

"When we were first confronted with famine conditions in the northern part of our country," said the Professor, "we made every reasonable effort to relieve the situation, without asking for aid. We had a fund of 250,000 marks ($50,000) provided for that particular purpose, and our people here in the south made very generous contributions of money, grain and clothing, aggregating nearly 1,000,000 marks ($200,000), but the famine area grew so fast and the number of dependents increased so rapidly, that we soon discovered that, unaided, we could not successfully contend. It was just at that disheartening point in our relief operations when the kind-hearted people of America offered to aid us in the unequal struggle. And as their assistance was voluntary and without any direct appeal from us, we concluded, not without some hesitation and reluctance, in view of the prevailing conditions and an impending large mortality from starvation, that we would gratefully receive and conscientiously administer what the good people of your country might be willing to send. It was then that I sent you my cablegram that American assistance would be heartily welcomed."

THE ALEXANDER II. STATUE, HELSINGFORS

Erected in 1894, to commemorate his friendship for Finland

In response to my inquiries, Dr. Saltzman located the famine area in the Provinces of Kuopia and Uleaborg, and stated that the population of the famine districts was variously estimated at from 275,000 to 400,000, the variation depending chiefly on the date of the information, and that the conditions in many parts were very, very distressing. He regretted that the suffering was on the increase, both as to intensity and extent, and Helsingius, the leading authority on famine affairs, later on fully corroborated this view.

Meeting the Finnish Committee

The Professor then invited us to a Committee meeting on the following evening, and volunteered to submit detailed reports of the relief operations and of the finances of the Committee.

The Central Relief Committee, consisting of about thirty representative, sympathetic and intelligent men and women, was fully represented at the regular meeting. When we arrived, they accorded us a hearty welcome, and we took the places reserved for us at the right and left of the Chairman. Dr. Saltzman delivered an address, in the course of which he again feelingly referred to the deep impression American sympathy and generosity had made on the hearts of the Finnish people, who were sincerely grateful for this practical manifestation of Christian and brotherly interest.

A more admirable relief system than that employed by the Committee cannot be conceived, and our visit to Finland was an education in the most enlightened application of practical charity. Relief is afforded in three ways:

1. Gratuitous relief to the aged, the sick, and children.
2. Home work for those who own no land.
3. Conditional loans, without interest, to impoverished farmers.

Class 1. Apply either in person, or by letter, to the Local Committee, or are reported by neighbors, or discovered by traveling inspectors. The relief is afforded invariably in the shape of "committee flour," which, supplying the staff of life, would render any little funds these sufferers might be able to command, available for milk, medicine, clothing, and other necessaries; but in nearly every case later on visited by us, we discovered that the impoverishment was so complete, that even babies had not tasted milk for months.

Class 2. Consists of farm laborers and mechanics, with their wives, sons, and daughters. Before the operations of the Committee commenced, the men would leave home and travel twenty, or thirty, or forty miles in quest of work, with a view to sending part of the wages home to the family, rarely, however, finding what they sought, or, if successful, then only at such small pay, that the end of the week found them poorer than when they started. Hence, there are even now thousands of homes in Finland from which the men are absent, either seeking work, or, having found it, are unable to contribute to the support of their destitute families at home. To relieve this situation, and to do so without robbing the people of their self-respect, or teaching them to depend on gratuitous relief, the Committee devised a system of home industries that solved the problem admirably, acceptably, and effectively. It includes making fishing nets, weaving cloth or carpets, and the making of wooden spades, rough sledges, snow-shoes, rakes, hay-forks, and knit slippers. The Local Committee supplies the material, and pays for the work done, selling the goods at, sometimes, the mere cost of the raw material. The work is such that every member of the family may assist, and this keeps them all busy—and, better still, it keeps them at home, and thus prevents their becoming tramps. This plan is very laborious and trying, but the results have demonstrated that it is worthy the effort, and it will well repay study at the hands of practical philanthropists.

Class 3. Pertains to small landholders, and the relief measure, an unusually excellent one, consists of a conditional loan, **without interest,** of from eighty to four hundred marks ($16 to $80), eighty per. cent. in flour and twenty per cent. in cash, with the distinct understanding that the person receiving it is impoverished through famine, and that he will improve his **own** property to an extent as would require enough work at a low scale of wages to **earn** the full amount of the loan. This work is designated by traveling Agranoms, engaged for the purpose, who visit the farm and point out the doors or fences that shall be repaired, the soil that shall be mixed or fertilized, the barns or outhouses that shall be erected, and such other improvements as they may deem desirable. If these improvements be promptly made, and the improved condition of affairs be satisfactorily maintained, an allowance will be made at the end of the first year equal to 25 per cent. of the loan; at the end of the second year, the improvements being maintained, another 25 per cent. is deducted, and at the end of the third year the repayment of the remaining 50 per cent. must begin, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum—all without interest charges. The money thus repaid is to be used as the nucleus of an Emergency Fund, in case of a recurrence of famine conditions.

An Avalanche of Appeals

The Committee adopted unanimously a vote of thanks to the American people, and instructed its Secretary to forward a copy of the resolution to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City.

A SCENE IN THE FISH-MARKET, HELSINGFORS

Before I left the hall, they had designated Dr. J. N. Reuter, a Professor at the Helsingfors University (but not a member of the Committee), to accompany us in behalf of the Committee on our tour of inspection through the famine districts of Finland.

The day after our arrival the Helsingfors' journals editorially commended the generous-hearted people of America, and our trip was the universal topic. As a result of this publicity we were literally overrun with beggars, applicants for relief, and messengers from various parts of the country, who had hastened thither to inform us concerning the condition of their particular section, and to assign multitudinous reasons why they should receive first consideration at our hands. Over 150 persons called the first day, and of this number we could see, of course, only a few. As the distribution of relief did not rest with us, but with the Central Relief Committee, we were compelled to refer the applicants to Dr. Saltzman, the Chairman. Letters innumerable poured in from everywhere; but being written in Finnish or in Swedish, neither of which languages we understood, action on these had to be deferred to a more convenient season.

Before leaving Helsingfors, we made several visits to persons well informed concerning the condition of the interior. Among others, we called on the American Consul, who received us cordially and gave us valuable information; but for by far the most exhaustive details in regard to famine conditions, we were deeply indebted to Col. Poulson of the Salvation Army, and to his excellent wife, both of whom were exceptionally well informed on the true situation, and freely placed their knowledge and services at our disposal.

We spent two days in making the necessary preparations for the journey into the interior. Snow was twenty inches deep, and what the weather might be no one could foretell with any degree of accuracy.

Off for the Frozen North

So we provided fur coats, mittens, storm-caps, boots and rubbers, and laid in a stock of provisions sufficient to meet the requirements of four men for at least two weeks. Arrangements were made by wire for three sledges at Edensalmi—the last railroad station—one sled for Mr. Willets and myself, one for Dr. J. N. Reuter and Mr. Robert Alopaeus, Superintendent of Industrial Schools, who were to accompany us, and one for the baggage and supplies. All our trunks were sent to Stockholm, and each of us started out with only one suit of clothing, so as to reduce to a minimum the baggage to be carried. The arrangements completed, we purchased our railroad tickets, and on Tuesday, March 3, at 9:30 P.M., started from the hotel to take the 10 o'clock train from Helsingfors to Edensalmi.

We all dreaded the trip, and I cannot say that we left the pleasant Societetshuset in a particularly happy frame of mind. The country, the people, the language, the customs, were all strange to us, and the prospect of traveling, day in and day out, over dreary wastes of snow, dotted with pine groups, away from railroad, telegraph and telephones, eating salt meats and canned goods, sleeping in post-houses of the exact nature of which we were ignorant, with the probability of frigid weather, was not especially inviting, and when revolvers, fully loaded, made their appearance, to be used in case of attack by robbers or wolves, it became even more forbidding. Personally, I refused to purchase or receive fire-arms, and I am more than happy to be able to report that not a shot was fired during the whole journey.

When we arrived at the Helsingfors station, a delightful surprise awaited us. The Committee, headed by Professor Saltzman, the Mayor, a number of Senators, Col. Poulson, and a vast host of people, had gathered to see us off. Fifty young ladies, each bearing a tiny bouquet, with the stems held in a small colored glass receptacle with a wire collar, the end of which was shaped into a hook, were in the centre of the station, and as I shook hands with the Professor, they advanced and fastened the hooks into my overcoat, literally covering my chest with flowers. Thus adorned, in accord with the custom of manifesting appreciation, in vogue in Finland, and much to my personal embarrassment, I was led to the platform. Here about three thousand people had gathered. The moment I arrived, the Helsingfors Male Chorus—said to be the finest in Europe—began to sing. Notwithstanding wintry times, all hats were removed. After they had sung three or four times, I addressed the gathering, telling them that while I felt personally unworthy of this demonstration, I accepted it as intended for the American people, to whom I would faithfully report this manifestation of gratitude and appreciation. Then the Male Chorus sang the Finnish National Air (prohibited by the Russian Government), and while they were yet singing, and the people shouting, "God bless you!" the train drew out of the station, and we were on our way to the famine fields in the interior.

Our experiences there will be recorded in the next letter.

THE DAIRY GARDEN—HELSINGFORS PUBLIC PARK

VIEW IN BRUNN'S PARK, HELSINGFORS

AN ESKIMO WOMEN'S BOAT

A SETTLER'S WINTER HOME

BRINGING IN THE CATCH OF SEALS

THE GOSPEL *ON THE* FROZEN DEEP

Dr. W. T. Grenfell's Voyages Among the Fishermen off the Northeastern Coast of Our Continent

SEE PICTURES ON FIRST PAGE

ONE of the most arduous and useful spheres of Gospel mission work on this side the Atlantic, is that under the charge of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, who, during his recent visit to New York, kindly furnished us with the accompanying illustrations, and with a description of the strange people among whom he labors, and of the efforts being made for their physical and spiritual benefit. Dr. Grenfell's work is part of that noble and self-sacrificing organization in which the late Queen Victoria took so deep an interest, and to which, by her special desire, the name was given of "The Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen." It has been in operation since 1881 in European waters, and its valuable and beneficent services are attested by thousands of grateful souls. It combines medical with spiritual service, and renders aid of many other kinds to men who spend most of their lives on the deep, far away from religious opportunities. The people reached by the Mission are on board fishing-vessels dotting the seas from Iceland on the North, to the Bay of Biscay on the South, and from the Hebrides on the West, to the coast of Norway on the East. The Mission has now thirteen vessels afloat rendering help to these men, and of these four are practically floating-hospitals.

Not least among the achievements of these floating Gospel mission boats is that they have completely ousted the vessels carrying grog, which formerly visited the fishing fleets, doing untold mischief. Not only has temperance literature been distributed, and a temperance society formed, but temperance institutes have been established at the ports frequented by the fishermen, in each of which there are conveniences for letter writing, for amusement and entertainment which are a counter attraction to the saloon. How necessary these institutes were, was easily realized by the missionaries who saw the temptations to which the fishermen were exposed, when, after months of isolation, they received their money in a lump and went ashore. The Mission's vessels carry a dispensary, a supply of warm clothing, which is sold at low prices to men who have lost a coat or other garment during the season, quantities of wholesome literature, and games of all kinds to make an evening on the Mission vessel attractive to the men. With all this, the main object, always kept clearly in view, is to make these subsidiary benefits the means of getting the confidence and good-will of the fishermen in order to lead them to Christ.

So successful had been the work in the European seas, that in 1892 Sir Francis Hopwood urged the Council of the Mission to undertake a similar Mission among the fishermen of the North West Atlantic waters, and he made an offer of money to defray the initial cost. His offer was joyfully accepted, and the Council commissioned one of its vessels for the purpose. Dr. Grenfell having the rare combination of qualities enabling him to act as sea-captain, surgeon and evangelist, was an ideal officer to take charge, and to him the conduct of the work was intrusted.

"I sailed from Yarmouth, England," says Dr. Grenfell, "in our largest hospital ketch, ninety-seven tons gross register, and cruised during the summer off the Newfoundland and Labrador shores, among the numberless fishing craft from Newfoundland, Canada and America.

"I embodied my impressions in a report to the Governor of Newfoundland. Briefly, they were as follows:

"1. That some 30,000 fishermen, with women and children, were scattered from five to six months along a barren, rocky shore, of over 1,000 miles, every summer. That there were besides some three to four thousand settlers who followed trafficing in the winter months, and also some 2,000 Eskimo.

THE HOSPITAL STEAMER, "STRATHCONA"

"2. That there were practically none of the amenities of civilization on the coast. Most of the people lived in mud bunk houses. No sanitary precautions whatever were taken. Practically no medical help whatever was available, though their calling especially exposed them to perils of all kinds, and 900 cases of accident and disease treated on board in three months, showed the need of better provision.

"3. As for the settlers, they were miserably poor, the result, we believed, of the 'truck' system of trade, which was universal. They appeared to possess a capacity for earning enough to live on at reasonable rates. We saw true scurvy for want of proper food, and filth diseases for want of sufficient clothing. While on a coast, where, if anywhere on earth, the air should be free of microbes, tubercular diseases were far beyond the average in other countries.

"4. A very large proportion of the populace were illiterate, and those who could read, were losing the capacity for want of material to exercise it on. The people had no games or sports whatever—a bad sign anywhere. Many appeared to have become largely hopeless of ever doing more than acquire enough poor flour, molasses and tea, with perhaps salt pork, to eke out an existence, rather than a living.

"5. The floating population, who came to and fro, were better off. But we believed much could be done to make their lot happier, healthier and more human, and that it ought to be done.

"We began our work the next year by building a Mission hospital on an island at the north entrance to the straits of Belle Isle, and commencing a second one two hundred miles further north, on an island at the entrance to the great Hamilton Inlet. For each of these a qualified doctor and a trained nurse, each imbued with a missionary spirit, came out with us from England. We also brought out a small steam launch to assist the sailing vessel and to enable us to reach many settlements a sailing vessel could never hope to reach in the time. Some two thousand patients were treated, and the ship pushed north as far as Hopedale, the southern station of the Moravian missionaries. Since then, we visit down to Cape Chidley, in Hudson Bay straits.

"The following year we opened the Southern hospital for summer and winter work. Its doors have never been closed from that day, and it has been hospital, hostel, and the only resource in extremity of hundreds, and even thousands, of distressed humanity since. In winter, the doctor travels the coast with dog-sleigh and *komatik*, while the Sister keeps watch and ward at the hospital, adding to her other duties sewing classes, reading classes, night school, lending library, and using all the available agents at her command as levers to elevate whoever she can reach. Besides the fishermen, we have all the surgical care of some two thousand Eskimos, among whom the devoted Moravian missionaries have five mission stations, churches and schools.

"Our next move was to replace the obsolete sailing vessel by a steamer, and stop the waste of energy in sailing in and out from England every year, by laying her up on the coast as soon as the sea froze over. The charts of this coast are very poor. The ice is floe ice—remains very late in summer, and a stream of icebergs

CONTINUED ON PAGE 418

GROUP OF ESKIMOS AT OKKALA

ESKIMO WOMEN OF THE BETTER CLASS

THE American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago

The Advancing Generations

TEXT—EXODUS 14: 15: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward"

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, in some respects the greatest warrior of modern times, once declared: "There sometimes comes a crisis in a battle or campaign, when victory, as a bird, will hover over the standards of that general who has brains and grit enough to give the command, 'Forward, march!'" This was the way the French commander defeated the two great wings of the Austrian army at Montenotte and Ceva. This was the way he won his battles at Arcola and Marengo and Wagram. This was the way he tried to win Waterloo, when he commanded Marshal Ney to lead the Old Guard against the solid squares of the British infantry. And this was the way Moses, the great law-giver and soldier, led the children of Israel out of Egypt, over the sands and on through the Red Sea, and freed them from the onrushing charge of the pursuing Egyptians.

But the divine command given to the children of Israel "that they go forward," is applicable to the children of God at the present time. I believe we are at a crisis in the world's history. In 1890, my father preached a sermon, entitled, "Last Decade of the Century." By it he tried to show how easily the world could be brought to Christ within ten years, if every Christian would annually bring only one soul to Christ, and these new converts in turn would also individually bring one soul to Christ every following year. But to-day, I want to show that the world can be brought to Christ even in less time than that, if the Christian church will only realize its full opportunity, and grasp it. I want to show this, because I believe all the great preliminary battles have been fought and won which are necessary for this final triumph. As Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Princeton, and Saratoga had to precede the Yorktown surrender, so I would trace the great onward movements of the human race to show how we are fast approaching the golden milestone, where the world can be redeemed from sin. Then I would try to show how the Anglo-Saxon race, as a human agency, can take the chief part in this gladsome and world-wide triumph, if we will only move forward in God's name.

Victories Already Won

The first great battle for the world's redemption was fought and won when every man's fireside became his "City of Refuge," or his impregnable castle, from which no feudal lord or arbitrary chieftain could dislodge him. It was won when a husband and a father could walk into his home and shut the door, and defy the great wide world, as he said: "These goods are mine. This wife is mine. These children are mine, and no man dare touch them." It was won when an honest man, no matter how humble he might be, had a right in fee simple to the property which his energy had earned, to the woman whom he had led to the marriage altar, and to the children who were born to them.

The right of a man to own his own home, and to have an exclusive claim over his wife and children, are recognized in every civilized land. We have all read the story of the "Miller and the Emperor." Frederick the Great wanted to enlarge his palace grounds. A miller owned a little patch of land near the royal domain. The king offered to buy it. The miller would not sell. The king offered three, four, five times the value of the property. The miller still refused. That land was to him above the value of money. It represented to him the home of his childhood and the home of his ancestors. "Then," said the king, "I will confiscate your land and take it forcibly from you." "Then," said the miller to the king, "I will go to law and compel you to give me back my property." The king was helpless. He knew that in Prussia the king might sit upon a throne, but there was a power greater than the king. That one was the law protecting the man entrenched behind the impregnable walls of his own home.

But this condition of individual rights of a man and of a family did not always exist in the human race. There was a time when the name of husband and wife did not mean what they do to-day. "There was a time," wrote Sir John Lubbock in his book, entitled, *The Origin of Civilization*, "when in many tribes the children took the name of the mother instead of the father, because the name of the father was never known." There was a time when, by the old feudal system, the corner-stone of society was not in the home of the laborer, but in the castled walls of the nearby ruling lord. The feudal lord not only owned his people's cattle, and sheep, and horses, but if he wished, he could do what he would with his serf's wife and children. There was a time when every woman became by law the wife of every male member of her tribe and every man the husband of every female member. Thus the communism of the brute prevailed. Thus the human being was an animal, a beast pure and simple. Even down to Bible times, we find that Abraham was not only the husband of Sarah, but also the father of Ishmael, by his handmaiden, Hagar. David and Solomon were the husbands of many wives. But now the condition of society is all changed. The marital status has gone back to the Edenic state. Now by law there is only one husband for one wife, and one wife for one husband. It has gone back to the ideal condition God first ordained, which the Psalmist described when he wrote: "God setteth the solitary in families." Such being the social condition among the civilized races, I believe we are one and all ready to grant, that no class of men are more willing to recognize their responsibility to God than those who conscientiously try to fulfil their responsibilities in family life.

Intolerance Shackled

The next great battle for the world's redemption was fought and won when the frowning walls of religious intolerance were battered down, and the torture dungeons of the Dark Ages were forever opened to the purifying light. Ah, the battle for religious liberty was a long and a bitter struggle! It was not won in a day, a decade, a generation, or a century. It fought its way through the flying stones and the bloody swords and the spears, and the martyrdoms of Christians of Apostolic times. The fight for emancipation went on among the crackling flames of burning Rome. It clutched by their throats the man-eating monsters that leaped into the Roman Coliseum. It defied the lowering looks, and the blasphemous oaths of the mobs that gathered in the Florentine square of beautiful Italy to see Savonarola die. It suffered all the agonies which Fox recorded in his *History of the Lives and Sufferings, and Triumphant Deaths of the Primitive, as well as the Protestant Martyrs*. It steeled the backbone of lion-hearted Martin Luther, as well as of John Huss. It fought its battle until at last the opened Bible was placed in the hand of the common people, and every man was free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, whether in the Christian Church, the Jewish Temple, or the Mohammedan Mosque.

No man can be said to worship God in sincerity and truth unless he bows before the Mercy Seat under the impulse of a free will. When Torquemada headed the Inquisition, and Charles the Ninth was drunk with human blood, and "Bloody Mary" signed the death warrant of over three hundred martyrs, and Charlemagne forcibly drove the people of his kingdom into the rivers, where, like struggling cattle, the priests baptized them by the wholesale, fear may have made the frightened men and women bow and profess Christ, but fear never yet made a true Christian. You cannot terrorize a man into the kingdom of God with the executioner's axe, or the slave-master's lash. The Bible is full of the Gospel invitations "to come," "Come, for all things are now ready. Come; come; come!" But upon no page of the Bible can you find anywhere the words written, "Come to Christ against your will!" "Come with hate in your heart!" "Come with defying sin on your lips!" "Come, as a trembling murderer is led to the scaffold, or to incarceration for life." Thus, we find that the second great onward movement for the world's redemption was taken when Bigotry's swarthy limbs were manacled, when the hissing tongue of Persecution was stilled, and when Religious Liberty could lift up her smiling face towards the heavens, and stretch forth her white hands to lead, as well as to protect, a free human race.

Pioneer Commercial Union

The next great onward movement for the world's redemption is to be found in the commercial supremacy which has brought all the five continents and the islands of the sea into sympathetic touch. There was a time when a man rarely traveled one hundred miles from the place where he was born. His grave was dug only a short distance from where the tree was planted out of which his cradle was cut. The world was not only divided into nations, but the nations into distinct and antagonistic clans. The Scotchman born in the highlands could not understand the dialect of the Lowlanders. But now, everywhere, commercialism is making of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth. The American sailor's "Yo, heave!" is heard by the wharves of Tarshish. The East Indian merchantmen, and the ships for China and Japan, and the Philippines, and Australia, and New Zealand, follow each other through the Suez Canal. The railroads of Brazil, and the steamship lines of Chili and Buenos Ayres, and Capetown are owned by foreign capital. The Russian warships are being built in the American shipyards. A great international war is becoming more and more an impossibility, because the Turkish mortgages are held in Paris, Berlin, and London, and Wall Street, and the foreign capitalists must rise or fall together.

But from a spiritual standpoint, why do we say that a great battle was won because commercialism has brought all the world into sympathetic touch? Is the cable sunken under the seas, the telegraphic wires strung overhead, the railroad lines bringing New York and San Francisco into closer communication than were once New York and Georgia, and the great steamboat lines turning all oceans into ferries—are any of these to have anything to do with the advent of the millennial dawn? Is that wonderful invention of Johannes Gutenberg called printing, the outgrowth of which is the modern newspaper press, to have no part in the world's redemption? Oh, yes. The Bible does not say that the world shall grow gradually better and better. But it does say that when the "Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, then shall the end come." And how can that Gospel be preached quicker to all people than through the medium of the telegraph, and telephone, and railroad train, and passenger steamboat lines, and freight boats? When the revision of the New Testament was completed some years ago, was not the Book telegraphed verbatim in one night from New York to Chicago? And can we not, through the conquest of a mercenary commercialism, scatter, practically in the twinkling of an eye, the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the furthermost parts of the earth, so that whole nations shall be born in a day?

Another great preliminary battle for the world's redemption was fought and won when the Parliament of Religions assembled at the World's Fair in Chicago. Then all the intelligent members of the Anglo-Saxon race realized, as never before, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was not only the best of all religions, but also that it is the only Gospel which promises perfect peace this side of the grave, as well as salvation beyond.

The Incomparable Gospel

In 1892, an American tourist was talking in Calcutta to a high-class Bengali. During their conversation, this dark-colored native of India exultantly said: "Ah, you are from America. We are soon going to send over our missionaries to Chicago, and we shall convert America to the teachings of Kali, Buddha, and Mohammed." But when the Oriental missionaries began to talk, we remembered the burning ghats of the Ganges. We could hear the death-cries of the child-widows, who were being sacrificed upon the funeral pyres. We could see all the superstitions and debaucheries of the harems, and the degradations of their people in the East. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* might burn brightly when fed by the oil of the poetic imagination of the gifted English writer, who married a dark-skinned daughter of the East; but Arnold's *Light of Asia* was found to be as dark as India, with its teeming millions in utter darkness. Darkness black as that of Africa, or as dark as the benighted human beings who, as cannibals, are banqueting off human flesh. As all peoples must believe in a God of some sort, so to-day, as never before, the intelligent, civilized nations, know that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only Gospel which will bring true peace and progress to the world. When a native chief asked Queen Victoria the source of England's strength, she handed to him a Bible. So, to-day, most of the civilized races are ready to confess that the strength of the mightiest earthly governments is centered in the Word of God. Where the Bible is not, there are superstition and ignorance, and brutalizing crime.

Thus, many preliminary battles have already been fought and won. Now comes the practical question: What race of people is going to start forth to lead in the last great battle, which is to be fought for the redemption of the world for Christ? Has Jesus a right to look with hope towards any people more confidently than to the Anglo-Saxon race? From what race came the Crusaders, Godfrey and Frederick Barbarossa, and Baldwin of Flanders, and Richard, the Lion-hearted, and Frederick II? From what race came the Pilgrim Fathers, who crossed the seas, imbued with many noble ambitions, the chief of which was to carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the furthermost ends of the earth? Among the hearts of what people was the great foreign missionary cause first born? Who to-day are striving most of all to civilize and Christianize the world at large? Is it not the members of the Anglo-Saxon race? Is there any people who can be more justly called a Christian people, than the Anglo-Saxons?

The Anglo-Saxon race is best qualified to lead in this great forward movement for Christ, also, because in this century it holds a position of dominant power and influence among the nations, analogous to that held by ancient Rome at the birth of Christianity. They geographically hold the stragetic points of all the world. Open the map of the world where you will, and drop your finger at random. Gibraltar, the key of the Medi-

erranean, held by England. Suez Canal and the sovereignty of Egypt, by England. Eastern as well as Northern Africa dominated by England. The Islands of the Pacific held by Germany, England, and the United States. North and South America dominated by the United States Government by its "Monroe Doctrine." Europe, for the most part, controlled or influenced by Germany or England. Both supreme in their own ways—England by her navy, Germany by her army. The whale and the lion practically unconquerable in their own domains.

Then, where can you find a people mentally and spiritually and physically better equipped to carry forth this Gospel message, than the members of the Anglo-Saxon race? To conquer the world for Christ, God is going to use giants now, as he used giants of old. "God made the violin," Stradivarius used to say, "but God had to first make an Antonio Stradivarius before he could put together his best violins." Under the power of the Holy Spirit, the apostolic messengers were able to scatter the Gospel messages everywhere. But how could such wonders have been accomplished in so short a time unless God had first sent forth a messenger, mentally and spiritually gigantic, as he did when he sent forth Paul? And where can God get better modern emissaries, if we are willing to do what we ought to do, than among the members of the Anglo-Saxon race?

There are many reasons why the Anglo-Saxon race should lead in this movement. Some of these may be regarded as fanciful and romantic. It is not long since a professor, formerly of Yale University, undertook to prove that the Anglo-Saxon race represents the ten lost tribes of Israel, and he even asserted that the present reigning house of Great Britain is descended from King Solomon, through a Hebrew Princess named Tea Tephi, who became the bride of King Fergus, of Ireland and Scotland, from whom descended King James VI. of Scotland, who became King James I. of England. He contended that the very stone which forms the seat of the Coronation Chair, on which the monarchs of Great Britain sit when they are crowned, originally formed part of Solomon's Temple, and was brought to Ireland by Tea Tephi herself, as a precious relic. With all such fanciful traditions we have nothing to do. The essential fact is, that the Gospel of Christ, which must ultimately triumph, is enshrined in the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon race more than in those of any other race, and that they have the opportunity and the qualities which fit them to embrace it of propagating that Gospel to the ends of the earth.

This glorious consummation of Christ's earthly kingdom, I believe will be achieved under God's omnipotent power, working through the Anglo-Saxon race. Who will lead the way? The beginning of every great movement in the world's history has been humble and inconspicuous. The origin of the Christian Church itself, now numbering its millions in all lands, was in a single room, in which, all told, there were only one hundred and twenty persons. Where will the movement for the final triumph begin? It may be in such a church as this, but it will be somewhere, where there is a band of earnest, consecrated, praying souls—men and women self-sacrificing, ardent, agonizing in supplication to God for power. There is an old proverb which goes something like this: "The best way for a city to keep its streets clean, is for every man to clean the sidewalk in front of his own home." The best way for the Anglo-Saxon race to start on this world-wide mission, is for us, as individuals, to start here, and start now. A little handful, under the power of the Holy Spirit, we may accomplish at least as much for Christ as did that little band of praying men and women in the upper chamber of Jerusalem?

So, to-day, I want to enlarge your Gospel horizon. I want to show that the work you can do for Jesus, should be studied no longer through a microscope, but through a telescope. I want to show you that, as all time is merely nothing more than a long succession of seconds and minutes, and days, and weeks, and years, so all great events are merely the accumulations of the works of single individuals. The Anglo-Saxon in great units may be composed of nations. The Anglo-Saxon race in small units, is composed of individuals just like ourselves. Will you and I start here and now, with God's help, for the conquest of the world for Christ? Will you and I, here and now consecrate our lives to his service, so that we may become his acceptable messengers for this work?

The final redemption of the world would not be far off, if we could only bring Jesus in touch with all mankind. An imaginative religious writer once had this beautiful dream about how the world was finally to be conquered for Jesus. It was, I believe, to be in the year 2001. A great international war was about to burst over Europe. All the nations of the continent were divided into two sides. England, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Belgium and Holland were on the one side. France, Spain, Italy, Turkey, Austria and Russia were upon the other side. The great armies were marshaled into two mighty hosts, the tread of whose feet and the rumble of whose cannon made the earth shake. The night before the decisive battle was to open, the camp-fires of the sleeping soldiers stretched for miles and miles away. But the night before that battle opened, a strange being was seen to go rapidly through the different camps of the nations. Upon the breast of each soldier he pinned a badge or a sign. The next morning the bugles sounded, and the armies were drawn up in battle array. But when the generals gave the command, "Fire," and "Charge," not one gun spoke, not one soldier moved. Then the generals began to inquire the cause. They found out the reason. The strange being, who the night before went from camp to camp, was Jesus Christ. The badge which was pinned upon every soldier's breast was the Sign of the Cross. Jesus had at last conquered. The sign of forgiveness, and of love, and pardon, and sinlessness had at last spiked the guns of war, and turned every soldier into an emissary of peace. There is only one way I would change that wonderful dream of the Gospel writer. In the last great battle of sinful war, I would not have the members of the Anglo-Saxon race participants. The night before the battle was to open, I would have Jesus Christ go through the camp of the Slav, the Malay, and all the peoples of the earth, led by a white-skinned guide. That guide I would have the ruddy, flaxen-haired Caucasian, the guide whom I would call the Anglo-Saxon race. Oh my brother, and sister, by the consecration of your lives, and prayers, will you not help make this scene possible? Will you not here and now start forth, by God's help, to conquer in the near future, the world for Jesus Christ?

MARVELS OF GRACE *IN A* TWO YEARS' CAMPAIGN

By JOHN WILLIS BAER

FOR the past two years the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee has successfully stimulated the churches to an aggressive work, and is now able to make a most interesting and inspiring report to the General Assembly, about to meet in Los Angeles, California. It was at the Philadelphia Assembly two years ago that the Presbyterian Church determined to begin an aggressive campaign for souls. To direct the work, a committee was appointed, Mr. John H. Converse, the leading layman of the Presbyterian Church, serving in the capacity of Chairman. In his business, Mr. Converse has oversight of fourteen thousand employees, and has not had a strike to contend with in over forty years. Not only has he given time, but he has contributed largely of his money, and with a few other friends has made it possible for the Evangelistic Committee to do an extensive work without calling upon the church treasury. The present committee is made up of an equal number of pastors and elders, among them the following:

DICK GRAY

Mr. John H. Converse, Philadelphia, Pa., Chairman; Rev. George Alexander, D.D., New York City; Rev. J. P. Calhoun, D.D., Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. John F. Carson, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Rev. W. J. Chichester, D.D., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Cleland B. McAfee, D.D., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. S. S. Palmer, D.D., Columbus, O.; Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D., New York City; Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., New York City; Mr. John Willis Baer, New York City; Dr. George W. Bailey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. William E. Dodge, New York City; Mr. E. A. K. Hackett, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. S. P. Harbison, Alleghany, Pa.; Mr. L. H. Severance, Cleveland, O.; Mr. Walter M. Smith, New York City.

Last year the work and plans became so engrossing and important, that Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was urged to devote his whole time to it. After consultation with his own church, the officers reluctantly gave him up to the Presbyterian Church at large. Great streams of literature have gone out, and a vast correspondence has been conducted during the last twelve months, and the whole church has felt the influence of this magnificent work performed by the Committee.

One of its duties has been to suggest to ministers methods for evangelistic work. A large clerical force has been engaged on this extensive correspondence, and thousands and thousands of pieces of literature and leaflets have been sent out, most of it gratuitously. Conferences have been held in most of the theological seminaries, and members of the Committee have visited the larger cities. They have met ministers and teachers and workers in all-day Conferences, generally closing the Conference with a popular meeting in the evening.

A most important and far-reaching work has been that inaugurated by the "Young Men's Presbyterian Union" of Chicago, where nearly three hundred young men have pledged themselves to definite, individual work for individuals.

The committee has striven to emphasize the need of "individual work by individuals for individuals." These appeals have been made to the more than seven thousand ministers, the nearly twenty-nine thousand elders, the more than ten thousand deacons, in the Presbyterian Church, and to the more than one hundred thousand Sunday School superintendents and teachers and workers. It is difficult to appreciate the lasting good to be accomplished when this great body is on fire with the spirit of God.

Some of the work accomplished by evangelists representing the committee is distinctly notable. Rev. F. E. Higgins and his work in the lumber camps of Minnesota belong to this class. Mr. Higgins traveled over the snows of last winter in a sled drawn by a pair of great Saint Bernard dogs, and the religion of Christ was expounded in many a homesteader's cabin, up to within a hundred miles of the international boundary. Mr. Higgins has been called the "Logging Camp Presbyterian Missionary of Minnesota." Large in frame, weighing over 200 pounds, this great hearted man, with his splendid team of dogs, has at times traveled forty miles in six and a half hours. When there was a crust on the snow, he paid no attention to roads. Sometimes he was caught out at night, and was obliged to camp out in the woods. In his sled he carried a small tent, and, aiming to reach a town by nightfall, he would pitch his tent, cut boughs and fix a bed on the snow, and, with a dog on each side, sleep comfortably, conscious of security. In many places, he was the first preacher to find his way to the logging camps. During March he held twenty meetings, traveled two hundred and sixty-three miles by sled, in addition to nearly five hundred miles on the train, not only reaching the logging camps, but also the homesteaders, who were destitute of religious influences. Mr. Higgins' work is a great blessing to a large company of people in an extensive territory.

F. E. HIGGINS AND HIS ST. BERNARD TEAM

At Van Wert, Ohio, special meetings were held, and one day all the stores and saloons were closed for two hours. The Presbyterian Church there on March 29th received seventy-seven on confession of faith, thirty-seven of whom received baptism. An evangelist in a small town in Minnesota tells about several remarkable conversions, one of a postmaster over fifty, a hard drinker for more than fifteen years; another, of a man of forty-eight, who had been addicted to drink since he was a boy, and who came into the church with his son. One of the leading and wealthiest merchants of the town, with his wife, his two sons and his sister-in-law, were admitted to the church. The man promised, before the whole congregation, that he would henceforth keep his store closed on Sunday. From Colby, Kan., comes word that fifty made decision for Christ, and twenty-five will come into the Presbyterian Church.

A remarkable illustration of what God can do through one consecrated person, is given in the experience of a school teacher of Indianola, Ia. Union meetings were being conducted by Mr. A. M. Naylor, reaching a number of unconverted people. The school-teacher confessed to had been a Christian for years, but had never taken a vital interest in personal work. In these meetings God laid upon her the burden of souls, and in four weeks she had led more than one hundred and fifty to accept Christ, eighty-five per cent. of them being young college students!

Major Cole has labored under the Committee with marked blessing. At Lima, Ohio, meetings continue under his direction with increasing interest. A canvass was made of the entire city, divided into wards, each ward being placed in charge of a captain and such workers as were willing to visit homes and distribute invitations. Nearly three hundred Christians were engaged in this canvass, and over six hundred cards were handed in, with the names, addresses, and church preferences of families to be visited by pastors and others, following up the work. Necessary services of song with evangelistic preaching were held in various shops with good results.

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*Died recently.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

THE FIRST of the promised series of articles by the Editor, descriptive of his midwinter tour through the famine districts of Finland and Sweden in the interest of the Relief Work, appears in this issue. As these articles are the result of a most thorough personal investigation, they will possess a peculiar and pathetic interest for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in whose behalf the mission was undertaken.

A Notable Anniversary

IT was eminently fitting that the first national celebration, in connection with the World's Fair Dedication, should have been that of the Louisiana Purchase, which was patriotically observed on April 30, and the two succeeding days, in the Exhibition City. That purchase, which gave to our country the vast territory now occupied by practically all the States bordering on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, was an event whose importance can never be lost sight of by posterity.

When Napoleon signed away France's American possessions for $15,000,000, our territory, which hitherto had been bounded on the west by the eastern bank of the Mississippi, was at once extended to include what afterwards became the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, part of Colorado, and Wyoming, Montana, the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa and Oklahoma and Indian Territory—the tract which now comprises the central section of the Union, and which includes some of the finest and most prosperous States under the starry flag. At the outset of the negotiations, it was proposed to purchase only that part of the province of Louisiana which included the city of New Orleans; but the French Emperor, whose schemes of European conquest were then expanding to colossal proportions, himself proposed that the negotiation should include all the territory owned by France in the central part of the Western Continent—nearly a million square miles—very little of which had been explored by the whites. This new turn to the negotiations opened up vast possibilities, of which our statesmen were not slow to take advantage, and thus the rich possessions, of which France had once dreamed that she might make a second Canada, passed into our control. Napoleon foresaw the difficulties that would arise in attempting to hold so extensive a territory against the intrepid and progressive young American colonies; but he could not have foreseen the mighty development that was destined to take place along the great Mississippi highway.

When this magnificent territory was added to the Union it was but little known. The upper Missouri had been visited by a few daring travelers, but the country was wild and filled with hostile Indians. St. Louis was a mere French trading-settlement, and beyond it, all was wilderness. Two years after the treaty, a strong expedition visited the upper Missouri River, and returned with glowing reports of the character of the country. What was then a wilderness, nominally Catholic but largely heathen, has since become a cluster of Christian States, a great grain-growing section of the Union. Populous cities and thriving towns and villages have sprung up on every hand; railroads bridge every stream and chasm, and tunnel the mountains; river transportation lines have opened up the country to commerce along the waterways; the great fertile areas supply enough cereals to feed the nation many times over, while a thousand varied industries swell the tide of commerce that flows through what a century ago was almost an unknown land.

It is impossible to overestimate the influence of this act of territorial expansion upon the fortunes of the nation. It established at once our supremacy in the Western world. Eminent writers have contended that the Louisiana Purchase afforded the momentum which ultimately resulted in removing from our immediate borders other foreign nationalities, and thus gave rise to the principle which eventually crystallized in the Monroe Doctrine. Professor Turner asserts that that doctrine would not have been possible except for the Purchase, of which it was the logical outcome; and that the event itself "dates the rise of the United States into the position of a world power."

Like almost all our other acquisitions, the Louisiana Purchase was a conquest of peace. Recognizing this fact, the French people, who entertain a warm friendship for this nation, are to be represented on a larger scale in the Exposition than any other country on the continent of Europe. There are no regrets, no recriminations, no aftermath of bitterness over France's lost possessions. The Republic of the East can cordially unite with the Republic of the West in the celebration of an event which afforded satisfaction to both peoples, and which gave to our own land a territory in which every American feels a glow of patriotic pride.

Making Allowance

WHEN a certain lymphatic member, who took things always easily, said to his nervous, excitable pastor, who was speaking somewhat testily, "Dominie, restrain your temper," he was met with the perfectly true reply, "Restrain my temper, sir! I would have you to understand that I restrain more temper in the course of a single day than you do in a year."

That was a difference of temperament, but the same thing holds in occupations and surroundings; and while we ought never to excuse ourselves for our shortcomings by pleading our circumstances, yet we ought to be ready in all Christian charity to make allowance for others, for whom on any account it is peculiarly hard to maintain the highest style of Christian character.

The flower in the window of a poor woman's garret in the close and dingy street may be far from a perfect specimen of its kind, but the wonder is that it is there at all—a greater wonder, surely, than to find a splendid representative of the same species in the rich man's conservatory.

And so there may be more honor to one for what of true religion he has maintained in the face of great obstacles, though it be marred by blemishes, than there is to another in whom no such imperfections appear, but who has had no such difficulties.

And for ourselves, though we dare not seek an excuse in our outward conditions, or in our temperaments for our weaknesses and failures in Christian living, yet it is a precious comfort to remember that the Lord knows all, and that He sees

> With other, larger eyes than ours,
> To make allowance for us all.

Grateful Words From Finland

FROM the plain people of Finland, from the peasants in the interior provinces, and from the farmers and farm-laborers in remote districts, letters are now coming almost daily, which reveal how deeply America's kindness, in the time of sore trial and suffering, has touched the native heart.

Many of these letters are sent to us by relatives in this country, who have received them from their kindred in "the old land." Prof. J. H. Jasberg, of Suomi College, Hancock, Mich., writes us as follows:

I have received many, many letters lately, from people to whom we sent smaller sums of money, and others to whom we sent larger sums, and especially from those in authority, where we sent money to smaller places where there are only a few families, the letters stating that they had absolutely nothing until they got the money from here, and how they had purchased flour, potatoes, and other things, and how thankful they were that God had moved the hearts of the people "of the other side of the water," and persuaded them to help them.

Your paper and its readers have done lots of good work during this past winter, helping our poor unfortunate people, and we all hope that your time and efforts in their behalf will sometime be repaid—if not in this world, then certainly in the hereafter. We know that such good work will always bring good results.

Without your starting the work early this year, among the American people, thousands of people in poor Finland would be in their graves, who are now alive. You were the people who started the movement among the whole Christian people in America, and enlisted their sympathies for the Finnish-Swedish famine-sufferers.

Of course, thousands upon thousands of dollars went to the old country in other ways than through your hands, but we will always give you credit for the beginning of the good work, and that you did more than all the others combined.

Another letter, from Finland, tells how the gratitude of the people is echoed in the journals throughout the entire country. The writer says:

The Finnish press is united in conceding that the aid that came from America has saved thousands of Finnish peasants from the torture unto death that comes of starvation.

From Sweden, too, we have received similar letters, all conveying the warmest messages of thanks and invoking rich blessings upon those who, by their liberal gifts, made the relief campaign a possibility. Swedish residents in America have also written us, from full hearts, telling their gratitude for what has been done, in the name of Christ, in behalf of the dear ones who were fighting the famine at home.

These communications are direct heart-to-heart messages to every one who has had a share, however small, in this benevolent work. It is a sweet and sacred thing to know that in a multitude of humble Swedish homes and by the firesides in thousands of Finnish cabins, the good people of America, who fed the famishing and brought back life and hope to those who were ready to perish, are lovingly remembered. It is surely a great thing to have the love of a nation; but it is even more beautiful when, as these letters tell us, the earnest prayers of the people ascend daily, that the Divine blessing may rest upon those who reached out hands full of help across the icy seas and the frozen wastes of the Northland, in the midwinter famine.

The sense of duty done was of itself a sufficient reward; but He who permits no good deed to pass unnoted has added, in this rich outpouring of love and gratitude, a recognition beyond all anticipation.

MARVELS OF GRACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 407

Another Presbyterian evangelist has been working in a town where there was a saloon for each twenty-nine people. One of the saloon-keepers was induced to give up his business.

Still another conspicuous work of grace was experienced in Norton, Kan. Services were conducted by Rev. E. R. Hermiston, and all denominations united in the Union movement. The mayor of the town was converted, and meetings were held in the court-house and opera-house. Many leading business men were led to Christ, and the influence of the meetings broke up the gambling dens. Mr. A. H. Gray, commonly known as "Dick, the gambler," gave his heart to Christ. Dick has a reputation in Deadwood, Red Cloud, and other western towns as "Big-hearted Dick, the gentleman gambler." He is forty years old, weighs two hundred and thirty pounds, is six feet tall and an all 'round athlete. The story of his conversion reads like a romance. One of the local pastors of Norton reports Dick Gray as saying, the night he was converted, "Boys, the stuff's off; cash in; leave here; no more cards; never come back; quit! That's what I mean." And when he turned to the audience in the meeting where he acknowledged Christ, he said, "I have thought it over carefully, and have once for all made up my mind." From that meeting he went to his gambling den, closed it, went home and kissed his wife and had family prayers. On the night he gave his heart to Christ, forty-six other men surrendered, and that same day twenty-seven others signed cards to live a Christian life. While the pastors of Norton are laboring hard, Dick Gray goes from house to house seeking lost souls. It was claimed that Dick Gray had been getting over twelve thousand dollars a year from his dens of iniquity, and Norton is not a large town. Now this man has turned his back upon all this, and is doing personal work for Christ.

In these and many other ways, through the Evangelistic Committee of the Presbyterian Church, the Gospel is being carried to thousands in church and out. While the Committee is putting especial emphasis upon the work done through existing organizations, and is stirring the Church to aggressive work, it is also going out through its representatives into the by-ways and hedges, compelling those who do not know Christ to come and bow the knee to the King of kings and Lord of lords.

Among the Workers

—MISSIONARY GERARD A. BAILLY writes from Caracas, Venezuela, thanking the readers of this journal for aid rendered in his mission work.

—AT THE EASTER Sabbath service in the Clinton Avenue Reformed Church, Newark, N. J., Rev. D. H. Martin welcomed into the communion eighty-five new members.

—EVANGELIST C. H. YATMAN has been conducting a series of very successful revival services in the First Methodist Church of York, Pa. Many have professed conversion.

—EIGHTY-ONE new members were received at the April Communion in the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D., pastor. During the church year which has just closed, 233 new members were received into the Central Church.

—DR. AND MRS. F. MACKNIGHT, missionaries in the Canary Islands, write that The Book and Bible Depot in Las Palmas has been open since November, and is doing excellent work. Pictures, calendars, illuminated cards for the mission, may be addressed to them at Geneto, Laguna, Teneriffe Islands.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Russian Diplomacy

RECENT dispatches from St. Petersburg indicate an intention on the part of the Czar's government, to disavow the policy, described in these columns last week, as to Manchuria. It is now stated that the seven demands, specifically quoted as having been made on China as a condition of withdrawal from the province, were never made. This is not the first time in modern history that Russia has taken a similar course. By putting forth a programme without definite authority, the opinion of other Powers has been elicited and an indication of their attitude obtained. When that result has been attained, it is open for Russia to proceed to execute the programme if that course appears safe, or to disavow the programme altogether if its execution seems likely to be attended with disagreeable consequences. In this instance the latter course has been taken, and there is good reason for believing that the resolute stand taken by Mr. Hay on behalf of our Government has contributed to the result. The possibility of war on the subject was probably never feared by Russia, and Mr. Hay's courteous treatment of the Russian Ambassador, Count Cassini, had doubtless nothing of menace in it, but it must have been quite clear to the Russian Government that if it persisted in the programme outlined, our Government would regard the act as a distinct violation of definite pledges, and would in future relations regard Russian engagements with distrust. The fact that England and Japan would take the same view must have been foreseen; but it is doubtful whether so much importance would be attached to the attitude of those Powers, whom Russia regards as constitutionally unfriendly, as to the position of our Government, which has always been on good terms with it. There is still some doubt as to the course Russia will take as to relinquishing her hold on Manchuria, but it is gratifying to learn that so odious an arrangement as that described is disavowed. The province is not only an important part of the Chinese Empire, but it has a sentimental value for the ruling powers, because it is the original home of the dynasty, and in it are the tombs of the Emperor's ancestors. It would, therefore, be very humiliating to have it alienated in fact, if not nominally, from the Empire. That China would have to yield to Russia if no other Power went to her help, was inevitable; but she would feel about it as did the ancient landowner, whose king demanded the possession of his ancestral property:

> The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers to thee (II. Kings 21: 3).

SECRETARY HAY

COUNT CASSINI

TOMB, AT MOUKDEN, OF NURHACHU, FOUNDER OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY

Collapse of a Mountain

Mystery surrounds the disaster which completely destroyed the mining town of Frank, in British Columbia, on April 29. It was a town of about one thousand inhabitants, situated at the foot of Turtle Mountain. The width of the valley is about a mile, and a wall of rock more than three thousand feet high rose above the town. A valuable coal mine was being worked there, from which twelve hundred tons of coal a day were being taken. Between four and five o'clock on the morning of the disaster, a loud report was heard, and instantly millions of tons of rock fell from the mountain into the valley. It is difficult to understand how any one escaped being crushed. Every house on which the rocks fell, was destroyed, and the valley was filled with the debris. People sleeping in their beds were instantly killed, and all the men around the entrance to the mine lost their lives. Those at work in the mine escaped unhurt. In some places where, on the day before, there was a home full of happy children, there is now only a heap of stones nearly two hundred feet high. How many perished has not, at the time of writing, been definitely ascertained, but it is known that at least fifty-six are missing. All the machinery and operating plant outside of the mine was destroyed, involving a loss estimated at two million dollars. The appearance of the mountain has completely changed. One side of it is broken away, and along its face is a fissure several feet wide, and nearly a mile long. The cause of the catastrophe is, as yet, a mystery. Some attribute it to volcanic force, others to an earthquake, and others, again, to an explosion of gas. It is impossible to investigate, as the mighty force, which rent the mountain, loosened huge boulders, which continue falling at intervals. Arrangements are being made to ascertain the extent of the disaster as soon as it is safe. A calamity so sudden and appalling shocks the whole community, and arouses profound sympathy with the sufferers. It should not, however, end there, for there are none who can be certain that their end may be less sudden, and none who can afford to postpone to a death bed, preparation for meeting God.

> When they are saying, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them (1. Thess. 5: 3).

A Bank's Precaution

One of the banks in a town in New England in which there is an epidemic of smallpox, has decided to make an entirely new issue of one and two dollar notes, to lessen the danger of contagion. The bank officers say that the money is probably as dangerous to the community, from a sanitary point of view, as any other means of contagion. The small notes in circulation for a year or two have become very worn and soiled, and give evidence of hard usage. The money is passed from smallpox quarantined blocks for purchase of supplies, notwithstanding the danger of spreading the disease. The bank officers also say that the danger is increased by wetting the finger with the tongue when counting the money. Efforts will be made to get the other banks to furnish new money to prevent danger of contagion. It is a wise precaution, for the desire for money is so intense, that not even the fear of contracting disease would keep people from taking the money if it was offered to them. There are many, indeed, who run still worse risks in their efforts to obtain it.

> The love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows (I. Timothy 6: 10).

A Novel Test of Death

In the course of a report of a funeral in Jersey City, N. J., in a local journal, record is made of a peculiar test of death. The deceased was a woman of sixty years of age. She had been in the employ of a firm of cigar-makers, and had been for many years a member of the Cigar-makers' Union. She had been admitted in the early days of the Union, and was accustomed to boast that she was the only woman member the Union ever had. That she fully appreciated her unique honor was evident from her enthusiastic friendship with other members and her regular participation with them in the business of the Union. At her funeral, the whole lodge attended. Her executor made a speech, in which he said that he had visited the deceased during her illness, and had received from her special instructions, which he had pledged himself, in spite of his reluctance, to carry out. The deceased had laid aside a hundred dollars out of her savings, which she wished expended in treating the members of the Union to drink at her funeral. She also desired that a glass of kummel, which was her favorite drink, should be offered to her as she lay in her coffin. In making this request, she laughingly said: "If I do not drink it, you may be quite sure that I am dead." In fulfilment of his promise, he poured out the drink and offered it to the dead woman. The fact that she could not drink it did not prevent the others indulging, though it might have served as a warning that the time would come to each, when their happiness would depend on something far different from the gratification of the appetites.

> The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink but righteousness and peace (Rom. 14: 17).

How a Legacy was Lost

The will of a retired merchant in New York which was presented for probate last week, contains a singular paragraph in reference to the former business partner of the deceased. The two men were close friends, and had been in business together for nearly forty years. The dead man, however, had carried to the grave a grudge against his partner, of whom he said in his will: "As my former partner, after the death of my wife, has not shown to the world around him that he felt with me a kind of natural sympathy in my bereavement, nor even spent seventy-five cents for a crape around his hat, therefore, he shall be excluded from any benefit of my testament." Every relative and friend the deceased had, seems to have been remembered in the will by a legacy large or small, so that the omission of his partner's name among the legatees is the more notable. Happily, the surviving partner, though feeling hurt by the remark in his associate's will, can afford to do without the legacy. He did not know that his failure to identify himself with his partner in mourning, would be so resented. We may hope no worse loss may befall him through such neglect. There are some who will suffer infinite loss because they do not identify themselves with Christ, and show loyalty to him before men.

> Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his glory (Luke 9: 26).

BRIEF NOTES

Recently published Government statistics show that of cases suicides only 10 were those of colored people. Of the total, 2,256 were those of married persons.

The First Church Catechism has attained a circulation in England of over a quarter of a million copies. It is generally regarded as a common declaration of faith of Nonconformist churches.

Dr. George Dana Boardman, the revered preacher, author and lecturer, is dead. He was seventy-five years of age, but until his recent illness was active. For many years he was a Baptist missionary.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond is planning to visit Virginia to conduct Evangelistic services. He will begin at New Martinsville, where he went his first long desired.

Kansas at the recent elections went strongly in favor for the strict enforcement of the present prohibitory law. In Topeka, the majority for the license was nearly 2,000.

Evangelist Robert L. Layfield and wife, of Kansas City, have just closed a successful meeting at Kaiser, Mo. Eighteen of the Converts openly confessed, and a number from the Sunday School.

A plebiscite has been taken in Dundee, Scotland, to decide whether electric cars be run on Sunday, as in other Scottish towns. It was rejected decisively against the proposal. Of an electorate of 24,000 there voted 20,785. The number against Sunday cars was 11,421, and in favor 9,364.

Paul Belloni du Chaillu, the famous author and traveler, is dead. He first became known as the discoverer of the gorilla and chimpanzee, in Equatorial Africa. His descriptions of these and many other strange things he did not at first believe. His experiences were at first doubted, but afterward accepted as accurate by the scientific world.

The Government of Holland has formally accepted Mr. Carnegie's offer to erect for the purposes of enacting a building for the Hague to be used as an International Court of Arbitration, and also to be the permanent headquarters of the International Court of Arbitration. It will cost about a million and a half dollars, but it is understood that Mr. Carnegie will give whatever may be needed.

OUT OF THE VALLEY OF DECISION ❋ Paul Before Agrippa

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MAY 24 ACTS 26: 19-29; | *By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts* | GOLDEN TEXT — "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day" ACTS 26: 22

FELIX, the governor, speaks: "At the time I was summoned to Rome that I might yield my office to a successor, Paul had been my prisoner for two years. At his first appearance before me, I had set his case aside, pending the coming of the chief captain, Claudius Lysias, for which there never seemed to be a convenient season. All possible liberty I accorded to Paul. He was placed in custody of a soldier, not chained, and his friends were freely admitted to him. From time to time I sent for him, in the hope that he might offer a price for his liberty. These occasions were not altogether agreeable, as Paul used the opportunity to preach to me. It was a question when I was about to go out of office, whether or not I should release Paul, which it was my privilege to do, for I was fully convinced that he was not guilty of any wrong doing. But I must frankly confess that I thought leaving him in bonds might soften the asperity of the Jews toward me, and save me from their accusations in the tribunal at Rome."

The soldiers speak: "We could not understand why so good a man should be put in prison. He was unlike any other prisoner we had ever seen. He spent his time in reading a book which he said was the Word of God. And we often heard him talking to his God. A certain friend whom he called Luke came oftener to see him than any other. He seemed to be a physician, for he sometimes told Paul what he must do to preserve his health. At other times he would write down things which Paul told him about a person whom they called the Lord Jesus Christ. When any one of us soldiers was alone with this prisoner, he talked to us about his God."

Illustration and Application

In this lesson we see two men in the Valley of Decision, stirred by God's call. Both entered it enemies of Christ. Agrippa was a Herod, but that name was hardly more terrible to Christians in the early church than the name of Saul of Tarsus, their fiercest persecutor. Saul heard God's call and went out of the twilight Valley of Decision by the morning gate of Obedience. Agrippa, sore in conscience as God spoke to him through the apostle, went sneering out of the midnight gate of Disobedience. These are the only gates. Which will you take?

I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. When Christ, out of the opened heavens, called Paul to a Christian life and to missionary work, it meant to give up his living as a Sanhedrin judge and chief inquisitor, to be himself persecuted and poor. But he followed the divine ideal gladly, despite the seeming sacrifice. Like fidelity to duty was seen in many a Scotch pastor when State support was conscientiously given up by those who formed the "Free Church." Two of them were speaking together of the number of their children, whose support would be endangered by this step. One of them said, "We shall be as poor as any wanderers on nature's common, but I had a letter from my wife this morning and she exhorts me to stand true, saying, 'Give up all for Christ and your peace shall flow like a river.'"

On his way home from Siberia, the late Baron Nordenskjold received a telegram from the Russian Government, asking him if he would accept a decoration from the Czar, in recognition of his services to the country. Now the baron was a member of the anti-decoration society, which pledged its supporters to receive no decorations from anybody; and he wrestled long with himself before he finally yielded to the temptation, and telegraphed back that he would gladly accept the honor. How great then was his chagrin when, on reaching home, a friend told him that the Czar was fully aware of his antipathy to honors of the nature of decorations, and had put aside the sum of three hundred thousand roubles, to be given to him in case of his refusal of the offer. "Russia," added the friend, blandly, "is certainly grateful to you for your failure to live up to your pledge!" A man does not lose three hundred thousand roubles every time he breaks a pledge, but the moral is good for all—be true to your ideals.

Vacation Opportunities

Showed first unto them of Damascus . . . that they should repent. The newly-converted Saul was but a temporary visitor in Damascus, where he was converted and called to foreign missionary work, but he began right where he was to testify of Christ—a good example to theological students, to missionary volunteers, to the many who go from city homes to summer residences—where the temptation is strong to excuse one's self from active service because church membership is elsewhere. Often a prayer-filled song may prove an arrow of conviction. A brilliant young lawyer, commonly absorbed in the effort to rise to distinction and financial success in his profession, used to think in solemn moments: What is the use of all this and what the end? But it was only a passing thought until sickness shut him into his home. One Lord's Day evening, he was lying by his window thinking of his Christian mother's teachings, feeling he had studied his law books more than his Bible, and wishing he knew more about God. Just then from a hall on the floor below, where Gospel meetings were held, he heard the hymn:

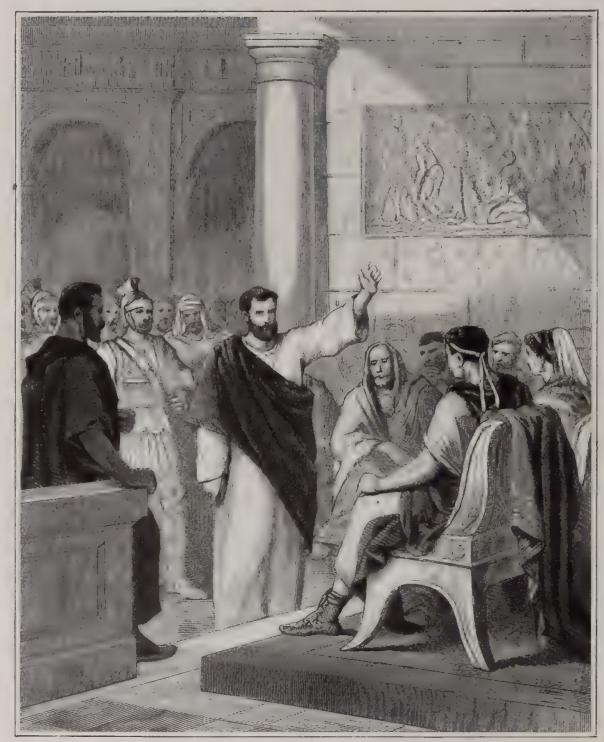
Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thou bidst me come to Thee.

A little later, from a church next door, came the same hymn. "It is God's voice," he said; and on his knees exclaimed:

Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

He sent for the preacher the next evening, who told him he had been moved to change his subject and his hymns. "It is God's hand," said the lawyer; and he took that hand for guidance through life. Let us make our songs calls to repentance wherever we are, but not our songs alone. One of the writer's pleasantest memories, worth repeating here if told before, is of a May day in Central Park, New York, when he sat beside a young man while May parties merrily gathered on every side, and successfully invited him to the gladness of a Christian life. Felix, postponing his decision to a more convenient season, is but little worse than the Christian who is ever postponing the duty and privilege of inviting others to Christ to a more convenient place.

Works meet for repentance. At this springtime, there are thousands who have but recently begun a Christian life. Let them not forget that repentance is first a "change of mind," and then a change of life. It is not enough to do this and that. Talks of morality are too negative. Let us not talk of disease so much, but cultivate unconscious health. There



PAUL PREACHING BEFORE AGRIPPA AND BERNICE

is more sin in not doing, than in doing. When Christ pictured the judgment the sufficient ground of awful punishment, was "Ye did it not" (Matt. 25). We are not to wait for great or exceptional opportunities, nor to think that religion has only to do with Sundays and hours of devotion. Robert Louis Stevenson nobly said: "The task before us, which is to coendure with our existence, is one of microscopic fineness, and the heroism required is that of patience. There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life. Earth must be smilingly unraveled. To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to make a family happier for his presence, to renounce, when that may be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same given condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

Witnessing both to small and great. We are more willing to witness to average people than to either small or great. It is a shame that one who speaks for the King of kings should be abashed in the presence of any titled sinner. Paul preached to them with no trembling. It was they who did the trembling. One of the most faithful officers of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was General Ziethen, a fearless Christian. One Good Friday the king invited him to dine with him. The invitation was declined, on the ground that he was called that day to the "Supper" of a higher King. Shortly after, another invitation to dine came from the king, and was accepted. During the conversation, the sceptical king turned to Ziethen and made some flippant, almost blasphemous joke about the Lord's Supper, in favor of which the general had excused himself from the king's dinner. The company laughed, but Ziethen rose, and said:

"Your majesty knows that in war I have never feared any danger, and that, whenever it was required, I have resolutely risked my life for you and for the country. This feeling still animates me, and if it is of any use, and you command it, I will willingly lay my head at your feet. But there is One above us, who is more than you and me—more than all men—the Saviour and Redeemer of the world. That Saviour I cannot allow to be ridiculed, for on him rests my faith, my trust, and my hope in life and in death. In the strength of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered; if your majesty undermine it, you undermine at the same time the welfare of the state. This is a true saying indeed. May it please your majesty to excuse my freedom."

A King's Confession

The astonished guests listened in silence. The king, deeply moved, offered to the general his right hand, laid the left on his shoulder, and exclaimed in faltering tones: "Happy Ziethen! I wish I could believe like you. Hold fast your faith. It shall be done no more."

Many of us have been less faithful in protest when those less "great" have assailed our Master. Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost says he once ventured to speak to a very great man on religious matters, and asked him if he were a Christian; but he did so with some trepidation, not knowing how the man would receive it. At the close of the talk that ensued, the doctor expressed the hope that the man had not considered him impertinent. The answer was a warm grasp of the hand, and the following impressive words: "Don't ever hesitate to speak to any man about his soul. I have been longing for twenty years to have some Christian speak to me. I believe there are thousands of men in this city who are in the same condition that I am, carrying an uneasy conscience and a great burden on their souls; not courageous enough to seek instruction, yet willing to receive it." But we are almost as much given to neglecting our opportunities to witness to the "small," the lowly, and the young—the Chinaman, the servant, and the street boy. Here it is pertinent to recall again the great fruitage that came from Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., preaching on a stormy Sunday, when the audience was but one, and that a little girl. She entered that day into Christian life so earnestly that nearly fourscore were brought by her into the church.

Festus said, Paul, thou art beside thyself. That Paul should preach Christ instead of pleading for his own release, seemed to the selfish Festus to be madness. A Roman emperor used almost the same words in a like case. Basil, an eminent man in the church shortly after New Testament times, was brought before a pagan prætor, who sought to induce him to give up his Christian faith. Dignities and riches were offered him from the emperor. "These," he replied, "are fit to catch children. We are ready to suffer a thousand deaths rather than offend Christ." "Know ye not who we are that command you to recant?" "We submit to no one when they command such things." The prætor threatened confiscation, torment, banishment, death. "As for confiscation," said Basil, "I have nothing to lose. As for banishment, heaven only is my country. As for torment, this body will soon give way. As for death, that will only set me at liberty." "Thou art mad," said the prætor, to which Basil replied: "I wish I may be ever so." His courage impressed all present, even the prætor, and the emperor, instead of persisting in persecution, offered Basil a present, which he refused. It is the sinner who is insane. The repentant one "comes to himself" from the "far country" of folly.

I know that thou believest. Here indeed is madness, that Agrippa believes the prophets intellectually, but acts like an infidel. "Ye knew your duty and ye did it not"—that is indeed the supreme sin. His reply, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," may have been partly a sneer, but when we put it with Paul's assurance that Agrippa believed the prophets, it is almost certain his conscience, like that of Felix, was aroused; but like Felix and unlike Paul, he was disobedient to the heavenly vision. Paul's reply is one of supreme courtesy and unselfishness. He wishes that his judges and accusers were in like condition to himself, except the chains—as glad of heart in the sense of sins forgiven. Paul never showed bitterness toward those who persecuted him, his deepest yearning being to "clasp hands over the bloody chasm." Those who have quarreled, mostly because they have misunderstood each other, in Church and State and personal life, may well catch the spirit of Kipling's recent poem on the reconciliation of British and Boer, and give it wider meaning:

Here where my fresh-turned furrows run and the deep soil glistens red,
I will repair the wrong that was done to the living and the dead:
Here where the senseless bullet fell, and the barren shrapnel burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well, against the heat and the thirst.

Here in a large and sunlit land, where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbor's hand, and together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach and the black waste of it all;
Giving and taking counsel each over the cattle-kraal.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

HASTE TO THE WEDDING!

IN the spring," says Tennyson, "a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love." Whatever else happens in this queer old world of ours, thank God, love never goes out of fashion! Many a youthful heart is beating faster in these bright days, because the pulse keeps time to the music of "haste to the wedding." For weeks, the bride-to-be has been busy over her trousseau, the rich, black fruit-cake, made by a provident mother weeks ago, has been growing spicier and sweeter in the dark closet where it is safely hidden from view, and the father of the family, on his part, has been dutifully giving wife and daughter all the money he can spare, that the pride of the house may be upheld, and his child go to her husband in a manner befitting her station. A wedding may be simple or elaborate, according to the means and wishes of the family, and be in perfect taste either way. The wealthy parent may expend, for example, a large sum on the mere decoration of house or church, paying florists for their wares and work. The poorer man, if his bonny daughter be married in May or June, may equally have the ornamentation of flowers; both forest and field will give them for the asking, and loving hands of friends and kindred will put them up in sheaves and sacks and wreathes and garlands. A bride is as beautiful in her wedding gown of white, if it be of simple muslin or organdie, as if it be composed of satin, silk, crepe or other costly fabric, covered with priceless lace. The simple refreshment of sandwiches, cake and ice cream after the ceremony, is as appropriate as the breakfast or supper of many nurses. Around the bride, let there be an atmosphere of joy, of unmixed gladness, of the tenderest love. This is incompatible with a great strain beforehand, with going far beyond one's means, and with striving for effect and show, instead of doing what may be done with ease and honor.

* * *

The bridal procession may include flower-girls, pages, maids of honor, bridesmaids, a matron of honor, and a great deal of pomp. But quite as impressive is the simpler form, where the bride enters on her father's arm and meets the bridegroom at the altar; or the still older fashion, in which the intending husband and wife enter together. The bride is traditionally supposed to walk with eyes modestly downcast, on her way to the fateful ceremony; she ought, however, on her return in the new dignity of wifehood, to walk with uplifted head and smiling face, while the bridegroom should be radiant.

Wedding presents may be sent at any time during the fortnight before the function, and they should be acknowledged by the bride in a single personal note. Wedding silver given to the bride may be marked according to her preference, with her maiden initials or with her new name.

* * *

A bride's provision for housekeeping includes bed and table linen, and whatever else her parents may see fit to bestow upon her. The bride's family bear every expense of the occasion, except the clergyman's fee and the carriage for going away after the wedding.

Red-Letter Days

The red-letter days of life should be kept in loving remembrance. The day when one consciously began the Christian life is a red-letter day, a day of great and wonderful joy, and should be a sacred anniversary in thought. The day when the first-born came to the home, bringing to father and mother such gladness as they had never dreamed of, is another time of thanksgiving. When some honor is bestowed on a son or daughter; when prosperity sweeps in like a flood and adversity ebbs; when a dear one recovers from disease or a threatened danger is averted, then is the time to lift up a song of praise. But the praise should not cease with the occasion. The psalmist was right when he said, "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Do not let us forget our happy red-letter days.

Fault-finders

"I'd rather she had that man than I," said the cook below stairs to the kitchen-maid washing the dishes.

"Thrue for ye, Bridget," replied little Norah, with a toss of her curly head.

Both women knew their employer for that most distressing of men, a chronic fault-finder. Their sweet voiced and patient mistress was their idol, and they were angry on her account when her husband found the toast invariably too crisp, or too soft, or too something else, the steak tough, or the potatoes watery, or set her nerves on edge by crossness to the children. Heaven help the woman who is married to a fault-finder. She will never find rest except in her grave.

Doing One's Own Work

Thousands and tens of thousands among American women do their own housework with intelligence, orderly routine, and economy, and are therefore not concerned in the perpetually increasing disturbance over the servant-question. Their coal is not wasted; their ranges are not worn out by a heat that melts iron, their kitchens are clean and neat, and, best result of all, their sons and daughters learn to bear a hand and help in whatever homely work is going on. These independent housekeepers serve good food on their tables, and if they are wise, they avail themselves of every modern labor-saving contrivance and invention that makes the work less onerous; they learn to save needless steps, and they are not subject to the whims and caprices of Irish, Swedish, German, French, Norwegian, English, Japanese or Chinese miscalled help. And when they decide to keep servants, they know how to train them.

IN A JAPANESE GARDEN

In the Sunrise Kingdom
Far across the sea,
Dainty little maidens
Sit outdoors at tea.

Flowers bloom profusely
In those gardens fair,
Where the drifting sweetness
Perfumes languid air.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—LINDA. Never repeat unkind gossip. Let it die with you.

—PUZZLED MATRON. Sign your letters "Elizabeth Douglas." At the right, in brackets, put "Mrs. John Douglas."

—DEAR OR MY DEAR. The more formal notes require "My Dear Mrs. B." To a friend whom you know well, you say, "Dear Mrs. B."

—OVER-ANXIOUS. If you spoke to your hostess when you entered her home and when you left at a crowded reception, you fulfilled every requirement.

THE NEW CHOIR

WELL, mother, if you'd been to church
You'd heard the choir sing;
I tell you they are wonderful.
They made the old roof ring.
The new soprano screeched and screamed
In silver notes, they said;
The tenor lifted up his voice
Enough to wake the dead.

The alto, Deacon Blauvelt's Jane,
Sang like a house afire,
The bass, our Sammy, if you please,
Was like our old town crier.
So deep and rumbling were his notes,
Like surf that beats the shore;
I tell you, mother, Sammy's part
Just shook the very floor.

The preacher looked a little vext,
They stole his thunder so,
And when he hurled his little text
On us who sat below,
I knew he wished the singer folks
Had taken up less time;
It hurried him and rattled him,
About his theme sublime.

I like the good old-fashioned way
We had when we were young;
We, who to-day have heads so gray,
Cracked voice and stammering tongue.
But, oh! the tunes we used to sing,
They soared a wee bit higher,
Than these fine things that startle us
In this new-fangled choir.

Artistic, pa? Is that you, Sam?
You did yourself right proud,
But sonny, please, another time,
Don't grumble quite so loud;
Your mother'd say the same as me
If she had been to church,
And Parson Jones will tell you how
You left him in the lurch.

The sermon and the prayers, my boy,
The reading of the Word,
Are just as necessary as
The singin' like a bird.
Well, there, I'm maybe gettin' old,
But I missed Deacon White;
His raisin' of the tune, for me
Was somehow always right.

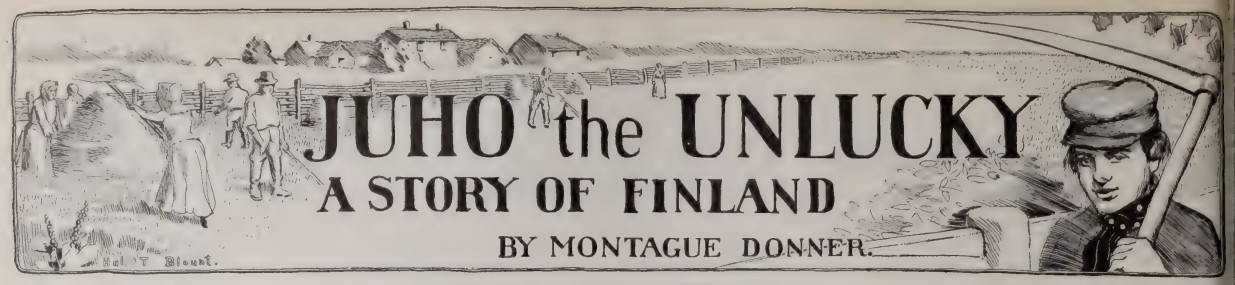
ABNER JENKS.

An Unsuspected Lion in the Way

Much oftener than pastors and church committees, sessions and consistories are aware, young people are deterred from making an open profession of religion, by a dread of the examination they know is before them. They fear they cannot answer questions which may be asked them as to their knowledge, as well as about their faith. "I should not be able to put my belief in words," said a young girl the other day. "It has kept me back from the communion for years, this feeling of terror, in going before the committee." An older woman confessed the same apprehension. That this dread is unreasonable and needless is of course known to Sunday School teachers and ministers, yet it is so often unsuspected, that pains to overcome it are not taken. It has its root, possibly, in a diffidence, possibly in a natural recoil from self-revelation, and possibly, too, in that ignorance of what church membership really implies which is much more general than the worldly-serving fancy. The person who throws aside fear, and steps forward to join the church, is always most cordially met and welcomed, unless, indeed, there be reasonable cause for censure on his or her part. This is extremely unlikely. The minister, who usually has had a preparatory interview, smooths the path of the timid, and so puts questions, that they need no subtle knowledge of theology to answer them aright. The only real indispensable fitness is love for the Saviour, belief in him, and determination by his grace to lead a Christian life and turn away from sin.

Breach of Politeness

Among unmannerly things, a habit of asking direct personal questions which cannot be evaded, and must be answered by an affirmative or a denial, is one of the greatest breaches of etiquette known to good breeding. A parlor is not a court-room, and two people chatting should not be cross-questioned by a cross-examining lawyer and his victim. Yet persons who mean to be polite often violate one of the first laws of courtesy by asking questions about matters which do not concern them. Curiosity is never well-bred, and the inquisitive man or woman who cannot restrain his or her undue interest in a neighbor's affairs is marked as ill-trained socially



JUHO the UNLUCKY

A STORY OF FINLAND

BY MONTAGUE DONNER.

Written Specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

III.

ANTERO'S suspicions had been correct. Juho, whose thoughts dwelt persistently on the maiden left behind in the big farmhouse, with only her mother to keep her company, had been seized with one of the reckless fits that had brought him more than once into collision with the "bonde," and he had determined to take his future into his hands and force the issue with Minna then and there. So, taking the opportunity that presented itself during the luncheon hour, when his companions were scattered in various directions, he slipped off under the lee of the big rocks close to the water, and, entering the woods at a point where he could not be seen from the burning-grounds, he was soon on his way back to the Luhtanen "gard."

When he reached the farmyard he was disagreeably surprised to see a strange wagon under the shed, which circumstance pointed to the presence of visitors who were there to stay overnight, if not longer. In a moment he saw that the purpose of his return would be defeated, and he was smitten with vexation, when it suddenly occurred to him that the Luhtanens' visitor was in all probability none other than the bard Maijala, of whose coming he had been apprised by Paavo.

With a lighter heart, he went briskly up to the door of the cabin, and was about to push it open boldly, when the sound of voices, one of them only too familiar, the other, as far as he could distinguish, that of an entire stranger, caused him to pause, then raise the latch carefully and cautiously push the door slightly ajar. What he saw caused the gathering frown to darken on his face, and a muttered imprecation to rise to his lips. Seated on a bench under the small square window, were Minna and a young man whose appearance and dress at once indicated, not merely a stranger, but a person of a social status somewhat superior to that of the peasantry. The two were engaged in earnest conversation that was evidently of great interest to both, judging from the eager attitude and flowing speech of the youth, and the heightened color and responsive expression of the girl. And, to make matters worse in the eyes of the intruder, there was Bengt Maijala—Maijala himself, on whom Juho had relied as his most important ally—looking on with an expression of smiling approbation!

Maijala, looking round, caught sight of Juho's face in the doorway. He sprang up with a welcoming gesture, and grasping the young man's hand, drew him in.

"Well, Juho, my lad, you delight my eyes before I expected you. I thought you were all at the tar-burning."

Minna had started up with an exclamation of surprise at the sound of Juho's name, and this, with the look of startled inquiry she had cast at him on his unexpected entry, disconcerted him so that he could do nothing but stammer a disconnected reply:

"Yes, so we were—that is, I was there—and now I'm here, you see, as they've almost finished—and I didn't expect to find anyone—that is, you know, strangers—and I had something I wanted to look after here——"

In his confusion, all his fine schemes had suddenly vanished like smoke in the sky, and he stood foolishly twisting his cap round and round in his hands as he looked alternately from Bengt to Minna and back again, while the stranger had risen from his seat and stood looking questioningly at Minna and Juho and the bard in turn. The newcomer turned to Maijala and said, with easy grace, "This gentleman is evidently an old friend of yours; will you not introduce us?"

This was accordingly done, and a few commonplaces exchanged, till Juho found an opportunity to draw Bengt aside and inquire into the identity of his traveling companion, of whom Paavo Saari had made no previous mention.

"Mr. Olaf Nylund is a young musician whom I met just over the Russian border, where he was traveling round studying the popular melodies for some grand opera or something he's going to write. I don't just understand these new-fangled notions about music and mythology and such things that he talks about a great deal, but he's a capital companion, just the same, and he's very glad to listen to my old runes—and to some new ones, too, now and then. And I've made up some pretty good runes, too, in my time——"

"That you have, Bengt, that you have, and you can make a splendid one right here, if you will—one that will live for many a long day among the best you ever composed. Listen, I'll give you an idea."

And Juho proceeded to unfold the story of his feelings for the "bonde's" daughter, together with his plan, in which Maijala was to play so important a part. The bard listened attentively, and after some discussion as to the attitude of the girl herself and that of the father, he promised to do what he could, either that evening or the next, if circumstances should seem propitious.

Bengt did not need any of the reputed magic power of the ancient Finns to perceive that his young friend was not over-pleased to see Minna in such close companionship with the musician, and even if Juho had not requested him to get Olaf out of the way, for the time being at least, he would have found an opportunity to do so in the interest of the young "inhysning." So he very soon called Olaf over to him, and Juho embraced the occasion to ask Minna to come out for a short walk.

"JUHO RUSHED FORWARD AND GRAPPLED WITH THE INFURIATED BEAST"

At first she demurred. "But I must really help mother get the evening meal ready for the others. They will be back in a little while now, and mother is all alone to do the cooking."

Then the feminine promptings of curiosity obtained the mastery, and she continued: "But tell me, what made you come back before the rest? Is anything wrong up there?"

"No, nothing up there," in a tone full of significance.

"Anywhere else, then?"

"Well, no, not exactly; perhaps—that depends upon you."

"Upon me! Why, Juho Wanhala, what do you mean? You are playing at riddles at the wrong hour."

"Do you want to solve this riddle quickly?"

"Oh, I don't know that I'm particularly anxious." This was always Minna's way when Juho appeared to become a little too pressing. She looked at him with an arch smile and a lifting of the eyebrows.

"Minna, I tell you this is real earnest now. There is really something wrong, and it is something nearer home than the burning-grounds, too. If you will go out with me just to the end of the path along the edge of the woods, I will tell you all about it; that is, if you think you can leave your interesting friend over there for a little while," indicating Olaf with a sign of the head.

Minna gave a half-constrained little laugh and blushed slightly. "What is he to me? Silly boy, I do believe you're jealous! Well, well, if it is really so important, I'll go with you; but only to the corner of the field, mind!"

Whether Minna had any inkling of what it was that was on Juho's mind who shall say? At any rate, she manifested only a moderate degree of surprise, together with some annoyance—whether real or pretended Juho could not quite determine—when the young "inhysning" poured out his heart to her. Nor would she give a satisfactory answer, no matter how strenuously he pleaded. In the bitterness of his disappointment, he was ill-advised enough to hint at her infatuation for the young stranger, with whom she had been holding converse before his arrival.

"Now, Juho, you are foolish—downright foolish," she declared, with a touch of petulancy that was no doubt due to the fact that she probably, in her heart of hearts, acknowledged that there was, after all, a grain of truth in the accusation. "And I don't want to hear any more on this subject from you, Juho, you understand?" she continued, with a little toss of the head. "We must be friends—just friends—and that's all."

But Juho persisted. "Minna, I can no longer remain on the old footing with you. Do you think that I am a block of wood, to be near you day after day, and not feel the desire to let my heart speak? Minna, I may be only an "inhysning" at present, only 'Juho the Unlucky,' as you are fond of saying in your bantering way, but I swear to you that I shall before very many years be able to offer you a little home of my own. Minna, don't you see that you are breaking my heart by your refusal to listen to me?"

"But, Juho, what is the use of all this? Have I not told you clearly that I don't care for you well enough to be more than a simple friend to you?"

"But you will, you will care—only say you will not give yourself to anyone else, and I will wait, wait a year, two years—and I am sure I will make you care for me——"

"No, no, Juho, you must not press me like this. Don't be so violent; you frighten me. I can make you no promises——"

"Yes, you must, Minna; I am desperate. I cannot go on living like this, without at least the hope of winning you ere long. You must——"

"*Must*, again! Juho Wanhala, you forget yourself. I will not have you talk to me like this!"

"Ah! you think yourself above me. You would talk to me as Karin does, and reproach me with being a paltry 'inhysning'! No, I am something more, and you know it! I can fight for the future, I can work, and think and put by for a home; but I must have you to work and dream for, Minna—I cannot let you go now—nay, I will not, let your father say what he may!"

"Juho, let go of me! You are hurting me."

"Tell me you will listen to my prayer, then, promise me——"

"Oh! what, what can I promise you? What can I—oh! help, help! Aaro!"

Just then Minna, frightened and fluttering in Juho's half-frenzied grasp, had caught sight of her brother in the van of the returning party, and cried out to him for assistance.

IV.

In a moment Aaro had come rushing up, and a volley of blows were exchanged before the others had time to interpose. Minna fell almost fainting into the arms of her sister, and there was tremendous excitement, with a Babel of cries and counter-cries. Bengt Maijala came hurrying out of the house, and at sight of him there was a sudden cessation of the hubbub, the more so, since the tar-burners had no knowledge of the arrival of a guest they were all wont to revere, and instantly experienced a sensation of shame that such a scene should have been enacted in his presence.

Maijala looked at the shrinking, frightened form of Minna, then at the flushed and scowling faces of Juho and Aaro, and a look of indescribable pain came into his old countenance.

"Juho, Juho, boy, what have you done? Have you no care?" He went up to the youth, and put a hand sadly on his shoulder. Juho dropped his arms by his side and hung his head. He turned silently on his heel and made his way to one of the outhouses, great sobs beginning to shake his frame.

Bengt Maijala turned to the crowd: "My friends," he said, "I had come among you hoping to spend a quiet day or two of happiness with you; but I cannot sing my old runes to you as I had hoped. I will ask your leave to bide the night, now that it is so late, and in the morning I must be on my way again."

There were cries of protest from many quarters, but the bard only shook his head and turned back into the house with a heavy mien. Aaro went muttering into the big common eating and living room, and flung himself down by the great brick stove, where the mother was busy with the pots and pans in preparation for the evening meal.

"Mother" he said, "it's got to come at last. Juho has to get out, or there'll be serious trouble before many hours are past."

Fru Luhtanen had been a spectator of a part of the affray from the window, and although she had no active dislike for the young "inhysning," and had never been to any particular pains to keep her eldest daughter out of his way, her maternal instinct quickly ranged her on her son's side.

"I suppose so, Aaro; though it does seem a pity for the old man and the elder brother, who are good, peaceable, hard-working souls."

Aaro gave a grunt. "We've nothing against them, and they don't need to go," he said. "But if they can't let that young grumbler and hothead go by himself, they'll have to share his lot, that's all. And it'll make it easier for the rest of us, too, for judging by the looks of things at present, it is going to be a question, before many weeks are over, how we are going to face famine and keep the family alive, anyhow, without any extra mouths to feed."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 413

JUHO THE UNLUCKY

Continued from page 412

"I know it. I know it," sighed Fru Luhtanen, looking up at the pieces of hard rye and bark bread, strung up on poles among the rafters. "I'm afraid it won't be long before we shall be eating our famine bread alone! Though God knows I shall miss old Lippo—worthy, peaceable body enough."

The meal went off in embarrassing quiet. Juho did not show himself at all, and Antero, who had sat moody and silent through it all, finally got up from the table and went to seek him. In ten minutes he came back, looking disturbed. He went up to his father, and then to Maijala, who was sitting on a corner of the low brick fire-place, thrumming his *kantele* disconsolately, and whispered in the ear of each. All three went out, and were gone about half an hour. They returned with grave faces.

"Juho is not to be found anywhere," said Maijala, turning to Fru Luhtanen. "We followed his footprints as far as the corner of the fields, at the edge of the woods to the east, and then they disappeared where the rocky ground begins. I fear the lad may have done himself a mischief."

Aaro laughed sneeringly. "Not much fear of that. A man by his word, an ox by his horns! That fellow has too much harm for others brewing in his brain to have any to spare for his own hide!"

"Look here, Aaro," replied Antero, flushing slightly under his well-browned skin, "I've never quarreled with you, and I don't want to, but please keep your ill-tempered remarks about my brother to yourself. I know him much better than you do. So say nothing more, as I would like to respect your mother's presence."

Aaro had a wholesome respect for Antero's prowess, which had been put to the proof on more than one occasion at play and in the hunt, and thought prudence the wisest policy. He merely shrugged his shoulders, stretched his legs, and replied in a pacificatory tone:

"Oh, well, no offense intended to you, Antero. I've no malice against your brother; but I hope you won't mind my saying that it's out of the question for him to stay with us any longer."

"I see that, unfortunately; but that is no reason why I should let him harm himself now if I can do anything to help him. So I'm going down to the tar-burning grounds again, as he may have gone that way."

"Oh, do," exclaimed Karin, who had been sitting silently by, full of conflicting emotions. "If I were a man, I would go with you."

"Karin!" exclaimed her mother, reproachfully. Karin jumped up and hurried out of the room, exclaiming as she went, "I think it's simply horrible," leaving her hearers to put any interpretation on her words that they chose.

"Antero, I'm going with you," said Lippo Wanhala, his voice trembling. "I couldn't rest to-night, and I have to be up at the burning-grounds early in the morning, anyhow."

But his son remonstrated strongly, fearing the effects on his father of the additional excitement and fatigue, and it was finally decided that Aaro, who had by this time recovered from his ill-humor, and who began to share the uneasiness of the Wanhalas respecting Juho's purposes, should accompany Antero on his night search. The two accordingly started off to scour the forest and the river banks.

* * *

We must now return to Juho, whom we left on his way to the friendly shelter of one of the outhouses that surrounded the "bonde's" farmhouse. He sat down on a small boulder that rose from the ground right against the wall of the "bad-stuga," and, burying his face in his hands, gave way to the agony of remorse.

"I have disgraced myself," he moaned; "I have shamed my father and brother, and filled the old bard's heart with sorrow. I have lowered myself in Minna's eyes forever. What have I then to live for?"

For a time the sobs shook his frame convulsively. Then he became quiet, staring with tear-dimmed eyes into the dark shadows of the forest.

He got up and stretched out his arms, as if in appeal to the dumb forces of nature. Then he started blindly forward. Moodily he strode along the little path along the edge of the fields, bordering on the woods, and having reached the rocks at the northeastern corner of the farm-lands, he plunged into the forest. He had a vague idea of ending all his troubles by leaping off the cliffs into the river, close by the tar-burning grounds. He followed a barely perceptible track through the forest, that led eventually into the road not far from the point where the latter began its rise up the incline on which the char-pit had been dug. He had just reached the junction, when, from behind a huge mass of jagged granite rose a form, and a voice called out:

"So here comes the grumbler and shirker, who lets others do the hard work while he goes idling and dreaming around. A nice fellow, isn't he, to live on others, and then shirk the work he should be doing to earn his bed and board! What brings you here at this time of night, prowling around when all honest workers are minding their own business?"

It was Wilho Luhtanen who addressed him in this most unceremonious fashion. In a moment Juho had flung himself upon Wilho and seized him by the throat.

"You villainous slanderer!" he shrieked, rather than cried. "I'll teach you what it is to lie about an honest man, and to insult him to his face. I'll make you regret your words!"

Wilho was overborne by the unexpected rapidity and fury of the attack, and was soon on his back in the dust of the road. He was by no means, however, a contemptible foe, and soon succeeded in extricating himself from Juho's first grasp. A furious struggle for the mastery was under way, when suddenly an unearthly shriek, as of some demoniac spirit, rent the air. The two men loosed each other, and stared at one another with affrighted eyes. As they stood, panting and dishevelled, opposite to each other, a groan, as of a man in mortal agony, was heard, followed by the sound of scuffling at some little distance.

"Oh, God! My father!" exclaimed Wilho. "Something has happened to him."

And he turned to run up the slope, but with a cry of dismay stopped short. A spasm of pain shot across his face. "My knee," he cried, "I have wrenched it. Go on, for God's sake, and see what—"

But Juho needed no urging. A new resolve had seized him, and in a trice he was speeding up the slope toward the charcoal pile, whence he was sure the sounds proceeded.

He saw Matti engaged in a death-struggle with an enormous bear. As he hurried forward, he saw the infuriated animal, with the blood streaming over its breast, deliver a terrific blow that brought Matti to his knees, and knocked his knife out of his hand. In another moment the victorious bear would have crushed the life out of the defenseless man. With a yell that distracted the creature's attention for a moment, Juho rushed madly, recklessly forward, unsheathing his hunting knife as he ran, and with a quick movement drove it up to the hilt under the shaggy monster's upraised forepaw, and grappled with the infuriated beast, pushing it back upon the charcoal oven with the force of his onward rush. In another moment he was in the grasp of the great creature. He felt its warm life-blood gushing out over his head and shoulders; he felt his ribs cracking beneath the awful pressure of those gigantic limbs, and his eyes started out of their sockets. He felt the bear sink back upon the smoking pile and himself being dragged helplessly with it. He had a vague sense of a human form creeping toward him, as the smoke began to fill his nostrils. In the midst of the agony that racked his poor, mutilated body, he mustered up strength enough to murmur:

"You're safe, Matti. I'm glad—never mind me—tell—Minna—I died—because—I—was—no use to—anyone—yes, you're—saved to her—I'm happy—had luck—at last—O, God! happy—at last!—good-bye, father—Antero—good-bye—I'm happy now—don't you—see?—Minna, forgive—it's—all—for—the—best—Min—na!"

And so, Wilho, supported by Antero and Aaro, coming on the scene a half-hour later, found him crushed in the frightful hug of the dead monarch of the Finnish forests, as it lay upon the smoking charcoal oven, with the senseless form of Matti lying a few feet away, with one arm outstretched toward the pile, as if he had made a last desperate effort to reach his rescuer, and draw him from the cruel grasp of the dying bear, and the equally pitiless doom of the white, up-curling smoke.

Sad in very truth was the home-coming that night. Matti indeed recovered, but who shall describe the sorrow that lay in many hearts, tempered only by the thought that the simple annals of Finland's peasant-folk had another hero to add to its rolls? And what great poet may excel in his most famous song the simple, heart-rending pathos which breathed in the rune that Bengt Maijala composed that day in the Finnish peasant cabin over the body of Juho the Unlucky, transfigured to Juho the Happy?

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What was to hinder them from making the money when blueberries grew for the plucking by the waysides, and in the fields. Such beautiful, large berries as are only found in Nova Scotia, but which, in season, folks in Boston must have for their breakfast tables. They picked and sold blueberries, and bought their boy a very handsome Bible, one with large print, that might be easily read.

In India, a dark-eyed, brown-skinned lad pores over the sacred Book they sent him. And when he is older, perhaps he may bear to others the blessed messages which came to him through the little blueberry pickers of the Baptist Sunday School at Forbes' Point, near Yarmouth, who for this and other good deeds they have done, are duly entitled to be called the Nova Scotia Mission Band.

A KING ARRAIGNED

Paul as a Prisoner Exhorting His Judges

By Mrs. M. Baxter

AT his conversion, it was declared that Paul must bear the name of Christ "before kings" (Acts 9: 13). Ere he suffered death for his faith he would stand twice before Nero, the Roman emperor, but first he must stand before Herod Agrippa—the last of the Herods. This king was on a visit to Festus, with his wife Bernice, and Festus mentioned Paul's case to him, and the difficulty he found in framing an indictment against Paul which should convict him of breaking either Jewish or Roman law, showing that what had aggravated the Jews was not any evil-doing on his part, but his assertion that Jesus was alive. "For," he said, "it seemeth to me unreasonable in sending a prisoner not withal to signify the charge against him" (R. V.). Agrippa became interested in this unusual prisoner, and desired to hear him himself. The hand of God was in this. Paul's Master was tried before Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate, but neither of them had convicted him of sin. Paul had been declared innocent of every sin worthy of death by Claudius Lycias, Felix, and Festus, and now it was necessary that Agrippa also should give judgment that Paul was not worthy of death, that Paul might the better represent his Lord in Rome.

Agrippa gave Paul the word, who, with the utmost courtesy, spoke of the happiness it gave him that he might plead his cause before the king, because he was "expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews" (Acts 26: 1-3, R. V.). After alluding to his early life as a strict Pharisee, he said, "Now I stand here to be judged for the hope of the promise made unto our fathers, unto which promise our twelve tribes, earnestly serving God night and day, hope to attain."

How powerful must have been Paul's appeal to King Agrippa! "Concerning this hope I am accused by the Jews, O king! Why is it judged incredible with you if God doth raise the dead?" After this introduction, there was an overwhelming force in the testimony of his call from heaven. There were no half-measures in the hatred of Saul of Tarsus against Christ and his followers, and there were no half-measures in his following career. Paul was a man whose antecedents were well known in Jerusalem and Judea, and the truth of whose statements could be easily proved. No one sought to disprove what he said of his unconverted days. He had been the Pharisee and persecutor he described; the change in him was an undoubted one: he told the supernatural means by which that change took place. But his story, if true, was a proof of the resurrection, and of the fact that Jesus himself was risen, and that he whom the Jews had crucified, was both Lord and Christ; their very looked-for Messiah. If this was so, it meant something for all his hearers. It meant that Festus, Agrippa, and Bernice, must take their places as believers in, or rejectors of, the Jews' Messiah, the Saviour of the world. Paul spoke with this in view, much more than his own justification; he spoke more as a minister and witness of Christ than as a prisoner pleading for his acquittal.

He continues: "Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Here is the main point with us all. When we get a light from heaven, either through the study of the Word of God, or, as with Saul of Tarsus, by some direct light from God by his Spirit as to his Will, there must be an instant decision to obey at all costs; otherwise God is dishonored, the Spirit of God is grieved; and our heart is hardened. It is an unspeakably awful sin to say No, to God. Saul of Tarsus knew what it meant for him. He would lose his position with the chief priests, with his learned friends and with his own family. He would be a nobody in Jerusalem, and among his own people. He would be regarded as a fanatic and a follower of a crucified criminal. But if indeed that One was the Christ, all he would suffer was not worth mentioning.

Paul of Tarsus was "not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but declared both to them of Damascus first, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the country of Judea that they should repent and turn to God, doing works worthy of repentance. "For this cause the Jews seized me in the temple, and essayed to kill me." Having therefore obtained the help that is from God—his life was saved—I stand unto this day testifying both to small and great, saying nothing but what the prophets and Moses did say should come, how that the Christ must first suffer, and how that he first by the resurrection of the dead should proclaim light both to Jews and Gentiles."

Such was Paul's defence, such was the account he gave of his conversion and its results, such was his justification of his ministry among Jews and Gentiles. If he was mistaken, at any rate he had the courage of his convictions, and if he was not mistaken, every man who heard him and all who read this Scripture are sinners against God and against their own souls, if they do not at any cost, turn fully to the Lord and follow him.

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RULES AND PRIZES

Contests are not open to competitors over fourteen years of age. Do not send two solutions. There is no objection to asking the help of others, but each competitor must send in the answers in his or her own handwriting. Should you use paper instead of a postal card, be sure to *write on the envelope in which you enclose your answer "Competition 39."* Write on one side of paper only.

Prizes—For the best answer to Competition 39, a **handsome silver watch,** lady's or gentleman's. For the second best answer, our *Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary;* the third, *School of the Woods,* by William J. Long; for the fourth, *Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny, the Life Story of Two Robins,* an exquisite nature-story by Effie Bignell; illustrated. For the next best answer from each State, territory and Canadian province sending meritorious responses to competitions, a beautiful book as consolation prize.

All answers must be mailed not later than May 18, Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Little Folks' Department,* Bible House, N. Y.

Answers to Competition 34, in our issue of April 8, are: 1. Antioch. 2. Mary. 3. Samaria. At Antioch, the first Gentile Church was established; disciples were first called Christians; thence Paul started on three missionary journeys.

Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of April 8

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of April 8th, **Robert M. Wilhelm,** Howardville, Mo., receives a silver watch; for the second best answer, **Miriam Voltz,** New Orleans, La., receives our *Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary;* for the third, **R. Fain Howell,** Leona, Fla., receives a copy of *How to Know the Wild Flowers,* by Mrs. Wm. Starr Dana; for the fourth, **Arlo Armstrong,** Albany, Oreg., receives a copy of *Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny, the Life Story of Two Robins,* by Effie Bignell. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest:

Allen, Clifton L., Me.
Angell, Martha, Ark.
Bain, Cleve C., R. I.
Baughan, Marie G., Va.
Beale, Jr., G. F., Pa.
Bromley, Elmer, Calif.
Cathers, Mildred B., N. J.
Clark, Ray C., S. Dak.
Daniel, K. E., Wisc.
Eskew, Samuel, Ky.
Gibson, Hettie, S. Car.
Graham, Agnes E., Ont.
Gray, Paul, Kans.
Hamilton, R. M., Wash.
Hicks, Leroy C., Conn.
Johnston, Irene, Can.
Kirven, Olive, Tex.
Lucas, Nellie, Ill.
McDonald, Eileen, Mich.
McDougall, James, Can.
McGibbon, May, Que.
Oertli, Ira, N. D.
Patterson, Elsie, Nebr.
Payne, Nelson, N. Y.
Pember, Susan, Vt.
Powell, Ruth, Tenn.
Rathbun, Kathleen, N. S.
Richardson, Jas., Mass.
Sitz, Walter, Iowa.
Suber, Edith, Ga.
Watson, Samuel R., Mo.
Williams, Clayton, Minn.
Yambert, Fern, O.

POWER AND PRAYER*

The Central Principle of Christianity the Impartation of Divine Strength

EVERY evangelist, teacher and preacher has at some period of his work realized how inoperative are his best efforts. He may have labored with all his mind and soul to prove to his hearers, what is their duty; his logic may be faultless, his arguments unanswerable, his conclusions sound and yet there may be no result. It is disappointing to have an audience listen with perfect agreement, yet without the least disposition to incorporate in the life the lessons inculcated. The Master himself was not without the experience. "Ye call me Lord," he said, "but ye do not the things that I say." One could almost better bear opposition and resistance than this dull, lifeless agreement which produces no action.

Those who have suffered thus, have only to look into their own hearts to understand the phenomenon. Our ever present and individual need is power. We are convinced, we desire the blessing, we even go so far as to resolve, but we have sadly to confess, as did the apostle, that the thing we would, we do not, and the thing that we hate, that we do. The problem is the universal one that presents itself to men of every clime, as it did to our forefathers. How can we translate into act and conduct the resolves of our mind and heart?

The answer is the great central principle of Christianity. Power is given to those who believe. There seems to our minds no clear connection between faith and power, but experience proves that there is. There is a subtle union between natures which come close together in communion. It is even so between friends. The man who has a pure, elevated companion, in whose society he spends much of his time, is braced and invigorated by the influence of his friend. He takes higher, nobler views of life. What then must be the effect of time spent in prayer? No one, who has not tried it, has any conception of the effect of a whole hour passed in conscious communion with the Unseen. There may not be spoken words. The going forth of the heart to God in desire may be in silence, yet there is an elevating effect in contact, which gives not only power in conduct, but power in Christian service.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for May 24. Acts 1: 13, 14; 2: 1-4, 41.

Keep in the Face the Sunshine

THOUGH the clouds of trouble lower,
And the rains of trouble fall;
Though the lightnings of disaster
And its thunders do appal;
Though from happiness and pleasure
You may seem forever part—
Keep in the face the sunshine,
Though there's shadow in the heart!

When the waves of disappointment
Rise high around your soul;
When your ship of life is driven
Fast on ruin's hidden shoal;
When from happiness and pleasure
You are still forever part;
Keep in the face the sunshine,
Though there's shadow in the heart!

For that better time is coming,
In God's own appointed way;
If not the now, the morrow
May be the wished-for day,
When from happiness and pleasure
You'll no more forever part;
Within the face the sunshine
Will be sunshine in the heart.

G. D. L.

Are you a slave to housework?

GOLD DUST

has done more than anything else to emancipate women from the back-breaking burdens of the household. It cleans everything about the house—pots, pans, dishes, clothes and woodwork. Saves time, money and worry.

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.
Chicago. New York, Boston, St. Louis.—Makers of OVAL FAIRY SOAP.

MOST WONDERFUL KEROSENE OIL STOVE MADE

FAR BETTER THAN GASOLINE. EQUAL TO GAS. SAFER AND CHEAPER THAN EITHER. **SAFE AS WOOD OR COAL.** A wickless, odorless, blue flame, large high shelf, big oven, absolutely safe kerosene oil burning range. **DOES AWAY WITH ALL THE DANGER OF GASOLINE STOVES,** which at the best are very dangerous to life and property, costs one-half as much to operate as a gasoline stove, much more simple to operate, less chance to get out of order, gives a more even and better heat, and as a baker is far superior. As simple as an ordinary house lamp and less dangerous; in fact, with this stove explosion is impossible, all danger is removed. Is just as safe as any wood or coal stove and any child can operate it.

THIS IS A GOOD BIG RANGE and will take the place of your steel or cast iron range or cook stove and gives you a cool comfortable kitchen during the hot summer days. Stove top is 17x20¾ inches; height to main top, 26 inches; oven is 18x11½x11½ inches. 2 top burners and 1 oven burner. It is made of black Japanned steel beautifully finished and decorated.

OUR 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER: Our special offer price on this big kerosene oil, wickless range is $13.75, just enough to cover cost of material and labor with only our small profit added; ABOUT ONE-HALF THE PRICE OF A DANGEROUS GASOLINE STOVE THAT COSTS TWICE AS MUCH TO RUN.

YOU CAN SEND US $13.75 or if you prefer, send us $1.00, balance, $12.75 and freight charges, payable after received, and in either case we will send this range to you with the understanding and agreement that you can give it ten days' free trial in your own home and if you do not find it perfectly satisfactory, worth a dozen of the best gasoline stoves made, as satisfactory a baker and cooker as you ever used and the easiest oil stove to handle you ever saw, you can return it at our expense and we will immediately return your money. Order at once, for at our Special Offer Price of $13.75 our factory may not be able to keep up with the orders later on.

WE ARE THE LARGEST STOVE DEALERS IN THE WORLD, our stove foundry is the LARGEST IN THE WORLD. We make and sell all kinds of kerosene oil, also steel and cast iron wood and coal burning ranges, cook stoves and heaters, and all at about ONE-HALF THE PRICES CHARGED BY OTHERS.

OUR FREE STOVE CATALOGUE illustrates and describes all the stoves we make, explains our liberal terms of shipment, our binding guarantee, our many liberal offers, and contains a big picture of our stove foundry, the largest foundry in the world.

OUR STOVE CATALOGUE IS FREE FOR THE ASKING. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.**

"Just Supposin'"

Just suppose **that you knew** for sure that we send you a high grade range—none better at any price—for from $12 to $20 less than your dealer asks you for a range not so good. Would you keep that $12 or $20 in your pocket or would you give it to the dealer? **We do save** our customers that much money and

We Send the Range on 360 Days' Approval Test.

Every range blacked and polished, any man can put it up. Wouldn't it be wise to investigate? Our book No. 103 is free for the asking. Write for it. **We pay the freight.**

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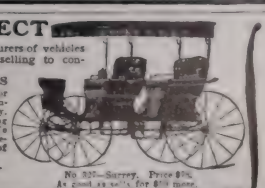
Visitors are always welcome at our Factory.

No. 647—Top Buggy. Price $40. As good as sells for $25 more.



No. 237—Surrey. Price $70. As good as sells for $90 more.

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North Dakota Farm Mortgages

and Guarantee Interest and Principal.

I am able to do this because I have a personal knowledge of every foot of land upon which my loans are made and its fair valuation.

I also have a personal knowledge of the habits of the party making the loan and his ability to meet his obligations.

I would be glad to have you make the most careful and scrutinizing search of my record—find out whether I will do just as I agree to or not. I will assist you in every way, or would be glad to have you inquire through any source not proposed by me. You will find me safe, honorable, reliable and responsible. I will personally see to it that you do not regret making an investment in North Dakota, if you make it through me.

I refer, BY PERMISSION, to the following parties, all of whom are liberal purchasers of my mortgages:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, - - - Lisbon, N. D.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, - - - Fargo, N. D.
HARLAN W. PAGE, - - - Northfield, Minn.
Financial Secretary Carleton College.
S. M. PEDRICK, Treasurer Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.
GEORGE L. FIELD, Prest. First Nat. Bank, Ripon, Wis.
WM. H. FIELD, - - - - Port Chester, N. Y.

I own and offer the following gilt-edge farm mortgages, to net purchaser 5 per cent. per annum:

$2,500, 5 years	$1,400, 5 years
2,000, 5 years	1,000, 5 years
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Interest and principal collected without expense. Remittances in New York exchange. For further information address

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Investment Banker,
Lisbon, North Dakota.

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WHITE MOUNTAIN
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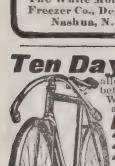

allowed on every bicycle bought of us before purchase is binding.

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New 1903 Models

"Bellise,"	complete	$8.75
"Cossack,"	Guaranteed High Grade	$10.75
"Siberian,"	a beauty	$12.75
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LARGEST Nursery.
FRUIT BOOK free. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly
STARK BRO'S, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc

HOSPITALITY FOR THE LITTLE ONES

"CAN you take this child to the country this summer?" The speaker handed our Fresh-Air worker a slip bearing this: "Richard D——.; delicate boy of twelve. Small, half-starved. Needs country air, care and good food." Richard will be an early guest at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home this summer. Earnest appeals for outings for children of the tenements come from many workers among the poor. Every year the slums, dense with teeming thousands; the children in the crowded, wretched abodes suffer more from fierce heat, evil odors and other ills common to such miserable, suffocating quarters. It is the part of Christian kindness for all in happier ease, to stretch helping hands to little ones who have not enough even of God's pure air; and every summer, since our Children's Home opened, our readers have co-operated nobly and generously with us in bringing health, comfort and some measure of childish pleasure into these crowded little lives.

We try to choose the very poorest, neediest, most neglected waifs that we can find. Yet multitudes of our children belong to very worthy and respectable families. Sometimes, a workingman, who has by honest toil kept the wolf from his door, falls ill or dies. The cozy little home, sustained by his slender income, is threatened now. Even a kind landlord cannot forbear forever when rents fall due; a grasping one will not. A fear of a dispossession hangs over the troubled wife and mother; her little ones are hungry—sometimes neglected—for she is nurse, housekeeper and bread-winner, all in one; perhaps, they, too, fall sick. It is not charity, but simply brotherly duty to help such an one. In what way can she better be aided than by taking the whole little brood off her hands, carrying them to the country and keeping, or making, them well and strong?

Sometimes, a poor widow supporting her family by her needle, herself falls ill, and must be carried to a hospital. Pending her recovery, what better can be done than take the children to Mont-Lawn? It is not charity; it is but making use of Christian privilege when we do this. All the children in the picture on this page were guests at one time last summer at Mont-Lawn. Through no fault of her own, the worthy mother was temporarily much embarrassed—just the measure of help afforded by sympathizing friends in fresh air work tided her over hard places until a better time came in her affairs. Fresh-air relief (which is simply the extension of Christian care and hospitality to little children who need it), may be a help to sensitive people who would shrink from other aid.

SOME FRESH-AIR GUESTS—A WORTHY FAMILY

Sadder cases are little ones from evil homes; from homes made wretched by drink-crazed parents. On all sides childhood in dumb-anguish looks appeal even when lips do not plead, "Please, may we go to Mont-Lawn?" Will you who read help us to answer, "Yes?" Only $3 gives one child an outing of ten days at Mont-Lawn; $6 sends two; $9 three; $12 four; and so on; $21 supports a cot for the season. All contributions sent to this paper will be promptly acknowledged. Gifts of clothing (anything a child can wear will be welcome), should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Charming Book for Girls†

IN the old days there used to be week-day books and Sunday books. All week-day books and newspapers were put away on Saturday night, and on Sunday it was only the very best literature that dared to show itself upon the tables.

Janet Ward, novel though it is, might have remained out. It is a book for girls and, so it happens, the first novel ever written by that loved and famous journalist, Margaret E. Sangster. The story concerns a girl of to-day—a very charming girl—and the event of her college career, of her work among the mountain whites of Tennessee, and afterwards among the poor of New York, will appeal to the interests of a wide circle of readers. In the book you discover many passages of the kind you like to read aloud.

"Mothers have more to sacrifice than girls dream, when they send their daughters away. The college class-room is the unseen battle-ground where some mothers, as well as many daughters, fight the good fight and win the victory."

"One's mercies sometimes use up and challenge us, filling us with compunction at the base way we take them for granted."

"To giggle at nothing, for the pure pleasure of being alive—this is one of girlhood's monopolies."

"There is always an unspoken feeling that the pastor is the head servant of the parish."

"Everybody knows the flat taste of a life that is without the savor of congenial occupation."

"One may plan for herself, and ask advice of her friends, and lead an anxious life lest her plans miscarry, while all the time events are shaping themselves in ways better than one has dared to hope."

"Most true women are captivated by masterfulness in man. Few brides wish the word, 'obey,' omitted from the marriage ceremony."

"The home where the man has to dread the weird of a drunken wife, is a hundred times worse and more like a pit, than the home to which a drunken husband brings woe and terror. The latter is a home desecrated indeed, but the former is a sanctuary profaned."

"A home is ideal only as it is the home of a single family. No household is equipped for tranquil living when an outsider enters its doors."

"Occasionally in this strange world of ours, it happens that a bigger trouble comes along and blunts the edge of several smaller ones."

Book Received

The Roots of Christian Teaching, as Found in the Old Testament, by George Aaron Barton, A.M., Ph.D., is published by the John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. It is written specially for the use of those who desire to study the Old Testament devotionally. Pp. 275; cloth binding. Price $1.25.

†*Janet Ward*. By Margaret E. Sangster. Fleming H. Revell, New York. Price, $1.50.

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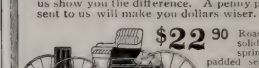
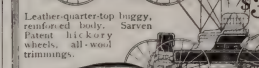


$22.90 Road Wagon, solid panel spring back, padded seat sides, spring cushions.

Leather-quarter-top buggy, reinforced body. Sarven Patent hickory wheels, all-wool trimmings. $33.90



$38.50 Young man's fancy buggy, long-distance axles, four-bow leather-quarter-top, storm apron and curtains, a nobby rig.

Our "Brown Beauty," new pattern upholstering, brown panel on sides of body, red gear, a stylish, substantial buggy. $42.50

$55.90 "Sterling" Phaeton, strong, yet light, roomy and comfortable, high seat, sides and back, good materials throughout.

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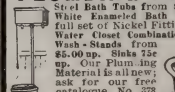

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Macbeth makes the good ones.

His name on every one.

If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

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Simple? Yes
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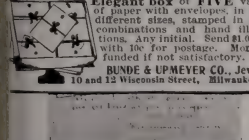

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e names and addresses of these Cash Buyers you can get in full in r monthly U. S. REAL ESTATE JOURNAL. These cash buyers are ated throughout the United States and Canada. Get our Journal d write to them, and sell your property yourself. If the buyers' dresses are not in our Journal, we will refund your money. Yearly bscriptions $1.00. The first Journal may make or save you many llars in buying or selling. Sample Journal 25 cents each.

. S. Real Estate Journal, 55 House Block, Ilion, N.Y.

The White Rose Home

A Social Settlement for Negro Working Girls

MRS. VIRGINIA EARLE MATTHEWS

THE story of the White Rose Mission, founded by Mrs. Virginia Earle Matthews, is not unknown to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. The White Rose was planted, six years ago, when Mrs. Matthews, with a few other colored women, undertook to apply the social settlement idea to the most ignorant and depraved class of negroes in New York. The children were drawn into the kindergarten, and effort was made to shelter and teach colored girls and women, and to influence them to lead a pure life; encouragement was given to honest working girls to remain honest, and protection and help provided for the friendless stranger just arrived until she could find work with respectable employers. The idea was God-given; but with no one at hand to help, except by personal service, the way was one of struggle for the settlement, in its three dingy rooms in East Ninety-seventh street.

After five years of what seemed to be hopeless striving, Mrs. Matthews made an appeal which was not in vain. A few earnest white women, inspired by the desire and purpose to help, became patronesses of the work, and one benevolent lady gave for a considerable term the rent of the house, 217 East Eighty-sixth street, where the White Rose Home for Working Girls is now located. Others furnished it. The basement is used for the cooking classes and kindergarten; on the walls are Scripture texts and mottoes. Everything is extremely neat. The kitchen is always in perfect order. On the first floor is the parlor. Here the girls are allowed to receive their friends at suitable hours. Some industrious young women have paid for a piano out of their hard earnings. There is a flourishing mandolin club. The back parlor is used for the weekly religious meeting. There is, too, a weekly mothers' meeting, and children are taught basket weaving; boys have lessons in chair caning. On the second floor is Mrs. Matthews' private office, where she receives any one interested in the work, and here she carries on her correspondence. In the back room, and in a dormitory on the third floor, are fourteen neat iron bedsteads, covered with white counterpanes. These beds are always occupied, and there is demand for more. The charge is fifty cents a week for a bed; and girls are allowed to cook for themselves in the basement, buying materials outside, or having it supplied at very low cost by the Settlement. Mrs. Matthews' sister is matron.

Lately an Employment Bureau, which undertakes to supply competent servants, has been organized; a fee is asked of employers seeking its service. A class has also been formed for making delicacies for the sick, and for fine diet-cooking, so much needed in nursing. Dressmaking, and sewing are taught.

The object of the mission is to confer the benefits of an industrial school, with the protection of a home. Mrs. Matthews personally meets the steamships on their arrival at this port, and she has enlisted the good offices of the police in guarding unsuspicious girls who, on their arrival, might be carried away by unprincipled men, professing to be employment agents. Her kindly hand and sympathizing heart has saved many a wayfarer. From the White Rose Home they may go into service at once, or remain there three months, taking the housework course, which includes instruction in cooking, in making beds, washing dishes, setting tables, serving meals, and laundry work. Fine laundry work is a specialty.

The work is undenominational, and dependent upon voluntary contributions. Any inquiries will be answered by Mrs. Virginia Earle Matthews, White Rose Home for Working Girls, 217 East Eighty-sixth street, New York City.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

Another Native Filipino Evangelist

IT is cheering to learn of the excellent progress the Gospel is making in Manila and its suburbs. Evangelist Nicolas Zamora and his corps of native workers are very ably supplementing and extending the efforts of the various American missionaries. Recently there appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD brief sketches of two of Pastor Zamora's associates, who have been put into the field by the contributions of our readers. To-day we print a letter from another, Joel Bautista, who is also doing faithful service for Christ among his fellow-countrymen. He writes:

In your last letter to the Rev. Nicolas Zamora you requested an account of the circumstances of the conversion of each one of the persons nominated for preachers under the direction of Rev. Nicolas Zamora. I am one of those.

From 1889 until 1898, I served as sacristan at the cathedral in the city of Manila, and during that time, as a good Christian, "according to the Roman Church" followed all her rules, because I then believed that only through her could salvation be attained. One day, however, while in the home of the parish curate of the church in which I served, Senor Don Paulino Zamora, brother of the curate, came, full of joy because of the expiration of the period of his deportation (for the sole crime of having a copy of the Bible), bringing with him the good news of the Saviour. He was the first to bring (of course in secret) during the time of the Friars, copies of the Holy Scriptures, or Bible.

He called me to him, and told me those words of our divine Saviour in the Gospel of John 14: 6, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." That same day he presented me with a copy of the New Testament. I soon afterward saw the errors of Roman Catholicism, and also that I had been in darkness for many years.

Two months after the arrival of the Americans, and their taking possession, Rev. James B. Rodgers became the first pastor of the Presbyterian Mission in these islands. From him, in company with all the family of the above mentioned Sr. Paulino Zamora, I received baptism on the 17th of October, 1898. One of this family is at present Rev. Nicolas Zamora. From 1899 until the present date I have been a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I desire to express many thanks for the favors which you and our brothers in America are showing to us. It is my prayer that God, through the mediation of his beloved Son, may always bless both you and your efforts. JOEL BAUTISTA.

A Little Boy's Letter

Dear Christian Herald:—My sister and I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and my mother too. My mother always teaches us the lesson well. She says THE CHRISTIAN HERALD explains the lesson better than any other Sunday School help she gets hold of. WILL A. HARTMANN.

Rockwall, Texas.

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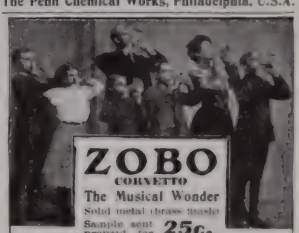

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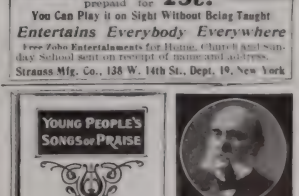

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THE GOSPEL ON THE FROZEN DEEP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 405

stays all the year. Fog is very prevalent, especially on the southern portion of the coast. Anchorages are poor, owing to the rocky nature of the bottom, and the lead-line little help, as the depths vary from a hundred fathoms to a few feet in a hundred yards, often enough. In many places, one can strike the bowsprit on the cliffs before taking up on the keel. Thus, we are not so ashamed of the fact that we have had accidents to our mission boats, and to counterbalance it we can claim to have salved quite a number of sailing craft, and at least one large steamer.

"In 1896, realizing the hopelessness of treating so many diseases, the result of poverty alone, and having learned by bitter experience that the doling out of promiscuous charity was no remedy for that disease, we decided to attack the root of the evil, viz: the truck system. We opened a cash co-operative store in South Labrador, the people putting into the capital whatever they could afford. This move has been an unqualified success. There are now five stores of the same kind scattered along the coast, and though all crude and the creation of men absolutely untrained to business methods, they pay their way; they have in places nearly halved the prices of the necessities of life, have inculcated thrift, and have so improved the condition of the settlers around, that want of essentials in their neighborhood is almost unknown now. Houses are improved, and children, being better clad, can go to school.

"We now possess also a seventy-ton schooner, which serves all the stores, carrying freights of goods down, and of fish, seals, and oil up to St. Johns.

"To try and increase the wage-earning capacity of the people in the most populous and poorest portion of our district, we have taken a grant of timber land, and erected a steam lumber mill. For women we have introduced, especially north, an embroidery industry, as yet, alas, on a small scale. We procure for them silk, embroidery cotton, beads, and lining material. With these the people make of smoked deerskin, of sealskin, of feathers or damaged furs, many little useful embroidered pouches, cushions, caps, letter-cases, etc., which we endeavor to sell for them. Indeed, the doctors are always teaching methods of endeavoring to put to remunerative purposes, things and time, formerly thrown away as useless.

"Being myself strongly convinced of the great value of public games, we have introduced football in many places, and started the young—and even the old folk—turning their attention away occasionally from the grindstone, and occupying spare times in the long, idle winter evenings, when much of the devil's work on the coast is done, by having club-rooms opened all the winter.

"Our ideal as Christian workers is to stand in the same relationship to every aspect of our people's lives, that we believe our Master would, if he were here to-day; and so, by diffusing the fragrance of the knowledge of him in every place, reflecting, however feebly, that great love, faith in which we are anxious to instil as the true and only source of salvation in this world, as well as the next. Not by precept, but by practice, is the message of the Gospel to be conveyed to those whom constant contact with the hard things of life has compelled to test things by their utility. The fisherman's philosophy is comprised in the results of his own observation. 'Here,' he says, 'is Bill. I see what he is; I know what he was. What has worked the change? He was as weak as I am; now how strong and good he is! Will the thing that has changed him change me?' That is the way they look at things and think about them. With nothing between him and a lea shore but half a mile of breakers, with nothing between him and eternity but a deal plank, the fisherman does not concern himself about theological niceties, but yearns for a God who will hear his prayer, and wants to know whether he can, as a fisherman, start to serve and follow that God without making such a failure of it as to bring upon him the reproach of hypocrisy, which is of all things the thing most hateful to a sailor.

"They are men with strong passions. Their life is made up of periods of monotony, broken by periods of utter freedom and license. There comes the great trial of their lives. The mission tries, and is succeeding, in driving out the devil's agents which have so long preyed on these men, and it has found that the only way is by providing better things for them, and placing them within their reach. Of course such work is expensive. The hospitals afloat and ashore on the Labrador coast cost twenty thousand dollars a year. Nor is the money the only cost. During the twenty-two years of the mission's work, fourteen vessels with their crews have been lost. It is sorrowful, but without loss no crown was ever won. We are encouraged by the changes we have seen in the men. They appreciate our help; they regard us as their friends; they know we are disinterested, and are trying to do them good. We need the help of the Christian public. We willingly risk our lives and gladly bear the hardships of the life, but we want money to meet the expenses. Any gifts sent for the work to R. Lewis Morris, care Messrs. Thomas Nevius & Son, 45 Wall St., New York, or to Dr. W. T. Grenfell, St. Johns, Newfoundland, will be heartily welcome."

PUBLIC WORSHIP*

A Means of Grace Contributing to the Development of Spiritual Life

FROM the beginning to the end of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the author brings into vivid contrast the position of the Christian with the Jew. Whether the epistle was written by Paul, as our version has it in its superscription, or by Apollos, as many believe, or by some author whose name has been lost, matters little to us now. It is evident that whosoever it was, the man was a scholar deeply versed in Jewish law and tradition. No Christian can read the epistle without devout thankfulness for the privileges of this dispensation, and a profound admiration for the skill with which the evolution from the Jewish to the Christian dispensation is traced. If any one supposes that the Christian is under obligations less stringent than was the Jew, or that the righteousness demanded of him is of a lower order, this espistle undeceives him. It shows that the shadow has become the substance, the privileges are higher and closer, and the obligations more binding.

One of the obligations defined is the attendance on public worship. It is true that now no ornate temple service is provided. There are now no sacrifices, no ancient ritual, but instead, there is spiritual communion and a spiritual blessing that even the gorgeous temple rites failed to give. The worshiper is no longer thrilled with awe, but he approaches nearer to the Divine presence and becomes one with the spirits of just men, made perfect, and with the innumerable company of angels. He enters the inner circle, in which the goodness of God and his love and tenderness are felt, instead of terror at his majesty and power. There is therefore stronger reason for the Christian's presence than the Jew could have felt.

It is doubtful, however, whether the Christian feels, as did the Jew, the obligation to be in his place in the sanctuary when God is worshiped. Yet there are many reasons why he should be there. There is a contagion of feeling that is helpful. The atmosphere is changed by the presence of many people having the same object in view. Mere contact has an influence which we cannot explain, but which is very real. Besides this, there are revelations of God's presence in his house that we get nowhere else, and there is, more than all, the sense of a common membership, a fellowship and comradeship which are a spiritual tonic to the soul. However close and sweet are the exercises of the closet, he misses much whose place in the public assembly is unnecessarily and frequently vacant.

*Topic of the Epworth League for May 24. Heb. 12: 20-25.

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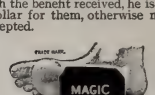

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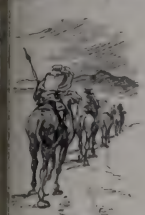
QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM CXXI
Traveler's Psalm

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. 2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.



"UNTO THE HILLS"

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. 4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. 5. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

. . .

Queer folk are they who live as if this world were home. It is not: we are pilgrims, and as the doorway of birth opened to let us in to the doorway of death will open to let us out. It will soon swing, sooner, maybe, than we think. This Psalm is for the passage through and the journey we make by land and sea. People who look to the hills for help, get it, and day and night are preserved. This is a good Psalm for sour saints.

PSALM CXXII
Jerusalem Psalm

1. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

"WITHIN THY GATES"

2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

. . .

"Jerusalem!" the old, where He walked and talked and died. "Jerusalem" the new, where He has gone to prepare a place for us. Folk of old trusted, and after long waiting He came. Now we trust, and after due waiting shall go to Him. With sin, the old Jerusalem has lost its glory; the Holy City without sin, will never fade or dim.

PSALM CXXIII
Look Up Psalm

1. Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens 2. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

"AS THE EYES OF SERVANTS"

. . .

If you want to be miserable—look within. If you want to be disturbed—look about you. If you want to be happy—look up. The scorn and contempt of the proud will serve us well, if thereby we are made to lift our eyes from them to God. People walk the way they look. Let us keep our eyes on heaven.

PSALM CXXIV
Second Deliverance Psalm

2 If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, 3. Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. 4. Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul. 7. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

"THE WATERS HAD OVERWHELMED US."

. . .

All the "Deliverance Psalms" will never be published. Sea and soil alike are filled with material for their working, and daily, yes hourly, answered prayer would make another CXXIV. Psalm. If men rise up against the children of God, God will arise in his strength to help his own. For "Israel" in the Palm, many a saved soul could substitute his own name.

"The Lovely Pictures"

O Fall the lovely pictures, to your silken skirt sewn
You ask us which is loveliest, we know with good intent.
While of the ten in number, 'tis hard for us to tell
Though some may think it easy and can do it very well

The lovely panels "Innocence," "The Mother and her Child,"
Have a look of tender beauty, that is delicate and mild

While the "Gossips" and "The Evening Time," have both a place somewhere,
And good companions are they for "Starting to the Fair."

The beautiful "Two Families" should be most true to life,
They drive away from every mind the very thought of strife.

And then "The Arab Warriors" is rare and fine indeed,
Like Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," it truly paints each steed.

The wonderful "Chrysanthemums" appeal so much to me,
I almost feel that I should say, they are my choice to be.

But I have found another, "The Lost Sheep in the Storm,"
A picture, touching, beautiful in every part and form.

We grieve for those snow-driven beasts so helplessly in need.
Their woes must surely find a place in every heart indeed,

For sure the picture teaches the lesson of the Cross,
And the way of safety for the soul from an eternal loss.

Some of the Master's chosen who've wandered far astray
Are caught by bitter tempests and cannot find their way,

But the Cross is there to guide them and they are homeward bound,
The angels sing rejoicing because the lost are found.

SARA E. WOOD.

Above pictures free to every subscriber.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A. P., St. John, N. B., writes:

I was in great distress of mind over a lost opportunity. I felt I could not go on with my life. I lost interest in my studies, in everything around me; all I could think of was this one terrible regret. Every chance I could get I prayed, although it seemed a hopeless thing. The darkest day of all, when I was in a state of despair, the answer came.

J. E. M., N. Dak., writes:

I have had answer to prayer in regard to a wayward son.

R. Y. R., Holyoke, Mass., writes:

I asked the dear Lord for a new heart and a right spirit, and he has answered, and filled me with his love, and done abundantly above all that I thought or asked.

I. H. N., Decatur, Texas, writes:

My first direct answer came when I was nine years old; and the answers have been coming all these years. I am now in middle life. When only eighteen, I began to pray daily for the conversion of my young associates; all of them have come to Christ.

A King's Daughter, West Derry, N. H., writes:

I have been praying that a dear friend would give his heart to Christ. The prayer is answered.

Mrs. L. J. L., Ansonville, N. C., writes:

I had a very hard task to perform; I took it to God in prayer, and he helped me.

A. R. H., Niles, Mich., writes:

The Lord has heard me, and my husband, for whom I've prayed for more than twenty years, now asks God daily to guide him through the rest of his life.

I. L. S., Washington, D. C., writes:

We were under quarantine, and a dear one was low. I cried unto the Lord to help us and to spare the dear one and give me strength to endure. Almost immediately a friend who had had the dread disease, came to our aid; and soon, he said, "The worst is over." God spared the dear one, and brought us all out of the fiery furnace of affliction as strong as we went in.

J. G. M., Castleton, Ills., writes:

One day, when all was very dark I happened to pick up THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and saw "Answered Prayers." After reading, I was much encouraged. That night as I prayed, something seemed to tell me not to be afraid, but trust; that God was going to hear me and save my dear one. Although many other dark days came I felt that I need not worry. It is well with our loved one now. God brought her back to us.

S. E., New Kensington, Pa., writes:

It has been my comfort to take all my trials, even the small, everyday affairs, to my Father in heaven, as I have received help as in large issues of life. Only last week I received an answer to a prayer that I have been making constantly for almost a year.

Rose Tift, Kalamazoo, Mich., writes:

My burden seemed too great to bear,
I took it to the Lord in prayer.
Free from the gracious answer came—
All glory to the Father's name!

C. T., Citronelle, Ala., writes:

I have found that God not only answers prayer regarding what seems to be important matters, but in the little things pertaining to our daily lives. I am naturally afraid of thunder and lightning. Last night I was alone during a terrible storm. I prayed to be kept from fear and nervousness, and the prayer was answered.

R. T. H., York, Neb., writes:

My soul was full of doubts and darkness. I prayed to God and he gave me light.

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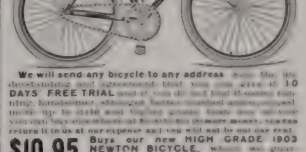

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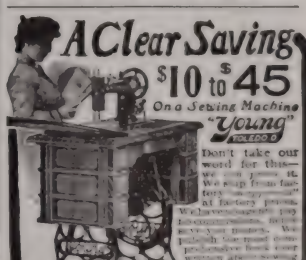

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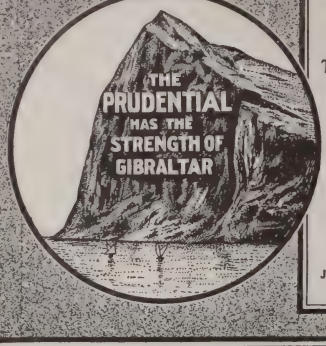

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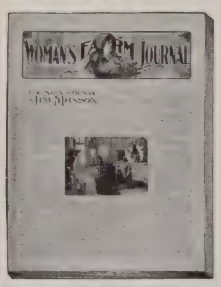

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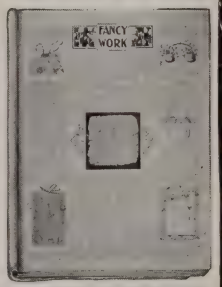

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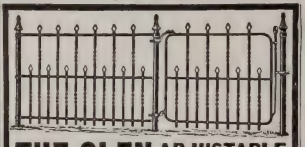

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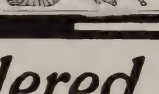

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NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1903

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SEE PAGE 435

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11 Sicilian Hymn
12 Hold the Fort
13 Just as I am
14 America
15 Antioch
16 O to be over yonder
17 What hast Thou done for me
18 He leadeth me
19 I love to tell the story
20 The home over there
21 Is my name written there
22 Almost Persuaded
23 Where is my boy to-night
24 Bringing in the Sheaves
25 Let the lower lights be burning
26 Only an armor bearer
27 I will sing of my Redeemer
28 He will hide me
29 Pull for the Shore
30 Precious Name
31 Christmas
32 Hark, the herald angels sing
33 Harwell
34 Hendon
35 Manoah
36 Pleyel's Hymn
37 Zion
38 Warwick
39 Abide with me
40 Dennis
41 I hear Thy welcome voice
42 Even me
43 Watchman tell us of the night
44 St. Martin's
45 Federal Street
46 Hursley
47 Mozart
48 Webb
49 Bowen
50 Geneva
51 St. Catherine
52 Luton
53 Brownell
54 Hummel
55 Paradise
56 Wilson
57 Repose
58 In the silent midnight-watches
59 Portuguese Hymn
60 Wellesley
61 Rathbun
62 Come ye disconsolate
63 Belmont
64 Finnish National Hymn
65 What a friend we have in Jesus
66 Church
67 Rock of Ages
68 Sweet Hour of Prayer
69 Beautiful Valley of Eden
70 Greenville
71 Old Hundred
72 Pass me not
73 Jesus, lover of my Soul
78 Beulah Land
79 I'm a Shepherd of the Valley
80 Shall we meet beyond the river
81 We shall meet beyond the river
82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aleta
85 I am praying for you
86 More love to Thee, O Christ
87 Go bury thy sorrow
88 Whosoever will
89 Softly and tenderly
90 All the way my Saviour leads me
91 Rescue the perishing
92 Follow on
93 Come, Great Deliverer, come
99 Onward go
100 We're marching to Jesus
601 To the work
602 Only a step to Jesus
603 Knocking, Knocking
604 Thy Servant I will be
605 From Heaven I am coming
606 Be Joyful O my soul
607 It is now time
608 Thank Almighty God
609 Carried by the Angels
610 Move Forward
611 Some sweet day
612 Somewhere to-night
613 Wait and murmur not
614 Come, Spirit, come
615 Hiding in the Rock
616 When my Saviour I shall see
617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
620 Draw me closer to Thee
621 Seeking for me
622 Lebanon
623 The Garden of the Lord
624 Duane Street
625 Saul
626 Walk in the light
627 Sabbath
628 Balerma
629 Marlow
630 The Prodigal Child
631 Autumn
632 Leighton
633 When Jesus comes
634 Shall we gather at the River
635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
645 In the shadow of His Wings
646 Safe to Land
647 Will you meet me
648 The Story Never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath Home
651 At the Door
652 Little children, you may come

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See Special Offer Above

The Christian Herald Book Department, Bible House, New York City

NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A LADY OF RANK — MR. BEALS AND HIS MISSION HOUSE-BOAT — ISLAND PAGODA ON THE CHAO RIVER — A CHINESE MATRON

Giving Up Their Heathen Temples

CHINESE WON BY CHRISTIAN KINDNESS—AID SENT TO THE KWANGSI PROVINCE SUFFERERS

HINA is a land of vast areas, and one in which everything moves slowly. When the wave of famine and pestilence rolled over the empire, in the wake of the Boxer rebellion, it began in northern provinces, and gradually spread east, west, th. A whole year or more it raged in the provinces Shansi and Shensi, making havoc among the popula- n. Then it was felt with great severity along the ley of the river Yangtse-Kiang, from Shanghai west- rd.

n the relief work which was instituted and conducted China during the famine at the time, the readers of IE CHRISTIAN HERALD took an active and promi- nt part. Their generous aid, warded to the Missionary Com- ttee through this journal, was the ans of saving thousands of lives Shensi, Shansi, Pe-chi-li, Shan- ng, Kiangsu, and other prov- es, especially in the two first med.

Now the news comes, through table dispatch to the State De- rtment in Washington, that the nine, still traveling slowly ıthward, has reached the prov- e of Kwangsi. Hon. Robert -Wade, United States Consul Canton (about one hundred les from the borders of Kwang- recently telegraphed to the epartment, saying that starving rents were killing their chil- en, and asking aid in behalf the people. The Editor of IE CHRISTIAN HERALD made quiry of the State Department, nich gave assurances of the nuineness of the case presented Consul McWade. For the pur- se of obtaining still further in rmation, a cablegram of inquiry s sent by THE CHRISTIAN ERALD to the Consul, which omptly brought the following swer by cable:

CANTON, May 5.

HRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

One hundred and fifty thousand rving Kwangsi district, in area of ree hundred miles. Famine in- easing. American help urgently sought. Relief will be properly tributed by American and English ssionaries through me.

[Signed] McWADE.

Immediately on the receipt of this message, the sum five thousand dollars was sent by THE CHRISTIAN ERALD to the State Department at Washington, to forwarded by cable to Consul McWade, and ap- ed in the relief work. Hon. Francis B. Loomis, As- tant Secretary of State, replied as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 7, 1903.

Louis Klopsch, Esq., Editor The Christian Herald:—I am receipt of your esteemed favor of May 6, enclosing certi- d check for $5,000, payable to the order of the Secretary of ate, for the relief of famine sufferers in the province of vangsi, China. I beg leave to thank you for this hand- ne and timely contribution, and I have pleasure in saying that I have to-day cabled the Consul-General, Mr. McWade, at Canton, instructions to draw on the Department of State at sight for the full amount of the contribution. Our Consul-General at Canton will be further instructed to report the details of the situation, and to account for his disbursement of the relief funds.

From another section of China, where, a little over a year ago, the famine raged in all its intensity, we have news of a different and more cheerful character. The Rev. Z. Charles Beals, American missionary in Wuhu, writes as follows, concerning the Gospel work there:

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Your welcome letter of December 22 to hand yesterday. Many, many thanks for it and for the check. After looking over the needs of the field I decided it was most needed in the Bible school. I had two or three young men who were in need, so this amount will keep two of them in the school, paying all expenses for three months. These two are very happy because THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has sent them the money for their expenses.

The Lord has blessed us wonderfully the past year. When we reached here a little over a year ago, we were confronted with the flood refugees and no church buildings, but now we are well provided for in that line.

This province of An-Way has been opened to the Gospel for over thirty years, and to-day we have about fifty missionaries working in it. Wuhu is the only treaty port in the province. We have counted as many as twenty-five great ocean steamships here loading with rice at one time. This province produces more rice than any other two provinces in China. Wuhu is also the headquarters for all the missionary societies working in this province. Supplies are received here and forwarded into the interior by native house-boats. The population of the province is estimated at 30,000,000, and there are sixty-eight large walled cities. This gives each missionary a parish of 600,000 each for his own!

When we returned to China at the close of the year 1901, we found the refugees of the great Yang tse flood crowded into Wuhu and dying with hunger. I was soon elected on the Relief Committee, to distribute THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other relief moneys. Some special funds were sent to me direct, and these I used in leveling off our lot and building a church, using the most needy of the refugees. We had about two hundred men to work three months completing our church before the refugees returned home. This church was dedicated to the worship of God on June 28, 1902. We had an old temple given us at the same time. This we moved up to the rear of the church, and use it now for our Bible school.

We followed up the refugees across the mighty Yang tse, after they left Wuhu, and soon we secured a Mission house in Chao Hsien, a very ante-foreign city, about fifty miles north of Wuhu and in the flooded belt. The Lord has broken down the opposition to the Gospel through the liberality of the foreigners in distributing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund among them, so that this past year they gave us a hearty welcome. The people flocked in to our meetings, and among them many of the refugees, who were awakened at Wuhu, now came out fully for the Lord. To-day we have there a church membership of thirty-five. Only think, a year ago, these same people were bowing down to wood and stone! Besides the members, we have as many more who are preparing for baptism, and more are inquiring the way.

This congregation is praying for a church to accommodate the people who are coming to hear the Gospel. They are poor and cannot raise all of it, but they say they can give half if I can raise the other half. I was only too glad to see this spirit, and I want to encourage it by trying to raise for them the amount needed. Some friend of your readers are led to give for this noble work, please let them send it to your care. I would like to see a church there as large as our Wuhu church.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS IN FRONT OF THE BIBLE SCHOOL, WUHU, CHINA

We have now a circuit of about 150 miles, with four stations, and a membership of 84. We have baptized 50 the past year, and we hope for greater things this year. We generally go on our journeys in a Chinese house-boat on the Yang tse and Chao Rivers. The Chao empties into the Yang tse at Wuhu. It is a small river and has no steamers, but the scenery is very pleasing to the eye. Many pretty pagodas are dotted here and there along its banks. The river is always crowded with boats.

Let me urge upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers the importance of mission work in this great province. The fields are white and ready for the harvest, but the laborers are few. Pray that God may send us many more workers here, and help us push the work far into the interior of this mighty empire.

Z. E. BEALS

The American Pulpit

LIFE'S CENTRAL FACT

A Sermon by REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

Of the City Temple, London

ROMANS 8: 38, 39—I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus

OUR text is by no means to be regarded as an abstract statement of the apostle's creed. The apostle is here not speaking in the exact language of the schools, he is speaking with the impulse of the saint. His imagination has carried him away. He offers God a noble hymn of praise, which is at the same time an act of faith; and all that he means to say when all is done is that the love of God is the ultimate fact in the universe, and that nothing exists of sufficient potency to overcome the purposes of his all-conquering love.

What exactly do we mean by the governing fact in the world of men and things? It were easy to illustrate it from the things which you and I see and hear and do every day. Not many days past, when I was visiting amongst my own people, I came to a home from where the mother had very recently been taken, and, either on the wall or somewhere in the conversation—I forget which—the passage appeared: "What is home without a mother?" and upon my drawing attention to it, one of the members of the bereaved family said, "Yes, indeed, what is home without a mother! Our home has not been the same since mother passed away." Now, whether that home was to be dissolved or no, whether the constituent units of it had ceased to feel their common relation or no, one cannot tell. But this we do know, that the governing fact in the making of that home, or any other, is the idea of motherhood. That is the one fact which controls and explains all else.

To change the figure, we have sometimes heard the expression that in looking for the secret of any particular society or business, or even church, we must look for the personality in the centre. The ultimate question for all at the present day is the question of personality. Even in Christ's Church you cannot be superior to that. Your organizations radiate round a personality or personalities. You are each of you just yourself, and you could be nobody else, and where you try to imitate you fail, unless your imitation be an expression of your inmost self; and the utmost organization can do is to allow personality its opportunity.

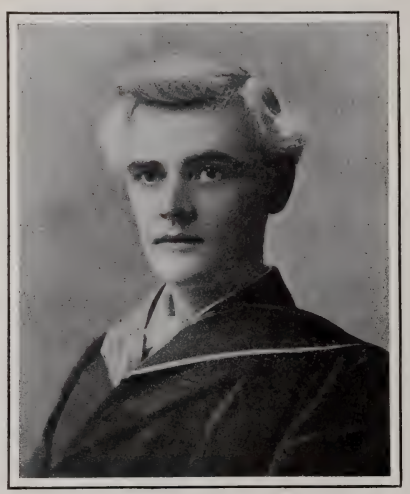
The Maker Greater than His Work

How did the apostle arrive at the conclusion which he has given us in this sublime hymn of praise? How would you arrive at it if you had to enunciate your faith in the same fact? If you had to tell anybody, in this strenuous, materialistic age of ours, that you are perfectly convinced what the ultimate fact in the universal world of God is, just how would you begin? Well, we might begin by pointing out everything gracious, and beautiful, and good, in human nature itself, and we say the Maker of that must be better than that. All that is gracious, all that is beautiful, all that is good, is but a fleeting expression of an eternal fact, the graciousness, and the beauty, and the love, and the nature of God. We could say that every little flower that grows in the field is an expression of the great beauty idea that is reigning somewhere. Every ray of light that is helping to illumine a darkened world is an evidence that the sun is shining somewhere. Every beautiful note that comes from the instrument which has led our praises is an evidence that once in the mind and the heart of a great composer, a thought of harmony was present. It has become part of the experience which has informed your mind and thrilled your heart. You can say these things speak of something which is greater than these, as much greater than these as the heaven is greater than the earth, as eternity is greater than time. The ultimate fact of the universe must be greater than these fleeting expressions of the fact. The fleeting expressions that are here mean something; and you and I find it easier to believe in God because these things are to be found in the lives and consciences of men.

A Self-Limited Life

Amongst the audience may be some who know what it is to be limited for the sake of a great moral ideal. Look at this man's life—I will not say whose life—full of fair promise, and he has done nothing to blame himself for determining to forfeit it. He was sent to college, and he expected to carve out for himself a future amongst men, to take his place amongst men of thought, of light and leading. He was qualified so to do, and anxious parents prepared the way, as well as anxious parents might. But the day came when the head of the house was taken from him. He had no longer the father's hand to guide, no longer the father's purse from which he might provide for himself whilst studying; and like the brave young man he was, he said—Rather than go on, rather than take an advantage at the cost of some weaker than myself, I will forego the future, I will put by the opportunity, and will enter into business, and carve my way there for the sake of the brothers and sisters left to my charge. Deliberate limitation! That young man found his reward. If he were asked whether, if he could go back over the years of his life, would he do differently, we know he would not. He has become greater by becoming less.

My brother, whether you know it, and see it, and realize it or not, there are some who find it easier to believe in the goodness of God and in the love of the Father, because you became a father to your own mother, and a husband to your own sisters. Oh, yes, this church could show many such cases, I doubt not. Who shall penetrate the secrets of the heart? To-day you know some of you what it is to sorrow for those who have been going down instead of up, those who are sinning unto their own destruction, sinning, it may be, to your deep and never-ceasing sorrow. You know what it is to wrestle with principalities and powers; you know what it is to wrestle with sin incarnate in human flesh, with the sin of the loved one, too. You have been placing yourself upon the altar of sacrifice day by day for the good of another, and you are making it easier for us to think of the love of God in this melancholy, pessimistic age. We need some such testimony as this drawn from the deepest recesses of the human heart to convince us that reigning and shining somewhere in the



REV. REGINALD J. CAMPBELL, M.A.
Successor of the late Dr. Joseph Parker

darkened night, is the love of God as the governing fact of life.

But the greatest and the highest evidence of all, and that which the apostle would here deduce, is not drawn from human nature at all, or, at least, not from human nature as you and I know it. Do you know why it is that men think so kindly concerning human nature? It is because 1900 years ago there came a message to the world in the guise of a little Child born in a stable, cradled in a manger, who lived a life of suffering and want amongst men, who died in shame and agony upon the cross, and because a few men became convinced that in that life they had seen the goodness of the Godhead bodily, there has been so much graciousness and kindness and tenderness.

Paul became convinced, or was convinced, to be more exact, that the same Jesus who lay in the manger at Bethlehem, the same Jesus who took the little ones up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them, the same Jesus who sat upon the well at Samaria and conversed with that woman of bad character who had never been spoken to before in the name of the Lord of Hosts in accents of tenderness; the same Jesus who raised Lazarus, who went about doing good, who healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, raised the dead; the same Jesus who stood in Pilate's hall in a majesty that could suffer shame and remain majesty still; that same Jesus is seated upon the throne of the universe; that same Jesus came into the life of the Apostle Paul, who was committing men and women to prison and destruction in the name of the righteousness of God, and so transformed him that he went forth to save in the name of the love of Christ; that same Jesus which transformed Paul the persecutor to Paul the saint, persuaded him that nothing in earth or heaven could separate from the love of God the children of his heart.

That same Jesus is very near to you and me, and we are speaking in his name. He was born in lowline he lived in limitation and poverty, he died in agony a shame. But that same Jesus is reigning, remem that. Think what it means, the Saviourhood of Chri his sovereignty is the key of the universe. He is M ter of all, and he has never ceased to be Master; sceptre is in his hand. Nothing can separate us fr the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

And now, dear brethren, not to keep you too long on the subject engaging our thought—it is the sum a substance of all Christian experience everywhere; me bring it to a swift application. With all reveren I venture to address myself to the different types of perience which must be here present.

The Youthful Outlook

How do the young look at life with the fact of G present in conscience and in heart? You look at it w hope, do you not? You think to-morrow will be brigh than to-day, that the world has yet to show you som thing more beautiful than has been the case with you the past. You are quite right, you feel power with you, and you want to live out to the extent of the pow God has given you. You can regard the world as place of great possibilities and of gladness; and you young. Close beside you in the pew there sits an man who once thought the same about it as you. H thinks a little differently now; he is not so sure abo to-morrow. Life has not kept all her promises. L has dealt very differently with him from what he su posed in the heyday of youth, as you are now; and has made great mistakes, as he looks back upon t past. He once in high hopes stepped forth to tre life's pathway, and fight the battle, as you do now; a he comes to expect less from the world and less fr human nature as he grows older. He makes less pro ises to God, but he breathes more prayers, he attac fewer problems, and asks God to hold the helm that may be still. And how should you, with him, interp this beautiful promise—for promise it is—so that it m become a living experience to you both?

The Cheering Assurance

In the first place, when we come to God in the nam of Jesus Christ we take upon ourselves a solemn respo sibility, but at the same time we do it by virtue of act of faith, which leaves very little for our own reso tion to do. Jesus Christ and him crucified, remember, our watchword, our incentive, our comfort, our con dence for the time that is upon us. I would put bound to the Saviourhood of Christ. There is nothi not even your own failures, or your own unfaith, that c separate you from the love of God, which is in Chr Jesus our Lord. Think of him as summoning you.

Jesus! the name that charms our fear,
That bids our sorrow cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Then look all round life, and tremble not, nor be afra That same Jesus, meek and lowly One, has not change His name is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ev

Now, struggling ones, listen to me. There are m here battling with questions of sin and its con quences. I will begin with the man who is so low do at the foot of the Cross, that he dare not raise his eye and he takes an aspect, a corner of salvation, and hesitates to ask for more. Listen to me. You lo back upon your life with certain misgivings in yo heart, and you fear lest there should be some thin Christ cannot do. There is nothing Christ cannot c There are no desirable things in the whole total rou of human life, for which Christ will show himself insu ficient. Nothing can separate, not even the total your past guilt, nor the burden of your present co science, can separate between you and the Saviourho of Jesus Christ. Listen, you who have been down the depths of infamy. God has not changed since t promise was given. "Herein is love, not that we lov God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be t propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but al for the sins of the whole world."

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morning is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sin,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.
All the past things are past and over;
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors, let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing that God has shed.
Let them go every one. You cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo, and cannot atone.
God in his mercy forgive and receive them,
Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

That which hath been is over, as though it had nev been. This is Christ's opportunity for salvation.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A PROCESSION . . . . . OF IMAGES

MUMMERY IN SAN SALVADOR

IDOLATRY AND . . . . . SUPERSTITION

the little Republic of San Salvador —the smallest in Central America — there are really only two seasons in the year.

R. H. BENDER

Summer has the dry season, beginning in November and lasting until May, and winter has the rainy season, which is the most pleasant time of the year, since the rain falls at ht and the atmosphere is cool and asant, with bright sunshine by day. asionally, during the wet season, re comes a "temporal," or week or two drizzling rain, which often causes ch damage.

. . .

f a stranger were to arrive in San vador any Friday during Lent, and nain through Holy Week, he or she uld say with the Apostle Paul, "I perve that in all things ye are too superious." Every Friday during Lent, the age of the Saviour and a cross are taken on parade. Behind it hundreds of men follow with lighted candles, and iting Aves. Along the street are altars h flowers, and candles, and images, l pictures of saints. Here the parade ps, and kneels, while the priest recites l chants in Latin, and the people reond.

. . .

This is the principal image in the prosion on Good Friday, as it represents our Lord on his way to Calvary, carrying his cross. Following this procession is the image of the Virgin, the first of the group of three images and dressed in silk and satin. The other two represent the Apostle John and the sorrowful mother. Following these are little girls dressed in white, with wings attached, to represent angels. Priests as well as people follow in the procession. All work and traffic cease during Good Friday, indeed, in some places no one is allowed to mount a beast from Thursday noon until Saturday.

. . .

These people are little better than pagans. They have as many gods about as the Chinese for different things. Not long ago the bishop celebrated mass to a certain god or saint, invoking protection against fire; yet in less than a month several buildings were devoured by the flames. So it is with sickness, rains, etc., they have certain saints to whom they pray in such cases. All other religions than that of Rome were excluded until the seventies, when liberty of worship was decreed in San Salvador. In 1896, Rev. S. A. Purdie was the first missionary to commence a Protestant mission among these people. The writer came here in April, 1897, to continue the work to which Mr. Purdie was called, and laid down on August 6, 1897. We have three outstations to look after, besides the work at headquarters. We need consecrated men and women and a new mission building. We have a building fund already started, and hope that some of God's stewards will come to our help. The Central American Mission is represented here by the writer, and Mrs. Bender and Miss Martha Hoffman—altogether too few for this million or more of souls.

ROBERT H. BENDER.

San Salvador, C. A.

The city of San Salvador, the capital of the little Central American republic, was founded in 1528. It is in the centre of a volcanic district and has several times been very badly shaken by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. It has a population of about 16,000.

. . .

Salvador lies between Honduras and Guatemala, and borders on the Pacific Ocean for a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. According to recent estimates, the total population of the republic is between six and seven hundred thousand, the bulk of it being aboriginal or mixed races. There are about ten thousand whites, the descendants of Europeans, in the republic. Most of the natives live by agriculture, their methods of tilling the soil being rather primitive in many places. The climate of the republic is mild and quite pleasant, being tempered by the sea breezes. Catholicism is the state religion, though other creeds are granted toleration. There are very few Protestant missions in the country. That of the Central American Mission, mentioned in our correspondent's letter, is one of the most zealous and energetic. Salvador has been independent of Spanish rule since 1842, and its present constitution was framed in 1855.

A PROCESSION OF SAINTS' IMAGES IN SAN SALVADOR

IFE'S CENTRAL FACT

A SERMON BY REV. R. J. CAMPBELL — CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ken and a contrite heart God will not despise. The oss of Calvary reaches down to you and to me, and message of love comes into our experience, and nsforms the whole. Nothing in heaven or earth can arate us from the love of God which is in Christ us our Lord.

Then there are some who seem as though when they ve surrendered their life to Christ, they have not ne the things they ought to have done, and they feel y too poignantly that sin has not done with them. member, that very often humiliation, under the ects of sin, becomes a fresh temptation of the adver- y to keep us back from Christ. Nothing must sepae. Some of you may know what I mean when I tell u that, outwardly, though all seems right, you know at it is to fight the battle with the heart that is thin you. Outwardly, though all seems well, you can member, in shame and contrition of heart, times and asons when you have been defeated. It may be you sometimes tempted to pass judgment upon some aker brother, but you remember that hour of weakss. You would like it blotted out of recollection at God has disowned, and his grace made of none ect. You know the arm of flesh has failed you, and u dare not trust your own.

The Keeping Power

The most unlikely things are happening in this great y. Men are trying, but they are afraid the victory of day means no immunity from the further conflict of morrow. "Christ has saved," they say, they feel, t they dread what may be in the days to come, so ten they have failed him. Listen. He is sufficient, t only to save, he is sufficient to cleanse, the love of od does not stop short at the threshold of nature. aviourhood, of course, goes to the inward parts, and the oly Spirit, with his hand upon our heart, is doing the eansing day by day. It is not you who fight the battle, is Christ who overcomes with you and for you. The invelling Christ is part of the great scheme of redemption. One Sunday night, as I was preaching in my own ace, I had finished the sermon, as I thought, with the eclaration of the sufficiency of Christ. I had closed e sermon, and had passed down to the vestry, when plain working man followed me in. He said: "Did u finish your sermon just now?" I said, "Yes, think so; I meant to." "I think," he said, "there something you did not say. You spoke about the rgiveness of sins, and the sufficiency of Christ, and e love of God in redemption; but there is something se you did not say, and it is a part I never like to be ft out." I said, "What is it?" "Why," he said, ears ago, I was brought to Christ; and a terrible ad I took to him. I placed it down at the Cross, and I thought all was right. But the next morning my skies were gray. The next day I was beaten in the Valley of Humiliation fighting with Apollyon. He won. My temptation was too strong, I failed, and I fell; and I failed again, till everybody ceased to believe in me, and I ceased to believe in myself, and held myself in contempt. At last, one day, in desperation, I raised my hands to heaven and said, 'Lord Jesus, I claim thy promise, I claim thy power, look at me to-night.'" The man, continuing, said, "For five years he has kept me as I am, and I am amongst the living to praise him. Preach, I beseech you, next time you approach this subject, preach that Christ is able to save to the uttermost. The Saviour can battle with temptation, and make us sufficient, every time, the assault comes to win the victory for the glory of God."

Brethren, you may be perfectly sure I shall never forget to say it after that. Nothing can separate us from the love of God; no, not even the demon within; nothing can separate us from the love of Christ; no, not the whisperings of the evil nature that would lure us to destruction and undo the work of Saviourhood of the great Master. Nothing can separate us from the love of Christ, internal, external, in earth, or heaven, or hell, nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

There may be some here present who would wish to give other expression to this beautiful truth. There are some for whom the skies will never clear. There are times when they feel that the sun should not shine and the birds should not sing. Christian life is a way of joy. Everyone knows it is a way of sorrow, too. Our Saviour's parting word of peace was accompanied with the declaration: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But one does not need to go far in human experience for proof of that. One can see it in the lines of the faces of some here present, lines placed there by the hand of carking care. One knows it in the earthquake shocks that come to us every now and then, shocks of the surprises of fortune. None can tell what to-morrow will bring forth. It may be a weary effort. We would wish God would take away the frowning clouds and show us only the sunshine of his glory, and assure us ever of the fair light of his love. God will not always do that, for his ways are not as our ways. They are better, and full of wisdom.

Sorrow's Discipline

In our best moments we would not have life much other than it is. No man worth much wishes always to walk in the sunshine, and to avoid the darksome ways and rough places in life. We feel that all nobleness has its root in that mystery of which we see the likeness in the Garden of Gethsemane and in the scourging of Pilate's hall—a strange paradox not to be explained, but to be felt and to be understood. Such sorrow and such joy do not drive each other out. They live in the same breast; and we are more than conquerers through Him that loved us. Beloved, never seek to travel in other ways than God's ways. You are near to the love of God, surrounded by it, curtained by it; we are hidden as in a mighty rock; nothing can separate us from the great fact which controls all else. We can see things just as they are. We have looked, as it seems, right into the heart of God when we have looked upon the face of Jesus. Paul knew him; the knowledge transformed his life and he became the apostle of the Gentiles. We have known him, and we feel that the name of Jesus has had power over everything that had power to torment us before. We can trust him, and wait for him until the day breaks and the shadows flee away. "Nothing shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

A Blessed Awakening

It happened in 1901—if I may introduce a personal illustration—that my only child fell ill, and for a time, as it seemed, dangerously ill. One day she fell into a troubled sleep, in which it was evident that her dreams were disquiet. She tossed about and cried aloud. Her mother bent over her, touched her, and she awoke. The eyes of the little sufferer opened. She looked up at her mother's face, and oh! what a change passed over her own, and she said, "Oh, mother dear, I have been dreaming such dreadful things. I dreamt that I was far away in a dark place, and that I called and called, and you could not hear, and did not answer. And then you touched me and I opened my eyes, and there you were." The language of the child reminded me of the language of a saint, one of the greatest that ever lived, in a prayer addressed to the King of kings and Lord of lords: "We sleep, O, our Father, on thy tender and paternal bosom, and in our sleep we sometimes dream that all is wrong, only to wake and find that all is right." "Nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary; and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

TAKING BREAD INTO A PEASANT'S HUT

WE MAKE AN EFFORT TO USE SNOW-SHOES

THE FIRST FAMINE SUFFERERS WE MET

IN *THE* FAMINE HOMES *OF* FINLAND

By DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH

II — At Idensalmi

FAMINE is always a sad condition. To be partially deprived of food is very trying; but with no food on hand, and with no prospect of timely relief, life is dreadful —especially so when children are pleading for something to eat, and infants vainly endeavoring to extract comfort from bosoms parched from want of nourishment. Optimism pales at the sights that confront it, and the most hopeful observer staggers at the intricacies of the problem which widespread famine presents.

Take a single thousand debilitated people, absolutely destitute. What gigantic arrangements are necessary to minister to their various needs, even though, like in India, they be all gathered together in a convenient place! Then think of forty thousand families scattered over fifty thousand square miles, with twenty inches of snow on the ground, some of these families almost inaccessibly located on the hills, others in the valleys, in houses two, three, five, and even ten miles apart, and who can have an intelligent conception of the immense relief operations necessary to meet the requirements of so great a multitude, spread over so vast a territory!

Traveling Day and Night

To search out these unfortunates, to inquire into their condition, to ascertain the degree of efficiency of relief operations, to bring to them the love and practical sympathy of the great-hearted American people thousands of miles away, to study the situation, so that intelligent suggestions might be made for more effective work; all this represented the task we had undertaken, and for which we left home, family and business, and had then already traveled 5,000 miles and were about to travel further, regardless of personal risk and discomfort.

Traveling all night and nearly all morning after we left Helsingfors, brought us to Kuopio, the capital city of the province of the same name. Stepping out on the platform, we were hailed by a well dressed man with the startling inquiry: "How is Stephen Merritt? Is he still alive—still busy saving souls?"

Stephen Merritt, I am proud to say, is my father-in-law, but I must admit that this inquiry concerning his welfare, thousands of miles from home, somewhat staggered me. I replied that, thank God, he was still alive and as zealous as ever in the Lord's work. I then learned that the inquirer was P. A. Malm, mechanical engineer on the Suomi railroad, who had been greatly blessed three years ago under Mr. Merritt's ministry.

At Alapitka, 600 kilometres from Helsingfors, we met with the first specimens of famine sufferers. There at the station we found a man, his wife, a child in arms, a girl of five and a boy of eleven, the latter dreadfully ulcerated around the throat, the result of woful impoverishment of blood, and the whole family clad in tatters. They had walked eighteen miles over pathless snow-fields, in the hope of getting enough food to keep body and soul together, and presented a very pitiful appearance. We ministered to their immediate wants, and for further assistance referred them to the local Relief Committee.

The next stop was at Idensalmi, the last station on the road. Thenceforth the trip would have to be made by sledges. Here Judge Poden's wife told us a sad story of destitution. Four hundred children traveled the streets of this village daily, begging bread from house to house. They were children, who had come from a distance to attend school, absolutely destitute of food, and many without shoes and stockings. She plead with me to appeal to the Committee at Helsingfors to send supplies immediately, and at her request I signed an appeal to that effect, which later on was granted. Dr. Rosendal, the provincial physician at Idensalmi, reported that hunger typhus existed, and that among the children an epidemic of measles had broken out, resulting in a mortality exceeding eight hundred.

After this interview we drove to the Probst, or dean, of Idensalmi. On the way, making a sudden turn, the sledge upset, and the driver and the writer were thrown out, resulting in a wrenching of my left shoulder, which made it impossible for me to get into my furs without assistance during the balance of the journey. The Probst—a man of seventy-two years—talked very conservatively, principally to conceal the fact that every day he was feeding, in his own kitchen, from thirty to one hundred destitute people. While it was a great tax, he had not the heart to turn them away, and very unwillingly did he tell us of what he was doing. His home was so scrupulously clean that everything looked as though it had just been polished. Satisfied that our mission was not of a political nature, he became more communicative, and volunteered the information that his parish included 24,000 souls, of whom at least 5,000 were absolutely dependent on charity, and that unless help continued, death must reap a large harvest. He said that his estimate was a low one, as he did not wish to overstate the number of destitute people; but he was heartily glad we were there to see for ourselves.

A FINNISH HOME, WHERE HUNGER HELD SWAY

At Idensalmi we experimented somewhat with snow-shoes. If we could get accustomed to their use, it would greatly facilitate our reaching homes which otherwise might prove inaccessible. We practised half an hour, and at the conclusion of our efforts all we could say was that we had not fallen, nor had we made any progress. We must have been very awkward, for we completely failed in our attempts, although children as young as five glided by us with the swiftness of a bird. Darkness having set in, we gave it up for once and for all.

Enthusiastic Serenaders

At six in the morning, the world about us suddenly became musical. Some young farmers of the neighborhood had recently united and had formed a brass band. They wished to express their thanks to their American friends for what was being done for the poor of their country, and as they lacked eloquence, they substituted a generous portion of the best music at their command. They came rather early, it is true, but as they had heard that we were to depart immediately after breakfast, they made sure of reaching us in good season.

From Idensalmi we traveled thirty-two kilometres (about twenty-two miles) by sledge to the post-house at Hirvijarvi, stopping here and there on the way, to visit the cottages within sight from the road. Extreme poverty was everywhere prevalent. Most of the people visited belonged to the class known as tenant farmers. They lease the land on which their cottages are erected, and pay the yearly rental in ten, twenty or thirty, or more, days' work—on the farm of the owner. As a rule, they ply a trade in addition to caring for their own garden, and thus, in prosperous times, eke out a comfortable existence. At a cobbler's home we found an old lady of seventy, sick with fever and four little children. The mother was out seeking work or food. The furnishings were of the most primitive character, and every piece of any value had already disappeared. Not a loaf of bread in the house, and not a drop of milk or nourishment of any kind visible. The patient could not rise from her bed. The children looked swollen in body and face, distended as the result of eating innutritious and indigestible food.

We inquired into the cause of their poverty. "It's a long story, and it runs back three years," was the response. "That year the summer was too cold to raise a crop; the

PASTOR WAYRYNEN OF KAJANI

WE COMPARE NOTES ON THE SITUATION

xt year the sun, shining twenty-two hours lay, was so hot that it burned up everying, and last summer we had snow or rain ery day for two months, and hence had crop at all, and when there are no crops ere is of course no work." The effort d exhausted the patient, but within a inute she had regained sufficient strength add, "But God knows best." In this, as every case, the visitors left bread, and their personal means enough money to le the sufferers over their immediate quirements. Her gratitude knew no ounds, and in language unintelligible to , she prayed for heaven's choicest blessgs upon us and the good people of merica, who were Finland's chief supt now in the darkest hours of her history.

Uncomplaining Sufferers

The Finns are not a complaining peoe and are very reticent about their own fairs. It would never occur to them to ll an outsider that their stock of bread as exhausted, or that they had last week lled their cow, because there was no dder to keep it alive, or that they had long been without meat and vegetables to almost forget the taste of them.

We enter another cottage. It is at urtomaki, about 400 miles from Helsingrs, and 450 miles from St. Petersburg. any years ago a murder was said to ve been committed there, and now it is opularly called "Murder Hill." In a iserable hovel, we find the women and ildren of two families huddled together. n order to reduce expenses and for comany's sake, it often happens that the ives and children of several households

ACROSS SNOWY FIELDS IN THE KAJANI DISTRICT

father and mother looking at the remains of their beloved dead. Ghastly as the picture appeared to us, so dear it was to him. It reminded him of the beloved one waiting for him at the celestial gates. We stepped over to the bed and looked at it. His eyes were in the same direction. They were wet with tears. We said nothing, but we each felt that to him that picture was sacred.

HOW THEY CHEERED AT TORNEO

A SUNNY MAID OF IDENSALMI

ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS AT KAJANI

oin, especially when as in this case the nen are many miles away seeking work, r having found work—as already stated n my last letter—find themselves unable o contribute anything toward the support of their loved ones at home. On ntering, we explained the nature of our isit, but our explanation elicited no enightening response. They were doing well, hey said, as well as their neighbors. "Well, how are the neighbors doing?" we nquired. "Some better, some worse," vas the rather evasive reply. "Have you ny bread in the house?" "Yes, over here." We looked in the direction indicated, and under the ceiling near the oven n the corner, we found suspended on a pole three loaves of dark-brown bread, of poor quality, about ten inches across and three-fourths of an inch thick—their entire stock for two women, two nurslings, and seven other children! They had not tasted meat in seven months and no fish or vegetables for five months. When the cow of one of the two families was killed early in the fall, the supply of milk ceased, and since then, with the exception of the small quantities they could occasionally borrow, they had had none.

A Bereaved Host

At this house we discovered the best way of securing information from Finns concerning their own condition, and it was never to ask them about themselves, but always about their neighbors. They will eloquently plead the neighbors' cause, but they cannot beg for themselves; for with most of them, it is harder to beg than to die.

Early in the afternoon we reached Paisuva, and stopped to rest at a farmhouse. The farmer, a very pious man, gladly received us and made us feel quite at home. He was as hospitable as his means permitted. His house and his table were at our disposal. Lack of sleep and much traveling had made us tired. He took us into his parlor, which also was his bedroom. Lately it had pleased Providence to bereave him. A child of ten had been taken, and over the bed hung a photograph of the dead child on its bier, with

After serving us with delicious coffee (Finns are very fond of this beverage) and home-made cakes, he harnessed up his own horses, in order to give ours a rest, and took us to Assikkainen, to visit the poverty-stricken farmers in that village. After we had relieved the most pressing wants of one family, its head put in an earnest plea for another family absolutely destitute, but too far distant for us to visit if we expected to reach the next town before midnight. We hesitated somewhat about giving him the bread and the marks, but Dr. Reuter assured us that we could safely do so, as the Finns were too honest to wrong anyone, least of all a fellow-sufferer—and Mr. N. J. Hjelman, the banker at Idensalmi, had told us in the morning, that nothwithstanding the destitute condition of the people, not a pound of flour of all the vast supplies that had passed through that centre had ever been lost. So we entrusted the relief to the supplicant and returned to the farmhouse, where coffee and cakes were again served. When

OUR GREETING AT A FINNISH RAILWAY STATION

about to depart, we asked the farmer how much we owed for refreshment and the use of his horses and his own services, and he told us that we were welcome to all we had had; he only wished he could have served us better.

We arrived at Hirvijarvi at 11 o'clock at night, and took our first dinner of canned goods. We then planned for the morrow, retiring at 1 o'clock, and at 6:30, the door, which, as usual in Finland, was without lock or key, was opened by the maid, who woke us individually, and told us coffee would be served immediately. We arose, dressed, breakfasted on canned goods and coffee, and at 7:30 were ready to start. Our drivers, when they first presented themselves in ordinary clothes, at Idensalmi, were a fierce-looking, forbidding set of men: but when we met them this morning, with their fur coats and fur caps, they looked much pleasanter, and notwithstanding their hard looks, we had no trouble whatever with them throughout the journey. The bill for entertaining our party and providing the coffee, was three marks, or sixty cents. I was inclined, in view of its modest proportions, to add a liberal gratuity, but Dr. Reuter—representing the Committee—rather discouraged giving them more, as he feared that they might be led to look for an equal display of generosity from native travelers, who might not be able to afford it.

After traveling all day in sledges, we arrived at Kajani at 6:30 in the evening, and wiping our feet carefully on the pine branches, which take the place of rugs at the front door of every Finnish country home, we entered the hotel—and a very good one it was—took off our rubbers—everybody wears rubbers here—hung up our furs, and found four rooms neatly furnished, all ready for our occupancy. Our letters had been forwarded to this point, and welcome news they contained—and here, for the first time in a week, intelligence of our families reached us. The tender sentiments in which the letters abounded, together with the affecting scenes we had witnessed during the day, put us in a very mellow frame of mind. I quickly settled down to write a letter to my little daughter Mary, when the strains of song reached my ear.

A host of people had gathered to welcome us, according to Finland's custom, with song and flowers. The latter consisted of a tiny bouquet, but the former was very abundant and very touching. I addressed them in a few words, telling them of the generous-hearted Christian people across the great deep, who, as descendants of Europe, gladly responded to every cry for help from the Mother Land, and cheerfully contributed to the needs of the Old Folks at Home. Professor Reuter, who acted as interpreter, translated my remarks into Finnish. Then we wrote to Pastor Wayrynen, a man of God whose life is devoted to the welfare of the simple people of his parish, requesting him to call at his earliest convenience.

We had not very long to wait, since before we could finish the generous meal provided by the hostess, Pastor Wayrynen made his appearance.

Finnish Meal Customs

A meal in Finland differs greatly from a meal in America. It is specially adapted to the climate, and while very acceptable in Finland, would be impossible in our country. As one enters the dining-room he finds the table set, and on it there is caviar, smoked salmon, bologna, herring, sardines, ham, cheese, pickles and ponderous quantities of unsalted butter and spiced Swedish bread, baked liked pilot bread as to size and crispness. This all constitutes what is generally known there as Smorgasbord, or Bread and Butter table. A stranger not acquainted with Finnish custom would be apt to make a meal of these delicacies, in which case a surprise would await him: for very soon the dishes are removed and a regular course dinner, beginning with soup and ending with dessert, is served in regulation style, the cold dishes having been intended only as an appetizer.

All of the courses are exceedingly rich, pastry being eaten with the soup, and everything else swims in prodigious quantities of fat; but all this is necessary in a climate like that of Finland, where the thermometer frequently falls to 35 degrees below zero, and a fall of 50 degrees in the temperature within a single day is by no means an exceptional occurrence.

In larger hotels, smorgasbord is served on a side table. Each guest, taking a plate, knife and fork, helps himself to whatever best suits his fancy, and then retires to eat, either standing or seated at the table where the dinner proper is to be served. The piety of the Finlanders, and I use this word so as to include both many Finns and those of Swedish descent, is frequently manifest at this time, when, standing erect, with hands clasped and head bowed, many say grace before and frequently after meals, regardless of how many others may be present.

In my next letter we shall travel from Kajani to Uleaborg.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Finland's Famine Over

HERE is the best of good news from Finland! Professor Saltzman, Chairman of the Helsingfors Finnish Central Relief Committee, sends this message by cable:

Helsingfors, May 6.

DR. KLOPSCH, New York:

We now hope our own means will suffice till the next harvest. (Signed) SALTZMAN.

This applies to the entire famine field in Finland, the Central Committee having full jurisdiction in all the affected districts. It means that, with the spring, life and hope have come back again to the farmers and peasants.

It means that our readers' share in the work is ended, and that no more contributions for Finland are needed. **All contributions mailed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD after this date will be returned to the senders.**

Creed Revision

A PRESS dispatch from the Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, contains the record of the votes of the Presbyteries on the questions submitted by last year's General Assembly. It appears that there is more unanimity than was expected. Of the 235 Presbyteries, 227 have voted for the revision of the creed. This is a triumph for the liberals in the church and will be gratifying to the progressive lay members. It will probably lead to the formulation of a shorter creed for general use, which has been demanded by several of the Presbyteries. The conservatives have the consolation of knowing that the revision will not change the doctrines of the church, but only changes the emphasis laid on certain points. The love and tenderness and fatherhood of God are made more conspicuous, and the creed is thus less austere and cold than formerly. That the change will affect the character of the preaching is improbable. The ministers have not felt it incumbent upon them to make the various articles the subject of sermons and they will not do so now. Their preaching has not been at variance with the creed, but it has been less dogmatic and more attractive. The creed will now be more in harmony with the preaching, and probably many will be willing to enter the ministry who were kept from doing so by having to subscribe to articles which did not express their belief in the terms they could approve.

The decisive vote is a sign of the times. We are realizing more and more that the spirit of Christianity is one of love. The Christian, as we now regard him, is not a man who has a set of doctrines logically stated, carefully arranged and neatly labeled in a set of pigeon holes; but a man in whom is the spirit of Christ, which leads him to live a kindly, genial, helpful life. The best proof he can give that he has been converted, is not in his being able to give a correct definition of the doctrine of the Trinity, or to explain predestination and election, but by his disposition. If he is patient, forgiving, merciful, if he loves Christ and tries to imitate his example, if while hating sin he loves the sinner and seeks to win him away from evil to holiness—in such ways he shows that he has the divine nature and has been born again. Experience has shown that an unregenerate man may be strictly orthodox in his beliefs; but it has shown, too, that right conduct is based on right thinking, and therefore the church is wisely vigilant against laxity as much as error in its creed.

Imperfect Likeness

THE reflected image of the sun in the lake is very different from the sun in the heavens. If he cease to shine, as when a cloud passes over his face, the image in the water is lost. If you disturb the smooth surface of the lake, the likeness of the sun will be broken into glimmering fragments. Still that image resembles the sun.

So is it with Christ's likeness in the heart of the believer. If Christ should leave him, it would disappear. And when the heart is troubled by doubt, or fear, or crushing affliction, or conscious sin, how broken the likeness often is! But, whether dimly or brightly appearing, it is likeness to Jesus still.

Be not discouraged, Christian soul, if after years of striving you can see in yourself no semblance to the beautiful image. Let it comfort you to reflect that Jesus may see his likeness where we can hardly discern it at all; just as the portrait of a child will sometimes seem better to a parent's eyes than to a stranger's. There are touches of resemblance which only love can see. Not that this should content us; we ought not to be satisfied with a likeness which only the eye of God can discover. We must aim and seek to be so like Christ that all the world may see the resemblance. That is possible for us all.

Finding Out God

IN a lecture recently delivered before a leading Western university, the speaker, a man distinguished in the scientific world, made some remarkable statements. Among the scientific probabilities of the new century, he included the solution of the question of the soul's immortality, and concerning the existence of a Divine Creator and Ruler, he added:

> At the beginning of the twentieth century such an existence is unknown to mankind in general, however firmly it may be believed by large portions of mankind. But the twentieth century before it ends may be distinguished by the attainment of definite and generally satisfactory evidence, showing whether there is a great Master Hand that sweeps over the whole of this deep harp of life, or whether men are but pipes, through whom the breath of Pan doth blow a momentary music.

This may be the language of one who is actuated by a sincere desire for the truth, but he is heading toward the darkness, rather than the light. All who have trodden that old path of human presumption, have found it end in the same way—in delusion and disappointment. Has the world, then, existed so long without knowing its Maker, that it becomes necessary for our twentieth century scientists to roll back the curtain of His throne, and disclose to the peoples of the earth the Creator and Ruler of the universe? If man be incapable of constructing a telescope that will penetrate the furthest starry depths; if with all his art he cannot decide whether life exists on any of the sister worlds that move around us; if he is even baffled by the mysterious yet familiar phenomena of his own world, with its electric forces and its myriad forms of life and intelligence, what is there to justify his expectation of being able to "find out God"—to discover the Creator, through any of the devices of human skill? "Canst thou by searching find out God?" asked Zophar of Job; "Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" From the earliest days down to our own time, all efforts to penetrate the Divine secret, through human channels alone, have been fruitless and disappointing.

Yet not all have been disappointed. In every age, there have lived true and pure souls, that have found out God. They have found Him, not with the eye of Science but of Faith; not with human vision but with the divinely-quickened spiritual perception that comes with a holy trust and a blameless life. They have walked with Him, as Enoch, first of the patriarchs, "walked with God," and have heard His voice, and He has lifted them over the pitfalls, the snares and the rough places and has smoothed all their ways. He has opened His heavens and has dropped down blessing upon them; He has answered their prayers beyond all numbering. They need no scientific demonstration to "find out" what is already to them the greatest and grandest fact of time or eternity. God to such souls is the most veritable reality in the universe, and the source of all inward life and joy and happiness.

Thus, though it be impossible to apprehend the Infinite through finite means, or the spiritual through the material, the great secret that is, denied to the wisest of men, is disclosed to babes—that is, to the simplest. For God reveals himself every day to his dear ones, who come to him in the absolute trust and confidence of a child.

> "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart . . . He hath respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off. . . . Thou compassest my path and my lying down and art acquainted with all my ways . . . whither shall I flee from thy presence. . . . The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth . . . He will hear their cry . . . The Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you. . . . The things of God knoweth no man but the spirit of God. . . . Now we have received not th spirit of the world but the spirit which is of God, that w might know the things that are freely given us. . . . Bu the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of Go for they are foolishness unto him."

Science has always failed—and always will fail—t "find out God," whereas the divine revelation comes t Faith unasked.

One Word Out of the Heart Enough

SOME of us can argue and some of us cannot. Som of us are influenced by argument and some ar not. You may pound a man's mistaken views to atom with sledge-hammers of reasoning, and he is not muc nearer being a Christian than he was before; just a you may pound a cake of ice to pieces and it is pounde ice after all. The mightiest argument is often a simpl appeal to personal experience.

A minister had delivered an elaborate course of le tures in refutation of some form of infidelity, for th special benefit of a certain man who attended hi church. Soon after the man came and declared himse a Christian. The minister was delighted with his su cess, and said to the new believer, "I should be glad t know which of my discourses it was that removed you doubts." The reply was: "Oh, it was not any of you lectures. The thing that set me thinking was, that poor woman came out of the church beside me one da and stumbled on the steps, and I stretched out my han to help her, and she said, 'Thank you.' Then she looke at me and said, 'Do you love Jesus Christ, my blesse Saviour?' And I did not; and I went home and though about it, and now I can say I do love Jesus."

If you have found Christ, and know he is you Saviour, you can say so. Never mind about the how— any how! Only say it. Whether we have any elo quence or not, any logic or not, whether we can speal persuasively and gracefully or not, if we have got hol of Christ at all we can say we have, and it is at ou peril that we do not.

. . .

OUR NEW SERIAL

IN our issue of July 1 will appear the opening chap ters of

"THE NARROW GATE,"

a new and powerful story of modern American life, by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the well known author of *In His Steps*. Competent critics have pronounced "The Narrow Gate" the greatest story Dr. Sheldon has ye produced, and unquestionably the strongest, in its por traiture of characters and its vivid dramatic action. We congratulate our readers on the pleasure and profit that await them in this remarkable story, which has an object so high and so excellent, yet not unattainable that it can not fail to prove, in the widest sense, helpful and inspiring.

THE beautiful poem, "The Church and the World," which appeared in the April 29 issue of this journal, is the literary handiwork of the Rev. H. H. White, of Elgin, Ill. It deserves to be known and read through out all Christendom, as it points a lesson and a warning which are greatly needed by the Church to-day. Mr. White's fine poem, simple and graceful in diction and beautiful in imagery, is a spiritual picture that merits a high place in religious literature.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST J. A. DAVIS recently closed a series of highly successful revival meetings in southern New York.

—LONNIE DENNIS, the child Evangelist, has lately been holding services in Denver, Colo., and Salt Lake City, Utah.

—SPECIAL EVANGELISTIC services have been held lately in the Presbyterian Church of Hackettstown, N. J., with good results.

—MR. WESTON R. GATES, of the Peoria Mission, died at Montreal, N. C., several months ago. He was a very successful and earnest Christian worker.

—REV. J. EUGENE SNOOK, missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Manila, writes that the native children are eager to learn the English language. He is collecting a library for a Gospel Launch, which will circulate the books in thirty or more Philippine towns. He will be grateful for any good books sent for the work.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Balkan Disturbances

RIOTS and outrages continue throughout the Macedonian districts and on the Bulgarian frontier. Scenes like that depicted in the accompanying illustration are of daily occurrence. Turkish soldiers halt any man entering Turkish territory from Bulgaria, and search him, to find out if he carries arms. The Turkish authorities contend that Bulgaria not only allows the Macedonian insurgents to shelter within her borders, but actively assists them with arms and money. A vigorous warning was sent by the Sultan to the Bulgarian government last week. The Bulgarian government showed its courage by refusing to receive the document, declaring that it was beneath its dignity to accept a dispatch couched in terms so offensive. It declared that it was acting in good faith, and denied the charges of complicity in the Macedonian movements. There is, nevertheless, a strong opinion throughout Europe that the Sultan's charges are well founded. It is believed, however, that Bulgaria is safe from attack, the Sultan being reluctant to begin a conflict which may involve Austrian or Russian interference. Those Powers, being the protectors of Bulgaria, would come to her rescue if necessary. In the meantime, the Macedonian Committee appears to be determined to provoke such a conflict. On April 30 the town of Salonica was almost destroyed by a series of dynamite outrages, which wrecked banks, postoffices and public buildings. Mines were discovered under the public streets, in which bombs were stored ready for explosion. The policy of the Committee evidently is to provoke a massacre, which will arouse the indignation of Europe. It is clear that the reforms which Turkey is now instituting at the bidding of Austria and Russia have come too late, and that nothing will satisfy the people but final and complete separation from Turkey. The people who know what they have suffered, sympathize with their determination, even though they deplore their methods. The Macedonians know that under Turkish rule there is no hope of permanent peace or liberty for them. They therefore refuse to be beguiled by temporary concessions. One can but wish that the people among ourselves who are in spiritual bondage would show the same determination. Their deliverance would then be assured.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you (James 4:7).

A Magnetic Operation

A physician reports in the current number of a medical journal, a remarkable method of giving relief to a patient. The man was hurt in an explosion, and was placed under treatment. After various wounds had been dressed, he complained of severe pain in one of his eyes. The doctor examined it, and thought that possibly it had been perforated by a piece of steel. No foreign body, however, was visible. A test was made by bringing a large magnet near to the organ. At a distance of two inches the patient complained of a violent disturbance, as if the eye was being rent apart. This left no doubt as to the location and nature of the foreign body. The magnet was again applied, as the patient was able to bear it, and finally a piece of steel, about an eighth of an inch long, protruded itself from the eyeball, and flew to the pole of the magnet. Cleansing and healing applications were administered, and the patient kept in darkness. After ten days of seclusion he had sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital, with the prospect of regaining his normal sight. There is no doubt that the man would have lost his eye but for the use of this strange power, about which we know so little. We cannot explain the force that could draw the steel from the eye, but the fact of its existence was proved. If men who are afflicted with evil in their natures, would submit to the Holy Spirit's influence, even though they cannot understand it, how many of them might be saved!

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst thou tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit (John 3:8).

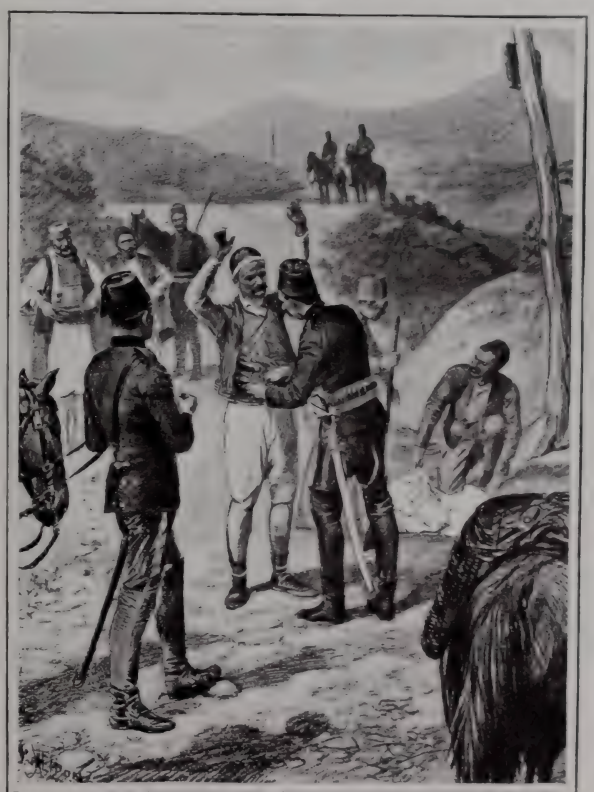
Imprisoned in a Vault

Two grave-diggers were going to their work in the Holy Name Cemetery, Jersey City, N. J., a few days ago, when they were startled by hearing a shout from one of the vaults. It was scarcely light, the grave they were going to dig being required for an early morning funeral. No one had been around the cemetery before that hour, so the shout from the vault was the more inexplicable. Superstitious fears overcame the men, and they ran to the gate of the cemetery. While they waited there, uncertain what to do, a mounted policeman rode by. They took him into their confidence, and he accompanied them to the vault. He, too, heard a similar cry, and believing that it came from the lips of a living man, he went in search of the cemetery keeper. This officer took his keys and opened the gate of the vault. Inside was a man who had been there all night. He had entered the cemetery before sundown, and being tired had turned into the vault, the door of which stood open, and sat down. He fell asleep, and when he awakened, he found that the door had been shut and locked. He shouted, but there was no response. After a lapse of time that seemed like whole days, he heard the footsteps which proved to be those of the grave-diggers going to their work. He shouted again, and finally, as before stated, obtained release. It must have been a distressing experience for him to spend the night among the dead. It may be hoped that when the time comes for him to be laid in such a place permanently, he may have that faith which will assure him of a joyful resurrection.

Every one who seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day (John 6:40).

Marconi Halts a Vessel

The *Minnetonka*, of the Atlantic Transportation Line, was beginning her voyage to Europe last week, and was well on her way to the lower bay, when a passenger arrived at the dock. She was well



TURKS SEARCHING BULGARIANS FOR ARMS

known to the manager of the line, who was as much distressed as the passenger at her being left behind. He immediately summoned a tug, and put her and her luggage on board. The tug started in hot pursuit, but the liner was far ahead and was steadily increasing her speed. The tug blew its whistle, and did everything possible to attract the attention of the pilot and captain of the *Minnetonka*, but without avail. The manager of the line was beginning to apprehend that the liner would get away, when the suggestion was made to him that he use the wireless apparatus with which she is equipped. The operator at the Marconi station was hunted up, and a message was sent to the vessel, bidding it wait for the pursuing tug. The message was duly received, though the *Minnetonka* was then below Liberty Island. The vessel was stopped, and the belated passenger taken on board. It was fortunate that a man was at hand to send the message, and one on the ship who could understand it. It happens, in the voyages of a few passing messages are not noticed, and because our ears are not attuned to them.

There are many who are [illegible] the [illegible] way, work or [illegible].

Elusive Property

The sale of an island which has been the subject of litigation for many years has been recorded at Pittsfield, Mass. It was originally part of a farm which ran down to the edge of Onota Lake. During a flood which occurred in 1869, the water cut a deep trench, making the land in question an island. It was about an acre in extent and was heavily wooded. It was noticed that the channel dividing it from the mainland was gradually widening at times, and becoming narrower at other times. Finally it was discovered that the wooded acre was afloat. Some years afterward it drifted away during a storm and settled against the opposite shore. The owner of the property on that shore promptly laid claim to the land which the waters of the lake had brought him. The original owner contested the claim, and while the suit was still undecided, the floating acre drifted away to another part of the lake. Again a suit for ownership was begun, but was ended by another drift. The owner of the property against which it is at present located believes he has found a way of anchoring it, and in order to avoid litigation has purchased it from the original owner. In what way he expects to secure permanent possession of it he has not disclosed. It is a difficult problem, but not so hopeless as is that other struggle, which applies to property of all kinds, and which is so bitter to those whose heart is set on their possessions — the distressing fact that when the last enemy approaches, everything must be abandoned.

For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out (1 Timothy 6:7).

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost has been conducting evangelistic meetings in Hongkong at the request of the Protestant clergy.

A shock of earthquake, unprecedented in violence occurred at Ischeschi on Samos (Greek), April 5. The entire population was thrown into a state of great excitement. Only slight damage was done.

Dr. J. Taylor Hamilton, of the Moravian Theological Seminary at Bethlehem, Pa., has been elected member for America of the governing Board of Moravian Missions located at Berthelsdorf, Saxony.

It is proposed that Oct. 5, 1903, which is the two hundredth anniversary of Jonathan Edwards' birth, be adequately celebrated in this country, just as Emerson's centenary is soon to be, and as John Wesley's bi-centenary is to be in June next.

The sixty-ninth annual meeting and anniversary of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, took place at the new home of the society in New York on May 13. Excellent progress was made in all departments of the work during the year.

A Conference of Leaders of Missionary Work in Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies of the Southern States will be held on Lookout Mountain, Tenn., July 4-8. Information may be obtained by addressing Mr. Charles V. Vickrey, 150 Fifth Ave., New York.

The ninth annual Conference for Bible study and consideration of practical methods of Church work will be held at Winona Lake, Indiana, August 30th to 30th. A special invitation is extended to ministers and Christian workers, to Christian educators, to Christian Sunday-school teachers, to Christians generally. Particulars may be obtained by addressing Rev. S. C. Dickey, D.D., Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. Hirsch, a Jewish Rabbi of Chicago, in the course of a lecture on April 25 said that "If Jesus Christ should appear to the world he would be welcomed in every Jewish synagogue in the land." He added that although modern Jews regard Jesus as one of the noblest spiritual teachers who ever appeared in the world, and believe that the Jews caused him bitter suffering, many Christians do.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will greatly regret to learn that Dr. Sanford, on account of whose illness [illegible] was now totally blind. All hope of restoring his eyesight has been abandoned. The well-known singer, who has spent the greater part of a generation in active Christian service, accepts his affliction with fortitude. "God gives and takes away," he says. "It is God's will."

The Mayflower's Message

By FRANCES A. DOUGHTY

I.

MISS NUTE'S scholars had a May holiday, and they spent it most happily in the woods, hunting the lovely pink and white blossoms of the arbutus, called in their New England home the mayflower.

One class of her girls, ten in number, belonged to the "King's Daughters." They had for the time a genuine enthusiasm for helping other people, and now even wanted to give away the exquisite pleasure they found in a large bed of mayflowers.

The result of the generous impulse was that before night they had tied up twenty-five or thirty small bunches, attached cords to each, with a favorite maxim or quotation, and expressed the floral offering to the President of their Society to dispose of as she might think best in New York. Miss Nute told them the flower was considered very choice there, as it is not found growing in the country near that city.

II.

The streets of New York are very lonely to a person in trouble. Poor little Hetty Harvey walked along wearily on the beautiful May day, the sky blue above her, and the dawning springtime fresh with promise in the air, but her spirit felt as worn and shabby as the walking-suit she had lived in all winter, and she was painfully conscious of not matching the day at all. Only a forlorn remnant of pride prevented her from crying in the street.

"Everybody and everything is against me," she said to herself bitterly, turning her head away as she passed a big store on Fourteenth street. She did not wish any of the shop-girls there to see and recognize her. Some articles were missing from her counter, and she had left there the previous week with circumstances strongly against her, dismissed ostensibly because the force was being cut down. There was no open accusation, but a cold stiffness in the manner of the head-clerk put her pride in arms, so she would not ask for a letter of recommendation to assist her in getting another place. Probably he would have given her one if she had asked him. He would have seen that she felt strong in her own innocence.

She went at once to call on the lady she had sewed for when she first came from Vermont. A strange family was occupying the house, and she was told at the door that the people who used to live there had gone to Europe.

"To Europe!" she echoed, from a great deep of disappointment that you who read this in happy homes cannot fathom. "They might as well be at the bottom of the Dead Sea—sometimes I wish I was there myself!"

Hetty had no home, and she had just money enough left for one night more, another supper and breakfast at the reduced rates of a certain "Working Girls' Home." She had never been brought low enough to ask charity; and had not the means to pay her way back to Vermont to stay with her only relatives—some very distant ones—until she could find work there. She had left them to try her fortune in the great city of New York, where she had heard many more avenues were open than in the rural districts, and the Yankee spirit of independence and progress in this blue-eyed, dimpled maiden could not bear an out-and-out defeat. She looked soft, but she had a certain strength of purpose. She remembered that a family she used to know in Vermont was living in Jersey City. She had seen none of them for years, but surely they would feel enough interest in a fellow-townswoman to help her to find a situation. Perhaps they would ask her to stay with them for a day or two until something "turned up," and every day would make a difference in the present state of her finances.

Acting upon this she took the Elevated road, and was soon at the ferry. After crossing it she went into the first drug store she came to in Jersey City, to consult a directory. Her heart gave a great bound of joy when she found the name she was looking for—"Turbill, Hannah, widow," etc. The street and number were not far from the ferry; she was soon at the house, and, pleased with her luck thus far, rang the bell eagerly.

A gaudily dressed girl came to the door. Hetty knew her at a glance, but was eyed in return without a gleam of recognition. The two had not met since they were children.

"What do you want?" said the young woman—Miss Printhy Turbill—rather curtly, as if impatient at the interruption.

"Mother!" she screamed: "Come out here, somebody wants you,—" and then Miss Printhy took her flight.

Hetty swallowed a feeling of reluctance with one resolute gulp, as a stout, middle-aged woman came waddling out of the dining-room, fastening her dress hurriedly at the waist, as if in the act of making a second toilet. It was evident that after officiating as cook, she was about to act the part of hostess at the dinner-table to that gentleman, "Keeping steady company" with her daughter in the parlor.

"Hello! if this ain't Peter Harvey's girl—I see the likeness."

"Yes—he was my father."

"What be you doin' in New York?"

"Working for my living, Mrs. Turbill.

HETTY THOUGHT ONLY OF THE BLACKNESS BENEATH THE WATER'S BRIGHT SURFACE

"Don't you remember me, Printhy? We used to be scholmates—"

"Land sakes!—as if there wasn't a hull lot of girls who went to school with me, and how in creation am I to keep track of 'em all?"

"Hetty Harvey."

"Why to be sure! I do remember there was a Harvey girl. Her mother used to make real good cookies; she had 'em for lunch"—smiling, and thawing considerably—"Come in, Miss Harvey."

Just at this moment a bell rang at the other end of the hall. Hetty could see the dining-room open and a table spread there, so this bell must be the summons to dinner, an awkward time for her to arrive.

Printhy looked toward the parlor as Hetty stepped over the door-sill, and giggled meaningly.

"I know you'll excuse me; a gentleman is in there—me and him's a keepin' steady company, and I've got to speak to him this very minute. You just wait till I call mother."

You may have heard that I was left an orphan—" then realizing that not a minute was to be lost—"Oh, do tell me if you know of any work I can get to do?" she added, in an eager breath.

As yet she had not been invited to sit down, this civility was merely forgotten. Mrs. Turbill was not a bad-hearted woman, she was only flustered, having something else on her mind.

"No, I haven't heard of no place at all, lately. I hope you ain't given dissatisfaction to your last employers?" (not too hurried to throw in a little cheap advice). "A girl with her way to make in the world hadn't ought to be too particular. Well, we're just up to our eyes in work, a gettin' Printhy ready to be married. It came sort o' sudden like. That's her gentleman in the sittin'-room now, and it's the first time he's come from down East to visit us, and we've got to have him here to dinner. I tell you, Miss Harvey, just you call some other time. I'd ask you to stay over night, but you see he's got the spare room, and Printhy—her room is chuck full of patterns, and dresses, and what with the sewin' machine and her sheets and pillow cases we're a makin', there's hardly room to turn round. You ain't busy now, you say. Come again while you have holiday later in the spring, and we'll talk about the folks down to Vermont, and old times. We calculate to git through this all-fired rush after while, and take a little breathing spell before the weddin'. Goodby, Miss Harvey."

If Mrs. Turbill did not literally close the door in her guest's face, she came very near doing it.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Turbill."

Hetty set her mouth firmly as she turned her back on that inhospitable door, resolving never to darken it with her shadow again. They should never even hear what became of her if she could prevent it. When she stepped on to the ferry-boat again she lowered her veil, looking under it, away from her fellow-passengers, into the water in the dock. The sun lit it up cheerily, but she thought only of the thick blackness underneath the bright surface, and a voice from way down there seemed to call her:

"If all else fails, rest is here, this is always open to you."

It was a long way from the Cortlandt street ferry to the Working Girls' Home, but Hetty could not afford to ride there. As she walked along one temptation after another came to her. How should she escape the cruel uncertainty of the present, the despair of the near future, when she would find herself without money, without friends in this desolate wilderness of New York. Were there no ways out of this dreadful dilemma?

Yes,—death, and begging,—and some other ways, too, but sinful ways, Hetty had never walked in and scarcely understood.

What if she were to abandon herself recklessly to the current of the hour? It was growing strong, relentless, irresistible.

III.

The dining-room in the Working Girls' Home was in the basement; when supper was ready, Hetty followed the others into it dejectedly.

As they entered the door a delicious perfume filled the air, strong and penetrating, like nothing but the woods in the earliest springtime. Hetty Harvey knew this perfume well, though it had not greeted her for two years.

She took a seat mechanically. A bunch of mayflowers was lying on the plate before her—whose was it? Then looking down the table she saw a similar one on each plate, fresh and delicate, as if gathered this May day.

This bunch then was intended for her. Childhood's early memories, evoked by that woody odor, came rushing back on the swift wings of sense. How often she had gathered the mayflower with her mother and father in their Sunday afternoon walks, or her own solitary rambles. It was her mother's favorite wild flower, and but a few weeks ago she wrote to ask an old neighbor to place a bouquet of it, when it came into bloom, on the lonely graves of her parents in the country cemetery.

All the sacredness of home influences in other and happier days rushed over her in an overwhelming tide. For a few moments she saw no one, took no account of the exclamations of her companions. Her surroundings were the dream, the past became the reality.

Taking up her precious little bouquet, she saw something written on a card attached to it by a narrow ribbon, and read these three words:

"Trust in God!"

She raised the flowers to her lips, and one tear fell softly upon their tender bloom—it may be with such tears as this the immortal flowers in the gardens of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 439

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

When Dorothy Went Home

THE two women who were watching in the room next the one in which Dorothy Raimond was sleeping that last, quiet slumber which no dreams disturb, glanced uneasily at each other the clock struck twelve. When the last long stroke d away on the air, Mrs. Cranfells shivered and drew little shawl more closely about her thin shoulders. ss Rachel Ann Chittenden, who was plump and come- got up and stirred the fire, shaking down the ashes, opening the draughts.

'I'm goin' to fix us a little supper, Melissy," she said, boil some coffee. You'll be catchin' your death ld!"

"It doos beat all," said Mrs. Cranfells, in a puzzled, ndering way, "what John will do without Dorothy." 'What'll the hull township do without her?" The nster paused, holding in her hand a cup into which was measuring spoonsfull of ground coffee. What ay, without any irreverence meant, is this, What was good Lord a-thinkin' of to take Dorothy Raimond heaven, and leave old bed-ridden Madam Jones, o has wanted to go this four years? Dorothy, so tty and young and gay, so bubblin' r with joy, gone in a flash, and John helpless and desolate, and old folks sick folks stayin' on to suffer! I tell , it shocks a body's faith."

'Mercy me, dear heart," said Mrs. Cranells, "don't talk so. The good Lord ows best. He's taken Dorothy either m the evil to come, or else to some od far beyond what we can imagine. I m to hear him sayin', 'Let not your art be troubled. Ye believe in God, be- ve also in me. In my Father's house many mansions.'"

Miss Rachel Ann did not reply. She s getting out bread and butter and ich preserves, knowing where Dorothy kept everything. A sound in the other om startled her, but she repressed an clamation. It was only John, coming wn with a look of gaunt, white misery his tearless countenance, and standing side the coffin, with a gesture that went the hearts of his friends. John had olized Dorothy. They had been married y a year. This was their new house, ilt and furnished to suit her. Every bit it was eloquent of Dorothy. John, too, s saying dumbly in a passion of mute bellion. "What could the Lord have en thinkin' of?"

Kind Mrs. Cranfells went to the stricken n, and persuaded him to come into the rm kitchen and have a bite of supper. e and Miss Rachel Ann gazed for a oment at the beautiful, silent figure of ir friend. A nameless peace and dig- y lay upon that lovely, queenly face. The man sat down by the table and tried eat, but the food choked him. He put head down on his hands and shook th great sobs.

'There! there!" said Mrs. Cranfells, tting his shoulder soothingly. "You've thing to reproach yourself with, so don't t this way, John."

'I have," he broke out. "I tried her tience lots of times. I brought mud in my boots and tracked up her clean or. I had the house painted white en she wanted it gray. I wouldn't let r join the church when she wanted to last Easter, cause I wasn't ready to join too. I've been cross, d scolded when the cooking didn't suit me. Oh! orothy, Dorothy, Dorothy, come back, and you'll see w changed I'll be!"

He tramped heavily off upstairs, and the women looked each other in grieved dismay. "It's always so; when ks are gone, we wish we'd been nicer to them, don't ?" Miss Rachel Ann remarked.

'John was right good to Dorothy," said Mrs. Cranfells. The clock struck one!

'You lie down on the lounge and kiver yourself with t quilt, Rachel Ann, and I'll take a nap in this easy eer. We're doin' Dorothy no good."

If the three—the husband and the two friends—could ve followed Dorothy behind that screen of silence n call death, they might not have grieved so sorrow- ly. Dorothy Raimond had never been so vividly ake, so resplendently alive, as when her last breath ated away, and her soul, dropping the body, went ht and free along the immortal road.

She was conscious of a strange gladness, a wonderful poise and freedom. As she walked beside a sparkling river, the flowers that touched her garment's hem were more fragrant than the roses. She walked with the elastic tread of a child, and first one, then another dear friend met her, and gave her greeting. Her mother, whom she had lost when she was a baby, came running over a green meadow, and folded happy arms about her, folded her closely. Her little sister Sadie, and her brother Ralph, were just behind; a troop of dear schoolmates; a girl especially whom she had loved and missed, one Pearl Maleen, all made her so welcome.

"You are just the same Dorothy," said her mother, "though you were so little when I came home. I'm so glad you are here."

Angels moved to and fro. They seemed very busy.

"You see," said Pearl, "they are forever flying around on the King's errands."

"Don't you do the King's errands too?" asked Dorothy. "Oh, yes, but not in the same way. They return to the earth, ascending and descending. We go no more out, after we have seen our Lord."

So they talked, and all around were friends talking, and Dorothy had glimpses of wide, beautiful homes, full of pictures and flowers, and the very air was sweet and buoyant and song seemed to fill it and make its background; song that was a radiance, alternating with silence that was a caress.

In the very middle of the gladness, there penetrated to Dorothy, a long, strange, wailing cry.

"Dorothy! Dorothy! Come back, my beloved!"

"It is John," she murmured. "John. He needs me." She made a mighty plunge into space, and awoke.

Mrs. Cranfells shook Miss Rachel violently. Her face was as white as chalk. Her hands were shaking.

"There's a noise," she said, "in Dorothy's room."

Miss Rachel opened the door. She started back in sheer affright. Dorothy was sitting up in her coffin.

"I'm alive, Aunt Rachel," she cried. "Where's John?"

Dorothy lived many, many years and was an old, old woman before she finally went to her heavenly home. But her descendants still tell how she lay three days in a trance and heard and saw unutterable things. Never was wife so adored, for John always knew she had been given back to him from the very portals of the grave.

THE SPIRIT O' THE MAY-TIME

The merriment o' May-time,
The Spirit o' the Spring-time;
Flowers bloom and children play,
And birds sing roundelay!

The world, so old and hoary,
In the May renews its glory—
And life's a joyous story
In the merry month o' May!

The Absent Friend

A CYNICAL adage tells us that the absent are always in the wrong. If assailed they cannot defend themselves, and it therefore behooves us to be very careful what we say about them. I have heard the most surprising accusations made about a child, to the effect that he was not to be trusted, that he committed wanton mischief, that he stole small articles; and when I remonstrated, saying, it is wicked to deprive a child of a good reputation in this wholesale way, I have been told: "Why, everybody in—— will say what we do." Sifted to its beginning, the story would probably resolve itself into thin air.

I wish we might spontaneously and instinctively rally our powers in defense of the absentee, whether he be young or old. Most people have more goodness than badness about them, why not take great pains to give them the credit of their good qualities, and not the demerit of their bad ones?

Suppose a Burglar Came

Undoubtedly you and I have often speculated as to what we would do if a burglar came. What a New York girl with presence of mind and nerve did, the other night, was to meet a burglar with a disarming politeness that drove him from the field. Miss Jeannette Thurber, quite early one evening, sitting in her room, wrote a letter, and thought she would leave it for posting in her father's room, on the next floor below. Entering the room quietly, she discovered a strange man standing by the table. "Who are you?" she inquired. The man turned and roughly pushed her into a chair, with violent threats and an order to keep perfectly still. The young lady promised silence, and said, "Why not take a seat yourself?" This nonplussed the burglar, who presently called to a hidden confederate, and directed him to leave the house, retiring backward himself while he kept the muzzle of a revolver pointed at the young woman. She had promised to give no alarm until the robbers had been out of the house two minutes, and she kept her word.

I have no idea how Miss Thurber managed to be so perfectly cool and self-controlled, except this: She is probably a girl who has disciplined herself in composure in the small everyday affairs of life, and the habit holds in the alarming crises, even when a burglar comes on the scene.

About Taking Cold

If you would resist the malady known as taking cold, do not get overtired. When the tone of the system is lowered, cold is apt to seize upon you. Daily bathing, with dashes of cold water on the throat and chest, and on the back below the shoulder blades, followed by a brisk rubbing with a rough towel, will prevent the tendency to cold. Do not overload the stomach with pastry and rich food, or with fried food of any kind. A good many colds may be laid at the door of candy and bon-bons, of which not only young girls, but also men and boys, are often inordinately fond.

Bye and Bye

In a recent novel, the mother of a young girl says to her, "The way young people do old people now, that same way other young people will do them, when they are old." Not long ago, a lady of mature age was very much hurt by the boorish rudeness of a young kinswoman, whose manner lacked the simple deference so becoming to her age, and so appropriate toward the age of the other. But she sighed as she commented upon it. "What else can I expect? I was shockingly rude and hateful in my own behavior to my mother, long years back, when I was Patsy's age."

Is it not worth while to reflect that we are constantly sowing the seeds for our future harvests? If we are unselfish and generous in youth, we shall find love and kindness about us when we grow old. If we are thrifty in youth, we shall not be roofless and paupered in the rainy day of age and infirmity. We shall receive what we give. The lesson should sink deeply into the soil of every heart.

A Homely Maxim

What can't be cured must be endured! This being the case, why mope and fret and protest and wear yourself out in vain repining? If it be God's will to send you some sneak in your lot, glorify him by the cheery courage with which you bring to bear on just that infelicity. Nothing lasts forever. The hardest puzzles have some solution. The longest road has an end. The most baffling situations have a clear. After the storm comes not only the calm, but the brightness that could not have been had not the storm swept the skies clear. And many a tempest has its rainbow before the thunder ceases.

"TO BE SPIRITUALLY MINDED IS LIFE AND PEACE"

DOUBLE-MINDED OR SINGLE-HEARTED?

The Life-Giving Spirit

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MAY 31. ROMANS 8: 1-14

GOLDEN TEXT: "FOR AS MANY AS ARE LED BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD, THEY ARE THE SONS OF GOD." ROM. 8: 14

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

WHY is this lesson inserted just here? Partly, no doubt, because Paul is about to sail for Rome, which makes it interesting and pertinent to read what he had written to the Church at Rome two years before. This lesson is also an impressive contrast with the preceding one, in that we there see Paul in a human court treated as guilty, though innocent, while in this lesson we see Paul self-condemned at the bar of God, yet acquitted through acceptance of a Substitute, who had died for him. There is a profounder connection with the last lesson, in the fact that Paul has just recounted to Agrippa his conversion in its more outward aspects, while in the seventh and eighth of Romans we may have the inward struggle of those three days of darkness at Damascus, and the burst of light for soul and body that followed (Acts 9: 9, 18). It is more probable that this was a later battle in his soul, after justification, as in the Epistle. The whole Epistle is our larger subject, with the eighth chapter its Mount of Transfiguration, as our lofty outlook. In the seventh chapter we see a disciple toiling upward in the night; in the eighth, the glory of the Lord from the face of the revealed Christ bursting on him.

I see a different law in my members warring against the law of my mind (7: 23). We cannot appreciate the victory noted in the eighth chapter, without reviewing the awful battle that preceded. And to understand the battle, we must briefly recall what precedes from the beginning of the Epistle. After his salutation, Paul proclaims the "Gospel" (1: 16), the good news of pardon through Jesus the Saviour, of protection and direction through Christ the King, for both Jews and Gentiles, who are alike sinners, and are alike called to rightness. This is to be secured, not by human efforts to do and be good, but by receiving the Spirit of God through faith in Christ, who died for us. Accepting Him as our substitute, we are pardoned; and accepting this free pardon, we have peace (5: 1).

Christ having died for us, it is as if we were dead, so far as our guilt and punishment are concerned. We are "dead to the law," as the drafted man in France was declared by the government to be, on the ground that he had previously hired a substitute who had been killed. "I am dead," he said to those who came to force him into the army. The recruiting officers thought him insane, but the government accepted his plea and set him free. So far as the law of military service was concerned, he was as good as dead. So one who accepts Christ's death in his stead, is as dead, so far as the penalty of sin is involved. But the Epistle presently shows us that the peace that comes with pardon, may be followed by new battles leading to a fuller peace, and that being dead to the guilt of sin, may not include death to the power and love of sin, which are graphically pictured in the seventh and eighth chapters, that follow the story of justification in the Epistle, as like experiences follow justification in the "living epistles" of real life. As Christ's death was followed by resurrection, and that of ascension, so crucified with Christ and in Christ as our substitute, we die to the old life of guilt, to rise into a new life of Christlike obedience, but, even from this, we may ascend into a yet higher life, delivered from the very love of sin, so that we love what God loves and hate what God hates. It is this supreme victory over the love of sin that Romans eighth pictures, following the struggle of a soul whose conscience and will belong to God, while his heart prefers sin.

"Sin no longer reigns, but it fights." That seems to be the exact condition pictured in the seventh of Romans. There we see the two men in us still at war, though the better man is no longer enslaved by the worse. The better man, indeed, is master, but the baser, though conquered, is not yet subdued, nor won over; and the two are inseparably chained, so that discord produces daily misery. At last it comes to be like the case of the martyr who was chained to a corpse. The love of sin in the heart seems to the quickened conscience like such a corpse, and he cries, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The word "flesh" in the Bible means not the body only, but human nature complete in its natural state. When a measure of spiritual life has captured the conscience and the intellect and will, often the heart and body refuse for a time to join in crowning Christ. The two camps in us keep up the conflict until the heart itself is conquered by love divine, and then, in place of the double-mindedness and discord of Romans seventh, comes the single-heartedness and peace of "the blessed eighth."

Here was a battle fought! I may not trace
The master skill and strategies revealed
Betwixt the hosts that gathered on this field:
I may not tell the final rallying-place
Whereon they marshaled, hurried, face to face,
The one to claim, the one to humbly yield:
I only know that here Self's cohorts kneeled
To beg of Love divine a prisoner's grace.

It was the old, decisive, sharp affray [drawn
Of Right-ousness and Wrong, whereto were
Causes with more than civil issues fraught:
But other men of other times will say,
As we, of Malvern Hill or Marathon:—
"Behold this place! Here was a battle fought!"

FRANK W. HUTT.

No scene in the Bible has been more frequently repeated than the battle of the two natures in the seventh of Romans. Sometimes at conversion, sometimes after, such a battle occurs in the soul. A missionary tells of a poor African woman who once said to him, groaning heavily, that she had two hearts, one saying, "Come to Jesus," the other saying, "Stay away;" one bidding her do good, the other urging her to do evil. He read to her the seventh of Romans, and she exclaimed, "Ah, massa, that's me; and I know not what to do." But she learned to answer the cry, "Who shall deliver me?" by saying, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." To which we may add another story of a devout colored woman of a joyful Christian experience. She was one of a company of her race to whom a learned preacher was talking of the inward conflicts of sin as if we were never to be victors over the flesh until Death came to reinforce us in the battle with it. The flesh could be destroyed, he seemed to think, but not transfigured. He had expounded in this way on Romans seventh and eighth, when the ebony saint interrupted him smilingly to say: "'Pears like you don't understand them chapters." "What's the matter with my exposition, aunty?" "Why, honey, you talks as if we were to live in that miserable seventh chapter, and only pay little visits to the blessed eighth." "Well, that's just what I do think, don't you?" "Laws, honey, why I lives in the eighth." Christ is the end of the law for both. Justification and sanctification. Neither can be had by trying, both by trusting.

"THE SPIRIT ITSELF MAKETH INTERCESSION FOR US"

There is, therefore, now no condemnation. That means, there is no longer conflict because the two that fought are friends. My will is the will of my God. I love what God loves, and hate what God hates. Our hearts are one. Single-hearted peace has taken the place of double-minded strife. "I worship thee, sweet will of God."

Theresa had received a present, a little ebony cross, the ends of which were tipped with gold. She had it fastened to a blue ribbon, and wore it about her neck. At one time the cross-piece became loose, and she begged her father to repair the cross. "That I will do very willingly," said her father, "and by means of it will try to teach you a lesson how you may live in this world and no affliction or duty prove a cross to you. See, without this cross-piece the longer piece is not a cross; only when the cross-piece is added is a cross formed. So it is in every trial which we call a cross. The longer piece represents God's will; our will, which always desires to cross God's will, is represented by the cross-piece. Each cross you are called upon to bear, take from it the cross-piece—your will—and it will no longer prove a cross to you."

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle,
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto thee,
O Lord, thy will be done!

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong,
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath thy liberal sun,
O Lord be there, thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

JOHN HAY, *Secretary of State.*

The law of the spirit of life hath made me free. This is the profoundest of all utterances on law and love and life and liberty. Liberty is the choicest fruit of a tree of life whose trunk is law, whose root is love. Law is no dread thing, but only love expressed in terms of life, and only under law there be any real liberty. Is it liberty for the train to leap the track, or only to bound forward on the rails of law? The only true liberty is that which is in the very life, when love of right inclines us to do only the thing we may do, and keeps us from the very desire to do the things we may not do. This is the power of the keys, given not to Peter only, but to all the apostles and to all Christians, who may have such a life of harmony with God that what they permit themselves will be what God permits, and what they forbid themselves will be what God forbids. That is binding and loosing on earth, as in heaven. This is again singleness of heart, the secret of peace, that we love what God loves, and will what God wills. Let us quote George MacDonald once more: "When God's will is our law, then are we but a kind of noble slave, but when God's will is our will, then are we his free children."

. . .

As many as are led by the spirit of God they are the sons of God. Of three steps in this lesson, this is the topmost. First, we are shown how righteousness or rightness may be put in place of guilt (vs. 1-4). Second, we are shown how human nature, "the flesh," may be filled with the divine nature, the Holy Spirit (vs. 5-11). Third, we see how servants, who obeyed God unlovingly, may become sons of God, in whom obedience springs from love (vs. 12-14).

There is a story told of a young prince having, as a body-guard, three good genii, who appeared in visible form at his summons, but behind whom always lurked the dark shadow of an uninvited and unwelcome evil spirit. Creeping closer and closer to the prince, this spirit would whisper in his ear scornful refutations of the wise advice given by the others.

"WHEREBY WE CRY, ABBA FATHER"

We are told that the bad counsel thus cunningly insinuated produced very baneful results, often leading the young man into actions of which his inmost heart disapproved; but we learn that in the end the good genii gained the day, and as the prince embarked on the river which wound to the glittering palace towards which all his life he had been journeying, the evil spirit fled, vanquished, while the three, whose ministry had been so constant and sustaining hovered round the bark, their wings spread protectingly over it, their voices raised in a grand chant of victory. Beneath the old legend there is a deep significance. In our hearts wages day by day a stern conflict between the old nature of the flesh and the new life of God's Spirit; but we, too, may look for victory through Him who, "able to keep us from falling," hath given us the assurance—at once a precept and a promise, "Sin shall not have dominion over you."

It is as if two mortal foes contended
Within my bosom in a deadly strife;
One for the loftier aims for souls intended,
One for the earthly life.

And yet I know this very war within me,
Which brings out all my will power and control,
This very conflict at the last shall win me
The loved and longed-for goal.

Ah! When in the immortal ranks enlisted,
I sometimes wonder if we shall not find
That not by deeds, but by what we've resisted,
Our places are assigned.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The pre-eminent truth in this lesson is that double-mindedness is battling with God, and should give way to single-heartedness as the pathway to peace. Why is a tarred rope strong? Because the tar binds down all the single hempen filaments that would otherwise stand out independently, and makes their combined strength contribute to that of the whole. This enables us to understand the prayer, "Unite my heart to fear thy name" (Ps. 86: 11). This might well be the golden text to bridge the passage from the seventh to the eighth of Romans. And with it we may put such kindred verses as "Purify your hearts, ye double-minded" (Jas. 4: 8; see also James 1: 8), and "Be not of double heart" (I. Chr. 12: 33), and "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light" (Matt. 6: 24).

. . .

Gleanings

"Double-mindedness is abnormal and unmanly. God made us to sail by a pole star and a chart that he has given us. He made us to rule our spirits, to keep the lower nature in subjection to the higher. We have no business to let the stokers from the hold come on the quarter-deck, or go into the pilot-house, and take control of the ship. They are to serve, and not to rule."

. . .

One of the most striking apparent examples of a double character that history furnishes is cited by Dr. McCosh in his work on *The Divine Government*, out of the history of Sweden. The famous Chancellor Oxenstiern had shown many kindnesses to one Lilienhorn, advancing him to a post of honor and trust. Lilienhorn perfidiously requited his benefactor by entering into a conspiracy against his life; but as the set time drew near, touched with some relentings, he sat down and wrote, in a disguised hand, a letter of warning to the chancellor, designed to dissuade him from attending a certain court festival, and thus to save his life. The great man despised the anonymous letter, and kept his appointment, attended by Lilienhorn, who stood by and saw his master and friend murdered by assassins. And probably there were people in Stockholm who heard the story and remarked, "How strange! How inexplicable! What a self-contradictory character! He must have lived a double life." Yes, but in his double life the soul was "under" and sin "on top," and it is the dominance, whether of good or evil, that determines character and destiny.

HOW "MOTHERING" SAVED THE BABIES

A GROUP OF BABIES WHOSE LIVES HAVE BEEN SAVED BY MOTHER-LOVE

ALL theories regarding the artificial upbringing of an infant have been shattered by practical experiments that have just been concluded in St. Vincent's Home, a Philadelphia institution for the care of motherless babies. It became evident to the medical attendants and nurses of the Home, not long ago, that something was radically wrong with the babies. They had the best of care. They were washed and fed regularly, they were petted and caressed as much as could be where there were so many applicants for such attentions and so few to give them. Yet the babies pined and died. The doctors were nonplussed.

One day there came to the Home, at the invitation of the matron of the institution, a woman who had successfully brought to healthy manhood and womanhood a large family of children. She was conducted over the wards, dormitories and nurseries. First to a large room, the floor of which was covered with babies just able to crawl, toddle or walk uncertainly, holding to the walls. The visitor looked at a small specimen of humanity,crying feebly in a corner. The door had been opened too smartly and the baby, having been clinging to it, had been knocked to the floor. It was crying softly to itself—the cry of a hurt child, who knew that no one would notice or comfort it. The visitor noted the tone, but said nothing. The rest of the children were sitting on the floor, crooning to each other, like old men and women. They held out their arms as the visitor approached, and when one was taken up, the others cried to be taken up too. But it was impossible to take them all up, so most of the babies were left on the floor, crying very softly to themselves.

"The children are simply pining for mother-love," the visitor said. "No well-regulated baby can do without being hugged to a motherly bosom. It must be comforted when it is hurt. It's little troubles must be assuaged by one in whom it feels confidence. Babies are not fashioned to be left in a crowd together. They must have individual attention."

The officials were confronted by a serious problem. The babies were dying so fast, something had to be done at once. The matron summoned the doctors and nurses, and it was determined to engage the services of foster-mothers and try what "mothering" would do to the ailing infants. A number of Italian women were found, willing each to take one of the babies, and add it to their own family, for a consideration. The worst cases were selected for the initial experiment. In two weeks, the Italian women reported with their charges. From pining, hollow-eyed infants, the babies had become round-faced, bright-eyed, full of chirping cheerfulness.

The babies who were brought back did not relapse into their former melancholy condition, but diffused their own merry mood around the play-rooms of the home. Half a dozen of the "mothered" infants wrought a complete change in the atmosphere of the place.

As fast as means would permit, the pining babies were taken from the wards and given to the foster-mothers, until all had had their turn. The beneficial effect of the treatment was most marked in every case. Hereafter the foster-mothers are to be a regularly recognized adjunct of the institution. The doctors at the home have decided that a better medicine than drugs has been found for babies who pine and die without any apparent physical ill.

"Why," said the matron, in talking the matter over with the writer, "the babies were simply dying of broken hearts. It seems strange that we never divined the cause before. Babies know when they are not getting what a baby is entitled to—a hug and a soothing word when it cries for reason. So they in time cease to cry, like normally cared-for infants, because they know it's no use. They cry unnaturally and silently. Then they begin to pine, and they pine to death, unless something is done. That something is individual care from women who will treat the child as one of their own. We think we have solved the problem of the care of babies in an institution like this." H. D. JONES.

PINING FOR MOTHER-LOVE AFTER A MONTH'S MOTHERING

A DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT

SELDOM has a church suffered within a few days two bereavements so prominent as those which befell the Methodist Episcopal Church during the early part of this month. On May 1 died Bishop Randolph S. Foster, and on May 4 Bishop John Fletcher Hurst passed away. Both men were held in profound reverence by both the clergy and laity, and their loss is deeply mourned.

Bishop Foster was in his eighty-fourth year, and had been sixty-six years in the ministry and thirty-one years a bishop. His ministerial work commenced in Kentucky, where he held appointments more important than usually fall to the lot of so young a man. He was little over seventeen when his Conference first licensed him, but even then his oratorical gifts and his spiritual power were widely recognized. Nor was his theological equipment undeveloped. He championed Methodist doctrines against a Calvinistic critic of considerable eminence, and afterwards embodied his arguments in a book which, in its day, had a marked effect on public opinion. In 1844 he was transferred to the Ohio Conference, and six years later he entered the New York Conference, and was appointed to the church in Mulberry street, which subsequently became St. Paul's Church. While he was still serving there, he was elected President of Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill. Later he became Professor in Drew Theological Seminary, and subsequently President of that institution. In 1872 he was elected bishop. It was an office he did not seek, and it is said that for some time he hesitated to accept. His preaching wherever he had been stationed had been followed by revivals, and he doubted whether it was wise to give up that work for the episcopate. The counsels of friends, however, had weight with him, and finally he accepted the office. His administration was kind, genial and inspiring, winning him the personal reverence and affection of all with whom he came in contact.

THE LATE BISHOP HURST

Bishops Foster and Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Called to their Reward

Bishop Hurst was a man of very different personality. There is in Christ's service, as the apostle points out, a diversity of gifts, but the Spirit is the same. God has many kinds of work for men to do, and he uses the man best fitted to do a special work. Bishop Hurst was a theologian, a college-bred man, and one who had a profound belief in the necessity of an educated ministry. He was a native of Maryland and a graduate of Dickinson. Instead of entering the ministry, when at the age of twenty he graduated from that institution, he went to Germany for a course at Halle and Heidelberg.

He became professor of ancient languages at the Hedding Literary Institute at Ashland, N. Y., and subsequently returned to Europe to preside over the Methodist Mission Institute at Bremen, and afterwards at Frankfort. In 1871 he was again in America, at first as professor of historical theology in Drew Theological Seminary and later as President of that institution. One of his characteristic achievements was the prompt raising of an endowment fund when the financial storm struck the college. His election to the episcopacy came in 1880. It was a fitting tribute to his character, energy and devotion. It did not, however, change the bent of his mind. The conception of a great Methodist university had long been in his thought and he used his new office to bring it to realization.

After concentrated and intense labor, he had the satisfaction, in 1891, of seeing his plans nearing maturity. Nearly three million dollars had been obtained, and at last a charter was granted. From that time the institution at Washington, D. C., occupied all his thoughts. He lived to see the completion of the first of its beautiful buildings and to satisfy himself that his grand idea would be carried out. The church owes much to his far-sighted policy and his self-sacrificing devotion. The new generations of ministers are little likely to forget their benefactor.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Alice S., New Orleans. I think you once referred in THE MAIL-BAG to the phrase, "I expect to pass through the world but once." Who was the author?

It is attributed to Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. Engraved on his tombstone are these words: "I expect to pass through the world but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Mother, Plainfield, N.J. 1. When does THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn open? 2. What is the cost of giving a child a ten days' vacation at the Home? 3. Please explain how a cot is endowed and how much it costs.

1. It will open the last week of June. 2. Three dollars secures a ten days' vacation to a tenement boy or girl at the Home, including transportation both ways, medical examination, food, supplementary clothing and all incidentals. 3. Twenty-one dollars endows a cot a whole year. Every endowed cot is marked with the name of the benefactor, framed and hung above the cot itself, and a record of all the occupants of the cot during the entire season of outing is forwarded to the donor of the endowment. The children themselves frequently write touching little letters of gratitude to their benefactors.

A. B. G., Cookport, Pa. Why was Saul's name changed to Paul after his conversion?

Nothing is said in Scripture to explain the change of name. It was, however, common for Jews to bear, besides their own name, "another borrowed from some country or people with which they had become connected." Thus, Saul among the Jews, would be Paulus among the Gentiles. As he, with Barnabas, had been rejected by the Jews, it may have been that the conversion of the eminent gentile, Sergius Paulus, decided Saul to change his own name to the Gentile form of Paul. The sacred historian, wishing to mark the point of transition from darkness to light in Paul's life, emphasized the change of name, calling him Saul first and Paul afterward.

L. F., Ocean Grove, N. J. Can you give me any arguments in favor of being married by a minister rather than a Justice of the Peace? A near relative, who is soon to be married, says that there were no ordained ministers in the time of Christ, who ushered in a new order of things. Despite the protests of friends, he says he will be married by a Justice. Can you point out any New Testament passages, or tell me anything of the early history of the Church bearing on the case?

Marriage is both a civil and religious ceremony. The civil marriage has reference to the legal status of the parties; the religious ceremonial, to the sacred compact entered into as in God's presence. It is usually considered that those who neglect the religious ceremonial attach very little sacredness to the marriage tie. This is wrong, as marriage, like baptism and communion, is a divinely-ordained institution, and ought to be so regarded universally.

Housewife, Waco, Tex. Is "domestic science" as a subject of text-books and a course in schools, purely an invention of our own times?

We think not. The term "domestic science" is modern, but certain chapters in Proverbs may be classed with the subject. Xenophon's *Economics* is "the oldest existing work on household management," says Prof. Haskins. "From this charming Greek classic—of which there are many translations—we have our very words, economy and economics. The only other really great book on the subject, an imitation, *Della Famiglia*, takes the young bride over the house, gives her the keys, teaches her right ordering of affairs, inducts her into the science of family finance," etc. It was one of the most popular books of the Renaissance. Instruction in domestic arts was, we believe, a part of the training of all maidens in the Middle Ages. "Domestic science" as now understood, may doubtless be considered a revival and an advance.

Reader, St. Louis. Has the Pope the right to confer titles of nobility?

There are orders of knighthood which the Pope can confer. They are not held in high esteem except by zealous Roman Catholics, and they are not recognized by secular governments. They confer no privileges on the holder. The most famous is the Order of the Golden Spurs, which is one of the oldest Orders. It is said to have been instituted by Constantine. In 1840 its gift was restricted by special command of Pope Gregory to persons who had done some special service to the church. Besides this, there is the Order of St. Peter, the Order of St. Paul and the Knights of St. George, and of St. John of the Lateran.

H. R. C., Santa Rosa, Calif. If it is a fact, as often stated, that thousands perish of cold and hunger in New York and all our large cities every year, is it not our duty to relieve all this destitution and suffering at home before going abroad?

We do not know the origin of such a statement, but you may set it down as absolutely without foundation. We are surprised that any statement of the kind should find credence anywhere.

C. M., Danville, Va. Why is the willow an emblem of mourning?

Maud Going, in *With the Tree* says the custom of using the willow as an emblem of mourning may possibly be traced to the influence of this: "By the rivers of Babylon, we . . . wept . . . we hanged our harps upon the willows" (Ps. 137: 1, 2). Yet the fact that weeping willows were placed over graves in China seems to indicate that people who could hardly have been affected by anything Biblical, also used the willow as a symbol of grief. Among the poets of many years back "the crown of willow" and the "willow wreath" was the token of hapless love.

R. D. J., Rockford, Ill. Can the wealth of the United States be stated in round numbers? If so, please give it and say how it compares with that of the rest of the world.

The wealth of the world is estimated at $400,000,000,000, and that of the United States is probably one-fourth of the whole. In 1895, Munhall gave England as the richest country in the world. Its wealth per capita was $1,584; next came Scotland, $1,257; Australia, $1,228; France, $1,210; United States, $1,123; Denmark, Canada, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Argentina, Belgium, in their order. Percentage of debt to wealth was lower for this than for any other great country, being less than one per cent. France led with twelve.

William B., Augusta, Me. Was Hamlet a real person or simply a creation of Shakespeare?

Shakespeare founded his play on the Danish story of *Amleth*, which is recorded in the Saxo-Grammaricus. The word "Hamlet" is from *amlod*, a crazy person.

Inquirer, Providence, R.I. What is the reason that a lion's head is so often used in public fountains here and abroad? Where did the custom originate?

In Egypt, doubtless. The inundation of the Nile occurs when the sun is in Leo, and this was symbolized by the use of the lion's head in drinking fountains. The Greeks and Romans adopted the device and the moderns have simply followed their example.

A. B. K., Corona, Calif. 1. Who is the man mentioned in Rev. 13: 18? 2. How can he have a number for a name? 3. What peculiar measure of time is that quoted in Daniel 7: 25?

1. It is understood to refer to an incarnation of Satan or evil, which, according to the seer, will appear in the closing days of this dispensation. He is to be a powerful king, who will be at the head of a federated union of ten nations. An executive appointed originally for a special purpose, but eventually holding and wielding permanent power. It is to be exercised against religion, and especially against the Jews. He is the Antichrist of prophecy. 2. The number is the sum of the values of the letters of his name in the Roman notation, such as is used on the face of a watch. Thus: the name Ludovicus, contains the number 666. L, 50; u, 5; d, 500; v, 5; i, 1; c, 100; u, 5; the sum of which is 666. 3. The "time, times and dividing of a time," are usually understood as three and a half years, which is half of the prophetic week of seven years, referred to in Daniel 9: 24-27. The covenant was to be for seventy weeks. They were divided into three periods of seven, sixty-two and one. The last week, supposed to represent seven years, being the time of a covenant broken in half by the perfidy of Antichrist.

Permission Barney & Chapman

THE NEW TABERNACLE

Congregationalists in all our States and beyond the sea, will rejoice that a beginning has been made in the building of the new Broadway Tabernacle, New York. The name is dear to them, associated as it is with movements described in a recent issue of this journal, which gave the former building the rank of the Cathedral of Congregationalism. The new edifice, which will stand on the corner of Broadway and Fifty-sixth street, will be sufficiently imposing to deserve the name. Besides its auditorium, occupying the front of the building, there will be a structure in the rear on Fifty-sixth street, ten stories in height, containing a parish house, the social halls, and other quarters associated with the institutional church. The corner-stone was laid on May 2 by Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, the pastor. Dr. A. J. Lyman and other well-known clergymen took part in the ceremony.

Student, New York. I tell my friends in college that I am there to get an education, not to become an athlete, so I have refused to join the cricket club and the boating club. Am I not right?

We are not sure that you are altogether wise, though your course is better than the other extreme of neglecting study for athletics. Neither extreme is good. You would study better and be a gainer in many ways if you did some good muscular outdoor work. Mere walking exercise as a constitutional is not enough. You need something that will stir the blood and that has an interest in it. We should hear better sermons and have a better feeling in the pulpit, more life and sunshine, if during the college life there had been more physical activity.

S. E. D., Reserve, Kan. Is it known who wrote the books of the New Testament?

Not positively, though the critics have by no means proved their contention that they were not written by the men whose names they bear. You will observe that the Gospels are said to be "according to Matthew," etc.; that is, the book we have is the Gospel as Matthew gave it. Whether he actually wrote it or it was compiled by some one else from his teaching, cannot now be proved. So with Mark, Luke and John. Until some better reasons are produced than have yet been brought, orthodox Christians will continue to believe that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the Gospels. Acts was written by Luke. The next thirteen books by Paul. The writer of Hebrews is unknown, but the Epistle is now generally credited to Apollos. The author of James was not James the apostle, but James, the brother of our Lord. The Epistles of Peter, especially the second, have been the subject of dispute, but we can see no valid reason for doubting that Peter wrote them. So with the Epistles of John and Jude. Revelation differs so completely in style from the Gospel of John that the critics aver that the two books could not have been written by the same man. They incline to the belief that John wrote the Revelation but not the Gospel. Still, many years probably elapsed between the two, during which John may have changed his style of writing. Your other questions we cannot answer, and we doubt if any one can.

S. E. A., Hoboken, N.J. What is the origin of the saying that it takes four men to make a salad?

It is probably derived from the Italian proverb that a wise man brought salt; an avaricious man, vinegar; a generous man brought oil; and a fool mixed them.

Mrs. J. L. de N., Des Moines, Ia. How did the months come to be named as we now know them?

January was so called by the Romans from *Janus*, the heathen deity who was keeper of the gates of heaven; February is from *Februa* (the Purifier), a name applied to Juno; March is from *Mars*, the war god; April from *aperio* (to open), or the opening month; May is from *magius* or *maius* (originally derived from the Sanskrit word *mag*, to grow); June from *Juno*; July was so called in honor of Julius Cæsar; August in honor of Augustus Cæsar: September is the seventh month from March, when the year formerly began; and October, November, and December the eighth, ninth and tenth.

Miss Addie P. Follett, Providence, R. I., writes that her great aunt, Mrs. Daniel Ormsby, of Fayette, Me., wrote in 1878, and published in the *Maine Farmer*, of Augusta, Me., the poem, entitled, "My Old House," which was credited to Adeline Naomi Fox, in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, under the title, "Waiting the Call."

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. E. F. W., Denver, Colo. Write to Interior Department, Washington, D. C.

M. W. S., Amnville, Pa. There is no reliable data. It is all fragmentary. Write to New York *Sun*, which recently published an article on the subject.

If John Rule, of Goshen, Ky., who asks, through the Mail-bag, for a copy of the old hymn, entitled "Christ in the Garden," will address a note to Mrs. P. C. Kelsey, Almont, Lapeer county, Mich., she will furnish him a copy.

Industrial Work at The Bowery Mission

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

RARELY, if ever, has a nation enjoyed such a period of marvellously rapid growth and material development as our own during the last few years. To New York City especially, has a large share of this unwonted prosperity fallen. New bridges are being flung over its rivers, and tunnels bored underneath them; railroads have perfectly gridironed the city; huge sky-scraping buildings of twenty and thirty stories, princely mansions, mammoth dry goods buildings, theatres, hotels of unprecedented dimensions and dazzling luxury are coming into existence every day. Exceeding everything else in the vastness of its operations and expense, is the subway enterprise. All these undertakings have necessitated an outlay of capital which is simply fabulous, almost incalculable.

And yet, will it be believed, there are thousands of men to be found every day in the streets of New York, who seem absolutely unable to secure employment? Cheap immigrant labor is largely the cause of this, though there are multitudes who would be glad to work at any price. Big contractors, however, have come to depend so exclusively on the supply of immigrant laborers, who are managed by "padrones" or "gangers" of their own particular nationality, that other unskilled labor stands little chance of employment.

One cold day, during the recent winter, a hurried call came to the Bowery Mission from an employment agency, for one hundred and fifty men, to "help out with a job" on the Pennsylvania Railroad. In two or three hours we had several hundred men in the Mission begging to be allowed to go. We made a selection of the required number, gave them sandwiches and coffee, and sent them down to the train in charge of one of our workers. To our great grief and disappointment they were instantly rejected, for no other reason than that the only language they could speak was English.

Many workless men have no doubt been very foolish in coming to New York City. Many of them have been dissipated, and lazy, and crooked. But they are here, and must live, somehow, and do live, somehow. In the Bowery Mission, we feel that our first duty is to find work for men that are able to work. Especially do we feel our responsibility toward the vast number of men who, through diffidence, nervousness, want of address, want of decent clothing, or through lack of a certain "catch on" ability, seem unable to find work for themselves. In our after meetings, this is always made a matter of the most searching inquiry. The men who stay to our after meetings, as a rule, are sincerely anxious to do right, and, for them, honest employment is an absolute necessity.

In the first place, we endeavor to provide temporary employment. We always need a few men around the Mission, our aim being to keep the building scrupulously clean. Moreover, it means a great deal to a young convert, to be for a time in the atmosphere of Christian sympathy and love. At the Memorial House, also, which is a new and spiritual adjunct of the Mission, Mr. Card, the Superintendent, endeavors to keep from eight to twelve men, using them in the kitchen, or making beds, or cleaning the rooms, giving them every alternate day in which to seek work. The good work done by the Mission and the Memorial House has recently been such as to make it comparatively easy for men going with Mr. Card's recommendation, or one from the Mission, to secure permanent employment in neighboring factories. Thirty of the Memorial House residents, all converts of the Bowery Mission, are employed at present in one of the large works nearby. There are also friends of the Mission in the city who regularly send to us for temporary help in jobs around the house, gardening, window-cleaning, house-cleaning, carpet-laying, etc. Very often, also, we are called upon for men to carry "banners," distribute circulars, address envelopes, shovel coal, wash dishes, etc. So that from our "Broom Brigade," hundreds of men every year graduate to more permanent positions. There are many in New York City and elsewhere to-day, filling positions of trust, who a short time ago were homeless waifs upon the Bowery.

One good Christian gentleman is glad to receive any Bowery Mission convert who is fitted for engineering, firing, or running an elevator. Another gives a helping hand to dry goods salesmen. Another to restaurant men. Another to type-writers and stenographers. One of the most successful salesmen in one of the largest houses in the city was a young man, who, through his drinking habits, became separated from his wife and children, whom he had not seen for ten long years. He came to our meetings, gave himself to God, and a few months afterward, through the instrumentality of one of our workers, secured the position referred to. To-day he has a fine standard to-self, and has, to every knee, reunited with his long-separated family.

In another large house you will find one of the permanent floor-walkers, who is a convert of the Mission, also rescued by his wife after a considerable separation. In one of the down-town banks, there is a trusted messenger, who, two years ago, landed in this country a penniless lad, friendless on arrival, whose drinking was disgusting and ruinous of everything he had. Without friends or acquaintances, he tramped the streets for several weeks, and almost died of starvation. Passing down the Bowery in despair of heart one night, came into the meeting and gave himself to God. He was splendidly educated, a fully accredited M. D. of Trinity, Dublin. Then began his struggles for rehabilitation. His first work was honest cleaning and painting a thing he had never done before. Then a job of carrying, distributing or unpacking for a time, at a dollar a day. Then certain floating spells of canvassing and the like, until at last he secured a position in the establishment where he is now to be found. Here, for the last year, he has worked with such ability and effectiveness that he has recently been given charge of his department. During the whole of this time he has never been absent from his post of duty at the Mission, and is now one of our most respected and successful leaders.

Notwithstanding our success in securing employment for our converts, this duty is, and always will be, a very onerous one. The task of interceding with former employers on behalf of erring men, which is sometimes imposed, is often a hard one. The difficulty of getting a fresh foothold in the commercial world for men who have fallen from the straight path of honesty, is very great. But it is sometimes illumined by flashes of real, genuine, human kindness, all the more beautiful because it is so rare in this hard, driving, commercial age.

A business gentleman said to me, the other day, whilst I was pleading for another chance for a man with a criminal stigma upon him, "Mr. Hallimond, it is the man who has done wrong and wants to do right that we ought to help; a man without a blot on his record can look after himself." So, quietly, yet surely, is the principle of love working in the midst of the great mass of greed and selfishness of our time, and so it will work "until the whole lump shall be leavened."

J. G. HALLIMOND, Superintendent.

HEATHEN WOMEN*

Their Condition an Agonizing Appeal for Christian Compassion

CRUEL as heathenism is to men, it is a hundredfold more cruel to women. None suffer as they do from the spiritual darkness. Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the famous traveler, declared that after intimate contact with the women of Japan, Korea, China, Western Thibet, the Malay States, Cashmere, Persia and Asiatic Turkey, she realized as she could have done from no other experience the value of Christianity. In Christless lands, the life of woman is a misery from the cradle to the grave. In most of those lands she is kept secluded in the Zenana or the harem, receives no education, and spends her time in frivolous and often degrading pursuits. Time and again she was applied to for poison, which was to be made the instrument of jealousy. With the intellects of children, they had developed the evil passions of adults, and were greedy and malignant and utterly without principle. In India, the custom of child marriage and the prejudice against widows had both exerted an appalling influence on the women, brutalizing and degrading them beyond the conception of one who had not witnessed their condition.

Christianity has done nothing more noble or more fruitful than in reaching out its elevating hand to them. The Zenana mission in India, and the medical missionaries in other lands, have as yet touched only the fringe of the problem, but already gratitude has sprung up in millions of hearts. In China, above all other lands, owing to the frightful suffering involved in the custom of foot-binding, Christianity comes with a message of mercy. The women missionaries who have seen the process and have heard the cries of the sufferers, are eloquent in their appeals for help. More missionaries, especially women doctors, are needed, and none can preach the Gospel with so much effect as they. When they have saved a life, or relieved suffering, their patients will listen to their message. Through them, too, the future generation is reached, for the boy remains in the harem during his childhood and does not forget the lessons he learned there. The need is pressing, and it carries with it influences of the most far-reaching kind.

*Topic of the Epworth League for May 31.

Great Book Bargains

IN every large publishing house, remnants of book-lots will accumulate, and eventually must be sacrificed in order to make room for new consignments, and bargain-hunters find exceptional opportunities on such occasions. We present a few of the special bargains, which we offer only to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and in view of the small number of volumes which are here offered, we must request correspondents to enclose with the price asked a two-cent stamp for the return of the money in case the order comes too late.

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A TALMAGE MEMORIAL

Presentation of a Pulpit in Grace M. E. Church, Harrisburg

At a service held in Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Harrisburg, Pa., on Sunday, May 10, a very interesting event took place. It was the presentation of a Talmage memorial pulpit. The sermon was preached by the Rev. William V. Kelley, and among others who assisted in the service were the Rev. George Edward Reed and Rev. J. Wesley Hill. The presentation address was delivered by the President of the Board of Trustees, the pastor and congregation accepting in responsive sentences. In his prayer the pastor said:

O thou, who, by the mouth of thy servant David, hast said that thy Word is perfect, converting the soul, give thy blessing, we beseech thee, upon this pulpit, erected in memory of thy servant, Thomas DeWitt Talmage, and grant that what is proclaimed from it may fall as the rain and distil as the dew, that thy children who hear it may thereby be made fruitful in good works, to thy honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The entire service was peculiarly sympathetic and appropriate, and was listened to by the large audience with intense interest.

A Much-Traveled Letter

A medical missionary, writing to Dr. Klopsch from Punjab, India, says:

I am sure you will be pleased to see the enclosed letter, which I received by recent mail from the United States. I gave Ten Cents's HERALDS to my brother's family for their Christmas this year, and this epistle came from my nephew, a boy student at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. He is fourteen, and the oldest of my brother's three children, and you see they all enjoy the paper. May God bless you for providing Christian families with such good reading for Sunday evenings! The American ministers in danger from pernicious literature that is scattered broadcast, and found often in young hands on the Sabbath. This is the boy's letter—a letter that was received from New York to India, and their mail goes back again!

My Dear Aunt:—We are all greatly indebted to you for your generous gift, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We read it every Sunday evening aloud, and get from it new ideas which last us all the week. Not only that but we think every time we read it, of our dear Auntie in India, who helps us keep Sunday sacred. I am sorry you have tried all over New York, you could not have selected a more interesting, up-to-date magazine for us. I must close. Papa is waiting now to read to us from your generous gift.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A QUEER HONEYMOON*

BARNACLES, the horse, who had been moored to a kedge-anchor, watched the next day's proceedings with interest. He saw the captain and Lank drag up from the beach the twenty-foot dory and hoist it up between the wheels. Through the forward part of the keelson they bored a hole for the king-bolt. With nut-bolts they fastened the stern to the rear axle, adding some very seamanlike lashings to stay the boat in place. As finishing touches, they painted the upper strakes of the dory white, giving to the lower part and to the running-gear of the cart a coat of sea-green.

Barnacles was experienced, but a vehicle such as this amphibious product of Sculpin Point he had never before seen. With ears pointed and nostrils palpitating from curiosity, he was led up to the boat-bodied wagon. Reluctantly he backed under the raised shafts. The practice-hitch was enlivened by a monologue on the part of Captain Bean.

Half an hour later old Barnacles, from about the middle of his barrel down to his shoes, was painted a beautiful sea-green. Like some resplendent marine monster shone the lower half of him. It may have been a trifle bizarre, but, with the sun on the fresh paint, the effect was unmistakably striking. Besides, his color now matched that of the dory's with startling exactness.

"That's what I call real ship-shape," declared Captain Bean, viewing the result. "Got any more notions, Lank?"

"Strikes me we ought to ship a mast, so's we could rig a sprit-sail in case the old horse should give out, cap'n."

"We'll do it, Lank; fust rate idee."

So a mast and sprit-sail were rigged in the dory. Also the lines were lengthened with rope, that the captain might steer from the stern sheets.

"She's as fine a land-goin' craft as ever I see anywhere," said the captain, which was certainly no extravagant statement.

How Captain Bean and his mate steered the equipage from Sculpin Point to the village; how they were cheered and hooted along the route; how they ran into the yard of the Metropolitan Livery Stable as a port of refuge; how the captain escaped to the home of Widow Buckett; how the splicin' was accomplished — these are details which must be slighted.

The climax came when the newly-made Mrs. Bastabol Buckett Bean, her plump hand resting affectionately on the sleeve of the captain's best blue broadcloth coat, said, cooingly, "Now, cap'n, I'm ready to drive to Sculpin Point."

"All right, Stashia, Lank's waitin' for us at the front door with the craft."

At first sight of the boat on wheels Mrs. Bean could do no more than attempt, by means of indistinct ejaculation, to express her obvious emotion. She noted the grinning crowd of villagers, Sarepta Tucker among them. She saw the white and green dory with its mast, and with Lank, villainously smiling at the top of a step-ladder which had been leaned against the boat. She saw the green wheels, and the verdant gorgeousness of Barnacle's lower half. For a moment she gazed at the fantastic equipage and spoke not. Then she slammed the front door with an indignant bang, marched back into the sitting-room, and threw herself on the hair-cloth sofa, with an abandon that carried away half a dozen springs.

For the first hour she reiterated, between vast sobs, that Captain Bean was a soulless wretch, that she would never set foot on Sculpin Point, and that she would die there on the sofa rather than ride in such an outlandish rig.

Many a time had Captain Bean weathered Hatteras in a southeaster, but never had he met such a storm of feminine fury as this. However, he stood by like a man, putting in soothing words of explanation and endearment whenever a lull gave opportunity.

Toward evening the storm spent itself. The disturbed Stashia became somewhat calm. Eventually she laughed hysterically at the captain's arguments, and in the end she compromised. Not by day would she enter the dory wagon, but late in the evening she would swallow her pride and go, just to please the captain.

Thus it was that soon after ten o'clock, when the village folks had laughed their fill and gone away, the new Mrs. Bean climbed up the step-ladder, bestowed herself unhandily on the midship thwart and, with Lank on lookout in the bow, and Captain Bean handling the reins from the stern sheets, the honeymoon chariot got under way.

By the time they reached the shell road, the gait of the dejected Barnacles had dwindled to a deliberate walk, which all of Lank's urgings could not hasten. It was a soft July night with a brisk off-shore breeze, and the moon had come up out of the sea to silver the highway and lay a strip of milk-white carpet over the waves.

"Ahoy there, Lank!" shouted the bridegroom. "Can't we do better'n this? Ain't hardly got steerage-way on her."

"Can't budge him, cap'n. Hadn't we better shake out the sprit-sale; wind's fair abeam."

"Yes, shake it out, Lank."

Mrs. Bean's feeble protest was unheeded. As the night wind caught the sail and rounded it out, the flapping caused old Barnacles to cast an investigating glance behind him. One look at the terrible white thing which loomed menacingly above him, was enough. He decided to bolt. Bolt he did, to the best of his ability, all obstacles being considered. A down-grade in the Shell Road, where it dipped toward the shore, helped things along. Barnacles tightened the traces, the sprit-sail did its share, and in an amazingly short time the odd vehicle was spinning toward Sculpin Point at a ten-knot gait. Desperately Mrs. Bean gripped the gunwale and lustily she screamed:

"Whoa, whoa! Stop him, captain, stop him! He'll smash us all to pieces."

"Set right still, Stashia, an' trim ship. I've got the helm," responded the captain, who had set his jaws, and was tugging at the rope lines.

"Breakers ahead, sir!" shouted Lank at this juncture.

Sure enough, not fifty yards ahead, the Shell road turned sharply away from the edge of the beach, to make a detour by which Sculpin Point was cut off.

"I see 'em, Lank."

"Think we can come about, cap'n?" asked Lank, anxiously.

"Ain't goin' to try, Lank. I'm layin' a straight course for home. Stand by to bail."

How they could possibly escape capsizing, Lank could not understand, until, just as Barnacles was about to make the turn, he saw the captain tighten the right-hand rein until it was as taut as a weather-stay. Of necessity, Barnacles made no turn, and there was no upset. Something equally exciting happened, though.

Leaving the road with a speed which he had not equalled since the days when he had figured in the "Grand Hippodrome Races," his sea-green legs quickened by the impetus of the thing behind him, Barnacles cleared the narrow strip of beach grass at a jump. Another leap and he was hock deep in the surf. Still another, and he split a roller with his white nose.

With a dull chung, a resonant thump, and an impetuous splash, the dory entered the accustomed element, lifting some three gallons of salt water neatly over the bows. Lank ducked. The unsuspecting Stashia did not, and the flying brine struck fairly under her ample chin.

"Ug-g-g-gh! Oh! Oh! H-h-h-elp!" sputtered the startled bride, and tried to get on her feet.

"Sit down!" roared Captain Bean. Vehemently Stashia sat.

"W-w-w-we'll all b-b-be d-d-drowned, drowned!" she wailed.

"Not much we won't, Stashia. We're all right now, and we ain't goin' to have our necks broke by no foul horse, either. Trim in the sheet, Lank, an' then take that bailin' scoop." The captain was now calmly confident and thoroughly at home.

Drenched, cowed and trembling, the newly-made Mrs. Bean clung despairingly to the thwart, fully as terrified as the plunging Barnacles, who struck out wildly with his green legs, and snorted every time a wave hit him. But the lines held up his head and kept his nose pointed straight for the little beach on Sculpin Point, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant.

Somewhat heavy weather the deep-laden dory made of it, and in spite of Lank's vigorous bailing the water sloshed around Mrs. Bean's boot-tops, yet in time the sail and Barnacles brought them safely home.

"'Twa'n't exactly the kind of honeymoon trip I'd planned, Stashia," commented the captain, as he and Lank steadied the bride's dripping bulk down the step-ladder; "and we did do some sailin', spite of ourselves; but we had a horse in front an' wheels under us all the way, just as I promised."

*From *Horses Mine*, by Sewell Ford. Stories of harness and saddle; illustrated, pp. 270, cloth covers. Price $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

BOOK RECEIVED

The Family a Necessity of Civilization. By Rev. John B. Robins, D.D., author of *Christ and Our Country* and *The Influence of the Death of Jesus*. Every person interested in the purity of the home and the elevation of American children should read this book. It is timely and very practical, treating subjects not often discussed in books with plainness, delicacy, keen common sense, and from a minister's viewpoint. Pp. 317; $1.25. Fleming H. Revell, Chicago, publishers.

PUZZLE PRIZE-WINNERS

CHILDREN, dear, "the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come," and it is right and wise that our little folks should puzzle their heads no more with brain-teasers, but run out-doors and play. "Puzzles" are for winter days, but lo! the winter is past.

We have kept the Puzzle Department open a little longer than we first intended, because so many small people were interested in it. But now, we feel that the woods and the brooks call you, and the garden hath a voice to bid you come.

Announcements of prize-winners for Competitions 36 (of April 22), 37 (of April 29), 38 (of May 6), and 39 (of May 13), will appear in due order. An early issue will contain portraits of a number of our little first-prize winners, who have favored us with their photographs.

Every child who has entered these "Competitions" deserves credit for whatever good work he or she has done. Many answers which could not command prizes have interested us because of their merit. We appreciate heartily the thousands of letters received from little friends, who tell us that they have enjoyed the "Puzzles," and that this Department has led them to search the Scriptures more. May all lessons thus learned, all messages of cheer thus found, abide in your hearts and make your summer happier.

Answers to Competition 35, in our issue of April 15th, are: 1. Rome, 2. Pilate, 3. Bartimæus.

Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of April 15

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of April 15: **Andrew H. Buck,** Burlington, Vt., receives a silver watch; for the second best answer, **Theresa Blair,** Silver Cliff, Colo., receives our *Smith-Pleadet Bible Dictionary;* for the third, **Laurence Whitman,** Pendleton, Oreg., receives a copy of *Four-Footed Americans*, by Mabel Osgood Wright; for the fourth, **Helen, W. Clarke,** Pleasant Plains, Ill., receives a copy of *Squirrels, and other Fur-Bearers*, by John Burroughs. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest:

Allison, David F., Mo.	Langworthy, Ruth, Minn
Bishop, Grace, Ind.	McCart, Laura M., Mass.
Boughter E. K., Pa.	McMurdo, Roy, Can.
Brakenridge, Lucile, La.	McOwat, J. E., Can.
Broadwater, C., Wash.	MacDonald, W., Can.
Browett, Roger, Can.	Morgan, L. D., Ala.
Brown, John D., Kan.	Mygatt, Leon S., N. Y.
Cartmell, Lily, Can.	Passmore, Paul, Mont.
Clegg, Millie, N. J.	Patterson, Edith, Neb.
Crutcher, Elizabeth, Ky.	Poe, James W., Mich.
Dales, Clarence O., Can.	Potter, Jr., Louis A., Wash., D. C.
Fenby, Joshua T., Md.	Rankin, Elma L., Tenn.
Fisher, J. Carl W., Va.	Schantz, Carrie, Ia.
Foster, L., Del.	Shaner, Kathryn, Va.
Gates, Margie, Wis.	Shearer, Grace, S. D.
Goodrich, Viola M., Conn.	Smith, Gladys E., N. H.
Greenleaf, F. H. T., Me.	Steadman, Nancy E., R. I.
Heck, Merle, Tex.	Witner, Ruby, O.
Johnson, Cleo W., S. C.	
Jones Ethel M., Calif.	

ANSWERED PRAYERS

H. E. B., Harrisburg, Pa., writes:

There is scarcely a day goes by that I have not a prayer answered. Not long since in a great trouble, I cried to Him, and I received the witness that my petition was granted, even before what I prayed for came to pass.

C. E. J., Carmel, N. Y., writes:

I too, wish to add my testimony to the list of those who have had special answers to prayer. In a case of very urgent necessity, quite recently, He heard and answered my request.

L. B., Chillicothe, O., writes:

I was very much grieved about an absent member of the family. I prayed earnestly that I might receive a message from him. The message came, and I give God thankful praise.

Silk Worker, Paterson, N. J., writes:

God heard and answered my prayer for better work. I could scarcely make a living at what I was doing, but I did my best, and he opened the way to other employment.

E. C. P., St. Louis, Mo., writes:

I read in "Answered Prayers" how a mother prayed for a son, nine years before her prayer was answered. That inspired me to pray more earnestly and fervently for my seemingly lost husband, for whom I had prayed nearly sixteen years. God has answered my prayer. My husband has reformed, leads a Christian life, is a good husband and loving father, and we have a happy home again. Truly God hath wrought a miracle before my eyes.

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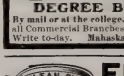

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Power to Live for God Imparted by the Spirit

By Mrs. M. Baxter

OUR Lord said: "I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I go I will send him unto you" (John 16: 7). When we think of who it was that spoke thus, who as a man was himself anointed with the Holy Ghost for life and ministry—we see the immense import of the words. He put himself on our level that he might, in a sense, put us on his level. Again and again he declares that he can do nothing by himself, and he bestows on us the same power, the same indwelling Holy Spirit who empowered him, to live in us, and to speak and work through us.

The apostle Paul, having spoken of the utterly lost and depraved state of man by nature, both Jew and Gentile (Rom 1: 2), shows in Rom. 3: 4 how God has found a way to justify, and freely through the propitiation which he himself set forth in Christ Jesus, on the only one condition of faith in his blood, every sinner who believes. Moreover, he shows in Rom. 5: 6 that there is in Christ for us not only pardon and justification, but also a new life of dominion over sin. In Rom. 7, he shows us a man under the law, willing and striving to please God and to obey the law, but continually doing what is both against God's will and his own. And in Rom. 8 he shows us the great and wondrous secret how to be free from the law, from our flesh or self-life, and therefore from sin, by the power of another life—the life of God the Holy Spirit within us.

But the very first necessity is that we should be fully established in grace. We can never walk in the Spirit until we know to the very full what it is to be in Christ. First of all, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God did. The flesh is simply what we are in ourselves by nature—our powers, our will, our affections, and it may include our character, position, advantages, and disadvantages: the sum total of what we are in ourselves. The law has never had power to make man other than he is by nature. But Christ has fulfilled it in the flesh of man by the power of God the Holy Ghost, who is here called the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. And our beloved Lord went away from earth to secure for us the same power to live a life of perfect obedience to God as he lived when he was upon earth.

"They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh." This is not necessarily what are generally called fleshly sins, such as drunkenness, gluttony, impurity, etc.; but also enmities, strifes, jealousies, wraths, passions, divisions, heresies, envyings (Gal. 5: 2, R.V.). All these things arise from self in some way or other, and pride, self-consciousness, despondency, and exaltation are all in the same line. Those who are self-reliant are after the flesh, those who take credit for what they do are after the flesh. Paul, who knew what he was saying declared: "In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." He had learned to abhor himself and distrust himself, and therefore he was not wounded when others disparaged him—"With me it is a very small thing to be judged of you or of man's judgment" (1. Cor. 4: 3).

The mind of the flesh is death—death physical and spiritual. A large number of chronic invalids have become so by yielding more and more to invalid habits, and to continual occupation with themselves. A large number of lunatics have lost their reason through pride, self-will, or self-occupation of some kind or other. Those who have the charge of the insane know well that if only they can succeed in getting their attention off themselves, they may frequently get well.

It is impossible for the Holy Spirit to dwell in anyone who is not prayerful—God gives Him in answer to prayer (Luke 11: 13)—or in anyone who does not read the Word of God. For the Spirit of God speaks more often through the Word than any other way. And "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are the sons of God"—they obey him.

QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM CXXV
Second Safety Psalm

1. They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

"THE MOUNTAINS ROUND ABOUT"

2 As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever.

. . .

Double safety is assured to those who trust in the Lord. "The name of the Lord is a strong Tower: the righteous runneth into it and are safe." Men build mounds for protection, but God builds mountains to protect his own. Neither the wicked nor their inventions can reach the righteous. Like the mountains, they abide and are safe.

. . .

PSALM CXXVI
Soul-Winner's Psalm

5. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
6. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

"BEARING PRECIOUS SEED"

. . .

This is a genuine revival song. It is more than that, it is a full compendium on how to win souls, few or many; Prayer, Seed, Tears; then the Sheaves brought in. When the worker will weep over souls, there will be a sure harvest. Oh, for a revival that will make the heathen confess that "the Lord hath done great things for them."

. . .

PSALM CXXVII
Father's Psalm

3. Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward.

"HIS QUIVER FULL OF THEM"

4. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth.

5. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.

. . .

When fathers are built by God in character and love, their children will be like cities on a hill. Many a man eats the bread of sorrow and passes sleepless nights over wayward boys, when, if he would examine his own past life, he would discover the reasons. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Let children be a heritage of the Lord, and a covenant-keeping God will keep the father from shame.

. . .

PSALM CXXVIII
Mother's Psalm

3. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table.

"AS A FRUITFUL VINE"

. . .

This is the Mother's Psalm, bounded on the east by wifehood and on the west by grandmotherhood. No human gift so great as a good mother. To be well-born and well-bred is more than gold. God pity the man whose wife is not a Christian! There is double danger—aye, more than that.

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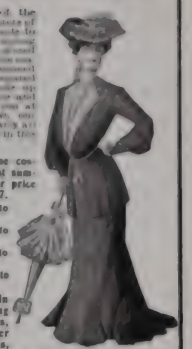

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COMPLETE FROM HEAD TO TOE IN LATEST STYLE

FREE SAMPLES
and Measurement Blanks.

To Introduce Direct to the Wearer our Ladies' Custom Tailoring we will make the first ten thousand suits absolutely to measure sent us for only $10 and give the following sample outfit FREE. Actually $25 value for only $10 and nothing to pay till after you receive the suit and free outfit and find it just as represented. Send us your name and postoffice address, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES OF CLOTH, 5 ft tape line and measurement blank for size of Suit, Shirt-waist and Shoes.

A genuine wool mixed repellant latest style, Tailor Made Skirt, for each ladies' tailors charge	$20.00
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Ladies pay daily for this	$28.00

DON'T DELAY—After having filled 10,000 orders our prices for these suits will be $20.00 and No Free Articles.

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Ladies' Tailoring,
Dept. 828,
244 Market Street,
CHICAGO.
Reference: First Nat'l Bank, Chicago. Capital $12,000,000

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No matter how you do it now, we can make the work easier and save wear and tear on your back as well as on the clothes. The

SYRACUSE EASY WASHER

washes fast and is not tiresome, cleans everything, suds and rinses—no rubbing, washes, scalds and bleaches at one operation. Above all it is easy. Made of steel-galvanized, on rollers. New principle—washes by air pressure.

Would you like to try it for 10 days, wash anything and everything with it and then return it if you wish? We pay freight both ways. Write for free book of modern laundry formulas.

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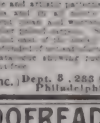
To introduce our new, exclusive and beautiful



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Attractive and artistic patterns woven on both sides and fit a room and closet. Easily kept clean and guaranteed to outwear Wool Ingrain Carpet. Recommended by best people most of the leading Magazines. Mention size of room and we will send trial sample by express prepaid.

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Babies' pink cheeks indicate good health.

Good health comes with proper food. Mellin's Food is a proper food. Send a postal for a free sample.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY,
BOSTON, MASS.

ORIOLE Go-Basket

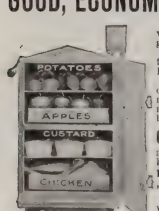
CAN BE WHEELED OR CARRIED

A boon to mother—a delight to Baby. **Takes the place of Carriage, Go-Cart, Jumper and High Chair.** May be changed from one to the other in three seconds without removing Baby. Has rubber tired wheels, weighs only seven pounds, simple and perfect in construction. Easier to wheel, costs much less than Go-Cart of same quality, takes less room, is more stylish. Easier to carry Baby in Oriole Go-Basket than in arms. Can be held in lap without soiling clothes. With it Mama and Baby go visiting, travelling, shopping, on street cars, elevators, anywhere—both are comfortable, and their clothes are always neat and clean. When carried the wheels are invisible. Used either way Baby is always perfectly secure. Scientifically correct. Endorsed by leading physicians.

BOOKLET FREE.—Tells how to secure an Oriole Go-Basket C. O. D. with privilege of examination.

WITHROW MANUFACTURING COMPANY
75 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

GOOD, ECONOMICAL COOKING



We can save you the services of a cook or make a good cook out of a poor one. Saves you 50 per cent in food, fuel, labor and time. Fine for summer cottages. Insures you deliciously cooked, easily digested, never spoiled, steaming hot meals, all cooked over one burner. Use the

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and the great problem of housekeeping is solved.

Prices $2.50 to $9.50.

HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

WE WANT GOOD AGENTS and guarantee them $30.00 to $40.00 per week and expenses

OHIO STEAM COOKER CO., 27 ONTARIO BLDG., TOLEDO, O.

The Hawkeye
Refrigerator Basket
Keeps Contents Ice Cold.

Makes an outdoor luncheon a genuine luxury because a small quantity of ice keeps everything as fresh and palatable as when prepared. Well made in different sizes, durable and nicely finished. Ask your dealer for it. Illustrated descriptive booklet giving valuable lunch recipes FREE. WRITE FOR IT.

BURLINGTON BASKET CO., 12 Main St., Burlington, Ia.

SALESMEN AND AGENTS WANTED.

BIG WAGES Harrison Blue Flame, Wickless Fuel Oil Stove for cooking and heating. New, Wonderful Invention. Enormous demand. Everybody buys. Big Seller. Generates its own fuel gas from kerosene oil. A spoonful oil makes hogshead fuel gas. Cheapest, safest fuel. No dirt, ashes or big coal bills. All sizes. Prices $3 up. Write for special offers, new plan. Catalogue Free. WORLD MFG. CO., 5236 World Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

Every Woman Wants a KEYSTONE KLOSE PROP

Will hold up clothes-line under any conditions. Can't be blown off. Won't break, rust or cut line. Will fit any prop. Sample mailed for 10c., or set of 3 for 25c.

PENN. NOVELTY CO., - BERWYN, PA.

HOW A WESTERN MISSION GREW

SIX years ago, Dr. Alexander DeSoto began a rescue work among the homeless and outcasts in the City of Seattle and vicinity. He established the Wayside Mission, at No. 38 Railroad avenue, and the Mission Hospital on the old steamer *Idaho*, which, being long out of commission, lay idle in the harbor of Seattle. With his own means, he renovated and remodeled the vessel, and transformed her into a clean, wholesome and attractive Floating Hospital. Up to the present time, thousands of men and women, the most wretched and depraved, have found care and comfort in the Mission Hospital, in addition to many thousands of others who have found shelter and food in the Wayside Mission lodging house.

DR. ALEXANDER DESOTO

After a time, the Western city began to appreciate the work that was being done quietly among the outcasts and opium fiends, and indeed among the neglected and godless generally, who were being reached by the methods employed. A little band of consecrated men and women from the Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational churches, gave occasional help in the work.

It was a work which took Dr. DeSoto and his associates into the depths of Seattle's slums — a work which others shuddered to do. One of the leading journals thus describes it:

> The old ship *Idaho* has never been for a day or night without its score of sick, and miserable, and incurables, who have nowhere else to go. For the most part, these people were opium fiends and fallen women, classes of beings who in Seattle have found no other helping hand. For years the old steamer was known as one of the most notorious opium smugglers that ever disturbed the waters of this coast. It seems that it has been divinely ordained that her greatest service should be the sheltering of the depraved victims of her early traffic.

For several years past, the floating mission on the *Idaho* has served the purpose of a reception hospital for Seattle, and it has received a small modicum of municipal support. But the work itself has expanded to dimensions which compel an enlargement of present facilities. Dr. de Soto has recently transferred to the hospital a valuable property, which will be used as a permanent endowment, and the proceeds from which will be sufficient to permit of the enlargement of the work to the desired extent. He proposes to erect a four-story stone building, to cost, fully equipped, $80,000, to supersede the present mission hospital. The plans for the building are in the hands of the architect, and construction will be begun in the near future. Dr. de Soto will personally superintend its erection, and will have the co-operation of a number of business men of philanthropic inclinations in his project. The new structure will probably be known as the Wayside Mission, as it will be the successor of the hospital boat. It will care for accident cases and for destitute patients, though the larger building will give the work a broader scope. The building itself will cost about $50,000, and the equipment will be the most modern. The furnishing and equipment of the building, after it is finished, will cost from $20,000 to $30,000, and there will be accommodation for one hundred patients. It will be the second hospital in size in the city. On the ground floor will be ambulance room and offices, while upon the next two floors will be large wards, and private rooms for the patients, and on the top floor, accident ward, operating room, rooms for drugs, medicines, etc. It is the intention to provide the hospital with lecture room, in order that a medical school may be established, where men and women will be trained as nurses.

During its entire history, the work of the Wayside Mission and its conductors, while aiming to save the sick and succor the helpless, has been a spiritual work as well. No patient has ever entered there who has not been brought under the influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. All have been impressed with the fact that, however poor and wretched may have been their lot in life, and however black their hearts with sin, there is in the Saviour a fount of healing, and pardon, and peace. In these years of consecrated effort, a large number have been led to Christ through the influence of the mission. Among its beneficiaries have been men and women of many races, and all ages and conditions. All have been treated with the same unvarying kindness and consideration, and there are many hundreds of them living useful Christian lives to day, who date the turning-point in their lives from the moment they came into the good Samaritan fold of the Wayside Mission.

Dr. de Soto is still in the prime of life, and full of earnestness and enthusiasm in his work. From the beginning, he has conducted the mission as a work of faith, pure and simple, and his reliance upon the Divine approval and support has been signally rewarded.

THE WAYSIDE MISSION HOSPITAL, SEATTLE

The child is mother of the woman. Every woman has a right to her dower of beauty.

RUBIFOAM

for little tots means strong, white, brilliant teeth in maturity. *25 cents at Druggists'.*

E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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THE "1900" BALL-BEARING FAMILY WASHER WILL BE SENT FREE

to all housekeepers who answer this advertisement, without deposit or advance payment of any kind, freight paid both ways, on 30 days' trial. Unquestionably greatest family labor saver ever invented. Saves time, expense, and wear and tear. Will do the family washing without boiling clothes, hand-scrubbi or back-breaking. Revolves on bicycle ball-be ings and is therefore easiest running washer e made. Will do two hours' washing in ten minut Washes blankets as well as laces, absolutely cle and without the slightest injury.

EAST PLYMOUTH, Ohio, Feb. 2, 19
P. O. Ashtabula, O.

We have been using the "1900" Washer sin May 15, 1900. Have done over 1,200 washin and I think it is good for as many more. We family work from Ashtabula. We have used different machines, and the "1900" beats them for good and fast work and durability.
—Geo. M. Burnet

It costs nothing to try. Sent absolutely fr freight paid both ways, for a trial of 30 days. money required in advance.
Write at once for book and particulars to

THE "1900" WASHER CO.,
33 L, State Street, BINGHAMTON, N.

Interchangeable 1000-Mile Refund Tickets.

Commencing June 1, 1903, interchangeable 1000 Mile Refund Tickets will be placed on sale, limit to one year from date of issue, good only for tra portation of the owner, with usual free allowa of 150 pounds baggage, over any of the follow lines:—

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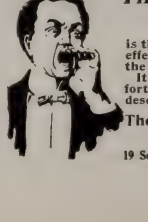
These tickets will be sold at rate of $30.00 ea subject to refund of $10.00 on surrender of co to Trunk Lines Mileage Ticket Bureau, No. Liberty Street, New York, at any time with eighteen months from date of purchase.

This form of ticket will be issued in deferen to requests of numerous patrons of the lines interest desiring one ticket good over several lin instead of having to provide themselves as present with a separate ticket for each line th desire to use.

Agents at principal stations of the railroa named above will have these tickets on sale a give all further information regarding them th may be required.

DEAFNESS



The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and mo effective *invisible* device f the relief of DEAFNESS. It is easily adjusted, com fortable and safe. Send f descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company
Dept. E,
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphi

THE MAYFLOWER'S MESSAGE*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 430

Paradise are watered. Hope at that instant blossomed anew in her young heart. Some want or sorrow, she resolved to keep herself worthy of a past which was still so dear.

That night Hetty's dreams were sweet. She did not catch a glimpse of a tall, dark-eyed girl named Dora Haines, at Miss Nute's Seminary, the one who tied up her bouquet and chose the inscription, probably she will never in this world know of her existence. It was her own mother she saw in her dreams, standing by her bedside in shining white raiment, and she held out her arms as she used to long ago when Hetty was tired or troubled, saying:

"My child, the message is from me, Heaven is so near the earth that the May flowers could bring it."

The next morning Hetty Harvey started out on her pilgrimage under the ensign of success. Nothing outside of her was changed, it was her inner world that had undergone a revolution. "Thoughts are things;" she no longer thought failure, and invited it by distrust of herself and of others.

The Matron of the Home told her she did not know of another situation open anywhere.

"I sent a girl to the very last one yesterday," she said. "She came with superior recommendations. There's a rich Miss Wilkinson on Fifth avenue, near Thirty-fourth or Thirty-fifth street. I haven't the least ground for thinking she wants any help, or could direct you elsewhere. If you choose—but maybe I ought not to send you there—those rich ladies get irritated if we apply to them too often."

Somehow Hetty was not afraid this morning. Last night if the Matron had ended her suggestion with a "but," she would not have ventured to ring at Miss Wilkinson's palatial house.

Now she walked briskly up to the door-bell, and it was answered by a smart, severed man-servant before she had fairly let go of the knob.

"Doesn't Miss Wilkinson want a seamstress?" she asked, in a cheerful, expectant tone.

"No, miss, not as I knows of; fact is, I'm sure she don't."

"Won't you have the kindness to ask her. I should like very much to see her."

The man's orders were to admit no one who had not a special appointment with Miss Wilkinson, but he hesitated an instant. There was something in the manner of this applicant which distinguished her from others who had besieged his mistress.

The latter had a private sitting-room on the lower floor of this English basement house, where she spent the early hours of the morning in answering letters and attending to her many interests and charities. At this critical moment she heard distinctly the talk at the front door.

"Let her come in, James!" she called out: The earnest, hopeful, self-respecting tone of that girlish voice outside went straight to the rich woman's heart. If Hetty had not been prompted to call there first, Miss Wilkinson would not have heard her voice, she would have been engaged with company upstairs in her parlor.

Hetty was ushered into the presence of a plainly-dressed, middle-aged woman, with gray hair, and a strong, thoughtful face. She had a great deal to do in her business hours, and was not given to wasting many words.

Looking at the stranger a moment in silence, she then asked her usual question in similar cases:

"Where did you sew last?"

"At Mrs. Perry's, on West Fortieth street: but she's gone to Europe, ma'am. She liked my work very much, I know she did, but I've no way of proving that to you now; I can only ask you to try me for yourself."

She raised her eyes fearlessly, with a touching faith and honesty in them, and fixed them upon Miss Wilkinson's.

Had she been chilled by a single disappointment this morning, before coming to this lady, were her mood that of yesterday, it would, in spite of her, tell upon her face and manner, sound out of every word—what we are cannot fail of its effect when put to the test—and it is questionable whether her application, without references, would have received the same attention, for the fountain of sympathy would not have been touched. Now she was conquering by the power of her own thought of goodness divine and human, her own freshly inspired belief in success.

"I'll try you for a day," said the lady, "although I can't say I really need you. There are some little gowns and dresses here to be cut out and made for an orphan asylum. I was just about to send them out to be made, it is more convenient generally than having a seamstress in my house; but I don't believe I shall mind having you," she added with a smile. She liked Hetty's frank face, her neatly brushed hair, her modest deportment.

"James, show this young woman up to the sitting-room."

Hetty grew tremulous with joy, and the wondering James, who had overheard the interview, said to himself:

"She ain't even asked the girl her name! I never knew Miss Wilkinson to be got round quite this easy before. What's come over her?"

Hetty gave satisfaction that day and many more days; and Miss Wilkinson ended by becoming a firm and valuable friend, securing her a permanent situation in the course of a few months.

And later on, when her young protegee was settling in a home of her own as the wife of a man who was in every way worthy of her confidence, she sent her a sewing machine as a wedding present.

Hetty might not be able to argue it out satisfactorily in a court of justice, but in her own heart she will always feel sure that the little bunch of mayflowers, coming to her at a crisis in her life to revive her sinking courage, was a turning-point in her destiny.

*Founded on an incident related by the President of the King's Daughters.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MISSIONS IN THE ISLANDS*

How Great Changes the Gospel Has Effected in Polynesia

SINCE the days of Captain Cook, the work of missions in the islands of the Southern Pacific has been prosecuted in joy and sorrow, but always in unfaltering faith. John Williams gave it early the benediction of his blood, and only lately we have had to mourn the martyrdom of the intrepid James Chalmers. The apostolic labors of Dr. John G. Paton and a host of other consecrated men, have been devoted to the same field, and still there is much to be done.

No one can read the story that Captain Cook told of the condition of the islands, when he visited them at the close of the eighteenth century, without a thrill of horror at the awful miseries and terrible orgies that were witnessed there. The sick and the aged killed, infanticide prevalent, cannibalism in most of the islands, no semblance of law or order, and matters growing worse. It needed courage to go there with the Gospel: but there was no lack of volunteers. The London Missionary Society had the honor of sending the pioneers in 1797; the Church Missionary Society followed, in 1814; the American Board in 1820: the Wesleyans in 1822: the Presbyterians in 1848, and the Australian Board in 1801. It was necessary not only to learn the barbarous dialects, but to reduce them to writing, before any effectual work could be done. Real progress comes only when the heathen have the Bible in their own tongue, but how much preparatory labor had to be done! The Bible is now in the hands of the people of Tahiti, Rarotonga, Samoa, Tonga and Fiji, and larger portions in the languages of other islands. The difference in social life in the Christianized islands from those not yet evangelized is so marked that it is appreciated by the heathen themselves. The native Christians, too, are proving their sincerity by themselves becoming missionaries. They risk their lives with the heroism of the early martyrs, in going to heathen islands and carrying to them the blessed message which has transformed their own hearts and homes.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for May 31. Isa. 10-17; 60: 8, 9.

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Full Pint Sample of
KNOX'S GELATINE
ONE 15-CENT PACKAGE MAKES ONE-HALF GALLON JELLY
READY TO SERVE IN ONE HOUR

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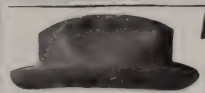
SPINAL CURVATURE CORRECTED IN YOUR OWN HOME
We offer a certain relief to all who suffer from this terrible affliction. Throw away the cumbersome and expensive leather and plaster Paris jackets and try our Scientific Spinal Appliance.

It does not encase the body like a vise, but allows perfect freedom of movement. It weighs almost nothing—about eight pounds. It is 80-per-cent cheaper than the old instrument and 100 per cent better. It contains so many points of superiority that no one would believe it. It can be worn by the smallest child or the oldest man or woman with perfect ease and comfort. It will give permanent relief in any case of spinal curvature. They are not made up in large quantities, but each one is designed to fit the individual case, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. If you or any of your friends suffer from any form of Spinal Trouble write us and state your case and we will give you full particulars as to how your case may be corrected, without inconvenience or discomfort, and without knowing your own business.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 30 Fifth Street, JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

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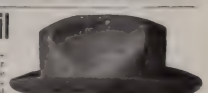
In soft, rough finish. Colors: Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.
Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We make many hundreds and make the following offer to introduce our hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys' and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. Send for catalogue.

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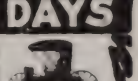

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AT $2.25 PER SQUARE
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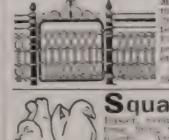
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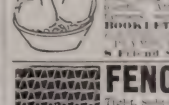
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KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO Silver Gloss Starch

It is no longer the dreaded task of old. The satisfaction of seeing the laundry come out white as driven snow, with that firm, satiny finish and rustle is gratifying to womanly pride. Then, it's more economical because it goes further.

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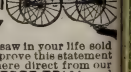

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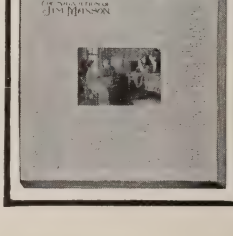

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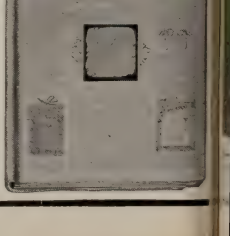

Published 52 Times a Year — NEW YORK — MAGAZINE NUMBER — MAY 27, 1903 — Offices: Bible House, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER ANNUM — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — VOL. 26 — NO. 21. PRICE 5 CENTS

PAINTED SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY MEGUIRADY

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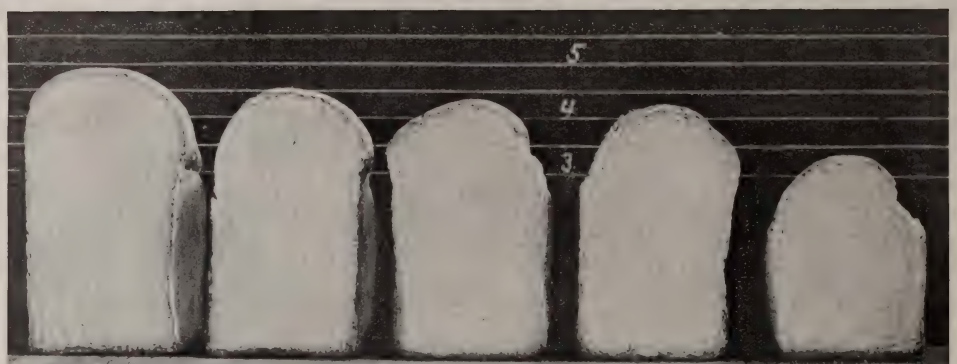

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NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

WHITE HOUSE WREATHS MADE TO PLACE ON THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY

White House Flowers for Heroes' Graves

The Propagating Gardens from which our Presidents send out many Beautiful Tributes on Decoration Day

THE Civil War had been over three years before Decoration Day came into existence. In 1867, Mr. L. E. Dudley, then of Washington, D. C., but now a United States Consul in Canada, and who had been prominently connected with the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, suggested that the Washington posts decorate the graves of the soldiers at Arlington. The idea was a happy one.

One day that spring, a large company went out to the historic grounds (which had formerly been the home of the Confederate leader, General Lee, but which the government had used as the headquarters of the Virginia division of the army during the war, and toward its close had converted it into a national soldiers' cemetery), and after a simple memorial service, scattered the few flowers which they had brought over the resting-places of their fallen comrades.

The Grand Army of the Republic was organized at Springfield, Illinois, in 1866; and in 1868, "the soldiers' idol," General John A. Logan, was elected commander-in-chief of the organization. To him belongs the honor of formally establishing Memorial Day as a fixed feature of the calendar. In the spring of that year, he promulgated his famous "General Order, Number Eleven," which ever since has brought out the veterans in all parts of the country on the 30th of May, when they march indeed to martial music, but only to the cemeteries, where strewn flowers tell of their sad but peaceful errand.

Next year General Grant came into the White House, and he gave Memorial Day his heartiest sympathy from the start. The White House conservatories were small affairs then, not much beyond Mrs. Pierce's "Lean-to" of glass, on the south side of the servants' quarters at the west of the mansion, while the Propagating Gardens were but embryonic; yet all of the flowers of the President's House and grounds were gladly gathered and sent for the grave decoration. On one of these occasions, during General Grant's second administration, a touching incident occurred. It will be remembered that the close of the war found hundreds of soldiers encamped at or sick in the hospitals, that had been improvised in the houses and churches of Washington. Many of the widows and children of the dead soldiers had also come to the National Capital, to entreat the government to do something toward their support. For this reason, a "Union Soldiers' and Sailors' Alliance" had been organized, and out from it had grown a soldiers' and sailors' orphanage, which sheltered a large number of children. On the Decoration Day referred to, these children had gone out to Arlington in a body, to help scatter the flowers on the graves; some of them to place the blossoms over those of their own fathers lying there. It so chanced that President and Mrs. Grant had come out, and with them were General and Mrs. Sherman, while in the same party were General and Mrs. Sheridan, and General and Mrs. Howard. When they saw the little group of fatherless soldiers' orphans standing together, ready to begin the distribution of flowers, with a simultaneous impulse, the four distinguished couples left their carriages, and going over to the children, took them by the hands and joined the procession as it started to make the rounds of the cemetery. They went from grave to grave, distributing the flowers, talking to the little folks with words of love and sympathy.

GARDENER GEORGE H. BROWN IN THE PROPAGATING GARDENS, WASHINGTON

He has charge of all the White House floral tributes which are made for Decoration Day

Theodore Roosevelt, who was too young to serve in the great conflict from which Decoration Day sprang, is the only President who has ever made the Memorial Day address at Arlington, the largest of the national soldiers' cemeteries. President Lincoln made the first memorial address at the dedication at Gettysburg—a speech which will always remain one of the most notable ever uttered. Both Harrison and Garfield made Decoration Day addresses while they were members of Congress, and a few months before his death, President McKinley said to a Grand Army Committee, who called at the White House to invite him to do so: "Every year, since I have held the office, I have wanted to make a Memorial Day address at Arlington. If it is possible, I shall be very glad to do it next May: but if not, you may count on me sure for the anniversary following." Alas! on the next Memorial Day the bereaved nation could only lay a loving tribute on his grave.

Flowers constitute a most important part in all Decoration Day exercises, and the occupants of the White House have, without exception, been more than generous in supplying those which are grown on the government reservations, at the Propagating Gardens, or in the conservatories. For many years, the flowering and foliage plants have been cultivated especially with the view of having them in abundance for the 30th of May. "Uncle Sam's" landscape gardener, Mr. George Hay Brown, is an old soldier, and has had charge of the Propagating Gardens for the last thirty-three years, during which time it has been one of his chief pleasures to bring the flowers to a state of perfection for that date. "Uncle Sam's" gardens have been a matter of slow growth, but they are now the largest and finest in the country.

When Mr. Brown went into his present office, in the first year of the seventies, all the hot house plants the government owned could have been packed into one large express wagon. The only provision made for them was a small conservatory down in the east end of town, and a few glass boxes on the White House. The Monument Park, now one of the finest reservations of the capital, was then a big cattle pasture and dumping ground. But

CONTINUED ON PAGE 444

The 20th CENTURY WIFE and MOTHER

IV.—The Time of the Harvest

By MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE

"THERE is no possibility of denying or ignoring the fact—the purpose—the *raison d'etre*, of woman, is to be a mother, as the *raison d'etre* of a fruit-tree is to bear fruit. And woe to the next generations; for everybody knows that only the children of quiet and reposed women are healthy and intelligent.

"The New Woman is not to be found outside of Great Britain, where woman is her husband's inferior, and of the United States, where she is his superior." Thus Max O'Rell, in a book that has many grains of sound sense mixed with much glittering epigram-dust and a vast deal of flummery that passes with the masses for smartness.

The first dogma quoted is as true as if taken from the received canon of Holy Writ. Woman's first and highest mission is to bear fruit. I have said the same in the earliest paper of this series. The witty essayist flies off at a tangent in order to achieve the flippant saying anent the New Woman, instead of carrying forward the story of the mother's after-life, the fruition, of which her nursery work is but the promise and foreshadowing.

How incomplete is our clever author's conception of the perfected design, is evinced by his contrasting portraits of the happy mother at forty, with her children's arms about her neck, and of the enlisted soldier in the "New Woman Army" at the same age.

Sensible girls with sensible mothers seldom marry until they have passed their legal majority. The college-bred woman marries at twenty-five oftener than at twenty. At forty, then, her life-work is in full swing. Her daughters and sons are just beginning to appreciate how vital is their need of her. Her statues are still in the clay. If she has taken intelligent care of her physique and kept pace with her charges in mental activity, she is at fifty fresh of heart, lively of intellect, and has as much "staying power" of body as was hers at thirty. Long practice has made household cares lighter than of old; she has learned to live by the day, and not to reckon with one, or with many possible morrows before they are upon her. Knowing life for what it is, she faces it gallantly, "heart within and God o'erhead."

Her grandmother was a confessed old woman when her half-century was completed, and relegated to the chimney corner. Our Twentieth Century matron, at the same age, steps into a wider sphere of action. The Literary Clubs, which have elevated the mental tone of society in every city and hamlet in the land, are officered and manned by women who have reached and passed middle age. These manage the benevolent and religious Women's Boards, which are a significant and prominent feature of the times in which we live.

. . .

Those of us who had the privilege of attending the meetings of the great Ecumenical Council, held in New York in 1900, will never forget the spectacle of the thousands upon thousands of uplifted faces turned toward the platform whereon sat, on the evening of "Women's Day," white-haired matrons, directing the order of speeches made by reverend and distinguished men alternately with earnest, dignified women. All were moved alike by one sublime purpose, all uttered one and the same prayer—"Thy Kingdom come!"

Max O'Rell libels such women, and casts contempt upon the men who work with them, when he pens this sweeping and shallow paragraph: "Where is that New Woman to be found? Put together a hundred women, intelligent and of good society. Take out the beautiful ones; then take out the married ones who are loved by their husbands and their children, and kindly seek the New Woman among what is left—ugly women, old maids, and disappointed and neglected wives."

I affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that the best workers in charitable boards, church guilds, and literary societies conducted by women, are they who have nourished and brought up children to be an honor to their parents and worthy citizens in the world; have been true helpmeets to their husbands, good neighbors and judicious housewives. The day has gone by when rant against "blue-stockings" and "strong-minded women" passed with thoughtful people for sound doctrine. By degrees so easy that they have been imperceptible to the casual observer of men and manners, the duration of active human usefulness has been extended, until the warrior-statesman, called suddenly in his fifty-ninth year to a nobler field and higher powers, is mourned as one who has fallen in the full richness of his prime.

. . .

"A woman is just as old as she feels," says a French proverb, and our modern matron elects to flourish—if not in immortal youth—in sustained maturity which has a glory of its own, unknown to hasty, crude nonage. She feels well, she looks hale, her bow abides in strength. Such an one is a power in the land wherein she dwells. In her home she is the centre of motion, the heart of family life.

"That little woman is the cohesive power—the cement that holds us together—the spirit of unity and the bond of peace," said the son of a gray-haired mother of a large family. "We are an affectionate family, but I tremble to think of the swift disintegration that would follow, were she withdrawn from earth. Perhaps she would not be reckoned a brilliant woman by common acquaintances. With us, she has always been the impersonation of a benign and yet just Providence. She has lived with, and for us, until our life is in her. She is MOTHER! That comprises it all.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. Her children also shall arise and call her blessed."

. . .

Many years ago, I called through the telephone to an intimate acquaintance to ask if she had in her library Frances Power Cobbe's *Duties of Women*. The dear soul was one of the "worrying kind," and the wheels of the household machine

chanced to drive heavily that day. Her tone had an edge the transmitter and a mile of wire could not take off.

"Duties of Women!" she said, sarcastically. "I never heard of the book! Women have the same duties as hens!—Nothing more and nothing less!"

The mother of the by-gone days we have outlived held fast to this belief, and too often put it into literal practice. While her children were young and helplessly dependent upon her fostering care, she kept continually with them, going out and coming in and finding sustenance for them. When their wings began to grow, and they ventured short flights into the beautiful, tempting world beyond the poultry-yard, she let them go alone. By the time the cockerels and pullets could scratch a living for themselves, they had ceased to recognize her as their parent. The shelter of her wing meant nothing to them.

. . .

The Progressive Age has not left us mothers behind in its onward and upward sweep. "Once a mother, always a mother," is our motto. Matronhood and motherhood have a larger and a wider meaning for us and for our offspring than was dreamed of a century, or even a half-century ago. Life sparkles until the last grain of sand has left the glass. It is like the Tree planted by the River, "which bare all manner of fruits and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

White House Flowers for Heroes' Graves

Continued from preceding page

Mr. Brown, as executive of the Engineering Corps of the War Department, had made more than one barren place in Washington to "blossom as the rose"; and when it was decided to utilize that site, he took hold of the problem with his usual energy and judgment. Landscape-Gardener Brown has had in view the object of making the Propagating Gardens something after the style of the Government Supply Nurseries of Paris. He has gathered rare plants, shrubs, and trees from everywhere, until the collection now surpasses anything on this side of the water, and in some respects cannot be equalled in Europe. There are twenty-three greenhouses in connection with the gardens and over a million plants are cared for in this vast nursery. All of the plants and shrubs for the three hundred and two government reservations of the capital are started there. Eight hundred and fifty thousand plants, under the general classification of "foliage plants," are among this number. Of these there are several hundred thousand of the enanymus varieties, the many-colored, tiny "carpet plants," which show so effectively in making a flower-bed design. Beside these, this year there were twenty-two thousand geraniums grown, three thousand pansies, ten thousand roses and tube roses, two thousand violets, seven thousand carnations, five thousand chrysanthemums, and innumerable varieties of the more rare orchids, poinsettias, and crotons.

On Decoration Day, these flowers grown by the government, are gathered and contributed with the utmost generosity for decorative purposes. A month before the date of the day the President, or more often the mistress of the White House, sends an order to the Propagating Gardens, designating the number and kinds of floral designs which are to be sent to the cemeteries from the Executive Mansion. It has often happened that the Presidents have taken these to the burying grounds in their own carriages, and have themselves placed them on the heroes' graves. The last Decoration Day in which Mr. McKinley was in the White House, he ordered a number of set pieces; but when he went out to Arlington in the afternoon, he had his carriage filled with cut flowers, and went himself to the new-made mounds of those who had fallen in the Spanish-American war, and strewed them with the blossoms he had brought from the White House conservatories.

MONUMENT TO THE "UNKNOWN DEAD," ARLINGTON

Many distinguished United States army officers have found their last resting-places at Arlington, and at other cemeteries near Washington. General Logan lies at Rock Creek, a lovely, quiet retreat east of the city. In the early morning hours of Decoration Day, before the crowds assemble, Mrs. Logan always comes to the grave, and kneeling there alone, places upon it the floral tribute of her love. The widow of General Phil Sheridan follows the same plan, at the grave where her hero sleeps, on the gentle slope of the hill just east of the Arlington mansion. Mrs. Sheridan and her children, now all young women and men, come almost as soon as it is daylight on Decoration Day.

From the White House on this Decoration Day the following floral designs will be sent: Two thirty-inch wreaths made up of roses, carnations, and orchids, for the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon and Grant's mausoleum, on Riverside Drive in New York. A wreath of rare colored flowers, thirty-six inches in diameter, will go to the tomb for The Unknown Dead at Arlington; similar ones measuring twenty-four inches will be sent to Canton, Ohio, as a tribute to the martyred President, and to Arlington for the Sheridan resting-place; and twenty-inch wreaths of pure white buds and smilax will bear the President's cards on the graves of brave Generals McCook and Carroll, who rest in Arlington, and for the founder of the Day, General Logan, at Rock Creek Cemetery.

ABBY G. BAKER.

THE SIMPSON MEMORIAL WINDOW — THE BUST OF LONGFELLOW IN THE ABBEY — THE PEABODY STATUE

AMERICAN MEMORIALS *IN* LONDON

PREACHER, president, patriot, poet, philanthropist, is the way this theme divides itself in rhetorical phrase; translated, it would read: Simpson, Lincoln, Lowell, Longfellow, Peabody, five names written h in the Hall of Fame, names immortal in life and ers, illustrious in character and achievement.

London is the throne-room of the nations, the high altar where the worthiest of the worthy are enshrined in "storied urn and animated bust." Surpassing honor and dignity rest upon the life immortalized within these gates. The young life of the Western world has put her stamp here in five notable instances. Memorials have been erected to men recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as statesmen and sages.

THE LINCOLN TOWER

In the ancient church where John Wesley preached, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, American Ambassador to the Court St. James, unveiled, on the 14th of November last, memorial window to Bishop Matthew Simpson. The cation of this memorial is significant. The church as founded and built by the father of Methodism in 78.

When the great preacher died, thirteen years later, ie number of his followers on both sides of the tlantic had reached 119,000. When the Ecumenical ouncil was held in this cradle of Methodism in 1891, ie number of adherents had reached 24,899,421. Near is building John Wesley died, and within the churchard his sacred ashes lie.

The old pulpit occupied by Wesley still remains, ut the interior has been greatly modernized. Two of ie columns supporting the galleries, are contributions om American Methodists, costing $500 each. This indow is the inspiration of Bishop Vincent. It was ade in Munich, and in glorious colorings represents aul preaching at Athens, low on the left is a miniature of the peer of American Bishops. There, also, may be read the inscription:

> Erected by American Methodists to the memory of Bishop Simpson. He was born 21 June, 1811, and died 18 June, 1884. He was a holy man, an eloquent and mighty preacher, and a great Bishop.

It is but a turn in the road to the Lincoln tower of Christ Church, Westminster Road, an imposing edifice, the tower alone costing $35,000. Rowland Hill founded Surrey Chapel eighteen years before the close of the eighteenth century. Newman Hall, a man of rare genius and catholic spirit, succeeded him, and under his leadership this superb edifice was erected. While the building was still in the hands of the architects, Dr. Hall conceived the idea of dedicating the tower to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Within this tower sleeps Rowland Hill, the tablet of dedication on the walls looks down upon the epitaph of the great preacher, two liberators still making conquests. Here you may read:

> LINCOLN TOWER
>
> Inaugurated 4th July, A. D., 1876, by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.
>
> The memorial stone was laid 9th July, 1874, by the American minister to this country.
>
> The cost (£7,000) was defrayed equally by English and American contributions obtained by the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.
>
> It was built in commemoration of the abolition of slavery effected in 1865, by
>
> PRESIDENT LINCOLN:
>
> And as a token of international brotherhood.
>
> GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

We make our way to Westminster Abbey. As we enter the Chapter House, a window, rich in color, commemorates America's patriot-poet. There are four sections to this massive memorial. The left panel holds a shield borne by angels, with the arms of the United States. There are other angels holding shields, containing the arms of Harvard University, the United Kingdom, and the arms of Westminster. The two figures to the right are those of St. Botolph and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The third panel holds a massive figure of Sir Launfal, the angel with the Holy Grail, and Sir Launfal and the Leper. The last section contains figures of St. Ambrose and the emancipation of slaves. Below the reveal of the window there is set in high relief the head of the poet, with the inscription:

> This tablet and the window above were placed here in memory of
> JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
> United States Minister at the Court of St. James, from 1880 to 1885
> By his English friends.
> VIRTUAS
> Born 22 February, 1819, died August, 1891.

In the hush of this silent Abbey we are surrounded by the names and the remains of the mighty dead. Grouped lovingly in the "Poet's Corner," are poets, dramatists, and authors. Here rest Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Dr Johnson, and Macaulay. Amid this assembly, loving hands have placed a bust of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Within a few feet of the white marble face of this poet who loved the sky, and was alive to the tender influence of the seasons and retold their story to men, they brought Tennyson after his great spirit had "crossed the bar," to hold silent fellowship. In chiseled words on the marble are recorded:

> HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
>
> This bust was placed amongst the memorials of the Poets of England by the English admirers of an American Poet. 1884

In the very centre of London's busiest mart, we find, in statue, the benevolent face of George Peabody, the great American philanthropist—the poor boy who made his way from a clerkship in a grocery store to the proud eminence of an international benefactor. Amid the stress of London's poverty his princely heart came to the rescue, and he expended $2,500,000 for the better housing of the poor. Queen Victoria offered him a baronetcy, with other honors, but the simple-hearted man said: "No; all I want is a letter that I may carry back to my native land." The letter came, and with it a miniature of the "Mother Queen." For the education of the freed slaves of America he gave $3,500,000. On the fourth of November, 1869, his own great spirit was set free. As shades stole upon him, he said: "It is a great mystery. I shall know all soon." His funeral was held in Westminster Abbey. The Queen sent his body home in the war ship *Monarch*, and Americans welcomed with sorrow the honored dust. W. W. Story's life-like statue of Peabody is located in the very heart of London. The simple wording on the granite base is

> GEORGE PEABODY
> MDCCCLXIX

JULIAN KING COLCORD.

A Mission Hospital in Dark Arabia

N no country are Christian doctors more needed, and nowhere can they exercise nore influence, than in Arabia. Among the esert Arabs, actual cautery is the favorite emedy for all diseases. There is hardly one Arab among a hundred who does not bear hese *kei* marks on his body, and even infants re burned most cruelly. Where cautery ails, they often have recourse to words written on paper from the Koran, or to magical ormulas inscribed on cups or with ink on the atient's body. I have seen a magical cup of reat value, with a long inscription that began s follows:

"This blessed cup is against all poisons, and emodies well-tried advantages, namely against the tings of serpents and scorpions, against fever, ravail, bowel complaints, colic, wounds, heat of he liver and the spleen, and for strength. The ick person, or his messenger, is to drink from this up, water, oil or milk, and he will get well, by the ermission of God, the Most High.

The Arabs are very superstitious. The childwitch, called *Um-el-Subyan*, is feared by all mothers in Bahrein. Arab surgery is ignorantly and piteously cruel. Limbs are amputated by chopping them off and plunging the stump in hot pitch. Gunshot wounds are treated by a poultice of dates, onions and tamarind.

From the day of its arrival in the Persian Gulf, the Arabian Mission has carried on dispensaries. At Busrah, Dr. H. R. L. Worrall has, for six years, treated thousands of the sick and traveled hundreds of miles in touring with medicines. At Bahrein, Dr. S. J. Thoms and Mrs. Thoms, both graduates from the medical department of the University of Michigan, are in charge of medical work. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar with their names and faces. The medical work here has now a bright prospect before it. Thanks to the liberality of the Mason family, of the Dutch Reformed Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., a large and well-equipped Memorial Hospital was built on the island of Bahrein. The location is central, and patients come from the mainland as well as from the many villages around. These islands have a population of 60,000, and are in close commercial touch with all Eastern Arabia. The hospital was a direct answer to prayer and supplied a great need. Building began in February, 1902, and, by hard effort, was completed before the end of the year. When the corner stone was laid, a large number of Arabs were present, and it was an impressive occasion. On Sunday, January 25th, the building was dedicated to God, in the name of Jesus Christ. Our prayer then and now is that this building may prove not only a Bethesda but a Bethel. Last year our medical missionaries, even without the facilities of the hospital, treated over 15,000 patients. The hospital measures 68 x 100 feet, and has room on the lower floor for a men's and women's dispensary, chapels and consulting rooms. Upstairs are the wards and operating rooms. The cost of supporting a bed is about thirty-five dollars per annum. Further information of the work can be had from the Secretary of the Arabian Mission, 25 East Twenty-second street, New York City. S. M. ZWEMER.

From the New Hebrides Islands.

The Rev. John G. Paton, the famous missionary to the New Hebrides, whose gospel ministry among the islanders of the Pacific is one of the brightest pages of Christian effort in a century, sends us the following letter:

> ANEWA, NEW HEBRIDES, Dec. 17, 1902.
>
> *Dear Mr. Kloss:* Let me cordially thank you for so kindly forwarding to me the Scripture of Mr. Horschisler, of Lancaster, Pa. The support of a native teacher at the New Hebrides Islands. With heartfelt thanks, and wishing you and yours every success and blessing in our great Lord Jesus Christ, I remain, JOHN G. PATON.

THE American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago

NAVAL HEROES

TEXT—ISA. 33: 21: Neither shall gallant ship pass thereby

THE old Brooklyn Navy Yard used to have many interesting sights. There were its museum and its antiquated cannon mounted in the yards, and its piles of empty shells. There were its famous dry dock, and the great sheds under which lay the keels and the skeleton ribs of those massive frames that were laid and knit together toward the close of the Civil War, but never finished. There were, also, its uniformed sailors and marines, and its buildings, filled with food and clothing, soon to be sent to the different naval stations of the world. There often lay the training ships and the great men-of-war, just in from foreign ports. But to me, the most interesting place of all in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where I used to play as a boy, was "Rotten Row." Alongside of its wharves were tied some of the decaying vessels that had helped to make America's valor respected and admired around the world. These ships were too old to voyage the sea and too weak to defy the enemy's shells. They were also too sacred to be split up for kindling. There they lay, with a sentimental, but not an intrinsic value. Their decks were deserted, their hulls empty, their masts cut down. But there they floated at the docks, magnificent reminders of a glorious past.

Isaiah has been walking in imagination along the "Rotten Row" of a millennial dawn. With prophetic vision, he has been looking ahead to the time when all the navies of the world shall go out of commission; when every quarter-deck of every man-of-war shall be a playground for the pattering feet of the little children; when the war-ships' decks shall no longer be slippery with human blood. "Neither shall gallant ship pass thereby," translated into the language of ordinary life, means, "Neither shall gallant men-of-war ever again sail to destroy life." And yet, Isaiah, speaking of this gladsome day, cannot refrain from paying a well-earned compliment to those patriotic sailors who have always been willing to fight, and, if necessary, to die for their country's cause. He speaks of the man-of-war in words of martial praise. He calls the naval vessel a "gallant ship."

Gallant Deeds of the Navy

Ought the "jack tars" of old to be more honored than those of the present time? Cannot we afford, on this "Memorial Sunday," to praise the heroic deeds of American "blue jackets" who fought under John Jones in the *Ranger*, and the *Bon Homme Richard*, under Captain Hill in the *Constitution*, under James Lawrence in the *Chesapeake*, under Decatur in the *United States*, under Farragut in the *Hartford*, under Dewey in the *Olympia*. If the most conspicuous monument in all London was reared in Trafalgar Square, to the memory of Admiral Nelson, surely we, on this last Sabbath preceding our annual Memorial Day, should dedicate at least one sermon to the noble tars who, in the American wars, won immortal fame upon the high seas. "Gallant ships" is a term we can well apply to the great number of man-of-war vessels which have composed the American Navy from 1776 down to the present time.

The American Navy was always willing to fight our wars with the material it had on hand. Its officers in the past did not first estimate the strength of the enemy. They gathered together what vessels and men they could, and then they went forth to battle, no matter how great the odds were against them. We are all able to recognize this kind of valor, when it is found beating under the breast of an American. When, some years ago, a tourist was being shown about the heights of Quebec, a French guide tauntingly said, "And these are the cannon we captured on Bunker Hill." "Yes," answered the American, "you got the guns, but we have the hill. And we finally got possession of Bunker Hill with soldiers who wore no uniform, and, for the most part, had no military education. We won with farmers' boys, led by farmers like Putnam and Nat Green." But is the Revolutionary soldiers' bravery to be praised more than that of the Revolutionary sailors? Was George Washington crossing the Delaware a more glorious figure than Captain Jones standing upon the deck of the *Bon Homme Richard* and fighting on, until his own ship was a wreck; and then, when the *Serapis* had struck her colors, sailing away in the captured prize, while his own ship with a swift plunge went down to a watery grave?

Then passing by the war of 1812, and the deeds of Perry and Decatur, we would come down to the war of 1861. We would speak, in the same breath, of the deeds of the Northern and Southern sailors. We certainly were brothers before the war; we have been brothers since the war; we were brothers during the war, though for that short time we had a family difference. Was there ever a braver deed recorded than when Commodore Franklin Buchanan steered the Confederate *Merrimac* into Hampton Roads to give battle to the whole Federal fleet? You must remember that this kind of a vessel had never yet been tested, and her armament had already been condemned by the naval experts as dangerous and of little use. Then after the *Merrimac* in one day had sunk the *Cumberland*, and disabled the *Congress*, and run the *Minnesota* aground, was there ever a braver sight than when the little bandbox *Monitor*, seemingly a mere toy, went forth as a shepherd boy to meet this mighty naval Goliath? Then after the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* had been supposed to render useless all the wooden ships as men-of-war, was there ever a grander sight than when old Admiral David Farragut, sixty-five years of age, lashed in the riggings of the old *Hartford*, led his wooden ships past forts supposed to be impassable, over waters invested with torpedoes, into Mobile Bay, where lay the ironclad *Tennessee*, black-grimed and merciless, ready to demolish what might escape the deadly fire of the forts? Yes, such mighty deeds have always crowded the pages of our naval history. In no case can it be said that the American navy was ever unwilling to fight its country's battles with the material it had on hand.

An Example to All

Are you and I ready to do the duties that arise before us, day by day, as promptly and unquestioningly as the American Navy as a whole, did its duty? Are we ready to go forth bravely, and cheerfully, no matter how weak may seem to be our mental, physical, and spiritual equipment? Do you not know that your very confidence in yourselves, and your willingness to go ahead, means already the battle half won? When Lieutenant Dupont was commanded to do a certain thing, at first he failed to carry out his orders. Returning to Admiral Farragut, he began to make many excuses for his failure. But the great Admiral turned and said: "Ah, Dupont, you have not given me the chief excuse for your failure. You did not accomplish what I told you to do chiefly because, deep down in your heart, you did not think you could do it." "Then, if that be true," said the young sailor, "I will go ahead and carry out your orders." And go he did. Are not our failures, my hearers, due to a like cause? If we had the faith in God that we ought to have, should we not accomplish more? "I can do all things," said the intrepid Apostle, "through Christ who strengtheneth me." Sure of that strength he went into the conflict with undaunted courage, and his enemies declared that he turned the world upside down. So it has ever been with the missionaries and the reformers. They who dared, confident of divine support, returned as victors. That strength is still given to all who depend upon it. You and I may have it, and it will enable us to perform any task allotted to us, if we will only, like the American sailor, go forth to fulfil it strong in faith, and with a good heart.

But the American Navy has also been willing at all times to do its routine work, as well as to unlimber its batteries and clear its decks in time of conflict. There is something inspiring, something terrific and overwhelming, in the thought of two great naval monsters coming closer and closer together, to grapple in mortal combat. What man is there whose cheek does not flush when he hears about the duel of the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*? What American's eye does not flash when he sees Commodore Hull commanding his flag officer, Lieutenant Morris, to withhold the fire of his gunners until the two vessels were within speaking distance, then, with cannon double-shotted, to send forth their messengers of death?

In the Great War

So, in the Civil War, the victories of Gen. Grant would never have been won had he not had the assistance of the American sailor, as well of the soldier in blue. The value of the services the sailors rendered in that awful conflict cannot be exaggerated. It was they who intercepted the supplies that the Southern armies so sorely needed. It was their vigilance that produced the destitution, which not even the sublime self-sacrifice of the Southern people could relieve. Day in and day out, year in and year out, the northern ships blockaded the Southern ports. The Southern armies were more starved to death than they were shot to pieces by the Federal guns. The Southern soldiers could not buy shoes for their feet, or clothing for their backs, or blankets for their camps, or medicines for their sick. The patriotic women of the South had to tear up their linen dresses, that the surgeons might have bandages for the bleeding wounds. Tea and coffee were banished from the Southern tables during those sad years. In all the pages of history, you cannot find any nobler record of self-denial and suffering than that of the Southern lady and the soldier in gray in 1862–64, caused for the most part by the poverty resulting from that inexorable naval blockade. As I said before, the Southern Confederacy was simply starved to death by the routine work of the American Navy. Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnson, and Thomas and Hood, Sheridan and Longstreet, won immortal fame upon the land. Yet, very few people have stopped to give due credit to the faithful naval officers and sailors who uncomplainingly sailed backward and forward in front of Charleston and Savannah and the other Southern harbors.

Faithful in Small Things

Let us ask ourselves if we are ready to do the necessary routine work of our lives, as the American sailors in the past have been ready to do theirs? David Farragut had to wait until he was over sixty years of age before he had an opportunity to distinguish himself in battle. If the great American naval officer could patiently, uncomplainingly and faithfully perform the humbler duties of daily life until he was an old man, near to the grave, surely we can afford to be brave and true in the inconspicuous duties God has given us to do.

The American Navy should be honored. Upon its glorious muster-roll are to be found the names of international statesmen, as well as heroic fighters—men who have brilliantly served our country with brain and pen as well as with the sword. Many of our Presidents have been elected to the White House on account of their military records. Washington and Taylor, and Jackson, and William H. Harrison, and Grant, and Hayes, and Garfield are among the number. But the American soldier rarely has the opportunity to study statecraft, as has the sailor. It was only comparatively a few years ago that foreign lands were brought into cable touch with our national capital. Thus every naval ship which touched a foreign port not only had to have a captain who could sail the seas, but also a naval diplomat, who, independent of the Home Government, had to decide many questions which, wrongly decided, might involve his country in international strife.

Naval Statesmen.

Our national indebtedness to our Navy is not confined to its prowess in battle. We owe much to the tact and statesmanship of our naval commanders. They have not only to uphold the honor of our flag in distant seas, but to display the courtesy and consideration to the navies of other nations which are necessary to the maintenance of friendly relations. It would have been possible for Admiral Dewey, by an indiscreet act while he lay in Manila Bay, to have involved us in an international quarrel. Thousands of miles away from home, by one false move, he could have made Germany an enemy, and involved us in war with Emperor William. Had he been careless there might have ensued a scramble on the part of other nations to gain possession of some of the Philippine Islands for themselves. There was similar danger in the Hawaiian difficulty. During all the negotiations over the Hawaiian Islands, there lay the American war-ship *Philadelphia*, by careful diplomacy compelling the foreign governments to keep their hands off, until at last the American flag flew from above the Ex-Queen's throne-room. What honor is too great for the memory of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, who in March, 1852, negotiated the famous treaty with Japan, which, for the first time, opened the ports of the Mikado to the ships from other lands? Incident after incident could be cited where the American sailor has won imperishable laurels in preventing war, rather than in winning prizes after a war has been started.

Naval Explorers

Our American Navy has defied the severity of the elements, as well as the storm of shot and shell. I am not now speaking of the hurricanes which blow over the Atlantic or the Pacific. I have in mind the frigid terrors of the far North, which Captain D. L. Braine defied when he tried to find the Arctic Pole in 1873, and Lieutenant-Commander George Washington De Long defied when he led the fatal *Jeanette* expedition in 1879. Ah, those were brave men, yet no braver than General Greely, and Rear Admiral Melville, and the many gallant fellows who went after the De Long party, and faced icy dangers to bring back the survivors and the frozen bodies of the dead.

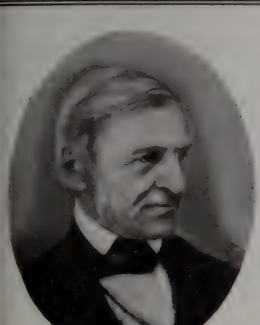
Does any one say that all this sacrifice of heroic naval lives to the Northern elements is a useless sacrifice? I do not think so. As a young boy, I saw the long procession of hearses that carried many of the dead of the ill-fated De Long expedition out to their last resting-place. All honor to those brave men! May such men ever be found serving in the American Navy—men who, in the cause of science or of patriotism, count not their lives dear unto them, but go fearlessly into danger that they may win honor for their flag. May there ever be, too, in Christ's service men of similar fibre—bold to seek the truth wherever it may be found, and fearless in declaring it, though they have to encounter the frigid hostility of friends and the virulent hatred of foes.

The American Navy is to be honored to-day. The

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Emerson's Memorial Day

The Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of "The Sage of Concord"



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

LESS than a quarter of a century ago we still had our great prophet-philosopher among us. We cannot, therefore, quite reconcile ourselves to the celebration of the centenary, which seems to put him far back in history. Yet we do well to honor his memory, and need no apology for seizing on this occasion of the hundredth anniversary of his birth to pay a tribute to his genius. We have a right to be proud of him, for he most thoroughly identified himself with us, and he won for us in circles of scholars and thinkers, the world over, a respect never before given to our national character. In all lands our sewing-machines and other labor-saving inventions were appreciated and turned to account, and men's eyes were directed to this country with the expectation of new mechanical achievements and ingenious applications of natural forces to utilitarian purposes. It was supposed that we were a nation of materialists, with no thought higher than new patent and the acquisition of a colossal fortune. Nothing could have surprised the world more than the appearance on this side the Atlantic of a philosopher of the type of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Men were used to the idea of the young giant of the West taking a foremost place in the world of mechanical devices, but they were amazed to hear the clarion note of a declaration of spiritual and mental independence. It announced that the sluggard intellect of America was about "to look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence," the voice declared, "our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the divine soul which inspires all souls." Men listened in admiring wonder, and soon he whom they named "the Yankee Plato" had an audience in every land.

To the outer world the rising of the new luminary was sudden and startling. Here, there had been signs of its coming brilliance, but not all of them perceptible to ordinary minds. In truth, there were many who formed gloomy ideas of its future, and to this day see only defects and deformities in it. For Emerson was not cast in the common mold, and by those who recognize beauty and force only when they appear in regular and orthodox form, he was unappreciated. Orthodox minds, especially, were shocked by his frank explanations of his reason for quitting the ministry. His father had been a minister in the Congregational Church and, stretching far back to his ancestor Peter Bulkeley, who, in 1634, crossed the sea with his church members and settled at Concord, Mass., every generation had been represented in the pulpit. When Ralph was born, on May 25, 1803, in spite of poverty and hardship, it was a matter of course that he should go to Harvard and be a minister. He fulfilled his destiny so far that, in 1829, he was the ordained minister of a Boston church. High hopes were entertained of him, and people listened in delight to his original discourses. They differed from others in their style. They were not closely reasoned, logical, well-rounded productions, but a succession of brilliant flashes, epigrams, and pregnant passages, the meaning of which he was at no pains to elaborate. It was as if he had been privileged to see things which it was not lawful for man to utter. He spoke like one of the old Hebrew prophets, giving no reasons for his declarations, but stating them as one who had seen a truth and announced it. To many of his hearers it recalled the old Gospel description of the teaching of the Master: "He taught as one having authority and not as the scribes." But after a brief service of only three and a half years there was disappointment and sorrow. Emerson could no longer act and preach in accord with the doctrines and practices of his church, and so, with mutual regret and good-will, his resignation was tendered and accepted.

Thus early—he was only thirty years of age—it seemed as if all his opportunity of serving his generation had closed. But his real work was only just beginning. He went to Europe, had his memorable conferences with Carlyle, and came back to deliver his own message free of all control and untrammeled by ecclesiastical tradition. He hired a hall in Boston, and every year delivered a series of lectures, which he afterwards carefully revised and collected in a book. Thus appeared: *Nature; Representative Men; English Traits; The Conduct of Life; Society and Solitude; Letters and Social Aims;* and *Biographical Sketches;* besides two volumes of Essays. His audiences grew, and the circle of his readers, here and in foreign lands, enlarged. It was not easy always to grasp his meaning, for he counted on a perception in his readers like his own, and that could not be found fully in any soul. But even the partial apprehension of his utterances was inspiring, and those who incorporated in their lives the passages they did understand, found that the mystery lifted from others that were dark. He was emphatically, as Matthew Arnold described him, "The friend and aider of those who would live in the Spirit." He formulated no school of philosophy; there were no followers who could group themselves into a society which they could call by his name; but everywhere there were men who were influenced by his incisive words and had received into their souls from his lips, seed thoughts which germinated in heart and life. It was saddening to Christian souls of those times, as it is to us in these days, that a religion which speaks the same truths, in other forms, could not have continued to count him among its advocates. In cutting loose from orthodox Christianity he added nothing to the value of his teaching and he made no beneficent use of the liberty that he gained. Christ's own problem, "What shall a man profit though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" was ever at the base of Emerson's thought. He read it in nature and in human life, and in varied forms he was always uttering it. His life was in accord with his teaching. Happily and tranquilly he passed his years at Concord, making regular lecturing tours but returning gladly to his study and his books and the friends whom he loved. So he drifted quietly into the evening of life, and on April 27, 1882, passed into the skies.

EMERSON'S STUDY

Dr. "The Four Track News"

THE SAGE'S HOME AT CONCORD

NAVAL HEROES ✳ A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. ✳ *Continued*

genius of its constructors and the sure marksmanship of its gunners are to be the great preventers of future wars. The President of the United States a short time ago when speaking in the city of Chicago, said practically these words: "Do not boast in reference to our national prowess. Let us obey the old adage which says, 'Speak softly, but carry a big club, and go ahead.'" The big club to-day, for national offense and defense, is the American Navy. More and more has the law of national development increased the responsibility of the navy. A hostile fleet lying outside New York, Boston, Charleston or San Francisco, could, by a few hours bombardment, exact a ransom of fabulous amount, unless we had a fleet to defend our ports. For our national safety, for the very preservation of our national existence, we need strong ships and brave men to man them. Let us then by the honors that we pay to the naval heroes of the past encourage their successors.

But now, the genius of the American naval constructor has been at work. We see the glittering uniforms of the American naval officers standing upon the decks of the *New York, Chicago, Iowa, Brooklyn, Texas, Oregon, Olympia, Massachusetts, Illinois, New Maine,* and *Philadelphia,* and the great fleets of other warships which now compose our Navy, and all the many other warships soon to be built and put into commission. Under present conditions, the only way to prevent war is to be strong for national defense. It is only for a time. The Gospel is eventually to permeate all nations and bring every government into subjection to the Prince of Peace. When that glorious day comes our battleships may be dismantled, and instead of guns and armaments of war they may sail forth bearing Bibles and missionaries, or food for some famine-stricken people.

But there is another reason for honoring the American Navy. We honor it for the lives of its Christian men, both in sailors' bunk and officers' cabin, whose influence has permeated the whole service. Some people are apt to think of the American sailors as a cursing, lying, drinking, carousing lot. That is not true. Some of the noblest of Christians have worn the naval uniform. Did ever a Christian write a more beautiful letter than this, which Admiral Farragut wrote to his wife, the night before the battle of Mobile Bay? "My dearest wife: I write and leave this letter to you. I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, and I hope he is, and in him I place my trust. If he thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to his will, in that, as in all other things. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me." Was there ever a sweeter Christian character than Commodore Philip, who was once Captain Philip, of the *Texas.* He was brave enough before Santiago, when Cervera's fleet was going down, to call out to his victorious men: "Don't cheer, boys. Those poor fellows over there are dying." And he was brave enough, after the battle was ended, to call his men together, and have the ship's chaplain return thanks to that God who had preserved the American ships in the battle. During the weary blockade off Santiago, the Commander of the American fleet, Admiral William T. Sampson, was seen again and again to kneel by his berth in prayer. All through the forecastle, as well as the officers' quarters of the American Navy, there have always been praying men. They have realized their need of wisdom, and have gone to the Divine Source; they have known the weakness of their moral nature, and have sought the help of Him who is able to keep them in temptation; they have learned how liable they are to sudden death in wreck or in battle, and they have committed their souls to Christ. Their needs are ours; we, too, in the voyage of life, must have Divine succor lest we make shipwreck. The same Ear is open to our supplication. With them, and for them, let us bow at the Throne of Grace.

Thus I have two purposes in preaching this sermon. The one is, to show what our naval heroes have done. While the flowers of this Memorial Day are being placed upon the soldiers' graves, I would have you remember the heroes whose bodies lie in unknown sepulchres beneath the blue waters of the deep. We can lay no flowers on their resting-place, but in our hearts we can do them honor and by our gratitude keep their memory green. My second purpose is to remind you of the duties we owe to God and our country. This land, in defense of which the naval heroes laid down their lives, is a sacred heritage. Its honor, its principles, its best interests are in our keeping. Their sacrifice will go for naught if we allow our country to drift into infidelity and sin. Only by righteousness can we live for the Divine protection. Let us every one do our part in our several positions to make our beloved country, which is consecrated by the lives and deaths of these heroes, a God-fearing, God-serving nation.

ON THE ROAD TO KAJANI

THE FARM FENCES IN FINLAND LIE SLANTING

SLEIGHING ACROSS A FROZEN LAKE

IN *THE* CENTRE *OF THE* FAMINE

By DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH

III.—In Kajani

AT the close of my last letter, I stated that in this we would travel from Kajani to Uleaborg, but I fear it will be impossible to carry out this programme without omitting many incidents that made our experience peculiarly interesting. These, however, I may supply at the close of this series in supplementary letters, as opportunity may be presented. I shall endeavor now to cover the ground, giving only such typical cases as will enable the reader to form an intelligent idea of the condition of North Finland as we found it during our never-to-be-forgotten trip among the famine sufferers of that unhappy, yet surpassingly beautiful country.

Good Pastor Wayrynen

Kajani is the very centre of the famine district, and until recently its neighboring villages were in such a deplorable condition, that even at the present moment, the heart of the writer is filled with sadness as he recalls the distressing scenes he was called upon there to witness. The district comprises 25,000 square kilometres, or about 9,000 square miles, and contains nine churches, or one for every one thousand square miles. Pastor Wayrynen is the head of the Lutheran Church for the district, and a more sincere, thoroughly consecrated and utterly self-sacrificing pastor, I have rarely if ever met. His life is entirely given up to his people, and his one thought is how to improve their condition spiritually and temporally. He is a tall, pleasant-looking, dark-complexioned personage, with a solemn, serious face, lighted up now and then by a genial smile, as though to indicate his ability to enter into the more agreeable phases of life, when conditions are such as to warrant it. He was dressed in regulation clerical garb, and greeted us with great cordiality. With much feeling he explained to us the condition of his people, of whom 33 per cent. were in direful straits. At that time he was personally looking after 175 families, in the immediate vicinity, who were almost entirely dependent on charity. A remarkable peculiarity of his, is his utter inability to speak German or to understand English, yet being able to understand the former and speak the latter. It was therefore necessary to put all our questions in German and get our answers in English. Some time ago sickness was in his family, and he sat up nights watching the patient, studying English in the intervals from a grammar, without a teacher. Thus he learned to speak it, rather mechanically, but as no one speaks English to him, his ear has never become accustomed to the sound of the language as spoken by others.

While we were arranging our plans, the village choir assembled in the dining-room and began to sing. One of the leaders addressed me in Finnish, to which I replied in English, Dr. Reuter, as usual, acting as interpreter. As they filed out I shook hands with all of them, about fifty in number, and thanked them individually. Two hours later, at 11:30 just as I was about to finish a letter which I had begun on my arrival earlier in the evening, a dozen men with superb voices, assembled under my bedroom window, and sang a most lovely lullaby. I rolled up the shades, but finding the double windows hermetically sealed and carefully pasted up with strips of paper, as is customary in Finland, I took a lighted candle in each hand, and lifting it up and down, manifested my appreciation of the compliment.

THE YOUNG MEN WHO SANG TO US AT KAJANI

Although on the morrow Pastor Wayrynen had to prepare two sermons for his people for the day following, he cheerfully volunteered his services as escort to the neighboring villages, and every hour endeared him more and more to our hearts. The son of a peasant, he had made his way through college, and now ministered to the very class of people among whom he had spent his early days. He knew and understood them thoroughly—told us of their simple life, their firm, unwavering faith in God, their unswerving honesty, their utter unselfishness, and their readiness to share the last morsel of bread with a suffering neighbor. He particularly dwelt on their abstinence from intoxicants. In the entire district, embracing 49,000 souls, there was only one tavern, and even that was meeting with but indifferent success; and incidentally he remarked that there were only two physicians, and mentally we considered whether there was not a very close connection between these two circumstances.

He said that the Finns were so intensely and consistently religious, that many a time when, throughout the entire week, heavy rains interfered with the gathering of the slim crop that had survived here and there the untimely snows, and Sunday's sun shone brightly, and the cool drying breezes would invite an effort to save what might still be saved, the Finns steadfastly and almost without exception refused to do manual labor on the Lord's Day, preferring to lose what was left rather than do anything their consciences could not approve.

Wherever we called, Pastor Wayrynen spoke words of comfort and encouragement to the parents, patted the children, and left, with our loaves and marks, some illustrated books of Bible stories. He inquired carefully into the deportment of the children and into their progress at school, stopping now and then to hear a child read, in order to ascertain for himself whether or not the headway was satisfactory. All the children love him dearly and he loves the children. God bless him!

FLOUR FOR THE FAMINE SUFFERERS

According to all reports and my personal observations, the shadow of famine reached the very doors and darkened the interior of tens of thousands of Finnish homes; but while want as a grim spectre sat at the table, an unwelcome guest, death from starvation, technically speaking, claimed no victims, but nevertheless the rate of mortality was largely increased, due to anæmia, ulcers, pneumonia, intestinal disorders, and numerous other ailments, induced by fearful impoverishment of the blood, a condition which we were about to meet in nearly every cottage between Kajani and Uleaborg.

The first thing I learned the next day was the greeting customary in Finland on meeting one another in the morning, The first one to speak says: "Hyvaa Paivaa," which means good day, and the other responds reverently: "Jumala Antakoon," or God grant it. Three sledges started out that morning from Kajani on their errand of mercy—one contained all the bread the local bakery could supply. It was hot and aromatic when we received it, but the chilling breezes soon rendered it as cold as its surroundings. Our first stop was at Kirkkoaho, and here we visited all the different cottages within the radius of time and opportunity. Everywhere the same scenes of utter destitution confronted us and we could not fail to notice a universal condition of nervousness, begotten of a continuous feeling of uncertainty concerning the next meal of black bread and water. And here, for the first time, we met one of the most touching sights we were thereafter frequently called upon to encounter. I refer to infants extracting nourishment from "Sugar Plums," made of hunger-bread tied up in the corner of a napkin and dipped in salt water. Mothers will understand why some of us shed tears when we saw it.

Aged Sufferers

In one cottage we found a grandfather of eighty, his daughter-in-law suffering from dropsy, the result of improper nourishment, and her five pale-faced children dressed in rags and possessed of only one pair of dilapidated shoes, to be worn in turns as occasion might demand. The old man, his son and their only horse were toiling hard for fifty cents a day, and it took twenty cents a day to feed the horse—netting eight people only thirty cents. In the barn we found the one cow that had not yet been killed, so weak that it could not stand. And yet this family was considered so well-to-do as compared with others, that we hesitated to give them tokens. But when at last we placed the coin in the hands of the old gentleman he could hardly realize it, and passed it to his sick daughter-in-law, who, bursting into tears, cried out, "Surely God must be thinking of us."

Driving to another cottage, twelve kilometres, or seven miles distant, we met a funeral cortege on sledges, coming from the opposite direction. The path across the snow was too narrow to admit of our passing each other. The first sledge bore a white ribbon, which indicated the presence of the dead. In this instance it was the body of a child—a girl of eleven

PACKING UP THE SLEDGES

Over the coffin, a strange looking arrangement, were strewn pine-branches. The driver hailed the other, saying that

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ere "the Americans," and the cortege was bout to be obligingly directed into the epths of the snow, at the side of the oad, when we insisted that the right of ay should be granted to the mourners. ut owing to the narrowness of the road, his could not be accomplished without psetting both parties, so we all got out, nharnessed the horses, and bodily lifted he sledges around each other. Inside of en minutes the funeral procession con-nued one way, and we the other.

Hardships of the Children

The cottage we stopped at contained a amily consisting of a very tall and pain-ully thin woman and her six children. The husband was away in the tar country, orking hard, and in two weeks he had een able to send them only twenty-five ennies or five cents, all he had been able o save. In the next cottage we found a nother and five children—one nursling, all artly naked—not a pair of shoes and not bed in the house—absolutely destitute nd more miserable than any I had seen ince I left the hospitable shores of our wn lovely land. The husband was away orking for the rent—and of course not ontributing to their support. As all the anitary arrangements in this part of Fin-nd are quite a distance from the house, he suffering of the children, walking bare-ooted over the sharp ice-crusted snow wenty to thirty inches in depth, an under-aking which even the half-starved wolves f the neighborhood dare not venture—ay be imagined but not described. So reat was the dearth of food, that the fowls nd hares had died off in such quantities s to infect the neighborhood with a sick-ning disease and death-dealing stench.

At Jorma, the next village, we found simi-ar conditions existing, and after visiting everal cottages, tired, weary and heart-sick, e turned back and reached the hotel long fter darkness had set in, but two hours arlier than we had considered possible, hich we effected by urging our drivers on to the utmost speed by the use of a ew Finnish words that seemed to potent-y appeal to them. One was "Vikkelaan," he other "Sukkelaan," both meaning hurry, nd these again were backed up with "Coxsy Markka," which meant a gratuity f two marks, or forty cents each. They aid nothing, but hurried on, and brought us ome as quickly as the horses would travel. The Finns generally are a people of but ew words. A country like theirs, with ong winter nights and eight months of eep snow, with nothing visible for miles t a time but spectral and silent pine groups, is not conducive to vivacity of spirits and great loquacity. Then again, he leaden skies all through the winter are pt to depress the spirits and make the people deliberate of both speech and action.

At the hotel we found, as usual, an array of supplicants. We listened to them in-dividually, and offered in each instance such assistance as seemed best adapted to that particular case. The next day—the Sabbath—we rested, but still con-tinued to listen to personal appeals, and respond as intelligently and liberally as circumstances permitted. In the evening the heads of the local Relief Committee called, and presented me with an extensive document, expressing the heartfelt thanks of the people of the Kajani District to the noble, generous and sympathetic Ameri-can friends, who had come to the relief of Finland when it was suffering from fam-ine and political oppression. I thanked them heartily, and expressed the hope that henceforth Finland and America would be bound by ties of brotherly love, that would ever keep alive such active sympathy and friendship as hereafter would deeply interest the one in the spiritual, temporal and politi-cal welfare of the other.

Saturday a telegram was received, inform-ing me that His Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, had consented to grant me an audience, when I returned to St. Petersburg. I could not do so immediately, without disarranging our plans for the balance of the cam-paign. I therefore wired a reply, to the effect that on Monday morning we were to re-sume our sledge tour through the interior, and that on our arrival at Uleaborg I would wire again. Monday morning early we started out, stopping first at the house of a tenant-farmer, who happened also to be a shoemaker. He had a wife and seven chil-dren, clad in rags, yet very neat and clean. He was a bright-faced man, who, notwith-standing his terrible poverty, kept up a not hold the pencil, but as our experi-ences were almost entirely on the line of those already related, but little if anything of interest was passed. On the way, how-ever, I learned that the consumption of liquors of all kinds for the nearly 9,000 inhabitants of Kajani averaged fifty pen-nies, or ten cents per head a year, and much of that was used for sick cattle. As there is only one veterinary surgeon in the entire dis-trict, and hence professional treatment is ex-ceptional, per-haps even that much liquor is misapplied. I remember, however, very distinctly the stop we made at a cottage in Mainna, where we met a black-smith, em-ployed in Pal-tamo, near Kajani, and his wife and six children. Here one of our party broke down, so overcome was he at the sad sights he wit-nessed. The en-tire family slept on the bare ground. The man's earnings amounted to his own board and forty pennies, or eight cents a day. Hunger had so wrought on the physique of the fam-ily that they were dreadfully attenuated, yet their faces and their stomachs abnor-mally bloated. We asked him if there was anything we could do for him. "No," he replied, "our wants are few and we need nothing." But down the hill a mile away we learned that for two days they had been without bread—probably because the house was almost inaccessible. Here, as in many another place, there was much want, but little weeping. If others did not plead their case, these people might starve, but they would not beg.

A PEASANT AND HIS CHILDREN

Arriving in sight of another practically inaccessible cottage, we got out, and walked very carefully over the unbroken snow; but soon the crust gave way, and we sank at every step beyond our knees. We were almost discouraged and ready to abandon the effort, when a hand-sledge, pushed by a boy, came in our direction. He had been sent out to take us, but only one could ride. The others all insisting on it, I took he seat, and was pushed along, but the boy's strength gave out, and a man came to help us. It was slow and laborious traveling, but at last I reached the house. In course of time the others also arrived. Seven children, nearly starved, was the sight that greeted us. They had not had a warm meal since last fall. Supplying their own wants, we left with them six loaves and five marks for a needy family beyond our reach. Tears trickled down the mother's cheeks, who prayed hyster-ically that God might speedily relieve or end their terrible sufferings.

While sad and distressing scenes abounded everywhere, no such pic-ture cannot be accorded the intelligent and thoughtful relief measures introduced by the Committee in charge of this work. Many cottages contained contented and happy families, kept busy and cheerful by home employment, destined to those who had it laid upon their hearts to relieve heartfelt suffering and to stay the relentless hand of death. Letters were being oper-ated by the women, fishing nets made by the children, woolen mats manu-factured by the men, and expended pack-ages containing bread always kicked in. In one hut, with a large hole in the centre, gave evidence that industry, made pos-sible by the thoughtfulness of those entrusted with relief operations, was pro-viding the staff of life for multitudes who, but for these measures, must long ere this have filled an untimely grave.

The Committee's Good Work

Those who failed to participate in the beneficent results of the Committee's plans had been either too proud to make their needs public, or had only recently reached the point where they were abso-lutely destitute, and until that point is reached, it seems unlikely that a Finn would beg.

But without the help of the good peo-ple of this country, what the outcome would have been is difficult to imagine—the scenes of 1868, when a hundred thou-sand perished, must have been repeated, and the story of Finland's sufferings would have passed into the horrors of the twentieth century.

At midnight we arrived at Ransila. The post house had only one room to spare. There were two beds. Two of us occupied these, and two, including the writer, slept on the floor. The windows, sealed as usual, kept out even the suspicion of fresh air, and the atmosphere, consequently, was almost intolerable. The next day we visited Saraisniemi, and here we met the

BIDDING US FAREWELL AT KAJANI

SUPPLICANTS AT KAJANI

AGED, CRIPPLED AND DESTITUTE

stout heart. Although very industrious and hard working, he had only been able to earn twenty five marks, or five dollars, since Dec. 1. We gave him some money, and asked him what he would do with it. He replied that he would buy salt. The bread, he said, was very unpalatable without salt, and hereafter he could dip it in salted water.

At Mattila we found in one of the cot-tages a desperately sick man with his wife, and a daughter of eighteen with a nursling of ten months. The whole family slept on the floor of a hut nine by eleven feet. The father, whose feet were dread-fully swollen from dropsy resulting from famine conditions, was a man of great faith. Throughout the fearfully trying ordeal which they were undergoing, he believed that he discerned the chastening hand of Providence, to which he submis-sively bowed head and heart, confident that God in his own time and his own way would deliver them from the fearful fate that stared them boldly and defiantly in the face.

After leaving Kajani the thermometer dropped to ten degrees below zero, and I found it quite impossible to take notes. Even a few moments with the gloves off numbed the fingers so that they could

worst destitution in all Finland. Perhaps on some other occasion I may revert to it, as I surely shall to certain Children's Homes and Industrial Schools under the efficient superintendency of our com-panion, Mr. Robert Alopaeus; but in order to reach Uleaborg, I must hasten on. We left Helsingfors March 2, and it was March 13 when, to our great joy, we again saw railroad tracks at Liminka. Here an ovation awaited us. The public evening school had arranged a reception. The scholars, young men and women, all peas-ants, sang for us, and the principal made a very eulogistic address in German. He almost exhausted his vocabulary in search for fitting terms to express his gratitude to each and every contributor to the Fund that had saved his people from death. I responded in an address in German, at first directed to the school and then to the principal, congratulating him on the ses-sion to which he had evidently been provi-dentially called. At 7 P. M. we took the train. A great host had gathered at the depot, and song followed song until the train drew out, landing us, at 8 o'clock in the evening, safe and sound, without a mishap, providentially preserved, at Uleaborg, the most northerly city of the world and our point of destination.

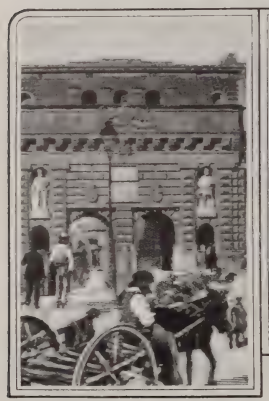
THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JUNE 7
ACTS 27: 33-44:

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—"THEN THEY CRY UNTO THE LORD IN THEIR TROUBLE, AND HE BRINGETH THEM OUT OF THEIR DISTRESSES" PSALM 107: 28



ROYAL GATE OF VALETTA, MALTA

RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF PUBLIUS

PRINCIPAL STREET IN VALETTA, MALTA

SCENES IN MODERN MALTA, THE ANCIENT MELITA

STREET OF ST. JOHN

AT this time, when so many are making shorter or longer voyages on ocean, lake, and river, it will be fitting to consider how we can make this lesson impressive to the sailors we meet—three millions of them in the world, it is said—and to all others journeying with us in the voyage of life, a journey that we are ever making, even when we sleep on land, as the traveler journeys while he sleeps at sea. Every morning we wake nearer to our final port.

Nearer the bound of life, where we lay our burdens down.
Nearer leaving the Cross, nearer wearing the crown.

Embarking in a ship . . . we put to sea (27: 2). Let the start of Paul's voyage at Cesarea picture the beginning of life's voyage in the cradle. Well may we write upon the little bark the Breton boatman's prayer: "Keep me, my God, my boat is so small and the ocean is so wide."

Touched at Sidon and gave him leave to go unto his friends and refresh himself (v. 3). This pictures one of the many glad times in the voyage of life, especially in its early part.

The winds were contrary (v. 4).—In every voyage of life contrary winds are encountered. "Into every life some rain must fall." It would be as bad for the soul as for soil were it not so. The contrary winds, too, have their purpose. We are the better for buffeting them. Struggle is the way to strength.

We had sailed slowly many days (v. 7).—To be becalmed or almost so is hardly less trying than to be swept forward with perilous speed by a gale. We need patience to bear the slow days, when hopes deferred make the heart sick, or when our plans are but tardily and imperfectly realized.

The wind not further suffering us . . . with difficulty coasting along (vs. 7, 8).—Here, again, the obstacles that every life must encounter are pictured. We cannot always go where and when we would, and often can go only with difficulty.

The voyage was now dangerous (v. 9).—Not difficulties alone but real dangers are to be encountered. Would that the young in beginning life's voyage would realize that their greatest dangers will come from winds of anger and passion, and from rocks of selfishness and appetite, and especially from little sins that often cause great wrecks. Once a ship was wrecked on the Irish coast. The captain was a careful one. Nor had the weather been of so severe a kind as to explain the wide distance to which the vessel had swerved from her proper course. The ship went down, but so much of interest attached to the disaster that a diving-bell was sunk. Among other portions of the vessel which were examined was the compass, which was swung on deck; and inside the compass-box was detected a bit of steel, which appeared to be the small point of a pocket-knife blade. It appeared that the day before the wreck a sailor had been sent to clean the compass, had used his pocket-knife in the process, and had unconsciously broken off the point, and left it remaining in the box. That bit of knife-blade exerted its influence on the compass, and to a degree which deflected the needle from its proper bent, and vitiated it as an index of the ship's direction. That bit of knife-blade wrecked the vessel. So one seemingly small sin, the word or deed of a moment, or one look of lingering evil desire may wreck a soul. Keep thy heart, the divine chart of conscience, with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

There is really more danger of wreck from little sins and little neglects than from great ones, and so we add another pertinent sailor story from England. The skipper of a little coasting "tramp," called the Banshee, said to his men one day, as they lay in port: "Mates! we shall have our sailing papers in a few days. Get her ready, and don't save the haporth o'tar. We'll leave Waterford with the ould Banshee's cheeks glowin'." "Aye, aye, sir," answered his sailors, as they put away their pipes and went to work with a will. Each one had his special work to do, one to wash up, another to paint, another to polish, another to caulk the timbers, another to oil the davits from which swung the small boats, carried for escape in case of wreck, or for rescue. Logan, who had this last job to do, found he hadn't oil enough to do it right. He had greased the davits of two boats, and now the life-boat, most important of all, needed oil. But he was lazy, and it would take quite a walk to get a supply of oil, and so he said to himself, "The boat was never taken down since it was hoisted, and there's small chance we'll need it this trip. I'll let it go." Two days out the boat was run down by a liner and almost cut in two. "To the boats" was the swift order. All ran for the life-boat, big enough for all, and best of all. Sailors nearest hauled away in vain, and even when many laid hold it was of no use. The lack of those few drops of oil in the pulleys had left the boat immovable. By the time they gave up and turned to the other boats it was too late, and the ship went down. The liner picked up a few of the crew, but most of them were lost. There had been five precious minutes when they might have all escaped by the life-boat but for Logan's neglect to apply the oil. So many a life has been lost by some failure to do some simple duty at the right time and in the right way.

Gave more heed to the master and owner of the ship (v. 11).—Paul warned the captain and owners of the ship, when it was at Fair Havens, that there was danger ahead, and advised remaining where they were for a while; but, as often in the voyage of life, the preacher's voice was disregarded in favor of the worldly wisdom of others, with disastrous results to the very owners who set aside Paul's advice. Many a man has lost all he had because he disregarded moral considerations in favor of what he thought to be money interests.

When the south wind blew softly (v. 13).—Even when a course of life has been taken in disregard of the advice of good men it often happens that all goes smoothly for a while, but beyond is Euroclydon.

. . .

And when neither sun nor stars for many days shone on us (v. 20).—They had no compass then, and so must sail wholly by the sun and stars when out of sight of land, and having been under a beclouded sky for days, driven by fierce winds, they were in peril indeed. But in the voyage of life we need not thus lose our course even for an hour. Christ is our never-clouded sun, the Bible our chart, the Spirit in conscience our compass, and we need never miss our "daily observation." It is of utmost moment that we daily test our course by observation of Christ, comparing our deeds and words and spirit with his.

. . .

Sirs, be of good cheer; for I believe God (v. 25).—It is a cheering thing indeed when a ship is in peril to have on board one like Paul, who has the fearlessness of faith. A passenger steamer was starting out to sea in a threatening fog. A trembling youth standing near the funnel said to a sailor, "Shall we have a storm?" The sailor, who was a Christian, replied: "Do not allow yourself to be anxious, since the Lord knows our position, and 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'" Years passed and the sailor had become a captain. At the start of one of his voyages a passenger asked, "Shall we have a good voyage, captain?" "That," replied the captain, "no one can tell but He who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand." "You remind me," said the passenger, "of a Christian sailor who answered me in the same trustful spirit on another voyage years ago when a storm was threatening. I was terrified, but he quoted the assurance, 'like as a father pitieth his children.' I was a Jew, but thinking on his quiet confidence in God as a Father, I became a Christian." "How long ago was that," said the captain. "Seventeen years." "Would you know the sailor if you saw him again?" "I think so." "He stands before you." "Impossible; he was a common sailor, but you are a captain." "A greater change has occurred in you than any change in rank or circumstance, if you, who were a Jew, have become a Christian."

HEADLAND OF MALTA, CALLED ST. PAUL'S ROCK

THE LOG OF PAUL'S VOYAGE

DAY OF WEEK	A.D. 60	LAT.	LONG.	DIST.	REMARKS
1. Monday.	Aug. 21.	32 deg. N.	35 deg. E.		Sailed from Cæsarea. Wind N. W.
Tuesday.	Aug. 22.			67 M.	Put into Sidon. Wind contrary.
Monday.	Sept. 4.	36 deg. N.	30 deg. E.	500 M.	Landed at Myra, in Cilicia.
					Sailed from Myra. Wind N. W.
2. Many days.					Winds contrary. Ship sailing slowly—driven out of usual course.
Tuesday.	Sept. 19.	36 deg. N.	28 deg. E.	130 M.	Came over against Cnidus. Rounded Cape Salmone. Wind at N.W.
		35 deg. N.	27 deg. E.		Sailed under lee of Crete.
Tuesday.	Sept. 26.	35 deg. N.	25 deg. E.	390 M.	In the roadstead of Fair Havens. Put into Lasea.
Three weeks.					Waited for auspicious weather.
Wed'sday.	Oct. 18.			50 M.	Rounded Cape Matala. Wind S.
Thursday.	Oct. 19.	35 deg. N.	24 deg. E.		Driven towards Island of Clauda. Wind Euroclydon. Ran under lee of Clauda. Starboard tack. Ship lightened by throwing overboard spare gear. Vessel leaking. Drifting in Sea of Adria; provisions water-soaked. Passengers hungry and hopeless. No moon nor stars in sight, nor sun. Heard roar of breakers; four anchors cast at the stern. Foresail hoisted, rudders loosed, ship stranded where two seas met, broken in pieces.
Tuesday.	Nov. 1. A.D. 61	36 deg. N.	15 deg. E.	480 M.	All escaped safe to land on broken pieces—Island Melita. Kindly received by islanders, who warmed and fed us.
3. Wed'sday.	Feb. 1.	36 deg. N.	15 deg. E.		Sailed from Melita in ship *Castor and Pollux*. Put in to Syracuse.
Saturday.	Feb. 5.	37 deg. N.	16 deg. E.	80 M.	Sailed from Syracuse. Wind W. S. W.
Sunday.	Feb. 6.	38 deg. N.	16 deg. E.	80 M.	Came to Rhegium.
Tuesday.	Feb. 8.	41 deg. N.	14 deg. E.	182 M.	Passed Straits of Messina and came to Puteoli (seaport of Rome).

Eagerly Looking Forward to Mont-Lawn's Opening

Joy FOR THE Tenement Waifs

You Can Help One Poor Slum Child to a Holiday

LITTLE APPLICANTS FOR MONT-LAWN

ALREADY THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S summer campaign among the children of the tenements has begun. Our Fresh-Air Fund workers, who are now busily engaged making up their lists of edy little waifs in the crowded streets and alleys of e slums, find every year an increased demand for this rm of Christian work among the children of the very oor. To these poor wee creatures, ill-fed, ill-housed and ten ragged, a ten days' sojourn at Mont-Lawn means mething delightful beyond all describing, and the hope such a holiday buoys up the childish spirit for weeks efore the happy day comes around. It is no exaggeration to say that several thousand poor tenement children are at the present moment looking forward with eager hope of being taken up to the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home this summer. Shall they be disappointed?

Up at the Home, at beautiful Mont-Lawn, preparations are being pushed for the reception of the first contingent of our little guests, who will arrive there the last week in June. Dormitories are being made to look, if possible, sweeter and fresher than before; the little chapel is cool and inviting; the lawns and blossoming hedge-rows are greener and lovelier than ever. House-mother Collins and her staff of workers will be in charge as in past years. Soon the woods and valleys around Mont-Lawn will re-echo with the laughter and the merriment of the tenement tots, who think an outing there is the one bright spot in their simple and joyless lives.

We cordially invite all our readers to co-operate with us in making the children's summer at Mont-Lawn this year, the most successful the work has ever known. Just remember, if you will, that the work is designed for those little folks in the big city who, through poverty, misfortune, or other causes, are deprived of a joyous childhood: whose lives are a dull, hard monotone of suffering and privation; who never knew the pleasure of pulling a wild flower, or the free and innocent exhilaration of a romp on the grass or a ramble in the woods, until they went up to Mont-Lawn. You, dear reader, can put a big streak of bright sunshine into such a child's life if you will. How to do it is easily explained: $3 contributed to our Fresh-Air Fund pays for a ten days' outing for a tenement boy or girl, transportation and all other matters included; $6 will send a little brother and sister to keep each other company there for ten days, and $21 will endow a cot—a pretty snow-white cot, enameled and with spotless coverings, in one of the dormitories—for a whole season of ten weeks. While you are thinking of your own summer arrangements with pleasurable anticipation, don't forget the little waifs. Every contribution sent to the CHRISTIAN HERALD will be acknowledged.

"YES, WE'D LIKE TO GO TO THE COUNTRY"

The following contributions in aid of the work of our Fresh-Air Fund have been received:

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S FRESH-AIR FUND

he, Mrs J & son 2 00
ley, Mrs J W.. 3 00
kerman, Jas T.. 9 00
ams, Gertrude.. 3 00
ams, Irene 3 00
ams, Mrs Jas.. 3 00
ens, Thos V.... 3 00
en, Miss E J.. 5 00
en, Mrs F A .. 3 00
erson, Mr & Mrs W B 3 00
sburger, Miss D. 1 00
derson, Mrs E.. 50
derson, Miss M. 50
drews, Mr & Mrs C R 10 00
ans, F A 50
mstrong, Mrs E. 3 00
doon, Mrs G A.. 6 00
ley, L B..... 1 00
ker, Louisa 2 00
ger, Mrs J.... 3 00
ker, Mrs F.... 1 00
khuff, Mr & Mrs S 3 00
mes, Mrs C J.. 3 00
nhouse, W E... 6 00
rows, Mrs B.. 1 62
th, Florence L. 1 00
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stress, Edith M. 3 00
ner, Mrs Geo F. 6 00
umer, Mrs A.. 3 00
k, Mrs P E.... 3 00
ebe, E W..... 3 00
ll, Mrs E A.... 1 00
ndler, Addie .. 3 00
nnett, J D..... 3 00
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nson, Mrs J... 6 00
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nger, Mabel 3 00
rchard, May 3 00
nnberg, L W... 6 00
e, Mrs F A.... 3 00
lman, Geo 3 00
we, Mrs W F.. 3 00
ween, Mrs J.... 3 00
ween, Mrs L.. 3 00
ver, Miss C G.. 6 00
nnton, L L.... 3 00
adway, Amy A. 2 00
ckson, Mr & Mrs C J 2 00
owster, Emma.. 3 50
ggs, Anna E... 3 00
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Cooledge, M J..... 1 00
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Copland, Mrs H B. 2 00
Cornell, S & V.... 25
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Crawford, F L.... 1 00
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Gaines, Mrs C H. 6 00
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Gates, Mary J.... 50 00
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Gifford, Mrs N D.. 3 00
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Gillespie, R B.... 50
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Glassert, F G.... 1 00
Goodfellow, L.... 3 00
Goodner, Male 2 00
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Greenleaf, Mrs L F 3 00
Griffith, A L.... 3 00
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Hall, A R..... 2 00
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Harris, D M..... 3 00
Harris, David 6 00
Hart, Mrs Jas.... 9 75
Hartell, Mrs M C. 15 00
Hauff, L & K.... 15 00
Hawes, Mrs Mary.. 10 00
Hay, Mrs L A.... 2 00
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Hayes, Rev A J.. 3 00
Hayes, Sarah A.. 3 00
Hayes, Thos 3 00
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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Rabid Anti-Semitism

ALL the world has been shocked by the report of the atrocities committed on the Jews of Kisheneff, in Russia, details of which are printed on another page. The cruelties, the savage barbarism, the fiendish malignity exhibited are revolting in the extreme. We shrank at first from believing it possible that such acts could be committed in this century, in any country claiming to be civilized. Unhappily, there is now no room for doubt. The story told by eye-witnesses reads like the report of a brutal orgie in the interior of Africa, or in one of the cannibal islands of the South Seas. It is an appalling revelation not only of the ignorance and depravity of the Russian peasantry, but of the supineness, if nothing worse, of the Russian officials. The mob, exasperated to madness by wicked calumnies, fell upon the Jewish citizens, sparing neither women nor children, old men nor babes, beating, mutilating and killing like savages. Apparently there was little or no attempt on the part of the authorities to check the bloodthirsty mob or to protect the property or lives of the victims. Such negligence must surely arouse the indignation of the Russian Government. For its own sake, for the sake of its character in the civilized world, orders for a stern and swift punishment ought to issue from St. Petersburg.

The exciting cause was the old blood accusation, which has been used by the enemies of the Jews for centuries. The ignorant people, who did not know how often the charge has been made and refuted, were told that the Jews had killed a child, to procure blood for horrible Passover rites. To give this charge plausibility, the body of a murdered girl was conveyed into the Jewish quarter, and was then exhibited to the frenzied mob. The newspapers disgraced themselves by feeding the flame, though their own files must have borne witness to the wicked absurdity of the charge. The Jews were defenseless, and the work of spoliation, outrage and murder went on unchecked. It is a horrible story, an anachronism in this age of enlightenment and tolerance.

It is gratifying to learn that the efforts now being made in this country to send relief to the survivors of the massacre are succeeding. Many of the poor people abandoned all their property and fled for their lives. They need help, and the American Jews are giving liberally for the support of the fugitives. The movement deserves public sympathy, and we are glad to see that it is receiving it from people of all ranks and creeds. Help ought to go in so large a volume, as to be a reproof to the lawless ruffians who committed the outrages, and to the educated officials who were recreant to their duty. They must be more dense than we think them, if they cannot read in the spontaneous gifts to the fund, the opinion of this nation, which they profess to regard as a friend. It should also be a lesson to the Jews themselves, convincing them that Christianity has no sympathy with outrages such as this, but only protest and abhorrence. They have had reason enough in the past to associate the Christian name with persecution and cruelty. In this hour of their sorrow they should have practical proof that for Christ's sake, we mourn with them and sympathize with them in their affliction.

The proprietor of this journal is sure that its readers, whose sympathies are ever with the suffering, will wish to be represented in the fund for the relief of these, God's persecuted people. He has therefore sent his check for one hundred dollars to the committee in charge of the relief measures.

Members One of Another

IT is a well-known fact that on various sea-coasts, the encroachment of the sea upon the land has been prevented by means of plants specially adapted to the purpose. These plants belong mostly to the grass tribe, though sometimes to the higher orders, and all possess the peculiarity of underground creeping stems, which, rooting themselves at frequent intervals and sending up fresh shoots at every joint, all linked together, are enabled to offer an effectual resistance to the storm. The enormous dykes which the people have constructed in Holland to keep out the inundations of the German Ocean, owe their stability to such plants; and it is said that along the low eastern coast of England, where the sea is continually seeking to encroach upon the shore, a large quantity of land has in this way been reclaimed from the waters.

It is the social habits of these seaside plants that gives them their wonderful tenacity of life, and so admirably adapts them for the conditions in which they grow. Each separate plant is weak and fragile; left to itself it would quickly be uprooted and swept away by the fury of the tide. But when linked and interlaced in the closest fashion with the whole mass of similar plant life growing around, it can hold its own against the strongest forces of the ocean.

What we have to do as Christians in this world is like the work of the seaside plants. To prevent the encroachments of error, to beat back the waves of evil, to resist the storms of temptation, to win new additions to the kingdom of righteousness and peace—this is the work given us to do on earth. And we can do this in the high spiritual realm only as the grass by the seaside does its task in the lower realm of physical nature, through the power of association; by realizing the vital bond by which Christians are members one of another—tied together in Christ Jesus, and made, however numerous and widely scattered, one body in the Lord.

Christ, the Preachers' Model

AT a large gathering of Presbyterian ministers in New York City, a few days ago, some excitement was occasioned by one of the members present, who denounced in vigorous terms the modern tendency of preachers to discuss political, social, and economic problems from the pulpit. This reverend critic, no doubt with the best intentions, declared that it was hard nowadays to find a preacher who did not "take his fling" at public questions. He thought the pendulum had swung altogether too far, and the Gospel was neglected just in proportion as the questions of the day were dealt with. There was a time, he reminded his clerical audience, when to drag such topics into their pulpit utterances would have been considered a crime.

For the pastor who transforms his pulpit into a lecture platform, whereon he may expatiate on politics, science, travel, anecdote, or any one of a thousand other themes, and who subordinates or wholly neglects his Gospel commission, we have little sympathy, and no admiration. He probably deserves the severest censure uttered by the critic in question. But if the intention was to make the application so general as to include any considerable proportion of the ministry today, it was both unwise and unjust. No good reason can be adduced to show why the passing incident or the personal experience, as well as the event that stirs a community or agitates a nation, may not be a legitimate and spiritually profitable theme for pulpit treatment, and a valuable adjunct in pressing home a Gospel lesson.

There is an impression abroad that the religion of Christ is an ancient and outworn religion, dealing with the past and with no special application to occurrences in our own time. To show that the Christian religion has a vital relation to everything that is taking place in the world to-day, and that it is as much a religion for the twentieth century as it was for the first, is the duty of the pulpit. If we take the teaching of Jesus Christ, the greatest of all models, we find that passing events were frequently referred to in his utterances. He did not consider it a degradation of his ministry to speak on the social evil as it existed in his day. He dealt sternly with current public evils and vices, the arrogance of rulers, the extortions practiced by those in power, the heartless extravagance of the rich, and the hopeless indigence of the hungry multitudes that were then found in Galilee, just as they are found in Europe and America to-day. The disaster at Siloam afforded Him opportunity for a lesson, as well as the ultra-rigorous Sabbath observance of the Pharisees, the bigotry of the priesthood, the craft and greed of the merchants and shopkeepers, and the cunning of the lawyers. All these and many more topics of the moment, He skilfully employed for a spiritual purpose. He did not disdain events in which the whole Jewish world was intensely interested. A false dignity did not blind the Divine eyes to what was going on around Him. He addressed both the classes and the masses, and his language sometimes roused in them such passions that they sought his life. No incident was too trivial or too startling to be made a vehicle for the Gospel truth He desired to convey to the hearts of his hearers. His message was not centuries old, appealing only to a limited auditory among the erudite, or to the students of the sacred books of the Jewish race; but a message that throbbed and vibrated with the life of the hour and the moment, and which was pertinent to all who heard it.

It is clear, therefore, that the preacher who seizes and adapts to the purposes of his Gospel teaching the events of his own time, has an impregnable vantage ground. He has the greatest of precedents, the grandest of models. But never, in his preaching, should he lose sight of the old Gospel, or of its central fact, as the basis of his discourse. We heartily concur with those who denounce the side-tracking of the old Gospel for the timely topic, or for a mere moral disquisition on social, scientific, or educational matters. We have no patience with those who make the pulpit a political threshing-floor. Such a course is the grossest abuse of the preacher's privileges. It is one, however, into which the true pastor will never fall, consecrated as he is to his spiritual mission and consumed with the desire to win souls. He may make a legitimate use of all themes, and rightly used they will aid rather than impede his work; but he will make them all subsidiary to the great central topic—Jesus Christ and Him crucified, "whom to know is life eternal."

—WHEN the Rev. C. M. Sheldon wrote his well-known book, *In His Steps*, he touched a tender chord in the hearts of the multitude. In his latest, and as competent critics declare, his greatest work,

"THE NARROW GATE,"

the first chapters of which will appear exclusively in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on July 1st, the famous Kansas pastor has taken up a new theme, which he handles with great literary skill and strength. Indeed, all the characters in "The Narrow Gate" are strongly drawn, and the action moves along with such rapidity and dramatic force, that the reader is unconsciously carried with the tide, as though he himself were a part of the story. It is a tale which should be read in every home in America.

Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of April 22

The Prize-Winners in our Puzzle Competition of April 22, were as follows:

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of April 22 **Theodore Lundgren,** Chicago, Ill., receives a silver watch; for the second best answer, **Louis Potter,** Washington, D. C., receives our *Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary;* for the third, **Gussie L. Daniel,** Newport Landing, N. S., Can., receives a copy of *School of the Woods,* by William G. Long; for the fourth, **Georgie Gray,** Fowler, Ind., receives a copy of *A Real Queen's Fairy Tales,* by Carmen Sylva. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Amacker, D. M., La.; Babb, Lucile, Ia.; Baldwin, A. R., Kan.; Clark, Ethel, Conn. Cook, E., S. C.; Creed, H. P., Can.; Curtis, E. C., Me.; Dise, Joyce, Pa.; Dodds, Mary A., Colo.; Ellsworth, J., Tenn.; Fenly, J. T., Md.; Ferbrache, D., Mo.; Griffith, Laura G., N. J.; Hamilton, Serena, Ala.; Hanson, May C., Wash.; Haresnape, V., Neb.; Helmuth, P., Wis.; Howland, Amy K., R. I.; Lamb, R., Oreg. Leavitt, Gertrude, Vt.; McDougall, Gertie, Can.; Mason, S., N. H. Meeks, E. I., N. C.; Payne, N. L., N. Y.; Peacock, Katherine, Va.; Pile, Eliza, Ky.; Rakestraw, E. J., Mich.; Scoles, W., Miss. Stout, Vinnie R., Calif.; Swain, F., Tex.; Tobie, H., S. D.; Williams, R. E., Mass.; Williams, Thomas R., Minn.; Witner, A., O.; Wuest, C., Can.

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Answers to Competition No. 36, in our issue of April 22 are: 1. Felix. 2. Galilee. 3. Herod.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST E. R. HERMISTON has just closed a series of meetings at Colby, Kan., where 200 publicly confessed Christ.

—THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH of Lynn, Mass., Rev. James S. Braker, pastor, lately burned a mortgage which had been resting upon the church for over thirty years.

—EVANGELIST C. H. YATMAN has lately been doing Gospel work in Boston, Mass.

—EVANGELIST THOMAS HARRISON, has just concluded a long revival campaign in Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois. In Waukegan, the meetings were union services. All were largely attended, and many conversions are reported.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The President in the West

WHILE the President has had enthusiastic receptions in many cities during his Western tour, there were scarcely any that he appeared to enjoy more than those at Santa Fe and Albuquerque, N.M. He recalled the fact that more than one-half the members of his regiment of Rough Riders came from New Mexico, and declared that he felt that he was among old friends. The people, on their side, were delighted to have him visit their Territory and spared no pains to do him honor. At Santa Fe a crowd of fully ten thousand persons gathered around the Capitol to hear his address. They are anxious for statehood, and the President encouraged them to hope for it. He told them that the preservation of their forests and the extension of irrigation, would inevitably make New Mexico one of the greatest States of the West. Much depended on the thrift and enterprise of the people, but where those were manifested the Government would surely help.

Another audience of three thousand school children gathered later in the day, to whom the President made one of his happy, characteristic speeches. At Albuquerque there was similar enthusiasm. The streets were gaily decorated, and a stand was erected in front of the chief hotel, from which the President addressed an enormous audience. Here, again, he was reminded in picturesque fashion of the ambition of the people. A group of forty-five pretty little girls, dressed in white, representing the States, were seen in an enclosure, the entrance to which was guarded by a man dressed in the traditional costume of Uncle Sam. One little girl, as bright as any of those within the enclosure, wanted to enter, but Uncle Sam barred the way. The President had no difficulty in understanding the meaning of the tableau, and told the people that, so far as he could see, there seemed nothing the matter with the little girl on the outside. If it rested with the President to admit the Territory to Statehood, there is little doubt that the desire of the citizens would be granted, but the consent of Congress has to be obtained. Happily for all of us, admission into the kingdom of God is not barred by any assembly or church. God himself rules there, and his invitation is extended to all who have his Spirit.

Through him we have access by one spirit to the Father. Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God (Eph. 2: 18, 19).

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE AT ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

The Russian Horror

Cable dispatches from Southwestern Russia, recently brought news of an anti-Jewish outbreak in that region, so barbarous that it was set down as a wild exaggeration. Unhappily, the later reports, brought by trustworthy eye-witnesses, prove that the facts are worse than originally stated. The scene of the outrages was Kishineff, the chief town of Bessarabia, the Russian province on the borders of Roumania. It has a population of 140,000, about one-third of which is Jewish. It was at the Easter holidays that the outbreak occurred. The Jews had been celebrating the Passover, and the Christians, Easter. Some uneasiness existed, owing to the publication in a local journal of aspersions on the Jews. The old accusation that the Jews used the blood of a child at their rites, was revived, in connection with the discovery in the Jewish section, of the body of a Christian child who had been murdered. The attitude of the lower classes toward the Jews became so menacing, that an appeal was made to the Governor of Bessarabia for protection. He made light, however, of the danger, and refused to take any measures for the preservation of the peace. Early on the morning of Sunday, April 12, the trouble began. Some of the lower classes broke open Jewish stores and came out laden with goods. The police did not interfere, so the mob speedily increased in size and grew bolder. Looting went on all morning. One street was ravaged from end to end. Some Jews who were on the street were savagely seized and beaten. By mid-day robbery became too tame an amusement for the frenzied mobs. The Jews were sought in their houses and were clubbed to death. Such of them as had hidden themselves in the upper rooms were flung from the windows. All day the work of destruction and murder went on. At night there was a lull, but on Monday morning it began again with new intensity. Savage cruelty was the order of the day. Women were subjected to horrible indignities; children were literally torn to pieces: a Jewish carpenter was found and his hands were sawn off with his own saw; even the dead bodies of the murdered Jews were mutilated and portions carried off as souvenirs by the frenzied rioters. Horrors too revolting for description were perpetrated on every street. The hospitals were filled with the wounded and the dying. Aged men, delicate women, young children were among the dead and dying. One man who fled for his life crawled back at night to his house, and found the bodies of his wife and his nine children slaughtered in one room. During all this time no effort was made by the authorities to stem the awful carnage. It was not until a regiment of Cossacks from Odessa was sent into the town that the mobs were dispersed. The condition of the Jewish survivors is most pitiable. Stripped of their property, they have come out of their hiding places without clothes or food. Men, mourning the loss of their wives; mothers, weeping over their slaughtered children; homeless, and penniless, and miserable, their situation is appalling. No race on earth has had to bear such a succession of similar calamities. Not even the spread of civilization seems to bring relief to them. They have, it appears, to suffer in the twentieth century the unreasoning hate and the wicked persecution that their prophets warned them would follow them wherever they might go.

And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest: and the life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life (Deut. 28: 65, 66).

Wealthy but in Service

A young lady of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who has been searching for her mother since November last, when she strangely disappeared, has found her acting as a domestic servant for a family at Newark, N. J. The mother, who is a widow, owns real estate and personal property producing a large income. She was living in good style, and had no known reason for hiding herself. Shortly after the death of her husband, last year, her mind is said to have become affected. She left her home without warning. Since her disappearance her daughter has been prosecuting a search for her, and, only by accident, learned recently that a woman answering the description of her mother was employed as a servant by a family in Newark. She found her mother at their house, but at first obtained no recognition from her. The family said that she seemed to have forgotten all about her previous life, and worked faithfully and intelligently at ordinary household duties. The daughter eventually persuaded her mother to return home with her, and hopes that in the familiar scenes her strange hallucination may disappear. Her mind must have been sadly unbalanced, otherwise she would not have left her comfortable home and given up her freedom to take service with strangers. There are, however, many who are apparently sane, who are acting with almost as little sense in serving Satan, when they might enjoy the privileges of the children of God.

The God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not (II Cor. 4: 4).

An Heiress From an Almshouse

A romantic history, heretofore unsuspected, was disclosed in a suit tried in a Brooklyn, N. Y., law court last week. It was a test case, the issue of which was to decide the ownership of a large estate. The claimant is one of two sisters who were supposed to be the daughters of a wealthy citizen. He was away from the city for some years during the war. When he returned he brought with him two little girls, whom he treated as his daughters, called them by his name and educated. One of them died, but the other grew up and was married. She inherited the estate of her supposed father. Recently, the sale of a part of the estate involved a search of the title. As there was some doubt about it, the test suit was brought. It was then revealed that the two children had been taken from an almshouse in Massachusetts, and that nothing was known as to their parentage. There was, however, no doubt as to the legality of the adoption, and therefore the title was duly confirmed by the court. To the claimant who knew the truth, the decision must have been a relief from anxiety. Happily no such anxieties need disturb those who have been adopted into the family of God. Their inheritance is assured to them.

Ye have received the spirit of adoption . . . and if children then heirs: heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ (Rom. 8: 15-17).

BRIEF NOTES

Thirty total abstainers are to be found among the 111 members of the Australian Federal Parliament.

The site of the World's Fair in Forest Park, St. Louis, covers approximately 1,200 acres, the future home, that of a parallelogram, a mile wide and two miles long.

Evangelist E. R. Hermiston has just closed a meeting at Colby, Kan., where 200 persons accepted Christ. Mr. Hermiston goes from Colby to Altoona and then to Hot City. In June he lectures at the Marion school.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given $600,000 to Tuskegee Institute, with a proviso that Booker T. Washington and his wife must be provided for for life.

Ichimo Shibata, a Buddhist priest, is taking a postgraduate course at Yale. He is a native of Japan, and at the close of the Japanese-Chinese war in 1894 was decorated by the Mikado for special services. He is studying philosophy at Yale.

A movement has commenced for the reunion of the Presbyterian churches of Scotland. Dr. Russell, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, presided at a meeting in Edinburgh, called to consider plans for the consummation of National Presbyterianism. Representatives were present from the Established Church, Free and Original Secession Churches.

Interdenominational Missionary Conferences will be held during the coming month in connection with the Young People's Missionary Movement. These conferences are to be attended by denominational state secretaries, field missionary workers, representatives of the boards of the evangelical churches, and leaders of young people's societies. The conferences are to be held at Silver Bay, Lake George, July 23-31, 1903. The attendance will be limited to 300. The purpose of these conferences, which, in turn, should result in many others, will develop the missionary work among children and young people. Further information may be obtained by addressing Charles V. Vickrey, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ONE DAY IN MARYLAND

A Memorial Day Story

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

TEN thousand men in faded army blue were encamped near Annapolis, in the last year of the Civil War. The atmosphere around them was full of unrest; the tense anticipation of an impending crisis. They were eating their hearts out in the *ennui* of idleness, when any day the nation's destiny might hang on the turn of a battle, and they were seasoned soldiers. To the general uneasiness, the men from counties nearby added a peculiar and tormenting homesickness. Every State in the Union was represented in the fragmentary companies of paroled prisoners awaiting exchange, but a man from Iowa could be more philosophical in foregoing a reluctantly granted furlough, than a fellow from Princess Anne or Prince George, who was, so to speak, in his own bailiwick. The latter had hunted over every field, and fished in every brook in the State. Furthermore, his home people were in the unpopular minority, in a region where opinion in a turbulent period was sharply divided, and, being so near, he longed to see for himself how they had fared in his absence. There was no little jeering at the governmental red tape. It was trying to be tied with a string, unable to lift hand or foot when so much was happening at the front.

Tom MacGregor was a private in a Maryland regiment. He had spent ten drearily dragging months in Libby, and had been three weeks in camp; three weary weeks, with his home embowered among peach orchards, not ten miles away. He could shut his eyes, and see the long, low, rambling house, white to the eaves; the lean-to, where old Aunt Phyllis pottered and grumbled over her cookery; the porch with the splint-bottomed chairs, and his wife's chamber, with the billowy feather bed, at the right of the broad passage: you went up to that bed by steps. There was a little white crib in the corner, and a table between the windows, where candles stood, and Molly kept her prayer-book and his picture. Tom was a big fellow, six-feet-two in his stockings; broad-shouldered, blue-eyed.

Two years and more had elapsed since he had enlisted, leaving a young wife and a month-old baby in the care of Aunt Phyllis, at the farm.

An older man in the tent was puffing away at a short clay pipe, and poring over a novel, as Tom, one morning, read his letter from Molly. Molly's letter was his daily bread of comfort, but to-day he read it with a groan that was melancholy personified.

"What's up, Tom?" his friend asked, after a glance at the haggard wretchedness of MacGregor's face.

"Molly's ill; the boy, too. She's afraid he's going to die."

"Oh, maybe not," said the father of seven, cheerfully, with an effort at consolation. "Kids frighten the life out of you, especially when there's only one. They can get into awfully close quarters with death, and then cheat him. Benny may be chipper enough by now. Brace up, old man."

"The trouble is, I've forgotten how to do it," said Tom desperately. "I want to go home."

"So do I; but I can wait."

"Well, I can't. I've simply got to see Molly and the baby. There's more in it, Ed, than her being down with the chills, and the boy having croup; lots more. That measly, low-down cur of a Dick Elmore is about again with his crowd, and Molly's almost out of her mind. And here am I, helpless! 'Tisn't as if I were a hundred miles away, either. It's not to be borne. Flesh and blood can't stand it."

"Dick Elmore back!" cried Ed. Mallory, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and sitting up. He had been lounging a bit over his book.

"I thought Dick and his crew were off to the war safe enough."

"They have been; but they are mustered out, and they've been loitering around the old place lately. Ed, you remember that Dick courted Molly Russell when I did. He swore that she was his sweetheart first, and vowed he'd be even with me for getting ahead of him. Now's his chance. He may burn the house down over her head. She may be homeless this minute."

"Come, Tom, be reasonable. Dick is low-down as you say, but not so low-down. The country-side would be too hot for him if he did a thing like that. I know the breed, but seriously, I don't think even Dick would attack a defenceless woman. Pull yourself together, man. Walk boldly up to headquarters; tell the colonel about it, and get a leave."

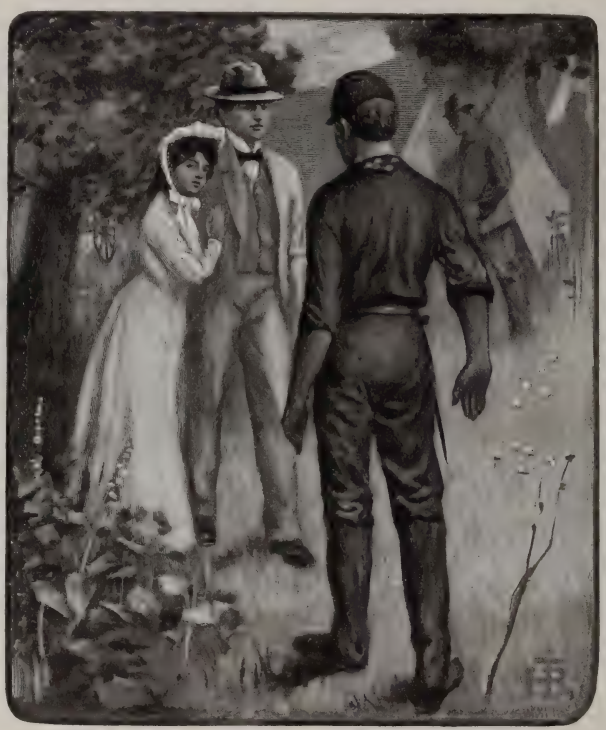
"No use, Ed."

"I'd like to know why it's no use."

"Colonel's kind enough, but he's under orders. He can't grant any more furloughs at present, things being as they are. Tell you what, Ed, I'm in a hole, for sure. If I can't get out I'll go mad. Think of it, Molly needs me, and I can't do a thing but write. What's writing worth? Poor little Molly needs me!"

Ed Mallory smoked in silence. At home, he and Tom were neighbors. He had seen pretty Molly Russell grow up from a light-hearted child into a beautiful girl who was the toast of the county. She had queened it imperiously the year she left school, and it was hers to take her pick of the men with whom she danced, and rode, and flirted, as elusive as a will o' the wisp. There had been a neck-to-neck race for her favor between Tom MacGregor and Dick Elmore, and Tom had come off victor. Ed had a passing memory of Dick Elmore glooming in the church aisle, and bringing black looks to the wedding supper; but for that matter, the young men for miles around felt like wearing crape on their sleeves when Molly Russell married. Presently, Ed looked up to see Tom glowering from the edge of his cot, blackness on his brow, his lips compressed.

"Dick Elmore's an ornery cuss, for a fact," meditated Ed. Mallory. He mentally looked back at that rose-crowned wedding day, and then thought how a year afterward the war-cloud had burst and swept their county clear of all the able-bodied men. Nobody left in it but the women and children, the very old men or the very young, or the hopelessly infirm. Union or Confederate, the fighting contingent had found its place in the ranks.



"SLOWLY, STEP BY STEP, CAME TOM MACGREGOR AND MOLLY"

Till Tom had spoken, Ed had completely forgotten that Dick Elmore came of a family noted for vindictiveness, with traditions of the vendetta. Its history was bad all through. The Elmores stopped at nothing when they were at feud, yet, to Ed's calm common sense, it seemed impossible that anybody, even an Elmore, should be forever implacable because a girl had discarded one man and chosen another. Surely, Molly had been well within her rights.

"Why not go home, old man? Cut and run for it." Ed bent forward, speaking low. Tent walls are thin.

Tom drew a long breath. "I might."

"Not that I think Dick's going to be up to any foolishness. It's you I'm studying over. You could take French leave easy enough, dead easy. It's been done in this camp, and not found out. You would not have to stay away long. I'd account for you somehow. And, Tom, if you go, try to see Sally and my folks at home. Take my love to them."

A mist came over Ed's honest eyes. As he brushed it away with his rough brown hand, he started to his feet, and Tom did the same. Both were Marylanders, and instinctively gallant in the presence of a woman. The wife of the commandant was standing in the low doorway of the tent. She parted its flaps, and came composedly in.

Tall, fair, with coppery hair massed in a great knot low in her neck, dressed in white linen, with a big shade hat, and a green parasol, this girl-wife of the old colonel looked like the spirit of the Spring. To the war-worn veterans, and the men in hospital, tossing on the hard cots, she was as the spirit of home itself. She went her rounds daily as the doctors did, a ministering angel everywhere. But at this instant she was an unwelcome apparition in Tom MacGregor's tent.

"You shouldn't speak so loud, you two," she said. "Somebody else might hear you. No, don't worry, boys, nobody did hear you, as it happened, except me, and I won't tell." She stepped to the tent door and looked out. The camp was asleep in the white glare of the morning sun. In a field some distance off men were playing baseball. The street was very still.

"This is, just now, a deserted village. Why don't you go home, Tom MacGregor?" said the colonel's wife, softly. She looked him straight in the eyes, and spoke persuasively.

"Slip away between two days, and come back the same way. Go and see Molly. I'll keep your secret. You can evade the guards somehow." . . .

Whence came her knowledge? Was she a temptress or a man's best friend? The two soldiers gazed at her in bewilderment. There was novelty in the situation and a little perplexity. But they believed in a good woman's wisdom. Nevertheless, Ed hedged.

"Things are better fair and open," he said.

He was regretting his counsel of a moment ago. Tom was reading his letter again. He handed it silently to the lady.

"Oh," she gasped, as her eyes fell on Molly's blotted, hurried scrawl. "You must see your child; Jack must let you go, right away. I'll speak for you." Then she recalled herself, "but he's not here; he's been ordered to Washington, and he went on the last train. He may not be back for some days. And Major Sutphen has no heart; nothing but a stone under his uniform. He wouldn't care."

The men nodded. The little woman voiced their own sentiments. So they "sized up" the major. All three knew Major Sutphen as a bluff, rigid, perfect martinet. The colonel's wife had frequent quarrels with him, and he regarded her as an upsetter of discipline, and a sort of spoiled child, though he shared with everyone else a real liking for her sweet and fearless ways. The colonel's wife knew that she was about to do something indefensible; but the woman's heart was stronger than her mind, and she did not hesitate.

"Mr. MacGregor," she said, "I'll contrive somehow to get a bundle to you in a half hour. There will be a note inside with money. Go somewhere beyond camp limits, and put on my brother Alec's suit. It will fit you. Mr. Mallory here must look out for your uniform, and bring it back. I'll furnish the civilian's disguise, and your own wits must do the rest. Go

CONTINUED ON PAGE 455

ONE DAY IN MARYLAND

Continued from page 454

oldly home by train. Why, you may eat upper to-night with Molly."

Her cheeks burned as she turned to leave; ut it was with excitement only. She had ever shrunk from the initiative in her life.

"God bless you forever and forever, mad. m," said Tom MacGregor, reverently.

"My soul!" exclaimed Ed. "If that woman n't a trump! A regular brick, and no mis. ake."

The colonel's wife strolled back to the lit. e house on the edge of the camp, where she ad three little rooms of her own, in which to ake a home, and brighten life for her hus. and and the staff. She passed the orderly t her door with a pleasant word, and went to er own room, where she made up the pack. ge of which she had spoken. Presently she dled forth again, taking Laddie, her big col. e, as her companion. So many times a day e went out on one or another errand of ercy, that her goings were unremarked by fficers or men, only the stiff old major, meet. g her with a courtly bow, asked, "Whither way," and if he might not carry her bundle?

"Thanks, major," she said. "I won't bother ou. It isn't heavy."

When she was near Tom's tent, she glanced refully around to be sure she was unob. erved, then sent Laddie forward with a ound, and the dog dropped his burden at om MacGregor's feet.

That night the soldier ate corn pone that unt Phyllis baked, and drank hot coffee that olly poured for him, and held his little ild in his arms at home. There had been trouble. On the train he had awakened suspicion, and as he left it in the gloaming met nobody at the station. He had not ept the high road. It was quicker to go ross the pasture and meadow land, ford the tle brawling brook, foaming over the step. g stones, and dash down the lane to the rmhouse door. To lift the latch; to steal in Molly, and surprise her, had been his first tention, but he thought better of it, and ve his old knock and his old whistle, and od, hat in hand, till she herself, with a cry delight, came and drew him over the thresh. d. She could not speak for joy. Pale, thin, a worn cotton gown, with big brown eyes at had haunting shadows beneath them, she s not much like the radiant girl he had arried; but she was Molly, and he had his ms about her and kissed her as if he could ver let her go. Then old Aunt Phyllis gged and cried over her boy, whom she had rsed as she now nursed his son, and both men, the black as well as the white, hovered er him with a joy too deep for words. The ld was better, thank God. "Real peart," d Aunt Phyllis, "and Miss Molly would on be well now that Mars Tom had come me."

The house stood far back from the turn. e, sheltered behind great oaks; no one ssed it after dark, yet Tom was a little un. y until it was barred and bolted for the ght.

"You are home for good, my darling?" said olly wonderingly, touching the gray sleeve Alec Moffatt's business suit.

The question embarrassed him, and a dull ck color slowly crept from chin to forehead. "No, I'm not home for good," he said slow. "I really have no right to be here, Molly. stole away with a friend's help—sneaked ay, to tell the truth. And I'm going back camp as soon as I've seen you and my boy daylight. Ed Mallory's looking out for at that end."

He hated telling Molly how he had left his form under a scrub oak, and changed his thing like a thief, skulking behind bushes, afraid of rabbits when they scurried out the copse. Tom MacGregor had never be. had anything to hide. But Molly con. d him, not with mere words; with tender ks and wifely caresses. She rejoiced in his ck, and scoffed at the idea of anything ng in the matter.

"Had she no claim? Was the country to everything?" she urged. She agreed with colonel's wife that Tom had had no choice. "Suppose Benny had died?" she asked, as still looked unconvinced. "Could I have ied him alone?"

"Anyway," the big fellow shook himself a dog reaching dry land after a plunge in river, "here, I am now, dear, and I did ith my eyes open, and for the best. Let's e one happy day."

hey did. The next day was retained in lly's memory forever as the red-letter day er life—a day perfect, unmarred, blissful, n joy rose to its highest tidal wave.

ight came to even such a day, and black llis again went about securing doors and dows. The front door was fastened by a wooden bar that rested on iron staples. st of the windows had thick wooden shut. , but the porch windows were shielded by blinds. Phyllis put the candles out. pine knots on the hearth made a ruddy e. "Light enough to court by, honey," she to her Miss Molly. At last she creaked ily upstairs to the loft where she slept; Tom, by the hearth, gathered his wife in arms, and sat there talking, with her head his breast. Dick Elmore had not been tioned, but now Tom asked casually if ly thought him still in the county.

Oh, he's gone, Tom dear. Aunt Phyllis hears everything," she says he's gone away West. I was a baby to write to you; but I'm afraid of my life of that man."

"Molly, that's what compelled me to come home. Not your fear, but mine. I had a vision; of course it was absurd, but it rose before me of Dick's coming here in the night and frightening you. It's dreadful, your being here alone with nobody but Aunt Phyllis. The thought has made me a deserter for two days. But I'll be off at daybreak with a light heart, for you see, dearest, we may be exchanged any hour now, and it's dangerous to be absent without leave. The thing rather breaks me up. I've had a clean record thus far. Another year will see the war finished, I hope, and then I'll be at home with you forever."

Another year! Molly sighed. It looked endless before her. She leaned closer in her husband's arms. There, tired out, she fell asleep. He would not move lest he should disturb her. Across the hall Molly's chamber stood invitingly open. The bed was whitely spread, and the covers turned down. Tom thought of carrying her over and laying her on her bed, but it was so dear to hold her as he did. He passed his fingers gently over her hair. His eyes lingered on her little ear, like a pink shell, on her cheek that had lost so much roundness, on the delicate mouth, and the long, curling eyelashes. His Molly! His precious wife! He had been a prisoner in Libby, and now he was at home; a sojourner in hell. This was heaven.

Thus encircled by his arms, Molly slept awhile, and Tom drowsed and dreamed. Suddenly he was startled. Something was astir outside. The old dog growled in his kennel. Surely there were hoof-beats and smothered voices. Tom's senses were alert, and he was at once wide awake. What was that at the porch window—there one second, gone the next? What but a face, so sinister, so cruel, so menacing, it set all his blood fiercely pumping like fever in his veins. But he controlled himself, and was cool and steady as he laid Molly gently down on the worn old sofa, deliberately bent and kissed her, and reached automatically for his rifle. Alas! it was in camp.

A tap at the door.

"Open to friends," said a voice he remembered. For an instant he was minded not to, and Aunt Phyllis, lumbering heavily from the loft, called to him in agonized accents to stay inside.

"Don't unbar de do', for de Lord's sake, Mars Tom," she begged.

But the voice he knew taunted him mockingly from outside.

"'Fraid are you? Who'd counted on that? 'Fraid of an old chum at that! Well, I'll be off. A MacGregor afraid of an Elmore! Bein' in prison so long has done that, I suppose."

Tom dropped the wooden bar, and opening the door, stepped to the porch.

"Hello, old man!" Dick Elmore's daredevil laugh challenged him. "Met in good time, as I've always intended. Say your last prayer, Tom MacGregor, your time has come!"

In the yard back of Dick were a half dozen men on horseback. They were huddled together in the shadows, but as their leader spoke, they closed about the house and covered Tom with their revolvers. Dick held his own six-shooter, taking deadly aim at Tom.

"Out of the way, Aunty," he called to Phyllis, who in the entry was wringing her hands and imploring. "No use in killing you too; you'll have your work looking out for Tom's widow. Say your prayers, Tom, I tell you. It's your last hour on earth. Your time has come."

In that supreme moment the nerve of the MacGregors stood Tom in good stead. He did not blanch. An old schoolmate, holding Dick Elmore's horse by the bridle, turned away in momentary shame.

"You miserable coward and bully," came Tom's voice, cold as steel, "would you murder an unarmed man? Will you not give me one chance for my life?"

"I have meant to kill you sooner or later, Tom, ever since you stole the girl I wanted to marry. So, good-bye."

As he fired his own hand was struck, and the ball was deflected from its course. It did not reach Tom's heart. A pistol shot from indoors crossed it, and the assassin rode off wounded. Molly MacGregor had awakened. She was on her feet in an instant, and the loaded pistol, without which no woman on the border felt safe in those troublous times, was snatched from her mantel. Oh, that Tom had thought of it before he opened the door! She fired, quick as thought, not knowing nor caring whether she had hit anyone or not, for as Dick jumped on his horse and galloped away, Tom fell across the threshold in a swoon.

"Hush, honey! hush!" Aunt Phyllis was trying to find where her master had been struck. It was somewhere below the heart. She slipped her black arm under his head and moistened his lips.

"Hush, honey," she repeated to Molly, who moaned and wailed. "Mars Tom's not hurt that bad. Mars Dick didn't now 'nuff to shoot straight, Miss Molly! Reckon you hit him shore!"

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 463

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To see them in their beauty—
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PAUL IN A STORM

The Apostle's Tranquillity in Danger

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE thought of visiting Rome, the then centre of the world's power and civilization, had been in Paul's mind a long time. He writes to the Romans from Corinth, after having left Ephesus (Acts 20 : 1, 2): "I have been much hindered from coming to you" (Rom. 15 : 22). Thus, there must have been a thought, perhaps a plan, to visit Rome; but "I must see Rome" shows that it had become a steady purpose. How little he knew that he would enter Rome as a prisoner!

Paul had appealed unto Cæsar, Festus was bound by the law of Rome to send him to be tried before the Emperor of Rome. He was sent as one among other prisoners under the care of a centurion named Julius. A voluntary passenger or fellow-prisoner by the same ship was Aristarchius, of whom we read (Acts 19 : 29; 20 : 4) as being one of Paul's "companions in travel." Thus the Lord let him have some companionship. Not only so, but Julius, at the first port, Sidon, "courteously entreated Paul, and gave him liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself." There must have been something in the presence of Paul which had power over unprejudiced minds. We know what it was. Another presence than his own was manifest in him. "Not I, but Christ who dwelleth in me" (Gal. 2 : 20), was the power and the Presence which commanded respect.

The vessel from the first had a stormy passage. We read (Acts 27 : 4), "The winds were contrary;" "the wind not suffering us," and the latter expression refers to the vessel into which they transhipped to Myra, a city of Lycia. Their course, after loosing from the coast of Asia Minor, was southwest till they moored on the southeast of the island of Crete. There they stayed some time, probably on account of the bad weather. Sailing was now dangerous, and there were no steamboats in those days. What should they now do?

A man in communion with God cannot see others in trouble or perplexity and say in his heart, "Well, I can't help it; it is no business of mine." A Christian can always help—by prayer. "But those who are around us," some will say, "do not believe in God's answer to prayer." That is all the more reason that they should have proof positive that he does answer prayer; and that, wherever true Christians are to be found, there help in trouble is to be found. Paul prayed, and God heard him and showed him what was going to happen. "Sirs," he said, "I perceive that this voyage will be with injury, and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives." This was light upon the position: God-given light from above. But the centurion, not knowing God, and going upon natural lines, "believed the master and the owner of the ship more than those things which were spoken by Paul." The natural man trusts experience and training more than God.

The centurion judged that the owner of the vessel would not risk his own property unless he believed that the ship would weather any storm they might meet with. But God had shown Paul from above what was going to happen. The haven was not commodious to winter in, so they set sail for Phœnice, another haven of Crete, more to the west, hugging the shore as they went with a soft wind. But not long after "arose a tempestuous wind called Euroclydon" and the ship became unmanageable; all sail had to be taken in: they could do nothing but let her drive. Then things grew worse; the storm increased: they had much difficulty to lower the boat so as to undergird the ship, to prevent her falling to pieces. The valuable cargo had to go, that the ship might be lightened; then the tackling of the ship—anything which would lighten the weight. Day after day passed, and the same heavy sky, the same rough, merciless wind, the same ceaseless rocking of the ship: and it was clear to all that there was little hope for their lives. "All hope that we should be saved was then taken away."

But there was one man to whom God had said, "Thou must bear witness of me in Rome." Paul knew that he should escape, and his prayer went up to God for his fellow-passengers: and God heard him, so that he was able to encourage them.

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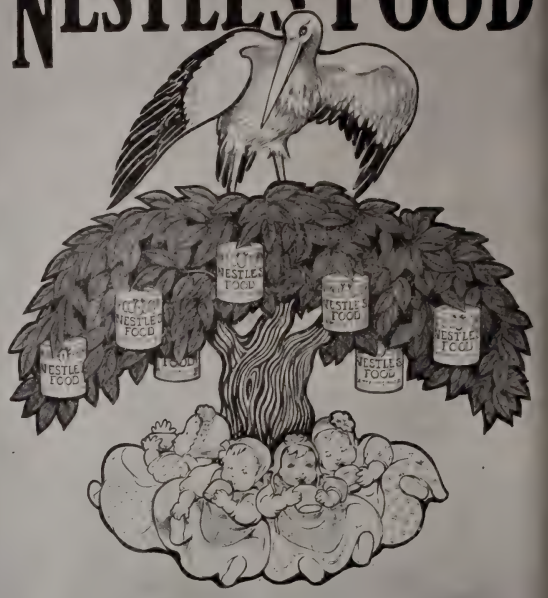

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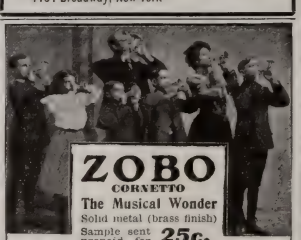

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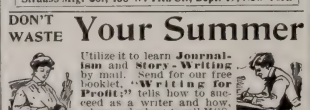

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BECAUSE one of the best manufacturers of dress goods wants to keep his mill busy during the dull season, he offered us his most desirable materials at greatly reduced prices. We are prepared to make these goods up into suits and skirts and pass them on to you at one-third less than our regular prices. Nearly all of our styles share in this sale.

Suits and Etamine costumes in the newest summer models, former price $10, reduced to $6.67.

$12 Suits reduced to $8.

$15 Suits reduced to $10.

$25 Suits reduced to $16.67.

$30 Suits reduced to $20.

Latest designs in Travelling, Walking and Dressy Skirts, made of cool Summer weight materials, former price $5, reduced to $3.34.

$6 Skirts reduced to $4. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5.

$10 Skirts reduced to $6.67. $12 Skirts reduced to $8.

Reduced prices on Jackets, Walking Suits, Travelling Dresses, etc.

All orders are filled with the greatest promptness, very often in three days' time. Any garment that fails to give entire satisfaction may be returned promptly and *your money will be refunded.*

Catalogue and Supplement of the latest styles, together with samples of newest materials, sent FREE by return mail. If possible mention the color of the samples you desire, as this will enable us to send you a full assortment of just the things you wish. Write to-day; the choicest goods will be sold first.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.

AGENT'S OUTFIT FREE. Easy sweep Dust Pan. Handled with foot; dirt emptied without stirring. Large Catalog very latest household articles, rapid sellers. **Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. 6, Bath, N.Y.**

QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM CXXIX
Thorn and Thistle Psalm

5. Let them all be confounded and turned back that hate Zion.

6. Let them be as the grass upon the house tops, which withereth afore it groweth up:

7. Wherewith the mower filleth not his hand; nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.

"THE MOWER"

Strange Psalm is the 129th. It takes one to the farm and field. We get plowing, mowing and reaping with thoughts of harvest; but the thorn and thistle are suggested by the wicked. The parable of the sower must be read with it. Dead grass is not gathered, nor withered Christians either. Chaff and wheat in the end do not go together.

PSALM CXXX
Penitential Psalm

1. Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.
2. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

"I CRIED UNTO THEE"

3. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

4. But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

How good of God to make repentance possible. What doom would be ours if iniquity had no remedy, if the works of sin could never be erased. Sin sinks folk very deep, but salvation lifts them very high. With God in Christ there is not only redemption, but plenteous redemption. Not a few sins forgiven, but all iniquity purged.

PSALM CXXXI
Psalm for the Humble

1. Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.

2. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother.

"AS A CHILD"

Psalm CXXXI is a true picture of the humble man or woman. It is like soft music, or a calm sea, or a quiet soul before God. Some Psalms make you quake and tremble; this one is like the visit of an angel—like an hour of refreshing talk with a great, good saint. Many arrogant scholars, full of conceit and supposed knowledge, should read this and profit.

PSALM CXXXII
Church Builder's Psalm

1. Lord, remember David, and all his afflictions.
2. How he sware unto the Lord, and vowed unto the mighty God of Jacob.

"A PLACE FOR THE LORD"

3. Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed.

4. I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids.

5. Until I find out a place for the Lord, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.

He who builds a house of prayer glorifies God. An earthly Zion is to pilgrims both rest and refreshment. They who build will be blessed, and their children. A good church, in any community, is like the Ark of the Covenant—blessings rest where it abides. Living temples is where the highest loves to dwell. The lowly and contrite have but to lift the doors of their heart, and the King of Glory will come in.

Try This Organ At Our Expense.

STYLE NO. 61000.
Vocalia Orchestral Reed Organ
Height 6 ft. 3 in., width 4 ft. 2 in., depth 2 ft. 3 in.

FOR over fifty years we have been making and selling our pianos and organs direct from factory to home at wholesale cost. Over 25,000 are now in use. They are unexcelled in appearance and are superior in tone and touch to many instruments retailing at 50 per cent higher price.

Our ***Vocalia Orchestral Reed Organ*** illustrated herewith, is furnished in either Solid Black Walnut or Quartered Oak, hand rubbed and polished finish. Equipped with our multitone Combination Action, 5 octaves, 16 stops, 2 couplers, 2 swells and 122 orchestral reeds. Fully guaranteed for 25 years; complete with stool and instruction book.

Our Factory-to-Home Price $65.00 On Easy Payment Plan.

To prove its superiority you can try before you buy. Fill out and mail the coupon and we will ship this organ to you for 30 days' free trial. If you do not find it perfectly satisfactory and equal in appearance, touch and tone to any similar organ retailing at $100, send it back and we will promptly refund the freight.

Our instruments satisfy and delight the most critical, and we know that this magnificent organ will suit you. Try it at our expense.

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PIANOS and ORGANS Factory to Home.

Illustrated catalog and full particulars, with letters of endorsement, sent free on request. Send for our Souvenir Catalog free on request.

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CORNISH CO.: Please ship to me, freight collect, one Vocalia Orchestral Reed Organ as described in your advertisement. Finished in ..... I agree to remit $..... as follows: $..... of your date of shipment and $..... each month thereafter until the purchase price is paid in full. It is understood that if the organ is not perfectly satisfactory in every way I am to notify you to ship it in good condition as when received, and you are to refund any freight charges paid by me. I refer you as to my responsibility to the two merchants named below.

Name .....
Address .....
Name .....
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Write this to bank

Name .....
Address .....
Ship to .....

CORNISH CO., WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

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DUE respect for our departed loved ones demands that we erect **Artistic and Enduring Memorials.** Marble has ceased to be fashionable and unfashionable. Many elaborate designs and handsome lettering stones in granite are now in use. Some manufacturers have published inaccurate and misleading statements regarding the cost of White Bronze, claiming that it costs as much as granite. We have been selling White Bronze Monuments for many years and know whereof we speak. We have a handsome catalogue containing a variety of designs and prices, which we will send free to any address. Write for it before placing your order for a monument.

WHITE BRONZE Monuments are Cheaper and Infinitely BETTER.

They are strictly ever-lasting. Read testimonials from users in all parts of the country. Note the names and addresses. Write them and learn what they say about White Bronze. Ask them if it is not entirely satisfactory. Ask them if it is not cheaper than granite. Ask them if it is not handsomer than granite. Ask them if it is not more durable than granite. Ask them if it is not a credit to the cemetery in which it stands. Ask them if it is not a monument of which they are proud. Ask them if it is not a monument that will last for centuries. Ask them if it is not a monument that will be handed down from generation to generation. Ask them if it is not a monument that will be a source of pride to their children and children's children. Ask them if it is not a monument that will be a source of pride to their children and children's children. Ask them if it is not a monument that will be a source of pride to their children and children's children.

IMPOSSIBILITIES. This **CANNOT** consider those the makers of "**WHITE BRONZE**" as fair dealers and statements made were false. Those who have investigated it has sent on the market for about twenty-five years and is an **established success.**

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Real Porcelain Lined

This Porcelain is the same material that the blue and white preserving kettles are made of. A luxury at the price of a necessity.

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

This Style, [illegible] long by 22 in. [illegible] Porcelain lined, $29.75. [illegible] $20.00 to $30.00. In the [illegible] $8.50 to $20.00. Why **LEONARD-CLEANABLE** must [illegible] [illegible] Here is a vital point! **THE LEONARD-CLEANABLE ALL METAL ICE RACK** [illegible] **OUR EIGHT WALLS WITH MINERAL WOOL INTERLINING** [illegible] Where is another equal to the Leonard? We could [illegible] Still another point! [illegible] Send for our handsome catalogue, which explains all about it, and contains [illegible] with "How to Use a Refrigerator" and [illegible] sent FREE.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
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[illegible] Messinger Device Mfg. Co., 69 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

[illegible] Agents Wanted Everywhere.

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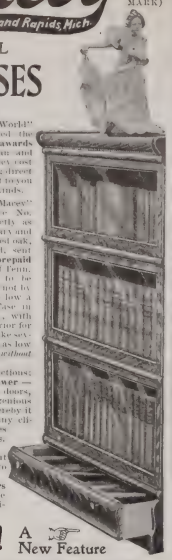
"Macey" (TRADE MARK)
Grand Rapids, Mich.
SECTIONAL
BOOK-CASES
(PATENTED)



Are the "standard of the World" for quality. They received the Gold Medal—the highest awards—at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions. They cost more to make, but by saving direct from us the makers the cost to you is about the same as other kinds.

$14.00 buys this "Macey" Book-Case No. 107-B exactly as illustrated except the stairway and books, made of quarter-sawed oak, finely figured and polished, sent "On Approval." **Freight prepaid** east of the Miss. and north of Penn. points beyond equalized, to be returned **at our expense** if not by far the best bookcase at so low a price. This same Book-Case in genuine solid mahogany, with pretty bird's-eye maple interior for $18.50—same terms. We make several sizes and grades, some as low as **$1.00 per section** these *without* doors.

This Book-Case has 5 sections: 1 Top-1 Base with **a drawer**—3 Book sections with glass doors, and each door has an ingenious device patented by us whereby it can *never bind or stick* in any climate, and when open recedes **automatically** over the books. All doors are *dust proof*.

All it costs to learn all about the "Macey" Book-Case is to ask for catalogue No. 35.

Base sections **with drawers** can now be had—just the thing for catalogues, odd articles, etc.

June Brides! A New Feature

Of course you will have some good books and dainty gifts, and will need a nice dust-proof place to keep them, which means a "Macey" Sectional Book-Case—the kind that GROWS—and we propose to make it so easy to start right that you can't afford to start wrong; and to every June bride ordering the above Book-Case made of genuine solid mahogany with pretty bird's-eye maple interior—**the best in the world**—we will make no charge for the base section the "starter"; but will include it as a wedding gift with our compliments and very best wishes. This means that every June bride can buy a Book-Case that we always sell at $18.50 (never less), for **$15.00—Freight prepaid** by us (see above). This offer expires July 15, 1903.

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Bishop Furniture **Is shipped anywhere on approval,** allowed in your home five days, to be returned at our expense and money refunded if not all you expected.

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No. 1827 Quartered Oak Sideboard of superior construction and finish. Length 48 in., width 24 in. Large French Bevel Mirror, 40 in. x 18 in. Richly hand carved, has lined drawer for silverware, Long Linen drawer and commodious Cupboards. An unusually attractive Sideboard. We ship it direct on approval.

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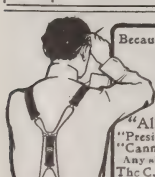
Our big Catalogue, showing 1200 pieces of high-grade fashionable furniture is Free. Write for it.

Others from $13.00 up.
Bishop Furniture Co., 23-25 IONIA STREET, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



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PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
give most
Comfort & Service
Guaranteed
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"President" on buckle means
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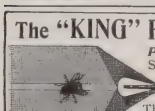
The "KING" FLY KILLER
Patented Jan. 9, 1900
Size 5 x 18 inches



The greatest fly exterminator on the market. With it you can clean your house of flies in a few minutes. Try it, and if you do not find it so, we will return your money.
Sent by mail—one for 15c., two for 25c., or one dozen for $1.00; postage or change accepted.
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OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W. McL., Port Elgin, Ont. Are we doing right to have so many churches in which practically the same Gospel is being preached, when there are so many heathen who have never heard the Gospel? Could not men and money be used more effectively for the advance of Christ's kingdom than they now are?

The belief that our methods might be improved in this matter is becoming increasingly prevalent. An initiatory step toward reform is being made in the Federation of Churches. If the churches of kindred denominations can be induced to co-operate in Christian work, there is ground to hope that they may eventually feel so much brotherliness that they will cease to compete with one another, and that there may be more union churches, supported by men who are united in essential things and charitable and tolerant as to minor differences.

Reader, Topeka, Kan. Has any modern nation or creed a parallel to the Jewish scapegoat?

Yes; the Biajus or aborigines of Borneo have such a custom, but the object employed is not a goat but a boat. They load it, by a priestly ceremonial, with the bad luck and misfortunes of the nation and set it adrift without a crew. Anyone who picks it up is believed to encounter misfortune.

Ellen D. M., Rahway, N. J. What is the origin of "Punch and Judy"?

The little play, which is familiar in various forms in almost every country in Europe, is supposed to have originally been an ancient Roman buffo-play, or folk-comedy. Maccus, a mimic or buffoon, was the prototype of the modern *Punch*. After the dawn of the Christian era, Maccus was utilized as *Punch* (Pontius Pilate), and *Judy* (Judas Iscariot) was added. It then became a "Mystery play" and diminutive figures were used. The little drama, as it is now known, is said to have been written by Silvio Florillo, an Italian comedian of the seventeenth century.

Reader, Summit, Miss. 1. Should a Christian wife insist upon reading aloud her Bible lesson at night, when her husband has asked her not to; as he didn't care to hear it? 2. To what extent will Christian parents be held responsible for the moral training of their children? What is to be thought of a mother who allows her young boys to read the lives of the notorious robbers, "Copeland Brothers," and such literature?

1. If reading it aloud in his presence is a cause of friction, she should read it in the privacy of her room. 2. To the fullest extent. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." If she permits the children to read vicious and sensational books, she must expect to find that they will exert an evil influence upon the minds of the children and may possibly ruin their lives.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. In speaking with a friend lately, he remarked that So-and-So "had very ambitious proclivities." Was he strictly correct?

No. The word can only be applied properly to downward or degrading tendencies. It is from the Latin *procivis*, meaning a downward slope or impulse.

Anxious, Sterling, Colo. 1. Would it be wrong or illegal for me to set to music the poem of another and have it published? The poem is not copyrighted. 2. I wear an article of clothing which is patented and I think I could improve on it to good deal. I have not the money to spend having it patented. Do you suppose I could get anything for my ideas from the company holding the first patent?

1. Yes, morally, if not legally wrong. Write to the author and ask permission. 2. If you communicated with the original patentee, you would quickly learn whether your improvement had any value.

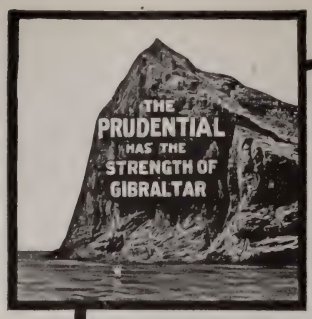
L. M. Ogden, Utah. What is meant by the legend or fable of the "Ordeal Bridge"?

It is a parable in the Koran, which tells of Al Serat, the bridge over which all have to pass at the resurrection. It is as narrow as the keen edge of a scimitar, and it spans the gulf of hell. The faithful pass over in safety, but the wicked fall headlong into the abyss.

Disputant, Albany, N.Y. Kindly give your judgment on the following: A non-literary person engages an author to write a book of fiction, giving him the outline of a plot which he wishes elaborated. In the process of composition, a purely minor character, striking the author's fancy, develops into an important character, indeed, the principal one in the story, which is pronounced excellent. But the person who suggested the book rejects the author's work, on the ground that it is not what he wished and therefore should not be published. Which has the right of way, author or suggester?

It depends altogether on the original agreement. If the writer undertook merely to clothe the other's ideas in literary form, he has exceeded the agreement in giving undue prominence to a subordinate character. If, on the other hand, there was no specific contract, but he was to be left free to develop the story according to his own literary tastes, he had a right to avail himself of his full privileges. In the absence of a specific contract, it would probably be held that the author had the right to do what he did. There is no proprietary right in ideas, but on the setting or form in which the ideas are presented. The case is a delicate one, and would probably puzzle a jury to decide.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 459



Gold Bonds for $10,000

Guaranteeing an annual income of $500 for 20 years and then $10,000 cash, would be a fine legacy for your wife and family.

THIS AMOUNT OR MORE IN

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HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.
Write for Information,
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There is a Guarantee of 25 years behind every
JAS. BOSS Stiffened GOLD
Watch Case

It's the only gold filled case that has proved its wearing quality by test of time. Made, sold and worn since 1853. Remember this when buying a watch, and insist on having a Boss case with the Keystone trade-mark—stamped inside.
Send for booklet.
THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO.
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"He that works easily works successfully." 'Tis very easy to clean house with **SAPOLIO**

A THRICE-DAILY duty to your health and appearance is a thorough, vigorous brushing of the teeth after every meal with

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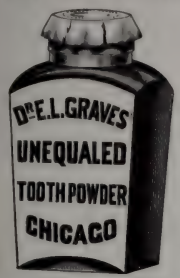
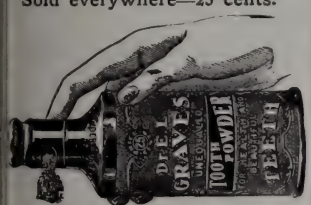


Honest and pure. The result of 32 years careful investigation —a scientific preparation containing no gritty substance; leaves the breath fragrant, and a wholesome, delightful after-taste.

Sold everywhere—25 cents.



New metal bottle, handy for tourists.

Write for free trial bottle, enough for a thorough brushing.

Dr. Graves' Tooth Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

"That's Meat and Drink To Me." —SHAKESPEARE.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

as a luncheon

is delicious, invigoratiug, nutritious. Prepared instantly in the home, office, or study. Excellent for business and professional people, and those troubled with impaired digestion.

It is pure, rich milk and an extract of choice malted grain condensed to powder form, ready in a moment by dissolving in water. No cooking is required.

SAMPLE If you are not using it, let us send you a trial package FREE

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56 Farringdon Road, London, Eng. 22-24 Peter Street, Montreal, Can.

MAPLEWOOD
Near Cincinnati, Ohio.
A Sanatorium established in 1875 for the private care and treatment of Drug and Alcoholic Addictions. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been successfully treated by us. Home treatment if desired. Address The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. R 5, Lebanon, O.

MALTA-CERES
THE Health Food.

OUR MAIL BAG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 458

Rev. G. S. Pollock, Renfrew, Pa. Where can the following lines be found: Wherein the earliest
He giveth gladness and peace service
Here and Hereafter, unto Him Who first
Sent, ordered on his each glorious errand,
Who gird assistance, ordering peace, blessed,
Leads on to the triumph of the dead,
The white robe and the palm.

Perhaps some of our readers can send the information desired.

Edith, C. B., Watkins, N. Y. Will you please tell me which are considered the most famous hymns, the names of the writers, and where I can find a little sketch of their lives.

There are so many famous hymns, that to publish their history even briefly, would require more space than we can give. Write to Advance Publishing Company, 215 Madison Street, Chicago, for the book *Hymns Historically Famous*, price $1.25.

This letter comes from Rev. James Greer Woods, of San German, Puerto Rico:

Dear Editor—I have intended to write and thank you for your gift of Gospels. Of course, I could have said "Thank you," and so got the matter off my hands; but I desired to tell you how much of a help those Gospels are. They are a great help and attraction in present work they are excellent. They not only carry the Gospel—the Story of Jesus—but also contain very choice hymns. They interest some because of the English, another because of the hymns, and a third because of the Gospel itself. I am preaching in four different towns. You sent me 150 Gospels. They are so few for my field and I do need more, could use them wisely. Could you not make me a grant of another 150? I hope to send you a photograph of a group of children who had been singing from the little book. If you can send me these books, please send them to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, with a note that they are to be packed with my shipment.

If any of our readers wish to have a share in this Gospelization of Puerto Rico, they can do so by sending us twenty-five cents, in return for which five leatherette-bound copies of the Gospel of St. John in English and Spanish (with Moody and Sankey hymns attached), will be sent to the Rev. Mr. Woods, and one copy to the person sending us the money.

Robert J., Rome, Ga. According to the records, those we published were the names of all who came over in the *Mayflower*, excepting the servants, of course.

Mrs. Ida W. De Bord, of Sharpsdale, Huerfano Co., Colorada, writes us that the homesteaders in that section are in great need, on account of the failure of the last crop. They have passed through a severe winter ordeal. Now they need money to buy seed for sowing. Any reader wishing to communicate, will be promptly answered by Mrs. De Bord, who is secretary of the Local Committee.

This from Mrs. W. E. W., of Bluefield, W. Va., is a very interesting item of news to Sunday School workers:

At Narrows, Va., a small town where we held a Sunday School Institute, I was received into the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Johnstone. Mr. Johnstone has taught the primary class of girls at the M. E. Church for twenty-two years, and in his class at this time he has the daughters of some of his first scholars. His soul is bound up in his work, and he affirms that he does not want to be advanced to larger scholars, but feels called to teach these little ones. I met some of the present class, and also some of those who have been advanced to intermediate classes, and a better instructed lot of Bible students I never saw anywhere.

Miss S. A. F., Farmingdale, Ill. 1. Yes, according to the traditional dimensions, it was larger than the ark. 2. We never heard such a statement. The ancient Egyptians probably sowed rice in the Nile when the waters were low and the river shallow.

This lady's family (Mrs. Edna C., of Manhattan, Kans.) has acquired quite a little library of CHRISTIAN HERALD premiums. She writes:

We wish to thank you for *The Hall of Fame* and *Speaking Oak*. We have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for nearly eighteen years and have forty books, besides Art Portfolio, Art Gallery, two Bibles, and Red-Letter Testament, and we prize them all very highly.

Forty volumes! We wonder whether any other reader can eclipse this record.

Miscellaneous Questions

A. C. W., Hayesville, O. We never heard of the poem mentioned.

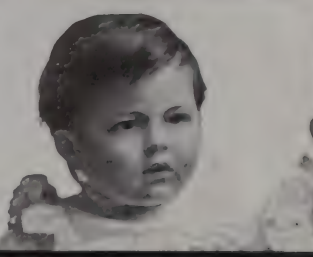
A. R., Pueblo, Colo. Consult a physician, and then ask the Lord to bless the means employed to effect a cure.

Reader, Minneapolis, Minn. You should at once inform the proper authorities, in order that the offence may be stopped and the criminals properly punished. There is no middle course in such a case.

Mary, A. C. N., Meadowbank, Pa. We have never heard that the Covenanters wore a distinctive button or badge. It was the custom, in those days, to wear a "cockade" or rosette or knot of ribbon. Send a description of the button to Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

E. P. W., Lima, N. Y. It is a common custom, and has been so from early Christian times, to bury the dead with head toward the west, although it may not be done in individual cases. Some Oriental races, we believe, follow this plan of burial. It is supposed to have had its origin in the thought that at the resurrection the dead would rise facing the east. Mohammedans are buried with their faces turned toward Mecca.

Despaired of until fed on



ESKAY'S FOOD

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ANCIENT ABSTAINERS*

Lessons From the Example of the Rechabites

MANY members of the young people's societies will, doubtless, wonder that their religious studies should be broken by the subject of temperance being injected into the list of Topics. It seems like a jarring note in the harmony, a useless reiteration of a threadbare theme. But, unhappily, experience shows that even in a Christian society, there is need for reminding people of this duty. The very fact of living on a higher plane, of having the affections set on higher things, may make total abstinence appear unnecessary. The soul that is in close contact with Christ, is in no danger of falling into the gross sin of drunkenness, so that the barrier of total abstinence is not needed. But it is just there that the principles of Christianity imperatively inculcate the duty. No man liveth to himself; no man has the right to utter Cain's selfish query, "Am I my brother's keeper?" There is so much misery in the world directly traceable to intoxicants that we owe it to Christ and to our fellow-man to set the example of leaving them severely alone. If every Christian would take that stand a great step would be taken toward making this a sober world. The better the man who indulges in the drinking habit, the more harm his example is liable to do. It is not the drunkard staggering in his walk and silly in his talk that the young man sets out to copy. He never expects to sink to that level. He intends to be a moderate drinker, and only when the insidious habit has him in its clutch, does he realize the mistake he has made. One of our philosophers has said very wisely, "If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of intoxicants, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own."

THE VISION OF CHRIST†

A Source of Strength and Fortitude in Hours of Trial and Weariness

ONE of the most impressive biographical notes in the Bible, is the explanation given by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews of the fortitude of Moses. He says that Moses was sustained, was enabled to endure, through "seeing Him who is invisible." Of how many men might the same explanation be given! These visions of the invisible, have strengthened and stimulated and inspired men in many an heroic life. A man is plodding along in a business office doing nard and sometimes uncongenial work. He becomes weary, and if he followed his inclination he would leave it all; but there crosses his mind the vision of his children and their mother depending on his exertions, and he settles down again to his labor. Or it may be he has a vision of something that does not exist—only something hoped for. It is a vision of a house and garden in some country place far away from the noise and dirt and din of the city. He is toiling and saving that he may have such a home in which to spend the evening of life. The patriot, the soldier, the sailor, the statesman have their visions in which they see their country growing in influence and power. The philanthropist, struggling to raise his poorer brethren to a higher plane, is cheered by the ideal in his own mind. Or the vision may be of something past. A man in doubt or in temptation looks back, and the spectacle of an aged Christian father or mother long ago laid to rest in the grave rises before his mind's eye, and he puts the evil away from him, as a stain on their memory. Now such a power the vision of Christ may be in our lives. All that he was in this world, all that he bore and suffered for us, and all that he is now in his tender sympathy with those who represent him here and bear his name speak to us in this vision. When our energies flag, when our hopes grow dim, when discouragements depress the Christian, that vision of the Master is a tonic, a stimulus, of mighty power. It carried Stephen through the trial and malignity and execution, and it is still able to make men bear and do.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for June 7. Jer. 35: 1-6, 18, 19.

†Topic of the Epworth League for June 7. Acts 7:55, 56; 27:25.

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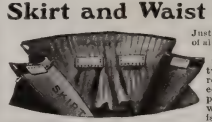

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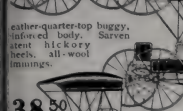

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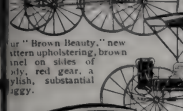

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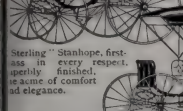

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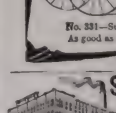

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A Notable Y.M.C.A. Convention

Railroad Men Assemble at Topeka—An Address by President Roosevelt

TOPEKA, Kan., was the scene, during the closing days of April and the first week in May, of a remarkable gathering. For nearly a week, the meetings of the Railroad Men's Y.M.C.A. Conference packed the great Auditorium. There were 1,250 delegates visiting the city from all parts of the Union, besides a representation from Canada, Mexico, France, Germany and Denmark, and the hundreds of other visitors, including many of the delegates' wives, swelled the total to nearly 1,800.

On Friday, May 1, President Roosevelt addressed the Conference. A great multitude greeted him and listened with closest attention to his speech. Among other things he said:

The last time I ever saw General Sherman, he told me that in the event of a war he could conceive of no better fortune for a general than to have an army composed exclusively of railroad men (applause), because they are men whose profession means that they of necessity would make all great and successful soldiers, having the quality of work, of facing risks, of facing hardships, of combining the capacity to obey and to obey quickly with the capacity of taking responsibility, of acting on individual initiative, just as continually as the need arises.

Further on, the speaker said:

Character! That is what tells in the long run—character which is compounded of many different qualities. In the first place, of perseverance, resolution, refusal to be daunted. There is not a man here who doesn't at times fail, who doesn't meet failure—not one. And the difference between the man and the sham man is that failure daunts the one and merely makes the other try harder to overcome it. That is one side of character. Think for yourselves how much more it means than mind or body. The intellectual man who is afraid can't do anything. He meets an obstacle and he cannot surmount it and he is cowed by it. The man without this mental gift who, instead of being cowed by it, is spurred to fresh effort by its existence, will pass the other in the race of life as sure as the sun rises in the East.

In closing, he said:

I congratulate you, as I say, not only because you are bettering yourselves, but because to you, for your good fortune, it is given to better others, to teach in the way in which teaching is most effective—not merely by precept, but by action. The railroad men of this country are a body entitled to the well wishes of their fellow-men in any event, but peculiarly is this true of the railroad men of the country who join in such work as that of these Young Men's Christian Associations, because they are showing by their actions—and, oh, how much louder actions speak than words—that it is not only possible, but very, very possible and easy to combine the manliness which makes a man able to do his own share of the world's work with that fine and lofty love of one's fellow-men, which makes you able to come together with your fellows and work hand in hand with them for the common good of all, for the common good of mankind in general. I congratulate you.

On Sunday afternoon nearly 4,000 men packed the auditorium, when Fred B. Smith, International Secretary, conducted a religious service. In this meeting it is estimated that two hundred men enrolled themselves as Christians.

In the United States and Canada there are now 197 Associations of the railroad work, of which the operating expenses last year amounted to $502,000. Of this amount, $240,000 was contributed by railroad companies. These Associations have $1,500,000 invested in buildings, toward the erection of which railroad companies contributed about two-thirds of the cost. To such an extent do railroad companies estimate the value of Y. M. C. A. work among their employees that they have shown remarkable liberality in their assistance to it. The companies provided every facility to advance the Convention, but in no case did they have a voice or a vote in the meetings.

Col. John J. McCook was President of the Conference. Among the reported developments of the past two years were the opening of Associations for street railroad men at Rochester and Brooklyn; the organization of an Association in the City of Mexico, and the development in the Southwest, where there are now twelve Associations, with buildings costing $120,000 and with 7,500 members.

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Use a Scrubbing brush for a time, ordinary way with Soap-
Use another just like it for same length time with Pearline—this illustration shows what you'll find—
Soap brush badly worn.
Pearline brush but little—
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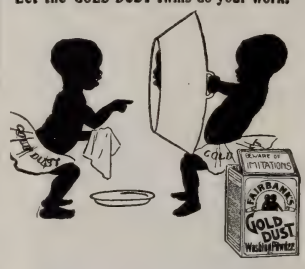

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will clean anything cleanable—clothes and dishes, pots and pans, floors and doors—in fact anything from cellar to attic. GOLD DUST lightens labor, lessens care.

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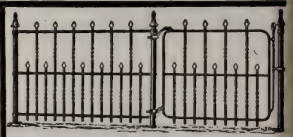

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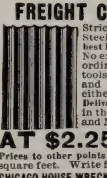

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farm, home, business, or other property (no matter where located or how large or small) sold or obtained through me. Send description, state price, and get full particulars free. Est'd 1896. High references. Offices in 14 cities from Boston to San Francisco.

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ONE DAY IN MARYLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 455

"Tom's dying!" moaned Molly. The baby ake up and cried. Nobody noticed.

"No, not dying," said Tom weakly. "Only nocked out of the ring, dear. Bring Benny r me to kiss. I'm going back to camp, olly."

The man tottered to his feet, ghastly white. "Bind me tightly, Phyllis," he commanded. ou know how."

"Tom, dear, you'll not try to go to camp," aded Molly. "I'll go and explain. You ay and let me nurse you. I can't let you Y'd die on the way."

"It isn't death I fear, Molly. It's dishonor. an't leave my boy a stained name. The—un—starts—at daybreak. Get me back to mp, if you love me, Molly."

Aunt Phyllis wasted no time in words. She messed the gray old pony to the farm agon, heaped straw in the bottom for a bed, d almost lifted her master in. Molly mbed up and supported his head. Phyllis ove them to the station. Then, her stout art breaking, she hurried home to look ter Tom's boy.

Ed Mallory was sitting in the tent, puffing his pipe. Morning parade was over. Thus all had gone well. Tom had not been issed.

He looked down the road. The tent was at e head of the company street, the woods ly a little way off. Then his heart stood ill. For slowly walking, step by step, as if ch step were agony, came the ghost, it emed, of Tom MacGregor, and Molly as-sting him, deadly pale, walked by his side. ney reached the tent. Tom lurched forward d Ed caught him.

"Quick, Ed," he whispered. "My uniform. et me into my jacket."

Ed and Molly helped him. When the cket was on he fainted away.

Tom had not actually been missed. Ed as right. But that old fox, the major, had s suspicions and his intuitions. He had st scribbled a note on a pad and sent for an derly to carry a message. The absence om evening drill and morning parade of the e young Marylander, who was the most riking figure in the remnant of his regiment, d not escaped the major's keen observa-n. He resolved to inquire about it. But this moment the major had a shock. Into e tent at headquarters, where he sat with e adjutant, dashed the colonel's wife like a mpest, and threw herself in a sobbing heap, o a chair in front of him.

The major may not have had a heart, but e was a man, and he loathed the sight of an sterical woman.

"Good heavens, madam!" he ejaculated, top crying, and tell me what has happened. ave you had bad news from the colonel?"

"Oh, Major Sutphen, if Jack were only ere," she cried. "It's my fault, every bit of

Tom MacGregor's dying in his tent and s wife's there with him; and if it hadn't been r me, he wouldn't have gone away and as needn't have happened. He's wounded, d I'm the one to arrest. I've done it all."

"I never did believe in women fooling ound a camp," growled the major to the djutant, but the colonel's wife did not hear m. When he strode wrathfully out, the djutant following him closely, she shivered d cried a little more, then suddenly dried er eyes and ran after them.

"Wait for me, major," she called. "Let me xplain."

The major did not stop. He strode on, in ngry haste.

At the sight of his approach, men gathered ere and there in knots scattered apart. The reet was quiet as the two officers approached om MacGregor's tent. As they crossed the ll, the burly army surgeon, standing by the ot, held up a peremptory hand.

"Be silent," he said.

Molly was kneeling by the bed. Ed Mallory, ern and grim-visaged, stood at the foot. om lay apparently unconscious, his faded cket open, snow not whiter than his face.

They stood there as if frozen. The major, mpressive and austere, the adjutant, curious et sympathetic, the colonel's wife, her eyes side with apprehension, the doctor waiting he end.

The man on the cot opened his eyes. His and feebly groped for his wife's.

"Good-bye, Molly," he said. "Tell Benny was all right."

Then his glance brightened. He saw the ajor. With superhuman effort, he sat up nd saluted.

"Here, sir!" he cried, fell back on his pil-w and was gone.

. . . . . .

Every May time since then, a grieving oman and her boy have laid garlands on a oldier's grave. The woman is counting the ears now, till she meets her hero again. Her oy Benny is a man, and he fought in the panish War. He has the heart of the Mac-regors, and he loves his country.

"For Every Home"

Your premiums, *Hall of Fame* and "Family Art allery," are most pleasing. The *Hall of Fame* ould be a good book for every home.

Burdett, N. Y. W. E. HOWELL

HEALTH, STRENGTH AND A GOOD FIGURE

ARE MORE TO BE DESIRED THAN A PRETTY FACE

It is just one year since I began to teach physical culture by mail, after 15 years of personal experience in prescribing individual work for women. I have never broken faith with my pupils, but have myself dictated every lesson. Were it not that pupils are thinking their courses daily, I could take no new ones. Fully one-third of the pupils who have worked with me this winter have been recommended to me by pupils who worked with me last year. If your vitality is at a low ebb, if you are troubled with any of the so-called chronic ailments—Constipation, Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Sick Headaches, Nervousness, Sleeplessness—if you are **overly large** and wish to be reduced and increase your vitality in reducing, if you are thin and want to put on flesh, you can do so by no better means than a course in scientific physical **culture.** The experience of hundreds of my pupils would bear me out in this. My work is not physical exercise alone. Women do not seek an athlete's strength, but that roundness and symmetry which has made women's form a model for sculptors and painters, and they want that grace and force born of a healthful spirit, which Emerson calls "the ecstacy of life." They want perfect health to make them cheerful wives, helpful companions and better friends.

The following extracts from letters from my pupils are on my desk as I write:

"I believe that my lessons are the best investment I have ever made."

"I just read your last advertisement in a January magazine, and from my own experience I know that you have no more than you accomplish

"Have **left off my glasses** and my eyes seem to be all right.

"My **neck and chest** are developing finely. I can scarcely believe it is my own neck.

"My husband says: 'If you had known Miss Cocroft one year ago you should have been saved $1200 doctor bills.'"

"I have lost 25 pounds and I am so happy."

"I used to be so stoop-shouldered, now I carry myself as well as my friends."

"I have not had a **headache** for four weeks. Menstruation painless and I can apply myself to mental work all day long and not feel tired and nervous. I think I know how to **breathe** now."

"I **sleep all night,** for which I cannot adequately express my thanks."

"Have not had a cold this winter. Have lost 20 pounds in flesh. My friends all note the difference in my size."

"My mother has been taking the exercises with me and has had entirely the **rheumatism** which troubled her so long."

"My **constipation** is entirely relieved."

"My **indigestion** has all gone. I can sit down and eat as I have not been for years."

"My **complexion** is very decidedly clearer and my eyes brighter."

"If the remaining three lessons do me as much good as the first three lessons, you will have done wonders. I am **never tired** now."

"I wish that more women would wake up and see what could be done for them. I cannot be thankful enough that I have made a start."

"I am still **well** in the **literal** sense of the word. Not a cold have I had, and never did I enjoy such wonderful health."

Letters similar to the above come to me from my pupils every day.

If you will write me, I will furnish you with names and addresses of women who have been helped with my work, and for ten cents I will send you a little booklet, showing you correct lines of the body in poise and movement. If you need me or wish to know more of my work, I will cheerfully give you all information I can.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 214, 57 Washington St., Chicago

NOTE.—Miss Cocroft is President of the Extension Work in Physical Culture. This position has given her a wide experience in personal work.

$1.75 BUYS A $5.00 DRESS HAT

Cut this ad out and send it to us, enclose $1.75 and we will send you this beautiful, stylish dress hat by express. Allow [illegible] to receive it, examine it, [illegible] express agent $3.25 [illegible] than your milliner would possibly dream [illegible] price, and [illegible] Write for our Catalogue [illegible] and [illegible] Friends do not see it [illegible] be sent [illegible] from $1.00 to $9.99, you need [illegible] return it to us at our expense and we will cheerfully refund your money. THIS IS A GENUINE PARISIAN PATTERN HAT, the most stylish and exclusive design for the spring and summer of 1903. A beautiful, tapered, black silk chiffon hat, real hand made on a silk wire frame, a very becoming hat indeed, the very newest style, made of the best black silk and an elegant ostrich tip on the left side and drooping in the back. The underside of the brim is composed of [illegible] of ornamental tucked plaits, [illegible] and [illegible] ranged on both sides of the brim, the corner cap of the brim in front are two rolled ruches to [illegible] Trimmings are used but the trimming [illegible] is composed entirely of the black ostrich plumes, which [illegible] are [illegible] with a pleasing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Ralston

PURINA FOODS

Introducing the **Ralston Purina Miller**—a good, wholesome fellow, who makes all the good things in checkerboard packages, at the Big Mill, "where purity is paramount." SAYS THE MILLER:

"When you grow older, you will probably hear about 'proteids' and 'starches' and other funny things—but all you've got to remember is this: Food is like clothes; there's food for warm days and food for cold days and you need ***both kinds,*** same as clothes. Oats is an overcoat food and Ralston Health Oats is mighty good on cool mornings. Wheat is the all-year-around food—that's why you don't get tired of Ralston Breakfast Food. Whenever I see a field of wheat wavin' in the breeze and think of the millions of folk eating Ralston Breakfast Food and whole wheat bread made out of Purina Health Flour, it makes me feel I haven't lived for nothing.

Just be sure that what you eat is pure and that it tastes good, and be cheerful. **The folk who go to their meals as if they were goin' to the doctor—will go to the doctor."**

Send for the "Menu Maker" it's Free

The **Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis**

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 22. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

SEE PAGE 471

Jewish Refugees, Fleeing from Persecution in Russia, Arriving in New York

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Reader, Hennessey, Okla. If such a flood of immigration continues to come to this country as is mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will it not in time become a menace to our government?

It need not be a menace if properly regulated. The laws concerning immigration may be expected to become more and more stringent, as time advances. If the dangerous elements are excluded, the immigration, with few exceptions, will be such as will be quickly absorbed by our population. It is estimated that nearly a million immigrants will arrive this year.

W. H. McD., Bloomingburg, N. Y. What was the population of Jerusalem in the time of Christ? Also the population at the present day?

There is considerable room for difference of opinion relative to the population of ancient Jerusalem. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says that at the time of the siege there were 3,000,000, but Tacitus declares there were not over 600,000. Both statements are evidently greatly wide of the mark. The normal population in Christ's time is estimated to have been about 30,000 to 45,000. At festivals, and in times of great national excitement, these figures would be doubled or trebled. At the present time the population is somewhere between 25,000 and 30,000.

H. T. C., Atlantic, Ia. 1. What is the difference between the condition of a person who has died impenitent before and after the resurrection? 2. How is it possible for an earlier date than 4004 B.C., to be on the newly discovered stone, when, according to our reference Bibles, Adam was created in that year?

1. Very little light is given in the Bible on the condition of the departed. God does not satisfy our curiosity on those matters. The Bible was given to teach us how we might gain eternal life, and how we ought to live in this world. Apparently God wished us to exercise faith in him as to the world beyond the grave. The inferences we draw from some passages, however, lead us to believe that the disembodied spirit, whether of those who are saved or of those who are lost, does not enter fully into its eternal condition until it has received the body referred to in I Cor. 15:53, which takes place at the resurrection. Probably we are as incapable of understanding that world even if it had been explained to us, as an ant would be of understanding human life. 2. The dates in the margins of the reference Bibles earlier than the time of Solomon 1015 B.C. are worthless. They were worked out by Archbishop Ussher in 1650 before the era of exploration. They are certainly wrong, but as yet we cannot say how far wrong.

T. T. E., Sabbatha, Kan. 1. Is the Christian religion a blessing to the home and family if, as some assert, death "is an eternal sleep"? 2. A farmer sells grain to a dealer, who cheats in weight. In selling, the dealer makes a mistake in the farmer's favor. Ought the farmer to pay it back or let it go to even the score?

1. Irrespective of all other considerations, it is a blessing to the home and family, as it inculcates honor, purity, domestic affection and concord. But Christianity is inseparable from its precepts. It is based on the resurrection, and without Christ as a risen Saviour it would be meaningless. 2. Two wrongs can not make a right. The farmer should call the dealer's attention to two facts—the shortage in weight and the error in price, and then ask him to make the matter right.

Old Preacher. What can I do for a living, and to best serve my Master? I am sixty-five years old, white-headed, but strong and healthy. What can I do? Where can I go?

It is probably useless to lament over the fact, now widely recognized, that the average church prefers a young and vigorous pastor to one who is nearing the borderland, and whose long experience of life and its problems should make his counsel doubly precious. "Old heads for counsel," should have a more practical application in spiritual work than it now receives. The old saint can draw more and deeper lessons from experience than the young, the callow, the untried. He may not be able to "cover the ground" literally, as the younger man does, but to the depressed, the unhappy, the sick or the dying, his words of advice and comfort would fall with a more convincing power. We can conceive of no mission more gracious for a venerable Christian to perform than this.

Subscriber, Winchelsea, Ont. 1. Does the command to baptize given in Matt. 28:19, Mark 16:16, and other places, refer to baptism with water? 2. Had the apostles power to baptize with the Holy Spirit?

1. Though it is not explicitly stated, the natural inference from the passage is that baptism by water is intended. The expression baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost was not likely to be used if the baptism referred to was of the Holy Spirit. 2. We would rather say that the Holy Spirit was given in answer to the apostles' prayers, though possibly some passages might warrant the statement as you give it. At Samaria it is stated (Acts 8:17) that Peter and John laid their hands on the converts and "they received the Holy Ghost." Again, Paul at Ephesus (Acts 19:6) having "laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came upon them."

A NOTABLE SOUTHERN SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

Here is a class of bright girls, who are taught by Mr. Thayer, of the Methodist Sunday School of Greenwood, Miss. The class was formed in 1896, and there have been enrolled twenty-eight names. When a girl is enrolled as a member, the first requirement is that she must have a Bible of her own; second, she must bring it to the class. Not only is the lesson taught direct from the Bible (no lesson papers are allowed in the class-room), but a portion of the lesson hour is devoted to a drill upon the construction of the Book and the many beautiful things to be found in it; thus a love for the old Book is woven into the life. Each scholar is required to read a portion of the Book every day, and Bible readings are prepared and given out each Sunday; thus the girl forms the habit of daily reading, and is prepared to do service for the Master. Some of these girls have grown to womanhood and have gone out to preside over homes of their own. Who can tell the influence of a home presided over by a woman who has "Hid God's Word in her heart?"

M. S. T., Denver, Colo. 1. Is one justified in dwelling on a past mistake. For instance, one lets an opportunity pass, which might have been a great blessing, and afterward does the thing which he neglected to do, but under less favorable circumstances. He feels that he has done right, but is troubled with pangs of regret, and sometimes feels very sad because he did not do it before, and at a particular time. How can he keep from being melancholy on this account? 2. If a person united with the church with a few others and in the presence of a few witnesses, and afterward a large company unite with the church, has he a right to regret not having waited until the latter date, that he, too, might have been numbered with the large company?

1. It does no good whatsoever to mourn over past sins. If you have asked God to forgive them for Christ's sake, and have asked in faith, then you should resolutely put them behind you. 2. Such regrets are vain and foolish. The other questions in your letter show that they refer to a person who is extremely self-conscious, and so committed to the habit of introspection that unless he gets out of it and goes bravely to work for Christ in any way that offers itself, he will make little spiritual progress. Physical work develops the muscles, and Christian work develops the spiritual part of man. Stop moping, trust God, pray often, cease to live for yourself and to continually think of yourself, and begin right away to help others. Then all these morbid ideas will quickly vanish, and give place to an energetic and hopeful view of life and its duties.

Daisy, Hankinson, N. Dak. Is it wrong for second cousins to marry?

The relationship is within the limit of ecclesiastical proscription, though there is no civil law against such a union. It is, however, inadvisable on the ground of consanguinity. The issue of such marriages is apt to be intellectually and physically inferior.

Mr. A. M., Minneapolis, Minn., a reader of this journal, sends this seasonable suggestion:

Very shortly the hot sultry weather, with all its exhausting effects, will be here, and as is the case every year, the suffering and anguish will be very great that will have to be endured by thousands of those who are compelled to live in the crowded and congested parts of the city. In many cases very few spaces are left for breathing and recreation grounds. Doubtless in the poorer and congested parts of the large cities, there are many vacant lots that might be utilized as breathing and recreation grounds for children and others. I sincerely hope that the citizens will do all in their power to urge and aid this noble cause, and by so doing much misery and suffering will be avoided. Last year the city of Chicago greatly benefited its inhabitants, by opening several small parks in its various densely crowded districts.

An excellent suggestion, indeed all of our large cities should have as many "breathing spots" as possible. Meanwhile, to save the children of the tenements while the greater reforms are still unrealized, our Children's Fresh-Air Home at Mont Lawn is doing all it can every year to make the lives of the poor little slum waifs happier, and to decrease the rate of juvenile mortality. Mont-Lawn is a veritable Children's Park—a beautiful spacious rural paradise in the highlands of the Hudson. It will open this month to receive its little tenement guests.

Reader, Scranton, Pa. Who was Massillon, to whom preachers occasionally refer in their sermons?

He was a famous French preacher, born in 1663. The preachers of his time were generally inefficient, and those about the court were flatterers of the king. He was an earnest, sincere, pious man, a great admirer of Bourdaloue, the eloquent orator, whom he resembled. When summoned to preach before King Louis XIV, and subsequently before King Louis XV, he uttered plain gospel truth which it was thought would be offensive to king and court. It was spoken, however, so gently and sweetly, that the preacher escaped admonition. He was appointed Bishop of Clermont, and died greatly beloved in 1742, at the age of seventy-nine.

S. McC., Newark, O. 1. What is the difference between a melodeon and an organ? When were they invented, and by whom? 2. When was the first pipe organ built and where? 3. Who invented the piano and when? 4. Could you tell me where I could get a copy of *The Sky Pilot*, bound in the cheap edition?

1. The music in the first is made by reeds, in the other by pipes. The harmonium was first used in France early in the last century; the organ much earlier. 2. Pipe organs have been built for over 1200 years. Large organs on the present lines were built as early as 1516. 3. The earliest mention of the pianoforte is in 1598, the instrument being made by an Italian named H. C. Peliarano. The modern form of the pianoforte was first made by Cristoforo about 1720. 4. Write to Revell & Co., New York.

A. R., Jersey City, N. J. As I have a friend who dislikes music and singing, and especially at funerals. If I do not make a mistake, was there not an author or poet who said any one who disliked music had no soul?

You probably refer to Shakespeare's lines in the *Merchant of Venice:*

The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.

but you need not apply these to your friend, who probably may be like many others who have had no musical training.

L. S., Nova Scotia. Is it right for those who are not sure they are saved, to address God as their Father?

He is the Father of us all. If the sinner is sincere and repentant, he does right to so pray, and to ask forgiveness, through Christ.

This from a little eleven-year-old Miss, deserves a place:

We are Christ's children, one and all,
And he holds us up lest we should fall;
We could not stand were it not for Him—
We could not stand on any limb.
Christ gives us strength and he guides us right,
He leads us through sorrow dark as night.

FLORA MILLER.

Lemuel H., Dover, N. J. For all information as to *Earl's Housekeeping*, write to 1223 Bible House, New York. In addition to its merit as an educator and an actual household necessity, it has the advantage of originality and a comparatively clear field before it.

Miscellaneous Questions

Miss B., Charlottesville, Pa. The ruby is the most precious.

Subscriber, Winnebago City, Minn. We cannot supply copies of *The Evening Anthem.*

M. V., Sand Fork, W. Va. 1. Don't know the lines. 2. "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," Handel's great song, can be procured of any music-seller.

Lola S., Parson, Ia. 1. The city authorities press and people of St. Louis. 2. There are thirty-two post-offices named "Washington" in the United States.

William F., Stephentown Centre, N. Y. When you find a paper in your mail for which you do not subscribe, or for which you may have subscribed but do not wish to continue, you should refuse to take it out of the mail: and if it continues to come, you should notify the publishers and also the post-office authorities This is the proper way to avoid liability. If you take the paper out of the mail, you practically accept delivery, and consequently may be held liable.

NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

INDIA'S CHILDREN *ARE HER* HOPE

Our Army of Five Thousand Orphans May Yet Bring Her Unevangelized Millions to Christ

CHEERING and hopeful news continues to come from India, of the results of the magnificent work being done there among the orphans through the beneficence of the readers of this journal. The missionaries are delighted with the opportunity afforded them of caring for the children, and educating them in the Christian faith; and the children are showing wonderful intelligence, and are not only availing themselves of the educational facilities placed within their reach, but are giving themselves to Christ with a true and sincere consecration. Who can tell what will be the effect on the people of India when these five thousand orphans go forth into the towns and villages of the country to live Christian lives, and in many cases to preach and teach their fellow-countrymen!

Miss S. F. Gardner, Secretary of the India work of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, who is now visiting this country, reports excellent progress. In the schools and orphanages connected with the society in Calcutta, Cawnpore, and other parts of India, there are fifty-three orphans supported by CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. She says: "If, as we believe, a large part of the work of winning India for Christ is to be taken by the one million native Christians registered in India at the latest census, how important is the work of educating and training the great army of native children for the service! Out of the sad and distressing experience of the people in the recent famine has come this providential opportunity, in which so many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already interested.

"Many of the famine children and young people now in our Christian institutions, are exceptionally bright and interesting. I personally know some of them, both boys and girls, who have grown into a vigorous physical life, and bid fair, under proper training, to grow up into useful men and women. I asked a fellow-worker, who had some specially fine-looking boys of ten or twelve years of age under her care, what she was going to do with them. 'Prepare them to go back to work among their own people,' was her very prompt reply. They may not all go as preachers, but they will go as Christians, and their influence will be for Christianity whatever their occupation, and many, no doubt, will go directly as evangelists. Now, my suggestion to those who have sent money to feed and clothe these little ones, and have thus been used of God to save them from starvation, is this: Still continue to support them till they are launched into a healthy life of usefulness, as well as into a healthy, physical life. At least, find out from those who have the care of those you have rescued, your special boy or girl, and see if they are not worth, at least, a primary education, or if they may not be carried on in their studies and training, till you have put into the field an evangelist, a doctor or a nurse. Keep in touch with them, and help them till they are able to help themselves.

"The second thing of which I wish to speak and to enlist the sympathies of at least the women readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is the education and training of Christian women, to work among non-Christian women. There are one hundred and forty millions of women in India who can neither read nor write, so they cannot be approached with the written word. Forty millions of these are shut up in zenanas. Twenty-seven millions of them are widows, and the only way to reach them is through the agency of their own sex. The few foreign women missionaries cannot, of course, touch the fringe of this great mass of women; it can only be done through their own Christian sisters; and India's Christian women must be trained and educated to meet this great responsibility.

"The work of women, since it does not include public preaching, is necessarily more in the line of teaching, and is largely made up of Bible teaching in zenanas and in Hindu and Mohammedan day schools. In villages where they can gather large numbers of women together, it is more nearly allied to preaching, is purely evangelistic. They do much of the work in Christian boarding and day schools, as teachers, matrons and general supervisors. We wish to train the children not only for teachers, but for leaders. We must bring to the front those who will be able to take places of responsibility, and be able to organize and to carry out schemes for service among their fellow-countrywomen. The writer has under her charge two schools, one for primary and one for the higher education of Christian girls and women, and there have been notable results from both. Twelve hundred Hindu girls gathered in day schools in every part of the city of Calcutta, are nearly all taught by teachers educated and trained in one or the other of these schools. The teachers in the schools themselves are old pupils, the head mistress of the school for higher education is a Christian Bengali lady, an M.A. of the Calcutta University, a degree she took by carrying on her own studies while doing the work of the school. She is an 'all-round,' capable, practical woman, as well as an educated one.

"The Christian women have good stuff in them, but it needs more direction and training, and our schools for this purpose need help. I think it was Ex-President Harrison who said, in speaking of a college educated woman, of India, whom he met in this country at the time of the Ecumenical Conference, 'If I had given a million dollars to foreign missions, I should count it wisely invested if it led only to the conversion of that one woman.'"

A LITTLE ONE RESCUED FROM FAMINE — A CHRISTIAN WHO HAS CHARGE OF 100 LITTLE HINDU GIRLS — TWO BENGALI BIBLE WOMEN

A SCHOOL OF HINDU GIRLS IN CALCUTTA

In charge of a native Christian woman, who stands in the background of the picture

Of all helpers of the people of India, those who have the largest opportunity of individual usefulness, especially to women, are the Christian physicians. They can enter the zenanas, in which the native secludes his wife, and can not only relieve suffering, but can tell the sufferer of the Divine Physician. Large numbers of benighted women have in this way been won for Christ, and have in their turn won others. It has, therefore, been very gratifying to this journal, that its readers have responded to the invitation to help the young medical student from India to complete her studies in the Philadelphia college. We are glad to report also, that from Rev. Charles Phillips of Georgia, a devoted friend of India, sufficient funds have been received to pay for the education of two native medical students. Another reader of this journal has promised to educate a third, as a memorial of a beloved sister. All these will be carefully selected by the missionaries from among native Christian students who are eager to gain medical knowledge. Their piety as well as their intelligence will be taken into account in the selection. They will be educated at the North India School of Medicine for Women at Ludhiana in the Punjab, an institution which has abundantly proved its efficiency by the high standing its graduates have taken at the examinations.

There are two girls of the Brahmin caste now in the Ludhiana College studying for a medical career. The story of one of them is thrilling. Her name is Indu, and her father owns considerable property. He allowed her to attend a mission school when she was four or five years old, and there she learned to read, and memorized hymns and texts. As she grew older she was able to read the Gospel, and not only that, but she truly believed on the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. But her parents were already arranging for her marriage, which could not long be delayed, otherwise the whole family would have considered themselves disgraced. Poor little Indu pleaded that they would wait, or else that they would give her to the Miss Sahibs and let her be a Christian. But her father only laughed at her. Her married sisters, too, were much distressed at the possibility of disgrace to their name, and urged the father to hasten the final ceremonies.

The poor child could do nothing. She said very pitifully, "I was defeated." That year she was married, and the next the final ceremony took place, and she was sent to the home of a rich Brahmin boy near Calcutta. After she had been there three days, she quietly stepped out of the house, hoping to find her way to her teacher. As soon as her father-in-law found out that she had gone, he was angry and distressed. He sent notices to the railway stations and to the police, describing her, and offering a reward if she was brought back. He also sent to the Mission House, but she had not been seen there. Meanwhile the poor child was walking as fast as she could towards Calcutta. She had not enough money to take the train, but towards evening, being hungry, she stopped at a shop to buy some pice-worth of food, and there she was overtaken and recognized. She was taken back to her father-in-law. When he heard that she had been with the Christians, he refused to have anything to do with her, saying: "Her caste is broken, she is good for nothing now; any one may have her."

How glad Indu was when she heard his answer. She was baptized, and after studying well she came to the medical school. She has now passed her first professional examination in Lahore, and we believe that she has a bright future of happy service before her. No one can do more good to the women of India than a woman, able at the same time to cure the sick and preach the Gospel. May there be many such among the orphans who have been rescued. Our friends, in providing the necessary funds for such training, have set an example which we hope will be extensively followed.

The American Pulpit

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE

A Sermon by REV. R. A. TORREY

Of the Bible Institute, Chicago

JOSHUA 1: 8—This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein

YOU will find in these words the secret of victory in life and power in service, the secret of prosperity and success. It all comes from the proper study of the Word of God. A man who studies the Word of God as he ought will prosper in his way, and succeed in his work. "But," you may say, "a man may study the Word of God and not obey it." He cannot study it as he ought and not obey it. I said, if a man should study the Bible as he ought; and we shall see directly that that involves obedience to it.

There is nothing more important than Christian life and Christian service than Bible study. But not all Bible study is equally profitable. There is a good deal of so-called Bible study that is absolutely profitless, if not worse than profitless. Mr. Moody said to a graduate of one of our American universities one day, "Why don't you give up your life to teaching the English Bible? You have more money than you know what to do with." "Why," said the young man, "I don't know anything about the Bible." "But," replied Mr. Moody, "down in your university you have a high-priced professor who is paid to teach you the English Bible." "I know it, and I have attended his classes; but would you like to know how we have studied it? We have been studying the last six months to find out who wrote the Bible, and we know less about it than when we commenced." That is not very profitable Bible study; it is not Bible study at all. It is studying about the Bible; it is not studying the Bible.

My first point is this: study your Bible with a surrendered will. I shall not say anything more important than that this morning. Study your Bible with a will wholly surrendered to God. One of the greatest secrets of Bible study is found in John vii. 17: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." There is nothing that clears the mental and spiritual eye to understand and appreciate the Word of God like a will wholly surrendered to God. A surrendered will will do more to prepare you for profitable Bible study than a university and theological education. A man may know all about Greek and Latin and Hebrew, all about the languages in which the Bible is written, but unless his will is surrendered to God he will be blind to the meaning of the Book. But if a man is surrendered to the will of God he will be able to get to the meaning of the Book, which is so admirably translated, even if he does not know a word of Greek or Hebrew.

A Surrendered Will

I have seen people who had that clear spiritual vision that came from a surrendered will, at whose feet I would far rather sit to learn what God really said in His Word than at the feet of a great many of the Professors of Hebrew and Greek. They knew more about the real force and sweetness of God's Word than those very learned professors who had not the clear eye that came from an absolutely surrendered will. Now, unless you are going to put in practice what I have said on this point, it will not do you any good to listen to the other points. I repeat it, then, the very first condition of profitable Bible study is a surrendered will.

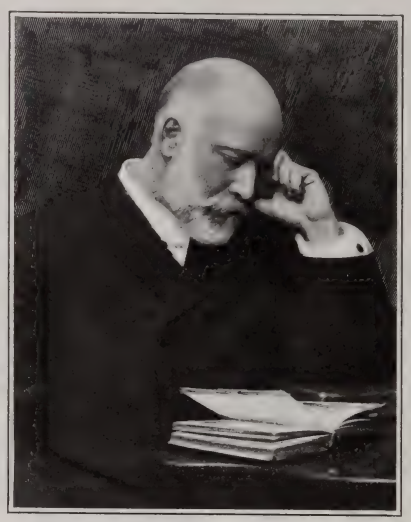
Now, if you will turn to Jas. 1: 21, 22, you will find my second thought. "Wherefore, lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." Study the Word of God obediently, with daily obedience to its teaching. Put away all sin and do what the Word says. A great many people come to me with difficulties in the Bible, and say, "What does this mean?" I reply, "It means what it says." But the trouble is, they do not want to do what it says; they want to do something else, and therefore they have a great deal of difficulty with the Word of God. A very large share of our difficulties in the teaching of the Word of God is an unwillingness to do just what it says. When you find anything commanded in that Book—that is, if it is commanded of you, of course; that which is commanded of the Jew under the old dispensation is not commanded of the Christian under the new dispensation oftentimes—then do it.

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any man be a hearer of the Word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." In other words, James says, "The Bible is a looking-glass, given you to show you how you look." What is the use of a looking-glass? It is not to puff up your vanity, but to show you if there is anything out of place with your face or your general appearance, and if so, that you may straighten it out. That is what the Bible is for, to reveal you to yourself, to show you the things that are not in harmony with God's will, that you may straighten them out.

And let me say right here, friends, that if you come to anything that is commanded in God's own Word and do not do it, the whole Book is going to be sealed right up. It is wonderful how disobedience to any verse in God's Word shuts all the rest of the verses up to you, and it is equally wonderful how obedience to one verse after another, as you understand it, opens up the whole Book. So my second point is, study the Bible with daily obedience to its teaching. Every time you find anything taught in the Word of God, take your stand upon it, and do it.

Daily Study

Now, turn to Acts 17: 11: "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." Study your Bible daily. Never let twenty-four hours go over your head under any circumstances without studying your Bible. I will tell you what makes a Bible student; it is everlastingly keeping at it, pegging away and pegging away. I heard one of our greatest workers amongst our young men in America say one day that after all the Bible conferences he had attended—and he had attended eighteen—he got most blessing out of one at which there were only four persons present, himself



REV. R. A. TORREY

and three others. They covenanted together at the close that they would study the Bible every day, and he said, "I have kept that promise, and the greatest blessing out of any conference has come from it."

Have a regular set time every day for studying your Bible. That may be varied under some circumstances, but, as far as possible, hold to it. It is a very simple thing, but of immense consequence. You have a regular time for your breakfast, and a regular time for your dinner, and you keep to it. That is, you do if you have good sense. I know some people who take their meals whenever it comes handy to them, and wind up as dyspeptics. I know other people who have sense enough to have a regular time to eat, and they eat when that time comes round. Well, it is far more important spiritually than it is physically.

Have a Regular Time

every day that is set apart for God and his Word, to get in your orders from God. Do not take the time just before you go to bed. It is a good thing to read a little bit before you go to bed as a sort of comfort for the night, but do not take that time for your Bible study. The mind is at its worst at night. It often has a sort of unnatural activity, but that is not the kind of activity you want for Bible study. If you possibly can, take it when you first get up, when the mind is clearest, when it is at its very best.

Set a certain length of time. It may be only a quarter of an hour, but you can accomplish a great deal if you set apart fifteen minutes every day. Better still, half an hour; better still, a whole hour; better still, two hours; but I am not going to expect you to do that. Some people say, "It is all very well for you preachers you have all the time—you do not have anything to do. Lord Cairns, a former Lord Chancellor of Great Bri ain, a very busy man, put it on record before he die that he had given the first two hours of every day t prayer and the study of the Word of God. He sai "Whatever success I may have had in my life"—and h was one of the most successful statesmen—"I attribut it more than anything else to the fact that the first tw hours of every day has been given to prayer and th study of the Word of God."

Now turn to I. Thess. 2: 13: "For this cause also than we God without ceasing, because, when ye receive th Word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not the word of men, but as it is in truth, the Word of Go which effectually worketh also in you that believe Paul here thanks God that the Thessalonian believer received God's Word as God's Word. That is my ne point: Study the Bible as the Word of God. If yo are not convinced that the Bible is the Word of God, do not tell you not to study it, for I do not know an thing better to convince a man that the Bible is th Word of God than to study the Bible itself. The gre trouble with these people who are pulling the Bible t pieces to-day is, that they do not know anything abo it. So I say, if you do not believe the Bible is th Word of God, study the Bible; it is the best way to g convinced. I did not much believe it was God's Wor when I commenced, but as I really studied it—not merel speaking about it, as I had in olden times—I knew th whatever men and women said, there was a wisdom i it, a power to get hold of the heart, an appeal to mysel that was from God.

Exercise Faith

But if you have got to the place, as most of you hav where you do believe that the Bible is the Word of Go study it as God's Word. What do I mean by that First of all, that you will believe everything it says, n matter how difficult it may be for your finite reason t comprehend how it can be so. Nothing is more irration than to subject the teaching of infinite wisdom to the powe of comprehension of finite wisdom. Rationalism, s called, is the most irrational thing the world over, for says that we must measure the teachings of infinite wi dom by the power of comprehension of a little finite ma "I won't believe anything that I can't understand." Wh are you, that think you can understand everything th infinite wisdom says? If I had a Bible that had nothin in it that was beyond me, I should very much questio whether it was the work of an infinite God; the ver simplicity of it would make me believe it was by ma

In the second place, it means that you are to believ every one of its promises, without disturbing one pa of it. What a way we have of coming to some promis and because it is so great, so vast, so magnificent, w say, "It cannot mean that," and we begin to tone down. How dare you discount the promises of Go who cannot lie?

It means in the third place, that you shall obey it mediately and unquestionably every commandment yo find in the Book, when once you understand it.

In the fourth place, it means that when you read th Bible you read it as in God's presence, and instead reading something written coldly in a book, you see living Person, your own heavenly Father, standin there and saying it to you. It is God talking to you. tell you that goes an immense way towards making th Bible a new book. I used to read my Bible in such cold way, but I learned to read it as my Father sayin something to me; two persons—I one, the insignifica one; He the other, the glorious One. It is no longer Book written eighteen centuries ago, but a living Go my Father, talking to me to-day. Learn to read yo Bible that way, so that it is a personal God talking to you. There is freshness in the Book then.

Prayerful Study.

It is a good thing to read your Bible on your knee as in God's presence. I wonder if I will be misunde stood; I do not think I will in an audience like th It has been my privilege to read every verse of th Bible on my knees, to read the whole Book through on my knees. I bless good that it has.

In Ps. 119: 18, you will find the next point on Bib study: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wo drous things out of thy law." Study your Bible pray fully. That ought to go without saying, but unfort nately it does not always go with saying. It is a ve commonplace thing to say; but, friends, do you do i The great interpreter of the Bible is the Holy Spir Jesus says, in John 16: 12-14, "I have yet many thing say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbe when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide yo into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; b whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and will show you things to come. He shall glorify me: f

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

JEWS OF MOROCCO MEASURING GRAIN

THE MARKET-PLACE AT LARISH

CAMEL CARAVAN CROSSING THE SEBU RIVER

Moorish Tribesmen Attack the Jews

IT is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that about the time the anti-Semitic riots were taking place in Russia, similar disturbances, though on a smaller scale, were occurring in Morocco, as this letter, just received from Missionary Weiss, shows:

"TANGIER, MOROCCO, April 30.

"It was a beautiful night when Mr. Currall and I boarded a steamer that lay at anchor in the bay of Tangier. The moon was low in the west and the lights of the city shone out upon the bay, while from the minaret floated the call to the Moors to come to prayers.

"Our boat lifted anchor at midnight, and at dawn the next morning we came in sight of the town of Larish. We went ashore and met some of the English and American brethren who are still in this coast town, unable to get back to their work in the interior. While in Larish, we decided to visit Mequinez and Fez, and to work in the villages along the way. Mr. Taylor, a Scotch missionary, arranged to go with us. After engaging pack mules for $15 each, we were ready to start. All our clothing and camping dishes were packed on the side of the saddle, and we sat on top, each animal thus carrying about 300 pounds.

"After traveling a short time, we came to a valley many miles long and several miles wide, where the Sultan of Morocco has in pasture some of the finest horses and cattle that are to be seen in Morocco. Most of the afternoon was spent in riding through this beautiful valley and admiring the live stock. At evening time we reached the town of El Kazar, and pitched our tent inside the walled city. Soon after leaving El Kazar, we had to ford a river. Many Moorish women and men were at work on the shores, washing clothes, by beating them on the rocks and stamping upon them.

"We had traveled until 10:30 A.M., when we met a number of excited Jews, who had fled from a country market-place which was being raided by tribesmen. They told us how some had been robbed, others beaten and some even killed. To go ahead, they said, would bring us into certain danger, as our road led right through the market; so we took another course. We traveled until 4 P.M., and then pitched our tent in a village, where we got some eggs from the people and made tea. Several men with fire-arms voluntarily slept around our tent to protect us and our animals; yet we could not put our trust in these, for should our Heavenly Father fail to watch over us, how vain would that help of man be!

"The following morning we went through the district where the market was broken up the day before. We prayed much all the morning. We journeyed for a while with a camel caravan that was going to Fez, but it went too slow for our animals, so we decided to push ahead at 10.30 A.M. We passed through the dangerous place, but no one molested us.

"At 3 P.M., we crossed the river Sebu, our caravan being ferried across the deep stream. The natives continually yelled and beat the camels, while they were getting them into the boats. After crossing, we journeyed on till nearly 5 P.M. and then halted at a village with a caravan that was taking sugar to Fez.

"When we had pitched our tents, the people gathered around us. One of the head men of the village, who was nearly blind, came into our tent and broke bread with us in token of welcome, fellowship and love. He invited us out to see a field of beans of a large growth, but we discovered that he had made up a plot with another man to steal our mules while we were gone, so our men kept a close eye on the animals in our absence. On returning, we entered our tent, and it was not long before we heard voices yelling and screaming. We rushed from our tent to see the horse thief getting away on an animal he had stolen from a sugar caravan. The men of the caravan implored us to help them. We demanded the return of the stolen animal, threatening to report the affair to the Sultan. They promised to bring it, but we started away, leaving the load of sugar, thus making them responsible for all.

"After traveling about two hours, we met three hundred of the Sultan's soldiers going to Tangier. Shortly after our meeting with the soldiers, a man came from the village begging us to return and we could have the animal and they would kill a sheep and make a feast. We refused, but demanded that they should bring the horse to the village, where we would camp that night, which they did on the following day, sugar and all.

"On the following day we set out to go to Mequinez, but the road was very bad. Many robberies had occurred lately. So at noon we decided to leave the road and then we took the highway for Fez. That night we stopped at a Kaid's house, and while we were drinking tea with him several men came in from Mequinez, telling the Kaid that the Zemmur tribe had broken into the Jews' quarters at Mequinez and were killing them and carrying away all their goods from the shops. Poor Jews! How they do suffer in North Africa, from the hands of the sons of Ishmael.

"The country we were now in was not in the best condition. On the preceding day a man had been killed, and this meant more tribal trouble for that day. We thought it best not to go to Fez, as we might not be able for a long time to get back to Tangier. We left the Kaid's place and traveled until noon, which brought us out on the Sharada plains. Here we camped by a village for the day, and had a service in the evening. We rested on the following day, preaching and working among the people.

"The Sharada plain resembles the wheat growing portions of Kansas. A great deal of wheat and barley is grown here, and with proper machinery and good men this would make a grand country. Near here oil wells have been found, also coal, but on account of the disturbed condition of the country no one can work them.

"We distributed Bible portions here and on our way back to Larish. We reached Tangier after being gone nearly four weeks from our families.

"We trust the time will come when we can travel with greater safety through the country. We are in need of two good pack mules and tents, also a portable camping outfit. It may be some of your readers have such things and have but little use for them. They would be a great blessing to us in spreading the light of the Gospel in Morocco. FRED WEISS."

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE

A SERMON BY REV. R. A. TORREY—CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

...e shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." "But," you say, "that promise was made to the apostles." Very well, turn to 1 John 2: 20-27, and you will find that one of the apostles takes it and applies it to every believer. He says, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things." It is the privilege of every believer to have the Holy Spirit, who is the Author of the Book, to be its interpreter every time you read it. Suppose you had a book written by some man you liked very much, and suppose he came round, and you had the opportunity of going through it with the man who wrote it, having him explain it and throw light on the things he had said, would that not be a great privilege?

I have been a student of the Book for upwards of a quarter of a century. In a sense, I have studied it longer, for I studied it long before I was converted. I studied it when I was thirteen, and there has not a day passed since when I have not studied it; but for upwards of a quarter of a century I have studied it as a regenerate man. Yet, do you know? I do not think to this day I even open it to glance at it without lifting my heart to God, and praying the Psalmist's prayer, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." How many a passage that was difficult and troublesome has become full of most sweet and precious truth since I began to study my Bible that way.

I remember once I was traveling in Germany—I was a student in one of the universities there—and was making a tour of certain caves with some companions. One day we met the village postman. He said, "Would you not like to see a cave that is not down in the guide book?" We said, "Yes"; so away we struck through the brush and came to the cave. It was dark as midnight. He said, "It is perfectly beautiful. Every formation is an altar of the Druidical times," and so forth and so on. "Look out! there is a hole right there, and nobody has ever found the bottom of it." We looked up; we were afraid we would be the first to find the bottom. There was nothing at all pleasant about it; everything was dark and uncanny. But our guide just took a bit of magnesium and lit it, and suddenly the dark, cold, forbidding, dangerous place became luminous, and the stalactites came down from the ceiling to meet the stalagmites as they came up from the floor. Every one was an altar, not a Druidical altar, as they supposed, but an altar built by the hand of God. It was a place of marvelous beauty.

It is just so with the Word of God. How often we come to a passage which looks dark, forbidding, and dangerous. You are often afraid that you will fall into some pitfall; but just look up to God in prayer, and let that passage be illuminated with the light of the Holy Ghost, and it becomes full of beauty, transcendent and glorious. To me, to-day, some of the most precious passages in the Word of God are passages I used to be afraid of. Prayer is the secret of illuminating the Word of God by the Holy Spirit.

The next thing I wish to say you will find in Psalm 1: 2: "But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night." I want to emphasize that word "meditate." Study your Bible thoughtfully. That is a very commonplace thing to say, but it is a very important thing. What I mean is this: when you come to a verse in the Word of God, turn it over, and over, and over. Weigh the meaning of the words. Take, for example, the most familiar passage in the Bible, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." More people quote that at meetings where I go than any other. Did you ever take it and meditate upon it? Weigh the words one by one. Who is it is my Shepherd? Jehovah. Did you ever turn that over and dwell upon the power and the wisdom and the love and tenderness of Jehovah, your Shepherd? That is worth thinking of for an hour. Then, what is Jehovah? He is my Shepherd. Did you ever stop to think what a shepherd meant? what a shepherd's relation to his sheep was? Then, that little word "my." Have you underscored that in your Bible? "I shall not want." "I shall not want." "I shall not want." "I shall not want."

Take that passage which is so often quoted, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus." Who is the supplier? God, my God. "My God shall supply," or, as the Revised Version reads, "fulfil." Turn that round and you have the exact meaning of the word, "fill full." "My God shall supply all your need," or, as the Revised Version has it, "every need," every physical need, every temporal need, every intellectual need, every spiritual need. Now the measure of the supply, "According to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus." Mediate on the Word of God.

Now, I want to give you a few rules for meditation. First, never read too fast. One book read properly, is worth tons of books skimmed through. That which is not worth reading slowly and thoughtfully, is not worth reading at all. The average man reads too many books. The great fault of our modern system of education is cramming people with a little about chemistry, a little about philosophy, a little about geology, a little about astronomy, a little about Greek, a little about algebra, and so on. People think they know everything, and they do not properly know a thing. The average boy or girl comes out of school to-day, and knows a little about everything and not much about anything. But, friends, it is pre-eminently true about this Book: the one book you cannot race through is the Bible. Do not read too fast. That is the danger of having so many chapters to read through each day. That kind of thing has spoilt more Bible students than any other. "I have got through my three chapters," you say; "I will go to bed now." Of course you will run your eye over the three chapters, but there is nothing in it. I think far better than setting yourself so many chapters, is to set so much time apart for reading. Sometimes you will not get through more than one verse, but you will have that verse. Do not read too fast: take time.

Another thing that will help you is to mark your Bible. Read with your pen in your hand—not pencil, because pencil rubs out—looking for something to mark, a word, a sentence, a verse. I mark my Bible every day. Why? Not necessarily because I shall come back over the marks, but because it helps me to concentrate my thought at the time of reading. And reading the Bible thus, obediently, prayerfully, thoughtfully, you will reap the reward promised of beholding "wondrous things" out of God's law. May it be so! Amen.

"The Word of God is Not Bound"

Paul at Rome

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JUNE 14
ACTS 28: 16-24, 30, 31

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT:
"I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST." ROM. 1: 16

THE Bible in chains has been a familiar scene in history, and so we are not surprised when we go back to its origin and find that much of it was written by Paul's chained hands in providential prisons. The traveler may to-day enter Paul's house in Rome, where he lived as a prisoner with the soldiers that guarded him. Let us walk along the famous Corso, until we come to the Via Lata, where we shall find the church of Santa Maria, built over the remains of Paul's house. We enter the church, and descend a long stairway before we reach the house. In Paul's time it was not underground, but it has become like a cellar because of the debris which has gathered in nineteen hundred years. The house is divided into three rooms, one larger than the other two, all covering a space not over thirty feet square. The walls are large blocks of travertine, now blackened with age. It all seems very real, especially when the visitor is shown the places worn by the feet of the guards.

A ROMAN SOLDIER

When Paul with other prisoners reached Rome, while the others were put in dungeons, he was allowed to hire this house and live there with only a single guard, because he was a Roman and under no serious charge. After Paul had been in Rome three days, he called all the Jews in the city to meet him in that house and explain his arrest and imprisonment, telling them that although he had accepted Christ as the promised Messiah, he had not discarded Jewish laws and customs, but had been mobbed by the Scribes and Pharisees, while he was in the very act of fulfilling a Jewish vow, and had been accused falsely before the Romans, who had rescued him, of trampling on the law and the prophets, whose fulfilment he had rejoiced to find in Christ. He further told them that the Roman judges found no crime in him, but tried to please the Jews by proposing he should be tried in Jerusalem, where a band of assassins waited to slay him, and he had therefore appealed to Cæsar, but for which he would subsequently have been set free, as not guilty of anything worthy of death or of bonds. "For the hope of Israel," exclaimed Paul, "I am bound with this chain."

The Roman Jews were ready to hear him, though the believers in the Nazarene as the promised Messiah were "everywhere spoken against." They came at appointed times for two years and heard Paul expound the prophetic pictures of the Old Testament as fulfilled in Jesus, the King of the long promised kingdom of God, which is the kingdom of social justice and brotherhood. Some believed, and others rejected the message and the Master. During this time no serious effort was made by Jews or Romans to suppress his message. The Jews who had silenced him by a mob at Jerusalem had only given the message wider scope, as have all efforts to suppress the Gospel, for "the Word of God is not bound," not even when its herald is put in chains. Here at Rome Paul wrote Colossians, Philippians, Philemon, and 2d Timothy—the last at least when his prison was no longer his own house but a dismal dungeon. And let us remember that Luke's gospel and Acts were written when a prison companion of Paul. No wonder a book which prisons could not check in the writing, has defied prisons to check in the reading. "The Word of God is not bound."

Illustration and Application

Two great truths, which history abundantly proves and illustrates, are presented by this lesson: First, that God can make persecutions and prisons into providences; second, that the Word of God cannot be bound. The hatred of God and the good in men who are wilfully bad is the same in every age. But God's power to overrule this wrath of man to his praise and the blessing of the world is also the same yesterday, to-day and forever. In the case of our lesson, Jews who had rejected and killed their Messiah, because he came to humble their pride rather than pamper it with temporal power, had also mobbed his messenger, Paul, and endeavored to silence the Gospel he proclaimed; but instead of doing that, their wrath became a providential Euroclydon to hurry him to Rome, whither he had long desired to go, but vainly, for lack of funds. The very morning after God promised he should go to Rome, the Jews vowed he should die before breakfast at Jerusalem (Acts 23: 11, 12). Their persecution hurried him to Rome instead, without expense to him, as a Roman prisoner, and gave him opportunity to influence not only more candid Jews, but also Romans who swayed the world. There were "Saints in Cæsar's household" ere long, and probably the sooner for Paul's chains, a Cæsar himself displaced the eagle by the cross, and adopted the motto, "In this sign conquer." Let us by personations recall the parallel providences in Bible times and since.

Providential Prisons

When I was a man of thirty I was unjustly cast into prison, having refused a woman's request to do the sin which she charged against me. I had previously been sold most wickedly into slavery by my own brothers, and this deeper degradation of imprisonment was hard to bear. But as in slavery, so in prison, I performed all duties required of me faithfully, and peacefully trusted God to keep the promise he had made to me in youth that I should be greatly useful. When two of my fellow prisoners had strange dreams, God helped me to interpret them. One of these, in fulfilment of my interpretation of his dream, became an officer of the king. He had promised to secure my release, but forgot me until the king needed an interpreter for a dream. Again God helped me, and I was taken from prison to be premier, I then saw that slavery and imprisonment were but providential steps to the throne. Through suffering I had come to a place where I could have the joy of preventing great suffering in a famine for which I gathered supplies of grain. I thanked God who had so wonderfully made all things work together for good, that using the very wrath and envy of my jealous brothers to get me free passage to the world's capital where I could be and say and do much greater things than when a petted child in my country home. Who am I? (Gen. 37 ff.).

I lived when wicked customs had come into the Church of God. Priests would sell indulgences to all kinds of sin for money. Forms of worship were counted more important than right living. I cried out against these wrongs, for which the priests sought to kill me. To save my life my friends arrested me and hid me in a comfortable prison, where my enemies would not think to look for me. Besides, I was dressed like a knight and called "the Knight George." As it was not safe for me to preach at that time I translated the Bible into the language of my people, and the very day it was finished the situation changed and I was able to go forth and preach again. But the Bible translation, which I could not have made if the enemies of God's Word had not silenced my voice, was the best work I ever did. Who am I? (Luther).

I was a swearing tinker who hated God and good men, but in God's mercy I was led to love the Christ I had so often cursed and to preach the pure gospel, condemning selfish and wicked customs in rulers of Church and State. And so I was put in prison, where I wrote a book that did more for the cause they oppose than the voice they had silenced ever could have done. Who am I? (Bunyan).

What a golden chain of stories could be told of the efforts to destroy the Bible itself as well as silence the men who have faithfully proclaimed its gospel, the good news of social justice, which ever rouses the hatred of the unjust!

Curiously enough the Bible in chains signified at one time the Bible set free. Chained Bibles were put on six reading desks of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in 1540, in order that the people might freely read them, as they had not previously been allowed to do. Bibles were too big and costly for the people to own them, and because they were costly and might be stolen for their commercial value, and still more lest those who did not wish the people to read the Bible lest corrupt practices in the Church might be exposed might take the Bibles and hide them away, they were chained to the reading desks, where, all day, the people would gather to hear one and another read the glad tidings that had previously been kept back by the priests.

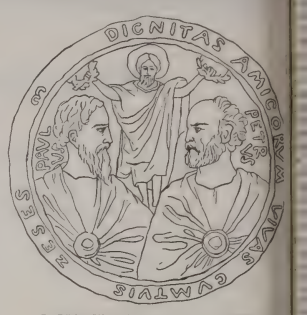
Just thirteen years previous to that there had been a burning of Bibles in the churchyard of the same cathedral by order of Cardinal Woolsey. Chained Bibles were certainly better than burned Bibles, particularly as the Bible was chained in the interest of liberty, liberty of the people to read it, while the burning of the Bible had been a denial of their right to read it. One old writer tells us: "It was wonderful to see with what joy this Book of God was received, not only among the learned sort . . . but generally all England over, among all the vulgar and common people, and with what eagerness God's Word was heard, and what resort to places where the reading of it was. And even little boys flocked among the rest to hear portions of the holy scripture read."

THE TRADITIONAL PRISON OF PAUL IN ROME

Now let us come back to Paul's preaching at Rome. His theme there as everywhere, was, Jesus the Saviour and King.

An African missionary tells the following interesting story:

When I went to Africa there was no written language, so I was forced to learn here a little and there a little, from the conversation of the natives. One word I listened for and never heard. Two years-and-a-half went by, and it seemed as if I never would make the people understand until I found that word. One night I heard some of the men telling stories of adventures. One related how his master had rescued him from a lion. I listened eagerly, hoping to catch the word—the long-sought word. The incident was finished, th word was not spoken; my hope was crushe my heart was sick. Afterwards I spoke to th man and asked him; "What did you call yo



PORTRAITS OF PAUL AND PETER
Found in the Catacombs at Rome

master when he saved you from the lion?" A once he gave me the longed-for word—th word which means Saviour; and I was abl for the first time to make clear to him wha the Saviour would be to him. With joy o his face he caught the message, as he ex claimed, Is that what you have been trying t tell us all this time?

When one bears a message of rescue, if th peril be of physical death, what hardships h is willing to bear, what dangers to meet!

The first successful messenger to ge through from Peking to Tientsin, during th siege of the Legations at the former city, wa a lad, who was not a baptized Christian, bu whose custom it had been to attend the mis sion services regularly. When the trouble commenced, his employers dismissed him objecting to have any one connected wit foreigners on their premises. After days o terror, when numbers of the native Christian were massacred, some of the missionaries went out upon the streets, seeking among th ruins for any of their people who might pos sibly have escaped, and be in hiding. N one was found except this lad of fifteen, wh followed them, and begged to be taken int the mission compound. A month later, when the Legations and all the Europeans of Pekin were anxiously seeking for a messenger t carry to Tientsin news of their terrible straits this lad asked to be allowed to make th attempt. The marines, who occupied a posi tion on a small portion of the wall, let th boy down by a rope, after dark, into th southern city. He slept close to the gat that night, and at dawn mingled with th excited crowds without the city, and started on his perilous journey. After some day and many adventures, he reached Tientsin i safety, and delivered his message. He receive a letter in reply, which he was again success ful in getting through. The importance of th lad's brave deed may be better estimate when it is remembered that, before his mes sage was delivered, the commanders of the allied troops, fearing from the long silence that all was over with the foreigners i Peking, had determined to delay their march upon the capital. The arrival of this import ant young mes senger change their plans and enable them to rescue the Legations at a time when it seemed almost impossible for them to hold out much longer.

A CHAINED BIBLE
In an English Church

Every preacher, every teacher, should realize that he, too, bears a message of life and death, not of the body but of the soul, and should be as self-sacrificing and as brave and as persistent in delivering it. He is to raise "the siege of man-soul," beset with perils, from which Christ alone can bring deliverance.

JEWS FLEE *FROM* PERSECUTION *IN* RUSSIA

DETAILS of the extraordinary outbreak against the Jews, at Kishineff, in the Russian province of Bessarabia, which have been received during the week, show that the original reports of the affair were not exaggerated. To mark its disapproval of the riots, the imperial government has summarily removed Gen. Von Raaben, Governor of Kishineff, and Chief of Police, Ivan Chamchinsky, who so signally failed to preserve order, and to protect the Jewish residents of Kishineff from the wrath of the infuriated mob. Reliable dispatches state that a number of suits for damages have been instituted against Governor Von Raaben by Jewish sufferers. Under the Russian law, a public official is personally responsible for the results of his administration.

Some of the details of the recent disturbances would seem to show conclusively that the riots were premeditated. The anti-Semitic newspaper *Bessarabitz*, is accused of instigating the rising. Policemen hinted broadly to the Jews of Kishineff, that "at Eastertime all Jews will be slaughtered." As already stated in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, the trouble began on Easter Sunday, but did not reach its height until the next day, when half the town was looted by the mobs. A letter says:

"They treated the Jews like dogs. They proceeded to the principal street, where they broke into stores and destroyed property. Feathers from looted beds covered the pavements like snow. What Jews they met in the streets they struck down like dogs, with clubs. All Jews that could, fled to cellars for safety. Murdered people lay in the streets like flies and the mob trampled over their bodies. Finally a telegram was sent from a neighboring town to St. Petersburg and the order came to stop.

A woman in Kishineff writes:

"They snatched my one-year old child from my arms. One took it by the leg, another by the other and tore it in twain. I begged them to kill me. They caught up my boy, eight years old, and chopped him to pieces.

Abraham Wolornick, a refugee from Kishineff, who has come to New York, makes this statement:

"I was in my house on Easter Sunday morning about the time the Gentiles were coming from their churches. I heard a great noise, which grew when the Gentiles rushed into the street where I lived, and I heard shouts of 'Let us kill them!' Then I looked out, saw the crowd throwing stones through the windows and attacking all the Jews they found. I was afraid to go out. I saw men, women and children with their hands and ears and noses cut off, and bodies that had been dismembered lay in the street. The Gentiles ripped open beds seeking money, and the feathers filled the streets like snow. I saw one

LEAVING THE OLD CHURCH AT TORNEO

A "CHILDREN'S HOME" IN IISALMI, TALEVA

OUR FIRST SWEDISH R.R. STATION

POPULAR RECOGNITION *IN* FINLAND

By DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH

IV. Greetings at Uleaborg

THAT night in Uleaborg was a restful night. For the first time in two weeks we slept in real beds. Throughout the country districts of Finland they use what I designate as telescope beds. These beds resemble an extension dining-table. When not in use the bed-clothes are doubled up, and the bed itself is telescoped to one-third its natural size. As the Finns are rather short of stature, the beds when extended to full length are undersized, and although I personally measure only five feet six inches, I invariably found the beds just six inches too short for convenient accommodation. The head-board is always towards the centre of the room so that the feet are towards the wall—just why I have never been able to discover—and while the bedding was always abundant, I never could sleep for more than half an hour in any given position. Hence I welcomed more heartily than my readers may believe, a bed in which I could stretch again to my full length.

A Clerical Deputation

The morning after we arrived in Uleaborg, a lovely city of about 17,000 inhabitants, we were as usual besieged by a small army of mendicants, who piteously pleaded, with tears in their eyes, for help. Even the inner stairs of the hotel accommodated a detachment, while around the outer steps could be found a great variety of the poverty-stricken, in every conceivable attitude of humble suppliancy. To some, cash relief was given, while others were referred to the exceptionally efficient Provincial Relief Committee there resident. Before leaving the hotel we were waited on by the Lutheran clergy of the city, including Bishop Forsman, of the Diocese of Kuopio, who came to pay their respects, and to assure us that America had afforded a "never to be forgotten assistance to a patient, long-suffering and honest people, who will ever hold in grateful remembrance the practical manifestation of true Christian love of which they had been the appreciative recipients, when almost overwhelmed with affliction, which they had tried hard to bear without complaint and without publicity."

SWEDISH FRONTIER GATE

Immediately after the retirement of the clerical deputation, a little class of deaf mutes, headed by their teacher, inquired for "the American Dr. Klopsch." I asked them to be shown into a private room and at once called to see them. There were ten deaf mutes, all under twelve, each bearing a tiny bouquet. The teacher—I regret that I do not remember his name, but God knows it—addressed me in German, and told me how even the little ones who could not hear, and could speak only with difficulty, had read of the kind-hearted people in a distant land who had come to the rescue of a comparatively unknown people, and helped to save their lives, and relieve their desperate sufferings, and that these little ones had expressed a great desire to say "thank you" to the one who had come over to see for himself how great the need and how best to help. Then each one of the deaf mutes in turn walked up, and mechanically uttering a few words of grateful acknowledgment, handed me a bouquet.

Deeply touched, I endeavored to reply, but the recollection of my own little deaf mute son, 5,000 miles away, made at first, I am afraid, my utterances quite unintelligible. However, collecting myself at last, I congratulated the teacher in charge, told him of my own boy, and that I would write him concerning this touching demonstration, and send him one of the bouquets, and then invoked God's blessing upon him and upon his charges.

At noon there was a great gathering in the public square in front of the hotel. Word was sent me that I should hold myself in readiness for a tremendous public demonstration. As I had only one brown homespun suit—the one in which I had traveled from Helsingfors to Uleaborg—there was no opportunity to dress for the occasion, and consequently I was ready when the call came, a few minutes after the warning. I walked down the stairs, lined with poor people, and out on the porch. Here the Mayor of the city welcomed me. Before us were two thousand school children, who had been marshaled into position to sing to the American visitors, the first ever known to have traversed Finland during the winter season, and who had come as friends on an errand of mercy, at a time when traveling in that country required some greater incentive than the mere quest for pleasure and recreation.

Five Thousand Voices In Song

In addition to the children, about 3,000 adults had assembled, so that there were fully 5,000 people confronting us. A precentor led the children, and they sang as though it came direct from the hearts. Then the Mayor addressed us in English, and I replied in the same language, which Dr. Reuter kindly interpreted to the audience. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Cheer after cheer went up, and America and the Americans were applauded vociferously. Then a few flowers were presented by little girls, each of whom made a brief address, which we, of course, could not understand, but the meaning of which we recognized from the eyes of the tiny orators.

DR. KONR. RELANDER

A Notable Event

The same evening there was to be a farewell banquet to the retiring Governor, who, owing to his friendliness to his own countrymen, and his unwillingness to enforce the tyrannical measures of Governor Bobrikoff—what a pity that I must desecrate this page by the publication of his name—had incurred the disfavor of the Russian Government. The Mayor and his friends invited me to be present. I declined again and again. I pleaded the lack of suitabie clothes, but to no avail. The clothes I wore, they contended, were a badge of honor. Still I hesitated. I feared that my attendance might give a political coloring to my mission, and there was yet much to be done. But they were so urgent, and Dr. Reuter joined them so eloquently, that at last, although very reluctantly, I consented. The banquet commenced at five o'clock in the evening.

As I entered, the band struck up Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Looking up I saw the American and Finland flags intertwined, and under the American flag were the words: "America, the only home of true liberty." Two hundred and fifty people, mostly in evening dress, were present. Our party were (after an introduction to their excellencies), escorted to a seat near the Governor and his wife.

Hour after hour was taken up with speeches. At last, passing from eulogistic remarks concerning the retiring Governor and his beneficent reign, one of the speakers, addressing me in German, extolled the surpassing kindness of the good people of America to the Finns, and called for three hearty cheers for the American visitors. These given, I made a twenty-minute address, in German, rigidly avoiding politics. The Governor was carried in a chair on the shoulders of his admirers around the room, and, in the enthusiasm this measure awakened, it was proposed that I pass through a similar experience, but this I could not consent to, and my wishes were respected. This busy day over, on the morrow the Uleaborg Relief Committee, headed by Dr. Relander, called, and reported on the condition of affairs in the province.

Dr. Relander is a great enthusiast, and as such he proved invaluable to the work in hand. Enthusiasm has more sentiment than conservatism, and conservatism never can rise to the occasion of a famine. The heart-strings must be stirred when human life and suffering are the subjects under consideration, and the moment they begin to vibrate, enthusiasm is begotten. Probably no man in all Finland understood the situation better than Dr. Relander, and surely no one could have been more sympathetic then he. But even enthusiastic Finns are conservative, and hence Dr. Relander brought with him statistics to bear out his every assertion, and his figures were reduced down to the minutest fraction of a per cent. The other members, seven in number, were very sedate and serious, and used but few words to convey to me how their hearts and the hearts of their people were touched by the generous contributions of the sympathizing and self-sacrificing Americans. They all agreed that without this help—nearly equal to that offered by the Finns themselves—the famine must have resulted in a fearful calamity—which, they asserted, God himself, by moving upon the hearts of the American people, had graciously stayed; and each one for himself and in behalf of the people he represented, begged me to convey to every contributor, great and small, the combined thanks of a suffering and downtrodden nation.

Dr. Relander's Plea

After this we entered upon the careful consideration of the facts presented, and truly they were sadder than any I have yet seen in print. But why enter into heartrending details and harrow the feelings of the reader? The province of Uleaborg contains 277,628 souls. Of these, over 90,000, or nearly 33 per cent., were in a truly deplorable condition. Dr. Relander, as provincial physician, had officially traveled up and down and across the province. In a single village named Kolari, over 3,000 were then on the verge of starvation. Children were sick, mothers could no longer nurse their babes, the cattle were killed, milk was rarely seen in more than one house out of ten, the death-rate had fearfully increased, hunger-typhus had again and again broken out, and herculanean efforts were constantly employed to stay the harvest of death on a frightful scale. The Committee had about reached its limit, and our arrival inspired them with new hope. Kolari, Saraisniemi and Kajani were within their boundaries, and earnestly did Dr. Relander plead in behalf of the tens of thousands of sufferers whose burden he self-sacrificingly placed on his own shoulders.

CHILDREN BID GOOD-BY

Cablegrams from New York had kept posted as to the progress of the Relief nd, and rarely did I experience greater easure than on this occasion, when I ddened the hearts of these serious men, good Dr. Relander, with an appro- ation amounting to 50,000 marks, or 0,000. God be thanked for the good this oney has done for the helpless, the hun- , the starving, the dying—men, women, children, who shall live to praise Him their deliverance in time of trouble.

In the afternoon of the same day we k the train to Kemi, the most northerly lway station in Finland, and from which dges were again employed to take us Tornea, at the northern point of the zen Gulf of Bothnia, thence to Hapa- nda, our first stopping point across the edish boundary, and from there to Mo- vi, the first railroad station in Sweden. We left the hotel at 1.30. Down the eets could be seen the multitude wend- g their way to the station. Thousands on thousands were there when we ar- ed. It was almost impossible to thread r way through. The approach to the tion, the station itself, the platform, re all densely crowded. I longed to le myself until the train arrived, but ere was no nook or corner not already ed. How many there were actually esent I dare not guess; but nothing uld be seen but a sea of faces—and ppy, thankful faces they were. While I od there almost helpless, one beautiful l of 18, with dark, wavy hair, florid, althy complexion and bright eyes, hand- me a bouquet, and told me in clear-cut glish, that she could not stand the ought of becoming Russianized, and soon e would surely come to America. I as- red her that she would be heartily wel- me, and find our shores the most hos-

HEARTY GREETINGS AT TORNEA

sponded, but not even a child moved from its place, and when we entered the sledges to be driven to the hotel, the crowd, while cheering lustily, never attempted to push its way toward us, and when finally we drove away, they were still standing in the place assigned them until the signal was given to disperse. But for these precautionary measures we might have found it difficult to carry out our arrangements for a hasty supper and immediate departure for a twenty-five mile journey to Haparanda, where the Swedish Governor of Lulea had made provision for our entertainment. On leaving the hotel we found the usual crowd gathered to see us off. Flowers were thrown in the sledges, and cheers rent the air, as we started on the long journey before us. At 11 o'clock we reached the bridge that divides Finland from Sweden, between Tornea and Haparanda. On the Swedish side the custom officers approached. Dr. Reuter simply said that we were "the Americans," and bag and baggage, without examination, we were admitted into King Oscar's country. At the hotel we were received by Capt. Sundbaum and Rev. Juliebo, who were deputed by the Swedish Government to welcome us. After a midnight dinner plans were made for the coming day, and at 2 A.M. we retired, weary and exhausted, and slept for the first time in our lives in Sweden. Before retiring, we found on our centre table a beautiful bouquet, with silk ribbons in the American and the Finnish national colors, with a card, telling us that the people of Finland were remembering us while we were sleeping in Sweden.

PASTOR JULIEBO DR. KLOPSCH CAPT. SUNDBAUM

I had promised that before starting on my tour to Lulea and Stockholm, I would recross the bridge, and attend a reception at Tornea. So the next day, bright and early, escorted by Prof. Reuter, Mr. Alopaeus, Captain Sundbaum and Rev. Juliebo, we left Haparanda, and again entered Finland at Tornea. We were directed to the Municipal Building, which was crowded to the doors. The public schools had been granted a holiday, in order that all the children might help to honor the American visitors, and they were there in great numbers. On entering the building we were escorted to a place in the assembly room, and there we stood, without a chair, facing the standing audience for over a quarter of an hour before the programme commenced. It was an awkward pause, and personally very embarrassing. At last the dignitaries appeared. Two or three songs were sung by the people, and then the Mayor made a very impressive address, in the course of which he paid the highest compliment to American philanthropy. Then came another song, followed by my reply, again interpreted by Prof. Reuter, who deserves great praise for his readiness and kind willingness to interpret my utterances, some of which, particularly my hearty invitations to the good people of Finland to come over and abide with us, were, as I afterwards learned, not at all to his liking. Then the superintendent of the schools made a long and very impassioned address, extolling Finland and the Finns, their civilization, their simplicity of life, their virtues, their institutions of learning, etc., and during his remarks the tears literally rolled down his cheeks. He felt for his country and for his people, and the very thought of their physical and political sufferings moved his heart, and gave him a liberty of utterance that touched the hearts of his auditors, and melted them likewise to tears. At the close of his address, he presented me with two volumes of the Kalevala. In reply, I told him how near the sufferings of his people had brought them to the hearts of our own, and that since the first reports of famine the Americans had studied up carefully all about Finland, and had learned of their piety, their noble character, their educational institutions, their high respect for womanhood, their art and their literature, and that many years ago, Dr. Crawford, the translator of the Kalevala, then Consul-General in St. Petersburg, had presented both Dr. Talmage and myself with an autograph copy of the celebrated work, which, since then, I have read with genuine pleasure and profit, and ever increasing admiration. Then after the Finnish national song, followed a handshaking of amazing proportions, of which the children got the major share.

table in all the world. Then Mrs. Blunt, e charming Finnish wife of the British ice-Consul, stepped up, and thanking me r what the Americans had done for her ffering people, wished me a pleasant urney home, expressing the hope that I ight find all my dear ones in good health waiting me. At this moment the train rrived. As we descended the steps from e station the multitude began to sing, nd when they had finished, we listened to n original poem extolling the land of Co- mbus, whose beneficence had encircled he globe. Then amid deafening cheers, he waving of handkerchiefs and the good- yes from a thousand throats, the train rew out, and we were on our way to Kemi, five hours distant.

Dr. Relander had come to journey with s, and from Kemi to make an official edge tour of Northern Finland and Lap- nd. He was full to overflowing with he subject nearest our hearts, and a most nteresting companion. We were inter- pted at every station by multitudes, who ad come to welcome and thank us in ong. The majority of them must have raveled many miles, for usually the vil- ages are greatly scattered, and conse- uently sparsely populated. Invariably appeared on the platform and addressed hem. At Kemi, 1,200 had gathered. The inds were icy; but for a full hour I stood areheaded at the station door, with a hilling draft back of me. Never had I een greater discipline in the handling of crowd. Song after song, and speech fter speech was delivered. Twice I re-

OUR PARTY LEAVING TORNEA

Mr. Alopaeus, on behalf of Finland, formally delivered us safe and sound in the presence of the great audience to Capt. Sundbaum and Rev. Juliebo, the representatives of Sweden. The people then sang, and one of their number addressed us. To their farewell address I replied:

"Permit me to express to you and all the good people of Finland my heartfelt thanks for your generous hospitality to me while in your lovely land. Words cannot express how greatly I appreciate your simple life, which I have had exceptional opportunities to observe, and which has been to me an object lesson that I shall ever remember. Your earnestness, sincerity and simplicity have greatly impressed me, and I leave you with unfeigned regret. Your custom of expressing your affection in song and flowers is indeed very touching, and has been to me a genuine inspiration. May God abundantly bless Finland and speedily drive from it the dark spectre of famine that now enshrouds it. God bless America for what it has done to bring to you and to your homes, hope, comfort and sunshine."

Then followed the familiar cheer, "Ja koos Long Ave Tohtori Klopsch," and while it was given we stepped across the line into Sweden. Two girls followed us all the way until we reached our host in Haparanda. They and the happy memories of our arduous yet very pleasant trip were all that we could carry with us. And now once again. God bless Finland and its people, and may he ever preserve for them their piety, their purity and their physical and political prosperity.

A STREET IN WYBORG, FINLAND

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Banner Over the Work

A DAY or two ago we passed a square on one of the New York streets where a number of old houses had been demolished and removed, and preparations were being made for the erection of an enormous building on the site. Down fifteen or twenty feet below the street level, men were at work, carting away dirt and hauling blocks of granite into the empty space. They were very common looking men—rough, unskilled day-laborers. But there was a lofty flagpole standing in the midst of the great lot, and a flag floating at the top of it bore the names of the firm of rich merchants by whose order a vast structure is to stand on that spot. What could it matter to those men at their humble toil, whether they dug away the rubbish for the foundation, or laid the copestone of the finished structure? The same banner would float over all the workmen, all the way up; the banner that meant authority for building and a reward for faithful labor.

Oh, if we could see now with the eyes we shall have by and by, the places we call lowly, and the work we think hardly worth while, it would stand out before us in amazing grandeur as contributing to superstructions of eternal glory. A hundred years from now, it will not be known who were the wagoners, or who was the architect of the most splendid structure in New York.

And what difference do you suppose the angels see between the work of Wesley, Spurgeon or Moody, and the work of that little child over there—when they look at the whole mighty kingdom which has been building for thousands of years—except only the difference in faithfulness? And that difference may be in favor of the child.

One banner floats over all the workmen, and it means no more for the greatest than for the least.

Church Affiliation

VERY gratifying to Christian people throughout the land, is the initial step now taken by three denominations for affiliation and co-operation in church work. At a conference recently held at Pittsburg, Pa., plans were formulated for union in action, of the Congregationalists, United Brethren and Methodist Protestants. The conference was necessarily tentative, and the results will need to be ratified by each body, but the spirit manifested was so cordial, and the difficulties in the way so small, that the highest hopes of success are entertained. It is worthy of notice that there were no doctrinal differences to adjust. All the three churches are practically in accord on the tenets. The points of difference are in church government. The Congregationalists have no central authority, every church being a kind of religious republic, managing its own affairs; while the other two denominations are controlled by quadrennial General Conferences. Even this difference, however, is not so radical as it appears; for although the Congregational Union cannot legislate for the churches, its recommendations have great weight and are held in high respect. With so close an approach to union, the possibility of friendly co-operation was obvious, and a sub-committee of five representatives of each denomination was appointed to discuss details of a plan to be submitted to the general committee. That organic union of the churches will be achieved, is probably too much to expect, but a great advantage will be gained, if in such matters as home and foreign missions, the three churches can act as one, and can unite in other departments of Christian work.

It will be a glorious day for the Christian churches of our country, if the example thus set is extensively followed. There are too many denominations, and there are groups which might easily be formed which would reduce the number. Affiliation, should union be found impossible, would effect a great saving of expense, and tend to eliminate the spirit of rivalry which now retards the extension of Christ's kingdom.

Pluck It Up at Once

IT may be doubted if any man ever plucked up a strongly rooted fault or sin unless he did it suddenly, and out and out by one supreme effort.

You have a tooth that's got to come out. Well the dentist cannot draw it gradually, a little to-day and a little to-morrow, and a little more the next day. There must be a strong, firm, quick pull and wrench—and done with it.

When the serpent came out of the heat and fastened on Paul's hand that evening after the shipwreck on the island of Malta, suppose he had said, "Now this thing must be attended to gradually; I must get rid of this evil by degrees; it will not do to hurry too much." You can't take a serpent off a man's arm at the rate of a coil a day; it must be shaken into the fire as quickly as possible, with one vigorous, desperate motion at once.

If anything is wrong in your Christian life, anything by way of neglect, anything by way of positive transgression, deal with it sharply and suddenly. Gradual treatment is folly, and delay only gives it more power to hurt and destroy.

The Persecuted People

ONE of our subscribers, who has been reading the story of the recent terrible massacre of the Jews at Kishineff, writes as follows:

ARDSLEY, N. Y.

How beautifully is the Holy Scripture fulfilled. The slaughter of the Jews in Russia serves to remind us of the warning words of the Blessed Redeemer of mankind. Jesus said, "Do not think that I came to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but the sword." (Matt. 10:34.) "I am come to cast fire on the earth. . . . Think ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, No." (Luke 44:49 and 51, Douay version). Henceforth let no one have the effrontery to blasphemously deny the divinity of Christ, since his prophecies have so unerringly come to pass.

S. W.

Probably many Jews have recalled the words with sorrow during the past weeks. Very few years have passed since they were uttered, without the Jew being persecuted in some land. The chosen people have been regarded as a legitimate prey and have been oppressed and hated in all countries whither they have gone. Tenderly as Jesus loved them, he foresaw how bitter were the sufferings that their rejection of him would entail upon them. Men calling themselves by his name, but having none of his spirit, would make the Christian religion a cloak for gratifying social spite. The fact, profoundly as we deplore it, is full of significance. God's warnings do not fall to the ground, but are fulfilled in all their stern terms. The Jews were warned that in their dispersion they should find no ease among the nations, and that they should have no security in their lives, but "should fear day and night." It has been even so. The people who inflict the punishment, thus unconsciously fulfilling the prophecy, are none the less wicked in doing it. The righteous judgment of God will avenge the cruelties perpetrated on his people. But the important consideration for all people is the fact that we are now witnessing, in a period of doubt and scepticism, a visible fulfilment of God's Word. It is a lesson to which we should do well to take heed, lest we also, nationally or individually, incur any of the penalties threatened therein. May the time soon come when we shall witness, too, the fulfilment of those other prophecies which are just as sure, of Israel's repentance and restoration to God's favor! He who cast them off and dispersed them shall surely gather them and make them, as he promised, a joy to the whole earth.

Russia and the Famine

NEARLY two months ago, cable dispatches from St. Petersburg appeared in the leading American newspapers, announcing that the Russian Government had made large appropriations for famine relief in Finland. It was stated, with much detail, that a vast scheme of public works was projected, including railroad building, construction of public highways, drainage, etc., and that this plan, soon to be in full operation, would give employment to every able-bodied man in Finland, and thus relieve the prevalent distress. This cheering news, we duly presented to our readers, as a simple act of justice to Russia, and an acknowledgment of her practical solicitude for the suffering Finns.

That the cable dispatches referred to were by no means accurate, however, is now made apparent in a letter from Professor J. N. Reuter, of Helsingfors, who accompanied the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on his relief tour. Dr. Reuter's letter says:

Now the real fact is that not one cent has been allotted to Finland out of Russian public money. That Russians have contributed privately is quite true, and the money has been gratefully received.

I have made up a full list of all relief work carried on by the Government (that is, the Finnish Government, and Finnish public money), and venture to send you on a separate sheet an account hereof. As you will see, these statements do not include the amount of grain given out as loans, in order to provide farmers with seed for the spring.

There have appeared in the American newspapers, accounts about the famine, wherein I am cited as an authority. I have read two cuttings, and am sorry to say that they are not quite accurate. One of the notices I saw was fairly correct, but another, which was much shorter, conveyed a highly erroneous impression. People from America have written to the Committee, and also to Dr. Relander, who has written in a Finnish newspaper. I have replied, but my reply has not yet been published.

The communication in the American newspaper to which I refer, is founded on my report before the American Ambassador. I told him that we, in all places, found bread and flour, but that this was entirely due to the successful work of the Relief Committee. If help had not come in time, there would have been great misery and, no doubt, deaths from starvation, which has not happened now. I also told him that things would probably be much worse later in the spring, since many peasants, who had supply to last them over the winter, would find their stores exhausted.

I return to the statement in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the relief appropriations. The assistance did not come from Russian, but from Finnish public money, and in each case on the instigation of Finnish authorities. The railways were decreed upon already in 1900 (Idensalmi-Kajana line) or 1897 (Uleaborg-Tornea line), and that of course the railway loan of ten million marks ($2,000,000) out of which the various appropriations, present and future, shall be paid, cannot be added to the appropriations.

Part of the railway appropriation was granted on account of the famine, in so far as a larger sum than was originally intended was assigned for the construction of the Idensalmi-Kajana railway.

This was done on the recommendation of the Finnish Senate, and of course the extra money comes from the Finnish exchequer.

We gladly give space to these extracts from Professor Reuter's letter, in justice to the Finnish Senators, and for the purpose of correcting the misinformation so widely disseminated through the inaccurate press cablegrams. In reproducing them, we believed at the time that they contained a reliable statement of facts, and doubtless other journals held the same opinion. It is well that the matter should be set right, even at this late date.

Mysteries

AMONG the mysteries which baffle us in modern life, when electricity, photography and steam combine to make life extremely public, none is greater than the fact that people suddenly disappear. They drop out of sight in an instant, as if the earth had opened. Sometimes the river or the sea give up their lifeless forms, sometimes they are heard of wandering away in a strange land, sometimes they are never heard of or seen again. The mysteries that are never explained, the tangles that are never unraveled, even in the face of clever police ingenuity, of patient detective scrutiny, of newspaper exploitation, and of fabulous rewards freely offered, furnish plots for exciting novels, and wound hearts with deepest anguish. To-day, it is a man in his prime. To-morrow, it is a maiden in her bloom. Next day, a venerable matron nearing her seventieth year. What does it mean?

The pessimist would say that civilization is only a thin veneer, and that the elemental and primitive forces of the race are too strong for conventional fetters. The sociologist would point to the fact that conditions are unequal, and desperate characters are about, driven to madness by the woeful contrasts of the time. The Christian bows his head to the will of God, knowing that no bolt speeds except from a Divine hand, and no blunders are possible in God's great plan.

But here is one practical lesson from an old song:

> Be kind to each other, the night's coming on,
> When friend and when brother perchance will be gone;
> Then, 'mid your dejection, how sweet to have earned,
> The blest recollection of kindness returned.

A Great Midsummer Campaign

A SUCCESSFUL newspaper always seeks to interest new people. The larger the circulation the richer, as a rule, the contents. If THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had only 100,000 subscribers it could not afford to provide such interesting, attractive, edifying and instructive features as it does with its tremendous weekly output of nearly a quarter of a million copies. Every subscriber profits by the addition of another subscriber, and when these come at the rate of twenty thousand new subscribers yearly, the improvement assumes remarkable proportions. Such has been the history of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past ten years, and hence the wonderful changes for the better that have characterized it from year to year.

We know that we are making a good paper and we are glad of it. Started for the sole purpose of disseminating spiritual truth, it has been true and loyal to its mission, and tens of thousands have been led by its means into the clearer, fuller light that now irradiates their lives and makes the world through them brighter, better and happier. And what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done for these tens of thousands it can and will and must do for other hundreds of thousands, perhaps even, and may God grant that it be so, for millions.

It is with this in view that we have determined, at financial sacrifice to ourselves, and with the hearty co-operation of our present subscribers—of which we feel thoroughly assured—to make a great effort to largely increase our subscription list, and thus to circulate more widely than ever before among the Christian people of this country, the brightest and best Family paper in all the world, which we verily believe THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be.

Expecting Great Things

We confidently believe that all of our present subscribers are so thoroughly pleased with the paper that they would be glad to see our hopes fully realized. They know the blessed influence THE CHRISTIAN HERALD exerts; for they themselves have felt it. Week after week they have scanned its beautiful pages, have read its inspiring messages, have reveled in its literary and artistic wealth, have been deeply interested, edified and instructed, and, after having read it from beginning to end, have sent it to some distant friends that they also might share its perennial riches.

All Love It

Few papers published are read and re-read as is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and none affords greater pleasure and delight, or makes warmer or more lasting friends. It is an indisputable fact that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has a larger percentage of renewals than any other paper, and that, from its very beginning, it has retained more permanent subscriptions than any other publication; and its subscription list is constantly increasing. But what has been done in the past is only an indication of what may be done in the future, provided we all work heartily together with a view to securing the object on which we have now set our hearts.

A Financial Sacrifice

To bring this about, we have determined to enlist the cordial co-operation of our friends, and ourselves to make such a financial sacrifice as will demonstrate our own sincerity in the matter. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot be produced at less than its regular subscription price, which is $1.50 per annum. But to interest those who cannot appreciate its beauties, simply because they do not see the paper, we have decided to accept, during the month of June, an unlimited number of Half-Yearly Trial Subscriptions at 50 cents each, subject to the **additional advantages** set forth in the annexed coupons. For with each subscription we send, free of all expense, a **life-sized** facsimile of the **Declaration of Independence**, printed on durable bond paper, together with Henry Mann's **"Story of the Events that led up to the Declaration,"** and **"A History of the American Flag, How and by Whom it was Designed, and When and How it was Adopted as the National Emblem."** We could not make this sacrifice but for the experience of the past, that a very large percentage of our subscribers renew, and when they renew they are glad to pay the regular subscription price, because they are satisfied that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is well worth all we ask for it.

A Magnificent Record

This year THE CHRISTIAN HERALD completes the twenty-fifth year of its existence. Its history is grand beyond compare. It has collected and distributed nearly **TWO AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS IN CHARITY.** The farmers of Finland, Sweden, Norway and Russia, the martyrs of Armenia, the orphans of India, the reconcentrados of Cuba, the famine sufferers in China, the rescued men of the Bowery, the unfortunate girls of the Bethesda Home, the thousands of Lapless waifs of the tenements, all rise up and call it blessed. God be thanked for the opportunities and the privileges which were ours in the past; and may He graciously continue to pour out His blessing upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its editress and proprietor and its readers, and make us one and all increasingly useful in His service.

But, in addition to these great monumental charities, there is the mission of blessedness and usefulness of the paper itself which results in light, cheer, hope and happiness in the home circle. And it is this which we now wish to extend. We are engaged in a great Home Missionary effort. You can help us. We know you will help us, and thus have part and parcel in all the good which, under divine blessing, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shall accomplish in years to come.

We Look to Our Friends

Let us begin the work of doubling the present number of its subscribers. While this is a great undertaking, an unprecedented task, it is nevertheless an easy one, for it means just one new subscriber for each and every one now on our list. Surely every subscriber can do this, and we believe you will do **Your** share, while we will gladly do everything within our power to help you.

How to Do It

Our plan is as follows: On the following page you will find four coupons. Please tear them apart at the indicated lines, then distribute them among such of your Church and Sunday School friends as will be likely to subscribe. They will thank you for doing so. Explain to them, the beauties, the riches, the great attractiveness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and urge them to give it a trial. Tell them that **each coupon saves One Dollar** on the combined price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for half a year and the Declaration of Independence with Henry Mann's Great "Story of the Events that Led up to the Declaration" together with the "History of the American Flag," and you will be surprised how quickly they will avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity thus offered. If four coupons are not enough for your purpose, write us and we will send you as many more as you may require, absolutely free of all charge. Do not forget, however, that the coupons are good only until July 1, and must not be mailed after that date, and be sure to sign your own name and address to every coupon you send in, in the space reserved on the back for it.

Yours Truly,

Editress and Proprietor.

A Prize for Every One

To Induce Our Friends to Make a Determined Effort to Double Our Subscription List During the Month of June, we Make the Following Exceptionally Liberal Propositions:

1. To every person who sends us **TWO** coupon subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send, all charges prepaid, **EITHER** the **Declaration of Independence,** together with The Story of the Events that Led Up to It, and a History of the American Flag, **OR** a six months' subscription to **"Pearson's Magazine,"** beginning with the July number. When you send in your subscriptions please state **which of the two** premiums you prefer.

2. To every person who sends us **FOUR** coupon subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send **BOTH** the **Declaration of Independence,** together with the Story of the Events That Led Up to It, and the History of the American Flag and **"Pearson's Magazine"** for **Six Months,** beginning with the July number.

3. To every person who sends us **SIX** coupon subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send, all charges prepaid, and absolutely free of all expense, a **Red Letter New Testament,** printed from new type, bound in divinity circuit, red under gold edges, with book-mark, and worth $1.50. For fuller description see next page.

We call upon every friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to aid us in this aggressive campaign by securing as many subscribers as possible. Don't wait until you have gathered all you expect to get, but send them on one by one as soon as you secure them, as that gives the new subscriber the advantage of getting some of the June numbers free. Every such subscription begins as soon as received, and expires with the last number of the present year. Be sure to sign your own name and address in the space on the bottom of reverse side of the coupons.

New Premiums and New Features

Just 127 Years Old

THE original Declaration of Independence will never again be exhibited. It is securely fastened between two plates of glass, hermetically sealed and safely stored, where neither light nor moisture can reach it. This precious document, the charter of our nation's liberties, is thus forever hidden from the sight of the people. Years ago, while it was yet in a perfect state of preservation and clearly legible, the Department of State at Washington gave permission to have it used as the original design for a lithographic reproduction. For that purpose it was dampened to soften the ink on its surface, in order to transfer with absolute and unfailing accuracy the face of the document to a stone, from which afterwards a very limited number of copies were made. Two of these copies are in the possession of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and have just been reproduced in full life-size, measuring 26 x 31 inches. The handwriting is in every respect just as plain and as clear as on the day when the original Declaration, newly engrossed, was for the first time exhibited in Independence Hall, to the heroic patriots who imperilled their lives and their fortunes, when subscribing their names to the precious document on that ever memorable Fourth of July, 1776.

Mr. Henry Mann, the author of the "Story of the Events that led up to the Declaration of Independence," in his introduction says:

Why it Faded

"The Declaration of Independence, the Magna Charta of the English-speaking race, that document of which Professor Tucker has rightly said, that it is 'consecrated in the affections of Americans, and praise may seem as superficial as censure may be unavailing,' has just been removed forever from the people's reverential gaze. It has suffered very seriously from the rough treatment to which it was exposed in the earlier years of the Republic, folding and rolling having creased and broken the parchment. The wet press copying operation to which it was subjected about 1820, for the purpose of producing a facsimile copy, removed a large portion of the ink; subsequent exposure to the action of light, for more than thirty years, while the instrument was placed on exhibition, has resulted in the fading of the ink, particularly of the signatures.

"It is gratifying, however, to learn that no evidence of mould, or other disintegrating agents, can be discovered upon the parchment by microscopic examination, or any evidence that disintegration is now in progress.

"The Declaration has never been on exhibition at any of the Great Fairs since the Centennial Exposition. It was returned to the Department of State in 1877, and since then has never been out of the Department Building. For more than a year past it has not been on exhibition even in the Department. For the last nine years the Declaration has been kept flat in a frame between two sheets of glass, in a drawer of a steel case, and seldom exposed to light and air, and hereafter, in accordance with a report of a Committee of the National Academy of Sciences, which was appointed to examine the document, it will be kept in the dark, and as dry as possible, and never placed on exhibition.

A Premium for Patriots

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, therefore, deems it fitting at this time to place within easy reach of its every reader a history of the instrument so revered by all of us, and a facsimile of the Declaration itself, as engrossed by order of the Congress, and the signatures of the men who pledged 'their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor' that America should be free. In the 'Story of the events that led up to the Declaration,' which I have just prepared, Pictures of the signers are given, also of Independence Hall, where the Declaration was debated and adopted, and of other scenes and objects connected with that first and ever-memorable Fourth of July. The story of the facsimile should be read and studied and sacredly preserved in every American home."

* * *

Heroes Immortal

"The signers of the Declaration of Independence have long been numbered with the honored dead of the Republic. Their peerless monument is the Nation which they helped to create: their epitaph is the history of our Nation's progress from that Fourth of July in 1776 to its present leading place among the powers of the world. It is hard, from the secure standpoint of to-day, to fitly appreciate the sacrifices and the courage of that little band of Americans, who, from Independence Hall, sent forth their defiance, in the name of eternal right, to the armies and fleets of King George; but our best tribute to their memory is to follow their example of pure patriotism and unselfish devotion to duty, whatsoever our position in life."

* * *

Who would miss this opportunity, at a cost of but a little effort, of securing before the Fourth of July, now soon at hand, The Declaration of Independence, life size, and Henry Mann's Story—together with the History of the American Flag? We send it free, all charges prepaid, on receipt of **only two** coupon subscriptions. Five Dollars is the price usually asked for this Facsimile.

During the Coming Six Months

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain an unusual variety of attractive and exclusive literary features. **First among these is a New Story of remarkable interest, entitled, "THE NARROW GATE," by the Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps."** The opening chapters will appear in our July 1st, issue. This is the most powerful tale that has ever been written by this famous author. It is vivid and dramatic throughout.

Other special features are the following:

A WOMAN'S JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD
By JESSIE ACKERMAN

OUR HOME MUSIC CLASS; Sight Singing Taught in Twelve Lessons

CHOOSING A YOUNG GIRL'S CAREER IN LIFE
By MARY LOWE DICKINSON

ROYAL HEARTS WON TO THE MASTER'S SERVICE
AN INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE BERNADOTTE

HOW SMALL AN INCOME MAY A YOUNG COUPLE MARRY UPON
By MARION HARLAND

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN THE BIBLE
By B. J. FERNIE, Ph.D.

THE BOYHOOD OF FAMOUS DIVINES
By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Mont Pelee Still Active

RECENT visitors to the West Indies report that the volcano is still sending forth ashes and steam with undiminished vigor. It is now a full year since the first terrible eruption which destroyed the town. During all that time the eruption has continued with varying intensity. It is estimated that not less than twenty-five million tons of ashes have fallen and there are no signs of the cessation of the output. A singular phenomenon was observed by a party of tourists who visited the island during the winter. They noticed that a cone had projected from the crater of Mont Pelee which gradually assumed the shape of a gigantic pillar. It was not composed of ashes but of large boulders of rock, which, falling upon the mud ejected from the volcano, were imbedded and held their places. From week to week the height of the shaft increased. Its base was in the interior of the crater, and as it was impossible to approach it, no idea could be formed of its size or composition. During the visit of the mail steamer, *Esk*, a number of the crew and passengers went ashore to get a nearer view of the pillar. While they were watching it, the whole mountain seemed to shudder, and an eruption of exceeding violence took place. The spectators ran for their lives, and on reaching the beach, hurried on board the boats, which were rowed with all speed for the steamer. Once safely on board, glasses were directed toward the crater. It was then seen, during a momentary clearing of the volcanic smoke, that the towering shaft had dropped bodily into the interior of the mountain, tearing away the sides of the crater, which is now twenty-four hundred feet in diameter. The scene is described as one of weird desolation, growing more appalling from day to day, as the mountain, like a living creature in agony, is convulsed with mighty throes, and from its yawning crater sends up the molten and pulverized rocks. It is such a scene as the Hebrew prophet saw in vision as accompanying the judgment of God on the earth:

> The mountains shall be molten under him, and the valleys shall be cleft as wax before the fire, and as the waters that are poured down a steep place (Micah 1:4).

Towed by His Prey

Two boys, playing on the banks of the canal in Jersey City, N. J., one day last week, had an experience that gave them a fright. They found a large turtle asleep in the sun. One of them took hold of it, calling to his companion to help him secure the prize. The turtle shot out its head and made a vicious snap at its captor. The boy was startled, and in trying to avoid the bite lost his footing. The turtle instantly made for the water, but the boy caught it as it passed him and held on with all his might. As he had fallen he was unable to prevent the turtle reaching the water and was dragged in. Fearful of being drowned if he let go, he clung to the turtle and was being towed by it down the canal when his cries reached the ears of his companion, who, happily for him, was able to swim. He soon reached his side and held him up. The determined boy still held the turtle, and the two together at last succeeded in dragging it to the bank. He ought to be thankful that he did not lose his life. There are some in mature life who have been similarly persistent in their determination to secure the world's prizes and have still clung to them even when their very souls were at stake.

> He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions (Matt. 19:22).

A Somnambulist's Peril

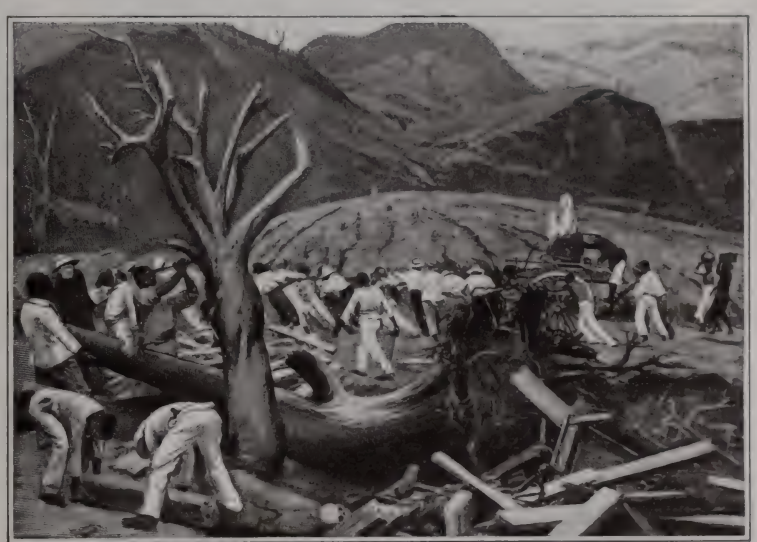
A policeman on duty in Brooklyn, N. Y., rescued a woman from a perilous position a few days ago. Just as day was dawning, he noticed a large white object on the projecting ledge of a house on a respectable street. As he came nearer he saw that it was a woman, clad only in her night robe. He noticed that her eyes were closed, and she was evidently asleep. He procured a ladder from an unfinished house nearby, and, climbing up, took hold of the woman. She awaked instantly and screamed in terror. She would have fallen, but the policeman held her firmly, and lifted her safely through the window into her room. She had no idea how she came into so perilous a position, but admitted that several times before she had walked in her sleep. She did not need to be warned of her peril when she was awakened. It was sufficiently obvious to her then. It is so with those who are in spiritual peril. Their first need is for the awakening which reveals their danger to them.

> Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light (Eph. 5:14).

An Unintended Victim

The detectives of Cincinnati are investigating an attempted crime, which has caused the accidental death of one of the employees of an Express Company. Five of the employees were transferring packages in the company's barns, when one of them noticed that a package was leaking. The cover of it easily came off and revealed a bottle of whiskey. It had fallen or been struck at some place on the route and the bottle was cracked. One of the men ran for a tin can in which some of the liquor was caught. He took a drink and then passed the can to the others. Each of the men drank a little. In a few moments the man who had taken the first and largest drink was taken violently ill and the others were in severe pain. An ambulance was summoned in which all were sent to the nearest hospital. An antidote was administered which relieved four of the men, but the first seized died in a short time. Analysis of the contents of the bottle showed that a deadly poison had been mixed with the whiskey, presumably by some enemy of the consignee. What a pity that the men were not total abstainers! Then the deadly stuff would have run harmlessly away. Of course, they would not have tasted it, in any case, had they known that there was poison in it; but even if it had not been doctored, the wise king's warning applied to it.

> At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder (Pro. 23:32).



SEARCHING THE RUINS OF ST. PIERRE

Gold from Sand

Descriptions of a new device, invented by Thomas A. Edison, to extract gold from sand, have been furnished to the press. There are large tracts of sand in various parts of the Southwest which are known to contain gold. Hitherto they have not been worked, because the water required for the operation of the hydraulic system, which is the only method known that can extract the metal, has not been accessible. Mr. Edison has now perfected a system by which the gold is separated by an air blast. The sand is passed over screens which divide it automatically into particles of a uniform size. They are then passed through rollers which reduce the particles to dust. This falls through a slit, each of which is the air blast, that is so regulated as to send the sand into one compartment, while the heavier particles of gold fall into another. The machines has been tried in New Mexico and it separated ninety-eight per cent. of the gold, while the hydraulic system does not collect more than seventy-five per cent. It is expected that the new invention will render productive lands said hitherto considered worthless. The process is based on the fact, that sand containing gold is heavier than without it, and therefore can be separated by a carefully adjusted gust of wind. It is a type of the separation that will eventually take place among men, when they who have in them the gold of character are gathered into God's kingdom, while those destitute of it are driven out.

> The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away (Ps. 1:4).

Human Light

At a recent meeting of the American Philosophical Society, Prof. Arthur W. Goodspeed, of the University of Pennsylvania, announced a remarkable discovery. It was, that the human body gives out a light so strong that photographs may be taken by it. He exhibited a number of such photographs, which had been taken by the light from his own hand. In the experiments he used one of the Crookes's tubes, by which the Roentgen rays are produced. The rays were, however, not allowed to reach the plates, but were focused on the Professor's hand. The hand was then held near the plates for three minutes, and at the end of that time the plates showed a negative of various objects which had been placed in range. The Professor's theory is that "all matter absorbs radio-active energy in waves of varying lengths, and gives off this same energy in waves of a changed and definite length. The energy that has been thus transformed, is characteristic of the matter that gives it forth. The human body gives out the rays, or waves, of this energy with comparative freedom and force. It is to be presumed that the character of the human rays vary in an infinitesimal degree with the person, and that each man, woman and child gives forth not merely the characteristic human light, but a light that is absolutely unique and identifying." The Professor evidently believes that light is inherent in every human body, though it is not effective until some agent, such as Crooke's tube, exerts an influence upon it. It is not so with the light that the true Christian sheds by his life upon the world. That is not inherent in him, but is derived from Christ.

> Reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory (II. Cor. 3:18, R. V.).

BRIEF NOTES

The first chapter of Rev. C. M. Sheldon's latest and his greatest work, **"The Narrow Gate,"** will appear exclusively in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on July 1st. All the characteristics of this magnificent story are strongly drawn. It is a tale which should be read in every home in America. Don't fail to get the opening part of the attention of your friends to it also.

About 1,000 Chinese converts were baptized during 1902 at fifty-eight stations of the China Inland Mission.

The new Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly is Dr. Robert F. Coyle of the Central Church, Detroit, Mich. On the second ballot at Los Angeles, Cal., he received 150 votes, and his election was then made unanimous.

During the year 1902 no less than 3,116,062 Bibles, Testaments and Scripture portions were put into circulation in China by the two great Bible Societies, the British and Foreign and the American.

A remarkable revival has taken place at St. Cloud, a suburb of about two thousand inhabitants near Portland, Me. The Rev. R. Cumming of Detroit, Mich., visited the town at the invitation of the Rev. N. C. Fetter, and has been holding services which have resulted in many conversions.

The American Bible Society reports that the total issues of the year, at home and abroad, amount to 1,000,000 copies. This is an increase of 200,000 copies over those of last year. The issues which were distributed in the United States, including Porto Rico and Hawaii, but omitting the Philippine Islands. This amounts to an increase of 47,804 in the domestic field.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Living Among Strangers

THE sweet words of the Shunamite, who, when asked by the prophet what gift he could bestow upon her in return for her hospitality, answered, "I dwell among mine own," have always made their swift appeal to my heart. A woman whose home is among her kindred and familiar acquaintances, knows very little indeed of the miserable homesickness which is the portion of those who live where all are strangers.

Take, for instance, the familiar illustration of the woman, brought up in a country town, where, walking down the street, she met schoolmates and friendly neighbors at every crossing, and stopped to speak to a dozen people in every excursion to stores or market. She married a man whose business was in a great city like New York or Chicago, and she went to live among a great host of perfectly indifferent strangers. If her home was in an apartment, in a big city like New York, she might live there a twelvemonth and not know her neighbors under the same roof, even by sight. She might have a baby born with no neighbor to congratulate her, or a baby die and no neighbor come to the funeral. In the long, dull hours of her husband's absence, with the housework done, and the people she did know in Brooklyn or Harlem, or Jersey City or Yonkers, miles and miles away, this poor woman might easily be as forlornly alone as if she were a dweller in the desert, in a boundless contiguity of shade. Not every woman has resources enough in herself, in piano, books, and sewing, to help her pass the time agreeably without talk and a glimpse of some friendly face.

. . .

The isolation is still greater if the young wife or the older housekeeper choose as a residence some exclusive suburb, where people are hedged about by the traditions of an aristocratic past. In villages that I could name, the old families, reaping pecuniary profit from the incursions of new tenants, yet look down on them from a lofty height, pay a patronizing call or two, but take every pains to guard themselves from intimacy. The new people may have been persons of importance where they came from, but they are distinctly nobodies, or tolerated interlopers, where their tents are at present pitched.

. . .

The question is pertinent, "What shall the woman whose lot is cast among strangers do?"

First, let her attach herself to the local church. If there be one of her own denomination, well and good. If not, let her husband and herself confer together and select the one approximating their own communion and attend that, taking a pew, attending the prayer-meeting, and joining in the work of the church. There is no better way to build up a circle of really charming acquaintances in a city or a village than this. The pastor is on the watch for new people. Meet him at least half-way.

Second. Seek out somebody else as desolate as one's self, and show her some attention. In nine cases out of ten the timid advances will be very graciously received, and the lady show that she appreciates the kindness.

Third. Go out of doors every day, for hours, into God's fresh air and sunlight, and be resolute in refusing to mope. Self-pity is the weakest thing under the sun.

Fifth. If you have children, cultivate the acquaintance of their little friends. A mother owes it to her boys and girls to know the mates who share their school and play.

Sixth. Remember, that though you are a stranger this year, you will be an old resident, comparatively, next year, and therefore be on the alert to offer cordial attentions to those newer in the vicinity than yourself.

Seventh. Don't forget that there are good people, kind people, charming people all around you, whom you would like, and who would like you, if only you and they were introduced by favoring circumstance. Maintain an attitude of mental courtesy to all these unknown friends.

A Woman's Enterprise

A daily newspaper, owned, edited, and entirely managed by women, along the usual lines of ordinary daily papers is a novelty, hailing from Chicago. Its projectors disclaim an intention to make a feminine periodical, or to leave out news interesting to men. They propose to show how well a woman, or a group of women, can manage a big undertaking, hitherto supposed to belong to men's management. It remains to be proved how far they may be successful. Also, it is to be hoped that they have money to sink and the courage to be good losers for awhile.

They That Go Down to the Sea on Ships

Sailormen from the earliest times have been the hardy and daring advance guard of commerce. In the old days, when the mariners of Phenicia in their bold degree furrowed the waves, and brought stuffs of rich weave, apes, peacocks, timber and ivory for King Solomon, it was the pluck and enterprise of the sea rovers that bound the world together. To-day the sails of every nation whiten every sea, and the great ocean steamers rush like race-horses over the track of the deep. And still the sailormen are a hardy, superstitious and simple folk, at the mercy of more perils ashore than afloat. Whatever can be done for their protection and comfort when in port, and for their safety, convenience and enlightenment on the waves, should be done. We land-abiding people owe an immense debt to the weather-beaten mariners, who face wild gale and furious billow in our behalf. Many a rough night sees the sailor's wife awake, because her man is in deadly peril. In our prayers shall we not remember those who cruise on the sea?

SISTERS

Daughters of one mother, we
Are like blossoms on one tree.
Love that nothing can alloy,
Love that knows but sweet employ,
Keeps us ever close and near,
Sisters, true and ever dear.

Waste Not

"Throw those cakes away," said a young girl, "they are dry and stale." A little dry, yes, but eatable still, and easily freshened up by a few minutes in the oven. When people somewhere in the world are famishing for food, when in our own land there are some who are never overfed, it is wicked thoughtlessness which wastes good food. Americans are prodigal in waste, and we often hear that a French peasant, or a French noble either, would live sumptuously on what Americans dispose of as trash. No doubt this is true.

AH, WHY?

WHY carry a careworn face, beloved,
Why carry an anxious mind,
There is grace for the day, if you go or stay,
And the Father is ever kind.

You need not fear for the morrow, friend,
If you'll trust it in God's hand.
He will bring you through, though you find no clue
To the reason for his command.

Why carry a weary load, beloved,
Why falter under the pack?
The burdens should drop, where the pilgrims stop,
When the cross o'ershades the track.

If you'll tell the Lord of the pilgrims, friend,
He'll loose the wearisome weight;
You may leave it there, when you utter your prayer,
To the Lord who is loving and great.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Delightful Father

SO many people are brought up to fancy that reading is a waste of time, which might be put to much better account, that I heard with appreciation this story: Rev. Dr.—— always felt impatient if he saw his daughter sewing. "Have you nothing to read," he would say, "that you spend your morning over that stupid needlework?" In his view, reading and study were the real and serious undertakings of life, and sewing was a thing to be neglected. I consider him a delightful father. Yet, most of us have to spend some part of our days over the "long white seam," of which Jean Ingelow sings so sweetly. Mothers must make little frocks and aprons; girls must fashion their shirt waists and skirts, and housekeepers occasionally add to their stock of dainty napery. "I love to make new things," confided a young matron to me, in a burst of vexation, "but I loathe mending. I never sit down to read the paper or a book, that Johnny does not come to me, with 'Mother, will you please mend this rip in my glove,' or Ned ask me to sew up the hem of his trousers, or Polly rush at me with a rent in her frock. I never in the world would have married Joe, dearly as I love him, could I have foreseen the never-ending, still beginning, toil of mending for a family." Poor little tired-out lady! I had a heart full of sympathy as I comforted her, knowing as I did, that though she did not love mending, she did it diligently, and that half her complaint was in the nature of an escape-valve. To tell the plain truth, few of us do enjoy the drudgery of mending, patching and darning, yet there is a certain triumph in making old clothes over until they look like new. Mrs. Wiggs, with her homely philosophy of content, has preached a good many needed sermons to the fretful and down-hearted.

"Now here," she said to Lovey Mary, "Don't you go and git sorry for yerself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folks you can be sorry for, stid of yourself."

When the mending gets on your nerves, dear reader, push the basket under the sewing-machine, and take a book, or take a walk. The one prescription suits some women; the other is more efficacious for their friends. I recommend open air and exercise as the very best tonic in the whole world for a weary body, and next to that, as a cordial for a weary mind, try an entertaining book. If one can, one should make it a rule, each day to add a little to one's mental wealth, if only by the reading of a bright poem, or a short and pithy essay, or a bit of biography, or a chapter in a traveler's tale.

Disabuse yourself of the idea that to read is to waste precious time, that reading is only for evenings and fag-ends of leisure. I knew a cultivated woman who, having a large family and very small means, used to prop her book before her on the kitchen-table and read a few paragraphs, as she could, while ironing or kneading bread or performing other domestic tasks. The wife of a minister in a country place taught her children their first English and their first Latin lessons, while doing the routine work of the parsonage.

I am sure the father who gave me my text would have counseled his daughter to let no day pass without reading in the best of books, God's Holy Word. Let the sewing go, or the sweeping, or the dusting, if go they must, but neither you nor I can afford to let any day pass in which we do not study in the "roll" given us for our comfort and learning. When the pilgrim neglected his "roll" great trouble came upon him. We neglect ours, and a plague of leanness comes upon our souls.

A few verses daily, or a few chapters, and a whole book now and then, and the scriptures unfold to us glimpses of that better land, which evermore, if we look upward, sheds its radiance upon us.

Reduced Prices on Suits and Skirts.

BECAUSE one of the best manufacturers of dress goods wants to keep his mill busy during the dull season, he offered us his most desirable materials at greatly reduced prices. We are prepared to make these goods up into suits and skirts and pass them on to you at one third less than our regular prices. Nearly all of our styles shine in this sale.

Suits and Etamine costumes in the newest summer models, former price $10, reduced to $6.67.
$12 Suits reduced to $8.
$15 Suits reduced to $10.
$25 Suits reduced to $16.67.
$30 Suits reduced to $20.
Latest designs in Traveling, Walking and Dressy Skirts, made of cool Summer weight materials, former price $5, reduced to $3.34.
$6 Skirts reduced to $4. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5. $10 Skirts reduced to $6.67. $12 Skirts reduced to $8.
Reduced prices on Jackets, Walking Suits, Traveling Dresses, etc.

All orders are filled with the greatest promptness, very often in three days' time. Any garment that fails to give entire satisfaction may be returned promptly and *your money will be refunded.*

Catalogue and Supplement of the last-st styles, together with samples of newest materials, sent FREE by return mail. If possible mention the color of the samples you desire, as this will enable us to send you a full assortment of just the things you wish. Write to-day; the choicest goods will be sold first.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.

Send Only 25c

This Rich $4.00 Tucked All Silk Chiffon

Pattern Hat

$1.95

Send 25c. to pay the express and we will ship to your nearest express office, express paid, this beautiful hand made, tucked, all-silk chiffon hat, as illustrated cut. The crown is artistically formed of a pattern of shirred all-silk chiffon, laid on in artistic folds. The under and outer rims are covered with **imported** straw cloth. On the right side of the crown is placed a spray of **6 imported, pure silk and velvet** flowers, interlaced with natural foliage. The left side of the hat is ornamented with a large rosette of **pure silk taffeta silk,** which in place by two novel hat pins, and extends down to and runs the hatband trimming.

You can order this becoming hat in Black, White, Grey, Navy Blue, Brown, Tan, Red or Straw Color. In ordering write for **Pattern Hat No. 6,** State Black, White or color you desire, and at once and hat will be delivered by return express.

If you find the hat better and more stylish than you can buy in your home milliner pay the express agent **$1.95** and we will guarantee that you will own a hat that will merit the admiration of all your friends.

Send 2c. in Stamps for the Finest Illustrated Millinery Art Catalogue ever issued. It tells how you can buy and wear the very latest Paris styles for much less than you would ordinarily pay. Trimmed hats from **99** cents upwards.

TODD, SMITH & CO.,
31-35 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

GREATEST HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY FREE!

THE "1900" BALL-BEARING FAMILY WASHER SENT FREE

without deposit or advance payment of any kind, freight paid both ways, on 30 days' trial. Unquestionably greatest family labor saver ever invented. Saves time, expense, and wear and tear. Will do the family washing without rubbing clothes, hand scrubbing or back-breaking. Revolves on bicycle ball bearings and is therefore easiest running washer ever made. Will do two hours' washing in ten minutes. Washes blankets as well as laces, absolutely clean, and without the slightest injury.

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 14, 1902.

"I have given your washer a fair trial. It is the best washer I ever saw. It has washed our heavy blankets with ease. I washed them last spring and rubbed more than an hour and got the suds hard to go through again, but the "1900" Washer cleaned them thoroughly clean. We do our washing very quick and have no tired and worn-out feeling as of old." MRS. J. L. BANNER, 4802 Troost Ave.

It costs nothing to try. Sent absolutely free, freight paid both ways, for a trial of 30 days. No money required in advance.

Write at once for book and particulars to

THE "1900" WASHER CO.,
33 M. State Street, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The Street Boys of Welcome Hall

THE OLD HALL

THE NEW BUILDING

THE "street boy" gravitates from the church, and he is not very available for membership in Young Men's Christian Associations. Welcome Hall precisely supplies his need. It is in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., 185 Chauncey street. It occupies a handsome four-story building of light brick, with which is connected a commodious chapel, with all other necessary rooms. Its terms are free. The street boy cannot afford to pay, even if he were so disposed. It requires about $125 per month, and is supported by voluntary contributions.

Nine years ago, Mrs. Barwise, Mrs. W. H. Christmas, and other good ladies of Brooklyn, observing that the street boy did not seem to fit in anywhere, conceived the idea of a "go-between" between the street and existing institutions, and the result is the present beneficent refuge. Welcome Hall has a board of trustees and managers, and an efficient corps of young women and young men as teachers. Some of these have served from the beginning, and, like the boy upon the "burning deck," stick to their post, faithful, and never weary. Mr. Louis H. Shuler, late of the Bible Normal College, of Hartford, Conn., has recently been appointed to the superintendency. He, himself, was once a street boy. His own experience led him to espouse the cause of the great, neglected army of almost hopeless boys.

SUPT. L. H. SHULER

Sunday and mid-week services are held in Welcome Hall. The best speakers—those with hearts and intuitions for boys—are sought out. Illustrated sermons are often provided, and the best vocal and instrumental music; in all of which the strange audience is sincerely interested. Jesus as the only Saviour, is continually held up. A library and reading room afford food for the mind. Here are found about 500 volumes, and many more could be used if friends would donate them. The young readers find much profit in the illustrated magazines and weeklies. A scrap-book is kept, to which the boys are invited to contribute, and spirited debating classes are maintained. Not a few may now be found in the churches: some singing the praises of God in vested choirs, who before were roaming ragged in the streets.

Basket-making, weaving, carving, modeling, sketching, experiments in electricity, and many useful arts are taught upon a scientific basis. A sewing class of fifty girls is also maintained. Nor is recreation forgotten. The games consist of almost every known harmless device. These boys hold the championship of Brooklyn in the game of "basket-ball," having taken the honors in a match with the high school team. A well-drilled "boys brigade" offers physical discipline and military practice; while the gymnasium provides all the exercise for which it is designed.

The savings bank of Welcome Hall is the boy's depository, by means of which many of the boys, from their meagre savings, have accumulated quite a fund. A committee of "Mercy and Help" seeks out and distributes contributions of clothing among the more needy boys. Everything possible is done to elevate the moral and spiritual nature of the boys, and to increase their self-respect. It pays a handsome dividend to "invest money in boys"—the men of the coming years.

SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES*

Earnestness and Discretion Needed in Bearing Testimony for Christ

MANY Christians shrink from introducing the subject of religion in the society of strangers or mere acquaintances, lest it should provoke ridicule and do more harm than good. It cannot be denied that indiscreet Christians do, at times, by the utterance of some pious and well-meant phrases, cause religion to be evil spoken of. Not long ago, a young man and his sister invited their friends to a supper and evening of fun. Scarcely had the young people come together, when the father of the host and hostess entered the room, and with a lugubrious face, announced his intention of spending the evening in reading the Bible and prayer, which, he said, would be more profitable to all present than indulging in idle games. As a matter of fact it proved most unprofitable, inasmuch as it excited a prejudice against religion in the hearts of his children and their guests which is little likely to be eradicated. On the other hand, other Christians conceal their religion so effectively, that no one suspects them of being Christians.

Ordinary discretion ought to prevent faults of either kind. When a man so acts that there can be no mistake as to where he stands, when his allegiance to Christ is firm and outspoken, opportunities for service open to him. There is no need to force the subject at inopportune times. His example exerts an influence, and friends, in time of trouble and sorrow, know where they can get religious help. Times come, too, when there is opportunity for judicious advice, and when great good may be done by the simple statement of what a help religion has been in practical life. A man really in earnest, ardently loyal to Christ, never lacks an opportunity of bearing testimony, and it may be done without any suspicion of cant or ostentation. The Apostolic advice does not inculcate unseasonable preaching, but rather a readiness at any time, whether it be a preaching day or not, to take advantage of a propitious opportunity.

*Topic of the Epworth League for June 14. II Timothy 4: 2.

"Superb"

In the mail we have said: "There is no chance of improvement for the HERALD—it's superb," and yet several members have contributed to our mite-box for extra department shows marked progress—not much in the points of "style" and "finish" (always generous proportion has gone beyond all precedent), they vary in his pleasures to subscribers. The "Family Art Gallery" reached us in perfect condition, and is superior to anticipation. Every picture is beautiful.

Cortland, N. Y. J. J. L. BAKER.

The "Family Art Gallery," of ten fine pictures, goes free to every subscriber

CORN STARCH TALK

With Receipt For a Delightful Dessert

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

Is it not strange, knowing that starch is the most important factor in our foods, that we do not make more use of Corn Starch, which furnishes so much food value in a convenient form, easy of use, readily assimilated, and inexpensive?

The quality of the Corn Starch used, however, has much to do with its palatable taste and digestibility. Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch which has been used for 55 years, is of unquestioned purity, and never disappoints in results. Try this brand in the following appetizing desserts and see if Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is not well worth a prominent place in your pantry.

SNOW BALLS.

Cream a third of a cup of butter and a half a cup of sugar gradually. Sift one cup of flour with half a cup of Kingsford's Corn Starch and three level teaspoons of baking powder. Add this mixture alternately with about two thirds of a cup of milk and stir in gently the stiff whites of four eggs. Place this batter in six well buttered cups and steam for half an hour. Turn out gently, roll in powdered sugar and serve hot with

STRAWBERRY SAUCE.

Cream half a cup of butter with one and a half cups of powdered sugar, add the yolk of one egg. Add a cupful of crushed berries just at serving time. Any fruit in season may be used in this way, for either steamed or baked puddings.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE Sidway ADJUSTABLE TABLE

CAN BE USED IN MORE WAYS

The most useful piece of furniture in the home.

A REQUISITE In The Sick Room

MADE IN Six Handsome Styles FROM **$4.50 to $8.00**

WRITE US TO-DAY FOR **THE SIDWAY CHART**

Sidway Mfg Co

8308 ARMOUR AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED

55 Cents Saved

BY EVERY 25 CENT PURCHASE OF

Knox's Gelatine

It's this way. All the Sweetened Gelatine Packages that cost 10 cents make only a pint of jelly. It takes eight of them, at a cost of 80 cents, to make one gallon, whereas only two packages of KNOX'S Gelatine, total cost 25 cents, make ONE GALLON OF DECIDEDLY BETTER DESSERT.

The difference is right in your pocket to spend for other table necessities.

Even a child can make the finest desserts from Knox's in the shortest time, because it's the only absolutely pure calves' stock gelatine, and because it's granulated. You can't afford to use any other kind when Knox's is so cheap.

Enough for 10 large portions 15 cents

FREE PINT SAMPLE to demonstrate its excellence, and Instructive Cook Book, sent on receipt of 4 cents in stamps to cover postage and packing. Include your grocer's name and address. Full 1½ gallon package 15 cents, 2 for 25 cents. *Money refunded if unsatisfactory.*

CHARLES B. KNOX,
55 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

The Family All Join

in both the pleasures and praises of Hires Rootbeer. It delights and benefits both old and young.

Hires Rootbeer

is pre-eminently the home beverage for hot weather—healthful bracing, cooling and refreshing. And you can drink all you want, the more the better.

A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail upon receipt of 25 cents.

Booklet free.

CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Malvern, Pa.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

THE NEW SCALE Fischer yields a wonderfully pure quality of Tone, combined with great power and durability; it stamps the Fischer Piano with an individuality that no other Piano possesses.

63 Years Established

Over 110,000 Sold

BY OUR NEW METHOD of Easy Payments, every home is at once enabled to possess and enjoy a High Grade Piano. Pianos delivered to all parts of the United States. Write for catalogue, terms and all particulars.

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Individual Communion Outfits. Send for FREE catalogue and list of users.
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CLEAN CUT CAKE TIN

FREE TO AGENTS

Flat tin knife cuts loose a perfect cake. **$2 Outfit free Exp. prepaid.** Dept T.

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N. Y.

SOME OF THE CHILDREN CARED FOR BY MRS. NORWOOD AT BUCARAMANGA

MISSIONARIES IN WAR TIME

FROM the South American republic of Colombia, distracted by war for the last two years, comes news of the condition of the American missionaries who have not been heard from in many months. The Rev. Joseph Norwood and Mrs. Norwood are stationed at Bucaramanga, Colombia, where, for several years past, they have been doing an excellent Gospel work among the natives. Mr. Norwood writes to the editor of the CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Your favor of Feb. 15, 1900, to Bucaramanga, Col., enclosing your check, was nearly two years old when it reached us at our home in the interior of Colombia.

Thus it has been with many other letters and a few remittances that were sent to us there in response to communications published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. On my arrival here a few days ago, I found a number of letters addressed to me, care of the American Bible Society, which had not been forwarded because all postal communication was cut off for about three years.

We succeeded in getting a few letters from Bucaramanga to the coast or across the Venezuelan line, by friends, who worked their way through the militant lines during the disastrous war which raged there from Oct. 17, 1899, until December last.

. . .

Thousands of reconcentrados, both rich and poor, were confined in our city for months at a time. The state of privation, suffering and starvation was simply heartrending. From the beginning, Mrs. Norwood had the house full of homeless and poverty-stricken women and children, and fed hundreds from the door during the whole time. She kept an open dining-room on a prominent corner in the city, in which from 80 to 112 substantial dinners were served daily. Hundreds of the sick and starving, who would otherwise have received no attention, were moderately well attended, the doctors furnishing their services and prescriptions, and we giving the medicines and attending the sick, some in the hospitals, many in their own home, and hundreds who came to my office for medical attention. The money to defray these expenses was furnished in part by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by the writer's using his entire salary, and from other sources. From Nov. 1, 1899 to Nov. 1, 1902, in the various branches of our work; namely: 1st, attending the wounded of six bloody battles; 2d, the care of homeless women and children; 3d, attending the destitute, sick and suffering; 4th, the soup kitchen; the amount of money used in Colombian currency was about $285,750. This, at the varying rates of exchange current in the country, from first to last, amounted to about $13,625, American gold. We kept no accurate accounts until Nov. 1, 1902, when many of the good citizens of Bucaramanga voluntarily offered assistance to our work by way of monthly subscriptions. An advisory committee of ladies was appointed to co-operate with Mrs. Norwood in directing the affairs of "El Hogar Cristiano para Ninos Desamparados" (Christian Home for Helpless Children), which had become a fixture. Other committees and a treasurer were chosen.

We earnestly solicit the special prayers of all God's people in this trying and very important God-given work.

JOSEPH NORWOOD.

. . .

Mrs. Norwood writes from Bucaramanga as follows:

We have at present in our home thirty children, and we earnestly pray and work for their salvation, and expect them to become workers in the Lord's vineyard. Besides our work in the Home, we are keeping up during the absence of my husband, the usual chapel services and prayer-meetings for men and women. A layman reads a sermon at the regular hour, and we are expecting God's blessing on our humble efforts.

The work in Colombia has been one of years of seed sowing, with apparently little fruit; but the Word that has been sown with many tears will yet produce a glorious harvest. Are our friends at home praying for Colombia? We want more laborers, and we know they will come. ALMA PENN NORWOOD.

* * * * * *

Answered Prayers

A mother, Sykeston, N. Dak., writes:

Yesterday as we sat at dinner we looked out, and saw a prairie fire about a mile away, with a high wind driving it toward us; it seemed as if we would surely be burned out. I took it to the Lord in prayer and he sent help, so that we were safe.

A mother, Asbury Park, N. J., writes:

God granted the deepest desire of my heart by converting my two sons, the only children I had. One gave his heart to Jesus when twelve years of age, had a clear and bright experience of the power of Jesus to save and keep, and was early crowned. The other, converted when young, became a backslider, but Jesus brought him to himself again, and thence transferred him to the fold whence none can stray.

E. B. G., Syracuse, N. Y., writes:

A year ago this month, I prayed God to help me accomplish something that I had tried three times before to do in my own strength, failing each time. God has answered.

E. M. R., Worcester, Mass., writes:

I am a subscriber to your paper, and am greatly helped by this department. I believe prayer is, indeed, "the world's great altar stairs which lead thro' darkness up to God."

A Mother, Summerville, Ga., writes:

God has not only answered special prayers of mine, but in answer to daily prayer, he has given me peace and comfort through all the trials of every day.

CALLED HIGHER

"My mother, Mrs. Margaret A. Craig," writes Mrs. J. S. Davett, Glasgow, Del., "who has passed away, was a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family. She was seventy-two; she had long been ill, but was always cheerful, sunny and loving. She died in the triumph of a Christian faith."

Good teeth are too precious to be risked with any dentifrice which does not cleanse and cleanse harmlessly.

RUBIFOAM

has vigor without harshness, cleansing power without grittiness, and it leaves a delicious after-taste in the mouth. Good for all ages. Sample vial free.

25 cents at Druggists'.

E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

VOSE

PIANOS

Have been Established over 51 Years

They are perfect examples of piano strength. The Construction of the *Vose* is the result of fifty years of development and the application of the highest mechanical skill to the production of each separate part.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. *Send for our descriptive catalogue H, which gives full information.*

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
161 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

MONTH OF ROSES

If you would have your complexion rival the petal of a June rose, use the celebrated

LABLACHE

Face Powder. Summer heat and sun has no effe against this exquisite toilet necessity. It preven and removes Tan and Sunburn; it makes the sk soft, smooth and velvety. A lovely complexio is within the reach of anyone who will use Flesh, White, Pink, Cream Tints. 50c. a bo Druggists or by mail.

BEN LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 125 Kingston St. Bost

We Carpet Your Floor for $

To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful

BRUSSELETTE ART RUG

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven both sides and in all colors and si Easily kept clean and warranted to wear higher-priced carpets. Sent prep to any point east of the Rocky Mounta Money refunded if not satisfactory. Ill trated catalogue showing rugs in act colors sent free.

Sanitary Mfg. Co. (Inc.) Dept. S, 288 & 5th Philadelphia, Pa.

ALABASTINE

We want tell you of t durable a sanitary w coating and tender the **Free** services of our artists helping you work out complete color plans: no g kalsomine or poisonous wall paper. Address

Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., & 105 Water St., N. Y. C

MISSOURI 5% INVESTMENTS

Let me send you my book. Farm Mortgages. Unquestioned Security

WM. R. COMPTON, 5 Wardell Bldg., Macon, M

Friends *of our* Mont-Lawn Waifs

Many Readers Helping the Fresh-Air Work with their Gifts and Prayers

[ll the kind things that are contained in the letters we are now receiving about Mont-Lawn and its work among the tenement children, were to printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, ey would fill the entire issue. Rarely ave we known such hearty and cordial orus of welcome as that which greeted e announcement that our Fresh-Air work as almost ready to gin, and that the autiful Home on e Hudson would o on be reopened. ur lists of applicants e well under way. or weeks past, city issionaries, Chris an workers, pastors d Sunday School perintendents in e crowded tene ent districts, have en receiving and ansmitting to us any hundreds of imes of poor chil en, who are fairly ngering for a romp the daisied fields among the cool d shady woods at ont-Lawn. It is of ourse impossible to ke them all, but with the aid of our aders, who have nobly helped the Fresh ir work in past years, we hope to make ore children happier this summer than in y season since the Home was founded. "May God's blessing rest on the little es," writes M. G. H., Springfield, Ill. 25), "which this money will send for an ting this summer." "May he bless you your work for the poor children of the nements," writes In His Name, Cam ridge, N. Y. ($3). Mrs. F. H., Bird City, an. (50 cents), writes: "I trust that many tle ones may learn of nature and na re's God this summer." "I love chil en, but have none," writes A. E., Firth, eb. ($6). "I am poor—just starting out life; but every little helps to make the or little things happy. May this be the eans of bringing pleasure and delight to e little soul," writes Mrs. A. E. B. ($3) Lyon, Mich. "May all the little ones be ade to know it is Christians who are do g this work, and may they be led to be ome Christians too," writes Mrs. N. J. G., Butler, Wis. ($21). Miss Nora Myers, secretary of the Hazleton, Pa., Junior Christian Endeavor Society, sends $3 21, the contribution of the Society for the Fresh Air work. "May this make two little souls happy, if only for a little while," writes M. S. C. ($5), Pleasant Grove, Pa. "This much every year ($5), with the rest of my charities that I try to keep up," writes E. R. S., Mirriam, Kan. "I know the Lord can do wonders, even with so small a sum." "One who loves children," writes from Marlboro, Mass., sending "a widow's mite" ($5), "to help the little tots at Mont-Lawn." Mr. Wm. L., Honolulu, H. I., sends $25 for the Fresh Air Fund.

WEE CANDIDATES FOR MONT-LAWN

A number of writers send their gifts in memory of some dear dead one. Mrs. J. A. F., Salem, Mass., writes: "If my little C—— had lived he would have been twelve years old today, and for his sake I send these three dollars, that one of the little ones may have that ten days' pleasure."

A lady, of Berkeley, Cal., sends $21 to support the Ida B. Cuthbert memorial cot at Mont-Lawn.

Gifts of dresses, under-clothing and shoes for the children should be sent to the Matron, at the Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y. All money contributions should be addressed to the Fresh-Air Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, N. Y.

The "Beautiful Speaking Oak"

My Dear Mr. Klopsch: I write to thank you for the beautiful *Speaking Oak*. I know that it will be a great pleasure to me in many lonely hours. What first attracted me to your paper was the premium of that handsome Bible. You can see that your paper is appreciated, when I tell you that my copy goes to the Rescue Mission and from there to the jail. What a world of good THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing. Your friend.

Springfield, Mass. (MRS.) E. W. ADAMS.

The Speaking Oak, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2; with the Red-Letter Bible $3.

Chaplain Milburn's Courage

MANY years ago, before the late Rev. W. H. Milburn became Chaplain of the U. Senate, he was a circuit preacher in the West. It is related that one day, while traveling by steamer between Cincinnati and Wheeling, W. Va., he found among the passengers a number of Congressmen, on their way to Washington. Many of them swore outrageously, played cards day and night, and drank vilainous whisky to excess. On Sunday morning, not having landed, Dr. Milburn was asked to preach. An audience of three hundred assembled. He took his stand between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabins, and seated upon his right and left hand were the Congressmen. As he neared the close of his address, he decided to speak a straightforward word to them, delivering himself spontaneously in these terms:

"As I have rarely seen men of your class, I felt on coming on board this boat a natural interest to hear your conversation and to observe your habits. If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card players and drunkards. * * *

Consider the influence of your example upon the young men of the nation—what a school of vice are you establishing. If you insist upon the right of ruining yourselves, do not by your example corrupt and debauch those who are the hope of the land. As an American citizen I feel disgraced by your unseemly behavior.

"As a preacher of the Gospel I am commissioned to tell you, that unless you renounce your evil courses, repent of your sins, and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ with hearts unto righteousness, you will certainly be damned."

The blind preacher went to his room. Shortly afterward, a Congressman entered, and in behalf of his companions, acknowledged the justice of the rebuke, and presented the preacher with a purse of $150 as a token of appreciation. At the same time he asked Dr. Milburn's consent to the use of his name as a candidate for the Congressional chaplaincy. After some hesitation, the preacher consented. Thus, by a single act of Christian courage, he won powerful friends, and a position which enabled him for many years to do effective Christian service at the National Capitol.

Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of April 29

Answers to Competition No. 37, in our issue of April 29, are: 1. Hagar. 2. Ahiman. 3. Hosea.

The Prize-Winners in our Puzzle Competition of April 29, were as follows:

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of April 29: **Rachel Stutsman**, Selma, Ind., receives a silver watch: for the second best answer, **Elizabeth Crutcher**, Paris, Ky., receives our *Smith-Pilcher Bible Dictionary*; for the third, **Alfaretta Markle**, Ogden, Utah, receives a copy of *Child Life in Colonial Days*, by Alice Morse Earle; for the fourth, **Willie J. Scoles**, Biloxi, Miss., receives a copy of *Bob: The Story of Our Mocking-Bird*, by Sidney Lanier. Each of the following receives a book:

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Baker, Helen M., N. H.; Brakenridge, Lucile, La.; Braun, Paul, Pa.; Clark, Ethel, Conn.; Eldridge, Emma L., Kan.; Fenby, Joshua Tracey, Md.; Gaines, Henry P., Wash.; Hadley, Theodore E., Okla.; Harrison, Clinton, Neb.; Hazlett, Ray, N. Y.; Hillhouse, Dobbin, Ind. Ty.; Hobbs, Earle, Oreg.; Huckaby, Grace, Tenn.; Larkin, Floyd J., Calif.; Laudman R., Ont., Can.; McDougall, James, Can.; Parker, Mae L., Vt.; Passmore, Paul, Mont.; Pierce, Esther, So. Dak.; Power, Lolia, Can.; Randerson, Lucile, Tex.; Ryerson, Raena, N. J.; Stanley, Bertha, Mich.; Stevens, Marie E., Iowa; Stevens, Ruston, Can.; Swartz, Jawson S., Wisc.; Whedon, Dorothy, Ill.; Wilkinson, Lucy Va.; Wilson, R. S., Ohio.; Worley, J. B., Colo.; Worthen, B.E., Mass.

William the Conqueror

William E Reardon is a second "William the Conqueror." In building his business he was as hard as Nails. Nothing seemed to be too much for him. He had been selling The Saturday Evening Post on a work on the east coast in Maryland. Just before Christmas, when most boys are home to spend the Holidays, he received an offer from the publishers promising a cash prize to the Maryland boy who would sell 500 copies. He had not even had to do any work like that, but was so focused a new plan. Excited at the thought of selling to Strangers, he enlisted his father to telegraph for 500 copies to be sent to Midland.

As he received the copies from the postmaster a Midland boy who was also an agent for The Post, received a bundle containing five copies. The little girl with a big smile and a cheerful word, told Master William that he didn't "like his looks" and that he had better go back home again. The little Conqueror declared he would "show him right there," so he made a pile of the bundles on the floor where people were waiting for the mails, mounted the pile and addressed the crowd. He stated that he represented Benjamin Franklin's old paper—that he had just received the Christmas number—that it was the best issue ever published. Before leaving he had sold fifty copies of The Saturday Evening Post. He spent the rest of the day among the business men, finding buyers everywhere. What was left he sold the next day from house to house. When he left for home the day after New Years he found the other boy who said The Post and advised him to "ginger up."

"I am eight years old," our Conqueror writes. *"I never before tried to earn any money; but you can put me down for the first prize whenever you make another prize offer in Michigan."*

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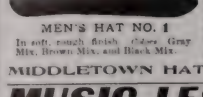

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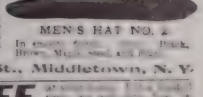

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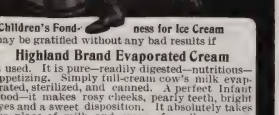

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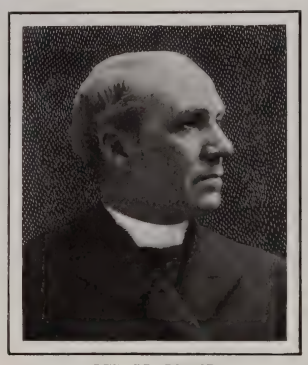
The AMERICAN STUDENTS' CHURCH HOME *IN* BERLIN

MANY American students of limited means, save for years that they may be able to finish their education in the University and the Conservatories of Music in Berlin. All of them find that living in that city is much more expensive than they dreamed. Many are obliged to take the cheapest rooms in the back part of a house, where the sunlight never penetrates. Fire is an extra item, and so they do without it as much as possible. Many of them practice in winter with a rug over their knees, and a shawl or cloak tied round them, with fingers stiff and numb.

In going abroad these students make a great sacrifice. On this side of the water, it is considered a fine thing to go to Europe to study; but were you to know the discouragements, the privations, and the homesickness of these young people, your hearts would be moved. Many of them would not have gone had they known beforehand all the difficulties incident to life in a foreign city, and amid customs strange. Often in church, when the old familiar hymns are sung, you can see the tears running down the cheeks of some lonely, homesick girl. After service the leaders of the church go to her, and she is invited to the home of the pastor, to the Sunday evening gathering, for singing, worship and social service, and to the Thursday reception.



REV. DR. DICKIE
Pastor American Church Berlin

What these young American students in Berlin need is a place to which they may come every day and at any time; where they may receive not only spiritual help and cheer in their homesickness, but where they may tarry to read and write. Thus the church-home is intended to become a rallying point and a radiating point for the students. This is one great part of the work of the American Church in Berlin.

Happily, though this church has existed so long without a building, at last it sees a church it can call its own. It is already under roof, and $10,000 will finish and furnish it without debt. This is no foreign church, nor are those attending it foreigners; but your own sons and daughters.

The music teacher goes to Berlin to fit herself to teach your children; the medical student returns to be your physician, and the theologian to be your future pastor. On the whole, it is a very earnest, hard-working company of young people. They do not go for pleasure; but, by hard work, to fit themselves to give of their best, as God has given them talents to be developed. In appealing for this church, we have often heard it said that there is no need for our young people to go abroad; that we have just as good music teachers here, and that our universities and colleges are just as well equipped as those of Europe. Then why do they come? The writer was lately dining with one of our wealthiest Californian families. In this home there is a very gifted daughter. The mother said: "I will have no teacher for my daughter who has not studied with the best known German professors. I hope, some day, to take my daughter to Europe, and I do not wish to have her spirit crushed by being told that all her methods are incorrect, and that she must begin all her musical education over again." So long as preference is given to musical instructors with a European training, so long Americanyoung people must make every sacrifice to go across the sea. Therefore the American church needs to heed the call to render these young people service, and the American people to help make that church efficient in its work.

Sometimes one is found among the students, who has come to Berlin to study, and the funds that were expected from home fail to come. In one case, the lady student kept a diary. One day there was written in it: "No more money—no more food. Sin and shame—or death, which shall it be?" The second entry was: "I will not fall. I cannot beg. In this foreign country I must die." Another case was a young man whom the pastor met in a street car. "You're an American." "Yes." "How long have you been here?" "Eighteen months." "Have you been to the American church?" "No. I have been avoiding Americans, in hopes the better to learn the language." "Yes; and how are you getting on." "I have got where I can go no further. I have no money to stay here, I can get no pupils—and I am starving! He was asked to play in church and he proved an excellent musician. The days of his trouble were over. It is for work like this the American Church exists. It is, as Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler so well says: "One of the most important lighthouses to be kept burning on the continent of Europe."

A HEROINE FOR CHRIST

THERE are many good people who are eager to be engaged in Christian work of some sort, yet who find it hard to decide upon the direction in which their energies should be expended. For the encouragement of this class and of many others, we give below the remarkable life-story of a woman, who, though deeply afflicted, has yet been able to render most effective service, in the Master's name, to many of her fellow-beings.

MISS THEODOSIA HAINE

Sixteen years ago, Miss Theodosia Haine, of West Farmington, O., was a bright young student in the Western Reserve Seminary. She was suddenly attacked with an illness which not only cut short her college career, but left her a helpless invalid and cripple for life. Since that time she has seldom been able to leave her room, till of late when she was moved to Warren, O. But though she was an invalid and a shut-in, she did not mean that her life should be one of inaction. She had already developed a beautiful Christian character, and she resolved to employ all her energies and abilities in helping others. She began making pompons of thistle blossoms, and later of the silk of the milkweed. She wrote letters to the inmates of Ohio prisons, each letter with a booklet, card or poem, which were highly prized by the prisoners.

She had heard of the work of Mary Ashton, a deaf and lame girl, who in ten years time raised and paid in to the W. F. M. Society of the Methodist Church, $12,500.00. Miss Ashton had lately died. At the time of her death she was supporting three women missionaries and a Bible woman in China, and also one in India. Miss Haine took up this work, and with the aid of many friends and helpers has kept up the missionary support from year to year, the main source of income being from the sale of leaflets, booklets, banners and bookmarks.

Miss Haine, while at work, is supported among her pillows. She suffers much, but will not use any drug or opiate. Here is a brave and cheerful spirit, and by daily toil and daily prayer she has accomplished much.

The names of the Mary Ashton missionary workers are: Clara J. Collier, Chenter, West China; Helen Galloway, Chunking, West China; Alice Linam Yeuping, Foochow district, China.

Miss Theodosia Haine, whose address is 405 Adams street, Warren, Ohio, will gladly furnish to inquirers any information they may desire concerning these missionary workers.

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Radcliffe *Shoes for Women*

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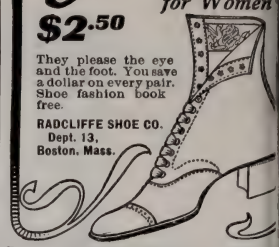

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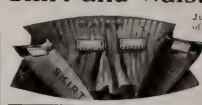

Just four thin pla of aluminum—and rust or soil—t to sew on wa two on skirt; h round, smoo edges—slip sk pieces hold waist pieces and bone. No tro hooks or pro tions, can be washed, passed through wringer and iro over freely. Invisible, takes up no room; holds wa smooth—works as well with waist over skirt.

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QUAINT PSALMS for QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. YATMAN

PSALM CXXXIII
Household Psalm

ehold, how good and how pleasant it is for en to dwell together in unity. 2. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments.

"THE PRECIOUS OINTMENT"

Contention and strife cease when this Psalm gets a grip on all members of the family. The perfume of peace is in every heart. The house is changed into a home and the abiding guest is the Prince of Peace. This truth is not only for homes where there is anger and malice, but for hurch as well.

PSALM CXXXIV
Preacher's Psalm

Bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, by night stand in the house of the Lord.

2. Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.

"LIFT UP YOUR HANDS"

No preacher can lift up holy hands in God's sanctuary and "Bless the Lord" or worship him, but what he will be blessed by him, and a minister blessed by God will be a blessing to the people. A good life is the greatest sermon, and a preacher who is a servant of God will obey him and not the world or its ways. An obedient Christian has one of him who made heaven and earth. re is a vast difference between the frown od and the favor of God.

PSALM CXXXV
False Gods' Psalm

The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, work of men's hands. 16. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not;

17. They have ears, but they hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths.

18. They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them.

"IDOLS OF THE HEATHEN"

The false gods of fashion and folly replace the ones of Egypt's day, and both alike are bad. Some bow to gold, some to fame, some to fortune, some to creed, and some to church; but the true and good alone to God. They make use of all 's gifts, but worship only him. Neither money or machinery can duplicate es 6 to 11.

PSALM CXXXVI
Mercy Psalm

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: is mercy endureth for ever. 2 O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

3. O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth forever.

4. To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth forever.

"O, GIVE THANKS!"

He who gets mercy will give it, and he who gives it will get it. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." That is the Diamond of the Beatitudes. The Pearl is "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see d." If mercy be thy companion, Peace Prosperity shall follow close behind. y, they will overtake thee, and often run ead. Micah 6: 8, goes with this Mercy Psalm.

GOLD OR GOD*

The Lesson of the Incident of the Rich Young Ruler

PEOPLE have found in the incident of the rich young ruler, in all periods of the Church's history, an admonition against the possession of property. It must be admitted that it is the poor more frequently than the rich who have taken this view. The instances are few and far between of rich men, like Tolstoi, acting literally on the injunction. Still, there have been instances, but they are not encouraging. We doubt whether this would be a better or happier world, if every rich man sold all he had and gave the proceeds to the poor. While there are many among the poor who would be benefited by a gift from the rich, and while there are many ways in which rich men might wisely spend their fortunes for the benefit of the poor, it would be good for neither rich nor poor for every rich man to distribute his property indiscriminately among his poor neighbors. A careful reading of the story shows that Christ had no such leveling process in mind.

The rich young ruler was boasting. He had a good opinion of his own character and conduct. He had kept the commandments from his youth up. He was so good that he was not conscious of lacking anything. As Christ looking upon him, loved him, we may be sure that he really was a fine, excellent kind of man. But he was not in the state of mind that a true follower of Christ should be in. He was too proud and self-satisfied. A man feeling as he did, could not realize his need of a Saviour. It was necessary to humiliate him. Therefore, when he challenged Christ to point out a defect in his character, our Lord laid his finger with unerring insight on the sore place. If he would be perfect, let him sell all he had and give to the poor. That was a test that revealed his character to himself. He had the impression that spiritual things were the highest good. Christ showed him that he was deceiving himself. There were things that he held in higher esteem. The only way of convincing him of the fact was to give him the alternative. We may be quite sure that if Christ, looking into his heart, had seen that he did not value religion more than property, no such condition of discipleship would have been made.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for June 14. Luke 18: 18-30.

The Silver Bay Conference

The Student Bible Conference for young women will be held at Silver Bay, on Lake George, from June 26 to July 7, inclusive. The City Bible Conference for young women will follow almost immediately, the opening meeting being held on July 10, and the closing one on July 20. For the Bible teaching of these Conferences the American Committee has secured Dr. W. W. White, President of the Bible Teachers' School, New York City; the Rev. John Timothy Stone, of Baltimore; Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, Secretary for the American Board of Foreign Missions; the Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City; Miss May Blodgett and Miss Caroline Palmer, well known in Young Women's Christian Association circles. Among the speakers for these meetings are Mr. Robt. E. Speer, Mr. John R. Mott, the Rev. C. A. R. Janvier, of India, Dr. William F. McDowell, the Rev. Chas. R. Erdman, the Rev. Floyd Tompkins, D.D., Miss Mary B. Hill, of Madras, India, and Mrs. Nettie Dunn Clark, of Lahore, India. Prominent representatives of denominational Missionary Boards and of the Young Men's Christian Associations will be present to give special help in sectional meetings.

THE SOUL'S WISH

O GOD, send Thou to me,
Thy message true;
Teach me Thy will, Thy way,
And what to do.

Make all my life serene,
My actions bless;
Help me to cling to Thee,
My faults confess.

Then all my days shall be
So calm and clear,
That age will make me young,
And life more dear.

Neillsville, Wis. G. J. SMITH.

All Seamen

know the comforts of having on hand a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It can be used so agreeably for cooking, in coffee, tea and chocolate. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.

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Two Pairs of Lambric Lace Curtains

like picture—furnish two windows; 6 inches wide, 3¼ yards long, for using a few minutes of your time.

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that retail at **25c each.** Sell them to your friends, send us the money you get for them, and the curtains will be sent at once, express charges prepaid.

You take no risk—we take back any you do not sell. We offer over 100 premiums besides the curtains. Catalogue sent with each order. Over two million Hold-Fast Skirt Supporters have been sold by the ladies of the United States.

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JUDSON A. TOLMAN COMPANY, Dept. B 17, 66 Lake Street, Chicago.

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SYRACUSE EASY WASHER

is the greatest labor-saving device yet produced for making woman's work easier.

Wash with it for five weeks, then if not satisfied return the washer. We pay the freight both ways.

Write for price list and free book of modern formulas for laundry use.

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HOW SUNSHINE CHEERS THE WORLD

FOR the Annual Meeting of the International Sunshine Society, in New York, May 21, there was this year an unusually interesting programme, including, besides the formal gathering and reception, a chance for visitors to see points of interest in the big metropolis.

The year has been one of most encouraging progress in sunshine matters. Many new branches have been opened. The James and Harriet Wood Sunshine Home of Darien, Conn., is now open, and children are cared for there with every comfort. Branches of the International Sunshine Society are furnishing the rooms. Mrs. Herman A. Curiel has furnished a college, to be called "The Mignonette E. Curiel Cottage, in memory of her little girl.

The Sunshiners of Dubuque, Ia., have been the means of giving much sunshine to many little invalids. They have furnished a ward in the Finley Hospital. There are five beds for children. A child may go in free, and the members of the Sunshine Branch take turns in going to the hospital to help mend clothes, read, or play with the convalescents. This is the work of young girls from 4 to 12 years of age. This branch is most enthusiastic in the good work. It is older than the International Society.

The Tottori Sunshine Branch, with Mrs. S. C. Bartlett as president, has voted to pay two cents a month to help their Sunshine work.

During the recent overflow of the Mississippi River, the Sunshiners in Memphis made a record the Society may well be proud of. The Mayor placed at the disposal of the Sunshiners the quarters of the Old Board of Health, which consisted of two floors of separate rooms and many conveniences. An entertainment was given by the ladies of the Maccabees to assist the Sunshine members. Four hundred took tickets. When the Galveston flood brought so much misery to many, the Sunshine members came to the rescue, and by earnest work were able to succor the unfortunates who had lost everything in the flood.

One year ago plans were laid to open the Sunshine Lodge at Livingston Manor, Hillcrest, N. Y., in order to give many helpless children a home. The boys are taught farm work, and the rudiments of such trades as they are best fitted for. Several new buildings will be put up this year. Donations of books for the library or clothing for the children will be promptly acknowledged. The President is Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden. Packages may be addressed to Sunshine Lodge, Livingston Manor, "For Hillcrest," care of the Postmaster.

The CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunshine Branch has at present 1,027 members; 202 of these have joined us in the past year. Among the number are many shut-ins and invalids with various ailments, so that the 1,027 are not all active. The shut-ins do much towards the alleviation of suffering.

Among our members is one who makes little booklets, containing scripture verses and pretty pieces of poetry which scatter much sunshine. Another collects cancelled foreign stamps, which are sent for distribution among those making such collections. From the different letters received, we find bundles of half-worn clothing have been sent to those in need of it. Then, too, literature has been distributed among sailors, to those in workhouses, asylums, hospitals and many other places where such materials are appreciated.

This report closes with the sincere hope that the Sunshine Society may grow daily in magnitude, and that those who have tasted of its goodness will help to spread its influence all over the world, and thus make the world better and happier for having known the International Sunshine Society.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Bible Students' Helper

MINISTERS and Sunday School teachers, and Christian workers of all kinds, are indebted to Dr. James Strong for the work which he is justified in describing as *The Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible*. It is by far the best work of the kind we have seen, inasmuch as the student, with its aid, can put his hand quickly on the passage he needs, if he can remember any word of it. The analytical method, which is useful as a test of the temper and patience of the student, but not otherwise helpful, Dr. Strong carefully avoids. It is just the plain alphabetical method, pure and simple, that he follows, and therefore his book can be used easily by any one who knows the alphabet. There is, too, an advantage over Cruden, in the fact, that proper names are not set off in a department by themselves, but appear in their alphabetical order with other words. The student, therefore, does not have to hesitate whether he shall look for such words as Zion or Jew in one department or the other, but is sure to find them under their initial. The advantage of this method will be well understood by every one who often uses a concordance.

In addition to the main features, which constitute the chief use to the ordinary reader, Dr. Strong gives another department, equivalent to a Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee Dictionary. Reference to this is by numbers in the main Concordance. Thus, the phrase (Lev. 7: 37), "This is the law of the meat offering," is followed by the number 4503. By turning to that number in the Dictionary, the student finds what is the Hebrew word translated "meat offering" in the passage, and what is its exact meaning. This department is invaluable to the student who is not familiar with the original languages, and yet needs to know the exact rendering of a particular word.

Another valuable feature of the Concordance is a list of the changes made by the Revisers, both English and American. Each one has a sign against it by which the student learns not only the change made, but whether it is approved by the English or American Revisers, or by both. The book, with its additions, contains 1,808 pages, and is sold by Eaton & Mains, New York, at $6, in cloth.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Twenty and One, by Maxim Gorky, the celebrated Russian author. This is a collection of short stories by the famous young Russian writer, who has lately come to be regarded as the rival of Tolstoi, Turgunieff, and other famous leaders in the realistic school of fiction. Gorky sprang from the lowest rank, socially, and his stories have a strong autobiographical flavor, besides being intensely dramatic. There is an excellent preface by Ivan Strannik. Pp. 242; cloth; illustrated. Price $1.25. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York, publishers.

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PRISON PREACHING

ul's Message From His Roman Prison

By Mrs. M. Baxter

AFTER three months spent at Melita —our modern Malta—a vessel was found bound for Italy, and, landing only at Syracuse, in the nd of Sicily, where Paul and his com- y stayed three days, they next landed Rhegium, on the west of Italy, and the t day went on to Puteoli. Here they nd brethren, children of God, and they e at home in this new land. Here y were invited to remain seven days, , as nothing to the contrary is record- it is probable that this visit did take ce, and we see by it how lenient was treatment of Paul. Probably a sol- r was always told off to guard him, erwise he seems to have had full lib- y. From here, probably, the news of ul's arrival had spread to Appii Forum, l the Three Taverns, from whence thren came to meet them.

What must have been the meeting of se members of the body of Christ? ey had never seen one another in the h, but, no doubt, they had heard of e another, and now it was one life, one pe, one suffering and opprobrium which y shared; one passion for the glory of d, and the salvation of souls, through offering of him whose name they re. It must have been a time of quick- d faith and of joy in the Lord, in spite Paul's circumstances as a prisoner. hen Paul saw the brethren, "he thanked d and took courage." Here was the cleus, in the very centre of the world- wer of that time, of a Christian church, ich, from that centre, might spread oughout the world, and Paul took cour- e: he saw why he must see Rome. The iency of Paul's treatment continued. o doubt when Julius delivered up the soner to the captain of the guard, he d something of Paul and of his won- rful life and prayers during the voyage, Paul was not placed in the common son, but dwelt by himself with a soldier at kept him.

Thus we see that Paul's voyage towards me was not regarded by him as a kind interregnum in his service, a kind of liday, when he could relax a little. here are Christians who, when they ke a time of rest, do relax, and act in me ways differently from their usual stoms, when all eyes are upon them in eir Christian work. But a man or wo- an who can thus change cannot say th truth, "Not I live, but Christ liveth me," for Christ is not one thing at one ne, and another thing at another time. hrist in Paul when he preached, was hrist in Paul when he labored at his ade, and Christ in Paul on board ship, d Christ in Paul under guard in Rome. here was invariably in him the seen and lt presence of his Master. He always, d in all circumstances, acknowledged d honored God.

Arrived in Rome, he, after three days, lled the chief of the Jews together, to ve an account of himself as having been ought prisoner to Rome. He showed em how in Jerusalem he was delivered er to the Romans for judgment, and en he brought out the burden of his eart. "For this cause, therefore, have I alled for you, to see you, and to speak ith you, because for the hope of Israel I m bound with this chain." The Jews eclared that they had received no letter oncerning him from Judea, neither had ny of the Jews from thence showed or oken any harm of him, although it was vident that they had heard of him. But," they said, "we desire to hear of ee what thou thinkest; for, as concern- g this sect, it is known to us that every- here it is spoken against."

The church had come into the heritage f her Lord. "If they have persecuted e, they will also persecute you; if they ave kept my sayings, they will keep ours also; but all these things will they o unto you for my name's sake, because hey know not Him that sent me." The ews appointed a day, and there came nany to Paul's lodging; to whom he ex- ounded and testified the kingdom of God. He expounded the Scripture on wo points; one was to explain the spirit- al nature of the Kingdom of God, prom- sed in the Old Testament: the other vas to show Jesus the promised Messiah.

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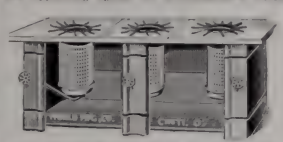

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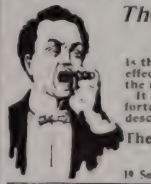

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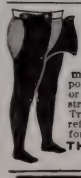

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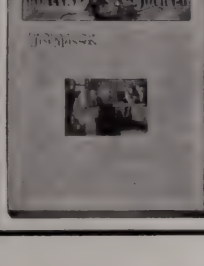

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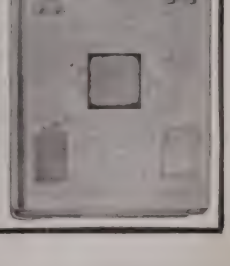

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SEE PAGE 498

Arab Coffee-Drinkers at a Street Cafe in Damascus

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

B. H. W., Norfolk, Va. In a Baltimore paper of a recent date, late in April or early in May, I saw the following declaration as coming from Bishop Foster, made at a banquet given by the Sugar Trust, and uttered during the McKinley campaign. These are the words ascribed to him: "Rather than see Bryan elected, I would be willing to go to sea in a boat of stone, with oars of iron, sails of lead, and with the wrath of God as a breeze and hell as my port!!!" Can that be a true statement?

No, it is not true. Bishop Foster never made any statement on the subject. The Pittsburg *Christian Advocate* gives an authoritative explanation, in which it says that the charge was made that Bishop Fowler used the language quoted on the occasion in question. We quote from the Pittsburg paper:

The bishop made no such statement with reference to Mr. Bryan. He was speaking of imperialism, and said in substance this: "Imperialism! It is absurd. The President cannot resist the will of the people, the will of Congress. They have decreed what has been done, and no man can resist them. I should not dare undertake it. To quote the language of a Chicago orator: 'I'd rather go to sea with a boat of stone, with sails of lead, with oars of iron, with the wrath of God as a gale, and hell for a port.'" The striking and extravagant language was not original with the bishop, but was used by a brilliant Chicago lawyer when President Johnson was accused of resisting the will of the American people.

Reader, Portsmouth, Va. Please inform me where I can obtain the words of an old prophecy, commencing, I think, this way, "Carriages without horses shall go."

The words are attributed to Mother Shipton, who is said to have been born in Yorkshire, England, about 1486. She was regarded as a prophetess or witch. She died in 1561. Her identity, and even her existence, are in dispute, and the so-called prophecies attributed to her are believed to have been hoaxes, written at a much later period.

W. H. H., Whiteside, Tenn. If the ten commandments are intended to govern our lives why do we not keep the seventh day holy instead of the first?

If you are satisfied with basing your Christian life on the ten commandments you are logical in keeping the seventh day. In this age you should have reached a higher plane. Christ's teaching shows you that "Thou shalt not," is a mere negative religion. You need to go beyond that, and to enter into the new revelation which calls for positiveness and spiritual activity. The absurd literalism which clings to a particular day is of a piece with the other formalism that makes these Pharisees not Christians. We keep the first day holy, because it commemorates the resurrection of Christ, which set us free from all the Jewish ritual. The law was "the schoolmaster to bring us to Christ" and we will not leave him to go back to the old laws which have been superseded by the better Gospel.

John W. H., Washington, D. C. What does the statue on the dome of the Capitol of the United States represent? Is it an Indian woman? Who is she?

The figure on the dome of the Capitol building at Washington is a bronze statue of Liberty, designed by Thomas Crawford, the artist, and was cast at Bladensburg, Md. It is over nineteen feet high and weighs seven and a half tons. It cost twenty-four thousand dollars, and was set in place on Dec. 2, 1863.

R. L. C., Hominy Creek, N. C. 1. When a man is conscious of hating sin; when he enjoys the society of Christians and rejoices over the salvation of sinners; and when he earnestly seeks to live as Christ would have him live—may he regard himself as converted, even though he cannot designate the time when the great change occurred? 2. Ought remorse for past sin prevent such a person taking part in Christian work? 3. What is the meaning of the statement (Rom. 9: 18), that God hardens certain people?

1. The evidences you cite are, to our mind, strong ground for believing that conversion has taken place. They imply a change of nature such as the new birth produces. The mere question of not being able to designate a time is of no moment. In some cases the change is so gradual as to be imperceptible. The difference is seen only when one looks back to a time when an altogether opposite condition of mind existed. A new test can now be applied in growth. If the divine life is there, as we believe it is, it will bear fruit in such graces as the Apostle cites in Galatians, 5: 22, 23. 2. The memory of past sin should produce humility. It should not lead, as it often does, to self-glorification and boasting; but it should never be an obstacle to Christian work. It should rather be an incentive to it. Such a person is often specially qualified to rescue others, because he knows, by sad experience, their state of mind. 3. The goodness of God, when it is resisted, has inevitably a hardening effect. The same result is often seen in families. A boy of fine spirit, who is forgiven for wrongdoing, is won over to a better life. A bad boy forgiven, is liable to rejoice at getting off easily and going on in evil, feeling sure of receiving forgiveness. The father's kindness produces opposite effects in the two boys. God hardens no man's heart; the man hardens himself, by trusting that he will escape punishment always, because he has done so heretofore. We know that Paul's words carry the other meaning, but if you read the previous and the following chapter, you will see that he is quoting objections to his argument, for the sake of answering them.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOK DEPT.
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Subscriber, Topeka, Kan. I saw in a book of travels recently, a reference to the tomb of Eve. Is there in existence a tomb reputed to be the grave of the mother of all living?

The tomb you refer to is near Jeddah, in Arabia. The Mohammedans reverence the memory of Eve and have built a mosque over the grave. Two parallel walls three feet high and 370 feet long are supposed to enclose the grave, and at its foot two date palms have been planted. Within the mosque there is a stone which is said to cover the actual place of sepulture. It has been worn thin by the kisses of reverent pilgrims, who for centuries have visited the grave. Of course, the idea that Eve is buried there is nonsense.

Mrs. W. S. A., Sherman, Ala. 1. What do rose bushes and all kinds of shrubbery need when alive but at a complete standstill? Grape vines in the same yard, the same way, haven't grown over a foot and a half in two years. Running roses not over two feet, while one alone put out at the same time, and getting the same attention, has reached the top of the house and put out a great many branches. 2. Why, in so many hens' eggs, instead of hatching, does the shell come off, leaving the skin dry around the chicken, which always dies when the egg-shell comes off that way?

This letter we referred to W. Atlee Burpee & Co., the famous Philadelphia seed producers, who answer:

1. In all probability, the cause of the rose-bushes and shrubbery being at a "standstill" is that these are in need of fertilizing and feeding up, so as to promote renewed growth, especially as the lady refers to the more recently set vines and bushes making a satisfactory growth. Let her put a liberal application of well-rotted manure about the roots of the dormant plants and trim them back slightly so as to start a new strong growth. If possible, the manure should be dug into the soil carefully so as not to injure the roots of the plants, and if the soil has been washed away from the roots to any extent and they are exposed on the surface of the ground, it would be well to put on sufficient good soil about the roots to entirely cover them from view. In trimming back, merely shorten the two or three best shoots on each plant or bush to about two feet in height and then trim out all dead wood and any other weaker branches or vines so as to throw the entire strength of the plant into making strong, fresh shoots or vines. 2. Regarding the dry skin inside the egg adhering to the young chickens when hatching, we would state that in our opinion this indicates a lack of sufficient moisture when the eggs are hatching. Under natural conditions, the birds lay their eggs or make their nests on the soil, which serves to keep the shell of the egg comparatively moist, and where hens are sitting in box nests, two or three inches of fresh soil should be put in the bottom of the nest when preparing it for sitting, to furnish a supply of moisture at this season of the year. It is also an excellent plan to moisten the eggs one or two days before they are expected to hatch.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. What does the term Renaissance, so often used by lecturers, signify?

The literal meaning is a new birth. It is used generally in reference to the revival of something that has fallen dormant. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are often referred to by that name, on account of the revival of letters and art then witnessed. The style of architecture known by that name also dates from the fifteenth century. It was a transition period, marked by mental activity in all directions.

O. C. C., Millstadt, Ill. 1. How many soldiers were assigned to guard Paul? Acts 12: 4 says four quaternions. How many soldiers would that be? 2. The same verse mentions Easter; was Easter observed at that time?

1. A quaternion consisted of four soldiers. There would, therefore, be sixteen soldiers engaged in guarding Paul. Probably a quaternion relieved another every six hours. 2. Probably not, and certainly not by anyone besides Christians. The Greek word translated "Easter," is *pascha*. It should have been translated the Passover, and it is so given in the Revised Version. The translators of the Authorized Version were more familiar with Easter than with Passover, and as the two are celebrated at the same time, they used the word most familiar to them.

Edith, Minneapolis. What is the origin of the prejudice against being married in the month of May?

Two sources of the superstition are assigned. One is that as April was consecrated to Venus and June to Juno it was a slight to both these mythological beings to pass by the months over which they presided and take the month between. The other origin is that during the month of May occurred, under the Roman rule, the festival of Lemuria, when oblations were made to the lemurs, or spirits of wicked men. During the celebration women took no baths, left off their ornaments and used no cosmetics. It would consequently have been deemed a lack of good taste on the part of a Roman girl to be married in May. Whether either of these is the correct source of the prejudice we cannot be sure. A prejudice easily arises, and is confirmed when some instance like that of Mary Queen of Scots, who married Bothwell in May, seems to give proof of it being true.

Mrs. J. B., Portland, Ore. Is the following quotation correct, and where can it be found?

> The cares that infest the day
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away.

The quotation is from Longfellow's *The Day is Done*.

A reader, Kansas. As a child, I was trained to think that gum chewing was a disgusting habit, and not to be tolerated in company. Lately some very good friends of mine, have chewed gum during church and Sunday School. Am I behind the times in considering this ill-bred, or is this one of the latest accomplishments?

It is a habit not tolerated among well-bred people, at any time, and which, if indulged at all, should only be indulged in the privacy of the home. To chew gum in church is altogether inexcusable, and argues a total lack of reverence and proper decorum.

Praying Believer, Philadelphia, Pa. When a Christian desires something very much, ought he to be content with presenting it to God in prayer and there leave it, or should he press the matter in frequent prayer?

It depends largely on the character of the object. We can imagine a man praying for prosperity, or for relief from physical suffering, or that some trial might be removed. In such prayers, the thought must enter that perhaps the blessing sought might not be in accord with God's will, that possibly the burden that we want relieved has been laid upon us as a discipline, and will be removed when its object is gained. Paul's prayer for the removal of the "thorn in the flesh" was of this kind. He besought the Lord thrice for it, but the prayer was not granted. In such cases it is best to leave the prayer with the Lord and wait his time. On the other hand, the prayer for the conversion of some beloved child or friend, the prayer for guidance and Christlikeness and similar prayers, may be continually offered and persistence is encouraged.

Miscellaneous Questions

Lola, E. G., Wesley, Me. We have never seen it.

W. H. E., Pawtucket, R. I. We know of no such book.

L. O. H., Weltonville, N. Y. Write to A. B. Fitt, Moody Institute, Chicago.

Reader, Little Rock, Ark. We know of no special use to which these stamps can be put. Write to a numismatist.

Reader, Pawnee City, Neb. We have no opinion on the matter. If it be the Lord's work, it will stand; if not, it must eventually collapse.

Missionary L. Clemann of the A. S. S. U. at Lawton, Okla., can use good religious papers, tracts, etc., in his Gospel work. They can be sent to him at Lawton by mail, express or freight.

Mrs. Capt. Marsters, St. Martins, Can., writes to ask if any reader of this journal can send her a copy of the poem entitled "One of Many," the first lines of which are:

> Along the wayside path
> She comes a slender form.

E. S. T., Riley Miss. 1. The population, 1900, was 76,303,387. The census of 1900 was taken under the direction of Wm. R. Merriam, the head of the Census Bureau. 2. We know nothing about the offer of prizes for guesses as to population.

Miss Kate F., Englewood, N. J. Alexander Fletcher was a celebrated Scotch divine, born, 1787; died, 1860. His *Guide to Family Devotions* was very popular at one time, but is now little known. It was published about 1840-50. Your copy has probably been rebound.

Reader, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Mwanga, who died in exile lately, was seventeen years ago king of Uganda, and ruler over 1,000,000 subjects. He had an army of 25,000 men. It was in consequence of Mwanga's relentless hatred of the white men that Bishop Hannington lost his life in Uganda in 1885.

A. L. H., Kinston, N. C. Tobacco and snuff seem to have been unknown in Scripture times. Like all other things in nature, they doubtless have their own uses: but their consumption in smoking, chewing and snuffing is a vice, unhealthy and foul, and consequently to be avoided by right thinking people.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE CHURCH ON THE "CANOE" A MOUNTAINEER AND HIS FAMILY A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN CABIN

A LOG COLLEGE *FOR* MOUNTAINEERS

General O. O. HOWARD Writes of His Latest Journey Through the Wild Kentucky Hills

OUR company of six divided at Louisville, Ky.; a part to go straight to Cumberland Gap, in order to attend the exercises of what we call the Commencement of Lincoln Memorial University, situated at that bird-nest centre of mountains. My friend, a young lawyer of Boston, Mr. Frederick C. Chamberlin, and General Howard were to begin a long-contemplated ride up the forks and valleys of the Kentucky River, to the highest points of the ranges, and thence go over to the Lincoln Memorial, some sixty miles further, there to rejoin their friends. One object was to fulfil a promise to be present at the opening of a Log College on this Squabble Creek. Another object will appear in a brief statement of how best to give an honest lift to the mountain youth whose parents have had a hard struggle in life. In my judgment, our great givers to the mountain work of education have been persistently led in a mistaken way. They are told, by leaders and educators, "to stir up interest by great meetings in the large centres of the Southern and border States." The interest is already stirred up. Plans are already formed, and workers are occupying portions of the extensive field. What is needed is means to push forward the campaign already begun, not to waste money where it will never reach the people for whom it is intended.

If the liberal givers are led in vain to stir up interest by public meetings and much writing, let not those who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD make the same mistake. Whatever they give should be given directly to the work already in hand.

Dr. E. O. Guerrant, the president of one of the most effective of the mountain spiritual enterprises, which now supplies over fifty stations in the most needy parts of these mountains with genuine, hard-working teachers, having just returned from a long journey in the interest of his work, met us at Wilmore, Ky. We enjoyed the hospitality of his home for an evening and morning. Then we were off through Lexington and on towards Jackson, just now famous in feud developments. At the last station, Elkatawa, we stopped. As Dr. Guerrant could not come himself, he sent with us a member of his family who knows the route, and the people, almost as well as the doctor himself does.

It will be remembered by your readers how we gathered the people—men, women and children—at Athol, the Parmelee cottage, and at Elkatawa, where was the torn tent. This time, we only searched among the farmers for a horse and mules to carry us over the hills; but we were made to feel that we were friends. The mountains coming down close to the valleys are cleared part way up on the sides; but the trees on top and all along are so abundant that they seem a continuous forest. Men, women and children, sometimes with mules and ploughs, and sometimes with hoes only, are putting in the corn. Everybody is cheerfully at work. We felt some twinges of pity to see the women who have the care of numerous children, working in the fields,—this always in addition to their ceaseless care of the household and the children. Their burdens are too heavy, and will certainly be lightened as true knowledge of ways and means creeps up the valleys and brightens the crests of these mountains.

At Canoe we were royally entertained. Every settler far and near was using his horses or his mules, still we were generously provided with mounts, and a hearty "God speed you!" General Howard had to go about half a mile after dark along the bed of a creek. Charlie Callahan, a boy of fourteen, guided him: he led him by the hand over rough places and found the stepping-stones in the stream: he prevented his falling down the steepest places where others had been hurt: he hushed the barking dogs at Turners; and he said, as he delivered him safely back at the lodging place, "I've holped you some, I reckon." Dear little fellow! He wouldn't even take "a tip," but just wanted to do a kindness. This I find to be universal among the boys and girls of the mountains.

At Crockettsville, Berry Turner, the masterful man of whom I wrote before, and the venerable preacher and teacher, Dr. Saunders, met us at the horse block with offer of hospitality. There the good wife had a dinner for us near eleven o'clock, and little Matilda the ten-year-old child, sang to her cabinet organ and played marvelously, though hardly able yet to read a note.

Provided well with a mount and with a guide in John Turner—a lad of thirteen years—we were soon ascending the ruggedest steeps, and in a couple of hours we were passing the broadest of open fields, lying up against the sides of the mountains, with the whole force of the people up there in picturesque dresses preparing the ground or planting. We emerged into the region of Squabble Creek.

I wish I could describe it. Where Dr. Guerrant with Miss Louise Saunders, and where General Howard had, last September, selected a site in the broadest valley, with hills and valleys all around, we now found the Log College, which Miss Louise had promised, already constructed. It was a great surprise to me: so large, so handsome, so well made. Already there appears a main building very properly named "Guerrant Hall," with four nice, airy rooms, with furniture of home construction. The main auditorium, which is not yet finished, holds the entire upper story. Just think of it! In each of the four lower rooms were the students, running in age from six years to eighteen, and each room had an instructor. The Rev. Mr. Murdoch and his wife (Miss Louise is now Mrs. Murdoch), with two other teachers, make this a lively and happy place. As we stand on the front porch and look southward, we notice that pretty foothill, a little detached, crowned with bright green foliage, and the church, which had the bell, not far from the top. Last fall this was a school, a church, and a general assembly-room, where the people for ten miles around constantly met; but now it is only the church. One of the forks of the Kentucky river winds in and out beneath the high mountains, and is fringed all along with a great variety of trees. Nothing in nature could be more beautiful than this region. This very morning, the trees far and near were sparkling in the fresh sunlight, while the mists were rising, and the air was filled with sweet songsters.

MOUNTAIN BOYS LITTLE MANDY THE HEART OF THE CUMBERLANDS

standing, who conducted a Mission which she was 13

The land is more fertile, and more of it is nearer horizontal than vertical, than any we have seen in our journey since we left Athol. One of the largest houses is Mr. Gross's, and the neighborhood is called Gross. He has a new store of general merchandise which has been finished since I was here last fall. Mr. Gross has a large family, but seems able to accommodate travelers who ride along the horse-paths. Some of the roads are called wagon-roads; but it is a marvel how a wagon can get over the hills, and along the rocky beds of the streams.

At the opening of the college, which Mr. Murdock has named Witherspoon College, Rev. Dr. Saunders and his wife were present the first day, and our entire party was present the second day. When Mrs. Saunders returned to Crockettsville, she rode in a wagon over the mountains; but I am sure she had to walk at many parts of the roadway. It is a mystery to me how any wagon can hold together, bumping over these rugged rocks.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 493

THE
American Pulpit

...SERMON BY...

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

of the Jefferson Park
Presbyterian Church, Chicago

A Minister's Joys

TEXT—Psalms 16: 6:

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places."

DIFFERENT occupations often imply different enjoyments. All varieties of flowers do not thrive equally well under the same colored glasses. The amusements which would be exhilaration and restful relaxation for the physician, may be drudgery and irritation for the merchant. The owls and the bats turn their days into nights, and their nights into day. The eagles and the hawks do not circle about in the heavens unless they can heat their feathers by the flaming fires of the sun. The inhabitant of one home may be deaf and blind to the pleasures surrounding another fireside.

In the backwoods I best learned this interesting lesson. With my family I was spending a summer vacation in the country. In a row-boat, far from a railroad station, I was tracing the bendings and windings of a little river. Suddenly, at a turn of the stream, we came to a small house nestling under the protecting branches of the tall trees. I found there a woman living practically alone. She had no children. All day long her husband was off to work. I said to her, "This is an awful place to live! You must be lonely and heartsick, with no companionship." "Oh no," she answered. "I am never alone. I have hundreds of friends who call and talk to me every day. Do you see that little nest just at the end of my porch? Well, last spring the mother bird came here as a bride, and asked me if she could build her home there, and I said yes. Then she talked and chattered on all the time she was building it. She brought me her husband and introduced me to him. She told me when the eggs were laid, and when the eggs were hatched. She is one of my friends. Then, just over there, under that bank, a muskrat has his home, and is raising his family. He comes out every little while and blinks at me and talks in the sign language. Then, there are my friends the wild-flowers, and my friends the chickens, and my friends the fish which I feed at the dock. Then the river itself is a friend of mine. It has a language of murmurs and gurgles to which I listen, and when I get tired and weary I am soothed by its sympathy. Oh no, do not pity me for being alone. My enjoyments are perhaps not your enjoyments, but they are many, very many. I would not exchange my life for that of any one I know." Happy woman that. Happy, because she was in the place where she could use the qualities with which God had endowed her. Happy, because, like a bee, she was able to find every flower filled with nectar for her lips. Happy, because every tree branch was to her a choir-loft, in which a master soloist was singing the sweetest song in all his repertoire.

The Happiest of Occupations

Well, my friends, as I needlessly pitied that poor woman living in the backwoods, there are hundreds and thousands of people commiserating the supposed unhappy lot of a Gospel minister. These sympathetic commiserations have become widespread. There are hundreds, aye thousands of young men, who might otherwise have volunteered for service in the Christian pulpits, have been deterred on account of them, from consecrating themselves to the Gospel ministry. Now I want to speak specially this morning to the young men who are graduating from our colleges and schools, and if they have adopted this view of the Christian ministry being a joyless, gloomy life, I want to set them right. I make a direct appeal to the young men to enter the Gospel pulpit, because it offers the happiest, the most blessed, and the most exhilarating life on earth. I am going to make this plea with autobiographical authority, by showing the kindnesses and the sympathies which have surrounded me, from the day of my ordination down to the present time.

The first objection generally made to the occupation of a minister, is that it is not a money-making profession. That is true; but it does offer something far better in the joy of noble consecration. We have all at some time proved the truth of Christ's words, that it is better to give than to receive. When the bower-bird of love builded her home for the first time in our hearts, we immediately tried to manifest that love in many different ways. We laid at the feet of our lady-love our gifts, as the wise men from the East came to the Manger with their presents of gold, and frankincense and myrrh. We manifested our love in the little attentions we daily bestowed, and in the letters we would write. As time passed on, we again manifested that love in the engagement ring which we tremblingly placed upon the finger of our future bride. Has any money we have since earned ever given us such joy as that which came to us in the happiness of her smile, in the welcome of her voice, and in the knowledge that we were winning her affections in return for our affections. My young friend, did you ever stop to consider that the Christian minister has such joys as these, which make the acquisition of a fortune appear in comparison low and sordid? Apart from the rewards that God gives to the faithful minister, there is a joy in the self-surrender, in the consecration of our whole lives to Christ, who laid down his life for us.

The true artist has a deep sense of the inspiring exhilaration, when he surrenders his life to his art. Only the other day a young man left my Chicago church to go to Europe and study in the foreign Art schools. I said to him, "Why do you follow this profession? In all probability you will only eke out of it a bare living. You will have years and years of financial struggle ahead." "I know it," he answered, with a smiling face, "but though I may not make much money, I shall have a higher reward than money. I would be willing to live all my life in poverty if I could only continue to know the joy of trying to interpret the higher message of the soul in the language of colors."

Not Measured by Money

The true soldier does not think of money, the mere question of money, when he surrenders his life to the service of his country. In all probability he will never have anything to live on, but a mere pittance of a salary. Yet, he willingly dons the soldier's uniform. He willingly promises to suffer and starve and, if need be, to die for his country's good. While promising to make this sacrifice, he feels happy in the resolve. Cannot the minister in the same way feel the exhilaration of a noble consecration? I know that the compensations of the Gospel minister cannot be estimated by the standard of mere money. I know there are many men preaching week by week in the pulpit, who, if they had entered the law or a mercantile life, would have an annual income of five, ten times the income that they receive as ministers. But does not the joy of giving your whole life to the service of Jesus Christ bring some rewards higher than money? Does not the thought that you are trying to save men, and comfort men, and bring men to the Saviour whether you are standing by the opened casket, or by the sick bed, or on the street, or in the pulpit, give you transcendent, and at times almost overwhelming joys.

That these spiritual rewards are real and satisfying is demonstrated by the fact that the ministers are the only class of men who, as a rule, want their sons to follow in their own footsteps, and their daughters to marry men of their own profession. If you go to an average lawyer, and ask him what he would like his sons to be, he answers, "Almost anything, rather than a lawyer;" to a physician, anything but a doctor; to a newspaper man, anything but an editor; to a merchant, and you will often find him struggling and saving so that he can give his boys a college education, for entrance into some professional career. But a consecrated minister invariably wants his sons to enter the Gospel ministry. If you ask your pastor this question: "What would you like your son to be?" he will in all probability answer: "Well, I would not like to persuade my boy to be a minister. If he becomes a minister, I do not want him to be a man-made, but a God-made minister. But if the Holy Spirit should ever work upon his heart, I think the happiest day of my life would be when I could hear him preach in a Christian pulpit. May God give me this joy." When some one asked Henry Ward Beecher why he entered the Gospel ministry, he answered: "I could not help it. Who ever heard of Lyman Beecher's son doing anything else but preach?" The reason all those boys became preachers was because Lyman Beecher instilled into their hearts what the joys of the Christian ministry might be. Over half of my seminary classmates were the sons of ministers. The happiest day in my father's life, I believe, was the day he preached my ordination sermon, and finished it in a voice trembling with emotion, and with eyes moist with tears of rapturous joy. Oh, young men, who feel to-day the yearnings for the Gospel ministry, I know, that if consecrated, you will have the happiest, most joyful, and the noblest professional life that is now open to any Christian man.

Influence Invested

But the joy of self surrender is not the only reward. The Gospel ministry affords more opportunities for usefulness than any other profession. Every true man wants to make the most of his earthly life. If he has ten talents, he wants to use them where they will be most effective; if he has only one one talent he wants to make that one talent useful. Like a capitalist, he wants to invest his mental and spiritual talents where the investment is sure, and where he can get the most returns for the principal invested. Where can a cons crated, educated young man have more influence f good than in the Christian ministry?

When the young man graduates from the theologic seminary, he immediately takes his place at the head a country or city church. What does that mean? Sin ply this: The young man immediately becomes th leader of a consecrated band of Christian workers, wh are ready to work for Christ in any way the young past directs. It means that his individual personal influenc is doubled, trebled, quadrupled, aye, a hundred-fold i creased by the consecrated band of workers who we come him into his new charge. It means that by th power of his Christian

Colaborers Working With Him

and for him, he can in time absolutely dominate a whol region for good. Study the history of Jonathan Ed wards in Northampton, Massachusetts. Study Lyma Beecher's ministerial career in Litchfield, Connecticu After he had been for a short time in his new parsonag a mighty revival swept over that town. When som one congratulated him on the results, he answered "Do not congratulate me. It is not my work, but tha of the two hundred and fifty consecrated praying me and women who are working by my side." Study th life of Moses Hoge of Richmond, and of the late Doc tor Palmer of New Orleans. "But," says some youn man, "why do you cite the careers of great men? I an not a great man, and never will be." The same Gospe success which came to these consecrated men upon a large scale, can come to you, a consecrated young min ister, upon a smaller scale. Young man, I tell you that it is impossible for any consecrated minister, either in the country or the city, to be surrounded by a praying, work ing band of faithful followers, and not have his life tel mightily for good in the region in which he lives. Ought not such an influence for good bring a joy, a rapturous joy, in the heart of Christ's preachers? Cannot all truly consecrated Gospel ministers, on account of the infinite opportunities of usefulness which have been opened to them, joyfully chorus the glad pæan which was once sung by the sainted Horatius Bonar:

I thank thee, Lord, for using me
For thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

For those to whom, through me, thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given;
For some, it maybe, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.

The Gospel ministry is a profession whose members are treated with respect and universal kindness. How with respect? The very lowest and most depraved are generally silenced at their approach. When the minister comes around, the blasphemer's lips are closed, the lewd story is untold, the evil thought is unexpressed. When the Catholic priest, on an errand of mercy, enters the lowest dive, every head uncovers, and every cursing tongue is stilled.

Sympathy Assured

How with kindness? Because from the very moment you step into it, there are scores and hundreds of people who will do everything in their power to make your life happy. When installed in a charge, the church reception will show you how many friends you have, and how welcome you are. When your baby is sick, there are always many sympathizers to come around and bring the flowers, and, if necessary, help in nursing. When the autumnal fruits arrive, there are the tokens of love in gifts of jellies and apples. There are the Christmas presents of chairs, and other knickknacks. These gifts may not have much money value, but they show the true beatings of the hearts of a loving and sympathetic people. An aged reformer of England, when dying, was asked what was the greatest want of this world. He answered, "Sympathy." The true Gospel minister rarely feels the need of this gift. He has the sympathy of his people in his church work. He finds heartfelt sympathy, wherever he goes. I know that there are certain churches unsympathetic and mean. I know there are some churches which were started in fiendish rows, and are now contemptible churches, and have ill-treated their ministers for generations. But these mean churches are the exceptions—the rare exceptions. The vast majority are filled with good men and women, who are doing all they can for their ministers. At great personal sacrifice, they are denying themselves in many ways to show their pastors love and kindness. It is into such a happy fellowship of pulpit and pew

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A LOG COLLEGE FOR MOUNTAINEERS

Continued from page 491

At the opening of the college, the farmers far and near left their planting, and came in their best "outfits" to participate in the exercises, parents and children together. You see, then, that the interest is intense, and could not be heightened by a meeting in Richmond, Va. If you know your geography, you will see that Richmond is a long way from Squabble Creek. I know that Squabble Creek is not on the map; but the Kentucky river and the forks which come from little springs in the very tops of these mountains, are put down on the map in little crooked lines which do not indicate much, till one has taken a ride through this most picturesque region.

Dr. Saunders made the speech at the opening. He told too, how Pennsylvania was developed, little by little, to become what it is to-day, rich in every resource; and he showed that these portions of Kentucky, and Tennessee, and the Cumberland country,—have as great natural advantages as Pennsylvania. There is nothing that Pennsylvania produces, which may not be found here in equal abundance. The different varieties of timber which in spring time are floated down the forks and into the broader rivers, in long rafts: the railroad ties which furnish the whole country: the coal which crops out on every hand; the oil wells that are appearing here and there, crowning the hills like towers of observation; the raising of vegetables and grains; the sheep, the hogs, the cattle, and every product, animal and mineral, of use to man. There is indeed, nothing in the line of fruit-raising which is found in the temperate zone, that cannot be planted in many of these valleys. Here and there, there are already the nicest of orchards and vineyards springing up. The light is breaking in through such missionaries as Dr. Saunders, Mr. Murdock and others, with the intensely active and energetic E. O. Guerrant behind them.

Of course, the first care of the missionary is to reach the minds and souls of the people, particularly of the youth. Mr. Murdoch, at the opening, gave his hearty attention to these things, namely, the culture of the mind and the heart. The people have already responded generously to every call. With very little to give, they have already given the land—good, broad space, where little land can be spared; they have furnished the lumber and hauled it to the grounds and watched every step, from the first breaking of the soil to the putting on of the roof of the main building, with indescribable interest. They are doing what all our institutions are doing -- they are preparing the way, and before three years, will be sending out capable teachers, who know the mountains and the mountain folk.

From Cumberland Gap, from the Harrow Hall and the Grant-Lee Hall, we have already sent out into thirty-eight districts, thirty-eight well prepared teachers. From Berea College to Grant Lee Hall is one hundred and ten miles. From this, Witherspoon College will be but fifty or sixty miles. The former two are linked by a railway. These two will some day be

MOUNTAINEERS ON THE "UPPER QUICKSAND"

linked by a railway. These three institutions may be noticed as each at the apex of a triangle. The triangle is the strongest figure in architecture. You will like the thought that here is a triangulation for the upbuilding of humanity, for the winning and the saving of the souls of men.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when all the children and young people were called together into one of the four rooms of the college, rather closely packed on the rough benches, for comfort. There were about sixty of them. It was a pretty picture, these children, with their teachers, and the soldier organ. There was one good lady to play, and another to stand full of interest and enthusiasm, with just a little tinge of possessing care in her face, to lead their songs. General Howard and his friends, with the coat of the service still upon them, were warmly welcomed. First, a few sanna of praise to Him from whom all blessings flow. Then followed Mr. Murdoch's very pleasant introduction, stating how General Howard had participated in the beginnings of the college during last September, and how he had promised to return and be present at the opening of the institution. Then one of the bright children whose photograph is presented to our readers.

The General then endeavored to talk to them in a manner and language that they could all comprehend. He spoke of his trip and of the friends who had come with him. He spoke of the past and present, and the hope of the future. He obtained quick responses from the children, though many of them were too bashful to speak out; and when he wanted to make a point, or leave an impression, he would first give an expression of it, and then have the children repeat it two or three times. At last he gave them a motto, telling them that little story about a gentleman who said that the four words of the motto which his mother taught him had always been the means of the greatest good to him. They were the four words which Hagar spoke when, after great sorrow and fear, hope sprang up in her heart, as she said, "Thou God seest me." The children said those words over and over again, and the General promised to send them this motto, in good form, that they might see it and remember it always. After prayer and singing, including the repeating of our Lord's Prayer together, all of the young people, little and big, met General Howard at the door and took his hand.

It is a beautiful opening; a well-spring in the mountains, and I am sure will be a compensation to Dr. Guerrant, who has labored so hard to bring his campaign to the very crest of the mountain tops. Will not all your readers join me in saying: "Lord bless his work," and then send him some help, be it ever so little?

My next letter will take up the new ground of the fifty or sixty miles to Cumberland Gap from the log college Witherspoon College is named in honor of the only clergyman who signed the Declaration of Independence.

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD,
Major-General U. S. Army (Retired).

A MINISTER'S JOYS ✳ A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. ✳ *Continued*

hat I welcome the consecrated young men of this day, by welcoming you into the Gospel ministry.

The Christian ministry is a profession in which the members are shielded from many of the temptations that confront men in other walks of life. Richard Baxter once declared, that the minister had to face the greatest of all daily temptations. He lived in an exceptional period, and I do not believe he would have said so had he been living in this day. Temptations come to the pulpit, but not with the same virulence and bitterness as they assail the pew. The Gospel minister, by his official position, is under the influence of good associates. He has surrounding him, some of the best men and women who are inhabitants of the community in which he lives. These Christians are not only praying for his work, but also for him. We all believe in the power of prayer. Is there to be no direct result upon the minister's life, on account of this spiritual association? When I entered college, two or three different secret societies wanted me to join their organizations. One was composed of men, notorious for their dissipations. They were drinkers, cardplayers, carousers. Another was a poorer society financially, but was composed for the most part of noble Christian boys. I said to myself, "I cannot afford to place myself in a position where I may be surrounded by men who drink and gamble. I will join the society which is poorer financially, but whose spiritual members will lift me up, instead of dragging me down." The consecrated Gospel preacher in the same way, is always surrounded by good men and women, and not by bad. He cannot, if he would, associate with evil companions, or go to questionable amusements, or desecrate the Sabbath. If he did, he would be immediately debarred from his pulpit ministrations. Therefore, my young friend, you should desire to enter the Gospel ministry for these purifying and holy associations that will lift you up, instead of dragging you down.

The Gospel minister has the same temptations as other men! Why, that is absurd. I do not believe I am what I am because I am stronger than other men. I believe I am what I am because God has surrounded me by praying men and women and hemmed me in with noble influences, and bound me hand and foot with the golden manacles of their petitions. If these holy associates should be taken away from my life, I would tremble for what the results might be. Suppose I were a poor farmer, elected to the State Legislature. Suppose the lobbyists wanted to purchase the right of way for a railroad franchise and offered me a $5,000 bribe. Would I take it? I do not say I would; but I thank God Satan has never been able to tempt me with the chance. Suppose I were a Chicago Police Captain on a small salary, living every day in fear that my official head would be decapitated. Suppose that, by shutting my eyes upon a few houses of evil resort, I could have an income of $10,000 per year. Would I take it? I do not say that I would; but I thank God I have never been placed in such a position of temptation where I had the chance. Suppose I wanted to become a physician. Suppose I had to enter one of our modern medical schools in which are crowded, among many students, the infidel, the blasphemous, and the lewd. If I should take such a medical course, would I come out as pure morally as I did after I had lived for three years in a Christian Seminary? My young friend, if God calls you to be a lawyer, or doctor, or legislator, or police captain, or merchant, go ahead and be what He intends you to be. He will give you strength to resist any temptations that may come in your way, if you will, only ask Him. But if He calls you to be a Christian minister, and you deliberately turn a deaf ear to that call, I tremble in reference to your future. I tremble for your spiritual life when you have to face the temptations that beset the average man in the outside world. I tremble when you shall not have the guarding, guiding, protecting influence of praying men about you, such as surrounds the average life of the Christian minister.

The enumeration of the joys of the ministerial life would not be complete if I omitted to speak of the crowning joy which awaits the faithful minister at the end of his earthly career. That is the greatest joy of all, and even though a minister, through some unhappy combination of circumstances, missed some of the joys I have mentioned, he can never miss that. The servant of Christ who has faithfully preached the Gospel, unknown, it may be, to fame, seldom heard of in high places, yet working earnestly for his Master, will one day appear in the presence of his Lord, who has seen and known his humble service all along. What joy will fill that devoted heart when Christ shall say to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Is not that a joy worth working for? That greeting will reach the ears of some who have borne many hardships in the service, some who have toiled in lifelong poverty, in sickness and sorrow, yet persevering to the end in proclaiming the glorious Gospel of the Cross. How those words of appreciation will fill the heart with gladness! Poverty all forgotten! The burdens all lifted! Depreciation all wiped away. The faithful minister enters by royal invitation into the joy of his Lord. Who can describe that joy? It passes human power and is beyond human language. He enters into it and we lose sight of him in the glory which the eyes of men cannot look upon.

I have preached this sermon, showing the joys, the spiritual safeguards, and the infinite usefulness of the Gospel ministry for two distinct reasons. The first, there never was a greater need than at the present time for young men to enter the Gospel pulpit. A few years ago, the capitalist, the statesman, the merchant prince, and leading lawyers considered it an honor to sit in the aldermanic chairs of our great cities. Now, for the most part, these positions are despised by the intellectual and financial leaders, and are filled with professional politicians and men who are weaklings and often dishonest. Once there was a time when the greatest honor that could come to a family was the honor of a son dedicating his life to the Gospel ministry. Now, the current of popular opinion is running counter to this line of noble service. Our strong young men, instead of entering the pulpit, are giving their lives to the law, to merchandise, to railroads, to electrical sciences. Who are to fill the future pulpits of America? "Give us men," cry our theological professors. Their classes are growing smaller year by year. "Give us men," cry the churches; "we cannot get the right kind of men for our pulpits." "Give us men," cry the synodical missionaries. "The harvest is ripe, but the laborers are too few." It is all nonsense for some of our religious writers to declare that the reason our theological students are becoming less and less in number year by year, is because we are now getting quality instead of quantity. The reason our seminaries are becoming depleted, is because the young men who ought to enter the ministry refuse to come. Men! Men! We want men! We need men for the Gospel pulpits, to save the sinful world.

The second reason for preaching this sermon, is that I would appeal to those young men to enter the Gospel ministry who, many years ago, heard the call and who have stifled it by an indifferent wayward life. When my uncle, the devoted missionary, Rev. John Talmage of Amoy, China, was a boy of twelve, he read the life of David Brainerd. After closing the book, he went to my grandmother and said: "Mother, I am going to be a missionary." Time passed on, and he entered college. He lost his high ideal and led an indifferent life. He never mentioned the word minister from that day, until towards the end of his college career. Then the old pledge came back. Then and there, on the night before his graduation from Rutger's College, he gave himself up anew to his glorious Enterprise. Young men, you who have heard this call to the Christian ministry years ago, will you not hear the call now? Will you not be brave enough, noble enough, Christian enough to do what Christ bids you do? The church needs you. Christ calls you. Come, offer your life, and consecrate it at the altar of Christian Ministry.

ALONG THE CANAL

HOLLAND'S NEW *Peace Palace*

THE QUAINT OLD HOTEL DU VIEUX DOELLEN, WHERE FUTURE PEACE CONGRESSES MAY MEET . . . . .

BETWEEN DELFT AND THE HAGUE

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S recent purchase of a valuable estate at the Hague—the Hotel du Vieux Doellen—for the purpose of erecting a great Peace Palace and International Arbitration Library, has this summer directed the attention of American travelers in Holland to the natural beauties of that country, in a greater measure than in preceding years. It was a graceful compliment to Queen Wilhelmina, the hostess of the first Peace Conference, to locate the Peace Palace in her territory.

The Hague is the most charming city in Holland. The Hotel du Vieux Doellen is a homelike resting place, long famous for its cuisine. Here the Peace Commissioners stayed during their congress. All its appointments and service are excellent. Queen Wilhelmina's Palace is only a short distance from the hotel. It is a magnificent structure, filled with choice presents, given to Queen Sophia, and later to Queen Wilhelmina. In one of the salons, at the entrance of the palace, is a table made of Russian malachite, and presented to the late Queen Sophia by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. It cost $150,000. Another present, which stands upon the mantelpiece in the ball-room, was given by the Empress Eugenie of France to Queen Sophia. This is a Sevres china clock and two immense vases. It represents a value of $200,000. The portraits of William the Silent and William III. hang upon the walls of the long gallery, and are most lifelike. The present Emperor of Russia sent a costly table to Queen Wilhelmina, and the King of Italy, a Florentine table of exquisite workmanship, on the occasion of her marriage. In the dining-room of the Queen's private apartments, the furnishings are of greenish hand-embossed velvet, and the carpet and silk tapestry hangings are in light brown, shading to amber. The clock on the mantelpiece belonged to Marie Antoinette, and is very beautiful.

In the cemetery near at hand, DeWett is buried. He wished his coat-of-arms cut upon the slab, but not his name. Such modesty is rare, in these days of vainglory. In some parts of the city, there are still traces of the eight years' war with Spain. The guide delights to tell that the Americans were more fortunate than Holland, because they ended their war with Spain in six months, while poor Holland had to pass through eighty years of trial, but at last was victorious! He adds: "No Spaniard comes here."

The picture gallery at The Hague holds the renowned "Bull," painted by Paul Potter in 1600. There are also some masterpieces by Rembrandt, a perfect picture of "The Virgin and Child," by Murillo, and many others of great beauty.

One of the charming drives at The Hague is Schoeningen, a famous watering-place on the coast. The drive passes under an arbor of trees, and on each side of the road costly residences with beautifully laid out grounds, greet the eye. The "House in the Wood" *(Huis t'en Bosch)*, is one of Queen Wilhelmina's favorite haunts. It is very picturesque and artistic, and she loves to stay here. Her private apartments suggest comfort as well as luxury. Looking out of the windows, you see well-kept gardens and shrubbery, forming a perfect landscape. Striking pictures of the Empress Eugenie, Napoleon III. and U. S. Minister Motley, adorn the exquisite drawing-room. The power to make and keep friends must have been the great charm of Queen Sophia, as everywhere in Holland one finds her name honored and loved.

Though there are many picturesque historical memories clinging around the "House in the Wood," probably that which will longest endure is associated with the Circular Room, where the World's First Peace Congress was held, and the International tribunal formed. Notwithstanding recent wars, the peace idea has taken root and though the "world's peace" is still a beautiful and distant dream, the best minds are looking more hopefully to a brighter day dawning, when all disputes between nations will be settled by an appeal to reason and not a resort to arms.

The Hotel du Vieux Doellen, is beautifully situated in the centre of the Hague. It is not an imposing building on the exterior, except that it covers a whole block. The broad plaza in front is edged with magnificent trees, and just beyond there is a fine drive, which is usually filled with equipages. The government of Holland, having accepted Mr. Andrew Carnegie's offer of erecting a building, to be used as an International Arbitration Library, and also to be the permanent headquarters of the International Court of Arbitration, have selected the site of the Hotel du Vieux Doellen, as the most desirable for this purpose.

Holland, with its windmills, quaint people, rare gems, the gifts of crowned heads of Europe; its history, and its girl Queen, holds a spell over the hearts of the nations that can never be broken. It is the ideal land for the propaganda of the Gospel of peace, that will yet bring the world into perfect accord.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

A HOLLAND DAME

ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE PALACES AT THE DUTCH CAPITAL

A WEE DUTCH MAID

THE ALBANIAN WAR-CLOUD

WITH the subsidence of the Manchurian troubles, Albania looms up, larger than ever, as the centre of disturbance in Eastern Europe. The Rev. Hugh Callan, D.D., has well described Albania as a "land of the mountain and the flood; a land of ancient customs, ancient garb, ancient feuds; a land of clans and tribes, each embittered against the other; a land of individualism, where social right is smothered by the right and might of each individual unit to do as it pleases." Each clan has its hereditary chief, whose authority the Turks have found it prudent to recognize, by giving to them the rank and title of "bey," and each clan is wholly self-governing, both in the administration of justice and its relations to other clans and to the Sultan's representatives. Taxes enforced most oppressively in other parts of the Turkish dominions, are unknown to the Albanian mountaineers, and recruits for the Sultan's armies are obtained by voluntary enlistment, instead of the compulsory system prevalent elsewhere under Ottoman rule. These recruits make the Sultan's best soldiers. Of the million and a half of Albania's population, about one million are Moslems, of European descent, and they are always ready to fight under the banner of the Crescent, for the love of fighting and loot, and not because they hate the Christians, for the Albanian Moslem is far from being a fanatic in religion, and it is said that many of them worship as Christians in secret, while professing Mohammedanism in public.

Now, Austria and Russia have demanded that these Albanians be restrained from lawless attacks on their Christian neighbors, and that they shall be punished for the crimes they commit upon the representatives and subjects of friendly Powers. Whether the Albanian soldier who murdered M. Stcherbina, the Russian consul at Mitrovitza, was or was not executed, is uncertain, but it is easy to understand why the Turkish authorities might hesitate to enforce the sentence in fact, while deceiving Christian Powers with the assurance that it had been carried out. Even the Sultan himself would not be safe against an Albanian blood-feud, or, as the Albanians call it, "taking back blood." The capital punishment of an Albanian would make it imperative on his clan to avenge his death, and the assassination of one or more officers of the Sultan, held responsible for the execution, would almost certainly follow.

The Sultan is aware that in coercing and punishing the Albanians, he is incurring personal danger for himself and his ministers.

The Albanian problem is much more likely than that of Macedonia to involve international differences. There is no European interference with Austria and Russia in dictating to the Sultan as to his course in Macedonia. Italy, on the other hand, will not tolerate Austrian or Russian predominance in Albania. Italy has long regarded Albania as a coming inheritance, and any Italian administration consenting to its occupation by Austria would invite a tidal wave of political rebuke. The Albanians themselves also—at least the Moslem part of them—are more anxious to fight Austrians and Russians than to battle against the Turks, and they would undoubtedly resist to the last any attempt to impose on them the Austrian yoke.

The pressure upon the Sultan, however, by the Christian Powers, has been intensified by the recent murder by Albanians of another subject of the Czar, and sixty thousand Turkish troops are marching to subdue the fierce mountaineers. The latter will, in all probability, make a determined resistance, and perhaps bring about a most perilous international situation.

NORWEGIAN CHURCH, PENSACOLA

LEADING BUSINESS CITIZENS OF PENSACOLA

OLD "CHRIST CHURCH," PENSACOLA

IS PENSACOLA *the* OLDEST CITY?

IN a book on colonial Florida, a recent writer has asserted that Pensacola is four years older than St. Augustine, and he appears to prove his assertion. He denies that it takes its melodious name from a tribe of Indians once located in that vicinity, holding that it comes from the old Spanish port of Peniscola.

AN ANCIENT GATE IN ST. AUGUSTINE

Pensacola Bay was discovered thirty-six years after Columbus discovered America, and was named Santa Maria Bay. From 1540 to 1554 it was the designated base for De Soto's expedition; but the first town was not built till 1559. The place was abandoned in a few years, after having grown to considerable size, and boasting a population of two thousand souls. It was again occupied and rebuilt in 1696, this time around a strong fort named Barancas, and it soon became the seaport, both of the Spanish and French residents in Florida and Louisiana. In 1719, after having been captured a second time by the French, the town was burned; but, being restored to Spain in 1723, the place was rebuilt, for greater security, on Santa Rosa Island, where the bay separated it from the mainland; but a hurricane destroyed it nineteen years later, and the population settled on the present site, on the north side of the bay. The treaty of Paris, in 1763, gave Florida to England, and during the twenty teeming years of British occupation, Pensacola was laid out in wide streets and generous squares. Florida was taken back by Spain in 1781, and the British garrison took ship for Brooklyn. But during the war of 1812 the British were allowed by the Spanish governor to use the port for military and naval operations against us, so Jackson took it and expelled the British, late in 1814. Again, during the Seminole war, 1818, Jackson had to capture Pensacola, because of the hostile attitude and acts of the Spanish officials. Florida was ceded to us in 1821.

Florida is a timbered country, where stone is scarce, and this may account for the surprising fact that not a single structure of any kind remains to mark the British occupation, while the Spaniards have left little else than the ancient gates and fort at St. Augustine, and Fort San Carlos, at Barancas, on Pensacola Bay. Pensacola now has a population of some 20,000.

In the most prominent spot in the city has lately been finished the new Christ Church, on the corner of Palafox and Wright streets, at the head of Court House Square. Very appropriately, it is of the old Spanish Mission style of architecture, and, I was told, is one of the finest churches in the South—certainly, the finest and most attractive in Pensacola. The first service in this church was held on Easter day. The last service was held in the old Christ Church, which is located on Seville Square, in the lower or old part of the city. This edifice was dedicated in 1832, in place of an earlier building, and it stands on the site of the British camp, where waved her standard and the cross of St. George from 1763 to 1783. Many famous people have worshiped in this quaint old church. Ivy, planted so long ago by devoted hands, has quite covered the northern side. Leaving the old church, towering above the modest buildings of the ancient town, with its sound of the breaking surf, I ascended by electric car to the new Christ Church on the hill, beyond which lies the soldiers' monument dominating the modern town, whose pretty homes stretch back among the palms and pines.

The Presbyterian and Baptist churches are attractive buildings, as is that of the Norwegian Seamen's Friend Society, on South Palafox street, near the principal landing.

The name of Florida's most distinguished Indian chief is perpetuated in the title of the Osceola Club, a large and successful social organization, whose peculiarity is the admission of the wives, sisters and mothers of members to associate membership, the club being open to them at all times.

REV. C. Q. WRIGHT.

GOSPEL LIGHT SPREADING *in* CUBA

A JOLLY LOAD OF LITTLE "AMERICANOS"

IT is a pleasant thing to note that while the young Cuban republic is making substantial progress in self-government, the spiritual life of the people is not being neglected. Indeed, all along the line of the various Gospel movements throughout the island there are evidences of progress and encouragement. In less than a year, "El Faro Cristiano" Mission, at Madruga, Havana province, has more than doubled its force of workers. Director J. B. Wood, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as follows: "The Sunday School Union work, for which we are now the representatives in Cuba, consists of tract and Bible distribution, and the forming of Sabbath Schools throughout the country villages, etc.

"Then there are our reading rooms both in Madruga, and Jaruco. The support of these must some time be transferred to the towns, unless some spiritual Carnegie takes hold, and establishes them all over the island. We must drive out darkness with light, fill the people with good thoughts and evil thoughts will not take root easily. In our medical work among the poor, Miss Ketuvah A. Smith has become so interested that she hardly has time to rest. Certainly this branch of the work has been a blessing to many. She practices among the sick poor, and preaches the Gospel as she goes. The direct work of evangelization is our main occupation, and we are very thankful to say that the Cubans are joining heartily in introducing the Gospel to their friends.

"We believe the yuca plant is destined to be a vegetable of great value to Cuba, on account of its growing sale in the American market. It grows as a small tree or tall straggling bush, from six to ten feet high. The root is first boiled and can then be fried, giving it a crispness which is very inviting to the palate.

"You may ask how many of the little party assembled upon the old pony (shown in the photograph), are Americans. All, we believe, and Californians at that. Childhood is everywhere around us, and as we travel from house to house, doing our best to establish Sabbath Schools, we are happy to mix in with the people, big and little, enjoy their pleasures, help in their work, share their sorrows.

"Drunkenness, which is so prevalent in the United States, is hardy known in Cuba. Many would say 'banish it from our land, and it will be Paradise:' but Satan has other ways of getting in his work. There is very widespread trouble here, as the result of the old Spanish church system of extorting excessive marriage fees. Unconsecrated marriages have resulted in large families of mixed blood, the fathers, in many cases, unwilling to acknowledge their real responsibility, and to marry, take refuge in returning to Spain, dividing a portion of their fortune with their children here, and pensioning off the neglected mother. Such cases are coming up before us continually in this inland work. We pray that family life may, in the future, be on a sounder basis in Cuba. We were intensely gratified lately, on finding a very old lady, ninety years of age, who told us she had been redeemed some sixty years, and has 'known her Saviour all the time.' Her two daughters, both blind, seem happy Christians, and we have had some blessed cottage meetings in their home. They knew nothing of the worship of Mary.

"So far we have been able to accommodate all who have come to aid in the work of the 'El Faro Cristiano' Mission, and God grant that we always may. The work has already increased far beyond its present pecuniary resources; but we are willing to trust Him, who in the past has never failed us, and who will raise up friends so that the work may not suffer from lack of support in the future."

Madruga, Cuba. J. B. W.

A CUBAN HOUSE AND FAMILY IN A YUCA-GROWING DISTRICT

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Faith in Prayer

HERE is a letter from one of our readers in Ohio. It is a simple, straightforward letter, such as we are always glad to receive, and as we believe that it expresses an idea which many other readers may feel, we print it below.

OAKDALE, O., May, 1903

I wish some of your readers would tell me through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—those that have asked and received of the Lord—if they asked in *faith*, believing they would receive some time, or some way in God's own time, or if they just asked, with the hope of receiving? Some will say, "they asked and trusted." Do they mean by the word "trust," faith that their desires *will* be granted, or does "*trust*" mean the same as "hope"? My mind has been very much perplexed over those two words, "faith" and "trust," and I would like to become enlightened. J. L.

There is a wide difference between Faith and Hope. Hope may doubt; Faith never will, for it is the confidence that He who has promised will be faithful to perform. Hope is human, and appeals to the natural man; Faith is divine, and appeals to our spiritual nature alone. It is developed in the soul through prayer more largely than through any other means. By prayer we come nearer to the Heavenly Father. And when the earnest soul pours out its petitions in Jesus' name, it quickly discovers that it has entered upon a spiritual path untrodden before, and which leads clear up to the Throne.

It is one of the sweet and mysterious surprises of the Christian religion to find that our prayers are heard and answered. We realize that some new power, not our own, is influencing our life, and that we must strive to attune that life to nobler and purer harmonies. We feel that God is training and developing our faith through prayer—that it grows by the spiritual exercise, and that the privilege of presenting our needs in Jesus' name, is, indeed, a very great one. In ancient royal courts, the presentation by a suppliant of a signet ring, given to him by a son of the monarch, procured for him whatsoever he desired of the King. So, when the prayers of the believer, uttered in faith, are hallowed with the name of Jesus, they win instant acceptance in the court of Heaven.

Faith is the essence of prayer; faith in Christ's promise and in the Father's willingness to honor the royal pledge: "That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you." He who waits on God continually feels the power of the prayer of faith, and is amazed at that power, which comes of resting on the Saviour's assurance. A life of prayer is the ideal life for every Christian. Even if we pray amiss and plead for that which would be to our own hurt—though, with our imperfect understanding of his will and purpose, we may not comprehend it at the moment—he will set us right, and we will be brought to perceive in the loving denial, the wisest and best answer.

Pray in faith, in Christ's name, and never doubt that the answer will come. This is a part of that "mystery of godliness" at which the world may mock, and which the foolish cannot understand; but it will soon be clear to him who asks in faith, that "answered prayer" is a solid, potential, absolute fact in Christian life and experience. Thousands of our readers can attest the truth of this.

Sorrow Clearing the Vision

OUR life is too great to have its plan completed and its mystery explained within the narrow limits of this world. We must survey the horizon of eternity, if we would see the full unfolding of the economy under which we are placed, and but a very small part of which falls under our inspection here; if we would see "the end of the Lord, that he is very pitiful"—the end of all the paths by which he is leading us, and recognize that they are mercy and truth to them that fear him. And the more we are imprisoned by circumstances, the more we are limited by trouble, the better fitted are we to get such a view as that. It needs trouble in the soul to look beyond things temporal, to the things that are eternal; just as it needs the air to be saturated with latent vapor, in order to bring distant objects to view.

Travelers in Switzerland have observed that the Alps at Macon, are as completely hidden behind a veil of perfectly clear open sky as behind a heavy cloud; but that before a change of weather, Mont Blanc showed itself distinctly with its well-known snowy dome and dark aiguilles clear out against the sky a hundred miles away. So, in the spiritual world; sorrow makes the atmosphere of the soul transparent, and the things of eternity, often unseen when all is well, grow near and well defined and vivid, as if a panorama unrolled by angel hands before our mortal eyes.

A New British Policy

ONE of the most momentous changes proposed by any statesman in recent times has just been brought before the British Parliament. It is a proposal to unite Great Britain and her colonies in a fiscal bond against the outside world. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is at the head of the Colonial Department of the British Government, is the author of the scheme. No details of the measure have yet been announced, as Mr. Chamberlain frankly states that he desires, before formulating a plan, to challenge the opinion of Parliament on the principle involved. In brief, the object it is desired to attain, is to give the colonies a preferential position in the British markets. This can be done by levying a duty on certain imports received from foreign countries, when the same or similar goods can be supplied by the Colonies, which would be admitted at a lower rate, or duty free. Thus, wheat from Russia or the United States would be subject to duty, while wheat from Canada or Australia would be admitted on lower terms. Mr. Chamberlain admits that the increase in the cost of living which this system would involve in Great Britain, would fall most heavily on the working classes; but he contends that it would be accompanied by an increase of wages, though, so far, he has not explained how the one change would tend to produce the other. To outsiders, it would appear that increased wages would mean increased cost of production, which would place Great Britain at a disadvantage in the markets of the world. Until the details of Mr. Chamberlain's plan are definitely announced, no materials for judgment upon it exist; but the principle is distinctly a return to methods which, it was supposed, Great Britain had abandoned. The result of the adoption of the proposed policy would affect not only Great Britain, but this country, from which Great Britain last year bought goods to the value of $486,000,000, and Germany, and indeed all other countries which have commercial relations with Great Britain. Whether the increase of trade with the colonies would balance the loss sustained with other countries, no one can foresee; but it is evident that the experiment would be a most serious one, involving enormous disturbance of the world's commercial interests.

Laid-Up Goodness

GOD'S kind provision for men is not a mere benevolent impulse, a good-natured interposition in the moment of extremity. It is a purposed and prepared goodness—goodness laid up beforehand, kept in store, and calculated far in advance with reference to all the helplessness, and danger, and sorrow of human life, so that when the moment of necessity comes, we find it anticipated by a provision for it ready and waiting, like the corn which Joseph laid up in the barns of Egypt against the time of famine.

In Switzerland and Norway, the snow on the tops of the lofty mountains never melts, summer or winter. It remains and accumulates, and by its own weight it presses downward, and forms in the hollows those great streams of solid ice which we call glaciers. These glaciers move onward at a rate so slow that, one watching a whole day perceives little or no change. But at last they reach a point far below, where the air is so warm that the end of the icy mass melts, and forms rivers which flow to the sea. By this wonderful provision of nature, God lays up in store vast quantities of water upon the mountains, for the refreshment of the valleys and the plains at their foot. Without these, the moisture that fall upon the mountain tops would run off in raging torrents, scattering ruin over all the fields below.

The trouble with many of us is, that we are not willing to wait. We complain of God's plan of laying up his goodness for us. Why should it be kept so close, under lock and key, and doled out to us so slowly and carefully? But God's thoughts toward us are better than our own. The largest faith, the most enduring patience, the most conquering strength, the noblest sympathies, the most ineffable rest—these are among the treasures of his goodness which are laid up for us, not in hardness but in love, to be brought forth from period to period of life only by our living and working in harmony with his great laws.

Courage in Bereavement

ONE of the greatest temptations which assails a mourner, is to shun after a bereavement the accustomed haunts of the dear one who has gone. For example, a mother shuns the church she has always attended, because the dread of sitting in the familiar pew without the beloved daughter, assumes large proportions in her eyes. "I cannot enter the church yet," she says, "the thought of missing her is too terrible." She is missing her every day at home, but of that she does not think. The longer she puts off going to church the harder and more impossible becomes the act, and, in the end, she has to sever old ties and start anew. In the same category is the habit of shunning a home or a place where the lost loved ones were happy.

Friends, we have need of courage in the hour when death has swept bare the landscape of our life. We have need also of faith, a real and exalted faith, that takes hold of the invisible and believes that our dear ones are alive forevermore. We have need of cheerfulness, even in the hour of sorrow, that we may rise above it. We have need of great and strong unselfishness, that we may not let our sadness crush and wound the children, the invalids, the old, or our neighbors.

Never have we more need of communion with Christ than after a great and sore affliction.

Caution

A SUBSCRIBER IN IOWA writes that a man visited him recently, and asked him to purchase an Irish linen set at $15, and assured him that the money would be used to support an orphan in India. He exhibited a cutting from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as an endorsement of his scheme. We wish it to be clearly understood that the man is not an agent of ours; that we know nothing at all of him; and have never heard of any such method of raising money for the orphans of India. The police of any town visited by a man with such a proposal should investigate his case, and ascertain what becomes of the money intrusted to him. So far as this journal is concerned, all that it can do is to thus notify the public that it has no connection whatever with him or his business. The surest and best way of helping the orphans of India, is to send the money direct to this office, and we will at once put the sender in communication with a missionary in India, who will assign an orphan to him, and will keep him informed of the orphan's condition and progress. It is always imprudent to deal with strangers in such matters.

"Sacred Damascus"

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

OLDEST of old-world cities, Damascus occupies one of the most picturesque sites in Syria. The city itself has changed but little in the passing centuries. There are the temples, the ancient shrines, the cool and sparkling fountains, and all the charm which marked the place when it was the sole seat of civilization in Syria. In looking at the river Abana (now called the Barada), we are reminded of Naaman the leper, and his questioning of the Israelitish prophet's servant. South of the Abana is the river Awaj (the ancient Pharpar). City of the patriarchs, of Eleazar's mission and the loves of Isaac and Rebecca, of kings and conquerors, wars and festivals. City of the vision of Saul and of his blindness, as he was led along the "street called Straight," to the house of Christian shelter for the former persecutor of the Christians; city where he afterward recovered his eyesight. City famed through all time for its damascened weapons of steel, its figured silk damask cloths, its manufactures and merchandise, its orchards and its gardens, the pride of the East.

Notwithstanding all the ravages of time, the devastation of numberless wars, and the temporary obliteration of the city by Timur the Tartar, Damascus to-day is beautiful, even in its decay. Its population is almost wholly Mohammedan. Its bazaars are among the best to be found anywhere in the East. Every trade has its own quarter, and all the costumes and customs of Asia are there. The scene shown on the cover page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is one that is familiar in Damascus, where the merchants in the bazaars, the purchasers, and even the visitors from distant lands, patronize the outdoor sellers of sherbet, or sweet cakes, or refreshing coffee.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Anarchy in the Balkans

NEWS from the Balkan regions shows that massacre and pillage prevail throughout a large and thickly populated area. While Turkish troops brutally murder men, women and children, and burn whole villages; the Macedonians, on their side, attack Mohammedans and commit similar ruthless outrages. Occasionally the forces meet, and then there is a sanguinary battle. On May 21, such a conflict occurred at Smardesh near Monastir. The battle lasted thirty hours and involved a terrible slaughter. The Macedonians had possession of a quantity of dynamite, and, during the firing, a Turkish shell fell upon it, causing it to explode. At least 150 Macedonians were blown to pieces. The village of Banitzi was totally destroyed on the following day by the Turks, and the inhabitants fled, homeless and penniless, to other villages. In the districts of Kitchevo and Nevrokop, the Turks are making a scene of utter desolation. Villages are blockaded and preparations are being made to burn them. The inhabitants are fleeing, but apparently know not where to go. The Turkish contention that Bulgaria is taking active part in the rising appears to be well-grounded. The Bulgarian Government professes to hold aloof, but many of the prisoners captured by the Turks are undoubtedly Bulgarians, and many of the officers of the Macedonian troops are of the same nationality. The Turks are now arresting male Bulgarians wherever they are found on Turkish territory. The tension between the two governments increases daily. Turkey, however, hesitates to declare war, knowing well that Austria and Russia would not allow Bulgaria to be crushed by her powerful foe. Meanwhile the misery continues, and, unhappily, those who suffer most are not the men who are fighting, but the women and children who are homeless and starving. Many of them are declaring, as did the persecuted people of old:

They that be slain of the sword are better than they that are slain with hunger (Lam. 4:9).

In the Far North

The brief reports of the wonderful exploration led by the Duke of the Abruzzi, which were published soon after his return from the Arctic regions, have now been supplemented by the publication of a book fully describing the perilous journey. It is now possible to realize some of the thrilling situations in which the explorers were placed. One of the most serious was the discovery, on the edge of winter, that the *Polar Star*, on which the voyage had been made and was the only means by which the expedition could return home, had been severely damaged by the ice. She was leaking badly, and the Duke ordered his men ashore. They built huts on the land, a picture of which, taken by moonlight, appears on this page. The men were at once set to repair their vessel. "Under the strong pressure of the ice against the bow the ship had backed about ninety feet, and had risen at the same time on the ice, where she remained, with her bow out of the water, heeling over about twenty degrees to the left. Great slabs of ice had been raised against her side and stern while she was making her way through them. At the bow all the rigging of the foremast had broken loose, and on the right side of the ship, which was exposed from the middle to the bow, when she heeled over, the outer planks of greenheart were seen to have been driven in to a depth of two and a half or three and a quarter inches for a length of eighteen or twenty feet, so much so that a hand could be passed between them." All hands worked resolutely on repairs, and eventually the vessel was made again seaworthy. They rested until spring, and then the sledge party set out on their journey farther north, leaving a small number in charge of the huts and the ship. As our readers know, the party succeeded in reaching nearer the Pole than any previous explorers, and, after hairbreadth escapes, returned to the huts and voyaged home in safety. The intrepid explorers have nobly served the cause of science and deserve all the honor they are receiving. It is well that in this age, that in some respects is sordid, men can be found willing to imperil their lives for scientific interests. Still better is it that the cause of Christ enlists such men, who by their lives prove that they have the Apostolic spirit:

Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received (Acts 20:24).

Massacre by Automobile

The shocking disasters which resulted from the recent automobile race from Paris to Madrid, show that the legislation in this country restricting speed, severely as it has been criticized, is amply justified. The race was begun on Sunday, May 24, with the customary French disregard for the sanctity of the day. There were 314 entries of machines, of various powers. The distance to be covered was 712 miles, divided into three stages. From Paris to Bordeaux, 243 miles; Bordeaux to Vittoria, 208 miles; Vittoria to Madrid, 261 miles. Before noon on Sunday, reports of accidents began to arrive. In spite of the fact that six thousand soldiers and four thousand police had been stationed at intervals along the roads, to keep the course clear, three persons were run over and killed and several others injured. Three of the automobilists were also killed, and seven so severely injured that their lives were despaired of. In some parts of the journey the speed of the leading machines had been eighty-eight miles an hour, and the whole journey, including the time lost at places where slowing down was compulsory, was done by one of the leaders at an average speed of forty-eight miles an hour. It is not surprising that vehicles driven at such speed, not on rails carefully laid, but upon the ordinary highway, should have come to grief. The disasters were no sooner known to the French Government than an order was issued stopping the race. There was, therefore, no racing done beyond Bordeaux. Probably some legislation will follow in both countries restricting speed. This is necessary, not so much for the sake of the automobilists themselves, whose death or injury is their own risk, but for the sake of others, whose right to the safe use of the highways ought to be guaranteed. No man is justified in taking a pastime that imperils the lives of others. Does it compare in the same [illegible] would in any way [illegible] consume the automobile, but it [illegible] effect. The reports of the [illegible] Navy [illegible] the [illegible] Navy [illegible] Department [illegible]

HUTS OCCUPIED BY THE ARCTIC EXPLORATION LED BY THE DUKE OF ABRUZZI

still need in this late day to insist on the Gospel rule, which so many of the wealthy class are disposed to ignore.

Not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others (Phil. 2:4).

A Town's Alternative

The chiefs of the Naval Department at Washington, appear to have won in their struggle with the authorities of Bremerton, Wash. The Federal Government has, of course, no power to interfere in the moral government of any city; but it has several vessels loaded [illegible] which would bring a large sum of money into the district the Council [illegible] from [illegible] loss to the town it would be if the repairs were done elsewhere. They have therefore promptly cancelled the licenses of the dives and have given a pledge to the Department that the [illegible] shall not be reopened. The [illegible] of the members of the Council should have caused them to close the dives [illegible] some [illegible] the presence of direct [illegible] he or more avail than the moral sense. If men only knew it at the beginning as they generally do at the end, there is always that result in some [illegible]

MACEDONIAN VILLAGERS LEAVING THEIR HOMES

BRIEF NOTES

Pastor C. M. Sheldon's new story, "The Narrow Gate," [illegible] Herald, has [illegible] a remarkably [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN'S WEAPON*

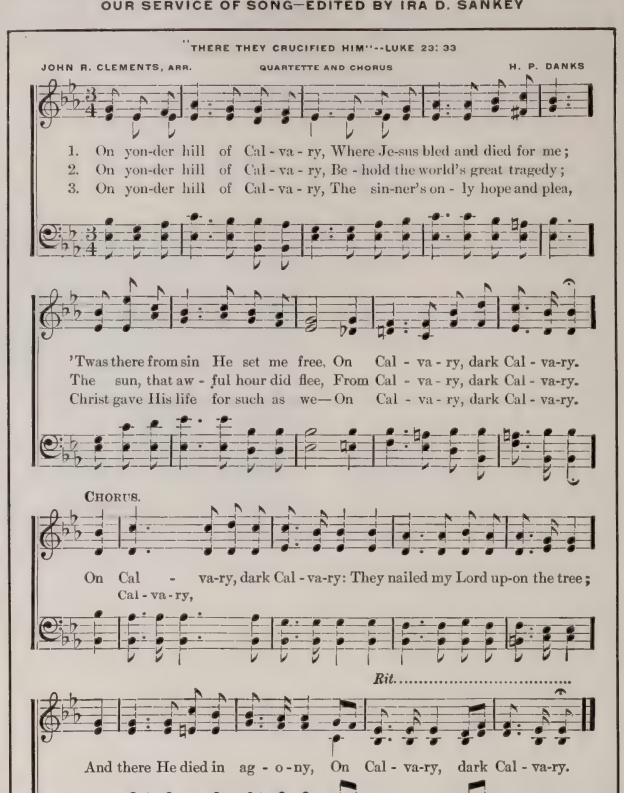
Apostolic Directions for the Use of the Spiritual Sword

HOW many have found the Word of God to be such a sword as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews describes! To the man parleying with temptation, to the man anxious to be counted among God's children, yet having some one precious sin dear to him as a right hand or a right eye, that sword has gone home, piercing in very deed "to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." It is a double-edged sword, having a function for self-application, as well as for use against the enemy. An impression prevails that in some degree Christianity has lowered the standard of righteousness. It did lower the standard of formal and outward observance, but no Jew ever lived under so high a standard of inner and vital righteousness. The Jew could pass muster if in his life there was no overt act of transgression; but the Christian finds the sword penetrating below conduct. It reaches to "the thoughts and intents of the heart," and menaces the life of him who has evil in his heart, which he does not suffer to manifest itself in his life. It is not now enough that the Christian's life be blameless; he is required to love truth and to serve God with full purpose of heart. The sword must slay all within him that opposes itself to God's will and all that hinders his growth in grace.

In the panoply of the Christian, the Word of God is the weapon of aggression. Having served its purpose in his own nature, it is to be used for attack and defence. How well it serves its purpose! In his hour of temptation, our Lord himself did not disdain to use it. "It is written," was a phrase which he used effectually on the adversary. There was no argument, no compromise. The written word was sufficient for him. That ended all suggestions. In that method of warfare Christ furnished us with an example. Not for us is it to enquire the why and wherefore. It suffices that it is written. Do we find a warning? let us heed it. Do we find a command? let us obey it. Do we find a promise? let us grasp it. It is only by warfare that we maintain our standing, only by active hostility that we can hope to propagate our faith and overcome the power of evil. In all our fight, the effective weapon is the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and the Baptist Young People's Union for June 21. Eph. 6: 17; Heb. 4: 12, 13; II. Timothy 2: 15.

On Yonder Hill of Calvary

OUR SERVICE OF SONG—EDITED BY IRA D. SANKEY

"THERE THEY CRUCIFIED HIM"—LUKE 23: 33
JOHN R. CLEMENTS, ARR.
QUARTETTE AND CHORUS
H. P. DANKS
1. On yon-der hill of Cal - va - ry, Where Je-sus bled and died for me;
2. On yon-der hill of Cal - va - ry, Be - hold the world's great tragedy;
3. On yon-der hill of Cal - va - ry, The sin-ner's on - ly hope and plea,
'Twas there from sin He set me free, On Cal - va - ry, dark Cal - va-ry.
The sun, that aw - ful hour did flee, From Cal - va - ry, dark Cal - va-ry.
Christ gave His life for such as we—On Cal - va - ry, dark Cal - va-ry.
CHORUS.
On Cal - va-ry, dark Cal - va-ry: They nailed my Lord up-on the tree;
Cal - va-ry,
Rit.
And there He died in ag - o - ny, On Cal - va-ry, dark Cal - va-ry.

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LOYALTY*

Be Loyal to the King and the Kingdo

FROM the American Revision of th Book of Job, we get a differe version of the passage associate with the Topic, from that give by the Authorized Version. It read "Behold he will slay me; I have no hope That is doubtless the correct renderin and one naturally wonders how such passage illustrates the Topic: "Be loy to the King and the Kingdom." Th probable explanation is that the list wa prepared by some person, who did n know that a Revision of the Bible ha been made. There are, however, in othe parts of the Bible, many passages whic show the duty of loyalty and the reward which come from such loyalty.

It is a remarkable feature of Christ mission that one so humble and so una suming in his general deportment as h should have made claims so exalted. H consistently declared himself a king, an at the last, when such a claim was th most fatal he could make before the t bunal of the Roman Governor, he wou not abate it one jot. He was a King, h insisted upon his regal nature and he d manded of his followers personal all giance. At this day we are realizing, our fathers never did, how much th means. We are thinking less of cree and doctrines than of loyalty to Chris We can be loyal subjects of the Gover ment under which we live; indeed, we a enjoined to be such; but if the laws that Government ever came into oppo tion to the laws of Christ and his kingdo there is no doubt as to what would be o duty. That loyalty is something high than citizenship, for it is the loyalty soul. Time and again men have had th loyalty challenged, and when they kn that the penalty of avowing it would death, they have proved true. Why shou they not? He laid down his life rath than abandon us; we also ought to be tr to him. We owe to him the regenerati of our souls; we owe to him the power resist evil and all our hopes of a glorio immortality; surely it is not too much require of us that rather than abjure o allegiance we should die. In our land a time no such alternative is forced upon u but sometimes we have to face contume and ridicule, and not infrequently even th has proved a test too severe for our co age. But the test is inflexible. So esse tial did Christ regard it, that he sai "Whosoever is ashamed of me, of h will I be ashamed when I come."

*Topic of the Epworth League for June 21. J 13: 15; Daniel 6: 4-10.

SELLING *THEIR* CHILDREN *FOR* BREAD

The Terrible Straits of the Famir Stricken Natives in Kwangsi, Chi

A FEW weeks ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a cable message from United States Consul-General McWade at Canton, China, in which that official made appeal in behalf of the people in the interior of Kwangsi province, who were suffering from famine. In response to that appeal, the proprietor of this journal forwarded by cable through our State Department in Washington, $5,000 for relief work in the province.

Consul-General McWade has now forwarded to the State Department a detailed report of the situation in Kwangsi, a copy of which has been furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through the courtesy of Assistant Secretary of State, Hon. Francis B. Loomis. It is clear, from this official report, that China's famine is very far from being over. It has now traveled from one end of the vast empire to the other, and the suffering in Kwangsi, though perhaps less widespread than that in Shensi and other northern provinces thus far, is still of a character to awaken the sympathy of all who have been observant of China's affliction during the last three years. Consul-General McWade writes:

CONSULATE-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES, Canton, China,
April 7, 1903.

Honorable Francis B. Loomis,
Assistant Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

SIR:—In further continuation of my No. 11, concerning conditions in Kwangsi, I have the honor to report as follows:

On April 3, 1903, I cabled to the Department as follows, duplicating my despatch to Minister Conger at Peking:

"Secretary of State, Washington.

"Famine increasing Kwangsi, starving parents selling children small sums. I appeal charitable help. McWADE."

Reliable information from American missionaries and native sources having come to me from Kwai Ping, Wuchow, and other places in Kwangsi, that the destitution and consequent suffering in certain parts of that province were appalling, and that, in their desperate condition, the heads of families were selling their children and women for from $2 each to $5 each, I sent you the foregoing despatch. Frequent appeals have been made to me for help, and I am frank to say, so heartrending were they, that I have contributed far beyond my means. I would give more if I had it.

One missionary writes me:

The famine is greatly increasing in severity and thousands are starving. It is very sad to see the poor, thin, sallow creatures just starving to death. Do you think any of the people here or at home would be willing to send some help? Could you not bring the matter before the foreigners and natives also and see if something cannot be done? Boys, girls, and women are sold for $2, $3, $5, $8, $10, and so many are offered, that purchasers are difficult to find. Whole families are actually starving to death. One village has lost two hundred persons already. Unless something is done soon thousands and thousands will starve to death.

The Rev. John E. Fee, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, writes:

Many can hardly walk. Two days ago a man got a little rice from us, and on the next evening I saw him dead, lying in an old shed. This morning I saw one who received a little thick gruel yesterday lying dead by the river side. He probably fell, as it was rainy and slippery, and then could not get up, and therefore just lay there in the wet and died. Some faces haunt us day and night.

An American missionary lady writes:

We are feeding on an average of 3,600 daily, and the recipients live almost entirely on what they get from us. To each we give daily a quart of hot, thick chuk (congee, *i.e.*, rice boiled with water), or four ounces: Chinese boiled rice. God has enabled us to continue this daily distribution of food through charitable contributions. The scenes baffle all description. The gentry have begun giving three ounces of rice per day to needy ones residing in the city, but those outside have no part in it.

Another American missionary writes:

From Ping Nam on the east to Nanning on the west, an area about three hundred miles in length, and varying in width, there has for three successive seasons been no harvest. Well-to-do people are reduced to poverty, and the poor are starving to death. Household goods, farming implements, clothing, cattle, and in many cases, women and children, have been sold, and nothing remains for some but to die of hunger. For a long time we have been giving a little help to needy ones, in a quiet way, but for over three weeks we have had a systematic distribution of food, once a day. When the numbers who came outgrew our Mission Chapel, the officials granted the use of the Emperor's temple. Tickets are given to apparently needy persons, as they leave the building, in exchange for which each gets a quart of thick rice gruel or four ounces of rice, as they pass through the outside gate. For three weeks ending March 26, the average number fed per day, has been 1,540, and the largest number any day, was 3,047. Although these crowds have been large, yet the people have been quiet, orderly, and grateful for the help received. Whole families are subsisting on a few ounces of rice a day or on roots, herbs and leaves gathered in the fields or on the mountains. In our relief work, which has been confined to this city and the immediate vicinity, we have had the support of the foreign residents in Wuchow, all the missionaries in the province, and the Chinese Christians.

Many are dying daily, and unless more aid reaches us at an early date, even those whose lives we have been enabled to save, will succumb. We therefore send you these few facts, hoping they may appeal to some who will contribute towards the help of this perishing people, and tide them over until the hoped-for harvest in July.

My last communication is from the Rev. Dr. Thomas McCloy, of the American Southern Baptist Convention Mission. It is as follows:

WUCHOW, April 4, 190
DEAR CONSUL GENERAL:—The famine is severely felt in the districts of Kwai Yun, Kw Ping and Ping Nam. Women and children these districts are being sold quite openly, a many daily pass through Wuchow on their way Canton. Mr. Fee, at Kwai Ping, is daily giv congee to a large crowd of people. We would glad if something more could be done for them; our funds are small. THOS. McCLO

Several of the missionaries are under t impression that if there is a good rice cr towards the end of July, the destitution a suffering will be nearly at an end in the fa ine-stricken province. My conviction, ho ever, is—and it is shared by many of t "gentries" and old missionaries—that unl the rice and other crops of July, August a September are plentiful, the famine will o be measurably alleviated. A repetition last year's flood on the West River, wh whole villages on its bank were swept aw and the crops wholly destroyed, will w such havoc as will require abundant cr and ample prosperity for fifty years to cor before the people can entirely recuperate. it is, several decades of prosperity m elapse before they can experience a visi and material recovery.

It was out of a troubled heart, saddened the sufferings of these starving and desper people, and desirous of doing something help them in their terrible distress, that I pended to my official dispatch the words, appeal charitable help."

The natives here feel that Americans ha come amongst them for their and our mut benefit, and not as their enemy or to se any of their lands under any specious other pretexts. I desire to emphasize th feeling by means of the great charity of people at home, who, in their earnest effo to relieve the needy and distressed, know religion, no creed, no race, no nation. Wh they have done for the starving in Irela and in Russia, I earnestly hope they will for the starving in Kwangsi, China.

SOME OF OUR LITTLE PRIZE-WINNERS

NOW that the approach of the season of outing has made it advisable to discontinue, for a time at least, the Puzzle Department, which has afforded so much pleasure to our young readers during the winter and spring months, we are receiving many letters from those who have taken part in the competition. We quote briefly from some of these communications,

Ruth B. Jenkins. Raymond Hopkins. Everett M. Vannah. Rose L. Hickey.

Mary Edick. Marian Hall. Rosa A. Goldberg. Rose Hickey.

which show how keenly the young folks enjoyed the problems we set them to solve, and how even the older heads occasionally took a part in the work when any specially knotty subject came up in the competition.

Miss Mary Hardie of Cedar Point, Kan., writes: "You are so kind to little children, I love you. I have been saving up my money to send a little girl to the country."——"I know you like little children," writes Robert Huffman, St. Paris, O.——"The beautiful book prize received. I am very proud and grateful, and intend to show it by being a good girl and learning all I can about the Bible. I am sure that will please you." This from little Miss Gertrude Irwin, Smith's Fork, Tenn.——"I shall always keep the nice prize as a reminder of a kind friend's interest in children, and it will be as a bright spot in my memory," writes a particularly clever little girl, Miss Winifred Burdick, W. Salem, Ore.——"It is very good of you to give so much of your time to the little folks. The book you sent me is just right, and I thank you many times for it," writes Carl Smith, Cleveland, O.——"I have learned a great many things looking for the answers to the puzzles. I will always remember them, especially the ones in which I made mistakes," naively observes Addie Robbins, Hillsdale, Mich.——"You can't imagine what a proud girl I was when I received my prize book of *Recitations*. You couldn't have pleased me better in your selection;" so writes Ethel M. Williams, W. Va.——"The beautiful book, *Quiet Secretaries*, received. I today you to Psalm 96 3, 'That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.'" This from little Edna Horn of Dexter, Mich.——"We love the dear old Creator's Heart more, if possible, than ever, since you have given us 'The Children's Heart.' I am sure you will be blessed for your goodness to all." This is the sentiment of little Miss Louise Glaze, Elkton, Tenn.

Letters with kind and loving expressions like the foregoing have been received from Helen Kilder, Bluffton, O.; Herman Wengand, Brodhagen, Ont., Can.; Dorothy Farnsworth, Westport, N. Y.; Edna Simmons, Fayetteville, Ark.; Sylvan Bondurant, Trentville, Tenn.; Earl V. White, Marshall, Wis.; Harve Mitchell, Cleo, Tenn.; Miriam L. Voltz, New Orleans, La.; Hope L. Fordham, New York; Almira Gladys Frink, Norwich, Conn.; Marion C. Bidwell, Stockbridge, Mass.; Jayson S. Swartz, Waukesha, Wis., and others, all of those mentioned being young folks who have received Consolation Prizes in the Puzzle Competition.

Our readers will no doubt be interested in seeing the faces of these bright young people, who have distinguished themselves in the competition. We have therefore presented on this page the portraits of the winners of "first prizes."

In our issue of Dec. 10, 1902, Grace C. Logan, Pennsylvania, and Paul E. Hubble, Virginia, were the little first of the prize winners. Mary Edick, Ohio, and Charlie Anstis, Minnesota, were successful in winning the two first prizes in our puzzles of Dec. 17, 1902. In competition No. 3, Rosa Goldberg, Ontario, Can., won the first prize for the best answer to "Curious Questions." David Kroeber, Georgia, received a watch, and also Grace L. Colwell, New York, for the best answers received to the puzzles in our issue of Dec. 31, 1902. Walter G. Hill, Massachusetts, won a watch in the "Picture Puzzle" contest for Jan. 7, 1903, and Flossie De Jong, Michigan, for the best answer to "Curious Questions" of same date.

Wild Animals I Have Known, was won by Raymond Hopkins, Rhode Island, for "Curious Questions" in issue of Jan. 14, 1903. Everett Vannah, Maine, and Philip Whitcomb, Kansas, were the successful competitors in the contests of Jan. 21, 1903. A watch was awarded to Rose Hickey, Arizona, for sending the best answers to "Curious Questions" of Jan. 28, 1903, and one also to Alma Lundberg, Wisconsin, for "Curious Questions" in issue of Feb. 4, 1903. In competition No. 19, Arthur F. Black, North Carolina, received a watch; in competition No. 20, Harvie Tobe, South Dakota, also received a first prize. Ruth Jenkins, New Jersey, received first prize for best answer to "Picture Puzzles"

M. C. Emrich. Charlie Anstis. Flossie De Jong. Harvie Tobe. Maud E. Gates. P. W. Whitcomb. Paul E. Hubble.

prizes. Margaret E. Gettis, Nebraska, received the prize for the best answer to "Curious Questions" in issue of March 18.

The Announcement of Prize-Winners in Competition of May 6

The Prize Winners in the Puzzle Competition in our issue of May 6, were as follows:

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of May 6, **Fannie Atkinson**, Wisconsin, [illegible] a silver watch; for the second best answer, **Hazel Wilson**, [illegible] receives our *Sacred Thoughts and Memories*; for the third best answer, **James McDougall**, Rutgers, P. E. I., [illegible] receives a copy of *Little Folks and Mamma*; for the fourth, **Lennox Hughes**, [illegible] receives a copy of *The Story of the Commandments*, by Elbridge S. Brooks. Each of the honorable mentions receives a book.

Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest: Amacker, D.M., La.; Bingler, La.; Mabie, Chris. Ray, C.; Davies, Mary, N. J.; Coffin, V. Ia.; Davies, H. A. Mary, Pa.; Dennis, E. W., La., Kan.; Graves, L. Mary, Hughes, Bertha, Mc., Ia.; Graves, Can.; Hazlett, Ray, N. Y.; Houston, Cora, O.; Gray, Hazlard, J. W., S. C.; Hughes, Jessie, Nova, Mexico, L. L. N. C. N. S., I. H., Va.; Parker, Mae I. Ar.; Rankin, Elma, Pope, Imogene, Edna G., Conn.; Skinner, B., Can.; Thorpe, R. W., Ia.; Tuckwell, B., Can.

Answers to Competition No. 38, in our issue of May 6, are: 1. Agrippa. 2. Siloam. 3. Levi.

TRAINING FOR SOUL-WINNERS

EDGAR P. ELLYSON MRS. EMILY ELLYSON

AMONG the many theological seminaries that are springing up in the Middle West, one of the most active is the Christian Workers Training School, at Marshalltown, Iowa. The school was started five years ago by Mr. Edgar P. Ellyson, in the village of Le Grand, but after two years it was moved to Marshalltown, in order that the students might have an opportunity to do active Christian work. The house which was first rented for the use of the classes, was, at the end of two seasons, bought outright. Already a new building has become a necessity for the future development of the work.

This institution for the up-building of the cause of Christ in fitting pastors, evangelists, and missionaries to go out into their respective fields, was attended during the last season by fifty students.

Mr. Ellyson is a member of the Friends Church, but students from the M. E., M. P., Evangelical and Presbyterian Churches, avail themselves of the blessed opportunity of studying the Word under his personal teaching.

The work is one of faith, and is supported by voluntary contributions. Any reader desiring further information, may address Mr. Edgar P. Ellyson, 802 W. Main street, Marshalltown, Iowa, who will gladly answer all inquiries concerning the Training Institute and its work.

THE MARSHALLTOWN TRAINING INSTITUTE.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Friend, Gloucester, Mass.: "Some time ago I prayed earnestly for the conversion of a friend. The answer has come. It is indeed true, that God both hears and answers prayer."

Reader, Crandall, Tex.: "I have had answer to prayer in regard to a dear one, for whom I have prayed for several years. God always answers prayer when it is best for us."

J. L. M., Virginia: "At one time a great sorrow hung over my home. I prayed to my dear Father to help, when I could see no way out, and he heard and answered. And since then I have been encouraged to take many other troubles to him."

E. R., Storm Lake: "I know that God is a prayer-hearing and answering God. In two particular instances has he directly answered my prayers. Each time I promised him I would tell the world, and I now redeem that promise."

S. A. R., Bridgeport, Pa.: "My cross seemed greater than I could bear. I prayed, and my prayer was answered. I wish others could find the same consolation in taking everything to God in prayer."

Mrs. J. H. R., Lincoln Falls, Pa.: "I want to acknowledge the many answers to prayer I have received. God has been very merciful. I have many reasons for special thanksgiving."

H. V. W., Lafayette, Ind.: "For four years I have prayed constantly to either see or to hear, in some way, from a loved one. The Father heard me, and my loved one was brought to me. I shall never doubt that our Father hears all our feeble prayers, and will answer them in due time."

L. A. W., Dover, N. J.: "In answer to prayer a great trouble was taken from me."

A., Tennessee: "God has answered a great many prayers for me, and I am still looking to him for help. 'If we shall ask anything in my name, that will I do.'"

Reader, Dentonville, Kan.: "In a case of great distress, God heard and answered me. It is a great comfort to me to constantly commune with God in daily walk of life."

M. O., New York: "My mother was in trouble. I prayed to my Father in Heaven, and in less than one-half hour my prayer was answered. I cannot begin to say how many, many times God in his great goodness has [illegible]."

M. K., La Veta, Ia.: "He has answered my prayers in the [illegible]. I [illegible] when I [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Book for Life and Death ❋ Paul's Charge to Timothy

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JUNE 21
II. TIMOTHY 3: 14 TO 4: 8

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT:
THERE IS LAID UP FOR ME A CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS—II. TIM. 4: 8

THE Apostle Paul is face to face with death in a dungeon prison of Rome. He is fully aware that his end is near, for he says, "The time of my departure is at hand." We note that five years have passed since he came as a prisoner to Rome, and we ask him where he spent that time? He replies, "During the first two years of my Roman imprisonment I was permitted to dwell in my own hired home. At the end of that time, I was brought to trial, and being acquitted, was set free. I proceeded to carry out my long cherished desire to preach the Gospel again in Asia. *En route* I paused in Macedonia, that I might strengthen my spiritual children there. I then preached in Asia Minor for about a year's time, after which I went to Spain, in fulfilment of another long cherished plan. There I remained about two years, preaching mostly in seacoast cities. Then I went to Ephesus for a short season, contrary to my former expectation that I should not again see the faces of my friends there. But alas! that of which I had warned the elders had come to pass, in that grievous wolves, in the form of false teachers, had preyed upon the flock of Christ. I placed Timothy in charge of the church, having written him in a letter (the First Epistle to Timothy), most explicit directions about dealing with these false teachers. From Ephesus I came to Crete, and after spending some little time there, left Titus in charge of the churches of that region, and journeyed so far north as Nicopolis, on the shore of the Ionian Sea.

"There I hoped to spend the winter preaching the Gospel, but I was suddenly arrested by the magistrates of Nicopolis, and sent to Rome, on the charge of having incited the Christians to the burning of Rome. There had just occurred a most destructive conflagration, undoubtedly started by Nero himself, or at his command. But desiring to shield himself, he had charged the crime upon the Christians. I have no doubt, however, that my arrest in Nicopolis was instigated by Jews who were offended because of my preaching that Jesus is the true Messiah. Upon reaching Rome I was put into a dungeon prison called the Mammertine, where I now await my execution. It is damp and chill, and I have written to Timothy to bring me my cloak, which I left at Troas, and also some of my books and manuscripts. I would see his beloved face once more. My faithful friend Luke often comes to my prison, and Onesiphorus has often refreshed me."

The second letter to Timothy was the last one ever written by the Apostle Paul. And we are privileged to know its contents. There is little in it that refers to the personal discomfort of Paul. On the contrary, he refers to his approaching death, which he undoubtedly knew would come through beheading, as a coronation, at which he would receive a crown that fadeth not away. "I am ready," he said, with no fear about his fate. It was while looking death in the face that he wrote this letter to Timothy, calling upon Timothy to be instant in season and out of season in teaching the Word of God, which he had learned even in childhood from his mother, Eunice, and his grandmother, Lois, and later had come to appreciate manfully through his personal knowledge of Christ. Paul points out to Timothy the way in which he may make the Bible profitable to others.

Did Timothy receive the letter in time to reach Paul while he was yet alive? The Bible does not tell us, but there is some ground for believing that Timothy did go to Rome and for a time actually shared Paul's imprisonment. But it could only have been for a short season, as the letter was sent in March, and Timothy could hardly have reached Rome before May, and Paul's execution must have occurred early in June. On the spot where he was beheaded stands to-day "St. Paul's Church," a memorial of his victory on the very ground where he seemed to have been defeated. He himself belongs in the list of victors who were "slain by the sword" (Heb. 11:37).

Illustration and Application

From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures. Artists delight to set childhood and age side by side. Sometimes it is grandmother and the baby. In one beautiful picture it is "Sweet Sixteen and Sweet Sixty." So here we have "Paul the aged" reminding Timothy of his childhood, and for childhood and age alike presenting the Bible as a faithful counselor. The Bible is indeed the Book for youth and age, for joy and sorrow, for life and death.

Three words Paul uses in speaking to Timothy of the Bible: "learned," "assured," "continue." What Timothy had "learned" from his mother and grandmother, and from Paul, he had "assured" himself of by a Christian experience, and now he was urged to "continue," which implied both to hold fast and progress. So in Sunday School let it not be forgotten that lessons are not only to be learned, but also to be lived. What are we going to do with this lesson? Shall it not be carried home in increased Bible reading, with a view to right living and holy dying?

* * *

Wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. Between two commendations of the Bible Paul sets the living Word, Jesus Christ. No thing, no creed, not even the Bible, should become the centre of our religion. The living Christ must be its central sun. "Ye search the Scriptures," said Jesus to the Jews, "because ye think in them ye have eternal life, but they are they that testify of me, and ye will not come unto me that ye may have life." Our death will be right without anxious thought of it, if only we seek and find in Christ true life. As in the Egyptian religion, so in former centuries, in Christian homes and hearts also there was relatively too much thought of death and the future life, and too little of one's duty to help make a "better country," and a "better world" here and now. We have swung to another extreme, where there is too little thought of death and the future life, but it is well that the chief end of religion is now seen to be not to "save a soul in heaven," but to save the whole man, and the whole community here and now, by living Christlike, Christ-filled lives. This is true wisdom, which is a very different thing from theoretic learning.

Wisdom means capacity to apply knowledge to life, to one's own salvation and the salvation of the race. In Timothy's very childhood he was "wise unto salvation," but alas, the opposite may be true, that a child may be unwise to his destruction. A child was running along through a crowded thoroughfare, with an apple clutched in her little hands. The apple slipped, and went rolling down the street. Instantly the child darted into the road, forgetting everything except the precious apple. On it rolled into the midst of the carts and carriages, the little child pursuing it, right under the very feet of the horses. It was all so sudden, so unexpected. The driver could do nothing, and in an instant the child lay crushed to death beneath the wheels, the apple beside her. She lost her life for an apple. So there are boys so absorbed in amusements that they are imperiling—some of them losing—their souls for a game. They must follow their sport whatever evil associations it takes them into, whatever duties they neglect.

* * *

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God. Inspiration means such a divine superintendence of the human writers of the Bible as led them, without destroying their originality, to use only such literary matter as would be profitable and omit all that would be false. That all Scripture has actually proved "profitable" for conviction, for conversion, for Christian culture, unlike any other book of the same age or any other of any age not based upon it, is itself one of the best proofs that the Bible is divine. Paul gives us a bunch of keys to unlock the treasures to which every Bible page is a door. The ring is "All Scripture is profitable," and the keys are the threefold question we ask at every page, and never in vain, "How has this Scripture proved profitable for conviction? Or for conversion? Or for Christian culture?" Does any one think the long lists of names in the Bible, for example, too unimportant for God to have anything to do with their inclusion in the Bible? Our doubts are removed when we read the story we have told before of a man converted by hearing the Genesis list read in church with the oft-recurring words after each name, "and he died," which reminded this hearer that this would some day be said of him, and that he was not ready to die, which led him to seek the life which is proof against death. There is not a page of the Bible which has not helped men to nobler living. The Bible's matchless influence on men and nations is but one of many proofs of its inspiration, but it is enough.

I have fought a good fight. In Trafalgar Square, London, stands a statue of a Christian soldier, Gen. Gordon. He stands in his patrol jacket, holding no weapon, but only the rattan cane he carried in all his Chinese battles, and under one elbow he holds the Bible he so prized and exemplified. But Paul reminds us men may be heroic soldiers without going to war. Preachers, teachers, editors—parents most of all—should show the young that they may be heroes without fighting. Paul seemed to be defeated, but was really a victor.

Let those who have failed take courage,
Though the enemy seems to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if in the wrong
The battle is not yet done:
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

* * *

Reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all-long suffering and teaching. Patient but fearless teaching is what is here commanded, and although no martyr fires await such teaching to-day, there are other fires which call for all our courage, for still is it true that many "will not endure sound doctrine, "especially when it condemns their business or their pleasures. "Watch," "endure," are still needed exhortations for teachers.

I have finished my course. "The crowds of spectators were watching almost breathlessly for the end of the race. Who would win? Another moment and a shout of triumph would go up; each man wanted that shout to be in his honor. They are nearing the goal, strength is failing, breath comes thick and short—one last effort, and a cyclist shoots into the goal—victorious! Deafening cheers rise from the excited crowd. Men strain their eyes to see who is the winner, but he does not hear the shouts, he does not see the eager faces. Something is wrong. He lies on the ground motionless. Someone calls for a doctor, but when they examine his heart, they find it has stopped beating. It must have stopped a few seconds before he reached the goal, but the bicycle was carrying the rider at such a speed that it brought him in first to the winning-post. The race was won by a dead man! What profit was it to him that he had gained the prize and lost his life? 'What a terrible thing,' someone says, 'to gain the prize at the loss of his life!' What a still more terrible thing to gain the prize at the loss of a soul; to be so absorbed in the search for worldly fame, worldly honor, in the race for worldly distinction, in the struggle for worldly riches, that there is no time to take care of the soul, until neglected, uncared-for, it is finally lost."

In contrast, let us recall how gladly Paul, wearied with his long, hard journey, was glad to say: "I have finished my course." He had walked with God, like Enoch, and a child's sweet version of Enoch's story fits Paul's as well—may it fit ours also A little child went home from Sunday School, and the mother said: "Tell me what you learned at school?" And she said: "Don't you know, mother, we have been hearing about a man who used to go for walks with God. His name was Enoch. One day they went for an extra long walk, and they walked on and on, until God said to Enoch: 'You are a long way from home; you had better just come in and stay.'" It will help us to appreciate how dying Paul rested, as on a pillow, upon the promises of God, to recall the beautiful monument erected in St. Thomas Church, on the Isle of Wight, by Queen Victoria, to the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who was held as a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle after her father had been beheaded, and was found dead one Sunday morning with her head pillowed on the open Bible at the words, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

"WHICH DWELT IN THY GRANDMOTHER LOIS AND THY MOTHER EUNICE"

"DEAD, WITH HER HEAD PILLOWED ON THE OPEN BIBLE"

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

THERE was there more perfect devotion than that existing between the missionary Mr. Devine, and his daughter Helen. Some said it was because the mother had died shortly after the birth of the daughter, and that since then Helen had grown to fill both places in the father's heart. Be that as it may, it was beautiful to see them together, th their solicitous interest and care for each other; e young girl, budding into womanhood, and the man, w somewhat past the prime of life, with hair heavily eaked with gray.

The natives used to look at them in wonderment, Mr. evine was a foreign missionary, and the lesson their ily lives taught was not the least of the good they ac- mplished. One day Mr. Devine was called a hun- ed miles from home to officiate at the funeral of a tive Christian, but as he was often obliged to take ese trips in connection with his work, and always re- rned safely, but little stress was laid upon the absence.

"I shall be absent three days, Helen," he said, and they urted with tenderest words affection. On the eve of s absence Helen was taken olently ill, a physician some enty miles away was sent r, and friendly ones min- tered to her wants, until it as announced that the dis- se assumed a most ma- gnant form, after which e old servant took entire harge, and worked untir- gly over her. There was ut a shadow of hope from e beginning, and twenty- our hours later, the fair oung girl, beautiful in youth, losed her eyes on scenes of is life, to enter into the aradise of God. By order he body was quickly placed way, and a mound on the ide of the hill marked the esting spot.

Later, when Mr. Devine eturned, he was met on the row of the hill by crowds of atives, who followed him nournfully to his home. When he asked them the ause of their grief, they re- mained silent, but as many of their customs were pecu- iar, he thought not that it ad any personal applica- ion, but that something had appened among themselves which was disturbing them. "I'll find out later," he thought, "and minister what comfort I can." Upon reach- ing his own home, his anxiety was intensified by meeting his old servant, weeping, up- on the threshold. There seemed but one thing which could cause such action.

"Hulda," he cried, "is Helen dead?" The woman fell on her knees at his feet, weeping anew.

"She was the Lord's, and has returned unto him, blessed be his name."

Then he entered into his study, and was seen no more for many hours, and no one knew of the communion he had with his God, but all who afterward came in contact with his life, realized the nearness and presence of the Holy Spirit.

The life went on, apparently the same, if anything there was a touch more of tenderness and love in his dealings with others. He was never too weary or heavy laden to perform work for his Master. If he showed traces of suffering, it was when he was alone with the Great Healer of wounds.

"Our missionary is working too hard," they said; but still he went on, performing with his might whatever his hand found to do.

There came a day when he was not in his accustomed place, and hundreds flocked to his door inquiring the cause.

"He is very ill," Hulda said, her body quivering with fear and emotion.

So he lay, his life gradually nearing its close, his hands restfully folded for the first time in many years, and his eyes shining with a peculiar lustre. A few hours before the end came he fixed them on the faithful, never-tiring servant.

"Hulda, I have had a most beautiful dream," he said. "I had been a thousand years in heaven, and was feasting my eyes still on the Saviour of mankind. Then a harp, more beautiful than any other was tuned close beside me, and turning my eyes from the face of the Divine One, I saw Helen, my Helen, glorified."

The lips closed in death, and the beautiful life, lived in Christlife service, was ended.

But its influence for good still lived and dwelt in the hearts of generations untold, but only God can measure the infinite good accomplished by this beautiful life!

SARA VIRGINIA DU BOIS.

Guests and Guest-Rooms

A neat and tidy hostess is often much annoyed by the carelessness of a guest who keeps her room in dire confusion. Young women are apt to throw their things about till the pretty guest-chamber, so attractive on their arrival, looks as if a cyclone had struck it. Shoes here, hats there, nothing where it ought to be. Everything misplaced. One of the marks of a really agreeable guest is that she keeps her room in order. If there is no servant in the house, or if there is only a single maid, the guest should make her bed, and thus minimize the labors of the hostess. At times, too, a guest should remain in her room. Most families enjoy being sometimes alone, and a guest who requires to be amused and entertained from morning until night, is rather too much of a tax.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—GRETCHEN. Daisies will fitly adorn the rooms for an early summer wedding.

—DIMPLE. Ice cream may be eaten with fork or spoon, as one prefers.

—N. C. D. Your ideas on the training of children are excellent. I wish they everywhere prevailed.

—SUBSCRIBER. Engaged people usually settle such questions as you ask, for themselves. But they should beware of too great familiarity.

—ELOISE. Return first calls within a week if possible. A card left at your door in your absence is a call's equivalent and must be returned promptly.

—LOUISE AND ALETTA. You cannot both marry the same man. As his preference is shown for the elder sister, the younger must withdraw from the field.

—REGRET. You misunderstood the article. Nobody has a higher respect for, and opinion of, the useful unmarried women, who form most valuable members of every community, than has Aunt Prudence.

ENTER INTO THY CLOSET

A LITTLE while at its morning,
Ere yet the day begins,
To seek the Father's blessing,
To gain the strength that wins
The victory in battle,
To be pardoned for our sins.

A little while in the evening,
To thank the Friend whose care
Has been around us ever
And kept them every snare!
To leave the world behind us,
And seek the mansions fair.

Where God, the Father, keepeth
His children ever nigh,
Each little one before Him
Safe underneath the sky,
Because both earth and heaven,
Are ever in his eye.—CLELIA WANDA LEIGH.

Common Salt

The following selection, from an exchange, is so pertinent that we pass it along. Everybody has salt in the pantry, and nobody keeps house without it. But few of us realize how very useful just common salt may be, in an emergency:

Many and various are the remedial uses to which it may be put, and the free use of salt goes far to preserving health in the home. As a conditioner, common salt may be relied on. By its judicious use the teeth are kept white, the gums hard and the breath sweet. When the gums are spongy, the mouth should be washed out twice a day with salt and water. Warm salt water, held in the mouth, will sometimes banish tooth ache, and, at least, make the affliction lighter, while it is both safe and easy to try. Again, equal parts of alum and salt, or even salt alone, placed on a piece of cotton wool and inserted in the hollow of an aching tooth, will often give relief when other means have failed. To allay neuralgic pains in the head and face, take a small bag of flannel, fill with salt, heat thoroughly and apply to the affected part. A bag of salt placed hot to the feet, or any portion of the body, is better for giving and keeping warmth than is the conventional hot-water bottle. Salt placed on the gum when a tooth has been extracted will prevent profuse bleeding at such a time. An excellent gargle for the throat is simple salt and water. Many serious cases of throat affection might be cured by the use of this alone, if only taken in time, gargling every hour or half hour, as the need warrants. A flannel cloth, wrung out of salt water, is also an excellent remedy for sore throat. Salt in tepid water is a handy emetic; as an antidote for the poison, silver nitrate or lunar caustic, give salt and water freely.

The King's Cup

Last June, when King Edward of England was to have been crowned, but was delayed by the intervention of his serious illness, dinners were served in his name to thousands of London's poor. A special plate and cup for this ceremonial function of love was made, bearing the pictures of the king and queen, and the legend "From His Majesty." The plates and cups were taken away by the guests as souvenirs. Some of them have since been parted with by the impecunious owners, and one, bought of a London costermonger, at Christmas-tide, drifted into an American home the other day. It is a very beautiful bit of pottery, and greatly prized by its new possessor, though she is a Yankee girl who has never seen King Edward.

The Roses

From the wave-washed shores of the Gulf to the utmost boundary of northern bay or lake, from our farthest eastern to our farthest western coast, the roses have clustered over trellis and portico, nested in garden and bower, and adorned mansion and cottage impartially and made the land most beautiful. Queen of flowers is she, the peerless, the unsurpassed, the fascinating rose. Her petals soft as silk, her fragrance delicately refined, her shape exquisite and graceful, her generous bloom, her luxuriant and opulent suggestion of sweets, combine to crown the rose as sovereign of the flower-world. "Gather ye roses while ye may." This is the loveliest season of the whole round year.

Painted by Cecil A. Smith, R. I.

"DOUBTFUL FRIENDS"

Rover the dog and Pussy
Are both beloved by all,
But they never grow quite friendly,
And prefer a good stone wall
To guard the way between them.
Though here they keep the peace,—
A growl from him, a hiss from her,
A truce that soon may cease.

"JIM AND ME"

By R. D. L.

A FEW years ago, I was a teacher in a mission school on the west side of New York City. While there, one day, a friend of mine heard a most pitiful case in that portion of the great city called "Hell's Kitchen," and she came to tell me of it.

The name sent a thrill through me, and I would gladly have given the task of furnishing relief to some more daring worker, but no one appeared. Beside that, my friend had come expecting me to respond to the call. She was fired with the desire to relieve, if possible, so touching a situation, but she could not venture alone; so together we went.

What my imagination had pictured fell far short of the painful reality. The mother of a new-born babe rested on a pallet of straw, covered over with an old quilt, in a room bare of all comfort. Two windows gave light to the gloomy home. Three of the small panes were stuffed with rags of different colors. A stove red with rust, a little brown tea-pot, and an old, dilapidated tea-kettle were the "ornaments" of the place, for the whole seemed too old and feeble for daily use.

Three chairs remained of the set formerly in position. An old blackened chest held something, doubtless, but evidently nothing in the way of bedding, for over a scanty quilt was thrown the day clothing of the little woman who lay beneath it. The tiny baby had come into this world only a little while before we reached this chamber of misery.

We stood appalled at the need of everything, from a bag of flour to a flannel shirt. Where could we begin?

An old woman in the house had come some time earlier and made a cup of tea for the mother; literally tea, for neither milk nor sugar was at hand. A crust of stale bread remained on a broken plate from the day before. Nothing else but the tea had passed the woman's lips since morning. Oh! for a magician's wand! I thought, to wave and see something like decent comfort suddenly appear. No kindly, skilful hand had been at work to give comfort to mother or children that day.

My more practical friend, meanwhile, was making a mental inventory of the most pressing needs.

"Why need we stay?" I asked her, "everything is wanted. Let us go and get what we can."

Just then the creaking of the door made us look around. There, cowering with fear, hunger and neglect, were two wee figures. The oldest might have been seven years old. They were peering cautiously into the room. They clung together, as if some one might set a price on them, and buy them, as the furniture had been bought, for food, and thus separate them from each other. They had wandered out, not knowing what else to do.

These were the children who had told my friend in the street of the "wee baby, no bigger than a doll" at home.

I went over toward the door and held out my hand. The youngest said, "This is Jim."

"Well, come in, Jim," said I, "and let us get acquainted with you. Now, will you little folks wait and watch here beside your mother, and your new sister, for a little while? This lady and I want to go out, and when we come back we will bring you some nice things to eat."

"Are you fairies?" asked one softly.

"No, only friends who would like to help you all if we may. Now sit right down here, and be good, quiet, nice children. We will bring you some nice, fresh buns."

With this promise we left, and went to the nearest baker and grocer, ordered supplies sent at once, and begged the dealer in coal to send his fuel as quickly as possible. We stopped for milk, and brought it ourselves.

Coming back we found "Jim and Me" waiting for the promised buns. We split the wood into kindlings, and made a fire. Shall I ever forget the delight that came into those wan faces. It was an inspiration. We could have worked all day on the stimulant of it. The little old, dull tea-kettle soon was puffing steam from its spout, and the fresh cup of tea "with trimmings," as the woman said weakly, was nectar to her parched lips.

"Milk and sugar are nice in tea, I think. Thank you so much," she said.

When we handed her the toasted bread she added: "And butter, too? How nice!" And the tears poured like a spring rain down her faded cheeks.

The children were busy with the bread and milk and buns, Jim proudly pointing to the "sugar all on the outside." They had had no food of any kind since the day before, and then stale bread only.

During the afternoon of the next day we went again to the dreary home, and then heard at length the story of misfortune. The father had lost a good situation through a malicious report. His employer found various reasons for thinking his place had better be filled by a younger man and would listen to no explanations. He had not the fortitude to brave the loss of his position, and in the quick oblivion of drink he buried his sorrows.

Matters went from bad to worse. Piece after piece of furniture was sold just to stop the pangs of hunger. James, the husband, when sober, got odd jobs to do, and if possible, the wife saved a bit from his earnings to add to her own.

* * *

Little "Jim and Me" came to us cautiously at first, but our arms encircled them very naturally, for they were starving for kindness as well as for food. I looked down once to see little "Me" gazing most inquiringly at us, from one to the other. As her big, pathetic, blue eyes fell on my face she said:

"You's fairies, really now, ain't you? Jim an' Me saw a fairy once. She was a beautiful lady, a'most, I guess, a angel. She had on a blue dress like the sky, an' some flowers that looked like stars. We told mamma about them, an' she said she guessed they was daisies that grew in the fields out in the country."

Jim here interposed, saying, "An' she told us a nice story about a little girl whose name was Fanny. She had ragged clo'se, an' was very poor."

And then the child went on to tell how this fairy went to get a loaf of bread of a kind gentleman who gave loaves away every day to poor children. Fanny would stand one side and wait till the other girls and boys had quarreled over the biggest loaves; then she took the smallest away to carry home, but first she thanked the kind gentleman and kissed his hand. The other children were noisy and quarrelsome and never thanked the gentleman at all; but Fanny always did. One day the children behaved badly and Fanny had to take the very smallest loaf left—smaller than any of the others. When the mother cut some slices for tea a quantity of money fell out of this small loaf. She was much surprised; but she thought it was some mistake, and sent Fanny back to the gentleman with the money and the bread. He told her that the money was hers—there was no mistake, for he had put the money himself into the smallest loaf, because Fanny was never greedy, and always quiet and grateful.

"Wasn't it a pretty story?" exclaimed Jim. "Was the kind gentleman a fairy? Mamma says you must be fairies, or angels, because God sent you, she knows. She guesses you don't live in Hell's Kitchen, and we wonder how you knew that papa had no work, an' mamma was sick an' we was hungry and cold. If you's a real woman, like mamma, how did you get such nice things right away for us?"

"Well, little Jim, we are just women like your own mother, only we had more money in our loaf, than you had in yours, and so we wanted to give you some. We love to see you happier."

"An' can you make papa drink water again, 'stead of ale, so mamma won't cry so hard when he comes home at night?"

"We will try, little Jim. I want you to kneel down every morning and evening and say: 'Dear heavenly Father, make our father drink water again and get steady work.' Then you expect him to get it, and see what comes."

* * *

It is now a year since little Jim began to pray that prayer. "Jim and Me" both go to school regularly. James, the father, has steady work, and is sober now.

The pallet of straw has gone; the old rooms are tidy; new furniture has been bought; they have two rooms instead of one. And that baby, "no bigger than a doll," is a thriving bit of humanity, making music for the family all day long.

Boer Missionaries

The statement is made in the *Christian Express*, of Lovedale, Africa, that the missionary ranks have received a large addition from the Boer prisoners, who, during the closing months of the war with Great Britain, were kept it St. Helena, Ceylon, India, and the Bermudas. It says that during their exile 175 of them were converted, and have since devoted themselves to life service as missionaries to the heathen. Returning home they have been received by the Dutch Reformed Church, and great preparations have already been begun to assist them to an education, that they may be fitted for their work. One congregation has subscribed $10,000 for land and buildings, another has undertaken to support twenty-one students at an annual cost of $2,500, another to support ten, and so on.

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"THE HOOSIER EVANGELIST"

Rev. Henry Ostrom and His Labors as a Soul-Winner

IN a little village near the beautiful Bay of Quinte, off Lake Ontario, less than forty years ago, Henry Ostrom was born. He was the only brother among ten sisters, six of whom, with himself, taught public school. His mother's quiet devotion, he says, "drowned every argument against the Christian faith and was like a safe harbor from the storms of trial. Early in my life she dropped tears on my face, telling me I belonged to God."

Henry's father was a stickler for manual industry and cultivated intellect. He taught Henry to plough when he was twelve, and he had a table custom which called for the correction of misspoken English then and there.

Severe trial came when Henry was about sixteen. His father and three sisters died within fifteen months. Great property loss

HENRY OSTROM

followed. Henry, under the sting of financial difficulty, struck out into the world and was soon teaching. Overwhelmed with the spiritual dearth in the community, he began a cottage prayer-meeting in the kitchen of the home where he boarded. Within a few weeks it developed into a series of revival meetings in which pastor and school-teacher were associated nightly as preacher and exhorter.

In less than two years, Henry was preaching and conducting religious services several times weekly, many people being attracted to the youthful preacher, who looked even younger than his years.

He had been accustomed ever since his conversion, which occurred in his fourteenth year, to lead prayer meetings and do some direct work as a soul-winner among his young associates and the sick, although during his boyhood, prior to his conversion, he had a prejudice against preachers. Soon after his conversion, the "quiet voice," whose meaning he could not at first quite divine, called him, until there was no question left as to his duty, and he preached his first sermon in his eighteenth year. The great Master ratified the call with conversions, especially among drunkards.

In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one afternoon, ten years ago, under the preaching of B. Fay Mills, who was conducting a thoroughly evangelistic meeting there, Mr. Ostrom says "God got hold of me. In that voice 'softer than silence,' but authoritative as all-mightiness, he began to question me, speaking also fresh convictions and privileges to me with fresh power also. It was by far the most remarkable occurrence in my life up to that date. From that day I have really had a new life. The old sermons were cast aside and I went talking Jesus. A thousand old delicacies and fears about duty and victory were swallowed up by a humble confidence in the sufficiency of him who had condescended to intrust me with the power of the Spirit. I started forth into the more, more, more of this limitless provision of grace with an irrepressible conviction that we must abandon the idea of merely 'the better' and striking out for 'the best,' prove that these are opportune days within the church and through it out into the cities for a great spiritual awakening."

In the manufacturing cities, in the universities, in the great centres of population, in factories and mines, and in many places both in the United States and Canada, Mr. Ostrom has insisted upon the essentials of the orthodox faith as sufficient for the modern city, and has proven that without "traps or claptraps" the people will rally to that. "The watchword for the day," he says, "should not be 'broader,' but 'farther.'" "We do not need a new design, and much less a new architect, but we need to build higher, upon the same foundation where our fathers found the truth of Jesus solid."

During these years he has gone entirely without charge. Two books from his pen have received very creditable mention. His *Out of the Crowd*, is made of a body like motivated. His *Foretaste Poems*, is specially adapted to the afflicted.

Among his hymns Root Song is one entitled "O, what a day is coming," which begins with the following hopeful strain:

O, what a day is coming
When all the ills of time
My soul in great glory
What a glorious day
What a day it will be to be with Jesus
When I receive my crown

He is a remarkable example of God's using the weak things. He was admitted into the ministry under protest because of poor health and for years has been a matter of conference in his city-wide meetings, preaching sometimes as often as five times in a day. He says, "I do not try to explain it, just honor the Lord with your thanksgiving, for doubtless I would have been dead and lost, had not the colporteur sought me out and brought me to Jesus, in that country village recreated as for the difficulties in my later boyhood life, I cannot name any point which would have brought me humbly to consent to the blessed way God has opened up to me, but by the way of affliction. For any little help which my life may have brought to others, let them praise the Lord, for not only has the work been done by his strength, but the very perpetuation of my life here, I do believe, is due to his grace alone."

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

Reclaiming the Drunkard

It is now twenty six years since the Christian Home for Intemperate Men was founded in New York City. During these years, 7,000 men have been admitted. The work was inaugurated at the close of a series of Moody revival gatherings, and was founded principally by the late William E. Dodge, whose son, the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, has been President of the Board of Directors during the last twenty five years. In 1902, the Home was moved from Eighty-sixth street, and established at Chester Crest, Mount Vernon. The new buildings accommodate 150 men. During last year 317 men were received, 200 of whom were unable to pay. These men are welcomed, after the management is assured by some responsible party that they are deserving; in other words, an unfortunate man, overcome by the drink habit, is not turned away because of lack of means on his part. The strength of the Home is in its spiritual life. The large number of men converted during recent years, has been the reason for the enlargement of the plant. The original idea continues to be carried out in practical treatment, namely: the application of the Gospel, careful nursing, wholesome food, clean beds, and Christian care while in the Home. The number of members at the present time is fifty, representing many leading Christian families from Montreal, Boston, and different sections of the country. The ability of the men who come to the New York Christian Home is greater than that of the average man. An interesting feature of the Home is the Christian training, through Bible-class work, which has resulted in developing many of the converts, some of whom now hold church offices, and are leaders in the cause of Christ.

A Hindoo Ashamed

Among the people of India there are many who feel the reproach of the contrast between themselves and the Christians. Mr. John Jackson, who is at the head of the mission to lepers, was speaking with some Hindoos during his recent tour, and told them about his work. He said the hospital was built with Christian money and was supported by Christians. "I admit," he said, "that we try to make Christians of the lepers and I suppose you do not approve of that, but as we support the hospital we think we are justified in teaching them Christianity." Among the Hindoos was a Government lawyer, of high standing and character, who said he had been surprised and ashamed at what he had heard, ashamed that it should be left to Christians of another country and race to care for "our lepers." "I feel," he said, "that the least we can do is to help them and stand by them." He immediately gave 300 rupees, and promised a monthly subscription as well.

NO DEATH

The ship may sink,
And I may drink,
A hasty death in the bitter sea.
But all I leave
In the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I
Though falls the sky,
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath
There is no death
To the living soul, no loss nor harm
Not of the clod,
Is the life of God,
Let it mount as it will from form to form

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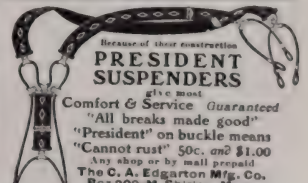

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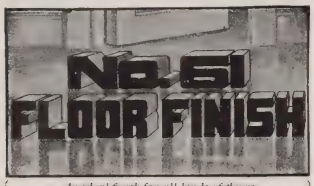

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Finding of an Orator

"STEPPING STONES," by Orison Swett Marden, belongs to a class of books known as inspiring literature. It is a sort of book of prescriptions for every day worries and troubles. No, it is more than that. It is the medicine itself. It serves as a deep breath of common sense. Here is a good paragraph:

"How wonderful is the power of a highly cultivated woman to change the face of society and to inspire with new thoughts all with whom she comes in contact. According to St. Beuve, the privileged circle at Coppet, after making an excursion, returned from Chamberg in two coaches. Those arriving in the first coach had a rueful experience to relate—a terrific thunderstorm, shocking roads, and danger and gloom to the whole company. The party in the second coach heard their story with surprise; of thunderstorm, of steeps, of mud, of danger, they knew nothing. No; they had forgotten earth and breathed a purer air; such a conversation between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier and Benjamin Constant and Schlegel! They were all in a state of delight. The intoxication of the conversation made them insensible to all notice of weather or rough roads."

Here is a capital story:

A dark-visaged, unkempt man, who had evidently been on a protracted spree, but whose face retained some evidences of refinement, shuffled up to the desk of Stephen Merritt in his New York office, one bright summer morning a little more than ten years ago. In his hand he carried a battered hat, but so much did he tremble from the effects of long abstinence from food, and the nerve-racking consequences of strong drink, that the hat fell from his grasp, as he stood waiting for the merchant to look up. A week's growth of beard gave his face a tramplike appearance.

"Mr. Merritt," he began, falteringly, "I have been told that you are a friend of the unfortunate——"

There was something in the tone of the speaker's voice that caused Mr. Merritt to stop writing and turn sharply in surprise. He looked the man over scrutinizingly. Evidently, he thought, it was an unusual case. A pair of pathetic dark eyes looked, appealingly, straight into his. The tramp had once been a gentleman—that was plain.

"I am unfortunate; will you help me?"

In his bluff way, the philanthropist pretended to be very angry at the suggestion. While secretly resolved to help the poor fellow, he exclaimed:

"Not a cent for a drunkard! I have all I can do to assist those who are worthy. How dare you ask me for money, when you know you will go straight to a rum-shop with it?"

The dark eyes of the stranger snapped fire. The manhood in him had not been extinguished.

"Try me," he replied, as he bit his lips; "try me."

Down into his vest pocket went the hand of the merchant, bringing forth a five-dollar bill. Handing it over, he said, earnestly:

"I will try you; but, if I am deceived, as I have been so often——"

"You won't be, Mr. Merritt," interrupted the man; "you won't be. Your kindness will make a man of me."

He grasped the hand of his benefactor, and, in a choking voice, promised to reform, and to let him know.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day. The merchant-philanthropist was about to leave his office. He had been very busy all day, partly with the demands of his business, partly with the claims of the poor. A fine-looking man of about thirty-five was his last caller.

"What can I do for you, sir?" Mr. Merritt asked, just a trace of impatience in his voice.

"I have called," said the stranger, "to show you that I have kept my promise."

"What promise? Who are you?"

"Why, Mr. Merritt, don't you remember me? I called only this morning."

"This morning! I never saw you before in my life."

A merry smile brightened the dark face of the caller. His clean-shaven features would alone have prevented recognition. But in addition to a fresh shave, he had fresh linen, a well-blacked pair of shoes, plain but neat clothing, and a trim hat. These had worked a transformation in his appearance marvelous to behold. It required earnest assurances on his part to convince Mr. Merritt that his two callers were one and the same man. He explained in a few words. Fired with an earnest determination to reform, he had spent several hours in tidying up. His first investment was a good bath. Next he patronized a barber, then a ready-made clothing dealer, then a haberdasher. With his last twenty-five cents he had purchased a comfortable meal. Not a cent had gone for liquor.

So delighted was the philanthropist with the result of his experiment, that he procured work for the man in the office of Funk & Wagnalls, publishers of *The Voice*, addressing envelopes at fifteen cents a hundred.

"Do you know who that man is?" asked Sam Small, the noted prohibitionist, as he walked through the publishing house, and noticed the quiet figure of the new mailing clerk.

"No."

"He is John G. Woolley, one of the most brilliant men of the Great West, a man of the highest education and mental power. As a lawyer in Minneapolis, he was easily the leader of the bar of his State, his practice netting him from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But he fell, a victim to strong drink."

It was indeed true. An uncontrollable appetite had wrecked the home and the professional career of one of the brightest men in Minnesota. His wife had clung to him until he had lost all self-respect; then she had left him.

The struggle upward was a bitter one for the reformed man, but it was brightened by the love and helpfulness of true friends. Rev. Dr. Deems took an interest in him, and so did the late Dr. Boole. His devoted wife hurried to his side, and together they bravely faced the world again. Bankrupt in health as well as in purse, a period of rest was procured for him at Springfield, Mass. Then, one Sunday afternoon, he made his first temperance speech at Cooper Union, New York. It was electrical. Thrilling as were the words to the auditors, the speech was destined to have a still more powerful effect upon the speaker. It opened up a new vista to him. Strengthened by the consolations of religion, and encouraged by the promptings of his wife, of his friends, and of his own heart, Mr. Woolley resolved to devote his life to the work of saving others from the drink evil. His own reformation being permanent, his great talents soon began to find play. Within a year, there burst on the sky of temperance reform a star of the first magnitude, a brilliant thinker, an able party leader, a man of such impassioned eloquence that he swayed audiences as never temperance lecturer had done since the days of John B. Gough.

One day a splendid-looking couple drove up to the office of Mr. Merritt, and alighted. The one was Mr. Woolley, now a prince among men; the other was his devoted wife, her face beaming with happiness. It was the anniversary of the day when the greenback had been given to the tramp. The interview that followed was very dramatic. When it was over, three people were wiping their eyes.

"I knew you would be glad to see the good your five-dollar bill has accomplished," said Mr. Woolley.

"I'd sell out my business to-morrow, and go to work as a grave-digger," said the grizzled veteran, "if I could invest the money in chaps like you."

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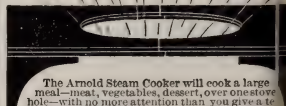

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Joanna, the Temple Girl

A PREACHER from a distant village brought us Joanna, as one of the candidates for baptism. She was apparently about fourteen years old, and had for some months confessed Christ, and loved the Christian life, and she was well spoken of by the Christians who knew her. But she was a Matangi. Does that mean that she had some horrible disease, or that she was lame or deformed? No; it means that she had been devoted to a peculiar and disgusting service of the Goddess Ellamma. Being supposedly possessed by the spirit of the goddess, it is her function to perform the purifying ceremonies that precede all the heathen festivities, many of which cannot be held without her presence. How must she do this? She must dance and make all sorts of wild gesticulations, and affix the sacred marks to the foreheads of her worshipers, and even put in their faces, to make their hearts pure.

But even with this record, and a prospect of becoming a noted priestess with a lucrative income, ministering to the highest as well as to the lowest caste, she decided to forsake all and follow Christ. She could not go back to her heathen parents, so we took her into the Ongole Faith Orphanage, and gave her her new name, Joanna. For a time all went well, but after two months the mother came, demanding her daughter. She tried to persuade Joanna to run away with her, but the young disciple would not go back to a life of sin. A week later, the mother returned, this time to tell Joanna that her eldest brother was sick, and she must come to see him before he died. Joanna escaped the vigilance of the matron, and made her way—twenty-one miles—to her village home. She found her brother well, and then discovered that she had been caught in a trap, for they would not let her return, but tried to force her into her old work.

"JOANNA"

When we learned that Joanna had gone, we were greatly perplexed, but at once got three of our Christian people to go and see what could be done. They went to the village and found Joanna miserable enough. Her parents refused to let her return. "Why," said they, "we have already lost twenty-five rupees (about $8.50) these two months, because Joanna did not perform the purifying ceremonies at the harvest festivals." Twenty-five rupees is as much as an ordinary laborer earns by five months' steady work. The whole village gathered together, including the elders and the son of the chief officer of the caste village. "Will you go back with us, Joanna?" asked the orphanage matron.

"Yes, I want to go back, for I do not want to serve the devil; I wish to serve Jesus, my Saviour."

Then her own brother beat her on the head three or four times, and he said, "You must not say you want to go with them. You must say, 'I will not go.'"

Resistance was useless. Our Christians were severely threatened, and warned to go away. That evening we had a meeting of the Orphanage Christian Endeavor Society, and I told the children about Peter's imprisonment and his deliverance by the angel. "Now it is evident, as far as we can see," I said, "that Joanna is as securely held by her people as Peter was held and guarded by those Roman soldiers. But Peter's angel is able to deliver Joanna also, and to give her again to us." To this the little ones heartily assented; and we all together—they with a faith perhaps greater than my own—prayed that somehow Johanna might be restored to us. Many also were the prayers that were offered up for her in private. *The next evening Joanna came back into our midst.*

She escaped from her home in the early morning, and was helped on her way by a friendly merchant, who let her ride in his cart a long distance. Thus the prey was snatched out of the mouth of the destroyer. Look at her calm face in the picture and pray for her, that she may become a strong and faithful worker for our Lord.

Ongole, India. H. HUIZINGA.

A Circus Girl Spoiled

One of the pious undergraduates of Oxford, England, remembering his visits to Abingdon Fair, before his conversion, determined to go there again, and see if he could not do some good among the crowds of people who congregated in the streets and squares. He took a number of Testaments with him and hired a booth. He sold about fifty and gave the remainder away. The following year he went again with another supply of Testaments. Near the close of the day, a man who, from his garb, was evidently in the show business, halted at the booth and the undergraduate asked him to buy a Testament. "Not I," said the man, "but I have half-a-mind to punch the head off of you." The undergraduate looked at him in amazement and asked him why. "I'll tell you why," was the reply. "You spoiled the best circus girl I ever had. She bought one of these here books of you last year. Before that she was a first-class performer, and she made lots of friends of swell fellows who came to the circus to see her. They used to give her money and treat her to drinks, and they would stand treat all round. She brought lots of good money to the show; but after she got that —— book, she changed altogether. She quit drinking and would not have anything to say to the young men. Then she left the show and went to some religious women in London, and they got her a place in some home. If it had not been for your book, she'd ha' been with me now." It was a striking testimony to the power of the Word.

The Accompaniment

As an illustration of the truth that the Spirit makes intercession for those who know not how to pray, Dr. B. F. Meyer tells the following: "I was staying at a hotel in a town in Norway where was a little girl who had reached that most trying age when she could play one tune on the piano with one finger, always making the same mistake. This tune she would insist upon inflicting on the guests on all occasions when she could get access to the piano in the salon. Everyone was getting rather tired of her and her tune, until one day one of the leading organists in Norway, who was staying in the hotel, came to the rescue. Sitting down beside her, to her single notes he kept up a wonderful harmony of accompaniment, at sound of which the rooms emptied, and guests one and all poured into the drawing-room to listen. For half-an-hour he kept them entranced, and then, taking the little girl by the hand, introduced her to the company as the one whom they had to thank for the music they had been enjoying." Our poor halting prayers in the hands of the Spirit become acceptable to God.

"Kiss Your Mother"

I was visiting at one time in a beautiful home where lived a dear old lady, Aunt Abby. Seeing her sitting in her rocking-chair by the window one day, and looking a bit lonely, as I passed by I put my arm around her and kissed her cheek. She looked so pleased, and said, "Thank you, dear. Thank you." "Why, Aunt Abby," said I, surprised that she should seem to care so much. "My dear," she said earnestly, "Kiss your mother; kiss her often. You don't know how much good it will do her. Ah! we kissed them so much when they were little ones, the darlings! But now they have so much to do, and so many cares, it is not strange that they seem to forget. They are so kind and good, they want us to have everything and more than we need. It is only that they are always so busy. Don't forget, dear, to kiss your mother every day. It will make her very happy and—when she is gone, the memory will be all the sweeter."

LILIAN MORGAN CRONKITE.

Her "Beautiful Bible"

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—My beautiful premium Bible has been received, and the lovely pictures. I sincerely thank you for all. For the first time in my life of fifty years, I am able to read the Old Testament with some idea of the relations of texts to our Lord. (MRS.) MARY CURRAN.

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From the

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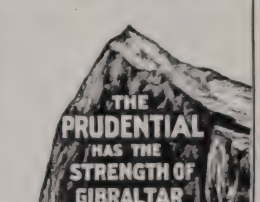

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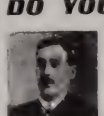
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QUAINT PSALMS *for* QUEER FOLK

By Rev. C. H. Yatman

PSALM CXXXVII
Psalm of Captivity

1. By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. 2. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

"REQUIRED OF US A SONG"

3. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

4. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

. . .

The experience of Israel in captivity is the story of the present-day prodigal. Captive to sin, his song is unsung, his memory is at work giving him a taste of eternal despair. No backslider is ever happy, or ever can be; his wine of joy quickly turns into bitterness, and what he took for pleasure turns to poison. Only Christ can set the captive free.

PSALM CXXXVIII
Prophetic Psalm

4. All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

"KINGS SHALL PRAISE THEE"

5. Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord.

. . .

Here is a tremendous bit of prophesy; enough to startle nations. When all kings of the earth begin to "praise God and sing," the underlings will fall in line and then will be seen the full world-power of the Gospel. Oh, Christians! hasten with God's Word to the ends of the earth. Speak it out; shout it out; sing it out, that his loving kindness is great and that from the high king in the palace to the low peasant in the hut, he hath respect and will save.

PSALM CXXXIX
Search-Light Psalm

1. O Lord, thou hast searched me and know me. 2. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

"THOU HAST SEARCHED ME"

3. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

4. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Here you get X-rays stronger than Roentgen's, and a search-light that excels in power all those of battle-ships. The sinner whose sins are of the night, and the wicked who work their way in the dark, need to know this Psalm. Midday and midnight are alike to God. This Psalm is a warning to the wicked, but to the righteous, who must walk in a wilderness world, full of queer ways and queerer people, it is better than steel rails and headlight to a locomotive.

PSALM CXL
Battle Psalm

4. Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the wicked; preserve me from the violent man; who have purposed to overthrow my goings.

"THEY HAVE SPREAD A NET BY THE WAYSIDE"

5. The proud have hid a snare for me, and cords; they have spread a net by the wayside; they have set gins for me. Selah.

6. I said unto the Lord, thou art my God; hear the voice of my supplications, O Lord.

7. O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.

. . .

"Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." The God of battles is the power and defense of the true-hearted, whole-hearted. Poisoned arrows reach them not; snares laid, catch them not; nets spread, hold them not. A righteous nation, like a righteous man, is safe, either in time of war, or peace. This Psalm is to be read with the awful battle in the wilderness, by the Son of Man. He won, so can we, for he is with us. What a shout of victory is Romans 8! Read this, then read that.

A Warfare on Dancing

THAT dancing is a detriment to spiritual growth, and that waltzing is especially dangerous to morals and a menace to virtue, is the conclusion reached by a number of pastors in the State of Missouri. The Rev. L. D. Ewing, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Dexter, Mo., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning a combined movement against the waltz, which has just been organized in that section of the State. In his letter he says:

Editor Christian Herald—Dear Brother:—The enclosed is signed by five ministers, four of them pastors in this town. Two of them have had personal interviews with fifty leading and representative citizens of Southeast Missouri on the dangers of the waltz. Forty-seven of these say that waltzing is dangerous to virtue. Tens of thousands of fathers and mothers know nothing of its dangers.

Will you please publish this article, in the interest of our homes. I am confident that God will bless you for it. L. D. Ewing.

Accompanying Pastor Ewings letter is the following:

"Believing that thousands of mothers and fathers do not know the dangers of the waltz, we ask your attention to these facts:

"We had a personal interview with about fifty leading citizens of Southeast Missouri. These men have come from half a dozen States to make this their home. They are bankers, lawyers, editors, ministers, merchants, drummers, physicians, teachers, farmers. Some have graduated at the leading schools in the United States. We have asked each one the direct question, 'Is waltzing dangerous to virtue?' All of these men except three have said, 'Yes, it is.' Some of them who have waltzed, say they know from experience. Some of these men who have not waltzed, speak from observation. The Christian people among them do not waltz now. One, man who is now a leader in an evangelical church, said he taught waltzing for nearly four years, and he knows from these years of experience that waltzing is dangerous to virtue.

"A large number of mothers and fathers of this town have recently read a book on the subject, attacking the waltz, and they have told us that the leading thought of this book was true." (Signed),

L. D. Ewing, Pastor Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
Z. Ferrell, Pastor Baptist Church.
J. H. Couch, Pastor Christian Church.
W. Lowe, Pastor Methodist Church.
R. L. Russell, Presiding Elder, Methodist Church.

We commend the vigorous action of these Missouri pastors to other ministers. The CHRISTIAN HERALD would be pleased to hear from clergymen elsewhere who have taken up arms against this specially objectionable form of dancing, for the sake of the morals of the young people in their congregation.

A Pioneer Summer Bible School

THE Moody Bible Institute of Chicago is a pioneer among summer Bible schools. Its founder, the late D. L. Moody, saw that the summer affords pastors and others an opportunity for study during their vacation, and also that the summer is as necessary and valuable as the winter for training in various methods of Christian work. Hence the Institution holds its sessions throughout the year. The schedule for the present summer includes courses in Bible, Gospel music and practical work. The music is under the personal direction of Prof. D. B. Towner, whose long experience in evangelistic work makes him an ideal instructor of singing evangelists. The practical work courses develop and test students in an all-round experience of the theories and principles they learn in the lecture room. Special lecture courses on Bible themes will be given by men of international reputation, including Dr. James M. Gray of Boston, Dr. John R. Sampey of Louisville, Ky., Dr. Elmore Harris of Toronto, and Rev. R. A. Torrey, who is soon returning from his eighteen-months' tour around the world

A convention of Christian workers will be held at the Moody Institute June 23-30, 1903. Prominent leaders, representing various phases of Christian enterprise, will make addresses and conduct conferences. The Chicago Auditorium, with seating capacity of 4,000, has been engaged for the opening session. Among those who will take part are Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, S. H. Hadley, evangelists Arthur J. Smith, W. E. Biederwolf, Geo. R. Stewart, Major Cole, and others.

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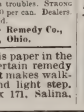

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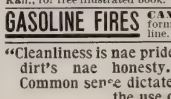

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"Cleanliness is nae pride, dirt's nae honesty." Common sense dictates the use of SAPOLIO

PAUL'S LAST MESSAGE

From the Edge of the Grave he Issues his Final Appeals to the Churches

By Mrs. M. Baxter

PAUL'S second Epistle to Timothy is not only his last message to him, but to the church at large. It was written in prison, during his last imprisonment, when he knew that his martyrdom approached. It is most striking that in such circumstances this man of God has his eye so steadily on life and immortality. He had taught the Corinthians that the believing dead should be raised incorruptible at the coming of the Lord, and that the living, the mortal, should put on immortality. He speaks of "our Saviour Jesus Christ," who "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel" (II. Tim. 1: 10 R.V.) He might have to pass through death, but only to be raised immortal; no more subject to death or corruption. He sees God as him that "quickeneth all things," and Christ as him "who only hath immortality" (I. Tim. 6: 13, 16), and that he shall judge the quick and dead by his appearing and his kingdom (II. Tim. 4: 1), and he loved that appearing.

The apostle very touchingly appeals to Timothy that he should not be ashamed of the testimony of our Lord nor of me his prisoner," that he should consider their "holy calling," and exhorts him to keep the good deposit which was committed to him "through the Holy Ghost, which dwelleth in us" (II. Tim. 1: 8-14, R.V. marg.) And then he calls on his beloved Timothy to be strengthened in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Our strength is never in what we are or what we do, but in the grace which beholds us in Christ, "accepted in the Beloved." In us—*i.e.*, in our flesh—dwelleth no good thing, and we can neither come truly down to the level of those who are lost, nor can we rise to true communion with God in that adoration which is speechless, except as we see what grace has done for us. Strengthened in grace, Timothy could pass on to others what Paul had taught him, he could take his part in suffering hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, he could with authority charge others in the sight of God that they strive not about words (II. Tim. 2: 1-3, 14, R.V. marg.)

But that which was especially included in the "good deposit" which was committed to Timothy was the Word of God. Paul exhorts him, "Remember Jesus Christ, risen from the dead [a risen, living Saviour], . . . according to my Gospel, wherein I suffer trouble as an evil-doer." There would have been no persecution of Paul if he had not insisted that Christ was risen, and that he was coming again to judge both the quick and the dead. It is as though he would say, "Timothy, I fall in the conflict; but though I am bound, the Word of God is not bound; it will live though I die. Maintain everywhere that Christ is risen; that he is exalted, and that he is to be Judge of all men. Take sides with the mighty truth of a risen Saviour. Let men know that He lives who has died for them, and if you also fall in the conflict, souls will be saved, and He will raise us immortal when He comes."

But above all else, Timothy must be himself a sample of his teaching. "Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the Word of truth." Paul lays down no rule for handling the Word of truth aright but the rule of a consistent life. He who lives near to God and studies the Scripture will have far more power in handling the Word than the most advanced scholar who has not tested its power in his own soul. That Timothy might know how to use the Word of God aright, he must "shun vain babblings"—useless talk; he must "flee youthful lusts"; he must refuse "foolish and ignorant questionings." He must "not strive, but be gentle towards all, apt to teach, forbearing, in meekness instructing [or correcting] them that oppose themselves." By this means Timothy might handle aright the Word of truth and learn what passages the Holy Spirit would use in such or such a case.

President Roosevelt's Newsboy

THIS IS WILLIAM SMITH, the boy who sells The Saturday Evening Post to President Roosevelt every Thursday. Last fall William started to sell The Post in Washington. He already sold newspapers. One day, after he had received his supply of the out-of-town newspapers, he passed the White House and noticed that some papers which he had had for almost two hours were just being delivered. Next day was The Saturday Evening Post day. As soon as he had gotten his package he started for the White House on his bicycle at top speed, and sold as many copies as possible among the attaches. A few days later the President noticed a newspaper which he knew was to contain something in which he was interested. He called for his copy, but was told that it had not yet arrived. Inquiry was made as to where the copy which he had seen came from. He was told that "it was delivered by William Smith, The Saturday Evening Post boy," it being related how he had been supplying the White House staff ahead of the regular carrier. The President left instructions with Secretary Cortelyou that William be brought to him. He shook hands with him and said that thereafter he wanted him to deliver his copies of the daily papers and The Saturday Evening Post. The story of "The President's Newsboy" traveled, and now, in addition to his newspapers, William sells from 400 to 500 copies of The Post each week, principally to members of Congress, the President's household, and department clerks.

There are 6000 boys like William Smith selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST all over the country. They do it Friday afternoons after school hours and on Saturdays. Some are making $15.00 a week. We want more boys. It costs nothing to start; we send the first week's supply of 10 copies free. If you write to-day, YOU CAN START NEXT WEEK.

$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

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FOR OUR FREE SPECIAL BICYCLE CATALOGUE showing the most complete line of new 1903 model gents', ladies' and children's bicycles at prices so low as to be really startling, for everything in bicycle sundries and supplies, for the most astonishingly liberal offer ever heard of, cut this advertisement out and mail to us. Chicago Ill.

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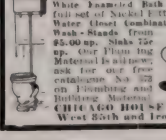

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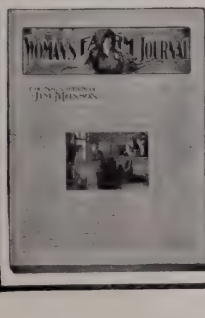

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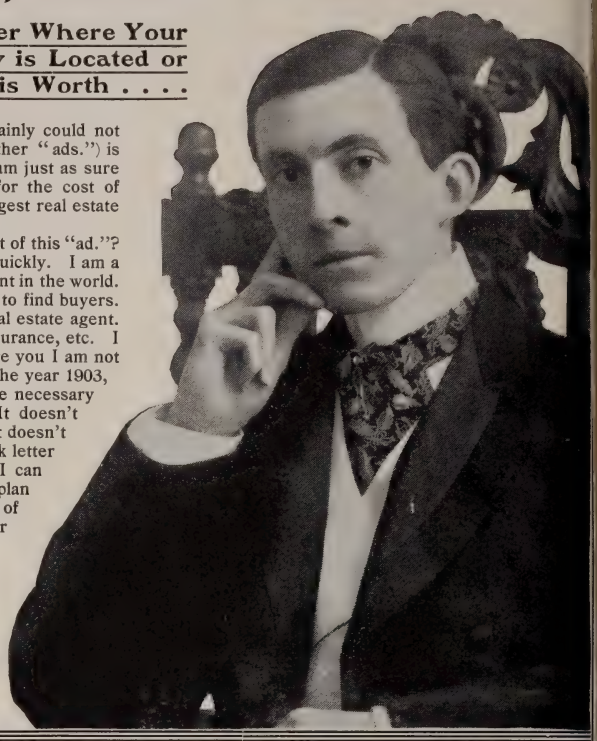

IF I did not have the ability and facilities to sell your property, I certainly could not afford to pay for this advertisement. This "ad." (like all of my other "ads.") is practically sure to place on my list a number of new properties, and I am just as sure to sell these properties, and make enough money in commissions to pay for the cost of the "ad." and make a good profit besides. That is why I have the largest real estate business in the world to-day.

Why not put your property among the number that will be sold as a result of this "ad."?

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If you want to buy any kind of a Farm, Home, or Business in any part of the country, tell me your requirements. I will guarantee to fill them promptly and satisfactorily.

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W. M. OSTRANDER,

1417 North American Building, Philadelphia.

Please send without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of.....

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in the town or city of.....

County of.....*and State of*.....

and which I desire to sell for $.....

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property.....

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Name.....

Address.....

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With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond approximately with the following specifications:

Kind of property.....

Size.....*State*.....

City or County or part of State preferred.....

The price must be between $.....*and $*.....

I will pay.....*down, and the balance*.....

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Name.....

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 24. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

John Wesley, the 18th Century Apostle and Founder of Methodism

SEE PAGE 515

John Wesley. After the portrait by the famous artist, J. W. L. Forster. 1. Wesley's study. 2. His Bible and its leather case. 3. The Rectory at Epworth, Eng. 4. Wesley's House. 5. The monument over Wesley's grave. 6. The original Old John Street Church in New York

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

J. K., New York, N. Y. How can an unbelieving husband be sanctified by a wife, as Paul states in I Cor. 7: 14?

Paul was writing to Christians newly won from a most corrupt and debasing form of heathenism. The converts were disposed to separate from their pagan partners and they wrote for Paul's approval. He told them not to do so. If the pagan husband or wife chose to leave, there was to be no restraint. The Christian must not be the one to seek separation. Rather he should remain in conjugal relations in the hope of saving his pagan wife (see ver. 16). His example and tender affection and Christian kindness might win her to Christianity—might be the means of sanctifying her. So the believing wife might influence the pagan husband. Besides, there was the consideration of the children, who, if the believer remained, would be brought up under holy influences.

H. L., Indianapolis, Ind. What defence, if any, has Russia made of the Kishineff affair?

The Russian Government, according to St. Petersburg dispatches, does not defend it, but condemns it. M. Von Plehwe, Minister of the Interior, has officially blamed the Governor of Kishineff and the other authorities for criminal negligence in failing to protect the Jews. Two high officials have been removed, by order, it is said, of the Emperor.

M. C. B., Plains, Mont. A lady missionary stopping overnight with me, said she was looking for the coming of Christ, inside of two or three years, according to the signs. She said there was a cross in the moon, and that a Russian Jew baby, three months old, had talked and prophesied that Christ should come in two or three years.

It is the duty of Christians to live at all times in expectation of His coming and to be prepared for it; but they are expressly directed to give no heed to those who pretend by signs and visions, to indicate the time of His coming. We have heard about the Russian child, and the moon cross, and there is no truth in either story. See Matt. 24: 23; Mark 13: 22, 32; and Luke 21: 8, 9.

S. E. R., Newburgh, N. Y. What is the origin of the name Amen corner, applied to certain parts of a legislative chamber or convention?

We do not know how it came to be used in that connection, but it is probably associated with one end of Paternoster Row, in London, England, which bears that name. The tradition about that thoroughfare and its corner is, that as it was near Old St. Paul's Cathedral, the choristers passed through it in procession on their way to and from service. They chanted the rosary as they went, and had just reached the Paternoster (our Father) at the beginning of the Lord's Prayer as they entered the Row, and as they reached the corner they had arrived at the end of the prayer —the Amen. A writer about the year 1310 speaks of Paternoster Row as the holiest street in London, because of the number of books, rosaries, and ecclesiastical paraphernalia sold there.

Mrs. J. D. W., Edina, Mo. Does the Greek Church acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, or is it a separate organization, governed by its own patriarch?

They reject the claim of the Pope as Supreme Pontiff, but recognize him as patriarch, or head of one section of the church, the head of the Greek section being their own patriarch.

Old Subscriber, Winsted, Conn. I have heard it stated that there are only seven original languages, of which all other languages and dialects are composed. Is this statement correct? How many are there?

The only explanation of the origin of diversity of languages among men is that found in the Bible (Gen. 11: 1-9). Beyond this, the wide differences in speech must have resulted from the difference in surroundings and conditions. Jewish writers hold that Gen. 10: 5, 20, 31, indicates that the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japheth spoke seventy different languages.

L. E. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. I heard a preacher declare recently that Atheism is extinct, and that now no educated person denies the existence of a God. Is that true?

To a certain extent it is true; but the gain is not worth much elation. The present form of the attitude which we regard as unbelief, is that there is a potent force, whether mind or matter is not clear, pervading the universe, which is the cause of everything. It is a species of Pantheism that denies or ignores the personality of God, representing him as being in all living things and exerting a power which sustains and reproduces life. How far this is from Christ's revelation of God as our Father, you can see. No one can worship or love blind force. Still, it is a step in the right direction to abandon the belief that mere chance or molecular attraction accounts for the universe.

C. P. H., Beloit, Kans. Can you tell me of a school in which one can learn architecture, and, while studying, pay his way, or partly pay it, by doing some kind of labor for the school.

M. L. & H. C. Emery, architects, New York, reply to the above: "Cornell and Lehigh Universities both have architectural schools, and we understand afford some opportunities for students working out part of their expenses. Would suggest that your correspondent write directly to the institutions for the desired information."

R. E. M., Los Angeles, Cal. I notice in a theological work, a reference to the four great heresies. Can you tell me what they were?

There have been many doctrines which have been pronounced heresies by the theologians. The four, however, to which your author probably alludes were those condemned by the Councils of Nice, in 325; Constantinople, in 381; Ephesus, in 431; and Chalcedon, in 451. The first was the Arian, which declared Christ to be inferior to the Father. The second, the Apollinarian, declared that the soul of Christ was divine and his body human. The third, the Nestorian, contended that the nature of Christ was a combination of two persons and that the Virgin Mary was mother of only one of them. The fourth, called the Eutychian heresy, taught that Christ was divine without any admixture of humanity.

Reader, Savannah, Ga. I have seen somewhere a calculation of the cost of a criminal family which was traced through several generations, but have lost the particulars. Do you know of any such estimate?

The calculation has been made in several cases. The woman called "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals," was one case. The most remarkable, however, was that of the Jukes family, which is cited in Boles' *Science of Penology*. The head of the family was born about 1720. His descendants were traced down to the year 1874. There were in all over 900 of them. Seven were executed for murder; 60 served long terms in prison for serious crimes; 130 were imprisoned for stealing; 50 of the females were arrested at various times for leading vicious lives; 440 were sent to State hospitals for treatment for diseases of various kinds produced by drunkenness or other vices; and 310 were supported in almshouses. It was estimated that first and last the Jukes family cost the public nearly a million dollars, besides the private losses of the people whom they defrauded.

Inquirer, Germantown, Pa. What materials other than paper have been used for books?

The most ancient books we know of were made of clay. The writing was done while the clay was soft, and afterwards the tablets were baked. Complete libraries of this kind have been found in Assyria and have been deciphered. Many other materials have been used. In the British Museum there are books and manuscripts on bark, papyrus, palm leaves, leather, parchment, and the bones of animals.

UNVEILING THE STATUE OF VICE-PRESIDENT HOBART AT PATERSON, N.J.

Ten thousand spectators attended the impressive public ceremony at the unveiling of the memorial statue to the late Vice-President Garrett A. Hobart, in City Hall Plaza, Paterson, N. J., on June 3. The statue, which is the work of Philip Martini, is a remarkably striking likeness of the statesman who was the honored associate of the late President McKinley. It was the gift to Mr. Hobart's native State from Americans all over the country, who contributed towards its erection Many eulogistic addresses were delivered at the unveiling.

Enquirer, Eau Gallie, Fla. Who was the originator of the matrimonial bureau?

There were matrimonial markets in ancient times in Assyria, Babylon and Egypt, and we believe there are certain lands to-day where the custom is continued. The modern matrimonial bureaus, so-called, are generally regarded as humbugs.

Student, Hartford, Conn. What fixed star is nearest to the earth and how far is it away?

We believe astronomers are agreed that there is no fixed star nearer to us than Alpha in the constellation of the Centaur. In round numbers it is about twenty thousand million miles away. Its light would reach the earth in about three years and a half.

Ella R., Dayton, O. I am greatly interested in your announcement of a series of lessons in sight-singing. Will you kindly inform me 1. Whether, after following your course one will be able to read any music at sight? 2. When was harmonic music introduced?

1. Any one having a taste for musical study and who loves singing will be able to *read* ordinary simple melodies at sight after these lessons. That is, he or she will be able to give the key, to name the notes, sing them correctly and keep the time or measure. The course will prepare the way for voice-culture and the mastery of more difficult and intricate music, which can only come with study and practice. 2. Harmonies were introduced in the ninth century.

Subscriber, Topeka, Kans. I saw in a magazine recently, that the body of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites in Egypt, had been found, and was now in a museum. Was he not drowned with his army in the Red Sea?

The Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites was Rameses II. His body has been found and is in a museum in Egypt. You will see by Exodus 2: 23 that he died a natural death. It was his son Menepthah, who was on the throne when the Exodus took place. We have seen no statement of his mummy having been found. It may yet be, however. The inscriptions on the monuments appear to indicate that he survived the disaster that overtook his army at the Red Sea. He was of a timid, cautious nature, and probably did not accompany his army into the midst of the sea.

A. R. C., Santa Ana, Calif. It is unfortunate, that people living at a distance from New York should be impressed by exaggerated statements concerning the metropolis, which writers and speakers occasionally indulge in. There are many poor among New York's millions, yet there is nothing to warrant the statement that thousands die of privation and want. Any case of want coming to notice is instantly relieved. There are regular organizations for this special purpose. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has occasionally had the duty of helping the needy in the metropolis, but actual cases of starvation are rare. Our Bowery Mission, on the East Side, helps thousands of idle and homeless men and lads every year, but it seldom encounters the grim fact of death through starvation. We repeat, that we have the very best reason for believing that those statements of numerous deaths from starvation in New York are sensational and incapable of proof. Fortunately, such deaths are very few.

Inquirer, Reading, Pa. No; under the present immigration laws, if it can be shown that the passage-money of a newly-arrived immigrant has been paid, in whole or in part, by some one in this country, it is presumed that the newcomer is indigent, and consequently liable to become a public charge. In such a case, if it be not satisfactorily shown that the person is not likely to become a charge, the immigrant will be excluded.

Mrs. B., Washington, D. C., writes:

I see by the paper, that the grave of Sarah Flower Adams, author of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," is unmarked. That hymn has long been our solace, and since the death of President McKinley, it is still more precious. Can't we raise a neat stone on her grave in England, and have this hymn inscribed upon it?

Here is a pleasing note from some Nova Scotian friends:

FORBES POINT, NOVA SCOTIA.

Dear Christian Herald:—We were surprised to see our picture in your number of May 13th, as we did not know you had ever heard of us. Our name is "The King's Own Mission Band," and we are one of the children of the "Woman's Missionary Aid Society," of the Maritime Provinces, whose work is among the Telugus, in India. Our boy, that we are supporting, is at school at Bimlipatam, one of our mission stations. He is a Christian, and is getting ready to tell the story of Jesus' love to others. He is a good, true, pure boy and getting along well in his studies. He wrote us lately: "I received with much joy the" two-edged sword"—that is, the Bible you so kindly sent me. What great love you have for the people of this country! I am able to read the small words in this English Bible, but not the big words. Pray that I may learn to read the big words, too. Please pray for me, that I may be an example to the heathen boys with whom I go to school, and also that I may study hard, so as to be able to do good work for the Lord.

K. LUXMIAH.

H. L. Brenckman, Hudsondale, Pa., writes:

Will some of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are members of a Sunday School, be so kind as to send me a rough draft of their chapel and the interior arrangements for screening the classes from each other during the lesson period?

Miscellaneous Questions

Subscriber, Stoneham, Mass. We never heard of a poem on the subject. Would be pleased to see it.

Mrs. P. C. Kelsey writes, that she finds it impossible to supply any more demands for the old hymn "Christ in the Garden."

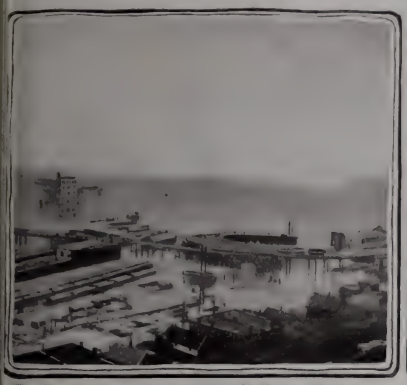
Reader, Philmont, N. Y. View it as you may, dealing in stocks on margin is simply gambling. A Christian should leave it alone.

NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

FLOODED UNION DEPOT, SOUTH OF THE INCLINE



FLOODED SANTA FE DISTRICT, KANSAS CITY, MO.

SUBMERGED CARS IN KANSAS CITY YARDS

These Photographs were procured exclusively for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE GREAT WESTERN FLOODS

WHAT has proved to be the worst flood that has visited Kansas and Missouri in thirty years, is now subsiding, after nearly a week of unprecedentedly high tides. It became evident during the last days of May, that the Kansas and Missouri rivers were swelling to the danger mark, the spring freshets having been late and extremely heavy this year. On May 31 the flood came with terrific violence, accompanied by heavy rain, and soon the lowlands along the river front at Kansas City were a vast sea. Along both sides of the river, for a distance of many miles, dwellings, factories, gas-works, waterworks and other buildings were inundated, and the occupants compelled to seek safety elsewhere.

In the locality known as the East Bottoms, people were crying for help and shooting pistols from their upper windows. Many were rescued by boats from tree branches, telegraph poles, box cars and roofs.

Almost the entire population of Armourdale—a lowlying suburb of Kansas City, Kan., where there are great packing-house plants strongly built—was driven away by the flood.

At Topeka, Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kan., and at other points extending for many miles either way, the raging rivers swept away their embankments at many points, and covered the bottom lands under from eight to thirty feet of water; carrying havoc and death with the inrushing flood.

Almost the entire manufacturing districts of the three cities, were submerged. Gas plants were flooded and rendered useless, and the cities were in darkness. What was even worse, the water supply was, for the time being, totally unavailable, causing much suffering and sickness. All telegraphic communications were cut off, and even railroad connections were well nigh severed. Sixteen bridges over the Kansas River went down under the violence of the torrent; the only bridge left standing in that section, being the Missouri Pacific Railroad bridge, at Kansas City.

As is always the case in disasters of this nature, the most alarming reports of the loss of human life prevailed. Many of these rumors were exaggerated. As far as can be learned reliably the loss of life at Kansas City, Kan., was between forty and fifty, at Topeka thirty-four, but there are many casualties at other points, which will swell the mortality list along the Kansas River to several thousands. Estimates of the losses to property differ greatly. One estimate places the loss at North Topeka at $1,000,000, on business buildings, dwellings, plants, railroads, etc.; another says it will reach $4,000,000, while that at Kansas City will also be several millions, and at Des Moines $1,000,000 or more. In the Kansas River Valley, the damage to crops and live stock will reach $4,000,000.

It is probable that the scenes of human suffering and terrible anxiety that took place during the three or four days when the flood was at its maximum have never been equalled in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of those sections. In Kansas City 20,000 persons were homeless, their dwellings either inundated or washed away. The police rescued 250. Relief work on a large scale was quickly begun and the homeless were sheltered and fed. Three or four days after the flood had begun to subside, there were still 1,500 refugees who were being taken care of. At Armourdale, where the packing-house plants were submerged, hundreds of the homeless were sheltered in the woods, and at Argentine, where the Santa Fe yards were inundated, the refugees fled to the high grounds back of the suburb. These two places, with Riverside, were practically blotted out of existence for the time being.

In Topeka, 7,000 flood refugees were to be cared for, and all the lodge-rooms, churches, and public buildings were converted into dormitories and living rooms for the sufferers. There was a good deal of sickness, but no epidemic. The streets were like canals, and the country for miles around was flooded; railroad tracks washed and trains stalled, so that only the tops of the cars were visible. On one morning, 500 refugees were breakfasted in one of the public buildings. In North Topeka, hundreds were imprisoned in their houses by the swift rise of the waters, and completely isolated.

Those who witnessed the scenes during the height of the flood can never forget them. Men and women could be seen in the upper parts of houses, waving cloths as signals of distress, or shouting for aid. The darkness of those nights was made appalling by the frequent cries for help. In the daytime, bodies could be seen floating down the rivers, and sometimes also buildings, or large sections of wreckage. Many daring rescues were reported. One man drew from the river a cradle with a baby in it—the little one all unhurt and having escaped death almost miraculously.

IN THE PACKING HOUSE DISTRICT LOOKING EAST

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FLOODED STREETS

TWO VIEWS OF THE FLOOD IN KANSAS CITY, KAN.

In response to appeals for aid on behalf of the homeless refugees, the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD telegraphed to Mayor Craddock, of Kansas City, Kan., and the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, authorizing them to draw on him for one thousand dollars each for the relief work. The Mayor of Kansas City, replying, telegraphed that 40 per cent. of their 60,000 population was homeless and dependent on charity.

A telegram from the Rev. W. Potts George, of Kansas City, says that many of the sufferers were thirty-six hours without food, and that they "will require to be helped several weeks. Absolute prohibition prevails in both cities, all the saloons being padlocked. Every saloon is closed, and every church and schoolhouse open."

Pastor Sheldon (who is already well known to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers), is active in the relief work in Topeka, and is co-operating with the city authorities. At latest reports the situation was more encouraging. The waters were rapidly subsiding at Kansas City and Topeka, though still very high at many points.

On the whole, however, the prospects for an early return to normal conditions were promising. Many of the Kansas City refugees were living in tents on high ground and were supplied with Government rations. The relief work generally was well in hand.

Contributions for the flood sufferers, sent to this journal will be acknowledged and forwarded to Mayor Craddock, of Kansas City, Kan., and Pastor C. M. Sheldon, of Topeka.

"The Christian Herald" Sends Aid

In response to the offer of help telegraphed to Kansas and Topeka by this journal, the following telegrams were received:

KANSAS CITY, Kan., June 5,

Dr. Klopsch,
CHRISTIAN HERALD, N. Y.

I will draw for one thousand dollars at sight in favor of Treasurer of our Relief Committee. Our citizens have long known of the broad Christian spirit governing your life and action. The substantial evidence of it calls from our grateful people an earnest prayer that all blessings may come to you and yours.

W. H. CRADDOCK, *Mayor.*

LOUIS KLOPSCH, CHRISTIAN HERALD, TOPEKA, KANS., June 3, New York.

Your generous contribution of One Thousand Dollars for flood sufferers thankfully received. Will use immediately.

CHAS. M. SHELDON.

Dr. Klopsch also telegraphed through the Rev. W. P. George, of Westminster Congregational Church, Kansas City, Mo., an offer of aid to that city if such were desired. The Mayor and the Relief Committee, to whom the offer was presented, returned cordial thanks, but the resources at the city's command were considered sufficient for present emergencies.

The American Pulpit

The MODERN EUTYCHUS;

Or, Why People Go to Sleep in Church

A New Sermon by Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON, Topeka, Kansas

ACTS 20: 9—"And there sat in the window a certain young man named Eutychus, borne down with deep sleep"

TO be sure it was after twelve o'clock at night, and Paul had been preaching three hours at least. Cannot blame the young man much for falling asleep under those circumstances, even though Paul was the preacher. When you think how easy and natural it is for some people to fall asleep just when the minister begins with his firstly, it is a wonder that Eutychus didn't fall out of the window earlier in the evening. There is one satisfaction for the audience in reading this story. The window was open, and there was probably plenty of fresh air, so that the preacher could not blame the sexton for the drowsiness of his hearers. No, it was clearly Paul's fault altogether, and any one of us in Eutychus' place would probably have done just what he did! only we would have tried to get into the corner of some comfortable pew, where we could sleep it out, without danger of falling down from the third story and being taken up dead.

I suppose we have no right to blame this young man, because we know absolutely nothing about him. He might have been working hard at some honest toil all day, and his only mistake was in going to church when he ought to have gone to bed. He may have sat up with a sick friend the night before, and become sleepy in that way; or he may have been carousing, and having what young men call curiously enough, a "good time," and in that way prepared his body for a drowsy time when the reaction began. We are not going to criticize Eutychus for falling asleep in church, because most of us have done that ourselves, and we don't want to judge him without knowing the facts in the case. There are times, undoubtedly, when it is difficult to keep awake, especially if the preacher is half asleep himself. We must not question that point now. What we are interested in is this: Why is it that so many people are sleepily indifferent to preaching, or to the Gospel? Is it because the Gospel has lost its awakening power, or is it because it has been preached for so long that it has lost its interest? What is your duty and mine in the matter of putting life into people who are morally sleepy, and will soon be morally dead, beyond even God's power to wake them up again?

Responsibility of the Pulpit

We will take up two sides of the question. First, Considering the relation of the pulpit to the Gospel preaching, and second, The reason for drowsiness, sleepiness, and moral death, on the part of those who constantly hear the Gospel preached.

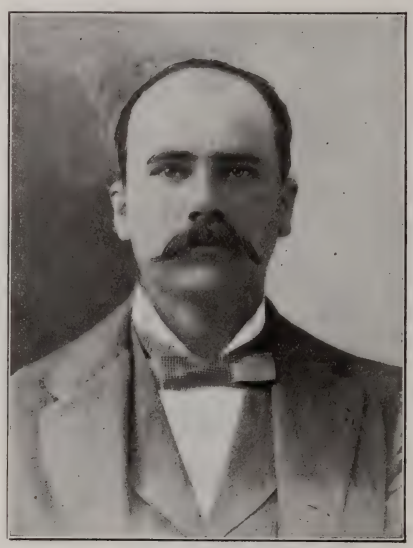
It is not often that the pulpit gets just criticism from itself. It shrinks naturally from ignorant estimates passed upon it by those who think they know all about parish work, and sermon writing, and organized Christian activities; and on the other hand when the ministry confronts itself squarely, it is often puzzled to know what to say to itself; whether it should be soft excuse or sharp rebuke for not preaching the Gospel in a more enthusiastic, earnest, living way to men. Did you ever think how much the ground of the Gospel has been gone over? Men have been preaching from the same subject and using the same old texts for the last nineteen hundred years, and it is sometimes a little appalling to a young preacher to think that he must get sermons from the same words which have been used already a hundred times by far better, abler men, than himself. It may happen that a young preacher is called to a church where his immediate predecessor has been preaching two sermons a week for twenty-five or thirty years. Think of the sermons and texts represented by such a pastorate! It will be a little strange if the young man does not use some of the texts that have been used before; and it may not be very pleasant for him to have some one say to him after the service, "Our old pastor once preached a splendid discourse from those very words which you used for a text this morning."

Life in the Word

You see what I am aiming at. The pulpit might begin the excuse that the material for preaching is pretty well used up; that it is only with the greatest difficulty that men can be reached by preaching. I do not believe any such thing. The trouble is with the preacher, not with the preaching material. We might as well say that God was worn out, because he has been in existence so long. There are some things that do not get worn out by being rubbed; they only get brighter; the Gospel is one of these things. Its power is in it, and a wide awake man can always find it. It will never become stale to the human taste until the human soul changes its constitutional make-up, and becomes something entirely different from its present self.

Granting now without discussion, the vitality of Gospel truth to interest and awaken men, if it is only presented to them as it ought to be, is not this true? The preacher who wishes to reach men with these old truths, must preach sermons which contain heart-beliefs, the most real and personal that he possesses; the beliefs which are sacred treasures of his private as well as of his public soul. What seems to be lacking in many public men nowadays—preachers, lawyers, legislators—is sincerity, blood-earnestness, downrightness, as well as uprightness. If there is anything which a preacher ought to dread, it is two sets of religious beliefs—one for the pulpit, and the other for himself. Is it saying too much to say that if every preacher preached exactly what he believed from his pulpit, there would be some astonished congregations in some churches next Sunday?

Then again, is not this true? The Gospel to be effective must be preached with simplicity. Simplicity of thought and wording, and so far as possible of delivery; although this last will depend more or less on a man's temperament. A speaker's delivery is the expression of his personality, or ought to be. That ought not in any case to affect the simplicity of his thought. But if there is anything discouraging to a young preacher, it is the knowledge that in spite of this very simplicity which he is reaching after, his hearers will at first fail to appreciate him. Just as the old Scotch woman who went to hear the famous Dr. Chalmers, remarked, in a disappointed tone: "Why, I could understand everything he said! I don't call him a great preacher!" You see, one of the greatest temptations for a small speaker is to become a great orator, and in yielding to this temptation, he will almost always be encouraged by his congrega-



REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON

tion. It is strange, but it is true, that very many persons will mistake simplicity for mental inability, and naturalness for want of expression. Just as if the truth depended for its worth or weight on a pulpit tone, or so many gestures to so much manuscript.

Perhaps there is some excuse for a preacher who prepares two sermons a week, for falling into a loose, shambling style. There is never any excuse for writing a single sentence so complex or involved, that it cannot be understood by the large majority of an audience as soon as it is spoken. Take, for example, a sentence like this, from a sermon written by a New England minister, and preached to a large audience of men and women of no more than average ability: "The religious principles which determine our relations to the complicated mechanism called society, and from which we adjust our perceptions of the different phenomena which go to make up cause and event, are largely the result of long continued investigation into the purposes of Moral Law, and rest back, finally, on two essential ultimata of knowledge, viz.: That God is, and that he is the philosophical answer to the captious and rationalistic perturbations of modern theology." Carlyle would have said "Bosh!" to such a sentence as that, even if he had written it himself. The audience which heard the sentence so delivered, perhaps thought it was very fine, but not one single person knew what it meant, and the majority did not care to know. A few sentences like that would send the liveliest person asleep very soon, if they did not have the effect of keeping one awake to puzzle out what they meant. Men and women with every-day needs and immortal souls, cannot be reached by any such preaching as that. That is not preaching. At least, it is not preaching the Gospel.

Then again, what the pulpit needs in its relation to the presentation of Gospel truth, is the imaginative faculty. Sincerity and blood earnestness will count for much. Coupled with genuine simplicity, they will do far more. Add to these necessaries an imagination that can pour warmth, and color, and light, into, and all over, and all around a subject, and the pulpit has solved the problem of old truths for new generations. There is a much difference between a sermon with the imaginative element, and one without it, as there is between a pump and a spring. One has to be worked, and the other works itself. It is a question whether the sermon has a right to compete, within certain limits, with the newspaper or the popular novel. I do not mean by that, that it is the duty or the necessity of the pulpit to amuse or entertain. It has a far higher, more sacred office than that. But unless the presentation of old realities in sermons and in preaching, can be made rightfully attractive, what will reach men, and give them the intense interest they always feel when they are deeply moved by entertainments or by books?

Earnestness Infectious

I do not know why a church should not draw as large a crowd as a theatre. But it never does, unless the crowd finds something in the service to draw it into the church. Paid professional singing won't do it, at least not for very long, nor with the result most needed. Gilded architecture and stained-glass windows won't reach men's hearts, and affect their lives very much. I know of only one thing that will attract men, and keep them from listening to the old Gospel with drowsy eyelids, and that is a pulpit fully alive to men's needs, speaking out of a full heart, so full that it sometimes splashes over and chokes for utterance; speaking so that men can know and feel the reality of what is said, and go away better men than they came. If the Gospel can't do that yet, then it is not what we want. We are mistaken in it. If a preacher cannot use it effectively, then perhaps he has no business to be a preacher. If a man's audience has a confirmed habit of dropping off the window-ledge like Eutychus, it seems to me that that is a pretty good hint that the preacher has a very loud call to get out of the ministry.

So much for the relation of the pulpit to the presentation of old Gospel truth. What has been said is only the merest outline, suggestive, not exhaustive, of the requirements and responsibility of the preacher. We were going to consider, in the second place, some of the reasons for the indifference to Gospel truth on the part of those who have heard it preached for so long. Some of the reasons for moral stupor, ending in moral downfall and death.

We said that we would not pass hasty judgment on Eutychus for falling asleep, because we don't know just what the circumstances in his case were. But I don't believe that when Paul went down and restored the young man to life, that Eutychus found fault with Paul's preaching because it was too long, or too stupid. If ever a preacher came up to the necessary requirements of earnestness, sincerity, and love for souls, Paul did. And then, you must notice, there is no mention made of anyone else dropping off to sleep. Eutychus seems to have been the only one. Taking him, then, as a type of those who are not impressed by the Gospel even when it is rightly and strongly presented, let us see if we can fairly outline a few reasons for the sleepiness of the modern Eutychus.

Wasted Vitality

One of the reasons for a drowsy mind, is a drowsy body. A man who stupifies his physical nature by excesses, or lust, is in no condition to understand and appreciate a beautiful moral truth. Here is a very simple illustration. A young man in good health, an elastic step, a clear eye, a definite purpose in life, wakes from a sound sleep to look out on the dawn of a new morning, and rejoices in the exhilaration which breathes from the sun and air, bird and blossom, hilltop and meadow land. There is a sound of music in the aromatic pines and spruces; there is a fragrance of flower just swept with translucent dew, filling all space; the resurrection of Nature's forces impresses itself upon him, not like a stiff, hard fact, so much as a truthful fancy; and he calls upon all that is within him to praise the Lord for making such a world, and giving him such power to enjoy it. Nature, many-voiced, and beautiful with a youth that is old, and old age that is still young, appeals to a healthy mind and body, with a power as sweet as it is powerful, and as full of meaning as it is empty of flattery.

But let the same bright morning, with its gold and silver lining, gleam just as freshly upon a young life which has smirched its robe of purity by a night's debauch, and how much meaning has all of Nature's richness to such a soul? He is in no condition to respond to it. His head aches, his hand trembles, his tongue is dry, the brute part of him is paying him off for abusing God-given powers, and Nature may play her sweetest tune for him in vain. By his own act, he has put himself outside of her majestic touch, and, turning his back upon the sunlight, which dazzles his eyes instead of awaking them, he drops into a slumber again, and so the glory of that morning passes from him forever.

A Fair Chance for the Truth

Just so, to the Eutychus who has heard the truth preached even by some modern Paul, there is no beauty in it, that he should desire it, because the baser physical side is uppermost too much of the time. Ask a man who is anxiously looking for pins on the ground, to take a peep through a telescope at a star, and he won't hear what you say at first. That does not take away from the splendor of the star, however. It is a fair question to ask a man who never listens to the Gospel, because he says it never did him any good, "What are you doing to give the truth a fair chance at yourself?" How is a man going to hear good music, and know that it is good, unless he takes the cotton out of his ears? How long are you going to let your body run your soul?

Another reason for the stupor of moral apprehension in the presence of preaching is the fatal habit of minute criticism, which can wrap more wet blankets around a sermon and a preacher than anything else which a terrible human being can devise. Those who hear the Gospel in this mental attitude are wide awake enough externally, but spiritually they are growing drowsier and deader every year.

The receptive character is the one that is going to get the most out of life. Why shouldn't we always be ready to apply what we may call a moral sponge to whatever is good, or noble, or helpful, and absorb it into ourselves? Instead of that we go around with a microscope, and a set of sharp dissecting instruments, and we are as much delighted when we discover some tumor of sin or imperfection as if we had discovered a new planet. We are a little disappointed if we can't pick a flaw in something or somebody, but even then we console ourselves with the reflection, "Only give us time, and we'll find something there that isn't just what it ought to be." I have sometimes wondered if there were among Paul's hearers some few persons who were even more to blame than Eutychus. They didn't go to sleep, but they picked Paul to pieces unmercifully when they got home.

Paul, you know, was a small man physically. It is supposed, also, that he stammered badly while preaching. What a beautiful chance for the critics! How they could ridicule his appearance, and his delivery! The burning truth, the magnificent earnestness of the man, the intense love which glowed in the speaker's eye and must have transformed even a homely face, all these counted for nothing with persons who were as sharp to pounce on a grammatical error or mispronunciation as they were slow to acknowledge the truth even in the absence of grammar; and who thought more of the preacher's necktie than of his love for souls.

What is the object of listening to the Gospel? Is it to criticize the man who is preaching it, or run his thought through the hydraulic press of our exterminating judgment, squeeze out all the living juice, and take home the pulp? Or is it to put ourselves in the attitude of those who are so eager for the good and the true, that they will take all a man has to give of the good and true, and throw the rest away? We need not eat nutshells because they happen to be in the same plate with the meats. I consider myself the grateful debtor of a man who can impart some good or helpful thought to me. I may not believe all he says; I may even question the wisdom of some of his methods; I may differ from him in my theory of the Atonement; but if he has something to tell me, if that something has to do with my highest interests, and I know he has no selfish purpose in it all, I will listen to him reverently, and count him, for the time being, my superior.

Seeking Gospel Gold

There is a process in quartz mining by which the precious metal is separated from the worthless rock and rubbish. A proper amount of quicksilver is put into the mixture, and it reaches out innumerable nimble fingers after the gold or silver, until it is all gathered up within itself, and upon the application of heat it lets go of the rich ore, and is ready to do its work again as a searcher after the good. That's what we ought to be—balls of quicksilver, with an affinity for the pure metal.

Again, the modern Eutychus is to be found in the largest numbers among those who deny the practical good of preaching. "There isn't any money in it." It is a good thing to have a preacher around Sundays and on funeral occasions, and it adds respectability to a community to have a church or two in it, but so far as being absolutely necessary, like stores and banks, or even schools, why that is another thing. Now I don't say that men actually speak such thoughts very often, but that is what Eutychus says to himself, as he settles back in the window-seat and prepares for a doze, so as to be fresh and active for the business of Monday. Well, if Gospel preaching in these days isn't made practical, that is the fault of the preacher, not of the Gospel. I am willing to let this sentence be challenged by the most practical business man in this town. A man who is wide awake to the preaching of Christ's love and who accepts it as the best thing in the universe for him, in other words, the man who is a Christian, will make a better business man than he who goes off to sleep morally whenever he hears the Gospel. Mind, I don't say a Church member, but a Christian. And I don't say that the Christian will always make more money than the other man; the men who make the most money are not the most useful men in the place.

Personal Application

Is the best reason for moral drowsiness a failure on the part of Eutychus to make preaching directly personal? Suppose Paul, as he preached that night had begun his sermon by some such words as these, which he used afterwards in a letter written to a young man. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." As these words fell upon the ears of Eutychus, what if he had said, "If that man is a great sinner, so great that he calls himself the chief of all, what am I? I have a good mind to stop that little man who said those words, and ask him what I must do to be saved? But perhaps if I keep on listening he will tell me." So Eutychus sits up and listens eagerly, forgetting the weariness of his body, forgetting to criticise the stammering speaker, finding in what he is saying the most absorbing practical interest, and then after a while he hears Paul say something like this: "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." "That's practical enough," says Eutychus, to himself, and then he hears Paul say this: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." "Stop there," cries out Eutychus, and he leaps down from the window-ledge and crowds his way up to Paul; "tell me what that means?" And as Paul confronts this wide-awake soul, and in warm, glowing words tells him the story of the Cross, and of his own conversion, Eutychus begins to live, and a nature that was morally dead has the birth of the new life.

Will you be the Eutychus who fell down from the window and was taken up dead, or will you be the Eutychus who listens to the Gospel as for his life? Make it personal to yourself, and don't wait for a miracle to breathe life into a moral corpse. For nothing less than that is needed for the modern Eutychus who is sleeping the sleep of death under the earnest preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

What the World Owes to the Jew

WHILE so much is being said about the persecution of the Jews in Russia, it would be well to consider how much modern civilization is indebted to the Hebrew race. Extending through a period of nearly four thousand years, they have a panorama of history that may well challenge the wonder and admiration of the world. The race is honored with a list of great and worthy characters, incomparable to anything else in history. They have Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and the other prophets. They have the apostles and the early fathers of the church; and, to crown the race with honor and glory, beyond all comparison, they have Jesus Christ—the Son of God, the Prince of Peace, the Redeemer of mankind. What would the world be to-day without the light and influence of those great characters? This question can hardly be answered. In some of its great characters, it is conceded that the Hebrew race has reached the climax of greatness. Abraham is said to be the most faithful man, Solomon the wisest, Samson the strongest, and Moses and the Apostle Paul the two greatest human characters that ever existed. It is a question as to which is the greater of the two. Only think of the experience, the achievements and the influence of two men—great and wonderful, grand and glorious, beyond the power of tongue or pen to express. What would the world do without the light of these characters?

The Bible has had a wider influence than all other books combined. It is truly the Book of books. We must remember that it was written by Jewish authors. What would the world be without its influence?

The Jews have retained their identity through a period of nearly four thousand years. The race comes down to us, through the ages, with its purity of blood, like the Gulf Stream running through the ocean. There is nothing else like it in all human history and experience. It proves that there is a divine purpose with these people. It shows that they are God's chosen people, through whom he has revealed his will to the human race. No other people can claim this honor.

The world owes much to Saxon, Roman, and Greek influence; but it owes more to Hebrew influence than to any of them.

In consideration of the great mission and influence of the Hebrew race, the heart and soul of Christianity should feel and express itself thus: Sons and daughters of the Hebrew race, we love you. We love you for what your race has done for the world. We love you for the sake of the great and glorious characters your race has produced. We love you without regard to the imperfections and differences of opinion that exist on both your side and ours. We love you more than all for the fact, that your race has been God's mouthpiece to humanity, through whom he revealed his holy will to the human race.

It is the duty of all Christendom to aid and protect the Jews, as far as possible, against such atrocious outrages as have lately occurred in Russia, and which are a shame and disgrace to that country. The Christianity that can countenance and tolerate such crimes is not worthy the name.

Lynchburg, Va. Respectfully, J. W. OGDEN.

Important Notice

AS some of our subscribers have mislaid the coupons which were sent out with our issue of June 3d, and cannot now reach the exact nature of the liberal propositions we then made in connection with our effort to double, during the present month, the great circulation of **The Christian Herald**, we repeat the same herewith for the benefit of all our readers, to each and every one of whom these propositions are open.

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In view of the permanent withdrawal from the sight of the people of the original **DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE**, the Charter of our Nation's Liberties, signed by heroic patriots who imperiled their lives and their fortunes when subscribing their names on that ever memorable Fourth of July, 1776, **The Christian Herald** has had the precious document **reproduced in facsimile, life-size, 26 x 31** inches, on strong, durable paper. Mr. Henry Mann, the author of "The Land We Live In," has prepared a Story of the Events Which Led Up to the Declaration, with graphic descriptions of the Scenes and Incidents in connection with the Adoption of the Declaration, the Signing of It by Members of the Colonial Congress; and the Announcement of the Momentous Event from the Steps of Independence Hall while the peal of the Liberty Bell proclaimed Liberty throughout the new States; all beautifully illustrated with Historic Scenes, Notable Buildings, and the Portraits of every one of the Signers of the Declaration, a collection obtained only at great expense and tremendous effort. In addition to all this there is, from the pen of Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Philadelphia, the History of the American Flag, How and Where "Old Glory" was Designed, and How it came to be Adopted as the National Standard.

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This patriotic souvenir, which should be in every American Home on the morning of July 4th next, there be Read and Studied and Treasured in the Hearts of to every Member of the Family, will be presented **FREE**, with a view to introducing **The Christian Herald** into New Homes, to every one who Subscribes to **The Christian Herald** for the Six Months ending with January 1st, 1904, at the **reduced price of 50 cents.**

If, however, the New Subscriber prefers, in place of our Patriotic Proposition, to receive **Pearson's** great **Magazine** for Six Months (regular price $1.00 per year), we will **substitute** that Magazine for Henry Mann's Story of the Declaration and the Facsimile of the Document itself, and send both **The Christian Herald** and **Pearson's Magazine** combined from July to January for **only 50cts.**

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To our **present subscribers** we make this proposition: Help us to Double our Subscription List by securing **Two New Subscribers** on the terms above set forth. If you will send us Two such Subscribers, we will send to you, free of all expense, **either** Henry Mann's **Story of the Declaration** and **a facsimile of the Declaration** itself, or **Pearson's Magazine** for Six Months.

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Remember, that the **REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON'S** latest and greatest story, **"THE NARROW GATE,"** commences in our issue of **JULY 1st.** It will appear weekly, and the instalments will be admirably illustrated by able artists, with superb original drawings.

TWO VIEWS OF THE KISHINEFF RIOTS

The Emperor Causes the Russian Version to be Cabled to "The Christian Herald"

TO-DAY, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in accordance with its invariable rule of "hearing both sides" of a controversy, gives on this page the Russian official version of the Kishineff riots and their cause, cabled specially by the Czar's direction, to this journal. Side by size with this is given the graphic story written by Mr. Michael Davitt, who personally visited Kishineff, as the representative of the New York *Evening Journal*.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

Last week Dr. Louis Klopsch cabled to the Russian Imperial Government the following:

To His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, St. Petersburg.

In the interests of justice and humanity, I ask Your Majesty to cause Russia's side of the Kishineff affair to be cabled to me for publication. LOUIS KLOPSCH.

. . .

To this request the following reply, prepared by the Imperial Chief of Police, by the Czar's direction, has been received by cable:

The Official Report

Government, St. Petersburg, June 4.

The Christian Herald, New York.

Russia's agricultural and laboring population is ill at ease, living the common life with Jewish inhabitants of widely-developed commercial instinct; hence there is constant antagonism, the **material differences in racial and religious character coming to the verge of frenzy at the least possible occasion.**

The strained relations existing between the Russians and Jews of Bessarabia were made worse by the fact of finding, in an outlying village, a murdered Christian boy. **The murder was attributed by the population to the ritual and to Jewish habits.**

Official denials of the ritual murder were not given credit by the peasants, who attributed other murders of Christians in the towns of Kieff and Kishineff likewise to the Jews.

Beginning of the Riots

On Easter Day, in the market-place of Kishineff, the workers, while holiday-making, **saw the Jewish proprietor of a carousal machine strike a Christian woman, who fell to the ground, letting go her infant baby. This incident was the immediate cause of an outburst.** The workers began breaking windows and pulling down Jewish stores, as a sign of protest. The police, who always leave much to be desired in provincial towns, failed to make efficacious intervention, the many thousands in the mass of onlookers and holiday-makers approving the riot, and hindering the policemen's actions.

After demonstrators came plunderers, the outbreak lasting from five in the afternoon to ten in the evening, and leaving nine Jewish bodies on place. Night brought the disturbances to an end.

The Brutal Russian Peasantry

What goes far to prove the momentous character of the outbreak in letting loose the popular passions with the strength of natural forces, is that on Monday morning the Jews, wishing to intimidate and inflict punishment on the Christian workers, began assembling in the Market Place in groups, armed with sticks and other weapons. The Jews being the more numerous, had the best of it in the two first encounters, and a Christian was seen to fall, receiving a bullet wound. **This called forth the popular passion in all its abject force and abomination; the Russian peasants when driven to frenzy, excited by race and religious hatred, and under the influence of alcohol, being worse than those Americans who lynch negroes.**

Unfortunately, the Governor of Bessarabia did not make his appearance in person on Easter Sunday, and on Monday he gave over the command to military men, which he had no right to do, as he, in consequence, laid the police aside and, on the other hand, left the military forces without actual guidance. Troops can take towns by assault, but cannnot carry out police duties without special instructions.

Punishing the Derelict Officials

In the end, the town, being divided into districts, with a special military command in each, the disturbances ceased on Monday evening. By this time, the Minister of the Interior had ordered by wire the proclamation of martial law, and an unprecedented fact had **sent the director of the police department to investigate as to the responsibilities of local officials. In consequence, the Governor, the Chief of the Town Police, and some other officials were dismissed outright, many hundreds of rioters are in prison, and hard work in the Siberian mines awaits them.**

The Minister of the Interior has issued a circular to Governors all over Russia, authorizing them to make immediate use of firearms in case of anti-Jewish disturbances.

Russia Condemns the Riots

The Russian Government is the first to disapprove of such horrid acts of violence, but it cannot, in compliance with requests of a radical and revolutionary press, give the Jews new rights of citizenship, as this would be sure to drive the Russian population to new excesses against the Jews, who are hated by the peasants with such extraordinary force.

LOPOUKHINE,
Director of Imperial Police Department.

Michael Davitt Gives the Result of his Full and Impartial Inquiry

IN the New York *Evening Journal*, Michael Davitt writes from Berlin, giving many interesting and significant details of the recent Kishineff riots. He says the real cause of the trouble was the persistent attacks by the *Bessarabyetz*, the anti-Semitic paper, whose editor, Kroushvan, is the relentless foe of the Jews. It was this paper that circulated the false charge of ritualistic murder by the Jews and worked the Russian populace up to a pitch of frenzy. The police and Governor von Raabon were warned, but nothing was done to stop the attacks of the *Bessarabyetz*. Chief of Police Ichanzko declared that it would "serve the Jews right if they were driven from the city for encouraging the propaganda of Socialism."

Brigands Help the Rioters

"The superstitious populace, seeing the Jewish warnings unheeded, planned an attack for the Easter holidays. **A few days previously a band of Albanian and Macedonian brigands, brought especially for an attack on the Jews, arrived at Kishineff.** The chief instigators of the riots were Kroushvan and his deputy editor, Theo Scherbani; Dr. Sinadino, who is of Greek origin; Dr. Gozylo; the Moldavian engineer Balinski, who is secretary of the Sanitary Bureau; Notoni Pisarzevski, Adam Boinsky, two sons of a prominent merchant named Sverov; two students Malae and Oubranovitz; two Odessa students named Kroupansky; Captains Neclevitz and Birman. The actual leaders of the riots were students and seminarists from the Royal School and the city's religious colleges.

The First Attack on the Jews

"The rioters comprised thirty bands, averaging fifty each, with a seminarist on a bicycle, directing the attack. Some of the bands were composed of the lower employes of the various departments of the municipality. These bands, with sticks and stones, but no firearms, attacked the Jewish quarters at thirty different points simultaneously.

"The majority of the rioters were of Moldavian origin. These Moldavians are as numerous as the Jews in Kishineff, and **constitute the most ignorant and brutal element of the populace.**

. . .

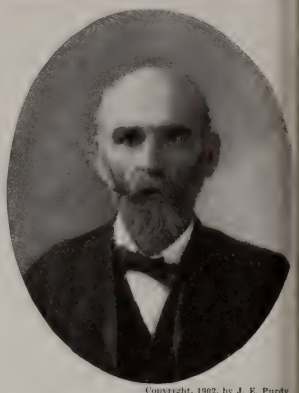
"The Feldstein family was one of the most respectable in Kishineff. The mob attacked their place on the corner of Armenia street, at noon, Sunday, April 9th. The police barracks are 500 yards away. While the mob demolished the premises, the leader found in the kitchen the meat for the family dinner. **He put it on a stick, mounted to the roof, and, addressing the mob, declared, 'Here are the remains of a Christian child, found in the house of the wealthy Jew, Feldstein.'** The place was utterly demolished, and a safe, containing 25,000 roubles, was robbed.

Horrible Brutalities

"At No. 13 Asia street, twelve families, all Jewish artisans, lived. A mob of Moldavians, some Russian workingmen, and a few Albanians, attacked the occupants of the yard. The majority of the Jewish men escaped, while the sixteen women and girls, concealed themselves in a loft. Four Jewish men tried to defend the place. Mottel Freenspon, was stunned by a blow from a bludgeon, and mutilated while still alive. They, the rioters, choked a child, two years' old, and cut out its tongue while alive. **The mob then found its way to the loft where the Jewish women were concealed, and continued their work of slaughter, and worse.** At No. 33 Gostinna street, four men and one woman were killed. Sixteen women and eight children were concealed in the loft. The first killed was a boy of sixteen, who begged piteously for life. He was stunned and left for dead. The women and girls in the loft were discovered and assaulted. One woman escaped, and ran to the nearest police station and implored help. The girls in the loft were driven out by the officer, who said the Jews were only receiving what they deserved."

Heartless Russian Officials

These are examples of scores of similar atrocities, equally frightful, which Mr. Davitt mentions with detail. Women and tender children were not spared. There seemed to



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HON. MICHAEL DAVITT

be no compassion in the mob. **While the riot raged the chief of police drove through Kishineff's streets calmly smoking.** There is ample evidence that police officials, municipal officers, soldiers and students were among the rioters or encouraging them, although, on the other hand, it is shown that there were many policemen who honestly tried to do their duty and saved many Jewish lives. Mr. Davitt makes one statement which is almost incredible. He says that during the first day's disturbances, while the attack was going on, **the Bishop of Kishineff rode through the streets and gave the people his blessing. He uttered no word to persuade the mob to stop its murder and pillage.**

The Carousal Story Denied

Mr. Davitt pronounces **absolutely untrue the story, circulated by the authorities that the riots started in an insult offered by the Jewish proprietor of a merry-go-round to a Christian woman.** He found the owner of the carousal, and he is a Christian German, named Reinhold Mergert. **No such incident occurred,** Mergert assured him. Mr. Davitt asked Carl Smidt, Mayor of Kishineff concerning the feeling of the Russian people toward the Jews, and the Mayor replied "Our city would be ruined if the Jews left it but **if I were a Jew, I confess I would leave Russia."**

Mr. Davitt found no evidence to implicate the Government at St. Petersburg in responsibility for the riots, but condemns Minister von Plehwe for not taking precautionary measures, when he knew the attack upon the Jews was contemplated.

. . .

No Land for Jews

St. Petersburg, June 4. The *Official Messenger* states that the Czar has approved the measure drawn up by a committee of ministers forbidding the Jews to acquire land, except in locations within the Jewish pale. Permission is granted to acquire land and settle within this pale in one hundred and one towns.

The BI-CENTENARY of JOHN WESLEY

WHILE Methodists in every land have a peculiar and exceptional right to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley, which occurs on June 28, the right is not exclusive. Churches of all denominations have a heritage of gratitude in the life and work of that wonderful man, and have reason to join his followers in thanking God for sending him into the world. Astonishing as it is, that, out of the movement John Wesley initiated, a church should have developed so numerous, so devoted, so rich in its triumphs in all lands, as the Methodist Church; still more remarkable was the influence of that movement on existing churches. Wesley was ridiculed; he was mobbed; he was denounced; but the power that proceeded from his work, stirred up men of other creeds, and gave an impetus to religious life which was felt around the whole world. Wesley's voice was the bugle note which summoned to active duty the soldiers of the Cross, whatsoever the regiment to which they belonged. They heard, and shaking off the lethargy into which they had fallen, they took up the weapons of their calling, and in their own spheres, went forth to do battle for their Lord. The churches of all names were stirred by the new energy, and shared in the conquests of the time. It is right, therefore, that every church should join in honoring the memory of the man whose call was the means of the general awakening.

The time when Wesley's work began was one of intellectual and spiritual torpidity. The Church of England, of which he was a minister, was sunk in indifference and indolence. Many of the clergy were pluralists, holding several livings at the same time and doing little or no service in return for their emoluments. Some were openly immoral. Thackeray declares that one of the Bishops was so lost to all sense of propriety as to owe his episcopacy to the favor of a notorious courtesan, to whom he paid five thousand pounds for his appointment. Puritanism was discredited and was regarded as dead. Drunkenness and immorality flourished in all ranks of society, unreproved by the clergy. Atheism and ribald conversation were common among rich and poor. Montesquieu, who paid a visit to England about that time, said that religion was laughed at wherever it was mentioned. It seemed as if society in England was drifting into the condition prevailing in France, and that Christianity would be completely buried in unbelief and corruption. Like the valley in which Ezekiel stood in vision, that was full of bones that were very dry, society in that day seemed to be beyond hope of spiritual revival.

Special Qualifications

As at other crises of the church's history, the man to whom the work of reformation and awakening was committed, was a man specially qualified for the work. Perhaps if Wesley had possessed more genius, or learning, or eloquence, he would not have accomplished so much. His very limitations proved helpful in his service. His conservatism, which tried the patience of so many of his ardent followers, was the safeguard of the movement. His readiness to recognize the rights of those who differed with him, more than all, his complete consecration to his work and his abounding energy, combined to render him the man of all men best fitted for the peculiar work of which the time was in need.

The work that Wesley did was less theological than practical. He had no new Gospel to preach; he simply brought the old Gospel with new power into the lives of men. He was impatient with the conflict of mere opinions. Though argumentative and ready at all times to give reasons for his own theological views, it was with disposition and conduct that he was chiefly concerned. "I have no more right," he wrote, "to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me, than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair. But if he takes his wig off and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get quit of him as soon as possible." This spirit was reciprocated by Whitefield, in spite of the heated controversy that arose between him and Wesley. Some narrow-minded friend is said to have asked Whitefield if he thought they would meet Wesley in heaven. "Nay," said Whitefield, "John Wesley will be so near the throne that I doubt if we often even catch a glimpse of him."

It was not in Wesley's mind at the outset to form a sect. Even to the last, he clung to the Church of England, and until driven by force of circumstances and the evident need of the societies which had been formed, his conception of his work was rather that of organizing an aid to that church, such as the Society of Jesus was to the Romish Church. His one aim was to save souls and to enthuse them with the spirit of service, that they, too, might go out on the same mission. It was only when he found that the permanence of the work was menaced, that he began to consider church organization. Even then he absolutely excluded dogma as a test of membership. Other churches might do as they would, "Methodists," he wrote, "do not insist on your holding this or that opinion." And again, in the preface to his sermons: "How far is love even with many wrong opinions to be preferred before truth itself without love! We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail?" This is the spirit of modern Christianity and so as Isaac Taylor has said, "Wesley furnished the starting point for our modern religious history in all that is characteristic of the present time."

A Life of Incessant Labor

The events of that busy life have been told so often, that a bare recital of them is all that is necessary here. John was the fifteenth child of Samuel and Susannah Wesley, and was born in the year 1703, on June 17 (old style, which, by legislation, became June 28). His parents had in all nineteen children, of whom two died in infancy. His father was rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England, and his grandfather and great-grandfather had also been clergymen of the English Church. When the boy was six years old the rectory was burned, and he had a narrow escape of perishing in the flames. His godly mother was deeply impressed by the occurrence and consecrated him afresh to God. She superintended his education until he was ready to go to the famous Charterhouse School in London, from which he proceeded to Christ Church College, Oxford. He had a distinguished career at the University and was elected to a fellowship. After taking his degree, he served for a short time as curate for his father; but in 1735 his father died, and the living was given to a stranger. About that time General Oglethorp was settling his Georgia colony, and invited John Wesley and his brother Charles to accompany the colonists as chaplains. They consented, and remained in Georgia a little over two years. But the work was not of the kind that the Wesleys had hoped for, and in 1738 they were back again in England.

The turning-point in John Wesley's career occurred soon after his return. He had been anxious for some time about his own spiritual state, and his acquaintance with some Moravians, who had been on the ship with him on his voyage, had caused him serious uneasiness. He went one day to a meeting in Aldersgate street, London, where he heard Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans read. During the reading, he grasped the truth which Luther had made the keystone of his life, and he entered into spiritual rest and peace which was never afterwards disturbed. He then began to preach with deep earnestness, not seeking a living, but, as he said, regarding the whole world as his parish.

His style of preaching was little likely to find favor with the vicars of that time, and soon the church doors were closed against him. With some reluctance he followed the example of his friend Whitefield, and preached in the open air. Three thousand persons listened to his first sermon, which he preached in a field near Bristol, on Monday, April 2, 1739. Other services followed, and the converts were so numerous that it was decided to build a chapel for the meetings. Before it was finished, a chapel in London, known as the Foundry, was occupied, and a society formed. Rules were made for the regulation of the society and to promote the growth in grace of the members. The germs of the class meeting, the love feast, the watch night and other institutions were inaugurated, and the society grew.

From this time onward to the close of his life Wesley's labors were incessant. It is marvelous that his physical frame was not worn out by travel and preaching. It is estimated that he preached not less than forty-two thousand sermons, an average during fifty years, of fifteen every week. His journeys aggregated a distance of 225,000 miles over bad roads and without regard to weather. The preaching was generally in the open air, and sometimes his audiences numbered from fifteen to twenty thousand persons. Not even when he had passed his eightieth year did he materially relax his efforts.

The Glorious Harvest

The results of the movement showed how ripe the time was for the work, and how sure, even in the most discouraging circumstances, the blessing is when there is real consecration and self-sacrificing devotion. When Wesley died in 1791, there were in Europe no less than 71,688 members of his societies and 294 preachers. In America the number of communicants was 43,265 members, with 217 preachers. Besides all the labor involved in a movement so prodigious, Wesley had found time to edit the *Arminian Magazine* and to translate several foreign theological works and to edit others. He wrote several important treatises besides the monumental task of preparing his published sermons, one hundred and forty-one in number, which he carefully revised. In addition to these manifold works and the active participation in benevolent and philanthropic enterprises, he might have said with the Apostle Paul, "That which cometh on me daily, the care of all the churches."

It was Wesley's frequent prayer that he "might not live to be useless." It was abundantly granted. In October, 1790, when he was eighty-seven years old, he preached in the open air to an enormous audience at Winchelsea, and the tears of his hearers and their genuine emotion proved that the charm and fervor of the preacher were still in full vigor. His last sermon in his own chapel in London was preached on February 22, 1791, and on the following day he preached in a house eighteen miles away. That was his last service. He was so feeble afterwards that it was evident the end was near. He was taken to his home and the sorrowing friends did all they could for his comfort. Weak as he was he tried to cheer them. Again and again he uttered his favorite phrase, "The best of all is, God is with us." Those were his last words.

American Methodism

How much our own land owes to the movement Wesley initiated can never be calculated. The aggregate of the communicants in the seventeen branches of the Methodist family is over six millions, a far larger number than in his own land. Its first beginning was in the class formed in 1766. Progress at first was slow, and not until Mrs. Barbara Heck induced Philip Embury to resume the preaching he had begun in England, did the movement have a real beginning. With him was associated Captain Webb, a wealthy British officer, and afterwards they were joined by the eloquent Irishman, Robert Strawbridge, under whose preaching the first Methodist revival took place in Maryland. Wesley was appealed to for help, and Thomas Rankin and Francis Asbury came out as missionaries. In 1773 the number of members was 1,160, and a conference was held in Philadelphia, at which ten preachers were present. How the church grew from that time onward, and how it survived attacks from without and seceessions from within, we have not space to tell. For this story, and for the details of John Wesley's life, of which we have given a mere outline, we may refer our readers to the valuable work just published by Messrs. Eaton and Mains of New York, entitled *The Methodist*, the Bicentennial Life of Wesley, from which, by permission of the publishers, the illustrations on this and the first page have been reproduced.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Fire and Flood

OUR land has lately been undergoing a severe visitation. Seldom, indeed, has a season been marked by such a startling succession of fire flood and storm, as has been experienced during the last few weeks. In the West, the rivers have risen to an almost unprecedented height, heavy rains supplementing the melting of the snows to produce inundations that submerged vast tracts of bottom lands in five States, involving widespread death and devastation. In the South, a tornado has swept a black path through a populous section, leaving the dead and the dying in its wake, and leveling all obstacles that opposed its furious course. In the Middle and Eastern States, destructive forest fires of almost unheard-of magnitude, have obscured the sun and filled the atmosphere with dust, recalling similar phenomena that accompanied the eruption of Pelee.

Happily, the worst is now probably over, and the furious war of the elements, for the time being, is at an end; but weeks must elapse before normal conditions can be fully restored. Meanwhile, thousands of unfortunate men, women and children, who have been made temporarily homeless, are the special wards of the nation. Our people, in many States, with characteristic generosity, have proffered help in such abundance and so promptly, that no apprehensions need be felt for the care and comfort of the sufferers. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have been represented in the relief work, both at Kansas City and Topeka, by contributions which will be promptly and gladly doubled or trebled, should this be needed; but the recuperative forces of our people, even in times like the present, are so vigorous, that there is every reason to hope for an early return to former conditions. In a few weeks, the flood and its tragic accompaniments will be things of the past; but there will ever remain the sad memory of those who sunk in the dark waters, or beneath the tornado's scorching breath. God alone can comfort those whose hearts have been sorely bereaved by these disasters.

A whole nation's sympathy goes out to the sufferers. A nation's resources are at their disposal, until they are rehabilitated and able again to face the battle of life unaided. Let each and every one of us do our share in helping these brothers and sisters in their season of sore affliction.

An Evil and Its Remedy

EVERY Christian will devoutly wish success to the plan proposed by Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, for the extinction of the feuds in Kentucky, West Virginia, and the adjoining districts. It is a difficult and a discouraging problem. If the hatred existing between families was based on reason, there might be some hope of removing it by reason. Even if it was based altogether on revenge for real or fancied injuries, the prospect of a settlement would be more hopeful, for retaliation must be satisfied after a time. But the feud is practically a race hatred, even though both parties belong to the same race. The members of one family hate the members of another, simply because they belong to the other, and a very slight offence is sufficient to fan the hatred to the murderous pitch. When men are predisposed to quarrel, it is never difficult to find a reason for quarreling. So the feuds have survived from generation to generation, and the peaceable part of the community has been shocked and scandalized by shooting affrays and cold-blooded murders, and has reason to say with Mercutio, "A plague on both your houses."

Commander Booth-Tucker is logical in believing that the surest cure for the evil is the Gospel of Christ, and his proposal is a plan for bringing the Gospel into touch with it. It is essentially a message of love, and therefore the antidote of the passion which has worked the evil. Every truly converted man knows that the change in his nature at the time of his conversion was accompanied by a feeling of peace and love for everyone. Indeed, the awakened sinner has often been kept back from the joy of salvation, for days and weeks, by the fact that he was harboring a dislike or a grudge against some one else. Not until, obeying Christ, he has left the gift of his heart before the altar, and gone out to be reconciled to his brother, has the new sweet life of the Gospel taken possession of him. The sure test of love for God is that a man love his brother also, and we may be quite sure that if a man be brought to love God he will love his brother. The remedy for the feuds being discovered, the problem therefore narrows itself down to the question of how that remedy may be applied. No other way has ever been found but the old way of preaching Christ. Perhaps the Salvation Army may be able to do this more effectually in this particular case than the clergy. It has had some experience in the slums of our cities which may be useful in this field. In any case, the experiment is worth making, for the churches so far have not succeeded. We may be quite sure that there will be no jealousy in the matter, and that the churches will rejoice in the triumph whatsoever the agency may be.

Russia and the Riots

HOWEVER disputing statesmen and diplomats may view the Kishineff affair, it is useless to deny that, at the present moment, Russia's ruler and Government are on trial before the bar of enlightened Christian public opinion. To condemn or approve either side without hearing the other, or weighing the evidence fairly and without prejudice, would be unjust, and not in accord with the true spirit of our Christian civilization.

Ancient as justice itself is the motto: "Hear both sides." As a journal which always strives to be absolutely impartial, and to give to both sides of every case a fair and unprejudiced audience, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, immediately after the Kishineff riots, cabled to the Russian Emperor personally, a request that he should make, through these columns, any statement Russia desired to give to the Western world concerning the massacres.

Recognizing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as a religious journal of international scope and circulation, the Emperor has responded, directing his Chief of the Imperial Police in St. Petersburg to prepare the statement. The selection was eminently fitting, as Director Lopoukhine was the high official whom the Emperor sent to Kishineff to restore order, and by whom the anti-Semitic Governor and the local Chief of Police were punished with summary dismissal in disgrace. Director Lopoukhine, therefore, probably knows better than any other Government official in Russia all of the facts concerning the Kishineff atrocities. Side by side with his statement will be found that of Mr. Michael Davitt, who also writes from personal investigation, and, doubtless, from absolutely honest convictions.

We need hardly point out the fact that there are wide and glaring discrepancies in the two statements. Both are given unreservedly, and without any comment of ours, in order that our people may read them carefully and be free to form their own conclusions.

Commencement Days

THE summer of 1903 will be signalized in some of our homes, by the graduation of son or daughter from college, and the return of the dear ones to the home circle. They come back after their four years under academic training like, yet unlike, the children who were so hopefully sent away. Fathers and mothers whose early advantages and opportunities were limited, often make great sacrifices to give their offspring a liberal education. They mean that John and Elizabeth shall start in the race with as few handicaps as possible, that whatever books and teachers can do for them shall be done without stint. If father looks older and grayer than ever, his shoulders more stooping, his hands more horny with toil, when his boy comes home, the reason is not far to seek. It has taken work to pay the bills, to scrape together the fees, to dress the lad as well as the rest, while he has been gone. If mother's gown is shabby, if she has no style in her old-fashioned hat, and her gloves and shoes are the worse for wear, she has not felt herself a martyr, for her bonny daughter has been kept in the front rank.

The young people have their chance now to scatter sunlight in the home, to make it more redolent of "little acts of kindness, little words of love," than ever before. They have gained a good deal of the lore of books. They are as yet untutored in the lore of life. Very soon most of them will leave the parental roof for other study, other tasks. The boys must find work in business or profession, very few of them finding a niche just where their fathers are. Many of the girls are looking forward to self-support, they do not yet know in what line, but they have hope, pluck, energy, ambition. The good education, the excellent training, will not be wasted, nor diffused as aroma in the atmosphere. Somehow it will be put to good account. As for the diploma, framed on the wall, or laid away in the bureau, the graduate will soon forget about it. Precious to-day, it is a mere stepping-stone on the road, worth little when passed over.

But the college associations and friendships, as time drifts by, will be more than ever valuable. Nothing else is sweeter than the fellowship, the comradeship of the school, when school-days are far in the dim distance. Two middle-aged people meet, clasp hands, gaze into each other's eyes. Presently a smile breaks like dawn over each face. The light of other days renews the youth in their souls. They are Max and Bert, Madge and Kitty; they are boys again, they are girls once more. Class reunions are jolly occasions for years and years, until the narrowing lines, the vanished faces, make them pathetic.

Blessings on the young people who are putting on new honors in the schools of law and medicine and theology. These are they who shall take the places of those who are worn out by the long day's burden and heat. These are they who shall perform the great surgical operations and preach the great legal victories bye and bye.

Among the many who shall be billeted as brilliant and promising at commencement this summer, only a scattered few shall reap the golden harvests or receive the vast rewards. But blessed are the obscure pathways and hallowed are the homely tasks. Commonplace people are most of us, with commonplace work to do, and it needs to be recorded of us only that we did what we could, as in the great Taskmaster's eye. "Each for the joy of the doing," working not for money, not for fame, not for any visible or invisible reward, each faithful and true, each honest and brave, we shall hear the "Well Done" some day.

Our love goes out to every graduate in all our schools, our felicitations go to the proud fathers and mothers.

Fighting Forest Fires

The unprecedented drought of May was the occasion of most alarming fires in the North Woods and elsewhere. These fires are caused by the carelessness of campers or fishermen, by smokers, who heedlessly fling a half-extinguished match down among dry bush, or by sparks from passing railway trains. Once such fires gain headway it is difficult to put them out; they sweep in red wrath and wild flame over leagues and acres, devastating as they go. Men fight them night and day, fight fire with burning brands that hem a lurid scene and shut it in, fight to keep flame confined to a single area, rather than to let it spread. Should we fight other evils as men fight these forest fires, a mighty improvement would soon take place in human affairs.

—OUR CHILDREN'S HOME at Mont-Lawn will open for the season in the latter part of this month. We invite all of our readers to have a share in this benevolent work. It costs $3 to give a tenement child a ten-days' outing. In no other way can you invest so small a sum where it will bring such abundant and blessed results.

Finns in America are Grateful

HANCOCK, Mich., June 3.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH, Bible House, New York.

We, the delegates to the Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Finnish Evangelical Lutheran Church of America, or Suomi Synod, beg to offer you our most sincere thanks for your readers' benevolent and kind-hearted work in helping our suffering people in our native country. May God bless you and give you strength for further work for the suffering everywhere, as in the past.

We also beg to convey our thanks to the American Christian people for so generously aiding our famine-stricken people.

J. K. NIKANDER, Chairman.
P. AIRANKSINEN, Secretary.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The Gainesville Disaster

SELDOM has destruction, more sudden and complete, fallen upon a town in late years than that which desolated the city of Gainesville, Ga., on June 1. Soon after noon a storm struck the city, driving people from the streets into houses and stores. The sky grew dark, and in a few minutes a fierce tornado approached with a terrific roar. The southern part of the city was the first to feel its impact. Houses rocked and reeled, and as the storm went on, it seemed to gather force. As it passed through the city some houses were torn into fragments, others were lifted from their foundations and carried bodily across the street, roofs were stripped off and blown several blocks, heavy machinery was taken up and flung aside like straws, railroad cars were driven from the tracks, and people were lifted from their feet and carried over fences or dashed against walls. The tornado struck the cotton mill in which about five hundred persons are employed. It was a three-story structure full of busy life. In less than five minutes it was an utter wreck. The second and third stories were completely demolished and the first story was badly damaged. The wind was accompanied by a deluge of rain and the sky was black as night. In a few minutes the rain ceased and the sun shone on a scene of ruin and desolation. The people who were unhurt, at once set to work to rescue those who had been buried under the ruins and many imperilled lives were saved. More than eighty persons, however, had been killed outright, and about one hundred and fifty were so seriously injured as to be in danger of collapse. The greatest loss of life occurred at the cotton mills, in which, it is believed, thirty-six persons perished. About

PROMINENT BUILDINGS IN THE TORNADO-SWEPT CITY OF GAINESVILLE, GA.

two hundred houses were completely destroyed, leaving fully eight hundred persons homeless. A calamity, so sudden and so overwhelming, shows how feeble man is, with all his resources, when the mighty forces of nature march upon him. Even in this boastful century, the reverent attitude of the Hebrew prophet before the Creator, who controls the elements, is the only becoming one for his creatures.

For, lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, The Lord, The God of hosts, is his name (Amos 4: 13).

New York's Yellow Day

It is many years since the people of the metropolis witnessed such strange atmospheric conditions as those which prevailed on June 4. At first, the appearance was that of a dense fog. From the Battery to the city line beyond the Bronx, and from the Hudson to the outmost parts of Brooklyn, the whole city was enveloped in mist. On Broadway, it was impossible to see more than a dozen blocks, while along the water front, the Jersey coast and the Long Island shore, were as completely shut off from the vision as if they had never existed. On the Battery only the dimmest outlines of Governors, and Ellis Islands could be seen, while Staten Island was as completely hidden as if it were in the mid-Atlantic. In Central Park, life was made miserable for driver and pedestrian, and the grass and flowers there, looked as if they had been daubed with yellow paint, owing to the peculiar reflection. The mystery was solved by the strange sensation experienced by everyone out-of-doors, of the smarting of the eyes, which indicated that it was not fog, but smoke, that was lying like a pall over the city. It made the sun look like a ball of copper, and gave the high buildings a weird appearance. The phenomenon was due to the forest fires in the Catskills, the Adirondacks, and the Maine and New Hampshire woods, which the northwest wind brought to the city. In past times so weird a phenomenon would have caused widespread alarm, but no one was scared, because the cause was understood. But the Bible warns us that the time will come when such a sign will portend a conflagration in which the whole world will be involved.

I will show wonders in the heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood and fire, and vapor of smoke (Acts 2: 19).

Identified by a Ring

A press dispatch from Butte, Mont., tells a remarkable story of the discovery of a long lost girl. More than a year ago, a young man arrived in Montana from Sweden. He settled near Butte and has prospered. During his residence in this country he has been making inquiries at every opportunity as to the fate of a girl cousin who came to America with her parents nearly twenty years ago. He said that a large fortune was awaiting the girl at Stockholm, which had been left by a relative to whom she was the nearest heir. The girl had been carried off by Indians soon after she and her parents settled in Montana. The parents were killed by the Indians, but the child was spared. No trace of her, however, could be found, and the young man had given up hope of ever finding her. One day recently he was at Kalispell, when a number of Crees went through the town. He noticed one of the women, who was conspicuous by her auburn hair. He questioned her, and she told him that she belonged to a white race, but she knew nothing of her name or nationality. She had been stolen when a child and had been with the Indians ever since. The young man suspected that she was his long lost cousin, but there was still a doubt, until the girl recollected that she possessed one solitary relic of her childhood. This was a child's ring, which she produced. On the inside was an inscription which she could not read. The young man, however, could read it and was delighted to find it was the name of his cousin. She will now return to Sweden and claim the fortune awaiting her. One can but wish that when men are told that they are sons of God and that a heritage of glory is waiting for them, they would do as this girl did—quit the people who have carried them away captive from their Father's house and take the place that is offered to them.

Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God (Eph. 2: 19).

A Persistent Wooer

The marriage is announced of a couple in Jersey City, N. J., who have suffered a long series of disappointments. The bridegroom is an engineer on board a vessel which hails from a southern port. For ten years past, when it has been at New York, the engineer has gone to Jersey City to see the girl with whom he fell in love as a youth, and to renew his offer of marriage. The girl seems to have been sincerely attached to him; but when he first proposed to her, the objection was made by her parents that she was too young to be married. The wooer bowed to their decision, and after waiting a year, renewed his suit. The girl's parents again insisted on delay. At the end of his next voyage the young man re-appeared and begged for the third time that the marriage might be celebrated; but again there was a difficulty in the way. Nine times in all he pleaded his cause at intervals of about six months or a year, before consent was given; and then by an irony of circumstances, he was, himself, unable to be married, being summoned away unexpectedly on an urgent voyage. On his return, recently, he made his tenth proposal, which has been successful. One cannot but be glad that a lover so persistent should have won at the last. Unhappily, it is not always so with those whose love and faithfulness God condescends to seek. He has often reason to complain of them as he did of his ancient people.

Notwithstanding I have spoken unto you, rising early and speaking, but ye hearkened not unto me (Jer. 35: 14).

A Death Toilet

A cablegram from the Austrian capital describes the pathetic scene at the death of a famous opera singer, whose voice had charmed audiences in all the European capitals. She was only twenty-nine years old, and it was believed that she had a great career before her. Some months ago, however, she was stricken down with a disease which was pronounced fatal. She cancelled all her engagements, and notified her American manager that she could not hope to fulfil her promise to cross the Atlantic. The end came on June 4. At midnight she asked that she be removed from her bed to an armchair, and that she be dressed in the costume of her favorite character in "La Traviata." Having said farewell to her husband and relatives the room was brilliantly illuminated at her request, and her brother played Mendelssohn's "Fruehlingslied" on the piano. The dying woman followed the music with her voice until with the words "earth to earth" she fell forward to the floor, dead. It was a strange desire, to recall in the solemn hour of death, the garish scenes of the mimic stage. One would have thought that on the threshold of the eternal world, other thoughts than those would have been more appropriate. There would have been more comfort for her in the faith which the prophet put in him, who has said:

I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death (Hosea 13: 14).

BRIEF NOTES

The skull of Dr. James Chalmers, which was recovered after his murder by cannibals, has been interred at Dara, New Guinea.

The Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, who some time ago prohibited intoxicating liquor in his dominions, has caused two of his generals to be arrested for drinking gin.

It is significant that the English language was used recently by the Emperor of China, when he telegraphed his condolence to the Emperor of Japan on the death of Prince Komatsu.

Rev. J. E. Hannington, son of the famous martyred Bishop, has resigned his living and has entered the service of the Church Missionary Society. He asks to be sent to labor in Uganda, where his illustrious father was murdered.

Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, the successor of Dr. Parker as pastor of the City Temple, London, is now on his way to this country. It is expected that he will reach New York on June 20. His first services will be in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

At the recent annual meeting of the China Inland Mission it was stated that there is a widespread desire for Western education and an unparalleled demand for Western books, including the Bible, now current in China. The Bible Society there issued last year, from its Shanghai depot, 1,084,200 copies. The income of the Mission for the year amounted to $535,535.

An appropriate Bi-centenary volume is that of extracts from John Wesley's Journal, which has been prepared by Percy Livingstone Parker. It contains the choicest parts of the four bulky volumes in which the work has been published. It is a book of 212 pages, price $1.50, and is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Fifth avenue, New York.

An Interdenominational Bible Conference will be held at Lake Orion, Mich., July 31 to August 7. Addresses will be given by Dr. C. I. Scofield, Professor Robert W. Rogers, Rev. [illegible] Woelfkin, Rev. E. C. Dexter, of the China Inland Mission, and others. A Sunday School Department will be conducted by Professor W. C. Pearse of Chicago. Young [illegible] who will take part are Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Major [illegible] Cole and Dr. W. H. Marquess. Further information may be obtained by addressing the Executive Committee at Home Bank Building, Detroit, Mich.

"LINKED TO THE FIRING-LINE"

By JOHN WILLIS BAER

TO deepen the missionary spirit in the church is one of the privileges, as well as one of the problems, with which many Missionary Boards are wrestling. Methods of one kind and another are planned, pushed for awhile, and then withdrawn. Many of these, in my opinion, are but "makeshifts," and have no permanent or lasting effect in kindling a missionary fire that shall glow with real life. Therefore, I am impatient with the use of any method that will not deepen the motive; for what the church needs to-day is not more method but more motive.

In late years, comparatively, a number of the Mission Boards of several denominations have strenuously urged churches, societies and individuals to rally to the support of one or more missionaries at home or abroad, and the general plan has, on the whole, met with favor by all parties concerned. By far the largest number of missionaries commissioned by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions are being supported by churches, societies, or individuals. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has, also, with vigor bound many churches to the firing-line by living links. Other denominations, too, have, to a less or greater degree, presented this same method to their churches, and the campaign for "missionary substitutes" is now considered popular. Whether this plan will succeed as a permanent method for deepening the missionary motive among the churches, I am not able to say now. I desire more experience. I am, however, at present enthusiastically in favor of giving it a generous trial. If it wins ultimately, it will be because the plan is projected as a tool, not a toy. At present it has reached the popular stage. It is by some considered a fad, a novelty, and therefore scratches only the surface of missionary interests.

There are some wise missionary leaders already outspoken in opposition to the method as a method. Some missionaries do not like the idea, and object to being "farmed out" to churches as "specials." Some missionaries are not successes, and the disappointment to a church is a shock to the missionary enthusiasm of the church. Then, from the standpoint of the Boards, some think that the practice narrows the responsibility of the Boards to whom money is entrusted, that it shuts out many from having a part in the general work, and that it also narrows the view of the church, centering their outlook upon a personality instead of increasing their belief in a principle. We will all do well to give the whole plan careful consideration, and, as I have intimated, so far, I am becoming more and more in favor of the practice, because I see that it is emphasizing a splendid principle. Let me, therefore, tell the story of how one church has actually deepened its missionary spirit, widened its outlook, and opened its purse in consequence.

Five years ago, the First Presbyterian Church of Mount Vernon, New York, Rev. Charles Stoddard Lane, pastor, was contented with the usual plan of an "annual offering," for Home and Foreign Missions, and gave about three or four hundred dollars to Foreign Missions. The wide-awake pastor, impatient of anything but the best, then proposed that the church "have a missionary of its own," and when the pastor presented the plan, it met with instant favor. The proposition was made to take the collection for Foreign Missions in the form now followed as a subscription on the envelope plan, each individual pledging a sum of money to be paid each week for twelve weeks. The amount pledged in the new way was over $1,000, instead of the $440 given the year before, in the old manner. The church at once, and by a rising vote, accepted Rev. Llewellyn J. Davies as its "missionary pastor." Mr. Davies was then at work in Chinanfu, China, in West Shantung. He is thirty-seven years old, a graduate with honors of Lake Forest and McCormick. Part of his theological course was taken at Hartford. He went out to Chinanfu in 1892. The death of a little child and Mrs. Davies' poor health, brought them home somewhat earlier than they would otherwise have come, so that they were in this country at the time of the Boxer troubles.

CHAS. STODDARD LANE J. D. STORMONT GABINO RENDON LLEWELLYN J. DAVIES

FOUR MISSIONARIES WHO ARE SUPPORTED IN THE FIELD BY A PROGRESSIVE CHURCH

Mr. Davies was located first after his return in Chefoo, but in December, 1902, was transferred to Tsingtao, to succeed Mr. Bergen, who was made head of Shantung College. Mr. Davies made a strong impression on the Mount Vernon Church when he was here, as a man of character and ability, as well as thorough consecration to the work, and ever since his becoming a missionary pastor in China, the church has followed him with its prayers as well as its gifts. His letters and reports are read with interest at the meetings at the home church. The church feels that Mr. Davies really belongs to them, and consider his field as important as the Mount Vernon field.

Not satisfied with the missionary advance and with one missionary pastor in China, the Mount Vernon church on last Easter Sunday, pledged twelve hundred dollars in addition to what it had been doing, and after consultation with the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, the church now has two additional missionary pastors, helping to win America for Christ.

The Rev. J. D. Stormont, of Nephi, Utah, and the Rev. Gabino Rendon, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, are the two new men in whom the Mount Vernon church is now especially interested. Already the reflex influence from this new relationship, has intensified the interest in missions among the members of the Mount Vernon church. They are more interested in the menace that Mormonism is to the religion of Jesus Christ than they could possibly be, if it was not for the fact that their own missionary is face to face with the hard and difficult problems to be found in every Utah field.

It is also easily understood why the Mount Vernon church believes more than it ever did in mission school work, as it is carried on in New Mexico, and Arizona. Their new pastor — on the field—the Rev. Gabino Rendon, is a product of one of those mission schools. He was born in New Mexico, studied for a while in the mission school, served the church as an evangelist, in Colorado; and for several years has been aggressively at work in the Spanish work in Santa Fe, and vicinity. Mr. Rendon's associates have thought so much of him that he was elected moderator of the Santa Fe Presbytery. In addition to his work in Santa Fe, he has oversight of the churches in Chimayo, thirty miles away; Las Tucas, twelve miles farther on; Santa Barbara, twenty miles from Santa Fe, and Embudo, as far in another direction.

Another reason for giving my hearty approval to the missionary substitute plan, is that the missionaries believe in this plan. Mr. Rendon writes:

> After learning of this new relationship, it was the most natural thing to remember the Mount Vernon church and pastor and the two other fellow-workers in Utah and China in our family worship. May God bless us all in doing his own work. This new plan doubtless will also be an incentive to strong churches to support missionaries, and it must make them feel that they have a closer connection with the particular mission field. For my part, to know that certain people have the same interest that I have in my field of labor, and that they have us, both labor and laborer, constantly before the Throne of Grace, is a source of strength. Of course, we all have at heart the work at large, but we have a particular interest in what we call our own work.

Along that same line Mr. Stormont wrote, when he heard that he had been adopted by the Mount Vernon church:

> We are glad, personally, to be chosen as the representatives in Utah of the Mount Vernon church, and aside from that, we are glad that the church is identifying itself with individual missionaries, for this is certainly the ideal relationship.

Christian Endeavors will be interested to know that Mrs. Stormont, for a number of years Treasurer of the Mississippi State Union, in the new field of labor is a true helpmeet and worker.

The facts, then, briefly boiled down, are these: The Mount Vernon church a few years ago was giving but a few hundred dollars to the missions, and that the result of an annual appeal. It is now giving to two Boards for three missionaries, one in China, one in Utah, and one in New Mexico, $2,500. It does this willingly, and I may add, also easily. These workers have a relationship to the church that seems to me to be ideal. The names of the three men are printed on the weekly church bulletin as the "missionary pastors" of the church on the firing-line. What this church has done, other churches can do, and the results of this church's interest and experiences with this new plan of having its "missionary substitutes," make me earnest in my advocacy of the practice and the principle. These people have not taken up with a fad or a novelty; and while I am not a prophet, yet I believe that in the days to come they will be doing much more than this, and that the next steps in the coming years will be as great, by comparison, as the ones that have already been taken. Therefore, I pray that this example may be an incentive to other churches to start along similar lines, thus deepening their missionary spirit and consecration, and giving them a wider outreach in helping Jesus Christ win this whole world to himself.

VIEW OF NEPHI, UTAH, WITH MT. NEBO IN THE BACKGROUND

CHRIST IN THE CITY*

The Work of the City Missionary a Necessity in Modern Life

FEW people have any idea of the heathenism there is in the great cities of our land. Life there is so hard, the hours of labor are so long, the competition is so fierce, that the struggle for mere existence absorbs the energies and leaves the worker indisposed for anything but relaxation and amusement. These are provided so freely and in such variety that religion is elbowed out of the life of many a man and woman. Immigration, too, has had its part in the materializing of life. The bulk of the immigrants of recent years have come from districts of Europe in which the religion of Christ is little known. They bring with them their superstitions and their unbelief, and in the strange associations in which they find themselves, they have no desire to enter a church. It is necessary to go out, not as in Judea into the highways and hedges, but into the slums and the tenement houses to find them and tell them of Christ. This can be done and is being done by the city missionary, whose work is most arduous and is little recognized. It is well that the societies of young people should give him some thought. He is doing more for the cause of Christ than the church has any conception of. Day in and day out he is among the tenements, comforting the sick and the sorrowing and the bereaved, and using the opportunity to plead the cause of the great Burden-bearer. All honor to such men! Their services, known only to their Master in heaven, will receive at his hands a reward which will never fade.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and the Baptist Young People's Union for June 28. Acts 18:1-11; Luke 19:41-44; Matt. 11:23, 24.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZE-WINNERS

ANSWERS to Competition No. 39, in our issue of May 13, are: 1. Dishon. 2. Samson. 3. Rehoboam.

The Prize-Winners in our Puzzle Competition of May 13, were as follows:

For the best answer to "Picture Puzzles" of May 13, **Richard S. Morrison,** Nashville, Tenn., receives a silver watch; for the second best answer, **Leona Head,** Pinckard, Ala., receives our *Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary;* for the third, **Arlie Baker,** Decatur, Mich., receives a copy of *School of the Woods,* by William J. Long; for the fourth, **A. Ellis McNeily,** Batavia, Ill., receives a copy of *Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny, the Life Story of Two Robins,* by Effie Bignell.

Each of the following contestants receives a book:

The Second best answers to Picture Puzzle Contest are:

Brown, J. D., Kan.; Buffat, A., Tenn.; Daintree, May, Me.; Gettle, Margaret E., Neb.; Hamilton, J., Can.; Hamilton, Serena, Ala.; Harriss, F., O.; Hogan, Grace, Vt.; Jordan, Ruth, Ark.; King, Myrtle, Del.; Lucas, Gladys, O.; Moore, Eva S., Mo.; Olmsted, Lottie E. D., N. Y.; Parker, Mae, Vt.; Payne, Neva, Md.; Shearer, M. D., S. D.; Sleeter, Lillie, Ill.; Steadman, Nancy E., R. I.; Steele, R. H., Can.

MOUNTAIN SCHOOL ON BROCK HOUSE CREEK

A MOONSHINE STILL IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

A DISTRICT SCHOOL IN KENTUCKY

THROUGH *THE* WILD KENTUCKY HILLS

General Howard's Long Ride From Squabble Creek to the Lincoln College at Cumberland Gap

CUMBERLAND GAP, TENN., May, 1903.

THE improvements made in Squabble Creek by the work of a teacher, in the establishment, first, of a school for week-days, and for Sundays; and then, the fulfilling the promise of building a Log College of rge size, constitute an object lesson which you will be glad contemplate. The best part of the work is this: the set- ers for ten miles around from Mr. John Gross' store, have ot only taken an intent interest in the enterprise, but they ave given land and lumber, and helped on the construction the buildings in every way they could; using their horses, ules and oxen. They have in their plan, a dormitory—the tchen of which is already erected—to accommodate pupils ho are too far off for daily attendance.

As soon as I had finished my first letter to THE CHRISTIAN ERALD, Mr. Chamberlin and I, with a guide, rode from ross' store to Hyden, Leslie county. It was a hard ride, ver the roughest of mountain roads and ranges, following, owever, mainly the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. he soil varies in the narrow valleys and along the main bed the stream. Where the soil is good, and the valley reason- ly broad, the farmers are comparatively well-to-do. There ere children at every house, and the people seemed to unt largely upon the school privi- ges that are every day, more and ore coming to them. We found me families, where there was sick- ss, but the cases were very few; as rule the people were healthful all ong the route. Whole families were the fields—the latter being general- so steep along the side of the foot- lls that it was difficult to plough or arrow. Horsemen would come long with us for miles, and converse bout the development of the coun- y. They told us of the vast possi- ilities of this rugged region, and were clined to think that knowledge and oney were all that was needed. We elt that they lacked good roads. Horses and mules could get along owly, wearying themselves and their ders; but wagons were a rarity, and uggies or light wagons impossible, ith present roadways. We could ee that railroads were necessary to evelop the country; but when we aid so to a farmer or lumberman, he ould answer that the railway charges ore than counterbalanced their ad- antage to the people.

During the second day from Gross' o Hyden, a journey of twenty-three iles, we stopped to dine at a Mr. Na- ier's house. He was a young man of reat energy and had a nice little amily around him. When we came o settle our bill for a dinner (we had n our party for the time being a Mr. ewis, a lawyer from Hyden), Mr. Napier took fifteen cents a piece for ur dinners, but declared that Mr. ewis must not pay. Mr. Napier ade it a rule, as he declared, that no an living in the same county (Les- e county) should ever pay him for a eal.

At night we came to Jack Lewis's. He and his family were accustomed to keep strangers over ight, and here we had as generous entertainment as the ountry affords. There is, however, a sameness in the food upply throughout the mountain region. At this season, he usual abundance of fowl is not forthcoming, and there s only salt meat and the usual corn-bread, relieved by some ort of preserves, often two or three kinds. We saw none f the ordinary soft bread, such as we have at home. Coffee nd tea were always fairly good, and the home-made sugars nd syrups, from the sorghum, which the people raise, were n the table. The butter was as white as milk and had on hardness. With very little experience in good cooking, one would say, "Is it not possible for the women to be taught to ook bread and meat in a better way?"

In many places we found very soft hot biscuits, quite oggy. Fellow-travelers from the mountains relished these greatly, especially when thoroughly saturated with butter. One could hardly conceive of anything in the line of food more likely to create dyspepsia.

The first day, after eight hours and a half in the saddle, we ame to Mr. Ebersole's, and were very kindly entertained here for the night. A Presbyterian missionary, Mr. Salmond, ecognized us, and afforded us every opportunity to gather uch facts as we were seeking with regard to this mountain ounty of Leslie. Hyden is the only town of any consider- able size in the county. Missionaries have introduced and maintained a good school for some time. They have sent out many teachers, and here a convention of teachers was in session during our visit. The teachers were examined during this meeting by some central committee, and if they passed favorably, were sent out all through the county to different fields of labor. This county supervision struck me as very appropriate and progressive. General Howard, by special request, addressed the people at the Court House.

With a new set of mules and a guide, we at last were able to leave the warm-hearted people of Hyden and proceeded on our way. As soon as we had crossed the divide, we were for a time in Harlan county. Here we found several soldiers of the Forty-Ninth Kentucky; one of them very ill. He was just recovering from pneumonia. It cost him twenty-five dollars for a single visit of a physician from Pinesville, distant eighteen miles. He could afford but one such visit.

A little farther on, we talked with Lieutenant Forrester of the same regiment. He was greatly interested in the great leaders during the rebellion. More literary than his neighbors, he had read all the books he could get hold of, and evidently was a man much respected by these neighbors.

A GROUP OF THE GIRL STUDENTS IN GRANT LEE HALL

He had aided many a pensioner, but now that he was himself crippled, as I saw, he could get no pension. I asked him what was the trouble. He said that the regiment had lost its hospital record and there was no way to prove the facts in his case. It seems a pity that so worthy and deserving a man as Lieutenant Forrester cannot have the pension which he so sorely needs.

About midway of this day's journey we rested at Mr. Mack Howard's. His daughter, Mrs. Anderson, provided the best meal we had had in the mountains. After refreshment and rest, we rode the next twelve or thirteen miles to Pineville. Two miles above Pineville is a little settlement of coal miners strung along the creek. The settlement itself is called "Straight Creek." We could but wish that the place had a better knowledge of hygiene, for its sewerage was fearful. Notwithstanding pure air and abundant good water, filth had accumulated, and the children seemed to mingle with the "razor-backs," the ducks and the geese in their enjoyment.

From Pineville, Mr. Adam Feltner, at 4 A. M., started to return with our outfit of horses and mules, and we came on by rail in about an hour's time to the "Harrowgate" station. Met by several students of the Lincoln Memorial University, Mr. Chamberlin and I were royally escorted to the Grant-Lee Hall. We said, as we entered the hall—after glancing about over the broad lands and—"Could there be anything more beautiful than this?" The farm, the trees sparkling in the morning light, the cattle feeding in the meadow, the bee garden, filled with growing vegetables, the grass well up, and the surrounding grasses resonant with every variety of bird-music, produced an impression which will always be with us when we think of this place.

The Grant Lee Hall is filled with students of both sexes, and so also is the Harrow Hall, near the college of Cumberland Gap. The students altogether number over three hundred. From the front porch or gallery of the great hall, I have never in my life seen a more beautiful landscape. My friends say at once, "It is the most charming one I ever witnessed." The crops planted and sowed this year are extensive—over one hundred acres, and all put in by student labor. The Hall itself is a perfect bee hive of activity, every body cheerful, hopeful and active. The President, Dr. Lamy, says that in the five years just we have never accomplished as much as this year. Our extensive gardens are all in order, planted by the young men, and the work of the young women is just as real. They do the cooking for the different messes. They have several industries besides, such as the making of mattresses, dresses of different kinds, basket work, and what not. The industrial division includes photography, printing, typewriting, stenography and whatever belongs to domestic science. The building appears at times to be filled with music, and the mountain youth surely love music. The President's daughter, Alice, has a way of teaching this branch that is wonderfully successful. She has pupils not only at Grant Lee Hall, but at Cumberland Gap also.

The saw mill, shingle mill and planing mill are busy, doing work for the University and for neighbors, with a reasonable profit therefrom. The University management has now added a corn mill, which is especially useful to the whole community. When I notice the growing grain in the finest condition, the extensive garden with all sorts of vegetables, and the grasses, especially the clover, more abundant than ever before, I think of what Dr. Pearson said in his first letter concerning this region, to wit, "You will teach them to make two spears of grass grow where there is now but one." This is already being realized.

The new Girls' Dormitory is not yet completed, but the great auditorium on the lower story and its rough posts covered, and its walls decorated with flowers. The blue and the gray appeared here and there most comfortably, but in beautiful festoons, and Lincoln's motto, "With charity for all," was over the main stage. Rough benches had been improvised by using the unused flooring of other rooms. We had a capital orchestra organized, and conducted by Miss Alice Lamy. The performance showed wonderful training as well as native talent of the first order. The Shakespearean play, *Twelfth Night*, was admirably acted, not put on the stage as a complete play, but so arranged that all the main parts and characters were thoroughly supported. Miss Gomburg had charge of arrangement and teaching, and it was a marvel to me, and to my friends, that so much could have been accomplished in so short a time.

Our Congregational church at Cumberland Gap was crowded to the overflowing the first night, at the closing exhibition of the lowest grade of the institution. Almost forty children took part, and I could see that very faithful work had been done by the principal instructor, Prof. Amerine, and the teachers associated with him at Harrow Hall. On the second night, the church was again overcrowded to hear essays, declamations and discussions by students of a higher grade, and the fidelity of a year's work was again manifest. When General Howard was called on to speak, thinking that the people were weary enough from the long and close packing, he confined his remarks to asking the audience to rise and sing "America."

It is a beautiful ride from the church to Grant Lee Hall, over the macadamized roads recently completed. Col. Wessels, of New York left for the example and the benefit of these mountain people. Our wagonette was filled with a merry set of friends, and the singing en route was delightful.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 526

The Growth of the Church

Review of Paul's Lifework

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JUNE 28

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: THE LORD SHALL DELIVER ME FROM EVERY EVIL WORK AND WILL PRESERVE ME UNTO HIS HEAVENLY KINGDOM.—II. TIM. 4:18

THE banyan tree has a growth peculiar to itself, by which it becomes a whole grove of trees, all connected with the main trunk. This it does by sending out slender fibres from its branches, which descend to the ground and become rootlets; then the growth is reversed, the slender fibres being fed by the roots until it grows to a size sometimes rivaling the main trunk. This process goes on until acres are covered. One famous banyan grew into a forest covering thirteen acres. The tree has useful and medicinal qualities. Let us take this banyan tree as an illustration of the growth of the Christian Church. In imagination or fact, let us draw a map taking the several trunks of the tree to represent the places where the Gospel took root as Paul and his fellow-laborers journeyed through Asia into Europe. The main trunk is the church at Jerusalem, planted by our Lord himself, which, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, grew until the main trunk included Samaria and all Palestine. When Barnabas went to Antioch, the tree put forth another slender stem, which had a rapid and strong growth, for almost the whole city was brought under the influence of the Gospel through the work of Barnabas, assisted by Paul. The "rootlets" were nourished by their house-to-house visitation. The Antioch branch grew until it extended over the island of Cyprus, and slender stems of influence descended to Salamis and Paphos and intermediate places. Another branch extended over into Asia, and stems grew downward and touched Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra and Derbe. In the providence of God the great Gospel tree was growing toward Europe and presently stems of influence descended upon Philippi and Thessalonica and Berea, in the visits of Paul and his associates. And then a branch grew towards Greece and touched Athens and Corinth, which last became one of the great trunks. Then in Asia Minor other branches put forth. At Ephesus there grew a great church. A small filament dropped down to the island of Crete, which gained some strength when placed under the care of Titus by Paul. And then towards Italy the tree pushed its life. A slender separated stem took root in the Island of Melita, and was nourished by the Apostle Paul as he preached the Gospel and healed the sick during the three months of his enforced stay, waiting for some ship, by which he might be conveyed to Rome. Paul came at last to Rome, and at his coming the Gospel tree put forth a slender stem, which dropped into a prison, where loving hearts helped it grow until it became at last a great trunk, rivaling the parent tree at Jerusalem. Still the tree grew westward until it reached Spain, and all along the seacoast towns we can seem to see it taking root under the guiding influence of the Apostle Paul. We look toward Asia again, and see the Gospel branches descending upon Smyrna and Thyatira, upon Sardis and Philadelphia, upon Pergamos and Laodicea, until these together with Ephesus, became the seven churches of Asia—seven great trunks of such importance that the Lord Jesus sent messages to them as he spoke in a vision to the Apostle John on the Island of Patmos.

And so the Gospel tree spread until it covered the whole known world. We can scarcely number the multitudes that rested under its shade, for the membership of the church increased by thousands every week. Nor can we estimate the healing which was found in the leaves of this Gospel-tree for the heartaches and wrongs of men.

THE BANYAN-LIKE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY BY PAUL'S LABORS

J Jerusalem, A Antioch, S Salamis, P Paphos, D Derbe, L Lystra, I Iconium, A Antioch in Pisidia, L Laodicea, P Philadelphia, T Thyatira, S Sardis, S Smyrna, E Ephesus, C Crete, P Philippi T Thessalonica, B Berea, A Athens, C Corinth, R Rome, M Malta.

How this tree has grown since Paul's time! We are told that in Japan there are certain trees of great age which are greatly cherished, being regarded with veneration that is akin to affection. So the great extent and great age of the church impel us to sing:

I love the Church, O God, her walls before me stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye, engraven on thy hand.

That all things in nature are manifestly working together toward perfection as their end, as science reveals, proves that there was an idea beforehand, and if an idea a MIND. As men and machines, working separately on the many minute parts of a watch are really co-operating under a master mind to produce the complete watch, so God is using men and things, friends and foes, rain and shine, to bring men to heaven, and to bring heaven to men, in fulfilment of his plan of love and law. Like microscopic fish we move freely as in a drop of ocean, but are carried forward, even when they swim backward, in God's gulf stream of providential history.

Reminiscences of Paul's Friends and Associates

The Elders of the Church at Ephesus: That was a memorable day we spent with Paul at Miletus, whither we went from Ephesus. The seashore was our meeting-place, because we were in expectation that Paul's vessel might sail at any hour. Paul warned us against the influence of certain false teachers, who would lead the people from the truth, urging us to study God's Word ourselves, and to induce the people to do the same, that we might not be deceived.

Members of the Church at Corinth: A letter from the Apostle Paul, was indeed a glad event in our church life. The whole church gathered to hear it read by these brethren in turn. Paul had been apprised of dissensions among us, and this was the occasion of the letter. His great desire was, that we should be one in Christ, and that we should be pure, and act towards each other as brothers in Christ. He desired, also, that we should know the doctrine of the resurrection, and so rest our souls in peace and hope.

Members of the Church at Rome: We had not yet seen the face of Paul when his letter to us was brought by Phœbe, a distinguished woman in the church at Corinth. It was Paul's expectation to be in Rome shortly, and he wished to prepare us for the truth he would teach us at his coming.

Paul's Traveling Companions: There were eight of us who accompanied Paul as he sailed away from Miletus, namely, Sopater, from Berea; Aristarchus and Secundus, from Thessalonica; Gaius and Timotheus, from Derbe; Tychicus and Trophimus, from Ephesus. Each of us had charge of the funds contributed by our home churches for the benefit of suffering Christians in Jerusalem. Besides, there was Luke, the beloved physician, who had been with Paul on many journeys before. We were nearly two months on the way to Jerusalem, from March 27 to May 17. Many precious hours we had with Paul as he read the Bible to us, and taught us concerning its prophecies, and their fulfilment in the life and death of Jesus Christ.

Claudius Lysias, the Roman Captain: My first sight of Paul was when he was being beaten and stoned by the Jewish mob in the court of the Temple. I came upon him with a rescuing party of soldiers from the Castle Antonia. But for this, he would soon have been a dead man. When on the stairs leading into the castle he asked my permission to speak to the people. I did not at once acquiesce, for I had an idea that he might be that Egyptian who had been making a disturbance among the Jews in the province over which Felix was Governor. But when Paul assured me of his identity as a Jew of Tarsus, I gave him liberty to speak. As I listened to his words, he seemed to me like a fanatic. But he had a very stirring effect upon the crowd below. They soon began to show signs of renewed violence, and I hurried my prisoner into the castle. I must acknowledge that I made a mistake when I ordered him to be scourged. I quickly countermanded the order when I was told by him that he was a Roman citizen. I yielded to the demand of the Jewish leaders that he should appear before them to be tried. But a second time I had to rescue him, or he would have been pulled in pieces by them. A few hours afterward, I formed a sudden determination to get my prisoner out of Jerusalem, because of the information brought to me by a young man that a league of forty persons had been formed to take the life of my prisoner. I sent him with an escort of 470 men, under cover of the night, to Felix.

Felix, Governor of Judea: When I had read the letter sent to me by the chief captain, I ordered that Paul should be brought before me. After a brief examination I sent him to the judgment hall to await the coming of his accusers. After five days they came, bringing with them an attorney, who hurt their case more than he helped it, by bringing charges which could not be proved. When I gave the man permission to speak in his own defence, his straightforward manner impressed me in his favor, and I determined to withhold a decision until the chief captain might himself come down to Cesarea. I could not release the prisoner, but I gave him all possible liberty, not binding him with chains, and permitting his friends to freely visit him. There was a charm about the man that impelled me to send for him again and again, simply that I might hear him talk. He did not hesitate to reprove me for what seemed to him evi in my life. It was hard to withstand him when he reasone before me. My only refuge was to dismiss him, saying tha I would hear him again at some more convenient seaso For two years he was my prisoner, and then I went out o office. I did not wish to make enemies of the Jews, as should have done by releasing him, so I left him in bonds.

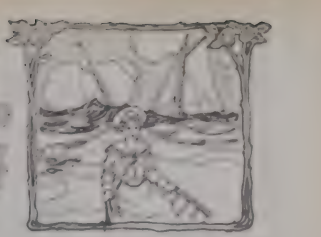
Festus, Governor of Judea: I came to Judea as the suc cessor of Felix. Being forewarned that the Jews were troublesome element, I went at once, within three days, t Jerusalem to gain favor among them. The high priest an the chief men of the Jews were ready with their complaint against one Paul, whom Felix had left in bonds. They de sired that I should return him to Jerusalem to be tried b Jewish law. I saw the manifest injustice of a man bein tried by his enemies, and so refused their request. I remaine ten days in Jerusalem and then returned to Cesarea; the da following, they came and laid many grievous complaint against Paul, which they could not prove. When I asked m prisoner if he was willing to be tried in Jerusalem, as th Jews demanded, he astonished us all by saying, "I appea unto Cesar." His case was thus taken out of my hands and I had but to wait a convenient season for sending hin to Rome. I was perplexed, because I could see no way t make a charge against him, for he had offended only agains trivial church rules of the Jews.

About that time, King Agrippa came to pay a cour visit, and I consulted him as to how a charge shoul be made to forward to Cesar. He desired to see and hear Paul. I hac the prisoner brought in chains be fore him, and made it the occasio of an assemblage of the most learned persons in my province. The sin cerity and the eloquence of the man impressed all who heard him, and Agrippa could but say, "He might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed to Cæsar." The day came, however, when I despatched him with other prisoners under charge of the centurion Julius. They sailed for Rome in a ship of Adramyttium.

Julius, the Chief Captain: Paul was unlike any prisoner ever before placed with me. I could but treat him with courtesy and confidence, even allowing him liberty to go and see his friends while the ship rested at Sidon. At Myra I transferred my prisoners to a larger ship that was sailing directly to Italy. Almost from the first, the winds were contrary, compelling us to take unusual courses. After great labor, we entered the roadstead of Fair Havens. I recognized my prisoner. Paul, to be a man of judgment when he urged that the vessel should be wintered there. But his suggestion was not accepted by the ship's captain, and one day, when it seemed favorable weather, we sailed away. We were very soon caught by that tempestuous wind, Euroclydon, and beaten about by it for days and days. So heavy were the clouds and the rain, that for fourteen days and nights we saw neither sun nor stars. In those trying times I discovered the mettle of Paul. By virtue of what was in him he became the chief director and consoler on the ship. But for him, I believe, all on board must have perished. They were too frightened to eat, and would have died from starvation if he had not cheered them by the assurance that no one on the ship would be drowned, even though the ship should go to pieces. He claimed to know this by a revelation from his God. When the ship did go to pieces, he with all the others came safely to land on the island of Malta. Everything which occurred showed Paul to be a remarkable man. We had hardly more than reached the island when a viper attached itself to his hand, coming out of the fire where he was warming himself. Its bite would have killed any other man, but not so Paul. He shook it off and was unharmed. During the three months we remained on that island, waiting for another ship, he showed his power by healing the sick and preaching the Gospel. It even became humiliating to me to hold such a man as a prisoner. But it was my duty to deliver him to Cæsar, and this I finally did. I afterwards heard how he was permitted to live as a prisoner in his own house for two years under the guard of a soldier, till his case was called.

Timothy, Paul's son in the faith. How he made the Bible live for me, when he first came to Derbe to preach the Gospel! I was then but a youth, and I had been well instructed in the letter of the law by my mother and my grandmother. But it had not been illuminated for me by Christian teaching. When the great apostle left Derbe, he drew me on by cords of love, and he even made me useful in a way, until after some years he appointed me to be one of his fellow helpers, and placed me in charge of the church at Corinth. The chief treasure which I have is the last letter which he ever wrote, very shortly before he was taken out to be beheaded. I could not but be a better minister all my life for the instructions that are given me in that second letter, in which he enjoins me to do the work of an evangelist and make full proof of my ministry. Soon after writing it he was beheaded; but he counted it a coronation, since death took him swiftly to his heavenly crown.

Our Household Circle



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

GOOD MANAGEMENT IN SUMMER

TO minimize discomfort and save steps should be the effort of every housekeeper during the summer days. When a woman has her house full of summer boarders, as will be the fate of some of our readers, she will smile at this advice, for her daily duties will be of the kind that pile up mountains high, and tax her strength to the uttermost. Even the summer hostess, by careful planning and good management, and by hiring a little more help than she usually does, can give herself an easier season this year than last, and the woman who has only her own family on her hands need not wear herself out if she will let her brain pilot her feet and her hands.

First, do the hardest work early in the day. Use less hot meat than in colder weather. On Saturday, for instance, prepare not only cake and pies, but Sunday's roast meat, so that the Sunday dinner may be put on the table without much extra toil. Cold meat, salad, fruit, with hot tea or coffee and good bread and butter, furnish any table well enough for all concerned in a sizzling summer day. By all means put an arrest on hard work on the Lord's day, for yourself, your children, and your servants, if you have any. And, as Monday and Wednesday and Friday are, while secular in their uses, God's own days and his free gifts to you, too, please save what strength you can in their circuit for enjoyment. It is terrible to think how many people will never secure any rest at all till their toiling hands are folded in the grave's silence and peace. Where one burns wood, the fire may be suffered to go out when not required for cooking or washing purposes, and the kitchen will then cool off, as will the flushed face of the mistress. People whose ranges burn only coal, should, if possible, procure a gas stove for summer. The saving in comfort is immense, and the cost very little beyond that involved in burning coal.

Two theories obtain in women's minds, as to the most effective method of keeping a house cool in very hot weather. Henny airs her house in the morning and hermetically seals it the rest of the day, closing every window, darkening every room, shutting every door. Where walls are thick this course is satisfactory, and the step from outdoor broiling to refrigerant chilling, is marked and agreeable; also at times it has a certain risk. There are parlors known to some of us that are vault-like in June and July; but they are not in houses built with thin partitions, and rushed from foundation to roof with the celerity during the building process of Jonah's gourd. We find such rooms in Maryland and Virginia, in Massachusetts and Maine, in homes that were erected when men took their time, and building materials were chosen with a view to durability.

Screen the ordinary every-day house in city or country, in every window and every door, from invading insect pests. Take up the cumbrous carpets and have bare floors, or use matting. Put away all the useless bric-a-brac, every vase, every curio, every dust-collecting ornament, and each thing the sun will fade, and then let the air sweep through. The house will be purer for the light, the sweeter for the wind, and the temperature will be the cooler. In extremely torrid weather, cool a room by hanging wet sheets in it or by electric fans at play.

Think nothing at all about the accidents of the thermometer. Go right on doing your work, in utter indifference to the climate, and you will be surprised to discover how slight your inconvenience will be.

Dress lightly. If obliged to go out in the middle of the day, take the shady side of the street or carry an umbrella.

Commencement Days

Our schools and colleges are getting ready for their summer examinations, and presently, with their well-earned diplomas as tokens of their diligence, a crowd of young people will take the road intent on their future careers. The professional schools will turn out lawyers and doctors and theologues, and in these youthful aspirants, now callow, now inexperienced, are concealed the eminent jurists, the skilled surgeons, and the splendid preachers of a coming day. God bless them, the boys and the girls too, who have the unknown to-morrows of life to face, and who step forth so confidently from the guardianship of their Alma Mater, with her voice crying God-speed.

A Wonderful Escape

A little German laddie, aged three, the other day leaned too far out the window of an elevated train, and fell. As he came flying through the air, death seemed inevitable, for New York paving stones are hard and Third avenue elevated trains are high. But God had given his angels charge of little Louis Leblinger, and Daniel Walsh, a man at work on the street, saw him coming, and caught him "on the fly." The child was unhurt, and the man who so opportunely caught the little fellow earned the mother's deep gratitude. In this case the mother was not to blame, the little Louis having gone with a rush before her into the train, and losing his balance as it started; but as one goes about, one often sees very great carelessness on the part of mothers, who do not realize the risks their babies take on the cars, when they let them lean out of perilously high windows.

COMING HOME

A cabin in the forest, but love and joy are there;
And sound of children's voices sweet, and parents' tender care.

Fun as a Healer

Fun has its place in home economy. When every one is good-humored, and a ripple of laughter breaks out in the kitchen, or echoes merrily through the house, you need not fear that very much is wrong. Fun is wholesome. It shuns malice and envy, and all uncharitableness. Fun has no sharp weapon to stab or dull one to wound a brother's head. When people are full of fun, they are full of kindliness, full of gentleness, full of unselfish love. The villain who steals your purse; the assassin who thrusts at you in the dark; the ruffian who attacks you on the highway, has no fun about him, he forsooth is in horrible and deadly earnest.

If you are disposed to be blue, if you are not quite well, if anything is a wee bit wrong, try what fun will do to ease the load and send you forward safely.

True Living

THEY stood silently gazing at each other as if realizing the unexpectedness of it—she a beautiful city girl and he a barefoot mountain lad, who had never been five miles beyond the precinct of his home. She had wandered from the hotel, to a sort of natural covering a short distance beyond, it had seemed that she must be miles from anything of any sort, when suddenly this smart boy confronted her. The little fellow was eagerly questioned at first, he stood gazing at her as something hitherto unknown in his meagre life, then quickly turned, and the next instant was out of the thicket about him.

She had thought when she came to the Appalachicks for her summer outing, there would not be any work here for her to do. When she had said good-bye to the little class at home in the mission school, she had not thought of going out to find others more neglected and destitute than they.

Slowly she retraced her steps, the shadow of a great burden resting on her. "How shall they learn unless they are taught," she mused. "Oh, I must make further inquiry, I can still see gazing at me those appealing, hungry eyes."

She found out the boy's history without the least trouble; the manager of the hotel had long known "him and his kind," as he called them. "You see, Miss Atkins," he said, "the boy was born there, and will probably live and die there; such life seems to suit his kind. But, more's the pity, there's several children, I think, five, all told."

"And does no one ever teach them what right living means?"

"No one ever interferes with them in the least, they live their own lives, and we live ours; and inasmuch as they do not molest us, we do not trouble ourselves about them. The children look barely civilized, and yet they say they are not of the bad sort."

The lad's appealing eyes seemed still looking at Miss Atkins as she turned away. "True living," she thought, "is not merely passing through the world with enough of all that is necessary to sustain life. It means growth into the image of Christ, rounding out one's character into disciplined manhood and womanhood." With her, once to resolve was to do, and later, when the ladies on the hotel veranda questioned her about her actions, and besought her not to expose herself at that hour of the day, she replied that she had a special work to do which required haste.

"She is certainly a peculiar girl," remarked one lady to another. "I have seldom met a one so pretty, and yet she seems entirely unconscious of it. What do you suppose she intends doing now?"

"I believe she is about the Master's business. Did you notice that intent expression in her eyes, a singleness of purpose, as she started out. I think if we wait a little while, we will learn it all."

She had been told a direct path to the mountain home, and started out without the least question or fear in her heart. "The Master's work will not brook delay," she said softly. She had not gone more than half the distance before she came across the two of them, and so intent had they been engaged in sport that they did not see her until she stood among them, arrayed, the eldest of them declared afterward, "like a very angel itself."

At first they were about to flee from her, but she had prevented against this emergency by bringing with her a number of pretty pictures. These she displayed at once, and evidently something about her manner reassured them, as upon second thought they all settled down again.

Then in simple words she won their hearts, by telling them the story of the Cross. They listened at first with evident inattention, but later their eyes brightened, and they pressed closer, not wishing to lose a single word. She must leave to remained an hour or more, and to their urgent request that she stay longer, she promised to come every day to the spot, when the weather permitted. "And when I do not come, you must come to me."

"Really, it is surprising," said the business manager of the hotel, at the close of the season, "but the brightest, most lad I have had in my employ for several years, is that mountain lad of old Elkins, as we always called him. Company Miss Atkins has exerted wonderful influence over the young."

The happy Christian girl returned to her home, filled with the quietness and confidence which no external circumstances can affect.

SARA V. DE RHAM.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JOHN. No man worth his salt is governed by [illegible]

—ROBERT. I certainly think [illegible]

—IMOGENE. Do not accept special attentions [illegible] employers. Do your work the best way you can and [illegible]. Beyond this expect nothing and accept nothing.

FRIENDS OF THE TENEMENT WAIFS

Kind Hearts in Many States Aid in Giving the Slum Children an Outing at Mont-Lawn

"MANY OF THESE WILL SEE THE COUNTRY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES"

SURELY, the neglected little children of the New York tenements owe a debt of gratitude to their good friends, who are now coming forward, with kind hearts and generous hands, to provide hundreds of the wee tots with a ten days' outing at Mont-Lawn. Our CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are staunch friends of the children. They never forget them.

It may seem to be a very little thing to help a wee tenement boy or girl to a "treat" in the country—to take the waif away for awhile, from the heat of the alley and slum and gutter, and send it out among the flowers and grasses and the shade of the cool sweet woods, among the birds and the bees; but it is a Christian work, that brings joy and blessing both to the giver and the little beneficiary. A simple thing it may be, but there are few gifts that pay such interest. Surely it is not a little thing to have the prayers and the gratitude, a whole year long, of the wee man or maid who treasures the memory of those ten "red-letter days" as perhaps the brightest and best in an otherwise dull and dreary life.

We feel that something more than a mere acknowledgment is due to the many friends who are helping our Mont-Lawn work this year. Their gifts mean much more than the money alone; they mean encouragement and most grateful help to all who are engaged in the work. To the children themselves, who are taught to remember their kind benefactors, it is a constant pleasure to think of those golden-hearted men and women who have made the season of outing a joy and delight such as they never knew before. Very many of those who go to Mont-Lawn this summer will see the country for the first time in their lives. To them it will be all new and strange and wonderful. They will wander about and pick the flowers and join in the frolics on the lawn, like children in a dream. And when their holiday is ended, they will go back bronzed with the sun and made stronger by the pure air and wholesome food.

Mont-Lawn is truly the children's Paradise, and every contributor to the Fresh Air Fund, is, to the little ones, like some divine messenger who opens the gates of this delightful place, so that they may enter and enjoy its delights.

Many of the letters received during the week, show such a warm interest in the work, that we cannot forbear quoting from a few:

Enclosed find $21 to give some of "God's little ones" an outing at Mont-Lawn this summer. It is sent in the name of Jesus, who loves little children so well.

Farmland, Ind. ELIZABETH B.

Enclosed you will find $21 for the support of a cot for the season. As I write this, I feel in my heart that God will bless all who are interested in this noble work. May all the little ones become Christians.

Butler, Wis. MRS. M. J. G.

Enclosed you will find $42, to support two cots for the summer at Mont-Lawn—in our father's and mother's name—Robert K. W. and Berlina A. W.

Harrisville, Pa. EVA AND MARGARET W.

I have $21 again for my cot at Mont-Lawn. Am thankful for the opportunity to aid those who need Christian sympathy and help.

Canon City, Colo. L. W. F.

Mrs. M. W. L., New Haven, N. Y., in sending her gift of $12, has this to say for the little waifs: "The warm days are here, and the flowers on the bushes tell that it is the time that the children are looking for the trip to the country, to give them fresh air for their feeble bodies. As I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of their anxiety to enjoy the country, I feel that I should, as I have done in other years, hand in my fund of $12, to give four little ones a pleasure that I could not do in any other way. As I have not any children of my own, I feel it belongs to me to give some of the needy ones a treat."

"I have a Sunday School class of eight little girls," writes Mrs. Daisy L., Martel, O., "and with my assistance they wished to help a little child of the New York slums, and so we send you our contribution. My little girls' hearts were touched by the sad pleadings of the sick children, which I read to them from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. May God's blessing rest on this work."

"Bless the poor little tots. I wish I could send them all to Mont-Lawn," is the hearty letter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W., Eddyville, Neb., who forwarded $6.

I enclose $5 for the Little Waifs of Mont-Lawn, and $5 for the hungry and starving.

South Durham, Me. T. F. L

I send this $6, with the prayer it may bring health and cheer to some of the suffering little ones, in the slums of the great city.

Chicago, Ill. MISS MARY W. R., & MRS. R.

I send this $3, in the name of a darling child who died a number of years since—Georgie Edna G. MRS. ETTA M. G.

Lower Gilmanton, N.H.

Enclosed please find $3, with the hope that it may give to one expectant waif, a happy ten days' outing at Mont-Lawn, the ideal home for the suffering little ones. I wish this amount were multiplied many times.

Boonville, Mo. S. B. M.

H. H., Bellville, Ill., writes: "My father Mr. E. W. W., is quite sick; still, he has the interest of the poor orphans in the home at Mont-Lawn so much a heart that he will not wa for his recovery, but wishe me to send you this, hi contribution, and also to e press to you his admiratio for the zealous work yo have carried on in Finland.

A friend in Panama, N. Y writes: "Enclosed you wi find $5 for the Fresh A Fund, sent by the followin persons: Mrs. James R., $2 Mrs. Augusta T., $2; Mr E. L. H., $1. Hoping tha God will bless it to the goo of some poor child."

An octogenarian Christia reader, Mrs. E. G. L., Lor don, Ohio, writes: "I wan to send $1 to Mont-Lawr I wish it was ten times a much. I am grown old. have sent every year fo some time $1. I pray Go to bless all the managers It is a great blessing for th children. I am eighty-thre years old last December."

"I pray this small mit ($1) may send a streak o sunshine into some littl soul and that the child ma learn while at Mont-Law who makes all nature beau tiful," writes Miss Lillian O. Green Castle, Ind.

Mrs. W. C., Ninga, Man. writes: "Having read o your beautiful home a Mont-Lawn for the littl ones, I have had a grea longing to be able to sen one poor little waif for a ten days' outing I have never been able to do so until now The way has opened up, and I gladly enclos express order for three dollars, trusting it wil bring joy to some little one."

"Mother and Two Daughters," Dougherty Va., send $6. "A Lover of Children," Or lando, Fla., sends $10 for the Fresh Air Fund Miss Mary E. P., Portsmouth, O., forward for herself and two others, $10, of which $6 i for Mont-Lawn. She adds, "with the wis that the Lord will own and bless the worl done by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and tha souls may be saved." "To send some poo little waif to Mont-Lawn," Miss Mollie J. A. East Grand Forks, Minn., sends her gift o $3. Mrs. Emma E. F., Albany, Oreg., i sending her gift adds, "Were I in a positio to do so, I would gladly send much more."

Here is a very touching letter that wil awaken a responsive chord in many hearts

Enclosed find $1.00 for the Children' Home, in memory of our little Archie. Th money was his own earnings, and he wa planning to send it this summer to the Chil dren's Home. He loved THE CHRISTIA HERALD and was so glad when each pape came. He died in December, at the age o eight. MRS MARY M.

Stevensville, Mont.

* * *

All contributions to the Fresh Air work will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The following have been received for the work:

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FRESH AIR FUND

Haviland, Miss & Mrs 3 00
Hayes, Mrs C W.. 2 75
Hayes, Mrs E E.. 6 00
Hayes, John 1 00
Hayes, Miss M.... 1 35
Hayward, Jennie.. 50
Healey, W 1 00
Heap, Mrs H H.. 3 00
Heim, Mrs John.. 5 00
Helmer, Miss L A. 3 00
Hendrick, Miss H L 3 00
Henney, Benj 50
Henry, Mrs S J... 3 00
Herman, J G..... 5 00
Heslop, Mrs Thos. 1 00
Hess, Noah L.... 1 00
Hoagland, Mrs J.. 3 00
Hoagland, Lizzie.. 2 00
Hoening, Henry ...36 00
Holmes, Miss L B 3 00
Hoover, A A & S A 6 00
Horney, R & G.... 5 00
Howards, Mrs, Gr'd-daughter 10
Howard, H A.... 3 00
Howard, Mrs L A. 2 00
Howard, Mrs Sam. 1 00
Hoyt, Mr & Mrs F B 6 00
Hoyt, G A.....15 00
Hudson, Mrs E... 2 00
Hughes, Edith A.. 3 00
Hume, Nannie E.. 3 00
Hunt, Mrs M B.. 3 00
Hunter, Mrs C S.. 1 50
Hurley, T 50
Hyde, Mrs Burt... 3 00
Ives, Mrs E A.... 1 00
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Jagnow, A A..... 3 00
James, Mrs Fred. 3 00
Jamison, Mrs H P 3 00
Jenckins, Mrs J H 3 00
Jess, Mrs S..... 3 00
Jimason, Mrs J... 3 00
Johnson, C R & fam15 00
Johnson, Mrs C... 3 00
Johnson, Lucy A.. 1 00
Johnson, Walter .. 5 00
Johnston, Mary E. 1 00
Joslyn, Elnora ... 6 00
Kavannah, M T... 3 00
Kellgy, Bertha ... 2 00
Kellogg, Louise .. 3 00
Kelly, A W..... 3 00
Kelly, T 50
Kennedy, Mrs F H 6 00
Ketcham, Mrs O T 6 00
Kezar, E Viola... 1 00
Kilpatrick, Miss... 1 00
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King, Mrs T M... 6 00
Kinney, Rev L.... 22
Kinney, Mrs S P.. 1 00
Klinefelter, Mrs H H 3 00
Klingensmith, E L 6 00
Kneeland Girls.... 3 00
Knight, Mrs E.... 3 00
Knight, Mrs Wm.. 2 00
Kobs, Miss Lena M 3 00
Kratz, A M..... 6 00
Kratz, Mrs H B.. 3 00
Kurtz, Mrs A.... 3 00
Lauridsen, Johanne 5 00
Lee, Bertha 3 00
Lehr, Mrs C F... 3 00
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Lockwood, F S.... 3 00
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Long, John B..... 3 00
Looney, L & H... 3 00
Lowman, Mrs A... 1 00
Lott, Mrs Lydia .. 1 50
Luquees, Miss J... 5 00
Lynch, W Aubrey. 3 00
Macdowell, B H.. 50
Macdowell, G G.. 1 00
McBride, Jas 3 35
McCreary, Mrs R J 3 00
McDanolds, Miss F 1 50
McDermid, Mr & Mrs J F..... 3 00
McGregor, Jas D.. 3 00
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McKay, Miss H W. 3 00
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McMichael, John.. 3 00
McMillan, Miss E. 3 00
McMullen, J E.... 3 00
McNaughton, Mrs P 3 00
McNeiland, Mrs R J 3 00
McRoberts, Mrs WE 3 00
Mabie, Wm B..... 3 00
Mackey, M 2 00
Main, Miss E G.. 3 00
Main, Roland H.. 3 00
Martens, Ruth, Julia & Freida.... 3 00
Martin, Horace 3 00
Martin, Mrs I.... 3 00
Martin, Miss S M. 3 00
Mather, Mrs A S. 2 00
Mathers, Mrs M B. 3 00
Maxcy, W E..... 3 00
Medill, Mrs J N.. 3 00
Meeker, H 50
Melvin, Mrs Cora.. 1 00
Mengershausen, H. 1 00
Merell, W C..... 5 00
Merrill, L M..... 6 00
Merritt, Mrs J S. 3 00
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Millage, Sue 3 00
Miller, Hattie ... 2 90
Miller, Mrs J C.. 3 00
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Payne, Mrs W O.. 5 00
Peabody, Mrs S A. 1 00
Pegrase, Mrs H L. 2 00
Peck, Chas E.... 6 00
Peck, Mrs E E.... 3 00
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Pence, Mary & Ida 2 00
Pervy, E L..... 3 00
Perry, Mrs R.... 3 00
Perry, Mrs S..... 1 00
Peters, Nettie 3 00
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Platt, Mrs A J... 3 00
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Porch, Miss Neva. 3 00
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Power, E C..... 1 00
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Ray, Mrs E..... 2 00
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Reber, Annie R... 6 00
Reed, Mrs C C.... 3 00
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Rice, Mary M.... 3 00
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Robbin, Mary E... 4 00
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Roberts, J C..... 3 00
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Robinson, Mrs J W 3 00
Rodman, Mrs F... 3 00
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Ross, Mrs F E.... 3 00
Ruddick, Lillian .. 3 00
Rush, G 25
Russell, J M & Mrs 6 00
Rush, Mrs E G L.. 6 00
Runyon, Mrs E J.. 3 00
Ryder, Ida 1 00
Ryman, Helen L.. 3 00
Sample, Mrs R.... 2 00
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Selden, Mrs E P.. 3 00
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Shannon, Miss R.. 3 00
Sharp, Ed G..... 2 00
Sharp, Nettie 3 00
Shells, Mrs M M.. 3 00
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Sipe, Mrs Geo W.. 3 00
Sipple, Chester.... 2 00
Sipple, Mamie 2 00
Sipple, Roy 2 00
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Stanley, Mr & Mrs 3 00
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Stephens, A M.... 3 00
Stewart, Harold... 1 50
Stewart, Milton... 1 00
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Stewart, Mrs W T 3 00
Stewart, Mrs Wm 6 00
Stewart, Zilla 50
Stiven, Wm 1 00
Strainge, Mr & Mrs 3 00
Strong, Geo H.... 1 00
Strout, Mrs Effie.. 5 00
Sweet, Mrs J A & Mrs F H Mallory 6 00
Swingley, Ruth 1 00
Swisher, M Emma. 3 00

IDOLS IN A BURMESE TEMPLE

MONG, THE BURMAN CONVERT

MONG SHAWLOO was converted at an early age and came to America to seek an education. He was a bright young fellow, and much given to wit. One day, of Bob Townsend, the college wag, Mong asked: "How do you capture birds in America?" The reply was: "We put salt on their tails." Mong made no sign. Later, Bob asked, forgetting the former incident: "What is the method of securing so large game as the elephant in your country, Mong?" "We put salt on their tails," was the reply. Then Townsend remembered.

The young Burman acquired an excellent education in this country, university, theological and medical, and was graduated from the

MONG SHAWLOO

University of Lewisburg," Pennsylvania, now "Bucknell." He provided for much of his education by lecturing, in which he excelled. Having fulfilled his mission, he returned to his native Burmah, calling at London, Paris, Marseilles and Calcutta. At the latter city, just before debarking, he was made the recipient of a purse containing one hundred and twenty dollars in English sovereigns, in token of the pleasure he had afforded the passengers on the steamer, by the delivery of one of his lectures, and as a compliment on having "brought so good an education from the United States." Four days from Calcutta, he arrived in Burmah, and debarked at Moulmein. First he sought his family, then the Burman king. The latter immediately gave orders to provide the best quarters for the returned stranger; and the king's sword-bearer escorted him to the palace, and introduced him, saying: "This is the doctor who came from America with letters from the King of the United States"—meaning the President. After this it became Mong's custom to frequently dine at the royal palace.

Mong's chosen vocation was teaching, practicing medicine and preaching the Gospel. In September, 1868, the year in which he left America, he married a young Eurasian woman—a pupil of Miss Haswell—who died early in their married life. Later, he was married to a Burmese lady, who also had been a pupil of Miss Haswell. They now occupy a beautiful home in Moulmein.

Dr. Shawloo (Mong), is now chiefly occupied with a dispensary in his own home—which is opposite the Burmese church—and in preaching the Gospel. His patients are Burmese, Chinese, Talaings, Eurasians, Karens, Jews, Mussulmans, Telugus, higher caste and lower caste, besides Japanese. In Moulmein, there are several churches—Burmese, Karen and English—and many schools, where the pupils are taught in these various tongues, Some of the church congregations are very large. It strikes one as strange to hear of "Mission street," in a city once given to idolatry—yet such is the name of one of the thoroughfares.

In a letter written to Dr. W. L. Griffin, of Lamar, Mo., dated December 12, 1902, Mong relates an interesting incident. He writes:

"A few days ago, I was called to visit a patient near the border of the Shan States—a day's journey; but he was beyond recovery. As there was no preacher to perform the funeral rites, it remained for me to perform that melancholy duty. I was engaged the whole of Sunday in talking and preaching to the people who had come to attend the funeral services. The deceased was converted only a few months ago, and he died in the faith.

"He and his wife were pure heathen, and were converted to the religion of Jesus at the age of seventy-one years. He had the comforts of the Holy Spirit, therefore, for only seven months. The wife is still living."

Rangoon, the commercial metropolis, is growing with great rapidity, in common with the other chief cities of Burmah. Two steamers ply regularly between Moulmein and Rangoon. The Burmese Government has just contracted for the construction of a railway between these two cities.

A Praying Mother's Influence

During the recent meeting held in Aberdeen, Scotland, by the Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago, the Christian Endeavor Societies of Peterhead and Fraserburgh organized an excursion for the purpose of hearing him. Over two of the party attended the evening meeting. A day or two after, a minister who had accompanied them, wrote, stating that one of the young men had been led to accept Christ as his Saviour. This man—a fisherman by trade—had a Christian mother, and when he was leaving home she got her boy to promise to attend the meeting, and added that she would be praying for him. He kept his promise and came to the Music Hall. All through the service he thought he heard his mother's voice, saying, "Lord, save my boy! Lord, save my boy!" He could not get rid of the thought of his mother praying from him. His heart was softened and opened to the Word of God. That night he went home rejoicing in Christ.

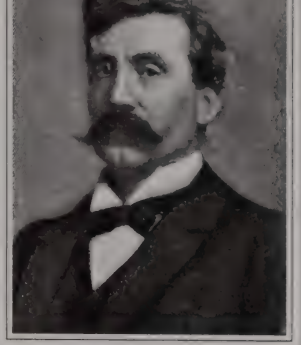
THE NEW MODERATOR

The Presbyterian General Assembly Confers the Honor on Dr. Coyle

MORE than ordinary interest was aroused in the election of a Moderator this year by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Its choice of a recipient for the highest honor in its gift is always recognized as a test of its spirit. This year, when creed revision is its chief business, the vote was expected to be indicative of the mood in which that business would be approached. Five candidates were in the field, one of whom refused the nomination, though his friends persisted in casting their votes for him. This was Dr. A. C. Zenos, Professor of Church History in McCormick Theological Seminary. Rev. David B. Fitzgerald, of Cincinnati, nominated Dr. David S. Schaff, D.D., Professor of Church History in Lane Theological Seminary. Dr. Page offered the name of Dr. Robert F. Coyle, Pastor of Central Church, Denver. President McCormick nominated Dr. W. H. Roberts, for nineteen years past the stated clerk of the Assembly. The list of nominees was completed when Rev. Orville Reed, of Montclair, N. J., named Dr. Calvin W. Mateer, the missionary candidate, founder of Teng Chow College, China. The first ballot showed 310 votes for Dr. Coyle, 258 for Dr. W. H. Roberts, 86 for Dr. Mateer, 21 for Dr. Zenos, 14 for Dr. Schaff. The majority for Dr. Coyle was so large that his election was assured, so Dr. Roberts, who has several times narrowly escaped the lightning, gracefully retired from the contest, and the election of Dr. Coyle was made unanimous.

The significance of the election consists in the fact that the supporters of Dr. Coyle are the advocates of a revision of the creed. Time was when so far from being able to elect a Moderator, they were so small a handful that they could only with difficulty obtain a hearing; but even Presbyterian ministers are not proof against the influence of modern thought, and gradually the numbers of the liberals have grown, until in a total vote of nearly seven hundred, over three hundred supported the candidate.

Dr. Coyle is a Canadian by birth, but his education and his work were both American. He is in his fifty-fourth year. He graduated from Wabash College, Ind., in 1877, and two years later was ordained at Fort Dodge, Ia. Six years of faithful and successful work in that charge, were followed by the pastorate of Fullerton Avenue Church, in Chicago, whence he went to Oakland, Calif., and later to the Central Church of Denver, Colo., his present charge. There seems no doubt from his past record that he will have no difficulty in manifesting the three qualities of which Dr. Van Dyke told him he would be in need in his new office: Firmness, Friendliness, and Faithfulness.



REV. ROBERT F. COYLE, D.D.

It must be a great relief to the new Moderator to have the crucial question of creed revision disposed of. The explanatory statement accepted by the Assembly should set the question at rest, at least for the present. It removes the stumbling-blocks of reprobation and infant damnation which the creed appeared to teach, although its friends declared that it did not. We learn now that: "God has provided a salvation sufficient for all and freely offered to all," which is a statement sufficiently Arminian for practical purposes. As to children dying in infancy, the declaration expresses the confident belief that they are saved. This also is an important concession, which the fathers of the clergymen assembled at Los Angeles would probably have been reluctant to make.

An Uplifting Influence

If any man can read *The Speaking Oak* and not be filled with nobler aspirations and purer thoughts he does not know how to make use of the faculties that God has given him. WM. H. BROOKS.

Covenant, Ill.

This book, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2.

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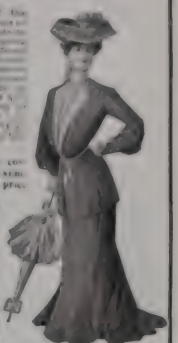

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"THE WHOLE WORLD IS QUEER"

QUAINT PSALMS for QUEER FOLK

BY REV. C. H. YATMAN

PSALM CXLI
Humble Man's Psalm

3. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips. 4. Incline not my heart to any evil thing, to practise wicked works with men that work iniquity; and let me not eat of their dainties.

5. Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head.

"LET HIM REPROVE ME"

. . .

This is a day of pride and position, with loud talk and loud life, that catch so many like a snare and hasten them to their grave—buried both in earth and oblivion. It's needful for the many who want abiding exaltation, to read what God writes about humility, and take the position of the writer of Psalm CXLI, verse 5. Mighty few folk, these days, ask for reproof, and less want the good stroke of rebuke that a real righteous man can give. If the reader can get as low-down as this, he will know in due time what it is to be truly exalted.

PSALM CXLII
Psalm for Prisoners

7. Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.

"MY SOUL OUT OF PRISON"

The jail for the body is bad, but a prison for the soul is worse. Captives in Eastern countries fare ill, but no Japanese, Chinese, Russian, or Roman prisoners suffer the wants and horrors and shame of those who are locked up in a life of sin and misery, with the jailer of conscience to goad them and with the vermin of wickedness to defile and annoy them. Listen, sinner! You are a "prisoner of hope," for Christ came to set the captive free—free not only from the guilt of sin, but free from the love of sin; free not only from the penalty of sin, but from the power of it; and above that is added freedom from fear—even of death; for he led captivity captive. Hallelujah!

PSALM CXLIII
Psalm for the Faint-hearted

1. Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications; in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

2. And enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

3. For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead.

4. Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate.

"HE HATH SMITTEN MY LIFE"

. . .

Faint-hearted folk are not few. They ought to be living under the powerful promises of God and the powerful providences that he provides. It's not wise to starve in the midst of plenty, nor die of thirst by a spring of water. This is a queer world, and the people are like the place they live in. Might as well "grease a fat goose," as to ask for more protection and promises from above. All that heaven has is at the disposal of folk with overwhelmed spirits. How quickly would misery change into mercy, if the magic power of faith be applied.

PSALM CXLIV
Soldier's Psalm

1. Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight.

2. My goodness, and my fortress; my high tower, and my deliverer; my shield, and he in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me.

"TEACHETH MY HANDS TO WAR"

. . .

God is on the side of right, and his battalions are the heaviest, though often unseen. To die for freedom, honor and flag is noble; but the noblest of all was when the Captain of the Lord's hosts laid down his life for his enemies. Soldiers who fight Satan, sin and selfishness, wage a heavy war, and need the truth of verse one in this Psalm. The closing verse is the acclamation of praise to the Leader, who taught their "hands to war," and their "fingers to fight."

PSALM CXLV
Psalm of Greatness

3. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable. 4. One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

5. I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

6. And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts; and I will declare thy greatness.

"OF THY WONDROUS WORKS"

. . .

Little folk—and there be many—use language lightly and call small things great. It is not every one who can tell the difference between Shakespeare and Job, nor between Huxley and John, or Spencer and Isaiah. There are legislators who think their enactments are greater than the Ten Commandments, and their laws more beneficial than the Sermon on the Mount. Men who spend much time before a looking-glass—women too—see but little. It's poor policy for even a Christian to be looking at himself; better look to God.

PSALM CXLVI
Preservation Psalm

5. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God.

6. Which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is, which keepeth truth forever.

7. Which executeth judgment for the oppressed; which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners.

8. The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous.

9. The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow.

"HE RELIEVETH THE FATHERLESS"

. . .

It is one thing to be made good, but quite another thing to be kept so. It is one thing to be converted, another thing to grow up and be a strong Christian and possess genuine worth and be a pillar in the church of our God. The black smallpox of sin is epidemic these days. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure;" far better ask God to save you from going into wickedness, than to deliver you after your feet are fast in the mire. The shout of victory in a moral battle must be music, both here and in heaven.

. . .

"Superb Treasures"

The Speaking Oak and *The Hall of Fame* are superb treasures, but language fails when I come to speak of the Red Letter Bible. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has become a part of my household. I have taken it for over fifteen years. When, for any cause, the mail-carrier fails to bring it at the proper time, there is a vacancy no other paper can fill. Every page is so bright and cheery; the illustrations are all so attractive; the Sunday School lesson is beautifully elucidated; the sermon is so profound and elevating, that when the paper has been read from start to finish, one feels like taking it and hiding away in secret to read it over and over again, as the college student who gets the first letter from his distant home. So dear has THE CHRISTIAN HERALD become that I want every one to have a copy, and as actions speak louder than words, I have chosen it as the best gift I could offer my Sunday School class, having given eight copies in that way. C. N. ROBINSON.

MEDICAL MISSIONS*

Humanity and Christianity Alike Demand the Services of the Consecrated Physician

OF all distressing stories, there are none we have heard or read, so heartrending as that of the treatment of physical trouble in heathen lands. It is simply appalling to hear of the miseries inflicted on women in the hour of their maternity, on sick persons in their weakness and pain, and on the crippled and deformed. Even when no actual ill-treatment has to be endured the remedies applied are ridiculous. Miss Rachel Benn, who has labored as a medical missionary in China, tells us that when she was called in by a Chinese gentleman in a crisis, she found that the Chinese doctor had exhausted his resources when he had burned incense and had placed in the patient's hair slips of red paper on which mystic characters were written. In Africa, the witch doctor is a much more dangerous attendant. His theory is that the illness he is called on to cure, is the work of a wizard or a witch, and when he has indicated the perpetrator of the evil, vengeance follows without bringing relief to the sufferer.

Humanity alone calls for the medical missionary; but when we realize how numerous are the opportunities that a godly physician has of preaching the Gospel, religion joins in the appeal. Doors open to the skilful physician, which are closed against the preacher. Dr. F. P. Lynch tells of a district in Africa, in which the people firmly and resolutely refused to receive a missionary. There was a woman too ill to walk, who was carried through that district a three days' journey, to be treated by the medical missionary. She did not belong to the district, but her condition was seen. In a few weeks she walked back, well and strong. The people were not long in drawing a conclusion. They said, "We have misunderstood those white men;" and a cordial invitation to preach was given.

Most valuable is the work of the woman medical missionary. The Mohammedan, the Hindoo, and often the Chinaman, would rather prefer that his wife should die, than that she should be treated by a man. The woman doctor, however, is welcome, and none can ever recount the lives she has saved and the pain she has alleviated, and the souls she has led to Christ. Any League wishing to do effective missionary work, can spend its money in no better way, than by qualifying some consecrated Christian woman to become a medical missionary in a heathen land. This journal knows of one case in which only twenty dollars a month, for two years, would enable one such woman to finish her studies, and would give to India a devoted physician, whose work in the service of Christ would be of inestimable value.

*Topic of the Epworth League for June 28. Matt. 10: 7, 8; I. Cor. 12: 8, 11.

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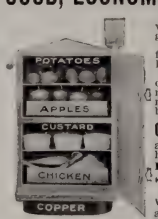

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PAUL AND HIS MASTER

Striking Parallels in the Lives of Christ and the Apostle

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IN the early part of our Christian life, God's education of his children is, in great measure, directed to making us more useful as his instruments in the salvation of other men; in the latter part of our Christian life, while he may still use us in his service, his lessons are more directed to the preparation of his beloved ones for himself, by proving them in many and divers tests, and by teaching us to understand him in his purposes. And to this end his lessons are more and more humbling—there is less and less for the flesh to glory in. God's ripening servants are more noticeable for what they are than for what they do. The man who everywhere had caused such a stir that the jealousy of the unbelieving Jews was everywhere aroused against him, and they gave him credit for turning the world upside down—when he spoke on the stairs of the castle at Jerusalem—seemed to have left no converted hearers behind him.

"It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master," might be the motto of the latter part of Paul's life. Once only our blessed Lord Jesus had a difficulty to know the will of the Father; it was in Gethsemane. Paul also in his last journey to Jerusalem was, as we have seen, in perplexity about the will of God. He had a conviction that he should go to Jerusalem, and yet the saints in every place said by the Spirit that he should not go there. Our Lord knew that his last journey to Jerusalem was for shame and suffering: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all the things that are written by the prophets shall be accomplished unto the Son of Man, for he shall be delivered up unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and shamefully entreated, and spit upon, and they shall scourge and kill him; and the third day he shall rise again" (Luke 18:31-33, R. V.). Paul said: "And now behold I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there; save that the Holy Ghost testifieth unto me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me" (Acts 20:22, 23, R. V.). We cannot but mark the similarity.

Again, there is a parallel in Paul's arrest, for no sin of his, but only the hatred of those who would not hear the truth. The plot against Paul—how like the plottings of the chief priests and scribes against his Master! Our Lord was brought before the priestly tribunal, King Herod and the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate. Paul also stood before the high priest, King Herod, Agrippa, and before the Roman Governors Festus and Felix, and finally before Nero. But far more than his outward circumstances was the similarity of his spirit with that of his Master. Paul saw God in all that happened to him, and none of these things moved him, just as our Lord steadfastly set his face to go up to Jerusalem, and drank willingly the cup which his Father gave him. Paul had good reason to say, more than once, "be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."

Again in his writings, we see the same spirit. While our Lord was continually subject to the insults and the hatred of the Pharisees, his life and his teaching breathed out love, and that wonderful chapter, I. Cor. 13, was written by the man who was hunted out of almost every place where he preached, by the same class—the Jewish Pharisees. He had the sentence of death in himself, that he should not trust in himself, but in God that raiseth the dead, (II. Cor. 1:9), and his great and constant theme was, "Christ and the resurrection"; Christ as a life-giving Spirit. Our Lord not only taught men what they should be, but came to die for them that he might make it possible, by imparting to them the very life which produces such virtues. Paul had no life-giving power like the Lord Jesus, but he ministered the Spirit (II. Cor. 3:6; Gal. 3:5), as an instrument of Him who is Himself "the Fountain of life."

We see in this man what a Spirit-filled man can be, and what God means that a man filled with the Holy Ghost should be. In the shipwreck, the prisoner becomes virtually the captain of the ship, and it might be said of him, as it was of his Master: "He saved others; himself he cannot save."

Another "Rough Rider" Wins Out

WILLIE FUGATE is a twelve year-old boy living in a town of 200 inhabitants in the Pecos River Valley, New Mexico on the line of the Santa Fe Railroad. He had a bronco, but had grown tired of riding "bareback" and wanted a saddle. He read of a boy in an Eastern town having made money by selling The Saturday Evening Post, and wrote for information. His neighbors did not know much about THE POST and he sold only two copies out of the ten received. ¶ Most of the trains stop at Willie's town for water and he wandered down to the station "to see the train come in." When he saw a number of passengers step out of the train a thought struck him. Mounting a pile of ties, he announced in a loud voice: "You won't have a chance to get any more reading matter for 250 miles—you'd better get a copy of this week's SATURDAY EVENING POST." In about two minutes he had sold the other eight copies and could have sold a dozen more. That night he wrote for 50 copies for next week and sold every one.

During the next month he sold over 400 copies and bought "not only a dandy saddle but a blanket." Since then he has sold an average of about 125 copies a week and each month won one of the cash prizes offered to the boys who do good work. He writes: *"We have more copies than people here, but I think I can jump that order to 200 copies a week when the travel gets a little heavier."*

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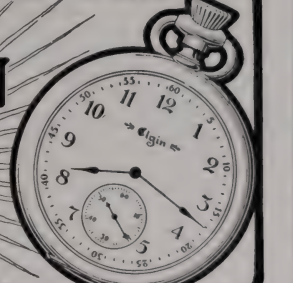

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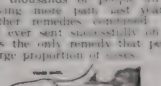

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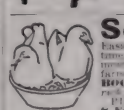

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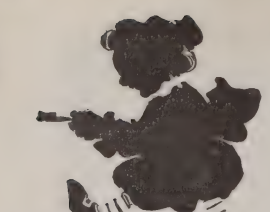

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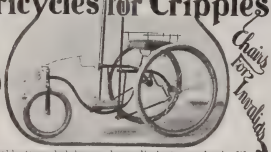

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Through the Wild Kentucky Hills

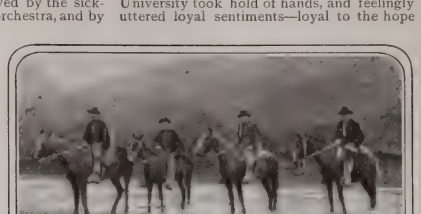
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 519

Wednesday was the day of the annual meeting, when the directors gathered in Grant-Lee Hall. There were present eight of the members, and eight were represented by proxy. For the whole day, this board, which receives no compensation, which indeed is wholly benevolent, bent all their energies to the work of the university. There never was a more cheerful scene than that at their long table at every meal.

The concert given by the musical department, under the leadership of Miss Larry, came very near being destroyed by the sickness of two members of the orchestra, and by a storm of wind, rain, and lightning, which came suddenly over the mountains, just at the time the performance was to begin at the new dormitory; but we all waded through the mud and wet paths the twelve hundred yards to the new building. Those who knew music were given a treat indeed. The commencement orations, the essays, the poems (in English and in German), and finally the public discussion by three young students of a subject which I gave them off-hand, could not be excelled. Col. H. H. Adams, one of our directors, gave two prizes, one fifteen dollars, the other ten, for the best extemporaneous address of ten minutes. Three young men participated; the subject being "The blessing of good roads in the mountains." Gillis Cox won the first prize, and H. G. Beeler the second, and all three seemed to me to be worthy of a prize, for none of them had the slightest intimation of the subject.

We elected two new Board members; Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, and Fred C. Chamberlin, Esq., of Boston. The latter made the address, in which he gave as a motto to the schools, the last words of Col. Guy Howard, as he fell in defence of his country in the Phillipines: "Whatever happens to me, keep the launch going." The different members of the Board also made feeling addresses, and the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of the Baptist Church, paid a short tribute to General Howard, in behalf of the mountain youth.

I wish I could tell you of something of the beauty, and I may say the glory, of this occasion. One visit of a large party on horseback to the top of the highest mountain west of the village of Cumberland Gap, called "The Pinnacle," was especially representative. We dismounted, and gathered plants and flowers for mementoes. Members of the University took hold of hands, and feelingly uttered loyal sentiments—loyal to the hope and the promise of the great institution, whose grounds were then within the scope of their vision. These broad expanses, far away in Virginia to the east, in Tennessee to the north, and in Kentucky to the west, all in sight, enlarge one's thoughts, one's hopes, and indeed one's purposes, for the benefit of the inhabitants of such vast regions. A single thought has been present in the minds of all other visitors, as well as of Mr. Chamberlin and myself, namely: how singularly absurd it is to call the youth of this region, for hundreds of miles around, "poor whites." They do not deserve this name any more than any of the members of our Board of Directors, or more than the students of Bowdoin, or Dartmouth. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.



FORDING THE MIDDLE FORK, KENTUCKY RIVER

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National Baptist Anniversaries

BY WARREN G. PARTRIDGE

THE National Baptist Anniversaries recently held in Buffalo were the largest in several years. It was estimated that there were over 1,500 delegates and visitors. The meetings were held in the Prospect Avenue Baptist Church, and in the Delaware Avenue Baptist Church. The crowds were so large that it was necessary to hold some overflow meetings in the evening. There were many missionaries present, and several meetings were held specially for them to meet each other, and to make addresses. There was also a meeting of the young people on Sunday afternoon, and addresses were made to arouse the young people in more aggressive work and to attend the National Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union, which will be held in Atlanta, Ga., in July.

The report of the Women's Home Mission Society of the West, showed that the society has had a very successful year. It has paid all bills, and has no deficit. The members were addressed by several home missionaries, and there were reports from Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico; from the West, from the Indians, and from the work among the Mormons. One lady missionary said that polygamy is still prevalent in Utah, and that the Mormons are laying their plans to bring back polygamy, with all its terrible evils, into Utah. She said that the Mormons believe that there is but one true government in the world, and that is the Mormon Theocracy, and that the Mormon leaders are plotting to take political Mormonism into every State in the Union. A resolution was passed calling upon the Senate of the United States to expel Apostle Smoot from that body.

One of the most important sessions of the Baptist Anniversaries was that called to discuss the co ordination or consolidation of the three great missionary societies. It is no secret that there has been friction between these societies, and a proposal was made some years ago to get rid of the friction by combining all three societies into one. The scheme was radical, and even its advocates admitted that it had its difficulties, inasmuch as it committed to one body work of different kinds. Naturally there were many opponents of the scheme, especially in the various boards. Finally a committee of fifteen was appointed last year to investigate the matter, and this year that committee was to present its recommendations. The question has been discussed for about three years, and there have been some lively debates carried on in the denominational papers. A very animated discussion was expected in the mass meeting, and the house was packed by an expectant audience. President Faunce, of Brown University was chairman of the committee and read the report. It was statesmanlike, wise and comprehensive. The report was so able, so discriminating, and so impartial, that it was received with cheers. There was a short discussion, and this was all favorable to the report, and it was adopted unanimously. Those who were expected to oppose the report did not speak, and there was such a spirit of brotherly love and unanimity, that the great audience rose and sang with enthusism, "The Doxology." This was a red-letter day in Baptist history, and many claim that it is the most momentous step taken by the Baptists in a generation.

One provision of this report, which was adopted, will have far-reaching influence. It is the creation of a Tribunal of Arbitration. It is called the Conference Committee, and will consist of nine persons, who shall be elected every year. This Arbitration Tribunal will hear all complaints of the different societies and of the different workers in the societies, and then give a final decision upon the merits of each case. There has been the most friction between the American Publication Society and the American Baptist Home Mission Society. The former society has many chapel cars, and these cars often organize Sunday Schools and churches in the far West. This work often interferes with the work of the Home Mission Society, which may not have enough funds to furnish the new churches. Mistakes are sometimes made in the organizing and location of new churches. These two societies often seem to have their work overlap. This Conference Committee of nine persons will decide the questions at issue, and will thus save much friction and waste.

Another important meeting was that of the Home Mission Society. The meeting was deeply moved by an address by Dr. A. C. Dixon, on the "New Evangelism," and a motion was made and unanimously adopted to give practical effect to his suggestions. It calls upon the executive officers of the Home Mission Society to inaugurate a forward movement in America, under the impulse of the New Evangelism. It was also proposed that an effort be made to raise, at once, $25,000 to carry forward this evangelistic campaign. It was suggested that this work at once be pushed in every Association, in every State and Territory in the Union.

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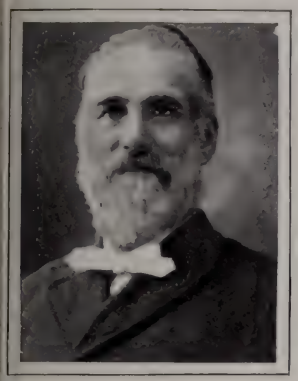
PIONEER LIFE IN NEBRASKA

By Moses H. Sydenham, the First Editor and Oldest Inhabitant of Central and Western Nebraska

I WAS born in the Jewish quarter of the city of London, Eng., between Whitechapel and the great Synagogue. My father was of the Naaman family of the tribe of Benjamin, and my mother of the tribe of Judah, but she trained me in the Christian faith of the Church of England.

I left London in 1854, for the United States, where, after considerable traveling



MOSES H. SYDENHAM

on the ocean and on the land, watched over and directed by divine providence, I finally, in the winter of 1856-57, located at Fort Kearney, a United States military station in the midst of the Great American Desert—midway between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains—then inhabited only by the Pawnee nation of Indians. At this fort, I was for about fifteen years Indian trader, fort trader, and postmaster; and did Christian missionary work with the soldiers, with the Indians and with the early settlers.

My chief mission here in the desert seemed to be to find out, and make known to the millions of people of the far East the latent possibilities of the great central region of desert plains of the American Republic, as homes for the homeless of God's people, Israel, in the United States and British lands. I experimented with, and tested the soil from year to year; noted the rainfall, and other atmospheric phenomena; and after twelve years of experience gave the results of my investigations in a prepared lecture on "The Physical Development of Nebraska," which included all the great Desert within the boundaries of Kansas, Colorado, and South Dakota as well.

This lecture, delivered at Omaha, gave a description of the lands and the watercourses, and foretold how the whole Great American Desert of past ages described in the school geographies, might be made a garden spot by means of irrigation from its rivers, — the Platte especially furnishing water for thousands of canals. And, as an attract intelligent, progressive people to this unpeopled country, I advocated the Fort Kearney ten mile square Military Reservation on the Platte Valley, for a new National Capital, to be known as New Washington.

In 1869, one of our merchants at Fort Kearney City planted a field of corn in the Kearney sand hills, on ground never before ploughed; planted it at a venture very late, the 20th day of June. When this corn was harvested, I saw it was of large size and excellent quality. I secured some, and sent down some sample ears to the editors of the papers at the Missouri River cities, where were the only settlements then to speak of, with a statement as to date of planting, etc. That was another great advertisement of the land.

Then the Burlington & Missouri Railroad Company became interested, and rushed their railroad from Iowa into Nebraska—to meet the coming demands for transportation facilities.

The people have come, and a cosmopolitan population of the ten tribes of Israel, as well as that of Judah, Levi and Benjamin, are scattered over the once "Great American Desert," in prosperous business, on the farms or in the cities, in this part of God's promised land.

I published my *Kearney Herald* at Fort Kearney, in 1862, to herald the coming of Christian civilization in the desert wilderness. My *Central Star* was published in 1870, to advocate the removal of the U. S. Capital to Nebraska, and advertise the country. In 1890 I published my *Central Star of Empire*.

My whole life has been a very eventful one. On the ocean, as a sailor before the mast, among the Sioux, Cheyennes and Pawnees, and among the wild white men and cowboys, who come with all others to a new country, I have had many narrow escapes from death, but have been saved from all when near to danger by a special divine providence through celestial influences, sometimes made known to myself, as well as to others, by dreams. I can recall a dozen instances, at least, where I have been specially saved.

MOSES H. SYDENHAM.

"Excels Them All"

Dear Christian Herald:—I can not remember when I commenced taking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, nor enumerate the number of useful premiums received; but this year's gifts excel them all. The "Family Art Gallery" is the most beautiful, and *The Sparkling Oak* the most useful and entertaining, that you have ever sent to my home.

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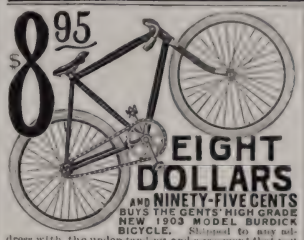

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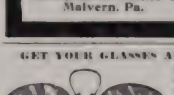

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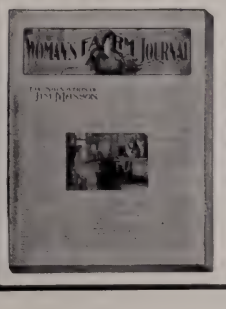

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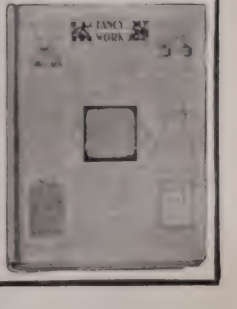

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MAGAZINE NUMBER

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1903

VOL. 26 NO. 25. PRICE FIVE CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

PAINTED FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY NEOGRADY

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THE FLOWERY FIELDS OF JUNE

THE YEAR DRAWS NEAR ITS GOLDEN-HEARTED PRIME,
FULFILLED OF GRANDEUR, ROUNDED INTO GRACE;
WE SEEM TO HEAR SWEET NOTES OF JOYANCE CHIME
FROM ELFIN BELLS, THROUGH MANY A WOODLAND PLACE.

WE QUAFF OUR FILL OF BEAUTY, PEACE, DELIGHT;
BUT 'MID THE ENTRANCING SCENE, A STILL VOICE SAITH:
"IF EARTH, HEAVEN'S SHADOW, SHOWS A FACE SO BRIGHT,
WHAT OF GOD'S SUMMER PAST THE STRAITS OF DEATH?"—*HAVEN*

We take pleasure in publishing another photograph of our little friend, Master George Meredith, son of Dr. W. G. Meredith, 2238 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. He was raised on IMPERIAL GRANUM.

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when other babies are ill and fretful

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What an Eskay's Food boy looks like at 5 years of age.

KARL VOGT, son of George C. Vogt, Rochester, N. Y., saved from Cholera Infantum through the use of Eskay's Food.

BOTH PICTURES AND LETTERS SPEAK FOR US

A Philadelphia physician (whose name we omit for ethical reasons) gives us the following report of his experience with Eskay's:

"I have been prescribing your Eskay's Albuminized Food some time and find it a most excellent thing where artificial feeding is required. In the summer diarrhœa of children associated with vomiting, it not only quickly changes the character of the passages, but seems also to have the happy effect of allaying the vomiting."

Mrs. C. M. Sears, 617 Second St., Elmira, N. Y., writes April 19th, 1903: "I can safely say that Eskay's Food saved my baby's life. He had bowel trouble all last summer and in the month of August he grew worse and we thought he could not live. We tried everything in the shape of milk, and at last we gave him Eskay's Food prepared with water only, and he began to mend right away. When he was strong enough we added a little milk, and gradually increased it until we had the proper amount. When we began using it he was 15 months old and weighed 16 lbs. Now he is 22 months old and weighs 32 lbs. I have recommended your food to a great many people."

S. L. Gartside, 1918 W. Lafayette Ave., Baltimore, Md., writes in August 30th, 1902. "Our baby is in perfect health. She has never tasted anything but Eskay's Food. She has cut two teeth this summer, and she did it so nicely that we were not aware of it until we felt her gums and made the discovery. The baby is now nine months old (Aug. 25th) and weighs 20½ lbs. At six month of age she weighed 17 lbs. while at birth she weighed only 5½ lbs. Everyone who sees her pronounces her a very fine baby, and she is as bright as she can possibly be. She sleeps very well."

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NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

Guam Has a Hundred Earthquake Shocks

Ninety-eight Buildings on our Little Island Possession Demolished by the Severest Visitation Ever Known There

ON Monday morning, Sept. 22, 1902, at twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, the 10,000 people of our little island possession of Guam, were thrown into consternation by one of the severest earthquakes that has ever been known here. The undulatory motions were first from north to south, followed by others which seemed to be from east to west, with a slight remittent between them; the whole continuing about four minutes. Our missionary houses are practically on a solid rock, so that we did not see the undulatory wave; but they were especially noticed in Agana, by various persons. The plaza—a plot of ground of about five acres, in front of the Government house—was observed to heave and fall like a sea with a swell. The chimney of the ice-plant engine is one hundred feet high; its top is said to have described an arc twenty feet long.

We were sitting in our house when the shaking began, but as we were used to slight earth-tremors, we were not alarmed. As they became more violent, we were driven from the house, and, as we passed outside, we saw the elevated tanks tumbling down, and heard the crash of falling furniture. As soon as the shocks ceased, we returned to the house, where we found the bookcase overturned; a chair smashed; vases thrown down from the shelves, and things piled about in confusion, generally. We were thankful, however, that our houses were not racked.

In Agana, the scene was terrible. The tiles of the stone house shook off like ripe nuts from trees. There was a rain of tiles, broken pieces of mortar, and various timbers of the houses. The so-called stone walls, which are composed very largely of mortar and sand, and built around a skeleton wooden frame, cracked, crumbled, and fell, leaving the grim skeleton standing alone. The terrified people ran from their houses, crying out in the only prayer they knew: "Jesus! Maria! Jose! Jesus! Maria! Jose!" and this cry rent the air from all parts of the town. Even the streets did not seem safe, for in some places the ground cracked open, or caved in, leaving wide fissures or great holes like wells.

In summing up the results we find that ninety-eight buildings were more or less completely wrecked—some only slightly injured, some totally destroyed.

The loss falls heavily on the rich and well-to-do; the poor people, in their little shacks, were comparatively untouched.

The surface of the island is not very materially changed. In some places there were heavy landslides, and only a short distance from our house, a huge boulder, presenting, as some thought, an Indian face, was loosed from its bed, and came careering down the mountain side, finding a convenient landing-place in the centre of the road. The bluff overhanging Agana, fortunately, did not crumble.

April 12, 1903. The earthquake has left its mark distinctly on the island people. Since the great shaker, there have been otherpetated shocks, and many people are timid. There have probably been not less than one hundred distinct shocks and very many slight tremors. The people have regained their houses, and many of the Americans have lost their fears and returned to the little stone houses.

Still, all who remember the terrible warning of Sept. 22, 1902, cannot but reflect on the uncertainty of earthly things, and even at "morbid [illegible]" hereafter, and some we hope, may have been moved to think of the Eternal City, whose makers and builder is God.

A FAMILY GROUP OF NATIVES OF GUAM

DWELLING RUINED BY THE SHOCKS

CATHOLIC CHURCH RENT BY EARTHQUAKE

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has a work in the island of Guam for the people of [illegible] years, the writer, with his wife and Miss Mary Chamberlain being the first missionaries. The work met with the usual experiences of Protestant work in Catholic communities, but it has gone on quietly, gaining opposition and natural prejudices, until the present time, when it has a small property in Agana, good Mission buildings at a point near the town, a community of about one hundred adherents, a day school, a boarding school, and a promising evangelistic work. Thousands have been sent, but a large number of these have been purchased, and there are a great many who know and confess the pentecostal power of God's Holy Spirit. But there are [illegible] thousands away from their people at present, and many a public profession of their adherence to their belief. The people themselves are well disposed towards the missionaries.

The people of Agana, the capital, are very different from those of the Carolina Islands group. They are more intelligent and progressive. Their language is more highly inflected, having prefixes and suffixes for the pronouns of the verbs and singular and plural forms. The vocabulary is fuller, having numerous words from many languages, principally the Spanish. They are a very peaceable people as a rule, quarreling little among themselves, and given to deeds of violence and crushing for the most part, in families. They like to be in crowds, and most farmers live in the town, going as far as twelve miles to cultivate their farms. The men spend the week in their ranches coming home late on Saturday night, spending Sunday with their wives and children, and leaving very early on Monday. The women and some of the men go to early Sunday morning mass; the rest of the Sabbath day is given to sports of various kinds, trading and dining with [illegible]. Gambling is a great vice among them, and on Sundays and holidays the streets of Agana swarm with crowds of men and boys gambling cocks for money. They [illegible] as we [illegible] quarrel, but we [illegible] taking the Lord's name in vain. The [illegible] is often profaned on the [illegible].

In some towns, as far as I know, there is a divine [illegible] [illegible] Christ and [illegible] and [illegible] of souls. By and by, the people [illegible] [illegible] and practical [illegible] [illegible] I hope some [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] will [illegible].

REV. FRANCIS M. [illegible]
Agana, Guam.

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Summer Red-Lights

Text—Numbers 32 : 23 :

"Be sure your sin will find you out"

WHAT are you going to do this summer? "Take a vacation," you answer. "I am going away to the country. There was once a time when I did not believe in summer vacations. I thought they were merely lazy men's excuses for shirking work. But now I know that I was mistaken. I have been gradually breaking down under the ceaseless monotonies of business. I want and need a change. I am going out among the green hills, or down by the sea-shore. I will leave word that all letters and telegrams at the store, as far as possible, must remain unanswered until I get back. I am going to rusticate. I shall turn myself out to grass, and let my mind run fallow."

Good resolve, that. I always did believe it better to pay for a fresh-air tonic and country sunlight, than for a medicine chest. I always did believe it far better to associate with the farmer, the fisherman, and the country toll-gate keeper, for a little while during the summer, than it is to have the doctor, and the trained nurse your constant visitants during the winter. The hammerings of the wood-pecker are much more pleasant for one to hear than the creakings of rheumatic joints. The sunrise over the eastern hills in the country, after one has gone to bed at nine o'clock, and slept through the night, is a far more enjoyable sight to see than a sunrise in the city, which one witnesses after an agonizing night of sleeplessness, caused by that worst of all inquisitorial fiends, called insomnia.

A Time of Temptation

But, my hearers, before we separate for the summer, as your pastor, I would like to ask you another question. What do you expect to do when you are in the country? How are you going to spend that vacation? "Well," you answer, "I really do not know. I am going to let things drift and not make any plans. If I feel like fishing, I will fish. If I want to take a drive, I will go driving, or I will take a trip upon my bicycle. But the simple fact is I am not an enthusiastic sportsman. I fear the time, some days, may drag heavily. But go away to the country I will. I know I need the trip." Yes, my brother, your answer is that which most men can give. You have been working hard during your life. In one sense you have destroyed your ability to play. Therefore, when you go to the country, and do not know what to do, temptations will there assail you which would never tempt you when you are at home, and at work. Now, the purpose of this sermon is not to talk to libertines and loafers, and dead-beats. It is not to upbraid the social outcasts and the sinful vampires who as human leeches, try to suck the life's blood out of their fellow-men at the summer watering-places. That class of people are not those whom I want to talk to now. But I would to-day, as a pastor, earnestly and prayerfully give a few words of practical advice to hard-working people who will spend their vacations away from home. I would try to warn you against the temptations which will confront you, and which, if successful, may destroy your entire Christian character. The leprous germ absorbed into the spiritual body in a day, may continue to work its malformations clear on down to the grave and change your whole eternal destiny.

Summer Red-light the first: Beware of

Sabbath Desecration

That means, beware that you do not heedlessly unarmor yourselves by one false move, and leave your beating hearts defenceless before the poisoned arrows of the Satanic archers. Beware that you do not practically say to the evil tempters, "Here am I off on my summer vacation. I have left my religion at home. I am ready to let you lead me where you will. For two or three weeks, or one month at least, I will enter no church, listen to no sermon, utter no public prayer, and ask for no divine protection. I will take a holiday from religion as well as from business, and as a beginning, I will disregard the Lord's Day."

"What do you mean by such a warning as that?" some one asks. "Why do you place such emphasis upon Sabbath observance?" Because, my friend, the way you generally start your summer vacation is the way you will end it. How? In all probability your summer vacation will start on a Saturday afternoon. How will you spend your first day in the country? Will you do it with prayer and consecration? Will you do it by taking your children to the Sunday School and joining the Christian Workers of that neighborhood in public worship within the four walls of the little village church? Or will you do it by coming down in your fishing togs, or by waving your golf-stick, or with your baskets full of food for a rollicking time in the woods on a Sunday picnic? Here are the two extremes. Which will you choose? The one heads towards spiritual renovation. The other heads towards spiritual death. No man or woman ever lived who could successfully resist the temptations of our summer resorts who started their vacations by breaking the law of God's sacred Sabbath. Such a church member always comes back to his church home a moral cripple after he has spent the Sabbath days of his summer vacation in handling the tiller of a sail-boat, or in hitting the little white balls over the golf links, or in looking at the bobber floating at the end of a line attached to a fishing-pole. Start your vacation aright for God, and it will end right. Start it by praying in the village pew for divine guidance. Start it, if possible, by helping the village choir sing in the choir loft. Start it as you would like to start it if the first Sabbath of your summer vacation was to be your first Sabbath in heaven.

The Fascinating Dance

Summer Red-light the second: Beware of the hotel ball-room, and the summer public dance-hall. I am not now discussing the question of dancing, in general; I am now considering whether it be right or wrong for the young folks, within the quietude and the sacred precincts of a home, to have one of their number finger the ivory keys of the piano. Then, while the stately strains of the minuet or the lancers sound forth, to have the boys and the girls join hands, and the slippered feet keep step to the swifter or slower beating of the music. We do know that Miriam danced before the Lord. Perhaps there may be times in the home, when the dance may be a harmless amusement. It may be the means of a harmless frolic, and the means of keeping the children at home, where the fathers and mothers, and grandfather and grandmother, may be participants in the domestic merriment. But though I am not now denouncing the harmless social enjoyments which take place in the home, I do most vehemently protest against the promiscuous dance-hall at our summer watering-places. I know of what I am speaking. I am not a stranger to the social etiquette of this world. With my parents, I have lived all my life in the cities, and have summered in Bar Harbor, Saratoga, White Sulphur Springs, Asheville, Asbury Park, Martha's Vineyard, and many other notable summer resorts. I have associated during those vacations, with the rich and the poor alike. And I believe the hotel ball-room, and the summer dance-hall, are among the most awful cesspools of mental, physical, and spiritual destruction. They are the places where the young men and the young women from the very best of homes, are often irresistibly drawn into a life of worldliness, of sin, and of eternal death. Men and women whom I address to-day: I defy you to find one man or woman of noted spiritual power, who will contend that the summer ball-room is a safe place in which to allow our sons and daughters to pass the summer months. I defy you to find one young man or woman who ever learned the lesson of Christ-love in the fetid atmosphere of a public dance-hall.

A Fatal Dissipation

The public ball-room of the summer vacation can aptly be termed the place for the "Dance of Death." William H. Ainsworth, the famous English novelist, once gave a description of such a dance. It was during the famous plague which devastated the city of London a few centuries ago. The homes of thousands and tens of thousands were deserted. Thousands upon thousands were dying. Thousands upon thousands were dead. The dead-carts used to make their rounds every day. The drivers, seated upon their piles of stenchful corpses, would call from street to street, "Bring out, bring out your dead!" The decomposed corpses would be brought out, and the drivers would throw them upon their carts, as a scavenger might toss a dead dog into his wagon. During that awful plague, many of the young people rifled the wine-cellars of the homes of the wealthy citizens. They took possession of the deserted cathedrals. They turned the churches into dance-halls. They danced and drank during the nights. They danced and drank during the day. When one of their number would fall in the dance, the dancers would stop and lift up the dying man or woman, and carry the body out of the room to await the arrival of the death-cart. It was an awful time. But if we could look below the surface and know the subsequent lives of some of those dancers whirling around the summer ball-rooms, we should find that the fatalities physical, moral and spiritual, are almost as appalling as in that great plague. The summer ball-room has not even the excuse of physical benefit. Is it not a place for physical death? Can our boys and girls go there and dance until after midnight, and expose themselves as they do, and return to the cities strong men and women? Do not consumptions and pneumonias, and fatal physical diseases of all sorts, hover about every public dance-hall?

Is not the public dance-hall of the summer vacation the place also of moral death? We are very careful with whom our children associate in the city. Are you justified in letting that young man, about whom you know practically nothing, speak what he would into the ears of your young daughter, as he moves about in the fascinating dance? People may call me hyper-critical. They may say I am trying to stop our young people from having fun. But I say that any place which has done the physical and moral damage the summer dance-hall has done, our children ought to be forbidden to enter. I am not so much afraid that our young folks may enter the low halls of evil resort as I am that they may enter the vestibules which will lead them into those Satanic dens. I firmly believe that the summer dance-hall is the place where, during the next few months, thousands upon thousands of our young people will have their souls destroyed forever.

Germs of Gambling

Summer Red-light, the third: Beware of all games of chance. What does that mean? Beware of joining the gambling game, which will be played every night in the side-room of the hotel which opens into the hotel bar, which game will be kept up until three or four o'clock in the morning? Beware of commingling with the "plungers" gathered before the bookmakers' stand at the famous summer races? Oh no; I would no more expect you to be found in such flagrantly compromising positions, than you would expect to find your pastor there. But beware of the insidious beginnings. Beware of wagering the box of candy upon the game of tennis or quoits, which is played in the hotel grounds. Beware of betting the penny upon the simple game which is played upon the hotel porch. In other words, beware of taking your first lessons in one of the awful, the most fascinating, and the most destructive of all evils, the gambling evil.

When the poisonous desires of a game of chance are once inoculated into a young man's heart, there seems to be no human power to stop him from committing mental, physical, and spiritual suicide. Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York City, whom even the most liberally-minded men would not charge with being a bigot, once gave this startling testimony: "A considerable proportion of failures in business, and ninety per cent. of the defalcations, thefts, and ruin of youths among those who are employed in places of trust, are due directly to gambling. I have seen, in my vast employment, so much misery caused by the head of the family squandering his savings in a policy shop, and promising young men led astray in a small way and finally becoming fugitives, or landing in the criminal dock, that I have come to believe that the community which licenses and tolerates public gambling cannot have prosperity in business." With such an impressive warning as that before us, can we afford to trifle with this sin in even the smallest way? The policy shop or the slot machine is only a step from the roulette table and the race track. The race track and the roulette table are the threatening rocks where thousands upon thousands of human crafts are wrecked for time and for eternity. Trifle not with the games of chance, however small the wager, any more than you would play about a rattlesnake's fang, or toy with a boa constrictor's coils, or a tiger's claw.

Heartless Flirtation

Summer Red-light the fourth: Beware of trifling with human affections. That means, do not be a flirt. Do not falsify with the glance of the eye, or the smile of the lip, or the touch of the hand. Do not imagine that you can treat the delicate instrument of the human heart as a mere temporary plaything, thumping and banging it and snapping its many silver strings, and indulge the belief that it can afterwards be re-tuned and made capable of sending forth sweet music. That means do not trifle with the beautiful diamond of love, and plunge it into the satanic fires of a summer flirtation, and then hope it will have lost none of its lustre. It will not retain its purity. It will become as black and hideous as the filthy piece of charcoal which the servant tosses into the grate on a winter night. It will become as black as the fatal line on Cain's forehead, which marked him out to all the people of his time as a destroyer of his brother's life.

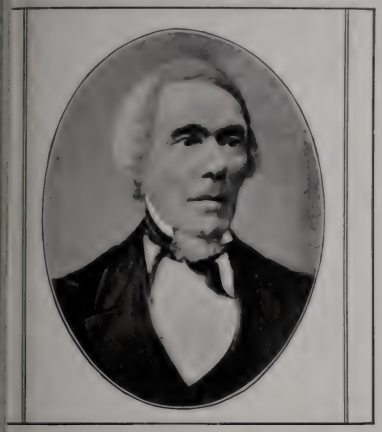
Oh, the fascinations, and yet the hellish malforming power of a summer flirtation! Have you ever sat upon a hotel porch, and watched the insects gather out of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Finland's Best Beloved Poet

N the far remote regions of northern and eastern Finland, where to-day the people are fighting with famine for their lives, three-quarters of a century ago, a man was traveling around, dropping into the huts of peasants, sitting by the fireside of the aged, rowing on the lakes with the fishermen, and following the flocks with the shepherds.

Who was he, and what was he doing there? Was he, haps, dealing out substantial aid to the poor people, he the many messengers who are traveling through



ELIAS LONNROT

From an Authentic Portrait of the Famous Poet

e same regions to-day? No—the circumstances were en reversed. The peasants were then the givers, and the receiver. His name was Elias Lonnrot, and the llection of the ancient songs of the Finns was his par-ular business.

Elias Lonnrot was born April 9, 1802, on a farm of aikkari, of the parish Sammatti, in southern Finland. e entered the University of Abo in 1822, and ten years er received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from e University of Helsingfors. The following year he as appointed district physician in Kayana, a town in rthern Finland.

At that time some of the poems circulating among e Finnish people had already been collected by other nnish scholars, especially Zacharias Topelius, another practicing physician. Dr. Lonnrot eagerly studied those poems, and soon he noticed that there was a singular coherency between them, and decided that they were mere fragments of a complete whole. He was soon convinced that there was, in the mouths of the people, a treasure which was only waiting for some one to come and take care of. So he decided to devote his time to the collection of those valuable poems, and it was high time to do so, because the songs were rapidly disappearing with the increasing civilization. Even then, there were very few who could sing those poems, viz.: the very aged only, the younger generation not having learnt them as their fathers did before them.

The regions where most of the poems were collected were not even inside the limits of geographical Finland. The people living in the Russian Karjala, beyond the eastern boundary of Finland, are of the Finnish race, and it was among these people that Dr. Lonnrot made his best harvest. In this respect the parson of Vuokkiniemi is to be mentioned among the first. Lonnrot visited those regions several times, and on these journeys, the poems, afterward published under the name "Kalevala," were collected.

These journeys, through wild fens, forests and marshes, Lonnrot described with great enthusiasm in the Helsingfors *Morgenblad*, a newspaper published in the Swedish language in Helsingfors, 1833-1835. One story of special interest is the one told by an old peasant, who was by far the most prolific singer Lonnrot ever met on these journeys. These are Lonnrot's words about him: "The man was at that time, eighty years of age. However, he had an exceptionally fine memory. For more than two days he kept me continually busy in writing the poems. He sang them in good order without any interruptions. He was very delightful in the recollection of the days of his childhood, and of his father, long ago deceased, and from whom he had learnt and inherited the poems. 'When we were fishing on the shore of Lake Lapukka,' he once said to me, exaggeratingly, 'there you ought to have been. We had a helper from Lapukka, a good singer, too, but not to be compared with my father. Many nights through they sang together, and never a song twice. I was then a little boy, and just listened to them, so learning the best songs. But I have forgotten a great deal of them. No one of my sons will be a singer after my death, as I was after my father's. The people don't care for the old songs any more, as they did in the days of my youth. Instead of that, the young people now-a-days are chanting their indecent songs, with which I would not like to profane my lips. If somebodythen, like you now, were collecting poems, he would not have been able to write in two weeks the poems my father could sing.'"

The poems thus collected by Lonnrot on these journeys he put together and finished. In the year 1835 they were published by the Finnish Literary Society, under the name "Kalevala." It contained the adventures of the Finnish people, its deepest wisdom and experience of life; its conjectures on the origin of things and of the mysteries of nature; in fact, the entire folk-lore of the nation, all described in most fascinating poetry.

A new morning dawned for the Finnish people and its literature. The civilized world soon recognized that, living in the icy regions of Europe, there was a nation which was to be credited with contributing a precious pearl to the world's literature.

Lonnrot was not satisfied with what he had accomplished. He continued his journeys, and his example was followed by others, and in this way the work was completed, and in 1849 the second and revised edition of "Kalevala" was published. This was the mature form of the epic. It contains fifty runes, with 22,800 lines. Besides this, Lonnrot on his journeys collected a great many lyric poems, wizard-incantations, proverbs and problems of the early Finns. The lyric poems were published in 1840, under the name "Kanteletar."

As a reward for his great accomplishment in the field of Finnish literature, Lonnrot was elected Professor of Finnish language and literature at the University of Helsingfors, in 1853. In 1862 he withdrew from this post of honor, thereafter devoting his entire time to the cultivation of Finnish literature. He died March 18, 1884, at the age of eighty-two.

POET LONNROT'S BIRTHPLACE

It might be well to mention here that the "Kalevala" is translated into several languages. An elaborate English translation is by John Martin Crawford (published by Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati, O.).

UMMER RED-LIGHTS

✳ A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. ✳ *Continued*

e darkness, and buzz and play about the electric hts? Those lights have for them the fatal spell that e glittering eye of the black-snake has for the mother rd, sitting upon the edge of her nest. These insects ill circle round and round the brilliant light. They ill disappear for awhile, as though they know the hot ngue of death is ready to touch them. Then at last ey will make one plunge, and, in an instant, the wings d the legs are gone. Then the poor suffering creares fall to the ground, wriggling, and twisting, and ring, to be trampled under the foot of man. Such are e awful results which follow, when the human insects ay about the hissing, blasting fires of a summer's rtation. It may be pleasant for awhile to feel the hot ush upon the cheek. It may seem only fun to pass a w hours as a coquette, tearing and inflaming the tenerest feelings of a true man in a summer row-boat, or romantic walks through the woods. It may seem to e a glorious act to boast how many you can conquer love, as an Indian warrior boasts of his prowess in ar, by the number of scalps he carries at his belt. ut by the scorched, and bruised, and mutilated hearts f thousands, which have been malformed for time and ernity in the glowing flames of a summer flirtation, I enounce trifling with human love. I denounce it before e young people who may be participants, during their ext summer vacation, in this merciless, heartless, and amning universal evil.

Summer Red-light the fifth: Beware of the serpent hich lies coiled up in the bewitching wine-cup. A few mmer and winter resorts of this country are especialy noted for the power of their mineral waters to physially straighten a man out after a long debauch. Not any miles from Chicago, there is a resort where many f our drunkards go at least once a year. I have been old by some of these drunkards, that it is impossible drink whiskey, and, at the same, drink of those mineral prings. But though there are a few, a very few summer watering-places whose waters have these curative ualities, most of our summer watering-places are noted r the fact that they make drunkards, rather than reform them. They make them in wholesale quantities and not in retail. Men carry their bottles of intoxicating beverages when they go fishing, or dancing, or taking a tramp in the woods, and men drink everywhere.

But this is not the greatest curse for which our summer resorts are famous. They are noted as places where women get drunk, as well as the men. To me the most abjectly repulsive creature on earth is a drunken woman. When I see one, I know not which feeling predominates most in my heart, that of pity or of horror. I remember distinctly the first drunken woman I ever saw. It was at a summer watering-place near Bar Harbor. I saw scores of them there under the influence of drink. Some of them had diamonds upon their fingers and jewels at their throats, and their clothes were bought at the most expensive establishments, but they were excited with intoxicating liquor. You could tell it by the flush on the cheek, by the strange glassiness of the eye, by the boisterousness of the laugh, and by the many signs that always mark the effects of drink. In our summer hotels, women now drink everywhere. Therefore, friends, I beg of you, when you are in a summer party where wine is passed around, do not touch it. For your Christian example's sake, do not touch it. For the danger of inflaming your own evil tastes, do not touch it. Stand back from the evil wine-cup, though it may be offered to you by the jeweled hand of a hostess, or by the companion who pretends he is your friend. The tempter may not be able to enslave you in a city where you are in active work, but he may be able to dig for you a drunkard's grave among the many sinful summer fascinations of a hotel piazza.

Summer Red-light the last: Beware of the family separations, which take away for any length of time, wives from husbands; husbands from wives; brothers from sisters, and parents from children. Where do you say you are going this summer? "Well," you answer, "I do not know. I have not yet made up my mind. I would like to go down to the seashore if I could, but that is so far away. My husband and boys could be with me only a little while, if I did go there." Mother, wife, I would not go far away from home if I were you. If your husband, and boys, and brothers have to work during the summer, to earn you a livelihood, it is not good to be separated from them. It is not good for you. It is not good for the husband and the boys. Mark this, my friends, and what I say: I speak calmly and deliberately: Nine-tenths of all the evil temptations of our summer resorts are, directly or indirectly, due to the separations of families. These separations lay temptations, awful temptations, at the feet of the men who are compelled to stay at home and work. They lay temptations, awful temptations, at the feet of the women who are off in the summer hotels. Go to a summer resort near to your home. Be in a place where all the members of the family can get together every few days. Never let your husband learn the lesson, how to be happy without you and the children. Wives and mothers, never learn yourselves the lesson, how you can be happy without your husbands and the children by your side. As far as you may be able, during the years of your earthly life, never be separated from your loved ones for any length of time, until you are compelled to lay them away for the last sleep, in a new-made grave.

In closing, I would speak to you words of congratulation and good cheer. Before we separate for the summer months, I would say, men and women, I congratulate you, because you have well earned your rest. I congratulate you, because you have finished a hard winter's work. I congratulate you that you are going out among the trees and the flowers and the mountains and the valleys; that you are going to drink out of the cool spring, and see the cows gather for the evening milking. And I also congratulate you that the Saviour I love whom you worship here, you can worship there. I say along the Saviour's companionship. Pray during the next few weeks for divine protection and help. I say, if you have Christ along, there will be no fear that you will succumb to the evil temptations which beset everyone during a summer vacation.

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAID MOUNTAIN CHILDREN GOING TO SCHOOL A NORTH CAROLINA "LIGHTNING EXPRESS"

Sweet Hymns *in the* Forest

A Unique Educational Experiment Among the Mountain Children of North Carolina

ONE of the home missionary problems which confronts Christian people nowadays, is how to give to the isolated, neglected people of our Southern mountains the spiritual and intellectual training which they so badly need. Scattered among the beautiful hills and valleys of the southern appalachians, and cut off from intimate connection with the outside world, the condition of these mountaineers is one of stagnation. Nevertheless, in spite of all drawbacks and unprogressiveness, the quality of their children's minds is such that they only need the aid, encouragement, and instruction of the Christian teacher and pastor, to develop into citizens of whom this country will be proud.

Less than two years ago, a movement was begun in a modest and unassuming way, in the interest of the young mountain children, living in the highlands of Burke County, N. C. The wretched condition of the natives of this locality had often appealed to the good people of Morganton, and the Presbyterians began to consider the question of establishing a school, by using for that purpose a dilapitated old building which had once been a hotel. They were, however, pinched for means, and tried to interest friends in the North. They laid the matter before a good Christian lady, Mrs. Marguerite S. Grant, a resident of Summit, N. J., who had already done much for the Waldensians at Valdese, N. C., and she generously decided to help them. She leased the property, and then communicated with the Rev. R. D. Schoonmaker, who consented to become connected with the work. The old building was repaired, and furnished in a simple way. Soon the workers won the confidence of the Burke county mountain folk, through preaching the Gospel, practicing medicine gratuitously, and doing a good deal of charitable work among the neediest. Meetings were held regularly on Sundays, and were well attended; the services being of a simple, evangelical character. In October last, a school was opened with seventeen pupils. Soon the attendance grew to thirty-five, with an enrollment of about sixty. A Princeton graduate, Mr. Herbert Moore, assisted in teaching. In addition to the regular studies, which include the usual branches, it is the aim of the school to develop character in the students, and to aid them in the direction of a moral and social uplift. It was working with the raw material; but it was full of encouragement. Hidden away in the mountains of these Southern States, are thousands of young people growing up without secular or religious education, but who have in them the qualities of which good American citizens are made, and to help them to become good, earnest, self-supporting Christian men and women, has been the sole aim of the work from the beginning.

Speaking of the mountain youth, the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker says: "I have never seen more distressed and neglected youngsters even in the slums of New York. Their complexions were of the color of putty, and their lips bloodless; nobody knows what sort of life these children of the wilderness have lived. We carried our little baby organ outside, and there, for the first time in their lonely lives, these little people heard the strains of sweet music and hymns, and listened to the 'old, old story of Jesus and his love.' All about us, hidden by the dense foliage of the summer forests, were the little, one-roomed, windowless log cabins, in which whole families dwelt, and which they call 'home.' And they love their tiny structures, and the home instinct is very strong. What happy faces greeted us when we opened

IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS

school! Think of it! They were going to get 'eddicated'—a thing which, for generations back, had never been known in these regions. And how eager they were for education. Some of them tramp three miles to school, and they are only six years old at that!"

As an illustration of the poverty of the mountaineers proper, Mr. Schoonmaker relates this incident: "One of our most faithful youngsters did not come to school one day, so the next day we questioned her as to the reason. ''Cause I had no rations all day,' she said, simply. In other words, the little one had had nothing to eat the whole day previous. This is no uncommon experience. A few yams or sweet potatoes they regard as a bounteous meal."

"We have awakened hope in these people. They actually have something to live for. One of the most interesting phases of our work has been the Bible Class which assembles every evening for study and prayer. We were given some Bibles by the American Bible Society, and each pupil who could read was assigned one. How they loved to read in them! Often after school hours they can be seen poring over their pages.

"Situated in the very heart of the mountain forests the big, old rambling schoolhouse is destined to play an important part in the lives of many of the neglected boys and girls. It is the only place of its kind within a radius of hundreds of square miles. It has fifty-four rooms, a plot of some three hundred acres of land, and abundant water and fuel. In the two large school rooms are over three hundred square feet of blackboard, together with tables, benches, books, pictures, etc. There are seven living rooms, a study room, music room, two kitchens, a big dining-room, and a student's library. Up to the present time, the entire work has been supported by the incomes of the two principals and the gifts of a few personal friends. To place it on a firm financial footing, and to enlarge its facilities, so that it may meet the growing needs of the work and become a real power for good among the youth of that mountain region, it needs the generous support of all who have a heart the cause of these neglected little ones. It is a work in which the social, educational and spiritual are so combined as to produce the best results."

Mr. Schoonmaker states that already the demand for admissions is far beyond anything that could have been anticipated. The building could be filled with mountain children, were the means available. A matron is needed; many of the rooms are unfurnished; two, and possibly three, more teachers are absolutely necessary. One hundred pupils could be housed there. Besides, it is desired to add to the teaching branches of agriculture, blacksmithing, shoemaking, cooking, sewing, and other industries that will enable the children to become wage-earners. It is not the policy of the institution to pauperize the children. They are always expected to do something in return for their education, even if it be only to give a small equivalent in labor or produce. Some of the boys cut firewood; some of the girls "work their way" by sweeping and keeping the place bright and clean. But there are many valuable opportunities for training on lines of usefulness and self-support, which cannot be made available for the lack of funds.

The only way to help these people is to live among them. Character cannot be made in a day; it takes time. Let us help to give these people religious and educational privileges and God will surely bless the effort.

Any reader of this journal who may wish to aid this deserving work may communicate with Rev. R. D. Schoonmaker, Glen Alpine Springs School, Brindletown, Burke County, N. C., who will answer all inquiries.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

B. D., Redfield, Ia.: "My Father has answered prayers for me."

Mrs. M. A. G., Owego, N.Y.: "I wish to acknowledge answer to many prayers."

C., North Baxter, Me.: "I have had three prayers answered this spring that meant much to me. God has always helped me."

C., Tyrone, Pa.: "A loved one had gone from home. I prayed earnestly that we might hear from him, and God answered."

C. W. S., Washington, D. C.: "I prayed the Lord that he would give me employment. I have work now, and wish to acknowledge his goodness."

E. M. J., El Reno, Okla.: "I know our Heavenly Father hears and answers our prayers. I've had many direct answers, so I cannot doubt him."

Friend in Christ, Marseilles, Ill.: "I take this means of expressing thanks to God for answering my prayer."

Reader, Augusta, Ky.: "On two special occasions I have been wonderfully helped by the testimonies given in 'answered prayer.' I have had an answer given in such a way, that it was known to be an answer to prayer."

M. D. E., Elmira, Oreg.: "We are poor, and have four little children to maintain. On my road home from the post office one day I prayed, telling God in as simple a way as I could how we desired to have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in our household, asking him to help me make the money to send for it. Now the dear Lord has blest us with the money."

Mrs. C., Edinburg, Ill.: "I am eighty-six years old, feeble in body, and my eyes are failing. The 'Answered Prayers,' which my daughter often reads to me, have been a source of comfort. I am the mother of eleven living children, all of whom are endeavoring to live for Christ—surely God has answered my prayers."

C. J. M., Huntingdon, Pa., writes: "A few weeks since, while recovering from a long illness, it was necessary to take a trip that in my condition seemed impossible. I lifted up my heart in prayer, and determined to go forward in the strength of the Lord. The journey was accomplished safely. To tell the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was the most public acknowledgment of God's goodness I could think of. Hence I write, that the faith of many may be confirmed."

Reader, Ind. "Some time ago I asked the Lord for a certain thing which I have now received through his help."

C. W., Aronica, Trinidad, B. W. I. "A month ago I prayed on a matter upon which my future welfare depended. My prayer has been answered. I know that God answers prayers."

Mother, Baltimore, Md. "My prayers have been answered many, many times, but I will only speak of this one time. I prayed that the Lord would spare my little boy and restore him to health, and my prayer has been answered. He is now up and running around."

Mother, Winfield, Kan. "I want to acknowledge the goodness of God for answering my prayers for the deliverance of my dear daughter."

A. M. Belmont, La. "I prayed earnestly for the return of a loved one, and God heard and answered."

Reader, Virginia. "I spend a part of each day in secret prayer, and I know I am strengthened by it. But we should not ask all blessings; we should praise and thank him for those we receive. At present I have an almost overwhelming sorrow in my life, but I take it to God every day, and I am sure he will make it right. Pray for me."

Father. "I prayed for a daughter's recovery. The Lord heard and answered. Praise to his name!"

Mrs. M. L., Eureka, Col.: "In deep distress I implored God's help. He answered, and a deep peace and content followed."

Mrs. A. B., Owosso, Mich.: "God also answered our prayers in our time of need this spring. He has never failed us, but this time his help was so plain that we ought never to doubt again."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from E. C., Elmira, Mo.; Reader, no address; Reader, Garthersburg; W. H. H. S., Reno, Nev.; M. T., Ohio; Mrs. M. S. R., Silverton, Oreg.; Mrs. Wm. A. F., Mill Point; M. F., La Verne, Ia.; Reader, Jerseyville; R. W. C., Williamsport, Md.; Christian, Brantwood, Ont.; Julia A. R., Soram, O.; Mrs. H. L. B., Riverhead, N.Y.; A. M. C., Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. S. L. S., Owensboro, Ky.; B. S., La Panza, Calif.; C. J., Leivasy, W. Va.; M. K., Plymouth, Ind.; Mrs. E. S., Pasadena, Calif.

LOOKING N. E. FROM KANSAS AVE. TOWARD N. TOPEKA

SENDING AID TO THOSE IN PERIL

AT THE DOOR OF VAN ORTS & SOUTH TOPEKA

MANY VICTIMS *OF THE* WESTERN FLOODS

Six Illinois Cities Inundated, Lives Lost, and Many Thousands Rendered Temporarily Homeless — The Work of Relief

ALTHOUGH the good people of Topeka and Kansas City, Kan., now that the waters of the swollen Kaw and Missouri Rivers are receding, have begun to take a more hopeful view of the situation than they did a week ago, there is still a great deal of suffering in both cities. Writing from Topeka to the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Pastor C. M. Sheldon says: "The real extent of the disaster is not yet known by any of us. Topeka is divided into two parts by the Kaw River. The south side was not affected by the flood, but the north side, containing about 10,000 people, was completely submerged. Many people were drowned, and the entire number of inhabitants rendered homeless for the time being. Many houses have been completely swept away, and the damage to property is beyond computation. The city is at present taking care of these 10,000 people, caring for them in public halls, churches, etc., and has rallied very generously with money and supplies. But, in addition to this great loss to the people here, there is a general condition of suffering all over the State, such as we have never known, sufficiently large to call out a proclamation by the Governor.

"I was authorized by the Commercial Club of Topeka, which has taken the lead in organization, to ask aid from any friends outside who might be willing to help. It is safe to say that thousands of people in Topeka will lose everything, and the churches on the north side are in very great need.

"A large part of the money that I receive from outside sources I shall try to use in the re-establishment of the religious and educational work of the city, where it has been affected. Topeka would not have turned to the outside world for help, if it had not felt unable to cope with the situation. Whatever THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can do will be very gratefully received, and if we have more than can be well used here, we will simply pass it on to the thousands of suffering farmers and citizens in other parts of the State. The money loss is estimated anywhere from thirty-five to fifty millions of dollars. Thousands of farmers have lost all their stock, together with their crops, and in many cases in the valley, their entire farms. The situation has been called the worst that we have ever known, even in drought and grasshopper times, and it is described by the Governor in his proclamation as 'a great disaster.'"

An idea of the state of Topeka's streets, while the flood was at its height, may be gathered from the photographs on this page. Fortunately, the immediate danger is past, but weeks must elapse before normal conditions are fully restored.

In Kansas City, Kan., the situation is likewise improving. Dr. Stemen, Asst. Chief McConnell and others are prominent in the relief work. Chief of Police Zimmer ordered all the saloons to be closed. The flood refugees are still in tents at Camp Gettysburg (so called in honor of Captain Getty, who is directing that part of the work). In the flooded district many of the houses are utterly destroyed and the furniture irreparably damaged by the slimy water. Rev. Dr. W. P. George, of the Westminster Congregational Church, Kansas City, Mo., writes of the relief situation in Kansas City, Kan.: "There are two Kansas cities, one rich the other poor; one able to care for itself, the other needing outside help. Kansas City, Kan., had altogether on Saturday evening $20,000 to feed and care for 25,000 people, who have mostly lost everything. They will need continuous assistance for weeks. All the churches, except the Catholic, have opened to afford shelter for the homeless flood refugees."

As the water recedes, at Kansas City and Topeka, bodies are found in the wreckage of the submerged bottoms. Many of the missing, however, are turning up and it is gratifying to learn that the number of those who were supposed to have perished in the floods is less than was reported. Contributions have been received from many quarters for the sufferers, some cities having given liberally; but the needs are far from being supplied and money gifts will be welcomed for many weeks to come, in order that the homeless thousands may be cared for and helped to make a new start in life. Repairs are being pushed on the damaged water works and gas works, and the cities will soon have their usual supply of pure water and illuminating gas. The bridges are also being repaired, some of them being rebuilt almost from the foundations, and the railroads are pushing repairs as rapidly as possible on their dismantled tracks, depots and connections.

REFUGEES COMING IN FROM NORTH TOPEKA, ALONG KANSAS AVENUE

MAYOR W. H. CRADDOCK
who has charge of the relief work in Kansas City

ASST. CHIEF W. Mc CONNELL
who helped rescue some 2,000 persons at Kansas City

DR. C. M. STEMEN
who helped in rescue work and started soup kitchens

On the east side of the Mississippi river the ravages of the flood have been very extensive. Six Illinois cities, with a population of over 80,000, were threatened with almost total submersion. They are East St. Louis, Venice, Madison, Brooklyn, Newport, and Granite City. Inundated by a great rise of the Mississippi, they were so alarmed that thousands deserted their homes and fled to higher ground for a temporary refuge. The levees at Granite, Madison and Venice gave way, and the country for miles around was like a great lake from two to ten feet deep. Mayor Cook of East St. Louis ordered all business suspended and summoned every man to help in fighting back the flood. Merchants and business men assisted in repairing the embankments. All the saloons were closed. People could be seen floating about on rafts, and there were a number of cases of drowning. It was estimated that between twenty and thirty lives were lost in East St. Louis alone. Ten thousand persons were made homeless, and many were so suddenly caught by the flood when the Illinois Central embankment broke that they escaped only in their night clothes.

The flood extended to the business section of the town, and north and east, as far as North street, scores of boats and skiffs were pressed into service in the saving of lives and the rescuing of people who were imprisoned in their homes. Churches, schoolhouses and other public buildings were opened for the shelter of the refugees. Fully eight thousand crossed to the higher land on the other side of the river before the flood attained its maximum height. Every wagon or vehicle of any kind which could be utilized has been pressed into service to remove the household effects of people living in the inundated districts, and many have transferred such of their property as they saved from the flood to the west bank of the Mississippi, where they will live in the future.

On Thursday, June 16th, the river at St. Louis began to fall, and the great danger which threatened East St. Louis became less, but, though the railroad embankments north of the viaduct held, the lowlands between the embankments and the elevated streets were so badly flooded that weeks must elapse before the water entirely disappears. There is acute suffering among the homeless, both food and clothing being greatly needed.

Mayor Cook and Chairman Keechler, of the Relief Committee, issued an appeal to outside cities for aid. The Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis, from various sources, received about $20,000 for the relief work. Six thousand destitute persons were being fed daily. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent a contribution of **$500** to Chairman Keechler, to be added to the relief fund.

Tents have been pitched at Washington Place for the accommodation of the homeless. Many are living in churches and schools, and a number have courageously remained in the upper stories of their dwellings, waiting for the waters to subside, and receiving food by boats. State militia are guarding the city, though martial law has not been proclaimed, and orders have been given to the guards to shoot any one found looting the deserted houses.

On other points along the Mississippi large areas of textile lands have been submerged. Clearyville, New Kaskaskia and Wolfi Lake have all been reported, and many families driven out to higher ground. It is believed, however, that the worst of the flood is now over.

All contributions sent to this Journal for the flood sufferers will be acknowledged and forwarded to Pastor C. M. Sheldon, of Topeka; Mayor Craddock, of Kansas City, Kan., and Mayor Cook, of East St. Louis, to be applied in the relief work in those three cities.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Liturgical Concession

AMONG the liturgical changes proposed in the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, recently in session at Asbury Park, N.J., is one in the marriage service, which will be of interest to prospective brides. The proposal, which by the time this page is in the hands of our readers will probably have been adopted, is to omit the word "obey" from the answer of the bride to the question of the officiating minister at the marriage. If she desires to be married in the Reformed Church, she will no longer be required to pledge herself to obey the man to whom she is being married. She may, of course, make any pledges in private that her future husband may demand, but the church will no longer make the giving of that pledge a condition of solemnizing the union. This is certainly a concession to the fair sex, and should make the Reformed Church a popular one with brides.

What will be the effect of the change in family life? Probably there will be some pessimists who will predict all kinds of evil results. We doubt, however, whether any mischief will accrue. It must be an ill-assorted union, in which the restraint of the pledge has to be applied. Unhappily, there are many instances in which the husband knows that it would be useless to issue a command, and that even his expressed wishes will be disregarded, if they are opposed to his wife's inclinations. But in cases of that kind, it has been found that the promise of obedience, though solemnly given at the altar, has no restraining influence. Experience has proved very clearly that obedience cannot be insured from a determined woman, by a definite pledge. The husband has had to rely on her love for him, her respect for his judgment, and a tactful management of his case for carrying his point, when there has been divergence. All these resources will still be at his disposal, and he will probably lose no real power by the concession the church has made to his wife's dignity.

A New Anti-Mormon Crusade

IT is announced in the columns of our daily contemporaries, that a new movement has been inaugurated by the International Council of Women for Christian and Patriotic Purposes, with the object of unseating Senator Reed Smoot, the Mormon apostle. Mrs. Darwin R. James, who represents 200,000 American women, many of them belonging to the influential class, is now in Utah, personally investigating the Mormon situation. It is understood that a campaign of education, on a most extensive scale, is contemplated, and that next fall will witness the opening of a fight which will far eclipse, in magnitude and interest, the famous movement to which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave impulse and direction several years ago, and which resulted in the exclusion of Brigham H. Roberts from the House of Representatives.

That the Mormon question is one which, sooner or later, the nation will have to deal with, is everywhere admitted. It is useless to deny the fact that the Mormons are making remarkable headway, or that their propaganda is conducted with the utmost skill and success in many States. "Celestial marriage," as a principle, is kept steadily in view, as a part of the blasphemous Mormon creed. In a recent interview, had by J. Martin Miller, a Washington correspondent, with President Joseph Smith, the head of the Mormon Church, the latter made some very remarkable admissions. We quote from the report in a Newark, N. J. paper:

"I have five wives and five families, aggregating forty-two children—twenty-one sons and twenty-one daughters. I am living with one wife, my home is with her. I visit the other four occasionally and support them and their children. I do not believe there is any one in the whole country who would have any regard for any man in my position who would cast his wives and children aside and not care for them."

"The church, by virtue of President Woodruff's manifesto of 1890, suspended or abolished plural marriages, did it not?" he was asked.

"Yes, it did. In 1890, at the time of President Woodruff's manifesto, there were 2,451 polygamic families, members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in the United States. In October, 1899, this number had been reduced, as follows: By death, 750; by removal beyond the confines of the Republic, 63; by divorce, 95; leaving 1,543. On May 1, 1901, it was ascertained that the original number had been reduced by 1,564, or sixty-three per cent., leaving only 897, and that the great majority are of advanced age."

"How many polygamists were there at the last enumeration?"

"The number of polygamists living in Utah on May 1, 1902, was 756. It is safe to estimate that this number has been reduced during the last year at least five per cent., so that now there should not be to exceed 718 men in Utah having plural wives.

"I believe that God revealed to Joseph Smith the doctrine of celestial marriage. That which is thus sealed on earth is sealed in heaven, and the family union thus formed, if lived up to in righteousness, will continue in the world to come, and abide forever."

This is a clear and explicit statement, from the head of the Mormon Church, of the views held by that church at the present time concerning the doctrine of "celestial marriages." It proves that the old doctrines of Brigham Young still survive. As far as the outward compliance with law—the living with but one wife—is concerned, it may be reasonably expected that the Mormons, leaders and people, will see to it that the church and its adherents are kept technically safe from attack. If evidence can be adduced that President Smith, and a number of his apostles are "still practising polygamy," as the anti-Mormon leaders in Utah assert, the whole question may be revived in the United States Courts, and may have an incidental if not a direct bearing upon the case of Senator Smoot.

Are the Mormons submitting to the law of the land, and is polygamy gradually expiring? Or, is submission a mere pretence, while plural marriage is still secretly practised in Utah? Herein lies the whole question at issue. If the Council of Women, co-operating with their allies in Utah, succeed in bringing the actual existing conditions to light, in a manner so thorough as to remove all doubt, they will have rendered valuable public service indeed.

A Hindoo's Testimony

OUR readers have a personal interest in a retort, which is made by a Hindoo now visiting this country, in a vigorous letter to the New York *Tribune*, to another Hindoo, whose strictures on Christianity had been published in the same journal. Mr. Naidu, a Ceylon merchant, had declared that Christianity was in no respect superior to the Vedantism taught in India, and also that it was doubtful whether Christian missionaries in India have done any good. Perhaps Mr. Naidu was not aware that there was another native of India here, who could speak with equal authority. It may thus have been a surprise to him, as it must have been gratifying to Christian readers of the *Tribune*, to read the conclusive answer sent to it by Mr. S. L. Joshi, a Maratha-Hindoo now staying in Brooklyn.

Mr. Joshi shows, as only a writer familiar with the subject could do, how far Vedantism falls short of Christianity in its power over the lives of men. It is, however, in his vindication of the missionaries, that Mr. Joshi is on ground familiar to us. Mr. Joshi apologizes for his fellow countryman's ignorance of the missionaries' services, by explaining that in his part of the country he has not seen all that the missionaries are doing. "Had he been," Mr. Joshi says, "on the great Central Indian plain, where two successive famines within ten years, swept millions from existence, and watched the tenderness and devotion with which the missionaries tended the sick and dying and distributed clothes and corn sent by Christian philanthropists, I am sure Mr. Naidu would have thought twice before saying that the missionaries have done no good in India."

Mr. Joshi shows how much Christianity has done in India for women, how much it has done for education and for the removal of social abuses; but it is evident that the exhibition of Christian beneficence in the time of famine had made the deepest impression on his mind. Our readers have a right to rejoice in this testimony. When one Hindoo, arguing with another on the merits of Christianity, cites the beneficence which they rendered, as an argument, a striking proof it afforded that the sacrifices which they made to send food to the starving people, have resulted in raising the character of Christianity in the esteem of the natives of India and in bringing glory to the name of Christ.

Remember, that July 1st

IS THE LAST MAILING DAY

FOR COUPON SUBSCRIPTIONS

at 50c. for 6 months, including

THE

Declaration of Independence

And Such Other Patriotic Literature as We Have Already Described in Previous Announcements

Our Children's Home

MONT-LAWN opens this week, and between two and three thousand little waifs of the tenement and slums will enjoy a health-giving and happy outing there between the last week of June and the first week of September.

For **nine** years, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home has opened its gates every summer to these wee tenement folks, the funds for the work being contributed by Christian men and women all over the land, who love the children. Twenty-five thousand little waifs have been welcomed and entertained there in those passing years. Twenty-five thousand young hearts have been filled with gladness by being brought into contact with nature at the most delightful season of the year. A multitude of sad young lives have been brightened, pale cheeks have been healthfully bronzed, and childish lips, that had forgotten how to laugh, have been made to bubble over with merriment and innocent glee.

Mont-Lawn has been aptly called "The Children's Paradise." Reader, have you ever sent a slum child there? Have you had a share in this simple missionary work among the neglected juveniles of the tenements? If not, send one this summer. Send three dollars to our Fresh Air Fund, and you will be paying for a ten days' outing for some little barefooted lad or wee, tod dling girl, who will gratefully remember your kindness "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me.*"

Our New Serial

A reader in Elkhart, Ind., sends us this letter:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I write for information concerning Rev. C. M. Sheldon's latest work, "The Narrow Gate," as you have described it. Is it ready

MRS. S. B. W. M.

In reply to the foregoing, and for the information of our readers generally, we would say that Pastor Sheldon's new story, **"The Narrow Gate,"** will begin in next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will be run every week thereafter, until concluded. It is the most remarkable story that has yet come from his pen, and deals with phases of society, high and low, in a way that will prove intensely interesting to all classes of readers. As *it appears exclusively in* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and cannot be had anywhere else, we advise all who wish to enjoy the pleasure and profit of reading what we regard as one of the grandest stories ever written, to be sure not to miss the opening chapters, and to notify their friends as widely as possible, so that they, too, may take advantage of the opportunity. This serial, **"The Narrow Gate,"** we are confident will be universally admitted to be worth more than the subscription price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

It is truly a great story written with a great purpose, and it is safe to predict that it will have a world-wide audience.

Grateful Finlanders

ISHPEMING, Mich., June 9.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, Bible House, New York:

We, the Board of Directors of the Finnish National Brothers' Temperance Association of America, in behalf of the members of the said organization, wish to extend to you our most heartfelt thanks and gratitude, and to express our appreciation of the way American citizens have co-operated with you, and to you in particular, for the generous, and many kindnesses you have bestowed upon our oppressed and suffering brethren in our native land.

Knowing that deeds of this character are not rewarded in this world of strife and pain, we trust and pray that you reward in the hereafter may be greater than we can even anticipate, and that we may all meet in the promised land where there is no suffering.

We remain your true friends in sunshine or sorrow,

FINNISH NATIONAL TEMPERANCE BROTHERHOOD.

By M. S. Kyoa, Pres't. Alod Paneei, Sec'y

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The Servian Tragedy

NEWS of the appalling series of murders which were perpetrated in the royal palace of Belgrade, the capital of Servia, on the morning of June 11, caused a general feeling of horror through the civilized world. The brief report by cable was that the soldiery stationed in Belgrade, had broken into the palace, overpowered the guards, and blowing open the door of the royal apartments with a dynamite bomb, had entered, and slaughtered the king and queen. They then searched the palace for other victims, and finding there the queen's two brothers, killed them also. Simultaneously, the houses of the Premier and two other members of the government were entered, and all three were killed. Conflicting reports of the details of the tragedy were issued, but one of the statements, said to be that of an eye-witness, is that the king, startled by the noise when the soldiers on guard were fighting for their lives, rose from his bed and confronted the officer commanding the attacking troops, and demanded to know the meaning of his intrusion. The officer presented a paper, giving the king the option of banishing the queen, or abdicating the throne. The king's reply was to shoot the officer dead. Another officer then advanced upon him, and the king, with the queen, who, hearing the shots had rushed in, fled to the roof of the palace. The soldiers followed, and there killed them both with horrible brutality. After the whole family had been slaughtered and the three statesmen murdered in their houses, a proclamation was issued, declaring Prince Peter Karageorgevitch King of Servia.

King Alexander, who has thus come to an untimely end, belonged to the Obrenovitch family, and was in his twenty-seventh year. He was the son of King Milan and Queen Natalie, whose reign had been so scandalous and disastrous to Servia, that they abdicated in 1889 in favor of their son. Alexander was, at that time, only thirteen years of age, and for four years the government was conducted by a regency, but on April 13, 1893, the young king, by a conspiracy, seized the reins of government and rid himself of the regency. Shortly afterward he abrogated the constitution and restored an earlier one, which gave him the power to appoint a third of the chamber of deputies. Having made the appointment of men amenable to his wishes, he restored the constitution, which had been suspended for only a few hours. His conduct of the government continued to be erratic, and reports of his personal vices were circulated throughout Europe. A wife was vainly sought for him from the royal houses of Russia, Austria and Montenegro. In 1900 he disgusted his ministers and people by marrying a widow, twelve years his senior, who had been one of his mother's waiting-women, and who bore a bad character. From that time he appeared to be wholly under her influence. Her relatives and friends were advanced to high offices, and the people who opposed her were disgraced. Her conduct aroused violent antipathy, which reached a crisis, when it was rumored that one of her brothers was to be declared heir to the throne. Causes for discontent had multiplied under the king's maladministration, the most dangerous of which was delay in paying the salaries of his military officers. They became alienated from him, and gave ear to the solicitations of the friends of the pretender to the throne, the head of the Karageorgevitch family. When their support was thus lost, the downfall of King Alexander was easily achieved.

The new king is a man of fifty-five years of age, who at the time of the massacre was living quietly at Geneva. His grandfather, Karageorge, was the leader of the Servians in their struggle to throw off the yoke of Turkey. He fought with success from 1804, to 1813, and practically won independence for his country; but the Turks again gained supremacy, and Karageorge had to fly for his life. When by a concert of the European powers, four years later, Servia was finally liberated from Turkish control, Karageorge returned, but the Obrenovitch family had come to the front, and Karageorge was assassinated. His friends, however, have been faithful to his family, and have now succeeded in putting his grandson on the throne.

The final outcome of the revolution is still in doubt. The people of Servia appear to have accepted the situation with complacency, though they took no active part in the movement, which was entirely the work of the politicians and the army. But they shared in the general disgust at the conduct of the king and queen, as they did in that of King Milan, and they may therefore acquiesce in the result of the tragedy, which wipes the dynasty out of existence. Public opinion in Europe takes that view. While the lawlessness and criminality of the tragedy are deplored, there is no regret that a

Permission *New York Herald*

PRINCE PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH,
Proclaimed King of Servia

family, so depraved from father to son, has ceased to rule. It is still true as the Hebrew poet declared:

Man that is in honor and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish (Ps. 49: 20).

Steamboat Disaster

A grievous loss of life resulted from a steamboat collision near Marseilles, France, on June 7. The steamer *Liban* with over two hundred passengers on board, was leaving that port for Corsica, and was turning the cape of Maire Island, when the steamer *Insulaire* of the same line, approaching Marseilles, suddenly loomed in sight. There was some indecision on the part of the captains of both boats as to the course to steer in the critical moment, and the opportunity of escaping collision was lost. The incoming steamer struck the other with a fearful impact, tearing a huge rent in her side. Her own bow was crushed in, and only by the prompt shifting of her cargo astern, to raise the bow out of the water, was she saved from sinking, and reached the harbor in safety. The captain of the *Liban* was in a worse strait. The water was rushing in such quantities through the hole in the boat's side, that the only chance of saving the lives of the crew and passengers was to run her ashore: but before the boat could be got out of deep water her bow settled and she went to the bottom. About forty persons who were washed off the deck were picked up by vessels which went to the scene, but all the others were carried down with the boat. All might have been saved if, instead of clinging to the sinking ship, they had cast themselves into the sea. Doubtless they would not have listened if some one had urged them to do so. It would have seemed like suicide. Preachers and Christian workers are often unable to induce men who are in danger of losing their souls to come out from the world and give themselves to Christ, who is waiting to save them.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it (Mark 8: 35).

Died for His Family

A singularly pathetic death occurred in New York a few days ago. It was that of a Jewish tailor, who came to this country some months ago from Bessarabia, in Russia, the district in which the Kishineff massacre took place. He left behind him his wife and five daughters. He obtained work soon after his arrival, and began to save money to pay their passage money to this country. When he heard of the slaughter at Kishineff, he grew more concerned than ever for the safety of his loved ones, and redoubled his efforts to raise the sum necessary to bring them to America. He gave up his lodging, and induced his employer to let him sleep on some rags spread on the bench, which he occupied in the day. His food, always of the cheapest, he cut down in quantity, until his emaciated appearance was pitiful. He succeeded in saving over thirty dollars toward the sum required; but hard work and insufficient nourishment combined had a fatal effect. One morning last week his fellow-workmen, coming to their work, found him extended on his bench in a state of collapse. An ambulance was summoned, but he died before it reached the hospital. The doctors who examined him, reported that his death was due to voluntary starvation. Every one must admire such heroism, but how few are moved when they hear that, in order to save them from destruction and make it possible for them to enter heaven, Christ laid down his life.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends (John 15: 13).

A Prince Assaulted

Prince Ye, who is a son of the Emperor of Corea and is now a student at the Ohio Wesleyan University, went with his secretary, Ewaha, to Stratford Park, a summer resort near Columbus, O., a few days ago, and were strolling through the park, when they were met by a young man who was under the influence of liquor. He conceived the idea of attacking the two foreigners, who, he supposed, were Chinamen. He struck the Prince in the mouth. The secretary interfered and received similar treatment. The injured foreigners were taken to Delaware, where their injuries were attended to, and their assailant was arrested. The condition of the Prince was such that he was compelled to take to his bed. This is his first year at the university, where he is popular. It may be hoped that the young foreigners will be made aware that their assailant does not fairly represent his people. He is one of those men who disgrace us in the eyes of the people to whom we send our missionaries. He belongs to the class whose misconduct is peculiarly heinous, because they bring a reproach not only upon our civilization but upon the cause of Christ. It was to such as he that the great Leader addressed his appeal:

Ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God because of the reproach of the heathen (Neh. 5: 9).

THE LATE KING ALEXANDER OF SERVIA

THE LATE QUEEN DRAGA OF SERVIA

BRIEF NOTES

A conference of Hebrew Christians, will be held at Mountain Lake Park, Md., July 24-31. The signers of the call are Rev. Louis Mayer and Rev. A. R. Kuhlell.

Hon. Charles W. Kohlsaat, Special Commissioner of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to Sweden and Norway has been appointed by His Majesty, the King of Sweden, a Commander of the Royal Order of the Vasa.

The Salvation Army has acquired a fine property at Spring Valley, N. Y., about thirty miles from New York city. It cost $18,000, and includes a large house and about seventy acres of good land. The army proposes to send there summer guests for a week or two of fresh air, and possibly to establish an orphanage.

The New Testament has been translated into Hebrew-German (Yiddish) by Marcus S. Bergman, of 241 Brompton Road, London, England, and large quantities are being sold. It is also shown a keen interest in the book. It is printed in Roman letters without points or punctuation. It is said that many Jews who speak English are unable to read anything but Yiddish, and it is hoped by this means to give them the Gospel.

MONT-LAWN READY FOR THE WAIFS

Over Two Hundred Happy Tenement Tots will be taken there this Week

THE gates of "The Children's Paradise" are about to open. On Friday, of this week, the first contingent of happy tenement waifs will be conveyed thither, from the hot city, by the Hudson River steamer, *Chrystenah*, which in the past nine years has safely transported 25,000 poor city children to our beautiful Fresh Air Home, in the Rockland County hills. On the afternoon of that day, the first contingent of a hundred children will assemble in the Bible House, for "doctor's examination," after which they will be conveyed by the cross town trolley to the steamboat wharf, foot of W. Tenth street, North River, where they will embark on the *Chrystenah*. The children are marshalled in parties, each under the direction of an experienced caretaker, who accompanies them to Mont-Lawn. Arriving at Nyack, they will be put on our Mont-Lawn stages, and driven through the little village and along the lovely road that leads up to the Home—a drive of about two and a-half miles.

What fun and frolic, what laughter and merriment, will mark that red-letter pilgrimage! With spirits bubbling over in anticipation of the pleasures in store, they will at last reach the entrance gates to Mont-Lawn, and will scamper up the graveled path, and out on the wide terrace. After they have eaten—for the sail and drive, always give our children a keen appetite—they will have an hour or two left for a frolic at the "scupps" or among the grounds (think of thirty acres for a playground!) and then—to bed in the little snow-white cots, to sleep until morning.

Each successive day will witness the arrival of a fresh contingent, until the Home is full and Housemother Collins has all the little charges she can accommodate.

We shall keep our readers duly informed of the children's doings at Mont-Lawn this summer, and they themselves shall be, in large part, the chroniclers. In their own simple language, they will tell to those friends, in letters which will appear from time to time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the story of their outing.

Our mail this week has been full of kind words of encouragement from the friends of the children. We give below extracts from a few of the letters received, which show how deep and sincere is the love of our readers for the children and their sympathy with the poor little tenement waifs:

THREE OF THESE ARE TENEMENT CHILDREN, WHO GO TO MONT-LAWN THIS WEEK

Rev. W. Y. and Mrs. Y., Bingham Lake, Minn., sends $6 "to aid in sending two of the most needy little children you can find for an outing to Mont-Lawn. May God's richest blessing attend them and also upon you in your noble cause."

Mr. E. W. S., Okolona, Miss., writes: "Please find enclosed check for $6 for the Mont-Lawn Fresh Air Fund. This is sent for my little four-year-old son, Clifford M. Savage, Jun."

"One who loves the little children," Camden, Mich., sends $1, and adds: "I am greatly interested in those little children and wish I could do more."

"Mrs. H. P. S., Chicago, writes, "I want to add my mite for the children ($2) wish it was much more. God bless you in your labor of love."

"I enclose $3, to pay for a ten days' outing for a little tenement boy or girl, in Jesus' name," is the kind message from E. S. T., Block Island, Rhode Island.

"I wish to have a part in sending some of the poor little city waifs to the country. Enclosed please find $6 to send two little ones to Mont-Lawn. Yours in Christ's service," writes Miss Mary N., Elba, Neb., whose offering will bring joy to two little hearts this summer.

Mrs. L. A. C., Owega, N. Y., sends $6, "which Mrs. E. B. Clarke wishes to be given to the Fresh Air Fund."

Mrs. G. C. B., Addison, N. Y., sends $3 for one boy's outing.

"A friend of children requested me to enclose to you $3 toward the fresh air fund at Mont-Lawn," writes Josephine H., Amawalk, N. Y.

"How far is Mont-Lawn from Nyack?" asks Mrs. E. G. L., of Portchester, in forwarding her gift ($6). It is a twenty minute wagon ride from the Nyack R.R. Depot, and if the writer will give us the pleasure of a visit and will send word to the Housemother, Miss Collins, she will be met at the depot.

L. W. O., Dorchester, Mass., sends $6, "to send two little children to Mont-Lawn this summer."

Mrs. G. E. G., Memphis, Mich., sends $1, "from Roy Thomas, a little boy's saving bank. He died last winter. His mother wished to have it sent to aid the Mont-Lawn waifs." Surely a consecrated offering put to a beautiful use—the gift of a dear dead child to the little tenement waifs.

Here is another touching little memorial gift to the Fresh Air work. Mrs. M. M., Stevensville, Mont., writes: "Enclosed find the sum of $1 for the Children's Home at Nyack, N. Y., in memory of our dear little Archie, who departed this life on December 22, 1902, at the tender age of eight years. The money was his own earnings, and he was planning to send it this summer to the Children's Home. He loved THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I feel that I shall always take your good paper in memory of our dear little boy as long as I live."

"I wish you to use check for $6 for the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn." writes E. M. D., Siegfried, Pa.

"Kindly use the amount in the enclosed check ($3) to send a child to Mont-Lawn." writes Maude E. S., Brooklyn, N.Y.

W. R. O. and Family, St. Johns, Mich., send $3. One dollar each, from Mr. W. R. O., Mrs. W. R. O., Master Glen W. O. They send with it this earnest prayer: "May God's choicest blessings follow the same."

All contributions to our Fresh Air Fund will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE PRESIDENT'S FRIEND OF THE MAINE WOODS

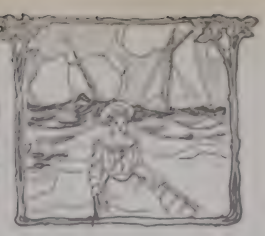
THERE is a man, away up in the northeast corner of the United States who, not long ago, was one of the guests of honor at the White House. He spent several days in Washington, and departed laden with souvenirs of his visit, in the shape of gifts from the President and his family. "Bill" Sewell, indeed received a hearty welcome, and with good reason, for he has been one of Mr. Roosevelt's instructors in the lore of the forest. Many a night has the latter spent in Sewell's camp in the heart of the Maine woods. Sewell taught him the habits of the deer and the elk, and the two have followed their trails mile after mile together.

The veteran hunter lives in a part of the country which is almost on the edge of civilization, although Island Falls is quite a respectable-sized town, having a little over a thousand people. During much of the year Sewell spends his time at his camp, on the shore of Lake Mattawamkeag. Beside this body of water the President has spent many a day forgetting the rest of the world. Perhaps the tales their father has related of his experiences with the various creatures of the woods inspired the Roosevelt boys with the desire to camp out with "Bill," for this year Theodore, junior, and Kermit, will probably spend part of their vacation at the camp.

SEWELL, THE HUNTER (PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GUIDE), AND THE CAMP IN THE MAINE WOODS

A rough-and-ready kind of place is Camp Sewell; it was not built for looks, but for use. When unoccupied, the windows and doors are closed by heavy shutters, which are securely fastened to protect it from out-side depredators. One portion below is divided into a kitchen, with an outfit of dishes, kettles and pans. Above are the sleeping apartments, containing cots enough for a half dozen or more. The front of the house is used as a store-room and sitting-room, and, during the summer, it is generally littered with rifles and shot-guns, fishing rods, hunting boots, coats, ammunition, belts, knives and other equipment. At Island Falls, is the home of the Sewell family, a generously-proportioned New England farm-house. "Bill" Sewell is a typical "Down-Easter." Although well on in years he is still hale and vigorous, with a keen eye and abundant muscle. In short, he is the kind of a man who appeals to the President, and a warm friendship exists between them, as is shown by the willingness of Mr. Roosevelt to entrust his sons to the care of the Maine backwoodsman and hunter.

Our Household Circle



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Choosing *the* Boy's Lot *in* Life

WHEN the children are little, playing about the doors, going to school, running errands, doing as they are told, the parents may seem to have their hardest times, but in reality ese are the easiest. A much more difficult place on h s road is reached when there is need and occasion settle with some degree of positiveness on the boy's, othe girl's, lot in life. The boy's whole future of suc- s or failure may hang upon the decision made for n by his father and mother, or made by him with ir consent, when he is somewhere between fifteen and hteen.

Shall John go to college or to business, is a vital estion, bristling with points of interest, and many a n ponders it in wakeful hours, and fears he may ake a mistake, and is disturbed when he encounters opposite opinions of neighbors and friends. Going wntown on the street car, an acquaintance casually s, "That's a fine boy of yours, Mr. A. What are going to do with him after he ishes in the high school?" If the oly is, "I am thinking of sending n to college," in nine cases out ten the other answers, doubtly, "You are? Well, if he wants go, perhaps it's all right, but think the four years lost from busiss!" The next man consulted es a different view, and declares nly that the best and most liberal ucation a man can get is not too od for a business career; that it indeed, as decided an advantage business as in a profession, for a y to have attended college and ceived a diploma.

A good deal should be left to the y himself in a matter of this nd. To force a reluctant lad into academic groove for which he s no desire, is usually a stupid under, as the boy will simply unrrate his privileges and waste his ne. But if a boy, loving books, ving study, and prizing what a llege has to offer, longs to go, ery opportunity should be afrded him. In the long run, the ars will not be lost. Business ors are opening more and more idely to college men. They are anted in the counting room, in the ilroad office, in the broker's office, the bank. It goes without sayg that they are welcome in the ewspaper world, and that wherever a trained intelligence and a ch vocabulary count for much, e college discipline will help em on. The greater maturity ained by the four years in college a good offset to the knowledge cquired in an equal time by the oy who enters business direct om school.

Of course, as a preliminary requisite to professional udy—legal, medical, theological, or scientific—college aining is almost indispensable. Parents who can fford, even at the cost of much effort and self-denial, o send their sons to college, may be assured that they re freeing them in the future from certain handicaps nd giving them a richer preparation for life than they ould otherwise have.

Still, there is culture without college. A boy who nows that his parents need his aid in their hampered nd limited means, who has possibly a widowed mother, r brothers and sisters who are yet to be educated, hould think twice before he lets the home people cramp hemselves to help him on. Business is itself an educaion, libraries abound, and nothing can permanently rush a bright boy, who means to get on. In a majority f cases, John must decide the question for himself. It oncerns his future, and is important first of all to him.

Fathers should hesitate in being arbitrary or autoratic in setting the life work of sons. The merchant aturally wants his boy to carry on his business, but the oy may hark back to some artistic ancestor, and have ot an atom of the commercial instinct in his veins. If his be the case, the God-given endowment should not e folded away like the talent in the parable, but should e put to serious use. Another boy may fit into the niche the father prizes so highly. Care should be taken that decisions are not made too early in life. At occasional very youthful periods a boy's ambition crystallizes around points which will present no allurement when he is older.

It is all-important, in view of the fast-approaching hour when the boy of ten or twelve will be the youth of eighteen or twenty, that the foundation work, the work in grammar departments and thenceforward in high-school lines, shall be thoroughly done. Parents should co-operate with teachers in holding children to rigid accuracy and strict account in these days of early training, for they tell on the whole career of the future.

The Selfish Choice

He that saveth his life shall lose it. This is eternally true. One never makes a purely selfish choice, mindful alone of one's own advancement, of one's own desires, of one's own well-being, that he or she does not live to regret it. The birthright is sold for the mess of pottage. It is never to be regained, and the very memory of the savory pottage is as dust and ashes in the mouth.

THE SINGING LESSON

"Do, re, mi, fa, sol—sing right out, I say.
Bless your hearts, my children, this work isn't play."

IN COMMON DAYS

IN days supreme of dear delight.
When happy thoughts within us dwell,
Like vestals robed in stainless white,
Who time their footsteps by the swell
Of sweet-toned bells upon the air,
Then have we least the need for prayer.

In days obscured by veiling folds
Of grief, or clouded o'er with dread,
While dumb suspense relentless holds
Its sword above the shrinking head;
Then, even in the soul's despair,
Is not the deepest need of prayer.

Since to the dead Gethsemane
The pitying angels, soon or late,
Shall come with tenderest ministry,
Since each birthe day is but the gate
To some rich temple builded fair,
That heavenward builds a golden stair.

God keep us through the common days,
The level stretches white with dust,
When thought is tired, and hands upraise
Their burdens feebly, since they must.
In days of slowly fretting care,
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Afternoon Picnics

AN all day picnic after one is grown is apt to be a rather fatiguing affair. The busy lady of the house, who cannot often spare a whole day from her affairs, finds it one of the easiest things in the world to get up a little affair over-breakfast dishes time, or late morning progress based just long enough to take a generous luncheon basket and hamper, and make an expedition of it to some shady spot. An afternoon picnic is a much simpler matter and may be managed nicely on occasions one lives at home in town or country. City people have parks and other places of resort within easy reach, and those who live in the midst of rural residence have groves and fields and meadows to choose from where they may for a summer afternoon break from the routine and the cares of the world and be their boys and girls.

Select a place as near home as possible within a half hour or an hour of home. This minimizes the journey and the fatigue involved in reaching the chosen point. Wear old clothes. An easy fitting shirt waist, a short skirt and comfortable shoes will make your outing delightful when best clothes would render it a torment. Let the children wear things which they need not even think about the girls their simplest frocks and sailor hats, the boys their strongest trousers and least respectable jackets. To be obliged to look out best clothes to worn or stained when one is on a picnic is a bore and a burden. Manage to have papa join the family party at the picnic supper. This will remove any uncomfortable pack of responsibility as to the propriety of leaving him alone through the early evening.

The picnic basket should be well furnished with sandwiches. Provide for extraordinary appetites. Fresh air arouses healthy hunger, and a fussy tastes partly satisfied when eaten in an unaccustomed place. Mince the ham or veal, or chicken when a very spreadable with very little added bread and butter, or make cheese the filling, or lettuce with a mayonnaise dressing, or jam, or peanut paste, or anchovy, or chopped raisins and nuts.

It is a good plan to have several kinds of sandwiches, and plain bread and butter is often eaten with relish. Cake—molasses, sponge, fruit, or cup—comes in very opportunely as dessert, and you need a bottle or two of cold milk, and a bottle of iced tea or coffee. Avoid messy things. Avoid things which require unpacking of dishes. Keep thin wooden spoons and paper napkins and tin spoons for your afternoon picnics, and you will not have on your mind the care of dainty china, fine linen, and costly silver.

The busy mother who cannot often indulge in a long sweet of a summer holiday will be greatly refreshed if frequently she treats herself to three or four afternoon hours at some nearby place for a summer picnic.

In Convalescence

What gladness there is in the household when the sick, who have been as we say, at death's door are on the high road to recovery. A quiet, often dull, dread spectre, and succeed with the shadows. Life is sometimes over thee. The whole atmosphere changes. Mother is better, Father is getting well. Sister, who was despaired of last week, will soon be sitting up. Oh the joy of returning health. Yet let the convalescent tread softly, for these first faltering steps are full of peril still, and a relapse may be dangerous renewed. And let nurses and doctors be vigilant and, and above everything, guard the patient from too many visitors. A sick room must never be a reception room for callers. Everyone is not discreet. Even dear friends should wait a little until their presence can do no possible harm, but only good to the one who is climbing back to health again.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—M. D. Your hospital training, though rigorous now, will be a great advantage to you in your later practice.

—Lewis. If you are jealous of your fiancée now, for outlook to happiness with you is a husband is very doubtful.

—Inquirer. I cannot answer your question. As a rule people would rather talk about themselves than about [illegible]

—Retail Dry. Is it not rather [illegible] for you to [illegible] lady whom you have known from childhood and [illegible] went to school as Miss W. Is it customary [illegible] her Christian name, Molly. She or whether it would be [illegible]

—A Hopeful Prospect. A thousand times [illegible] an angel, who does [illegible] not. Angels, wives are [illegible] thing but angels, in six months out of seven. The [illegible] make was that heaven or some where out [illegible] domestic management, before he [illegible] an unsuccessful wife.

The Only King by Divine Right ❋ Israel Asking for a King

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JULY 5
I. SAMUEL 8: 1-10

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: PREPARE YOUR HEARTS UNTO THE LORD AND SERVE HIM ONLY—I. SAM. 7: 3.

CAN a good man have bad sons? It was so in the case of Samuel. His sons Joel and Abiah were so bad that the seventy elders of Israel, the Sanhedrin, came to him with a remonstrance when he made these bad sons judges over Israel. The charge was, "Thy sons walk not in thy ways." Samuel himself was so upright that he could say, "Here I am, witness against me before the Lord and before his anointed. Whose ox have I taken, or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whom have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it to you." And the people answered, "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." But not such were his sons. They had taken bribes and perverted judgment. So notoriously bad were they that the elders requested that the judgeship should be abolished as the most effectual way to get rid of them.

How can we account for Samuel's sons? We certainly must conclude that Samuel was a good man, but perhaps not a faithful father. There is more reason, presumably, to believe that his wife was not a good mother. It is not to her credit that we are not told who she was. Dr. Joseph Parker says of such men as Samuel: "They may be more fitted for public teaching and public stimulus than for private utterance of truth and domestic control of life." Samuel certainly should have been forewarned by the example of Eli, "whose sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." He should have remembered that his first commission from God was to bear a condemnatory message to Eli in regard to his neglect of right home training.

What did the elders propose to Samuel should take the place of the judgeship? They proposed that authority should all be centered in one man, a king. The bad character of Samuel's sons gave them an excuse for this request. Their desire for a king had another root, "to be like all the nations." Other nations about them had kings, who were leaders in battle, and most picturesque figureheads in their royal apparel. Perhaps the elders of Israel had been goaded to make a request for a king by the taunts of the people of other nations. God, as their invisible king, had brought them greater deliverances than the kings of other nations, but the spectacular element was lacking. They wanted to see the grandeur and pomp of a visible king. As their fathers put a golden calf in place of the unseen God, they now proposed to have a visible king in place of the divine, invisible king. They would have said it was only to represent God, but they were displacing God.

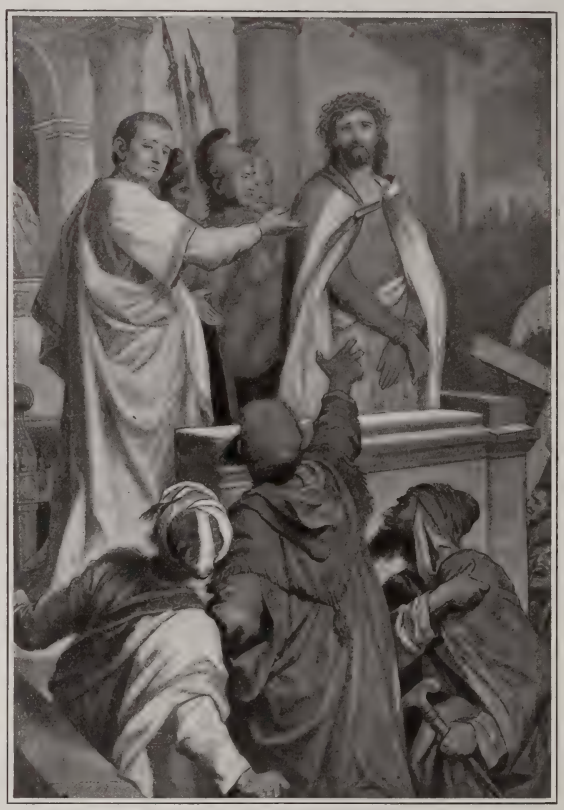
The nobleness of Samuel's character is shown in the way he received the request of the elders. He was more concerned about how God was dishonored than about the rebuke given to himself. And Samuel set the whole matter before the Lord in prayer. He talked face to face with God about it, and God told him what to say to the people. First, he was to remind them how they had been guarded and guided, as no earthly king could have guarded or guided them, since they had been delivered from their bondage in Egypt. God also told Samuel to tell the people how they would be disappointed in a man-king, who would, in his selfishness, demand that their sons and daughters should be his servants, and that they should also give him a part of their living, the fruits and grains which they raised in their gardens and their fields, and that he would levy upon their sheep and asses, and take them for his own use. But when Samuel presented matters as God had told them to do, the elders were not convinced. Their only answer, echoed by the people, was, "Nay, but we will have a king over us, that we may also be like all the nations, and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles." After all, it was not justice but display that was wanted. God well knew what was in their hearts when he said to Samuel, "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them." And yet God said to Samuel, "Hearken unto their voice," that is, give them a king, for to give them what they wanted was God's wise way of letting them learn the folly of their own way and the wisdom of the divine way.

Illustration and Application

A fitting lesson this for the nearest Sabbath to Independence Day, which recalls that Fourth of July when the people of America, in behalf of all peoples, declared that the time had come when kings should be put away wherever nations had manhood enough for self-government under the invisible Kingship of God. That act was the consummate flower of Samuel's teaching that God alone is King by divine right; the flower also of that most distinctive doctrine of Christ, the sacred individuality of every human soul as a son or daughter of God; a brother or sister of Christ, for whom he died; a brother or sister of every human being, to be loved and helped, not hated or harmed; a brother or sister of the King, therefore, sharing his right to rule.

The lesson of to-day describes not an advance from monarchy to popular government under God, but a retreat from a divine popular government to a monarchy that dishonored both God and the nation. Let us consider how this backward movement was produced by the sins (1) of Samuel, (2) of his sons, (3) of the people.

I. THE SIN OF SAMUEL. *He made his sons judges.* This he had no right to do. Samuel was a good man on the whole, but unquestionably sinned in this act, which dishonored God to honor his sons. God, as the nation's King, had appointed him supreme judge and premier, but God had not made the Samuel household a royal family. Samuel having been appointed for worth, not birth, took the place of God as king and appointed his sons on the ground of birth, not worth, which amounted to constituting a royal family. It is clear he did not even consult God. No man can be "king by Divine right" whose character is wrong, for sin is rebellion against "Divine right." And no man can be a "justice" or judge who judges unjustly, except in defiance of God. How could so great and good a man as Samuel fall into such a wrong? He must have been led to it by the earlier wrong of excessive fondness as a father. In his family government, first of all, he had allowed his heart to dethrone his head, his affections to dominate his judgment. His undue kindness to his sons, as usual in such cases, proved the greatest unkindness. He whose first great mission from God had been to warn his predecessor, Eli, of God's judgments impending because his sons "made themselves vile and he restrained them not," was now repeating Eli's sin of wicked softness, and was soon to see his household, in consequence, dishonored as Eli's household had been. In home and State alike "too much mercy is want of mercy and spoils more life." But Samuel's sin of letting his heart dethrone his head goes back yet further. The fact that his wife's name is unmentioned, suggests that he probably allowed affection to set aside judgment when he chose a mother for his boys. As husband and as father he "loved not wisely but too well," Even in a house where there is a too fond father, a faithful mother, in whose family government mercy seasons justice but does not swamp it, usually can save the day. But it is the father's duty to be the ruler, under God, of the home. Samuel would have been really kinder if he had given his boys the rod of correction instead of the rod of authority. It was nepotism at its worst.



"BEHOLD YOUR KING!"

Several morals stand out clearly from this sin of Samuel. The first is, that in every age we need to pray that we may be saved from following the mistakes of great men, aye, of good men. There is scarcely a bad cause, as Shakespeare reminds us, but some preacher or "Christian statesman" will "bless it with a text."

Israel's very courts, the last resort of the oppressed, were debauched with bribery, not alone because the judges were wicked, but primarily because a good man appointed these bad men through personal friendship, regardless of the public good. Such cases did not end with Samuel. Another moral from Samuel's sin, is that we should never carry out a plan we dare not talk over with God. In the words of Henry Coleridge:

If for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

But the chief lesson for the Sunday School, for adult and children's classes alike, is that those parents only are really kind who restrain in their children every evil tendency, and, when they are wicked, punish rather th reward them; who, in any case, refuse to p on them any honor they have not earned, to set them in a larger place than they can fi where they can only rattle about in conspic ous display of their incompetence. It is tr kind, in accord with Christ's parable, to pla them where they will be called to go up hig er, rather than as Samuel did, put them in t highest room from which they must erelon be turned out, with no chance to go any wa but down.

II. THE SINS OF SAMUEL'S SONS. "*H sons turned aside after lucre, and took bribe and perverted judgment*" For these sin Samuel's sons were themselves responsibl We have spoken of the father's fault of ove fondness; but when the sons came to years understanding, and wilfully went wrong, the had no right to lay it on heredity or trainin They were far better off in heredity, born such a noble father, than most others. Eve when the heredity is bad, it need not dominat Heredity, environment, character, the grea est of these is character. A cartoonist pic tures heredity as a spirited horse, disposed t run away; with the pertinent motto, "Here ity pulls, but you must drive." Oftener, me who go wrong, lay it on parental trainin Such men, almost never say their parent were too indulgent. It is because father wa "too strict," they say, about church going an Sabbath keeping, that they make the Lord Day a devil's day. Such excuses are not onl false, but mean. It is a case of those wh claim to be men, pleading the "baby act," a if they couldn't help going wrong. Let ther learn of the child we recently quoted, wh discovered she had a will, and that it wa made to be her inside king. Whenever w are doing anything weak or wrong, we can sa to ourselves, "stop that, and make me min me." The names of Samuel's sons, show tha they were in childhood prayerfully dedicate to God. The name of one was Joel, meaning Jehovah is God; and of the other, Abiah meaning, Jehovah, his father. But both mad money their god. Their father's sin was un due fondness for them; but theirs was undu fondness for money. This led on to bribery which is nothing more or less than treason i its meanest form. Benedict Arnold is exe crated because he bargained to sell an Ameri can fort to the British, in the Revolution. It i a more fundamental treason to buy or sel justice in a court or cabinet, or to buy an sell laws; and yet worse to buy or sell ballots the very foundation of popular government It has recently been shown that there is a amazing lack of conscience among a consid erable percentage of the voters, who call thei treason, being "paid for their time." Th Methodist Conference in Delaware, made a ringing declaration against this sin and crime which is needed by many in every State. An the worst bribery of all is that which dis guises itself. But let not those who are wholly free from bribery, forget that they are not whol ly free from the fundamental sin that led Joel and Abiah into bribery—the love of money which is the root of all kinds of evil. As prairie grass is best displaced by planting blue grass; so an undue love of money is best dis placed by an increasing love for God and man

III. THE SIN OF THE PEOPLE. *They have rejected me, that I should not reign over them* The undue fondness of Samuel for his sons and of his sons for money, finds its counter part in the corresponding sin of the people, an undue fondness for pomp. They desired to be "like all the nations," with their royal processions, and the other playthings with which grown up children are amused by royal nurses. Israel had hitherto had no King but God. To set up a visible king was a sin similar to setting up the golden calf. It was pretended the calf was not to take the place of God, but to be a helpful symbol of God; but in reality images always shut out the invisible God. Theoretically visible kings always reign as representatives of God, but they usually misrepresent him and make men forget that God is King. "The king can do no wrong," sets up a new and false standard of right.

But once God put his Kingship in visible form—in Christ, whose very name means the anointed King—he is the only King, the only Priest, and all who bear either title are standing in his light. Men crowned him with thorns in mockery, and Pilate said in derision to the people, "Behold your King," but he is really making all the kingdoms of this world "Christendom," that is, Christ's kingdom. The beginning of everything good in government is the crowning of Christ in individual hearts, but the time has come, in the multiplication of Christians for individual convictions, the seed of the Gospel, to grow into Christian social institutions, the full-grown Gospel of the fourth of Luke.

Horrors of China's Famine

MORE AID SENT TO CONSUL-GENERAL McWADE — THE SELLING OF CHILDREN CONFIRMED

LATE cablegrams from Hongkong describe the condition of the famine-stricken natives of Kwang-Si province as growing steadily rse. Governor Wong, the governor of province, estimates that over 1,000,000 ives are starving in the territory under jurisdiction. The distress in certain tricts is most acute. Children and wo- n are freely offered for sale. The rice vest promises well, but it will not be ilable for from four to six weeks. Ex- sive relief operations will be difficult hout foreign supervision, which will be d to obtain in Kwang-Si. Assistance s been sent from Hongkong and Can- , but the funds available are becoming austed. The population of Kwang-Si rgely agricultural.

United States Consul-General McWade, Canton, lately made another appeal, ough the State Department, in behalf American aid for the Kwang-Si sufferers. In that appeal he said that the starving peasants were selling their children for ad. He wrote:

Reliable information from American missaries and native sources having come to from Kwai Ping, Wuchow, and other ces in Kwang-Si, that the destitution and sequent suffering in certain parts of that vince were appalling, and that, in their perate condition, the heads of families e selling their children and women for m $2 each to $5 each, I sent you the fore- g despatch. Frequent appeals have been de to me for help, and I am frank to say, so rtrending were they, that I have contrib- d far beyond my means. I would give re if I had it.

The Consul-General also forwarded letrs from several American missionaries ncerning the reports of frightful suffer- g. "Boys, girls and women," one mis- onary wrote, "are sold for $2, $3, $5, and $10, and so many are offered that rchasers are difficult to find." At sev- al points, relief stations have been open- by the missionaries, and the hungry are ing fed, as many as 3,000 being helped ily in some localities. The daily death te is steadily increasing. All that the ssionaries can do is being done, but unled, they will be powerless to afford lief, except in a few localities.

In a letter to Hon. Francis B. Loomis, ssistant Secretary of State, Washing- n, dated April 22, Consul-General Mcade relates the experience of Rev. aac L. Hesse, missionary in the famine- icken district of Kwai-Ping, 150 miles st of Wuchow. Mr. McWade writes:

Thousands of peasants, Mr. Hesse reorted, were dying of starvation and very ny thousands of men, women and children d been sold to slavery, the females to lives prostitution and the males sold for employent in the Straits' Settlements and elsehere. He handed me the enclosed typeritten statement of typical scenes which me under his observation. I again made a ge contribution for the purchase of rice, which he thanked me heartily, telling me the same time, of the appreciation in ich he and his fellow-missionaries held me and my efforts to help them. I strongly advised Mr. Hesse to place the situation before Governor Blake and the Bishop of Victoria. He thanked me for my advice and promptly acted upon it. As a result, H. E. Sir Henry A. Blake, Governor of Hongkong, has formally called a public meeting. At a meeting of the Legislative Council, H. E. Blake stated that he had investigated the reports of the great distress in the province of Kwang Si, and had ascertained that they were correct and that the famine was very pitiable.

The memorandum of Mr. Hesse, referred to by Consul-General McWade recites some heartrending scenes in the famine districts of Kwang-Si Province. Men fell over and died while waiting for their turn to receive meal tickets. Babies, mere skeletons, were left by the wayside, by their starving mothers, who could not bear to see them suffer. Mothers sell their children in order to get rice. Many innocents are sold into a life of shame. On one of the launches mother and daughter met incidentally after being sold and separated for three weeks. They flew into each others embrace and wept for joy, but this was soon changed into tears of sorrow, because the man who had bought the girl tore her away from her mother's arms. Men who have no food for their families come to the missionaries and plead that they would take their grown sons as servants without wages only to give them food.

The famine is increasing, and until the gathering of the rice crop in August the people can do nothing for themselves. All contributions are turned into rice and given regularly to the starving by the missionaries, so that no doubt can be entertained of charity reaching deserving objects. Consul-General McWade will gladly forward all contributions to the missionaries, who will, later on, present a detailed account of their expenditure.

Sometime ago the proprietor of this journal forwarded by cable to Consul-General McWade, through the State Department, **$5,000** to be applied to the relief work. Last week a second remittance of **$10,000** was cabled the Consul-General for the same purpose. Receipt of this second contribution from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was acknowledged by Hon. Francis B. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State, June 6. On June 9, Third Assistant Secretary H. H. D. Pierce, of the State Department, wrote from Washington, enclosing a copy of the following cablegram sent by Consul-General McWade:

"CANTON, June 7.

"*Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.:*

"Viceroy Tesou asks me to transmit through you to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD his profound and heartfelt gratitude for the donation of Ten Thousand Dollars to starving Kwang-Si. It was urgently needed. He says it is an added proof of America's friendship and sympathy for China. I am vigorously preparing a second American relief expedition.

(Signed) McWADE."

A Good Woman's Protest

ROM a CHRISTIAN HERALD reader in Walla Walla, Wash., comes this letter, hich will awaken a sympathetic interest in e hearts of wives and mothers everywhere:

Dear Editor:—Our morning paper lately conned an invitation from a saloon keeper (who has t completed, in the most expensive style, and th all the magnificence of an Oriental court, a dern drinking palace), to the ladies of Walla alla, to come with escorts to view its splendors. wished, no doubt, to show to them what an ticing place he had prepared to lure their husnds, sons and sweethearts from the enjoyments the home fireside. When my husband read it to , all the indignation within me was aroused. I ote a protest, but the daily paper to which I sented it, decided that it would not do for them publish—it would hurt their business. "Then,' aid, "the saloon controls you." "Yes," they anered, "the saloon controls all newspapers; adding t the church people themselves, and Christians a body, would not uphold them in any uprooting evil in the communities in which they lived, d that the ministers, even, would not uphold m.

E. A. B.

It would be difficult, indeed, for any one to d fault with the self-respecting women of alla Walla, or of any other civilized comunity, for protesting against such an invi- tion, which is an insult to all womanhood. her protest, the writer of the letter characterizes the rum traffic as "a tearer down of homes, an underminer of high principles, a spoiler of men and youth and of all nobility," and the saloon keeper as "a human spider, who has woven his web that he might draw you into it; he has decked it with all bright colors and beautiful things. He has invited you—mothers, wives and daughters—to come, and by your presence approve all that he is doing to stamp out God's likeness in men. No drunkard shall ever inherit the kingdom of heaven. Where, then, shall be the palace of the drunkard maker? The lowest depth of the caldron of hell is not too deep for him. . . . . Sister-women! Go not to this powerhouse of Satan. Think what a mighty blow against purity, against your sons and daughters, against the Master of Life, would be your presence in that gilded palace of sin and immorality. Christ be with us to be the impregnable corner-stone to home building for God and for heaven."

"Interesting and Valuable"

I do not know how to express my thanks for the two interesting and valuable books, *The Hall of Fame* and *The Speaking Oak*. The Picture Gallery is beautiful. MRS. STEPHEN BRADLEY.

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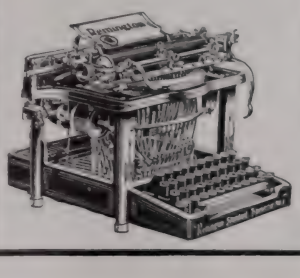

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QUAINT PSALMS for QUEER FOLK

BY REV. C. H. YATMAN

PSALM CXLVII
Psalm of Power

1. Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God. 2. The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

"HE BINDETH UP THEIR WOUNDS"

3. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.
4. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.
5. Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.
. . .

It is much harder to heal a broken heart than to make a Milky Way. Stars can shine and swing, but they cannot love, nor laugh, nor sing as mortals do. Creative power is great. The power of the Cross is greater. Saturn and the sun are small by the side of saints made out of sinners, who will live while God lives and live with Him too, and live like Him. He who calls all stars by name will not let the individual be lost in the multitude of the saved. Don't worry, Christian. The God Father will love all his own, even as the human father knows and loves each child.

PSALM CXLVIII
Creator's Praise Psalm

1. Praise ye the Lord. 2. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. 3. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

"ALL HIS HOSTS"

4. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.
7. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:
8. Fire and hail; snow and vapor; stormy wind fulfilling his word:
9. Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:
10. Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:
11. Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:
12. Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: 13. Let them praise the name of the Lord.
. . .

Only inspiration could call such a chorus choir together, and write both harmony and melody so no discords appear. Sin has so often dulled the ear that many men hear none of the silent songs sung by the animate and inanimate together. But the singing goes on. If men hold their tongues, mountains will not. If the children had not cried, "Hosannah!" the rocks and stones would have done so. Oh! for celestial hearing of the oratorio that children of Grace can sing, accompanied by the full orchestra of Nature.

PSALM CXLIX
Psalm of Praise

1. Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

"WITH THE TIMBREL AND HARP"

2. Let Israel rejoice in him that made him; let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.
3. Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.
4. For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people.
. . .

Neither a psalm, nor a song, nor a life that is all prayer can be acceptable to God. There must be praise. It may not be set to music, or even spoken aloud by the lip; but the silent voices of the soul will sing unto Him, and He will hear and know, even if angels and men do not. Many a gift to the cause of Christ and his church is but praise in that form. How beautifully verses three and four paint the scene of Christ at the wedding feast of Cana of Galilee.

PSALM CL
Musician's Psalm

1. Praise ye the Lord. 3. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet; praise him with the psaltery and harp.

"UPON THE LOUD CYMBALS"

4. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.
5. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
6. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
. . .

The world is growing better, much better. This twentieth century is hearing the voice of praise to God from more lips and more instruments than ever, in all the history of the world. Art, machinery, commerce, press, night, day, pulpit, pew, politician, people, and all their productions, are consciously or unconsciously turning into musicians and tuning their all to the glory of Him who made Christmas and Easter—who is making us like Himself, and at the same time is making a place for us! Let us meet there—in heaven.

The Safeguard of a Nation*

How American Influence has Increased and How it may be Maintained

OUR position among the nations of the world at the present time is eminently gratifying to the patriotic mind. Time was, and that within the memory of men still living, when the United States were not considered at all in the counsels of European cabinets. We were regarded as isolated, as being so self-centred and so indifferent to the world's affairs, that all consideration of American opinion and American principles might safely be left out of the questions of international policy. There has been a gradual change in this matter during the past half century, and a conspicuous proof of the fact was given when the Boxer troubles in China recently brought the civilized nations around a common council board. It was then found that the United States had become an important factor in international arrangements and was a power whose friendship was worth having. It has been almost amusing of late to see how strenuously our good will has been sought by England, Germany and Russia, and how effusive these nations have been in conciliating our government.

What use can we, as a nation, make of the influential position thus attained? The responsibility laid upon us is grave and momentous. It is not that we propose to meddle in the disputes of other nations, nor to become parties to the alliances which group the nations in separate camps; but it is within our power to exert an influence upon cabinets and policies, all the stronger because of our holding aloof from their quarrels. This influence will increase, and become permanent if it is uniformly exerted on the side of righteousness. The old fashioned word has not in past history counted for much in international policy. The question of might has been the sole question considered. The nation with the strongest army could enforce its will, and could annex a province, or absorb a neighbor, without any consideration of right or justice. But we appear to be entering a new era when the eternal principles of rectitude will be recognized. This is our opportunity. If it is known throughout the world that in any dispute involving those principles this country will always be found on the side of truth and right, our nation will be exalted to a position of power and influence never yet attained by any nation.

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 5. Prov. 14: 34.

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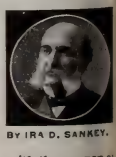

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REDUCED RATES TO ATLANTA.

Pennsylvania Railroad will sell account of the ational Convention Baptist Young People's nion of America at Atlanta, Ga., July 9th to 12th, und trip tickets on July 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, ed to return until July 15th, at rate of single e for the round trip, plus one dollar.

By depositing tickets with special agent at Atnta, Ga., on or before July 15th and payment of of fifty cents, extension of final limit may be tained to reach original starting point not later an August 15th.

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

L. A. B., Mansfield, Conn. Can you tell me the author of "He leadeth me"? Commencing in pastures green? Not always, sometimes, "He Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me in weary ways, where heavy shadows be."

Perhaps some reader can give the desired information.

Repentant, Cincinnati, O. Is it possible to get relief from remorse? I did something in a period of temptation which can never be undone. One and perhaps two, both of whom I love dearly, must suffer heart-break, when the disclosure is made, as some day it must be. I am ready and willing to suffer myself, but to see either or both of them suffer through my misconduct, will drive me distracted.

That is the sad penalty of sin. Even when God forgives it, the inevitable consequences cannot be avoided. Still, you must remember that the punishment is not the same as if there had been no repentance. The father who must punish his child, does not administer the same punishment to the child who has repented, as to the one who is obstinate or indifferent. We can imagine that God may in his providence bring alleviation, in some way, to one who feels so acutely as you do, of the suffering you apprehend. Remorse is useless, and should not be cherished. Submission is the attitude you should cultivate. You must bear the cross which your own hands have fashioned, but even in the sorrowful way your steps will be helped by Him who has borne your sin and through whom you are forgiven.

Inquirer, Bridgeport, Conn. If you can get to church in time, and with reasonable convenience, in no other way, you are right to use any means of transportation at hand. In all such cases, we ought to avoid, wherever possible, giving others occasion to labor on the sabbath.

Subscriber, Seattle, Wash. Is it right to address Christ directly in public prayer? Ought one not rather to pray to God asking the things we need for Christ's sake?

The mystery of the Trinity cannot be grasped in all its fulness by the human mind. It is impossible to keep the idea of God the Father and God the Son wholly distinct in the mind when we commune with the Deity. Nor is it necessary. Christ said (John 14:14), "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." We may, therefore, ask him to fulfil his promise.

Ida May C., Spring City, Pa. Is the Hebrew language still in use. If so, where is it spoken? If not, when did it cease to be used?

We do not think it is in common use anywhere at the present time. It is an ecclesiastical language, used in the synagogues by the Jews. The law and the Prophets and the Psalms are read in Hebrew, but only the educated Jews understand it. The uneducated Jews use Yiddish, which is a modernized corrupt form of Hebrew. Even in the time of our Lord, the common speech of the people was Aramaic. The natural inference from Nehemiah 8:8 is that the exiles who returned from Babylon were not thoroughly familiar with the language. The men appointed to read the Scriptures were obliged "to give the sense," in order that the hearers might understand what was read to them.

Mrs. E. H. M., Orillia, Canada. Some time ago I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that there was some part of the United States offered the Finns to settle in; since that I have not been able to find it. Would you kindly let me know where it is? I also heard there was somewhere offered for Canadians to settle in, where land is cheap.

Many Finns have settled in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, and a number have tried the experiment of locating in Florida. There was some talk of Alaska as a possible choice for Finnish settlers. For information on the whole subject, write to Dr. Sorsen, Calumet, Mich.

S. E. W. Is it true that a member of the British Parliament is not allowed to resign?

Yes, once elected, he must serve until the Parliament is dissolved by the king or until it expires by natural course, which it does in seven years from the time of its election. But ingenuity has found a way to evade the law through another law, which provides that any member of Parliament accepting an office in the gift of the king, thereby vacates his seat, and cannot occupy it unless re-elected by his constituents. When a member wishes to vacate his seat, he accepts the office of the Wardenship of the Chiltern Hundreds, a mythical office, having no duties and a salary of only five dollars a year, and as he does not present himself for re-election, he is out of Parliament.

Curious, Tarrytown, N. Y. Is there any explanation of the curious figures on the common willow-patterned china?

The landscape and figures relate to a Chinese legend. On the right is a substantial house; on the left a commoner house, near the centre, a bridge, on which are three figures, above, on the left, an island and a boat and two birds, supposed to be turtle doves. The legend is, that a gardener, living in the small house, loved the daughter of a mandarin who lived in the mansion on the right. The mandarin refused to permit them to marry. They decided to elope, and the three figures on the bridge are those of the girl and her lover (who carries her jewel case), followed by the mandarin with a whip. They succeed in making their escape, and lived on the island pictured on the upper part of the combination; but were discovered and killed, and were transformed by the Chinese deities into the two turtle doves.

R. A. F., Newport, R.I. Does not the word "magnitude" used by astronomers in reference to stars, mean their size? I was contradicted lately when I said so.

No, the word refers to their brightness. The ancient astronomers classified the stars according to their lustre in six groups. The brightest and most conspicuous they called stars of the first magnitude; those next in order of the second magnitude, and so on. It is possible that at that time they assumed that the most conspicuous stars were the largest, but now the element of distance is taken into account.

Student, Passaic, N. J. What is the most powerful microscope known?

It is understood that the most perfect instrument is the new German microscope now in use at Jena University. United States Consul Monaghan, at Chemnitz, reports that it is now used by Professors Siedentopf and Zsigmondy, and that "they have seemingly accomplished what the great Helmholz did not conceive as possible. This physicist declared the limit of microscopic perception to be 0.0001 millimeter (0.000003937 inch), while it is estimated that this limit has been extended to from 0.000004 to 0.000007 millimeter. Such an achievement promises great things in scientific investigation." A description of the instrument appears in the Consular reports of our State Department.

Replying to an inquiry by a reader of this paper, the *Scientific American*, of New York City, to which the inquiry was referred, sends the following:

Whatever advantage in steam pressure a locomotive would derive at a high altitude from the reduced pressure of the air, would be met by the reduction of the quantity of oxygen in the air. If back pressure is reduced by the former cause, the amount of air needed to consume a certain weight of coal would be increased by the latter. We have no data of actual runs at hand, but should not expect any great difference between sea level and the altitudes attained by ordinary roads.

R. S. E., Germantown, Pa. I am the victim of an evil habit. I have struggled against it, have tried in all ways to give it up, have committed my case to God, but nothing enables me to conquer. What must I do?

You do not say what the habit is, therefore, we can speak only in general terms. Where there is strong faith, it is sufficient to put the whole matter in God's hands, and power is granted to overcome. But, you must remember that God's usual course is not to relieve you by an act of his power of the trouble; though he does so in some cases. Generally, however, he requires the person to work with him for deliverance. You may be quite sure that victory is certain if you do this. You should study your case, find out what thoughts, persons, books, pictures or places lead to the onslaught of temptation, and should avoid them. Then, when the conflict comes, you should hold fast to the conviction that the divine strength is sufficient to give you the victory. With that conviction in your heart, if you are sincere in your desire to be delivered, you will succeed.

Inquirer, New York City. I have seen on a coin from the Isle of Man, and also on a document, a curious combination of three legs, which I am told is the escutcheon of the island. Can you tell me the meaning of it?

Several explanations are given, but the most plausible is that relating to its conquest by Great Britain. It is said that when it was originally conquered by Harold, the Norwegian King, in 870 its coat of arms consisted of a ship with three masts, the sails close furled. It was again conquered by Alexander, King of Scotland, in 1265, and later, in 1400, fell under the arms of Henry IV. of England. The coat of arms is said to have been then assigned to it of three legs in a kneeling attitude, the homage being to England, Scotland and Ireland.

Maud R., Humeston, Ia. Presbyterian, we believe.

Reader, Kalamazoo, Mich. We know of no authority on the making of the æolian harp. Write to some musical publication.

D. C., Waterloo, N. Y. It is estimated that the Jewish population of New York City at the present time is between 500,000 and 600,000. There are 1,500,000 (estimated) in the entire country.

Photograph of Style No. 250.

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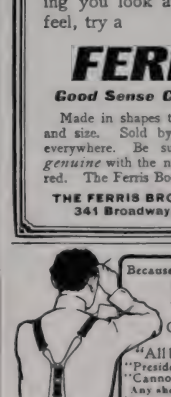

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Former selling price, $4.50.
Fine for canning fruit; holds 12 quarts. Write for printed matter, price and information, also **64-page Cook Book Free** on receipt of 10c. or 25c. postage. Also makers of **Ohio Blue Flame Wickless Oil Stoves. AGENTS WANTED.**
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The natural flavor of the choicest meats most daintily prepared, preserved and ready to serve—for luncheons, teas and little spreads.

Booklet about them: "How to Make Good Things to Eat," FREE. Libby's Atlas of the World for five 2c stamps.

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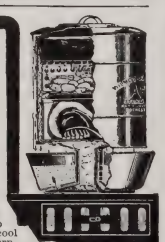
Cool Cooking for Summer



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ARNOLD STEAM COOKER

because it **cooks in tight kettles by live steam heat**, not with steam direct. Every thing retains its whole nutriment and natural flavor—meat weighs as much after as before cooking, vegetables are appetizing, dessert perfect. Simple as a tea-kettle and requires no more attention. Descriptive, illustrated circular E free. **Big Pay for Agents.**

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(Established 1883)
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Depositories.—City Trust Co., of New York, and United National Bank.

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1131 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE PRESIDENT'S SERMON

Remarks Delivered by President Roosevelt at the Dedication of Grace Memorial Reformed Church, Washington, June 7

"I SHALL ask your attention to three lines of the dedication canticle: 'Serve the Lord with gladness: enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.'

"Three better lines could surely not be brought into any dedication service of a church; and it is a happy thing that we should have repeated them this morning. This church is consecrated to the service of the Lord, and we can serve him by the way in which we serve our fellow-men. This church is consecrated to service and duty. It was written of old that 'by their fruits ye shall know them'; and we can show the faith that is in us, we can show the sincerity of our devotion, by the fruits we bring forth. The man who is not a tender and considerate husband, a loving and wise father, is not serving the Lord when he goes to church. So with the woman; so with all who come here. Our being in this church, our communion here with one another, our sitting under the pastor and hearing from him the Word of God, must, if we are sincere, show the effects in our lives outside.

"We of the Reformed churches, have a peculiar duty to perform in this great country of ours—a country still in the making—for we have the duty peculiarly incumbent upon us, to take care of our brethren who come each year, from over seas to our shores. The man going to a new country is torn by the roots from all his old associations, and there is a period of great danger to him in the time before he gets his roots down in the new country; before he brings himself into touch with his fellows in the new land. For that reason I always take a peculiar interest in the attitude of our churches toward the immigrants who come to these shores. I feel that we should be peculiarly watchful over them because of our own history; because we or our fathers came here under like conditions. Now that we have established ourselves, let us see to it that we stretch out the hand of help, the hand of brotherhood toward the newcomers, and help them as speedily as possible to shape themselves, and to get into such relations that it will be easy for them to walk well in the new life.

"That is one form of duty peculiarly incumbent upon us, of these Reformed churches. But we are not to be excused if we selfishly sit down and enjoy gifts that have been given to us, and do not try to share them with our poorer fellows coming from every part of the world, who, many of them, stand in such need of the helping hand; who often not only meet too many people anxious to associate with them for their detriment, but too often too few, anxious to associate with them for their good.

"I trust that with the consecration of each new church of the Reformed creed in this our country, there will be established a fresh centre of effort to get at and to help for their good the people that yearly come from over the seas to us. No more important work can be done by our people; important to the cause of Christianity, important to the cause of true national life and greatness here in our own land.

"Another thing, let us so far as strength is given us, make it evident to those who look on and who care not of us, that our faith is not one of words merely, that it finds expression in deeds. One sad, one lamentable phase of human history, is that the very loftiest words, implying the loftiest ideas, have been used as cloaks for the commission of dreadful deeds of iniquity. We must in our lives, in our efforts, endeavor to further the cause of brotherhood in the human family; and we must do it in such a way that the men anxious to find subject for complaint or derision in the churches of the United States, in our church, may not be able to find it by pointing out any contrast between our professions and our lives.

"This church is consecrated here to-day to duty and to service, to the worship of the Creator, and to an earnest effort on our part so to shape our lives among ourselves and in relation to the outside world, that we may feel that we have done our part in bringing a little nearer the day when there shall be on this earth a genuine brotherhood of men."

"Throwing Out the Life-Lines"

In my journey around the world, I have reached this bustling city and given twelve addresses, with singing. I sang the "Life-Line" in the theatre Sunday, May 10, at Rev. G. Campbell-Morgan's address to men. Many have come to me at the close of the service and said they would lay hold of the line that saves. I will send you a note when I sail for Honolulu.

E. S. UFFORD (author of "Throw Out the Life-Line")

The Best Receipt for

Cocoanut Layer Cake Filling.

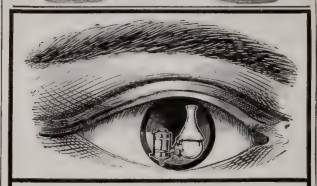
Beat to a froth the whites of three eggs; add half a pint of sifted powdered sugar; stir in a 10-cent package of DUNHAM'S COCOANUT. Cover the top layer with cocoanut. MRS. S. T. ROGERS.

Dunham's Cocoanut

is a beautiful snow white, Pure through care and cleanliness in preparation and protection in the package. The delicate and delicious flavor is nature's gift—wonderfully preserved.

Our booklet "Dainty Desserts" is full of beautifully illustrated receipts. Drop a postal—we will send it free.

Dunham Mfg. Co., 484 N. Main St., St. Louis



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Send at once for Catalogue J.

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Sample sent prepaid for **25c.**

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Free Zobo Entertainments for Home, Church and Sunday School sent on receipt of name and address.

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From the Mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Mouth of the Mississippi

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Hires Rootbeer is known and appreciated as the most cooling, refreshing and healthful of beverages for hot weather.

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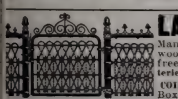

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COMMUNION HYMN

BLESSED Jesus, slain for me,
Let me lose myself in thee,
While the emblems bread and wine
Stand before me make them mine,
Cleanse me from all sinful thought,
Saviour, keep and make me thine

Blessed Saviour, hope and guide,
Let my soul in thee abide,
While I eat and drink and pray,
Take all sin and guilt away,
Thou art mine and I am thine,
Saviour, keep, O keep, I pray.

Blessed Master, Christ and King,
Let me now thy praises sing;
While the world is shut apart,
Cleanse my wicked, sinful heart,
I in thee and thou in me,
Saviour, keep, O keep my heart.

REV. H. CLARKE COLEBROOK.

An Old Fashioned Custom

BY JOHN WILLIS BAER

THE average New England congregation, two hundred years ago, I am informed, would rise when the minister announced his text. Not in my lifetime in any church in the same way have I ever seen such reverence or respect for God's Word. I do not ask that the old-fashioned custom be revived in our present-day churches, but I am bold enough to suggest that our congregations be encouraged to show more reverence for the reading of the Bible in our regular church services.

How long shall the "habitual latecomer" be allowed to walk to his pew during the reading of the Word? Many pastors do well to insist that no one be seated while the "morning Bible Lesson" is being read. Ushers can have an important part in this reform, and yet a tactful word from the pulpit will do more to remind a careless people that nothing could more certainly show disrespect and irreverence for God's Word, than unnecessary noise or movements while selections from the Old or New Testaments were being read.

Let us one and all magnify that part of our worship. Let us do it for our own sakes, and for the example we may put before our young people.

An Exiled Prince

In a recent number of a French magazine appear a sketch of the life of a Russian Prince who became a disciple of Tolstoi. Originally he was much like other Russian nobles, but while he was in the army he killed one of the enemy in battle. The look of agony on the dying man's face horrified his slayer. He could not forget it. The thought that the man was a stranger to him, and though he did wear the enemy's uniform, had never done him any harm, weighed on his soul, and he quitted the army forever. Returning to his estates, he found the peasants poor and miserable. One man to whom he spoke, who was ploughing one of his fields, assured him that in two days he had not tasted food, and his appearance corroborated his statement. Further inquiries convinced him that the people who worked on his estate were always in a state of semi-starvation, and were little if any better off than in the old days of serfdom. He went to see Tolstoi, and under his advice studied the Bible. He then determined to give up the greater part of his estate to the people. His mother was exasperated, and appealed to the Government, on the ground that he was a crazy Socialist. He has been banished from the country and is now earning a livelihood in France. His name is Khilkoff.

Scripture Texts in Street Cars

On April 1, there were installed in the cars of the Third and Ninth Avenue "L" lines, New York, 129 choice texts of Scripture. Printed in blue, with a border of red, neat and attractive, they are speaking to the hearts of passengers, coming and going, the blessed Word of God. Philadelphia was the scene of a similar effort some years ago, with most gratifying results, and the same work has recently been inaugurated in Chicago. The situation of these texts among many advertisements serves to set off the sweetness and beauty of the Scripture assurances and invitations. The texts have been placed in the two lines mentioned at an expense of $254.00, which is mostly voluntary contributions from those who believe in using "guaranteed seed." This sum maintains the texts in the cars for three months (or until July 1st), and those who have the matter in hand are hoping that contributions will be sufficient to renew the contract and extend the work. W. C. Wentworth, 150 Nassau St., New York, the Secretary, will gladly furnish any information desired concerning this unique Gospel effort.

AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY

For Those Seeking a Most Desirable Investment

High Class Real Estate in the vicinity of **Greater New York** is offered [illegible] at an extremely low figure upon easy terms. A careful investigation of our properties is commended as an investment of safety and profit. **Our properties are at New York's threshold**, [illegible] from the great commercial and financial centres of the city.

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are **directly opposite Grant's Tomb and Riverside Drive**, the Georgian Court Estates of Manhattan and but 15 minutes distant. Macadam streets, flag walks, curb, water, gas, improved sewerage system. Beautiful parks completed and [illegible] in construction. Handsome schools and churches. [illegible] to N. Y. Station. Trolleys in operation and more contracted for.

65 new houses built in **GRANTWOOD** in the last 2 years and 2 at **MORSEMERE** within the last 6 months. Lots similar to those sold in 1899 for $450.00 now selling at $900.00. Values have doubled and almost doubled again in another 2 years.

107 Sat. MORSEMERE, $350 to $500. **AT GRANTWOOD**, $500 to $2,000, [illegible] lots 25 x 100 [illegible] as desirable for residential purposes as those sold for same price in Harlem or Bronx, in the upper part of New York City, ten years ago, which now bring from $4,000 to $50,000 each.

EASY PAYMENTS: $15 down and $5 monthly, for lots under $500.

These properties have already proved such profit possibilities, but to demonstrate our faith in their future increase, we will guarantee that if the actual increased value within two years from your purchase is not equal to 15 per cent. per annum on your cash investment (as determined by the price at which we are selling similar lots at that time) we will refund the entire cash paid us, with interest at 6 per cent.

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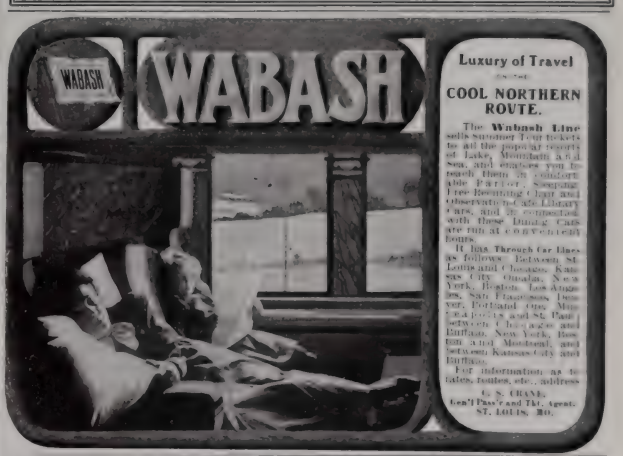

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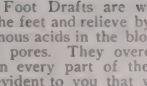

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Christian Influence on Political Life a Purifying and Elevating One

WHEN Christ told the people who were trying to entrap him to "render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, and to God the things that were God's," he laid down the principles of Christian citizenship that are to guide his followers for all time. The Christian is to be no plotter, no anarchist, no self-seeker. His ambition is to attain something far higher than place and power. He is a citizen of the Kingdom of God, and it is in the service of Christ that the rewards he prizes are to be attained. Realizing this fact, men have retired from the world into monasteries, and others, while mixing in the world, have held aloof from politics and affairs of government. But a clearer view of the Christian's duties has come with more education and intelligence. If the church is to be the salt of society, as Christ described it, the Christian must not shrink from civic duties. To absent himself from the polls, on the plea that politics involves contamination, is to surrender the right that he possesses and for the exercise of which he is responsible. There are political contests from which he is justified in holding aloof, if he finds that both parties are so corrupt that he cannot conscientiously support the candidates of either, but happily such conditions are becoming less common from year to year. There are indications in most of our cities and States of an increasing sense of right and justice and of the power of the public conscience. The attitude of the Christian community, the certainty that the votes of religious men will be cast in favor or against a certain policy, has to be taken into account by the politicians. The effect in many sections has been to purify politics, and, though much remains to be done everywhere, the trend is toward cleaner and better conditions. The good work should go on, and there is no better way than by the young people studying the principles of government and fitting themselves for public life. If they become able to think clearly and to speak sensibly, the influence of Christian character will give added weight to their utterances, and our politics, municipal, State and national, will be elevated.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and the Baptist Young People's Union for July 5. Gen. 41:38-42; Acts 7:35, 36; Daniel 6:1-4.

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DON'T worry if you cannot have
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Add sunshine unto life,
And have the greatest power to
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Look up to God to find his light
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Just look the other way.

And find the sunshine on beyond
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ISRAEL'S REJECTION OF GOD

The Change from a Theocracy to a Monarchy

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHEN one who is a spiritual man, and in a responsible position, makes a mistake, it is more easy for those who are less spiritual to make mistakes also. All the elders of Israel—*i.e.*, the representatives of the twelve tribes—gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel to Ramah, and said unto him, "Behold thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways. Now make us a king to judge us like all the nations." Samuel could have little foreseen that his failure would have led to such a step on the part of all Israel as represented by the heads of the tribes. Israel was the only people upon earth directly governed by God himself. Samuel had done the best which he could think of in appointing his sons assistant judges, but his privilege was not to do or to think, but to refer all to God, who was his king and director. The people took advantage, and threw away their allegiance to God as their King.

God had foreseen that this would happen (Deut. 17:14-20), but it was never his will; and when he who is the "mighty One of Israel" shall fully purge his people, he says, "I will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning" (Isa. 1:25, 30). Had his people trusted and obeyed him, he would have set them "on high above all the nations of the earth" (Deut. 27:1); but they did not value their high prerogative to be a separated people, and they must, as a people, eat the fruit of their own way before they will be ripe for the destiny which yet awaits them as a righteous people ruling over the whole earth. "Make us a king," they cried, "to judge us like all the nations." But the thing displeased Samuel, when they said, "Give us a king to judge us." And Samuel prayed unto the Lord. He saw in them the declension from God which they did not see. They wanted external power and external glory; they wanted to be equal to other nations, and to vie with them in military power.

How like this are the churches of the present day. Beautiful structures for the eyes of man; beautiful music for the ear of man; talented preaching to gratify the intellectual tastes of man, and in which man can vie with man; something external, something that the world can take account of and patronize! And what is there to attract the eye of God, to lead him to incline his ear? What is there which makes room for our unseen God to manifest himself and show forth his power and glory! What is there which is in accordance with the meek and lowly carpenter of Nazareth, whose pulpit was a fisherman's boat, or a mountain side; but who always brought his hearers into touch with the living God, and who left behind him forgiven sinners, broken hearts, humbled consciences, healed bodies, and transformed lives?

"Samuel prayed unto the Lord"; he did not repeat his mistake by taking things now into his own hands. And the Lord explained himself to his trusted servant. It was against his mind, for "He gave them a king in his anger" (Hos. 13:11); but he had a deep-laid purpose to teach his people, through their repeated mistakes, how unable they were to govern themselves. Their own will and way was fersely described in the solemn words: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help" (Hos. 13:9). The Lord said unto Samuel, "Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them." They virtually deposed God as their king! They believed they could do better for themselves, than God could or would do for them. "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, that I should not reign."

And yet, Samuel, thou has fellowship with me; thou dost understand me, and I understand thee. "According to all the works which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt, even unto this day, wherewith they have forsaken me, and served other gods; so do they also unto thee. Now, therefore, hearken unto their voice; howbeit, yet protest solemnly unto them, and show them the manner of the king that shall reign over them."

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ARCHIE EADIE sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in a small town in New Jersey. One morning last summer he eagerly watched a crowd of people boarding an excursion train for the big camp meetings at Ocean Grove, and he found that he was going with them. He had a little more than enough money for car fare, but nothing for board and spending money. Then an idea came to him. He wrote to the publishers of THE POST to add 100 copies to his order for that week and to send them to him at Ocean Grove. Two days later he was among those who boarded the excursion train.

When he got to Ocean Grove he found his copies waiting for him and started at once for the beach with a bundle of them. The knowledge that unless he sold the copies he would not have money to pay for his board gave extra vigor to his work. Up and down the boardwalk, into the pavilions, on the hotel porches and along the streets he went, offering the magazine. Wherever there was a crowd there was Archie. Late in the afternoon he went to the boarding house and engaged board for a week, tired but happy, for he had almost enough to pay the bill.

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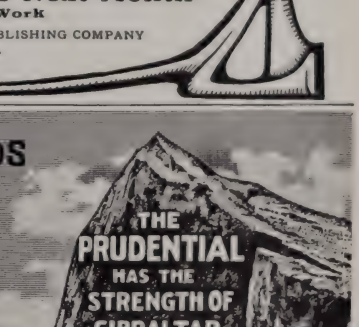

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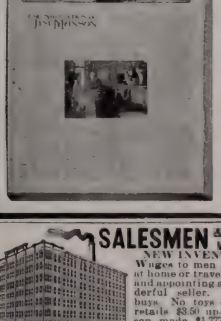

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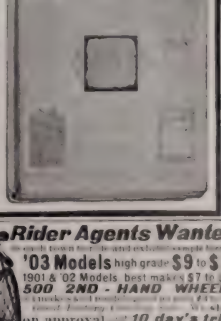

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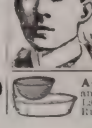

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BISHOP J. C. HARTZELL

A NATIVE VILLAGE IN ZAMBESIA

MISS NOLA F. B. E. HILLS

REDEEMING CHILD-SLAVES *IN* AFRICA

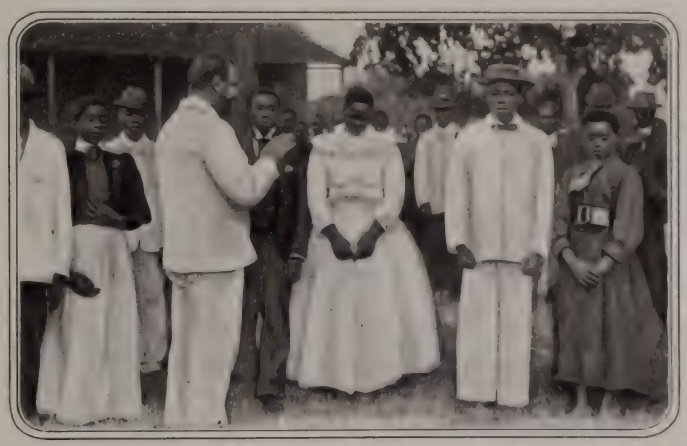
ALTHOUGH slavery, by the consent of the united Powers, has been officially abolished in Africa, that it still exists in many parts of the "Dark Continent" is made evident by the letters from missionaries that have lately come into the possession of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In Portuguese East Africa, for instance, it takes the form of "domestic slavery," and is practised by the natives themselves. Concerning the moral and physical evils that attend the system we shall let the writers of the letters speak. It is a system which calls loudly to the Christian Church for redress. It relates almost wholly to the children, and more especially to the girls.

Bishop J. C. Hartzell, the Methodist Missionary Bishop of Africa, following in the footsteps of the late Bishop Taylor, has nobly espoused the cause of child emancipation in Africa. The Rev. E. H. Richards, a missionary who has spent twenty-two years in the very heart of the field where the evil is strongest, stands side by side with the bishop in the child-saving crusade. There are, besides, many other missionaries who are intensely interested in the success of the movement, which will be felt in Zambesia, Angola, the Congo, Liberia, and wherever the natives still linger in the shadow of heathenism.

Describing the condition of the natives in the Inhambane district, Portuguese East Africa, Missionary Richards writes: "Polygamy is the common lot of man wherever he has the means of purchasing as many women as he will. The selling of daughters is a national, yea, a continental custom in Africa. This habit is denounced by most orthodox Christians, ignored by others, and sanctioned by a few. Essentially the custom is barbaric, and under civilized law or Gospel freedom, there is not the slightest excuse for its existence. As it exists here, the daughter is always the property of someone, either her father or nearest relative, who cares for the daughter after the heathen fashion till she is sought for as the wife of some one, of any age or any condition, provided the suitor has the common market price with which to purchase her.

"After years of observation, we are persuaded that sale is the proper term to use. The girl must be wed, willing or otherwise, whenever the father is willing to take the price; and, in all our experience, we have yet to see the parent who ever refused the first cash offered for his daughter, whether by youth or octogenarian (we are not speaking of Christian natives). We could bring into evidence six native women who would have been sold into helpless polygamy for life, had not the Christian people of America come to the rescue and paid the redeeming fee, and they are free. These are now Christian women, and every one, without exception, is a glory to our Mission and an honor to those followers of Christ, who retained for them their liberty. There are other cases, in which our Mission is carefully guarding the timid but trusting native young Christian girls, and will pay the redemption fee rather than see them sold into heathen polygamy. These girls may be redeemed at any time, if the Mission is ready to pay, for the heathen fathers are only anxious for the cash for their own flesh and blood. They have no farther thought. They may repel all Christian teaching, despise the missionary and hate the Christians, but, should the Mission offer the price, they will cheerfully surrender their children, with no question as to what shall become of them thereafter.

"These are undeniable facts, and worth study on the part of those who may consider this plan of caring for a heathen rather than any other child. We repeat it with emphasis, all the children now dwelling among the raw heathen are worthy of Christian mediation. They are all worth saving."



MISSIONARY RICHARDS CONDUCTING A NATIVE WEDDING AT INHAMBANE

This is the key to the situation. It has long been the conviction of Christian missionaries that, in order to evangelize Africa, we must begin with the children. Adult conversion follows, usually after a long and laborious effort, whereas the impressionable hearts of the children are quickly won. They yield to kindness and to Gospel teaching as no adult can do. If the child can be taken completely out of its heathen surroundings, and trained and educated at a Christian Mission, its moral and spiritual nature is developed, it acquires habits of order and industry, it receives a sort of life education, and, in a majority of cases, it ultimately goes out to its own people as an earnest worker for souls.

Bishop Hartzell, Missionary Richards and their associates, are now making a strenuous effort in the direction of child-adoption in Africa by the redemption plan. Hundreds of native heathen children are available for this purpose at the present moment. If the funds were provided, two hundred children could be taken out of their raw heathen surroundings, "redeemed" from slavery and adopted into the Mission home, where they would be trained and nurtured in the Gospel, and taught the usages of civilization. Behind these, in Zambesia alone, Mr. Richards writes, are two hundred other children, and these constitute only the fringe of a dense heathen population, which includes millions of little heathen boys and girls. To save the land, and bring it into the glorious Gospel light, we must begin with the children.

Bishop Hartzell has written for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this interesting description of the present condition of the natives in many parts of Africa:

"Domestic slavery is an established institution among all of the natives of Africa. You see it everywhere. You see women, with their waiting-men going with them to carry their effects, and to make a couch for them when they sleep, and to look after them.

"One particular case was that of a man named Bernardo and his wife. They had a slave girl. Bernardo is a most remarkable native, and the presiding elder of our missionaries could not handle him on this question. They discussed the matter with him, and both he and his wife said, 'We will not give up this slave.' A Southern slaveholder before the American Civil War could not have argued his case more thoroughly. So I had them go over it. I wrote them, after a little while, that they would have to give up the slave. Finally they gave her up. I said, 'You cannot be a slave holder and be in this Christian work, because the rank and file are looking to you as an example.' So they went away, and came back in an hour or so with a letter something like this:

"'In the year 1885, Bishop William Taylor came, and under him we received Jesus Christ. Now Bishop J. C. Hartzell comes, and we desire to remain Christians in the Kingdom of God, and we give up our slave.'

"That is an illustration of the struggle we are going through, away out among the black people. In taking care of the children, of course, we take care of the work.

"Here is a black man, his wife and child, and with them twelve, fifteen, or twenty acres. We can increase the work if we have the buildings. In another direction we have a large section of land, and I am going to ask the King of Portugal for six thousand acres.

NATIVE AFRICAN DRUMS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 568

From the famous historical painting by Dumaresq.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

A Sermon by Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

WHEN a child is born, the attending physician makes out a birth certificate. This important document is sent to the fireproof building, where are preserved the county records. The omission of this certificate, or the improper filing of the same, might cause inestimable damage. Years hence, the lack of it might disinherit the child of large property interests, and involve many would-be heirs in interminable legal strife.

But though the birth certificate of an individual may be vigilantly guarded, it is not so carefully preserved as is the birth certificate of a nation. Then the sentimental as well as the intrinsic value place it above the price of silver and gold. If possible, it is carefully housed within the sacred hall wherein the nation was born. The paper upon which is written the Declaration of Independence, is the American nation's birth certificate. Other nations came to recognition by the slow processes of evolution, but the United States of America sprang into existence in a day, and this Declaration announced to an astonished world on July Fourth, 1776, the birth of a new member of the family of nations. As the young King Alphonso XIII. of Spain, having been born after the death of his father, has the unique distinction among sovereigns of being born a king, so the American Goddess of Liberty, at her first appearance, took her place in the world as a sovereign. The document in which she declared her sovereignty and her rights constituted the old Independence Hall of Philadelphia the most sacred building in American history, since within its walls is that sacred birth-chamber in which was first rocked the cradle of this new-born national infant. It publishes to the world that the men who signed their names at the foot of that immortal document, penned by Thomas Jefferson, in the little three-story red-brick house, still standing at the corner of Seventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, were the attending witnesses, whose testimony gave validity to that national birth certificate.

Text: Psalm 106: 5
That I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation

A Momentous Document

The Declaration of Independence as a document is our theme to-day. I am going to lay down upon my pulpit-desk a facsimile of this immortal paper. I do this for two reasons. First, it is the last Sabbath preceding our National Independence Day, hence it is fitting and appropriate for patriotic themes. The second reason is, that a few weeks ago, after the death of a very dear friend, the facsimile of the Declaration of Independence which I now place before you came into my possession. I have read it over and over again. I have read it in the chirography of Thomas Jefferson and in the handwriting with which the attending statesmen signed it. I have read it with all its corrections and interlineations. I have read it with entirely different feelings from those with which I used to regard it, when it came to me in cold and unimpassioned type. This most sacred document of American history appears to me in an entirely new aspect, and from it to-day I would glean some new moral deductions for the every-day struggles of our practical lives.

The Declaration of Independence was the startling culmination of manly intolerance of injustice. The document was not, as some people suppose, the result of a long and carefully-planned conspiracy extending over many years. It seemed rather to have been the outgrowth of the moment. It was the crystallization of sentiments, the results of which but few men could foresee. The British ministry had not anticipated it, neither had the American people. When the First Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, on September 5, 1774, there was probably not one prominent leader in all America who wished for national independence, with the sole exception, possibly, of Samuel Adams, of Boston. "Before the 17th of April, 1775," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "I had never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from the mother country." "When I first took command of the army, July 3d, 1775, I abhorred the idea of independence," wrote George Washington in one of his letters, "but I am now convinced that nothing else will save us." All that the American Colony wished from England was not separation, but justice.

Immortal Principles

The two countries, in every essential part of their make up, were one. They spoke the same language. Many families had brothers and sisters, and other relatives in both countries. The children of prominent Americans were, for the most part, educated in English schools, where they were taught to reverence the British king. When Richard Henry Lee arose on the memorable 7th of June, 1776, and read the following resolution: "Resolved, that these United Colonies are and of a right ought to be free and independent States, and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown," his own boy was at that time attending an English school. This American youth, some weeks later, was standing beside one of his teachers, when a visitor asked, "Who is that boy?" "He is the son of Richard Henry Lee," was the teacher's answer. Then the visitor placed his hand upon the lad's shoulder, and said, "Boy! we shall yet see your father's head upon Tower Hill!" To this the son replied, "Yes! you may have it when you get it!" If Richard Henry Lee for years had been conspiring for American independence, he would never have sent his son across the sea, to be educated under the domination and influence of the English Throne. The Declaration of American Independence was written and signed as a last resort, and because the British ministry would not listen to American petitions. It was written because King George with the fatuity of royal and imperial natures, imagined that he had the right to enforce his will on a people as resolute as himself. He believed that it was for him to command, and for them to obey, and that their protest against taxation without representation, was wicked rebellion against divinely constituted authority. It was written, because our forefathers believed that in a struggle for right and justice, God would be on their side, though they had to contend with a foe more powerful than themselves.

Standing here, in this year of grace, 1903, with our hands upon this venerable and sacred scroll, we may learn the mighty lesson that the really true, the great, the omnipotent and enduring government, is not that which rules by force of arms, but by the all-conquering power of justice, and of justice alone. This is

The Historical Teaching

of England's irreparable mistake in the year 1776. We have now a great nation, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes. A nation of over seventy million souls. But our people will remain a great nation only so long as they are an honorable and an honored people. Beware of the legislation that would make one law for the rich man, and another for the poor man. Beware of the law that would send an ignorant criminal to prison, and yet permit a brutally selfish coal baron to traffic in child labor. Beware of a social condition which makes it possible for capital to starve and grind down labor, while labor, with an honest heart, is ready to give capital a full day's work for a fair day's wage. Our laws should tolerate neither tyranny of capital nor tyranny of labor, but should afford equal protection to both, and facilitate mutuality of interests and friendly relations between them. It is only when a government honestly tries to administer equal justice and afford equal protection to all its subjects, that it gathers the robes of immortality about its loins. When a government, by unwise laws and administrative neglect, makes possible the enslavement or oppression of its seemingly helpless ones, such a government is paving the way for its own disintegration. Had King George III. been a wise ruler, and had Britain tried to be as just to the thirteen colonies in 1776, as she is honestly trying to be to her colonies at the present time, our country might have remained the brightest jewel in the British crown. Would that our own land, profiting by this great lesson, so closely interwoven with our national birth and childhood, might always be just to the helpless, the weak and the poor, as well as to the rich, the influential and the strong.

The strength of our present government is due to the fact, that it tries to be just to all its people, irrespective of class. "Ours is a government," said Theodore Roosevelt in a recent speech, "of liberty through and under the law. No man is above it, and no man is below it The crime of the cunning, the crime of greed, the crime

f violence, all are equally crimes, and against them all ike, the law must set its face. This is not, and never hall be, a government of the plutocracy or of the mob. is, as it has been, and as it will be, a government of e people, including alike the people of great wealth, moderate wealth, the people who employ others, the eople who are employed—including them all, protect- g each and every one, if he acts decently and square- , and discriminating against any one, if he does not act quarely and fairly, if he does not obey the law. While all eople are foolish if they violate the law, or rebel against wicked as well as foolish, but all foolish, yet the most oolish man in this Republic is the man of wealth who omplains because the law is administered with impartial stice." May God always continue to give to us for e office of Chief Executive, men who are Presidents the whole people, who will see that the Government not a Wall street hireling, or a gigantic monopolizing usts' employee; who will protect rich as well as poor, lack as well as white, Jew as well as Gentile, woman's rtue as well as man's honor; who will not cringe to a ass, but who will protect all honest people alike!

Historic Names

The Declaration of Independence proves the power f inherited character. I am not nearly so much im- ressed with the surnames which have been placed at he foot of this important document, as I am by the mily names themselves. When I mention certain mes, there seems to cluster about them many other mes. John Adams! Who was he? "He was our colos- s in debate," wrote Jefferson. But as I speak the name f John Adams, I speak also of Samuel Adams, John uincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, Senior and unior, and other Adamses who have added lustre to he Adams' name. When I speak the name of Richard lenry Lee, who prepared the famous resolution, the utcome of which was this Declaration of Independence, see a great number of Virginia Lees passing before he: Arthur, and Francis Lightfoot, and Robert Ed ard, and Fitzhugh, and greatest of all, Robert E. Lee, e "Pride of the South," and the loved and honored of he North. When I speak the name of Benjamin Har- ison, another signer, we find him the father of William I. Harrison, the ninth president of the United States, nd the great grandfather of Benjamin Harrison, the wenty-third president of the United States. The name f Philip Livingston, among the signers, suggests those f Robert R., and Edward, and William. Roger Sher- an, who was one of the great speakers at this conven- ion, was a member of the distinguished Connecticut amily of that name, among whose descendants is the resent able Senator from Massachusetts, George Fris- ie Hoar. Elbridge Gerry's name suggests not one Elbridge Gerry, but many Elbridges. Morris not only neans Lewis Morris, but also that of his great brother, Gouverneur Morris. The recounting of these family names alone would prove conclusively that there is

Something in Heredity

When a man is of good ancestral stock, it is not as dif- icult for him to be good or great as if he were born a nobody, the grandson and the great grandson of nobodies.

My friends, in whose veins flows the blood of ancestors who fought at Bunker Hill, and Brandywine, and Saratoga, and Princeton, shall you not serve your coun- try as nobly and faithfully as did the soldier boys and the statesmen of 1776 and 1783? Can it be that we, whose forefathers had so glorious a share in the struggle for national independence, shall ourselves have no part, no honora- ble position in the struggles that are going on in 1903, to keep our nation pure, and good, and true? In olden times, the Scottish youths were inspired to deeds of valor by the knowledge that they were members of the clan MacGregor, or Campbell, or Stuart, or McCoy. They were inspired with the determination never to disgrace the family name. It is recorded that in one of the northern battles, the MacGregors were being driven back. Their chief rallied his fol- lowers and led them forth to a victori- ous charge, with the cry, "My men, come on! Come on! Fight like brave men! Your ancestors are to-day watch- ing you." So let us be brave and true to America's best interests, not only for our own sakes, but also for the sake of those illustrious ancestors who are watching us. Let this national anniver- sary be to us a day of consecration to the cause of right and freedom. As the mother of Hannibal led her son to the grave of Hamilcar, his sire, and there made him swear unceasing war against the enemies of his country, so may we, remembering the graves of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, pledge ourselves anew to the struggle against the evils which menace the greatness and righteousness of the na- tion that they established.

The Declaration of Independence is an encouraging assurance that, in every crisis of our country's history, God, if we trust Him, will always raise up the right men for the right place. Who was Thomas Jefferson, the penman of the Declaration of Independence? "Oh," you answer, "he was one of the greatest Americans who ever lived. He was the third President of the United States. He was a man at whose mental acumen and noble, patriotic purposes, the more you study him the more you marvel. He was not a cringing politician, but a statesman who could discern the future with the far seeing eyes of a prophet and a seer." True; all that you say in reference to the sage of Monticello is true. There was not at the time of his death a name more revered than that of Thomas Jefferson. But who was Thomas Jefferson in 1776? He was only thirty- three years of age. He had just entered public life, and had become a member of the Virginia delegation but a few months before. In the realm of debate, he could not be classed among the great advocates. John Adams, Roger Sherman, Oliver Walcott, Lee, and George Wythe. As a writer, he had no such influence in fostering the independence idea as had Samuel Adams. For the most part, in the deliberations of the Continental Congress, he sat as a sphinx with closed lips. Yet, because Richard Henry Lee had proposed the resolution of Secession, and also because Lee was compelled to absent himself from Congress, on account of his sick wife, and, as Congress wanted to honor Virginia, by appointing a Virginian in Lee's place, this master-mind, the young and comparatively unknown Thomas Jefferson, was pushed forward, and he became the author of the famous Declaration of Independence.

I repeat, in the great crisis of national affairs, God, if we only trust him, will give us the right men for the right places. Did he not give the right man for the right place when he gave Thomas Jefferson as the writer of this immortal document? Did he not give the right man for the right place, when George Wash- ington became the head of the American armies? Did not God give the right man for the right place, when, at the breaking out of the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln became President of the United States? Did not God give us the right man for the right place, when William McKinley sat in the White House, and calmly and bravely guided the affairs of State during the Spanish- American trouble? And shall not God raise up and inspire our future leaders, if the American people are a Godly nation, and look to him for Divine guidance?

Signed by Heroes

But reading again between the lines of this immortal document, I see in it the evidence of God-given courage. There is a solemnity and a heroism in its utterances, which come only from faith in God, and dependence upon him. The men who signed this paper were brave men. The last few words which Thomas Jefferson wrote at the end of the last page, indicate their cour- age. "And for the support of this Declaration, we mu- tually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." They pledged their lives. Each man knew that the signing of this document, which, a few hours later, was publicly read by John Nixon, from the balcony of the State House, made each one of the signers, a traitor in the eyes of England, and a fit subject for the gibbet and Tower Hill. Yet when John Hancock knew that he might be signing his own death warrant, he picked up his pen and wrote in large, bold letters his name, "John Hancock." "Now as he put down his pen, he remarked, "There my name is large enough that King George will be able to read it with- out spectacles."

The signers pledged their fortunes, as well as their lives. Had the Insurrection been a failure, their per- sonal properties would have been confiscated. When the millionaire, Charles Carroll, signed the Declaration, a bystander flippantly remarked, "There goes a few mil- lions of dollars if the cause is unsuccessful." Yes, as dead in earnest was Carroll in the cause of Amer- ican liberty, that lest his name should be confounded with that of another Charles Carroll he specified and individualized his name as he signed it: "Charles Car- roll, of Carrollton."

The Congress at Prayer

But while the members of the Continental Congress of 1776 were brave men, they were also as a class, praying men. True courage and consecration are brothers. They were men who believed in God. They were men who, down upon their knees, reverently and earnestly and intensely sought divine light. In the famous historical picture, the members of the second Continental Congress are shown on their knees in prayer. To the Christian American student that picture ought to be the most impressive historical painting ever hung in legislative hall, or in foreign or domestic art gallery. I have seen the noted war pictures of Berlin and Dresden. I have seen the form of Emperor William the First in many scenes, flanked by Von Moltke, and the nation's hero, Prince Bismarck. In Paris, I have seen the Napoleonic pictures, and in London the war pictures of Waterloo, where the pale faced Wellington immovably sits his horse, watching the destruction of the French grenadiers. But in all the art galleries of the world there is no his- torical picture that, to my mind, is so impressive, so significant, so full of inspiration as that historic picture of the Continental Congress in prayer.

Most of the members of that Congress came from praying Christian homes. They assembled in the spring and summer of 1776 to take the most momentous step which the citizens of any country can take. It was no light or trivial act to renounce allegiance to King George and to defy the power of the British Govern- ment. These men well knew the consequences in- volved in such a step, and realized the necessity of hav- ing divine guidance. One of the members arose and moved that a prominent Episcopalian minister of Phila- delphia should be sent for and asked to lead the mem- bers in prayer to God. Samuel Adams, I think it was, seconded that motion. He said in substance, "I am not an Episcopalian, but I am not a bigot. I feel that God's hand must lead us in this national crisis. I sec- ond the motion." The motion was carried. The next day this Episcopalian minister came to the legislative hall. He came in full canonical robes. All the mem- bers knelt. I can well believe that all must have joined in the prayer that the God of the Armies of Moses and of Joshua would lead and guide them. How on any other assumption can we explain their dauntless cour- age? It would have been sheer temerity for those men to sign that Declaration, unless they had believed that God would be with them in the struggle that must ensue. And their faith was justified by the result. The God who heard the pleading of the Israelites in the Wilder- ness heard the prayers of that Conti- nental Congress. In his providence England was not left free to use her strength in crushing the infant nation. The life and death struggle in which she had to engage nearer home curtailed her power, and to that fact, due to the over- ruling mercy of God, our forefathers owed their success. O, my fellow coun- trymen, let us on this anniversary ex- ercise the faith that our fathers had in the God of nations. May we continue to pray as our ancestors prayed in 1776, and in 1812, and in 1861. May we feel as a nation that our God will listen to our petitions, whether lifted in church pulpit or in the legislative hall.

Thus, on this glorious National holi- day, I want you to take the Declaration of Independence, which is our birth certificate, and place it between the leaves of your Bible. There may it speak to us as Christian citizens and as individuals. While it reminds us of the patriotism and sublime heroism of our fathers, may it also remind us of the obligation devolving upon us to redeem our beloved land from the plague of sin, and to promote, as far as in us lies, the righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. And as individuals may it re- mind us of our high privileges as citi- zens in the kingdom of God. When assailed by temptation and by the evil that would submerge us in unrighteous- ness, may we remember the Declaration of Independence which Christ signed for us with his own blood, and realize in our own lives the truth of his words, "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

House in which Jefferson Wrote the Declaration of Independence

Since the official announcement that the Declaration of Independence, having begun to fade, would be retired forever from public view hereafter, there has been a great revival of patriotic interest in the subject. It does not seem to have occurred to the American mind, that the glorious "Charter of our Liberties"—penned by Jefferson and adopted by the Continental Congress and signed by the Im- mortals, who, when they appended their names, flung their lives into the balance—could become so dim with age as to be well nigh illegible, yet such is the case. But, fortunately, the grand Declaration while it was yet clear and legible, was reproduced by authority of the State Department. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in possession of two of these authorized facsimiles, and it has **reproduced them in the identical form, size and tint of the original Declaration itself.** This priceless memento of our Nation's Independence should be in the hands of every American, old or young. It is a really beautiful work of art, 26 x 31 inches, and it is accompanied by a pamphlet, which tells in graphic language the story of the Declaration, with the portraits of the signers and the history of "Old Glory"—the birth of our Nation's Flag. Altogether, a most timely and appropriate souvenir, which should be hung up in every patriotic home on the morning of July Fourth. Send two new short-term coupon subscribers at 50 cents, from July 1 to the end of 1903, and thus earn the above superb Premium.

The Pathos *of the* Great Western Floods

MR. GEO. STUMPF, HEAD OF RELIEF WORK — HOLDING RELIGIOUS SERVICES ON THE TENT GROUNDS, KANSAS CITY, KAN. — CHIEF OF POLICE, ZIMMER

IN the great floods which swept along the territory bordering the Missourf, Mississippi, and Kansas Rivers, there were many pathetic incidents. Men displayed the heroism of romance and tragedy; women were as valiant as the men, and the bravery of even childhood was shown. The charity of mankind was severely tested. There was no tiring of the doing of good deeds; no laggards who hung back in the work of rescue.

During the flood that destroyed Venice, and Granite, and Madison City, and inundated East St. Louis, the writer visited the places named as the flood receded. At East St. Louis, the women and children clung to their husbands and fathers when the rescue boats came to their doors, giving the oft repeated reply to the life-savers: "Our homes are here. It is all we have in the world. We will stay here another day." The following morning, when the floods had driven them into the second story, they still held out, and it was not until many were forced to the roofs that they were willing to take to the boats for rescue.

In Madison City, a small manufacturing town, the shops kept on until the waters put out the fires. Workers remained at the post of duty even while the waters of the Mississippi crept slowly toward their homes. A sturdy young workman in one of the factories at Venice was sent to St. Louis for provisions. He kissed his wife and children farewell, and told them to remain indoors while he was absent. Danger surrounded him on all sides. As he was crossing the Merchant's Bridge upon the return trip, he was met by fleeing refugees, who said his family had been swept down stream by a sudden rise of the current.

Heroic work was done in East St. Louis the day and night previous to its complete inundation. A heavy wind sprang up and carried the angry waves of the river against the dikes thrown up to protect the city. A thousand volunteers turned out. Among these were fifty or more society women of East St. Louis. Thousands of sacks of sand were thrown against the improvised dikes. At dusk it looked as if the battle was won. But the women remained in the cook shacks along the waters' edge, and the men brought torches and stuck them in the earth along the dike front. Patrols were arranged and it was thought wise to wait and watch. It was a night of terror in the city of forty thousand souls. Shortly after midnight came the great break. A quick lunge was made toward the space which had been forced apart by the waves, and it was found that four feet of water was pouring through upon the unprotected city. The cry of warning was sounded in the night. The rush of waters was outdone by the blowing of whistles and the ringing of bells. Women and children were bundled upon Eads' bridge and told to escape to St. Louis; the men remained behind. From midnight until break of dawn the great bridge was lined with refugees, thinly clad and crying in fear. The lower section of St. Louis having been awakened by the cries of danger, opened house and cared for the homeless. Many of the women left their little ones with friends and returned to the East side, to save, if possible, some of the household effects and warn the husbands and fathers to come away in time.

REFUGEES IN TENTS

A most pathetic incident of the great flood was the birth of a baby to a mother of the poorer class in the East St. Louis lowly district. The husband was forced to work along the dike as a paid laborer to buy food for his wife, and was so employed at the time of the break in the levee. He rushed to save his wife, after the flood had destroyed the dike upon which he toiled. He was barely in time to grasp her and the new-born child into his arms and rush them across the river, before the waters had swallowed up his little home. The mother and child, strange to relate, did not die of exposure, although their ultimate fate was lost track of by the newspapers in the excitement of the tragedy that floated over the entire city. WM. R. DRAPER.

Relief work is progressing favorably at Kansas City, Topeka, Venice, Madison, Granite City, and other points where the recent inundations caused the greatest suffering. Our photographs on this page show scenes in Topeka during the floods, and will enable the reader to form an impression of the condition of a city under water.

From the Mayor of Argentine, Kan., we have received this appeal:

This is a place of 6,500 people. The recent flood rendered 3,000 homeless. The population is composed of laboring people. Hundreds lost their houses, furniture and clothing. Some have not a change of clothing. One-half of the stores in town are filled with water to the ceilings. The water entered the second story of many of the houses and completely submerged cottages. The mud is a foot deep in the houses and on the streets. It has an odor, and must cause sickness. We need help to remove the mud, cleanse the sewers, repair the houses and care for the sick. D. E. CLOPPER, *Mayor*.

Contributions for the sufferers sent to this journal will be forwarded to Topeka, Kansas City, and Argentine.

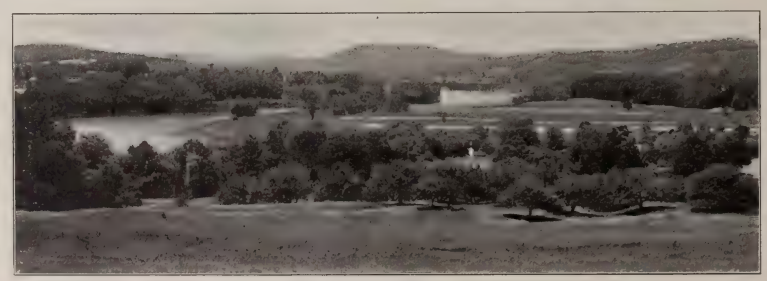
Northfield's Coming Meetings

HOW real, in all essential matters, is the union among Christ's people, may be seen by the programme now issued for the season, at Northfield, Mass. It is exceptionally rich in the number and eminence of the men who will conduct the meetings; but the conspicuous feature of it, which must impress all who see it, is the variety in the creeds and nationalities and spheres of work to which they belong. Apart from the good that is done at Northfield every year; besides the stimulus imparted there to the spiritual life of those who attend and, afterwards, carry the blessing far and wide, there is the great and impressive lesson which the programme presents of men differing so widely in so many ways, being drawn together by a common love of their Lord, and a common desire to attain higher development in efficiency of service. It shows how rapidly the spirit of love and brotherhood in Christ is growing, when such assemblies as those that will gather at Northfield this summer can be held.

The late Dean Stanley used to tell a story, which he called "Wesley's dream." It was that Wesley dreamed he was permitted to approach the gate of heaven, and that he asked if there were any Calvinists within, and was answered in the negative. Were there any Roman Catholics, and again the answer was, "No." There were Episcopalians, surely? But he was told there were not. Any Congregationalists or Baptists? No. Were those who had been admitted to the blessed abode all Wesleyans then? Still the answer was in the negative; there were no Wesleyans there. Who, then, had attained the coveted privilege of entering there? The reply was that all the inmates were Christians.

Northfield has that characteristic among others in its resemblance to heaven upon earth. Baptists stand side by side with Episcopalians, Presbyterians with Methodists and Congregationalists with them all. And there are no national prejudices which separate the Christians one from another. Besides the American hosts, there are representatives of Canada, England, Germany, France and Japan. In their work, too, there is a still more extensive reach. When, in August, the Conference of Christian Workers is held, there will be present missionaries from heathen lands, who will be able to tell their brethren of the triumphs of the Cross in strange countries and among alien peoples, with whom, by long years of labor, they have identified themselves. Northfield has seen many interesting gatherings in past years, but none more interesting than those which will be seen there this season.

One of the foreign teachers, who is a newcomer at Northfield and will be sure of a hearty welcome, is the Rev. Reginald Campbell, who has succeeded Dr. Joseph Parker at the London City Temple. The young man who has stepped by a single bound into the leadership of British Nonconformity is a man of striking personality. His utterances are as sententious as those of his illustrious predecessor, and there is a sweet, loving, sympathetic tone in them that carries them straight to the heart. His coming is anticipated with intense interest. Another Englishman whose fame has preceded him is the great Samuel Chadwick, known far and wide as "Chadwick, of Leeds." With them comes Rev. George Jackson, of Edinburgh; Prof. Orr, of Glasgow, and Rev. Griffith Thomas, Rector of St. Paul's, Portman Square, London. All these men have a high reputation in Great Britain, not only for scholarship and mental ability, but for deep spirituality and devotion.



THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY—VIEW AT NORTHFIELD

The rich list of Europeans, however, does not mean a dearth of Americans on the Northfield platform. The contrary is true. The rapid growth of the attendance at Northfield has heralded similar increase in the number of speakers. A partial list of the men who will speak there includes: Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Yale University; Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, East Northfield; Mr. Robert E. Speer, New York; Mr. John R. Mott, New York; Rev. Cleland B. McAffee, Chicago; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Chicago; Rev. H. C. Mabie, D.D., Boston, Mass.; Dr. W. F. McDowell, New York; Miss Margaret Slattery, Fitchburg, and Pres. Mary Woolley, of Mt. Holyoke College.

The specific dates for the larger conferences are: World's Student Conference, June 26 to July 5; Northfield Summer Bible School, July 1 to July 29; Young Women's Conference, July 7 to July 15; General Conference for Christian Workers, July 31 to Aug. 16; Post Conference Addresses, Aug. 18 to Sept. 20.

OPENING DAY *AT* MONT-LAWN

Our Beautiful Children's Home Once More Filled with Little Tenement Waifs

IF those of our readers who have become personally interested in our Fresh-air work at Mont-Lawn and have contributed towards its success, could have seen the Home on its opening day last week they would indeed have been gratified. Never has Mont-Lawn looked prettier than this summer; never has the grass looked greener, the cool shade of the tall pines and maples more inviting, or the great dormitories sweeter, cleaner or whiter than now. Over two hundred children were now accommodated there, under the care of a corps of trained Christian workers, among whom are several who have been in the missionary field, while all have had more or less experience in religious work.

It would be hard indeed to picture a more delighted party of children than those who formed the first group of arrivals at the Home. After the sail up the Hudson on the steamer *Chrystenah*, they reached the Home by four stages in time to do justice to a wholesome and appetizing supper, which Housemother Collins and her staff of workers had prepared for them. To many of these children it was their first experience in the country, and the green fields, the flowers, the waving foliage, the songs of the birds were all subjects of wondering comment. In the party some half-a-dozen different nationalities were represented; but our little folks were on common ground in the childish enjoyment of the delightful outing which had been provided for them through the liberality of the good readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A programme of unusual interest is planned for the Fourth, which is always a memorable day at Mont-Lawn. Everything is made to give place to the fullest enjoyment on that day. There will be the always delightful patriotic exercise, "The Raising of The Flag," the march to the little chapel, and the singing of patriotic songs, then a frolic at various games and the swings, a royal dinner in honor of the holiday, little recitations by the children, and, in the evening, a fine display of fireworks furnished by Dr. Klopsch for the amusement of our little guests. A number of the friends and patrons of the Home have been invited to attend the Fourth celebration at Mont-Lawn, and these will share the pleasure of the children on that occasion.

This year there is a new and very charming addition to the enjoyment of our little guests at Mont-Lawn. It is a "Children's Garden"—a real, natural kindergarten—in which there are little beds of flowering plants and hardy annuals. These little garden patches, which have been all nicely prepared in advance, and now look like a variegated floral checkerboard, are for the children themselves. Our wee tenement lads and lasses are to be the gardeners, and with their diminutive tools they will spend many a pleasant hour this summer among their posies—of course, under a capable instructor, who can tell them just what to do. Bouquets and boutonnières are in constant demand among the children, who never tire of gathering the wildflowers that bloom in abundance around Mont-Lawn. Their own little garden patches will supplement these very prettily this year.

In a spiritual sense, Mont-Lawn is itself a great kindergarten, where the good seed is sown every summer, much of which has already borne fruit. It is expected that nearly three thousand tenement children will be sheltered and fed at the Home this season. Simple religious instruction is a prominent feature of the work, and as in past years, every effort will be made to reach the hearts of those dear little ones and to plant there the seeds of Divine truth which shall influence their entire lives.

Contributions in aid of our Fresh Air Home will be welcomed and duly acknowledged. It costs $5 to send a slum child to the Home for ten days, and $21 will endow a little white cot at Mont-Lawn for the entire season (with the good donor's name framed above it). Gifts of clothing may be sent to Housemother Collins at the Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y. Contributions of money should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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A Friend, S Weer 3 00
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A Friend, Spring 3 00
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A Friend of 1 00
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A Friend of 1 00
A Friend, Mt 2 00
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I H S 1 00
In 2 00
A Friend, Passaic 1 00
Reader, Vine 2 00

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Benediction on Murder

ONE of the items of news that comes from Servia referring to the recent murder of the king and queen of that country, cannot be regarded otherwise than as ominous for the future of the people. It appears that the two legislative assemblies, with the chief officers of the army, went in state to the Cathedral of Belgrade, to attend a thanksgiving service, at which the *Te Deum* was sung. The chief bishop of Servia officiated and made an address, in which, while deploring the necessity for the assassinations, he "thanked the army for what it had done, and praised its behavior."

What can be expected of a country in which the principal religious authority, speaking in a church dedicated to Christ, can speak of the "necessity" for assassination? There is reason to fear that the people of that country will learn a most pernicious lesson from such words. They may be recalled whenever a king or a statesman becomes unpopular; and men in private life may remember them when some rival or enemy arouses their resentment. Necessity for assassination there can never be, and the use of the words by a minister of religion is a direct encouragement to lawlessness.

Lest any doubt might exist as to the bishop's meaning, he went so far as to applaud the perpetrators of the foul and cowardly murders, and to thank them for committing them. There have been occasions when justice demanded that the life of a ruler of a country should be taken, and we can understand that no harm might be done to the moral sense of a country by bringing such ruler to trial, and executing him under process of law. But that men should be praised for committing cold-blooded murders is not only wicked, but is foolish, and must inevitably lead to a contempt for law, which is degrading to a civilized nation and menacing to its future welfare.

The "Get-Rich-Quick" Mania

IT is astonishing to what an extent the passion for acquiring wealth quickly and easily has spread within the last few years. Recent developments, in connection with the Post Office investigation now in progress, have revealed the fact that the mails have been used by a very large number of bogus syndicates and get-rich-quick concerns, without the slightest effort being made to check their criminal schemes for fleecing the unwary. In this way, and by means of advertising, the plunderers who prey upon the credulity of the ignorant, the covetous, and the simple, have reaped a rich harvest. They have numbered their victims by the tens of thousands. Now, however, it would seem that tardy justice is at last thoroughly aroused and on their track. Let us hope, for the sake of public morality, no less than for the protection of the innocent and unsuspecting, who are the victims of these plunderers, that the riddance will be sweeping and permanent.

It is undeniable that the secret desire to accumulate riches is almost universal, and it is true, moreover, that a very great majority are not especially scrupulous concerning the source from which the wished-for wealth may come. This the get-rich-quick swindler knows; he is a good judge of human nature, and knows how to bait his trap to take advantage of its weakness. From his den in New York, or some other busy centre, he sends out broadcast, by letter and newspaper advertisement, his dazzling propositions, showing how the farmer, the artisan, the country minister, the physician, the struggling shopkeeper, the clerk, the widow with a small pittance left by her dead husband, may double, treble, quadruple their little capital in a twinkling, "by our absolutely safe method and without risk"—all specious lies, of course, yet readily swallowed by the poor dupes, whose judgment is blinded by their hot desire for wealth. With these swindlers, letter-writing is a fine art; for their letters are cleverly worded, and while holding out the most alluring possibilities to the receivers, are carefully guarded, so that the writer may escape any legal responsibility for the same.

The circulars they send out make a powerful appeal to the avarice of the credulous, and they succeed wonderfully. For a loan of $10.00 they will promise to pay in return $1.00 a week. For $50.00 they will pay $5.00. But they only make these payments to induce foolish people to plunge still more heavily. As a result, multitudes of men and women impoverish their homes, while others even steal money from their employers and friends to speculate. The temptation is so great for the time that many persons become money-mad. Thus every get-rich-quick concern is a generator of crime and suicide. In one year one of these "syndicates" pocketed no less than $2,000,000. When the exposure and the final crash came, hundreds of people—if not thousands—were made penniless. And a number of the victims, when they saw the inevitable ruin they had brought on themselves and their families by their mad speculation, committed suicide. When the police took possession of the offices of the concern, they found letters that had come from poor people all over the country, who had sent in their last dollar. They had expected that their money would be doubled in a few days! Many of the poor made pathetic appeals to have their money returned, but the hard-hearted swindlers had disappeared.

This is a sample case, but, in the main, it applies to all the get-rich-quick swindles alike. All are dishonest, immoral, and in the last degree ruinous to the poor victims.

For the great majority of the dupes of the get-rich-quick swindlers, there can hardly be as general or generous a sympathy as might have been extended under other circumstances. They have been caught in their own net; their cupidity has been their undoing. They made haste to get rich, forgetting that "he that getteth riches and not by right . . . at his end shall be a fool." Had they been wise, they might have detected the sharp, cruel hook under the glittering bait of the get-rich-quick operator, and they would have been content with the reward of honest industry or legitimate trade, instead of grasping greedily at an elusive and fabulous profit, the very nature and extent of which should have convinced them that it could not be lawfully and honorably earned, if earned at all.

We frequently receive letters from readers in the country, making inquiry as to the "reliability" of some get-rich-quick scheme, from whose conductors they have received the usual attractive circulars. These circulars read like a fairy tale. They tell how the kind-hearted broker is longing to add to your income, and, if you will simply follow the advice he gives you, wealth will fly to you on wings. We invariably advise the receivers of such letters to give them no attention. A moment's reflection ought to convince any man or woman, no matter how inexperienced in business affairs, that if the good-natured, persuasive broker, or any one else, had something that is reliable and that will bear investigation, he could interest all the capital needed without the slightest difficulty. He would not be obliged to hawk his scheme around among strangers, begging them to invest in it.

We repeat the advice to all our readers: Let get-rich quick schemes severely alone; resist the temptation to acquire wealth in any such way. Be assured that every such scheme is simply a blind trap, a bunco game, an out-and-out lying swindle. Thousands are ruined every year by yielding to the unholy fascination. Avoid it as you would avoid a pestilence.

Our Daily Speech

POVERTY of vocabulary and infelicity of diction characterize far too much of our daily speech. We are often so afraid of seeming pedantic that we use in conversation a less beautiful and charming style of language than we might; our thoughts are clothed in shabby garb instead of wearing fine raiment. Homespun words need not be shabby, nor is there necessarily elegance in elaborate phrase and stilted sentence. The word that most clearly and correctly expresses one's meaning, whatever its derivation, is the best word for the occasion. But, in many families, the lack of rich and ornate English is painfully conspicuous. Children have little facility in their choice of words, because they habitually hear commonplace and inadequate language, spoken in a slovenly and haphazard manner.

The best means of correcting bad habits in ordinary speech is easily within reach. The English of good books is better than the English of the hastily compiled newspaper, but in this intensely competitive and hurrying period, the bulk of our people limit their reading to the latter and neglect the former. Daily reading of the Bible at family prayers does more than promote spiritual growth. Indirectly and incidentally it fills the mind and memory with similes, proverbs, phrases, and sentiments, which are for the elevation of thought and the enrichment of speech. Reading aloud from Shakespeare or Milton, or from some master of English, like Scott, Carlyle, Thackeray, or Stevenson, if daily practiced, will insensibly change and improve the quality and character of ordinary talk.

The children in a very plain and very simple American household, are distinguished among their friends for a happy knack of hitting the best word in their talk, and for a very much wider vocabulary than most young people under sixteen possess. Their mother thus explains it, "Jack and I have always made it a part of our duty to the children to read to them. They have been familiar with good English from their nursery days."

We should, in our own talk, avoid affectation, but should not fear to use a beautiful word in its proper place, more than we should hesitate at assuming court raiment were we going to a palace. All our lives we are in the court of the King, and we should behave as befits the King's children.

The Bible Censored

WE have been accustomed for many years past to criticisms of the Bible, and to suggestions more or less valuable of improvements in its diction. These have come mainly from Christian scholars, and they have been generally done in a reverent spirit and with the motive of making the sacred Book more accurate in its rendering of the original and more intelligible to readers. Another censor has now entered the field, whose motive is of quite a different kind. This is the Turkish Government censor, who makes two peculiar suggestions. He has been examining the Bible, before giving his permission for the latest consignment of the Turkish translation, sent by the American Bible Society, to be circulated. Two passages are objected to by this officer. One of them occurs in Paul's first Epistle to the Thessalonians, 1: 7, in which Paul tells the church that it was "an ensample to all that believe in Macedonia." The censor points out that there is no region accurately bearing that name. He will not object if the passage is changed to read, "All that believe in the villayets of Salonika and Monastir." This objection will probably be overcome by the missionaries explaining the anachronism of the substitution. The second objection is doctrinal, and is more likely to be stubbornly defended. It occurs in Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, 1: 15, where the apostle says that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The Mohammedan censor strenuously opposes this passage, on the ground that Mohammedan sinners ought to be exempted from Christian salvation. He insists that the passage be changed to read, "To save Christian sinners." We most earnestly hope that he will yield on this point, too. The passage so changed would be quite true, but it would not express the whole truth. Mohammedan sinners need to be saved, whatever the Turkish officer may think, and it is precisely to declare the fact that Christ is ready to save them, which is the object of sending the Bible into Turkey. It is singularly fatuous on the part of the Turk that he should have objected to this passage, which states a truth that is the one most capable of redeeming his nation.

A Welcome Messenger

From the Houston (Tex.) Chronicle

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, gave $10,000 to the famine sufferers of Kwang-Si—a Christian Herald, indeed!

Among the Workers

—THE SIXTH Anniversary of the Newark, N. J. Rescue Home took place recently. Rev. Dr. Osborn and his associates in the Home are lodging and feeding 16,000 persons annually.

—CHAPLAIN T. J. DICKSON, U. S. A., now serving in the Philippines, on Sunday, April 26, administered the ordinance of baptism to six Chinese merchants of Nueva Caceres, who have become converts to Christianity.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Largest Battle-Ship in the World

WAR is not yet to be abolished either on land or sea. In spite of the Peace Conference at the Hague, which was specially designed to check the competition among the nations in preparations for war, the European governments continue to make larger efforts to bring their fighting capacity to the highest development. A significant illustration of the fact is the enormous vessel recently added to the British navy. It is the most formidable ship in the world, larger by a thousand tons than any vessel in the American, French or Japanese navies, and larger by three thousand tons than the largest vessel in any other navy. She is 425 feet in length and 78 feet wide, and her weight, before her guns are taken on board, is eight thousand tons. Her armor varies in thickness from seven to nine inches. A powerful battery of about fifty guns, four of which are twelve-inch, will be carried by the vessel, besides torpedo tubes. Triple expansion engines of eighteen thousand horse-power are expected to give her a speed of eighteen and a-half knots; and all the latest improvements in steering gear are to be utilized. The cost of the ship, apart from her armament, is six and a half millions dollars. It is obvious that the British Government is determined to keep its navy superior to that of any other Power and that it does not grudge the expense required to do so. No such mighty engine of war as this latest addition to its navy has ever sailed on the seas. Perhaps England's European rivals may now feel it their duty to build a ship to equal or even surpass it. So the struggle goes on, and nations have to pay the penalty of their mutual distrust in a rivalry which cripples their resources and entails heavy burdens on their people. Some day they must learn that it would have been better to heed the Apostolic warning:

If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another (Gal. 5: 15).

Heroes of the Flood

Two thrilling stories of heroism come from Heppner, Oreg., the city which was practically destroyed by the terrific cloudburst on June 21. The dispatches say that a man named Leslie Matlock mounted a horse directly he heard of the coming deluge, and rode at its utmost speed to Lexington, arousing the people there, who had barely time to make their escape to the hills. Continuing his course down the valley, he gave the alarm at the farmhouses until he reached Ione. Close behind him was the roaring torrent, sweeping trees and houses and everything before it. Many men would have turned aside to seek safety on the hills, but Matlock continued his wild ride until his horse fell exhausted. Getting a fresh mount he rode forward until he reached a telephone station, where he rang up the ranchers farther on. Hundreds must have been killed but for his exertions. Another act of heroism was that of James Kernan, the station-agent at Heppner. He had the news in plenty of time to make his escape, but he stayed at his post to send the warning of the coming disaster to people, who as he well knew, would be in danger. He remained at the telephone until the water was swirling through the office. Then he fled, but it was too late. One of his children was saved by a friend, but Kernan and his wife and his other child were all lost. Such heroism in the face of danger deserves the highest honor. It is Christ-like, for of Him, too, it was said:

He saved others, himself he cannot save (Mark 15: 31).

An Incongruous Premium

Some of the saloons in New York have recently followed the example of the stores in their neighborhood, in giving premiums to their customers. These are of various kinds, in which the tastes of the customers are consulted. Some of the saloon-keepers, however, have lately taken into account the fact that their customers may have wives and children who would appreciate articles that the customer himself might not want to use. So articles of a household and domestic use began to appear in the lists. One of the saloon-keepers has gone a step beyond the others. He now gives away a prayer-book to any customer who can show that he has had a certain number of drinks in the saloon. Lest, however, the prayer-book might lead to a loss of custom, he has taken the precaution of printing on the two blank pages at the end of the book, the advertisement of a special brand of whiskey, and the address of the saloon where it can be purchased. We hope the time will soon come when even a saloon-keeper will know that the person who uses a prayer-book is not to be inveigled into buying whiskey.

They shall not drink wine with a song; strong drink shall be bitter to them (Isa. 24: 9).

THE "COMMONWEALTH," THE LARGEST BATTLE-SHIP AFLOAT

A Threat of Secession

Our negotiations with Colombia for the right to complete the canal across the Isthmus of Panama, appear likely to involve that country in civil strife. The Colombian Government is anxious that the treaty with us should be ratified, but persons who know the temper of the Colombian Congress predict that it will be defeated. They predict, also, that if this should occur, the States of Panama and Cauca, which occupy the Isthmus of Panama, will secede, and organize an independent republic. In these two States, sentiment in favor of the canal is almost unanimous. The Colombian Congress has been summoned to meet in special session to consider the treaty. Should the agreement fail of ratification, it will be necessary for Panama and Cauca to act quickly in carrying out the reported plan of secession, as otherwise President Roosevelt, under the authority given him by Congress, will probably begin negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica for the right to construct a canal through those countries. Panama and Cauca appear to realize that it would be better to separate from the other seven States rather than, by holding with them, to lose the advantage to the country that would accrue to it by the construction of the canal. It is much to be wished that a similar course was taken by young people who are in danger, through their association with Godless companions, of losing the benefit offered to them through Christ.

Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord (II. Cor. 6: 17).

A Settlement Cancelled

A singular action has just been decided by a Justice of the Supreme Court in Fulton County, N. Y. It came before the court on an appeal from a wealthy citizen, who desired to cancel deeds he had given settling certain property on his wife. The two were living apart when the deeds were signed by the husband, but he stated in his complaint that he gave her the property on the explicit understanding that she should return to him, and should live with him until death parted them. As she had not done so, she had not, the husband contended, fulfilled the condition on which the property was given, and therefore the deeds conveying it to her should be cancelled. The Justice took that view of the case. In giving his decision, he said that the law would not uphold or tolerate agreements for the purpose of maintaining a separation between husband and wife, except in cases in which such separation was necessary, and the husband provided his wife a proper maintenance. But when he was willing and anxious to have her society, she must either consent to give it, or forfeit the husband's provision. Unhappily, there are many people who need the same warning in their religious life. They do not realize that the gifts and joys which Christ bestows on his people are made for those who live in communion with him.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered (John 15: 6).

Did Not Know its Value

The managers of a Young Men's Christian Association in England have just discovered that they have missed an excellent opportunity to add to the funds of the institution. For several years they have had a large picture on the walls of the Association building. It was lent to them by a friend of the Institution, who had no room in his own home suitable for it. About a year ago he suggested that they buy the picture, and told them they might have it for fifty dollars. They declined his offer, and then he reduced the price to twenty-five dollars, but they would not give so much as that for it. Since then the owner died, and his executors took the picture when they realized his estate. They sent it to a picture-mart in London, where it was at once recognized as the work of a famous master. Thirty-five thousand dollars was bid for it, and that offer has since been raised to fifty thousand. The men who refused to give twenty-five dollars for it must feel deeply chagrined. How many people there will be at the last who will realize that the offer of salvation which is now made to them free, and which they reject, is worth more than the whole world!

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul (Mark 8: 36)?

BRIEF NOTES

The wheat crop of India this year, according to official estimates, will be the largest ever known. This compensation comes for the years of famine.

The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards occurs October 5. Andover Theological Seminary is making preparations for a celebration of the anniversary.

The deaths from the bubonic plague in India are increasing in number. In 1902 there were 56,000. Last year there were 109,000, and during the first three months of this year the number mounted to 331,000.

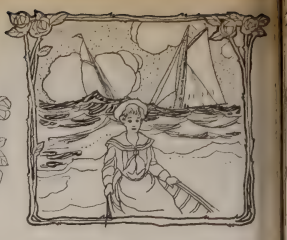
A great evangelistic campaign is being carried on in Immanuel, Ind. The work is being led by Rev. M. C. H. Lyon, of Wooster, O., whose addresses are held in tents accommodating thousands per week. Mr. H. J. Lyon, a colleague, has charge of the music. Large crowds are in attendance.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention in session at Geneva, was called to order under the Presidency of Mrs. Lida M. N. Stevens, of Portland, Me., in the absence of Mary Henry Somerset, who is temporarily excused from the Presidency, ostensibly under the plea of ill-health. The American delegation numbers sixty.

It is now believed that Princeton Theological Seminary will receive over two million dollars as residuary legatee of the estates of Mrs. Mary Winthrop. When the bequest was first announced it was supposed that it would not amount to more than half a million, but the inventory shows that the deceased lady was more wealthy than her friends knew.

Evangelist G. W. McPherson has opened a General Lent Work in Lynn, and around New York between Peekskill and Haverstraw on the latter's whose Evangelist Heath is conducting a special service. Mr. McPherson has the reputation of being one of the leading preachers and one of the most eminent workers in England and America. He has been holding the meetings in Lynn at 3.15 this morning, and on Sunday last at the Lyric Rink. Mr. McPherson D.D. [illegible] evangelistic [illegible] sermon. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Household Circle



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A CHERRY PIE

SPRING lamb, green peas, and cherry pie! That's a dinner fit for a king. Don't you think we might ask the minister to come in after church, and invite Reuben's folks to spend the day?"

Deacon Otis was standing in the kitchen door. His wife was bustling about intent on her household affairs. She was a little, black-eyed woman, alert and quick, rather bird-like in her motions, a snap in her crisp accents.

"Reub's folks, of course, Leander," she said. "They always lot on eatin' Fourth of July dinner here. About Mr. Wasson, I dunno! It depends on Mamie. She may not want to seem so particular."

"Here she comes! I'll ascertain her views," said the deacon, turning ponderously round.

"Mary Otis, have you any decided objection to my having the pastor here for dinner next Thursday. It'll be Independence Day, you know."

"Now, Mame," her mother put in, "you speak your mind. I calculate to have a good dinner, and I'd as lief as not entertain Mr. Wasson and have it over with. But you've been holding off from so much as lookin' at the minister lately. You've been downright unmannerly. And if you don't want him, just say so."

"Why, mother!" Mary blushed and dimpled. Her hands were full of roses. She resembled a rose herself. "Why, mother! Why, father! What a fuss about nothing. I'd be delighted to have Mr. Wasson, if you want him. I've not been thinking of him one way or the other. I'd like to have David Treat asked too."

At the mention of David Treat's name Deacon Otis frowned. His face grew black. Mrs. Otis shook a warning finger at Mary. But the petted daughter would not be hushed.

"I think just as much of David Treat as I do of David Wasson, there! And I'll marry the one that asks me first. Mother, you'd better let the boys gather the cherries, if you want cherry pie day after to-morrow."

Singing like a thrush, Mary flitted away to her own chamber, where she was heard moving about with her light step, just as though she had not discharged a bomb-shell on the floor below.

"If she were ten instead of twenty, I'd give her a scolding she'd remember," said Mrs. Otis, angrily.

"I've a mind, as it is," replied the deacon, "to turn the key on her and lock her in her room till she comes to her senses. David Treat, indeed! The saucy jade!"

Deacon Otis was one of the slow-tempered men who take long to kindle to wrath, and who are long in cooling. As his wife saw the deepening wrath in his grim countenance, she deemed it prudent to restrain the light flame of her own anger. She was really more exasperated at Mamie's attitude to her father than at her affront to the minister, whose marked attentions to their child were flattering to both parents. There was nothing personally against David Treat. But the Treats and the Otises were ancient enemies, and from father to son had descended a feud over a disputed boundary-line. A certain cherry tree growing in the south orchard was claimed by both families, and there was an annual strife as to which should possess its rich yield of shining fruit. Until the present generation coming along had shown a singular tendency to friendliness, the stubborn farmers had taken a strange satisfaction in their inherited ill-feeling. But David and Mary had been fellow-students in a co-educational college, and had established amicable relations there, which they seemed resolved to maintain, notwithstanding the opposition of the elders on both sides.

To complicate affairs, the Reverend David Wasson had been unusually impressed by the winsome charm in Mary Otis, and had shown in numberless small ways his wish to be more to her than a mere acquaintance. He was a fine, presentable man of thirty, with some private means, and, to Mr. and Mrs. Otis, it was most irritating that their daughter should refuse so good a match. Yet this could be borne with patience, if it were not for their well-grounded suspicion that her heart was already given to David Treat.

"Husband," said Mrs. Otis, soothingly, "there's no wit in our going on so over Mary's moods. She's our only child, and you know and I know that she'll mate with nobody but the man she chooses. You heard her declaration of independence just now!"

"So did you!"

"Yes, and it pleases me no more than it pleases you. We've spoiled that child, dear, between us."

"Well, I do hope Mr. Wasson 'll have the gumption to ask her first!"

"We must give him every chance. David Treat shan't break bread at our table, any way."

"No, indeed. Not he."

. . .

The hours slipped by very swiftly. Came the morning of the Fourth. In that quiet rural community, where there was no village to speak of, nothing except the church and the post-office and the one country store at the centre, and farms stretching away in long green lines across the undulating hills and vales, the Fourth brought stir and splendor all its own. Garlands of flowers enwreathed the portico of the church, intertwined with strips of red, white and blue bunting. The flag streamed from the church roof, and from the store and post-office. Drums beat early in the morning, and a few old men, the remnant of a gallant company who years and years ago, young and brave, had marched to the Civil War, wearing their uniforms and their G.A.R. buttons and badges, met in the little square before the dew had dried.

Later there was an assemblage of the Sunday School, and the church was opened for patriotic songs and addresses. The distant muffled thunder of cannon was heard at intervals, and every small boy in the neighborhood had his own store of crackers and torpedoes. The day was like no other in the whole round year.

Duly invited, the minister and Reuben's folks came to dine at Deacon Otis' hospitable board. A fine dinner it was, well-cooked, well-served and abundant. Mary Otis, in her white frock, with her red-gold curls rippling and waving over her head, her brown eyes dancing, her dimples flashing, was quite beautiful enough to turn the head of any bachelor so fortunate as to be near her. She was a radiant vision of delight. Her parents had overcome their momentary anger with her, anger towards their idol was generally transient, and all was serene. Reuben's motherly spouse, whose children were as yet in the kindergarten and primary sphere of existence, was as proud of her niece as if she had been her daughter. Mr. Wasson was the guest of honor. David Treat was certainly nowhere to be seen.

Dinner progressed famously from asparagus soup to cherry pie, with the courses between as appetizing as ever courses could be. The minister did full justice to the delicious fare.

When the last of Mr. Wasson's bright stories had been told, and the two older men had finished their often-repeated reminiscences of other Fourths, and the cherry pie had been eaten to the last crumb, there remained of the solemn rite only the final duty of washing the dishes. The matrons took this upon themselves. Deacon Otis and Uncle Reub lit the pipes of peace and sat down in the porch to smoke. The minister disapproved of smoking, but condoned it in men so old as his host and his host's brother. He invited Mary to walk with him down the garden and toward the brook, and she consented. A nameless air of homage pervaded the young man as he strolled beside the maiden. His mind was made up. He meant down by the brook-side, under a branching elm, to ask her to marry him. On her part, divining the tokens of his decision, she was striving to fend off the honor. She did not want to reject him and inflict a pang of mortification where she really wished to be kind. Moreover, she was a girl of literal truthfulness, and she had declared she would say yes to the one of the two Davids who should first propose to her.

They sauntered slowly across the level pasture land, through the south orchard, past the fateful cherry tree. At the instant of passing it, Susie Treat, David's youngest sister, came flying out as if from an ambuscade, and presented Mary with a cherry pie and a silver knife.

"Brother says cut the pie the minute you get it, Mame!" exclaimed the breathless little messenger.

"A most inopportune gift!" began the minister. But Mary did not heed him. The silver knife was in her hand. She slipped it under the flaking crust, that covered a ruby store of uncooked cherries and a note from her lover.

"Sweetheart, my sweetheart," it ran, "you are mine and only mine. Will you marry me? Oh, Mary Otis, do not refuse; do not let anyone persuade you to make me wretched for life. Mary, if you will be my wife, send back this pie."

With great presence of mind, Mary called Susie.

"Here, dear, carry this pie back to Dave, and tell him I'll expect him over this evening."

So ended the feud of the Treats and the Otises, and the Reverend Mr. Wasson found another mate.

"HEAR ME SING 'STAR-SPANGLED BANNER!'"

OH, MOTHER-LAND!

OH, Mother-Land, we love thee,
Around thy knees we cling;
And of thy grace, in many a place,
Thy happy children sing!

Thy banner floating o'er us,
In hues of heaven's own light,
In all our coasts shall marshal hosts
For liberty and right.

From fort and fleet outstreaming
That flag of thine shall be,
Oh, Mother-Land, o'er every strand,
The symbol of the free!

Oh, Mother-Land, God bless thee!
God guard thee evermore,
From pine to palm, in storm or calm,
From ocean shore to shore.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—BERTHA. Coffee is often served in the drawing-room, or, in summer, on the verandah, after dinner.

—AN ANXIOUS PARENT. So far as I know, the songs taught and sung in our public schools are fine and good, both as to music and sentiment.

—MOTHER. On no account put corsets on a growing girl. The consensus of medical opinion is opposed to corsets until a girl has passed her teens. A corded waist answers every purpose.

—INEXPERIENCE. Eat with either fork or spoon. Leave knife and fork side by side when you have finished a meal. Never leave a teaspoon in your cup. Its place when not in use is in the saucer. No. It is not proper to pour hot tea in a saucer. Wait till it cools.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV., CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps."

CHAPTER I.

For narrow is the gate and straitened the way that leadeth unto life, and few be they that find it. Jesus Christ.

THE president of Lincoln College was closing his Baccalaureate sermon, and had reached that part of it where he paused, and then said impressively: "Young ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class—"

The members of the class all arose but one, a young man sitting at the end of the pew. The president waited. The young man did not move, and the girl who had been sitting beside him glanced down at him, with a slight increase of color in her face and an amused look in her eyes. But he still sat there, to all appearance unmindful of the fact that the entire audience was directing its attention upon him, wondering at the delay. The president still waited. His usually stern face was relieved by a look of humor that showed its appreciation of the situation. "Young ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class," he repeated the words, and then waited again.

But the young man did not stir, and the girl who had been sitting by him reached out her hand, and touched him gently on the shoulder.

He gave a sudden start, and his face flowed a fiery red as he stood up, while a utter went over the audience, and the president bit his lips before going on with his remarks to the class.

When the service was over the young man had not recovered from his confusion.

"You were in one of your brown studies, weren't you?" the girl spoke to him as they stood near the end of the pew, waiting for the crowd to go down the aisle.

"It was not only 'brown,' it was overdone," said another classmate, a young man standing next to the girl.

"No one would ever charge you with absent-mindedness," the girl remarked with a smile.

"No, I need all the mind I've got, on hand. I can't afford to let any of it be absent," the young man said, laughing. 'But Douglas has plenty to spare."

"I was absent with all of mine this morning," said Douglas, blushing again. 'If Miss Harris had not helped me out I might be sitting down yet."

"What were you thinking of?" asked the girl, with earnest curiosity.

"I was thinking," began the young man slowly, when he was interrupted by the president, who had just come down from the pulpit.

"Excuse me, Douglas, but can you call at the house some time this afternoon? I would like to have a little talk with you."

"Yes, sir, thank you," Douglas replied, and the president bowed in his courtly manner and passed down the aisle.

"Wonder what he wants?" the young man said in a low tone.

"Probably wants to know what you were thinking about when you sat there," said the girl.

"I was simply wondering what I was going to do, now that I am a finished college product," said Douglas, with a slight smile, as he looked frankly at Miss Harris. "Don't you feel as if the world was a cold, cold place?"

"I don't feel that way," said the girl, with a bright smile; "haven't you heard of my good fortune? I have a school to teach."

"No, I haven't heard. Where?"

"Colby High School. I received notice of my appointment last night."

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"Colby? Where's that?"

"Anderson county. It's a county high school. One of the best in standard. Congratulate me."

"Certainly. Wish I was as sure of something. I am ready to walk into any kind of an opening, as the blind horse said to the cellar. Do you know of any other openings in Colby?"

"No, I don't," said Miss Harris, looking half amused and half seriously at her classmate. "If I hear of anything—"

"If you do, write and let me know, won't you?" Douglas spoke with some hesitation and did not look at the girl.

"Thank you. That is one of the best compliments my preaching ever received." The president spoke earnestly, and Doug. has looked pleased.

"I don't know that I am quite ready to go through the narrow gate, sir, but I think I would like to do some kind of work that's worth doing. What you said about the entrance to real life made me want to amount to something."

The president was an unemotional man, but that did not mean an absence of feeling. He looked at the young man now with marks of deep interest, that grew as the talk went on.

"It might almost as well be a million dollars, sir," said Douglas

They were going out into the aisle, as the crowd had passed along.

"I don't expect to have much time to write letters. Schoolma'ams in high schools don't have much leisure," she said with a hesitation that was like his. He did not have opportunity to say any more, as some one came along and shook hands with Miss Harris, and he turned to greet some of his friends, who rallied him on the incident of his absent-mindedness.

In the afternoon he went over to the president's house, and was ushered into his study. President Gray greeted him kindly, and began by asking him a question.

"What do you expect to do, Douglas?"

"I don't know, sir. I wish some one would tell me."

"Was that what you were thinking about this morning?"

Douglas colored deeply.

"Yes, sir, your sermon set me to thinking, and I forgot where I was."

"You have been here now seven years?"

"Yes, sir: I entered the academy in 1896."

"The last three years of your college course you have been editor-in-chief of the *College Bulletin*?"

"Yes, sir, and I have had a lot of experience on a small salary."

The president smiled slightly.

"I believe you have had some experience in the college printing department."

"A little."

"How much?"

"Well, sir, I can set type fairly well, make up the forms, run the press and holler for copy when I'm out of ideas."

"That is a good deal," the president laughed. "Have you ever thought of journalism for a life work?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

Douglas hesitated. "I have never thought I had any particular gift for it."

"Have you thought of going into any of the professions?"

"No, sir."

"Would you enter journalism if an opportunity were offered, especially if you had to enter the narrow gate to do the work?"

Douglas looked at the president in surprise. Then he said slowly:

"Yes, sir, I think so, if I thought I was fitted for it. But real journalism isn't like the college kind. I don't have any foolish notions about that. But do you think I could——"

The president got up and walked across the room to the window that opened on the college campus and looked out. Then he came back and stood by the young man, laying a hand on his shoulder. Douglas could not remember ever having seen him do that to any one before.

"How old are you, Douglas?"

"Twenty-five next September."

"I was twenty-seven when I graduated. You are young yet. You have a good constitution." He looked at the broad shoulders and the clear, resolute face, and after a moment's silence went back to his chair by the desk. His next question surprised the young man more than any other he had asked.

"Do you know where Colby is?"

"Colby?"

"Colby, Anderson county."

"No sir. I don't know the place. I never heard of it until this morning."

"This morning? Did I mention it in my sermon?"

"No, sir." Douglas colored slightly. "Miss Harris is going there to teach in the high school. She told me so after the service."

"She is a fine girl. She will make a good teacher. Colby is fortunate. I am glad to hear of her appointment. Well, Colby is a town of about seventeen hundred people. It has fifteen churches, ten saloons, and a county paper. The paper is for sale. Now, Douglas, I am going to be frank with you. If you will go in there, and take the paper, I believe you could enter a career of great usefulness in that part of the State. If you do as I would like to see you do, you will have to go in through the narrow gate, but you will find life by doing it, and give life to others."

Douglas looked at the president in astonishment.

"I don't know enough."

"If you thought you did, you wouldn't."

Douglas hesitated, then the frank look on the president's face encouraged him.

"But I haven't the money to buy the paper."

"It's not a million dollar daily," the president said, with a smile. "I don't know exactly the terms on which the paper can be bought, but a business friend of mine in Colby wrote me he thought the paper could be purchased for fifteen hundred dollars."

"It might almost as well be a million dollars, sir, as far as I am concerned."

The president looked at him thoughtfully.

"You're not in debt?"

"No, sir. I have saved up a little."

"How much?"

"After I've sold out my share in the college book store, I'll have about five hundred dollars in cash."

"It pays to be a little absent-minded, young man," said the president, with a twinkle of the eye. "How did you manage so well? I was nearly that much in debt when I graduated."

"Well, sir, I began saving a little when I entered the Academy. I never lived much for society or the [illegible]. I boarded myself on one dollar a week, while I was clearing four [illegible] on night school. For the last three summers I've done canvassing during vacation and

made a little over expenses. The book-store business has been unusually good this last year."

"Five hundred dollars," the president mused. "Add another five hundred to it and that will make a thousand. You have a thousand dollars toward the paper already."

"A thousand dollars?"

"I don't very often anticipate the announcements of the board of trustees, but I will this time." The president spoke quietly, while Douglas' face grew more earnest and his gray eyes glowed "On commencement day the Carpenter bequest of $500 will be announced as going to Mr. Frank Douglas of the graduating class. This bequest is not conditioned as to its use, except that it shall be spent either in a year's study abroad or in some special reform work at home. The terms are in detail so defined that your use of the paper to further the work of reform in Colby will fully comply with the intention of the bequest. Indeed, I may add that another five hundred will in all probability be added to the amount by Mr. Carpenter, if he is fully satisfied that the paper will be used as it ought to be. If he does not see the way clear to help you to the amount, which may be regarded as a loan, I will see to it that the paper is purchased on good terms for you."

Douglas sat looking at the quiet figure of the president in some amazement. How was he to know that the stern-faced, apparently rather cold, unemotional man, who had been at the head of Lincoln College for twenty years, had in that period helped at least one student out of each graduating class into a special place of usefulness by just the same process of personal contact and brotherhood as Douglas was experiencing this Sunday afternoon. His whole impression of the president had to be made all over new. In half an hour he had been obliged to wipe out a seven years' portrait and paint in another.

"Do you think I can manage such a paper, sir?" He was grateful for the president's offer, and he glowed with some pride at the thought that the Carpenter bequest was his own, but his immediate feeling was one of question concerning the paper and its management.

"It is a county paper. It has been poorly managed for several years. The State campaign is on this fall, and the business men of the leading party are disgusted with the shiftless, colorless policy of the three or four men who had owned the paper. From my observation of your management of the *College Bulletin* I have faith in you Douglas, to believe you can make a strong, positive, good-for-something paper out of the Colby *Beacon*. If I did not believe so I would not be having this talk with you."

"How large a circulation has the paper?"

"Only between six and seven hundred. It has fallen down to a ridiculous figure. You ought to bring it up to three or four thousand. Colby is a county seat. The farming districts are practically not reached, to say nothing of the town itself. These facts come to me from a business friend in Colby. His name is Edwards. Put it down for reference. He is one of the leading dry goods merchants in Colby, and one of God's noblemen. If you don't find any one else there to stand by you, you can count on him."

"You are taking for granted that I am going, sir?"

"Yes; well, are you, that is, if the conditions as to the purchase of the paper can be met?"

Douglas sat a moment looking down. Then he lifted up his eyes to the president's face and said, quietly, "Yes sir, I'll go, if I can meet the conditions."

It was only a sentence and it was spoken quietly; but it marked a very important part of the history of Frank Douglas, graduate of Lincoln College, in the year 1872.

After a moment of silence the president spoke, and Douglas was much moved to hear the voice tremble a little.

"This decision will mean a great deal to you, Douglas, and to the people of Colby, if you direct the paper as I believe you will. I don't want to outline your policy for you, and, indeed, no one can do that, but I am going to ask you one question. You will have to meet it at the start. The saloon in Colby. I take it for granted you will use your paper to remove that curse to the town and county."

"You don't forget my father's history, sir?" Douglas replied, while the hot blood rose to his forehead.

"Pardon me, my boy, I need not have asked the question."

"Yes, sir, that's all right. You need have no fear in that direction. When my brother died, my father was just recovering from a drunken debauch. I was only ten years old at the time, but it burned into me forever. If fighting the saloon in Colby is going to wreck the paper, I'm ready to enter by that narrow gate."

"It won't wreck the paper. But you will have need of all your courage and wisdom."

"I expect to make a lot of mistakes, sir."

"Don't be worried about that. Learn all you can out of them and then forget them. That's all that mistakes are good for."

And then the president, again to the astonishment of Douglas, said very thoughtfully, "We ought to pray over this, Douglas. You are going into a work that will call for an unusual amount of wisdom and endurance and consecrated common sense. You will need all the help you can get from God."

Seated there in the study that June afternoon, President Gray offered a prayer that almost changed the habits of thought that had characterized George Douglas for the last two years of his college course.

"A fine scheme, young man," said the Mayor, with a sneer

He had been a dreamer. Not an aimless or foolish dreamer, but his abstraction had not had any strong, definite purpose behind it. He was an average scholar and more than an average thinker. The president knew young men with a deep and wise knowledge. He had studied Douglas quietly but constantly. He was a rare nature that would crystallize certain unformed convictions under pressure, and apparently solidify character with a rapidity that previous habits had seemed to declare incapable of earnest, practical, living force.

So George Douglas, sitting there listening to that prayer from the president, whom he had deeply respected but had never until this moment known, felt a stirring of life forces in him rising surely to its vision of accomplishment in the world. He was a member of a church and had always called himself a Christian. His present experience was a larger opening of a larger life, and even as he listened, and the prayer helped him, he had some real fore-gleam of the fact that the work he had chosen to enter would necessitate his entrance through a narrow gate. A large life afterward, but a narrow gate to go through before he realized it.

"God bless you, my brother," said the president, as Douglas thanked him. "You have a great opportunity. Let God make the most of it with you."

With that wish sounding in his heart he found himself, six weeks later, in Colby, in charge of the Colby *Beacon*, as proprietor and editor. The terms of purchase had been satisfactorily met, thanks to Mr. Carpenter, who had taken an unusual interest in the whole affair. Douglas knew the president was at the bottom of all that. After the details of the transfer were all agreed upon, he found himself in possession of a subscription list of six hundred and fifty-nine names, four hundred and eighty of which were paid-up, and the rest delinquent anywhere from one to ten years; a press that had required all his skill to clean and repair into any kind of working order, together with the type, furniture and miscellaneous belongings of the office from which the paper had been issued, in various degrees of shiftlessness, by its different proprietors.

It was the latter part of July, and the heat of midsummer was over the land; but he resolutely set to work to clean up the office, which, to all appearance, had never been troubled with broom or dust-cloth since it was first occupied.

He was down on his knees, after the dirt behind one end of the press, when he heard some one come into the office.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Douglas, but I was going by and thought I would just look in and introduce myself. I've just returned from New York. Heard from President Gray of your coming. Glad to see you."

It was a pleasant voice, and Douglas was helped by it as he got up on his feet and shook hands with the visitor.

"My name's Edwards. My store is in the block here. Success to you. I see you're beginning all right. Going to give us a clean paper anyhow, eh? That's more than we've been getting last few years."

"Yes, sir; I hope it will have that merit anyway," Douglas replied modestly. Edwards was a well dressed, alert-looking man of about fifty years of age. Douglas knew at once that Edwards would be his friend.

"When you get ready come around and let me fix up an attractive ad. for you. I'd like to consult you about it. Think we can get out something better than common."

"Thank you, Mr. Edwards. I appreciate that. If all the business men solicit ads. like that it will embarrass me."

"You won't be embarrassed very deeply," replied Edwards dryly. "But come when you are ready. Mrs. Edwards will be glad to have you call. Where are you stopping?"

"I'm boarding and rooming at M Wycoff's."

"Pretty good place?"

"I haven't been there very long; only came a week ago."

"Well, we'll have you up to dinner so Don't get dyspepsia at the Wycoff's."

"I'll try not to," Douglas laughed, Edwards abruptly went out.

He cleaned up the office desk and th attacked the windows. After he h cleared away a pile of rubbish that h accumulated under the typeholders a the paper trimmer he came back to t desk, and sat down to make a general ventory of his possessions and a survey the situation.

His entire office force consisted of t persons besides himself. There was young man to set type and run the pre who had been connected with the pap under its last management, and a boy do general work, run errands, and get the way when there was nothing else do. These two members of the staff we out while Douglas was cleaning up, b he expected them in any moment with piece of casting which was needed for t trimmer, and for which they had gone the railway station.

Sitting at the desk, the new editor a proprietor of the Colby *Beacon* drew piece of paper towards him, and put dow in visible form what he had been goi over in his thought every day since th Sunday afternoon talk with the presiden

The Policy of the Colby Beacon

1. I will try to get out a paper that w be of real value to all the people of th county.

2. I will advocate every good measu for the benefit of the town, and try t create a healthy pride in the physical we fare of the place.

3. I will offer the churches large spac for announcements of their work, and er phasize the value of the religious life fo the business interests of the town.

4. I will announce in my first issue tha it is the fixed principle of the paper t fight the saloon out of existence as thing of evil. The paper will not adv cate any policy of dealing with the saloo except the policy of no saloon.

5. The paper will be independent i politics and will always be for the bes man regardless of his particular party It will advocate reciprocity in trade rel tions with other countries, the advisabilit of public ownership of public utilities and the adoption of the single tax and th referendum, when these subjects are di cussed. But it is probable that the pape will be far more occupied with the loca needs of the county and town than with discussion of these national issues.

6. The editor will welcome frank an good natured correspondence, and wi always be willing to publish honest differ ences of opinion on topics of genera value and interest. He does not expec to please everybody or have everybod agree with him. But he is honestly de sirous of giving the people of Colby an the county a clean, courteous newspaper that shall represent the best interests o the people.

7. Those who want this kind of a pape can get it for one dollar a year, payable i advance. The editor is not a millionaire He is in need of the money, and if thos who are in arrears for the last ten year will pay up, he will not publish thei names unless they request it as a specia favor.

8. The editor asks for a fair hearing and can only promise to do his best. He will make mistakes, but will always be ready to acknowledge them. He naturally hopes that the business men will help sup port the paper with advertising, which will be made as attractive and readable as possible.

He had paused as if he had reached the end of his proposed statements when he heard voices and steps and looked up. Three men came in.

The man in advance of the others, an unusually large man, was perspiring very freely, and mopped his face as he took off his hat and looked at Douglas keenly.

"I'm Mayor Bartlett," he said, as Douglas stood at the desk. "These are friends of mine, citizens of Colby. Mr. Trask and Mr. Reed, Mr. Douglas. We were going by and thought we would step in and see the new editor. Just got back from the county convention. Didn't know

ary was going to sell out the *Beacon* soon. Hasn't been exactly a gold ine, I guess."

Mayor Bartlett looked keenly at Doug- all the time he was talking. When he through, he put the cigar he had been fling between his fingers into his mouth d began smoking vigorously. His two nds followed his example.

"Won't you be seated, gentlemen?" uglas said quietly. "I have just been aming house, and things are not all ightened out, but I hope to have them rder soon."

The visitors sat down, and the Mayor ned himself vigorously.

"It's a hot day."

"Yes, sir," said Douglas.

The Mayor seemed to be sizing up the w editor, and was apparently not very ll satisfied with his judgment of him.

"You've bought the paper outright, I derstand, Mr. Douglas."

"Yes, sir."

"Might I ask, if it isn't too bold, what had to give?"

Douglas told him.

"Too much," said the Mayor.

"Altogether," asserted Mr. Trask.

"The concern isn't worth a thousand," ded Mr. Reed.

Douglas did not say anything; but he ked surprised.

"You'll give us a good paper, Mr. Doug- ?" asked the Mayor.

"As good as I know how."

"How good is that?"

"You will have to judge of that after seeing it."

"I mean what's your policy? Your poli- tics?" the Mayor spoke blandly; and, for the first time, Douglas could not help noticing the man's tone. It had an air of proprietorship about it that affected the young editor very disagreeably.

The sheets of paper containing his out- line of proposed policy of the paper lay under his hand. He gathered them up, and suddenly leaning forward, handed them out to the Mayor.

"I have just been outlining the policy of the *Beacon*. You are at liberty to read that, if you wish."

The Mayor put his hat on the back of his head, shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth and took the sheets of paper that Douglas handed him.

He read in silence. But Douglas watched him and saw his face grow dark. When he finished, he looked up at Doug- las and said with a sneer:

"A fine scheme, young man! Why, do you know you've tackled enough to bring in the millennium! You never can make that go here in Colby. Advertising! Who'll advertise in such a Sunday School sheet?"

Douglas colored to his hair. The other two men were eying him between the clouds of tobacco smoke.

"Mr. Edwards will, for one."

"Edwards! Yes, and he'll be the one. Precious little advertising you'll get after the first issue. Why, young man, your politics ruin the paper to start with. It's going to be independent and run the se- lects out, and hit up the standard gener- ally," the Mayor turned to his friends. "But it won't do, Mr. Douglas." The Mayor assumed a confidential manner. Douglas quietly watched him. "You do not understand the local conditions. Why, you will simply commit suicide if you fol- low out the policy you have outlined there. You can't pay for the printer's ink in four weeks time."

"I think I can," Douglas said mildly. The Mayor did not understand him. He looked at the young man in silence for a moment.

"To tell the truth, Mr. Douglas, we came in here to make you a proposition to sell out. Fact is, I was on the point of making Cleary an offer, when those county conventions came on, and I've not had time to see to it. Cleary got anxious and let the paper go. But you never can suc- ceed with the paper. I'm giving you my honest opinion. Am I right?" he turned to the other men.

"Gospel truth," said Mr. Trask, spitting into the waste-paper basket.

"That's right," added Mr. Reed.

"Now we're ready to make a fair offer, Mr. Douglas. You've had the trouble of coming here and all that. We realize you've just got into possession and cleaned up and so on, but you've had no newspaper ex- perience to speak of, and you are bound to fail on the ground you have mapped out. You don't know the political situ- ation here, and we do. I mean, we want the *Beacon* to keep out the county ticket fall. I'll make no secret of that. And we stand ready to offer $4,000 for the entire plant as it stands. That covers your claims for your outlay and so forth, of course. I realize that you must take an advantageous move than the paper is worth, but you understand we hope to increase the subscription list largely during the campaign."

Douglas had listened with his eyes on the sheet of paper which contained the outlines of his proposed policy. When the Mayor stopped, he lifted his eyes and looked steadily into his visitor's face.

"I don't care to sell," he said slowly.

"I know it's a trouble to get started and then leave."

"But I not only don't care to sell, Mr. Bartlett, I won't sell," said Douglas, slow- er than before.

The Mayor stopped fanning himself, and the dark look on his face deepened, as he looked at the editor and proprietor of the Colby *Beacon*. It was not possible for him to know the fact, but the way had become suddenly very straitened to the young editor, and he was about to enter the narrow gate of life. There was a prayer in his heart as he sat there that July afternoon, that he might not prove either a coward or a weakling as the gate swung inward to his soul.

TO BE CONTINUED

LAKE MOHONK FROM THE NORTH END

THE PICTURESQUE ROAD TO SKY-TOP

To Lead All Nations to Peace

The Mohonk Conference Hopeful of the World's Arbitration Outlook

SIGNIFICANT of the growth of public senti- ment in favor of international arbitration, was the largely increased attendance at the Ninth Annual Conference on International Arbitra- tion at Lake Mohonk, this year. These Mo- honk gatherings have been made up of the leaders in American thought and action—men and women of large hearts and broad minds; t of the assemblage brought together this year, this ght be said more truly than ever before. There were esent some twenty judges and prominent jurists, irty preachers and teachers of religion, nearly all of tional reputation, forty-two educational leaders, in- ding five presidents of colleges, over twenty-five itors of magazines and newspapers, and about fifty aptains of industry," financiers, manufacturers and en of large affairs.

The Conference had an ideal presiding officer in the rson of the Hon. John W. Foster, diplomat, states- an and peace commissioner. In his opening address, r. Foster said that to believers in arbitration, the ost edifying and auspicious event had come from a arter of the world to which Anglo-Saxons had not en inclined to look—Chili and Argentina. A contro- rsy over a boundary line had threatened to plunge these peoples into sanguinary conflict: but better coun- sels prevailed, and they settled their differences by arbi- tration. Referring to the Venezuelan imbroglio, Mr. Foster said it had served to bring into prominence the value of arbitration and the utility of The Hague Tribu- nal.

Dr. B. F. Trueblood, of Boston, secretary of the American Peace Society, said that within the past year these controversies have been referred to arbitration:

Between Italy and Guatemala, as to the treatment of Italian emigrants; Claims of citizens of France against Venezuela; United States and San Domingo, over the San Domingo Improvement Company's claims; Great Britain and Portugal, on colonial boundaries in South Africa; Alaska boundary dispute between the United States and Great Britain; Bound- ary dispute between Chili and Argentina; Controversy be- tween the United States and Russia over seizure of American sealing vessels in Behring Sea; Samoan Claims question between the United States, Great Britain and Germany, and citizens of these countries; Controversies between Great Britain and France; Case between the United States and Salvador.

Addresses were delivered by Dr. Henry B. F. Mac- Farland, President of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia; Mr. William L. Penfield, solicitor to the State Department and counsel for the United States in the trial of the Pious Fund case at The Hague; Rev. Arthur J. Brown, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Dr. Josiah Strong, Mr. S. Uchida, Japanese Consul-General, New York, and others.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale called attention to the impor- tant effects of the Pan-American Conference at Mexico City. They point to a much closer union of all the Ameri- can peoples. A Pan-American Railway, and the popula- tion of the Valley of the Amazon, as a consequence, "will be the greatest achievement of the next century."

At the close of its deliberations, the Conference adopted resolutions, setting forth the belief that "the next step in the steady march forward should be the conclusion of a treaty of obligatory arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, to be followed by similar agreements between the other signatory nations to The Hague Convention, to refer disputes to The Hague Tribunal. The example thus set, would be speedily followed by the other Powers. It would lead all the nations to The Hague Tribunal." The Confer- ence "appeals to every man and woman to aid in in- creasing and organizing the general sentiment in favor of International Arbitration, that wars may cease and that peace may prevail."

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP*

The Biblical Injunctions to Non-Resist- ance are Not a Bar to Patriotism

WHEN the passages associated with the topic were written, there was no possibility of the Chris- ans, for whom they were written, exer- sing any influence on the government. esistance to the Roman power would ve been futile. The governors ap- inted by the Emperor might oppress e people, might govern unjustly, but ey could not be unseated by insurrec- on, nor could they be affected in their ovinces by any popular vote. The only ay, therefore, to a quiet, peaceable life, as by submission, and this course was joined on the Christians. They were to set an example of obedience to the powers appointed, and not to mix them- selves up in conspiracies and plots. Modern rulers have used these injunc- tions as if they were intended to apply to Christians in every age, and have re- proached Christian patriots for the atti- tude they have sometimes taken. King George III. could never understand our Christian forefathers raising the standard of rebellion against him, and believed that they were false to Christian principle. In the time of Charles I., James II. and William III. the preachers were at issue on the subject. But our nation would never have been independent, nor England the great nation she now is, if Washington and Cromwell had not repudiated the slavish interpretation of the apostolic commands.

In our own time, also, the injunction of non-resistance has its limitations. While obeying the law, we are justified, and indeed obligated, to take every means in our power to have unrighteous laws re- pealed: and circumstances might arise in which resistance to a Governor or a Presi- dent, who sought to violate the Constitu- tion, would be a Christian duty. The intelligent way of obeying such passages as have been associated with the topic, is not in the spirit of blind literalism, but in recognizing the duty of orderly conduct and abstaining from participation in any movement for the subversion of properly constituted authority.

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 12. Matt. 22:21; I. Tim. 2:1, 2; I. Peter 2:13-17.

A HELPFUL BOOK

[illegible] book, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] $2

ANSWERED PRAYERS

[illegible]

Divine and Human Kingship

Saul Chosen King

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JULY 12
I. SAMUEL 10: 17-27

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT:
THE LORD IS OUR KING; HE WILL SAVE US.—ISAIAH 33: 22.

TWO modern stories will fitly introduce this lesson about divine and human kingship. Dean Farrar, as one of the chaplains to Queen Victoria, was preaching before her on one occasion. He had made the Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ the subject of his sermon. The Queen was always a most attentive listener, but on this occasion she was specially interested, and, when her chaplain and herself were together afterwards, she spoke about the subject he had chosen. "Oh, how I wish," she said, "that the Lord might come during my lifetime!" Dean Farrar was a little astonished to hear such a desire so fervently expressed by one who had everything the world could give. "Why," asked the preacher, "does your Majesty feel this very earnest desire?" He saw that the Queen's lips were quivering, and that her face was lighted up with deep emotion. "I should so like to lay my crown at his feet," she replied, after a moment's pause.

When the late Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, was expressing, in the prospect of death, some concern about the state of his soul, his physician endeavored to soothe his mind by referring to his high respectability, and his honorable conduct in the distinguished situation in which Providence had placed him, when he stopped him short, saying, "No; remember, if I am to be saved, it is not as a prince, but as a sinner." All mankind, high and low, in the sight of God are sinners and subjects. While wilfully persisting in sin we are rebels; becoming loyal only when we repent and turn.

In this light, let us recall the story of King Saul's coronation. We may well dramatize it, like one of Shakespeare's historic plays. The place is Mizpeh; the persons represented, God, Samuel, Saul, the Jewish people. The first scene includes Samuel's speech to the gathered people, reproving them, as he had done before, for asking a visible, human king, when the invisible God has ever been their invincible King. In the second scene, the people march by tribes before this invisible King, that he may select, by a sign from heaven, the earthly king he has reluctantly allowed them. When the tribe of Benjamin is passing, the heavenly sign—perhaps a flash of light—indicates that the king is to be from that tribe. Then this tribe is divided up and passes "before the Lord" by families, and the family of Matri is taken. Then this family passed before the Lord by individuals, and the sign falls upon Saul, but in a moment he has modestly hidden from the great honor. In the third scene, Saul has been found and brought to the people, above whom he towers, tallest of all, and the people shout, "God save the king." With some further admonitions Samuel dismisses the assembly. In the fourth scene we see the new king going back to his home with a body-guard of "men whose hearts God had touched," while sons of Belial by the wayside sneer and withhold the usual gifts of tribute, to which the new king, wise at the start in self-control, makes no angry rejoinder. (Sketch Saul's whole life, before and after his coronation, down to I. Samuel 12: 13, where the next lesson begins). His good qualities included modesty and reticence, but, like Jehu and Demas, he was only half right, and so a whole failure.

It is well to fight and win—
If that may be;
It is well to fight and die therein—
For such go free.

It is ill to fight and find no grave
But a prison cell—
To keep alive, yet live a slave—
Praise those who fell!

But worst of all are those who stand
With arms laid by,
Bannerless, helpless, no command,
No battle cry.

They live to save unvalued breath,
With lowered eyes;
In place of victory, or death—
A compromise!

Illustration and Application

Some of the truths this lesson suggests are: 1. God is supreme Lord, and his law the supreme law of every individual and of every land. 2. A human king is but an image of God, and like idols likely to take the place of God in men's thoughts. 3. Only as a human officer is godlike and leads men toward God is he true to his opportunity. 4. A godly man is more kingly than an ungodly ruler. 5. All the good are to be crowned by and by as "kings and priests unto God."

What our loyalty to God should be. A book entitled *The Czar*, tells of a Russian officer taken prisoner by the French. They got an iron and branded him on his hand with an "N." When he asked what it meant they said, "It means that now you belong, body and soul, to our Emperor, Napoleon." The soldier, seizing an axe, severed his hand from the wrist, and said, "Take what belongs to you; I am for the Czar and belong wholly to him." Whether fact or fiction, the story pictures the entire consecration, the whole-souled loyalty that Jesus claimed for himself when he said, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." If there be anything dear as a right hand that bears Satan's mark and binds us to him instead of Christ, that we must fearlessly cut away. Just there Saul failed when he disobeyed God rather than lose the fat cattle of the Amalekites.

Royal Trappings Hiding God. How the pomp of human royalty hides, instead of revealing God, may be illustrated by a story told of James the Second, who sat for his portrait to Varelst, the famous flower painter. When the performance was finished, his Majesty appeared in the midst of a bower of sunflowers and tulips, which completely drew away attention from the central figure, so that all who looked at it took it for a flower piece. So the Supreme King is hidden by the glitter of human monarchs, who are supposed to be only his attendants.

A Spanish artist was employed to depict the "Last Supper." He put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful, and when his friends came to see the picture on the easel, every one said, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake; these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Master," and he rubbed them from the canvas. Whatever in our lives diverts thought from God, let us cast it out, even though only a "weight" and not a "sin" (Heb. 12: 1).

Kings Who Misrepresent the King of kings. Saul, like James the First of England, and the Sixth of Scotland, was a waverer, and was aware of this defect. He heard of a preacher who was singularly happy in his choice of texts. James appointed him to preach before him, that he might put his abilities to the test. The preacher with the utmost gravity gave out his text in the following words: "James the first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse, 'for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea.'" "He is at me already!"

"SEE YE HIM WHOM THE LORD HATH CHOSEN"

said the king. No waverer can be a true king or a true Christian; but a waverer may become, as Peter did, firm as a rock, through the Spirit's indwelling.

The French king, Henry III., said to Palissy, the Huguenot potter, one day, that he should be compelled to give him up to his enemies unless he changed his religion. "You have often said to me, sire," was the undaunted reply, "that you pitied me, but as for me, I pity you, who have given utterance to such words as 'I shall be compelled.' These are unkingly words, and I say to you, in royal phrase, that neither the Guises, nor all your people, nor yourself, are able to compel an humble manufacturer of earthenware to bend his knee before statues." Palissy was more kingly than the king, even in this world, and he alone of the two had any prospect of a crown for eternity.

This is a fitting lesson in which to recall, for all who are tempted to pride of rank, or wealth, or family, the favorite poem of President Lincoln,

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

An Indian fakir entered an Eastern palace, and spread his bed in one of its ante-chambers, pretending that he had mistaken the building for a caravansary or inn. The prince, amused by the oddity of the circumstance, ordered the man to be brought before him, and asked him how he came to make such a mistake. "What is an inn?" the fakir asked. "A place," was the reply, "where travelers rest a little while before proceeding on their journey." "Who dwelt here before you?" again asked the fakir. "My father," was the prince's reply. "And did he remain here?" "No," was the answer; "he died and went away." "And who dwelt here before him?" "His ancestors." "And did they remain here?" "No; they also died and went away." "Then," rejoined the fakir, "I have made no mistake, for your palace is but an inn after all."

A True Representation of God. A king should come to his office in the spirit in which artists like Tissot and Dannecker have sought to image Christ. Dannecker, the German sculptor, occupied eight years upon a marble statue of Christ. When he had labored two years the work was apparently finished. He called into his studio a little girl, and, directing her attention to the statue, asked her, "Who is that?" She replied, "A great man." The artist turned away rebuked. He had failed. He began anew, and after several years had passed, he again invited a child into his studio, and repeated the inquiry, "Who is that?" This time he was not disappointed. After looking in silence for awhile, her curiosity deepened into awe and thankfulness, and, bursting into tears, she said in low and gentle tones, "Suffer little children to come unto me." He believed then, and ever afterward that he had been inspired of God to do that thing. He thought that he had seen a vision of Christ in his solitary vigils. He had but transferred to the marble the image that the Lord had shown to him. His rising fame attracted the attention of Napoleon, and he was requested to make a statue of Venus similar to Ariadne, for the gallery of the Louvre. He refused, saying, "A man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a pagan goddess. My art is hence forth a consecrated thing." In that spirit should every one called to any office, instead of thinking and talking of the "honor," recall the great saying, "Office is opportunity." It is "opportunity" to represent and serve God. A king who represented God, in a measure, is presented in the story of a poor woman who stood at the window of a king's conservatory looking at a cluster of grapes which she longed to have for her sick child. She went home to her spinning-wheel, earned half a dollar, and offered it to the gardener for the grapes. He waved his hand, and ordered her away. She returned to her cottage, snatched the blanket from her bed, pawned it, and once more asked the gardener to sell her the grapes, offering him a dollar. He spoke furiously to her, and was turning her out, when the princess came in, heard the man's passion, saw the woman's tears, and asked what was wrong. When the story was told she said, "My dear woman, you have made a mistake. My father is not a merchant, but a king; his business is not so sell, but to give;" so saying, she plucked the cluster from the vine and dropped it into the woman's apron. The story may well have been invented to picture salvation as something we do not earn, but receive as a free gift from the divine King.

A Lesson for Leaders

This lesson is preeminently for all who are called to lead others, whether as officers in Church or State, or as teachers or as parents, or in groups of children where some have natural leadership which should be sacredly used as "opportunity" for right influence. A gentleman had arranged a concert as a charity benefit, in which his gifted wife was to lead. She was playing the organ and leading the band of music as well as the choir boys, but in the midst of it all she became so fascinated with the fine execution of the band and so delighted with the singing of the choir boys that she ceased playing, and listened. Her husband rushed up to her, exclaiming, "Don't you know that you are leading? They are waiting for you!" In an instant her hands were on the organ and she resumed the leadership. Few of us but are leaders to somebody. Let us not forget we are leading toward or away from Christ.

Crowns for All

And now we are ready to put into this cluster of kingly stories those that remind us that God offers kingship to every man, a measure of it in this world in self-control, in social influence, in the power of knowledge, in the ballot, but a perfect kingship in the life to come. A distinguished man had an extraordinary mark of distinction and honor sent him by his prince, as he lay on his death-bed. "Alas!" said he, looking coldly upon it, "this is a fine thing here in this country; but I am going to a country where it will be of no service to me." A minister once entered an ancient almshouse, of which an aged couple were the inmates. Beside a little round table, opposite the fire, sat the husband, and, as he was very deaf, his visitor shouted in his ear, "Well, Wisby, what are you doing?" "Waiting, sir." "For what?" "For the appearing of my Lord." "And what makes you wish for his appearing?" "Because I expect great things then. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love his appearing."

Even as we write, the news comes of the dissolute King and Queen of Servia slain by their outraged subjects, and suddenly sent to answer for their sins before the King of kings—uncrowned for both worlds. From such an abuse of "opportunity" the warning comes anew to us, "Let no man take thy crown." Any hour the King may come in his glorious appearing. Would we be ready if He came to-day?

My work for the day is almost through,
Was it all as in His sight?
Would Jesus be able to say "Well done,"
Supposing He came to-night?

Lord Jesus I want more grace each day,
To help me to walk aright;
So that my heart may welcome you,
Supposing you come to-night.

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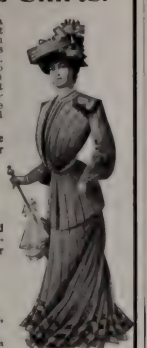

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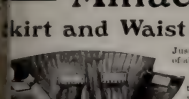

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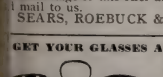

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Boyhood Days of Famous Divines

No I. JOSEPH PARKER

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

DR. JOSEPH PARKER declared, not long before he left the world, that one of the most vivid memories of his childhood was the solemn threat under which he and children of his grade were brought up to believe, that if they did anything wrong they should certainly be sent to "Botany Bay." That was enough to make his heart quail and to blanch his face. He knew it to be a geographical term, but it was a mystery to his young mind. There was only one word more terrible to his boyish imagination, and that was "Van Dieman's Land." He felt instinctively that it was a bad land, full of brimstone, and full of unholy suggestions. When it was reported that the grandfather of one of his boyish playmates had actually been in Van Dieman's Land, his respect for the boy was rudely and visibly modified.

Parker tells of the mingled amusement and horror with which he heard of a Methodist meeting, in which they were singing "We are Marching Through Emmanuel's Ground," and at the close of the hymn, one good old man, whose emotion was in excess of his intelligence, fervently prayed, "Grant that when this life is over, every one of us may have a cottage in 'Van Dieman's Land.'"

In his autobiography, Joseph Parker relates an interesting happening of his boyhood, which is also significant as revealing the peculiar hatred and horror of Catholics among Protestants in the England of that time. In the town of Hexam, where Parker was born and brought up, there was a Catholic priest named Michael Singleton, and the children were all warned that he was a "man of sin," and that the "little horn" of Daniel was hid somewhere about him. Joseph was constantly on the lookout for the horn. If he could have seen it, he would have run away from it, or have thrown stones at it, but it was not to be seen. This Mr. Singleton was the gentlest of men, with that gracious human smile that always wins children. One day he spoke to young Joseph Parker, and without knowing it, made an epoch in the boy's life. It gradually leaked out in the Sunday School where Joseph was a scholar, that he had been spoken to by the "man of sin," the "mystery of iniquity," and the "little horn" of Daniel. After that, some specially bitter folks looked curiously at him.

Not long after this, a mysterious old man in the community died, and on his florid tombstone, at the close of the usual facts, were engraved these letters, "R. I. P." The whole community was stirred up, as to what these letters meant. When a company were talking it over, many suggestions were made. One man said that no doubt the deceased was known by his friends to be an old Rip. Another scouted this idea, and suggested, "Rest in Paradise." Another spoke up, saying the letters must mean, "Resurrection Is Possible." Still another came to the front with the cruel interpretation, "Resurrection Im Possible." Joseph, an impertinent little schoolboy, burst forth with the solemn declaration that R. I. P. meant *Requiescat in pace*, when it was immediately decided that his remarks smacked of Popery, and that the touch of "the little horn" of Daniel was breaking out in the lad.

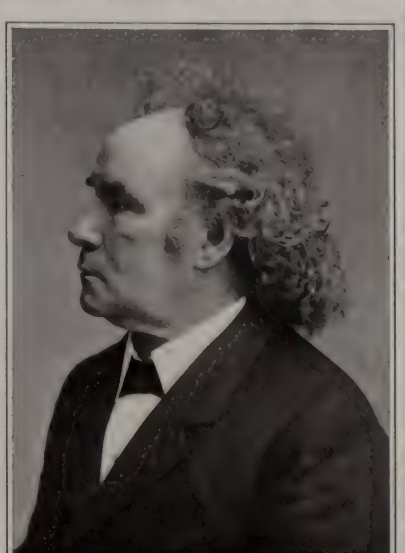
Joseph Parker's first schoolmaster was a man of violent temper. Parker says of him: "When I made the acquaintance of the infamous Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, I immediately recognized a familiar figure. Squeers is neither overdrawn nor overcolored in a single particular. My own early years were spent under the rod of a kindred tyrant. For sheer cruelty I have never known such a man. All day long he was thrashing one boy or another, and the heavier the hazel stick the better the tyrant liked it.

It was while at the school of the "Old Whacker," Joseph Parker became the champion marble player of all his little world. He declares that no one could stand before him in the matter of marbles. After he was threescore years and ten, remembering that time, he writes:

"In marbles, I was a millionaire. To this day (though all my skill is dead), I cannot see a group of boys playing at marbles without feeling a strong wish to join them."

Other and better schoolmasters followed that first cruel tyrant. Finally he came into the hands of the Rev. Joseph Walker. This gentleman was ruled with a rod of iron by his wife, who was much larger than himself. She took up his attention a good deal. Here is a little scrap of diary which throws a glimmer of light on that school:

Nov. 7. Mr. Walker has been very cloudy today all over. Wilson says that the Missus was rowing him after breakfast, because the family prayer had not been "sufficiently personal" when he knows perfectly well that Lilburne was going to leave school without paying for two plates and a flower pot he had broken. She thought the matter might have been mentioned in the prayer. . . .



THE LATE REV. JOSEPH PARKER

The poor master is quite dazed. He is not apt at reproachful prayer.

Looking back on it all in his old days, Joseph Parker thought of Walker with kindly heart, and wrote: "Good Mr. Walker! He had no cane. He threatened no life. He made no boy unhappy."

As may well be imagined from his later years, Joseph Parker was a bright boy in school. Even the cruel "Old Whacker" was accustomed to seek his assistance, young boy that he was, in some of his official duties, and would take him out on Saturday mornings to assist him in his work as a land surveyor. Joseph came to have quite a little skill in measuring land, and mapping out small estates. Though still very young in the second and third schools, he was an usher in each, receiving his remuneration partly in money and partly in instruction.

When he was fourteen, it was decided that Joseph should leave school and learn his father's trade, that of a mason. Joseph was willing to accept the situation only on the proud understanding that, in wearing his moleskins he was to serve his father only, and never be the servant of any other man. He was greatly sustained in accepting the calling of a mason by finding that Dr. Cumming's father was a mason, and Dr. Kitto's father was a mason, that Thomas Carlyle's father was a mason, that Jay of Bath, was a mason, and that Hugh Miller, the famous geologist and the brilliant editor, began life as a mason. In fact, it was made quite clear to his imaginative boyish mind, that to begin life otherwise than as a mason was to invite disgrace. But it was not destined that Joseph Parker should give his life to that sort of building. He went at it with high spirits, but says of the result: "But alas! within the year—one poor little gray year—I was ignominiously sent back to school, and thus the honest occupation of building lost its most promising ornament."

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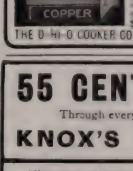
Make a smooth white sauce with two rounding tablespoons of butter and one of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch with a cupful of milk. Season with pepper and add a cup of finely chopped cooked ham. Spread the mixture over rounds of toast, lay a carefully poached egg over each, season lightly and serve immediately, with a garnish of curly parsley.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't Stand Over Hot Stoves



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W. H. F., Lexington, Ky. I have noticed the account of the evangelistic work in New York City, in which the advertising space in street cars is being used to publish the Gospel. By this means, many will read the great truths (such as Jno. 3:16), who never enter a church. Is there no way by which this movement can be extended to other cities? And perhaps, billboards and posters used also to publish the tidings of salvation to those who will not attend church. Will you not advocate this to the thousands of Christian readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, so that the time may speedily come, when the knowledge of "the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea."

An excellent suggestion. We shall be glad to hear from friends in other cities, who contemplate putting it into practice.

J. F. P., Wylam, Ala. Do you think that the great catastrophes to which we are sometimes subjected, such is cyclones, conflagrations, volcanic disturbances, etc., are sent as a warning from God, because of wickedness; or do they come in obedience to some law of nature?

Although all human experience and divine revelation, teach us that God punishes the wicked who do not repent and turn to him, we are not justified in assuming that visitations of the character referred to in the foregoing letter, are in any sense to be regarded as in this category. Indeed, Christ plainly rebuked such a conclusion, when he referred to the persecution of the Galileans, and the disaster at Siloam (Luke 13:1-4). Nature has her divinely adjusted laws; and the world moves in obedience to these laws. Greater wisdom would teach us not to live in localities that are obviously liable to be inundated, or overwhelmed by landslides; and to build of such material, and in such manner that risks from conflagration will be minimized. In a majority of cases, however, human foresight seems utterly powerless to provide against or to escape from such happenings, and we must be content to regard them as the result of natural law, to which the righteous and the wicked are alike subject "as the rain falleth on the just and the unjust."

M. A. B., Jamesville, N. Y. Will not some one tell me how to test the purity of well water?

Possibly some reader may be able to suggest a simple and reliable method to those who live in rural districts.

C. C. M., Homerville, O. 1. Does the Old Testament prohibition of swine's flesh still continue obligatory? 2. Are there special reasons for believing the coming of Christ near at hand?

1. The question whether Gentile Christians were required to obey the Jewish dietary and other laws, was submitted to a council of the Apostles by the Apostle Paul. Their decision was given formally in writing (see Acts 15:23-29). It explicitly freed them from such obligation, with certain exceptions, which are stated. There is, therefore, no religious reason for abstaining from swine's flesh, whatever sanitary reason there may be. 2. Students of prophecy believe that Christ's coming will be in two stages. The first, a coming into the air to summon those of his followers who are ready, to meet him, and a later stage, when he will come to the earth to reign. The former may occur at any time, and the condition of the world now is very much such as he said it would be when he would return. But it is true now, as when he spoke, that no man knoweth the day or the hour.

Recently a reader wrote us that she had probably the largest collection of CHRISTIAN HERALD premium books of any of our subscribers. The letter below, however, takes precedence of all others in this respect:

To "The Christian Herald":

I have seen it stated in THE MAIL-BAG, that Mrs. Edna C., of Manhattan, Kan., has forty books, besides Art Portfolio, Art Gallery, two Bibles and Red Letter Testament (in eighteen years). I think I can go it one better (for eight years), and not count what I bought and gave away to my Sunday School scholars. Here below you will see what I have: *1. The Pathway of Life; 2. From Manger to Throne; 3. Around the Tea Table* and (9) other books in case; *4. The World-Wide Encyclopedia* (15) books in set; *5. The Wedding-Ring* and (9) other books in case; *6. Crumbs Swept Up* and (9) other books in case; *7. Stepping-Stones to Happiness; 8. Home Life Made Beautiful; 9. Onward to Fame and Fortune; 10. Around the World with Eyes Wide Open; 11. Art of Home-Making; 12. Rulers of World at Home; 13. Best Things from American Literature; 14. Cheerful To-days and Trustful To-morrows; 15. The Speaking Oak;* 16. Two Teacher's Bibles (thumb-mark); 17. Red Letter Testament (thumb-mark); 18. Red Letter Bible (thumb-mark); 19. London Art Bible; *20. Smith-Peloubet Bible Dictionary.* And other things, as Atlas of World, *Quiver Magazine, Success, Cosmopolitan,* Lily of Field, Art Gallery, Olive Wood, etc., etc. There are (62) books, outside of other things not counted. FRANK P. DANNER.

A BONFIRE OF 1,300 GAMBLING MACHINES IN PHILADELPHIA

The Law and Order Society, of Philadelphia, is doing excellent work in ridding the city of certain evils particularly dangerous to the young. Its latest effective work was the destruction of hundreds of slot gambling machines, devices recently invented for petty gambling. The war against the slot machines was waged with such determination, and so strong was the public sentiment created against them, that the courts issued an order for the destruction of all such machines in use in the city. 1,300 machines were burned in one huge bonfire, in the presence of a great crowd of spectators. The mischief-making machines made a pile sixty feet long and ten feet high. The entire mass was saturated with kerosene, and matches were applied while the crowd cheered lustily. More than $1,500 were taken from the machines before they were destroyed. This money will eventually revert to the city. Rev. Hughes O. Gibbons, D.D., is President of the Society, which has been in existence about twenty years, and has made an excellent record. H. H. H.

J. B., St. Paul, Minn. Our rainmakers do not seem to succeed in drawing moisture from the clouds when it is most needed to relieve drought. Is it not a fact, however, that in some Eastern countries there are veritable rainmakers, who operate on scientific principles with success?

We would advise you to inquire of Chief Moore, of the Weather Bureau, Washington, for all data on the subject. We have heard of one form of rainmaking experiment in India. The apparatus was a rocket, containing a reservoir of ether, and rising to the height of a mile. When it began to descend slowly, under an automatic parachute, the ether was released in a spray, which lowered the surrounding temperature, condensing the vapor and producing rain, which, necessarily, was limited to a very small area.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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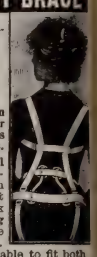

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CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

...der, Zanesville, O. In what way can a man re... ently converted do service for Christ in a be... evolent and humanitarian way?

A man desires to do such service, oppor... ties are sure to come to him. He should ...in touch with the people around him, and ...ng them he is sure to find some who need ... Jacob Riis tells the story of a man ... wanted to know of some deserving family ...whom he could be of use. Mr. Riis soon ...ished such a family. There were several ...ldren dependent on their mother, who was ...idow, who earned her living as a scrub... woman in an office building. He wrote her ...ne and address, and then asked her where ...it was she worked. She told him, and to his ...onishment, it was the very building in ...ich was the office of the friend who had ...ked him to find such a family. The man ...ust have seen her often, yet did not know of ...y need.

...y M., Germantown, Pa. Apart from Jewish ... history and religious observances, has the ...number seven ever possessed any special sig...nificance?

...n almost every case the number is asso...ted with the symbolism of religion, or re...ous ceremonies. Occasionally we find it ...another form, as in the story of the Seven ...oban Heroes, the Seven Sleepers of Ephe..., etc. Pythagoras held this number to be ...e key of all numbers, and sacred. The Ara...ans had a sevenfold oath which they held ...be inviolable. The Turks have some pe...ular ceremonies, in connection with cap, ...ak and girdle, in which seven is prominent. ...Egypt, a person afflicted with sore eyes, ...uld go to seven women, of the name of ...lima, buy a morsel of bread from each, ...s these into a paste, and apply to the eye.

...Subscriber, Fairfield, Conn., writes: ...the May 6 number, Jessie M. asks for facts ...out the purchase of a slave girl by Henry Ward ...echer. I was present that morning and witness...e the whole transaction. After a powerful sermon ...slavery, the child was brought to the platform. ...e was a pretty little mulatto, about nine or ten ...rs of age, and Mr. Beecher placed his hand on ...r little black woolly head, and told her story, and ...w much her master demanded for her ransom. ...mmediately, several men in the congregation ...se and passed around their hats, and as fast as ...ey were filled, emptied the contents on the plat...rm. When counted, there was more than suf...ient for her ransom.

...W., Danville, Vt. What is meant by the Higher ... Criticism of the Bible?

...t is an effort to discover by careful exam...tion of the contents of the various books, ...eir date, authorship, etc. Also as to how ...ey were composed, whether compiled from ...cuments previously existing, or as original ...atter. Also whether or not they have been ...ted since they were written. Such a pas...ge, for instance, as Judges 17:6, "In those ...ys there was no king in Israel," would ...turally suggest the inference that it was ...erted in the original book at a later date, ...en there was a king in Israel. If you com...re Genesis 1:27 with Genesis 2:7, you will ...e that the account of the creation of man is ...plicated. This and similar duplications are ...ken by the Higher Critics as evidence that ...o or more documents existed, which were ...mbined in the books as we now have them. ...is only fair, however, to warn you that some ...the conclusions reached by the Higher ...itics are somewhat fanciful, and are not ...cepted by orthodox scholars.

...Student, Binghamton, N. Y. A very sim...e and effective argument of analogy is cited ... Samuel L. Phillips, in his orthodox work, ...*e Testimony of Reason*, issued by Neale ...blishing Co., Washington, D.C. He writes: ...f one should visit an uninhabited island, and in ...versing it, find a watch for keeping time, such ...dividual would conclude, on examining its parts, ...d noticing their dependence one on the other ...d all tending to produce a common result, that ...me intelligent being had made the watch. Now, ...innumerable evidences of design in vegetables, ...imals and mankind, show a far more complex and ...nderful mechanism than the watch, and, by ...alogy, they must have been made by an intelli...nt Creator.

...W., Wadsworth, Mass. Will you please tell me ... the names of the places, in their order, that Paul ... visited on his three missionary journeys?

First Journey. From Antioch in Syria, to ...lamis and Paphos in Cyprus; Attalea and ...rga in Pamphylia; Antioch in Pisidia, ...onium, Lystra, Derbe, and back to Antioch, ...Syria.

Second Journey. From Antioch, north and ...est through Syria, Cilicia, Phrygia and Ga...tia to Pergamos, Adramyttium, Assos and ...roas; thence across the Ægean via Samoth...ce to Neapolis, Philippi, Amphipolis, Apol...nia, Thessalonica, Edessa, Berea, Athens, ...orinth; recrossing the Ægean to Ephesus, ...omeward by sea to Cæsarea and Jerusalem, ...d thence to Antioch.

Third Journey. Antioch to Tarsus, Derbe, ...ystra, Iconium, Pessimus (in Galatia), Antioch (in Pisidia), Colossæ, Hierapolis, Laodicea, Philadelphia, Sardis, Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Assos, thence through Thrace, Macedonia and Greece, following practically the same route as on the second journey, and returning by land to Neapolis, across the strait to Troas; thence coastwise to Mitylene, Chios, Samos, Trogyllium, Miletus, Patara, and so on, past Cyprus to Tyre, in Palestine.

Herman Von B., Milwaukee. I am now a naturalized citizen of the United States. In my own land, I have a hereditary title. Does my American citizenship affect my position in such a way as to prevent me from using the title if I wish?

It is distinctly stated in the United States Naturalization Laws, that hereditary titles or orders of nobility must be renounced by the alien at the time of his application for citizenship.

Several readers have asked for the exact words of the "Mother Shipton" prophecy. Mr. R. E. Comstock, of Norwalk, Ct., has supplied them, as follows:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world, man's thoughts shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters, shall yet more wonders do;
How strange! but they shall all be true.
The world—upside down—shall be,
And gold, be found—at the root of a tree.
Through hills, men shall ride,
And no horse, or ass, beat his side;
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk;
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron on the water shall float,
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and shown
In lands not now known.
England, shall at last admit a Jew,
And fire, and water, shall wonders do.
The world to an end shall come,
In eighteen hundred, and eighty-one.

Mother Shipton, of course, was a myth. The first line of her so called "prophecy," is popularly supposed to foretell the automobile. Mrs. L. B. H., of Chester, Ark., directs the attention of Reader, Portsmouth, Va., to the passage in Mahum 2:3, which some regard as much more explicit on the same subject.

M. C., Ware, Mass. How do you account for the repetition of II Kings 19 in Isaiah 37?

In much the same way as you will find documents repeated in modern books. Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, for instance, would naturally appear in a history of the period, in his own biography, and in innumerable books of readings and recitations. If, as is possible, the story of Hezekiah's healing was written by Isaiah, the historian who was praparing the Kings may have secured a copy of it to incorporate in his books.

Miscellaneous Questions

Reader, Plainville, N. Y., and others. Official statistics of immigrant arrivals during May are not yet available.

H. J. McC., Pittsburg, Pa. You will find the nicknames of the States in almost any almanac published in your own city.

Mrs. M. R. C., Harvard, Neb. The list of *Mayflower* passengers, we believe, was complete, with the exception of servants, as stated.

H. M. S., Milbrook, N. Y. For further information concerning the Cumberland mountaineers, the Log College, etc., write to Rev. M. Guerrant, Wilmore, Ky.

L. E. C., Middletown, S. Dak. We have heard of the power of people to locate water and minerals by the use of the "divining rod," etc., but cannot advise in the matter. If the experiment proceeds on scientific grounds, it may be worth considering; otherwise it is very likely humbug.

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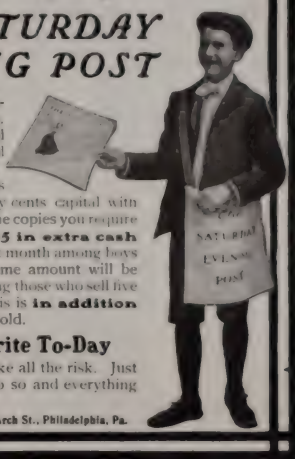

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Redeeming Child-Slaves in Africa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 551

"The natives marry young, and we encourage them in this. They have a piece of ground, build their own homes, make their own furniture. We are building up a Christian community of this kind. If we take children at four or five years of age, they are married at sixteen or seventeen.

"There is a great opening in Liberia. We have there the College of West Africa, twenty-nine primary schools, and an Industrial School. There are several native stations, two or three missionaries, and from twenty to thirty children, just as many as we can take care of at these stations.

"Take the case of a native man and his wife, who were educated in our Mission. They went out and established another Mission, and now have about twenty native children with them. These children are cared for at very slight expense. We are striving to make them evangelists to their own people.

"In East Rhodesia we are establishing what ultimately will be one of the great mission centres of Africa. I went there first in 1897. We have there about 30,000 acres of land, about ten miles from the railroad. On the railroad is Umatilla, and there we are working among the Europeans. We have an Academy with four teachers, which is now self-supporting. The native work there is among a vast population; and just as fast as I can get the right kind of white evangelists, they go out to these towns. We get hold of the children and send them to our central station, where we have a girls' school and a boys' school.

"The denominations at work there are Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregationalist.

"The first natives that I baptized were a boy and a girl on the Congo, in 1897, during my first official visit. Some missionary took them to her new station with her, and they were kept in the Mission. I went out six years later, and found two of them married, the two I had baptized—and they had a nice little baby and were living in a pleasant place, in their own cottage, built by the husband, furnished with furniture made in the Mission workshops, of which he is foreman. I went in, sat down in that nice, clean Christian home, and we had family worship. The wife has proven to be a woman of remarkable spiritual gifts."

A few days ago, Bishop Hartzell sailed from New York for a general tour of all the African missions. It is expected that he will devote much attention to the progress of the child-saving experiment. Great spiritual results are anticipated. It is impossible to estimate the good that would follow from the "redemption" of a thousand of these little black children from lives of heathenism and slavery. If the Christian people of this country were to take up the work in Mozambique alone, where there are three millions of natives, including the Tongas, the warlike Machopas, the home-loving Batswas, and where polygamy and the sale of little slave-daughters is general, they might revolutionize that part of the Dark Continent in a single year. In five or six years, after training, the children would themselves be able to go out among their own people, with the message of the Gospel. Thus, year by year, the work would multiply itself, and souls would be won to the Kingdom.

* * *

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD believes that the plan of child redemption in Africa, as outlined by Bishop Hartzell and Missionary Richards, is one that promises the grandest spiritual results. You may never be able to go to the mission field in person, nor even to send a trained white substitute there; but you can lift up a black heathen boy or girl out of darkness and slavery, and place this little one, as your substitute, where, under God's blessing, he or she may work in the field and win souls to Christ.

We invite all of our readers who wish to have a share in this Christ-like work of Child-Redemption in Africa to *send us their names and addresses.* All such letters should be marked, "Child-Redemption, care THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, N.Y." Every letter will receive attention, and the fullest information will be sent to all concerning this unique and beautiful way of working for the Master in heathen Africa.

* * * * * * *

The Power of the Spirit*

What the Holy Spirit Can Do for the Nature and Life of Man

LARGE is the subject to be compressed into the consideration of a single hour. Those who know anything of it by actual experience will shrink from taking it up in its entirety. The Holy Spirit so inspires and operates on the believer's nature and life at every point, that it is not long before he discovers that the Holy Spirit is his life. It is so from the beginning. What is the difference between two young persons who have both been reared in Christian homes yet one converted and the other unconverted? The beliefs of both are practically the same. The unconverted person believes that Jesus Christ came in the flesh, lived and died to save men from their sins and redeem them from eternal death. But the belief has no more effect upon him than has the belief that the world revolves around the sun. It is simply head-knowledge. He has not received the Holy Spirit which makes it heart-knowledge. The converted person with the same belief has been changed into a new man by the power of the Spirit. He has been quickened in the truest sense of the word. The old dull, dreary effort to live a good life has been turned into a joyful, triumphant enthusiasm. We know what that word means in ordinary life. Two men go out to witness the arrival in a town of some great general who has fought in the war. One has read of his battles and struggles and victories and longs to see the great man. The other was on his staff in the campaign and witnessed the crises through which he passed. What a difference there will be in the enthusiasm of the two as the general is greeted! The enthusiasm which the Holy Spirit kindles makes Christ real to the heart. Then the work goes forward day by day. The life implanted is divine life. It grows, it spreads, it expels sin from the heart, it arouses an intense desire for holiness, it gives power for service, fortitude in suffering, activity in service and increase in all grace. How? We know not. We know only by what we see and feel and we know, too, that as a father gives bread to his children so the Holy Spirit will be given to those who ask.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for July 12. John 16: 5-15.

Called Higher

Here is a letter from a reader in Austin, Minn., which breathes consolation and hope to every sorrowing heart:

This time I write to you it is with great sadness For years my dear old mother has welcomed your valuable paper, and been greatly helped by it. February 21 she went away from me forever on this earth, to join the "Choir Invisible," leaving a world made better by her presence. If she had lived until this month the 14th, she would have been ninety-five years of age; young in looks and heart, by her life preaching the gospel of cheerfulness and sweetness and faithfulness. Most fully was her heart filled with love toward all, and with malice toward none. She passed to her reward like the sun of our western prairies—quietly, gloriously beautiful—her last days her best ones. May God bless you in your efforts to ameliorate the conditions of suffering humanity, and to promote the kingdom of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." MRS. A. D. D.

For Young and Old

The Hall of Fame is a source of information and pleasure to me. It is suitable for old and young alike. My little grandson takes as much delight in hearing about the men and their pictures, as I do in reading and describing them to him. The pictures are things of beauty, and will be a joy forever. Each one has a charm peculiar to itself, calling forth a response different from all the rest, and suggesting a different lesson.

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DIVINE INSTRUMENTS

ow God Tests Men Whom He Calls to His Service

By MRS. M. BAXTER

HOW often we see those for whom we pray persisting in a path which we know will only bring trouble upon them as well as shonor upon God. Do not let us think is lost, or that our prayers are forgotten. od let Israel eat the fruit of their own ay, that they might be broken, and so ight learn to know him and to distrust emselves. Saul had not sought God, t God would visit him, and was willing make him his instrument. When God us draws near to and works mightily on a man, he is brought into a position no small responsibility. If he yields to od, and becomes a living sacrifice, at od's disposal, as were Moses, David, d Elijah, God may greatly use him to s glory. But if he does not yield, God nnot use him. "The spirit should fail be- re Me, and the soul which I have made" a. 57:15). Saul did not stand the test. od would not call him to such a position thout giving him a special equipment; could draw nigh unto God, he could be s instrument; but in the end he failed.

Meanwhile, Samuel gathered the people gether, reminded them how the Lord d delivered them from the Egyptians, d from all that had oppressed them, and w they now had rejected their God and manded a king, and he caused all the bes of Israel to come near, and the tribe Benjamin was taken, the family of atri, and Saul the son of Kish. In self- nscious modesty he had hidden himself nong the stuff, but, when found, he stood ad and shoulders taller than all the ople, just such a man as human nature uld delight in; something to look at; meone who looks imposing. Yes—too rong for God. And all the people outed, "God save the king!" Then muel told the people the manner of the ngdom, probably from Deut. 17:14-20, he had told them the manner of the king- m foreseen by God (II. Sam. 8:11-18). And Samuel wrote it in a book, and laid up before the Lord."

What must it have been for Samuel to e the people whom he had loved, whom e had borne upon his heart, and for whom was a continual intercessor, thus wil- lly and obstinately preferring a man to le over them in the place of God?

At this time Saul held no court, but ved quietly at home, and worked on the rm, apparently waiting, as Samuel had njoined him, for an opportunity to "do s occasion serve," for God was with him . Samuel 10:7). The occasion arose. ahash the Ammonite came up and en- amped against Jabesh-Gilead. The men f Jabesh, without inquiring of the Lord, nd quite ignoring Saul, actually requested he Ammonites to make a covenant with hem, and they would serve them! Where as the faith that God would deliver them om all their enemies? Alas! faith in od was the exception in Israel. Nahash ontemptuously answered that he would nake a covenant with them on condition hat he thrust out all their right eyes. and id it for a reproach on all Israel. Then hey bethought them of their king, and ent messengers to Saul, who thus got his pportunity. The people of Gibeah wept t the tidings, and the Spirit of the Lord ame on Saul.

He slew a yoke of oxen, hewed them in ieces, and sent them throughout all Israel aying so should it be done to the oxen of very man that came not after Saul and amuel. The fear of the Lord fell on the eople, and with one consent, from all the ribes of Israel, they gathered together ntil he had an army gathered together at Bezek, where they encamped. But Saul ent messengers to the men of Jabesh- Gilead: "To-morrow, by the time the sun e hot, ye shall have help." It was the Spirit of the Lord upon Saul, who taught im what to do. He divided his army nto three companies. They must have ad a night march, for they came into the midst of the host of the Ammonites in the morning watch—*i.e.*, between 3 and 6 A.M. —and they slew the Ammonites until the heat of the day, and all who were not slain were scattered, so that no two were left together. These were early days of the kingdom, and Israel had not learned how much her own neglect and disobedi- nce had brought upon her the many troubles which had visited her.

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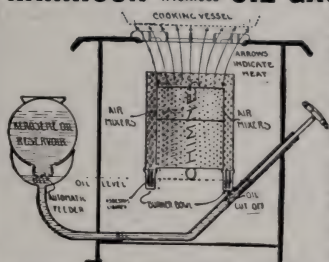

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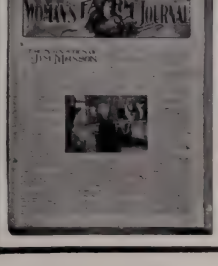

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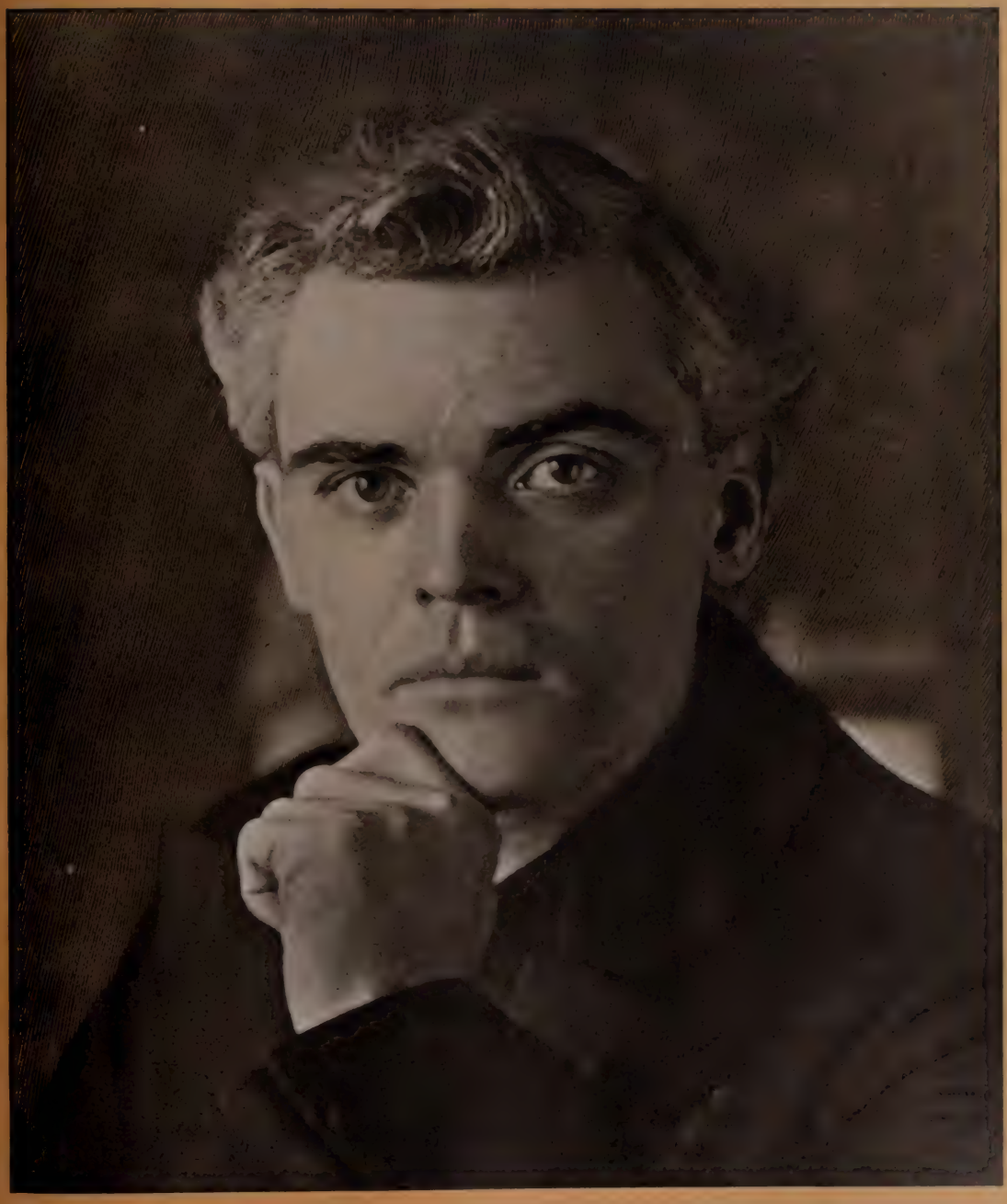

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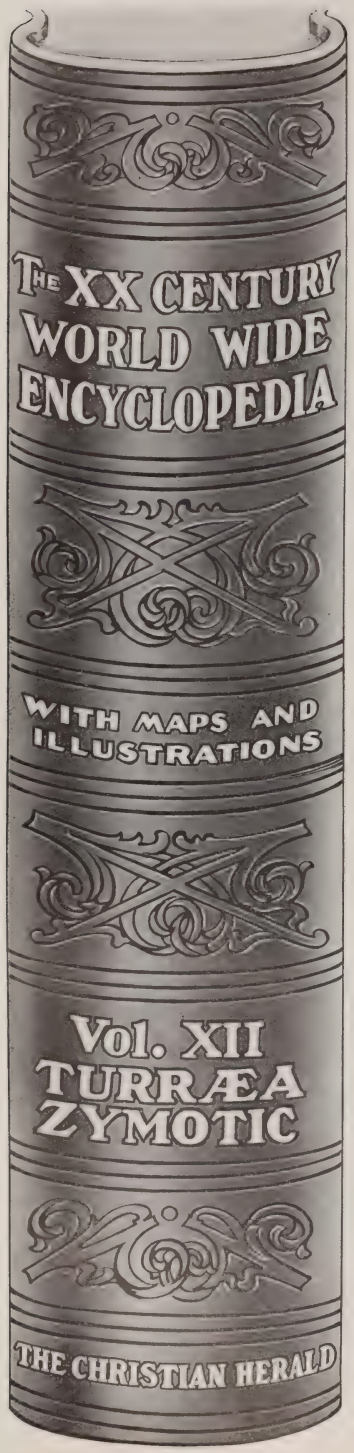

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ONE OF THE MID-DAY MEETINGS IN THE MACHINE SHOPS

THE GIANT BIBLE CLASS IN LOUISVILLE'S MACHINE SHOPS

Found Christ in the Workshop

FORTY CONVERSIONS BESIDE THE BENCHES AND FORGES

IT is astonishing how the thought of the Divine love and fellowship can sweeten labor and lighten the burden of toil. As in the old legend, the giant, stricken to earth, always found renewed strength and vigor when lying prostrate, so the humblest of Christian souls, borne down by the heat and burden of the day, finds in a brief interval of prayer and meditation, new strength for the task before him.

SIDNEY JONES, SECRETARY

In the great shops of one of Louisville, Kentucky's, biggest railway companies, is a remarkable Bible class. For pupils it has men who toil all day long at bench and forge, among the deafening noise of the machines. A year ago, these men—over fifteen thousand in number—spent their dinner-hour in card-playing and similar recreations, after the meal had been disposed of. Now, when the twelve o'clock whistle blows, the whirr of the machinery promptly ceases, tools are laid aside, and the workshops are turned into meeting-rooms, where hundreds of men gather to hear the Gospel.

The first meeting was held in the Louisville railway shops about two years ago. As an outgrowth of these gatherings, two Bible classes were organized last year. Besides these, two evangelistic meetings are held weekly. Over twenty-five thousand men attended the series of meetings last year. Four days in every week the men give up twenty-eight minutes out of the forty allowed for dinner, to attend the religious services. Recently, this unique Bible class celebrated its first anniversary in the workshop where it had organized. The attendance was very large. Mr. Jones, secretary of the organization, states that the men have shown a wonderful amount of interest, and made substantial progress in the work done by the Bible class during its first year.

"For several years," he said, "the men did nothing at noon but amuse themselves in a way that, in many cases, was far from profitable. It was a splendid opening for our work, and several of the men in high office in the company were soon interested. Rev. M. M. Bruce, the superintendent, seemed to know how to gain the men's attention. Before long, the meetings, that started with only a few members, were crowded. Many came out of curiosity, stayed to the end, and came again. We have among our ten or fifteen thousand employees all denominations represented, so we decided to make the meetings non-sectarian. We invited men and clergymen of all religious sects to talk to the men about the matters which come into their daily lives. The meetings grew so large that before many months we had a regularly organized Bible class, and evangelical meetings. Officers were selected from the men among whom we were working. That was the beginning of our present huge Bible class, the biggest in the world.

"The attendance grew so large," he continued, "that the Bible class was divided into two, so that now, with the two extra meetings, as many of the men as wish to can attend at least one service a week, and one of the classes. In this way, we are able to do the Bible class work more satisfactorily. It is not easy to conduct such an enormous class, when only a half-hour is devoted to it each time.

"In a year, the system of religious services held in the shops has made a record unequalled by any other like undertaking. Our members—men who do all sorts of work in the machine shops, and who come to the meetings just as they are, grimy and greasy—are as much in earnest as any of the well-groomed and wealthy, whose work in this direction has gained them wide renown.

"The workmen have now formed committees for promoting and keeping up different branches, and to induce other men to 'join the ranks.' One committee, within two hours, secured enough funds among the men to purchase a portable organ, which is used at each of the meetings. An excellent orchestra has been formed, with one of their number—a Russian exile—as the leader. A cornet, first and second violin, bass viol, and two guitars, compose it, and the good music has a very large share in the drawing of new members to the classes. We have leaders in the singing who have remarkably good voices, too. One man, Sebastian Groves—one of the grimy men in the freight-car building department—has a fortune in his throat. His talent is a wonderful tenor voice, which is the delight of his fellow-workers, and a marvel to all who attend the meetings. When the men learn that he is to sing one of his solos, they flock to hear him, and listen with rapt attention. He has had flattering offers to sing in church choirs, but he is still satisfied to sing only to his fellow-workers, who know him best and appreciate him highly.

"Henry Golden, another workman at the shops, is an accomplished organist. Undoubtedly these meetings have drawn the church and workingman close together, and through these they can keep in touch with each other. The influence is plainly shown in the shops by the improved demeanor of the men. There is less swearing and more regular habits, and there is a goodly attendance at the different churches in the city. As a result of the meetings last year, forty men openly confessed Christ, and ninety united with the various churches."

This is surely a glorious showing for a single year of Christian effort among these hitherto neglected men of the railroad machine shops. They have been taught that the superintendent, and those who are in authority over them, take a deeper interest in them than that which merely relates to their manual work in the shops, and that there is nothing that can sweeten life, or make it thoroughly wholesome and enjoyable, like true religion in the heart. It is remarkable that, among such a large number of men, the verdict in favor of this new departure should have been so unanimous. They feel the social as well as the spiritual uplift; they see that there is no class distinction and no respect of persons—that all are brothers, and treated with the same fraternal spirit of good-will and mutual helpfulness.

Sometime ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published an account of a similar work, which was conducted by Mr. L. H. Creager, of the little city of Washington, Ind. Mr. Creager employs in his factory a large number of men in the manufacture of bent wood products. A Christian himself, he endeavored to interest his men in religion and to persuade them to attend church. To his surprise, he learned that many of them stayed away from church on account of the social distinctions that prevailed in the place. A little further inquiry convinced him that they would welcome an opportunity to hear the Gospel, and when he proposed to them that a brief, simple service should be held in the factory building mornings, before beginning work, they cordially approved the plan. The Rev. J. J. Gorby, a local pastor, gave his hearty cooperation, and in a room, full of machines, wheels and belting, was held the first of a series of the most unique Gospel services. Every week day morning, beginning at seven o'clock, fifteen minutes are devoted to a plain talk upon practical things, with a spiritual application. No one is ever late, the minister and his audience always arriving punctually on time. The seed sown in those early morning services is falling into good ground and will yet bear much fruit. The time employed in these meetings is not deducted from the men's pay, and the preacher is regularly paid for his services. Mr. Creager does not pose among his workmen as a reformer; he simply puts before them the proposition that Christianity and right living pay, and that if a man desires to have God's blessing and approval in this world, and acceptance in the life to come, he must forsake evil and do right, and that the only way to do this is to do it through Christ as Saviour and Helper.

These novel phases of Christian work in two States present an example of spiritual activity on modern lines which might be followed with advantage in many other localities.

The American Pulpit

THE VISION OF GOD

A Sermon by REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, of London

Preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn

TEXTS { *Matt. 5: 8: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"*
John 14: 7: "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; but from henceforth ye know him and have seen him"

CITY TEMPLE, LONDON

THE former of our two texts, as I need not remind you, is a part of that compendium of the teaching of Jesus which we have been accustomed to describe as "The Sermon on the Mount." It may be a question, however, whether our Lord on this occasion, at any rate, did deliver a sermon, if he ever delivered a sermon; but I do not myself believe that these beautiful, deathless words were spoken to a great multitude. The indications are to the contrary. Observe the closing verses of the fourth chapter, how multitudes pressed upon the Master, and he healed them, and, seeing the number increased, and that the time had come to withdraw from them, he did so, and the first verse of our chapter says: "Seeing the multitudes he went up into a mountain, and when he was set his disciples came unto him." Not the multitude, but a few, and I venture to believe, that our Lord gathered around him there a little group of people whom he meant to teach; slowly, carefully, and painstakingly, the solemn truths about the Kingdom.

Everybody in that day knew that Christ had to come with good tidings about the Kingdom, because everybody was looking for that Kingdom. But what kind of a kingdom? In the mind of the Jew what kind of a kingdom was the Kingdom of God, about which everybody was speaking? As you know, the Roman eagles were then set up in Israel; the Roman soldiers were trampling Jewish patriotism under foot, and the Jewish people hated, with a bitter hatred, those who had dragged their religion and patriotism in the dust. They were looking for a Messiah who should do as Judas Maccabeus did when he delivered his country from foreign domination. They expected the Messiah to set up the Israelitish kingdom, nay more, grasping the sceptre of the Cæsars, to wield it over imperial Rome as well as over Israel. That was the spirit of the kingdom they were looking for.

The Expected Kingdom

A good many people have had the same dream since that day. Savonarola had it, and for a time, it seemed, he had brought it about in Florence. You know how that kingdom flourished. Before very long the apostle thereof had been done to death at the stake in Florence by the people he came to serve. So it has almost always been with the prophets. Our Puritan fathers had that dream. They could not realize it in England, so some of them came here, and the very name of your church perpetuates the history of that time. It was a magnificent failure, but it is coming to its triumph now.

The Kingdom of God is a thing that comes slowly. Men have hoped for it through the long centuries. Some day, some day we shall see it when "the earth is filled with knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." The advent of Jesus was prepared for by the voice crying in the wilderness, hailing the coming King. "Is he the one, then, who shall restore the Kingdom of God in Israel?" said Peter and James and John. "Now," said they, "we shall hear about the Kingdom."

How did Jesus begin to teach them? Observe the slight discrepancy between Matthew and Luke. This gives me a clue to the way the Master taught on the mountain top. You see that Matthew began: "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Luke's version is: "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God." Which is right? Which is wrong? Both right; neither wrong; it is certain that Jesus said both. Each beatitude was a lesson for the day. Perhaps Jesus began this way: "You are expecting to hear about the Kingdom. Well, now, Peter, how do suppose that the Kingdom will come?" Peter would say: "We have all got to enlist. We will follow you. Lift up the old banner of Israel, and see how many will come to your side."

"What sort of people will I want first, Peter?" "First you must call in the Pharisees. They are the natural leaders of Israel; they are our religious authority; they are the men who pull the first stroke. Let us call them, and we shall take our places behind them. Such are the recruits of the Kingdom." The Master would say: "Now listen, Peter, blessed are the poor men—yourselves, for yours is the Kingdom of God." There would be a dead silence, I will be bound; because, however, things are in America, it is a little bit different in the Old World. Over our way, the poor man does not reckon himself to be of much account when it comes to founding kingdoms. The Master would go on: "You get your living on the sea, you fishermen who draw nets in the night. You people whom nobody wants or counts when anything big is to be done. Blessed are ye poor; for yours is the Kingdom of God, if ye only knew it." Again, there would be silence, for then, as now, there is no chance for the poor man at all. A poor man has to keep quiet in the presence of his betters; he has to take what another man says; he has to give place to the rich man. The spirit natural to a poor man he may keep, or he may not. Some poor men don't. The spirit natural to the rich man is not that one, but the Master said: "Blessed is that man, whether poor or rich, who can be poor in spirit."

Conditions of the Vision

Now, look for a moment at the first part. Matthew sat with his pencil and waited for the second. He wrote down: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of God." That would do for one day. Another day the Master said: "Peter, John, would you like to see the God to whom we pray? Would you like to see him?" "Impossible!" would be the reply. "Clouds and darkness are round about Jehovah; there is danger on Mount Sinai; thunder and lightning guard the throne of God. No man hath seen God at any time. To look upon God! Ah, that would be to die! I am undone when I have seen the Lord of Hosts." Then the Master would say: "Stay a little. There are more ways than one of seeing a thing. I can give you a vision. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

I venture to say, my friends, that none of those simple men understood more than just a little of what the Master meant. They did not alter their minds nor outlook upon the Kingdom in the least. They followed him for a year and a-half, maybe—how much longer I do not know—and still they did not see what he meant by the Kingdom and the vision. That was given to the poor in heart. And at last they come to the "upper room," and there they gathered round about him. They did not know it, but it was to say good-bye before the tragedy of Calvary, the central event in the world's history.

Jesus spoke about going away, and they felt, for the first time, how much they were going to lose, supposing the Master was not to be the Messiah after all. Supposing Jesus went away. They did not want him to go. They had learned to love him, and I am sure you will agree with me when I say, although they were not aware of it, they had never been so near to God before as when they were sitting at the feet of Jesus. They never made any creed about it, but somehow they felt that they had come into contact with the Father as they had never done before. Jesus was going, and at the terrible news their hearts sank. "Lord, show us the Father, and we shall be satisfied," said one of them. "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father."

Early Glimpses

Even then they did not get behind the mystical veil as you and I are getting behind it now as I speak. We do not want in a way to crush all God into the figure of the human Jesus, and say, "There, that is all there is, and all there is to be." We do not mean that, and Jesus did not mean that. This is all he meant, and it is true: If God be like Jesus, it is well for men. We may have many things to learn concerning the purposes of God after we have looked upon the face of Christ, but we have nothing more to learn about himself—he will be the same to all eternity. We cannot explain in human language what we mean when we say, Jesus is God; but, believe me, you will never learn any more about the love of God to all eternity than you know when you have really got a grasp of what is meant by the love of Christ. The thought that Jesus and the Father are one is more to me than any metaphysical proposition. As I pray to the Father, I always see the face of Jesus Christ. He could guarantee God. "In the bosom of the Father he hath declared him." There is the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. These men felt all this; it had not become a creed, but it was already an experience; and when my second text was spoken they were nearer to what we know as a vision of God than they had ever been before. This is only exordium. I want to apply it.

We are just in the position of these simple men, and are seeking, as they sought, for the vision of God. As Dr. Hillis said yesterday, quoting some one else, "men are incurably religious." Yes, often when they seem not to be. Sometimes men will not listen to a preacher because they feel that he knows no more than they do about that mysterious somewhat, who hides His face behind the clouds. I do not believe there is a man in New York or Brooklyn, who would not this morning, if he could, have a vision of the Most High; and if I could, without trouble and sorrow and sacrifice, I would be among the great company who stand, adorin round the throne of God. I believe there is somethir in us that pants for God. As Augustine said: "Thc hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are not at re until they find rest in Thee." This is the mood in whic we find ourselves."

How many of us have a vision of God? Have yo have you? No; there is very little in our outward lit to remind us of God at all. In the struggle for the dc lar we cannot see much of God. In America, politic sometimes makes you wonder if he has taken his han off the helm. Then it may take a cataclysm—it may t a civil war—to deepen within you all that you shoul have thought of before. God is, in our most deep an solemn moments we feel it, and we have and can hav no companion but him; and when we seek him we just as Peter and John did—turn to Christ craving. W feel a need somehow, and if there is a way unto Go for us, if the curtain could ever be drawn aside, the wa must be Jesus, it will be his hand that draws aside th curtain that veils the seen from the unseen. The bes of humanity have felt it—the noblest that England an America have produced have felt it that the Christ ha given us God. It is Jesus' God that we worship. A Browning says in his "Saul:"

Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh tha
I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a hand like thi
hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See th
Christ stand!

Jesus gives me all I want of God. If there is a cravin not yet satisfied, it will be by and by; we shall see an know more on the other side than we see here.

An Enchanting Prospect

Yesterday, at luncheon, Dr. Hillis and a few friend were talking about your illustrious pastor, Mr. Beecher and one of them told me this story, which is probably familiar to you, but it struck home to me for the firs time. It was given on the authority of Major Pond whom I expected to see here this morning, and very sorry I am for the reason that keeps him away: No long before his death Mr. Beecher and Major Pond were together, and Beecher, leaning forward, without in troduction said, with tears in his eyes, "Pond, think o it, only think of it, soon I shall see Jesus!" That was spoken in the nineteenth century. Let me remind you of something which was written in the twelfth. Beecher might have said it, but it was St. Bernard:

Jesus, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest.

I am told that for forty years or more you have had flowers on this platform every Sunday. Is that so? Suppose somebody in the audience to be color blind. The white and the gold and the green will be all the same to him—probably the color of this New York June, that is gray. I am also told that there is something like a renaissance in America of enthusiasm for art. The gospel of the beautiful is here everywhere, and men will listen to that gospel. Now, suppose you are asked to tell me what the sense of beauty is. There is no man or woman in the church who could tell me anything about it because we do not know. It is one of God's mysteries. One of the great wonders of the human spirit is that there is beauty to be seen; but you have to know something of beauty yourself before you see it to be beautiful. The beauty is in you to begin with, and then you see it here.

This is but a sacrament. You are united to the great whole of things when you see these flowers to be beautiful. They speak to you of God, simply because you are like God yourself. There is a beauty within that resides there—a symbol of the beauty without. Nor is that all. The purity of heart, of which the Master speaks, which is bringing something to the vision, you understand, is not to be confused with purity of character. They may be the same, but they may not. When I speak about the heart of a little child I am speaking about purity of heart; but a little child, you know, is not a saint. The saint and the child are near together, but the child has a long way to go before it comes round to the saint.

Purity of heart is not purity of character, but it implies simplicity, earnestness, single-mindedness, humility. Now, believe me, I do not want to attempt, to pretend, to teach you how to govern yourselves in America. I have noticed already that there is one virtue in which you do not excel any more than we do at home—that is humility. I should very much like to see that gift flourish on both sides of the Atlantic. Mark Twain says, somewhere, that he discovered at the time of the

Diamond Jubilee that the English were mentioned in the Bible—in the Beatitudes—"The meek shall inherit the earth." Well, our cousins on this side can help us out. Humility is not a fashionable virtue in Anglo-Saxon countries. However it may suit us, as nationalities, to hold our own because of the commission God hath given us to the world, when we come to our dealings with God, a broken and a contrite heart is the only way in. There is no way round. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" No. But unto the babes he is revealed.

You can be simple sometimes in a time of trouble. It is wonderful how we strip the trappings off, and our real self appears when we are bowed down. Sometimes a man discovers himself in the hour of darkness. He never knew what he was until that season came. That is God's chance. Whenever a man is low down, with the cross on top of him, that is the time to feel the pressure of God's hand; and somehow we all turn wistfully to Jesus when there is any question of a broken heart. He is the Comforter, the Saviour; and, best of all, he is a Saviour who can save, and the Comforter who can comfort, for he sits up there on the throne of the universe, Lord over all.

The other day I met with some wonderful testimony concerning this very truth. I am not attempting to prove it; I am only holding it up. A young man who is at work in London told me this concerning his life in America and England. He is the son of a British general, born to high estates himself, and was an officer in the British army. His commission was taken from him for bad conduct, and he was exiled from home. He came to this country, went from bad to worse, and sank lower and lower, until at last he became a common soldier—shall I say a private soldier?—in your army when it disclosed of Spanish pretensions a little south of here. Perhaps I have not stated that properly. He went from bad to worse, but there was a gleam of something better when he enlisted.

After the war he left the army, and went on his own resources. He said there was scarcely any sin he did not commit—sins of the flesh, I mean. We are harder on those, somehow, than we are on sins of a different kind. If a man makes a pile he can sin with impunity, but if a man has little to spend and gives away his constitution, we dance upon him. He left that place in disgrace, and went back to the West and got a situation as a gardener—this son of a British general. Then he came to himself in the "far country." It was not an earthly father he was thinking about—he was afraid to go home to him—but of a heavenly one. He didn't know much about God, but this is his account of it: "I was at work one day," he said, "when I seemed to hear a voice within, a voice not my own, protesting, and calling me. It seemed as if the spirit of all things was speaking to me. I found myself saying 'I do not know why, 'If you will help me, I will.' That was Pauline in its significance. I had never heard anything like it. He went to a minister to see if he could not be put on the right way. The minister could not understand what he was driving at, so he left him, brought a Bible and began to read. By and bye he turned up the chapter you and I read this morning, the fourteenth of John. "Up to that time," he said, "I had a thousand times repeated in church, as a child, at the tailend of the collect, the phrase, 'through Jesus Christ our Lord,' but I never knew who Jesus was. Now, when I read those words, I found out: 'Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me,' and 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' I said to myself: 'Now, I know who Jesus is.' 'His was the voice that spake to me in the garden.'"

It is good theology. Christ has far more to do with you than you have with him, and what I have been telling you this morning, is indelible truth. You could not wipe it out with the worst life that ever was lived. Christ is the spirit of all things, the Master of all. He is the deeper self within the soul of every man, no matter how sunken or low down. The Christ came, the Christ follows, the Christ saves.

Then, to enter into union with such a Christ is possible here and now. There are some here who found that out long ago, who know there is a Christ. If we denied it they would say: "I know whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him." "But you cannot see Him." Yes, you can. Communion of the soul is the only real communion. You can live close up to the Christ, and look up into his god like face all the time, and no one can take you from him, and you can feel, if you cannot prove, that the Christ cares for you and belongs to you, and speaks to you. He looks upon you and you know his face. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and you know that because you are trying to bring something to the Christ—a broken life which He is mending; a faulty character which He is to cure, and Christ takes just what you have to bring and makes it whole.

There is another name I should like to mention before I close: John Zundel. I never saw him, but I remember reading about him and that great organ, if it is the same one. Mr. Beecher said some organists never knew what to play when the sermon was over. "But," he said, "John Zundel does. According to what I have said, he speaks on the organ." Suppose one entered the church just after Mr. Beecher had finished speaking and heard John play. He had not heard what had gone before and might ask one: "Play on, for we plainly something Later I am not in the mood for what you are playing." The congregation would soon put him right. Then would say: "You would have been in the mood for it if you had heard what had gone before. All was pleading together. Your poor, Whittier, wrote:

> For myself alone I should
> All is dark. I know, without
> A sign the beauty fades
> I sense the need, but not the good
> Yet with humble trust in God's eternal
> And on earth by chastened power,
> I am groping for the door
> Of the heavenly harmonies.

We are all groping for the keys of the heavenly harmonies. We want to be at one with God, and we are not. Perhaps some day with millionless harmony around the throne, when we see the "King in his beauty," in the "land that is afar off," we shall understand how much we owe to the invisible Friend, whom not having seen we love, and yet whom we do not with the heart that craves for a brighter vision still. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

[Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was crowded almost to suffocation when the foregoing sermon was delivered. The aisles, and even the preacher's platform, were thronged. The enormous audience listened intently as in ringing, melodious tones Mr. Campbell proclaimed his message. He is comparatively a young man, yet his thick hair is prematurely gray. Though the son of a Methodist minister, and educated under the care of a Presbyterian Elder, his leaning was originally toward the Church of England, and he entered Oxford University with the intention of becoming a clergyman of that Church. His studies, however, convinced him that he could not find a congenial home there, and after his graduation he accepted the pastorate of a Congregational Church at Brighton. After a wonderfully successful service there, he preached, during Dr. Parker's illness, at the City Temple, London, at the mid-day services held there every Thursday. The large church was crowded, and the interest in the service increased. When Dr. Parker died, Mr. Campbell was invited to succeed him, and he has accepted. In reference to his visit to this country, he modestly says, he has not come to teach, but to learn and to study our methods, in the hope that he may find some which can be adopted in his own work.]

A MODEL BOYS' CLUB

IT IS IN FALL RIVER, AND HAS 2,200 MEMBERS AND A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING—THE WORK DESCRIBED

THE BOYS' CLUB-HOUSE, FALL RIVER, MASS.

WHILE the boys' club is at best a poor substitute for the happy, healthful influence a boy ought to find in his own home, it is a far better place than the street. Workers with boys find that clubs of various kinds have been in a large degree helpful in solving the boy problem.

Mr. Henry F. Burt, leader of the Boys' Clubs at Chicago Commons, said recently of the organizations: "The club can do for the boy what is much harder for any individual to do—it can develop and create self respect. With many of our boys, this is not necessary; but with the boy from the poor home, and especially from the real poverty home, 'don't care' is the problem to face. This is because he has been deprived of the necessities required to look and act decently. He is robbed of self-respect. Another purpose of the club is to make that boy care to be clean in person and in dress; to make him care for school, and to make him care what he does. The club is of no value except as it stands for order. Order is a thing every child should learn; but the fact remains that many of the boys in our crowded centres go absolutely unrestrained, except when in school. After the parents have worked hard all day or night, and returned to their home, they are too tired to attempt to control their boys; or they see so little of their children, that they think it cruel to use discipline. This means that when the child wants to do anything, he is going to do it."

A Fall River philanthropist has sought to solve the problem of the poor boys of that town in a measure, by building and equipping one of the finest club-houses for boys in America. This beautiful building, which was mentioned sometime ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was built and equipped by Matthew C. D. Borden, at a cost of $85,000, and Mr. Borden has been heard to say that he thinks it has been one of the most profitable investments he ever made. Hundreds and thousands of Fall River boys are quite sure that it has been one of the most profitable investments ever made for their direct benefit. From a very small beginning, ten or twelve years ago, the Fall River Boys' Club has grown until it has a membership of nearly twenty-two hundred, which makes it, perhaps, the largest boys' club in America, if not in the world. The club owns not only its great club-house, but also a fine farm, on which the boys have their summer outings, and on which they have the educational privilege, valuable to every boy, of coming near to the heart of nature.

The Fall River Club has for its superintendent Mr. Thomas Chew, who was himself once a poor boy, working in the mills. He knows just what the home of the average mill-boy is.

The mill-boys, and all of the poor boys of Fall River, have in the club a handsome, well-warmed, well-lighted, and cheery place, where they may spend their spare time amid the helpful influence of books, pictures, cleanliness and brightness. Here they may play their games or engage in athletic amusements in the gymnasium, or swim in the great swimming pool, which is to most of them the most fascinating part of the club-house. Here they are kept from the temptations that assail the boys of the street. Here they are taught the necessity and the value of saving a part of their small earnings.

Industrial training now has a place in all educational and reformatory work, and it has a prominent place in the Fall River Boys' Club. There are classes in carpentry, printing and drawing. Each boy is given a blank form, in which he is asked to write his name, age, residence, the year, day and month of his birth, and what he would like to be when he is a man. All of the boys who would like to be doctors are grouped together, and once a month a lady member of the Board of Directors of the club provides light refreshments for this group of would-be doctors, and some real doctor gives them a talk regarding the work of a physician. The group of lawyers in embryo meet and are addressed by a lawyer, and the "sailors" hear all about the life of a sailor from some one who knows all about it.

A summer vacation school, during the progress of which both boys and girls enjoy the privileges of the club, is one feature of the work done by this model club. The farm that is such a delight to the boys, was given to the club by Mr George W. Dean. It consisted of 155 acres, to which eighty acres have lately been added. Here the boys learn about farming, and receive the physical, mental and moral uplift that comes from a taste of real rural life. At the tenth annual meeting of the club, the 650 boys who sat down to luncheon were delighted to have letters read to them from President McKinley, Governor Crane and Mr. Borden.

A great many workers with boys agree with Jacob Riis when he says, after many years of experience trying to solve the problem of the boy: "We build jails when we ought to build schools. You see, we have got hold of the wrong end of the whole business. Any kindergarten teacher can tell you that it is easy to form the character of the young. That is the reason why we make boys' clubs. That is why we make kindergartens, or establish places to take the young out of the slums and show them that God's world is beautiful and great. And when they come home with those things, then you can talk to them of church and heaven. Before that, it will go into one ear and out at the other. You can never make any one understand about heaven, until they have an embodiment of it in their own lives."

J. L. HARBOUR.

ENTERTAINMENT HALL IN BOYS' CLUB-HOUSE, FALL RIVER, MASS.

The World's W.C.T.U. Convention in Switzerland

THE sixth Convention of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union held in Geneva, Switzerland, from June 8 to 11, though small, will rank as one of the most enthusiastic and important, for the changes made in the constitution. The American delegation numbered sixty, while the English Scotch and Welsh had eighty-six delegates, and there were two hundred and fifty visitors. Still the American was probably the most representative delegation, and it was evident that the American influence was predominant, and that most of the important work was in the hands of the American women. As the Rev. C. M. Belden, the rector of the American church in Geneva, said in his welcome address, the world would always remember that the society originated in America, and that its great good had been accomplished, in a great measure, by Americans.

ANNA A. GORDON

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, vice-president of the World's and president of the United States W. C. T. U., was chairman of the Convention. The American members were invited to stay in London a few days before the date of departure for the Continent, and they were entertained there by Lady Henry Somerset, who had various parties of them out at Higham Hall, Woodford Green, where they discussed in detail the measures of organization which the Convention put into operation.

There were several familiar faces generally seen in the World's conventions which were missing at Geneva, notably that of the gentle and still beautiful Hannah Whitehall Smith, author of the *Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*. She welcomed everyone in London, but she says that years and increasing lameness are beginning to tell upon her, and she cannot go about the world as easily as in other days. Most of the delegates from countries where the native costume is still worn, appeared in it at Geneva upon special occasions, but European dress seemed to prevail. Miss Johannsdottir, the president of the Iceland W.C.T.U., however, wore her quaint head-dress and it gave a pleasing touch of picturesqueness to the platform. Miss Olive Malvery, the young Indian girl who has started journalism and lecturing in England, enlivened the programme several times with recitations, when she came out, in flowing graceful robes of brilliant yellow and gold.

The changes in the constitution were made at the first session of the executive committee. They put the election of officers into the hands of the Convention. Miss Anna Gordon gave notice that she, or some one in her place, would, at the next biennial convention, move to amend Article 8 of the constitution by submitting the word "nominated" for the word "elected," adding after the words "executive committee," the words "elected by the convention" and substituting the word "convention" for the words "executive committee" at the close of the article. The amendment was adopted, so that Article 8 reads now as follows:

The president, vice-president at large, secretary and treasurer, shall be nominated biennially by the executive committee and elected by the Convention, and the assistant secretary shall be nominated by the secretary and elected by the Convention.

It was carried that the constitution may now be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the executive committee, subject to the approval of the Convention, that the World's Convention may be called in two or in three years by the general officers, and that they may also have the power to decide the place of the Convention. It will thus be impossible to say where the next Convention will be held. Invitations were received from several countries, notably from Australia and Denmark; but the general feeling seemed to be that it would convene in Boston. This was the place of the first World's meeting and a fitting place for the next one, which many workers think should go to America.

The missionary work was also reorganized. With missionary stations now established in fifty-eight countries, the need at present is for resident members, instead of "Round-the-World Missionaries." There will hereafter be none so-called, but instead "World's White Ribbon Missionaries." Miss Jessie Ackermann sent in her resignation, having other duties at home to engage her attention, and the new workers in the foreign field are Miss Tinling of England, who has been doing excellent work recently in the United States, and Miss Johannsdottir of Iceland. Miss Northam Fields of Warren, Ill., who has been in New Mexico for some time, will be continued there. Miss Kara Smart of North Dakota, has been in Japan for six months, and her work is so satisfactory there that it will be continued.

The election of officers by a World's convention took place Thursday morning and no change was made. There was no opposition to any name presented for re-election. The only resignation among the superintendents was that of Mrs. Barnes, who has been so long at the head of the Young Women's work. Mrs. Clara Parrish Wright will have charge of the Y branch.

It would be impossible to give here in detail all the interesting facts brought out in the reports of the secretaries and superintendents. Miss Slack's report was naturally the most important, as it gave in detail the condition of the temperance movement in the United States, Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Canada, Queensland, Burma, India, Madagascar, Syria, Cape Colony, Natal, Chili, Cuba, Uruguay, and the West Indies.

The effect of this temperance convention upon Geneva would be a difficult matter to discuss off-hand. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the slow-going, conservative Swiss were thoroughly aroused. The *Reunion des Femmes* of Geneva gave the delegates a handsome reception on Tuesday, and the Swiss ladies committee arranged a banquet for Friday evening.

REBECCA A. INSLEY.

JUBILEE OF CANADIAN CONGREGATIONALISM

A MEMORABLE meeting of Canadian Congregationalists has just been held at London, Ontario, at which the Jubilee of the organization of the Union of Ontario and Quebec was celebrated. The occasion will be specially remembered by reason of the acceptance of a challenge from the Colonial Missionary Society of London, England, for the removal of the entire mortgage indebtedness of the churches. The origin of this movement was the visit of a deputation from the Union of England and Wales to Canada, last autumn, and the subsequent report that ten per cent. will be added to all sums collected for this purpose. The project was taken up with enthusiasm, and it is believed that the desired goal will be reached.

Another forward movement was made in relation to the great Northwest, by the appointment of a provisional superintendent, who shall seek to make arrangements with at least the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations, to prevent the rivalry and competition now so manifest in older communities, and to plan for a better service for the interests of the Kingdom of God. An effort will also be made to follow up the Congregational families coming from the United States and England, and place them in early church fellowship.

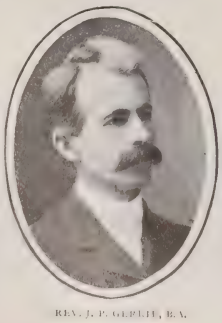
In this connection may be noted the cordial fraternal fellowship which was shown by representatives of the different denominations. Strong and influential delegations were officially received from the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and their greetings cordially reciprocated.

The annual utterances from the chair, and the preacher of the Union, were both constructive, and covered somewhat similar ground, though this was unknown until after their delivery. The chairman's topic was "The Changing and the Abiding in Religious Thought and Life," and the preacher's was, "Christ, the Centre of Authority." Both speakers are young men, and are fairly representative of the thought of the Union. The other addresses dealt largely with evangelistic, educational, home and foreign missionary topics.

A pleasing feature of the gathering was the attention which was given to both young people and the veterans. The thought specially emphasized in connection with the former was the importance of guiding children in church and Christian life. The "Hour with Veterans" called up interesting reminiscences, and valuable lessons for the younger ministers. Among these were the power of prayer, and the value of personal and persistent work. Of the six veterans who spoke, some were past, and the others nearing, the fourscore milestone of life.

Among the more public considerations of the Union, was a strong resolution requesting the Ontario government to enact prohibitory legislation in accordance with the recent referendum vote. The Dominion government was earnestly petitioned to make similar enactments in connection with the manufacture and sale of the cigarette.

Altogether, the gathering marked an epoch in Canadian Congregationalism. Not a jarring word was heard from beginning to close, and the hope, expectation, and whole-hearted consecration augur well for the future.


REV. J. P. GLEELE, B.A.

REV. F. O'HARA.

REV. F. J. DAY, B.A., D.D.

REV. D. S. HAMILTON, B.A.

HAPPY DAYS AT OUR FRESH-AIR HOME

THE DINNER HOUR UNDER THE BIG TENT AT MONT-LAWN

It was a very delightful Fourth of July which our little guests at Mont-Lawn passed this year. There were considerably over two hundred tenement children at our Fresh-Air Home, and besides these, Housemother Collins had a great number of visitors, who came by rail and boat, to see how the little folks celebrated.

What a pretty and picturesque sight it was, when the joyous youngsters marched across the road lawn, the boys' and from Mr. Devere's Abigail Kindergarten in New York, playing patriotic airs that woke the echoes of the Rockland Hills, and set the children wild with enthusiasm. For several years, the Abigail Mission Band has visited Mont-Lawn on the Fourth, and the Nyack villagers, and other folk from far and near, come to listen to the stirring music. No regimental band, playing before the grandest of audiences, ever received such unstinted homage of applause as those Kindergarten musicians.

Our programme for the children's celebration was a most attractive one, and fairly filled the day with enjoyment for our little guests, and for the visitors also. In the morning, after a breakfast, the order is to "trim house," which means to decorate the main building and its surroundings with gay red-white-and-blue bunting. Then after this was been satisfactorily accomplished, the early forenoon is devoted to frolic, the children being supplied with small torpedoes and firecrackers, which they explode with keenest enjoyment, making the place sound as though a battle with small arms was in progress. Dinner call is for twelve o'clock. A few minutes earlier, the wee folks are assembled by tap of drum, and they march in regular file, with military precision, to the great marquee tent, where, under the cool shade of double canvas, they enjoy a hearty dinner. Whatever else changes at Mont-Lawn, there is always absolute dependence to be placed upon the children being hungry at mealtimes. Their appetite never fails, and to watch them at meals is an exhilirating sight.

After dinner on every Independence Day comes the flag-raising, and then parade drill, both of which are greatly enjoyed both by the children and the visitors to Mont-Lawn. Then there is an hour's frolic around the May-pole, which is a focus of attraction to the youngsters, with its long streamers of vari-colored ribbon, and the swiftly moving children that gayly circle about it. Instead of being May, it is July, with midsummer approaching; but this trivial fact makes no difference to the little tenement waifs, whose merry dance around the May-pole is not affected by any considerations of time or seasons. Then, after the children have romped and frolicked out-of-doors to their hearts' content, everybody, visitors included, proceeds to the pretty little chapel, which is always decorated for the Fourth. Here the young folks, who have for days been preparing for the occasion, give a display of calisthenics, and then sing their patriotic songs. Many of the old favorites, "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "There are Many Flags in Many Lands," "The Stars and Stripes," are rendered by the children with a volume and vigor that would surprise most audiences.

At these Independence Day gatherings our children always look to some of our invited guests for a speech, and this year the programme included the names of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, "Mother of the Bowery Boys," the Rev. Dr. Lee and Ichabod, of Peekskill, Mr. Irving Bachelor, the author of *Eben Holden*; the Rev. C. H. Mead, the evangelist Mr. Harry Steele Morrison, and others, as among those who would speak to the children briefly. They listened appreciatively to Miss Grace Hildebrand, "the Gospel Nightingale," while she sang to them. Dr. Klopsch is always in demand at every such gathering, and the wee guests are never fully satisfied until they have had a good talk from the founder of our Children's Home.

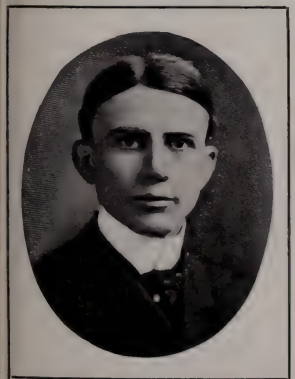
THE ABIGAIL KINDERGARTEN BAND AT MONT-LAWN

But with sunset comes the truest part of the day's enjoyment. Then the capital display of fireworks, which Dr. Klopsch gives to the Home every Independence Day evening, takes place. No tenement child at Mont-Lawn would dream of missing that. He or she would surrender everything else without a murmur—dinner, the songs, the romps, the swings, and even the ice-cream (which is served to children and guests alike, after "visitors tea")—rather than miss the beautiful spectacle which, once a year, makes the eastern slope of the big lawn a place to be remembered.

The fireworks can be seen for miles around, and they include Roman candles, balloons, skyrockets, wheels, red, blue and green lights, "mines," "flowerpots," and a variety of other pyrotechnics, the whole making a really fine spectacle, and exciting the most unbounded enthusiasm. This concludes the day's enjoyment. The visitors depart for their homes, and soon our little white cots are filled with sleeping children, dreaming over again, the never-to-be-forgotten joys of the Fourth at Mont-Lawn.

ENDEAVORERS AT DENVER

ELABORATE PREPARATIONS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION THIS WEEK



MR. VAN OGDEN VOGT, GEN. SEC'Y

THE day to which the Christian citizens of Denver Colo., have been looking forward for ten years past, will dawn soon after this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in the hands of its readers. As far back as 1892, Denver hospitably invited the chiefs of the United Society of Christian Endeavor to hold the annual Convention in that city. Year after year the invitation has been renewed, and all classes, and the State and City authorities cordially joined in pressing it. The Senate and Assembly of Colorado, and the Chamber of Commerce of Denver, took special action, so that the Society is sure of a hearty reception.

Although July 9 is the date set for the opening of the Convention, preparations have been going forward for many weeks, to insure the comfort and convenience of the thousands of delegates who are to attend. The site on which will be pitched the huge tent in which the chief meetings will be held, has been ploughed and rolled level. It is near the City Park, and is easy of access by the trolley cars. In the near neighborhood are churches of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist denominations, which will be used for overflow meetings. Twenty other churches have also been placed at the disposal of the Society, for use as headquarters for State conferences. Altogether, Denver has fulfilled royally its promises of hospitality.

The Convention is to be in session until July 13, and its programme shows that all that time will be needed for its business. Besides the ordinary features, including the report for the year and Dr. Clark's presidential address, both of which are anticipated with unusual interest, there will be a school of methods, which will be a centre of attraction to the delegates; pastors' conferences; missionary rallies, at which several eminent missionaries fresh from the foreign field will be present; evangelistic meetings led by Dr. R. A. Torrey; conferences on the Problems of the Times, led by Rev. R. J. Campbell, of London; and many other important meetings. Over one hundred speakers have been assigned to special topics. It is evident that the five days will be busy ones, and they are sure to be, as at previous Conventions, times of blessing.

DR. F. E. CLARK, PRES'T

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Distinguished Visitor

OUR readers will be pleased to greet, in the columns of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the great English divine, the Rev. Reginald J. Campbell. Mr. Campbell, who is not only the leading Congregationalist, but is also regarded as the very foremost exponent of practical Christianity in the English pulpit to-day, is bold and fearless in his utterance of spiritual truths, yet an exceedingly modest man withal. He comes here, not with a sound of official trumpets, nor in the spirit of criticism, nor as a teacher; but he is here, as he himself declares, on a purely fraternal visit, in which he expects to derive both pleasure and profit from association with our institutions and people. So distinguished a guest is worthy of a most cordial welcome.

If Mr. Campbell's preaching may be characterized at all, it must be by its simplicity and straightforwardness. His doctrine, if plain, is sweet and wholesome, and has the advantage of practical application. There are, however, occasions when this great preacher can tower and expand in righteous indignation, or rise to the loftiest realms of oratory; but these are rightly reserved for the occasions that demand such treatment. Many a weary soul will be helped and encouraged by the simple yet noble sermon from his pen, which we print in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

De-Christianizing the Schools

SPEECHES such as were made at the recent convention of the Orthodox Jewish Unions, of the United States and Canada, cause a genuine feeling of regret. In this Christian land—for it is everywhere acknowledged to be Christian—we have the broadest toleration for all religions: the Hebrew, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist and all others being left free to worship God, each in his own way. From immemorial days, the Bible has been read in our public schools, not for doctrine or interpretation, but for history and morals. No one has objected to the Old Testament, on the ground of its monotheistic teachings. It is a new development to find objection to the New Testament on the ground that it tells the story of Christ. This is the objection now urged by the infidels, the atheists, the agnostics, and, incidentally, by a few of the Hebrews themselves.

Our public schools are not in the business of making proselytes. Any teacher who so contravened the established rules by injecting interpretation or doctrine, would be dismissed, and deservedly so. Knowing this fact, and knowing also that the Bible is our nation's standard of morals, it is surprising that those who might be supposed to estimate America's religious toleration at its proper value, should themselves be found on the side of the intolerant. We have not asked them to give up the Talmud. Why should they now urge us to give up the Bible in our schools? It is a mistake for any one to suppose that a Jewish child, any more than a Catholic, or a Unitarian child, is endangered by the reading of the Bible in the schools. The religion we inherit from our fathers and mothers is not a thing to be lightly put on and off in this way.

We cannot believe that the objection to the Bible in the schools comes from the intelligent Hebrews. They value toleration too highly to become intolerant themselves. It is an ill-advised objection, because it antagonizes the independent spirit of the American people—that spirit of equality and fair-play, which is characteristic of us as a nation. We have taught from the Bible, in the schools, since the foundation of the Republic; and though there is in this country, probably as great a variety of religious creeds as can be found anywhere in the world, all are agreed that the effect of the moral teaching in the schools has been such as to produce a strong, earnest, truth-loving, upright people. When Queen Victoria was asked by a native Indian prince to reveal the secret of England's greatness, she pointed to the Bible, which had been for many generations a part of the British school curriculum. Yet England has, like ourselves, been tolerant of all creeds and religions, and to the Jew as largely as to the Gentile.

The sole object of reading from the Scriptures in our public schools is to promote the moral development of the children. Little enough of that kind of teaching is given in the public schools, considering how important it is. If the moral side of the child's character is neglected, he may grow up to be a criminal, and all the more dangerous a criminal because of the education he has received. It is therefore asking too much of us to demand that the book which contributes more than any other to moral development, should be excluded from the schools. The man who protests against the New Testament being read, is doing more mischief to the moral welfare of the rising generation than he is aware of. It will be a bad day for this country when the graduates from our public schools are a godless, conscienceless crowd of young men and women. There is nothing in the New Testament that can do a child any harm, but much that, if the child heeds the reading, will do him good. The hospitality so freely tendered to all races and religions in this country should not be abused by an attempt to dictate the kind of instruction that shall be given in our public schools, or to expect that our customs shall be changed to suit the prejudices of others.

Cash or Credit?

THE credit system in housekeeping offers the specious inducement that you may buy what you wish at the moment and settle the bill when it is presented. Unfortunately, it is not always either easy or convenient to pay the bill that has been rolling up week by week, or month by month, till the aggregate is a formidable sum total. The merchant who grants long credit practically owns the dilatory customer, who cannot go elsewhere and pay cash while he is bound to the store in which he has an account. Sleepless nights and shamed days, and income anticipated to the last dollar, are the heavy price paid for credit by people of limited means.

When one pays as one goes, or settles every housekeeping account weekly, one enjoys a delightful independence. Then, one's purse exercises a very salutary check on one's desires. Fancy groceries, daintily packed biscuits, conserves, and relishes, all sorts of little table luxuries that are nice but may be done without, are freely purchased when one is to pay on some distant and accommodating to-morrow, but are not so lavishly bought when it is a question of paying at once.

The woman who keeps her household expenses well within a comfortable margin, is usually the woman who runs up no bills, but pays grocer, butcher, milk-man, vegetable man and tradesman in general, as soon as he has left his wares on her kitchen table. One who compares the two systems in her own experience, if she belongs to the great host of people who must be economical if they would be honest, will never adopt credit in preference to cash in her domestic management.

A Slander Quickly Refuted

IN the Chicago *Daily News* of June 9th, there appeared an interview with G. K. Chetty, said to be a native noble and wealthy merchant of India, in the course of which he made serious charges against the Christian missionaries in India, and incidentally, against the government officials in that country. He said:

The people of India are constantly being misrepresented, and that by the Christian missionaries who come there under the guise of religion. The American people are kind and generous. We recognize their religious fervor and zeal, and the sublime sentiments which actuate Christian people in sending missionaries to our country, but let me say right here that they are wasting valuable energy and are misdirecting their efforts. My suggestion, and the suggestion of a majority of the people of India, is that instead of sending missionaries to our country to Christianize us, let the Christian people of this country and other lands send missionaries into Russia and other countries professing Christian religion, so that they would humanize these Christians.

We are exceedingly appreciative of the kind spirit shown by the people in gathering funds in this and other countries for the people who were starving in our country during the famine a few years ago, but we must also tell them that it did not reach the masses, and that it was not distributed in the spirit in which it was offered. The missions were made the avenues through which aid was given to the famine-stricken, but while no stipulation was made by the people who made the donations that the recipients must be Christians, the missionaries gave help only to Christians, or those who declared an intention of becoming Christians. Is that Christianlike or is it human?

Bishop J. M. Thoburn, Methodist Missionary Bishop of India and Chairman of the Interdenominational Missionary Committee (representing all the Protestant churches now operating in India and lately engaged in famine relief work), is now in this country on a brief visit. The leading representative of the American Protestant Church in India, Bishop Thoburn is held in the highest esteem by all classes, native and foreign alike, and he enjoys the fullest confidence of the Viceroy and government officials. No man in India possesses a more intimate knowledge of all that related to the great famine and the administration of relief work in the various provinces, the Bishop's committee having full control of all the funds contributed in America for relief work in India. Consequently, there is none so well qualified to reply to Mr. Chetty's charges. The following is the Bishop's answer:

MISREPRESENTATIONS CORRECTED

"My attention has been called to a statement which appeared recently in the Chicago *Daily News*, on the subject of missionary character, and the distribution of famine funds by missionaries in India, given on the authority of Mr. Chetty, of India.

"The whole statement is misleading, and parts of it **deliberately and outrageously false.** Mr. Chetty, who seems to be a native of India, has stated that the fund sent to India from America, for famine relief 'did not reach the masses, and was not distributed in the spirit in which it was offered.' He also says that 'the missionaries were made the avenues through which it was given to the famine-stricken.' This statement also is without foundation. The government of India organized a special service for the distribution of famine funds, and the work was superintended by able and conscientious officials. No inquiry was ever made concerning the religious faith of those receiving the aid. Missionaries were employed wherever possible to help in distributing famine relief, but they never made the slightest discrimination in feeding the hungry, and never asked a question concerning the religion of those receiving aid. Mr. Chetty has given utterance to a deliberate slander, not only upon missionaries, but upon the officials representing the British government in India.

"In view of these reckless misstatements made by Mr. Chetty, it may seem superfluous to pay any attention to his further charges. He can, no doubt, find persons in Chicago who will be willing to listen to him when he states that the efforts of missionaries in India are misdirected, but any child will be able to perceive that the witness is by no means free from prejudice. Who and what Mr. Chetty is I have no means of knowing, but it can only reflect honor upon missionaries in India to have a man who can make misstatements so recklessly speak in their disfavor. Men of his kind know nothing whatever of missionaries or of their work. His charge that the people of India are misrepresented by the missionaries is not supported by a word of proof. These gentlemen publish papers and other periodicals; they have published many books; they write freely to the press both in Europe and America; yet no one has objected that their statements do not harmonize with the average reports which are received through other sources. The missionaries of India, and of the world, have an unchallenged character, not only for veracity in general, but for accuracy in all their published statements.

"It may seem to some readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that an apology is due them for occupying so much space in replying to a witness whose testimony is manifestly false; but strangers like Mr. Chetty, who come from a strange land, sometimes find it easy to obtain an audience; and the simple fact that they are strangers, has a tendency to secure for them a more favorable hearing than they would otherwise receive. For this reason alone, I have thought it worth while to give an emphatic denial to the above charges, and to assure the public that the most rigid official supervision was observed all through the distressing period of the late famine. J. M. THOBURN."

"*June 18, 1903.*"

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

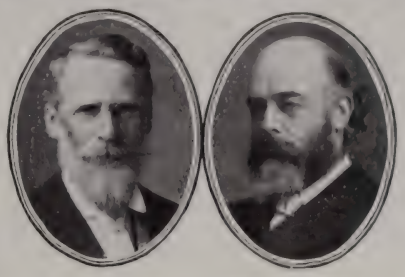
The Wonders of Radium

MORE astonishing discoveries than those made by Professor and Madame Curie, by Becquerel and other scientists, the world has not known for many a year. The Roentgen rays, which could pass through wood, leather, and other opaque substances, were the pioneers in this field, but now the clue thus given, has been followed, until new elements have been discovered, and science has to readjust theories which hitherto have been regarded as incontestable. When Peligot, in 1840, succeeded in extracting from pitchblende the new metal, to which Klaproth, its discoverer, gave the name of uranium, no one had any idea of all the qualities it possessed. It was recently discovered that it emitted rays very like the Roentgen rays, and that it formed part of many metals. In seeking to discover it in various substances, Professor Curie and his wife found that in many minerals which contained uranium, there was some unknown substance more active than uranium itself. They chose pitchblende to experiment upon. Separating it into minute portions, and analyzing them, they came upon an intensely radioactive substance, to which they gave the name of polonium, in honor of their Polish nationality; and another substance, almost as active, to which they gave the name of radium.

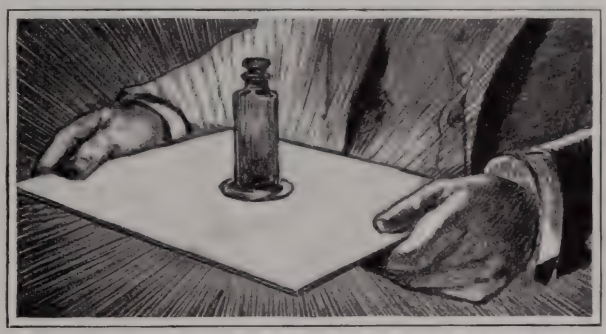
It was found that rays, having all the effects produced artificially by the Roentgen apparatus, were given out spontaneously by radium, and these were more powerful a hundred thousand times than those given out by uranium. Small quantities of radium were lent by the Curies to Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver D. Dodge, and other scientists, for purposes of experiment, and they are all puzzled and astonished at its qualities. By the light emitted from it, photographs can be taken as with the Roentgen rays, and the photographs show the bones in the hand, or the coins in a pocketbook. In the photograph (No. 2) of pitchblende, containing radium, on this page, the light emitted from it can be clearly seen. The rays also act on other substances, for when a piece of platinum was placed near the radium, in a dark room, the platinum immediately shone with a bright, greenish light. Its effects on the human body are also very marked. Sir William Crookes put a small quantity of radium in a brass cylinder, which he put in his pocket to take to a meeting of scientists. On his return, he found a blister on his side opposite the pocket in which he had carried the radium. Subsequently, not being sure that the radium had produced the blister, he touched his bare arm with the substance. A sore resulted, which took weeks to heal, the mischief having penetrated the flesh so deeply.

The astonishing feature of radium is that in spite of its enormous activity, which is in the form of minute corpuscles thrown off at the speed of 120,000 miles a second, it does not appreciably diminish in substance. This suggests the possibility that, at last, the long-sought agent which will give light without heat, or combustion, has been found. The discoverers say, however, that radium is extremely rare. It takes enormous quantities of pitchblende to yield a minute quantity of radium. At present, a piece of radium a seventieth part of a grain in weight, costs two dollars; so that a pound, if it could be had, would be worth nearly a million dollars. Sir William Crookes closes his account of the metal by saying: "The phenomena of radium require us to recast many of our ideas of matter, electricity, and energy, and its discovery promises to realize what, for the last hundred years, have been but day-dreams of philosophy." It is not the first time by many that science has had to "recast its ideas," and has had to admit that it was mistaken in the matters of which it was quite sure. Remembering this fact, Christians who have been distressed by hearing that science contradicts revelation, may be encouraged to hold fast their faith in Him who has said:

I am God, and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning and from ancient times things that are not yet done (Isa. 46:9, 10).



SIR WM. CROOKES SIR OLIVER D. DODGE



A SCREEN RENDERED LUMINOUS BY A BOTTLE OF RADIUM IN THE CENTRE

Lost for Dress

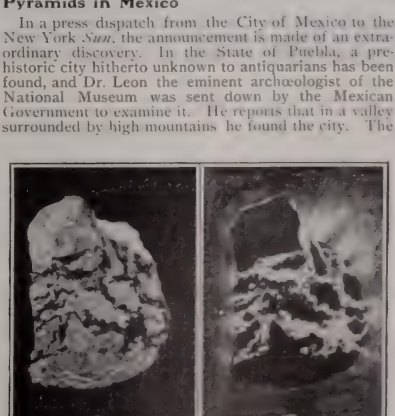
A curious story connected with the assassination of the King and Queen of Servia comes from Belgrade. A friend of the late Queen Draga says that the royal pair received warning several days before the outbreak that a dangerous plot was being organized, and that their lives were in imminent danger. They determined to seek safety in flight, and there were no difficulties in the way. The King accordingly seized all the available funds in the treasury, and remitted them to a friend in England for safe investment. He was then eager to leave immediately, but Queen Draga urged delay. She expected a consignment of beautiful dresses from Paris. One costume especially she wanted, as it was a rich traveling dress, and would be particularly becoming for her to wear on her journey. The goods were already on the way to Belgrade, and the Queen was waiting only for their arrival, and then she and her husband would flee. But before the parcel came, the plot matured, and both were slain. In that terrible hour, when the murderers broke into the palace, how the vain Queen must have deplored allowing considerations of dress to delay her flight. She must have realized then, as many will do at the last, that the love of finery may entail a fearful cost.

The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment (Luke 12: 23).

Pyramids in Mexico

In a press dispatch from the City of Mexico to the New York *Sun*, the announcement is made of an extraordinary discovery. In the State of Puebla, a prehistoric city hitherto unknown to antiquarians has been found, and Dr. Leon the eminent archæologist of the National Museum was sent down by the Mexican Government to examine it. He reports that in a valley surrounded by high mountains he found the city. The ruins consist of a series of pyramids guarded by elaborate trenches and connected, for purposes of communication, by wide avenues, which were cut at intervals by sloping accliviti[illegible], platforms and staircases. All the pyramids were found to be quadrangular, and to have been built with special reference to the cardinal points of the compass. They were constructed entirely of rocks and subsoil cut and laid in juxtaposition, with a surface dressing of small stones worked into cubical forms of very ornamental appearance and laid close together. Great walls with bases much wider than their summits reinforce the pyramids, the tops of which are so wide as to be really streets. On one of the highest of the platforms and at the base of all the pyramids, we found pieces of pottery which were certainly made before the time of Columbus, and which were evidently the remains of a civilization relatively more advanced than that of the builders of the pyramids. We found also many sculptured stones in bas-relief of prehistoric times. Figures of human beings and animals in stone and iron were numerous. Domestic utensils of stone painted rose color were scattered over the ground. Leagues of the mountainous country are covered with ruins. It is strange that we should know nothing of the existence of a people so highly civilized as to erect such edifices. Their very name is forgotten, though in one sense the Scripture has in their case been fulfilled:

Thou inward thought, that their house shall continue for ever, and their dwelling place to all generations; but man abideth not in honor (Ps. 49: 11 R.V.).



RADIUM (I) IN THE LIGHT (II) IN DARKNESS

A Crook's Self-Sacrifice

A dramatic story of heroism, is told by the *Daily Times*, of Los Angeles, Cal. It says that two men were caught recently in a crafty plot to defraud an old man of his property. They realized when they were arrested, that the evidence against them was conclusive. The police did not know how strong a case they had, but the prisoners were aware that it would come out before the trial. Bail was fixed at two thousand dollars each. One of the prisoners was a young man, while the other was far advanced in life. The younger man, had twelve hundred dollars in all at command. The elder, about a thousand. "There is not enough for us both," said the younger man. "But it is no use for us both to go to prison for three years. I will let you have a thousand dollars, and that will enable you to put up the bail for yourself. Then you can skip, and I will stay and face the music." The elder man protested against deserting his companion, but the other insisted. "You would die before your sentence ran out," he said, "while I could bear it." Finally, it was so settled. The elder man left for parts unknown, while the younger man, having given up his money, has gone to prison for three years. It is strange that a man capable of such self-sacrifice should be a criminal. What a pity that a nature so fine should be spoiled by yielding to evil propensities! If he would only take advice of the apostle, he might be saved.

If a man purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, prepared unto every good work (II. Timothy 2: 21).

BRIEF NOTES

A Christian Endeavor Society has been organized at Saloniki (The ancient Thessalonica, where Paul taught and to which he wrote his two epistles to the Thessalonians). It has [illegible] members.

Dr. N. D. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has become an ardent advocate of Federation of Churches and of cooperation in Christian work. He said in a recent sermon that millions of dollars have been wasted in small towns and villages through denominational rivalry in the organization of useless churches.

The Moody Bible Institute, of Chicago, announces lectures by Prof. R. K. Orr, of Knoxville, Dr. Dr. Francis Hoyt, of Toronto, and Dr. James M. Gray, of Boston, Mass. Dr. R. A. Torrey has returned from his round the world tour, and will preside at the Convention of Christian Workers to be held from [illegible] at the Tabernacle.

The oldest living Baptist minister in the world is said to be Rev. John Aves, who has just celebrated his ninety-[illegible] birthday. Born in Cornwall, England, in 1808, he was [illegible] baptized by Robert Hall, the famous preacher, and ordained [illegible] he was about 21 years of age. He was a missionary at Montreal, Canada, Bristol and Plymouth. He was a colleague of the [illegible] and retired from the ministry at the age of [illegible].

The season at Winona Lake, Ind., promises to [illegible] unusually interesting and successful one. The Summer School, which opens on July 1, has an extensive program [illegible] Bible lectures. At the Bible conference [illegible] following speakers among others are expected: Rev. G. [illegible] Cambridge, England; Rev. G. N. [illegible] D.D., Rochester, N.Y.; Rev. W. G. Moorehead, D.D. Xenia, O.; Rev. [illegible] Kim, D.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Rev. James [illegible] Scotland; Rev. John F. Carson, D.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; [illegible] D.D., New York; Rev. R. S. [illegible] D.D., [illegible] Rev. Dr. McCoy, New York, and Rev. J. Ross Stevenson, D.D., New York.

Samuel's Farewell Address

A Grand Old Man

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JULY 19
I. SAMUEL 12: 13-25

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--I. SAMUEL 12: 24:
ONLY FEAR THE LORD AND SERVE HIM IN TRUTH WITH ALL YOUR HEART

ISRAEL'S "Grand Old Man!" Such was Samuel at seventy years of age, as he stood before the assembled congregation of Israel at Gilgal, to give them his farewell address. Not that he expected soon to die—he did not till more than ten years after this event—but the time had come for the judge to give place to the new king. What kind of a judge had Samuel been? One who dared, looking back on a long career, to throw out the challenge to the assembled multitude: "I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am, witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed (the king), whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you." Such an upright judge was he recognized to be, that with one voice the people exclaimed: "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." And Samuel called for the sign and seal to be put upon this testimony, when he said: "The Lord is witness;" which the people completed by saying: "He is witness."

Was the ex-judge now to turn his back upon the people whom he had so long borne upon his heart? No, for while he was no longer to be judge, he was still to be the Lord's prophet among them, and in that relation he said to the people: "God forbid, that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you, but I will teach you the good and the right way." And, immediately he proceeded to do it, when, even in the presence of King Saul himself, he upbraided the people yet again for their wickedness in asking for a king, and cited from their past history the danger of thus setting God aside. But Samuel's words were seasoned with mercy, as he set before the king and the people the duty of obedience to God. And again Samuel called upon God to be a witness to the truth spoken. And God's "hand and seal" were shown in the thunder and rain that followed. The people were greatly impressed by this, because it was at the time of wheat harvest, when rain was almost unknown. It was as disastrous as it was unusual, for the labor of months was destroyed in an hour's time. The miracle thus served a double purpose: showing God's acquiescence in what Samuel had spoken, and picturing the evil results of sin, for, said Samuel: "If ye shall still do wickedly, ye shall be consumed; both ye and your king."

Illustration and Application

Samuel's active and useful old age brings us, in midsummer, lessons for life's autumn and springtime, on "bringing forth fruit in old age," (Psa. 92: 14), with which should be associated another text, golden with harvest truths, for those in life's springtime especially: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Let us then consider: first, how those who are in life's autumn, may continue fruitful to the last; and, second, how those who are yet in life's spring or summer, may insure "the joy of harvest" in old age.

I. In the early centuries of human history it was as common to live into the second century, as it is now to live into the second half century (Gen. 5), suggesting that but for sin, man in his human body might be as immortal on the old earth, as he is to be in his resurrection body in the "new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The Psalmist, in days of luxury and dissipation, when men were digging their graves with their teeth, and weaving their shrouds with the swift shuttles of passion, spoke of seventy as the usual limit of life; with fourscore as only an undesirable addition of "labor and sorrow." But even to-day, when all of us start in the springtime, handicapped with thistle seeds of heredity, the "inbred sin" which science as well as theology proclaims, three score years and ten is by no means the limit of a well-ordered life or even of its fruitfulness—much less is there any reason in the modern phrase, "the dead line of fifty." Lazy men and women often go to seed long before that; but public and private life both attest by many examples that one may do his best work for the world, after fifty. As we have said before, the secret of success in life's second half century, is in retaining the hopefulness, enthusiasm and energy of youth, while adding the maturity and wisdom of age—the heart of fire under the locks of snow.

For young and old alike it is important to extend the horizon of possible life. "A short life and a happy one" is a "doctrine of devils." The very sins that shorten life, also sadden and sodden it. Nor is there any healthy virtue in a good man wishing to die before he is called. It is like the "clock watcher" longing for his wages before his day's work is over. Let our motto be, "A useful life and a long one." The usefulness will take care of the happiness, while prolonging as well as deepening life. What is the literal "dead line" in modern life—the line beyond which no modern has ever lived? We read not infrequently of five generations; a hundred or more people gathering to honor the hundredth birthday, or the 102d, or 103d, or 104th, of a healthy and happy great-great grandmother—seldom of a great grandfather. But that is not the "dead line." According to the census, there were in the United States in 1880, 4,016 persons one hundred or more years of age, and 3,981 in 1890-92 in London at same time. Servian statistics for 1897 give 290 persons from

We Might Live Twice 70 Years

"IF YE SHALL STILL DO WICKEDLY, YE SHALL BE CONSUMED, BOTH YE AND YOUR KING"

105 to 115; 123 from 115 to 125; 18 from 126 to 135, and 3 from 135 to 140. It is said that monks of Mt. Athos have lived beyond 150.

Here then is the "dead line," to which right living for generations might extend a healthful, useful life. See *Revue d' Economie Politique*, 1902, article by M. Jeane Finot, whose special point is that we should fear the fear of death, not death itself, since it is this fear chiefly that cuts off old age, as he claims. And here we must not fail to note that only faith can cast out that fear. The Christian who neither hastens to, nor shrinks from the goal, is the one whose steady tread shall make his old age most lasting and most useful. And here, too, we should pause to consider, not as a fear, but a fact, to be prepared for, that, while even the old may live long, even the young may die soon.

Many years ago a large company of rich and influential men were gathered together in a magnificent French castle. They had met to partake of a grand banquet given by the Chevalier Gerard de Kampis, in honor of the completion of the lordly building.

Eloquent speeches were made congratulating the host, and telling him that he was the most fortunate of men. One guest made quite a sensation by saying, "Sir Knight, I felicitate you upon your good fortune and beautiful new home, but in order that your happiness may be complete, you require one thing." "What may that be?" inquired the Chevalier. "One of your doors must be well walled up," replied his visitor decidedly.

All eyes turned to the speaker. With a puzzled air, his host asked, "Of which door do you speak, my friend?"

And his guest answered quietly, "The door through which you will one day be carried, when you have to leave all these riches and treasures and go to your grave." The speech greatly struck both host and guests. The Chevalier could not forget it, and through it God taught him the vanity of all earthly things. Very simply he came to the Saviour for the gift of eternal life, and then rejoiced to be able to use his great wealth in his service. But the main appeal of this lesson on Samuel's fruitful old age is not, "Be a Christian because you may soon die," but rather be a Christian because you may live long, and because only a Christian old age can be

Serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night.

But now, having shown that a modern life may be long, let us turn to history to show that life beyond fifty, beyond seventy, may and should be "fruitful." One who can do so may well "retire from business" at fifty or beyond, but it should be only as Samuel changed his activities from those of judge to those of prophet. Let as give up if we can the pursuit of gain, but devote equally strenuous efforts to the service of the public in the church, or in Christian politics, or in charities, or reforms, in all of which business talents are greatly needed. "Better to wear out than to rust out." Only let men begin ea preparation for such a change to higher act ities by cultivating capacity for other thin than money making. Ole Bull and Ericss were friends in early life, and met again aft both had achieved fame, one with his viol the other with his *Monitor*. Ole Bull repe edly invited his friend to his concerts, but t machinist always declined, on the ground th he had no time to waste on music. Ole Bu wondered what effect music would have the machine-like mind of his friend, and one day took his violin with him when he vi ited Ericsson in his shop. He paid no he to a displeased look in the latter's face, b spoke of some defects in his instrument an his wish to get a mechanic's advice. H took off the strings of the violin, asked abou the acoustic properties in certain wood passed on to a mechanical discussion sound waves, and then to illustrate his mean ing replaced the strings, played a few chord and passed into a rich melody. The work men laid down their tools and listened i silent wonder. When he ceased, Ericsso raised his bowed head and with moist eye said, "Do not stop. Go on! Go on! I neve knew until now what was lacking in my life.' Many a merchant, giving his ears only to th clink of money, for the sake of his love ones, then for the sake of money and busi ness success, needs more music, more books more home love, more prayer, more public spirit in his life now, even while he must give his main efforts to business, if only to create a capacity for nobler activities when the time shall come to give up business and retire up stairs into exclusive devotion to brotherhood's higher duties. Let us, in any case, "live while we live," even if, like Samuel, we brave a decade beyond the three score and ten. In a Western State a holiday was given in the capital to the people over seventy. More than 1,100 accepted the free tickets that brought them to this deserved reward, and enjoyed the free entertainment for body and mind that gave further honor to their achievement. Those in the seventies wore a red badge, the octogenarians blue, and a dozen beyond ninety white rosettes upon their breasts—two of them almost at the century mark.

II. And now let the young, most of all, remember that in order to live long we must begin early to live right. There are some wicked old men, whose hoary heads are not a crown of glory, because not found in the way of righteousness, but the rule holds good, despite the exceptions, "the wicked shall not live out half their days." It is virtue that bears in one hand "length of days," and in the other, "riches and honor." "Self-denial is self-love living for the future." "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." He who sows gluttony and intemperance, and envy and hatred, and jealousy and ambition will not usually reap a strong life or a long one.

How Youth Affects Age

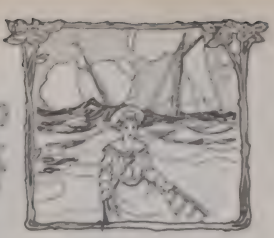
Let us put in contrast two life harvests, one of Talleyrand, who had built up a great outward fame, but not a noble inward character, who said at last, when death confronted him: "Behold eighty-three years passed away! What cares! What agitation! What anxieties! What ill-will! What sad complication! And all without results, except great fatigue of mind and body, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to the past."

In contrast look at Cornaro, at 83, congratulating himself that in all probability he "had still a series of years to live in health and spirits and to enjoy this beautiful world, which is indeed beautiful to those who know how to make it so." Even at 95 he wrote of himself as "sound and hearty, contented and cheerful." "At this age," he says, "I enjoy at once two lives: One terrestrial, which I possess in fact; the other celestial, which I possess in thought, and this thought is equal to actual enjoyment, when founded on things we are sure to attain, as I am sure to attain that celestial life, through the infinite mercy and goodness of God."

The glory of our life below
Comes not from what we do, or what we know
But dwells for evermore in what we are.
There is an architecture grander far
Than all the fortresses of war,
More inextinguishably bright
Than learning's lonely towers of light.
Framing its walls of faith and hope and love
In deathless souls of men, it lifts above
The frailty of our earthly home
An everlasting dome;
The sanctuary of the human host,
The temple of the Holy Ghost.

HENRY VAN DYKE

Our Household Circle



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Shall We Teach Our Boys to Fight?

MOTHERS have, with few exceptions, very pronounced objections to allowing their boys to fight. A boy with disordered clothing and swollen features; eyes blackened, nose bleeding, and face distorted with anger, is not a pleasing object. Except when absolutely forced to fight in defence of a tormented animal, or a persecuted smaller boy, most mothers prefer to have peaceable sons, who will not engage in fisticuffs. Fathers, on the contrary, are apt to inculcate pugnacity; to wish their boys success in fights, and to teach them that standing up for their own rights is both necessary and manly. Nine Christian men out of every ten, do not hesitate to go in direct opposition to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, which they affirm to be inadequate to the needs of the Twentieth Century.

Jesus said—and who shall dare declare that he said it only for grown men:

But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other, also. Whosoever shall compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain.

This principle of non-resistance does not imply cowardice. It is often the bully who fights, and it takes more courage to be self-controlled in the face of insult, than to be vindictive. The lad who learns to restrain a quick temper; to keep back angry words; to go through life without strife and battles, is, all things considered, a finer lad than the other who is always spoiling for a fight.

A symposium of prominent educators has lately been published in the *Lend a Hand Record*, and the views of the men contributing to it are somewhat interesting. Mr. Arthur D. Call, of Ansonia, commenting on an article by Mr. Wm. B. Forbush, in which the latter made some strong points in favor of fighting, says in part:

Of course there is a kind of non-resistance which is spineless, cowardly and despicable; but, on the other hand, there is a non-resistance, which, though crucified on the cross, will drive all enemies to rout. This last kind of non-resistance is farthest removed from selfishness. It is Christ-like, and school children need much to know of it. The boys whom I know, have, I believe, stood more in need of this last ethical concept, than of the doctrine of struggle. Most boys are too combative against each other, rather than too meek. The forces of combat among boys should be directed and encouraged, not against each other, but toward the ideals of virtue which hold society together. To say that non-resistance is selfish, is to utter both truth and error. All depends on what we mean by non-resistance.

Neither do I believe that a fight is necessary before two boys can become friends. Indeed, my feeling is that boys do not readily get over the hate generated out of a fistic encounter. Friendship which grows out of a fight, is usually of a master-and-slave sort, unwholesome as it is unnatural. Dr. Forbush's statement that a fight clears the atmosphere, is a subtle morsel of psychology quite beyond me. The fights in which I participated when a boy, rather loaded the air with much darkness. I recall at this moment that boy who thrashed me when I was eight years old, and I long to meet him, even now, just to see if I could not show him a thing or two. Either Dr. Forbush's boys must play at fight, else fighting has changed since I was a boy.

Again, my instincts forbid me to think that boys are better friends than girls. Do not college girls retain their friendships longer than college boys? I am sure that the little boys under my charge seem no nearer to each other than do the little girls.

Further, while some fighting may lead to some kinds of self-control, for the most part, I believe, it leads to an absence of self-control. And I cannot quite harmonize the confession that the only good instinct is a controlled instinct, with the statement that fighting strengthens the will.

Mr. W. M. F. Round says this:

Once in my life I have seen this nation stirred from east to west, and from north to south, with a common impulse against a common enemy, and I have seen the young and old rise up to defend a principle for which our fathers fought and died, and which generations of our ancestors have embalmed and enshrined as a most precious heritage. That kind of fighting that makes the fingers tingle at the thought of wrong done or injury inflicted, is allowable enough. To the large number of boys who have been under my control and direction, I have said, "There are three things for which you need not stay your fists. You may fight in the defence of women and children; you may fight if any slight or injury or harm is offered to either." I have taken the boys out on the campus, and pointed them to the Stars and Stripes that floated over our heads, and I have said that if any man be base enough to rise up and insult that and that for which it stands, and your country is in danger or the principles which underlie your country's welfare are touched, put into your heart all the spirit of your being, and ground and fight with your drop. And to this I would add that you may resent promptly, and with blows, if need be, any affack touching the bad spirit your own personal purity and virtue. And I have seen that the boys who understood this best were not the boys who, with scornful lip curlings of their physical power, went around with an imaginary chip on their shoulder ready to fight and lick any fellow that came in their way, and who fought for the lust of conquest and the lust of blood, and were never so happy as when they inflicted pain upon those who were physically their inferiors.

This question is one of vital concern to parents and teachers, and to the new generation. We shall be glad to hear from our readers, what they think and feel on the subject. We want our boys to be manly. What is the best way to make them so?

Women Punished for Swearing

In the old Puritan annals women were sometimes punished by magistrates for scolding, but never was a woman so much as accused of swearing. Not long ago, however, a Brooklyn judge sent two female culprits to prison for sixty days because they had used profane language to emphasize a quarrel in a public place. One of the women was married, but her husband interceded for her in vain. She had to go to jail. That profanity is rampant no one can doubt who hears young lads taking God's name in vain, and shudders at the language glibly uttered in many a light conversation; but women are not generally the most conspicuous sinners in this regard. Even very ignorant and coarse women usually refrain from this sin of the tongue. It is to be hoped that the companions of these women who have been thus publicly punished will take warning by their example, and learn that the way of the transgressor is hard. But why should not others, better taught, more refined, more sheltered, who habitually exclaim 'Heavens!' Goodness! Gracious! Mercy on me! Landsakes! and the like, correct their speech, take notice that expletives weaken rather than strengthen a statement, and, in brief, reform their modes of utterance where there is reason to do so.

READING THE BIBLE

The precious Word, oh! read it out, that we may hear the Master say,
Dear children, I am with you yet; I walk before you all the way.

CHILDHOOD'S PRAYERS

A SLEEP POTION

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.
Amen!

A DAY TONIC

Now I raise me up to go:
I pray thee, Lord, my way to show.
If I should die before the night,
O guide me to eternal light.
And this I ask in Jesus' might.
Amen!

A Corner on Spiders

PUPPIES and kittens are born blind, and do not get their eyes fully open for about two weeks; but when they do, they appear to have a preternatural vision, which is a mystery to humans.

Mankind, or childkind, is born apparently with full-fledged powers of inward and outward vision, and yet is about the blindest of created life.

For years, I remember often passing through an outside doorway, just about high enough for a tall person to catch into a spider web, elaborately woven across the top corner, and if spun low, would be apt to decorate my nose, or eyes, or mouth; and yet, in all of that time I really did not pay much attention to it, but thoughtlessly brushed aside the web from myself, or occasionally stopped and annihilated it, forever as I thought, but only to find a new one the next morning, as fresh and radiant in the sunbeams as ever. Yet I would frequently pause and wonder at it, in all its prismatic glory, when fastened out to a wire and strung with beautiful dainty dew pearls, and I would have a feeling of sympathy for the poor spider's industry, and when it did not interfere with my comfort I would let it remain—for that was its way of making a living—until it became unsightly with the dead remainsof its yictims. So the spider waxed fat and prospered.

One morning I was going through the doorway, a great aloof spider was repairing its damaged web; I caught sight of one the beautiful things spun suddenly down on my hand, that had so often befriended it, and maliciously stung it. Then I was angered and killed my enemy, but for some days I had a swollen, painful hand to care for. Not till I was myself wounded did I declare war on all cotton spiders, and began to get my eyes open to the possibilities in spiders. No matter about brushing the web away, or even in hunting out the hidden spider and killing it; the web was again always there, nearly every morning waiting for the unwary fly. Some other observant of the old spider had seen that good corner stand and set up in business. Then I looked over the locality, and concluded that to get rid of the ever resentful spider, I must raid the entire surroundings, and keep my eyes ever open alert and vigilant. That's my little story. See the point?

"Oh yes," says the corner loafer, with his hands in his empty pockets, "It begins to dawn on my mental vision—some folks can't never see anything till they are hit by it."

HELEN BURT.

Cash or Credit

Unless one has a bank account like Fortunatus' purse, one would better not buy goods on credit. The system is most enticing, when the merchant, genial and debonair, offers you his goods, and payment is some weeks or months distant, when you are perfectly certain your empty pocket book will bulge with bills, and your ships at sea come sailing joyously into harbor. Vain delusion. The weeks slip by like lambs coming down hill. Your ships are not in port—they are out on the high seas, storm tossed, if they have not gone to the bottom. Your purse is meagre to famine, and the bills come in. Pay them you must, if you can. If you cannot, you lie awake nights, and are cross to the children in the morning. You tremble when the door bell rings, dreading a collector. You grow familiar with duns, from the polite reminder to the variety that knocks you down with a club. Poor people have no right to honor or honesty, to buy goods on credit. Cash is their safeguard and stronghold.

The Top Drawer

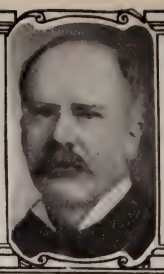
This bit is to be skipped by the orderly woman, whose top drawer is never in heaps, who keeps her ribbons and laces and collars and neckwear, and pins and studs, and breastpins and cuff buttons, and cologne and soap, and hose and small things in general, in perfect, beautiful and praiseworthy neatness.

Sister dear, whose top drawer is a scene of confusion and creature complaints, you may take this paragraph to yourself. It isn't worth while to advise you to reform, but you probably won't. But here is a caution: Never go away on a journey, however short, leaving any drawer—top, bottom, or in the middle—in a state that will mortify you if you come home maimed by an accident, or needing a surgeon in a hurry, if you happen to die suddenly. In view of possible catastrophes, we, who are not models of tidiness, should improve the shining hour and rearrange our desks and drawers while we may.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps."



CHAPTER II.

"DO YOU mean to say, Mr. Douglas, that you absolutely refuse our offer?"

The Mayor had been very red in the face from the heat. There was an additional redness now, and an additional sharpness in his tone.

"I do. I have bought the paper with the purpose of conducting it along the line mapped out, and I don't care to sell."

"Then all I have to say is this; you're a fool!"

"Is that all you have to say? If so, I'll resume my work. Good day, gentlemen."

Douglas turned around to the desk and began to write. The Mayor glared at the quiet figure by the desk, and for a moment seemed undecided. Then he uttered a short laugh and said: "Beg pardon, Mr. Douglas. I regret my words. I spoke in haste."

"I accept your apology, sir," replied Douglas, coolly. He turned from his desk and faced his visitors again. The Mayor waited as if he had expected something more, but Douglas was silent.

"Fact is, I feel disappointed at your refusal. You see, Cleary almost the same as closed a deal with me before I went away. Naturally, I feel sore to find you in possession, and I am honestly giving you my opinion when I say that no such policy as you have mapped out can ever go here in this county. The people are for license here. The merchants, with the possible exception of Mr. Edwards, look on the saloon as a necessity to trade. It is a moral certainty that you cannot get advertising if you come out against the saloon, as you propose to do. The other things you mention are not so important, although, to my mind, you will run up against all sorts of opposition with some of them."

The Mayor paused, but Douglas did not say anything, and after an awkward moment the Mayor went on. As he talked he narrowly eyed Douglas, as if uncertain to a large degree concerning his attitude. "If you won't sell, Mr. Douglas, how would you consider this proposition. It's no secret, of course, that we are committed to Grayson in this county for Governor. But Anderson county is split on county officers, and, with the *Beacon* on an independent basis such as you propose, it is doubtful if we can elect Canning for county attorney." (The Mayor was feeling his way cautiously, but he went on boldly, with the assumption that every other man in business had his price.) "If you would swing the influence of the *Beacon* for the election of Canning and let the saloon question rest until fall, the committee will see to it that the subscription list of the *Beacon* is doubled or trebled inside of a month. This will mean, putting the paper on a solid basis for you, and you need not fear concerning lack of advertising."

Douglas looked at the Mayor.

"Is Mr. Canning a temperance man?"

"He's all right," spoke up Mr. Trask.

"Isn't it a fact that Mr. Canning has been on the side of the liquor men all he has dared, in cases which have come before him in his first term as county attorney? Isn't it a fact that the liquor men are giving him their hearty support in this campaign?"

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"What do you know about it?" exclaimed the Mayor with an oath.

"I am not quite as ignorant of the politics in Anderson county as you may think. At any rate, I know enough of the facts of Mr. Canning's record to say this. I not only will not swing the influence of the *Beacon* for the election of Canning, but I will use every influence I possess in the paper and out of it to defeat him."

The Mayor got up on his feet and his passion found expression in his face and manner.

"You'll regret this! You've had a fair offer and it's the last one you'll get. Mark my words, sir"—the Mayor started for the door, Mr. Trask and Mr. Reed preceding him, "mark my words, you're up against a hard proposition. Reform Colby! Reform Anderson county! Bah! After you have lived here as long as I have you'll find things can't be reformed quite so easy. Hang the reform business, any way! You'll get your fill of it, young man, before you're through!"

The Mayor stopped for a moment near the door, but Douglas did not offer to say anything, and the three men went out.

The editor of the Colby *Beacon* sat at his desk thoughtfully. He was not ignorant of the fact that he had thrown down the gage of war to the Mayor of Colby and to that part of the party which he represented.

But he was making history fast, especially his own, and the rapidity of his development was only a mark of his personality. All through his college course, while living on one dollar a week and teaching night school, he had grimly held on, even though at one time it had seemed to him that he might have to drop out for fear of a physical breakdown. He lost twenty pounds and sewed the buttons on his overcoat about two inches farther away from the button holes; but he never said a word to anybody, and the discouragement of his struggle had never affected his steady cheerfulness.

He drew a piece of paper toward him and began to write. The hot sun poured through the window close by the desk and reminded him of the need of a curtain there sometime.

"It would have been cheaper if I had let the dirt stay on," he said to himself, as he got up and pinned a piece of wrapping paper over the lower sash. Then he resumed his writing, and when he had finished he read aloud, in a low voice, what he had written.

Concerning the County Attorney

"From reliable sources, the editor of the *Beacon* is informed that the nominee for re-election to the office of county attorney, Mr. R. J. Canning, is receiving the united support of the whiskey element of Colby and of Anderson county. The *Beacon* stands squarely on its anti-saloon policy as clearly declared in another column, and it will never support Mr. Canning or any other candidate for public office who is in favor of the liquor interest. If the friends of law and order in this county will get together on an independent basis such as you propose, it is doubtful if we can elect Canning for county attorney, the *Beacon* will give such a candidate its heartiest support."

"The Mayor's visit gave me a subject for an editorial any way," said Douglas, as he stuck the article on a hook. "'For this relief, much thanks,' as Mr. Shakespeare says."

Just then his assistant and the boy came in with the casting for the paper trimmer. He helped them put it in place, and by the time the work was done, it was time to close the office and go to supper. The assistant and the boy had gone out and Douglas had shut his desk and was turning to go, when Mr. Edwards stepped in.

"How are you getting on? Better come home to supper with me. You look as if the board at Mrs. Wycoff's was too rich for you."

"I don't know about that," Douglas replied with a laugh. "I'm not dressed to go into company," he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind that. Mrs. Edwards and I are plain people. You need a little change, and besides, I want to talk with you about the *Beacon*."

Douglas gratefully accepted the informal invitation, and when he found himself seated at the table in the Edwards' house, with the kindly, motherly face of Mrs. Edwards beaming on him as if he were an old acquaintance, he felt very much at home, and allowed himself a moment of satisfaction at the thought of such friends for the brief experience at the boarding-house had been of the homesick kind and would have been more so if the work of the office had not kept him so tired and so busy. Yet no one, himself least of all, could realize what that plain, simple, hearty acquaintance with the Colby merchant was going to mean to the editor of the *Beacon* in the future.

"Let's see. When do you go to press? Take another biscuit. We've got a plenty of them, haven't we, Julia?"

"Yes, plenty. Take another, Mr. Douglas," Mrs. Edwards exclaimed heartily, while Edwards winked at Douglas and seemed to enjoy his confusion.

"Thank you. They taste very nice." Douglas blushed and took a biscuit. "My work has made me unusually hungry."

"May be that the fare at the Wycoff's is like number 7, that goes through here at midnight. It's limited. Or may be they put too much powdered lime or something in the biscuits. What do you use, Julia? When did you say that the *Beacon* went to press?"

"Friday."

"And it's Tuesday now. Of course, you run some advertising that's already on the list? Come into the store in the morning and I'll get out our attraction. What's your policy about ads?"

"How do you mean?"

"Going to be frank with you. President Gray wrote me that was the proper way to deal with you. What I mean is this. Take another biscuit. They are awful small." Edwards took two at a time and made Douglas take another. "How about the ads Cleary's been running for two years? Here's a sample. I'll read it if it won't spoil our appetite."

He reached out his hand towards the paper rack near the table and took out an old copy of the paper.

"'*Retonofel!* The Greatest Discovery of the Age. Destroys the germs of disease. Absolute cure for dyspepsia, headache, rheumatism, gout, palpitation of the heart, eruptions of the skin, lassitude, dullness of sight, dizziness, numbness, and all disorders of the circulatory system. Ask your druggist for it, or send us one dollar for 12-oz. bottle; warranted to relieve; sent prepaid. Descriptive book free.'

"I'll warrant you it's warranted to relieve—relieve the sufferer of one dollar. Listen to this one.

"'Great discovery for suffering humanity. Sanitariums a thing of the past. Consumption cured. Our new and startling discovery indorsed by the International Congress on Consumption, at Berlin, will absolutely cure coughs, colds, consumption, bronchitis, asthma, hay fever, and kindred throat and lung troubles. Every bottle guaranteed to satisfy, or money refunded. Sold by all druggists, at 50 cts. and $1. Trial bottle free.'

"Here's another. They're as thick in the *Beacon* as liars in a political campaign.

"'Why suffer from rheumatism when Calderheim's Magic Balm will procure relief at once? Send us description of case and we will mail, free of charge, sample box of Balm. Six boxes, $5. Endorsed by the leading physicians. Do not be fooled by rival concoctions. Ours is genuine. Samples will be given free as long as supplies hold out.'

"Supply of what? Fools?" Mr. Ed-

"AS DOUGLAS WAS TURNING IN TO THE OFFICE, ONE OF THE SALOON MEN POINTED HIM OUT"

ards blurted out, as he started to read nother, but Mrs. Edwards said mildly, Don't you think you have read enough, mes?"

"Yes, more than enough. One is a se. Do you know, Douglas, these pat- t medicine ads have made me sick for ars. After reading all these cures, ndwiched in between politics and local ws, and religious items in our country per, I have lost my faith in humanity, least that part of it that advertises the ull, and the other part that takes it at e dollar per bottle. Have you any set- ed policy about such ads?"

"I haven't given it much thought." ouglas spoke with a good deal of hesi- tion. But I see your point. The ads e misleading. They promise too much. hey—"

"In other words, they are the biggest nd of lies," said Edwards, with cheerful mphasis. "But all the county papers are ll of 'em, and I suppose they pay well."

"Cleary told me the paper couldn't be n without them."

"He did, eh?"

Mr. Edwards looked keenly at Douglas s if about to begin an argument, but hly said:

"Have a biscuit. No? Well, what's ft over will go into a bread pudding. ou can come in and help us eat that. y the way, Mayor Bartlett dropped in to e me and warn me against the new edi- r of the *Beacon* this afternoon. He had een to call on you and try to buy you ut, but I inferred he got sold himself." dwards chuckled, and began helping ouglas bountifully to some fruit.

"I don't know about that," Douglas miled. "But he did not buy me out."

"Tell us about it," Mrs. Edwards said, ith interest.

Douglas gave a rather graphic account his interview with the Mayor. Edwards as intensely interested. He chuckled any times, and once during the narrative e was so much absorbed, that in mechan- ally helping himself to some berries, he shed a large spoonful of them into his a. When Douglas had finished, he ex- aimed:

"The Mayor must have felt the need of l the patent medicines advertised by the *eacon*.' But do you realize what you ave done?"

"I suppose I have made an enemy of he Mayor."

"Not only that, you've got the machine own on you. You'll be the most hated an in Colby after Friday."

"Don't you think Mr. Douglas ought to ave begun a little more cautiously, ames?" Mrs. Edwards asked. She had lready began to feel a very warm interest n the young man and his plans.

"I doubt if the Mayor would appreciate aution. He's one of these men who don't eel anything very much unless it knocks im down. But I think, myself, that the *eacon* will be a stunner when it comes out this week. That one editorial alone ill make the old line politicians tell the ditor of the *Beacon* to stop their paper. 'our Monday morning mail will be interesting reading, Douglas. It will be fun to o through it."

"Do you think so?" Douglas asked, a ttle nervously.

"I know it. Why, if you carry out your olicy, it will stir up Colby deeper than a og show. There has never been any thing ke it here before. You have offended he Mayor. You have got the machine ned up against you. You are going to ght the saloon. You are going to tell he truth. What more could you do as a tarter to create a healthy sized crowd of eople in Anderson county who will be oming into the office of the *Beacon* next week to lick the editor? If I were you, I would engage the services of a husky young foreman to sit at the desk nearest the door and tell visitors that unexpected repairs on the press have called the editor away suddenly to Clinton. Or you might pacify the callers by giving each one of 'em a box of Calderheim's Magic Balm as a premium for renewal of subscription. The balm will disable them at less expense to you than the salary of the foreman."

"Don't you mind Mr. Edwards' talk," Mrs. Edwards smiled at Douglas. "There are some good people in Colby who will stand by you. Mr. Edwards is one of them. He's really delighted to have you here and to know that you are going to get out a clean, wholesome paper, aren't you, James?"

Mr. Edwards brought his fist down with an emphasis that made all the dishes rattle and his wife and Douglas start.

"Delighted! I'm with you Douglas, heart and soul. I have been so disgusted with the miserable, mean, contemptible paper we have had here for years, that it will seem as if the millennium had dawned for Colby when the new *Beacon* comes out Friday. And there's no use going slow or avoiding issues in order to win favor. I say, begin right. Tell the public in the first number just where you stand. Let the peanut politicians like Bartlett know without apologies just what to expect. And, as for the saloon, show it no more mercy than you would show a rattlesnake that was coiling up to strike its fangs into your baby. I'm not the only person in Colby to say this either. We're in a minority, it's true. But we're right, and there's an awful lot of power in being right. I don't say you'll have an easy time in getting out the paper. Like as not, you'll fail. The saloons have never been attacked before. Colby's always been for license. Only two ministers in this town ever came out flat-footed against the saloon, and they didn't stay very long. The pressure was too heavy from the business church members. That's where you'll have the hardest pull. Right where you have a right to expect the heartiest support, you'll get the least."

"Don't be too hard on the churches, James."

"I'm not too hard on them. They're hard on themselves. We've got fourteen churches here, and it's seven too many, and only two of them ever went on record against the saloon in public. There's Vernon, now, at the First Methodist. He's a new man. Preaches his first sermon next Sunday. They say he's all right. Fought the saloon to a finish in Leander last year. But may be the pressure here will be too strong for him. There are a dozen men in his church who will want him to keep still on account of it's being election year. If he comes out against the whiskey fellows, it will make things lively here this fall. I had thought of going away on a little vacation this summer. But since Douglas and Vernon have come, I think there will probably be a lot of fun here, that is, if Vernon is the man they say he is."

Douglas spent the evening in talking about the paper and asking questions concerning local conditions. Mrs. Edwards interfered occasionally by asking Douglas about his college life. He was looking over an album of photographs as he talked, and as he turned the pages he saw a familiar face.

"Why, that's Miss Harris!"

"Yes, do you know her?" Mrs. Edwards asked.

"Of course. We were classmates together for seven years."

"O, I forgot. I remember now. Esther's mother and I are very dear friends. I suppose you know Esther has a high school position here."

"She told me so."

"Fine girl. Don't you think? Going to room and board with us. When she comes. Julia," Mr. Edwards spoke up.

"I expect her the first week in September. The term opens the fourteenth. You see, Mr. Douglas, since our own children have grown up and married and moved away, we have been lonesome, and it will be a great pleasure to have Esther with us. You'll enjoy meeting her, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Douglas answered. He turned over the pages of the album and the talk went on about something else, but when Mrs. Edwards was called into the other room for something the girl wanted and Mr. Edwards got up to open a window on account of the heat, Douglas turned back to the picture of his classmate and looked at it earnestly.

"Of course," Mr. Edwards said when he came back from the window, "you have made up your mind to be disappointed in a great many things. We can't always get everything we want."

"No, sir," replied Douglas, still looking at the photograph.

"But never mind. Don't get discouraged. You haven't any rivals. The field is clear for you. That's something."

Douglas blushed and started. "You mean, the *Beacon*?"

"Why, yes. What did you think I meant?"

"O, nothing, nothing. I—of course it is worth a good deal to have the field clear, but don't you think the Mayor and his friends may start up something?"

"It isn't at all likely. The time's too short between now and election. Don't worry over that. Make the paper interesting. Flatter the indifferent public a little. It likes flattery. Don't surrender a single principle, and roast the machine and the saloon to a finish, but let the public know you are in love with Colby and surroundings. Do the way you would do if you were courting some nice girl who was a little superior to you in intelligence and a good deal superior in good looks. See me? My wife is a seraph by the side of me, and I was as homely as the rough side of a match-box when I was a young man. But I won her by simply a combination of true flattery which took her attention off of my looks and directed it to her own and an independent attitude of standing up for unpopular causes that I knew were right. Any girl of spirit likes that sort of independence. You treat the public like that, and first thing it knows it will be attracted to the paper in spite of itself. Just as my wife was attracted——"

"How is that, James," his wife said, as she came back into the room and caught the last words of the sentence.

"I was just telling Douglas," said Edwards, winking at the young editor, "that you were attracted to me before we were married on account of my good looks. I've lost most of them since, but you haven't, Julia. You grow handsomer every day."

"That's a sample of his way, Mr Douglas," said Mrs. Edwards, laughing. "It was his flattery that won me more that his looks. But neither flattery nor looks are worth anything by the side of downright plain goodness. That's the real reason I was attracted to my husband."

"Talk of flattery, man," Edwards exclaimed, but the look he exchanged with his wife revealed a genuine courtship between the two that had continued through forty-five years of happy married life.

Douglas noted it swiftly and looked at the picture of Miss Harris again before he turned over the pages. The remainder of the evening was spent in general conversation and Douglas after ten o'clock when he went away.

"Let's go to Vernon next Sunday," Edwards said as Douglas was going out. "Our church is closed for repairs while the minister is away." The Edwards belonged to the Presbyterian denomination.

"All right, I'll be glad to go," replied Douglas. He said good night and went back to his dingy little room in the boarding house keeping with Mrs. Grundy, pictured Edwards and his wife sitting in the doorway in their home heartily visiting him to call often. When that person discovered there came on the screen a photograph that in spite of his attempt to remove it, stared there in mocking him with a pleasant pair of eyes.

"Mr. works cut out for me with the paper. I've no time for anything but hard work. There's no room for romance even if—he let the thought stop there, and next day resolutely went down to the little office and began to get out the papers.

The work was so absorbing that it soon compelled every faculty of his mind and every ounce of his physical strength. He was planning to get another helper as soon as possible, but had not been able to do it yet. He worked with tremendous energy. Took little time for meals or sleep. When the papers were all mailed out of the office Friday night he experienced a reaction. That night he slept late, and when he went down to the street about ten o'clock he was hardly prepared for the effect his first appearance as an editor was making on the people of Colby.

Late Friday evening he had hired some boys to take extra copies of the paper over town and distribute them at the stores and residences of non-subscribers. When he went down the street that Saturday morning he could not be ignorant of the fact that in a real sense the paper was creating a real sensation.

"I told you so," said Edwards, coming to the front of his store as Douglas looked in as he was going by. "There hasn't been so much excitement in Colby since the last dog show. The paper's all right. When those medicine ads time expires—well—I believe you'll be led to do the right thing. But the whole town's reading the *Beacon* this morning. You've stirred up the animals in great shape."

"I hope the paper will accomplish something," Douglas said modestly.

"Accomplish something! Why it's done that already. You'll hear from it by Monday. Shouldn't wonder if the post office should have to hire some extra clerks. Don't forget about church to-morrow. Come around to the house and we'll all go together."

Douglas promised, and went along down to his office. As he walked past the little hotel in the next block he was conscious that a group of men sitting out on the veranda, that was built close to the sidewalk, were discussing something quite vigorously, and as he went by one of them spoke his name to the rest, and the entire group gazed at him with staring interest. He held his head up and tried to appear indifferent but only partly succeeded. As he was turning into the office one of the saloon men, whose saloon was across the street from the *Beacon*, pointed him out to a customer who had stopped for a morning drink. Douglas could not hear what was said, but as he opened the door and went in he heard the two men laugh, and the sound affected him disagreeably, though he was soon busily engaged in the office and paid no attention to the locality. The laugh, however, conveyed to him a hint of the way in which the saloon men were taking his declaration of war.

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Nelson, C & K. 2 00
Nelson, C & K. 2 00
Nichols, Miss B P. 5 00
Nicholson, J. 1 13
Nobles, Mrs Geo. 1 00
Northrup, Albert. 1 00
Norton, Mrs P. 1 00
Nuttall, Mrs S M. 2 00
Oglesby, R A. 2 00
Oliver, J. 1 00
O'Regan, John. 10 00
Ormiston, May. 1 00
Osborne, F. 2 00
Ostrom, Charlotte. 25
Ostrom, Mrs L. 25
Otman, Mrs. 10
Ovensihire, Mrs J. 50
Palmer, Cleveland. 1 00
Palmer, Lawrence. 1 00
Parish, Geo E. 10 00
Parks, Carrie B. 1 00
Paulsen, Asa. 1 00
Paulson, J. 1 00
Pierson, Mary B. 1 00
Platner, Mrs W C 1 00
Poole, Bessie. 1 00
Poole, Mrs Jane. 5 00
Post, Sarah A. 5 00
Post, Mrs W J. 5 00
Potter, Mrs Emma. 1 00
Potter, Mrs W A. 1 00
Powell, Robt. 10
Pratt, Winfred W. 50
Prosser, J. 1 00
Pulver, Mrs Jas H 2 00
Purdy, Caroline H 5 00
Purington, O J & Mrs. 5 00
Randall, R. 1 00
Randle, Mrs R M. 1 00
Rands, Mr & Mrs G 2 00
Reasson, G. 1 00
Reed, F F. 1 00
Reynertson, A. 1 00
Reynolds, E D & Mrs. 2 00
Reynolds, M M. 1 00
Rice, Mrs L M. 1 00
Rigby, Mrs B. 1 00
Ringer, Miss A P. 2 00
Riney, H L. 1 00
Robideau, Archer. 05
Robinson, Kath'ne 1 00
Rockefeller, Julia. 25
Rogers, J H. 25
Ruby R B. 25 00
Rudd, Mrs D. 50
Rumsey, Harley. 50
Rumsey, Mrs N. 25
Russell, Emma M. 2 00
Sand, Mrs M. 25
Satterly, Mrs D. 15
Satterly, Mrs Hattie. 10
Savacool, Bertha. 25
Sayre, Mrs O A. 1 00
Sayre, Mrs W E. 1 00
Schaffer, Mrs Ann. 1 00
Schneider, Caroline. 1 00
Schoonmaker, M D 25 02
Schutt, John. 2 00
Scott, Mrs Thos. 50
Scrafford, Wm J. 02
Selleck, Mrs Hy. 50
Shaver, E P. 2 00
Shaw, Mrs L P. 1 00
Shedd, A K. 20 00
Sherman, Mrs Jos. 25
Sherwood, Mrs E. 25 00
Sherwood, Ella E. 1 00
Simmons, Ida B. 2 00
Simmons, Mary. 1 00
Simpson, J A. 1 50
Sipperbeaux, Mrs E W. 25
Shedd, A K. 20 00
Sherman, Mrs Jos. 25
Sherwood, Mrs E. 25 00
Sherwood, Ella E. 1 00
Simmons, Ida B. 2 00
Simmons, Mary. 1 00
Simpson, J A. 1 50
Sipperbeaux, Mrs E W. 25
Skeight, S E. 1 00
Skeight, Alice E. 1 00
Smith, Fannie. 50
Smith, J P & Mrs. 50
Smith, Lelia. 1 00
Smith, Mrs L. 2 00
Smith, Miss M M. 1 00
Smith, Wm. 25
Snyder, Mrs. 15
Snyder, Alice E. 1 00
Snyder, Miss V. 75

NEW YORK—Cont'd

Soderin, Christine. 1 00
Sormberger, Mrs A. 05
Sormberger, M L H. 25
Spafford, Miss V. 1 00
Spink, L A. 1 00
Spinnig, Mrs M A. 1 00
Sprague, Mrs E F 1 00
Springsteen, Mrs T W. 1 00
Squires, Leander. 2 00
Squires, Mrs L. 2 00
Stanton, Mr & Mrs E R. 5 00
Stark, Mrs M A. 25
Stebbins, Mrs U H 5 00
Steel, Mrs Edw. 10
Stein, Mrs E S. 1 00
Stevenson, Mrs J R 1 00
Stewart, Mrs A. 25
Stewart, Mrs M. 25
Stewart, Margt. 35
Stewart, Mrs S M. 50
Stewart, Thos. 25
Stickles, Lydia. 1 00
Stickney, S. 2 00
Stivers, C. 05
Stough, Mrs Anson. 1 00
Stroud, J. 15
Sully, Mrs L M. 5 00
Summerton, Bert. 1 00
Sundland, Mrs W. 1 00
Svanjon, Larry. 1 00
Sebrandt, Mrs C G 1 00
Talbot, Christopher 5 00
Tappan, Mrs M P. 1 00
Taylor, D C. 1 00
Taylor, Irene B. 1 00
Taylor, Mrs Mary. 1 00
Taylor, Freddie. 1 00
Tew, Mrs Harry. 1 00
Thayer, Mrs Arch. 5 00
Thomason, Mrs MR 6 00
Thomas, Mrs E A. 1 00
Tomstad, M & G. 50
Townsend, Mrs C. 1 00
Travis, M T. 1 00
Treibel, Wm F. 1 00
Tubb, Eliz M. 1 00
Tucker, Mr & Mrs John. 1 00
Tuthill, Amy A. 1 00
Utting, W W. 1 00
VanAerman, Mrs H 05
VanLoan, Henry C 1 00
VanNess, Mrs M 1 00
VanWyck, Mrs A B 2 00
Varney, Mrs Eliz. 25
VerPlank, Miss M G. 1 00
Vickers, Hayes B. 2 00
Voirse, Mrs Benj. 1 00
Walstrom, Frank. 50
Ward, Samuel H. 1 00
Ward, Mrs W C. 1 00
Warren, Jane K. 1 00
Wasmansdorf, Miss. 50
Watson, H. 1 00
Weaver, Mrs. 25
Webster, R & Mrs 1 00
Wells, Mrs E M. 2 00
Wells, O C & Mrs 1 00
Wench, Fred L. 1 00
Westfall, Mrs. 25
Wheeler, Miss J E 5 00
Wheeler, Mrs L E. 50
Wheeler, Mrs M. 50
White, Miss. 1 00
White, Mrs. 15
Wilcox, Frederic R 2 50
Whiting, Jane. 25
Whitney, C J. 1 00
Whitney, J S. 1 00
Whitney, Miss M. 1 02
Whitney, Martha. 2 00
Wilcox, Edwin. 1 00
Willetts, Mrs R. 1 00
Williams, Mrs B B 3 00
Williams, Mrs L. 2 00
Williams, Mrs W J 1 00
Williamson, E. 25
Williamson, Mrs David 2 00
Winfield, Mrs. 25
Witherbee, R M. 1 00
Wolcott, Geo. 25
Wolcott, Mary. 25
Worden, Mrs P A 1 00
Wright, Mrs Caleb 1 00
Wyman, Mrs H G. 50
Wyman, Hyde. 1 00
Young, Mrs Jas. 1 00
Zephers, The. 1 00
Zimmerman, Miss E 5 00
Zimmerman, Bklyn. 1 00
Annetta, Freeport. 1 00
Kate V H, New Hartford. 2 00
Lillie, Tottenville. 1 00
Miss Mabel, Tallman. 25
Mrs S W M, ——. 2 00
E I Z. 25
E W, Albany. 1 00
H N R, Albany. 2 00
L A M, Albany. 2 00
H H E, Albany. 1 00
Mrs E H McL, Bklyn 2 00
M L R, Brooklyn. 2 00
L B, Buffalo. 1 00
H L, Bushville. 1 00
C B D, Carthage. 5 00
V Z M, Carthage. 1 25
B C M, Castorland 1 00
C F, Chittenango. 1 00
M F M, Ctr Valley 1 00
F E C, Chateaugay 2 00
H A D, Cincinnatus 5 00
H, Cobleskill. 1 00
Mrs A B M, Cohoc-ton. 5 00
Mrs S W M, ——. 2 00
E I Z. 25
E W, Albany. 1 00
H N R, Albany. 2 00
L A M, Albany. 2 00
H H E, Albany. 1 00
Mrs E H McL, Bklyn 2 00
M L R, Brooklyn. 2 00
L B, Buffalo. 1 00
H L, Bushville. 1 00
C B D, Carthage. 5 00
V Z M, Carthage. 1 25
B C M, Castorland 1 00
C F, Chittenango. 1 00
M F M, Ctr Valley 1 00
F E C, Chateaugay 2 00
H A D, Cincinnatus 5 00
H, Cobleskill. 1 00
Mrs A B M, Cohoc-tonville. 1 00
F S, Greig. 1 00
E W, Hammondsport. 2 00
S S T, High Woods 3 00
W, Housevile. 3 00
H, Ithaca. 1 00
S E W, Ithaca. 1 00
M M B, Jaquins. 1 00
M L W, Lacona. 3 00
Mrs R, Lyndonville 1 00
G N M, Mariners Harbor. 2 00
Mrs F F L, Mattowan. 1 00
C C, Newburgh. 1 00

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Mrs L H M, Moorers Forks. 1 00
Mrs M G T, New Hartford. 5 00
A C, N Y City. 3 02
Mrs G W H, N Y C 1 00
D D M, N Y City. 1 00
Mrs S P A, N Y C 50 00
H S B, Onedia. 5 00
M I G, Orange Lake 2 00
S R, Preston Hollow. 25
B J A, Rochester. 1 00
F W L & E D L, Rockdale. 2 00
M A, Romulus. 1 00
Mrs S K S, Rye. 5 00
S D H, Schenectady 5 00
S D H, Schenectady 5 00
S D H, Schenectady 5 00
E A S, Slateville. 50
B R G, Stockport. 25
J H M, Tallman. 1 00
S F D, Towners. 1 00
J W Y, Waterloo. 5 00
M D, Watermill 3 00
M C J, Watervown 1 00
L G B, S L, Wolcott. 1 00
S B, Wyomanock. 2 00
M H C, York. 1 00
——, Babylon. 1 00
——, Babylon. 1 00
——, Batavia. 1 00
——, Danby. 1 00
——, Five Corners. 1 00
——, Five Corners. 1 00
——, Keeseville. 1 00
——, Lowville. 2 00
——, Malone. 1 00
——, Middle Granville. 1 40
——, Middle Isld. 2 00
——, Newark Valley 6 00
——, N Y City. 1 00
——, N Y C. 2 00
——, Saratoga Spgs. 5 00
——, Schenevus. 2 00
——, Stenbenville. 1 00
——, Stockbridge 1 00
——, Syracuse. 50
——, Tiffeottville 1 00
——, Turin. 1 00
——, Union Corners 1 00
——, Wampsville. 25
——, Wellsville. 1 00
Anon, Winthrop. 50
Cash, Tallman. 1 00
For Christs Sake, Modison. 1 00
Friend, Burrs Mills 2 00
Friend, Clinton. 24
Friend, Hurleyville 1 00
Friend, Knox. 1 00
Friend, Lebanon Spgs. 15 00
Friend, Lyons Falls 1 00
Friend, Mombasons 1 00
Friend, New Hartford. 1 00
Friend, Ossining 2 00
Friend, Ossining. 2 00
Friend, Sayville. 1 00
Friend, Syracuse 1 00
Friend, Tallman. 1 00
Friend, Watkins. 25
A Friend, Amsterdam. 1 00
A Friend, Asheville 1 00
A Friend, Atwater 1 00
A Friend, Brockport. 2 00
A Friend, Bklyn. 3 00
A Friend, Canajoharie. 10 00
A Friend, Canandaigua. 5 00
A Friend, Carmel 3 00
A Friend, Charlton 2 00
A Friend, Clavcrack. 1 00
A Friend, Clifton Spgs. 1 00
A Friend, Gloversville. 10
A Friend, Hamondsport. 1 00
A Friend, Heuvelton. 5 00
A Friend, Hoosick Falls. 1 00
A Friend, Ithaca. 35
A Friend, Lagrangeville. 1 00
A Friend, Lewis Co. 40
A Friend, Lykers. 1 00
A Friend, N Y City. 1 00
A Friend, N Y City 1 00
A Friend, Normansville. 1 00
A Friend, Perry. 1 00
A Friend, Richmondboro. 4 00
A Friend, S Livonia. 1 00
A Friend, Tottenville. 1 00
A Friend, Vernon. 25
A Friend, Waverly 1 00
A Friend, Wayland 50
A Friend, Willsboro 1 00
A Friend, "Candy Money," N Y C. 5 00
A Friend M B, Bklyn. 2 00
Friend A H P, W Greece. 2 00
Friends, H N, Potsdam. 2 00
Two Friends, Auburn. 2 00
Two Friends, Cornigo. 2 00
Two Friends Pleasant Ridge. 50
Two Friends, Poplar Ridge. 1 25
A Few Friends, Gloversville. 3 00
Friends of Finland, Canastota. 3 00
Friends and Subrs, Utica. 5 00
Sympathizing Fr'ds, "Lew Beach. 2 00
Sympathizing Fr'd, Roseboom. 1 00
Inasmuch, Horicon 10 00
I H N, Bklyn. 5 00
I H N, Bklyn. 1 00
I H N, Penn Yan. 1 50
I H N, Tallman. 20 00
I H N, Verona. 1 00

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I H N, Webster. 1 00
In Jesus Name, Perry 1 00
In mem of Charlie, Hornellsville. 1 00
In mem of Mrs E P Regua. 2 00
In the Blessed Masters Name, Canajoharie. 20 00
Reader of C H, Y. 1 00
A Reader of the C H, Plessis. 2 00
A Shoreland Reader, Richfield Spgs. 1 00
Subr, Bklyn. 5 00
A Subr, N Y C. 40
Old Subr, E Greenwich. 1 00
Old Subr, Mt Morris. 1 50
A Sympathizer, Spring Valley. 1 00
A Sympathizer, Watermill. 5 00
One who sympathizes, Hamden. 2 00
Cit's of Penn Yan, thro Jr C E S, Penn Yan. 25 00
Fitz, Albany. 50
A Sister at Rest, Bklyn. 8 38
A W H, Wisher, Broadalbin. 55
Neighborhood of Canadaigua. 16 00
The Lord's Tenth, Fayetteville. 2 00
A Thank Offering, Chatham. 2 00
Teacher, Cropseyville. 1 15
One who trusts in Jesus, Glenora. 1 00
Lodi Grange, No 1129. 7 00
H, Lodi Centre. 10 00
Humanity, Minetta. 6 00
School Dist No 10, Montgomery Co. 2 00
One interested, Moravia. 25
A Widows Mite, N Y C. 1 00
"Gnaden Gem, N Y C. 7 00
One of His Stewards, N Y C. 2 00
One who loves Jesus, Niskayuna. 2 00
For Christ, Orwell 1 00
Mother & Son, Parksville. 3 00
Widows Mite, Rochester. 25
Two of Christs little children, Saratoga. 1 00
Yours truly, Tallman. 50
The McKinley Anti-Profanity Lea, Immanuels D L Ch, Troy. 20 48
Helping Hand, Watervort. 5 00
Schuyler Falls & Morrisonville. 18 00
Congl Ch, Bangor. 10 81
1st Cong Ch, Canajoharie. 26 00
Pres Ch of Charlton. 29 45
Freedom Plains P Ch, LaGrangeville. 7 00
Un Ch, Little Falls 10 00
Pres Ch, Louisville. 6 00
Cong Ch, Rensselaer Falls. 10 00
Ch of Rev J L Seweell, S Salem. 26 90
Church, Smyrna. 3 50
B B S S, Belmont. 2 87
Edgewood Ref S S, Bklyn. 7 31
Prim S S Cl, Braman Corners. 1 04
S S of Kingsboro Ave P Ch, Gloversville. 13 00
S S Kenwyn Corn. 4 00
1st Cong Ch S S, Lisbon. 6 78
Young Ladies S S Cl of L Ch, Melrose. 1 00
Class No 8, N Syracuse S Sch. 1 71
Free Methodist S Sch, Pendleton. 2 20
S Sch, 1st Pres Ch, Richfield Spgs. 14 45
S S & C E, of M P Ch, S W Oswego. 11 00
S S & frds, Wainscott. 6 00
Un S S, W Newark & W Owego Creek. 3 00
Cheviot Sch, Germantown. 90
C E S, Chaumont. 5 00
C E Soc, Tallman. 10 00
C E S, Tribes Hill 5 00
Y P S C E, Five Corners. 5 00
Y P S C E, Livingston Manor. 5 00
Y P S C E, of Chr Ch, Marlon. 3 18
Y P S C E, Mt Morris Bapt Ch. 5
N Y C E S. 1 00
Y P S C E, 1st B Ch, Penn Yan. 3 00
Jr C E S, Stapleton. 2 00
Y P S C E, Thornhill. 5 00
Kgs Daus, McMasters Cors, Auburn 6 00
Be Ready Cir, A D, Chappaqua. 5 00
Innermost & New Leaf Cl, K D & Sons, Port Jervis. 1 50
Ladies A Soc of B Ch, Java Village 2 75
Ladies A S, Klinetone. 2 00
Ladies Missy Soc, 1st Chr Ch, Otego 14 60
N Harmony L A S, Ashville. 15 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

Jr Union, Joy. 1 00
Ladies Missy Soc, Congl Ch, Scarsen Falls. 10 00
Ladies Missy Soc, 1st Cr Ch, Woodhaven. 5 00
Jr Lea, Cherry Valley. 1 25
Womans F Miss S, Cherry Valley. 4 25
Sunshine Club, Kuckville. 6 00
S Sch Miss Band, Cutchogue P Ch, Mattituck. 5 00
Students Miss Band of Missy Inst, Nyack. 1 00
Student Miss Band of Miss Training Inst, Nyack. 6 45
The Little Juniors, Rensselaer Falls. 1 00
Womans Lea Pres Ch, Saranac Lake 5 00
Epw L, So Cairo. 1 00

New Jersey

Abbott, Mary C. 2 00
Aller, Mrs Abner. 1 00
Allen, Mrs J W. 5 02
Andrews, Mrs H. 1 00
Baber, J M. 2 00
Betts, F. 2 50
Bewkes, Lambert. 1 00
Biggers, Mrs Jos. 1 00
Blauvelt, Mrs E L 5 00
Bliss, E W. 2 00
Bobert, C A & fam 6 00
Brown, Mrs M E. 1 00
Case, Asa. 1 00
Case, Rhutson. 1 00
Churchwell, Mrs A 1 50
Clapp, Mr & Mrs T 20 00
Cutler, Wm H. 5 00
Davenport, W C. 1 00
Denman, R A. 1 00
Denton, Miss C R. 1 00
Dickinson, A C. 1 00
Eder, Phillip. 1 00
Field, Mrs. 3 00
Finn, Rev & Mrs A E. 1 00
Gibbs, M E. 1 00
Hagg, Christ. 1 00
Hanse, Mrs F. 5 00
Haase, M L. 10 00
Hardick, Mrs L. 50
Heyes, John. 1 00
Hocking, W M & fam. 5 00
Hogencamp, M J. 1 00
Holton, Miss M E. 10 00
Hopler, Mrs Emily 1 00
Hopper, Mrs. 5 00
Horner, Mrs J W. 1 00
Isard, Mrs H M. 5 00
Jung, August. 5 00
Jung, August. 3 00
Kelly, Mary M. 1 00
Kinney, Mrs C. 2 00
Kinning, Mrs A. 2 00
Law, Theo F. 2 00
Lindsley, Mrs T P 6 00
Ludwitz, Edmund. 50
Mackay, Mrs Mary 1 00
Marsh, Mrs Louisa 1 00
Miller, Mrs Mary. 10 00
Mitchell, Eliz S. 1 00
Monroe, Mrs G O. 1 00
Mott, N R. 2 00
Mott, Mrs N R. 1 00
Neighbour, E J & Mrs. 2 00
Perrine, VanDyke. 5 00
Post, Mrs M J. 1 00
Powers, Miss L. 1 00
Prundle, F. 1 00
Reid, G S & fam. 6 00
Saunier, L B. 2 00
Saxton, Mrs P. 1 00
Scales, E S & C. 2 00
Smith, Chas E. 2 00
Smith, Mr & Mrs J. 5 00
Sonder, Mrs M B. 3 00
Spangenberg, Mrs S 1 00
Sutphin, Miss K, Mrs M A Cook & N Cook. 3 00
Taylor, Eliz W. 1 00
TenEyck, Mrs A S. 1 00
Tusting, R A. 1 00
Van Riper, Miss E A. 3 00
Veghte, Mrs H S. 2 00
Wilson, M L. 2 00
Thro Thos Sandidam, Morristown 5 00
Fred, Newton. 5 00
Jame S, Perth Amboy. 1 00
J P C, Bayonne. 1 00
J P C, Bayonne. 1 00
Mrs A E F, Branchville. 2 00
C L, Elizabeth. 5 00
E W B, Freehold. 1 00
M F S, Grenloch. 1 00
R C F, Griggstown. 1 00
Mrs J F, High Bridge 1 00
Mrs A F, Hoboken. 1 00
L B R, Newark. 1 00
H B, Paterson. 1 50
L W, Paterson. 1 50
G J B, Vail. 1 00
W H R, Whitehouse 2 00
——, Beemerville. 1 00
——, Hamden. 1 00
——, Hamilton. 1 00
——, Princeton. 2 00
A Friend, Beemerville. 1 00
A Friend, Morristown. 1 00
A Friend, Newark 1 00
A Friend, New Egypt 1 00
A Friend, Ocean Grove. 10 00
A Friend, S Orange 1 00
A Friend, Sussex. 1 00
A Friend, Trenton. 1 00
Friend on Cherry St, Elizabeth. 5 00
Sym Friend, East Orange. 1 00
I H N, Montrose. 5 00
Reader, Bordentown 2 00
Reader of the Herald, Bordentown. 2 00
Old Subr, Deer Crk 1 00
A Sympathizer, Holmdel. 1 00
Apr 29th, Mt Holly 15 00

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A Sympathizer, Trenton. 1 00
Thank Offering, Elwood. 1 00
Rutgers Coll, New Brunswick. 1 50
Self Denial, South Branch Depot. 1 00
2 Sisters, Swartswood. 2 00
Prim Dept Bapt Ch, Haddonfield. 11 00
Ref Ch, Harlingen 6 50
3d Chr Ref Ch, Paterson. 40 00
Un S S, E Madison 4 27
Pleasant View S S, Ref Ch, Frankfort 6 00
Infant Cl of Pres Chapel, Paterson St, Jersey City. 2 00
Rosevville S S, Newark. 11 72
Highland Park Bapt S S, New Brunswick. 10 00
Holland S Schs Sabbatschool Bode, Paterson. 95 67
Sabbatschool Bode, Paterson. 169 47
Sabbatschool Bode, Paterson. 198 22
Sabbatschool Bode, Paterson. 99 24
Sabbatschool Bode from Holland S Schs, Paterson. 54 36
Sabbatschool Bode from Holland S Schs, Paterson. 309 69
Bright Hope Miss Band, Cranford. 1 00
Ch, Belle Mead. 15 00
C E Soc of Pittsgrove Pres Ch, Daretown. 4 25
Ladies Soc of Meyersville Germ P Ch, Long Hill. 5 00
Missy Soc, Grace P Ch, Montclair. 5 00
Y P S C E of 1st Pres Ch, Morristown. 10 00
Jr C E Soc, 1st B Ch, Morristown. 3 00
C E S, Mem P Ch, Newark. 25 00

Delaware

Fox, A M & fam. 1 50
Ocheltree, E M & wife. 10 00
Ohlson, Hilda C. 2 00
Talley, A Wilson. 5 00
Thomison, Saml J. 1 00
E P S, Centreville 3 00
R A, Dover. 1 00
Mrs A W S, Felton 1 00
E D K, Wilmington 5 00
W C T U, Clayton 2 00

Rhode Island

Alger, Eliz B. 5 00
Alverson, Mrs. 1 00
Babcock, J Ed. 1 00
Baker, Mrs C H. 5 00
Browning, Jr, C. 1 00
Browning, Chris. 1 00
Card, Alvin. 1 00
Card, W R. 1 00
Carpenter, Mrs W R 1 00
Carpenter, Mrs Eliz 1 00
Champlin, Jas G. 50
Clarke, C J. 1 00
Clarke, C S. 1 00
Clarke, Mrs Eliz. 25
Clarke, Joh. 1 00
Clarke, Jr, T J. 25
Clarke, Mrs T J. 50
Congdon, Mrs A M 1 00
Dolby, Sarah. 30
Gorton, Mrs E. 1 00
Gould, Myrtle. 25
Greene, A S. 1 00
Hoxsie, Miss J E. 1 00
Kelley, Geo. 50
Sutherland, Lena. 1 00
Sweet, Eliz, Geo. 1 00
Thomas, Mrs Jas. 2 00
Tingley, H Byron. 1 00
Tucker, John R. 1 00
Turner, Mr & Mrs J M. 1 25
Whitford, John. 1 00
Whitford, Mary. 1 50
Whitford, Mrs E. 1 00
A M B, Providence 2 00
C C B, Providence 2 00
E R M, Providence 1 00
M E P, Providence 1 00
——, Wood RiverJct 1 00
Friend, Perryville. 25
A Friend, Warren. 1 00
Friends, Providence 10 00
Hope St M E Ch, Providence. 8 00
No. Bapt Chapel, Providence. 11 00
S Sch, Watch Hill 5 00
Blackstone F B S S, Woonsocket. 2 50
A Poor Woman, Bristol. 50

Miscellaneous

Hays, L P. 1 00
Jones, Mrs E. 1 00
Lewis, F H & fam 3 00
Watt, Mrs J A. 5 00
Wilson, Orin. 1 00
A A Friend, Davisburg 1 25
Mrs E A M,

SAMANTHA'S Independence Day

By Mary Lowe Dickinson

"FIFTEEN minutes before the train goes; plenty time to take a cup of tea!" and Miss Samantha Marble walked briskly into the railway restaurant of the Fitchburg depot in Boston, and took immediate possession of two chairs. She was a very little body, wrinkled and puckered about the mouth, and wrinkled and gray about the forehead; for she hated anything false, and carried her "views" to the point of despising artificial teeth and hair. On one chair she put her little self and on the other she piled her little bag, her little bundles, her little boxes and umbrella. Then she took off her gloves and her "far-away" glasses, and putting on her "near-by" spectacles took up the bill of fare.

She had had a hard day's work. Up in the early morning, riding into Fitchburg from Milltown on a neighbor's milk-wagon, in order to catch the first train; all day among the shops buying supplies for her little millinery store. She tucked in many a neighborly errand between times, such as matching Mrs. Brown's best black silk, and buying a frock for feeble Mrs. Hall's last baby—and a lot of what she called "Fourth o' july fixin's" for Widow Warner, whose boy was coming up from his clerkship in Boston to pass the holiday. Altogether, she had earned her cup of tea, and would have enjoyed it, but that her satisfaction was interrupted by the voices of two young men, who had the table before her. One sat with his back toward her, and his companion was saying:

"Now, Fred, what nonsense! It's Fourth of July, and the time when a fellow should be free, if he is ever going to be a man. And there you have stood over that desk without a holiday since Christmas! And now to go and spend the Fourth in that sleepy old town. I declare it's too bad."

"But I promised the folks at home, Tom, and they will be so disappointed. I confess I should like to take a run with you on to New York and see the sights, for I haven't been there since before my father died. He took me once, but I was such a little chap that I have forgotten everything about it."

"Oh, come along! We will take a night train, and have all day Sunday for Coney Island, and Monday, the Fourth, for fun."

"Can't do it, Tom; can't spend the money. Better come up in the country with me and we will see New York some other time."

"But you have got the money, Fred; and confound the old desk where we stand and drudge to earn it. There are easier ways to get it than that, boy, and if you would go with me I could show you a little game or two that would double your wages."

"If you mean gambling, Tom, none of that for me!"

"Well, I don't mean gambling. Every little game of chance doesn't deserve a hard name. Draughts and backgammon and cards, same things we played at home."

"Well, Tom, I'll have to go to the country. Better change your mind and come along."

"Not I; and go to church all Sunday;" but, suddenly, as they rose to go, he added, "Tell you what, Fred, you stay over and go to the theatre or have a game of billiards with me to-night and I'll go up with you on the Sunday train and spend the Fourth. Come now, that's fair."

As they walked away to the door, and Samantha scrambled her bundles together and hurried forth to the train, she saw the faces of the young men, and recognized that Fred, the Fred who would like to go to New York, but would go home to his mother in Milltown, was Fred Warner, Widow Warner's only boy—the boy for whom all those "Fourth of July fixins'" had been bought. Her first impulse was to run after him, and tell him how his mother was "lotting" upon his coming home; and his sister determined to make the old house bright and gay, and how she herself had run around Boston after Chinese lanterns, to be hung in the trees, because Widow Warner meant to have a little party and gather all of Fred's old friends on the lawn in the evening of the Fourth. She recalled also that the widow had brought round her old bonnet to have it freshened up, because boys were apt to come back from the city a little bit particular about dress. In her flurry, she actually started to run after the tall young man striding down the platform, whirling his cane in his hand, but her bag dropped and its contents—spools, samples, pencil, notebook, purse, flew hither and yon. In scrambling for these, she lost her bundles. In getting those her umbrella went to the ground, and when, at last, she stood erect in the door of the station, with her various possessions well in hand, the tall young man had disappeared. Before her was the rush of the crowd, hurrying to the train, the rattle of vehicles, and the deafening noise of the street. Behind her a shrill voice crying "All aboard," and, not knowing which way to turn, she obeyed this call, and ran back just in time to drop panting into a seat of the rear car.

Now, at least, there was a chance to recover breath and sense, and, from the whirl of her own thoughts, to rescue some idea that would serve the widow and her boy. She was only a little withered old maid, with no one to care two straws what became of her. Why should she care so much to spare Widow Warner a blow? If Fred knew what was passing in her mind, he would doubtless call her a "meddlesome old piece," and say "he could take care of himself." And so, no doubt, he could, but, then, if he failed to do it this one particular time; if he should not come home on that Sunday train; if he did go to New York with that reckless looking young chap; if his mother had the party, and her boy never came to it at all; surely, that would be too much to expect "the widow's heart to bear? In some way she must spare her if she could. At first, she thought she would go straight to the mother and tell her all she had heard, but that would not spare her the pain and would not save the boy. And save him, she must; or, at least, she must try. She had gone no further than this in her meditations, when a touch on her shoulder, and "Ticket, if you please," aroused her.

"I have no ticket. I had not time to buy it."

"Where to, Ma'am?"

"To Fitchburg—no, wait a minute; I haven't made up my mind."

"Fare, one-forty, ten cents additional if bought on the train," suggested the conductor, kindly, evidently thinking she had come to the end of her money or her wits.

"What time do we reach Concord?"

"In twenty minutes now."

"Very well, give me a ticket for Concord."

At Concord, she inquired what time the next train went to Boston, and quietly sat down in the station to wait. She no longer hurried nor blustered. She had made up her mind. When the train for Boston arrived and she was whirled back into the city in the twilight, she was even able to get forty winks on the train, so quiet and settled in purpose had she become. She took a street car straight to the boarding-house in Hancock street, where she always stayed when her business kept her over night; but, before she entered, she went to a drug store and looked in the directory for the importing house where Fred Warner was employed. She knew the place of business would be closed, but she noted the residence of two members of the firm. Having engaged her room and left her parcels and told the landlady she was going to look for a friend and might not return till morning, she sallied forth again. She had no trouble in finding Fred's employer's house; but, in answer to the note sent up, asking Fred's address, he sent her that of a clerk who had all such items in his charge. Nothing daunted, she tried again, and this time with success—No. 148 D—— street was only five minutes in the street car from the house of her informant. And now began the hardest part of her task, but even for this she had courage. It took more than she had thought it would, though, to face the hard-featured boarding-house keeper, who was summoned, in answer to a statement to the servant, that she desired to wait till Mr. Warner should come in.

"Of course, you can wait, if you wish it, but no one ever knows when young men will come in. Mr. Warner and his room-mate are often out very late. Indeed, no one remains up for them, as they have their own keys."

But Samantha was not to be driven away by any suspicious glances or reluctant consent. "I am an old friend of his mother, and my errand is very important," she said; "and I must see him if I wait all night; I will sit here, ma'am, and Mr. Warner will take me to my lodging when he comes in."

And there she sat, her spectacles on her forehead, and her mouth puckered up like a bag with the string drawn tight, dozing a little, reading a little in her pocket Testament, but looking as determined as the granite of her native hills. And there the landlady left her, after telling a grumbling servant not to retire until the woman was gone. And there a young man found her, who jumped from a cab that rattled up to the door about midnight, and entered with his latch-key. He started up the stairway, then turned, and called the servant from the rear of the hall. Samantha leaned forward in her seat to see if the new-comer could be Fred, and saw, instead, the young man who had been with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 584

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THE LAW OF LIFE

Sickness Should Prompt Searching for God's Purpose

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE Apostle Paul tells us (Rom. 8:10), that he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you. This is quickening power for mortal bodies which are now alive, but can die. This word does not speak of bodies which are now dead, else they would be called dead bodies. Here, then, is a quickening power for living bodies. In Romans 7, Paul is speaking about the sin which dwelleth in us, and the great struggle there is between the mind, or will, of man under the law, whether converted or unconverted, and the law of God. A man wants to do right; but a law in his being makes him to do wrong, and he cries, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." Then in chap. 8:1-2: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death." This is the first time in the Epistle of Romans that the Holy Spirit is mentioned.

It was this "law of sin" that made Paul, when under the law, do things he did not want to do. In the inward man he believed God's law was right, and he wanted to do it, but he found another power that acted in him and made him do wrong. There was always the struggle going on, and finally he came to the conclusion: It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. Are we to go on like this? No! there is another law.

The power of that same law which quickens the mortal body, also enables Christians to live as conquerors over sin. And the same law which gives us freedom from the bondage of sin, is that law which gives us freedom from the bondage of death—"the law of sin and death." If we look for freedom from the one, we must look for freedom from the other.

Now, some of us have become free from the law of sin, but there is the same struggle in our bodies now which there has been in our souls. There is the feeling: "I want to be well; I ought to be well with such a great physician as I have; but how am I to get away from the law of sickness and death?" Now, what is the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus? The Lord Jesus said again and again, "The Son can do nothing of Himself." He did his work by the power of God in him. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus" is the law that put his spirit and soul and body into the possession of the Holy Spirit, and of the Father, through the Holy Spirit, so that he could say, "The Father dwelleth in me, he doeth the works" (John 14:10). Therefore "the law of the spirit of life" in you as in him is the Holy Spirit. The law of sin and death is just that law which the presence of the Holy Spirit came to deliver us from.

In what sense is the body dead? When the Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross, he died unto sin—unto my sin; as he hung on the cross there, he died as though he were me, he was punished as though he were me; the question of my sin was settled in the body of my Lord, as that body suffered death in my stead, and by faith I am identified with Him. Then, if we are identified with Christ, we take his place as he took ours. He took our place on the cross, and we take our place in Him on the cross, too. I find in my spirit no power to resist sin, but the Holy Spirit in me can do it. Do you see what it means is putting the personal "I," not as one with the flesh, but one with the Spirit? "I am dead." Paul said, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

When we are walking in line with God, we cannot help being at peace, and our nerves do not get upset. We may do the right thing, but not at the right time; we may do the right thing a little too quickly, or perhaps too slowly, and then things get out of gear and the nerves are upset, "because the mind of the flesh is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be; and they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

RELIGION IN WORK*

How to Achieve the Ideal of Religion Between Sundays

WAS there any connection between the communism described in the passage associated with the Topic, and the condition developed later, when it was necessary to take up a collection among the Gentile churches for the poor in Jerusalem? We learn from Acts 11:29; Rom. 15:26 and other passages that there was grievous distress and poverty among the Christians at Jerusalem, and it is certainly fair to ask whether they were the result of this distribution of property. It was a noble enthusiasm which led the wealthy to give away their goods; but was it wise or prudent? Did it benefit the people who received them? Is it not more probable that there was for a time unusual luxury and a carelessness in expenditure while the funds lasted? Experience has proved again and again that the best way of helping a poor man is not by giving him money, but by putting him in a position to earn it. In sickness or in an emergency, money should be given freely, but nothing is more mischievous than gifts which are accepted as a substitute for honest work.

It is doubtful, too, whether the "religion between Sundays" that these early Christians practised was altogether the best kind of Christianity. "Continuing daily with one accord in the Temple" must have entailed a neglect of the ordinary duties of life. It would have been better for them to be, as the Apostle enjoined, "Diligent in business, serving the Lord." Christianity does not contemplate withdrawal from the world, but serving God in the world. The working man who does good honest work, all the more conscientious because of his being a Christian; the merchant whose goods are all they are represented to be, who does not resort to the tricks of the trade, and whose religion purifies and controls his business; the professional man whose clients know that he is strictly upright, and that he is a consistent Christian—all these are serving God in their occupations as acceptably as if they were found all day in a place of worship singing and praying. "Religion between Sundays," in its best sense, is honest work sanctified by Christian principle, with a readiness to sacrifice profit rather than consistency.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for July 19. Acts 2:42-47.

Samantha's Independence Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 583

him at the restaurant, and who, she had no longer any doubt, was the room-mate of whom the landlady had spoken. The light in the room was dim, and she sat partly behind the door. He could not see her, but she could see him, and hear distinctly every word he said. "Look here, boy," he said to the colored servant, "do you want to earn a dollar in a half an hour? We are going away to spend the Fourth, Warner and I, and the Providence train leaves in forty minutes. Now Warner has sent me for some of his things, and you just come up and put them in his valise, while I scratch together some things for myself. Hurry now, there isn't a minute to lose." And he ran up the stairs and the servant after him, leaving the poor woman stunned at the defeat of her hope. Suddenly she bethought herself of the Providence train for New York. Fred might be at the station now waiting for his friend. Forty minutes would take her there, and she could see him and persuade him not to go. Acting on the impulse, she slipped quietly out of the front door. The light of the street lamp fell full upon the cab, whose driver was dozing with his head upon his breast. Within, also, sat a man, his head bowed on his bosom; but in the stupid sleep of intoxication, instead of the slumber of fatigue. One glance sufficed for the woman. It was Fred.

"Fred! Fred Warner!" she said to him softly, shaking him by the arm.

"All right, all right, Tom, drive on," said the poor fellow, "let's go home."

Quick as thought she sprung into the cab, aroused the driver by a vigorous poke of her umbrella, and ordered him to drive to the Fitchburg depot as fast as he could go. A yawn, a crack of the whip, and in two minutes they were so far away that even the sound of the wheels was not heard by the servant, who, descending first, stood waiting for his dollar, with Warner's valise in his hand. Five minutes later, Tom came down to find the cab and victim gone.

And away the fugitives went to the depot, while Tom was cursing his luck. Samantha never minded her parcels. She could send by express for them. She never minded double fare for the hackman, or any fatigue for herself. She had saved the Widow Warner's boy. Poor fellow! He must have had many drinks, to be so helplessly stupid.

He slept all the way to Fitchburg, and fell asleep again in the depot before she could send to the livery stable for a team. There was a daily coach to Hilltown, but it did not start till mid-day, and she could run no risk of Fred's being recognized in his present state. So she ordered a stable boy to be sent on horseback to take the carriage back, and drove herself all through the dreary darkness before the dawn, up the long rocky hills. When daylight broke the young man, now fast coming to himself, was lying on the sofa in the little parlor behind Samantha's shop. The aroma of strong coffee stole in to him from her little kitchen beyond. She gave him the coffee and everything else in the way of loving care, but she did not let him off without such a sermon as he never dreamed could issue from such a puckered buttonhole of a mouth as hers. About the time that the coach connecting with the Sunday train arrived, Fred walked leisurely up the street to his mother's home, and had to accept with secret shame a great deal of extra petting because he looked so pale and seemed so overworked. On Sunday night he went to church, and after the service he greeted many old friends; but he left them all, and walked home with the little milliner, Samantha, and in her little parlor she put on her "near-by" spectacles to see his signature upon a little temperance pledge that she had prepared for him. It was his "declaration of independence" against the slavery and chains that threatened to drag his own and his mother's hopes in the dust. He was not to tell his mother of his weakness till he had kept his pledge a year, "for why," said Samantha, "should she be troubled, as she must constantly be, if she knew the danger you was in?" But he told Tom, who grew so anxious as to his whereabouts that he took an early train on Monday to Hilltown. They made him welcome in the home, and he shared the evening among Fred's friends at the party, and Tuesday morning, after the Fourth, on their way to the coach, stopped with Fred a minute, and looked at the ribbons and flowers in the window of Samantha Marble's shop.

And they went in, and Fred left Tom there, and he stayed so long they missed the coach, and had to hire a farmer to drive them to Fitchburg. But the pledge in the Bible had two names, and they both agreed that they had had a glorious Fourth, and never meant to live anywhere again but in the "land of the free." As for Samantha, any listener, pausing at her gate, would have heard a quavering voice singing as she worked, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

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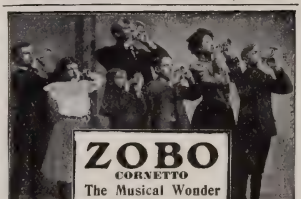

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PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

By B. C. UNSELD

THESE lessons are published for a practical purpose, not merely as items of information. It is hoped that all who need the instruction will *study* the lessons, and practice the exercises. Questions on any points that may not be perfectly clear will be cheerfully answered. Inquiries may be addressed to B. C. Unseld, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

In every community there are scores of persons who have a little knowledge of music, who have attended a term or two at a singing school or taken a few lessons on the piano or organ, but who have never quite learned to sing at sight; there are many who, while having learned to play well, cannot read vocal music, who can only sing a piece after having pounded it out on the piano; lastly, there are the beginners, those who have never had any instruction in music. These lessons are intended to be of benefit to all these grades of pupils, and while the beginner will be kept constantly in view and the lessons so written that he may understand them, they will be none the less interesting and of benefit to those who already know something about music.

The lessons are addressed to the individual or solitary student, as in all probability the larger number of pupils who will take up the lessons will be of that class. But the best results are to be had where the lessons are studied in clubs, or classes, or little groups. It is, therefore, suggested that group clubs be formed to study and practice under the most competent member. The club may meet at the homes of the members, each in turn, or at the church, as may be agreed upon.

That these lessons may result in the musical improvement of thousands of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the sincere wish of the author.

Lesson 1

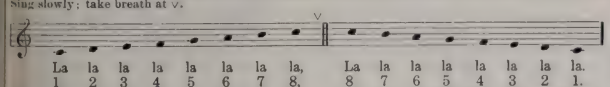
The Scale.—The first thing to be studied is the scale. The scale is the foundation of the whole musical srtcuture, and there is much to be learned about it, first and last, but at the outset of your study all you need to know about it is that,

1.—The scale is a series of eight tones. The tones are named as follows:

Numerals:	One,	Two,	Three,	Four,	Five,	Six,	Seven, Eight.
Syllables:	*Do,*	*Re,*	*Mi,*	*Fa,*	*So,*	*La,*	*Ti,* *Do.*
(pronounced)	doh,	ray,	mee,	fah,	soh,	lah,	tee, doh.

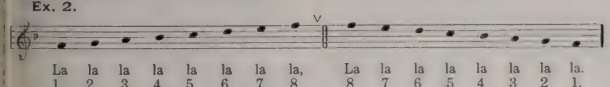
So much in the way of definition; but a mere description or definition of the scale is of no value to you if you have never heard the thing itself in connection with the definition. You should now sing or play Exercise 1, or get a friend to play or sing it for you until you can sing it yourself. Sing it first, several times, to the syllable *La* (with the instrument, if necessary, and then without help); then to the numeral names, with several repetitions, and then to the syllables, repeated a number of times. Exercises 2, 3 and 4 are to be studied in the same way. The amount of practice these exercises will require will vary with different individuals, some pupils will need more practice than others, each must judge for himself; but no one will scarcely do more than he needs. The staff, notes, and clefs in these preliminary exercises are intended for the one who plays or sings for you. You are to give your attention to the syllables and numbers printed under the notes.

Ex. 1. The notes are for the use of the assistant: the student to sing the syllables and numerals. Sing slowly; take breath at V.



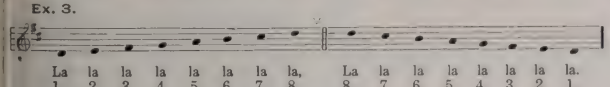
La	la	la	la	la	la	la	la,	La	la	la	la	la	la	la	la.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8,	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1.
Do	re	mi	fa	so	la	ti	do,	Do	ti	la	so	fa	mi	re	do.

Ex. 2.



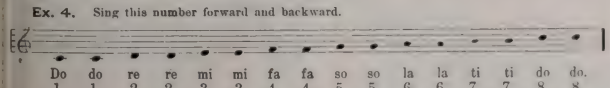
La	la	la	la	la	la	la	la,	La	la	la	la	la	la	la	la.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8,	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1.
Do	re	mi	fa	so	la	ti	do,	Do	ti	la	so	fa	mi	re	do.

Ex. 3.



La	la	la	la	la	la	la	la,	La	la	la	la	la	la	la	la.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8,	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1.
Do	re	mi	fa	so	la	ti	do.	Do	ti	la	so	fa	mi	re	do.

Ex. 4. Sing this number forward and backward.



Do	do	re	re	mi	mi	fa	fa	so	so	la	la	ti	ti	do	do.
1	1	2	2	3	3	4	4	5	5	6	6	7	7	8	8.

In Ex. 4, you sing each of the scale twice—*do do, re re,* etc. Next, you may make a similar exercise singing each tone three times—*do do do, re re re,* etc. Again, each tone four times—*do do do do, re re re re,* etc.

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. A. W. A., Lewiston, Me. "Twice in my life I have had my prayers answered so directly that I feel, in gratitude to my Heavenly Father, this acknowledgment of his goodness ought to be expressed, to help those who are timid in asking. Faith must be answered, and your Father knows your needs before you ask him, so honor him in the asking, remembering to ask in his name."

B., Ill. "I wish to add my testimony to the list in the 'Answered Prayer' column. I was in great distress and cried to God for help, promising to acknowledge it to the world. The prayer was answered."

Mrs. D. H. G., New Baltimore, N. Y. "I want to acknowledge that in many ways God has heard and answered my prayers."

M. W., New York. "I do know God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. We have lately passed through a great anxiety. I called earnestly on the Lord, and he answered. Bless his name! He has blessed me many times, not only in great difficulty, but in the every-day cares of life."

E. B. S., Caldwell, O. "God has been answering prayer for me for thirty-five years, daily and hourly, and he will never fail the humble and contrite soul."

Sarah S., Norwich, Kan. "I am seventy-two years old, and have had so many answers to my prayers that I can't number them."

F. G. M., Barnum, Minn. "I am thankful that I have learned to pray to our Father in faith, knowing that if it be his will, I shall have my request. My spiritual life has been greatly strengthened since I put my whole faith in my Saviour. I have been praying for the conversion of a friend, and I expect that prayer will be answered."

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Composed of school boys in a Virginia city. In organizing the "combine" he displayed the energy and ingenuity of a Morgan. His dividends amounted to $48 in the first month.

A few months ago young Dudley started to sell ***The Saturday Evening Post***. He got permission to call upon the employees of two department stores and 45 of them secured orders to deliver the magazine. The next day he secured more orders from business men. His chum, "Taffy" Wood, became a little envious and wanted to do the same thing, but young Dudley convinced him that to do so would mean ruinous competition. Instead he offered to resell copies to "Taffy" and to turn over to him a part of the customers already secured, with the understanding that he would get a certain number of *new* customers. Then he made the same sort of a bargain with Taffy's younger brother.

Three other boys had started to sell ***The Post*** before the "combine" was organized. He asked them to join his combination, but they refused his terms and serious trouble was threatened. Next week Master Roy secured 14 new customers in the territory in which his rival was working. Then he offered to "absorb" his competitor by giving him these new customers, provided he would get some more new ones and thereafter buy his copies from the "monopoly." The remaining two boys "compromised" and started work under Roy's direction the following week.

Then Dudley wrote to the publishers explaining what he had done, and offered to place a standing weekly order for three months, provided no new boys were appointed during that time. Within two months he was selling 350 copies a week. One week he sold a thousand copies. This is the record of a boy in knee trousers, ten years old.

IF YOU WILL TRY IT we will send the copies and everything necessary, including **A Dainty Little Booklet** in which twenty-five out of more than six thousand bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST outside of school hours.

Some of these boys are making $10 to $15 a week. You can do the same. NO MONEY REQUIRED TO START. We will furnish ten copies the first week free of charge, to be sold at five cents a copy. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.

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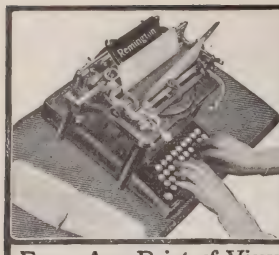

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Teacher, Zanesville, O. Sometimes I read of a "pastor," at other times of a "minister." Are they identical? If not, what is the difference?

"Pastor" is originally a Latin word meaning "a shepherd." In the spiritual sense, it is used to describe one who guides and directs a congregation, as a shepherd guides his flock. Thus the office of pastor is supplementary to that of preacher. Preaching is the initial work, which presents the Gospel offer; pastoral care feeds and strengthens the flock and establishes the work of the pulpit. "Minister" (from "minus," inferior), though now generally applied to the clergy, was originally used to designate those who served in a subordinate capacity, as deacons. At the present time, it is practically synonymous with "pastor."

C. P., Plymouth, Pa. Can you tell me the origin of the statement "Mind your P's and Q's?"

There are several accounts of its origin, the most probable being the following: In the reign of Louis XIV. large wigs were worn. It was an age of extreme form and ceremony, and people in society were continually bowing to each other in salutation. Frequently, in the effort at a low bow, the wig would be disarranged and the cautionary remark, before bowing, to mind your feet (*pieds*) and your wig (*queue*), gradually assumed the familiar form of "mind your p's and q's."

Miss S. M. P., Contoocook, N. H. Are you getting up any fund, or taking clothing to help the flood or cyclone sufferers? I know you always do, and I should like to help a little.

Any money contributions received by us will be forwarded; but no clothing is needed, we understand. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent $1,000 to Kansas City, Kan.; $1,000 to Topeka, and $500 to East St. Louis, for relief work.

L. R., Ithaca, O. I have been praying for many years that God would give me assurance of salvation, but my prayers are not answered. I cannot understand it, and I am afraid I shall be lost. Is it not true that a saved person always knows that he is saved?

Many good men of whose salvation there can be no question, have at times had doubts, and have suffered acute distress. In some cases the doubts have a physical origin resulting from a gloomy disposition. In others, they arise from too much introspection. In others again, because their conscience reminds them of sins not yet overcome. You must remember that you are not saved because of your feelings, but because Christ died for you. If you have sincerely repented, and are trusting entirely in Christ to save you, and are living in his strength a godly life, you have the right to thank God for saving you, in spite of your doubts. If you cannot take his word that those who come to him through Christ have eternal life, you should ask him to forgive you for doubting him. You may be quite sure that he will keep his promise, whether you have the joy of assurance or not.

A reader in Colorado writes, asking the prayers of God's people, that her husband may find the gold for which he is now searching in the Colorado mountains. We do not consider that a prayer of this sort would be either spiritual or desirable. In the haste to become rich, men forget other things that are infinitely more precious than silver or gold. We do right to ask our Heavenly Father to supply our daily needs; but we would pray amiss were we to ask him for a fine house, a well-filled pocket-book, and a comfortable balance in the bank. "Seek ye first the kingdom and all things will be added unto you"—all our real wants will be supplied.

D. S. L., Lantaff, S. D. How are we to understand the promise of miraculous gifts contained in Mark 16: 15-18?

Simply as it is stated. If you read the Acts of the Apostles you will see that the promise was fulfilled. Christ did not say, however, that the gifts should be continued to the church for all time. It is, of course, within his power to renew them at any time. They were signs, and were to be used as he himself used them in his ministry to lead men to seek higher blessings. He always discouraged the tendency of people to regard him merely as a wonder worker.

H. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. Is there a snake called the hoopel snake? If so, in what country is it found?

You probably refer to the hoop-snake, a harmless reptile, with three red lines on the sides. It is found in the Southern States. We never heard of the "hoopel snake." The stories of such snakes taking tail in mouth and rolling like a hoop are utter nonsense.

F. W. McConnell, Paxton, Neb. Can a man be a Christian who believes in Evolution?

There are many Christian evolutionists. Henry Drummond a very eminent and sincere Christian, believed in evolution, and taught it. Some of our most learned and devout clergymen of all denominations believe in it, as did Dr. McCosh, for many years President of Princeton. It is a mistake to suppose that evolutionists exclude God from his universe, they contend that evolution is God's way of working, and we believe that few, if any, attribute the soul of man to evolution.

R. E. C., Michigantown, Ind. Ball playing on the Sabbath in this State is becoming common. Base-ball clubs meet and crowds gather to witness the game. It is breaking up our Sunday Schools. I am sorry to say church members go, too.

We regret to hear that Sabbath desecration is spreading in Indiana. The churches, the Sunday Schools, Y.M.C.A.'s, and the religious press, should do their full duty in denouncing the violation of the Lord's Day. That professing church members should patronize Sabbath games is incomprehensible.

C. H. B., Sand Creek, Okla. What are the real meanings of such visions as those described by Zechariah of the flying roll, the Woman in the Ephah, etc.

The chapters containing the visions are chiefly concerned with the hope founded on the approaching end of the seventy years, which, as Jeremiah predicted, would be the period of the captivity in Babylon. The flying roll, a huge book with wings, contained the record of sin and curse. The prophet sees it flying from the Holy Land, destroying on its way the houses of the thieves and perjurers. The woman in the ephah (5: 5-11) represents the principle of evil and of temptation. She, too, like sin and the curse, must be removed from the land, and she is carried away to the land of Shinar, which the Jews regarded as the fit abode of wicked things. The chariots of the winds (6: 1-8) are God's messengers commissioned to avenge Israel. The black horses go north, that is to punish Persia; the dappled, south, that is against Egypt; and the white, west, that is against Greece, then becoming formidable. The horses of the fourth chariot have a general commission for any part of the world in which enmity to Israel might develop.

R. A. H., Providence, R. I. Why were men of illegitimate birth excluded from the congregation of Israel as mentioned, Deut. 23: 2?

It is doubtful whether the prohibition had a general application. The word used in the original, appears to refer to a special form of illegitimacy. The prohibition against intermarriage with the heathen surrounding Judea, or with the Canaanites, was very stringent. It had to be so, to prevent the introduction of heathen customs, which, in the case of the Canaanites, were very revolting. It was still worse when a Hebrew formed an illicit connection with a Canaanitish woman, by which he evaded the penalty for inter-marriage. The passage you quote, is believed to have been directed against the offspring of such unions. The object of the prohibition, as with many other laws, was to keep the Hebrews wholly and entirely separate from their heathen neighbors.

Annie R., Kensico, N. Y. What does "rajah" mean and what is its equivalent in English?

It is a Sanscrit word, meaning "king." "Maha-rajah" means "great king." "Raj" is the equivalent of the Latin "Rex," which it strikingly resembles.

Inquirer, Brooklyn, N. Y. Do not the changes in the Revised Version of the Bible imply a doubt of inspiration? Have we all along been using a Bible that needs so many changes?

The changes do not affect the question of inspiration. No one ever contended that the translators who prepared the Authorized Version were inspired. The Revisers have simply given us a more accurate translation, and none of the changes they have made affect doctrine. They are valuable, but they do not show that the readers of the Authorized Version were misled in any way.

Christian Worker, Chicago, Ill. A saloon-keeper recently offered me some money to be used in my mission work, or in relieving the poor. Ought I to accept it, or should I regard it as tainted money?

You cannot regard it otherwise than as tainted money; but we do not see that the aspect should prevent your accepting it and using it in the manner suggested. If the money were given you as a bribe to induce you to discontinue denouncing the saloon, or if you felt that receiving it involved you in any obligation to favor its license, or to close your eyes to any violation of the law, then of course, you should refuse it; but as an unconditional gift we see no reason for its being rejected. The money probably came from the poor, and you will return it to those to whom it legitimately belongs. It is probably a very small percentage of the money that they have lost through the saloon.

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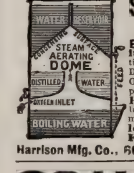

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OUR MAIL BAG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 586

J. N. M., Edmunds, N. D., calls attention to these striking coincidences:

The statue on the capitol dome represents Freedom. It was raised into place Dec. 2, 1863. Was it a chance that so significant an event should have transpired on the fifth anniversary of John Brown's execution? Was it by chance that the Sixth Corps, after assisting in the conversion of the Valley of Humiliation, into the Valley of Blessing, should arrive in Washington on that day, to witness Freedom's enthronement? Was it by chance that the first bloodshed of the Civil War was on the anniversary of Lexington? Was it by chance that the destruction of Early's army was on the anniversary of Yorktown? Was it by chance that the surrender at Appomattox was on the anniversary of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Was it by chance that Lincoln was assassinated on the anniversary of the Crucifixion?

L., South Sharon, Pa. I was asked one day if I knew how the Atlantic Ocean got its name. I did not. "Well," said my informant, "it was in this wise: A Welshman and his wife went out in a skiff one day for pleasure. The man's name was Richard and the woman's Jane. A storm came on, and they drifted out to sea. There they were at the mercy of the great waves for a day and a night. In the morning the woman cried out, 'At land, Dick; at land, Dick,' and Dick, almost exhausted, said, 'Oh Shan! Oh Shan!' That was the way it became known as the Atlantic Ocean."

Our Welsh reader's humorous version of the naming of the Atlantic is amusing enough. He may never have heard of the tradition of the lost island Atlantis, which sank with its forty odd million souls in a single night, as the world's most ancient historians relate.

Miss Edith Norcross of Roxbury, Mass., writes:

When I opened THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on February 18, it was with great pleasure that I read your account of the Mary Tewksbury School. I was on my way to teach in that little shanty schoolbuilding by the river, in Columbus, Ga. Kind friends from my home in Boston, had provided me with books and useful school supplies. How I wish I could take you all with me into that little schoolroom, to look upon the barefoot and poorly-clad children, with their bright and eager faces, so anxious to learn. Will you not be glad to know that from that article printed in your paper, fifty dollars was sent in by Mistead friends, and we decided to put this in the bank toward a new building fund. I decided to make personal appeals to the business men of Columbus for money for our new building. After making one hundred and forty-seven calls, I collected two hundred and fifty dollars. A friend gave a stereopticon lecture in one of the churches, from which twenty-eight dollars was realized. We now have in the bank three hundred and twenty-eight dollars towards our new school. I presume that the friends of the CHRISTIAN HERALD will be very glad to know that they were the first to contribute to the building fund, and really gave us the impetus for the work. A lot has been donated for the building; the total cost of the school will be eight hundred and fifty dollars.

A. F. De F., Del Roy, O. Can you inform me whether the immigration to the United States for June has been keeping pace with April and May? April gave us 126,286; May, 137,514. I find May has been the month of flood tide immigration for several years, June being invariably less than May. Look at the following:

	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903
April	40,276	60,807	65,362	85,607	126,286
May	53,954	69,464	82,837	107,091	137,514
June	37,337	54,498	52,589	75,560	What?

From the above it is clearly seen that May is the climax, and that June is less than April.

This year, owing to exceptional conditions (the trouble in Russia, Servia and Macedonia), it would not be surprising if June immigration exceeded that of May. There is no other ground, however, for anticipating any material change in the ratio of previous summers.

Mrs. E. J. L., Malden, Mass., writes:

I noticed a question in the Mail-Bag, relative to the prejudice against marriages in May. Although married but a few years, great happiness and blessings have attended us thus far, and we anticipate no great disasters rising out of our choice of May as a marriage month. It would hardly seem possible in our enlightened age, that one should rule out any month of God's calendar, as unlit, or surrounded by superstitions unfitting it for marriage.

It is an old but absurd superstition, that May marriages turn out badly. It is still found to prevail, especially in the rural districts of Great Britain, France, and Italy.

Reader, Findlay, O. The price of the Red Letter Testament is $1.

Several readers. Write to Rev. L. D. Ewing, Dexter, Mo., for information about the "War on dancing."

A. R. B., Memphis, Tenn. According to tradition, Patrick was born at Kilpatrick, near ancient Ailcuide, now known as Dumbarton.

Miss G. D., Nineveh, N. Y. The Scottish pronunciation gives the accent on the second syllable, Car-negie. In the U. S., the first syllable is usually accented.

Reader, Griffin, Cal. Write to Dr. Sorsen, Calumet, Mich., about Finnish immigrants for domestic service.

C. A. B., Moline, Kan. For the benefit of J. L., Oakdale, O. "I will suggest that Hope is a compound of desire and expectation; Faith is a compound of hope and trust, or confidence in God and his word only, for anything less than that is liable to fail us. We meet with our Father in prayer, asking according to his will for such things as we think we need, leaving it entirely with him as to how and when he will answer. The word Faith has been so often used in connection with sublunary things which fail us, that it has, to a great extent, lost its significance as given us in Heb. 11:1."

A RIGHTEOUS NATION*

Strong Men and Strong Women the Nation's Hope

OUR religion is essentially personal. Society cannot be saved in a mass. The world will never be redeemed as a whole. It will be done by the change in the individual. We need good laws, and legislation is capable of doing much for the improvement of the community, but the best legislation in the world can never make the people righteous. That must be done, if done at all, by each individual becoming righteous. There might be the most stringent prohibition law enacted and enforced, and yet the people not be really a temperance people. Unless they have in their hearts a good, wholesome hatred of intoxicating liquor, they cannot be relied on to resist temptation when it presents itself. That is the genius of the Christian faith. It is a law of liberty. Its ideal is to have men so good, that if all law was abolished, they would be as good without law as with it. As with the training of a child, who as a child must obey his father's commands, but when he becomes a man is so dutiful and so good, that he does, being free, the very things that previously he did under compulsion; so the ideal Christian is good because he loves to be good. All the government and the discipline that God has given to the world tends to that one consummation, of a race free to sin, yet voluntarily choosing righteousness.

Our nation's hope, from this standpoint, is not so much in being governed by strong men, as it is in having a people strong in righteous principle. Such a nation, with the freedom of choice that we have, will inevitably have a strong government. Strong men would not tolerate the government of weaklings. They might make mistakes sometimes, for the aspirant for office sometimes pretends to be the thing he is not; but the blunder is soon corrected, and the right man reaches the right place. The one essential need is the recognition of righteous principles and the resolute determination that those principles shall control the national policy. When the community reaches that point, there will be no fear of the statesmen elected to office being mean, or of their truckling to iniquity.

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 19. Ex. 18:21; Deut. 16:18; Eph. 6:10-18.

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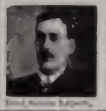

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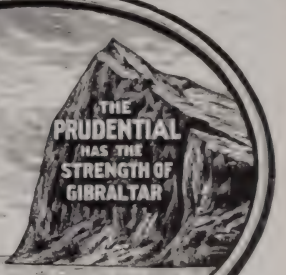

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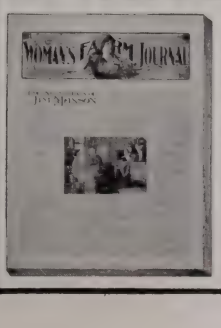

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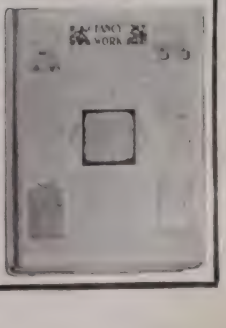

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 28. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 595

The Summer Gospel Campaign — Service in the Tent "Evangel," New York

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Reader, Milford, Pa. Is it right for a pastor to permit entertainments of a worldly character to be held in the church, singing comic songs and giving comic recitations?

It is inconceivable that any pastor would knowingly permit the church to be the scene of a comic entertainment. He may have misunderstood the character of the performance. A lecture, a concert, a reading might be given without violating good taste and the sense of fitness and decency; but to turn the pulpit into vaudeville is inexcusable.

Mrs. R. A. H., Oregon, Wis. 1. Will a Christian commit suicide? 2. Are there any sanctified people on earth at the present time or have there ever been?

1. Read the sermon on the subject in the present issue. 2. There are doubtless many good Christians who do not sin wilfully, but there is none absolutely perfect in this life. Natural sin—that which is involuntary—and wilful or deliberate sin, committed knowingly, are totally different. A sanctified person may and does commit sin; but through grace he is kept from deliberate sin.

R. E. W. G., Lupton, Mich. "I have been reading lately that the Galatians of ancient history and of New Testament times were the last offshoot of the Gauls, who, after migrating from Bactria with the Aryans, left their settlements in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France and Spain, got back into Asia Minor. Can you tell me anything of the characteristics of the modern descendants of those same Galatians, or refer me to some easily obtainable book on the subject? The spirit of travel or of restlessness must have been very strong in them."

Galatia means, literally, "The Gallia of the East." They were an intermixture of Gauls and Greeks. See Ritter's *Erdkrunde*, Mannert's Geography of Greece and Rome [German], and Merleker's Comparative Geography [German].

"Old Preacher's" letter, which recently appeared in THE MAIL-BAG, has brought out several replies. A. C. McPheeters, Piney Flats, Tenn., writes:

My heart holds a very tender place for the dear, faithful old servants of our blessed Master. I think he could do a good and enjoyable work, and at the same time be making a living in an humble way, if he would write to Rev. E. O. Guerrant, of Wilmore, Ky., the President of the "Soul Winner's Society."

Van B., Salem, Mass. Are there any works attributed to Moses, besides the Pentateuch?

The ninetieth Psalm, as you will see by its heading, is ascribed to him, and it is remarkable that many scholars, who deny that Moses wrote the whole of the Pentateuch, believe that he wrote that Psalm. It has also been contended that he wrote the book of Job; but that is mere conjecture, and very few scholars ascribe it to him, or profess to be able to name the author.

Mrs. J. P. H., Marquette, Neb. Is it a sin to get angry? What is meant by "Be ye angry and sin not?"

Yes, to give way to anger, is a sin. The text quoted, refers to "righteous indignation," at some flagrant wrong or injustice, a feeling which is pardonable and even noble.

J. A. T., Scenery Hill, Penna., writes: I submit the following lines, wishing to know whom the author is:

"No endeavor is in vain,
The reward is in the doing;
And the rapture of pursuing,
Is the prize, the vanquished gain."

Possibly some reader may know the author's name.

Sufferer, ——, Ind. When a wife has been unfaithful, and the husband has not obtained a divorce, and the wife writes to him professing repentance, and begging to be forgiven and taken back, should he consent, if he has young children, the eldest a girl of twelve years?

It would be well to see her and find out whether the repentance she professes is genuine, or is merely a pretence to regain her home. If she is not truly contrite, and does not sincerely feel the wickedness of her conduct, there would be a risk in receiving her of a repetition of the offence, and perhaps of corruption to the children. On the other hand, if she is sincere, she is of all women least likely to be again led astray and will be most careful and vigilant in bringing up the children. Their interests and the salvation of the wife should be the chief consideration of the husband in deciding. He is a better judge than we can be, of her character and of her stability and sincerity. The wrong done to himself should not weigh with him in coming to a decision. He is bound to forgive, as he hopes to be forgiven. For the sake of the woman, however, we would say that if the husband is in doubt, it would be well to give her the benefit of the doubt.

Student, Troy, N. Y. What is Juggernath, the Hindoo deity, and the character of the worship paid to him?

Juggernath, or, more properly, Jaganath (an incarnation of Vishnu), is called "The Lord of the World." Sir William Hunter writes of this heathen deity:

Jaganath's priests, by skilfully working upon the Indian passion for pilgrimage, have for six centuries made Orissa the *Terra Sancta* of the Hindoos. He owes his long reign to that plasticity which admits the whole Hindoo Pantheon within his walls, and which, during six hundred years, has ever instinctively accommodated itself to the changing spirit of the times. By the ingenious device of successive incarnations, Vishnu (Jaganath is accepted nowadays as his ninth incarnation), has made himself the centre of a whole cycle of religious systems, and secured the adoration of many races belonging to widely separated stages of civilization. Without losing his own identity, he assimilated the attributes of nine of the most popular gods. Sixty years ago the Baptist missionaries entered Orissa, and a few years later one of them wrote "Reflections on Scenes beheld near the Temple of Jaganath; or Meditations among the dead, Written after seeing ninety pilgrims lying dead in one place during the Car-festival or 1825; with illustrations of the extreme wickedness of idolatry." On the same occasion one hundred and forty-three bodies were counted at another place!

X, Philadelphia, Pa. Will you please give your opinion as to whether a farmer needs as much education as other business and professional men?

His education, to make him proficient and successful in his business, should be on different lines from those that are adopted in training for other callings. Some of our colleges have added agricultural departments to their other branches to meet this special need. Write to Cornell University for pamphlet describing agricultural training. At the same time, the more education any man receives on general lines, the better.

Maggie K., Kansas City, Mo. Please tell me where in the Bible, men are called God's messengers.

See II Chron. 36:16; Isaiah 18:2; Matt. 11:10, Mark 1:2; Luke 7:27; and similar passages.

B. S., Beaumont, Kans. I don't believe a God of Love would send cyclones and tornadoes to kill his children. Some people say he doesn't send them, but he allows the devil to do it. This is confusing to me, and I would be glad to have some one to give me light on this through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

You should not trouble about these matters. There are many things we cannot understand in this world, which will, no doubt, be made clear to us hereafter. God is not the author of evil. See answer to J. P. F. in THE MAIL-BAG of July 1.

M. Thomas E. Hill, of Duluth, writes to THE MAIL-BAG, proposing as a remedy for floods, that

The government set apart a portion of what is now expended each year in repairing damage from floods, and from this fund give fair compensation to every farmer and landowner who will construct a lake, covering an area of an acre or more, in the swamps and lowlands of his farm. Follow this by turning all tile and other drains into these made lakes and reservoirs. The rainfall thus remains where it belongs. It remains in the uplands where it falls, to evaporate in the warm days, to come back in rains and dews, preventing drought, and so cooling and moistening the atmosphere as to prevent the cyclone.

Reader, California. 1. Who was Machiavelli? 2. Will you please explain the ocean tides, and how they are influenced by the moon?

1. Nicolo Machiavelli, of Florence (1493-1527), was a noted teacher; author of *The Practice of Politics*, and *The Prince*, and his system was by some denounced as "the most pernicious maxims of government, founded on the vilest policy." Any cunning piece of diplomacy was therefore termed "Machiavellian." 2. Any good encyclopedia will give the information.

E. B. S. and F. C. A. write that S. A. B. Mansfield can find the poem, "In Pastures Green," by Henry H. Barry, in a little volume, entitled "Daily Strength for Daily Needs." The verses are:

In "pastures green?" Not always, sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.
So whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

Apropos of a recent communication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD referring to the Story of the Hymns, Mrs. M. C. W., Augusta, Ga., writes:

A professor in Rochester University, in 1875 (Rev. J. H. Gilmore), had been reading the twenty-third Psalm one day, and immediately afterward, wrote those lines, "He leadeth me," etc.—an evident inspiration. Some years ago, he exchanged photographs with Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, who remarked, "How pleased Mr. Hsi will be to see this." "Who is Mr. Hsi?" asked Mr. Gilmore, "why should he care to see it?" The answer was, "Mr. Hsi is one of the best native workers in China. Some time before, two medical missionaries had gone to a town in the interior and established a little hospital. The mandarin, hearing of it, sent for the owner, who was this Mr. Hsi, and rebuked him for letting the place to such people. He inquired what the missionaries did and was told they prayed and sung hymns. He then ordered Mr. Hsi to give him a sample of one of the hymns, and there, in that Chinese court of justice, hundreds of miles from any church or pastor, Mr. Hsi, who had just emerged from heathenism, sang, "He leadeth me, oh! blessed thought." Thus was favor gained—not only for the good work of the hospital, but a peaceful greeting awaited all the missionaries."

F. M. L., Brush, Colo. Write to *Evening News*, Lincoln, Neb., for information.

Reader, Rahway, N. J. The immigration to the United States in twenty years has undergone a great change. In 1882, 100,000 came from Norway and Sweden; last year only 54,000. In 1882, 669,000 Germans; last year 28,000. In 1882, 153,000 British; last year 46,000. The bulk of the immigration now is Italian, Austro-Hungarian, and Russian-Jewish.

SELIMA, A SINGULAR VILLAGE ON THE SLOPE OF MT. LEBANON

In this strange village of 500 families (Druses, Maronites, Greek Catholics, and Greek Orthodox), Dr. Ghosn-el-Howie, the Christian preacher of Schweir, Mount Lebanon Syria, visited and preached the Gospel a few weeks ago. Dr. Howie and his wife were kindly received by the natives, and even by the Greek Catholic priest. Selima was, in a former age, a populous place, and one of the seats of heathen worship, condemned in the Bible as having an evil influence on the Israelites. The photograph of the strange-looking village—which strongly recalls some of the Arizona cliff-dwellings—was apparently taken in winter, during the snows. Architecturally, and as to its general plan, Selima seems to be a maze, whose interminable passages might well puzzle the stranger.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. J. W. Martin, Tenn. Never heard of it.

Mrs. M. C. B., Plainfield, N. J. The phrase is "Man proposes; God disposes."

A. L. B., Jackson, Mich. We believe you can procure it from some Milwaukee newspaper. Try the *Sentinel*.

J. B., Brooklyn. For the twelve months ending June 30, 604,924 aliens arrived at the port of New York, as against 497,791 the year previous.

O. B., Lancaster, O. 1. Hypnotism is not yet an accepted science. It is largely in the hands of charlatans and humbugs. Better let it alone. 2. You would be second cousins. We do not know whether there is any law in Ohio against such marriages, but the local authorities in any parish will inform you.

"FOR INASMUCH"

A Jewess pleads for her race in Russia

"For inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it also unto Me."

WHAT woman would stretch out her hand
To man, though crowned king, who said:
"Thy child is banished from my land,
Though thou may'st enter unafraid?"

What brother who's to honor sworn,
Would hold a man in heart-embrace,
Who held his sister up to scorn—
Or stoop to show him friendly grace?

And think ye, Christians, verily
The Christ, your Master—the Man-God,
Far less than least of these would be,
And ever tread on Russian sod.

While brothers of his flesh are barred?
While innocent their blood is shed?
While in that land so evil-starred,
No rest for any Hebrew head?

Thou brave land by the Western sea,
Stand rooted thou in righteousness—
Let all thy children equally,
Drink of thy cup of blessedness.

ANNETTE KOHN.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

VIEW OF THE CITY OF BELGRADE, THE CAPITAL OF SERVIA

THE ROMANCE *OF A* DYNASTY

The Grandson of a Peasant Bandit Placed on the Throne of a Land His Ancestor Fought to Liberate

DEEPLY as the European Powers profess to deplore the massacre in the Servian capital, which destroyed the last representative of the ruling dynasty, it is evident that they will accept the situation, and will all eventually recognize Peter Karageorgevitch as the King of Servia. He has been received with enthusiasm by the citizens of Belgrade, has been solemnly blessed by the Pontiff of his church, and has been duly installed in the royal palace. His difficulties are now beginning, and there is every probability of his realizing, with more intensity than other kings, the truth of the great dramatist's words: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." At the very outset, he is solemnly enjoined by Austria, Russia, and the other powers, to punish the murderers who removed his predecessor, and so opened his path to the throne. None knows better than he, how suicidal it would be to obey such a mandate. The army on which his safety depends, and the Servian people whom he rules, would rise against him at once, if he attempted to punish the men who, by "removing" Alexander and his ambitious consort, are, in popular opinion, entitled to national gratitude. It is evident that Peter is in a dilemma which will require all his diplomatic skill for its solution.

Reports of his personal life encourage the hope that Peter will prove a wise and tactful ruler of the little kingdom. His associations at Geneva were with men of liberal views, and his own expressions lead to the belief that he has no sympathy with the autocratic despotic ideas which too often get into the minds of hereditary rulers. He is about fifty-five years of age, and brings to his task a matured understanding and a thorough knowledge of international politics. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, was a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro and a sister of the present Queen of Italy. Since her death, unlike his dissolute brother, he has lived a quiet, studious life, and has won the respect and esteem of eminent scholars and statesmen. He has one daughter, who is nineteen years of age, and two sons—George, born in 1887, and Alexander, born in 1889. Both were educated at Geneva, but have since been sent to St. Petersburg, George to obtain a military education, and Alexander to study law. They will now be recalled to their father's capital, as the laws of Servia require that the heir to the throne must be brought up in Servia. They are said to be bright boys, speaking Russian, French and German perfectly, and well advanced in their studies.

KING PETER'S ELDEST SON

The family of the Karageorgevitchs, of which King Peter is the head, has had a romantic history. His grandfather was an obscure peasant, ignorant and poor, but a man of splendid courage, and a daring fighter. In 1803, when Servia was groaning under the military tyranny of the Turkish janissaries, those regiments which were a terror as much to the Sultan as to his enemies, George Petrovitch (which means George, the son of Peter, the peasants of that day being treated as slaves, not entitled to a surname), first came into notice by his leading a little band of followers against the hated janissaries. Pursuing the guerrilla tactics, this fierce man cut off scattered detachments and so harassed the enemy that his name was a synonym for terror. They called him Kara George Black George), and the name became so popular with the Servians, that it was adopted by the family. His followers grew, until, by the year 1811, he was able to take the field in a pitched battle, and ignominiously defeated the enemy.

KING PETER IN SERVIAN DRESS

Only one year later, Russia took a hand in the trouble, and Kara George, prematurely aged by hardships, and dispirited by the prospects of his country, fled for his life. But the cause was not lost. One of his lieutenants, Milosh Obrenovitch gathered the scattered patriots and led them to victory. By skilful diplomacy he disarmed Russian hostility, and conciliated even Turkey. He soon had more power in his hands than his former superior, Kara George, had ever wielded, and he appeared to be on the verge of dictatorship, when Kara George, bearing in his exile of the brighter prospects of the cause to which he had consecrated his life, returned to resume his command. But Milosh had no liking for being superseded, nor were the Servian patriots slow to perceive that Milosh, the dashing young leader, could do more for them than the sire aged Kara George. The returned leader was assassinated by friends of Milosh, who was then recognized as the patriot chief. In 1812 he was formally recognized by the Powers, and Turkey gave a reluctant assent to his rule as Prince of the Servians. Thus the man who had been only a swineherd on his father's farm, became the acknowledged ruler of his country.

Difficulties with Turkey, with Russia, and with his own subjects, developed early in his reign, and after a struggle of nine years, Milosh grew weary of the conflict and abdicated in favor of his son, Milan. This young prince died only four weeks after his accession, and was succeeded by his brother, Michael, then only sixteen years old. The difficulties increasing during his minority, Michael sought safety in flight, and the Servian people invited Alexander, the son of Kara George, to become their ruler. For about sixteen years Alexander maintained himself in the throne, though having to suppress formidable insurrections. At last, in 1858, he laid down the reins of power, and the aged Milosh was recalled. Two years later he died peacefully, in his eightieth year, and his son Michael returned to the throne. His second reign lasted eight years, and then he was murdered by the opponents of his dynasty, who, however, were not strong enough to prevent another Obrenovitch, the cousin of the murdered ruler, succeeding him.

This was Milan, the most dissolute, unprincipled monarch of his time. He was so utterly given up to vicious pleasures that the business of government wearied him, and he was easily persuaded to abdicate in favor of his son Alexander, then a boy thirteen years of age. Strong hopes were entertained of him, but when he became infatuated with Madame Draga Maschin, the daughter of a cattle-dealer, and the former wife of a colonel in the Servian army, a woman said to be sixteen years older than the king, the Servian people lost all confidence in him. He fell completely under his wife's influence, and disgusted the whole nation by his capricious and unconstitutional acts. The extent of the unpopularity of the Queen was exposed, when it was learned that the leader of the assassins, who killed her and the king, was a relative of her former husband.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 602

KING PETER

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Suicidal Epidemic

Text—Job 2 : 9 :

"Curse God, and Die"

TWO incitements: desperate, fierce, defiant, outrageous! The one urges the broken-hearted father, the financial bankrupt, the physically-tormented man to grit his teeth, and with flashing eyes and uplifted hand hurl a futile malediction at the Almighty, to curse God with an eternal blasphemy. What a shocking, appalling suggestion! Enough to make all heaven stand aghast in horror, and to render even the demon-infested caverns of a hopeless inferno silent with fear, and to turn the flushed cheeks aflame with the fires of eternal woe, white with terror. Curse God! Who could do that, but a human being crazed, and desperate, and reckless under intolerable anguish!

The second incitement puts in the hands of the sufferer the suicide's knife, the hangman's noose, or the phial labeled with the two fatal words, "Deadly Poison." To how many in every age has that insidious temptation come? In the United States alone more than thirty thousand persons have yielded to it during the past four years. In Chicago alone, 1,294 persons passed out of life by the suicide's gate in three years—nine victims on a single Sabbath. In two months of the present year seventy-five lives have ended in self-immolation. How long will the human race listen to that hideous voice which bade Job seek in death escape from his misery? That tempter's voice is sounding louder and louder every day. Shall the crime of self-murder be allowed longer to spread the pernicious doctrine that, with one stroke of the razor across the jugular vein, or with one plunge in front of a flying locomotive, or with one leap from high building or lofty palisade, the would-be suicide can find rest, eternal rest—God-given, blissful oblivion for all who are weary of life, and peace for souls sick of the results of sin?

The increasing suicidal epidemic of the present generation should be halted in its onward march of destruction. I lift my voice to-day in warning against this evil. It cannot be stayed by upbraiding a mangled corpse, or by calling the dead man a coward. I would prayerfully and earnestly try to indicate some of the causes which produce it. Then, in guarding you against the incipient evils, I might, perhaps, by the grace of God, keep some from ever tottering and swaying on the verge of the precipice, or tumbling into a suicide's grave. The gunpowder magazine can be exploded by a spark. We would deal this morning with primal causes, rather than with resultant conflagrations.

First, I charge atheism with the chief responsibility for the crime. Self-murder is the hideous black-visaged executioner of the merciless monster we call atheism, agnosticism, infidelity. It is the old, slimy serpent, coiled up under the overshadowing branches of the gnarled and worm-eaten tree of unbelief, at the foot of which sits the grinning, blear-eyed hag, misery, crooning a dirge for a lullaby. It is the death-rattle of a human being, whose parched lips have been set to the rim of the chalice filled with the scorching, poisonous concoction of blasphemy and falsehood, compounded by a Voltaire, a Rousseau, a Thomas Paine, or a Robert G. Ingersoll. It is the whetstone, wet with human blood, upon which the moral sensibilities can be blunted, and at the same time the suicide's knife sharpened, for it teaches immortal man that there is no hereafter, and that he is responsible for his life's actions to no Divine Maker and King.

No suicidal razor was ever honed upon the leaves of the opened Bible. Though the morning newspapers almost every day are blackened with the awful obituary tragedies of men and women who have deliberately taken their lives by the bloody hand of self-murder, you cannot find among those who perished, in the full possession of reason, a single consecrated Christian church member. You cannot find one person among them all who realized that he was a beloved child of God, and that he expected to go to meet a loving Heavenly Father, unless that person killed himself during a fit of temporary insanity, as did Hugh Miller, the great Scotch scientist, who blew out his brains during mental derangement, or that eminent New York clergyman, who, in delirium, leaped from a window. Why? The Bible distinctly and emphatically declares that no man has a right to commit self-murder. It warns men that they must answer for this terrible crime before the Judgment Seat of Christ, and it holds out to them no hope of pardon during all eternity. Read the eighth chapter of Revelation, "And murderers, and whoremongers, and idolators and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Read the first epistle of John, third chapter and fifteenth verse: "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." In the sound of such a divine warning, does any Christian man, with his eyes wide open, attempt to sound the "open sesame" of the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem with the crack of a suicidal pistol? Dare any Christian, by self-destruction, obliterate that life which God alone can give, and which God alone has a right to take away.

The whole tendency of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is opposed to this suicidal epidemic; the whole tendency of unbelief is to promote and increase it. To the atheist, life is a single span, one abutment of which is the cradle and the other the grave, at which he meets annihilation. To such a man there is no better principle of life than to eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow he dies. He would make life a comedy for all, and death a great finale. His idealism would do for his fellowmen as that millionaire capitalist recently did for his friends. He provided, by last will and testament, that "no service of a religious character be held at his grave; that a special train of Pullmans be chartered to take his remains from Louisville to Cincinnati to be cremated; that the buffet cars be well stocked with good things to eat and drink; that while his remains are being cremated, an orchestra render a programme of popular and select music, and that when an intermission is reached, the friends ask the members of the orchestra to drink 'to the dead man's memory.'" That is the consistent outcome of the total annihilation belief. The earnest Christian disciple says "Life is not a joke; Death is not a finale." Life is an opportunity for doing good, and for struggling against evil. Because the good as well as the evil live on for ever and ever, we ought to put ourselves in the hands of the Almighty, who arranges our lot for us, and say as did Job, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

The unbeliever in the Gospel, says: "If there is a hell, it is to be found this side, and not the other side of the grave. When things go wrong, the best way to escape suffering is to snap the silver cord of human life and silence the beating heart." The Christian disciple says: "Sanctified troubles, are a spiritual means by the grace of God, for raising an immortal soul on and up. Unsanctified troubles are the inexorable means of dragging a sinful, defiant soul on and forever down. 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy, let him be holy still.'" Such are the two extremes: the tenets of the believers, in total annihilation at the brink of the grave, and those of the earnest disciple of Jesus Christ. Do you wonder that I charge the hideous monster atheism, agnosticism and infidelity with being the chief causes of this accursed suicidal epidemic? Do you wonder that I look to the Gospel of Jesus Christ to stay the hand of self-immolation? Will you not, by buckling on the Gospel armor, prepare to wage incessant war against the insidious demons who blight the lives of your fellow-men, by robbing them of peace, joy and faith, and leaving them so despoiled and embittered that they prefer death to life?

False standards for happiness can be catalogued among the frequent, prolific causes of the suicidal sin. They are the decoying mirages which tempt the weary life's traveler to lose himself in the midst of a Sahara of sand. They are the deceitful stars, twinkling their benedictions over altars of silver and of gold, and of fame, which suddenly go out, and leave the devotees worshiping in total darkness. They are the musical voices of the sirens singing their sweetest songs when luring their victims on to fatal shipwreck.

JOB TEMPTED BY HIS WIFE TO COMMIT SUICIDE

In the false standards of happiness can be found the origin of the disappointments which so often end in suicide. Men do not first seek wealth or fame to possess those treasures, as a miser might hoard up his gold. They desire the merchant prince's palace, and the king's throne, because they foolishly think that Happiness is a coy maiden, who loves to robe herself in silks, and to have her throat and fingers a-glitter with precious jewels, and therefore they can the more readily find her in the rich man's mansion than in the poor man's hut. If they cannot have wealth or fame, or worldly honor is about to be taken away from them, then they feel they cannot have happiness. Then with one pull of the pistol's trigger, they fling away their blighted lives, as did the late "Cotton King" of Louisiana, who lost his fortune in Wall street; or, as did the late Sir Hector MacDonald, of the British Army, who killed himself to avoid facing the publicity of a court-martial, and a disgraceful dismissal from the king's service.

Now, my friends, the human being who commits suicide merely because the golden breasted oriole of wealth has plumed her wings and disappeared from sight, or because the iconoclast of trouble has shattered the idol of fame, is doing a fool's business. Happiness, true happiness, the happiness for which we all long, and for which some of us are seeking, is not dependent upon outside surroundings, but upon the condition of the heart. Some of the most unhappy human beings have been the so-called worldly successful men. Did all the unlimited financial wealth of Nathan Roths child make him happy? For many years he was the universally recognized financial king of Europe. In a single day, he made over $9,000,000. At the battle of Waterloo, he was an anxious spectator. As soon as that battle was decided, he put spurs to his horse and rode like the wind toward London. He had a relay of horses awaiting him, and a special boat chartered to take him across the channel. Then, next morning, he appeared upon the London Exchange and circulated the report that Wellington was defeated. Securities tumbled. His brokers bought them up by the millions of dollars worth. The following day, dispatches from Wellington announced that Napoleon's army was annihilated. Securities at once jumped upward. Nathan Rothschild pocketed his millions of profit. But, though Nathan Rothschild was the wealthiest financier in all Europe he was one of the most unhappy of men. When a friend visited him one day and said, "You ought to be a happy man, with all this wealth," Nathan turned, and with a look of scorn, answered, "Happy! Happy! I happy! Bosh! Let us change the subject."

If wealth does not in itself produce happiness, neithe

does worldly fame or honor. Men strive for place and power, as if with them they were sure of happiness. They plot and conspire and murder, that they may mount the steps of a throne, and when they succeed, they find that they have gained nothing but anxiety and worry. When the Servian King and Queen, Alexander and Draga, were assassinated, Pope Leo XIII was heard to exclaim in the Vatican, "Oh, when will the people learn that thrones stained with blood are not worth having?" And yet, for financial wealth and worldly honor, thousands of men will surrender their all. They will follow these will-o-the-wisps, though the shining lights may lead them over miasmic swamps and quaking bogs, and into the fatal quicksand. They will seek and struggle and continue to struggle to possess these supposed priceless treasures, because they believe that in them the great heart of happiness, rich-blooded and life-giving, can be found. Then, when they have been defeated in the struggles of life, they sometimes drive the destroying dagger into their own arteries, as a tantalized serpent buries his poisonous fangs in his own flesh.

A Common Error

Moral application: Do not try to build the Temple of Happiness out of yellow bricks. Think not that the broad highway which leads to the throne-room of joy is always lined with applauding and vociferating multitudes. The ground mole may tunnel his way into a gold mine, but he still remains a ground mole. The bat, flying about in the darkness, may be able to push his claws into trembling men's pockets, but he is still nothing but a hateful bat.

Envy and covetousness also lead to suicide. The unwillingness to love our neighbors as ourselves is one of the indirect causes of this dreadful sin. Two ways of looking at this old world: The one is through the green glasses of envy; the result, unhappiness. The other way is through the sanctified crystals of a tender, a holy love; the result, Gospel joy. The one way is to bitterly bemoan, because some people are supposed to be better off than we. The other way is to try to find out how many people are worse off than we are, and then, with a Christian desire, try to help them as we would like to be helped if we were in their place. Through what kind of lenses have you been scrutinizing the human race? Through the green glasses of envy, which makes all the world look dark? Or through the clear, transparent crystals of Gospel love, which always makes all the world look bright? No happy man ever wanted to commit suicide. No man can be truly unhappy, who is trying to help his fellow-man. When he finds that he is making others happy, their joys become part of his joys.

The suicidal knife is blunted upon the whetstone of kindness and love and self-sacrifice for another reason: When a Christian earnestly consecrates his life to helping his fellow-men, he is amazed how many troubles are piled at his neighbor's door, and instead of repining at his lot, thanks God for the mercies he enjoys. He becomes more contented to carry his own burdens, because, as his brother's sorrows grow larger and larger in his eyes, his own shrink by comparison shrink and dwindle, and become less and less. Beautifully illustrated is this thought by an old Latin classic: The gods, hearing the continual grumblings of the human race decreed that all men should be able to choose their own burdens, but they must choose some. They decreed that every man, woman and child should bring their load of trouble to a park and throw it in one place. Then all the different troubles of the world were piled in a heap. The rich man came from his palace, the poor man came from his hut. The old man came tottering upon his staff, the young man came leaping as a roe upon the mountain side. The father came, followed by his swarm of children, the single man came alone. The bridegroom came leading his bride, the widower came after his wife had been snatched from his side. All came with their troubles. All threw their packs in the one pile. "Now," said the gods to the assembled people, "let each individual select any one pack of trouble that he would." Of course the multitudes were overjoyed. Each man at first lifted and weighed the troubles of every other man. "Then, at last," so goes the fable, "each individual, at a given signal, was satisfied to lift up again his own troubles, and in contentment go his own way."

Sympathy a Preservative

No power on earth can make a human being more contented than that which comes from being brought into sympathetic touch with other people's trials, for all people have them. The white, fleecy clouds, off in the distance, circling about the mountain-top, may look like sea-gulls sporting with the crest of a wave. On nearer approach, they are only fog and drizzling mist. The ships, far out at sea, have spotless sail and trimmest hulls. But, upon nearer approach, we see that their canvas is befouled and their hulls scarred with the blows of many tempests. Clear crystals of a tender love will not only make us try to help our fellow-men and desire to live as long as we can for that purpose, but they will also teach us to be more and more contented with our own lives. Brother, better change the lenses in your spectacles. Better be a sunbeam playing in the day, than a sulking owl, solitary and alone, croaking during the night.

A coward's heart is a direct cause for the suicidal sin. "Oh, no," says someone, "that cannot be. A suicide may be this, or that, or the other thing, but he is not a coward. No man is a coward who dares to commit self-murder. No man is a coward who will calmly look death in the face, and defy the grinning skeleton of the tomb."

Ah, my friend, you are wrong. The direct cause of the suicidal sin is invariably the result of a coward's heart. It is the act of a man who runs away from trouble, instead of courageously grappling with it. The bravest of deeds is to die, if necessary, to save others. But it would not be heroic for men to die, merely because they are too cowardly to fight. Neither is it heroic or brave for any man to commit suicide, merely because he is too cross-hearted to meet the responsibilities of life, or face them. The noblest word in every language, or all the English language in short, is that word which expresses courage in following to the bitter end, even unto death, the path of duty, and endures the keenest distress or a lingering death, as it were, sooner than give the appearance of cowardice, or following that stern mind through an unwholesome pain-way.

Christian Fortitude

Now my friends, as the personal cry is often caused by a coward's heart, how can we best increase cour and true? How can we better right this tendency to self-murder than by subtly and cross-sentimentally and dauntlessly meeting the most pressing duty which is nearest at hand? How can we come to be courageous better than by fortifying our immediate obligations which we know we owe to our God and our Christ? We have all read of the Roman sentinel who, during an awful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, was ready to die at his post, when the officer of the guard did not relieve him, and allow him to fly for his life. Should we not be equally ready to be brave and true to that great Commander who shall yet ride the white horse of victory, and in the great Millennial Day come to claim and defend his own? He has placed us here to do our duty, to live his life in the world, to serve Him by serving our fellow-men. Shall we cravenly desert our post? Shall we declare that the task assigned us is too hard for us? Rather let us look to Him for the daily strength that He promises to his faithful servants, that we may endure as seeing Him who is invisible. So let us stand unflinchingly beneath his standard until his summons reaches us, and we quit with the triumphant shout, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The bravest act is all the world, for some men, is to publicly confess Christ. While we are preaching to-day on the suicidal sin, are you ready to be as brave as William Cowper once was? In a time of great mental depression, he was on his way to the River Thames to take his own life. When he arrived near the fatal waters, he saw there a man fishing at the end of the dock from which he intended to throw himself into the stream. He turned back. Then he went home and tried to stab himself to death, but the knife snapped in two. Then he tried to hang himself, but the rope broke. Then William Cowper realized what he was doing, and how cowardly he was. He confessed his error before the world, and gave himself up, as never before, to sound forth the Divine praise. Oh, my friends, will you not realize that one of the chief reasons of the cowardly tendency to suicide is the unwillingness to publicly confess, and work, and live for Christ? As all roads were once supposed to lead to Rome, every act and deed and thought of your life should lead you to the foot of the Cross. Then, oh then, if you are true to Christ, you will never be false to yourself. Then, oh then, your life, instead of having a suicidal tendency, will be an eternal life of triumphant joy.

A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE *ON THE* FLOOD

WHEN the telegraph flashed the news to the East, of the great floods in Missouri and Kansas, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD communicated with its correspondents in the inundated cities, for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of the disaster, and also as to the measures to be adopted for the relief of the sufferers. Among those who responded promptly, and who performed effective service in emergency, was the Rev. William Potts George, D.D., lately pastor of the Westminster Congregational Church in Kansas City, Mo. Dr. George conveyed to the Mayors of that city and of Kansas City, Kan., THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S offer of assistance, and although, fortunately, it was not needed in the former city — which proved abundantly able to care for its own destitute people—it was very cordially welcomed by Chief Zimmer, Assistant Chief McConnell, Dr. C. M. Stemen, Mayor Craddock, and the relief committee on the Kansas side of the river, where upwards of twenty thousand persons had to be temporarily sheltered and fed.

Dr. George's efforts, however, did not end here. He was one of the first to cross the swollen river, personally investigated conditions in the flooded districts, and photographed some of the scenes for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The trip across occupied nearly three hours. On the return trip, he found great difficulty, and it was only after considerable delay that a steam launch was fortunately obtained, which conveyed the pastor and the representatives of a local journal to the Missouri side. The journey across the swollen and turbulent river, dotted with floating debris, was made by moonlight. For three days, Dr. George continued to give undivided attention to the investigation of the relief work, forwarding telegrams of progress to this journal. Although his efforts were wholly unofficial, and therefore unnoticed in the general press reports, it is due to him that they should receive this grateful acknowledgment at our hands.

REV. WM. POTTS GEORGE, D. D.

For years the Rev. Dr. George has conducted a highly successful work in Kansas City, as minister of the Westminster Congregational Church. Previous to accepting that position, he had conducted successful pastorates in New Jersey, Seattle, Wash., and elsewhere. He is a man of broad scholarship, whose reading has not been confined to theology, but has covered a wide field in science, history and sociology. His sermons show how thoroughly alert he is to the bearing of Christianity on the subjects occupying the public mind, and thus that religion is not the antiquated, obsolete thing that some people consider it, but a vital present force for our own time. Thoroughly in earnest, well up-to-date in his teaching and methods, Dr. George has won the respect and affection of every church to which he has ministered, and his genial, hearty nature has made for him warm friends among his ministerial brethren and among Christian men of other creeds.

During President Roosevelt's stay in Kansas City, on a Western tour, he attended the services in the Westminster Church. At its conclusion he heartily expressed his gratification at the pleasure he had enjoyed, and subsequently wrote Dr. George, declaring that his Sunday service had been an oasis in his trip.

Recently, the severe illness of his wife, and his solicitude for her entire restoration to health, induced Dr. George to sever his pleasant pastoral relation in Kansas City. He decided to come East, where he will doubtless be gladly welcomed by many churches, some of which will probably succeed in securing him as pastor. Up to the present time, however, he has not definitely accepted any of the propositions that have been made to him.

When his decision to leave Kansas City became known, there was general sorrow in the community. The Congregational Council, composed of the ministers and leading members of the churches, passed a series of resolutions expressing their sense of their loss, among which were the following:

That we glory in the masterly pulpit ability of our brother, who has defended the faith in a manner among peers and has risen to Westminster's much many thoughtful and earnest souls, and in the city and without the city, have been brought to a decision that has helped him, and he to prove of the doctrines of Jesus. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

That we commend the courage and faith of Dr. George, which has stood to such untiring success in an increase of membership, and the hope of such broad foundations for the church that a new church building to be erected a greater work can be done.

That we commend Dr. George to all churches as a leader believed and trusted of men, for the Great Head of the church will give to him future triumphs, as in the past.

That we recognize his commanding position in the city as an active participant in all good works, ever active in temperance and social reform, fearless in utterance and broad and progressive in spirit.

Testimony so enthusiastic from representative men among whom he has labored so long, must be very gratifying to Dr. George. It too often happens that such appreciation does not come to the worker and his work until it is too late to cheer him in his service. Better than all post-mortem eulogies are such words as these spoken in person. We trust that in some immediate future, in which his brilliant qualities will have an opportunity for exercise, he may prepare for many years of the good work for his Master and the race.

Rev. Dr. George's address, while in New York, will be care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Ten Thousand Children Sold for Food

Consul-General McWade Tells of Kwangsi's Great Famine and the Welcome to "The Christian Herald" Relief

IN the following official dispatches, which have been supplied to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the State Department, Washington, D. C., a flood of light is thrown upon the actual condition of affairs in Kwangsi Province, China, where famine now prevails. No more frightful picture of famine horrors has ever been written than is found in these letters, forwarded by Consul-General McWade, from Canton. Ten thousand children sold on the block at public auction, to provide food for their parents; cannibalism resorted to, to stay the fierce pangs of hunger; a vast population foodless and helpless; these are conditions which have been growing steadily worse for months. Fortunately, as the dispatches show, a portion, at least, of the sufferers, will be helped by the relief furnished by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. That relief is now being distributed under joint missionary and official supervision.

The letters are given in full below:

"CONSULATE GENERAL
OF THE UNITED STATES,
CANTON, CHINA, May 12, 1903.

"HON. FRANCIS B. LOOMIS,
Ass. Sec. of State, Washington, D. C.

"*Sir*:—In further continuation of my No. 19 to the department, dated April 22, 1903, concerning the famine in the Province of Kwangsi, I have the honor to report as follows:

"On the morning of May 5, 1903, I learned through reliable missionary and other sources, that the famine was increasing, and its area spreading. One gentleman wrote from Kweishen, as follows:

"'Boys, girls and women are sold daily at the river side. I attended such a sale this afternoon, and saw babies and children handled and felt as though they were pigs come to market. Some are so thin and starved that no one will purchase them. The magistrate informs me that at first he wished to prohibit the sale; but when he saw that unless the children were sold, both children and parents must starve, he changed his mind, and allowed the sale to continue. The gentry estimate that some 10,000 children (boys and girls alike), have already been sold, and that eight wives out of every ten in this district have also been sold.'

"I have received the following fairly accurate estimate of the starving population of the villages in the stricken district:

Wing Wo Lee, district on the west and south banks of the West River, 14,000; Sung Keong Lee, upper and lower districts, 13,600; Kwan Ling Lee, 14,500; How Luk, 24,000; Too Lee and Hoi Phong, 18,000; Sow Lee, 10,700; Sun Yut Lee, Hoi Phong, 9,000; Kut Yee Lee, 12,000, Chung Sow Lee, 14,000; Chew Lee, 8,000; Poo Lee, 5,000.

On the same morning I received the following from the Rev. John E. Fee, an American missionary at Kwai Ping:

"THE HON. R. MCWADE,
U. S. Consul-General, Canton:

"*Dear Sir*:—Kindly tell those who have given so liberally, that we thank them most heartily on behalf of those who receive of their liberality. The work has grown until there are now about five thousand persons coming daily, and these numbers are bound to increase during the next two months, and especially as we are now giving out a larger portion of rice to those who need. The distress is appalling, and even with what has been done, very many are dying daily. (This relates only to one district.)

JOHN E. FEE."

TSCH, A NATIVE EVANGELIST

. . .

On receipt of the above, I cabled to the Department as follows; duplicating my dispatch to Minister Conger at Peking:

"*Secretary of State, Washington:*

"Famine increasing Kwangsi about one hundred and fifty thousand starving. MCWADE."

On the same day I received the following cablegram:

"*McWade, Canton:*

"Cable particulars Kwangsi famine, extent, area, number affected, is American help necessary? Is reputable committee formed? CHRISTIAN HERALD."

I promptly replied by cable as follows:

"*Christian Herald, New York:*

"One hundred and fifty thousand starving Kwaiping district, area 300 miles, famine increasing, American help urgently besought, relief properly distributed American, English missionaries through me. MCWADE."

On May 6 I heard through reliable native sources, representatives of the Kwong Yan Charitable Society of Canton, that there were over twenty-five thousand natives starving in Naning, and forty-eight thousand in immediate need of relief in the Tsun Fa district. As these reports reached me simultaneously with those concerning the progress of the bubonic plague, I embodied the situation in the following summarized cablegram, duplicating it to Minister Conger at Peking:

"*Secretary of State, Washington:*

"Bubonic plague increasing Canton, Honam, Shun Tak, Yeung Kong, Heung Shan. Famine increasing Kwangsi, American Missionary reports body victim eaten by starving. MCWADE."

Prior to sending the foregoing, I received the following from Rev. C. E. Nelson, an American missionary:

"KWAIPING, April 19, 1903.

"*Dear Mr. Nelson:* We are pressed for money, and the boats cannot provide as much as we need, therefore I trouble you again. On Monday we gave to about five thousand persons seven thousand two hundred portions, and yet the need is increasing. This A.M. as Mr. Sehr and I went out, we saw the remains of a man who died from starvation last night, cut up and *every bit of flesh that was left on him had been taken and eaten by some of his starving comrades.* The sight made us sick, and so little is being done to meet the present needs. You no doubt know that the Governor of Hong Kong has taken up the matter and is sending us rice, the first we hope to get on the 3d or 4th of May. This will be a great relief to us. JOHN E. FEE."

CHINESE CHRISTIANS AND SCHOOL CHILDREN AT CHAO HSIEN

. . .

On the evening of May 8, 1903, I received the following cabled instructions:

"McWade, American Consulate, CANTON.

"Department in receipt five thousand dollars from CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York, for relief famine sufferers, Province Kwangsi. Draw on Secretary State at sight for same. LOOMIS, Acting."

I promptly informed His Excellency Te Sou, Viceroy of the Two Knangs, of the gratifying intelligence, and on the following day, received the following reply:

"From H. E. Tak, to the Hon. McWade, U. S. Consul General.

"*Your Honor:* I have read your dispatch informing me that you had wired to the United States, appealing for subscription for the relief of the famine sufferers in Kwangsi, and have just received a telegram from Secretary Loomis, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York, had remitted to you, through him, the sum of $5,000.

"I am feeling deeply grateful for the kindness you have conducted, sometime ago, by giving and raising subscriptions for the relief of those sufferers, who are indeed in a most distressed state, and are in want of assistance.

"I again learned that you have further added to your kindness, by wiring to your great country appealing for money to help the starving people; so it is obviously evident that you are a kind-hearted people, and treat other nationalities as well and as kind as your own countrymen, and that the missionaries of your great country have so ably aided this charitable work in such generous and liberal manner, made me feel indeed deeply grateful and thankful, and from my heart I thank them.

"I have now commanded the Honorable Kung Hsin Chan, Superintendent of Foreign Affairs, to inform all the benevolent institutions in Canton to have this charitable and good deed recorded and published, and I have now the honor to request that you will please convey my heartfelt thanks to the State Department and to the charitable American people, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and to the Missionary Associations."

As soon as I received the Viceroy's dispatch, I cabled to you as follows, duplicating my dispatch to Minister Conger, at Peking:

"*Secretary of State, Washington.* Viceroy requests me wire heartfelt appreciation CHRISTIAN HERALD'S donors' contributions five thousand dollars aid starving Kwangsi; gratefully thanks you. More help urgently needed. MCWADE."

On the evening of May 10, I received the following communication from the Rev. John E. Fee:

"KWAIPING, May 7, 1903.

"HON. R. M. MCWADE,
"*U. S. Consul General, Canton.*

"*Dear Sir:* Your kind letter of April 28th came to hand yesterday and again we thank you for not only the funds sent, but for the kindly interest you have shown in the work and in us personally.

"Will you kindly express our thanks to those who have so liberally given financial aid in this work, and especially to the officers and crew of the U. S. S. *Monterey*, and the U. S. S. *Callao*.

"The severity of the famine increases steadily, as the people gradually come to the end of all they have. Thus far many have had things that they have been selling, viz: wives, children, farm implements, bedding, clothing, bed boards, and woks (large cast iron pots, in which they cook their food), cattle, etc., etc., until now there is nothing left, and their only hope is the free distribution of rice."

Although rice is scarce, yet it is much cheaper here than at any of the other treaty ports, so I have bought 1,800 piculs of it, and as soon as they are loaded on *the three cargo boats which I have engaged*, I will dispatch them up the West River.

The distribution will be made in the usual systematic and impartial manner, and will be *under the supervision of American missionaries and the literati, gentries, and officials* of the stricken districts. The Rev. A. J. Fisher, of the American Presbyterian Mission, will be on one of the relief boats, and will be met at Wuchow by the Rev. Dr. H. K. Shumaker, of the United Brethren in Christ Mission, and the Rev. John E. Fee, American Presbyterian Mission. His Excellency, Viceroy Te Sou, will furnish a strong steam launch to tow the relief boats up the West River. I will ask Lieutenant Anderson, of the U. S. S. *Callao*, to escort them up to Wuchow, where H. E. Wong Chih Chun, Governor of Kwangsi, will have boats and small launches ready to convey the rice to the places where it is most needed.

All of the relief boats will carry American flags and banners, with inscriptions in the Chinese language stating that the rice has been bought for the relief of the starving natives with American donations raised by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York.

I have the honor to add that my three personal contributions, given at various times, amount to $575.

ROBERT M. MCWADE, U. S. Consul-General.

From Peking (May 30), the Hon. E. H. Conger, U. S. Minister to China, writes to Dr. Klopsch as follows:

"Yesterday I called on an influential and intelligent Chinese who had just arrived from the South, and he informed me that accounts of the suffering from famine and disorder of the people of Kwangsi could hardly be exaggerated. It is consequently a very good work which you have undertaken, and one in which I wish you the fullest possible measure of success.

E. H. CONGER."

YANG, A NATIVE EVANGELIST

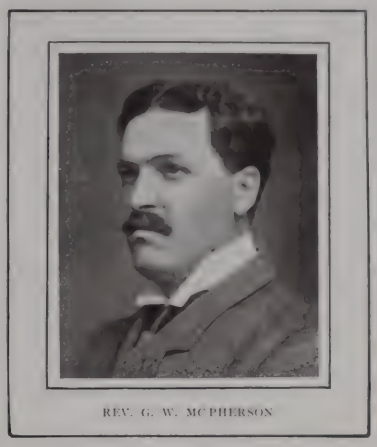
It would seem providential that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief should have arrived at the time when most urgently needed. We trust that it may be blessed in the saving of many lives, and in the deepening the feeling of sincere friendship entertained by the Chinese officials and people for the American missionaries, and for the great-hearted Christian nation that has done so much for China in its time of need.

A Summer Gospel Campaign *in* Four Cities

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, INDIANAPOLIS AND CHICAGO CHURCHES UNITING IN LOCAL EVANGELISTIC TENT WORK -- A GREAT SPIRITUAL HARVEST HOPED FOR

IF we may judge from present indications, the midsummer Gospel campaign, to be conducted simultaneously in a number of leading cities, will this year eclipse all previous records, both as to the extent of the work and the large number of churches co-operating in the movement.

In New York City, the Tent Evangel meetings, which for several summers past have been held on Fifty-sixth street, between Broadway and Eighth Avenue, under the management of Rev. Hartwell S. Pratt, and a committee of representative preachers, are this year conducted by the Rev. G. W. McPherson. This is the only place in New York where Gospel Union Meetings are held every evening except Sunday, during July and August. They are also held on Sunday afternoons. Among the well-known Metropolitan and other pastors who preach in the Tent Evangel, are the Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D.; Rev. R. S. McArthur, D.D.; Rev. Geo. Lorimer, D.D.; Rev. P. S. Hanson, D.D., of London; Rev. D. D. MacLaurin, D.D.; and Rev. Dr. Weeks, of Toronto. The services are thoroughly undenominational. Prominent ministers and evangelists of the different denominations are invited to preach in the tent, and the members of several different churches work together harmoniously, with the common object of saving souls. At these evangelistic services, large gatherings are assembled, and the Gospel message is listened to with closest attention. As is always the case in the heated term when many of the churches are closed, there are thousands who are glad to find a cool place of worship, where they may hear the Word and receive spiritual encouragement and consolation. In past years, there have been many glorious conversions as the result of the services in the Tent Evangel. Wanderers have been reclaimed, and large numbers have sought religious instruction. While some who attend are church members, the audiences are largely composed of people who have no regular church connection. These attend, attracted by the music and the cordiality of the Gospel invitation. Many to whom these services become, under Divine blessing, a means of transforming their lives, ultimately unite with the churches of their choice.



REV. G. W. McPHERSON

Rev. G. W. McPherson, the new leader of the Gospel work in Tent Evangel, is a young Canadian preacher-evangelist. He was pastor for a time at Mahopac Falls, afterward coming to Brooklyn, where he served the Memorial Baptist Church nearly three years. In both fields God gave him success in the winning of souls. Three years ago he devoted himself exclusively to evangelistic work, and has since been engaged in the larger cities in many of the Eastern and Middle States. His methods are conservative and spiritual. He has a firm and abiding faith in the power of God's Word upon the heart of man.

The cost of the summer work in the Tent Evangel — about $3,000—is defrayed by contributions and plate collections. In the torrid season, the great tent, unlike the hot walls of a building, is always cool and attractive. To crowd it nigh ly with the religiously destitute and the spiritually neglected, who are perishing without Christ, is the aim of the Evangel services, which deserve the most cordial support of all who are interested in the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

Philadelphia's regular summer Gospel campaign under canvas is also well under way, and gives every indication of a great spiritual harvest.

In Indianapolis, Ind., the summer Gospel campaign had an unusually early start. Dedicatory services were held in eight city churches on the south side in a great tent at Prospect and Linden streets, on May 29, where services are to be held during the whole season. This tent evangelistic work is in charge of the Rev. Milford H. Lyon, of Wheaton, Ill. Associated with him in the work are the following pastors and churches: Fletcher Place M. E. Church, the Rev. M. B. Hyde; the Seventh Presbyterian, the Rev. David A. Heron; Hoyt Avenue Methodist Protestant, the Rev. Crates S. Johnson; Edwin Ray, M. E., the Rev. C. C. [illegible] Emmanuel Baptist, the Rev. J. E. Henry; Trinity Congregational, the Rev. Lee White; Barth Place M. E. Church, the Rev. D. W. Nobbs; First German Baptist, the Rev. E. M. Von Meller.

REV. MILFORD H. LYON HIRAM J. LLOYD

A GOSPEL MEETING IN THE GREAT TENT AT INDIANAPOLIS

Speaking of the Indianapolis tent campaign, one of the managers says:

"The month of June has witnessed the greatest religious revival that Indianapolis has known for years. Last November, one of our leading southside churches invited the Rev. Mr. Lyon to conduct an evangelistic campaign. So successful was this movement that it encouraged some of our workers to plan for larger things. An evangelistic union of seven southside churches was formed, consisting of four Methodist and Presbyterian, one Baptist, and one Congregational. That section of the city was districted and was thoroughly visited. A tent seating two thousand was secured, and Mr. Lyon was invited to return and lead in the campaign. A chorus of two hundred voices was enlisted under the leadership of Mr. H. J. Lloyd, of the Bible Institute, Chicago. The results have far exceeded our expectations. During the month, over five hundred have expressed a purpose to begin the Christian life, and the aggregate attendance upon the meetings has reached fully fifty thousand. While there is nothing sensational in the preaching, yet the Message has been presented in such an earnest and attractive manner that some evenings hundreds of people are unable to gain admission."

Rev. Mr. Lyon, the leader of the movement, is a graduate of the State University of Iowa, and for two years was at the head of an academy in that State. For five years he was a successful pastor in Chicago, but realizing the great need of evangelistic work, he resigned his pastorate and entered upon the broader field. For the past four years he has conducted successful revivals in several States. In his writing and preaching, the dominant thought is the great truth of Jesus, not only as Saviour from the guilt of sin, but also as Lord and Master in every department of life. He insists that all who come to the front desiring to become Christians shall receive Jesus, both as Saviour and Master. The Indianapolis *Daily News* of June 24 publishes a statement over the signatures of leading pastors of the city, enthusiastically endorsing Mr. Lyon's work. At the meeting in the Indianapolis tent, which is shown in the photograph on this page, there were fourteen hundred present.

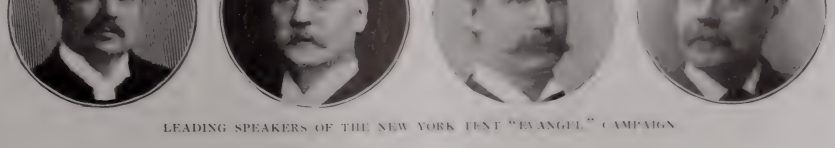
A movement similar in every essential particular to that in Indianapolis is to be inaugurated by Rev. Mr. Lyon on the north side of Chicago. Several churches have joined in the campaign, and a vigorous Gospel crusade under canvas will be prosecuted during the summer months.

A Revival at Hackettstown, N. J.

The congregation of the Presbyterian Church of Hackettstown, N. J., have lately been wonderfully blessed through special evangelistic services conducted by their pastor, Rev. J. C. Chapman. Christians of other denominations were drawn irresistibly to the meetings. Converts number about fifty, thirty-six of whom joined the visible church last communion, but the magnitude of the work has been more especially felt in the instructing, purifying and upbuilding of believers. Mr. S. H. Hadley and Mr. Illman, of the Water Street Mission, New York, gave timely help in their testimony of the power of Christ to save the sinner. Mr. Frank Fitzgerald, the Gospel singer, cradled all hearts in the song that grew into a story of redeeming love.

Mr. Chapman was also well supported in his faithful session, and a large praying band

REV. D. S. MACKAY REV. D. J. BURRELL REV. I. I. CAMPBELL REV. R. S. MACARTHUR



LEADING SPEAKERS OF THE NEW YORK TENT "EVANGEL" CAMPAIGN

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Protection for the Jews

IN deciding to forward to the Russian Government the petition of the United Hebrew Congregations in the United States, appealing to the Czar to put an end to the religious persecution of the Jews in his empire, and to afford them reasonable protection, President Roosevelt has taken a step which cannot fail to meet with the approval of the country, as a whole. It is not in the nature of a formal diplomatic communication from one sovereign power to another, nor is it to be regarded as a remonstrance; but the very fact that our Government consents to become the channel for the transmission of the petition, will invest it with a force and an importance that should go far toward securing for it a reasonable hearing at St. Petersburg.

Especially timely is the sending of this petition, in view of the ominous rumors of an intention, on the part of the Anti-Semites in Russia, to stir up the ignorant native population to renewed attacks upon the Jews. Inflammatory leaflets, urging the peasants to "kiss each other and then kill the Jews," have been circulated in the Russian cities, the purpose being to rouse the Muscovites to a fanatical outbreak, and to repeat the horror of Kishineff. It is represented that the whole empire is reeking with Anti-Semitism, and that a spark may, at any moment, ignite a conflagration in St. Petersburg, Odessa, Kieff, and other large cities, that will make the civilized world stand aghast.

Whether these representations be true or exaggerated, we have no means of knowing. It is beyond question, however, that the position of the Hebrew population in Russia, at the present moment, is an extremely critical one. Believing this, it would be criminal were our own Government to remain silent, or to withhold the petition, when by forwarding it we might avert innocent bloodshed. Humanity demands that it be sent, just as humanity impelled the protests against Weyler's barbarities in Cuba, and those of the lawless Kurds in Armenia. If after such protest, however informal, the Czar and his government should permit the threatened outbreaks to take place, without taking effective steps for their prevention and for the punishment of the instigators, Russia would stand convicted before the world as the abettor of religious persecution and massacre. Imperial evasion of responsibility, though pleaded in the Kishineff slaughter, could not be urged successfully a second time.

There has been an attempt, in some quarters, to misinterpret the motives that urge us to send this Hebrew petition; but we desire the act to stand simply as the outcome of a genuine feeling of sympathy. We are a plain people, and unaccustomed to the shifty, intricate and Machiavellian ways of European diplomacy; but there need be no misapprehension of our conviction, as a nation, that the day has gone by when religious persecution should be tolerated or defended. All the diplomacy on earth cannot make that dead relic of barbarism and of the Inquisition palatable to our modern ideas of civilization.

Let the Czar and his ministers prove the right of Russia to be regarded as a Christian nation, and of Nicholas II. to be accepted as a Christian ruler and a sincere friend of the Gospel of peace and good-will, by employing, if necessary, the entire machinery of the government to put a stop to these attacks upon the Jews. Let them call a halt to the Anti-Semites by such unequivocal commands that the cruel effusion of Jewish blood will never be repeated in Russia. If there be any portion of the Hebrew population of "Holy Russia" to-day that can be classed as undesirable, it has been made so by injustice and persecution. Let Russia treat them fairly, and they will make as good citizens there, as they do anywhere else on the globe.

Our Love—God Wants It

A PLAIN man, a mechanic, a devout Christian, was in the last stages of consumption. One day, as his pastor was leaving his bedside, he called him back, and said: "One thing more I wish to ask. I lie here and talk with God in a way which startles me. I use expressions of endearment, address him by affectionate names, make requests as a child to a parent, indulge in words of adoration; all of which, on second thought, seem to me too free for a mortal to use in his intercourse with his Maker. Yet my feelings are so strong that I cannot restrain myself. Tell me, should I love God in this manner, or should I repress my feelings and check my words?"

The minister said to him: "You ask, may you love God thus. The Saviour says, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might, and with all thy strength.' Do you ever exceed this?"

An expression of satisfaction came over the sick man's face. The next day he had gone to see Him whom, not having seen, he loved.

A lad was on his way from school, with others, in playful conversation. When he reached home, he laid down his books in the hall, ran to his room, and, forgetting that he might be overheard in the room adjoining, said in childlike language: "O God, my heavenly Father, I have come to pray to thee. I do not want anything in particular, but I love thee. I have come to say this. I don't know what has made me feel as I have felt this forenoon, but I have not been able to think of much besides God. I never loved anything so. Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee! Yes, there is one thing I do desire, and that is, that all the scholars may feel so towards thee. There is ———," and then he named five or six of his companions. After a few more words, he joined his brothers and sisters in their amusements, not feeling that he had expressed anything of special interest; yet it may be questioned whether in heaven that day there had been any halleluiahs more precious to the Lord than that lad's prayer.

Does anyone say, of what value can such emotions as dwelt in these pious hearts be to God? We might answer, Of what value is anything to God? He will one day give up this world to fire. There is nothing of any value to God, except love. The most beautiful thing God sees on earth, and the thing dearest to him, is a true heart, humbly, joyfully whispering in his ear, "My God, my love, my all—thou art my portion forever!"

A Midsummer Gospel

IT is most gratifying to note that the people who remain in our large cities during the torrid season, are no longer comparatively churchless and neglected, as was formerly the case. Every summer, the preaching of the Gospel under canvas goes on more widely than before. In many cities great, cool, billowy tents enclose large audiences nightly, who listen with rapt interest to the "old, old story." In those audiences are represented all classes of church-goers and non-church-goers, for it is a characteristic of the informal church under canvas that it knows no social distinctions, and that the members of the "submerged masses" may sit with equanimity and acceptability side by side with the mechanic, the business man, or the professional, who belong to the "can't-get-aways." The thrifty mother, whose husband's wages are too small to admit of vacations, finds the cool canvas church a blessing, for she can there gather the children to listen to the precious Word, in such comfort as could not be found between brick or stone walls. While the more fortunate ones are worshiping by the seashore or mountain, these pent-up masses in the cities find in the great tents—such as those that are now spread numerously in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Indianapolis and other cities—a spiritual enjoyment as keen, and a physical recreation as delightful as could well be imagined. Thousands are led to Christ every year at these gatherings.

This tent work is unquestionably the very best way of evangelizing the cities in summer that has yet been devised. It has been said that the devil never takes a vacation, and it does not require a very long reach of memory to recall the time when, from July 1 to September 1, the scores of empty churches and of shepherdless congregations demonstrated the fact that Satan had city territory pretty much to himself during the dog days. All that is rapidly being changed. Our churches recognize their responsibility for the moral guardianship of their flocks, not for nine or ten months a year, but for the whole twelvemonth. And there is no better way to keep the field occupied and maintain the battle for righteousness, than for the churches and pastors of all denominations to extend the heartiest co-operation and support, moral and financial, to the midsummer Gospel tent work in every large city throughout the land. Christ should be preached to the masses in season and out of season.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST E. R. HERMISTON of Shiloh, O., will spend the summer in the tent meetings in Philadelphia.

—THE REV. W. E. BENTLEY, is the founder of The Actors' Church Alliance. The Alliance now has a membership of several hundred.

—HORACE E. AYERS, Physical Director of the Y. M. C. A. of Peterborough, Ont., Can., has been called as Physical Director of the Boys' Department, East Side Y. M. C. A. in New York City. He has made an excellent record in the Canadian city.

—FOR THE LAST FIVE months, revival work has been going on at Fort Denand, Fla. Sister Dixon, of Upton, Ky., has been instrumental in leading many into the light. Mr. Geo. S. Henderson of Fort Denand, reports that many who used to spend the Sabbath in hunting and fishing now devote it to worship and to the study of God's Holy Word.

—DR. R. A. TORREY, and Mr. Charles Alexander, have returned to New York from their world-round evangelistic tour of more than a year's duration. They visited Japan, China, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, India, England, Scotland, and Ireland, the meetings being followed with marked spiritual blessing, especially those in Australia, Scotland and Ireland.

—THE REV. N. L. CLARKE, of Newton, Miss., aged ninety-two, is one of the oldest active preachers in the South. He has been in Gospel work nearly sixty years, and still acts as pastor of the Baptist Church at Decatur, riding ten miles to fill his appointment. He never had a vacation. He has received 2,500 converts into the church, performed 3,000 marriages and officiated at 3,000 funerals.

MISSIONS IN THE ISLANDS*

The American Church Called to the Evangelization of the Philippines

GOSPEL work in the islands is a story of danger, of martyrdom and of triumph. A brief sketch of it, as far as it relates to the islands of the South Pacific, has already appeared in this journal (May 20, page 439); so that we may now give our attention to the branch of the subject which has a direct interest for the people of our own country. They have done their part nobly in Ruk, Ponape and other islands; it now devolves upon them to take up the work in the Philippine Islands, for the welfare of which we, as a nation, have become responsible. Our politicians and traders will take care that the people are initiated in secular affairs, but they will do nothing, or worse than nothing, toward promoting the spiritual development of the people. That is a duty which can be done only by the church of Christ; and it is a duty which the church cannot afford to neglect.

A beginning was made a few years ago in a humble but most effective way. A lady in New York who has devoted her life to working among the sailors who come to the port, one day came upon a group of sailors from the Philippines. She had no Scriptures in their language to give them, but she found among them one who knew Spanish. She gave him that Gospel in miniature, John 3:16: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," etc., and asked him to translate it into Tagalog and Visayan. He did so, and the lady hunted up another Philippine sailor who knew Spanish, and got him to translate it back into Spanish, so as to be sure that the Tagalog and Visayan versions were correct. Then she had a large number of proofs struck off, which she gave to people who were going to the Philippines, and thus the Gospel was sent in its pioneer form to prepare the way for the missionaries. Since then the great missionary societies have taken up the work, but there are ten million persons on those islands, and it will take time and systematic effort to reach them all. There are Roman Catholics, sincere but superstitious; there are thousands more who are nominally Romanists, but are disgusted with the mercenary disposition of the friars; and besides both these classes are immense numbers who know absolutely nothing of Christ and of the Christian religion. This is a sphere that American Christians must regard as peculiarly their own.

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 26. Isa. 41: 1.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A WING OF THE VATICAN, THE POPE'S PALACE.

The Pope's Last Hours

ALL Rome was thrown into excitement on Sunday, July 5, by the news that the Pope was believed to be dying. Cardinals hurried to the Vatican as fast as horses could take them: and the Pope's relatives gathered at the bedside of the sick man. When it was seen that preparations for administering the last rites of the church were being made, here could be no doubt that the physicians had given up hope. The ceremony is described as exceedingly impressive. The central figure was the Pope, his face almost as white as the pillows on which his head rested. Only the eyes, always keen and glittering, showed that mental life was still vigorous. Around the bed were twenty-five cardinals, in their magnificent crimson robes. As the Priest Apostolic approached, the Pope feebly uttered the Confession of Faith. Then came the prayers for the passing soul. A passage was read from the Gospels, describing our Lord's crucifixion. As the last words died away, the dying man raised his almost transparent hand, and in a voice scarcely audible, gave his benediction to all present. The sobs of the Pope's nephews broke the silence that followed, and many of the aged cardinals were seen to be weeping. The ceremony appeared to give the venerable sufferer comfort, but it caused physical exhaustion. The physicians administered remedies, but it was clear that the life was flickering, and must soon go out. The Pope was ninety-three years of age, and could not be expected to survive an attack of pneumonia, which was the disease that had precipitated the crisis. The physicians did all that medical skill could suggest, but old age is a malady for which they have no cure. Deeply as Leo was beloved by all around him; profoundly as he was respected by the statesmen of Europe for his wisdom and prudence; reverenced as he was by the millions of Roman Catholics the world over—he had to learn that he must partake of the common lot, from which not even the highest dignitaries of church or State are exempt:

They truly were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death (Heb. 7: 23).

Treasure in a Barn

A Brooklyn lady received a visit recently from her widowed sister, whose home was at Fort Lee, N. J. The aged widow had been accustomed to call at long and uncertain intervals, and stay a few hours, talking over old times. She said little at any time about herself or her life, and never invited her sister to return her visit. This time, however, she seemed so feeble and ill, that her sister insisted on her staying over the night. The next morning she was worse, and a physician was summoned; but he was powerless to help her, and in a few hours she died. After her funeral her sister went to Fort Lee to see what she had left behind in her home. She discovered that the home was only a dilapidated barn, weather-beaten and paintless. The neighbors said the deceased had been living in the old structure for ten years. Going into the hay-loft, the sister was astonished to find it luxuriously and expensively furnished. There were valuable rugs, curtains, fine furniture and solid silver-ware. In the presses were brocaded silks and handsome furs. The value of the goods was estimated at fully ten thousand dollars. It is supposed that the property was left to her by her husband, who was a forty-niner, and that she could not bear to part with it. No one had seen what the barn contained, until after her death, for she had evidently, while living in the hayloft, received any callers in the bare, blank room below. Her life must have been like that of a miser secretly gloating over his wealth. She would have been a happier woman had she allowed her friends to share with her in the enjoyment of her treasures. The disposition is not unprecedented. The Preacher saw instances of it in his day:

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt (Eccles. 5: 13).

An Electrical Sea

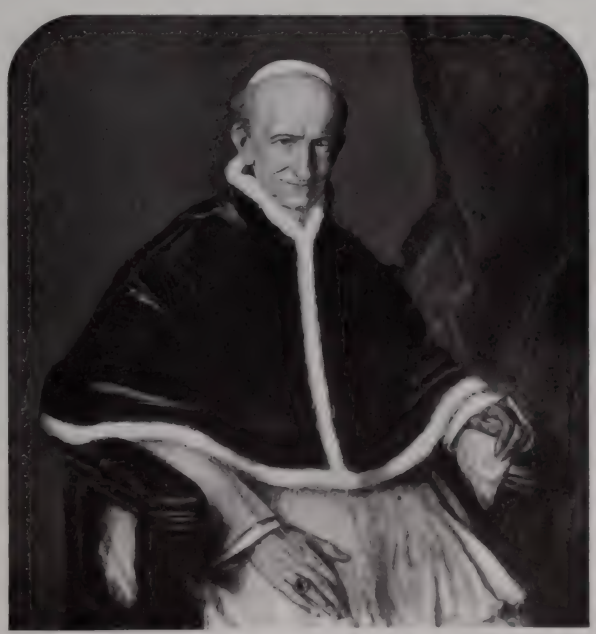
A press dispatch from Denver, Colo., to the New York *Sun*, reports an extraordinary experiment for which preparations are being made in that city. An agent of an Electric Development Company is negotiating for the conveyance of a cannon to the top of Pike's Peak, or to some other lofty mountain. He proposes, if he can achieve the ascent with the ordnance, to fire in a vertical direction, using a large magnet as a projectile. A thin wire, twenty miles in length, is to be firmly attached to the magnet, as a conductor. His belief is that the rotation of the earth on its axis at the rate of about a thousand miles an hour generates an immense store of electricity which exists above the atmosphere. He argues that if he can throw a magnet beyond the pale of gravitation that it will be drawn into the electric sea and will be retained there. Should that theory be established it is easy to see what enormous results might be expected. Power could be drawn from such a reservoir to supply all the running plants on the continent. The scheme will doubtless be ridiculed by practical scientists, but the agent is evidently in earnest, and as he points out, it is not more ridiculous than our present applications of electricity would have appeared to scientists a century ago. If there really is such a sea of electricity above our atmosphere, as the agent believes, we may be very sure that no efforts will be spared to obtain power from it. Yet the power which is most needed by our race—the power which transforms character—exists to an unlimited degree, and it may be freely obtained from above; but comparatively few seek to obtain it:

As many as received him to them, gave he power to become the sons of God (John 1: 12).

A Pest and Its Antidote

The Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., is engaged in an interesting experiment. It is hatching a few bugs which were brought from Northern China by Mr. Marlatt, one of the entomologists connected with the Department. During a recent visit to that region he noticed on the trees of a plantation the gray scale of waxy secretion known in the countries as the "San Jose scale." Mr. Marlatt recognized it only too readily, for it has involved the loss of fruit trees here worth tens of thousands of dollars. The owner of the plantation in China, however, was not worried about the pest. He told his American visitor that he could easily get rid of the pest by means of the hedgehog bugs, which like to live on the waxy secretion. Mr. Marlatt soon had an opportunity of witnessing the proof of the boast. On his next visit the waxy secretion had almost entirely disappeared, and the trees were in normal condition. Knowing the havoc wrought in America by the pest, he secured a large number of the hedgehog bugs, which he brought back with him. All of them, except twelve, died on the voyage, but the dozen survivors were at once set to work, and proved their ability to clear a tree of its destroyers, in a short time. They have been carefully preserved in cages, and are multiplying at an enormous rate. It is believed that in a short time, there will be a sufficient number for a supply to be sent to any district afflicted with the pest. When a horticulturist, whose trees are being destroyed by the pest, hears that he can obtain a remedy from Washington, how quickly he will apply for it! Unhappily there is not the same promptitude on the part of men, whose condition is far worse—men who are losing, not their property, but their souls, by the pest of sin, yet who do not seek the remedy which God has freely provided:

Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? (Jer. 8: 22).



POPE LEO XIII. IN HIS PONTIFICAL ROBES

BRIEF NOTES

A Cuban correspondent of a religious journal published in Boston, Mass., says that President Palma is a Presbyterian.

The Bible Teachers' Training School, the Rev. Wilbert W. White D.D. President, has just closed its year, having had 116 students enrolled.

Dr. George Adam Smith, the famous Biblical scholar who has been ill with typhoid fever at Cleveland, O., is reported to be improving and hopes are now entertained of his recovery.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Chicago Theological Seminary, in recognition of his earnest and influential labors as a preacher and evangelist.

Congregational churches throughout the country will regret to hear that Dr. Daniels, the efficient and indefatigable secretary of the American Board, feels it necessary to resign his office. During the past ten years he has given the Board most valuable service and his loss will be deplored.

Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, who discovered the Logia or Sayings of Christ at Oxyrhynchus in 1897, have been making a further search in the same region, and have found another fragment containing a number of sayings of Christ, some of which are contained in our Gospels. One, however, is new, and is believed to be genuine, as it is quoted by Clement. It reads, "He that wonders shall reign, and he that reigns shall rest."

The portrait of Rev. R. J. Campbell, published in this journal last week was used by the courtesy of The Pilgrim Publishing Co., of Fifth Avenue, New York. This firm are Mr. Campbell's American publishers and from them all his published sermons and books may be obtained.

The tower and bells of the cathedral in Faribault, Minn., have been dedicated by Bishop Edsall as a memorial to the late Bishop Whipple. The giants of the tower number Dr. Leonard Mich. bishop of the Diocese of Montmagny, Lord Ashburton, Secretary Hay, ex-President Cleveland and a whole village of colored folk near the bishop's winter home in Florida.

We sincerely regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Hannah D. Hume, the venerable mother of the two famous missionaries, Dr. R. A. Hume and Rev. D. S. Hume of India, who rendered valuable service during the famine in pressing upon The Christian Herald and other denominational missionary committees.

A frivolous visitor to the Fiji Islands said to a Fijian chief, "It is really a pity you have not a church as fine as those missionaries." Some months afterwards the Fijian chief's eyes flashed as he said, "Do you see that stone? I killed one victim. By and by I killed another victim. I killed one victim for each of the churches for our boasts. If you had not seen the missionaries and the Bible, you would have met the same fate."

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

We would remind those of our readers and their friends who desire to take advantage of our remarkable 12-VOLUME TWENTIETH CENTURY WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA offer, to send in their orders at the earliest possible moment. This greatest of up-to-date Encyclopædias can be had for a very limited time at $13 spot cash; on instalments of $2 a month, $14; on instalments of $1 a month $15. It contains over 75,000 complete articles, 40,000 geographical references, 12,000 biographies, 50 full-page plates and 1,000 engravings. 5,000 noted specialists were the contributors. Address Christian Herald Book Dept., 92 Bible House, New York City.

PRAY AND OBEY ❋ SAUL REJECTED AS KING

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JULY 26
I. SAMUEL 13: 23

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--I. SAMUEL 15: 22:
"TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE"

AFTER the coronation of Saul as monarch, at Gilgal, he surrounded himself with all the grandeur of a royal court, and made successful wars against his enemies. His heart seems to have been filled with pride and ambition, and he failed to obey the commandments of the Lord. He evinced great personal bravery, princely prowess and military skill, and was a tower of strength to his people and a terror to his foes; but his faith in God, which was ever weak and vacillating, failed him in the time of his prosperity, and he became vain, haughty, self-willed, self-reliant, and disobedient." These sins appear in the lesson of to-day, especially the last named. In imagination let us frame pictures that will be a panorama of the story.

The Israelites, 210,000 in number, encamped at Gilgal, a plain in sight of Jericho. They have just returned from routing the Amalekites. King Agag is King Saul's prisoner. The fattest of the cattle captured from the Amalekites are in Saul's camp. The presence of the captives, men and beasts, is a stain upon the victorious banner of King Saul in direct disobedience to God's command that none should be saved alive.

Samuel comes to the camp in Gilgal. King Saul greets him in a self-congratulatory manner, saying, "Blessed be thou of the Lord. I have performed the commandment of the Lord." In so saying, he wears the mask of a hypocrite, which Samuel quickly tears away by asking, "What, then, is the meaning of the bleating of sheep and the lowing of oxen which I hear?" The excuse is made that the animals were spared for offerings. "To obey is better than sacrifice," is Samuel's swift, strong rebuke.

Samuel is turning to leave. Saul grips his mantle, and it is torn, as Samuel endeavors to pull away. Samuel turns and says, "So has the Lord rent your kingdom." Saul acknowledges that he has sinned, and begs Samuel to stay with him while he offers a sacrifice to God. Samuel yields to his request.

The headless body of King Agag lies upon the ground, Samuel having executed the death sentence of God, and gone to his home. Saul is in his tent, with head bowed upon his hands, in bitter remorse for the disobedience by which he has forfeited his crown.

Illustration and Application

In this lesson there are several secondary truths, such as covetousness *versus* contentment, and modern "sacrifices"; but the heart of the lesson—a lesson for all ages—is that God will not accept praying as a substitute for obeying, nor giving as a substitute for living. There is danger that in Bible classes time will be wasted in a long debate on the question whether Samuel might not have been mistaken when he said to Saul, that God had ordered the extermination of the corrupt Amalekites and their cattle. The sentimentality of to-day, which lacks the blood and iron of a strong sense of justice and a strong hatred of impurity, hesitates to believe in the divine surgery of the Old Testament, by which a race that had become a cancer was sometimes cut out of the world. Such judgments present difficulties, but so does the pestilence which carries off the children of the guilty, and even some others who are innocent, in a wholesale natural retribution for violated natural laws. Confessedly, Saul disobeyed what he believed to be the command of God.

The kernel we need to get out of the story as quickly as possible, not lingering on the threads of the historic husk, is that when a command of God comes clearly to one from the Bible, or from conscience, or from those who as rulers or parents are truly acting as God's deputies, nothing can take the place of obedience—neither half obedience, nor forms of worship, nor gifts. The old sacrifices were prayers and gifts combined, and both Saul was ready to offer God as substitutes for obedience. And in this many in our own time are wonderfully like him. We naturally think first of the man who gets rich by disobedience to divine and human laws, who seeks to deceive God and himself and the people as to his real character, by making large gifts to religion and charity and education. He often seems to succeed in deceiving himself and the people, but this lesson assures us that with God nothing a man can give can take the place of the brotherly motto, "live and let live." Other cases come readily to mind of those who seek by heaping flowers on coffin lids to atone for the wrongs that hurried the gray heads below in sorrow to the grave. The Pharisees who devoured widows' houses and yet—perhaps therefore—made long prayers, are not all extinct, though we believe they are rare. Those who criticize Christians for not living as they pray, are themselves guilty of Saul's sin if they are refusing to obey Christ's command to confess him before men, and at the same time are "saying their prayers" every night as a sort of charm or offset to their disobedience. Hypocrisy is lack of accord between theory and practice either way. To profess religion and not possess it is hypocrisy; but so is the reverse course. "Be what you seem," but also seem what you are.

Obedience is the great lesson to teach, and none need it more than the children of this age, when "personal liberty" is exaggerated and personal responsibility minimized.

* * *

When Jacob had been long in Haran, God commanded him to return to Palestine. The wrong he had done to his brother Esau, now a mighty chief with hundreds of followers, made him raise the question with his wife Rachel, whether it would be really prudent and safe to do what God required. It looks absurd in him to many who are raising the same infidel question every day. But Rachel, with a good woman's swift intuition, would not reason about such a matter. She said without hesitation: "Whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do." And almost the same words came in New Testament times from another "blessed among women." At the marriage in Cana, when the wine gave out, Mary, the mother of Jesus, instinctively felt he would some way meet the want, and went among the servants to say: "Whatsoever He hath said unto you, do it." Ananias and Sapphira illustrate the dark side of the lesson—Saul's side, as they come to the apostles, pretending to give all they have, in order to win applause for great piety and generosity. Reputation is what men and women think of us; character, what God knows of us. And they prized both reputation and money more than character, to their own ruin in both worlds. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." An insincere prayer, or a gift that seems to be offered to God, but is really only the purchase price of human applause, is but a form of profanity and sacrilege. "Lord, make us real!"

What is it like in the Bible?

* * *

How nature, in all its "kingdoms," teaches obedience to law! Everything follows the law of its being steadily except the human race. Man continually tries to break law, but he cannot really break it, though it often breaks him. In violating God's laws, he collides with the universe to his own overthrow. How Saul was finally brought down from his high estate by harboring the hidden, and, perhaps, at first, the little sin of covetousness, is illustrated by the following incident from natural history. Some shepherds once saw an eagle soar out from a crag. It flew majestically far up into the sky, but by-and-by it became unsteady in its motions, and began to waver in its flight. At length, one wing dropped, then the other. The poor bird struggled vainly for a moment, and then fell swiftly to the ground. The shepherds sought the fallen bird, and found that a little serpent had fastened itself upon it while it rested on the crag. The eagle did not know that the serpent was there. But the reptile wound its lithe body around the wings of the eagle, and gradually tightened its grip while the proud monarch was sweeping through the air, and the eagle came reeling down into the dust—a picture of Saul's fall and of many like it.

What is it like in Nature?

OBEY { your parents, your rulers, God.

* * *

One day a teacher was trying to teach the children that God wanted us all to do just the work he gives us, though often it seems very small and insignificant. She told them she was going to ask them, every one, to do something for her. "I want you each," she said, "to write out one short text for me on these little cards," showing them some about the size of a lady's visiting card.

What is it like in Common life?

"Oh, we can all easily do that," they said.

SAMUEL REPROVING SAUL

"Well, let them be well done, dears," said the good old lady, "for I want to keep them in remembrance of you for many a day. Just one text written on a card, and please bring them to me this day week."

After school there were various comments on the old lady's request. The squire's youngest son said: "I'll write her out a whole Psalm, and get father to have it nicely framed." "And I," said a little girl, "shall write on some ornamental cards, and make them up with cherry-colored ribbon." "And I will buy a pretty little book, and write some texts in it," said another. On the Monday following, when they gathered as usual in the pretty cottage, the walls of which were covered with roses and woodbine, various parcels were presented to the lady. She opened one after another, but the words of pleasure which the children expected were not spoken. Almost the last parcel to be opened was a tiny one, containing only one of the cards she had given the children, with simply a text written on it.

"Janie," the teacher said to a quiet and rather poorly dressed young girl, "I see that you alone have done just what I asked you. All these presents are very pretty, but not at all what I wanted. Now, my children, you will be surprised to hear that your old teacher is going to America. I am going to join my nephews and nieces there, and I wanted to take some small remembrance of each of you with me, and meant to put all these cards in this little ivory box. This beautiful frame, and the basket, made of separate pieces of cardboard, I could not pack and take all the way to America. Janie did just what I wanted, and her work only, you see, fits the place for which I wanted it. 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.'"

It is a strange fact that with increased reverence for natural law, due to the advance of science, there has come a decreased regard for higher moral and civil laws, due to the excessive emphasis on personal liberty, in the age of democracy.

* * *

Amid the gloomy pines of Chancellorsville Stonewall Jackson had surprised the Eleventh Corps, and was driving it in utter rout. Not a Federal musket was in sight save such as were being borne to the rear as fast as frightened legs could carry them. Six hundred men remained to meet the victorious rush of twenty thousand. Suddenly out in front of the guns rode General Pleasanton, and paused where Major Keenan sat with his three hundred cavalry. "Major," he said, "you must charge into the woods with your men, and hold the enemy in check until I get these guns aligned and shotted. You must do it at all cost. The reply came quick and hard, "It is just the same, General, as saying, 'You must be killed,' but, General, I will do it!" O, what a scene that was! I wish we had some American Tennyson to immortalize that charge. Three hundred horsemen, with deep spurs and flashing sabres, flying at the throat of twenty thousand! Nobody had blundered; somebody must die for the army, that was all! Then every man died in his stirrups. But they died not in vain. The few minutes gained for the gunners saved the day, for the batteries had meanwhile been double-shotted, and not even Jackson's veterans could stand such raking fire.

What Is It Like in History?

Soldierly obedience is even harder to give when the peril is less in the daily routine of life. General Grant, in his last illness, took his medicine just as and when the doctor ordered it, in an unquestioning obedience unusual among the sick of our day, which it is thought, considerably prolonged his life.

Let us not glorify war, but let us learn its one great quality of unquestioning obedience—

> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why.

The whole lesson might be taught on the outline: God's justice in a double trial. The (1) indictment, (2) trial, (3) sentence, (4) execution, first of Amalek, second of Saul.

* * *

CONTENTMENT.—A king said to a poor boy that served him in some way at a hotel: "Well boy, what do you do, and what do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the king; "I have no more."

Gleanings

* * *

MODERN SACRIFICES.—A French surgeon, who was on duty in the late war between France and Germany, tells of a soldier who offered to God a true "sacrifice," in the modern sense, and of the sort Isaiah extolled, in contrast to such heartless sacrifices as that of Saul (Isa. 1: 11-28). On the 8th of October the chloroform began to give out at Metz. A few local druggists had tried to make it; but the product was not fit for use, and the real article was scarce. At the temporary hospital of the redoubt, where I was on duty, we had very little left. As we did not know how long the siege might yet last, it was our urgent duty to be sparing with it. On the morning after the fight at Ladouchamps, there was a terrible influx of wounded, and we had our hands full. A chasseur of the guard is brought into the operating room with his hand badly shattered. It is found necessary to take off the bone to which the little finger is attached. The man comes in on foot, still holding fast his gun which he carries slung over his back. "Well, my good friend, we shall have to have a bit of an operation." "I know it, major; that is what I'm here for." "Would you like to be made insensible?" "Oh dear, yes. I've suffered so much all night I don't think I could stand it." "Are you very particular about it?" "Why, is it very scarce now—that stuff that puts you to sleep?" "We have scarcely any left." The chasseur reflected a moment in silence; then, suddenly: "Well, keep it for those who have to lose legs or arms; but be quick." He put his thin blue cravat, stiff bloody, in his mouth, lay down and held on his hand. The operation over, the question was asked, "Did it hurt you much?" "Yes, but what can you do? we poor fellows must help one another." With such sacrifice God is well pleased.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Thing of Cheer

IT is the greatest pity that religion, in many minds, is regarded as a thing of gloom. Long faces, sombre expressions, woful sighs, lowered tones, every cadence suggestive of a vale of tears, are supposed to be the appropriate accompaniments of piety. A Christian family, it is fancied, must be exceedingly sober, even sorrowful and serious to the point of repression of all natural gayety; while the Christian home is a place to flee from and shun. All this is a mistake. No house in the wide world should be so full of mirth, of fun, of honest, sparkling and infectious gayety, as a house wherein Christ's love ever abides. No person in the wide world has a right to be so happy and to look so happy, clear through every experience and every vicissitude as the Christian. Religion is a thing of cheer. Heaven is a grand city of many mansions "conjubilant with song." Heaven's light and heaven's melody and heaven's sweetness are outpoured upon earth, wherever there is aspiration and endeavor of souls redeemed and grateful, and aware that they are saved by grace. In the individual life, religion should mean strength, courage, serenity, and a gladness bubbling up from an unseen spring. In the household, religion should mean peace, amity, self-denial of each for the rest, an altruism that is tersely condensed in the Pauline phrase, "in honor preferring one another." The merriment of children, the joy of life, the fullness of satisfaction, the radiance of contentment should be wherever there is pure religion and undefiled. For it is, first of all, a thing of cheer.

The Christian has God's warrant that whatever may happen, he will be carried safely through it. "As thy day, thy strength shall be," "Underneath are the everlasting arms." He has Christ's injunction to take no anxious thought concerning the morrow. People talk as though not to worry was a bit of modern philosophy, but it is as old as our Father's care, our Elder Brother's love. The Christian has a song in his soul, let the surface agitations of life be what they may. Anchored forever his hope is within the veil. Beyond him are the golden hills of heaven. Around him is an atmosphere of heaven's own light. Religion is a thing of cheer.

Unnoted Heroes

In one day lately, two policemen of New York performed acts of heroism as if duty were their guiding star. One man dived three times for a drowning child, then, breathless and panting and soaked to the skin, ran with his unconscious burden to the hospital. "Here he is; work over him quick!" he cried out to the surgeon, and reported the case to his sergeant as "a boy pulled out of the water." Another brave man jumped between an incoming ferry-boat and the dock, to save a drowning man. All honor to these magnificent heroes who make no sign, but simply do their day's work so grandly.

The Bright Side

"But what if there isn't any?"

"But there always is, you know."

"I'm not sure. Often you can't see it."

"That's because it's the upper side. The darkest cloud is apt to have its silver lining and to hide a sunlit sky."

The friends passed on, talking eagerly. The unseen loiterer, who had heard their bit of chat, wondered if the cheery old lady whose optimism had kept her face so fresh and her eyes behind her spectacles so bright, was right or wrong. And the longer the loiterer considered, the deeper became a conviction that the old lady had gotten hold of a great and beautiful truth. There's always a bright side, let our experiences of pain and grief be what they may. No experience of ours misses its reckoning as a part of God's plan in our lives. No chastening for the present is joyous. Yet chastening means development and, in the end, breadth, gladness, strength and power are its outcome. After the morning, swift paces the dawn light. There is always a bright side. Not always is it the earth-side though. The bright side may be in heaven.

A Royal Lady's Perfumed Robes

We are told that her Majesty Queen Alexandra has the drawers of her bureaus and wardrobes thickly strewn with rose petals, over a lining of white tissue paper. Her clothing is laid between layers of rose leaves, a covering of tissue paper on top, and the drawer closed tightly on all that fragrance. Powdered orris root spread upon paper and laid in drawers and closets perfumes the clothing of many an American queen. A delicate, elusive perfume is a sign of gentle breeding, but heavy, lingering odors, however sweet, are indicative of coarseness. Dressmakers often send gowns home with tiny sachet bags fastened in folds of the skirt or tucked into the corsage. Perfumes are wholesome and to some extent serve an antiseptic purpose.

This is the Friend of the Family

This? What? Why, any sort of food that does not need to be cooked. There are cereals of many varieties which, in these summer days, may be put on the table just as they are, eaten cold with cream and sugar, or served with fruit. Make your cup of coffee, and you have an excellent meal at no special trouble or pains. These modern inventions are certainly friendly to families, and a great help to busy housemothers.

OFFSHORE FISHERS

Offshore and away to the deep blue sea,
Where the bread of the children awaits their toil;
Offshore, and glad will the children be,
When the men sail home with the shining spoil.

Correct Speech

To be grammatically correct is one thing, to be slovenly in speech is another. Beware of slurring your words, of dropping your final g's, of running your sentences along an inclined plane so that the last word is lost in mystery. Cultivate the rising inflection at the end of every sentence. Do not use baby talk when your little tots begin to speak. Small children appreciate parental love-making in good English, quite as much as they do idiocy in broken Choctaw.

Table Manners

Teach the little one table manners as soon as she is old enough to hold a spoon. Nothing forms a completer dividing line between well-bred and ill-bred persons than manners at table. Eating in company is not merely for gratification of appetite. It is in some sort a festival, and should be so regarded.

DAISY-TIME

Daisies in the summer fields,
Tossing like the wave;
Daisies in the pasture land,
Daisies bright and brave.
Million-fold and white and gold,
Lo! the daisies shine.
And the poorest child may say,
"All this wealth is mine."

Writing Compositions

THE clever school boys and girls of New York have lately been writing compositions in rivalry for the prize offered by a daily newspaper. Among the young competitors, eager to secure medals or premiums of money were children of many lands, one little winner indeed being a lad of Chinese birth, whose essay compared most favorably with those written by boys of Occidental races. A glance at the names of the children who wrote compositions, revealed the cosmopolitan character of New York, for those names included every shade of foreign extraction from Russian Jew to Italian or Neapolitan or Polish strain, as well as many names that were unmistakably American.

No exercise is more educational than this of writing out what one sees or fancies or reads about, in good English. Children enjoy it unconsciously if allowed to take for their theme a subject on which they have some information. It brings into play spelling, grammatical construction, neatness of style and simplicity of language. A teacher whose class in composition does her credit has taught her pupils to think as well as to write, has done much toward disciplining their minds, quite as much as if she had succeeded in giving them great proficiency in mathematics or history.

Boys and Purity

"We all have to change our residence to another part of the city," said a man, lately, as he was discussing with his wife some problems of home importance. "Arthur cannot be suffered to drift into intimacy with the Bonner boys."

The father had satisfied himself that the Bonner boys were morally neglected. He was doing the right thing in taking his son from that neighborhood.

That a boy should be kept pure in heart, should be sedulously preserved from the least contact with anything depraved, is necessary to his future health, vigor, and clean manhood. Therefore, parents should watch their boys' associations, be extremely careful what their boys read, and, without seeming to do so, exercise a wise supervision over their playtime as well as their school-time. Surreptitious card-playing and furtive cigarette-smoking are the first steps to ruin in the life of many a boy.

It is a safeguard for a boy to have pleasant companionship with nice, well-brought up girls, and the boy who meets his sister's friends on terms of agreeable companionship is better off and likely to be freer from temptation of a gross kind, than the boy who seldom meets girls, and is shy and ill at ease in their society. Outdoor sports, in which both sexes compete on an equality, are excellent in their effect on boys as well as on girls, and this not only in the physical realm, but also in the realm of the moral and spiritual.

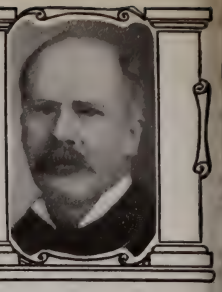
The Week's End Visit

In these busy days, a gracious manifestation of hospitality is the week's end visit. He or she who has a home in the suburbs, or in the green peaceful country, remote from city stir and noise, may invite a friend or two to come from Friday till Monday, or from Saturday till Monday. The Saturday half holiday is no longer exceptional, and most business houses give their employees a chance for relief then. A clerk or stenographer, or anybody else who is busy all the week, is very grateful for a week's end visit. If it can begin on Friday, then a whole Saturday is at the guest's disposal, preferably for outdoor exercise. A hostess need not be worried about her visitors and their enjoyment, if she can give them the freedom of garden and field, if she may let them play tennis or golf, ride, drive, or row a boat or even lounge on a veranda. The Sabbath should not be considered. Guests do not wish to be excused from keeping step with the family, attending church, and getting the sweet enjoyment of a Sabbath in the country affords to mind and body. When Monday morning dawns, see that breakfast is early on the table, and speed the parting guest that he may reach his office in good season.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS."



CHAPTER II.—Continued

IN the afternoon he closed up the office at three o'clock and went out for a walk. He wanted to think a little outdoors. There was a stream near the town with a fringe of woods on the banks. He walked down to a spot where a small ravine entered this fringe of trees, and sat down at the foot of an old elm.

As he sat there he realized that his dreaming days were over and that his active life work had begun. The president's prayer recurred to him. There had been one or two phrases in the prayer that stuck in his mind. "Make us brave to begin and patient to keep on." "Grant this son of thine a vision of real value so that he may not be afraid to lose those things that are not worth keeping at the expense of the things that are of eternal worth." "If the time comes when he is tempted to throw away his ideal, remind him, Lord, of that One who chose a cross instead of a crown."

He got up from the foot of the elm and slowly walked down the ravine until he reached the stream. He followed that for a mile or more, quietly reviewing his experience and measuring his opportunities. He was not conscious of any remarkable feeling, or of any unusual revolution of spiritual help, but when quite late in the afternoon he found himself back in his little room, he was calmly confident of his course, and in a certain defined way that was more satisfactory to him than a more positive exaltation, he felt assured of continuance and stability in the policy he had deliberately outlined. He read his daily Bible passage, and offered his evening prayer with a cheerful faith in the power of right, that was in one true sense, the nearest approach he had ever known to a personal communion with God.

The next morning, according to his promise, he went with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards to the First Methodist Church to hear Mr. Vernon.

When the preacher began the service, Douglas felt disappointed. His disappointment was evidently shared by the unusually large congregation. The church was filled, and the people were even standing in the back part of the house. But as the service went on, Douglas began to experience a change of feeling. The preacher was a very plain, unattractive man, about forty years old, with a voice which was not very well trained, and a manner which at times was so awkward as to be painful. When he reached the place of the sermon in the service, he stepped out from behind the pulpit and said abruptly:

"My text this morning is the whole Bible."

"His text is bigger than his sermon," muttered Mr. Edwards to Douglas. But it was at this point that Douglas and every one else began to get interested, and lose the first feeling of disappointment.

"Brothers and sisters, to tell the whole truth, I didn't want to come here," the preacher began, after his announcement of his text. "I have just been having a five years' fight with the devil over the saloon in Leander, and we had licked him out of that town, and I wanted to rest a little while. But I got my appointment to come here, where the same old devil is at the same old stand, and it almost discouraged me at first when I heard of my appointment, for I felt as if I had earned a rest after those five years; but the Lord and the bishop thought otherwise, and here I am; and now that I am here, I am going to love all of you people, and do my best to have you love me. I won't ask you to love me for my good looks, for that would be asking too much; but if you can overlook any failings in that direction, I will try to do the same in your case. If I were a member of this church, I would want to have my minister be very frank and honest at the very start; not keep anything back, nor try to please everybody, and I am going to outline in brief what I believe we all ought to practice. That is the reason I chose the Bible for my text. It contains the whole duty of man. And if what I say this morning offends anyone, I hope you will remember the Bible has said it all these years; and if you are offended, you are not being offended at my words, but at the Word of God. It is his truth that I am going to give you."

He then went on rapidly to choose a number of verses from the Bible which, he said, were fundamental, and represented his thought of the preaching that the times demanded. Douglas was interested in it all, and especially in one part, when he mentioned the saloon again. The congregation had all lost the indifferent and disappointed air that had marked it, and was now thoroughly interested and aroused.

"Among other things that I am going to do while pastor of this church, by the grace of God, is to preach and pray and work for the removal of the saloon and the gambling-house in this town. I see no more reason for licensing the saloon than for licensing a place where men are allowed to burn so many houses every year for so much a year, or steal so many pairs of shoes at so much a year, or assault so many people at so much a year. The saloon has no more right to be licensed than a counterfeiter's den. It is evil, and only evil, and as such I believe the church ought to fight it. That is what I intend to do, and that is what I want every member of this church to do. Let me read you a letter."

He took a paper out of his pocket and began to read. The stillness all over the house was painful as the reading went on.

"I received this in my mail last night. I venture to say it is only the first out of a large number that will reach me before I have been here six months.

"'MR. VERNON:

"'*Dear Sir:* I write you concerning my boy, who has just left the farm to go to Colby. I've heard of your fight against the saloon in Leander, and how you succeeded in driving it out, and I read in the paper that you are going to Colby, and I don't know anybody in Colby, so these are the reasons I am writing this letter to you. My boy is seventeen years old; he got tired of the farm life and begged to go into town. A neighbor's boy, who is a clerk there, got him a place in a hardware store in Colby, and I fixed up the boy's trunk, and he left us two weeks ago. He's written me twice since, but I learned from my neighbors only yesterday, that their boy and mine had been going into the saloons in Colby. O, sir, if you can know what that means to me, you would not wonder that I am writing this letter. The boy is not bad. But he is weak and easily led. I have no friend or acquaintance in Colby, or I would write them, instead of troubling you, a stranger. But will you not do something for me for my boy? God knows his father fought the drink for twenty years, and, finally gave up, and died in a drunken spree. Then I sold what few things we had, and with the help of my brother secured the little farm on which I am now living, and moved out here with my children. I had a terror of the city or the town where the saloon was licensed, and I wanted my children to grow up where the temptation would not reach them. When Frank, that's my boy, began to get restless, and I saw he was unhappy on the farm, I knew it would do no good to try to force him to stay here, and I prayed with every stitch I took on his clothes, and, as I packed his trunk, my supplication was, 'O, my Father, if you are good, and, if you hear prayer, keep my boy safe.' We are very poor, and I have been more or less of an invalid all my life. I am writing this as I sit up in my bed. I have two beautiful children—a girl nineteen years old, who does the work in the house, and a noble son, twenty-two years old, who manages the little farm. Frank is my baby. My brother, if you or your church people can reach my boy and get him under Christian influences, won't you do it? For the sake of Christ, won't you do something? It's asking a good deal and putting a heavy burden on one, who, I have no doubt, is already carrying a great load, but I do not know where else to turn for help. As you love God and believe in Christ, help save my boy, and a mother's blessing will be yours as long as you live.'"

Mr. Vernon looked up from the reading of this letter, and for a moment the stillness was unbroken, while every eye was fixed on the plain, but honest, face of the preacher. Then he said in a low voice, while the people in the rear of the church leaned forward intently to listen:

"Do you wonder that there are some people in this country who are called fanatics and cranks by the politicians and the respectable drinkers, and the indifferent church members who never bear any one's burdens? Do you wonder that some of us have no other remedy for an institution like the saloon except its termination? Is there any other business known to the human race that deliberately, for the sake of money, in cold blood, makes its living out of the broken hearts of mothers, and the ruined souls of boys like these? Is it any wonder that some of us are ready to pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor in a war against this tyranny, which is greater and more insolent and unbearable than the tyranny of any king or monarch known to history. And will this church answer this letter, or will you tell me how to answer it? Shall I write this woman, politely telling her we cannot do anything, and that the saloon is a legally licensed institution, and is here to stay, and we are sorry, but the boy must learn to resist temptation, and so grow strong? We will invite him to church and Sunday School, and welcome him into our League, but as for removing the saloon, that is beyond our power. What do you advise? It's only a boy from the country. It's true, his mother's heart out on that lonesome farm is agonizing over him, but what will Colby do for money to pay for its running expenses; for the salaries of its school-teachers, and the improvements of the new park? For all these things are paid out of the saloon license. But I don't ask this church to answer this letter for me. I have no doubt as to the answer, and I say right here, as we meet for the first time in the relation of pastor and people, that when I answer this letter to-morrow, I shall tell that woman that the church in Colby will do its utmost to save her boy, and I shall add, that as for myself, I shall never cease, during my stay here in this town, to fight this institution with all the strength God has given me until, by his grace and the efforts of all those who believe as I do, the saloon is exterminated from Colby forever!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 603

"THE RUSTLE OF APPLAUSE ROSE INTO A VIGOROUS HAND-CLAPPING"

Copyright, 1903, by Charles M. Sheldon

One Day *with our* Waifs *at* Mont-Lawn

THIS charming little unconventional sketch of the typical happenings of a day at Mont-Lawn, is from the pen of a member of House-mother Collins' staff of teacher-assistants. We believe it will interest many readers.

Towards evening the teachers are called to their post of duty by the approaching peals of laughter and merriment of the latest delegation of arrivals, and exclamations are heard in various tones and pitches: "Oh! isn't this nice?" "How long are we going to stay?" "I want to stay a month." "I want to stay all summer!"

LITTLE POSY-GATHERERS OF WILD FLOWERS

How they scramble out of the carriages, and, running into the tent where supper is awaiting them, deposit their bundles in rather a tumbled heap. One of the teachers inquires how each will ever find his or her own bundle; and another teacher, who had been there before, answers, with a twinkle in her eye, "Wait, and you will soon see."

Then their enjoyment in partaking of the food, and their request, "More bread! More bread," for which they seem to have an unlimited capacity!

It is with hearts of rejoicing that we greet the groups that come to us each day, who come from the din and dirt of the city into God's green fields, invigorating air and extended freedom.

As I write, the merry shouts of children are heard from every nook and corner of Mont-Lawn, where day and night alternately spread out a changeful succession of wonders for these young eyes to look upon; where the grass is green and the sky blue, that the young feet may find soft resting-places, and the young head a beautiful roof over it.

Every day will be a new discovery and every night will receive into its dreams some new object from the world of sights and sounds, which teach of the omnipresence of our Heavenly Father. Nature surrounds her children with invisible teachers and makes even their play a training for the highest duty—that of glorifying our Lord and Master. The young feet have come to the very threshold of the temple, and may all the hearts who guide, pulsate with the love of Christ who gave his life that these little ones might be saved.

While the children are gleaning lessons from nature, the teachers have great opportunities of studying human nature. Here we see the little lame boy carried about by the teachers and the "little mothers" who have younger sisters or brothers to take care of. One "little mother" cries out, "Oh, he's run away from me!" A little girl writes home asking them just to "please send me one penny." In many cases the tragical and humorous are very closely connected. Another "little mother," about eleven years old, undressing a younger brother, discovers that a brother in another dormitory has their night dresses. She asks if she may go to her brother. She goes, but comes back, saying, "I can't find him." The teacher, "Did you look for him?" Little girl, "I looked in beds, in the chapel. He's lost." She goes to another dormitory with the teacher, and at the call of the name "John McGraw," a blond haired boy pops up his head, and the little girl, like the irate mother who has found a lost child, vents her anxiety in a forceful manner, and exclaims, "I won't bring you again."

Another, who has her stockings tightly tied on with strings that have gotten into a hard knot, asks if she cannot leave them on. The teacher says they must be taken off, as the circulation will be hindered. The little girl replies, "Yes, she might have bad dreams."

One lovely morning our children were awakened by a chorus of birds and children's voices, and a sentence came floating in through the windows from the fields: "Johnnie, I've found a blackberry." The children spent the greater part of that morning making daisy chains and adorning the teachers and themselves. In the afternoon Dr. Klopsch, who is beloved by the children, visited the Home and entered into various sports with the little folks. He again visited them Sunday afternoon and gave a very interesting and helpful talk.

Many are the odd sayings of the children. On a rainy day, one little girl, who had got her feet wet, said she must take off her shoes and stockings, because "her brother died of ammonia on account of wet feet."

The children are delighted with the flower-beds on the lawn, which are laid out in symmetrical designs—as stars, crescents, diamonds, etc.—and look forward with enjoyment to the process of planting and taking care of a bed, appointed to a designated group under the supervision of a teacher.

Plenty of good food, downy cots, and loving care, will be their portion. Best of all, they will be brought under ennobling influences, and taught of a Heavenly Father's mercy and loving care for them. May they acquire such a love for the right, that their lives may be made nobler and brighter by their visit to Mont-Lawn.

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE

God's Demand on all His Servants

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

GOD gave Saul a crowning opportunity to carry out his purposes of utter destruction upon the Amalekites, who had attacked Israel when they came out of Egypt (Ex. 17: 8-16.) And Saul took Agag, the king of the Amalekites, alive, and utterly destroyed all the people with the edge of the sword. But Saul and the people spared Agag, and the best of the sheep and of the oxen, and of the fatlings and the lambs, and all that was good, and would not utterly destroy them; but everything that was vile and refuse, that they destroyed utterly.

It was not obedience; it was not true service: therefore it was disobedience and rebellion. God is a strict Master: if he is not obeyed to the letter, it is not obedience at all. "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James 2: 10.) And now, while Saul is all unconscious of it, Samuel is called into God's council chamber, that he may speak to him of Saul. "It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king," were the solemn words spoken in that holy moment by God to his prophet, while King Saul was exulting in his success, "for he is turned back from following me, and hath not performed my commandments." And Samuel did not say what many have said, "It is just as I expected," for Samuel had prayed for Saul, and you cannot pray for anyone without loving him. "It grieved Samuel, and he cried unto the Lord all night."

And from that night of prayer Samuel arose to go and meet Saul; and when he found him, for he had to follow him to Gilgal, Saul, inflated with his success, saluted him with the words, "Blessed be thou of the Lord, I have performed the commandment of the Lord." What meaneth then," was the stern rejoinder, "this bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the oxen in mine ears?" And Saul, like Adam at the time of the fall, sought to shirk the responsibility by putting it upon the people. David sought to shield his people (II. Sam. 24: 17), for he was kingly; but such kingship was not in the man who was the people's choice, and he was ready to throw them over whenever it suited him. "They have brought them from the Amalekites... the people spared," etc., implying that he had nothing to do with it. Where was his authority? Samuel was not to be deceived: he came from the presence of the Lord, where all is transparent, and he spoke with the authority of God. No question of the people; thou art the king, and the responsibility is thine, and Saul again asserted his own obedience and again blamed the people, explaining that the sheep and oxen were reserved for sacrifice. "And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. . . . Because thou hast rejected the Word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king." From this time Saul was no longer king in God's eyes. The first requisite for a king is to know how to obey him who has permitted him to be king.

Saul now owned that he had sinned, but there was no brokenness of heart: he did not turn to God, but only asked pardon of Samuel, whom he entreated to turn with him and worship the Lord. Samuel knew that Saul could not, with an unbroken heart, offer worship which would be acceptable to the Lord, and he refused. Then Saul laid hold of the skirt of Samuel's mantle and it rent, and Samuel said unto him, "The Lord hath rent the kingdom from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbor of thine that is better than thee." It was the second disobedience of Saul, and this time it might not be forgiven. Like many children of God as well as many unsaved people, Saul was quite willing to serve God, but in his own way, making exception where he chose.

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THE ROMANCE OF A DYNASTY

Continued From Page 591

THE MILITARY GUARDING THE ROYAL PALACE AT BELGRADE

Servia, true to old habits, turned her eyes in the emergency to the old dynasty. When Alexander Karagorgevitch abdicated in 1858, his son Peter, then a boy twelve years old, accompanied him into retirement. He had been educated in France, and had won distinction fighting in the French army, in the Franco-Prussian War. He bore a good character, and had the confidence both of Russia and Austria. He it is, who has now undertaken the difficult task of rehabilitating the country.

King Peter's arrival in his capital, on June 24, was made the occasion of popular enthusiasm. He wore the uniform of a Servian general, and looked grave, and almost nervous, as he descended from his car amid a fanfare of trumpets. He shook hands with the premier, M. Avakumovics, who ended a speech of welcome with calling for cheers for King Peter, to which the crowd responded loudly. His Majesty read his answer to the premier's welcome in somewhat low tones, thanking him, and promising to do his utmost for the good of the kingdom.

He expressed his pleasure at again coming to Servia after forty-five years' absence from his beloved fatherland, and added that his soul was filled with gratitude to God, and with a consciousness of the duties that awaited him as king. He then thanked the ministers for having fulfilled their duties to the fatherland as the interests of the country demanded. He was happy to have an opportunity of expressing his gratitude for their services.

The presentation of the ministers followed. Colonel Machin, Minister of Public Works and brother-in-law of Queen Draga, who took a leading part in the assassinations, wore full uniform and all his decorations.

King Peter throughout the presentations was extremely grave. He did not speak a word and did not smile, but simply shook hands with those who were presented to him. The introductions were followed by the traditional picturesque ceremony of the offering of bread and salt by the Mayor of Belgrade.

An immense torchlight procession took place in the evening in addition to the illumination of the city. When the procession reached the new Konak, the king's appearance on the balcony, surrounded by the ministers, was greeted with a tremendous outburst of cheering from a dense mass of people gathered in front of the palace.

It was obvious to all that the king was not elated by his elevation to the throne. The gravity of his demeanor, and the paucity of his utterances, showed that he fully appreciated the difficulties of his position.

WAR on IMPURE LITERATURE

IN these days, when the printing press is turning out such a vast product, it is necessary, especially for the sake of the young and inexperienced, that a vigilant watch should be kept on that product, to guard against the introduction in homes, schools and colleges, of impure literature. This is the special mission of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, of which Mr. Anthony Comstock is founder and General Manager. That Society, by the seizure and wholesale destruction of large quantities of immoral books and pictures, and by the prosecution and conviction of the men engaged in that infamous traffic, is rendering most valuable service to every Christian and law-abiding home in the nation.

Do you wish to help this Society? If so, write to Mr. Comstock, with a generous contribution, or you may send to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. You will be doing real missionary work, and your act may be the means of saving somebody's son or daughter from contamination.

Concerning his work, Mr. Comstock himself writes:

"During the past year 116 arrests have been made by the Society's officers, 9 convictions secured, and over 2 tons of impure literature, pictures, etc., seized and destroyed. Summing up the entire record of the Society for the Suppression of Vice since it began in 1872, it has made 2,654 arrests and seized 84 tons of matter, the latter including books, papers, prints, negatives, electro-plates, type, steel and copper-plate engravings, woodcuts, circulars, letters, names and addresses, lottery and pool tickets."

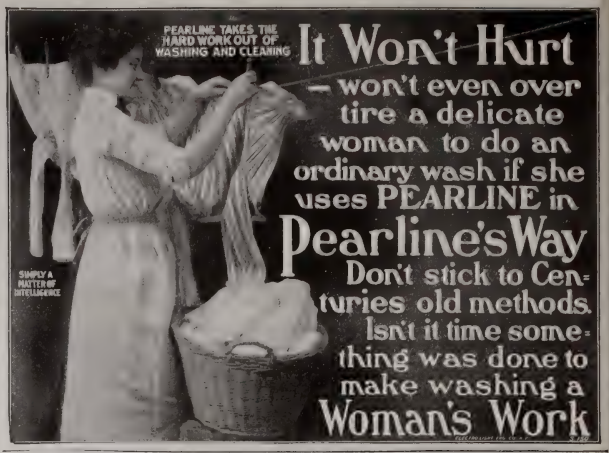
The South American Field*

A Neglected Sphere in Which Missionary Efforts are Needed

ONE result which it may most earnestly be hoped will come of the present revival of interest in the cause of missions, is a resolute and systematic effort to evangelize South America. Though the field is so vast and though it is so near to us, less has been done for it by the American church than for Africa, China or India. In Brazil, with its eighteen million inhabitants, there are only some sixty missionaries, if so many. In Venezuela about ten; in Peru, with five million population, there was until a few years ago only one missionary. In Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile, Argentina, Colombia and Bolivia, mission work is barely commenced. It is estimated that in the whole continent, with a population of about sixty millions, the entire missionary force is not more than three hundred.

Probably one reason for the neglect of this needy field is the fact that it is nominally Christian. The Romish Church has been there for centuries, but it is a question whether the influence of heathenism has not corrupted the church more than the church has affected heathenism. It was recently stated by a missionary in that field, that intelligent Roman Catholics repudiate the Catholicism that is taught in the churches and schools, and that many of them prefer to attend the Protestant churches. Certain it is, that when the missionary goes among the people, he finds them ignorant and superstitious, and ready to welcome pure Gospel teaching. The Indians, especially, are utterly without Christian knowledge, no systematic attempt to reach them having been made. In the larger cities and in rural districts in which the Roman Catholic Church is powerful, there is fierce opposition to the Protestant missionary; but when he can reach the people he finds a ready and even enthusiastic reception for his message. Rev. R. J. Young and his wife, whose work in Brazil has frequently been described in this journal, report most hopefully of missionary prospects in that land, and testify to the readiness of the people to receive the Gospel.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for July 26. Luke 21:25-32.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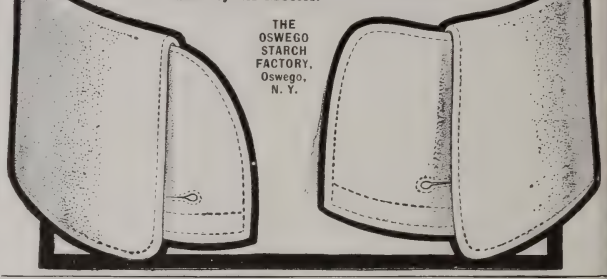

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 600

Over the church there swept a rustle of pplause. It was started by some of the omen, until it rose into a vigorous hand-lapping, the first time in the history of at church that such a demonstration had ver been known.

Edwards looked at Douglas and his ook conveyed the same idea that Douglas ad already swiftly entertained. A crisis the political, business, and church life f Colby was at hand, and the next few eeks were going to witness some of the ost interesting and intensely important vents in the lives of many in that con regation.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the service was over the congregation went out very slowly. A number stayed to speak to the inister.

"Let's go up, and tell him we're with im," said Edwards, and Douglas quickly ssented, for another reason as well. There as a line of people shaking hands with he minister, and Edwards and Douglas aited until nearly the last. When they ere in front of him, Edwards introduced imself and then Douglas.

"O, you're the new editor of the *Bea-on*. I haven't had time to come around o see you. Mrs. Vernon has been ill too. nd I have not had a moment's time to all. But I saw enough of the paper to hank God. Why, look here, young man, ou're a young fellow. How old are ou?"

"Twenty-five. I hope I'm young enough o learn something."

"Learn something! You're teaching he rest of us. I glanced at your outline f policy for the paper and it gave me in-piration. I said to myself, 'I am not oing to be as lonesome in Colby as I eared.' The Lord be with you, Brother Douglas."

"And with you, sir."

"I say Amen to both of you," exclaimed Edwards, who was in a fine state of excitement. "I didn't really expect to hear what I've heard this morning, Mr. Vernon. I thought at any rate you would probably wait a few weeks and feel your way."

"Why should a man wait to feel his way with a congregation when the issue is as plain as sin? There is too much feeling the way with the pulpit in America. But it does my heart good to meet you two. I've heard of you, Brother Edwards. There are some who have not bowed the knee to Baal."

"Yes, the applause showed that. Very unusual. Never heard the like in a Colby church before," said Edwards.

"It was the letter," said Douglas, "I saw several women crying. I want that letter, Mr. Vernon, to print in the *Beacon*."

"I'll give you a copy of it when I call to see you in the office to-morrow. I want to talk over matters generally. Pray for me, both of you."

Edwards insisted in taking Douglas home with him to dinner, and during the meal they discussed the situation.

"Things are going to get stirred up in Colby I guess. That sermon of Vernon's was a stem-winder. It went to the bottom. It'll make him enemies as well as friends. Did you see Judge Butler's face?"

"I don't believe there will be as much opposition to Mr. Vernon as you think, James," Mrs. Edwards ventured to say. Mrs. Edwards always took a hopeful, charitable view of people and events.

"I hope not, Julia. But sometimes the devil is his liveliest in the church. I've seen more rows started between church members than any other one class of people."

"And yet," said Douglas thoughtfully, "it is through just such men as Mr. Vernon in the church that all the social questions are being bravely and intelligently brought to the public notice. The inchristian men and women of society are never active in any reform."

"That's right. O well we have at least more than a fighting chance. We know where Vernon stands, and we know where the *Beacon* stands, and we know that we're in for an interesting time. Mark my prediction though. There's going to be trouble at the First Methodist. Judge Butler's one of the trustees. There are others who feel as he does."

TO BE CONTINUED

DUNCAN CLARKE

Champion of Michigan

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We complied with his request to refuse to sell to the other boys. Since then he has sold an average of 100 copies a week for almost a year. His town, lying in the copper country of the upper peninsula of Michigan, has been built four years and has just 750 inhabitants, and he is ten years old.

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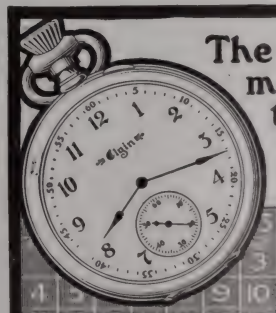

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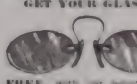

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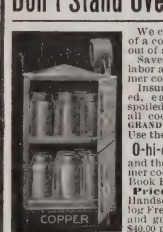

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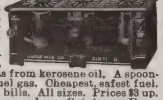

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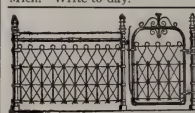

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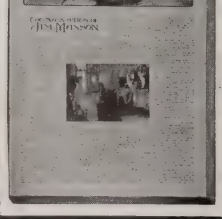

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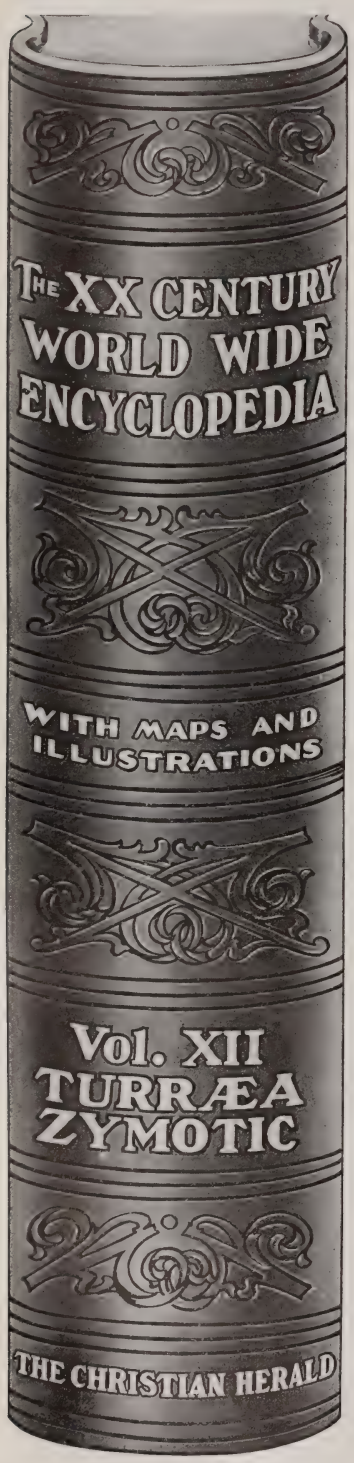

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A GROUP OF TEETOTALERS, OF FIFTY YEARS' STANDING, AT BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

The Story of John King, Father of Teetotalism

IN these days of notable temperance reunions, national and international, it is inspiring and instructive to look back at the modest beginnings of a movement which has now become world-wide. Only a few days ago, a unique celebration was held in Birmingham, England, by the British Temperance League, which assembled to commemorate its sixty-ninth year of consecutive service in the temperance cause. Of the two hundred and fifty delegates present, there were some who won special distinction, from the fact that they were total abstainers for over fifty years.

It is an open question whether the total abstinence idea first saw the light in 1831 or the year following. In 1808, a society was formed in Saratoga Co., N. Y., which seems to have been the first permanent organization, in modern times at least, founded for the purpose of promoting temperance. It was called the Union Temperate Society of Morean and Northumberland, and its members were pledged not to drink distilled spirits or wine, nor to offer them to others under a penalty of twenty-five cents. The penalty for being intoxicated was fifty cents. These matters now may have a somewhat absurd aspect, but in those days of universal drinking, the movement was a bold one, and doubtless caused much trouble and persecution to its founders. In 1813 the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance was formed in Boston, and in 1826 the American Temperance Society was established in the same city. In 1827 there were State societies in New Hampshire, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Illinois, and 220 local societies there and elsewhere, with 30,000 members. In 1828, the first Women's Temperance Society had been founded in Ohio, and this was followed by similar societies in New York and Connecticut in 1829. Simultaneously temperance societies were organized in Scotland and Ireland in 1829, and one at Bradford, England, the next year. There is a record of the formation of a Total Abstinence Society in Paisley, Scotland, in 1832, but Preston, England, contests this, and claims to be the birthplace of the original total abstinence society, as well as of the till then unknown word "teetotal."

In a recent article in the *Primitive Methodist Journal*, the Rev. B. Whillock interestingly relates the story of John King, the first total abstainer in England. He was the son of a Quaker, and as he grew to manhood he gave way to drinking habits, acquired through bad companions. At that time certain friends of temperance in England, following suggestions from America, were advocating a moderation pledge, allowing the use in small quantities of fermented beverages. John King signed such a pledge, but it did not keep him sober. He soon became convinced that it was of little service. He went to Joseph Livsey, editor of the Preston *Guardian*, and a moral reformer, and he said to him, "I have found that merely signing against the use of spirits is little or no good, as the bulk of the people here seldom use spirits; they take beer and ale, and some get drunk on them. Now, Joseph, if thou wilt write me a pledge, to abstain from all kinds of intoxicating drinks, I will come to-morrow night and sign it." King came, and signed the total abstinence pledge from all intoxicating drinks. Then he said to Mr. Livsey, "I challenge thee to sign the same pledge thou hast written and I have signed!" For a time he hesitated, it seemed not only a new, but a very far-reaching pledge. King pressed him, with what he could say in its favor, so he added his name to the pledge, and afterwards said, "John, let us keep this matter quiet, for if this fact is made public some persons will think, and say 'we are extreme temperance fanatics.'" John replied, "If the Lord spares me until to-morrow night, I will crack in the cock-pit (a large public building, with galleries around it, from which people could look down to the pit and witness fights; but of later years it had been used for various public uses, including moderation temperance meetings)."

True to his promise, John King "cracked" at the cockpit, telling the crowd there assembled about the new pledge signed by Livsey and himself. He urged all present to follow this example, as it was the only safe kind of a pledge. Six men came forward and signed. One of the six was Richard Turner, a bright but uneducated man, and with a marked impediment in his speech. After he had signed, Turner, addressing the gathering, said, with much stammering, he wanted to tell his hearers that he and the others who had signed would not go half-way in abstinence, but would totally give it up. "We g-give it all up tee-tee-to-tally," he said to emphasize the fact. The audience smiled. They knew his meaning, and they recognized the fact that though the word "teetotal" was not to be found in any dictionary, it was a very good coinage.

"WE GIVE IT ALL UP TEE-TEE-TOTALLY," STAMMERED DICKY TURNER

Turner was afterward known as "Teetotal Dicky," and the word he coined found its way into the dictionaries next year (1832) and continues to this day. Turner became an energetic worker in the temperance cause, and when he died, a great public demonstration took place at his funeral. John King, once the slave of drink, rose to honor and recognition as the leader of a great army of abstainers. He, too, has now passed away, and his grave is at Southport, Lancashire, England.

In his reminiscences of King and Turner, the Rev. Mr. Whillock says: "John King in 1831, was chosen by Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, to lead the great demonstration of abstainers at the International Exhibition, in the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park. The man, who had been disinherited by his own father, because of dissipation, had become, through the signing of a radical pledge, a moral hero and the leader of a great cause. He received gold medals from the people of London, Manchester, India, and Ireland, commemorative of his pledge."

In the year 1870, King was the oldest station-master on any of the British railroads. He was a man full of the simple religious fervor of the Primitive Methodists. He lived to tell the story of his early life, his struggles against drink, and his final triumph, with God's help, by means of the pledge of total abstinence.

In the great progress that has been made in recent years by the temperance movement throughout the world, the achievements of the early pioneers, as John King and Turner and Livsey, had the courage to make a new departure, are apt to be forgotten. And there are few men who deserve more at the hands of all right-thinking, sober-minded people than John King, who showed to the world that the only way to be truly temperate was to abjure liquor absolutely, or as his friend Turner declared, tee-totally. That this was done at a time when drinking was a fashionable vice makes the act all the more notable and courageous.

The American Pulpit

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST

A Sermon by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.

TEXT—ROMANS 8: 9: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His"

THE text has two expressions—the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Christ. And one wonders at first what is the significance of this use of a second phrase. The change is certainly significant and suggestive. Both expressions refer to the same Person, but while the first reveals the Spirit as the one by whom man is indwelt, and so is lifted into a new sphere of life, the second phrase suggests the result which follows such an elevation. The spirit of God indwelling is unseen, but he produces in the spirit of man the Spirit of Christ, which is manifest. Thus the manifest Spirit of Christ produces, or rather proves, the unseen Spirit of God, and the absence of the Spirit of Christ proves the absence of the Spirit of God.

Herein, then, we have a twofold consideration this morning; first the Spirit of Christ as the type and test of character; secondly, the Spirit of God as the power by which this character is produced, maintained, manifest. The Spirit of Christ is the type and the test of character.

What Is Character?

It was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who once said: "Gentlemen, I cannot hear what you say, for listening to what you are." That is very often the case. Speech is constantly discounted by conduct, and profession is cancelled by the contradictory character that lies behind it. Character is the deepest fact of human life. There can be no final and satisfactory analysis of it; there can be no final and satisfactory statement of what character is. Let me repeat that it is the essential truth concerning a man.

The word means, as I need hardly stay to remind you, originally and simply an engraving, something written upon, carved into; and the man's character is the truth about the man written upon his personality, to be read constantly and clearly by God, to be deciphered slowly and blunderingly by his fellow-men, but it is a fact, the essential fact concerning a man. My character is not what I may want you to think of me, but what I am; my character is not the appearance that I may endeavor to keep up before my own family, but it is what I am in the hidden, inner, secret, actual facts of my being. When Pilate listened to the people who objected to the inscription that he had placed over the cross of Christ, he said to them, "What I have written I have written." And when Pilate uttered the words he said more than he knew, enunciated a philosophy far profounder than he himself at the moment understood. What a man has written he has written, and that which I have written in my life until this moment, is my own character; I have engraved it, and it cannot be obliterated.

How is character manifest? Not in words, nor in occasional deeds. The greatest saint of God may be occasionally heard saying things that are far from saintly, and the most corrupt sinner may utter speech that has upon it the appearance of saintliness. You do not know a man by his words nor by occasional deeds. The meanest man may give the largest amounts, and the man of deepest, truest philanthropy and generosity, may never be able to give anything. You cannot judge a man by the deeds, by the occasional deeds, that you know. Character can only be discovered fully, and finally, from a perfect understanding of the general set of the life. It is the force behind thought, speech, deed. It is the strange region out of which all other things proceed; and because it can only be perfectly known by a perfect understanding of this general set of the life, I repeat what I said at the beginning—character is known perfectly only to God; it is deciphered blunderingly by our fellow-men. Character is to be discovered when it is possible for us to discover a man's spirit, his tone, his temper.

The Test of Character

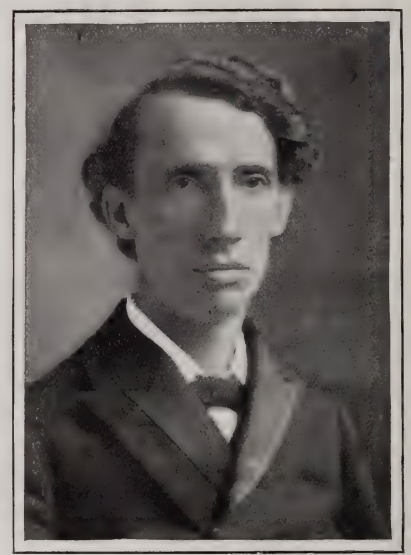
And now the Apostle says, summing up a great argument in that marvelous eighth chapter of the Romans, which is the chapter beginning with "no condemnation" and ending with "no separation"—he says, here is the final test of Christianity—if a man have not the spirit, the tone, the temper, the character of Christ, he is none of his. Not the words that I recite as a creed, not the service I render as a church member, these things do not prove my relation to Christ, but what I am in temper, in tone, in spirit, in character. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

There is no statement in all apostolic writings, I think, that is more fierce in the light it flashes upon our profession and our position as Christian men and women than this; and yet, my brethren, I am growingly convinced it is the one and final test both of our relationship to the Master and of the value of our service in the world—not your creed, not your habits, but your temper, your tone, your character, your spirit.

What is this Spirit of Christ? Of course, the question may be answered in a word, and that word will be the old familiar word, love. But to answer it in this word is almost to escape the point of the question. We are simply bound in attempting to answer the question to break the thought of love up, and notice how in the Master love expresses itself. If for a few moments we could look at Him, our blessed Lord, no longer at his deeds, no longer listening to his words, but from some point of vision; if we could watch Him as he moved along among men, if we could see Him in the varied and ever-varying circumstances of the busy thronging days of his life, and if we could see his spirit, his temper, his tone, we should begin to understand what is, indeed, the test of our relationship to Him.

What are the notes, I ask myself, of the Spirit of Christ? What are the facts that, woven into perfect warp and woof, make up the fine and delicate texture of his Spirit? I want to know these if I am to understand what my spirit is to be.

And I say the very first thing that I notice in watching the Christ and discovering what was the spirit of the Man Jesus is his simplicity, and then his serenity, and then his sympathy, and then his gentleness, and then his patience, and then his forgiveableness. I am perfectly sure you have thought of some other and you have said, "Surely he is going to mention that?" No, I cannot mention all. No one thinker in meditation upon the Spirit of Christ can discover all its glories. You will see a great many that I have not mentioned, but these have been borne in upon my spirit.



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REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Now Preaching at the Fifth Ave., Presbyterian Church, New York

The essential facts about the character of the Spirit of Jesus—simplicity, serenity; the fact where an essential thing merges into a relative thing—sympathy; and then his attitude towards other people—gentleness, patience, forgiveableness, simplicity, that is, transparency, no cunning, no double dealing, or, to use the word in its very truest sense, no iniquity, no crookedness. Jesus had nothing to hide; he went quietly through all that wonderful life of his. As we read its story, the very first note always is that of simplicity. I look back at my Master, and wherever I meet Him, with the bairns or the apostles, on the mountain or in the valley, with one woman or a crowd, it was the same sweet, simple soul, transparent, never having to prepare for an occasion, always being ready in the transparency and simplicity of his spirit for everything that came.

Then notice next—and I am not at all sure, indeed I believe them to be closely connected—the serenity of Christ. Never perturbed, never characterized by feverishness. In the day of calamity he was the one kingly soul amid the unrest that surged and heaved around him. Mark the contrast quickly—Christ and Pilate, Christ and the High Priests, Christ and the shouting rabble; Pilate afraid of his life lest he should lose his position; the Priests, afraid for their office sake, lest the Christ should live; the people excited by any passing wave of emotion, ready to crown Him yesterday, to crucify Him to-day.

The one serene, quiet, strong, kingly, majestic figure is the figure of the Christ. And the serenity was the outcome of the simplicity. Look at Him again. Sympathy! That is love as an essence, the power going to other lives as an activity. Love is the power that enables you sometimes to make a pilgrimage outside the small circle of your own personality, and live in some one else's personality. That is sympathy. If I asked the majority of people for a definition of sympathy, I think I should obtain as an answer, "The sorrow for those who are in sorrow." That is a splendid half-definition. Sympathy is not only the power that makes it possible for you to weep with me, when I weep; it is the power that makes it possible for you to laugh with me, when I laugh. That is apostolic, that is Christian—"Weeping with those who weep, rejoicing with those who rejoice." I am not at all sure that the latter half is not the more difficult. The most ordinary people can occasionally weep with those who weep, but it takes a man of great heart, or a woman either, to rejoice with a man that is getting on a little faster than you are yourself. That is the supreme test. Sympathy, I say, is the power that enables persons occasionally to lift themselves out of the circle of their own personality, and live in some one else's, and feel with some one else. Sympathy!—bearing with. Now watch the loving Lord. How sympathetic! He was a child with the children; He was master of philosophy with teachers. He was a working man with working men; He had the mother heart when he talked to mothers. Your circumstance? That is his. Your pain? That is his. Your joy? That is his. Your shadow? He is in it. Your sunshine? Its light plays also on Him.

A Spirit of Gentleness

And then, what next? His gentleness. Said Dr Matheson, "We speak of the gentleness of the brook and it is a false figure. The brook has no gentleness the brook is beautiful, but not gentle; noisy, not gentle It laughs over the stones, and runs through its banks of moss and fern. While men may come, and men may go, the brook runs on forever. But it is making all the noise it can, and it is exerting all the force it can. You cannot get more force out of it than it is exerting as it runs. There is no gentleness in the brook. You may talk, if you will, of the gentleness of the mighty river the river that, if it once but breaks and bursts its banks would devastate the whole countryside, yet it quietly and gently carries its burden on its bosom, to the sea and you hardly know it is strong. That is gentleness.' Oh, the gentleness of Jesus! What said he? "Know ye not that I could ask My Father, and he could straightway give me ten legions of angels to fight my battles." All power behind Him, but he left it there and took his way, a perpetual outshining of gentleness power in check, held back. I leave it to your meditation, for no words of mine can perfectly explain the gentleness of Christ.

And then his patience. What it must have been for Jesus Christ to have endeavored to teach those disciples the things he wanted to teach them. Why, Jesus himself said of them, "O, fools! and slow of heart to believe.' and yet how patient he was with them, how he waited for them, how he accommodated his speech to their language, how he accommodated his steps to their goings! Oh, how patiently he bore with their lack of love and their lack of faith! With what exquisite plaintive pleading again and again he attempted to draw them out into some new line of consecration to him, and they almost invariably went back upon his teaching by endeavoring to discover from him which of their number was to have the place of authority in his kingdom And yet he never grew tired. He was the Teacher and they the disciples, and a wonderful fashion of teaching he had. They were so blind and so blundering—may I use the schoolmaster's word, so dense—and yet he always waited for them and led them. I do not know anything more beautiful in the New Testament than this.

Patient to the End

He is now dead, buried, risen, and an angel is giving a message to a woman, and the angel says: "Go, tell"—what? "His disciples." He is going on with this blessed patient teaching. He is not weary of them. He will still come to them and teach them line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little. O, patient Son of God! No, this is not forceful enough. If you want to know how patient he is, look back over your own life, as I look back over mine. How I must have grieved him, how my folly, and my blindness, and my waywardness must have tried his heart He has been so patient. He has accommodated his

goings to my footsteps. His great infinite speech of profound wisdom to my lisping alphabet. Go back, shall I? No, I will not go back an hour, he is doing it this morning. He has so much to say to me, and I am not able to bear it. Then he waits. The infinite Christ, limited by the capacity of a child, and patient through it all! May God forgive me for any lack of patience in the light of the patience of my Lord and Master.

And then his forgiveableness; who shall speak of that? That is a little word. If you want to know its meaning, you must put into the heart of it the Cross, the bloodshedding of the Son of God, the infinite mercy of the Almighty One. Forgiveness! When saw you Jesus angry because some one had wronged him? When did you hear a single word pass the lips of the Christ, a word of reproach, because some one had even misunderstood him? Never! His forgiveness of personal wrong was of such a nature that he never mentioned it but once, and that was when men were murdering him: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Places of Test

My brethren, these are characteristics, these are phases, these are aspects. Can you doubt them for a single moment? Take them and weave them into a whole; then you begin to see the spirit of Christ, the temper of Christ, the love of Christ. What are the places where a man's spirit, or tone, or temper, is tested? There are certain facts that come to all of us in life that test us. Let me mention one or two of them. Adversity or prosperity. These are the things that test a man's spirit, his tone, his character. Again, obscurity or popularity. Again, defeat or victory. Now take this one man and look at him in adversity. He is in despair; he casts the shadow of his own despair upon all the lives that are round about him. Watch the same man in prosperity, and he becomes arrogant, overbearing, cruel. Take another man, and put him into like conditions. In adversity, he is patient, quiet, waiting. In prosperity, he becomes prodigal in his beneficence.

Look at this man in obscurity. What is the characteristic of his life? Bitterness. He has never had his chance in the world, nobody appreciates him. That is quite true, but not as he means it! He becomes cynical, hard, his spirit is being revealed by circumstances. Put that same man into a place of popularity, and what now? An overweening, overbearing, overmastering pride, that is more objectionable than the bitterness that characterized him in his obscurity. Take another man and put him in like circumstances in obscurity. What is the character, what is the tone, the spirit of the man? Sweetness, quiet, restful, tender, gentle. Tell him that the world has not learned to appreciate him, and he denies it, and cares not if God appreciates him. He will never sing anything about the flower wasting its sweetness on the desert air. Such nonsense! A flower never wasted its sweetness anywhere. Why should not the desert have some of the sweetness? God knows best! And if in the overruling of his great world he lets the bird drop a seed in the desert, and the seed blossoms, God gathers the fragrance; it is not wasted! This man knows it in his own life. Put that man into the place of popularity, and what then? Then his capacity flashes out as it never did before, and you see the breadth, and the power, and the greatness of the man in the very fact that the higher the place of his popularity, the simpler his habit and manner of life, and speech, and thought. These are the things that test a man's temper and tone.

Now, beloved, these are the phases that test our spirit, our temper, our tone. They do not make them, they reveal them. You cannot go from this church this morning and say, "Well, I am interested in that, I will see to it that when I am in adversity I will be patient, or in obscurity I will be sweet, or when defeated I will be a hero." You cannot do it. You will be then what you are now, and what you are now will but flash itself into light then. These things are the house-tops that reveal the inward facts concerning human life.

Christ Tested in Life

Now, reverently, and without attempting to dwell upon the points, how did the Man of Nazareth pass through these experiences?—for he went through them every one. In the whole of them the spirit of a great love was manifest, the spirit of a great conquest over consequences. With calm, quiet, tender, compassionate, strong, dignified manhood, he passed through them all.

Now hear me. The temper and the tone that I manifest under these circumstances, that you manifest under these circumstances, proves your relation to Christ. Hear it again: "If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." What matters supremely? What is the matter of supreme moment in my life and in yours? My spirit, not orthodoxy of creed, not the habits of life, but the temper, the tone, the spirit of the man. I know persons who are severely orthodox, and the temper in which they prosecute their orthodoxy makes it every time. Now it is that spirit of criticism, that spirit of attempting to interfere with the business of other people, that spirit that wants to peep and pry into another one's life, and get upon it such an embargo that has no room in it for a Christ-like or an anti-Christian spirit. So my brethren, there must be the spirit of Christ, the temper of Christ,

The Tone of Christ

Take another simple illustration. Here is a man who tells me he believes in temperance. He does in everything, except in total abstinence, and yet he is a man who is utterly and absolutely intemperate in spirit in his dealing with those who do not agree with his opinions. And if there be any meaning in the Christian measure, in the Christian test, in the Christian ministry, in the Christian salvation, it is that men shall be enabled to do right things in a right spirit. The supreme importance in your life and in mine is what my temper is, the tone is, my spirit is. It is very possible to be attempting to do excellent work in such a spirit that we pull down instead of build up, destroy instead of create.

But how am I to get this spirit of the Christ? Ah, do not fear. "Ye are not in the flesh but in the spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

I may put the last thought into a sentence. I pray you attempt to correct the circumference of your life from the centre; do not attempt to correct the centre from the circumference—that is, do not attempt to correct your spirit by altering your habits. Correct your habits by an alteration of the spirit. And how is the spirit to be altered? Only, to repeat the message delivered again and again, by the true, whole-hearted, unquestioning abandonment of your whole being to the Spirit of God will it be possible for you to have the Spirit of Christ.

Let your life be yielded to that Spirit, and though wrought into the very warp and woof of your character is that which is un-Christly and unlovely and unbeautiful, the Spirit of God will subdue these things, and with the touch of an infinite power upon your spirit will transmute the base into the better, the dross into the gold, the spirit all steeped in flesh to the spirit all aflame with Christ. May it be so for you and for me!

MISSIONARIES ON A TRIP TO VILLAGES NEAR TANGIER

MISSIONARY NOTES *FROM* MOORISH BATTLEFIELDS

TANGIER, MOROCCO, N. AFRICA, June 18.

WE all enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD here. It helps us to come in touch with the outside world, even though we are hidden away in this dark land among a barbarous people.

Everything is in a very disturbed state, and for ten days or more the natives have been celebrating the muhed feast, including Mohammed's birthday and also the annual time of circumcision. Threats have been made that during the feast, or immediately afterward, there would be a general insurrection. It has been necessary for the Sultan to collect a large army of the more loyal tribes and station them at every important point. He notified the different consulates to warn Europeans not to go out on the roads or streets of the cities, on the principal days of the feast. Monday and Tuesday of this week were their great days and all were armed with guns. They dance, jump and scream in companies, and thirty or forty fire at once. This they call "powder play," but it could easily be turned to a general massacre of all the Christians. The soldiers at the garrison are all well armed, and their belts full of cartridges, speak warning words to troublesome Moors. A few days ago, a little difficulty arose between the captain of the force and the Governor of Tangier. It seemed as though it would become quite serious. While they talked loudly and angrily, the soldiers on duty separated, and began loading their rifles preparatory to an attack. The Jews and the peaceable natives were frightened, and ran to their houses and barricaded the doors. It looked for a while like civil war; but the two officials finally came to an agreement, and all was quiet again between the two preservers of public order.

For three weeks a large camp of the Sultan's irregulars has been stationed twelve miles from here, among the Fah's tribe, helping themselves to chickens, sheep, and whatever else they could take, until last Monday night, when they made an attack, and burnt up one village, killing and destroying generally. They were soon attacked in turn, however, and several of them were killed and others taken prisoners. Mr. Harris, the *Times* correspondent, who happened to be in the camp, was taken among the prisoners.

Our native helpers are doing a good work, visiting among the soldiers. For several days they preached and read in the Mulhalla. The governor of the camp got suspicious of them, and had them brought before him and he charged them with being spies from Bu-Hamara (the Pretender). They were stripped of all wearing apparel and searched, but no letters were found, and they were turned loose, after the governor was assured that they were only visitors or teachers. We indeed, need at this time the prayers of the praying people.

Yours for Morocco's lost,
HARRY CURRALL.

* * *

Missionary Fred Weiss, the co-worker and associate of Missionary Currall, and who is now in the United States on a brief visit, sends the following to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"I am acquainted with a number of young men and women who are ready to go to North Africa to labor for Christ. If there is a reader of your paper willing to support a missionary there, they could do so, and thus become a missionary worker by proxy. A person who labors at home to support a worker in the field, is just as truly a missionary as the one who represents him on the foreign field. It costs $100 to pay the passage to Africa, and $300 to support either a lady or gentleman there for a year. I shall be glad to hear from any individual, church or young people's society, wishing to undertake the support of a missionary, and will answer any further questions they desire to ask. FRED WEISS."

Moorish Rebels Win

According to cable advices from Tangier, the Moorish rebels under Abu Hamara, the Pretender, have won a great victory over the Sultan's forces. News of the progress of the rebellion has appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from time to time, in letters from the Rev. Fred Weiss, missionary in Tangier. Since the rebellion began, one of the most active in the campaign against the rebels has been El Mequelley, the Sultan's Minister of War. It was El Mequelley who was sent to the coronation of King Edward. He is said to have been killed in the recent battle. The rebellion in Morocco is said to have been caused by the Sultan being too progressive.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH MISSIONARIES IN MOROCCO

Our Gospel Crusade *in the* Philippines

ALL who have the spiritual redemption of the Philippines at heart, and more particularly those readers of this journal who have aided in supplying the resources for the evangelistic crusade in the islands, under the personal leadership of Evangelist Nicolas Zamora, "the Filipino Apostle," will be greatly pleased and encouraged by the report of Pastor Zamora's labors, which we print below. He writes:

On March 23, 1902, we transferred the place of service of the Central Church from the place of its birth, 62 Plaza de Goiti, Santa Cruz district, Manila, where we had been worshiping since the year 1899, to the Filipino Theatre. We remained in this building until October 5, 1902, when we transferred to the Theatro Libertad, in the same district of Santa Cruz. The services are very full of life.

Every Sunday I have held religious services in the four barrios of Malabon, Julong Duhat, Tangos, Tonsuya, and Tinajeros. Recently, besides these, several new services have been commenced, at the request of the people of this pueblo. At present there are in Malabon three Methodist Episcopal chapels, one in Julong Duhat, another in Tonsuya, and the third in Tinajeros. In Tangos, Navotas, our Methodist members are gathering funds for the building of a chapel. Sundays, therefore, I have service at eight in the morning at the chapel in Julong Duhat. At 10.30 I am at Tangos, Navotas. Often in the afternoon I am at Tonsuya. I am often at Tinajeros on Sunday mornings, trying to return to Manila at twelve or one o'clock, in order that I may hold the service in the Central Filipino Church. Mondays, at five in the afternoon, services are held in Bancusay, Tondo. Since June of 1902, I have entrusted this service to the local preacher, Don Jose Bautista, although I preach there occasionally. At the commencement of the year the members in Bancusay erected a new chapel, fronting upon Calle Real of the barrio.

In January, 1902, I went to Hagonoy to preach. For four days I preached in the morning and evening in its barrios. More than three hundred persons were present at each service. On February 9, 1902, services were begun at San Juan de Juanes, in the San Sebastian District of Manila, for Thursdays, at eight in the evening. More than two hundred people attended these services. On the 16th of the same month I made my first visit to the pueblo of Guguinto, Bulacan Province. Here more than two hundred persons, mainly men, very few women coming, were in attendance. August 16, 1902, in the evening, the Methodist Episcopal Chapel was opened in Lecheros, Tondo, in the presence of three hundred people. On the twenty-fourth of the same month it was my privilege to be present at the dedication of the chapel in the barrio of Atlag, Malolos. The founder of this church was Donna Narziza Dimagiba. Sister Dimagiba was converted to the Gospel of our Lord through one of my sermons, preached in the chapel at Bancusay, Tondo, in November, 1901. When she returned to her own pueblo she preached to her townspeople of Christ, until she gathered together enough

A GROUP OF TAGALAS AT WORK IN A MANILA FACTORY

to be able to establish a church. About five hundred people from different pueblos were present at this dedication; sixty were baptized, and one hundred partook of the communion.

On June 1, 1902, I went to Caloocan, to preach the Gospel there for the first time. As I was about to conclude my sermon to the one hundred and fifty listeners in the theatre, the priest, Valentino Tangog, entered, took hold of my coat, and showed his desire for a discussion. I finished my sermon, then began a discussion on the inutility of prayers to the saints (a very essential doctrine to the Romanists), accompanying my arguments with Bible references. The priest was unable to reply. While he doubted the correctness of my Bible (printed without the approval of a Roman bishop), he was unable to cite references to his own, which justified invocation to the saints. After a general discussion, in response to his statement that up to the present he did not know of one Protestant saint, I asked him who declared a man to be a saint after his death. His answer was: "The Pope." I asked if during the three hundred and seventy years in which we had been under the spiritual direction of the friars and the Roman clergy, he had heard of the canonization of one Filipino saint. There was no reply. I told the listeners that it was necessary to have thousands of pesos, in order that the Pope should canonize a dead man as a saint. I also told them that each Roman sect had its own saints; if Dominicans, Dominican saints were to be seen in the churches; if Augustinians, Augustinians; Jesuits, Jesuits, etc. The people then laughed at him and clapped their hands. After our discussion, I promised to show him on the following Sunday all of my Bibles—translations by Padre Scio, Torres Amat, the Vulgate, and the Hebrew and Greek. The following Sunday, I took them with me. More than two thousand persons, who had heard of the discussion, were waiting. We waited for the priest for hours, but he did not leave his convent. Then, accompanied by a great number of people, I went to the convent and showed him the Bibles, renewing our discussion, by showing the annotations of Padre Scio in his Bible, in regard to the inutility of prayer to the saints. He was unable to reply in any other way than by a blow directed at my face, but which I was enabled to escape. Then all present joined in the shout, "*Viva Cristo y su Angelio!*" Many of those present desired to avenge the blow; but thanks to the precaution of Senor Valentino in retiring to his room, trouble was averted. The texts cited in regard to the invocation of the saints are: John 4:6, 16; 23:6, 37; I. John 2:1; Matt. 11:28 and I. Tim. 2:5. At present, services are often held on Sunday afternoons at Caloocan, with an attendance of about three hundred persons.

During my ministry in Malabon, 1st: On January 12, 1902, our members in Tonsuyo were able to build a chapel; 2d: on August 3d, our brother Simeon Blas, ordered the construction, at his own expense, of the chapel in his barrio of Julong Duhat; 3d: in Tangos, the members are gathering funds for the construction of a chapel; 4th: Brother Felipe Antonio ordered the construction of a chapel in the barrio of Tinajeros, at his own expense.

January 25, 1903, I received a letter from Senor Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, enclosing a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, gold, for the salary of two Filipino evengelists, for three months, to be under my direction. Don Jose Bautista, and Seriliano Castro, have been selected to take up this work, Senor Klopsch promising to support them for the current year. At present Sr. Castro is in Malolos, and Sr. Bautista is holding service in Manila, and Malabon, although it is expected that he will soon be sent out into the provinces.

NICOLAS ZAMORA.

CHINESE WELCOME *OUR* RELIEF FLEET

It Reached Kwangsi at a Critical Time—50,000 Chinese Fed by American Gifts

GOOD news comes from Canton by the cable that the famine in Kwangsi is diminishing and the worst is over. This promising outlook is due in a large measure to the prompt steps taken by U. S. Consul-General McWade at Canton, to whose appeals for help THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have liberally responded. The story of the struggle with the famine is told in letters from Mr. McWade to the State Department in Washington. Writing from Canton, May 21st, to Assistant Secretary of State, Loomis, the Consul-General says:

On April 16th, 1903, I sent from Canton three of the largest cargo junks, loaded with 1,800 piculs of rice, to the famine-stricken districts. So as to save time, H. E. Te Sou, Viceroy of the two Kwangs, generously furnished a steam launch to tow each junk. The Rev. A. J. Fischer, an American Presbyterian Missionary, Mr. Chan Key Kin, an American citizen and a partner of the American Chinese Bank of Wah Shuck & Co., Canton, and William Lane O'Neill, Esq., a member of the Bar, of Washington, New York, and Manila, accompanied the launches to help the Revs. John E. Fee and Henry Zehr, of the American Christian Missionary Alliance, the Rev. Dr. H. K. Shumaker, of the American United Brethren Mission, and the Revs. Goff and Anderson, of the English Wesleyan Mission, in the difficult and responsible work of distribution. As Kwaiping and nearby towns and villages are in more complete touch with Canton and Hong Kong, their inhabitants are necessarily the first to receive relief and continue to do so, whilst thousands of unfortunate natives, residents in the interior and more remote districts are dying almost by thousands, of starvation, I instructed our Relief Expedition to proceed direct to the latter, and give succor to those most in distress. The U. S. S. *Callao*, Lieutenant E. A. Anderson, commanding, escorted the Relief Expedition to protect its members and the cargoes of rice from the attacks of pirates, who infest the West River in large numbers.

From all parts of the two Kwangs, come the grateful thanks of the natives for the big-hearted charity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, and those who responded so substantially to its appeal. Everywhere the American people are spoken of as friends of China, and this act of charity is mentioned as "another strong proof of the friendship of the great American nation." Personally, sir, I thank you most sincerely, for your considerate and generous courtesy in placing before our people my appeal for help for the starving and distressed. To the newspapers which published the appeal, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and to the contributors to the relief fund, I am as profoundly grateful, as are those whose lives they have saved.

In a later communication, dated May 25, Consul-General McWade writes:

I have the honor to enclose three reports, regarding the conveyance of rice to the stricken districts. Two of the reports are presented by Lieutenant E. A. Anderson, commanding, and one by Mr. F. W. Sterling, midshipman and executive officer of the U. S. S. *Callao*.

I am sure that you, as well as the charitable who contributed to the Relief Fund, will learn with pleasurable satisfaction that the rice and maize which I bought and forwarded with their donations *will feed 30,000 of the starving natives for forty-eight days*, and that when the new depots for distribution are opened, at least *50,000 natives will obtain temporary relief*.

I have the honor again to record the meritorious services of Mr. F. W. Sterling, the midshipman and executive officer of the U. S. S. *Callao*, through whose vigilance and exertions the rice was preserved intact from pirates, etc. Lieutenant Anderson's escort was absolutely necessary and characteristically carried out. I respectfully ask you to recommend both of these gentlemen to the courteous attention of the Honorable Secretary of the Navy.

Lieutenant Anderson's letter says:

I took the three lighters in tow of the *Callao*, making the launches fast alongside each of them. In this order we proceeded up the river, anchoring when it became too dark to navigate, and getting under way at early daylight. The launches were ordered to cast off at night and the lighters rode astern of the *Callao*, an armed guard of four men being placed on the stern lighter and a watch being kept on the *Callao*. No one was permitted to leave either the launches or lighters while at anchor. On arrival at Wuchau, I reported to the missionaries in charge of the distribution of the food supply and, at their request, kept the lighters riding astern of the *Callao*, with an armed guard at night, until they were ready to proceed further up the river. The depth of water was not sufficient to permit the *Callao* to proceed above Wuchau, or I should have towed these lighters to their destination.

Lieutenant Anderson further writes:

From what I could learn from the missionaries, the condition in the famine-stricken districts must be horrible in the extreme. Husbands are selling their wives and children into slavery and prostitution, to avoid starvation. Heartrending scenes are witnessed on the boats, where mothers and children are separated by different purchasers. In some cases, wives have even sold themselves. It is no uncommon occurrence to have these wretched creatures die after receiving food, because they were too weak to prepare it for eating.

I was told by Mr. Hess, the chief missionary at Wuchau, that the magistrate at that place *had ordered the execution of one hundred and forty prisoners in the local jail, on the plea that rice was too scarce and expensive to continue to feed them. Not one of these wretches had been convicted of a capital crime.*

On the basis of the amount of rice served out per diem, I have, with the assistance of Mr. Hess, calculated that the rice you sent will feed 30,000 persons for forty-eight days. It is the intention to open new depots for the distribution of food, and it is thought that temporary relief will be afforded to at least 50,000 persons by the cargo you sent.

Consul-General McWade has also forwarded reports from B. C. Randall, of Wuchow, Rev. H. K. Shumaker, of Kwai Ping, and others. The latter writes:

On the day of my arrival at Kwai Ping, the relief station was transferred to a large Confucian temple. The local mandarin has granted us all possible help. Our present method of work is to distribute to men and women on separate days. We require a physical examination at the entrance. Those passed are arranged in stalls, from whence they are regularly dismissed to a point where another examination is made, and all the needy ones are given checks, which call for twelve, twenty-four ounces of rice, as is deemed necessary by condition of applicant. Upon presentation of checks the rice is dispensed, and the people carry it home. We are sustaining about ten thousand females and six thousand males.

As the poor people are gradually using up their resources, the number of the destitute gradually increases, and is bound to continue so to do until harvest time. Death from want is all about us, and I have myself seen bodies marked by the cannibal's knife. Heartrending tales of starvation and death come from many districts. One small market town has just been reported, in which 9,000 people are dying for lack of food, and rice is at that place 30 cents per catty.

$10,000 More for Chinese Relief

In view of the renewed appeals cabled by Consul-General McWade, from Canton, in behalf of the famine sufferers in Kwangsi province, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has made an additional contribution of $10,000 to the relief work in that province, making a total of $25,000 sent to Kwangsi by this journal, up to the present time. In acknowledging receipt of the latest remittance (which, like the others, was forwarded through the State Department in Washington), Acting Secretary Loomis writes to Dr. Klopsch, as follows:

"I beg leave to thank you for this handsome additional contribution to the relief of this stricken people, and it gives me very great pleasure to inform you that I have promptly forwarded the money to Consul-General McWade, at Canton, for distribution. FRANCIS B. LOOMIS, *Acting Sec'y.*"

OUR CHILDREN'S "GARDEN OF EDEN"

A Beautiful and Sympathetic Picture of Lovely Mont-Lawn, and its Happy Tenement Waifs

NATURE has sent forth in unusual abundance the summer luxuriance of flowers and foliage at Mont-Lawn, and the great sweltering city is still sending us its troops of little white-faced tenement children to enjoy this beautiful profusion. In eager, wondering groups, they run about, their laughter echoing merrily over the whole country-side.

Although the "Glorious Fourth" is now past and gone, the events of that memorable day are still discussed by the children. They recall every incident of the celebration, and live the day over again, in imagination. They remind each other how, instead of having Easter bonnets, they made themselves Fourth of July bonnets. While one group was making the three-cornered hats, another was cutting strips of red, white and blue, and still another pasting these strips on the hats. And how pretty the bonnets looked, too. Then there are the memories of the ice-cream and firecrackers, and the recollection of a burst of light and noise, and music and laughter, and fast races and prizes, and no end of games and good things. They forget no single incident of the day, from the early flag-raising to the last firecracker at night. They recall enthusiastically the march into the big tent, led by the Abigail Kindergarten Band playing national airs, and the sitting down to that glorious dinner—all for the children. They remember with smiles how the tiny drum-major of the band walked so proudly and swung his baton so high that his big helmet tumbled off. Then there was the bean-hunt, Dr. Klopsch himself throwing the beans and giving out the prizes to the lucky boys and girls.

All these, and many more incidents of that red-letter day are unforgotten; the patriotic songs and speeches in the little chapel, where the Rev. Dr. George, of Kansas City; Rev. Mr. Iglehart, of Peekskill; Rev. Mr. Meed, of New York; Mr. Harry Steel Morrison, the "boy traveler," each of whom gave the little tenement boys and girls much good, wholesome advice. They greatly enjoyed too, the sweet singing of Miss Grace Hildebrand, "The Gospel Nightingale."

Nature has her own fireworks, these warm summer evenings, at Mont-Lawn. On one occasion, lately, a wee city maid in one of the dormitories, told her teacher that "she couldn't sleep, because there was something in her room that made a light, every once in a while." A little boy who heard her, replied in a superior tone, "Oh, I know what that was; it was a lightning bug!"

One of the most pleasing descriptions of Mont-Lawn is that written by Mary Sargent Hopkins in a recent issue of *The Ladies' World*. The writer says:

"In a most beautiful spot among the green hills standing guard over the Hudson River lies the children's 'Garden of Eden.' Here every summer, for the past nine years, thousands of poor little city waifs have had a taste of what must have been to them like a little bit of heaven dropped down from the skies. Here they gather, from hot, stifling tenements and dark, vile-smelling alleyways, and for the first time in their lives know what it is to run about on soft green turf and gather blossoms from the flower-studded fields.

"Here, after a day spent in an out-of-doors existence, of which they had never dreamed, they romp and play, the games and pastimes interspersed by three good, wholesome meals, partaken of under the big tent, where two hundred unite in singing their thanks before sitting down to the well-spread tables. All around beautiful trees wave, and flowers nod their scented heads; the song of bird and hum of insect soothe tired little brains accustomed all their lives to the incessant clamor of the city streets.

"Mont-Lawn, as this vacation home is called, is a charity, supported in the beginning by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and is the outcome of the efforts of Louis Klopsch, whose charitable work, especially among poor children, is well known all over the country. Ten years ago, during a very hard winter in New York, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD established soup kitchens, where the wretched poor who had not a penny were given food. After the winter was over there still remained a sum of money in the treasury, and Mr. Klopsch, with the help of others he had interested in the work, opened a home at Nyack-on-the-Hudson. Here groups of poor children can have an outing for at least ten days during the heated season, when there is so much suffering and many deaths among the children in the crowded 'East Side' and other localities, where they are herded in such numbers as to make decent living, much less health, impossible.

"Starting with one house, beautifully situated among the green hills overlooking the river, the home could accommodate comparatively few children. Now, with outlying cottages, there is room for two hundred, coming and going in batches. They are gathered up by men and women, who go through the slums taking those who, in their best judgment, are entitled to the help. Some poor little creatures—little child mothers they are called, who spend all their time caring for their smaller brothers and sisters—are taken with their little charges up to this beautiful home, where all day long they live out-of-doors, and at night they sleep in dear little white beds, the like of which they have never looked upon before.

"Their delight with everything is unbounded; they run and jump, and 'scup' this being a Dutch word for swing, they play games, march and sing. The girls gather in groups, with the ever-present crochet, for it is a characteristic of the east-side children that, though they may be clothed in little else than a coat of dirt, they find some way of obtaining a crochet hook and a spool of thread, and it is wonderful to watch their fingers fly, in the making of quite intricate patterns of lace and 'tidies.' But how happy the children are, whatever they are doing, and they give their teachers very little trouble; the great outdoors seems to grant them a gentleness which manifests itself in whatever way they are amusing themselves, and when the day is done they are all tired and ready to go to bed, awakening early on the morrow to another day in this enchanted land.

"During the day and night I spent there, I saw many things that made me glad—and, alas! much to make one's heart ache. Little wistful faces would look up at me as I paused before a group of boys and girls, some of whom could not speak more than a word or two of English. One little Syrian, of whom I was particularly interested, stood apart from the others, solemnly watching them at their play. I took her by the hand, and going upon the wide veranda, seated myself in a big rocking-chair. Taking the forlorn bit of humanity in my arms (she seemed about six years of age), I found that she was very gentle and could understand English a little. She told me her name was Mary. She lay a long time very still, and I thought she was dozing; it was near sunset, and the air so soft and balmy, I was glad if it would lull her to sleep. The little curly head nestled against me, and the long, black lashes drooped over the olive cheek, when suddenly she looked up, without moving, a glance that showed me she was far from sleeping. 'What do you want, Mary?' I asked. She answered only one word—'Mamma'—but it was enough to show that, with the beauty all around her and kindness on every hand, she still longed for the only one in the world who was really mother.

"Saturday afternoons, Mr. Klopsch goes up to Mont-Lawn, and then the out-door games begin in earnest—the 'bean game,' foot races and various other things—which this man of far-reaching interests seems to enjoy as much as if he were one of the little ones. I could not help thinking, and repeating over and over, 'Except ye become as little children.'

"And how the children love the man! When it came time for him to go they hung up and gave him three rousing cheers; then, after watching him as far down the road as they could see and waving their handkerchiefs very suddenly, with one mind scampered to the high platform at the other side of the house (their outdoor dining-room) and waited, anxiously watching a turn in the road, to ride from this point down the mountain side. When the carriage came in sight, more than a mile away, such a cheer as went up from two hundred happy little ones, and such frantic waving of handker-

A FLAG SALUTE, TO THE MUSIC OF THE BAND

THE GIRLS' FOOT-RACE—WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL

chiefs! And until another turn hid the carriage there was an answering wave of the white signal of love.

"One of the charmed hours is 'bedtime' at Mont-Lawn. Some of the children are so full of play that they barely want to go to bed, while others are nodding like drowsy poppies; but soon all are ready for Slumberland; then quiet comes, and 'teacher' leads in the simple 'Our Father.' Then they join in their evensong, and sometimes people driving along the mountain road stop to listen to the sweet, childish voices, blending in words of praise and thanksgiving."

Among the hundreds of little ones taken up to our Children's Home during the present month, were eighteen Finnish and Swedish children, gathered by Pastor Blomgren, of the Finnish Church in Harlem. These fair haired, blue-eyed wee folks from the Northland were as bright and happy as any. No one, to look upon their winsome, smiling faces, would have thought that they had only lately come from a land of hunger and suffering. Side by side with the little Finlanders was a group of olive skinned children from Cuba. They, like the little Finns, had come through the fires of fierce tribulation, and it was surely a kindly providence that brought them all together so happily at our Children's Home, where poor little waifs of almost every nationality have at different times found shelter and kind friends.

A Pretty Gift from "Little Sunbeams"

LAKEWOOD, N. J., July 2, 1903.

Dear "Christian Herald":—The Sunbeam Society, of Lakewood composed of little girls from eleven to thirteen years of age, who sent $25 last year to the Fresh Air Fund, are glad to tell you that by the help of their friends they can send $50 (one hundred and five dollars) this year. We want to send as many of the most needy as you can. We would like to make a happy spot in some crippled children's lives.

HELEN [illegible],
Secretary of the Sunbeam Society of Lakewood, N. J.

All contributions in aid of our Fresh Air Home will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Prayer in Revival

FEW records of great spiritual awakenings, in modern times at least, possess a deeper interest for the lovers of Gospel truth, than the remarkable story from the pen of Dr. R. A. Torrey, which appears in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Professor Torrey seems to have been specially chosen for a work as broad and far-reaching, as it was unexpected and surprising in its international development, and which may well be regarded as a marvelous demonstration of divine grace.

That the movement in Australia, New Zealand, and the United Kingdom, was preceded by weeks and months of earnest, believing prayer, is most significant. In those weeks, the throne was importuned daily, nightly, hourly. Home meetings, cottage meetings, church meetings, workshop meetings—all for prayer that God would touch the hearts of men and win them to himself. Then, in His own marvelous and mysterious way, the sudden fruitage came. Hundreds of earnest home-workers had planted and watered the field, but it was reserved for other workers from a far distant land, to put in the sickle and reap the glorious harvest. How the sheaves fell to their labor, Dr. Torrey's story tells us. In one city 1,500 confess Christ; in another, 2,000; in a third, 2,700, and so on all through the field. In a single month, over 8,600 made public confession in one Australian city. Two thousand won in a twelve-day assault upon an infidel stronghold; in some cities, all the visible powers of sin giving way before the Gospel proclamation; drunkards, agnostics, criminals, sceptics, and sinners of every kind and degree, swept in with the rest, at every cast of the Gospel net. But it is essential to note that in every place, wherever a spiritual triumph was won, there had been weeks and months of preparatory prayer.

Was there ever a stronger or more convincing demonstration of the efficacy of prayer to accomplish results than this? If in a few corners of the world, remotely separated from each other, the prayers of little bands of believers, offered up in Christ's name, are answered with such showers of blessing, what would follow were the Christian people of every land to unite in appeal to the Throne with a common object? When the Church of Christ throughout the world realizes, as it eventually will realize, that prayer is the most potent weapon in the spiritual armory, it will then be able to accomplish its work here with a fulness and a consecration heretofore unattainable. In every emergency, whether it be the averting of war, the softening of the hard heart of a ruler toward an oppressed people, the staying of plague or famine, the conversion of a community or a nation—these, and every similar problem, seemingly unsolvable by human effort, will be carried on the wings of prayer to the prayer-hearing and answering Father, who is ever ready to give ear to the petitions of his children.

"The Earth Is Good Enough for Me"

IT is very beautiful when you come to see it truly—that lily of the field. But whence is the beauty and glory in which it is arrayed? The answer is simple—it is the equal product of the earth and the heavens. Round its roots is what the children call dirt—just a rough, dark substance that soils the fingers; that is all you see there. But overhead is the sky, with its light, and the blue air, and the soft dews; and the beauty of the lily is something in which heaven as well as earth has a part. The lily needs more than earth; it needs sky.

That is a parable homely enough, but it is not one that we need to learn? How many people are trying to achieve moral beauty without a sky—without a heavenward outlook! They say, "The earth is good enough for me; life and love are enough; what do I want with heaven?"

There was a man who had a pet eagle, which had been caught when very young, and brought up like a domestic fowl. After some years, the owner, who was about to leave home for a long absence, decided to give the eagle its freedom. He brought it out of the enclosure and turned it loose. It walked about quietly and seemed to have no thought of flying away. The man was disappointed. He took up the great bird and set it on the garden wall. It stood there for a few moments, and then looked up toward the sky. Suddenly it seemed to remember that it was an eagle, whose home was amid the cliffs and the crags. It lifted one wing, then the other—a moment more and it was gone, soaring away into the blue sky.

Ah, what a desecration of life it is to live in the dust when we were created for the heights, noble and divine! Let us lift up our eyes to the hills. We were made for God; we were made to fly. Earth cannot make you or me a perfect man. We must enlist the heavens. There is no beauty without the upward look; no fine achievement of character without the sense of God; the choice of his light and his home.

The Opium Bribe

STRONG efforts are being made by Christian men to prevent a most startling extension of the principle of the liquor traffic, to the traffic in opium in the Philippines. There are speculators who appear to think that, as an income for public purposes is derived in the great majority of our States from the traffic in intoxicating liquors, there would be no inconsistency in licensing men to sell opium to the inhabitants of the islands. So large is the profit on the drug, and so much of it might be sold, that one speculator offers to pay half a million dollars for the privilege of exclusive control of the market. The Philippine Commission has his offer, and probably others, under consideration. We most sincerely hope that all such offers will be rejected. The very fact that they have been made, reveals a grave situation. It shows the existence of a habit which, if extended, must inevitably menace the welfare of the islands. That it would be extended very widely if the Government accepted the half million dollars and granted the monopoly, there can be no doubt. The holder of the monopoly would want to sell all he could, in order to recoup himself and secure a margin of profit. Nor could the Government, having accepted his money, consistently curtail his effort to make the speculation a success. It would practically be a partner in the speculation, though being saved from risk by receiving its share of the profits in advance. Well may we say, "My soul come not thou into such company."

We are glad to see that Bishop Thoburn, of India, who has seen much of the evil of the traffic, has waited on Secretary Root, and urged him to use his influence with the Philippine Commission against the proposed bargain. He advises, with good reason, that the Commission, so far from doing anything which would endorse the traffic, or participate in its profits, should seek a means of restricting it. This might easily be done by prohibiting any one but a druggist selling the drug, and he only, when it is prescribed by a duly qualified physician. That even this concession would lead to abuses, is admitted; but it would, at least, have the merit of interposing obstacles to the traffic, and would mark the attitude of the Government in regard to it. Besides which, the abuses apprehended could be minimized by a strict surveillance of the drug-store, and a supervision of the prescriptions of physicians who showed a lack of discrimination in ordering the drug. The main consideration, however, at this stage, is that the Government shall not stand to gain money by conniving at the debauching of the people of the islands.

"The Father-Heart"

A SOLDIER writing about the battle of Gettysburg, says that the saddest incident of the war which he witnessed was just after that battle. On the outskirts of the field he and his companions discovered a soldier dead, seated on the ground with his back to a tree. His glazed eyes were riveted on some object tightly clasped in his hands. As they drew near his side, they saw it was an ambrotype of two small children. And the strong men were broken down at the sight of that poor father who had dragged himself to that secluded spot and sat down to die, feasting his dying eyes on the faces of his little loves far away. There were six men in the party, and they stood there about the dead man with great lumps in their throats and tears on their smoke-stained cheeks. Scarcely a word was spoken. They dug a grave, and laid the poor fellow to rest, with the picture of his children clasped over his heart. And over his grave, on the tree against which he was sitting, they inscribed the words':

"SOMEBODY'S FATHER"
July 3, 1863

Where else in the world will you find so touching an epitaph as those simple words, roughly cut on a tree over the grave of an unknown soldier? It was the father-heart, the father-love in the dead man that was immortalized.

But go to that other tree that grows on "a green hill far away." Stand close beside it and read what is written there. Not the words dictated in bitterness by mocking Pilate, but the crimson letters which the eye of faith discovers:

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.

Having loved his own he loved them unto the end.

The cross has many voices, but above all it is the voice of a Father's heart uttering its love for the children he would save. Keep close to that sacred tree, and then, however strange God's way, however dark the face of his Providence may sometimes be, you will be able to read, not "Somebody's Father," but "My Father, and he loves me still."

More "Sayings of Christ" Found

A LONDON cable dispatch announces the discovery, at Oxyrhyncus, of a series of new "finds" similar to the "logia" found there in 1897 by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, of Oxford. The results of a brief examination of other papyri discovered by the same men in a second series of excavations fully justify the hopes expressed in 1897, that Oxyrhyncus will prove a richer mine than any other for the recovery of early Christian literature. Two, or perhaps three, more seasons' work will be required to exhaust the more promising portions of the site, the mounds of which cover an area surpassed by few Egyptian towns.

The most interesting, perhaps, of the discoveries in the second excavations is a third century fragment of a collection of the sayings of Jesus, similar in style to the so-called logia discovered in 1897.

Six sayings are in perfect condition, but the new logia papyrus supplies more evidence of its origin than its predecessor, where it contains an introductory paragraph, stating that what follows consists of "The words which Jesus the Living Lord spake," to two of his disciples, and moreover, one of the uncanonical sayings is already extant in part, the conclusion of it, "He that wanders shall reign, and he that reigns shall rest," being quoted by Clement, of Alexandria, from the Gospel according to Hebrews.

Your Only Opportunity

There are still a few hundred copies left of the Minion Teachers' Bibles advertised in these columns a few weeks ago at $1 each, all charges prepaid. No book proposition ever published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave better value for the money. The Bible is well worth $2, and but for the fact that we need all the space in our Shipping Department for the incoming premiums for next fall, we could not think of making this sacrifice. This Bible is the regular International Minion Teachers' Bible, American Levant, red under gold edges, with Teachers' Helps and Maps.

Ten years ago, before THE CHRISTIAN HERALD started into popularize the Teachers' Bibles, and put them at a price within the reach of the public, this very Bible which we now offer, in order to close out the lot, at $1 each, could not have been purchased at anything less than $6.

Send for one, and if you don't like it return it and get your money back, without being called upon for any explanation. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD always refunds money if for any reason the purchasers are not altogether pleased. Be sure to address your communication to **The Christian Herald Book Department,** Bible House, New York.

Thousands Converted in Many Lands

On a Soul-Winning World Tour

By REV. R. A. TORREY

The Story of a Modern Pentecost

DR. TORREY ADDRESSING A GREAT AUDIENCE OF SEVEN THOUSAND IN ST. GEORGE'S MARKET, BELFAST, IRELAND

IN relating the story of God's work in this tour of preaching the Gospel around the world, it is difficult what to tell and what to leave untold. The journey took just about eighteen months. We left Chicago, December 23, 1901, going West. Our first stopping-place was Honolulu. We were there less than twenty-four hours. The brethren were not expecting our arrival until the next day. Two meetings were hurriedly called together, one for Christians in the morning, the other, for native students, in two schools, in the afternoon, but, in this short time, God manifested his presence and his power. In the morning meeting, where we spoke of the baptism with the Holy Spirit, He of whom we spoke was present, and granted his blessing to many hungry hearts. At the meeting in the afternoon, about thirty professed to accept Christ as their Saviour.

Wonders of Grace in Japan

We reached Japan January 16, 1902, and began our work on Japanese soil that night at 8 P. M. Twenty-nine or thirty days were spent in Japan, oftentimes speaking four or five times a day. In all, seventy-two services were held in ten cities of the empire, from Sendai, in the far north, to Nagasaki, in the extreme south. Most of the services were for the Japanese, through an interpreter. We found this a delightful way of preaching the Gospel. We were very fortunate in our interpreters; some of them had heard us in this country, and others had studied books that we had written, and were thoroughly in sympathy with the truths uttered. We usually spent from two to three days in a city. After we got well started, there was rarely ever a meeting for the Japanese, without a good many definite conversions.

Japan had just been passing through a time of great religious awakening, and was thoroughly ready to hear the Gospel. In one city, where we spoke for two days, there were 119 who professed to accept Christ, and in another city, where we spoke for two days, 130. In still another city, where we held five services in one day, 82 persons, mostly men, in a single service, stood up to say that they would accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, surrender to him as their Lord and Master, confess him as such, publicly before the world, and strive to please him in everything. Some of the services were held in churches, others in halls and theatres, and many in schools and colleges. There were in all about 1,000 native Japanese who professed to accept Christ. Among them some who declared that the meeting at which they were converted was the first Christian service they had ever attended, and that they had never heard the Gospel before.

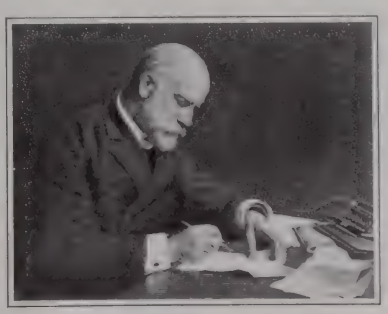
Winning Souls in China

From Nagasaki we sailed for China. We reached Shanghai at 8.30 Sunday evening, February 16, 1902. In thirty-five minutes from the time of stepping off the steamer, we were preaching the Gospel. The first service was for English-speaking people. The next evening we started on a house-boat up the Grand Canal for Hanchow. We reached Hanchow the following Wednesday, and began speaking to the Chinese, through an interpreter, the same afternoon. The streets of Hanchow had seemed so dirty as we had passed through them in the morning, that we were surprised at that first service to find the Church of England, where the service was held, full of neat and bright-looking Chinamen. The thought came to me, "I did not suppose there were so many clean people in the city." There was deep interest throughout the service. We had been told that we must not expect the same definite results in China as in Japan; but at the services on the second day, we made a definite call for all who would then and there accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, surrender to him as their Lord and Master, begin to confess him as such before the world, and strive to live to please him in everything day by day, to come forward and give their names to one appointed for that purpose. At the first call of this kind, eleven men came forward and gave their names.

From Hanchow we went to Soochow, and from thence back to Shanghai. Ten days were spent in Shanghai, with four regular services a day—two for foreigners and two for the Chinese. God exceeded every one's expectation, not only were there many English and Americans who professed to accept Christ, including some in prominent positions in the life of the city, but also many Chinese. Among the Chinese who took a very definite stand for Christ, were those belonging to families of great prominence in the social and commercial life of the empire. There were scores of Chinese in all who professed to accept Christ in Shanghai. In the thirty-one days given to China, we visited eight cities, and everywhere that the Gospel was preached, it proved it had just as much power to save the Chinaman as it has to save the American.

We spent thirty-six memorable hours in Foochow. In that time we held five services in different parts of the city, perhaps the most memorable, that held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, holding 1,500 or 1,800 people. The church was very full at 10.30 in the morning. They listened intently to the address on, "What it costs not to be a Christian." At the close, many stood up professing their purpose to begin a Christian life. At 2.30 the same afternoon, the Word of God was again with power. Many Christians came to the altar, as desiring to lead a more earnest Christian life, and quite a number of persons who had not been known as having any interest in Christianity, came and knelt at the altar, expressing their desire to lead a Christian life.

I shall never forget one fine looking young man, son of a prominent man of the city. He was one of the tallest if not the tallest—Chinaman that I ever saw. He arose in the place where he was sitting, towering above the crowd, and then, lest he be overlooked, raised his hand high in the air. He was the last of a company of thirty sons of prominent men in the city, who had withdrawn their children from one of the Christian schools, and formed a school of their own, for their instruction. The other twenty-nine had already accepted Christ; but this young man held out. When he did come, he came with all his heart.



PROF. R. A. TORREY IN HIS STUDY

Australia's Great Revival

It took us three weeks to cover the 5,071 miles between Hong Kong and Melbourne. Melbourne had been preparing for many weeks for the work. 214 churches were enlisted in the movement. Every evangelical denomination in the city co-operated. For many weeks there had been 1,500 to 2,000 home prayer meetings per week. These prayer meetings were all held upon the same evening. There were fifty missionaries gathered together from all parts of Australasia, to co-operate in the work. For the first two weeks, fifty meetings were held each night in different suburban centres, with a nightly attendance of 53,000 people. Each day at one o'clock, a meeting was held for business men at the town hall, with a capacity of 3,000, and a general meeting at three o'clock in the afternoon. The town hall soon proved too small for the crowds that gathered, and it was necessary to hold a meeting at twelve o'clock for women, and another for men, at one o'clock and another general meeting at three o'clock. The last two weeks of the mission, the evening meetings were held in the Exhibition Building, with a seating capacity of between 7,000 and 8,000 people. The very first day the Exhibition Building was open, it proved too small for the crowds that gathered. It was said there were as many people outside the Building, as inside, and it was necessary to organize open air meetings on the outside of the building.

8,600 Converts

I hold in my hand a printed souvenir card of the mission, received today, which says that during the month "over 8,000 persons made public profession of having accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour." The conversions were from all classes of society, many were from the homes of leading people in the city, and not a few from the deepest depths of degradation and sin. At one of the meetings for the business men, where the song "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight" was being sung, a man sprang to his feet and said, "I am here, and coming home." He rushed down between the rows of men and went into one of the side rooms, falling upon his knees overwhelmed with conviction. When I went into the room at the close of the meeting, he was sobbing and groaning, and without lifting his head said to me, "Do you think God will ever forgive me for the awful blasphemies that I have uttered about Jesus Christ?" I found afterwards that he was one of the scoffers on the platform of the infidel society of the city. He came to Christ, and found peace through believing in him.

One of the features of the work in Melbourne was the lectures to business men on the "Inspiration of the Bible," "Divinity, its Causes, Consequences and Cure," and kindred topics. These lectures were so effective that they were continued in every city we visited after Melbourne. After leaving Melbourne, meetings were held in eight other Australian cities. The Missions usually continued six days. There were

hundreds of conversions in every city where we remained at least six days.

A Mob Overcome

Perhaps our hardest fight was in the little mining city of Maryborough. The plain denunciation of sin in this city stirred up bitter opposition on the part of some, and there was a private meeting of those who were in the opposition and a plan formed to break up the meeting. We were informed of this organized mob, and the whole matter was laid before God in prayer, and we went to the meeting confident that God would give us the victory. The Spirit of God came down upon the meeting almost from the very outset. The mob scarcely lifted its voice. Many men walked right out of the mob and came down to the front and confessed their acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Saviour. As they commenced to walk down to the front one by one, the opposition broke down completely, and as one after another came forward the audience burst into cheers. One of the most notoriously wicked men in the city was converted, and with other men organized a men's society that has been pushing the work ever since. The ringleader of the mob came down to the depot the next day, when we were leaving the city, and apologized for what he had attempted to do.

The last meetings in Australia were held in Sydney. The town-hall, holding 5,000 people, was secured for the meetings. It was the first time in the history of the city that this large hall had been secured for a continuous series of meetings. It was not full the first few nights, but soon the crowds came in such overwhelming numbers that the hall proved utterly inadequate. They would pack the people in till they were standing in every aisle way down to the platform and way out into the corridors, and yet thousands had to be turned away. At a single meeting two hundred came forward and publicly confessed with their own lips their acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour.

A Battle with Sceptics

The meetings in Sydney were remarkable for the number of men converted. Perhaps the most interesting meetings were those held for business men in the Centenary Hall. I found in Sydney more intelligent sceptics, sceptics who knew why they were sceptics, than in any other city I ever visited; but they came daily to listen to the lectures on "Infidelity," and one after another they publicly and boldly renounced their scepticism, and took the Lord Jesus Christ for their Saviour. For the two weeks that these meetings for business men continued, many men prominent in business and in the political life of the colony, gave up their noon meal every day to attend the lectures. On three occasions we had a question drawer, and we were flooded with questions from sceptics and infidels. As one question after another was answered, it was almost impossible to restrain the enthusiasm of the crowd. When the hour to close came, they insisted on our going on, and on we went, with an ever increasing tide of enthusiasm. Many men on these days had their infidelity shattered. Two missions were held, of twelve days each, in Tasmania, one in Launceston, and one in Hobart. The secretary of the mission in Hobart wrote that there were 2,000 conversions in that city in the twelve days. Two of the most notable conversions in Tasmania were on the same night, one the champion heavy-weight pugilist of Tasmania, Jim Burke, and the other a prominent member of the Upper House. God has used both of these men since in witnessing for and leading others to Christ.

In An Agnostic Stronghold

We spent thirty days in New Zealand, ten days each in three of the four leading cities of the colony. We began our work in Wellington. We were informed that evangelistic work had never had a very favorable reception in that city, and that one of the great evangelists of our day, who had visited it, had said on leaving, "I shake the dust of this city off from my feet," but God gave us the favor of the people from the outset. The mayor of the city met us at the steamer, and was very prominent and active throughout the mission. He was a man that commanded the highest respect of every one and his backing did not a little to secure favor for the mission. Meetings were held in the rink, with a seating capacity of about three thousand, but this soon proved altogether too small and overflow meetings became necessary. The work in Wellington was notable for the number of prominent business men who were affected by it. One business man, well known throughout the colony, at the request of his friends, came to have a personal talk with me. He said that he was an agnostic and that he knew that I could not help him. I tried to show him the way out of agnosticism into faith. He promised to follow the line of investigation pointed out, but said that he knew it would not result in any good; but it did, and he has come out boldly on the side of Christ and is working to bring others to him.

Atheists Converted

From Wellington we went to Christchurch. Christchurch is the hotbed of all sorts of "isms," but also the home of a great many earnest evangelical Christians. It has one of the best halls to speak in that I have ever seen. The hall is seated for 2,800, but it was said that on some nights 4,000 people were jammed into the different parts of it to the corridors; but even then it proved utterly insufficient for the crowds that gathered. On one Sunday evening there were 5,000 people in the main hall and the two other halls in the building, and 5,000 people in the streets outside. Meetings were held both inside and out. In order to accommodate the crowds towards the end, meetings were held for the women at 6.45 and for the men at 8.45. Men waited through the rain on the outside until their turn came, and as soon as the doors were opened burst into the building like a flood. Among the conversions in Christchurch was the Secretary of the Atheist Club of the city. He and his wife had been atheists for thirteen years. Both were converted the same day. He came to hear the answers to questions, the Spirit of God touched his heart. Upon going home he opened his Bible to Luke 15:20, and God used it to bring the wanderer back to himself. Ten days were spent in Dunedin, days memorable for crowded audiences, the presence of the Spirit of God, and the number who accepted Christ as their Saviour.

From New Zealand we went to India, touching at Hobart, Melbourne and Adelaide on the way. In India, meetings were held in Madura, Madras, Calcutta, Benares and Bombay. The Gospel proved to have the same power in India as in Japan and China. It costs more for a high caste Hindoo to come out and accept Christ, and be baptized in his name, than it does for a Japanese or a Chinaman, but the Word of God took such hold upon the hearts of some that they were willing to pay the cost. One high caste Hindoo in Calcutta, who decided to pay the price, was cut off by his father the day he was baptized into the name of Christ. Before he became a Christian he was an heir to a large fortune. Immediately after his baptism he was penniless, but he proved true.

MR. CHARLES ALEXANDER

In Scotland, meetings were held in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen, about four weeks in each place. Edinburgh did not have the time for preparation that the other cities had. In fact, the meetings were arranged very hurriedly, but ministers and laymen entered heartily into the work. The first night we were there the Synod Hall, accommodating nearly 3,000 people, and the St. Cuthbert's Church, accommodating 3,000 people, were both secured, hoping in this way to accommodate the crowds, but even this arrangement proved insufficient, and it was said that 5,000 people were shut out from the two buildings. To accommodate the crowds on the following Sundays, the great theatre in the city was secured, with a capacity for 3,500 people. Meetings were held in the afternoon for women, and in the evening for men. The first Sabbath, there was a phenomenally heavy rain (I think it rained five inches). It was thought by some that few women would come out through such a deluge, but the theatre was packed before the appointed hour and many turned away. It was packed again with men in the evening. The Spirit of God was present in power at the first theatre service. More men decided in the men's meeting, than women in the women's meeting, and there were more stood up in the gallery reserved for students than in any other part of the building. During the four weeks in Edinburgh, there were nearly 1,500 who were known to profess to accept Christ in a meeting.

A Buddhist Won to Christ

One of the most interesting conversions in Edinburgh was that of a Buddhist student in the Medical Department of the University. At the close of one of the lectures on the "Resurrection of Christ," he came to me and said that he had been brought up a Buddhist, and one of his great difficulties with Christianity had been the Resurrection, but he was satisfied from the argument that Jesus Christ really did rise from the dead. A short time afterward he came out clearly, and was baptized in the Church of England. Perhaps the most notable feature of the meetings in Edinburgh was the business men's meeting, held in the church in which the disruption took place in 1844. This was attended daily by hundreds of business men and by some of the leading professors in the University. Prominent men would meet me on the street, and with great feeling thank me for the way in which faith in the integrity and inerrancy of the Bible was being established in that city. From Edinburgh, we went to Glasgow. St. Andrew's Hall, capable of accommodating 4,500 people, had been secured for the entire four weeks, with the exception of a few nights for which the hall had been previously engaged, and where it was impossible to buy off those who had secured it. Never before had this splendid hall been engaged for a continuous series of meetings, but toward the end even the St. Andrew's Hall proved insufficient for the crowds that came. There were something over 2,700 people, young and old, who professed to accept Christ during the four weeks spent in that city. They belonged to all classes of society, from the very highest to the very lowest. Glasgow has the best organization for systematic evangelization of any city I have ever visited. It is presided over by Lord Overtown, and governed by a body of prominent business men and ministers of various denominations, who meet once a month. Over $125,000 is spent annually in the evangelization of the city. This organization stood at the back of the meetings, and to it was due not a little of the success of the meetings.

MELBOURNE EXHIBITION BUILDING IN WHICH THE GREAT MASS-MEETINGS WERE HELD

2,000 Confess Christ at Aberdeen

From Glasgow we went to Aberdeen. Aberdeen is built of granite, and its people are said to be of granite. We were warned from the outset that the people were hard to move. We rather liked that. At first they came to listen to us critically, and yet, from the outset, God's spirit began to manifest his power. The large Music Hall proved insufficient to accommodate the crowd that came. Here, again, it was necessary toward the end to hold two services, one for women at 6.30 and another for men at 8. In all, 900 men and boys and 1,100 women and girls were reported as having accepted Christ during the four weeks' mission; but it was said that a very large number of others were converted outside the meetings. In some respects, more important than the conversions, was the stirring up of the Christians to definite personal work for souls. The interest spread from Aberdeen into the surrounding country, and missions were begun in all directions. For all its reputed stiffness, before we got through

MR. ALEXANDER LEADING THE SINGING AT AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE, NEW ZEALAND

there seemed to be more enthusiasm in Aberdeen than almost any other place we visited.

Remarkable Scenes in Belfast

Our last mission was held in Belfast, and it was the culmination of all. Taken all in all, the meetings in Belfast were the most remarkable of the tour. It is true that there were more people reported converted in Melbourne than in Belfast, but there were no meetings in Melbourne that for displays of God's convicting and converting power approached those held in Belfast. A new feature of the work in Belfast was the open-air meetings. These were held daily in the vicinity of the great shipyards and great factories. Two thousand men and women would often gather at the noon hour at these open-air meetings. Twenty-seven women were known to have been converted in one factory through the open-air meeting held in that neighborhood. At one of the open-air meetings the women lingered so long, that when they got back to the factory they found the gate shut. They stood on the outside of the gate and began to sing, "There is no Friend like the Lowly Jesus." The superintendent relented and opened the gates, and let them back to their work

Many Drunkards Converted

Another feature of the work in Belfast was the "Saturday Night Sweep." At ten o'clock ministers of the Presbyterian, Episcopalian and other churches, and many laymen and Salvation Army workers gathered together for prayer, and then went out on the street as the saloons were closing, gathering up the drunks as they came out, sometimes going into the saloons and bringing them out. The strange procession was headed by a Salvation Army band. In all they gathered together nine hundred people. They then went into the Shankhill Hall, where they remained in testimony and prayer until two o'clock in the morning. There were said to be sixty-one drunkards converted at the first Saturday Night Sweep. Every church and hall in the city proved utterly inadequate to accommodate the crowds, and as the working people were being shut out from the meetings, it was decided to fit up St. George's market. This covered space is 240 feet long and 127 feet wide. It was seated for 6,000 people, with standing accommodations for 1,000 more.

It was now thought that we had a building large enough for all crowds that would come, but the first afternoon that the market was open 7,000 people crowded inside about an hour before the announced time for beginning, and there were soon 6,000 more people on the outside

An Audience of 13,000 Souls

Meetings were organized for those who were shut out. On the evening of the same day, the place was packed at half past six, though the meeting was not to begin until eight. At eight o'clock we dismissed the first crowd, and the building was filled again. On that first night there were 300 who were personally dealt with, and who afterwards stood up and publicly professed their acceptance of Christ. On the next night there were 2800 on the next 387, and on the closing night, it is said, there were over 500 who accepted Christ as their Saviour. At a meeting of thanksgiving the next day, the Rev. Mr. Ballard, who was all through the historic revival of 1859, and that of 1874, said, never in all his life had he he seen such a display of God's power, as he had witnessed the previous evening in St. George's market. The conversions were from all classes of society. One of the leading men of the city, a prominent Christian worker, had the joy of seeing every member of his household converted. One of the leading singers of the city, a well-known man, arose in the thanksgiving service, and while many were in tears, announced his acceptance of Jesus Christ.

The Last Drawing of the Gospel Net

The superintendent of the harbor sent word to me that some arrangement must be made to accommodate the crowds that he knew would be at the steamship when we left, for the dock from which the steamer started would only accommodate 300. Tickets were issued for 300 of those who had been leaders in the work. Across the street a great open-air meeting was held on the custom-house steps. After we had preached a short Gospel sermon to them, and drawn the net for the last time and said farewell to the 300 on the dock, we thought we had bidden farewell to all our Irish friends, but we were mistaken—the river is lined for half a mile or more with steam launches or other row-boats filled with people, and for half a mile down the river, without a break, the docks were lined with people singing "God be with you till we meet again," and "Never more shall we part." Since our return, we have heard that the work is still being pressed forward in Belfast.

We take it this to be but the beginning of the world-wide revival for which so many thousands of people have been praying for months and years. Let us give glory to God and keep on praying and expecting

"NOW, PEOPLE, SING ALL TOGETHER!"

LAZARUS AT THE GATE

The Lepers in the Little Colony of Bethesda, in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, Send their Thanks to the Readers of this Journal: : :

ONE of the most impressive proofs of the world's indebtedness to Christ, is the sympathy and loving care which his followers bestow on the most unhappy members of the human race. A conspicuous illustration of the fact is the story, told in a former number of this journal, of the effort two devoted Christian missionaries are making to minister to a colony of lepers in Dutch Guiana.

The climate and the circumstances of that region are peculiarly favorable to the development of leprosy. So prevalent has it become, that the Dutch Government has been obliged to institute measures for public protection and to establish a rigid system of seclusion of the sufferers. These measures have had the natural result of producing among the natives a policy of evasion. When the fatal white spot shows itself on some member of a family, the parents and friends of the sufferer shrink from the duty, imposed by law, of reporting the case. They secretly keep the patient at home, and so the horrible disease spreads to other members of the family. It has, therefore, been necessary to increase the stringency of the law, so that a leper found on the streets may be summarily arrested, and a leper hidden in a home may be seized and carried off to the pest-house, if his presence there is disclosed by some person cognizant of the fact. It is to meet these difficulties, in part, that the little settlement known as Bethesda has been established. It stands near the government leper settlement at Paramaribo, Surinam, on the opposite side of the canal. All the Protestant churches of the district have an interest in it, and have full confidence in Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, the Moravian missionaries, who are in charge. There is less constraint there than at Groot Chatillon, the government settlement, and the lepers have a brighter life.

Mr. and Mrs. Weiss are devoted to their work. The letters recently received by them from Bethesda, show that their afflicted friends are deeply grateful for the attention shown to them. Two of the letters bring, each the sad story of a death. The fell disease had eaten its way to the vital organs, and after long years of pain had ended the patients' sufferings. Two deaconesses had been present at each death-bed, and had enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that the sufferer was trusting in Christ for salvation. What a change that must have been, from the wasting, torturing death in life to the region where there is no pain! To have been the means of bringing such a change, was worth all the repulsive work that the missionaries have done. For they have been nurses as well as missionaries. The horrible sores produced by the disease need washing and cleansing that the patient cannot do. These consecrated Moravians have shrunk from no duty. They have ministered to the bodies as well as the souls of their afflicted friends, and their message of salvation has, in many cases, reached the heart, because, first of all, the sufferer has been grateful for their attention, which has given him a relief from his pain.

The object of the visit of the two missionaries to this country, while secondarily that of a much needed rest, is primarily that of extending their work. When a patient dies, the news quickly spreads, and there are scores of applicants for the vacated quarters. It is hard to think that only one can be accommodated, and so many must be disappointed. The missionaries have abundance of land at their disposal, but they need funds for the erection of cottages. Each would be occupied on its completion by a grateful patient, to whom the comfort of a separate home would be a boon inconceivable in its value, by those who, in health and prosperity, have all they need. Funds are also needed for a small building for public worship.

MR. AND MRS. WEISS, NURSES, AND SURINAM LEPERS

Already our readers have responded to the former article with their usual generosity. Nearly fifty dollars was sent in small sums, and the missionaries gladly notified the lepers that this and other sums aggregating $3,000 toward the $10,000 required, had been received. It has evoked from one of the lepers, William Reeberg, who enjoys the distinction of being able to write English—of which he is very proud—a quaint letter, to which the other inhabitants of the little colony have added their names. He asks that it be published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, so that each of the contributors to the fund that their good friends, Mr. & Mrs. Weiss, are raising for their benefit, may know how grateful the lepers are. One paragraph, however, will suffice for the purpose. Poor Reeberg says: "We direct our letter to our fellow-men, to thank them in the first rate, for that what they have done already, and further, it must remove you to show more mercy. God's blessings must walk by those lines, and when they are read they must bring love and mercy for the readers, that they can feel love for us that are sing out of the social life. The Lord must be with us. He shall never leave us. We are very glad you gave us the occasion to write a letter by ourselves, that you kindly will publish in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We cannot thank you enough for what already you have done for us. There are so many sick who want to come here. We can never repay you. But we let that over to Him who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'"

A FARMER BOY AN UNCROWNED KING

Samuel Anoints David

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR AUG. 2
I. SAMUEL 16: 4-13

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -- "MAN LOOKETH ON THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE, BUT THE LORD LOOKETH ON THE HEART." I. SAMUEL 16: 7

WHEN Samuel had visited King Saul in his camp at Gilgal, and conveyed to him the message from God, that he was rejected from being king, because of his disobedience, and had departed to his home in Ramah, his heart was bowed down, for he mourned for Saul as for one dead. Such grief was displeasing to God, who bade him get up, and be about his duty, which was to find and anoint the successor to Saul whom God had chosen. God told Samuel to go to Bethlehem, and find his chosen one among the sons of Jesse. Samuel had been in Bethlehem many times, as a judge to punish evil-doers, and so his appearance there caused alarm, and led the elders of the city to inquire if he had come "peaceably." "I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord," was the reply. He had come not as a judge, but as a priest. And he went to the house of Jesse to offer sacrifice. It was a family altar, and gathered about it were Jesse and his household, in part, two daughters and six sons. Two sons were missing, one probably dead, the other, the youngest, in a distant field, caring for the sheep. A special interest centres around this family, because Jesse was the grandson of the lovely Ruth, who, to go with Naomi, left her false gods, and kindred, and native land, saying: "Thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people." The sacrifice probably consisted of two parts; first, the burnt-offering, in which Jesse laid his hand, in expiation of the sins of himself and his family, upon the head of the bullock, which Samuel then slew, and placed upon the altar, and burned.

THE MOURNING PROPHET

Then followed the peace offerings of grain or bread, "the bread of God," a portion of which was placed on the altar and burned, and the remainder eaten by those who were represented in the sacrifice. It was a feast of friendship; of the forgiven with the Forgiver, the burnt part being God's portion in the feast.

After the completion of the sacrifice, Samuel sought to discover among the sons of Jesse the chosen of the Lord, who was to be the successor of King Saul. But when each of the six sons present had passed by under his scrutiny, the Lord made known to him that he was not one of the number. Samuel would have made the mistake of taking the oldest and the finest looking son, Eliab, had not God restrained him. Samuel asked Jesse: "Are these all thy children?" Then Jesse bethought him of the youngest, taking care of sheep, and he sent for him. He came, bringing the freshness of the fields with him in his bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, and springing step. The moment Samuel's eyes rested upon him, he knew that it was he whom the Lord had chosen. And in his inmost spirit, Samuel heard the Lord telling him to arise, and anoint him with the holy oil of consecration.

This was a precious mixture of myrrh, sweet calamus, cinnamon, cassia, and olive oil, which Samuel had brought with him in a horn. He poured the contents upon the young head of David, and heaven gave witness by the anointing of the Holy Spirit, that David had become a child of destiny. Samuel returned to his home in Ramah, and David went back to his flocks; but the horizon was greater than it had ever been before, the heavens were higher above him, life had taken on a new significance. In the words of Geike: "The anointing amounted only to a private announcement to David of his ultimate destiny, that he might prepare himself for it, and be ready to act when the decisive moment arrived. Henceforth he left all to God, putting himself in his hands, to be led at his will. Yet a higher estimate of his own capabilities must have dawned upon him. Samuel's counsels became his rule of life, his inner impulse. The serenity and resignation to God exhibited in his greatest perils hereafter, were the results of the new spiritual force, caught from communion with the great prophet. . . To use the exact words of the sacred narrative, from that time, 'The Spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon him.'"

Illustration and Application

Let us get at the very heart of this story. A boy's awakening—a farmer boy's in this case—by contact with a prophet teacher, from whom he goes back to his lowly work to find it idealized, and to realize that he is himself an uncrowned king. Henceforth he can never be "the man with the hoe," a beast of burden with his eyes on the dirt, for he has "hitched his wagon to a star." Even if David had not received his crown on earth, but had remained to the end on his farm, he would, like Burns, have turned his farming into song.

What is it Like in Nature?

This awakening of David's soul, how like the spring awakening of the earth by the north wind that sweeps away the fogs, and the south wind that warms the buds into bloom! A seemingly dead earth breaks out into a symphony of flowers, and fruit, and song. It is our privilege to awake a seemingly dead soul, by a timely word of rebuke or encouragement. Saul, in youth, had the same awakener as David, but the sin he allowed to nest in his heart had destroyed him.

When the caterpillar in New Zealand is about to go into the chrysalis state, it digs a hole into the earth, and goes down, tail first, leaving its head just above the ground, and sleeps, in order that it may develop wings, and become a beautiful insect. But when there, with its head above ground, there is a certain parasite seed that sometimes comes and settles in its ear, and shooting its root down through the body, kills it, and grows up into a plant, called a "rata grub." The dead caterpillar's resurrection has been spoiled by the plant that is growing out of it. So many a boy that might be a David, coming out of the chrysalis of boyhood into a winged manhood of lofty living, becomes, like Saul, only a "rata grub," his life absorbed in some sin whose small beginnings he has allowed a seeding place in his heart.

From a Photograph

BETHLEHEM, AS IT NOW APPEARS

Most beautiful of all parallels to David's awakening is the yet earlier awakening of Samuel, when his mother had given him to the Lord to minister in the Tabernacle. And God himself called him, "Samuel, Samuel." From that hour of his childhood he became God's prophet. In a certain family the father read at home worship, "The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord." Then turning to his youngest child, he asked, "What is it to 'minister,' my little one?" "Doin' thin's for mamma, and papa too, I dess." Then climbing into her mother's lap and nestling in her arms, she added, "And for the dood Papa in heaven."

What is it Like in the Bible?

All through the Bible we are reminded that God is likely to call "unlikely men" to the front. It was Joseph, most hated by his brothers, who became greatest of them all, and their rescuer from famine. It was Caleb, the Kenite, a foreigner adopted by the tribe of Judah, who became its great leader in the days of Joshua. The judges and kings and prophets were often called from threshing floors, and from the plough and flock and herd. Not from the metropolis, but from the farm, in Bible times and since, God has often called his leaders. It has been noted that for the first time in our national history a President has come from Fifth avenue, whose commercial kings are themselves mostly boys who came in from the country with only a handful of this world's goods. Every man should watch for some call of God, but most of us will do our great work not in one great deed, but by daily faithfulness in little duties. Tollgates prove wealth may come through littles.

. . .

What is it Like in Common Life?

A young lady of fifteen—about David's age in this story—who was just beginning to teach, became the intimate friend of her Superintendent, an inspiring personality, with lofty conceptions of a teacher's duties and privileges. By his conversation, though he said not a word of novel-reading, she was so uplifted to life's highest uses, that she discontinued the popular story paper on whose shallow love stories she had previously wasted many hours every week. It was her soul's intellectual awakening. Later came her spiritual awakening, when Mr. Moody came into her life like an influence; then dancing, to which she had been devoted, was sloughed off without an argument or a pang—displaced by highest devotion to nobler interests.

A certain camp-meeting seemed almost a failure in the matter of conversions. The only inquirers at the altar were a judge and a boy. Those who gathered in the altar to prayer devoted nearly all their thought to the judge, and the boy was almost forgotten, as Jesse left David out as of no account in gathering his household. But the judge, having begun a new life late, became a worldly and worthless church-member, while the boy, that day awakened to life's true meaning and great possibilities, became one of the most influential Christians of his time.

. . .

Sad to see was a dear little child of ten hobbling along on crutches. When quite a wee thing she had met with an accident, which had lamed her for life. Very patiently Jessie bore her trouble, for she had early come to trust the Saviour. Just a single regret filled her heart. "I should so like to work for Jesus," she sighed over and over; "but I am afraid he won't use a poor little cripple!"

One morning, however, Jessie happened to pass a small village bookshop. Feeling tired, she leaned against the window to rest a minute. The shopkeeper, an earnest Christian, had hung up some pretty illuminated text-cards very prominently inside the middle pane. As the child peered in, glorious sunshine fell upon one of these, specially attracting her. She read the beautifully traced words, "The Lord hath need of him" (Luke 19: 31).

"I wonder who it is the Lord needs?" she said to herself; "I really can't think, but I will find out in my Bible." So when Jessie got home, she turned to Luke, and read the whole story. "Oh," she cried in perfect ecstasy, "since the Lord used a poor little colt, I am sure that, after all, he will use a poor little cripple." Her joy knew no bounds.

Fifty years have slipped by. In a well-known South English town, a great funeral is slowly wending its way through ancient High Street to God's Acre. What a concourse! Men, women, children; old, young, rich, poor. Ministers, too, of every church. Yes, it is the funeral of Jessie, the lame Bible woman, universally loved and honored.

. . .

What is it Like in History?

Was it Correggio, who in childhood was shown some great picture, and instantly felt the artist awakened in him, and said, "I, too, am a painter!" A less familiar case of artistic awakening was that of a young workman in Central Park, New York, who saw a sculptor in the Zoological Garden moulding a wolf in wax. Instantly he exclaimed, "I could do that." He asked the artist for a piece of his wax, and that night in his lowly room, moulded a wolf with open mouth. To make sure he was not mistaken in his call to be an artist, he brought it the next morning, covered with a handkerchief, to his family, and said, "When I take off the handkerchief all speak together and say what you think I have made." The instant, wondering cry of all was, "It's a wolf." To make assurance doubly sure, before he gave up digging for moulding, he made another figure in wax the next night, and when he uncovered it, all shouted "It's Gip"—the name of the family dog. Then he knew to what God had awakened him, and became the famous sculptor, Edward Kemyss.

TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF JESSE

Let it not be thought, however, that awakening to greatness is the chief lesson of this story. Rather is it awakening to goodness, to usefulness. The man who seeks fame for its own sake is more likely to become infamous than famous. He who aims to be useful to the utmost is the very one most likely to become famous also, but in any case, his name shall be written high in heaven. When Queen Victoria, at seventeen, was told that by the king's death she had become queen, her first impulsive utterance was, "I will be good." The story is not new to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but very pertinent to this lesson. It is a great hour, an hour of soul coronation, when any heart is aroused to say in earnest, looking to God for help to realize the great purpose, "I will be good." To resolve daily to be good in some lowly place, with no acclamations of fame, no reward but self respect, and the approval of God, that is a kingly thing to do, that God will not forget.

God of our life—we lift to thee
The chalice of our emptiness.
Fill us, until thy waters press
And overflow in ecstasy;
And our full cup of blessing lead
To the wan lips of human need.
—MARK WAYNE WILLIAMS.

The Western Flood Sufferers

Financial Secretary H. F. Parry, of the Flood Executive Committee, East St. Louis, Ill., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, acknowledging receipt of a contribution of $500 from Dr. Klopsch, in aid of the flood sufferers. "The money," he writes, "reached us very opportunely."

Mayor Gilbert, of Kansas City, Kans., acknowledges through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a contribution of $10, sent for the flood sufferers, by an unknown friend at Stonington, Conn., to Mr. Gilbert's predecessor, ex-Mayor Craddock.

"Entirely Satisfactory"

Your Bible and other premiums give entire satisfaction—worth twice the money invested.

Salt Lick, Ky. EMORY T. CALDWELL

The Red Letter Bible, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $3. The "Family Art Gallery" free to every subscriber.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

War in Somaliland

NEWS of British reverses in Somaliland, on the borders of Abyssinia, which was widely published recently, on the authority of French dispatches, proves to have been grossly exaggerated, if not altogether mythical. The war in that country, however, like so many of the "little wars" in which Great Britain has engaged, turns out to be a much more serious undertaking than was first supposed. The Mullah, or Mohammedan leader, has a thorough knowledge of the country, and knows how to choose suitable places for ambush, and also has the essential knowledge, the importance of which in that region cannot be exaggerated, of the places where water can be found. It will, therefore, not be astonishing if he is able to harass the British expedition, and to elude pursuit. The trouble appears to have arisen chiefly out of the arrangements for the security of the Cape to Cairo railroad. The Somali people had been friendly to the British, so long as no attempt was made to penetrate the interior, but it was well known that anarchy and civil war prevailed among the tribes. Abyssinia on the one side, and Italy on the other, were both concerned in the pacification and orderly government of the region, and were particularly anxious for the suppression of the fierce and desperate leader whom they called the Mad Mullah. Great Britain's interest culminated in anxiety for the safety of the projected railroad. With the support of Abyssinia, and the friendly co-operation of Italy the expedition was undertaken by Great Britain in 1901. The Mullah retired into his fastnesses and the expedition failed. A second expedition last year also failed. This year the expedition was planned in the hope of cutting off the Mullah's retreat on the north and on the west, which were his natural routes. The disaster to the British arms now reported, and later contradicted, is probably a more or less successful attempt of the Mullah to break through the cordon being drawn about him. It is evident from the hurried despatch of reinforcements, that the British Government miscalculated the strength of the enemy, and has discovered that a much larger force than that originally sent will be necessary for the accomplishment of its purpose. They are learning now a lesson which previous experience ought to have taught them, but which politicians of the type that often get into office are slow to learn, that it is never safe to underestimate the valor or resources of an enemy—a lesson inculcated three thousand years ago by the inspired King.

CAVALRYMAN IN SOMALILAND

Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof, when thy neighbor hath put thee to shame (Prov. 25 : 8).

Life in the Hidden City

At last a foreigner has penetrated to the hidden city of Lhassa, in Thibet, which many Europeans have vainly tried to enter. Professor Zybikoff, a Russian explorer, has just returned to St. Petersburg, after living in Lhassa for a year. Zybikoff is an enthusiastic Buddhist, and has so thoroughly mastered the dogmas of his faith, that even a Thibetan would not detect his foreign origin. He joined a caravan of pilgrims, who were going to Lhassa, to pay their veneration to the great Dalai, the supreme pontiff of the Buddhist world. He had no difficulty in entering the city in their company, and remained there, mixing freely with the people. His report strips the place of the romance with which mystery had invested it. It is a dirty place, he says, the food is abominable, and the city is grossly immoral. Polygamy and polyandry both flourish there, and the officials are utterly corrupt. The population is about ten thousand. In the centre, is the celebrated temple of Buddha, in which is a gigantic bronze image of the prophet, having on the head a golden crown. Court functionaries and priests make up the bulk of the population; but the chief source of its revenues are the pilgrims who go there to worship. It is a deplorable picture that he draws of a city, which is regarded by his co-religionists as the most sacred city on earth. The contrast between that and the ideal city of the Christian is significant:

And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth; neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie (Rev. 21 : 27).

Not a Lunatic

The Court of Appeals has just reversed the decision of a lower court in a peculiar case. The relatives of a wealthy man sought to have him adjudged a lunatic, on the ground that a man and his wife with whom he lived, had acquired an ascendency over him, and induced him to give them a large part of his property. The jury decided that the man was weak minded, and consequently incompetent. Acting on this verdict the judge committed him as a lunatic, and against this proceeding an appeal was taken. It has been accepted by the Court of Appeals, which holds that a weak minded person is not a lunatic in the sense contemplated by the statute, and therefore that the verdict of the jury did not justify the action of the judge. "A person may be of weak mind," said the court, "and by reason thereof, easily influenced, or dominated by others; but he would not necessarily be of unsound mind." The distinction is probably legally sound. It is very certain that there are many persons who cannot escape responsibility on the ground of lunacy, who are losing their souls through foolish infatuation with evil associates:

A companion of fools shall be destroyed (Prov. 13 : 20).

Cousin of a King

The news of the massacre in Servia, and of the accession of Peter Karageorgevitch to the throne, had a personal interest for a citizen of New York. His mother, and the mother of the new king were sisters, and the king is consequently his first cousin. His father was a merchant in Belgrade, and in his youth he was a playfellow of the boy who is now spoken of as "His Majesty." Little prospect did there seem then of his becoming a king, and his American cousin finds it difficult to realize him in his new character. He sent him congratulations on his accession, but with the bluntness for which he is noted, he coupled with them an expression of regret that his path to the throne had been opened by murder. Some friends who knew the antecedents of the New York cousin, expected to find him elated by his relationship to royalty; but he surprised them by saying that he purposed keeping right on with his business, and that he would ask no favors from his cousin. Considering the perils which, as we have recently seen, menace, not only the Kings of Servia, but their relatives and friends, he is probably wise in his decision to remain here, and make no capital out of his relationship. He has the opportunity of gaining a much higher and better consecration in the privilege God offers to all who come to him through Christ.

The throne of the Lord is in heaven, and his servants shall serve him . . . and they shall reign forever and ever (Rev. 22 : 3-5).

Swept By a Flood

A catastrophe resembling the famous Johnstown flood of 1889, occurred at Oakford Park, Pa., about thirty miles from Pittsburg, on July 5. Oakford Park is a resort operated by the Pittsburg Railway Company. Pleasure-seekers made it a favorite haunt, and many newly married couples were generally among the visitors. Its most popular feature was a lake about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, made by building a dam across several small streams which run through the valley. An unusually large number of visitors were at the resort to spend the Fourth, and many went on the following day. Late in the afternoon there was a thunderstorm, which drove the pleasure-seekers to shelter. Some of them went into the car barns and others into the restaurant, both of which buildings were in the valley, below the level of the artificial lake. While the storm was at its height there was a crash like thunder, and four feet of the dam gave way. The water rushed through the opening in a fierce torrent, carrying everything before it. Before the visitors could leave their shelter for higher ground the water was upon them, and nearly forty of them are believed to have been drowned. It was a terrible calamity, involving great loss of property as well as of life. It ought to set every public body having charge of such barriers as this that gave way, to examining them, lest they, too, have faults which may lead to disaster. It would be well, too, if, threatened as we are by the tides of sin which come to us from all quarters of the world, we strengthened the barriers that have hitherto protected us and claimed the promise that God has given:

When the enemy shall come in like a flood the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him (Isa. 59 : 19).

SOLDIERS OF THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION RESTING AFTER A MARCH

BRIEF NOTES

It is stated on the authority of a church statistician, who has kept careful account of the gifts of the progressive Protestant Christians of this land, that the latter contribute one dollar for the spread of the gospel to every one that they spend for luxuries and vanities.

Among the graduates at Princeton Seminary was a Japanese student for the ministry. Converted at home through the efforts of missionaries, and educated in America, he is to return to his fatherland as a messenger of the Gospel.

An Anti-Christian journal in India calls attention to the fact that the negligence of the wealthy natives in the matter of the widow and the orphan is standing in the way of Christianization and Uplift. It says: "Do not Hindus that Kayastha [a caste] have made away with their girls whom the rulers did not want much? Are not the Kayastha [a caste] the founders of a hospital for Christian females?"

According to the census returns from India for 1901, just published, there are 862,583 Protestant native Christians in that great country, and 1,934,124 Roman Catholic. Between these two the increase [illegible] decade was 1,000,000 [illegible] 1,078,578 to 1,862,583. The figures of the Protestant communities [illegible] were secured with 240,741. The Wesleyan Methodists [illegible] and the Lutherans [illegible] with 152,268.

The central conference of Jewish Rabbis of the United States, after a long discussion of the question of holding Sunday services on Sunday, as is practised by the Reformed Church, decided in favor of maintaining the holiness of Saturday as a necessary [illegible] effort to extend its observance. It was also decided to [illegible] consecrated the study and the observance of Sunday as a day of rest [illegible] has the support of the most influential leaders and [illegible] is increasing among the new comers.

Her Grandfather Was a "Signer"

Thanks, many and sincere, for the fine "Declaration of Independence" and Henry Mayer's colorful book. I assure you I shall have framed and the latter read with interest. You can appreciate my feelings when I tell you I found I became a "signer," was my great grandfather. I have an [illegible] also a print and ink copy of this valuable document and both are too rare to read on the wall without a magnifying glass. Yours is delightfully clear. Gratefully Your Friend, [illegible] Mass.

MRS. MARY BARTLETT RICHMOND.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Here is an inquiry that may interest many other subscribers, and the same answer will apply to all similar cases:

Will you accept two new six months' subscriptions, to date from the beginning of Mr. Sheldon's new story, at 50 cents. each, as advertised by you during the month of June? These subscriptions could not be taken before July 1st, the limit set by you, as the people were away in the country, and did not return until yesterday. When I told them about your offer to send either "Pearson's Magazine" or a facsimile of The Declaration of Independence, together with Henry Mann's Story of the Events that Led Up to it, and "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" for six months, they were sorry that they had missed the opportunity. I promised them that I would write to you, and tell you at the same time that I did not expect for myself to get the reward which you promised for new subscribers in your generous offer.

Ans. Yes, we will accept these subscriptions, and you may select for yourself a copy of the Declaration and the Book, or a six months' subscription to "Pearson's Magazine." The new subscriptions must begin July 1st, which issue contains the opening chapters of Mr. Sheldon's new story.

C. E. S., Youngstown, N. Y. What is the opinion of Biblical students as to the ages of the antediluvian patriarchs? Is it thought that the years were of the same length as our years?

There is among scholars a difference of opinion as to whether the ages of the antediluvians were reckoned by lunar or solar years, but the general weight of opinion is in favor of the latter. We do not know the hymn mentioned in the last part of your letter.

Pitiful, Jersey City, N. J. If Judas was really the bad man we think him, why did he commit suicide?

He was undoubtedly overcome by remorse. It was suggested by DeQuincey, and with some plausibility that in betraying Christ, he was only trying to precipitate a crisis, out of which he expected to see Christ emerge triumphant. He thought Christ would use his miraculous power to save himself, and when in danger of death, would declare himself King, and would set up his kingdom, in which the disciples would hold high office. When he found that Christ intended to submit, he perceived that his scheme to force his hand, had failed, and he was overwhelmed by the catastrophe he had precipitated. The suggestion is not sustained by the conception we gain of him in the Gospels, but we can imagine an ambitious and avaricious man, acting in that way; if, as is possible, he was impatient with Christ who had powers so great, and yet was so slow to use them to advance his own interests, and those of the men who had left all, to follow him, he may have tried this scheme.

Reader, Donahoe, Texas. 1. Was the late Dr. Talmage a Presbyterian? 2. How and where did the first Christian teachers die?

1. A Presbyterian. 2. Matthew martyred in Ethropia; Mark martyred in Alexandria; Luke hanged on an olive tree in Greece; John died a natural death at Ephesus; James, the Great, beheaded at Jerusalem; James, the Less, beaten to death, Jerusalem; Philip hanged at Hierapolis; Bartholomew flayed alive by a barbarous king; Thomas killed with a lance at Coromandel; Jude slain with arrows; Simon Zelotes crucified in Persia; Matthias stoned and beheaded; Barnabas stoned to death at Salania; Paul beheaded at Rome. These are largely traditional.

Finest of Patriotic Souvenirs

"When will wonders cease?" Your latest premium, the facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, and "The History of Our Flag," are gems that should be in every patriotic family in this broad land of ours—the best patriotic souvenirs I ever have seen. The History leading up to the Declaration is very instructing.

HENRY M. FLANAGIN, M.D.
Penn's Grove, N. J.

Miss M. J. H., Columbus, O. Was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, built by the Masons?

The generally accepted tradition is that about the year 300 the Empress Helena, the aged mother of Constantine, believing she had identified the place of Christ's crucifixion and of his rocky tomb, built the church which is still known as "The Church of the Holy Sepulchre."

E. G., Alma, Ont., Can. To test well-water (asked by M. A. B., Jamesville, N. Y.), fill a flask or other glass vessel with water to be tested, then add two or three drops of sulphuric acid; to this add enough of a solution of potassium permanganate to give the whole a purple tint. Set to one side for three or four hours in a warm place, and if solution loses its color organic impurities are present. Water that acts thus is unfit for use and if necessary to use it, boil it at least for half an hour. If ammonia is thought present, it can be detected by a solution of potassic iodide, in which a solution of mercuric chloride is added, until precipitate just ceases to be re-dissolved; then add an equal volume of strong solution of caustic potash. Allow solution to stand till clear; a few drops will give a yellowish red precipitate with even the slightest trace of ammonia.

SAMARITANS CELEBRATING THE PASSOVER ON MOUNT GERIZIM

From the top of Mount Gerizim, higher than Ebal, there is a magnificent view of the surrounding valleys and inferior mountains, including many villages. On the evening of the Passover, the Samaritans roast a lamb on the rocky ground of the eastern extremity. The illustration shows the priests preparing the lambs for the Passover.

Richards, Calumet, Mich. If a Jew becomes converted to the Christian religion, is he still a Jew? Or, in other words, can a man be a Jew and a Christian at the same time?

A Jew who embraces Christianity is known as a Hebrew-Christian. His belief is changed, but not his race; yet so intermixed with racial custom and usage is the faith of the Jew, that when he changes that faith, a great change in his manner of living necessarily follows. He could not cling to these old customs, if he became a Christian, because they would be wholly out of sympathy with his new faith. It may be said, therefore, that a man cannot be a Jew and a Christian at the same time.

They Are Worth the Subscription

Papers all received; also package containing facsimile of Declaration of Independence, with story of the same, also History of our Flag, for which I return thanks. Am much pleased with them, and shall prize them very highly. They are fully worth the subscription price of the paper.

Providence, R. I. I. E. WAKEFIELD.

C. C. B., Perth Amboy, N. J. Your friends in the country (I am one of them) may like to know just how to get to Mont-Lawn. Will you not kindly publish directions in (say) the next issue, and perhaps twice in subsequent ones of your paper? By what North River steamer or steamers? From what pier and at or near the foot of what street? On what days and hours of the week? Are stages running regularly from Nyack to Mont-Lawn?

The quickest way is to take train on the Northern R. R. of N. J., foot of Chambers or West Twenty-third streets, New York, or at the Erie Depot, Jersey City (trains run frequently), to Nyack, and there take stage to Mont-Lawn, two and a-half miles distant. Or if boat be preferred, take the S. S. *Chrystenah* at foot of North Tenth street, New York, 3.45 P. M. Stages can be taken at the boat dock Nyack to Mont-Lawn. Boat runs daily except Sundays. On Saturday the boat leaves at 2.30 P. M., foot West Twenty-second street, New York.

J. P. L., Exeter, Can. It is a fact practically undisputed, that the greater part of the disturbances in the United States originate with the foreign element. Those who criticise us ought to bear this in mind.

Amy E. S., Portersville, O. In an attic, among a lot of old books, I found a little book of poems, entitled *The Poetical Works of Miss Landon*, published, I think, by Henry T. Anners, Philadelphia. Can you tell me anything concerning Miss Landon?

She was an English poet, born in London, 1802. Her first poems appeared about 1820. She published several volumes of verse, and three novels. She married Governor Maclean, of Cape Coast Castle, in 1838, and died there a year later, of an overdose of prussic acid, taken for spasms.

We Are More Than Pleased

The "Declaration of Independence," with the book, came to hand in due time. We are more than pleased. My husband said he would give fifty cents for the pictures alone of those noble men, who so bravely signed the Declaration and fought for freedom. MRS. H. C. MEADSHER.
Leslie, Mich.

E. L. J. What should be the attitude of the Christian Church toward the society called Universalists?

Kindly and with brotherly affection. They entertain the hope that eventually all men, even the worst, will be brought into union with Christ and submission to God. In fact that all men will be saved in the end, though the process may be severe and with great pain. One wishes it might be true, and would be glad if there could be found Scripture to sustain such a hope. But no Universalist would encourage any sinner to postpone the acceptance of the offer of salvation. So, practically, they agree with other churches in preaching the Gospel, and in urging men to come to Christ in this life. Where they differ, is in telling the sinner that he will have to yield in the future and will then be accepted, while the other churches tell him that if he dies without accepting salvation, he will never have another opportunity. The usual ground of complaint against Universalists is that their teaching encourages a false hope.

Constant Reader, N. Y. We believe you can reach it by several lines of railroad or by trolley. Ask the agents.

Mrs. E. H. A., P. O. Box 144 Cutchogue, L. I., will supply any reader who may write to her, with a copy of the old hymn "Christ in the Garden."

Apropos of the use of Gospel texts in the street cars, Moses H. Sydenham, of Kearney, Neb., writes to THE MAIL-BAG:

Why not do the same in all our public schoolrooms of every grade, so that the hearts and minds of our young Americans may be trained while tender and plastic, to become noble characters and good Christian citizens of the Republic, being taught first the principles of the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, in connection with other knowledge and instruction, so that in after coming years they may not forget. Charts, or wall-rolls of the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in large letters should be displayed permanently on the walls of every schoolroom and taught by Christian teachers. Other short, plain Scripture texts or moral precepts might have a place also—such as, "Thou God Seest Me," "Shun Every Appearance of Evil," "If Ye Love Me Keep My Commandments," "Search the Scriptures," etc., etc. The wall rolls and mottoes or texts are very cheap, and can be procured of any of the publishing houses. I would be a wise policy for all Christian people to make it a special point to see their school officials and have such a system of education carried out.

Miscellaneous Questions

Reader, Hookstown, Pa. No; it is the authorized version.

H. A. S., Sprague, Conn. The pineapple grows on a low-set bush or plant, like a cactus, the fruit itself being the heart or core of the plant, with slender spikes radiating from it.

W. J. G., Los Angeles, Calif. We have never heard that cornet playing injures the voice, but it is quite possible. If you have a good voice, why risk it by cornet practice?

J. W., Berlin, Ont. If by "creek water" you mean a running stream, we should say that moderate bathing there in the hot season would be beneficial. There are many, however, who hold that fresh water bathing in midsummer, unless indulged in moderately is apt to be injurious.

Will Frame the Declaration

Dear Sir;—"The Declaration of Independence" and the book of great interest, were received this morning. I am greatly pleased with them, and hope to have "The Declaration of Independence" framed to hang in the school-house. I wonder how you can make such wonderful offers. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD itself is worth more than the money sent for all. EVELINE L. HILL.
Georgetown, Conn.

She Values the Declaration

The very fine premium (Declaration of Independence) came safe, and I am much pleased with it. Please accept my thanks. A. A. STANLEY.
Union, N. Y.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Letters and Love-Letters

WHAT a curious thing is the imperishability of a letter. Years after the writer is dead and forgotten, a letter, yellow with age, its ink dim, its folds falling apart, may rise up as alive in sentiment, as merciless to reference to statement, as accurate as to facts as if its date had been written yesterday. Spotless reputations have ere now been smirched and stained by the unearthing of that most fatal among human documents, an ordinary letter. Light has been thrown upon state secrets and a cold blast of air scattered the dust of royal closets, all through the discovery of letters concealed for a century or two. It would seem almost as if the vitality of the never-dying soul, supreme and triumphant over the dying body, asserted itself and took its defiant stand in a letter, a thing crawled by human fingers on so slight a stuff as parchment or paper.

. . .

Love-letters have been found between the folds of books, letters which by some wretched mischance never reached their destination. Phyllis, poor maid, pined away or else married the wrong man, because Stephen's letter never reached her hand, and years pass, and another maiden of the family reads the quaint missive that meant so much and achieved so little.

Angry letters indited in moments of vehement indignation have separated chief friends. Resentful words, spoken, had made only a superficial wound, but written, they pierced with a stiletto's stabbing sharpness deep beneath the tissues of self-love and they are never forgiven.

. . .

"Destroy my letters," wrote a brilliant woman recently to a life-long correspondent. "Since E.'s memoir has been published and her intimate letters have been spread out for everybody to read, I have taken fright. I don't want my letters put in a book after my decease."

By an odd coincidence, noted because the ink on this epistle was hardly dry, the recipient met a friend a few hours after who said casually, "You hear often from ——, do you not? Somebody should keep track of her letters. They will make a charming volume after she is gone!" The bulk of biographical literature is composed of letters, and it is interesting because the letters are unintentional revelations of those who wrote them, showing them as it were in undress, declaring their innermost feelings and exploiting their good sense or their folly. There is indeed something tragic about a letter, looked at as a document infused with at least earthly immortality.

Shall we have letters in heaven? Bunyan seems to have thought so, for in his all but divine dream, the post brought to Mr. Standfast, to Christian and others, the message summoning them to the Court of the King. And what is Revelation, that splendid succession of heavenly visions beheld by John the Beloved, but a succession of letters from the golden shore. If we need letters for our felicity there, where "the daylight is serene," be sure we shall have them.

Letters have a very singular individuality. By no chance, for instance, does a bill ever resemble any other letter. It probably arrives with other letters in the guise of friendliness, but it is more like a policeman in plain clothes than anything else one can think of. Demand on value received sticks out of it through the thickest envelope, and it lifts its front with a certain arrogant challenge, especially if the purse be low, and the debtor a spendthrift. One does not need to be a mind-reader to know at a glance which letter comes from an old college chum, which from a long silent friend, and which from the grocer.

There are the letters with black edges, sadly indicative of sorrow. Grief has visited the home. Here is its badge. And this aristocratic square or oblong envelope, smooth, creamy, and complacent, is the mercury of bliss; it brings a wedding announcement. This dear little letter, in careful, well shaped script, is a child's first effort, bless her precious heart and dimpled hands. Here is a husband's letter to the loving wife at home. Let us hope it is not signed "Aff yours," but is expansive and caressing and full of comfort to the lonely heart. A son's weekly letter to the old people on the farm, a mother's letter to her boy in town, an evident business letter properly addressed on the type-writer, a letter to one in prison, to one on a death bed, to or from one in a far country. Oh, the letters in the postman's bag, the mystery and romance and rippling laughter and muffled moan of agony, that are all crowded together in that heavy pack.

The moral of it is, if moral there be, take pains with your letter-writing. No idle business this, but serious and intense and worth doing with the very best you can.

Raising Money for Charities

"I never mind asking for money to do God's work," said a woman the other day. "I am not begging for myself when I am raising funds for charity."

"No," observed her friend, "but people treat you as if you were. No task is so hard and so thankless. Count me out when money must be raised, unless it is by means of a fair or an entertainment. Then people feel that they are getting something in return for what they give."

"I'd rather ask for the money outright. Those I ask have the liberty of refusal. If they say No, I proceed to somebody else. If they allow me to explain the needs of my cause, they generally give a contribution. Either way, I am not ashamed of doing my best."

GETTING IN THE HAY

No sign of rain, the laden carts
Are filled with fresh-cut hay,
The farmer and his men are glad,
This bright midsummer day.

BE BRAVE

BE brave, my soul: the coward drop
That pales my cheek would bid me stop
When glancing spears before me thrust,
Should trail my banners in the dust.
Oh, soul of mine, if thou would'st save
The wavering day, be bold, be brave.

What boots it that the hills are steep,
What matter that the low mists creep,
Who cares that foes in ambush throng,
Be brave, my heart, uplift a song,
When closest draws the hostile line,
Strike home, the victory shall be thine.

Know this, that never fell defeat,
That never shame nor swift retreat
Are his who plays the manful part,
In whom no traitor's fear can start;
Content to die, but not to yield,
Till heaven itself desert the field.

Be brave, from starry spaces far
Theery is heard, thy helpers are
Invisible but hurrying on,
To crown thee when the fight is won.
Oh, heart of mine, where'er the strife,
Be brave. In courage is thy life.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Susanna Wesley

THIS summer all eyes have been turned toward the great founder of Methodism, John Wesley. He had a great mother. Susanna was a woman of most pronounced, if not of modern, views on the training of children. She had nineteen children of whom seven died in infancy. The nursery rule in the large family was according to regal. Implicit obedience was exacted and enforced as a law of God, as was the custom in most of the well ordered homes of that day.

Mrs Wesley taught her children to read and to do so from their early education. When they grew up she was their sponsor and confidante, and few mothers have had more remarkable children, for all were gifted, high spirited and remarkable. John Wesley and his brother Charles were the sweet singers of Methodism, the other six magnificent orator and organizer—are the best remembered.

Samuel Wesley, the ministerial father, was no weakling, but a man of parts and principle. His wife and he were not always agreed on subjects important to both, but they expressed themselves with candor and fearlessness, and did not quarrel.

Susanna Wesley is the mother of whom the story is told, that when her husband asked her, "Why have you told that child the same thing twenty times?" the patient educator pithily replied, "Because nineteen was not enough."

Committed to Memory

The emphasis of committing something to memory is on the verb. If one commits a deposit to a safe in the bank, it is there locked a combination lock, and may be had again on call. So it is with the Bible texts and chapters one learns by heart, as the old phrase runs, with the poetry one recites until the rhythm had fixed it in the brain, in brief, with anything at all that one entrusts to that obliging warden, memory. No faculty serves one better, if only one allows it to do its work.

Much luggage along the road may as well not be committed to memory. A memorandum book in the pocket and a list made out of engagements is a valuable accessory to the day, and saves bothering over what is transient. But in view of the rainy day of old age or infirmity, of blindness that may befall one, or deafness, of loneliness in a strange land, commit to memory's care some treasures which will help to cheat life of weariness bye and bye.

School Manual Training

At Asheville, North Carolina, in the Normal and Collegiate Institute, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, the students not only acquire a thorough normal school course, but are carefully taught every needed branch of housewifery. The whole work of the school, except the scrubbing of the floors, is done by the pupils, who acquire the arts of home-making in a practical way, under competent instructors. I was there lately, and saw with my own eyes, one hundred and eight loaves of perfectly baked bread, drawn from the great oven. Cooking, sweeping, and laundry work, are carried on under skilful teachers, each set of girls, after six weeks of work in one department, changing work with another set. The manual training includes instruction in sewing. It helps rather than hinders the student to vary intellectual work with practical labor, in this way. Out from this school, ably managed by Rev. Dr. Lawrance, the graduates go to carry light and joy into many a lonely home in the mountains, often transforming a hamlet from primitive ignorance to a condition of knowledge, which is itself a revelation of what the little school ma'am may do when she is God's messenger, to those who need uplifting love.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JAMES. Do not offer your arm to any woman unless she is ill, infirm, or blind.

—IRENE. A summer cold often hangs on with peculiar obstinacy. Try change of air and some hot toddy.

—MOLLY. Foolish you are to worry as you do. If you did you would not be so critical about her dress and her manners.

—ALICE. Flowers may be preserved for some days if set in a cool place at night, and put in fresh water every morning.

—A. A. Fault finding husbands, like other bad habits, seldom a bad habit, and complain when there is no need, sometimes become.

—EMILY. At your garden party have cool tea, coffee, lemonade, or hot chocolate, the sandwiches dainty and delicious. Watercress, very thin sandwiches and delicate cakes complete the menu very nicely.

—IDAN. Salads may be made of any kind of vegetables cut in cubes, laid in fresh lettuce, and dressed with oil and vinegar. Raw tomatoes, stuffed with chopped nuts and dressed with mayonnaise, are delicious as a salad.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps,"

CHAPTER III—Continued

DOUGLAS began his work Monday morning with a lively consciousness of impending events. Mr. Vernon brought in the copy of the letter, and Douglas turned it over to his helper to set up at once.

"I wish the *Beacon* had a circulation of a million copies, and that this letter could be read by five million people in the United States," said Douglass with emphasis.

"I wish the entire population could read it," Vernon replied. "Do you know what staggers me every day of my life as I think of the saloon business, is the apathy of the people. The most heart-breaking facts in lives of mothers and little children don't seem to move the public very much. I once showed a church full of people a list of horrors all due to drink, that I had clipped from the daily papers in one week, tragedies that put on the stage would make everybody shed emotional tears, and then, as usual, go home and do nothing, and that church full of people received the narrative of that list of horrors with the same indifference apparently that they would have shown to the reading of so many advertisements."

"The people yesterday were not indifferent," Douglas ventured to say.

"No, there's hope in that. I don't mean to be pessimistic. I'm not, either. Only it makes your heart ache sometimes to face the nominal Christianity which professes so much and does so little."

Douglas was on the point of asking him whether he expected opposition from some of his church people, but on second thought he kept silent, not wishing to suggest something which Mr. Vernon had not as yet mentioned. The minister went out after a hearty word of encouragement on the policy of the *Beacon* and a prophecy concerning its influence.

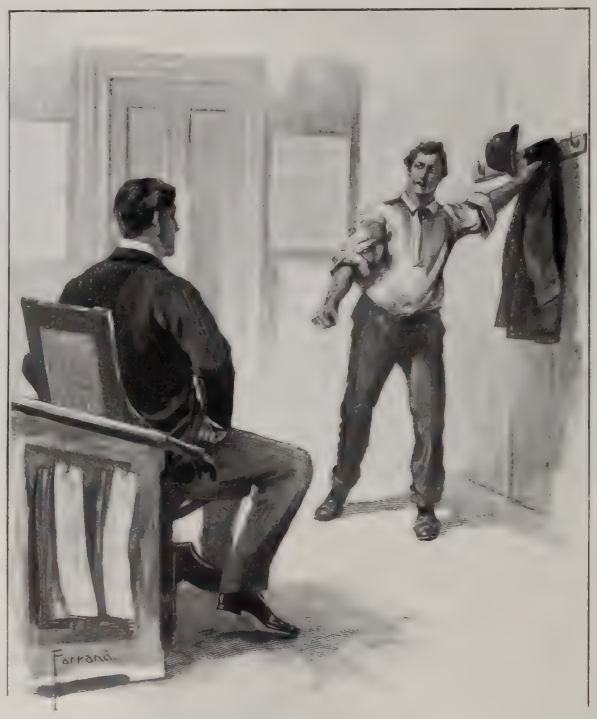
All through that day and the next Douglas worked energetically, feeling the pressure of the movement he had himself begun. He wrote up the service at the Methodist church, and gave a graphic picture of the scene when the applause began. In two brief but strong editorials, calling attention to Mr. Vernon's brave beginning, he commended his action in every way.

"The *Beacon* believes in that sort of preaching," one of the editorials concluded. "And we believe the Christian people of Colby will endorse Mr. Vernon in his outspoken declaration of war against the saloon and all it represents. Certainly all the mothers in Colby who heard that letter from the mother on that farm must feel responsibility for the safety of their own boys. The saloon is evil and only evil. It has not one redeeming quality. It is not a social necessity. It does not exist to supply such a purpose, and never had any other than to sell liquor to any one who had the price to pay for it. Its history proves it to be absolutely heartless and conscienceless. Every minister, every church, every business and professional man, every father and mother, ought to unite to destroy a common enemy of civilization, an enemy more dangerous than fire, or flood, or pestilence, or war, or all these things combined."

Mr. Edwards' prediction about the flood of mail Douglas would probably get on Monday was only partly true. The editor did receive a large number of letters, and by Wednesday night the number had increased to a very respectable mail for a country town editor. But while some of the letters were abusive and some ordered their papers stopped, nearly if not quite half of the letters were commendatory and encouraging.

On the whole, the letters proved very interesting reading. Thursday morning brought a fresh lot from the county precincts. Douglas was at his desk cutting open the envelopes, and noting with some satisfaction that a good many of them contained money-orders for subscriptions, when his attention was suddenly directed to the young man who had been his helper at the presswork of the paper.

His name was Coleman, and Douglas did not know him very well. He had worked as pressman on the paper before Douglas bought it and had been recommended to him by Cleary, the former owner.



"I HAIN'T GOIN' TO QUARREL," SAID COLEMAN, "BUT I'M GOIN' TO QUIT"

He came up to the desk where Douglas was sitting, and without any preface or explanation, he said abruptly:

"I'll have to leave you to-day, Mr. Douglas."

Douglas looked up in astonishment.

"Leave me to-day!"

"That's what I said."

"But the forms are not made up, and we go to press to-morrow!"

"Can't help that; I've got another job, and I've got to leave."

Douglas looked at him in growing astonishment and anger.

Then, for the first time since assuming charge of the paper, he lost his temper, and spoke sharply.

"You have no right to leave me this way without giving me notice!"

"It's a free country," Coleman answered coolly. "There's no rule about giving notice."

"Only the rule of common every-day courtesy, which evidently you don't possess," replied Douglas, sitting up in his chair very rigid, and looking at the tall pressman savagely.

"I hain't goin' to quarrel," Coleman answered slowly; "but I'm goin' to quit. You can get some one else in my place, I s'pose. I'm done with the *Beacon*."

He turned around, and started to walk over towards the corner, where he was in the habit of hanging up his hat and coat when he came into the office. Douglas swiftly recovered himself. He had not the remotest idea of the reason for the pressman's sudden action, and it had taken him completely by surprise. He got up and walked over towards the man. Coleman took down his hat and coat, and turned about to find Douglas near him.

"You haven't given me any reason for leaving."

"You haven't asked me for any."

"Then I will now. What are you leaving for?"

"For good."

Douglas took a step towards the man and came as near striking him in the face as he ever had been tempted to hit any one.

"Is it on account of the policy of the paper?"

"Don't care to say."

Douglas felt at sea. After a moment's thought, he said.

"Is it a question of wages?"

"Possibly."

"You've never said anything to me about it. You seemed satisfied with our arrangement. What reason have you to suppose I would not increase your pay if you had asked for it?"

The man hesitated a little. He put on his coat, and stood changing his hat from one hand to the other.

"I don't feel under any obligations to give reasons, Mr. Douglas. I've no quarrel with you and wish you well. But I have had a better offer elsewhere, and I've promised to take it."

"But do you think it's the square thing to leave me in the hole this way? I can't get out the paper without help. Can't you stay with me until the presswork is off, and give me time to look for another man?"

The pressman shuffled his feet uneasily. He did not meet Douglas' look, and as Douglas faced him, for the first time the editor of the *Beacon* noticed the shifty, cunning eyes that avoided his own.

"I've promised to go on my new job to-day. Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Douglas, but I can't stay with you."

"You ought to have given me due notice," exclaimed Douglas, with another burst of anger.

The man made no reply, and started towards the door. Douglas glared around the office at the uncompleted work, and hurriedly tried to make an estimate of the amount of time it would take one man to get the forms ready. He choked down a sudden desire to give the pressman a vigorous statement of what he thought of him, and said good-naturedly:

"Look here, Coleman, you know as well as I do that no living man can get out the paper between now and Friday night without help. If the papers don't get to the office by that time, they will miss the mail route Saturday morning. The people in the country want the paper Saturday. If they have to wait till Monday, it will make them mad, and give the paper a black eye just as I'm starting in. Everything counts just now one way or the other. If you'll stay with me till Friday night, I'll give you ten dollars for the two days. Isn't that fair? I've paid you up to to-night, but I'm willing to make this extra, on account of all that's depending on the *Beacon* just now."

Coleman looked undecided for a moment. Then he turned and walked slowly out of the office, saying as he went out, "I'm sorry, Mr. Douglas, but I've promised to begin on my other job to-day."

"Where are you going? What job is it?" Douglas called out after him, anger rising again at the sight of the man's cool, deliberate indifference to all thought of justice or fairness.

"You'll know in time, if you don't know now," Coleman turned about for a second and spoke with an exasperating grin on his sallow face.

Douglas walked over to his desk and sat down there, resting his elbows on it and going over the situation This was something he had not counted on. It was a complete surprise, and it found him unprepared with an answer.

He was casting about in his mind for relief, wondering if another pressman could be found in Colby, and he had just started up to go and ask Mr. Edwards if he knew any one, when he was startled

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with a crash out of the office. He looked in the direction of the noise in time to see the office-boy sprawling on the floor, with the type from the pied form lying strewed around him in little heaps.

Douglas threw up his hands in despair. He ran over to where the boy sat rubbing his head, which had come in contact with the press, and shook him by the shoulder until his teeth rattled.

"What did you want to do that for?"

"I didn't want to do it," the boy snarled, half whining and half scared. "I didn't see that old casting."

Douglas looked at the old casting, which he thought had been laid away under the trimmer. One end of it projected beyond the machine so as to be directly between the table where the forms lay and the press. He kicked it to relieve his feelings, and the boy got up, still rubbing his head, and looking at Douglas with a grieved air as if he thought the only proper thing for Douglas to do was to apologize.

"This means an all-night job for somebody," Douglas exclaimed sharply. "Well, don't stand gawping there like an idiot! Pick up those type and distribute them. I suppose you've got sense enough to shove that casting out of the way without my telling you to."

The boy muttered something that was not exactly of a devotional character, and Douglas turned to meet Edwards, who had just stepped in.

"Hello! What you doing? Breaking up housekeeping?"

"Going into housekeeping!" Douglas answered grimly. "At any rate we are prepared to serve unlimited pi."

Edwards whistled. Then he looked around the office.

"Never rains but it pours. Coleman's gone I see. Heard of the move just made by Bartlett? They're starting a campaign sheet to beat out the *Beacon*, and they've got Coleman to do their press-work. Just heard of the plan and ran in to tell you of it."

"If you can spare time to talk over the matter a few moments, I'll be grateful," Douglas said gravely. "I'll be with you directly."

TO BE CONTINUED

No Sabbath

It would be difficult to find a more striking picture of a land where the Sabbath had been forgotten, than this, written by a Scottish printer:

"Think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the finger forever playing, the eyeballs forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, and brain forever throbbing, the shoulder forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature that it would exhaust, of the aspirations it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig. See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!"

The Tent "Evangel" Campaign

Gospel work in the tent "Evangel," in New York, continues, and the daily meetings are largely attended. The sermons preached by Drs. MacArthur, Shaw, Henson and others were of a high order. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan's sermon on a recent Saturday night was a remarkable one. A strong man stood on the platform, and melted the audience by the story of his conversion to God. Evangelist McPherson welcomes all ministers who preach Christ. Rev. Charles S. Morris, the colored orator, thrilled the audience by a fifteen-minute Gospel address. Mr. Charles Elliot Warren, Cashier of the Lincoln National Bank, New York, is Treasurer for the tent fund, and all contributions sent to him will be acknowledged.

DAVID A TYPE OF CHRIST

In his Anointing and his Discipline and Spirit

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE choice and the anointing of David are wonderfully typical of Christ. God's King (Ps. 2: 6). David's name means "beloved." he was a shepherd; and Christ is now the unseen Shepherd-King of his hidden people, whom the world knoweth not, "because it knew him not" (I. John 3: 1). But Christ is rejected now by the world and the external church, and the prince of this world reigns, just as King Saul reigned for many years over Israel after David was chosen and anointed. But all the weary waiting and struggle against Saul ripened David all the more for his vocation, as Christ in our human nature was made "perfect through sufferings" (Heb. 2: 10). Christ was anointed for his life on earth even when announced by the angel: "Unto you is born . . . a Saviour, which is Christ" (the Anointed), "the Lord" (Luke 2: 11). But more especially was he anointed for his ministry at the time of his baptism (Luke 3: 21, 22), and after this anointing he met the devil in the wilderness (wonderfully typified by David's encounter with Goliath); and he returned in the power of the spirit into Galilee (Luke 4: 14), and there told of the fulnilment of Isa. 61: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me" (ver. 18), and David's anointing was a type of his.

Samuel sees difficulties. At the command of God he had anointed Saul; he was Saul's subject: how, then, could he do what was high treason? "How can I go?" he says. "If Saul hear it, he will kill me." God is responsible for the consequences of all which he commands. The Lord was not angry with Samuel: it was a very real difficulty, and he gave Samuel the most detailed directions. "Take an heifer with thee, and say, I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord. And call Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will show thee what thou shalt do: and thou shall anoint unto me him whom I name unto thee. And Samuel did that which the Lord spake, and came to Bethlehem." He knew it was safe to trust his God. The people of Bethlehem, remembering, perhaps, the thunder and rain on the day of the wheat harvest, God's witness to the sin of Israel in desiring a king, were afraid, and said, "Comest thou peaceably? And he said, Peaceably; I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord. Sanctify yourselves, and come with me to the sacrifice."

Jesse seems to have understood the purpose of the prophet's visit, and he made his eldest son to pass before him. Samuel thought this must be the future king: "Surely the Lord's anointed is before me." But the voice of the Lord to him was, "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth: for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Then Abinadab, then Shammah, then five more of Jesse's sons, passed, one by one, before him. "And Samuel said, The Lord hath not chosen these. . . . Are here all thy children?" And Jesse said, "There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep." The youngest who does the work of the family; not counted amongst those whom his father presents on a great occasion, and yet this one is the Lord's choice. The world loves that which strikes the eyes, something or somebody who is imposing in appearance, and who makes an impression. How far is this from the thought of God! He would not have a repetition of Saul.

It was just because Jesus had "no beauty"—according to the eyes of men—"that they should desire him," that the people of Israel despised and rejected him. They wanted one whose pomp would vie with the Court of Rome. They wanted one who should resist evil: one who should value earthly glory; another Solomon. And they saw a man coming from the carpenter's shop, meek and lowly in heart, associating with the very poorest, touching the leper, allowing the vilest of women to weep over his feet, eating with publicans and sinners. One whose only might was over sin, sickness, sorrow, and death. And they despised his meekness and poverty of spirit; there was nothing in him that the world could pride itself upon; so they cast him out and crucified him.

If you want pictures, perfume, paper lace and cardboard, you can get them with toilet soap; but they only add to the selling price and do not improve the soap. Sometimes an elaborate wrapper is used to sell a poor soap. Ivory Soap is put up in a plain, unpretentious wrapper, but is the purest soap manufactured.

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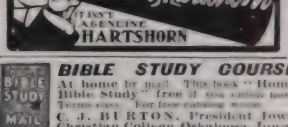

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Prepared Especially for *The Christian Herald*

By B. C. UNSELD

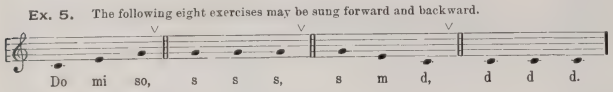
LESSON II.

The Tonic Chord.—The study of the foregoing explanations and the practice of the exercises are intended to make you intelligently familiar with the scale as a whole. Your next step is the study of each individual tone. The foundation tones of the scale, its three most important tones are those that form the tonic chord. A chord is a combination of tones that sound pleasantly together. Any three tones of the scale, taken in alternate order and sounding together make a chord. The most important chord in music is that built upon *Do*. It is called the chord of Do, or Tonic Chord.

2.—The tonic chord consists of the tones *Do*, *Mi* and *So*.

Careful practice of the following exercises will train you to know these tones. You must know them so well that you can sing them, without help, in any possible order in which they may be indicated. You do not really *know* them until you can do that. If you do not know enough about the piano or organ to play the exercises yourself you should get a friend to play or sing them for you until you learn them. Sing each group to the syllables printed under the notes, at first with the help of the instrument, or, if no instrument, then with the help of another person's voice; then sing them yourself without help. Repeat each exercise several times. Instead of printing the syllable in full, we let the letter **d** stand for *Do*, **m** for *Mi* and **s** for *So*.

Ex. 5. The following eight exercises may be sung forward and backward.



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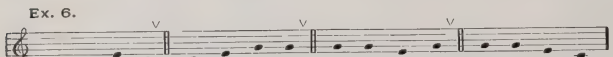
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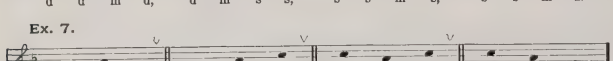
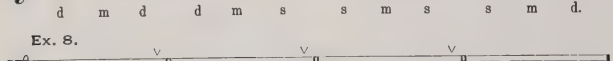


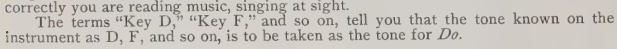
Ex. 8.



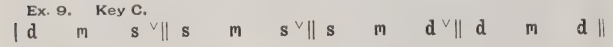
The above exercises are intended to be practiced with the instrument or other help; they are "patterns" which you are to imitate. The next exercises are to be sung without help of any kind; they are called reading exercises. If you sing them correctly you are reading music, singing at sight.

The terms "Key D," "Key F," and so on, tell you that the tone known on the instrument as D, F, and so on, is to be taken as the tone for *Do*.

Ex. 9. Key C.

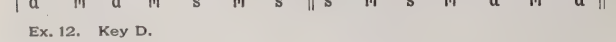


Ex. 10. Key C.



Ex. 11. Key D.

Ex. 12. Key D.



For your next step, I would suggest that you try to "make-up" some exercises of your own, or get a friend to make them. For instance, taking number 12 as a model, draw on a sheet of paper a blank outline of the vertical lines, fill in the empty spaces with any arrangement of the tones *Do*, *Mi* and *So*, that you can think of; then sing what you have written.

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HINDRANCES*

Their Purpose and How They May be Overcome

ONE of the most notable features of the passage associated with the topic is Paul's conception of Satan engaged in useful work. This thorn in the flesh he regarded as a messenger from Satan, sent to buffet him, lest the privileges he had enjoyed should unduly exalt him. Whatsoever it was, it was a trial to him, so irksome that he prayed three times that it might be removed. Nevertheless, he recognized that it was sent with the definite purpose of checking the development of his most conspicuous fault. That Satan could have had any such purpose in view we cannot suppose. The apostle's meaning appears to be that Satan simply desired to vex and annoy him and curtail his usefulness. The useful purpose must be attributed to God, who perceived that the trial, sent with evil intent, might prove a benefit to his servant. He, therefore, instead of removing the trial, as Paul asked him to do, allowed it to continue, and gave him special grace to bear it.

This view of affliction is one that may prove consolatory to other afflicted souls. How frequently we are puzzled by just such a mystery as that in Paul's life. Some man might be so useful if he were not handicapped by poverty, or by some physical defect, such as poor eyesight, or lameness, or some recurrent sickness. We wonder that God does not remove the hindrance and let his servant do more effective work. The sufferer himself wonders, and is sometimes tempted to doubt whether God loves him, seeing that he permits him to be so hampered in his work. But the apostle's theory removes such doubts. It suggests that the trial is in fact a proof of love. It shows that God is perfecting character and is strengthening his servant to bear the perfecting process. Hindrances of that kind are better not overcome, but borne with cheerful submission and with a sincere desire to gain from them the benefit they were sent to confer. But there is a sense in which they may consistently be surmounted. If the sufferer accepts his lot, recognizing the wisdom of the discipline, not making it an excuse for idleness, but doing the best it is possible to do in the circumstances, he fulfils God's purpose, and proves the power of the grace that has been provided.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 2. II. Cor. 12:7-10; 10:10.

REMEMBERING CHRIST*

An Inspiration and an Invigoration in Conduct and Service

HOW much of strength, and patience, and beauty of character might be gained by following the apostle's advice to his young protegee. There is no crisis in life, in which we should not behave well, if, with sincere desire to imitate, we remembered the Lord Jesus. We should be helped, by remembering what he was. It is remarkable how he attracted men and how many-sided his character was. Nicodemus came to him, and heard truth appropriate for him; Zaccheus sat at his feet, and received truth that transformed his life; the woman of Samaria was overcome by his words; the woman that was a sinner, was melted into tenderness by his compassion, and the disciples, of character so diverse, forsook all to follow him. Yet, he never stooped to flatter or to cajole men into his Kingdom. He frankly told them that if they followed him, they would have to suffer poverty, persecution, and the loss of friends. It must have been a marvelous personality, even veiled as it was. Would it be possible for any man so to attract others, so to help the sufferer and the sinner? No man can do so much, but there is no man who could not do more than he does by following his example. The patience, the tenderness, the compassion he displayed, might be practised, and the results would be amazing. No mere man could exercise his power, but we do not yet know what power might be placed at the disposal of a man of strong faith. Christ himself said that it might remove mountains, and assuredly it might be given in such measure as to remove unbelief and overcome the world.

Then, too, how much might be gained by remembering what he is. We cannot believe that his character has changed. The repentant sinner can remember him still and take courage. The tried and the persecuted, remembering that he is still the observant and sympathetic Being, that he was upon earth, can gain fortitude. The timid and the weak, remembering him, can receive physical and moral courage. All power, he said, was given to him, and whatsoever his people asked, he would do. Therefore, to remember the Lord Jesus is to lose all cowardice, all selfishness, all bitterness, and to be changed into the same image.

*Topic of the Epworth League for August 2. II. Timothy 2:8 (R. V.).

Where Christian Workers Rest

The Elim Home, at Bell Island, South Norwalk, Conn., a favorite resting-place for returned missionaries, and Christian workers, is again open, under the superintendence of Rev. William James. In past years, many overworked Gospel workers who were poorly paid, have been received at the Elim, and nursed back to health and strength there. The delightful attractions of the place, and its health-giving sea breezes, are widely appreciated. Mr. James is arranging to give a number of excursions for working mothers and little children, from the New York tenements. The Elim is supported by voluntary contributions, which will be acknowledged by Mr. James, who may be addressed at Bell Island, South Norwalk, Conn.

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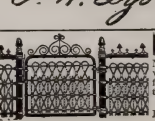

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A Notable Service

OUR readers, who have done, and are doing so much for the people of India, will be glad to hear of a special achievement, which has in it the promise of far-reaching beneficence of a kind most urgently needed in that country. It is a well known fact that thousands of lives are lost every year in India which might be saved, if properly qualified physicians were called in to treat the cases. It is a pathetic fact that a large proportion of the unfortunate sufferers are women. In their cases, even when a white physician is accessible, social prejudice prevents his being allowed to visit and prescribe

MISS SONUBAI KESKAR

for the patient. So it has come about, that many a woman goes through life, suffering continual pain, and many die, who might be easily cured if they lived in this country, where they could be intelligently treated. The supreme need was for a native woman, trained in medical science. If such a female doctor were also a Christian, able to minister to the soul as well as the body, what magnificent opportunities of service would he hers!

As is already known to some of our readers, just such a girl has been found in Miss Sonubai Keskar. She is the daughter of a Christian native physician of Sholapur, in the Bombay Presidency, and is not only an exceptionally bright, intelligent girl, but a sincere and devoted Christian. She came to this country, feeling sure that there was no place on earth where she would get so high and thorough a medical education as here. The girl made progress in her studies, and her teachers predicted for her a brilliant career, if she could only complete her course. She was, however, absolutely without funds for her college expenses, and even for her personal support.

It seemed inexpressibly sad that so fine an opportunity for Christian usefulness in India should be missed for lack of the small sum necessary to enable Miss Keskar to complete her studies, obtain her diploma, and go back to India to minister to the bodies and souls of her afflicted sisters. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD therefore explained the situation to some among its readers who had taken an interest in the people of India, and we are now happy to announce that a number of them have pledged themselves to provide the needed amount. They have agreed to furnish the money as it is required, some giving more than others, but the aggregate sufficient to cover the total sum needed. Following is the list of the names of the subscribers who have joined in this Christlike undertaking:

Rev. Chas. Philips	Harold H. Sayre,
S. O. Smith	Mrs. Herbert Du Puy
Dr. Talbot Jones	J. H. Gehr
E. P. Gates	Leola J. Little
C. M. Johnson,	John W. Sibley
Wm De Pree & Bro.	D. F. Easton
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Mrs. W. F. Davis	Mrs. J. C. Francis
Mrs. Jane Cosgrove	Miss F. Fischer
Geo. E. Gamble	R. Horley
P. B. Thomas	Mr. H. N. Niles

Contributions have also been received for the purpose from the following:

D. C. Converse	Lorina Smith Dempsey
Frances Garratt	Miss J. E. Baird
Mrs. Thomas Dunning	L. W. Felter
Nettie Ore	Joseph Taylor
H. B. Kellogg	Mrs. W. T. K.
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Samuel Clelland	R. Horley

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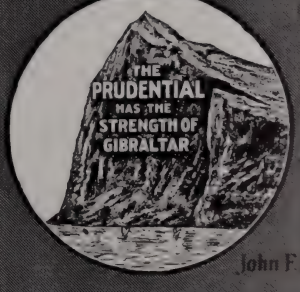

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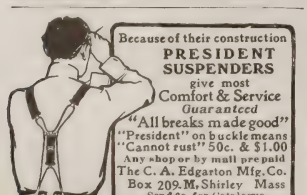

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

In the Land *of the* Tattooed Women

By MISS JESSIE ACKERMANN

A WIDE and interesting field for the ethnologist may be found on the North Island of Japan, where the small remnants of a once sturdy and numerous race are trying to resist the pressure of civilization, and live according to their own ideas and customs. Whether these people are descendants of the cave-dwellers of Southern Europe, as many are inclined to believe, or whether they were the first inhabitants of the Island of Japan, as the history of that country asserts, will probably never be known. But there they are, remote from the usual line of travel, little known to the outside world, but so full of interest, and withal so harmless, that even a hurrying American can afford the time required to visit Yego.

MISS JESSIE ACKERMANN

Small steamers connect the island with the mainland, and those engaged in coast trade are equipped for only native travel, which means sleeping on the floor and taking meals in a humble attitude not usually associated with feasting. The number of passengers is limited only by the space on the floor, which is allotted by right of size to each person.

Think of twenty-eight men and women in one room, each struggling for sufficient floor-space upon which to stretch at full length! Sleep was among the impossibilities, and as I was an object of intense interest to the passengers, they "whiled away the midnight hours" by looking at me, and I am certain talking about me. A very comfortable feeling for a lone woman!

Travel-stained and weather-beaten, I landed on the north shore ready for an inland trip, the difficulties of which increased as the coast-line receded. In the first place, there are only Japanese hotels. These are wholly destitute of furniture, and, worse still, there is no privacy or protection from invasion other than sliding paper doors. My interpreter had failed to meet me, and I was unable to speak a word of the language. By many signs and no end of grimaces, the proprietor indicated that I should remove my shoes and help myself to a seat on the floor. Being tall, I folded myself up, after the manner of a camel, sitting on my feet, with nothing to do but wait. There I was, hopelessly sitting, sitting, sitting! while the proprietor, his wife, all the servants, guests, and a few stragglers were looking, looking, looking!

When they seemed satisfied that I was quite harmless, and safe to allow in the house, they withdrew one by one, leaving me to wonder what would become of me during the night. Darkness crept over the place, and folded us in as with a mantle. Then one great watch-star after another, twinkled a faint light from out the heavens; the moon looked with pale face through a rift in the clouds. Suddenly, and all unannounced, the entire male staff of the establishment entered my room, and proceeded to make my bed. This was merely some heavy blankets, placed on the soft matting, and was really a comfortable resting place; but their concern in adjusting it, delayed the hour of sleep far into the night, for each man had an idea as to how the bed could be made to meet the demands of my unusual length. After a prolonged discussion, the proprietor suddenly darted from the room, and returning in a few moments with equal agility, motioned for me to rise. Towering above them all, and in constant dread, lest by some unlucky move I should fall over them, I awaited developments. The tallest man among them stood beside me on tiptoe, and reaching one end of a string to my head, held it in position, while a second carried it down the course of my spinal column to the floor. Having thus computed the desired length of the bed, it was soon arranged, and when the door was finally shut, I threw myself down upon the bed, limp and exhausted, six feet of nervous prostration, quivering in every fibre under the excitement of the strange scenes.

As is always the case, "joy came with the morning." My interpreter was at hand; and everything was ready to continue the journey. Before nightfall we had reached an Ainu village, and I was a welcome guest in the primitive, comfortless house of the chief of the tribe, who proceeded at once to array himself in all of the unearthly regalia that designated his high rank. Of course he had a crown! This was made of shavings of ordinary pine wood. The proverbial Yankee never so reveled in the wholesale destruction of young timber with his pet jack-knife, as do these people, when preparing head adornment for special occasions. In the centre of this curious arrangement nestled a small bronze bear, the emblem of power and strength. The chief's robe was girded with a fantastic belt, from which hung a decorated sword. This had been handed down by seven generations and was held as priceless. It was the only article of value I saw there.

A GROUP OF AINUS, SHOWING THE PECULIAR FACIAL DISFIGUREMENT CAUSED BY THE TATTOO

Primitive does not express the Ainu mode of life. All customs, habits, and the very architecture indicate that nature did not place these people in this cold, bleak clime, but that man's heartlessness to man has driven them there. The houses are all constructed after the same style. The sides are woven of heavy rice straw and placed together in sections, set up on the instalment plan. The roof is woven in like manner of water rushes, and placed upon the sides when completed. In the centre of the floor is the fireplace, from which the smoke escapes at will, very frequently finding its way to every corner of the room than passing out through the open space in the roof. Around all sides of the house is an elevated platform upon which the whole family range themselves in order for the night. Two inches seem for the night as well, and the only bedcover is a piece of [illegible] What merciful power saves them from freezing to death in winter no one can tell.

During the summer, a scanty garden yields some vegetable food, but crude methods and lack of knowledge of the soil, give the only possible results—a small crop. Fish in many varieties abound, and from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 631

[This is the first of a series of remarkably interesting articles of travel, by Miss Jessie Ackermann, the well known writer, who was for several years International Secretary of the W. C. T. U. She has circled the globe many times, and it has been said of her that she has visited more countries, and slept in more strange beds in the course of her journeyings, than any woman now living. These articles, contributed specially to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, are the outcome of her latest travels in distant lands.]

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Royal Domestics

TEXT—MATT. 20: 27: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant"

STARTLING theme! Apparently a contradiction in terms; but really a profound truth proved by reason and experience. The men most honored in the world to-day, and the men of the past, whose names history will never forget, are the men who have rendered the world the best service. Eminence and lasting fame are won not by riches or titles, but by doing something that benefits others. That is a sound general principle, which applies, not only to the highest walks of life, but to the humblest. It may correct our views of a station which it is now the fashion to hold in small esteem, if we see how it is affected by this principle. I speak of the girls who, in performing the humble duties of domestic service, contribute so much to the happiness of a family.

The tremendous opportunities of usefulness open to a consecrated domestic is the subject. No position to-day accessible to a woman of ordinary mental and physical capabilities will bring greater returns, financially and spiritually, than that offered to the average servant girl. The gods were supposed to have allowed the beautiful queen of Cyprus to bless her little kingdom in a wonderful way. Every place of the rocky island which her foot might touch would instantly be covered with brilliantly-colored flora or with rich green verdure. Not so does God endow any human being; but in a better way does the fable come true. The humble domestic servant, be she cook in the kitchen, or a guardian in the nursery, or a waitress in the dining-room, may live a life which will carry fragrance wherever it goes.

Honorable Service

But this sermonic theme has its dark side as well as its bright. It is shadowed either by avoidance or by slothfulness. By avoidance, because in despising it and seeking other occupations, inconveniences and social difficulties are entailed on others; by slothfulness, because no one can do a duty badly or carelessly without deteriorating in character. The kitchen or the nursery may be a throne-room with a consecrated domestic servant as a queen; or it may be a den of miserable drudgery and the scene of constant bickering and discontent. In olden times there were two classes of servants, both male and female. The one was that consecrated band of workers who clearly realized that true service, no matter how humble, implied honor and usefulness. Thus Joshua, great man that he was, gladly and willingly became the servant of Moses, and Elisha was the servant of the great Elijah, and Eliezer was the servant of Abraham, and Samuel of Eli. These men knew that they, in their humble sphere, were working for the advancement of the world as truly as were their masters in their more conspicuous sphere.

The second class of servants was composed of the sullen slaves captured in war. They were, for the most part, disgruntled and rebellious servitors. They felt that the tyranny of fate had placed the captives' manacles upon their wrists, and, as soon as possible, they would flee, when chance for escape offered. So there are women to-day serving in the kitchen, and in the nursery, who act as if they believe that they are captured slaves. They are grumbling against their work and meagre pay. They are spending one half of their time in finding fault with their mistresses, and the other half in trying to find out a way of escape into some other occupation, where they can have more liberty, and increased emoluments. As we would praise the grand work of the consecrated domestic, so we would denounce the evil behavior of the "wicked and slothful servant." We would try to show that the servant-girl who buries her one talent in a napkin, and refuses to do her legitimate work, is just as reprehensible in God's sight, as the king or queen who deliberately squanders a life's capital of ten talents. Divine rewards and punishments are not dependent upon the amount of returns accomplished by God's children, but upon the faithfulness and consecration with which we perform the tasks he has given us to do.

Royalty in Duty

The word "royal" is not restricted to station. It is legitimately applied to any woman whose conduct in her own sphere is noble and faithful—conduct "which is becoming or fitting to a queen." Nor is the financial compensation for her service inadequate. Her remuneration is as large as any other wage-earner, in proportion to the physical labor and mental training which are required of her. Prove it? I will. Compare to-day the net financial returns of the average servant, and that of the unskilled worker in any other departments of life. In our large cities the nurse-girl receives at least $3.50 to $4.00 and $5.00 per week. The good cook from $4.00 to $7.00, even to $10.00 per week. The waitress $4.00 per week. The chambermaid $4.00 per week. That means that each one of the household servants receives, monthly, wages running anywhere from $17.00 to $25.00 per month. That is more than many of the well-dressed floor-walkers in the large city stores get. That is more than the average typewriter receives, for she has to pay rent and board, which the domestic servant gets free. That is as much as a farm hand or a private soldier in the United States Army receives. "Oh, no," someone answers, "that is not true. A floor-walker will get $12.00 per week. There is many a typewriter receiving $10.00 per week, or about $40.00 per month." But, my brother, when you estimate the salary of the downtown clerks, you must at the same time estimate their expenses. As I remarked, the servant-girl receives a greater net return, not gross, than any other class of labor requiring equal mental and physical equipment.

The Net Result

A merchant never considers the gross returns of his business, but the net. He says to himself, "These goods were sold for so much. Now I must find out my expenses. So much for store rent, so much for night watchman, so much for expressage, so much for commercial travelers, so much for advertising, so much for taxes, so much for this, and so much for that and the other thing." Then that merchant subtracts the expenses from the gross receipts, and he says, "I make so much net." No advantage in buying goods in a foreign market, if the tariff laws eat up all the profits, or in raising potatoes and apples in the Dakotas or Montana, if the railroad freight to bring the fruit to the market costs more than the goods are worth. No financial advantage in being a downtown clerk and receiving $8.00 or $10.00 per week, if the expenses of room-rent and car-fare, and the lunch-counter, and board, and laundry bill, and extra clothes, absorb all the salary. And so when you place the net income of an average servant-girl against that of an average clerk, you find her salary is mostly gain, while his, at the end of the week, after his legitimate expenses have been met, is absolutely nothing, or about nothing.

I am talking about the princely net income of an average servant-girl. But if you are going to judge the condition of each class of laborer by the standard of money, then the servant-girl is not only better paid, but she receives steadier service all the year round. She is not laid off, like the masons or carpenters, or the lake sailors, or like the many employees, who, though during the busy seasons they receive high wages, are idle during certain months of the year. The royal domestic can have perpetual employment. Thus from a financial standpoint, I would commend to our sisters and daughters this noble work of the kitchen and the nursery. I commend the occupation to you, because the financial returns are princely, in comparison to the mental equipment which many of you are able to consecrate to this service.

Benefactors of the Home

But there is still another advantageous aspect of the question, which should not be overlooked. Eliezer, the servant, was the chief man in Abraham's household. In how many American households, think you, is the cook the principal functionary, upon whose skill and proficiency the physical and, to a very large extent also, the moral condition of the family depends? There are, I will venture to affirm, hundreds of thousands of homes in our large cities, to say nothing of as many more in the towns and villages, where the defection or incapacity of the cook, or housekeeper, would mean confusion and misery. A good, honest, intelligent cook is a conservator of health and happiness. Brillat Savarin once said that he who invented a new sauce was a benefactor to mankind; so, the cook who brightens your table with a well-ordered dinner, and whose culinary skill gives zest to appetite, is a benefactor to the home. There are chefs, many of them, who by reason of their skill, command salaries reaching up into the thousands of dollars. They understand the chemistry of the kitchen; they have made a study of dietetics, and their experience is quite as valuable to their employers as that of the skilled physician. There is abundant scope for ambition in the kitchen.

Another advantage offered by domestic service is that its surroundings are purer. The royal domestic is subjected to less temptations than are her sisters who are earning their livelihood in other walks of life. Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle, for over fifty years refused knowingly to give audience to any man or woman of impure and wicked life. A royal servant-girl, if she enters a Christian home, can, as a queen, choose her own associates. She can go with good people, if she will. The choice rests with her, and with her alone.

This statement is not always true, in reference to women who have to work for their living outside of the four walls of a home. Without, they are often compelled, even against their wills, to inhale the vitiating atmosphere of sin. They are often compelled to stand shoulder to shoulder with moral lepers, whose sins, if not contagious, by too much association may become fatally infectious. Here, for instance, is a young girl just arrived from the country. She decides to enter a factory, and become a day wage-earner. That factory has scores of girls whom she would never dare introduce to her old Christian mother. That young girl, within four weeks' service in that factory, has seen and heard more wickedness than she has ever known before. Then this young girl goes from her factory to her boarding-house. Upon her small salary, she cannot afford to pay a very big board bill. The result is that she lives in a boarding-house near her daily work. That boarding-house, in all probability, has young girls in it whose lives are not what they ought to be. Seeing sin by day, and necessarily seeing and hearing about sin by night, has a hardening influence upon the young girl's soul. Of course, the Divine Protector can and will preserve that young country girl, true and pure and noble, if she keeps clinging to the Omnipotent arm; but without that superhuman aid, the moral tendency for the female worker in the factory is downward. The life there is, in some respects, the same as that upon the theatrical stage, about which a noted actor once wrote: "The saddest fact about my profession is that the constant seeing of what one ought not to see, has a tendency to blunt the moral sensitiveness, and blind one's eyes to his moral duty and to right."

Temptations Avoided

Then, consider the besetting temptations ready to greet the young girl who applies for a position as clerk in a large downtown store. Parents, it is high time that you fully realize that there are among the owners of large downtown drygoods stores some who do not expect their clerks to live upon their salaries. There are hundreds and thousands of those young girls whose costly dress proves that they are not living upon their weekly wages. Everywhere, in those downtown stores, sin stands around with outstretched arms, crying: "Come! Come, and wear fine clothes! Come, and be respected, as you cannot be in the kitchen or the nursery! Come, and have your nights to yourself! Come, and see the brightest part of city life, through the undimmed eyes of youth." And the young girls from the country, by the hundreds and thousands, are turning their backs upon the refined employment of a domestic life and flinging themselves into the whirling, brain-destroying, heart-crushing maelstrom of temptation, where so many have been destroyed forever.

The royal domestic should be among the most honored of all women. It largely depends on her readiness to perform her duties and her efficiency in her service whether or no this country is to be a nation of homes. "God setteth the solitary in families," or, as you could read it in the Bible margin: "God setteth the solitary in a house." What does that mean? Simply this. Every ideal unit of society should be a home. What is an ideal home? A father and a mother for the heads of the table, children for the nursery, servants to help provide for the domestic wants. While the husband is off to business, the wife must be doing her work in the house. But there is a limit to a wife's physical and mental capacities. No average mother can perform her domestic work without help. She cannot be nurse, and dressmaker, and cook, and chambermaid, and waitress, and marketer all in one. She must have female assistance. She must have a servant or servants to aid her, or else she must give up housekeeping. As a strange and unaccountable prejudice has gone abroad against our daughters and sisters going to work as servants in the kitchen, one by one the homes of America are being closed. The husbands and wives, with their children, are going to live in boarding-houses and hotels.

The Nation Menaced

If you ask the average wife why she gives up housekeeping, she will answer, "I could not longer endure the unreasonableness of servants. The 'servant-girl question' simply racked my nerves until I was in torture. One day, I would seem to be getting along all right. But if the washing was a little larger than usual, or I complained about my servant being out too late at night, or I had some extra company for dinner, suddenly I would find myself servantless, with all the work to do in the kitchen. I could not stand the strain." When the servant-girl goes out of the American home, then the front door of that American home is barred and locked.

"But," says some one to me, "is the responsibility of

REV. A. E. MYERS THE MEETING OF THE MORNING WATCH INTERIOR OF THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE [illegible]

A BROTHERHOOD CAMP

MEMBERS OF THE ORDER OF ANDREW AND PHILIP IN MOUNTAIN SESSION

THE Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, the pioneer organization for work among men in the various denominations, has recently made a new departure. Last winter, the Federal Council, which is its executive committee, resolved to hold a camp conference in the Pocono Mountains, Monroe County, Pa., in place of the usual biennial convention. A large tract of land on the plateau, at the very top of the mountains, has been secured for a summer Chautauqua, and conferences of various kinds are being held throughout the summer season. The Rev. Rufus W. Miller, D.D., the founder and president of the Brotherhood, is also the chairman of the executive committee of the Pocono Pines Assembly, and he arranged that the Brotherhood should hold the first conference of the season, on the day after the formal opening of the grounds. The conference was so enthusiastic, helpful, and successful, that it will be repeated next year at the same time. While men came from many places, the larger number were from Philadelphia and New York. Each crowd of men and boys was full of animation, and gave life to the train. After the train passes through the Delaware Water Gap it begins to ascend the mountains, until in twenty miles it has reached the height of about 2,000 feet. As the train rounds the last summit, before passing out on the plateau, there is a beautiful view of the mountains, with the Water Gap twenty miles away. From the station, the parties traveled by stage (next season they are hoping for a railroad spur), across the plateau, until the grounds were reached, and all were filled with admiration at the location of the Assembly Inn, on about the highest ground.

President Miller greeted the guests upon their arrival, and they were soon ushered into the large hall, with its delightful fireplace and stairway, tastefully decorated with ferns and mountain laurel. The rooms are all comfortably furnished, and from the windows one may overlook the hills in the west, as far as Locust Range and the Wyoming Valley.

In the immediate foreground is a beautiful lake, about three miles in length and half a mile in breadth, which was turned to good account by the men, who rowed and fished and swam, as they felt inclination. At the lower end of the lake is the primitive village street, and down in this little valley the men of the Brotherhood put their rules into practice, organizing two new chapters among the mountaineers. Every morning shortly after sunrise the men walked down through the woods to the lake, and there they observed the morning watch, which was conducted in turn by one or another of the Brotherhood men. These meetings were very helpful, and the men went back to breakfast with an appetite for food and for the conferences that were to follow.

During the forenoon there were conferences on all of the problems and possibilities of work among boys and men. After a short opening address, all were permitted to take part. It was essentially a layman's convention, and there were no pauses in the meetings. One enthusiastic pastor brought along with him a number of his boys, who took a keen interest in the work for boys.

Afternoons were given over to outings of various kinds, some were hunting, some swimming, some fishing, some rowing, some picking huckleberries, and others resting under the shadows of the beautiful pines. After supper the services were held in the rustic auditorium, which can hold 1,200 people, but is so arranged with movable seats as to be always full. Quite a large number of the natives joined in these meetings, and in the Brotherhood Circle, with which all the various meetings were closed.

One evening, the Rev. A. E. Myers, of New York City, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, explained how the finances are managed. There are three sources of revenue. Each Chapter makes an annual offering on "Brotherhood Day," the first Sunday in May. Many of the individual members have enrolled themselves in the "Double Centurion Band," each one contributing fifty cents a month, and the entire band pledging and providing the support of the Field Secretary, the Rev. J. Garland Hanmer, Jr., whose office is at 180 Garside street, Newark, N. J. The third source of income is the "Forward Movement Fund," to which Brother Myers and others have interested many kind friends of the Brotherhood, both men and women. Until the other two are in full working order the chief dependence is upon the last, and Brother Myers has done indefatigable work.

Sunday was a delightful day, beginning with the Morning Watch, conducted by Brother Wardner, of Baltimore (President of that local union), and inspired by the sermon on "Obechenez," which was delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. Alexander Vinton, of Philadelphia. The men then went down to the local Methodist Church, holding a men's meeting, and organizing a local chapter. After dinner some went to each of the Sunday Schools. At four o'clock the Rev. G. E. Talmage, of Schenectady, taught the Model Bible Class. At eight in the evening, the Rev. Dr. Worden, of Philadelphia, gave an address on "The Elder Brother," and President Miller conducted the closing consecration service, citing many appropriate German proverbs about the mountains and their inspiration. Monday morning the guests departed. The emblem of the Order is a star, and the motto: "They that are wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

Royal Domestics

A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Continued

the American girl who will not become a domestic servant so great? Cannot men and women who live in boarding-houses and hotels, be just as good as those husbands and wives who have their own homes?" No, my brother, I do not think so. I believe the Christian home is the most vital institution for good in all America. I believe it is

The Foundation-Stone

not only of morality, but also of the Temple of Neighborly Love, and also of our National Legislative Hall. The home is the foundation-stone of the Temple of Patriotism. It has been well said by a great writer: "The surest way to destroy anarchy, is to bring about a social condition where every man can own a home." When a man sits upon his own doorstep, he truly feels he is an American citizen. Oh, women of America, whom God is calling to the service of a domestic, I plead and beg of you to take up your noble work. I plead and beg of you, in the name of Christ, that you help save the homes, the Christian homes. No throne of usefulness, I care not how high it may be, can ever overtop that which makes it possible for the little children to gather around their own fireside.

The royal domestic is a queen. The kitchen and the nursery are the places where God expects a woman naturally to serve. I have no use for those masculine cynics who would debar women from the different vocations of life. Some men, no matter what the genius of a woman may be, would slam the door of all useful means of earning an honest livelihood in their sisters' faces. They say, "a woman should not be a lawyer, a doctor, a minister, a merchant, an artist, a writer, or anything else but a wife and a mother." But this is what I do affirm! All things being equal, a woman ought to seek those vocations which are naturally hers, and let the men fill those positions which naturally belong to them. It is not natural for a woman to be a soldier, a fireman, a teamster, a policeman. While, on the other hand, it is natural for her to be a nurse, a dressmaker, a cook, a chambermaid, a waitress, a school-teacher, and lady's companion, and hundreds of other positions we might easily mention.

Now, when a woman deserts the position for which God has specially equipped her, what is the inevitable result? Her work is not only left undone, but she becomes a competitor against her father and brothers for theirs. What is again the inevitable result? By the law of supply and demand, she not only underbids her brother for his position, but, by that bidding, the whole system of wages go down. She is the sufferer. He is the sufferer. The mischief is far-reaching. It is the result of her turning aside from her natural employment, in which there is pressing need of her service, and in which she could find constant occupation at remunerative wages. She leaves a place unfilled, and forces her way into a walk of life already overcrowded, and in which her competition is injurious to other workers.

Mischievous Competition

"Oh," some one says to me, "that is the old argument of a jealous man. You do not like to feel that your sister is just as smart as you are, and, perhaps, a little smarter, and can take away your job and do it better for less money." No, my friend. I can conscientiously say, I have not one jealous hair in my head. The more other people succeed, the more I glory in their success. And, to me, there is no more beautiful sight, than to see a young girl, whose father and brothers are dead, go forth and seek a position which her talent gives her a right to fill, and bring money home and throw it in the lap of her widowed mother. But this is the social condition against which I do protest: I protest against our daughters and sisters pushing their fathers and brothers out of work, so that the girls have to support the male members of the family, while the fathers and brothers are idle, because their places have been taken by women. I have known scores and hundreds of men, over fifty years of age, who were physically able to do work, but could not get work, merely because their daughters, who at that time should have been at school, were filling the positions which their fathers and brothers ought to have filled.

Now, women of America, whom God has called to be consecrated domestics, I plead with you to enter the kitchen, and the nursery, and the home, because that is one of your natural spheres—that is a place where God wants you to work.

The Christian Domestic

should be honored on earth, because she is not only able to do her own work, but also to impress her consecrated life indelibly upon others. Did she not do it with the Emperor of all the Russias? When the old nurse of Emperor Alexander died, did he not as well as all his brothers, who were Grand Dukes follow that sacred body to the family tomb? Did not an humble Christian nurse start forth Lord Shaftesbury upon his great mission of life? When the famous English philanthropist's hair had been silvered by the ravages of many winters, he testified in public meeting, "All that I have been able to do for Christ and my fellowmen, is due to the Gospel teachings of my old Christian nurse." As the little Jewish maiden, who was a servant girl, sent the warrior Naaman down to the River Jordan to be cured of leprosy, has there not been in our past lives, some consecrated Christian domestic who was able to help send us to the Waters of Life, to be cured of our leprosy of sin? Oh, my sister, never underestimate the opportunities or usefulness of the honorable position of serving Christ as a domestic.

Thus, in closing, I would speak as earnest word to those women who are about to consecrate their lives to this line of service. God has opened for you mighty possibilities for good. Fit yourself for that work as the Lord Jesus Christ would have you. Make the Bible the chief text book of your life. Pray, and unceasingly pray, that the Holy Spirit will inspire you to speak the right word in the right way. Above all, whatever your station in life may be, let me urge you to unite the service of Jesus Christ. Not even the subject of your life's occupation, can compare in importance with the crucial question, whether you are a servant of the Lord. Make that your first, your chief business, that you are accepted of him, and that you are obeying his commands. Look not for your rewards from man, but so live that in the great day of Judgment, you may hear the best of all encomiums, "Well done. Thou art one of my queens!"

By REV. THOMAS GRAY

Micronesian Heathen Coming to Christ

Missionary at Ponape

WHEN first I met Saikoi, there was nothing in her plain face, tall angular figure, and awkwark gait to attract my attention, but when she spoke, her features lighted up with intelligence and good sense. Her husband, Peter, was a large, good-looking man, but being tongue-tied, his speech was very peculiar. They had just arrived from Ruk, where they had been for a few months. They brought a letter from Mr. Stimpson, the missionary there, speaking highly of them, and suggesting we look after them, as they are Nukuorians; people from a small coral island southwest of us, which is now included in the Ponape Mission. Peter understood something of carpenter work, and we were glad to have his assistance in the building. We were also glad to take Saikoi's boy into the school.

. . .

Tenga is a slim, round-faced, energetic boy about fourteen. When he came, he did not know a word of Ponapem, but in two weeks could talk easily, and in three months read it well. He is a very bright, promising pupil. Saikoi's present husband is not his father. All the Nukuor people speak a little English, and so we will let Saikoi tell her own story to you, as she did to me.

"Oh, Nukuor used be very bad place. All the peoples, he wicked. Me all same like rest. I had many husbands; one he try kill me but I ran way. The girls live with any man until they get older, then sometimes they stay one man.

"One Queen in Nukuor, her boy die. The Queen very mad and no want any peoples to be happy, so she say all babies must be killed when they born. Oh, it was very bad time. Long time no children live. Then one man's wife, she had fine boy, they no mind the Queen, they no kill him. Then other peoples see the Queen no do anything, and they no kill any more babies. I one of the babies come that time. Then when I was little, another Queen's child die, and all babies killed again same as before. Now Nukuor people no plenty babies come. God punish them, cause when he gave them children, they kill them; now they want, and no can get.

"My father he build a house, all same heathen church; my father he heathen priest. One time, five years ago, we hear sailors on ship talk bout school in Kusaie. I tell my father I want go. He get very mad and say no, he will pray spirits kill me if I go. I no 'fraid. Peter and I go way on ship to Kusaie. Then I hear native teacher tell bout Jesus. I learn read and write little, but Peter get tired and want go back Nukuor in few months

"One day Peter come and say he want to go away from Nukuor and go Ruk. He no happy, and say he think I right 'bout God, for he see before, when we go Kusaie and do right, we happy, had plenty money, plenty food, but now, no. I had plenty husbands before, but no husband all same Peter to me, and when he ask me go, I say yes." (Her eyes sparkled.)

"Tenga's father, he bad man. I no like Tenga stay long him, so I take him long Ruk. We get Ruk, and don' know any peoples, and got no money and no food. Peter say he don' know 'bout God and don' know what to do, but for me to say, I pray God help us. Then I say, Peter, ask Mr. Stimpson, maybe he have work, and let us stay on Mission. I say, Peter, we no want money for work. Mr. Stimpson like, he can give what he want. We work all same for Jesus. I like help people who do work belong Jesus. Peter, he 'fraid, but he say yes.

"When Sunday come we go church along mission. Mr. Stimpson come speak to us, and ask if Peter know 'bout carpenter work. Peter say a little, and then he ask us to come mission and work. Then we all right—plenty food, plenty money, and I go school and learn 'bout work belong Jesus. By and by Mr. Stimpson say Mr. Gray going see 'bout people in Nukuor; more better we go Ponape long him, and so how we come, and I very glad be here—very glad. I want help people who do work belong Jesus, and I want learn more talk in Bible."

. . .

She often said to me in those first months here, "I want my husband be a good man. He no like all the same before, but I want him a Christian." It seemed a real burden on her heart. She was the most devoted of wives. Always had food ready for him, and of evenings they sat on the floor by themselves chatting and laughing like a pair of lovers.

Shortly after their arrival, a young Nukuor man and his wife (Benjamin and Hannah), came to see if we would take them also, and we were glad to do so. They had been among those whom Saikoi had taught to read and write, and about the Bible. She considered Benjamin the brightest man she knew. Said he soon learned all she knew, and now knows a great deal more. He is a tall, manly fellow, and Hannah is a chubby, gay little woman. She is quite young and full of girlish fun, but has a firm character like Saikoi for doing right. She and Benjamin had lived together four years, but were not formally married, because they had had no opportunity.

Shortly after they came we had a little wedding one Sunday evening. The house was decorated with ferns and flowers, and the bride and groom were as happy and as glad as if they were just starting life together. They laughed and said, "Now we are fast and can't go apart any more." Hannah had a neat new calico dress, and I gave her a pretty ribbon to tie her curly hair. Benjamin superintended the tying of the ribbon, and turned Hannah around several times to see if she looked all right. He was anxious she should look well on her wedding night. Their manner was very nice when they came into the room and during the ceremony, after which Mr. Gray and I, Peter and Saikoi congratulated them. The boys were too bashful, but when Tenga passed the song books for the regular evening prayer service which followed, he slyly gave each one a loving little hand-squeeze and whispered a few words in Nukuor.

After a time Peter talked to Mr. Gray and said he wanted to be a Christian. In November Peter and Saikoi, Benjamin and Hannah were baptized and taken into the church. It was a service which impressed all the natives, for they knew from what darkness these stalwart people came. Only five years before they knew nothing of the Bible. Now they are ready to suffer anything for the sake of right.

MISSION PREMISES ON PONAPE, MICRONESIA

There is included in the Ponape Mission the work of the four nearest coral islands: Mokil and Pingelap to the eastward, and Ngatic and Nukuor to the southwestward. We left Ponape February 17 to visit Ngatic and Nukuor. Prior to Sunday morning, February 22, no missionary had ever set foot on this circular fringe of coral rock. The lagoon is about three miles in diameter. The reef is narrow. There are but about one hundred and twenty-five people on the island. They are of Samoan descent. A Frenchman, trading for the Germans, is the only white man there. We were warmly welcomed to this place, where there had never been a Christian ceremony performed. No one there had ever been formally married. Saikoi and Peter had been married at Kusaie, Benjamin and Hannah who are in the Ponape school, had been baptized and married a little while before. Thirty-seven grown people and five children were baptized. Thirteen couples, young, middle-aged and old, marched into the church with arms locked, to be formally married. Most of them had lived together for years.

The church building is one of the best native churches in all Micronesia. The people are energetic, intelligent, and very large. There are but a few good houses. A Queen rules over them. Being too sick to attend any of our services, she was baptized and partook of communion at her home.

Nukuor is a very hard island to reach with a sailing vessel, because of the swift currents. We could only spend two days with these people, who have no Bible, but who are longing for the truth and life of Jesus with all their heart.

As a class, these people are very kind, good natured, generous and faithful. These five with us are a valuable addition to the school. Saikoi and Peter went back to Nukuor on the last ship, to remain and help the people until the next ship goes which will take us.

YOUNG METHODISTS *IN* CONFERENCE

....THE SIXTH INTERNATIONAL EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION AT DETROIT, MICH.

NEW energy and renewed enthusiasm will undoubtedly be felt in the Epworth Leagues in every section of the country, as a result of the grand demonstration in Detroit, Mich. An assembly such as that gathered there, must have made a deep impression upon every one of the thousands of delegates. It is an inspiring thing to realize membership in an organization so enormous both in numbers and influence. It is one thing to read of a membership many thousands strong, and another thing to see the great masses of bright young faces, all glowing with spiritual zeal and all eager to obtain spiritual uplift. The common object, the common loyalty, and the common enthusiasm in the same great cause, produce a thrilling effect on the individual, like that produced on the soldier by a grand review.

BISHOP ISAAC W. JOYCE
President of the Epworth League

Detroit gave the Leaguers a most cordial welcome. On July 15, when the great detachments began to arrive from East, West, North, and South, they found the streets gaily decorated with flags, bearing the familiar emblem. Reception committees met the delegates, and conducted them to their quarters, and took care that there should be no confusion or embarrassment in the mighty host. Three huge preparatory meetings marked the beginning of the Convention. Tent Ontario, with a seating capacity of five thousand, the Detroit Opera House, and the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, were all crowded. On the following day there were added to these the Light Guard Armory, which, for the time being, assumed the name of the Epworth Auditorium. So much accommodation might have appeared unnecessary, but with past experience as a guide, it was not safe to reckon on less than twenty-five thousand guests, and the result showed that fully that number had come to take part in the proceedings. Probably no city on the Continent ever held so many Methodists at the same time. Those who attended the first Convention in 1889, at Cleveland, must have been amazed when they saw how the five thousand delegates of that year had multiplied.

Governor A. T. Bliss, himself an ardent Methodist, bade the Leaguers welcome to the State of Michigan, and Mayor William C. Maybury assured them of the cordiality of the city of Detroit. The large chorus, which has been drilling for several months, was divided into three companies, one of which was assigned to each meeting. The contingents were respectively under the leadership of Evangelists John Hillis, J. M. Black, and Charles D. Tillman. A detachment of Leaguers, the number of whom was a surprise to the Convention, came from Canada, under the leadership of the Rev. Albert Carman, D.D., of Toronto, who is so well known and so thoroughly respected on this side of the frontier, as to be claimed as a citizen of the United States. The Southern contingent was also a large and an influential one. Bishop Galloway, of Jackson, Miss., and other eminent Southerners took a prominent part. Five cities want the next convention—Denver, Baltimore, Ocean Grove, Philadelphia, and Minneapolis.

The programme was an exhaustive one, and care was taken that in the assignment of subjects and speakers each gathering would have strong attractions, so that although the meetings were simultaneous, none could feel that they had simply the overflow from a more important centre. It was wonderful that so many departments of the church's work were covered in so short a period. "Foreign Missions"; "The Needs of the Homefield"; "The Necessity and Best Methods of Bible Study"; "The Social Side of Church Life"; "The Training of the Children and Young People"; "The Organization of the Sunday School"; "The Consecration of the Money-Power"; "Total Abstinence and the Fight with the Liquor Traffic"; "The Labor Problem and the Effect of Trade Unionism." These were some among the questions discussed, and each was opened by a man specially qualified to deal with the subject. Bishops, Presiding Elders, editors of the *Christian Advocates*, heads of colleges, missionaries on furlough, and many eminent laymen were among the speakers. Four days of inspiration, and mental and spiritual stimulus, ending with the solemn consecration meetings of Sunday night, made their mark on many an earnest soul, and the impetus they gave to the movement, which has already done so much for the rising generation, will not soon be exhausted.

A MAT WEAVER VIEW OF A NATIVE VILLAGE AN AGED AINU

IN THE LAND OF TATTOOED WOMEN

Continued from page 627

the summer catch they are enabled to dry a sufficient quantity to keep the wolf from the door for later months. Men and women alike are given to hunting, the prize game being bear, especially a cub. All game is brought down with the bow and arrow, but the aim is sure and the prey certain.

The men have fine physiques. They are taller and more angular than the Japanese; their chief characteristic being a thick growth of hair over the body. In some individuals, it is frequently as heavy and as long as the hair of a monkey, with a tendency to curl slightly. In advanced years, the long, flowing, white beard, gives the old men a most venerable appearance. The Ainu are perfectly harmless, and travel among them is quite safe. All deference is paid to the men of the tribe, a woman, knowing no greater joy than that of outdoing her neighbor in the matter of bedecking her husband for some gala day.

The women have hard lives, full of heavy work, for the burden of everything falls to their lot. In many places, there are no stores of any kind. Everything used must be produced by the skilful hands of the women; from weaving the coarse cotton cloth with which the entire family is clad, to gathering the nuts in the forest and the fibre bark for matting. The house, with its one small window, is cheerless enough, but the crude efforts of the women to leave their impress upon the surroundings is pathetic.

A curious custom, born of superstition, disfigures their faces greatly. When a girl reaches the age of two years, her mother begins to brand her with the badge of the race. A sharp instrument is applied to her lips, and when the skin is slightly broken, a preparation composed of soot, bark solution and indigo, is rubbed with much vigor upon the surface operated upon. This is repeated until a diamond-shaped space, extending towards the ears is covered, and as the child increases in size, the blotch spreads into a huge blemish. No power can induce them to depart from this custom, more ancient than any knowledge of their race, and as meaningless as it is ugly.

Their religion is one of wild and angry spirits, which are ever crying aloud for some sacrifice. Unlike other peoples, the Ainu offer only worthless objects before the wrathful spirits. Money is a rare quantity. They are destitute and poverty-stricken, hence they have devised a cheap offering, which is put up in every conceivable place, both within and without the house. A small pine stick answers the purpose. Shavings are whittled from one end toward the centre, where they are left hanging in a small cluster. These find place at the well, the hearthstone and at other points, when they seek the favor and good-will of some special god. The eastwindow of the house is sacred. It is an insult to spirits and man alike to peer in from the outside or to thoughtlessly cast a glance outward, when in the hut

The condition of the women is similar to that which obtains in lands where the Bible is unknown. How

WOMEN CLEANING AND POUNDING GRAIN

true it is that the Nazarene was the first emancipator of womankind! In most non-Christian countries, the slavery of woman is not that of hard work only, but men look upon her as without a soul, or having no future existence, save only through her husband or son. Among the Ainu, the woman toils, of course, and the husband cheerfully aids her by free advice and fun connections, but as to the labor, he freely passes it over to her, and she becomes the "motive power" in all affairs. He does not even honor her by bestowing his name upon her, but she is known as "so and so's wife." When widowed, she takes the name of her child, if she has one, which is usually the case, for it is considered a great disgrace for a married couple not to have a family. In such an event, it is supposed that the gods are punishing the woman for some evil deed, and without judge or jury, the husband may declare her divorced.

Like all native races, these women have learned to utilize every provision made by the bountiful hand of Mother Nature. Having no machinery, they depend entirely upon their hands. The thread from which the coarse cloth is woven, is made from the inner fibre of the bark of the elm tree, and is ingeniously twisted into fine thread, which is used also for sewing purposes. The heavy part is woven into matting, and frequently the designs and coloring are quite artistic. Much labor is expended on the "dress up" garment of the men. The men also wear earrings: long hooks of brass or other common metal, beaten into shape by some crude process, but perfectly well pleasing to them.

The first village I visited was one where the missionaries have been located for some years. The work is carried on under the direction of the Church of England, and in all the world or, at least, outside of the Fiji Islands, there could not be found a more striking illustration of the results of applied Christianity than in the villages where these natives have heard the Gospel story. For centuries they have been driven from place to place, hunted like wild animals, made victims of evil practices for gain, and now that they have reached the most northern ground and settled in these cold, bleak latitudes, at last the Gospel message comes to offer compensation for the abuses of the ages.

The Japanese Government has appointed a "Commissioner to the Ainu." In all Japan, one man, Mr. Oyabe, stands out alone as the sole friend of these people. He has founded a settlement on one of the islands and is now establishing a "Model Village." A style of architecture suited to the needs of the climate has been settled upon, a place of business opened, methods for properly cultivating the soil and extending industrial operations have been devised. If these people could be trained to scientific farming and fruit culture, and the principles of Christianity instilled into their lives, a whole race will be rescued from decay and final extinction, and the triumph of the Gospel will be read in the oncoming generation as they take place among the civilized nations of the world.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

MRS. H. G., Carlton Station, N. Y.: "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer. He has answered my prayers many times, for which I thank him."

Reader, Deedsville, Ind.: "A few nights ago, during a terrible storm, God saved us from harm in answer to prayer."

M. M. I., A. A., Mich.: "I bear testimony to God's gracious answers to prayer. I know he hears and answers prayer. I still have many blessings I desire, which I am still asking him to bestow."

Reader, Greencastle, Ind. "Just one year ago our family was overshadowed by affliction, and poverty was staring us in the face. I earnestly prayed to God to help us. A relative came to our relief, and to-day we are praising God for it."

Reader, N. Y. City. "Not long ago I asked the Lord for a blessing. I received it, and now give Him the glory."

Miss L., Wrightsville, Pa. "God has heard and answered my prayers. I am so glad that we can take all our troubles to God in prayer. 'He that cometh unto me by faith I will in no wise cast out.'"

Mrs. James M., Miss Myrtle S. and Miss Cora S., Midland City. "We wish to acknowledge God's goodness in hearing and answering our prayers."

E. P., Moorefield, Ind.: "I know that God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Praise to his holy name."

M. A. T., Alabama: "Self and family were passing through a great affliction. He delivered us from our trouble in answer to prayer."

M. M., Grand Rapids, Mich.: "In acknowledgment to God for his great mercy, I want to say, for the benefit of those who are struggling under business troubles, that I positively know from personal experiences that God answers prayers."

Constant Reader, Saratoga, N. Y. "I have been greatly comforted in reading the answers to prayer. I have received answers."

H. A. Lexington, Mich. "I prayed that God in his mercy would spare one who was very dear to me. She is now completely restored. Praise his holy name!"

Reader, Elk Garden, W. Va. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to my prayer for a blessing I greatly desired."

M. E. B., Shawhan, Ky. "God hears and answers prayer always. God always hears and answers my prayers in his own good time. I often have to wait long, but that is to teach me patience; but the answer always comes, and is satisfactory."

Mrs. M., Five Corners, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge a special answer to prayer."

Reader, Milwaukee, Wis. "Though I am only a young girl, I, too, know that God answers prayer. By his help I was enabled to do what I am certain would have failed had I not implored his aid."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have been received from A Mother, Newport, R. I.

CALLED HIGHER

MY precious mother, who has been a subscriber to your paper for a number of years, has gone to her heavenly home. As long as she was able she read with delight her beloved CHRISTIAN HERALD. When no longer able to read I read it to her. She prized it next to her Bible. For many months she was unable to attend church, but enjoyed her CHRISTIAN HERALD sermon. I trust the paper may be as great a blessing to other shut-ins as it was to her. FLORENCE CHRISTOPHER.

Beaver View, Ky.

Mrs. Frances Dunant, of Fullarton, Ont., who passed away lately, had been a "shut-in" for over fifteen years. Although a great sufferer, her faith in God never wavered and her life was one of patience and cheerfulness. The brightness of her sick-room has often been a blessing to others. In her death, the lonely and poor have lost a kind friend, and her family a loving and devoted wife and mother.

Mrs. Louisa Ely Caplen, widow of Chas. Caplen, passed away recently at Red Bluff, Texas. She was born on Long Island, N. Y., near Sag Harbor, in 1810, and had a strange and eventful life, coming to Texas in the early days. Her great uncle was Major Robert A. Anderson, who was on the staff of General Washington in the Revolution. She could remember sitting on the knee of Major Anderson, when she was a little girl, and playing with his long queue and noticing the silver buckles on his shoes. Mrs. Caplen was a woman of rare gifts, having a remarkable memory. She was a lifelong Christian, and was one of the original members at the organization of the First Presbyterian Church of Galveston, Texas.

Mrs. E. A. Bradley, an aged Christian of 84, recently passed away at North Westerne, Me. She had been a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Christine N. Hemingway and Mary D. of Mooreville, O., having declined those pleasures and a father to mourn her departure. She was born in Sweden, was converted early in life, and leaves behind her a beautiful example of Christian [illegible] hood.

Three times in the present year death has entered the home of Mr. Maggard, Jackson, La. W. C. On Tuesday, Miss Isabella [illegible] on Thursday, the son was called home, and on May 11 the [illegible] Avery L. Bradley was [illegible] These successive bereavements [illegible] have awakened a [illegible] to the [illegible]

Mrs. Mary A. Spicer, of Long Creek, Oregon, one of the most [illegible] of our [illegible] Mrs. Joanna Lowe, [illegible] Spicer, [illegible] born in Springfield, Ill., in 1811. She [illegible] fought on the [illegible] side in the Civil War. In [illegible] the world, was [illegible] and cheerless to Hooper. The [illegible] and [illegible] example were worthy [illegible] a large [illegible] of acquaintances among whom she was greatly loved.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Preaching Under Canvas

TESTED by experience, the tent evangelistic campaign is abundantly justifying itself. In New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and other cities, the experiment is being tried with the most encouraging results. Many of the churches are closed, and, perhaps, if they were open, very few persons would be found in them. But the cities are by no means depopulated. The fashionable ladies and gentlemen gravely declare that there is no one in town; but the business men and the clerks and the mechanics, who cannot afford to lay down their work and go to Europe, or to the American summer resort, do not find the streets deserted, or the cars empty.

No matter how high the mercury climbs in the thermometer, no matter how humid the atmosphere, there are hundreds of thousands who must continue the daily round of toil and remain at their post of duty. They do not grudge the people who can afford to go away, their annual holiday; indeed, many of them are glad to work to provide the means wherewith their wives and families may go; but they sometimes feel—and who can blame them?—that their lot is hard and monotonous. Among them, there are many who sadly miss the encouragement and invigoration of public worship. Like water to the thirsty deer, would be, in these weary, torrid days, the words of life and Gospel hope. But the doors of the sanctuary are closed, and there is silence within the walls, instead of the sound of prayer and praise. To all such, how welcome is the tent, dedicated to the service of God.

To others, too, who unhappily do not find in the Gospel the source of fortitude, the tent is a benefit. It has not the formality and the oppressing decorum which repels many of them from the church. It is cool, and the music is lively, and the preacher is more lucid and interesting than he generally is in the pulpit of his church. They would not go to a church, if one were open—but the tent, that is different. An hour there is a welcome change from the hot pavement. So, the non-church-goer finds himself within sound of the Gospel invitation.

That is the opportunity that the Christian worker has been longing for. He can correct the mistaken views of Christianity that are prevalent. He can show his hearers that so far from making life dull and adding to its burdens, the Gospel brings light and good cheer into it. He can tell them of Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." That is an invitation that the man who toils through the summer in the city is not likely to disregard. It appeals to him, and is precisely what he most needs. Thus the tent becomes a place of enlightenment and as was said of old, "This and that man has been born there." In every city in which it has been tried, God has blessed the effort. The fact should be widely known, so that other cities which have not made the experiment, may be encouraged to do so without loss of time.

A Lesson in Hard Work

SOME of our Eastern clerks and some college students are having an interesting experience in the West, this year. It is very difficult to get employment in the cities in the summer, and therefore the announcement that thousands of men were needed on the farms of Kansas, and would be well paid for their work, attracted a large number of the unemployed, to whom the dollars that they might earn were a consideration. It appears from the reports that have come to hand, that these dollars were by no means regarded, either by the payer or the receiver, as a gratuity. The strong, muscular young men who accepted the invitation to go to Kansas, say that they have well earned every dollar they have received. The working-day in that State is no eight or nine hour affair, but a real day, beginning at sunrise and continuing, with short intermissions for refreshment, until sunset. We can well imagine how tired and exhausted the Eastern man must be by such toil. It may be a useful lesson for him in many ways. It will show him, as nothing else could, how laborious is the life of the Western farmer, and how much our country owes to the stalwart men whose untiring industry and vigorous effort are building up those young States. It may also be of advantage from an educational standpoint. Carlyle sympathized somewhat humorously with an English duke, who had been making a speech in the House of Lords on the problem of poverty. The poor fellow's education had been neglected, the Scottish philosopher said, "If the noble duke had ever worked on a farm and brought up a family on two or three dollars a week, it would have shed a light on many subjects for him." Perhaps this experience in Kansas may do this for some of the college students who have passed through it. They will understand the conditions of working men better than they could have done by years of the study of books; and when they speak or write about them, as they may have occasion to do, they will know—as apparently many who speak or write on the subject do not—what they are talking about.

A Moral Victory

ALTHOUGH the Russian Government has declined to receive the petition of the United Hebrew Congregations, which our State Department consented to forward to St. Petersburg, the declination loses much of its force from the fact that our attitude in the matter has already produced the desired results. Russia has been stirred up to vigorous action against the Jew-baiters, and is conducting an energetic prosecution of those who were foremost in fomenting the Kishineff riots. At least one leading Anti-Semite paper has been suppressed and its edition confiscated. Prince Usuroff, the newly-appointed Governor of Bessarabia, has assured the Jews of protection in the future. In other ways, the Czar's government has displayed a change of attitude, if not of heart, toward the Jews.

It remains to be seen whether this transformation is to be genuine or lasting. Such as it is, it is wholly due to the generous course pursued by this government in consenting to become the channel for the transmission of the Jewish petition. It was not a step without a precedent. We interposed in behalf of the Russian Jews in 1891 and again in 1892, and only a year ago we performed a similar friendly office for the persecuted Hebrews of Roumania. In these instances the protests were received, and were at least temporarily effective. In the present case also, although the protest, being that of private citizens only, and not of the national government, was not received, the end has been satisfactorily achieved. As a humane Christian nation, we have done our duty in the case—no more and no less—and the incident is ended. The rest lies with Russia. Upon its future attitude toward the Jews will depend the verdict of civilization as to the genuineness of its present humane professions in their behalf.

The Service of Gratitude

TO us it is given to feel one joy, to cherish one noble emotion, which even Jesus never felt. He never knew by experience what it is to serve God under the impulse of gratitude. He does not know what it is to love second because another loved him first. He never had any one to pay the penalty of sin for him, to die in agony and blood that he might not perish. And so there may be one element in the spirit of our work which never had a place in his own heart and life. But, none the less, he understands it, and eagerly looks for it always as the true source and spring of every stream of Christian usefulness.

A man who was saved from a wrecked vessel had the unspeakable horror of seeing the very sailor who had dragged him ashore, swept, worn and spent as he was, back into the waves, and drowned before his eyes. His reason shook a little under the strain. After long months of careful nursing he was so far restored that he was able to resume his place among men. But he never forgot his obligation. He could say but little, but it was noticed that he always closed every conversation, whether of business or of friendliness, with stranger or acquantance, with the pathetic words, "A man died for me once!" He would come back after he had closed the door, with a soft, gentle, wistful look in his eyes, and say: "A man died for me once!"

No, Jesus can never say that, but we who can—oh, shall it not be ever in our hearts, and ready on our tongues when it can be spoken to his glory? Shall we no take by the hand our children and our neighbors, wh seem not to care or to know, and softly, lovingly, te them of Him who died once, not for us only, but fo them, and for all mankind?

Following to Heal

WITH such an experience of faults and failure and sins as all of us have in painful memor how precious is the assurance that God is following u not as the savage Indian follows upon the trail of h enemy, not as the avenger of blood follows in his ho rible vendetta upon the track of the murderer, but wit goodness and mercy. He follows us, if humbly an penitently we make him our trust, to heal the wounc we have inflicted, to redress the wrongs we have con mitted, to neutralize the consequences of our folly, ignorance, or sin. And so he gives to us a sense of r covered freedom and enlargement of heart, and enable us to begin each day without the disabling consequence of former days clinging like fetters about our feet an hindering our steps. His goodness and mercy follov ing on our heels, can transmute the very results an effects of our sins into divine forms of beauty and joy.

Sometime ago, on board a receiving-ship at Brooklyn the sailors gave the visitor a glass of water taken fro a tank that was filled for a cruise fifty years previousl and had never since been emptied. There was a tim when the water was foul and bad-smelling, but now was sweet as if brought from the well an hour befor So, through the gracious chemistry of God's goodnes and mercy, our memories of the past lose their bitte ness; all their impurities disappear, and they are mad clear and sweet. Even the weaknesses and sins of ou dead selves become stepping-stones to higher thing and, like the repented sin of Peter, fit us the better t strengthen our brethren.

Among the Workers

—UNION REVIVAL SERVICES at Centreville, Ia., lately have been largely attended. Revs. A. E. Clemens, A. V Kendrick and F. L. Moffett conducted the meetings.

—DURING THE Christian Endeavor meetings at Denve Col., July 14, the great tent near the City Park on Capito Hill was blown down by a furious windstorm. Service were in progress, and six thousand persons were in the ten at the time. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, thoug many were bruised.

—THE AFRICAN INLAND MISSION has now seventee missionaries in the field. A new series of stations in the in terior will shortly be opened.

CENTRAL PARK IN MIDSUMMER

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

In these torrid July days, when the great metropolis is lik an oven, the "breathing-spots," as its little parks are called are crowded with people, glad even in these hot precincts t get a breath of purer air than that afforded in the tenement and lodging-houses. Central Park—that spacious and beau tiful public resort—with its picturesque cottages, its ampl lawns, and its pretty lake forever lapping green banks, is th resort of thousands. But there are still other thousands t whom the splendid park is like a story in a fable. They are tie down by force of circumstances—it may be by poverty, by th demands of hard, poorly-paid work, or by sickness—and s they never get near the beautiful pleasure-ground. Ther are hundreds, we might say thousands, of children who neve get near the park. Some of these little sons and daughters c poverty have come to our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn where they have made their first acquaintance with nature.

KWANGSI'S VICEROY GRATEFUL

The following cablegram from U. S. Consul-General McWade has been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"CANTON, CHINA, July 11.

"Viceroy Tien asks me to express his deep and last ing gratitude and profound appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S contributions in behalf of starvin Kwangsi. (Signed) McWADE."

"A SURPRISE"

The "Family Art Gallery" pictures are lovely. My book, entitle *The Speaking Oak*, I read with great interest; am surprised that s fine a book can be given for so little money.

Lowville, N.Y. MRS. A. E. HULIN.

This book, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2; th "Family Art Gallery" free to all subscribers.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Pope Leo Dead

HOW many homes in every land on earth were shadowed by the news that came on July 20, that Pope Leo XIII. was dead! Many people there were, who, having followed the reports that came from the Vatican, while the aged man lay ill, believed that he would recover, and live to round out his century of life. His power of recuperation was so great, his will force so strong, his self-control so sublime, that it seemed to defy death. He did apparently overcome his disease. The physicians declared that the pneumonia which had prostrated him had practically disappeared. But at ninety-three years of age the physical frame was exhausted, and the vital organs were worn out. Again and again after he was thought to be dying, the aged Pontiff rallied, rose from his couch, sat in his easy chair, and attended to business. But on July 19 it was noticed that his pulse had become feeble, and the beating of his heart more rapid. The mind, too, all along so clear and alert, was becoming clouded. It was not delirium, but there were strange fancies, as of the presence of invisible beings, which distressed him. Finally he sank into insensibility, from which, with increasing difficulty, he roused himself to reply to questions, and at last there was no response. The venerable Pontiff was beyond the sound of the human voice, and at last the physicians pronounced him dead. The pontificate of twenty-five years was ended, and the long career, so distinguished and so honored, even by Protestants, was closed.

Like nearly all famous men, Pope Leo had a devoted mother. It is said of her that, when her infant was placed in her arms on March 2, 1810, she predicted he would be raised to the Pontifical chair. His father, however, desired that he should follow his own profession of arms. From the school to which he and a brother were sent, he wrote his mother, saying that his teacher wished him to enter the Church, but he was delaying until the will of God should be made clear, and he begged his mother to join her prayers with him, that they might know what that will was. In July, 1824, the mother's heart was rejoiced by hearing that the decision was made. At the age of fourteen, Gioacchino Vincenzo Raffaelo Aloys Pecci took the first step to becoming a priest. After that, his studies were prosecuted with great vigor. In 1830, when he passed his examination, it was with so much distinction, that the head of his college made the marginal note on the record, "He is destined for higher things." It was remarkable that he was not immersed in theology, but took a keen interest in public affairs, and was an eager reader of the newspapers.

Leo was ordained a priest in 1837, and one of his first appointments was a test of his courage and devotion. During a fatal epidemic of cholera, he was made ecclesiastical superintendent of the hospitals, and day after day he was exposed to the infection of the disease. But he never wavered, and kept to his duty till the scourge passed. His promotion in the church was rapid. In 1846, he became Archbishop of Perugia, and in 1853 he was created a Cardinal. After the death of Pius IX., in 1878, he was elected Pope on the third ballot. He was then sixty-eight years old, and it was thought that owing to his frail constitution his reign would be short. To the surprise of all, however, it proved one of the longest pontificates on record. Contrary to expectation, Pope Leo proved a singularly astute diplomatist. He succeeded in settling the conflict with Russia, which was waging at his accession, and in defeating Bismarck in his attempt to enforce the May laws. Other difficult problems were also solved by the tact of the Pope, and he leaves the church much stronger in its power and influence in all lands, than it was at the beginning of his reign.

Speculation is rife as to the personality of Pope Leo's successor. Though shorn of the temporal power, the Papal influence is felt in every land. In France, in Germany, in Spain, and especially in Italy it is a matter of intense interest what kind of a man is chosen for the Papal chair. The choice rests with the Cardinals, who vote in secret conclave, and will assemble for the purpose ten days after the death. The most prominent candidates are Cardinal Rampolla, who was the Cardinal most trusted by the late Pope; Cardinal Gotti, who is the candidate desired by Germany, and is a man greatly resembling Leo in character; Cardinal Oreglia who is disposed to be reconciled with the King of Italy, and Cardinal Satolli, a diplomatist and vigorous ruler. There are sixty-four cardinals, and forty-three votes are necessary to a choice. Thus with Popes as with less conspicuous men, the words of the inspired preacher prove true:

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth (Eccles. 1 4).

A Convict Inventor

Wealth to a large extent has come to a convict in the New Jersey State Prison, at Trenton. He was convicted of burglary some years ago, and as it was his fourth conviction for the offence he received a heavy sentence. He was already no stranger to the bars, for nearly twenty years of his life had been passed behind them.

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE POPE

He was set to work in the prison tailor-shop, where he proved himself a good workman, when he had once mastered the details of the trade. He had been an ingenious mechanic, and had applied his skill with no little success in burglarious enterprises. Now he set himself to devise an improvement in the sewing machine. The result was a blind lock-stitch arrangement, which was at once recognized as a valuable device. Local capitalists heard of it, and furnished the funds to patent the invention. It was introduced here with marvelous success, and arrangements were made to patent it in other countries. Thirty-four governments have now granted patent rights upon it, and large sums have been given by manufacturers for the right to use it. By one deal alone, the inventor gained fifty thousand dollars, besides royalties. He has now been released on parole, and has accepted an appointment, at a large salary, to superintend the construction of machines embodying his invention. It is a pity he did not learn before his painful and disgraceful experience that it would be better for himself as well as for the world, that he should turn his talents to a good instead of an evil purpose.

He that smiteth against his wrongeth his own soul (Prov. 8 36).

To Save a Baby's Life

A journey of four hundred miles on a special train was made a few days ago to save the life of a child. A family from New Jersey recently leased a camping ground on the Upper St. Regis Lake for the summer. The pet of the family is a baby, about seven months old. In some way the child obtained possession of a safety pin, which, child-like, it put in its mouth. Before it could be taken away, the child swallowed it, and as it was unclasped, it caught in its throat, and could not be dislodged by the nurse. The mother also did her utmost, but without avail. Almost frantic with fear, she hurried with the child to the nearest doctor, who also failed to extract the pin. He advised her to lose no time in taking the child to a New York hospital. Trains were not running at that hour, but the mother ordered a special train at a cost of a thousand dollars. In this she speeded to New York, where she arrived in eight hours. She went immediately to Roosevelt Hospital, where the house surgeon extracted the pin in two minutes. Except for some soreness in the lining of the throat where the pin stuck, the baby is unhurt. It would probably have died, if the mother had not been so loving and so rich as she was. We may hope that the life thus saved will be a happy and useful one. When, in the years to come, the story is told of that great sacrifice of money and the hurried journey, the glorious revelation should also be described of that infinitely greater love and sacrifice by which eternal life may be secured.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3: 16).

Seeking a Pirate's Hoard

Excavations are being made in the cellar of a building in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the hope of discovering treasures hidden by the notorious pirate, Captain Kidd. The men who are working have undertaken to give the owner of the building one half of all the booty they may find, and on that understanding he has given them permission to dig. The leader of the excavators asserts that he has definite information that gold coin, jewelry, precious stones, and silver in bars of the value of several million dollars, are contained in iron-bound chests and hogsheads buried at that place. Work is going on day and night, but hitherto no trace of the buried treasure has been found. It is not unlikely that at some place on Long Island treasures were buried by Kidd. He was sent out by the Government in 1696 to suppress piracy, but temptation was too strong for him and he turned pirate on his own account and plundered an enormous number of vessels. He returned in 1699 with a vast hoard of wealth and spent some time on Long Island. He doubtless hoped that his misdeeds were not known at home, but news of them had reached the Government and he was seized, tried and executed in the year 1701. His treasure was never traced, and he died without disclosing its hiding place. Many attempts have since been made to locate it, and it would appear from the excavations now going on that the seekers are not yet hopeless. It is a significant fact that this vast hoard of plunder should be still undiscovered, after being hidden for two hundred years. It proved useless to the thief who was hanged, and useless to the world.

As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool (Jer. 17 11).

THE LATERAN, THE BURIAL PLACE IN ROME OF THE POPES

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. M. H. Lyon is conducting [illegible] a tent on the corner of Halsted [illegible] avenues, Chicago. Some remarkable conversions of street boys have occurred.

The birth rate in Massachusetts has fallen to thirty-four in the thousand, [illegible] from twenty-three to seventeen. The number of divorces to marriages is now one to [illegible] teen.

The high rate of immigration to this country was [illegible] by last year, being [illegible] meeting the [illegible] which is [illegible] which the largest previous number came.

ENCOURAGED *IN* GOD

DAVID, BEARING THE HEAD OF THE PHILISTINE CHAMPION, GREETED IN JERUSALEM

GOLDEN TEXT:

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

ROMANS 8: 31

International S. S. Lesson for August 9
I. SAMUEL 17: 38-49

By. . .
Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IN a former generation, every child knew the story of David and Goliath by heart, but now it is quite possible that an incident may be repeated in other than mission classes, which is told of a teacher who asked a class of rough boys, "Who killed Goliath?" only to get the answer, "I did not know he was dead." The child is to be pitied who does not know all about Goliath, especially what the story means for us to-day. There is danger, however, that the thrilling story, with its picture of the giant, will overshadow the higher spiritual truths it is intended to illustrate, as in the case of the boy that was asked whom he would wish to see first in heaven, and answered promptly, "Gerliah." Let us not so teach the lesson as to repeat Goliath's mistake of leaving God out, but like David, make God the chief actor. And when the lesson is over, let the uppermost thought in all minds be, not what David did, but what we must do. Let the lesson be the means of conversion, as it has been in the past. For example, when this story was read in a street sermon in London, a passing prizefighter was attracted by it, as "something in his line." The bragging on both sides he heard impatiently, characterizing it as "only blowing," but at the end he was "glad the little one won." He lingered to hear what the speaker would say about it, and was led to see that the greatest fights for him would be to conquer, with God's help, his own bad habits. And so he became a Christian and a street preacher, conquering many Philistines in the Name of Christ.

There is little to be added to the Bible story, which may be pictured in a few lines. The place was the Valley of Elah, about fifteen miles southwest of Jerusalem, in the midst of which was the pebbly bed of a dried up brook, from which the writer of these notes, a few years ago, gathered four pebbles which David did not use. On either hand were the hostile camps of Israelites and Philistines. Saul had proved himself to be a mighty man of valor in many battles, but this time he and his soldiers were terrified by a giant, nine feet eight inches high, clad in armor of shining brass, who daily defied any one of the Israelites to meet him in single combat. At length David came from his shepherding to bring food to his soldier brothers, and at once offered to accept the challenge, counting Goliath as but another wild beast, like those he had often conquered in defending his flocks. Let us note here the Bible portrait of David, taken about this time: "Ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. Cunning as a player, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the Lord was with him." (I. Sam. 16: 18). Taunts failed to turn him from his purpose. He tried Saul's armor only to cast it aside. Then he went forth with his own weapon, a shepherd's sling, and conquered his mighty foe, so scattering his country's enemies. His wonderful courage is no hidden mystery. It is explained in that word, spoken when all was dark about him: "He encouraged himself in God." (1 Sam. 30: 6). He said in substance, what we have often quoted from George MacDonald: "Why should we fear anything with Him looking at us?" Faith casts out fear. No one can be afraid who really believes he is always in sight of God.

Illustration and Application

The heart of this lesson is, Youth entering bravely upon some dangerous or difficult task, in spite of the dissuasion of friends and the disdain of enemies. The courage to which this lesson should prompt to-day is not the courage of personal encounters or of war, which are seldom if ever necessary in our times, but the rarer courage needed for the battles of peace and especially of privacy—the moral courage that enables us to act instantly and persistently with reference to the eyes of God, rather than those of men. The giants we most need to fight are evils in us and about us, the Goliath of Greed and the Philistines of Passion. The courage to which we are called is not a momentary act but a state of mind, a habit of seeing the Invisible and Invincible, and so fearing nothing in his constant presence.

> Not to the ensanguined field of death alone
> Is valor limited; she sits serene
> In the deliberative councils, sagely scans
> The source of action, weighs, prevents, provides
> And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
> Of brutal force alone. —TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

What is it Like in the Bible?

Even in our use of the Bible illustrations let us exalt the instances of moral courage, the kind of courage we most need, rather than give an undue prominence to what has always been exaggerated, the courage of killing and of physical encounter. David himself was a greater conqueror than at Elah, when he overcame hatred and revenge, and spared Saul's life when he found him asleep, and might have killed his bitter foe. "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prophets and apostles hurling rebukes at wicked but mighty kings as did Elijah and Nathan and Jeremiah and Daniel and John the Baptist and Paul, were not one whit less courageous than David hurling his pebble at Goliath. The brave word is to be honored no less than the sword, and the Book is as good an armory as the brook. When Nathan later rebuked the sins of David, the king, with the words, "Thou art the man," it was as straight, as brave a shot as David's own in his battle with the giant. John and Peter standing up before the Sanhedrin in Jerusalem and refusing to be still when God bade them speak, were as brave as if they had marched against the Philistines and faced their giant leader undismayed. They said, "We ought to obey God rather than man." There is the secret of their courage—they were "ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." Individual Christians and the Church in general need to cultivate what lies back of Bible courage, a sense of the presence of God. The close relation of the presence of faith to the absence of fear is suggested in the command, "Add to your faith, valor," that is, "See God and you will never fear the face of man."

What is it like in Nature?

The beasts and birds that are most to be feared are mothers guarding their young, not idle dogs, who fight just for the sake of fighting.

> Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> And dog-like boys consent to fight.

So, if fighting is ever justifiable in nations or individuals, it is that which is done in defence of the weak, as was David's battle in our lesson. For a boy to fight a bully, for "fear of being called a coward," is manifestly not courage. There is almost sure to come a time when the defence of the weak against the strong will give opportunity to show our mettle, but even in such cases, we should remember that "a soft answer breaketh the bone" that a word, even to the unwise, is often sufficient.

Instead of covering the walls of our art galleries, and even of our homes, with pictures of battles, that give the impression to young and old, that there is no other courage worth picturing and praising save the courage that is used for killing; let artists picture the railroad engineer who stands in a blazing cab, which has suddenly caught fire from the furnace, with his hand on the throttle bringing his train to a standstill, instead of jumping to save his life, sacrificing himself to save his train-load of people. Or, let them picture the steamboat pilot, while the flames eat up his hands, holding his helm to beach his river boat, that the passengers may escape, though he shall die of his burns. Let them picture the fireman, facing the flames at an open window, to seize a child and bring him back to his mother, who is wringing her hands below. Let them picture the doctors and the nurses in a plague-stricken city, the policeman stopping a runaway horse, the woman bringing out of the surf a drowning man, or holding a highway robber till the police arrive. Most of all, the mother keeping up her courage in a home of poverty, where sickness or sin has cast a lingering shadow. Under or over such a group, the motto might well be painted in gold, "Peace hath her victories, not less renowned than war."

DAVID SLAYING GOLIATH WITH HIS OWN SWORD

In such a group might well be included the statue of Robert Ross, the tall Endeavorer, who died defending the ballot-box at Troy; and Anthony Comstock, with his scar—more glorious than any medal—made by the dagger of one he had sent to prison for corrupting youth with foul literature. Central of all these heroes of peace, should be "the bravest of the brave," who never fought, but is conquering the world. Even when we draw illustrations from war, let us exalt those most heroic acts of Christian soldiers who have dared to "show their colors" at the hour of prayer in the barracks, and to refuse any share in the foul stories and fouler deeds of their comrades. When Hedley Vicars was converted in the Crimea, the first thing he did was to lay an open Bible on a little table in his tent. Those who hated religion soon left him, and that tent became the meeting-place for those who loved God. In the time of our Civil War, a soldier said: "To kneel down and pray here in camp before going to bed, requires more courage than to face the flying bullets and the cannon-balls on the battle-field." Acts of moral courage are hard to those whose supreme desire is to win favor, or, at least, escape disfavor in the eyes of men, but he who lives as in God's sight, cannot fear while doing what God approves.

It is in the humdrum of daily life that most of us must show our courage if we are to show it at all. And it is harder to be brave in private with no applause, no approval but that of God, than to be brave in the swing of music and movement and multitude.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ON THE ROAD

MANNERS on the road, reveal character almost unerringly. In our American life, people are a good deal on the road, traveling here and there by train, flitting about on excursions by waterway or land, with equal joy and ease; and it is no uncommon thing for any of us, to spend days in going from one point to another.

As a rule, strangers do not hurry to pick up new acquaintances on a journey; nor is it wise to become confidential on short notice, with people whom we have never seen before and may never see again. Yet, opportunities for courtesy are never lacking, if there is the spirit of true courtesy. For example: on a delayed train some weeks ago, the food supplies gave out, and a number of hungry passengers who had been late in securing their supper, were told that they must go without refreshments until the next morning. The *menu* was there, with a tempting array of soups, cold meats, sandwiches and delicacies, but the larder was absolutely as bare as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, of nursery renown. People settled back in their luxurious velvet chairs, and began to think how it might feel to face real famine on a desert island, or a derelict ship. Then, two or three thrifty persons, provident as the wise virgins of old, produced from bags and baskets, remnants of luncheon, hard-boiled eggs, fruit, candy, sweet-chocolate, and biscuits, and generously distributed them to their fellows on the road. This was an act of the most winning politeness and kindness, and was duly appreciated, the car becoming quite social in this sharing of the loaf with strangers.

. . .

In sleeping cars, the toilet accommodations, for women at least, are seldom adequate to the demand upon them. A fastidious woman, accustomed at home to her leisurely, daily bath and careful hair-dressing, must either rise very early or sleep very late, if she insists on being as well groomed for the day's journey when on the road, as she is for the day's work or pleasure when at home. To monopolize the dressing-room for any length of time, while others are awaiting their turn, is selfish and unamiable. Nobody should do this. Many women suffer acutely from car-sickness, a malady as intolerable as sea-sickness, and less easily mitigated, for on deck one may always find fresh air, and, to keep a sister woman swinging desperately from side to side as the train swings around curves, while you take your time, is a thoughtless offence against propriety.

. . .

On the road in a great city where cars rush to and fro, all day long, one often sees fine manners exhibited; and, too, one often sees the very reverse. At the terminal, where the ferries discharge their crowds of hurrying passengers, a man or woman, lame, infirm or old, stands little chance against the multitudes who fight for the places in the first cars. One would fancy that every person's life depended on being first, so eager is the rush, and so headlong the crush. He or she who is possessed of really gentle breeding, looks out for the timid elderly woman, or for the cripple encumbered with his crutches, yields his or her time to the mother in whose tired arms are two or three bundles and a baby, no uncommon sight, and is generally disposed to be kind and considerate.

Of our blessed Master, no truer or sweeter word was ever written, than that he pleased not himself. We can take for our model no other pattern so beautiful. If we try to imitate Christ on the road of life, we shall go about doing good. Our words will be well-timed, our acts will be kind, and our whole character will be full of unselfish love.

Scrap-Books

Large manilla envelopes, properly labelled, take the place of scrap books with many studious people. Their custom is to keep interesting clippings on any theme that attracts their attention, in appropriate envelopes. If, for example, you want to keep pace with new inventions or applications of electricity, you will find in the daily papers continual items worth preservation. Cut out these paragraphs and put them in their separate envelope. Should you wish to keep anecdotes of children's sayings and doings, of dogs or horses, of shipwrecks or hairbreadth escapes, of any other subject under the star-lit canopy, keep them in this easy way.

A scrap-book less methodically arranged than the notes of the envelope-keeper appeals to me. I like to have a large book with stiff paper leaves, a paste-pot and brush and a pair of big scissors, somewhere close to my hand, and here I like to slip in, just as they happen to come, poems, stories, jests, inspiring tales of heroism, apt critiques of books, and whatever happens to please me. Glimpses of well-known personalities, with their photographs, go into this scrap-book, which, though not systematic, is surprising, and is a pleasure on the rainy day.

For children's use and amusement, a pictorial scrap-book, pasted on linen, is a never-ending source of joy. Let the older children make the book for the younger, or for the little ones in the hospital. There are hospitals and orphanages where scrap-books of this kind are welcome gifts. Find out if there be one near your home, and set the children who are well and happy, at work for those who are ill and lonely.

"Cherries are ripe. You can't have mine,
I'll keep them all myself."

"I fear you are too stingy,
You pretty little elf."

Doing Her Own Work

A good many readers of this page must sympathize with a lady who was talking not long ago about doing her own work. "I have kept help," she said, "and I have done without it. I enjoy my independence when I do my work myself. I keep things in order with real ease. When I have done with a pan or a spoon I put it in its place. The work goes on very quietly; the family take their share in it. We have good times over our cooking and mending, and I know no greater triumph than when I put away a basket of fragrant, freshly ironed linen, that no hired hand has touched or torn."

OUT OF SCHOOL

Out of school these summer days,
We can fish or we can climb,
We can find a dozen ways
Just to pass the merry time.

The Love of the Carlyles for One Another

ON the wall in the room where I sit to write, hangs a new prized photograph picture, combining the rugged face of Thomas Carlyle, and the more delicate face of Jane Welsh Carlyle, his devoted and idolized wife. After the death of Carlyle, it was his hard fate to be traduced and misunderstood by a host of good people, who accepted the strange view of his friend Froude, and saw in the deep grief of a lonely old man, remorse for unkindness shown to the partner of his life during their long years together.

A good man once boasted that his wife and he had spent forty years of wedded life without a single difference of opinion. "I are jeasty worthy," was the comment of a friend, "but vare monotonous." Few married lovers fail to have their little disputes on occasion, and it is impossible that two persons of strong character, decided opinions, and copious vocabulary, should dwell under the same roof and invariably agree. In the case of the Carlyles, both were quick of temper, and high-strung of nerves, and both were Scotch, inheritors therefore of the dourness which is an ingredient of the Scottish temperament. Two goodly volumes, recently published, called *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, show how tenderly and faithfully this wife loved her husband, and how completely and unselfishly he loved her. It is gratifying to see the cloud of calumny dispersed, and pleasant to know that new attention is turned to the writings of Carlyle. Among the books which every young man should read, and every young woman, too, are *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, *The Life of John Sterling*, and Carlyle's masterpiece of historical biography, *Oliver Cromwell*. No one can be cultured who reads only the daily newspapers and only current literature. We must read Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Whittier, Macaulay, Longfellow, Motley, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Hardy, and many more, if we would be cultivated and broad-minded people.

Sophy's Puzzle

"You kissed that lady, mother?" asked Sophy.

"Yes, child, what of that?" was mother's reply.

"I heard you tell Sister Nell that you didn't like her, and wished you needn't see her again this summer."

In the child's clear eyes that was a Judas kiss.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JULIETTE. Beware of jealousy and envy, they are twin friends.

—HELENE. I earn some delicate work. Devote six months or a year to learning, and then seek employment.

—BRIDESMAIDS. The pretty things you make are bought by summer visitors, but it would not pay you to send them to the city for sale.

—LOUISE. Gray hair is very beautiful around a young face and gives an air of distinction. Don't distress yourself about your hair.

—CAROLINE. Yours is a personal question which only you can settle. No outsider can arbitrate in delicate matters that concern the home.

—MARIE. Think of the laundress before you put so many elaborate petticoats in the wash. Your mother is right. You should assist in the mending.

—MISS M. A. If you will send me the Swedish term you wish to speak of, I will have a metrical translation made for the benefit of use in English.

—DORA E. Apologize to the lady you have offended. You should not have left her to go home alone, leaving essential for the evening entertainment.

—EDITH. It is usual to eat most things with a fork. The thin fried potatoes, known as Saratoga chips, may be eaten in the fingers. If you use your own judgment you will find all things.

—A COUNTRY MAID. If you received a printed or engraved visiting card by mail or by hand it is given. Write nothing on the card. Answer a dinner invitation as soon as you receive it.

MIDSUMMER JOYS AT MONT-LAWN

Happy Tenement Waifs at our Fresh-Air Home --- Some Children's Letters

LIKE a little world of boys and girls, set all alone by itself in the heart of the beautiful Rockland County hills, overlooking the Hudson River, Mont-Lawn is now in the heyday of its midsummer beauty. From early morning till after sunset, its woods and grassy lawns are scenes of endless frolic and amusement. Never were days so filled with innocent pleasure as those golden days that are spent by the wee tenement lads and lasses there. Nor is their delight surprising, when it is remembered that all of them come from the hot lanes and alleys of the city, where there is never a tree nor a flower, nor the song of bird to rouse them in the morning.

That the little folks fully appreciate their surroundings, is made evident in innumerable simple, child-like ways. Those of the boys and girls who can write, are supplied with materials at the Home, so that they may send an occasional letter to their parents or friends in the city, to inform them how they are getting along. Some of these letters are queer productions. Written with much squirming of tongue and squaring of elbows and with infinite pains to avoid upsetting the ink-bottle, they are full of expressions of love for the beautiful country, of enjoyment in the delights of Mont-Lawn, and of gratitude for the good-hearted people whose generosity made such a holiday possible. We give a few extracts, just as the little writers penned them, and without alteration:

"Dear Father (writes E. H. a wee, dark-eyed maid), we are having a fine time and we have good things to eat we go out with our teacher for blackberries and we go out gathering birch and we go for flowers the girls are very kind to us. We get all we want to eat, and our teacher tells ous storys every night and we go gathering apples. Every night we go to chapel and pray and sing and the teacher tells us storys. Your loving little girl."

Another little maid (A. P.) writes to her mother: "I wish you would please come over and see how it is out here. I like it out here I am having a very good time out here Are you sick our not And are you working our not. Our are you washing up town, our are you working in the bakering. I am coming home Monday and I wish you would Send me a pair of shoesis We go in bathing And we go to chapel."

John S. writes to his mother:

"I got here safe enough and its fine. Mr. Klopsch had a bean hunt and I found one and got a cent for it. then he had a race but I lost in that and last he had a *Kain* game and I won a chane and linnie and all the rest are well. how is Flora and all at home?"

Mary M. sends this letter to her mother:

"I have as much as I want to eat and drink and all we want. We had as good a dinner as we would want. We had Roast beef beans, gravy Bread-pudding and Bread Sat. We dont have a thing but fun. O what fun! We went up into the woods and we had a lovely time.

We are not allowed to go down the road. But in the woods and around."

Francis F. writes:

"I came up in the ship *Crystenah* and enjoided the sail up the Hudson. I seen the palaceades and the scenery. I like the country very much and know all the teachers. I have a nice little bed for myself. I went to bed at 7 o'clock and got up at 30 minutes to five. We have a great big swimming pool fenst in and play-grounds."

To those who have helped us in the Fresh-Air work, these simple utterances of childhood will be more eloquent of appreciation than the finest language. We are glad to have so many co-operators in the Mont-Lawn work, which is a blessed boon to thousands of the children in city homes of poverty.

Even in distant States, our readers are interested in the welfare of our colony of tenement boys and girls at Mont-Lawn. From Kansas comes this letter, which shows a beautiful Christian spirit of benevolence toward the Fresh-Air Fund waifs:

Dear Editor: I am interested in the little children of the slums, and would like to do something to help some of them to an outing during the hot months. I have been thinking of forming a sewing society here, open to the young girls of all denominations, to make clothes to be sent to Mont-Lawn; and I think we might have entertainments of some kind occasionally, and contribute the proceeds to the Fresh-Air Fund. If you think this plan practicable, will you kindly send information as to the conditions existing among the poorest classes in the city to the people whose addresses I shall give you, in order to bring the matter to the attention of the most influential church people, and get them interested when they hear of the project to help the little ones?

EVANGELINE WILLIAMSON.
Geneseo, Kans.

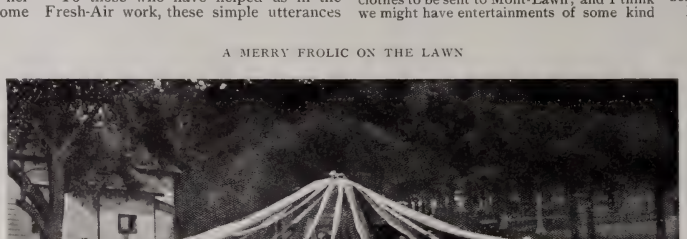
Miss Williamson's aid for our Mont-Lawn work will be most welcome. We would ask her to remember that our little girls are between the ages of four and twelve and the boys between four and ten. Gifts of clothing, underclothing, boots, shoes, and stockings should be sent, express prepaid, to the Matron, Miss Collins, Mont-Lawn, Nyack, New York.

This week we have to acknowledge many very cheering letters from patrons of the Children's Home. The King's Daughters' "Labor of Love Circle" of Mechanicville, N. Y. (through Miss Minnie E. Gorsline, treasurer,) sends $21 "for the Fresh-Air Children." S. S., Kearney, Neb. ($3), "that one child may enjoy the pleasures of fresh air. It is with interest that I read of your good Christian work. May good be done not only to the body, but to the souls of many." Mrs. J. N. R., East Liverpool, O., sends $3 to "give an outing to some poor child, in memory of my father and mother, who have gone to their reward." "Our prayers (write Mrs. M. A. L. and daughter, of Woodbine, $1.) are that you may receive much help in the good work." Mr. Charles V., of Eastonville, Col., sends $3, a Children's Day collection. A mother, Washingtonville, N. Y., sends $3 "in memory of an only daughter." Miss J. M. C., Norwich, Conn., sends $6 to provide an outing for two needy children, and so also do Mr. and Mrs. W. H. S., of Lind, Wash., the latter adding in their letter, "May God send his richest blessing on your work."

Mrs. H. S., Watertown, Conn., $3, says: "I wish it were more, for I think of the poor in the city these hot days and nights." "God bless the dear workers (write Mrs. J. R. and daughter Eunice, Bowdle, S. Dak.), and send them abundant means to carry on this grand work in behalf of His little ones, is our earnest prayer." "This is to send a poor little girl to the country who has never been there before. I hope to be able to help a little each year," writes Mrs. A. S. L. D., Mt. Holly, N. J. ($3). A most touching letter is that from a lady in Bethlehem, Pa. (Miss A. L. W.), who, in sending her gift, invokes the Heavenly Father's blessing upon her little beneficiary whom she has never seen.

All contributions in aid of the Children's Home should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Every contribution will be duly acknowledged.

A GALA TIME OUTSIDE THE BIG DINING-TENT



A MERRY FROLIC ON THE LAWN

CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF OUR FRESH-AIR HOME

In mem of brother Lee, Waterloo .. 21 00
In mem of Bessie, Worcester 3 00
In remembrance, Mrs E J Treadway 1 00
Reader, Wakeman. 2 00
A Reader, Leland. 3 00
C H Reader, Bucyrus 9 00
A Reader of C H, Dorchester 2 00
Reader of C H, Myerstown 3 00
Reader of C H, Sand Creek 5 00
A Subr, Elmhurst. 50 00
Subr, Kinsley 3 00
Subr, Somonauk ... 1 00
Subr to C H, Taunton 5 00
Old Subr, Hannibal 3 00
An old subr, Highland Park Sta ... 1 00
A Thank Offering, Blacksville 3 00
Insomuch, Concord. 9 00
Daughter, Campbell 1 15
Kearney 3 00
A Shut-in, Corinna. 3 00
Member of C H, Unnamed, Monroe.. 6 00
Swallow, Nashua.. 10 00
Repentence, Sauk Centre 2 50
Mother & Daughters, Daugherty 5 00
From Mother, Morris 12 00
From Sad Mother, Rumford Falls .. 1 00
Friend & Well-wisher, Ketteby 1 00
Well-Wisher, Westphalia 6 00
Two Little Boys, Moosup 1 00
A lover of children, Taunton 3 00
One of the least, Dayton 50
One who loves children, Marlboro.. 5 00
One who lives in the country, Pawnee City 3 00
Boys in S S, Chipman 3 00
Girls S S Cl, Erwinna 1 00
Prim children, Haddonfield 6 00
A Class of Girls, 1st Cong Ch S S, Lawrence 3 00
S Sch Class, Xenia 3 00
Members of Hickmans S Sch 5 00
Inf Cl S S, Kidder 1 50
M E Ch S Sch So, Kirkwood 5 39
S S, Liberty Grove 1 00
Beth Ref S S, N Y City 50 00
Prim Cl Beth Un S Sch, Poland 2 00
S S, Rockwell City 4 64
S S, Walkerton ... 2 00
Mission Band, Charlemont 6 00
Jr C E, Concord.. 1 75
Jr C E Soc, Hartleton 3 01
Jr C E Soc, Los Angeles 3 00
Pleasant Grove Cir of K D..... 6 00
Missy & Relief Soc of Carroll st Chapel, St Paul 3 00
Ep Lea, Trenton.. 3 00
Willing Workers, Waterford 3 00
Young Girls, Sunshine Cir, M E Ch 9 50
Ashhurst, Alice.... 10 00
Dell, Mrs W A & child'n 5 71
Head, C A..... 1 00
Igon, John 6 00
Kaucher, J H 21 00
Mastick Bertha ... 3 00
Moore, Mr & Mrs M V 6 00
Wilson, M L..... 5 00
Happy Hour S S Overlook, Grangeville... 8 00
Friend in June.... 6 00
Friend of children, Ardsley 2 00
Friend to children, Grangeville 5 00
In Jesus Name, Springfield 6 00
I H N, Clear Lake. 3 00
Fre- Ellwood City. 5 00
I H N, Middletown 1 00
I H N, New Castle 3 00
I H N, Palmetto.. 6 00
I H N, Sabina 15 00
I H N, Saunderst'n 3 00
I H N, York 6 00
In mem of mother, Wauseon 1 00
In mem of Julia, Harrison 10 00
In mem Marion E Deems 3 00
In mem of Lizzie. 3 00
In mem Effie V & V E. Roanoke... 6 00
In mem of Mrs E E Hayes..... 3 00
Kansas Reader, Pala 3 00
Readers of C H & little boy, Lapps. 1 10
A subr, Ventura.. 3 00
A Subr, Wakefield 3 00
Subr, Essex 5 00
Subr, Medford ... 3 00
Subr, Morrison.... 1 00
Subr, New Haven. 3 00
Sympathizer, Donaldsonville 1 00
Sister & I, Canonsburg 6 00
Young Girl, Aurora 75
Tithe Givers, Corsica 3 00
Faith, Janesville. 1 00
Mite Box, Kirkw'd 3 00
Spinster, Marion.... 1 00
Norse Maid, Phila 1 00
Granda, Pittsburg. 3 00
No. 8408, Rusk.. 3 00
Farmers Daughter, W Middletown.. 50
Five S Sch boys, Marlboro 1 65
A Thank Offering, New Bedford 3 00
Mother & two dans, Daugherty 6 00
Mother & daughter, Lowell 6 00
Mother & daughter, Newark 5 00
One who loves the Master, Ayers Flat 5 00
One who loves the Master, Quarkertown 6 00
One who loves little children, Camden 1 00
Lover of Children, Des Moines 3 00
Lover of Children, Orlando 10 00
One of Christs weakest ones, Landisburg 4 00
Prim Class, Fulton Ave S Sch, M E Ch, Balto 3 00
Prim S S Class, W Concord 3 00
S S Cl, Westfield. 3 00
Childrens Day Offering, Un S Sch, Cullison 5 20
Philethea Bib Cl of Bapt S S, Rockland 3 00
Un S S, Blooming Prairie 5 00
S Sch, Leon..... 1 72
1st Congl S Sch, Peoria 21 00
Bissell House S S, Grand Rapids.. 6 00
Parnassus Ref P C E Soc..... 10 55
Jr End Soc, Ashley 3 00
Ladies Soc, B Ch of Red'mer, Bklyn 6 00
Christian Endvrs, Franklin 5 00
Missy Soc, Pres Ch, Fairton 3 00
Missy Soc, Harrington Park 3 00
Jr C E Soc, Morv Ch, Lake Mills.. 1 26
Y P S C E, Pleasant Hill 6 00
J C E Soc, Sag Harbor 3 00
Sunbeam Soc, Pres Ch, Sag Harbor. 15 00
Willings Helpers of Pres Ch, Johnstown 6 00
Young Ladies Club, Lamont 3 00
Pansy Club, Marion 3 00
Kings Dau Soc, Pres Pawtucket 6 00
The Daisy Band, Rutherford 28 00
Cheerful Workers of Hope Church, Springfield 9 00

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps."

CHAPTER III—Continued

EDWARDS went over to the desk and sat down, while Douglas got down by the boy, who was sitting on the floor picking up the type with one hand and rubbing an ink-daubed fist into his eyes.

"Everybody jabs it into me!" the boy sobbed.

Douglas had repented of his loss of temper the moment he spoke sharply. The sight of the disconsolate, ink-spattered figure on the floor recalled his own apprenticeship, when the seniors had made life a burden to him in the college printing office in his freshman year.

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did, George. I lost my temper. If you'll call it quits, the next time your grandmother dies I'll close up the office and we'll go to the ball game together."

"No! Will you?" asked the boy, a grin instantly irradiating his mottled features. "That's all right Mr. Douglas. You're a trump. That Coleman never was sorry for nothing. Lucky he quit. I was getting ready to run him through the press and make a special edition of him. I'll help you get the paper out in time."

The boy began clawing up the type with ludicrous haste, and Douglas, with a smile on his face, got up. He laid a hand on the boy's head.

"That's all right. We'll manage it somehow."

"I'll stay by the *Beacon*, Mr. Douglas. If you want me to work all night, I don't care; I can live without sleep if you furnish coffee and grub."

"All right, George. I'll be glad to furnish both," said Douglas with a laugh, as he walked over to his desk.

Edwards explained in a few words the plan of the Mayor and his friends, as far as he knew it.

The whole affair had been kept very quiet, and it had evidently been a part of the plan to call Coleman out of the *Beacon* office, at a time when his going would embarrass Douglas the most.

"It is the talk on the street that Coleman has been offered twice what the *Beacon* paid, to work on the new paper. I don't know how true it is. But in any case they are evidently ready to use their slush fund liberally."

Douglas was thoughtfully silent. He was quite calm now, and master of himself. The situation was growing decidedly interesting.

"The question for me of course, is, where to get a pressman. Coleman was an unusually good hand for a county newspaper. Do you know where I can get any one? I ought by rights to have two helpers."

"I don't know any one in Colby," Edwards replied, slowly. "I'll wire over to Clinton and see if we can find any one there."

"The *Beacon* has got to be out on time, if George and I have to do it all alone," said Douglas doggedly. He began to feel as he sometimes used to, during his college course, when he faced some particularly difficult problem in the matter of pulling through financially. Edwards cheerfully nodded encouragement.

"Good for you. Don't let the gang beat you. I'll wire right over to Clinton. Meanwhile, if my clerks can help in any way, you're welcome to any one of them. I don't see how you can manage the thing, but if you think you can—"

"I think so, Mr. Edwards. Much obliged for your offer. I'll accept help for running the press to-night. George has promised to stand by." He quoted the boy's statement about "coffee and grub."

"Mrs. Edwards will have something to say as to that," Edwards shouted, as he darted out of the office. "I'll let you know at once, as soon as I hear from Clinton."

Douglas went back to the little desk and sat down a moment. The little clock on top of the desk said half past nine. This was Thursday. If he worked all day and all night, used some extra plate matter that he had saved up for the next week, and left out some of the local items he had planned to run in, he reckoned he could get the paper off to the press and into the mailing sacks by Friday afternoon. The letter from the mother to Mr. Vernon, together with the editorials alluding to the sermon, had been in the form pied by the boy. Douglas was determined not to leave these out. He went over to the case and began to work at once, giving directions at the same time to George. A nervous excitement made his whole body tingle at first. After a few moments this feeling passed away, leaving his muscles firm, hard, and enduring. His eye glowed with the fire of his inward purpose, and his mind was clear, strong, and active.

He had never felt more capable of sustained and continuous effort. At ten o'clock Edwards came in a moment to say with evident disappointment, "I wired over to Clinton, but no chance for any one there. What do you think? Can you make it?"

"Have to."

"Bartlett is boasting that he will have the *Beacon* broken up in two weeks. That's the talk on the streets."

"We go to press as usual to-morrow morning." Douglas never paused in the steady click, click of type, and there was a light in his eye that the Mayor had once seen there.

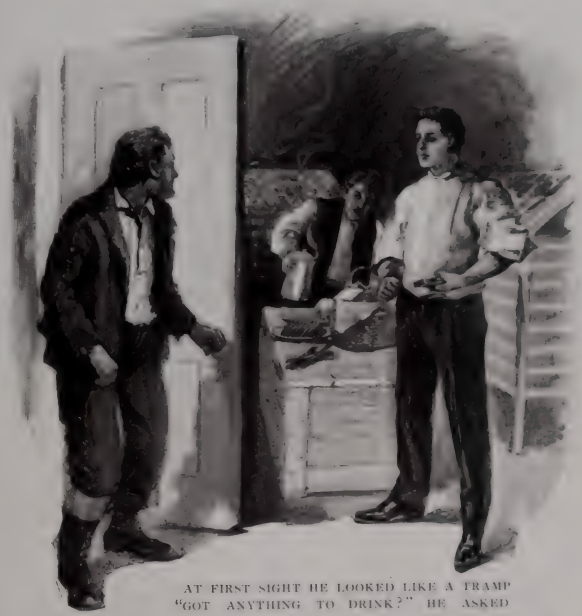
"Better lock your door. The crowd will be coming round to bother you if you don't," Edwards suggested. Two or three curious idlers had already stopped in. Douglas nodded to Edwards.

"All right. I'll have to do that, I guess."

"You'll need some lunch at noon and to night. I'll send word to Julia and have some doughnuts and coffee sent over. When you hear two loud raps followed by three soft ones open the door. Two raps for coffee and three for doughnuts."

"But I don't feel as if Mrs. Edwards ought to be—"

"You let us run the commissary department, young man, and don't say a word," Edwards shouted as he went out. At the door he turned and called out so that the loafers in the office took the hint, "Better lock up, Douglas. You haven't time to discuss crops or politics this morning."



AT FIRST SIGHT HE LOOKED LIKE A TRAMP
"GOT ANYTHING TO DRINK?" HE ASKED

The men went out and Douglas shut the door, locked it, drew the shade down over the windows that opened on the street and then worked as he never had worked in all his life before. It was hot, and the little office soon became almost unbearable; but he kept on steadily, smiling occasionally at the sight of the boy, who entered into the contest of the *Beacon* against time with a perspiring enthusiasm that got in the way as much as it helped, but was so unmistakably genuine that Douglas had not a word to say by way of criticism or rebuke.

Just before twelve there came two loud raps on the door, followed by three soft ones.

"Lunch time," said Douglas.

George darted to the door, unlocked it, spoke a word to somebody there, shut and locked the door, and came staggering back into the office with a big basket.

"Who brought the basket?" asked Douglas, as the boy set it down on the desk and began to open it.

"Some kid! Hi! This is fine! Look here! Cold chicken, sandwiches, doughnuts, apple pie!" His last with a whoop that might have been heard out on the sidewalk.

"Say, Mr. Douglas, do you board at Mr. Edwards?"

"No," said Douglas, as he and the boy spread out the generous lunch and began to eat.

"Why don't you?"

"I haven't been asked to," replied Douglas, smiling.

"I wouldn't wait for an invitation," said the boy, as he swallowed his third glass of lemonade.

"Better be careful. I can't afford to employ a doctor until after we've got the *Beacon* out, my way."

"Huh!" The boy paused with a chicken leg between his teeth. "Do you think Mr Edwards sent this lunch over for us to look at?"

"Hardly," said Douglas, laughing. He remembered his own boyhood, and divided the apple pie in two parts, and gave George the larger section.

"Do you think we're going to get her out on time, Mr. Douglas?" asked the boy, between mouthfuls.

"I think so, but it will be an all-night stand. Are you good for it?"

"Am I? Mr Douglas, when Cleary run the *Beacon*, he was so lazy he spent the first part of the week out on the sidewalk, or in the saloons, giving the President of the United States pointers on how to run the country. Then 'bout Thursday night, he'd get in here and raise Jericho 'cause the paper wa'n't being got out. I've turned that press many a time till the roosters crowed, and I was so sleepy I couldn't eat."

"You must have been pretty sleepy."

"I was the next door to an Egyptian mummy, Mr. Douglas! But I'd give any thing to beat that Coleman. Say, Mr Douglas! Do you suppose we'll get any supper?"

"Are you thinking about supper already?" asked Douglas, speaking severely.

"We ought not to put off thinking of a good thing until it's too late, Mr Douglas," quoth George, as he washed down the pie with another glass of lemonade.

Douglas laughed, as he gathered up the dishes and put them back into the basket. Then back to the work with renewed energy.

The hot afternoon wore away rapidly. Several times persons tried the door, and finding it locked, thumped on it, but Douglas paid no attention. Once some one came and called out to him. He stopped long enough to go to the door.

"Getting on all right, eh?" it was the encouraging voice of Edwards.

"Yes. I think we'll have it all right. That was a fine lunch Mrs. Edwards sent over. We're very thankful for it."

"All right. Supper will be ready on the dining car at six o'clock. Is the boy's appetite good?"

"It's in good repair."

"All right. We'll try to keep him from fainting away. Good-bye and success to you. I'll send Banks over after supper to help on the presswork."

Douglas expressed his grateful thanks and went back to the case. Without any resting he kept on making up the forms and using George as every possible gap. At six a second lunch arrived even more tempting than the first. A short note from Mrs Edwards lay on the top of the dishes.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get you some ice cream, but I confess I was unable to. It has been in the refrigerator all day. I hope you will succeed in getting the paper out on time, as you are trying to do. Mr.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Edwards and myself are very much interested in your plans, and we believe in you thoroughly."

Douglas felt a choking as he read the friendly note.

"Well, this is what I call a Waldorf-Astoria sort of a time," said the boy, as he set out the various good things on the desk. When the watermelon was reached he uttered a yell of delight.

"Say, Mr. Douglas! Let's fix to have a run on the *Beacon* every week. My! Look at that! Lemon pie this time! Coleman didn't know what he missed. I'll tell him all right next time I see him!"

When the supper was disposed of, back to the case again, and then as the forms were ready, the presswork began. At eight o'clock Banks came from Edwards' store. The three perspiring figures were hard at it when, at ten o'clock, something went wrong with the press, and everything had to stop while Douglas hunted for the cause of the trouble.

It took him over an hour to make repairs on a broken pinion. It was so far along in the night by that time, and so hot and close in the office, that he unlocked the door and threw it open, together with all the windows.

The refreshing night air put new energy into the little force that was running a race against time and the Bartlett organ, but as Douglas contemplated the work that yet remained unfinished, he had his grave misgivings. There were still several columns to set up. His press was an old Gordon Simplex and printed one page on the reverse of the patent inside. He could use the regular page for the fourth side; but he was ambitious, if it couldpossibly be done, to use his own composition, and especially all the local matter he had prepared before Coleman went out.

At half past eleven a man came in with another lunch from Mrs. Edwards.

"Suppose there is enough for three?" asked the boy, glancing somewhat jealously at Mr. Banks.

"If there isn't, of course you'll have to wait until morning," said Mr. Banks, winking hard at Douglas.

"You don't belong on the *Beacon;* Mr. Douglas and I are running it," said George, as he opened up the basket.

"You and Mr. Douglas you mean."

"There's plenty," said George, as he emptied the basket. "Mr. Edwards is a brick hotel. I know now why he is so everlastingly good-natured. Any man that gets such grub as this all the time, hasn't got no kick ready. If I had such grub as this, my disposition would be different."

"Yes, you would have a disposition to dyspepsia," said Banks.

The lunch had been set out on the desk, and the three tired workers were about to begin, when there came abruptly into the office a most remarkable figure, so remarkable in appearance, that Douglas and Banks, and even the boy, stared in silent astonishment at him.

At first sight he looked like a tramp who had been sitting for one of Mr. Opper's pictures. He was covered with dust, his clothes were in rags, he had no hat, and there was a streak across one cheek that might have been dried blood. On one foot he wore a tennis shoe, and on the other a part of a riding boot with a yellow legging, held on with two buttons.

He stood silently returning the look of astonishment that greeted him, and Douglas finally said, "What do you want?"

"Got anything to drink?" the man asked with some hesitation, in sharp contrast to his entrance; but Douglas noted the hungry look the man gave the food on the desk.

"Won't you join us, brother?" Douglas gave the invitation simply but heartily. One of the things the president of Lincoln College had taught him was a belief in the human brotherhood.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

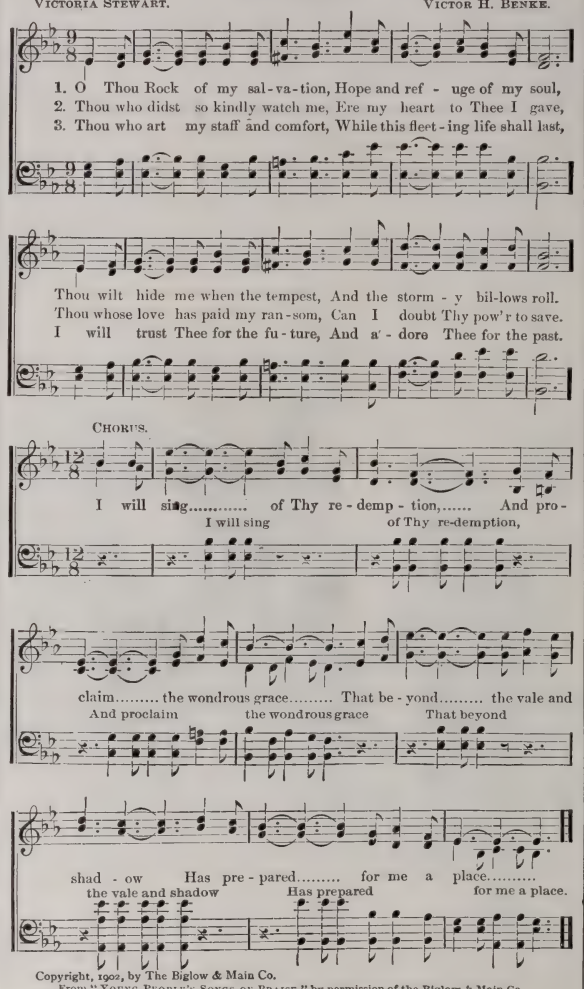
"The Ancient People"

In the current issue of *The People, the Land and the Book*, Rev. Robert Cameron, D.D., contributes a leading article of special timeliness on, "Eastern Problems and the Jews." Students of prophecy and observers of world-politics will read it with interest. Other contributions discuss, "The Difficulties of Scripture," "Israel in Russia" (poem), "Selections from the Talmud," "Palestine and her Jewish Colonies," "Objections against Jewish Evangelization," "What Shall be Done with the Russian Jews?" "Hebrew Tales," etc. Subscription $1; B. A. M. Schapiro, publisher, 345-347 East Third street, New York.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG—EDITED BY IRA D. SANKEY

I Will Sing of Thy Redemption

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord."—Psa. 89: 1.

Victoria Stewart. Victor H. Benke.

1. O Thou Rock of my sal-va-tion, Hope and ref-uge of my soul,
2. Thou who didst so kindly watch me, Ere my heart to Thee I gave,
3. Thou who art my staff and comfort, While this fleet-ing life shall last,
Thou wilt hide me when the tempest, And the storm-y bil-lows roll.
Thou whose love has paid my ran-som, Can I doubt Thy pow'r to save.
I will trust Thee for the fu-ture, And a-dore Thee for the past.
Chorus.
I will sing..... of Thy re-demp-tion,..... And pro-
I will sing of Thy re-demption,
claim..... the wondrous grace..... That be-yond..... the vale and
And proclaim the wondrous grace That beyond
shad-ow Has pre-pared..... for me a place.....
the vale and shadow Has prepared for me a place.

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PASSION FOR SOULS*

The Two Elements that Combine to Produce Apostolic Energy

CHIEF among the incentives to Christian work is the profound conviction, which Paul had, of the power of the Gospel. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," he said, "for it is the power of God unto salvation." When a man is once convinced that the secret he holds is effective for its purpose, he goes forward with confidence. He believed firmly that the Gospel was the remedy for sin, and, since sin was universal, it was a remedy of which every man had need. Combined with this conviction, there was an unselfish desire for the good of others. Both elements are necessary to produce the passion for souls. A man who does not care for the welfare of his fellows, is likely to be as idle as the man who does not feel confidence in the means at his disposal. But, given a desire to help and the possession of the means of helping, and there are the elements of useful service.

That there is now a dearth of apostolic lives, may be due to the absence of either of these elements. The tendency of our time is toward selfishness. We praise the boy at school who gets ahead of his competitors, even though his achievement would be just the same whether one passed or twenty. In business, a man is esteemed for getting a monopoly of a district or a trade by which he gets rich and keeps others from sharing with him. But how far is that course from the spirit of Christianity which enjoins the bearing of another's burdens, the concern for another's welfare! The spirit of Cain has entered modern life and repudiates the duty of being another man's keeper. Happily, a few have realized how unchristian that attitude is, and so we get the Social Settlement and the aids that the Institutional Church is giving to the poor. But the spirit needs further extension, and in no way more than in the endeavor to win souls for Christ.

The second element is equally indispensable. We need to believe in the Gospel as a mighty power as effective now as it has ever been. There are abundant proofs on all hands that should convince us of the fact. No power has yet been discovered by philosophy that approaches the Gospel in its effect on the human being. The power to arrest the soul on its downward path, to keep it in the path of life, to energize it for spiritual reproduction, is in the Gospel still and its trophies are to be found everywhere. That power is the hope of the world.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for August 9. Romans 1: 1-17.

THE STIRRED GIFT*

Every One Responsible for the Employment of the Ability God Has Given

CAN it be possible that a gift of God to any man should lie dormant and unused? Paul's admonition to his young disciple would imply that it might be so. The Parable of the talents suggests the same warning. The man of one talent, who was so afraid of losing it, that he hid it, instead of trading with it, was a specimen of this kind of danger. Not much is known of the young man to whom the apostle wrote, but if we may judge from the tone of the two Epistles, we should infer that he was modest, unassuming, needing the spur rather than the curb. We all know such men, and while the character has its beauties and its merits, it has its dangers, too.

Every man ought to be convinced that he has a gift. Some of us are too much given to comparing ourselves with others, and to thinking how much we could do if we had their powers of eloquence, or their money, or position of influence; but as we have so little capital to work with, it does not seem worth making any effort. Of course, that is the easiest way to regard our position, but it is distinctly and explicitly condemned. God does not expect from one talent men, the achievements of those to whom he has entrusted five talents, but he does expect that we shall do all that we can. It has sometimes happened, too, that the man who thought he had but one talent has discovered, when he came to use it, that it was not the only talent he possessed, and that he was really able to do more than he had believed was possible to him. Even if he makes no such discovery, he may find that his one talent exactly fits him for a service that his more richly endowed brother has overlooked. Besides this, he may have the privilege of beginning work of infinite value. The poor Methodist preacher under whose sermon Spurgeon was converted, could have had no idea of the far-reaching effect of that sermon. The Sunday School teacher whose work seems so humble, and often so fruitless, does not know how much he may be doing for the future of the church. The one gift we have, though it be but one, needs to be stirred, to be used, to be actively employed, and when that is done the results may be left with God. "He that does the best his circumstance allows, does well; angels could do no more."

*Topic of the Epworth League for Aug. 9. II. Timothy 1:6-8.

DON'T REPINE

CHILD of a Saviour's love,
Oh, do not e'er repine
Because the flowers have faded,
Or the fruit dropped from the vine.

Again will smile the springtime,
Again will bloom the flowers,
And carpet green again be seen,
Washed by refreshing showers.

And clouds that darkly gather
To-day above the head,
May break away to-morrow,
By radiant sunbeams sped.

When dearest friends have left us,
And earthly joys have flown,
Look up and claim the promises,
And feel you're not alone.

Mrs. Susan B. Roberts.

Elmira, N. Y.

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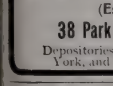

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Boyhood Days of Famous Divines

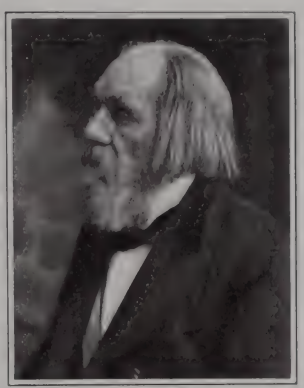
No. II. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

EDWARD EVERETT HALE first saw the light in Boston, April 3, 1822, and the first memory that still abides with him, is his sight of "the green feathers on the Rifle Rangers," which those proud soldiers sported on their parade of the 17th of June, 1825.

Mr. Hale cannot remember when he could not read. He has no recollection of learning to read, nor who taught him. He supposes it must have been Miss Susan Whitney, to whose school he was sent, before he was three years old. There were four of the little Hales at that time, who were of a proper age for this primary school—two boys and two girls. The Hales lived in the very heart of what is now Old Boston. Their house stood on the very spot where Parker's Hotel is now, and twice a day, excepting Thursdays and Saturdays, when they went but once, a servant piloted the four children to a private school. In his *Memories of a Hundred Years*, Mr. Hale speaks of these journeys:

"The other three were my playmates; they were older than I; and when they went to school daily, I used, naturally enough, to cry and beg to go with them. Ah me! since that time I have known many another hapless child who has stumbled into the like pitfall. Miss Susan Whitney did not hesitate to receive me, though I suppose I was one of the youngest of her flock. She attended to her part of the business well. I suppose I had learned my letters at home. I have no recollection of anything in the process. I cannot recollect any moment of my life when I could not read as well as I can now."



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Describing the conditions of that early school, Mr. Hale continues:

"What I remember is this: That the schoolroom was one of two chambers on the first floor of a pre-Revolutionary house in a little private courtyard, next west of the Trinity Church of that day. The room was fifteen feet square, with a sanded floor, and with benches and chairs enough for twenty scholars or more."

These descriptions of Mr. Hale are so fine that it is too bad to lose any of the little touches that throw light on his boyhood, or to fail to let him paint them in his own language. After numerous digressions in his *Memories*, he says:

"Let us return to Fullum (the servant) and his little flock of four, of the united ages, as the newspapers say, of twenty-three years. Nathan and Sarah, aged eight and seven, could have gone to school alone, but could hardly have taken care of me, and my other sister, at the ages of three and five. We were to go down School street—then a paved lane without sidewalk, regular curbstone or sidewalk—to turn to our right, and go through the main street not yet familiarly called Washington street. When we came to Summer's crockery shop, at the corner of Summer street, with its fascinating shepherdesses and lambs in the window, we would stop a moment to admire them, and then, to make up for the lost time, would hurry down to the courtyard which led into Miss Whitney's door. There Fullum took us upstairs and left us in the northern room; the southern room was occupied by another school under the care of Miss Ayres. There was a vague impression that their scholarship was more advanced than ours. For all that, however, we had the serene and proper childish confidence that ours was the best school in the world, and that we, as individuals, probably had no superior. The only blemish on this bright mirror of self-consciousness was the fact that Miss Ayres had a watch, and that in our establishment we had none. So we had to send in to her, if we needed to know the time.

"At twelve o'clock Fullum came for us and we went home. At three in the afternoon, we went through the same streets again, and at five went back again. Joy for us when winter came. For the purposes of winter, Fullum had contrived a box sled, which was painted green. Into this box sled all four were packed, and thus we enjoyed, on the snow, four triumphant sleigh rides daily, dragged by our faithful friend. How many policemen would there need to be to escort such a company through that part of Washington street to-day!"

On the third day of November, 1828, Edward Everett Hale, then six years old, led by the hand of this same Fullum, was returning with his brother and sisters from a children's-seen party. It was the night following the Presidential election. Even then the crowds gathered in the streets at such a time, and he heard his first political hurrah in the cry of a man who shouted, "Hurrah for Jackson!" Two years later, in 1830, the eight-year old boy saw General Andrew Jackson, who had come to Boston as President.

The father of Edward Everett Hale was an editor all his life. He published the *Daily Advertiser* in Boston for fifty years, and the Hale boys were brought up to work. They were taught the practical art of printing, and had it impressed upon them from the earliest childhood that there was no greater folly and disgrace than idleness. Once, when Hale was still a young boy, another young fellow about his age, asked him to go with him for a stroll to one of the wharves. Hale inquired, "What to do?" The other was rather astonished at this question, and replied, after a momentary perplexed silence, "Oh, nothing." Young Hale was shocked. He had never in his life, up to that time, thought of going anywhere to do nothing. The whole spirit of the Hale household was that everybody had something to do, and each one was expected to do it in the very best manner possible.

Edward Everett Hale was associated in his boyhood with many of the great historic names of American history. The Hale family and the Webster family were very intimate, and when young Edward Everett was four years old, his father and mother went with Daniel Webster and his wife, and little Edward Webster, their son, who was five years old, for a week's visit to Sandwich, Massachusetts. The little boys were always together, and it was on this occasion that Edward Hale fired his first gun. The great Daniel Webster came home from shooting, with a barrel of the gun unemptied. The little boy was permitted to rest it over a rail and fire it at a shingle. He did this with awful terror, but was greatly pleased when he had succeeded and was not killed.

One of Hale's earliest recollections is of sitting at a large table at Daniel Webster's house in Summer street, Boston, when they were all playing "commerce" together. The boy said, "I have not a counter left. I wonder if there is any friend who will lend me some?" Mr. Webster was sitting next him; with characteristic tenderness and lavishness he said, "Edward, so long as I live you shall never say you have not a friend," and pushed over as many of the red and white counters as he needed.

Mr. Hale tells a very pretty story about his little friend Edward Webster. Daniel Webster was to deliver one of his great addresses in a certain church. Mrs. Webster was in the gallery of the church, where she had taken Edward, in order that he might remember hearing his father on what would be a historic occasion. In the course of the address, Mr. Webster, in his most vigorous way, cried out, "Will any man dare say"—so that the child was himself impressed with the folly of any person contradicting his father, and in a clear, shrill voice, heard by everybody in the building, he replied from the gallery, "No, pa!"

The boy who loves literature, who has a certain tenderness at the mention of the names of Whittier, and Holmes, and Lowell, and Bancroft, is conscious of a noble kind of envy as he reads the story of a man still living, whose boyish days were given spice and inspiration by coming into touch with these, and many other men whose names have since become great and glorious. When Edward Everett Hale was only twelve years old, and was sitting in the parlor of his father's house, reading aloud to his mother, his father came into the room smiling, and said: "Here's Mr. Bancroft. The first volume of his history is finished, and it is to be put to the press." And so there began for the twelve-year old boy, a beautiful friendship with that "tall, black-haired young man," who was to become the famous historian; a friendship which lasted for more than fifty years.

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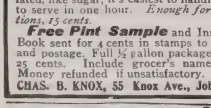

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Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Reader, Ogden, Utah. In what manner is Germany demonstrating its opposition to the Mormons?

The German police authorities, according to recent advices, expelled Mormon elders from Hamburg, Mecklenburg, Breslau, Frankfort, Munich, Stuttgart, and other localities. There was no violence; they were merely notified to depart as "troublesome foreigners."

C. W. C., Perry, Okla. There is indisputable evidence that the first local Christian church of which there is any record, was known as the church at Jerusalem, for eight or ten years before Antioch was mentioned as the location of a church.

What C. W. C. states is unquestionably correct. Nevertheless, the fact stands that the church at Antioch was the first to admit Gentiles to equal privileges with Jews. In Acts 11: 26 we are explicitly informed that the disciples were first called Christians in the Antioch church. There is no question as to the priority of church organization, indeed, both at Jerusalem and Samaria, the churches preceded that at Antioch.

Mrs. S. B. F., Franktown, Va. 1. Who was Timothy's father? I know who his mother and grandmother were. 2. Where did Cain get his wife from and who was she, or what was her name?

1. Timothy's mother was a Jewess, and his father (whose name is nowhere given) was a Greek (or Gentile) by descent. Such mixed marriages were regarded unfavorably. 2. The Land of Nod to which Cain fled after killing his brother, means simply the "Land of Flights" or of "Exile." The name affords no clue to its location. At the time this deed was committed the population of the earth may have considerably increased, although none of the children of Adam are mentioned by name up to that point in the sacred narrative. The neighbors who dwelt in the "land of flight" must have been relatives of Cain. Many commentators hold that his wife must have been his sister (see Gen. 5: 4). Tradition calls her *Saxe* and *Azura*.

L. E. S., Indianapolis, Ind. It is claimed here that the first Sunday School was not founded by Robert Raikes, as is frequently asserted, but much earlier. Can you supply the facts?

Mr. Henry Blackwell, of New York City, sometime ago, in looking over the records of Newtown, Long Island, found that on February 26, 1684, it was entered on the town records that the Rev. Morgan Jones, the pastor, was engaged as "schoolmaster of our town, and will teach on the Sabbath day those that will come to hear him, allowing him for exercising on the Sabbath day what every man will please." It is not stated on the record whether the teaching was secular or religious, but it is to be inferred from the fact that Mr. Jones was a pastor that the studies were on Bible topics. Robert Raikes originated the Sunday School movement in 1780-84, in Gloucester, England. Thirty years prior to Raikes' experiment the Rev. John Wesley had been in the habit of assembling children in various parts of England, for religious instruction, and in his journals (July 18, 1784), he records the fact that Sunday Schools were springing up wherever he went. "Who knows," he wrote, "but some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?" It is probable that up to the time of Raikes' experiment, there was no regular or systematic Sunday teaching of the young.

M. A. C. P., Carbondale, Pa. At the suggestion of one of the deacons, a long-time subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the pastor of the Berean Baptist Church of Carbondale, Pa. (Rev. Dr. Whalen), gave a powerful temperance address, using the illustration, copied from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, upon a large blackboard. The next day the Carbondale *Leader* had the following:

"Last evening at the Berean Baptist Church, the Rev. Dr. Whalen, the pastor, delivered an earnest, practical, common-sense discourse on 'The Rumsellers' Idol, or Liberty to Do Wrong.' The theme was illustrated with a finely drawn picture upon the blackboard, executed by the Sunday School artist, Leon Bly, assisted by one of his pupils, Charles Estabrook. The scene was a Goddess of Liberty, a reproduction of a painting of Bartholdi's monument on Bedloe's Island in New York harbor, with barrels of liquor as a foundation, and instead of a torch in her right hand to light the entrance to the harbor of the metropolis of the great western continent she held a glass of wine, pouring it out for the condemnation of liberty-seeking men. In the left hand was a bottle of the same material. At the base were lying drunken men, unable to stand on account of the personal liberty they had taken at the bar, senseless as to the welfare of their wives and children at home. Nearby at the rear were the hospital, the jail, the asylum, the morgue, and at a short distance a well filled cemetery, with well beaten paths to each from the saloon."

For the information of inquiring readers, we repeat the following, which appeared in the MAIL BAG last week: The quickest way to reach our Children's Home, at Mont-Lawn, is to take train on the Northern R. R. of N. J., foot of Chambers or West Twenty-third streets, New York, or at the Erie Depot, Jersey City (trains run frequently), to Nyack, and there take stage to Mont-Lawn, two and a-half miles distant. Or if boat be preferred, take the S. S. *Chrystenah* at foot of North Tenth street, New York, 3.45 P. M. Stages can be taken at the boat dock Nyack to Mont-Lawn. Boat runs daily except Sundays. On Saturday the boat leaves at 2.30 P. M., foot West Twenty-second street, New York.

Inquirer, Toledo, O. In a recent sermon on the Fall, the preacher contended that we were involved in it, and that our present sinful condition is the result of it. Has not that theory been abandoned by the best theologians?

Calvinists still adhere to it, and preachers who limit their reading to the old doctrinal writers often preach it; but it is not so frequently presented as formerly. The more practical view is that every man has fallen by his own sin, and needs to be redeemed from that, as well as to gain pardon for it. The old question of the origin of evil is not nearly so important as the personal one. Whether you adopt the theory that man was once innocent and fell through transgression; or whether he was once bestial and has been gradually developing and improving; you have the same practical condition to deal with, that there is evil within us that needs to be eradicated and you have the divine promise that help will be given to all who desire to eradicate it. How or whence that evil came may wisely be left for further enlightenment.

F. E. D., Los Angeles, Cal. Can you tell me why the Salvation Army uses the drum? The history of the drum clearly shows it to have been one of the greatest idols the world has ever known. Is it right to introduce such things into houses dedicated to the service of God?

The drum is essentially a warlike musical instrument, loud, dominant and far-reaching, and for this reason, probably, it was adopted by the Salvation Army, as specially suited to the military form of that organization. The ancient Jewish *toph* was a sort of drum. All the drums of the ancients—the Hebrews, Egyptians and Assyrians, seem to have been chiefly used in war, with the exception of the *magrephah*, a drum in the court of the Jewish temple, which was used to call the priests to prayer, the Levites to singing and the lepers to purification. It was said by some writers that the sound of this drum could be heard from Jerusalem to Jericho.

A. C., Oakland, Kans. How is it that Matthew and Luke differ so radically in the genealogy they give of our Lord?

No wholly satisfactory explanation has yet been given, though many have tried to solve the problem. The most ingenious suggestion, and one that has been adopted by several learned students, is that Luke gives the genealogy of Mary, while Matthew gives the genealogy of Joseph. If that is the true solution, Luke 3: 23 should read, "Joseph, who was the son-in-law of Heli." You will notice that the words, "the son," are in italics, indicating that they are not in the original, but have been supplied by the translators to make sense.

B. B., Paterson, N. J. What precedent, if any, exists for the proposed action of our Government in sending a protest to Russia concerning the Kishineff massacre?

In 1882 (during President Arthur's administration), after a massacre of Jews in Russia, our State Department forwarded a communication to the Russian government, expressing a hope that that government would take steps to prevent further attacks on the Jews, on ac-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Corn Starch Talk

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

In many receipts Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch may be substituted for flour, by using half the quantity, and a more delicate dish is the result. This Corn Starch may be relied upon for uniformity, and will always suit the most critical taste. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical that Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is a valuable and economical article of food, while the simplicity with which it may be prepared appeals alike to the unskilled cook and the experienced chef.

With a little thought given to the subject quite a variety of salads may be served from day to day. Wafers are sometimes served with these salads, but a more acceptable accompaniment is suggested below. These puffs are easy to make, and are more delicate than most, owing to the substitution of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch for a part of the flour.

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Place half a cup of water and one fourth cup of butter in a granite sauce pan over the fire and when this is boiling add two rounding tablespoons of flour and one of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, which have been sifted together. Beat thoroughly while cooking for several minutes, remove from the fire and stir in half a cup of fresh grated cheese. Season with salt and paprika and beat in two eggs, singly. Press the mixture through pastry bag on a well greased baking sheet, making balls less than two inches across. Bake in very moderate oven about twenty-five minutes, until light and firm. These may be served warm or split open when cold and filled with whipped cream to which has been added salt, pepper and a little Parmesan cheese.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

count of religion or race antagonism. In 1891 (during President Harrison's administration), we protested to Russia against the hardships imposed on the Hebrews by the recently-passed restrictive laws. Recently, our State Department protested to Roumania against the persecution of the Roumanian Jews, which was driving them to the United States in large numbers. Turkey's cruelties toward her Christian subjects have repeatedly been made a ground of protest by European governments. There is a valid and legitimate reason for protest in the Kishineff affair, especially in view of the fact that the United States is more directly affected than Spain. He was again arrested, sent to Rome, and again imprisoned with more rigor. At his trial he was condemned to death, and was beheaded with a sword. He was about sixty-eight years old when he died.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. Etta S., Starkstoro, Vt. 1. Our highest mountain is Mount McKinley in Alaska, altitude 20,464 feet. 2. Don't know the poem.

Rev. H. A. C., Independence, Pa. It is not in the regular collections of religious poems.

Several Readers. For all particulars regarding child redemption in Africa, write to Rev. E. H. Richards, Norwalk, O.

THE ARMY OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO ON THE MARCH

The warlike situation in Morocco is still very much complicated. Conflicting rumors are received. Sometimes the Sultan's forces are in the ascendant, and again the rebels. This picture gives a very good idea of the character of the Sultan's army, which accounts for the prolongation of the campaign. The illustration is reproduced from the London *Sphere*.

any other country save Russia, the Jewish exodus from Bessarabia naturally tending to drift toward this country.

C. V. V., Mooresville, S. C. Are we to understand from I. Thess. 5: 23, that only those will be saved who are absolutely free from sin?

All Scripture is opposed to such a supposition. It is sinners that Christ invites to come to him, and it is sinners whom he saves. After they have come to him and have been saved, he proceeds to eliminate sin from their nature. That is the process of sanctification, which is often a long and difficult work. It depends on the resistance of the sinful nature to the operations of the Holy Spirit. Where a man yields himself fully to Christ and submits to him, the conditions are those described in the passage you quote. Unhappily, Christians who will surely be saved often have to deplore sins they have committed subsequent to their conversion. There is, however, this difference between the sins of the Christian and those of the unconverted man, that the Christian mourns over them, seeks forgiveness for them and avoids their repetition, the unconverted man is usually indifferent to them.

R. F. D., No. 19, Dayton, Va. How many judges were there in Israel and what were their names?

Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar, Deborah and Barak, Gideon, Abimelech, Tola, Jair, Jephthah, Ibzan, Elon, Abdon, Samson, Eli and Samuel.

Reader, Ramona, Ia. What was the end of Paul's imprisonment? The Book of Acts does not tell us.

Tradition has it that he was acquitted at his trial, and immediately started on another missionary journey which took him as far as The Sunday School of Sweet Springs, W. Va. (Mrs. Bell Superintendent), would welcome any gift of discarded hymn books (with music), lesson leaflets, or other good literature.

Constant Reader (A. E. R.), Gloucester, Va. What you ask would occupy more space than we could devote to that purpose. Any good American encyclopedia will furnish the information.

Ida M., Pueblo, Col. Congress has nothing to do with the suppression of the cigarette evil; it is properly a matter for State legislation. The scheme you mention is probably one to collect names for advertising purposes.

M. C. Rennie, 289 W. Eighth street, Oswego, N. Y., asks some reader to send her a copy of the poem beginning, "A poor, wayfaring man of grief."

B. M. O., East Saugus, Mass. See editorial articles in our issue of June 10 and July 22, on the subject of prayers.

Bookkeeper, Norristown, Pa. You were not justified in withholding the letter from your employer. He is entitled to know every detail of his own business, if he wishes to do so.

Quot., Amboy, W. Va. It is the first line of a very old romantic song, never sung nowadays. You will find it in some collections dated about 1825-50. The closing line of each verse is:

"Thou hast been the cause of this anguish,
my mother."

Mrs. O. H. H., Barrington, N. H. The poem, "Sometime," which begins, "Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned," is by Max Riley Smith. See Funk & Wagnall's *Library of Religious Poetry*.

Country, N. Y. Write to Civil Service Commission, Cooper Union, N. Y., for all information on the subject.

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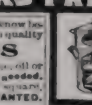

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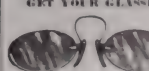

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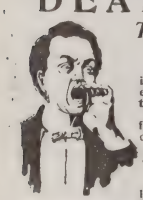

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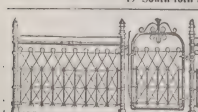

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WHERE IS THE "HOUSE OF ISRAEL"?

THE prophecies relating to the House of Israel are, in the main, quite distinct from those concerning the House of Judah, and whatever may be the ultimate result of movements on the part of the Jews (the House of Judah), these movements will be found connected with the House of Israel, and are recorded in the Word of God, under an inclusive title, descriptive of their common destiny. As when we are told that "Jerusalem shall dwell safely," these long separated peoples are seen to be together under designations; such as "all Israel," "the whole House of Israel," "the house of Jacob," etc.

The nation of Israel, takes its rise from the covenant made by the Lord with Abram (Gen. 12: 1-3). The words of the covenant, verses 2 and 3 are: "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and be thou a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse: and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

The promises, unconditional in their nature, were afterwards confirmed to Isaac and Jacob. The reason why the covenant was repeated to Isaac and Jacob, was owing to the fact that they formed the chosen posterity, to the exclusion of all others, in the Abrahamic line, and with Jacob that exclusion ceased; for, as an old writer has said, "now at length the way of grace entirely coincided with that of nature." In other words, all the descendants of Jacob were called, and the blessing offered to each one of them.

From the going down into Egypt to the rending of the Kingdom, a period of nearly 800 years, the history of the Israelites was one history, and from that time, the kingdom of Israel under nineteen kings, existed as a nation for 274 years, when they were taken into captivity by Assyria. One hundred and thirty-three years afterwards the kingdom of Judah experienced the same fate, being led into captivity to Babylon. After seventy years, there was a partial return of the two tribes constituting the House of Judah. The ten tribes never came back.

It has often been asked, are there any historic evidences as to where the lost tribes (so-called) are to-day. As history never advances beyond the present, we can see at once that the domain of prophecy concerns not only all history, but all that could ever become history on prophetic lines. So it is also seen that prophecy has no limits, except that expressed in its own terms, and while it can be understood in advance, so far as its general scope is concerned, yet specifically, we understand it only as expressed in the terms of the prophecies themselves. For example, the covenant made with Abraham is an everlasting covenant (Gen. 17: 7). His posterity was to be multiplied "as the stars of the heaven," and "as the sand which is upon the seashore" (Gen. 22: 17). When the covenant was confirmed to Jacob, in blessing the sons of Joseph (as the birthright was in the line of Joseph), Ephraim was to become "a multitude of nations," and Manasseh a "great" people (Gen. 48: 19). These birthright blessings, and that which should befall the other sons of Jacob would occur in the line of their descendants "in the latter days." As we are living in the latter days, it will only be necessary to identify, in the conditions now existing, the statements made in the prophecies, to prove their truth.

It may be asked as to these prophecies concerning Israel, is there a people on the earth at this time, who have become a mother of nations; and is there at the same time, another nation of the same origin, who have become a great people? The answer to these questions will make it apparent that prophecy is being fulfilled, and that these great peoples have the elements within themselves of becoming a blessing to "all the families of the earth."

As it is a matter of identity, take another illustration concerning a single tribe, and from the historic standpoint. The tribe of Dan, always noted for its boldness and commercial enterprise, in its travels through Europe has left its name upon rivers, such as the Don, the Danube, the Daniester, the Rhidan (the Rhine), the Rhodan (the Rhone); upon towns, as Dantzig, Danenburg, and Danitz. On an ancient map of Ireland such names appear as Danslough, Dansowar, and Dansobairse. Denmark, or Dansmark, is another form in the name of a country. In the "Annals of Ireland, by the Four Masters," it is stated that "the colony called Tuatha de Dannan conquered the Firbolgs, and became masters of Ireland. It appears that the Dannans were a highly civilized people, far more skilled in arts and sciences than any of the other colonies that settled in Ireland. They ruled in Ireland about two centuries, or about 197 years, according to the Psalter of Cashel, and were highly skilled in architecture and other arts, from their long residence in Greece and intercourse with the Phœnicians."

The above allusion to their "long residence in Greece," is also proven by the following record in 1 Maccabees, 12 chapter, where it is stated, the King of the Lacedæmonians sent the following letter to the Jews in Jerusalem:

"Areus, King of the Lacedæmonians, to Onias, the High Priest, sendeth greeting. It is found in writing that the Lacedæmonians and Jews are brethren, and that they are of the stock of Abraham. Now, therefore, since this is come to our knowledge, ye shall do well to write unto us of your prosperity."

The reply of the Jews, according to Josephus, was as follows: "We joyfully received the epistle, and were well pleased with Demoteles and Areus, although we did not need such a demonstration, because we were well satisfied about it from the sacred writings." A. WADHAMS.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Christian Bridge-Builder

CHARLES CYRIL MARTIN, well known in New York and throughout the country, as the Chief Engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, passed away last week, at his summer home, Far Rockaway, L. I. Mr. Martin was born in Springfield, Pa., in 1831, educated at Rensselaer Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y., as a civil engineer. Soon after beginning his professional career, he began to be widely known for his thoroughness and skill. He has at different times been associated in responsible positions with various engineering concerns, in different parts of the country, building bridges, docks and water works. He had to a very great extent, the personal charge of the construction of the great East River Bridge, and when it was finished he became its chief engineer, a position he held up to the time of his death. Mr. Martin was a sincere and devout Christian, and was one of the principal organizers and an active member of the Church of Christ, in Brooklyn. To the Sunday School work, he gave the warmest support and the most zealous personal effort. Personally a total abstainer, he was a consistent advocate of the temperance cause. His whole life and character were those of an honorable, conscientious, and sincere Christian gentleman. He was an ardent friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and its various benevolent enterprises; and our little tenement waifs at Mont-Lawn, remember with pleasure the kindly face, and pleasant, genial greeting of their old friend, the great bridge-builder, whom they will see no more hereafter on earth.

❧

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The following letter, from one of the earliest subscribers of this journal, will be read with interest by other subscribers, old and new. It proves that our friends love to remain in the great CHRISTIAN HERALD family:

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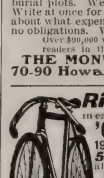

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Israel's Champion

God's Chosen King Appears in a Crisis

By Mrs. M. Baxter

GOD had rejected Saul; he still sat on the throne, but was no longer trusted by God to carry out his purposes; the kingly spirit which was upon him for a little time, had departed, and henceforth his reign was a sham; a mere outside semblance. When God had any special work to be done, he trusted it to David, not to Saul. What a type this is of the external thing which men call Christianity, and which has its seat in all the external churches. God has his hidden, anointed church, composed of the living members of Christ, and through these, whether in the outward churches, or outside of them, he carries out his work.

It is significant that with the anointing of David the enemies began again to be on the alert. "The Philistines gathered together their armies to battle." When the Lord moves forward, the enemy also begins to move. The forces of Israel, and those of the enemy were stationed, each on a mountain, with a valley between. In the Philistine army there was a giant, over nine feet in height, who challenged any man of Israel to single combat. His weight, his armor, etc., are all minutely told, showing his enormous strength and proportions. Earth's great one!

The people had asked for a king that he might go out before them, and fight their battles (1 Sam. 8: 19, 20); but now, in a crucial moment, "when Saul and all Israel heard these words of the Philistines, they were dismayed together, and greatly afraid;" Saul as much as the people. Saul was, from his shoulders upward, taller than all the men of Israel; and yet he dared not face the giant! Since he was anointed king, instead of being more courageous than before, we constantly read of the people trembling and being afraid. Now God would put the king of his choice to a test of his fitness for the appointment which awaited him in the future. David had returned from Saul to keep his father's sheep at Bethlehem; he was at home wherever he was; his court life had not uplifted or spoiled him, he was just as ready to minister to the sheep as to exercise his exquisite gift in music and song, or to perform any of the functions which devolved upon him at court: this is true kingliness, to be unchanged by circumstances.

For forty days the challenge of the boasting Goliath had met with no response, when David was sent by his father into the battlefield with a present for his three elder brothers, who were in Saul's army. Things were coming to a crisis; the troops on either side were put in array, and action seemed imminent for "the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle." But once again, just as David saluted his brethren, the giant just once more uttered his challenge, and David saw the men of Israel in their fear fleeing before him. Some of them told David of the reward offered to him who should kill this champion, and, with the cause of his God at heart, he said, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine and taketh away the reproach from Israel?"—this was what appealed to David.

David had been exercised in the school of faith; he had put his God to the proof: "Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God." Saul clothed David in his armor; and David essayed to go. But the man of God had not proved this way of fighting; he knew the way of faith. "I cannot go in these; for I have not proved them." Let us never meet the enemy of souls with unproved weapons! David was in God's school to serve God's purpose. Under his direction, he chose five smooth stones from the brook, and, unarmed, without so much as a sword, he drew nigh to the Philistine. But, unseen of man, the Lord of hosts was with him. David was not alone.

How came it that David could speak with such assurance? He must have had it from the Lord, in answer to prayer. Fearlessly, David ran to meet the Philistine, slang a stone, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; it sank into the skull, and the Philistine fell upon his face to the earth, and David, with his antagonist's own sword, cut off his head. So Goliath died, and the victory was gained.

This Boy won a $25.00 Prize selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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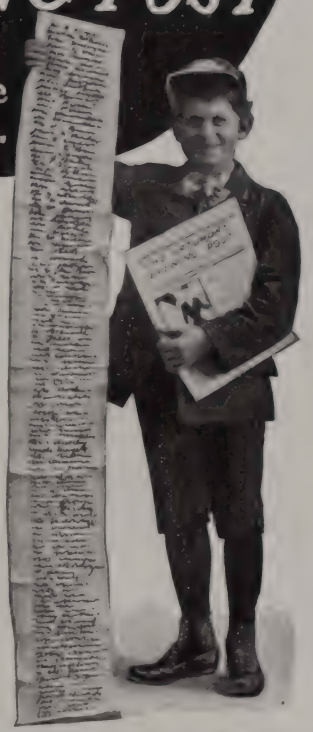

HE IS the "Champion Boy" of the State of Washington. His name is Harry Ireland. The smile on his face is due to the fact that he had in his pocket a check for $25 from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THIS $25 is in addition to the regular commission he receives week after week for selling THE POST.

HARRY is a hustler. The long strip of paper he holds in his hand is covered with closely written signatures of people who have instructed him to deliver THE POST for four consecutive weeks.

HE PERSUADED several prominent business men to sign at the top of the sheet and their names influenced others to sign until the list became longer than he is tall.

THIS is one of the many ways we have suggested to help boys to sell THE POST. It makes the work so easy that thousands of boys have taken it up. Some are making $10 to $15 a week after school hours.

YOU can start in this business, at once, without capital. Send us your name and we will forward 10 free copies, which you can sell at five cents each. This will supply capital for the next week's order.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 403 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Would YOU Consider It a GOOD Proposition?

Would You Consider It a Good Proposition?

If we made you a partner in our business no matter how small your capital?
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If we paid you liberally for all business secured from your neighborhood through your influence?

Would You Consider It a Good Proposition?

That's just what we propose to do and it won't cost you one cent to find out.

Cut This Ad Out and Write for Full Particulars To-day. DO IT NOW!

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P. O. .....

County, ... State .....

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DEPT. C 18, 158-168 W. VAN BUREN STREET, CHICAGO.

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THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

The lakes and streams in the Adirondack Mountains are full of fish, the woods are inviting, the air is filled with health, and the nights are cool and restful. If you want this region once, you will go there again. An answer to almost any question to be sent to the Advertising Agent of the New York Central Lines, Room 1, Grand Central Station, New York City, will bring you "The Adirondacks and How to Reach Them," issued by the

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ENERGY
GOVERNMENT ANALYSIS

IT'S GENUINE IF THE SACK BEARS THESE TWO WORDS:-WASHBURN-CROSBY. OTHERWISE NOT.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1903

VOL. 26 NO. 31. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

OUR INDIA ORPHANS—A Group of Native Teachers at the Ahmednagar Mission

1. WALI NAGU, A GIRL ORPHAN. 2. GANGUANO THAKOBA, A BOY ORPHAN. 3. A STREET IN JUBBULPUR. SEE PAGE 651

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Christian, Milford, Pa. If a child born of unconverted parents dies in infancy, what ground is there for supposing that it will go to heaven? Is it not more probable that, being sinful by nature, it will go to perdition?

We cannot conceive of God punishing a child for sins that it did not commit. He is a just God, and will not hold a soul responsible for a sinful nature. We do not know in what way the soul of a child can be regenerated and made fit for heaven. God may do that, by the infinite power of the Holy Spirit, but in any case, you may be quite sure that no infant will be consigned to the place of punishment.

J. J., Straight Creek, Ky. Were the twelve tribes in existence in the time of Christ? If not, when were they lost?

The twelve tribes formed one kingdom under Saul, David and Solomon. When Rehoboam succeeded to the throne on the death of Solomon, his father, ten tribes revolted (See I. Kings 12), and formed the Kingdom of Israel under Jeroboam. They were a separate kingdom until the year B. C. 721, when they were carried captive to Assyria. The tribes of Judah and Benjamin remained faithful to the dynasty of David. That kingdom survived until B. C. 586. Cyrus permitted all who wished to return, and there was a partial restoration in B. C. 536, and a further one in B. C. 516. It is possible that some descendants of the ten tribes may have returned with the descendants of the other two tribes, but it is probable that the majority intermarried with the people among whom they lived, and were thus absorbed into other races. There are some people who believe that they maintained their separation and that they became the ancestors of the Anglo-Saxons.

C.R.P., Jonesboro, N.C. What is the origin of the name "Blind Tiger," which we so often hear applied to a place where whiskey is sold unlawfully? Does this name apply to anything else except a place like that mentioned above?

It seems to have been applied exclusively to illicit stills and "shebeens." The origin of the phrase is obscure, but it probably related to some incident of a purely local character.

F. T. H., South Boston, Va. Why did Jesus always give an evasive answer to the question, Who art thou?

When the question was prompted by mere curiosity, or when it was asked with the object of getting evidence from his own lips for the purpose of prosecuting him, it would have been unwise to satisfy the questioner. When, however, he was speaking to the woman of Samaria (John 4: 26), there was no ambiguity: "I that speak unto thee am he." Under the adjuration of the High Priest, too, he answered plainly (Mark 14: 62): "Art thou the Christ the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am."

W. H. A., Salmon, Idaho. Can you give me the date of the commencement of work on the Erie Canal, and when first boat ran through?

Erie Canal begun at Rome, N. Y., July 4, 1817. Completed October 26, 1825. First boat, *Seneca Chief*, with Governor aboard, passed through and reached New York, November 4, 1825.

Inquirer, Duluth. 1. Catholics hold the worship of Mary, the intercession of saints, prayers for the dead, purgatory, transubstantiation, etc. 2. Such marriages usually bring trouble, when there are children, each parent claiming the right to train them according to his or her own creed.

Subscriber, Wellston, O. Can a man without good education, and without plenty of money go to the Holy Land without a guide?

He could do so, but he would be very foolish to undertake it. Unless he were a very extraordinary person, he would find himself greatly handicapped by the absence of a guide, and he would derive very little, if any, benefit from his journey. We would not advise anybody to undertake a Holy Land tour under such conditions.

New Subscriber, Brooklyn. Are a man's thoughts, words, and deeds, always under the direct influence of right or wrong? In other words—can a man think, speak, or act, without doing the Lord's will, or the will of the devil?

There are many operations of the mind that are involuntary, but of those that are voluntary, it may be said, generally, that all are under the dominion of the will, and subject to the approval or disapproval of conscience, which indicates whether they are right or wrong. A wicked person, therefore, sins knowingly, in thought, word, or deed. Divine grace in the heart quickens the conscience and impels the individual to choose the right, even at a sacrifice.

S. A. S., Bloomington, Ind. Will you please give your advice to one wanting to become a missionary, as to what course of training one must take?

You should consult the missionary board of your church and make formal application, where you can get all needed information as to requirements, training, etc. If you are not connected with a denomination, write to Mr. Fitt, Superintendent Moody Institute, Chicago, or to Missionary Training Institute, Nyack, N. Y.

Martha E. J., Bellaire, O., writes:

I see in last week's issue, that some one wished to know if such a snake as the hoop-snake really existed. A few years ago, while living in Clark county, Mo., my husband, myself and children were taking a walk on the prairie. We found some fine strawberries, and while picking them I became separated from the others. I heard a swishing in the tall grass. On looking up, I saw a snake coming toward me like a hoop. I sprang to one side, and it passed by swiftly. It seemed a slender snake, of a light-green color. I had no opportunity to know how it carried its tail; only I know it rolled over the ground like a perfect hoop.

Subscriber, Zeeland, Mich. If a person is convinced that by committing a certain sin he will forfeit all hope of salvation, and nevertheless, under strong temptation, he does commit it, realizing at the time that he thereby loses his soul—Is it not useless to pray for forgiveness?

It is never useless to pray for forgiveness. God is more willing to pardon than we are to seek pardon. A person such as you have described, ought certainly to ask forgiveness. His sin was so bold, so defiant, so reckless that it is exceptionally heinous. All the more reason, therefore, that he should plead for pardon before it is too late. His own conviction that by sinning in that particular way he was forfeiting all hope, does not prove the fact. It does prove that in committing the sin while he held such a belief, he was very wicked, and therefore in more need of the pardon that God will give on his repentance.

Ida A. H., Bremen, Ind., writes:

"In your July 15 issue, J. A. T., Scenery Hill, Pa., writes: 'I submit the following lines, wishing to know who is the author':

'No endeavor is in vain,
The reward is in the doing;
And the rapture of pursuing,
Is the prize of vanquished gain.'

"These lines are taken from the last stanza of the poem, 'The Wind Over the Chimney,' written by Longfellow."

F. B., Marathon, Tex. 1. What difference can there be between a bribe and paying a man for his services? 2. Do Roman Catholics believe that their priests have the power to forgive sins?

1. A bribe is a payment for an act which should be done voluntarily and without payment, or not done at all. Thus a man may be bribed to vote the right ticket; he may be bribed to go to church. Usually the word is used to indicate payment for a wrong act, as when a judge receives pay to give an unjust decision; or an official is paid to give a contract to a certain bidder, or to overlook defects in a contract. This, as you will see, is a very different thing from remuneration for services legitimately rendered. A workman is entitled to his wages, he is not entitled to payment for working for another person in his employer's time. 2. Technically, the priest having heard a confession, assures the confessing person that God has forgiven him. Practically, however, the priest's absolution is regarded as his own, which God will endorse. That is, that by virtue of his office he is empowered to forgive sins.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. J. B., Latta, S. C. Write to Winston & Co., Philadelphia, publishers of McKinley's life.

B. S., Beaumont, Kan., is requested to send address to Anton Rejsa, 1721 D Street West, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

L. M. K., Caro, Mich. Physical death occurs when the spirit leaves the body; in that sense, therefore, the man was dead.

Subscriber, Pleasantville, Pa. Write to Matron, Babies' Hospital of City of New York, Lexington avenue and Fifty-fifth street, or to Foundling Hospital, Sixty-eighth street near Lexington avenue, New York.

SCENES OF DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY THE GREAT TORNADO IN PATERSON, N. J.

ON the afternoon of July 22, Paterson, N. J., was swept by a tornado, which left behind it a mass of wrecked buildings, three human victims killed outright, and scores of others more or less seriously injured. The storm came from the low hills on the southwest, and assuming the form of a black twisting cloud, like a huge drawn-out spinning-top, whirled through the city in a northeasterly direction, leveling dwellings and filling the air with debris. Fifty buildings were blown off their foundations and wrecked, some of them being a mere mass of broken timbers after the tornado passed. Many families are homeless. Some of the freaks of the storm were peculiar. One woman was blown out of a window. Another, was carried twenty feet through the air, and only slightly injured. Among the damaged buildings, are silk mills, hospitals, churches, schools. A boy was almost decapitated by flying wreckage. There were many narrow escapes. The path of the funnel-shaped cloud was about four hundred feet wide and three miles in length, through the centre of the city. The total damage to property is estimated at $500,000. Our photographer has shown some of the demolished buildings on Clay and Dover streets.

J. L. K., Clarion, Pa. To discuss the question you ask would simply open up an endless and unprofitable controversy, a thing we never do in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Reader, Zanesville, O., is requested, if agreeable, to address Postmaster, Sutton, Vt., who will give him information concerning his question in the MAIL-BAG: "How can a man recently converted do service for Christ in a benevolent and humanitarian way?"

Inquirer, Philadelphia. Write to Mr. Anthony Comstock, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, 142 Nassau street, N. Y., for all information relative to the war against the circulators of immoral literature. Mr. Comstock's work in the defence of the purity of American homes and American children, entitle him to the most cordial support of every right thinking person, and more especially of fathers and mothers.

Her Premiums Make a Library

Mrs. S. E. D., Reserve Kan., has forty-one books, two Bibles, and a Red Letter Testament from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Forty-four books in all. Also the Art Portfolio, Art Gallery, Concert Roller Organ, and Souvenir Spoons. I don't know how many years she has been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She sends many thanks for all premiums, and best wishes for the success of the grand old paper. J.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A MEETING OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF SCHOOL NO. 12, HAVANA

A SCHOOL CITY ELECTION, HAVANA

Training Young Cuba to Citizenship

The AMERICAN SYSTEM INTRODUCED *in* HAVANA *with* EXCELLENT RESULTS

AN interesting series of photographs, just received from Cuba by Wilson L. Gill, founder of the "School City" method of teaching the juvenile mind to understand municipal government, discloses the fact that Cuban children have made vast strides since the time when the Pearl of the Antilles was declared free. To the American, who knows little of the conditions of life in Cuba, the pictures are a revelation, for apart from the difference in complexion of the school children and the tropical clothing they wear, the pupils are so similar in appearance to the average American school boy and girl, that the photographs might well depict a school city session in any American town.

To make the pictures intelligible to those who do not understand the School City method of civic training, it is well to explain that the plan is to organize the children of each school, under a charter given by the school authorities, as citizens of a municipality. These citizens elect a city council, which, in one phase of the plan, in turn elects a mayor, judge and other administrative and judicial officers. The mayor appoints his cabinet and subordinates, and has power to remove at will. Nomination by petition, proportional representation, and the initiative and referendum enable the citizens to express and enforce their will at any time, either with or independent of their representatives. Elections occur once in ten weeks, and experience has shown that it is desirable to make the term of the police officers short. A high ideal of gentility, kindness, and tact is usually required in a candidate for the position of police officer, for the boy who takes this place can abuse the position, if he is not fitted for its duties.

The children are guided by the school-teachers. The idea is to coach them thoroughly in the duties of civic office. It has been found an admirable way of making boys and girls familiar with the municipal machinery of their town. The charges upon which a police officer of the School City may hale a boy or girl before the bench, include lack of cleanliness, unruly conduct in or out of school, the destruction of school property, or the use of profane language. The most extreme punishment is the withdrawal of the rights of citizenship, subject to the approval of the school principal.

One of the photographs received by Mr. Gill from Cuba shows a session of the court, the police officer detailing the charges against a boy, who stands with head bowed with shame as the catalogue is gone over.

THE CITY COUNCIL OF SCHOOL NO. 15, HAVANA

Another shows a meeting of the City Council of School No. 15, Havana. The city clerk, a colored boy, who has to be elevated on two cigar-boxes in order to enable him to reach the minute book comfortably, is gravely chronicling the doings of the council, and a Cuban boy, in a white sailor suit, is addressing the august assemblage, each member of which listens with an air of intelligent attention.

Perhaps the most interesting picture is that showing the girls voting at a School City election. One little Cuban girl is depositing her ballot in the basket, while another scores her vote on the blackboard. From the figures, it seems to be about an even thing between Elvira Cachuiro and Yeabel Rodriquez.

In the ward of San Leopoldo, in which the school is situated, the number of children who were found running about the streets molesting quiet citizens and using bad language has greatly diminished. When the system was established, the choice of the eleven councilmen, made by children without any experience in a work of this kind, was made with a great sense of justice and impartiality. The council, without receiving suggestions of any kind, acted with excellent judgment and discrimination, and selected the very best element in the school for their appointees. The order and system have greatly improved. The system is a means of making children learn and practice sentiments of morality and of justice, as well as a method for teaching them to-day the great duties which, as citizens, they will have to fulfil on the morrow.

The maxims contained in the first paragraph of the first chapter of the School City Charter, "Do unto others as thou wouldst have them do unto thee," and "Love others as thou wouldst have others love thee," are in my opinion the greatest pillars which serve as a foundation to morality and to all religion. They implant in the childish mind an idea of justice, generosity, magnanimity, and gentleness such as could be derived from no other source and help to develop the best quality of citizenship.

The School City method of training is rapidly finding favor in American schools. It is also to be introduced into the Philippines. In time the system is to be extended, so that groups of schools can be formed into miniature State legislative bodies. It will be the fault of the American boy and girl of the present generation if he or she does not know more about municipal government than the average adult.

The American Pulpit

The SHIP of LIFE

By PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON

TEXT—JAMES 3: 4, 5: "Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm"

I CANNOT say positively that James, the author of this Epistle, is identical with James the brother of John, the Galilean fisherman whom Jesus called from his boats and his nets. Certain it is that he had much of the fisherman or sailor disposition. Of all the writers in the New Testament — for you must notice that though each was inspired of God, the special disposition and characteristic of each comes very plainly out—James is perhaps the most practical, the most outspoken, the most plain-spoken, and these are characteristic, surely, of those who do business in great waters and see the works of the Lord in the deep. If you want an honest, frank, straightforward answer to a question you will get it, as a rule, from Jack; you will get it at least from James, whether he was a sailor or not, for he did not know how to mince matters, or to smooth over things that ought to appear in their naked, rugged condition.

Moreover, I have been pleased to notice that James makes more than one reference to the sea and to ships. This is not proof positive, but it does incline me to fancy that perhaps he had had to do with sailing over the sea and with the handling of ships. In the sixth verse of the first chapter of his letter, he says: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." And in this striking word that forms our text he gives evidence of at least some little knowledge of matters nautical. It reads in the original, at all events, more intelligibly than it does in this verse, and with a better idea of things connected with vessels. "Behold also the ships,which though they be so great,and are driven with fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a small helm"—the word should be "rudder," properly—"whithersoever the steersman willeth." I bless God that Jesus and many of his disciples had practical acquaintance with ships and with the sea, and that James, for one, has drawn some of his illustrations from seafaring life. Now, may the Lord bless to us a word from this text, which must be solemn, but which will, I hope, lead to much of gladness.

Assailed by Winds

I want you to notice, first, that the ship has to contend with fierce winds. This, indeed, is not the subject matter of the text—it comes in incidentally—but it is important to the full understanding of the metaphor. Are there not some here who know from sad and bitter experience what it is to be driven of fierce winds? The winds upon the ocean come from all points of the compass, north, south, east, and west. Some blow milder than the others; but in the spiritual realm there are at least three sorts of wind which we must be on our guard against. These are the points of the compass from which they blow—the world, the flesh, and the devil. Oh, what fierce winds come rushing out from the quarter of the world, so that the desire for pleasure, the thirst for fame or gain, or, perhaps, a desire for the gratification of natural pride, are sufficient to throw upon her beam-ends the strongest and staunchest of our craft. And oh, what terrible winds come out of the quarter named the flesh—blasts of lust which it is hard indeed to beat up against, winds of unholy appetite and tornadoes of anger, which, unless God's hand is on the helm, will drive us straight before them and hurry us to doom. While the devil, the prince of the power of the air, tempts us to disobedience and to doubt, to unbelief, and perchance to blasphemy.

Oh, man alive, it is a wonder you are alive! Oh, child of God, the greatest marvel is that you are a child of God! Oh, seeking sinner, I am almost surprised that you are seeking Jesus, for there have been arrayed against you, as against all mankind in turn, these buffeting blasts, these head winds, each and all of which have combined to prevent you from every holy purpose, and to destroy you everlastingly, if that be possible. I have sometimes looked at vessels, stoutly built, yet wondered, despite their strength, that they survived such perils as all of us have read about. If you are on board one of them in the surging sea the wonder grows. If you have any idea of the power of a single billow, you marvel that anything man can make can stand against such stress. The contest seems terribly unequal, and yet through many a storm even frail barks come, not without the marks upon them of the struggle, but still buoyant, or at least still living, despite the gale. And you, dear friend, whatever your position in life, whatever your daily vocation or occupation, are bound to meet with tempests.

There is not a ship that is launched upon the river but what is bound to sail out upon the sea, and sailing out upon the sea means encountering storms. So is it with every man of woman born. The world, the flesh, the devil are all arrayed against us, and unless there be found some appliance that can control the ship, and so in a sense control the seas that seek to sink her, sink she must with all who try to man her. Sailors talk sometimes about a ship behaving herself. You talk of vessels almost as if they were human beings. "She behaved herself well," you sometimes say. Well, try to think of human beings as ships now, as you sometimes speak of ships as if they were real living persons. And oh, the marvel is that with so much to tempt us, with so many influences calculated to wreck us, we are enabled by some controlling power, of which I must speak presently, to behave ourselves well and wisely; not but what we all stumble in many things, but we are still living, still on praying ground and pleading terms with God, still hopeful of entering the ever peaceful port. Put this down, I pray you, in your mind and heart and memory, as the first important point; every ship has to contend with fierce winds. It will sometimes even be driven of them, having found it impossible to bear up against them by reason of their terrible power.

Under Guidance

The second point is this, that the rudder rules the ship. "Yet are they turned about with a very small helm." I have seen four men lashed to the wheel and two standing by in case of emergency. I suppose that if you could imagine a person who knew nothing whatever about a ship, and came for the first time to a dock and saw one lying there, and was asked which part of all that to him strange and somewhat cumbrous structure was most important, which part of it could turn the

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON

ship which way the steersman pleased—I say, I suppose you would get some strange answers from those who knew absolutely nothing about the construction of the ship and the uses of its several parts. Some, I doubt not, would point to this mast or to the other, some might give the credit to the sails, or to the ropes, or rigging, and, in utter ignorance of the whole affair, would scarcely be likely to walk about the vessel and peer at the stern of her, and conclude that that comparatively small piece of timber or of steel, as the case might be, that hangs upon the sternpost, is the all-important part of the ship so far as progress and steering are concerned.

And I suppose that there are some who, if they were asked, would not imagine that the tongue—one of the tiniest and most obscure of all our members—is responsible for so much that, according to God's Word, it can set on fire the whole revolving wheel of life and is itself "set on fire of hell." So that according to the metaphors of James, the tongue affects our characters and careers, even as the bridle in the horse's mouth turns the whole body of the animal, or as the rudder of the ship puts the huge vessel about. Is there not a striking lesson here on the power of little things?

How many a strong, big man has been turned to God by the holy example of every day that his wife sets him! She was a little woman, it would take two of her to make so big a person as the husband, but by her gentle demeanor and Christlike behavior she turned the ship. She was the governor, after all, though she did not lord it over him, but by sweet simplicity and Christlike disposition turned him into a better course. Sometimes a solitary word, a single tract, the lisping of a little child, or an apparently trivial circumstance, will be to a man's career and character what the little rudder is to the leviathan vessel, turning it into the ways of God whereas previously it had been sailing towards all unholiness.

The Power of the Tongue

Here it is a tongue, according to the writer of this Epistle, which, though small, boasts such great things and exerts such immense influence. Oh, I would that I could get some of you to understand that what the rudder is to the ship so your tongue is to your heart, and life, and nature. You do not need to be told the importance of the rudder to the vessel. Do you need to be told the importance of the speech with regard to the life? I have heard of one good woman who, understanding that something had gone wrong with the ship on which she sailed, cross-questioned the captain about it; and oh, it is wonderful the number of questions the captains and the officers are asked in the course of a voyage, wonderful, also, sometimes the answers that they give, by the way. Said she, "Is it the rudder that has gone wrong?" "Well," he said, "Yes, there is something amiss with the rudder, it's true." "Oh, well, captain," she said, "I am glad it is nothing worse than that. You know, the rudder is such a very small thing and it is out of sight, scarce anybody will notice it." That was her idea of the rudder, and that is just some people's idea of the unimportance, as they think, of the tongue, or rather of the part it plays in the life and career of mortals. God thinks not so. As the tongue to the physician is the index of the health of the whole body, so the tongue, or rather the words it utters, are the index, the outcome, the proof, of the state of the heart and life and soul within. Death and life are in the power of the tongue.

An old Latin author long years ago was wise to say that "A bad tongue is the organ of the devil." Oh, think of what mischief an unclean tongue does! I pray you soil not that sacred member, for should not every member be sacred unto God who made it? Soil not that sacred member with words unwholesome, defiling, and depraving. Speak good words and pure, and bright and clean. God save everybody from having dirty tongues, befouled with filthy talk.

And then I do not want to have, and I am sure you do not, an unkind tongue. It is bad enough to have an unclean one; I am not sure but what it is worse, though not so disreputable in the eyes of everybody, to have a bitter tongue—a tongue that rails and backbites, and says nasty things. May the Lord save us from this, because if we have an unkind tongue it turns all our life. It is a proof that we are unkind at heart. It will make a wonderful difference to our future career. You cannot expect people to love you if you do not love them, nor that they shall speak well of you if you speak always ill of them; and according to that tongue of yours you will be steered into calm waters or into stormy seas, for the tongue is as the helm that guideth all the ship.

Thoughtless Mischief

Also would I fain be delivered from a tongue untrue. Oh, brothers and sisters, speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. "What shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?" says the Psalmist. I had as lief have no rudder to my ship as one that does not answer to the compass of absolute accuracy and veritable fact. Speak always the truth one with another, for if you steer with a false rudder you will steer a false course. I want my tongue also to be saved from thoughtlessness, for evil is wrought far more by want of thought than want of heart. Perhaps I should do well to commend to you the old saying:

> If you your lips would keep from slips,
> Five things observe with care:
> Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
> And how, and when, and where.

For the tongue, though it be a little member, exerts an awful influence. Speak truly, and purely, and carefully, and kindly, whenever you speak. Should I speak a word to-day about the blasphemy that is, alas! too often on some tongues? I wonder if such a one is here who does not mean to swear, perhaps, but the oath slips out. Oh, I pray you, curb that habit; conquer that

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The DAWN *of the* WORLD'S PEACE — M. Toché's Great Painting

IT IS THE LARGEST WATER-COLOR IN THE WORLD, AND REPRESENTS THE PEACE CONGRESS AT THE HAGUE, ALLEGORICALLY TREATED

NEAR the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, is exposed in an immense hall specially constructed for the purpose, the greatest water-color painting in the world. It measures thirty-four by sixty-eight feet, in height and breadth, and forms, consequently, a picture of more than two thousand square feet. It contains one hundred and three life-size portraits, and a number of allegorical figures executed on a similar grand scale.

This work of such surprising dimensions is executed entirely in water colors. The artist is M. Charles Toche, whose style is that of the great pre-Raphaelite fresco painters, and of the modern realistic school. In the present remarkable work, he has given a representation of the numerous plenipotentiaries sent by twenty-six different nations, to the Peace Conference at the Hague.

The painting recalls the great event of four years ago; the Czar, inviting by his manifesto, all civilized nations to send delegates to a Congress of Peace. The great thought of universal peace has been expressed with felicity and fidelity, by M. Toche, in his painting. Under the gray-blue sky of Holland, he represents in the background, the historic summer palace, with the immense trees that overshadow it. To the right and left are seen glimpses of the peace-meadows of Holland, crossed by canals, and in the distance a landscape with windmills, extending to Amsterdam. On the steps of the great marble staircase are grouped the envoys of the nations. Every face is an admirable portrait. Side by side are the great ambassadors: Judge White, from the United States; Lord Pauncefote, from England: M Leon Bourgeois, from France; President De Staal, M de Beaufort, Hoils, Seth Low, Mahan, Asser, d'Estournelles de Constant, Odier, and others of their colleagues. In another place may be seen a group of generals, come to study the question of disarmament, and a group of admirals. Further on are the jurisconsults, and finally the numerous secretaries, and numbers of great personages. Below these eminent personages are a number of allegorical figures, whose effect is very striking. The sower of the good seed of international peace is seen in the centre. To the left are scenes of peace and felicity, as in the golden age; figures in flowing gowns cover with garlands the former instruments of war, that are being led away. To the right are the figures of Justice and Peace, staying the advance of the soldiers and war-horses.

It is a work which will recall to the world the idea of universal peace, cherished by the people of all nations.

The Ship of Life — Sermon by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon — *Continued*

disposition, I beseech you, and if anyone is here to whom it has become a habit ingrained, and not a slip merely, but who loves the sin of it, let me say most solemnly, Beware, good friend, lest God take you at your word, lest he curse you as you ask him, lest he condemn you when you pray him so to do. Cases have been known—one came beneath my notice only a week ago—of prayers of this sort being terribly and speedily answered. A poor girl going out of an evangelistic service, proud and haughty, but angry because she had been taken there, declared it was a shame to take her to such a place, and that she would never enter such doors again. She never did, for God struck her dead next day, and if she would have gone she could not.

Oh, that our tongues may be controlled by heaven, lest they speak against heaven. Lo! they are as a fire, set on fire of hell by nature, are these tongues of ours. But we have read of tongues of fire that came from heaven, that sat upon the heads of the disciples! Oh, for tongues of fire, not lit in Gehenna, but kindled in gloryland!

The Ruler of the Rudder

The rudder rules the ship; but, then, what rules the rudder? The pilot controls the helm. The rudder turns the ship, but the governor turns the rudder. He is master of the situation, because he holds in his hand the helm. The rudder is not automatic, it only moves as it is moved; it controls the vessel when it itself is controlled. Ah, there are some men who think that they are built upon a principle, quite unknown to me and unbelieved in too, they boast of natural religion, that they can steer themselves, that their steering apparatus is automatic, and that they need no hand upon the helm, but that they know when to stop, when they have gone a certain length, and can bring themselves up even when they have been steering an evil course. But some of us have learned that just as upon the rudder, pressure and power and persistence in the exercise of it are necessary, so, though the tongue controls the life, we must control the tongue, for the Lord has made us responsible for what we speak. Ah, my friend, you can find no good excuse for speaking falsely, or unkindly, or uncleanly, or blasphemously. Do not blame the tongue.

It is folly for the shipmaster to blame the rudder if the ship steers a serpentine course. He is to blame, not the rudder; and you are to exercise control over that tongue of yours, for God has placed you in that responsible position. And, oh, we have God's word for it, that if we control the speech we can control all. What are the man's words like? What is his language? His speech bewrayeth him. This is the crucial test—what is his conversation like? Hear him talk, and you can tell the nature of the heart within. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, he deceiveth his heart." That man's religion is vain.

Well, now, we have seen that the rudder controls the ship, that the steersman controls the rudder, but what controls the steersman? The text says, "withersoever the governor listeth," or, as the Revised Version reads, "Whither the impulse of the steersman willeth." Ah, behind the steersman is an impulse, within the steersman is a will. His will is the rudder, and the steersman, even as the helm, is the guiding principle of the ship. Mind, if you speak falsely or unholily, it is because you will to do it; it is the depraved heart acting upon the tongue. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." That which is in the well of the heart cometh up in the bucket of the lips, and it is because the heart, the well, the impulse that lies hidden within is depraved and sinful that the tongue speaks falsely, or blasphemously, or unholily. Well, then, what controls the will!

We seem to have a ship within a ship, as we sometimes have a wheel within a wheel, in this case. What is it that controls the wheel? A steersman has orders from his owners. The captain is master of the ship, but his employers are master of him. So he controls the rudder, having himself been controlled from headquarters. This brings us back to God. We are ships, and we can control both wind and wave, or at least outride them and outlive their anger, but we must be ourselves controlled by God, lest we cannot control the speech that controls our lives. Oh, see you not that it is not so much a matter of the tongue, after all, as of the inmost will and of the heart, and that for this we need new hearts and right spirits, surrendered wills, obedient dispositions, in a word, we want Christ on board to put his hand upon the helm and to guide us in all our course. We are to believe in our hearts, and then to confess with our mouths or tongues the Lord Jesus, and so shall we be saved. "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

Take my lips, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

"I cannot believe," says one. It is possible to get into such a position that it is impossible to believe. In a sense it is true of all men till the quickening Spirit comes upon them. We cannot trust until He inclines us, or repent until He breaks the heart. Salvation is of the Lord from first to last. It is only as we perceive our own absolute nothingness, our helplessness, and strengthlessness, as Paul called it in his letter to the Romans, that we are likely to call upon the Spirit for strength, and to lift up that despairing cry which virtually says, "Save me! I perish! I am already doomed unless Thou runnest to my help!" We were without strength. There were ceaseless strivings after peace and joy. We were seeking the living amongst the dead. Some of you are doing this same thing just now.

So strengthlessness really amounts to, first, guilty inability to meet the sinless claim of God's law, and then a guilty inability even to cry for God's mercy. Well, now, I do not think we can get lower down than that; it is about as deep as deep can be. We have no power to be good or to do good, and no strength to save ourselves or to serve our God. Our righteousness is as filthy rags. Ah! but a brighter day is dawning when we are led by His Spirit to cry, "I have sinned. There is nothing in me to merit esteem, yet save me—I perish!"

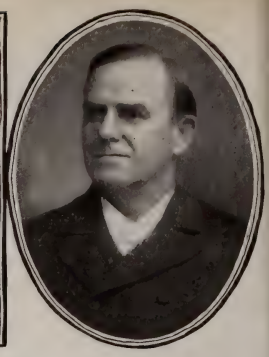
The Means of Salvation

Well, now, it is for such Christ died. He died for those who were in such a case. God has laid help upon One that is mighty. I fancy someone says to me, "What does this mean—'Christ died for the ungodly?'" Well, let me tell you. It means that Christ died for the sake of the ungodly, or, if you prefer it, for the benefit of the ungodly. "Oh, but," says my hearer, "That is a Gospel of substitution." Well that is precisely the Gospel we are given to preach. Read what Paul says in the letter to which I have already referred. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Do you not see? One man dying for the sake of, for the benefit of, another: that involves dying instead of him. Christ gave his life a ransom, not merely for the benefit of, not only for the sake of, but instead of many. And you may be one of the many if you do this moment look and live. Faith in Jesus makes the strengthless strong, the sinner sinless, the godless godly, the enemy an everlasting friend.

May I take my orders all from Calvary, and with the pierced hand upon my heart's helm, may I be guided past all rocks and shoals of quicksands, over all the restless currents of the raging main and through all the storms that seek to strand me, right into the peaceful haven, where all is peace and joy and rest. Lord, I am not undertake this task myself. Well, quartermaster, can you steer a course through life without Divine assistance? I, for one, give up the helpless task. I ask the Lord to come aboard my bark. I yield my powers obedient to his will. His word shall be the rudder of my life, and though my nature must still play its part, it shall be so exercised by the Spirit of the living God that it shall not be able to lead us from the course that heaven designs. God grant to each of you this same great favor, for His name's sake. Amen.

REV. D. W. POTTER

THE AUDITORIUM AT OCEAN CITY, N. J.



REV. S. WESLEY LAKE, D.D.

WORSHIPPING BY THE SEA

Camp-Meetings and Other Services at Ocean City, N. J.

MANY sermons have been preached on the dangers of the summer vacation. Sad experience proves that there is only too cogent reason for the warnings they contain. People have returned from it recuperated physically, but so depleted morally and spiritually, that it has taken a long time to recover lost ground. Unhappily, only too many common resorts provide for amusement and worldly pleasure, with a glaring lack of the means of grace. Temptations abound, not only of the coarser kind, such as drinking and gambling, but of the more insidious kind, beginning with disregard of the sanctity of the Lord's Day. Warnings against these temptations are useful and necessary; but the most practical way of protecting the Christian holiday-maker, is to provide him with the physical recuperation that he needs, and at the same time to afford means for spiritual help. In all parts of the country such resorts are now being organized. The famous gatherings at Ocean Grove, N. J., already described in this journal, have proved that the vacation may be made a time of spiritual uplift, as effectual as the physical benefit.

Another resort of a similar character is that at Ocean City, N. J., situated about six miles south of Atlantic City. It is on an island seven miles long, which is an ideal site for such a settlement. About twenty-four years ago, an association was organized to secure and develop the place. It was composed mainly of Methodist ministers, of whom the Lake brothers were the leaders. The Association purchased the whole island, and in the terms of incorporation the religious character of the resort was explicitly defined. There were to be no saloons upon it, nor any gambling places. This prohibition has been strictly enforced, so that the resort is clean and morally salubrious. The conveniences of visitors have been carefully considered. Trolley lines, facilities for boating, fishing, bathing, etc., are there in abundance, and $75,000 have been spent in the paving and grading of its streets. A fine school-house has been erected, and there are about twenty-five commodious boarding-houses, many smaller ones, and about twelve hundred cottages. Though its managers are Methodists, provision is made for visitors of other denominations. Besides the three Methodist Episcopal churches, the Presbyterians have a house of worship, as have the Baptists, the Protestant Episcopalians and other bodies. In addition, there is a large auditorium for general services.

On August 21, there is to be a Camp-meeting at Ocean City, which will doubtless bring visitors from all sections. It will continue for ten days, and promises to be one of the most enthusiastic in the city's history. Rev. Thomas Harrison, Rev. D. W. Potter, of Chicago, and other Evangelists, have promised to take part. Dr. J. F. Shaw of New Brunswick, N. J., has charge of the Young People's meetings, and Rev. George B. Burnwood, of Philadelphia, of the Children's meetings. Dr. B. W. Bartine, of Philadelphia, has undertaken to superintend the Sunday School, and lead the Surf meetings. A Temperance Camp-meeting is also a feature of Ocean City's season. It commenced July 30 and continues to Aug. 10. It was enlivened by stereopticon lectures by Dr. H. W. Tracey, the well-known Temperance advocate. This season, so far, has been one of the most prosperous in the history of the resort. Preparations are already being made for next year, when the organization will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES WHO ARE PASSED BY

"PLEASE, oh, please, can't I go?"

He was such a little fellow, leaning against the garbage-box to talk and to cough, for he could hardly stand alone. He was ragged, as to shirt and pants, and thin as to face; but his bright eyes were full of an anxious eagerness that brought Sister Dorcas to a sudden halt. She had been rushing along the narrow street, from her mission meeting to the Deaconess Home. It was nearly ten o'clock at night.

"Why, my boy," said she, kindly, "I am afraid they don't take sick children among the Fresh Airs."

"Oh, I ain't sick"—cough! cough! "The 'spensary doctor says I ain't got no consumption. Grammy took me to him yesterday"—cough! cough!—"and he says if I can go to the country a little while"—the words died away in coughing, and in something else that sounded suspiciously like sobbing.

The boy had rightly recognized her as one of the deaconesses who send many well children to the country; but this lad was not well, and the rule was inexorable. Sister Dorcas hesitated.

"What is your name?" she asked, to gain a moment's time.

"Mark."

"I will come and see about it to-morrow. Where do you live?"

The child gave his street and number.

"Now run home to bed. You ought to be sound asleep this minute—a little lad like you. And coughing, too!"

"I can't, not till Grammy comes home. She scrubs."

There is a small army of women who earn their living by scrubbing stores and offices down town, after their occupants leave for the day. This work often extends far into the night. The deaconess understood at once that the boy's grandmother belonged to this class.

"What time does your grandmother get home?"

"Oh, some time," was the vague reply. "Not yet, though. Not for a long time."

Sister Dorcas laid her hand on the boy's shoulder. The night was chilly, though it was June, and the boy's dark-colored shirt was but a poor protection, especially as she could feel that there was no other covering over his thin frame. "Are you cold?" she asked.

THE DE PEYSTER HOME FOR INVALID CHILDREN

"No, not much. I used to be cold in the winter, at night, after the other boys went home and were so nice and warm. But say, can't I go? I ain't sick."

What could she do? It was out of the question to take the lad home with her—the grandmother would be anxious. Neither could she see a way to promise the "Fresh Air" so eagerly asked for. She could only, with a pitying heart, leave the little fellow to his hours of painful watching and waiting, only promising him that she would surely come and see him the next day.

But the next day—who can doubt that the Good Shepherd of his little wanderers brought it about?—that very day, and before Sister Dorcas had started out to visit little Mark, the Deaconess in Charge of the Home for Invalid Children, ninety miles up the country, came down on a business trip to the Deaconess Home in New York. As Sister Dorcas saw her, there flashed into her perplexity over Mark, a great light. Why couldn't he go to the Invalid Children's Home? But alas, there was no money for his support.

However, the two women went together to find the boy! The grandmother was home now, a bent, ignorant old creature, who, with the lad, lived in a small, dark tenement basement room. Yes, she went out scrubbing nights. And yes, she had to lock Mark out till she got home—she couldn't have him "settin' the house afire" with matches while she was gone. Well, mebbe he was sick, but she guessed he'd get over it all right. The doctor said it wasn't consumption. Not much could be gained from her. But Mark! Never was anxiety keener than in the little fellow's heart as he smothered his coughing and listened with painful attention to every word. His eyes were bright with eagerness, and his face was drawn with fear. The hearts of the good women were very full of pity, for they saw plainly that, though the child did not know it, he was pleading for his very life

But how could this new boy be taken into the Home, which was already carrying the heavy burden of three-fourths absolutely "free" children, and not a dollar of endowment! How could the walls be stretched another inch, even to take in this little stray? Mark had on a thin, old coat this morning—the basement room was damp.

The deaconesses racked their brains, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 663

FROM THE HOT CITY STREETS

THE EVENING PRAYER

THE SUNNY SOUTH PORCH—INVALIDS' HOME

Our India Orphans

Midsummer Report 1903

The GREATEST and MOST IMPORTANT MISSIONARY WORK of MODERN TIMES

TO the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through whose generosity Five Thousand Famine Orphans are now being sheltered, supported and trained in the Christian missions of India, we take pleasure in presenting a report, direct from the field, which cannot fail to interest all who have had a share in this noble and self-sacrificing labor of love.

This report will, in many respects, be a revelation to our readers, showing as it does, that they have "builded better than they knew," and that in rescuing these perishing little waifs, they have set in motion the most tremendous agency for the redemption of heathen India that has ever been known. Our orphan work is producing spiritual results that have astounded even the missionaries themselves—results so vast and so far-reaching as to far exceed anything they had ever hoped for.

OKA VALA, DHOLKA MISSION

But we prefer to let the missionaries tell their own story in simple, straightforward language, leaving it to our readers to place the proper estimate upon what has been accomplished and what the future promises. We share with them a feeling of deep thankfulness that this journal and its circle of readers all over the land, should have been chosen as the instrumentality through which so much good has come to the people of India. We feel, moreover, that as we have gone on successfully thus far, by the Divine blessing, no energy should be relaxed and no effort spared to make the work complete, by sustaining it to the end.

A "Mighty and Far-reaching" Work

One of the missionaries, Rev. A. E. Ayers, of Baroda, recently wrote:

I want to say that as a missionary, and responsible to heaven for the very best investment of my life on earth, I covet no higher opportunity than the privilege of co-operating as I am, in this work which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is so nobly pushing and sustaining. My thought is that if it is projected into the future. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers will have done, when the final account is rendered, **one of the mightiest and most far-reaching tasks to be found in the whole missionary history of the world.**

This most wonderful multiplication of Gospel agents is perhaps the greatest of all the many blessings that have come from the Orphan Work. It was a result wholly unforeseen, and it shows how the Divine Father sends the most unexpected and delightful surprises to those who serve him faithfully. Already, in many of the missions, many of those who, three years ago, were famished waifs, apparently dying with disease when they were rescued, have become teachers and students for the ministry. Think of it! The little parentless, friendless child, raised through your self-denying love and care, to be a valiant worker in the Lord's cause. An astonishingly large proportion of our 5,000 orphans is developing the desire and the talent for Gospel labor, and many hundreds, when their training is ended, will go out from the mission stations and become earnest teachers to their own people. It would seem that God, in his wonderful providence, has turned the calamity of the famine into a rich means of spiritual blessing. From that dark experience of suffering he is bringing forth an army of consecrated native youth for the spiritual regeneration of India.

God's Love Over India

When we reached out hands of help and prayer to India's perishing orphans three years ago, we little knew the scope and grandeur of the mighty enterprise reserved by the Father for his believing children in America. Now, we are beginning to realize it, and to feel more than ever that,

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small;
> And the great Lord, who loveth us,
> He loveth best of all.

Truly, God's love is encompassing India, and winning its people to himself by means of the poor and despised orphans who, only a few years ago, were forsaken and cast out to die.

The letters of the missionaries to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD abound in expressions of gratitude for the grand opportunity given them by our generous patrons of training these thousands of orphan children. The American Marathi Mission report voices the general sentiment: "All who care for famine orphans feel a great indebtedness to those friends who generously provide funds for this philanthropy. Again the foremost place belongs to Dr. Louis Klopsch and those patrons who, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York, have continued the support of hundreds of our famine children. Every four months, for about three years, Dr. Klopsch has promptly remitted the amount promised for all children on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD list."

We give below extracts from a number of the letters received from the missionaries:

Training as Bible Women

Our one-time famine waifs, diseased, ignorant and filthy, are now a merry, intelligent and obedient company of most lovable girls, and some of the best and brightest of them are being supported by the patrons of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If the patrons could but see them as they now are, and contrast them with what they were but two short years ago, how much more than repaid they would feel for all the interest and help they have so kindly given! I am sending you a picture of one child, Huyali Rioji, a fair sample of the rest, so that friends may realize better how much has been done. The girls are at present all in school, getting the best vernacular education that can be given them. Special efforts are being made in this respect, as our great hope for these girls is, that one day the majority of them may go forth well equipped as teachers and Bible women to give the knowledge of the love of their Saviour to their Hindoo sisters. There are one hundred and twenty-five girls in our Orphanage, twenty-five of whom are supported by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we do trust that this support will be continued until the girls are fully equipped for their life work.

MISS HARRIS.

Manmar, Zenana Bible and Medical Mission.

FIVE LITTLE WAIFS AT CAWNPORE ORPHANAGE

They are Laiki, Lalita, Champeli, Murchi and Habori

Two Hundred Little Converts

Their education is threefold, viz.: Spiritual, literary and industrial. The Word of God is the foundation upon which we build. We are happy to say, that with but few exceptions, all our children (nearly two hundred), have been baptized on their own profession of faith. They are in a very pleasing manner daily growing in grace and in the knowledge of their Saviour Jesus Christ. They are daily systematically taught God's Word. In our schools, we use the government curriculum. Our annual examination is now on, and our children are doing splendidly. It is pleasing to see these children, book in hand, walking to and fro on the playground reading for the examination. Even in the workshop, they work with the open book before them. Some of our children, notwithstanding they are from the depressed classes, are exceptionally bright. Our principal industry is leather working, and we, shortly, God willing, will introduce printing. REV. D. F. VAS HORST.

Lalitpur, Ker Epis Mission

Trained as Evangelists

When the boys enter their teens they are treated as follows: The most intelligent are trained as school teachers. Every year five or six are sent out to teach in some mission school. From among these, after they have gained experience and their characters are more developed, we chose our evangelists. The Orphanage is thus the nursery from which our staff of mission workers is obtained. Those who are not particularly intelligent, or who come to us when almost grown up without having had any schooling, are put to learn a trade during the day and attend a night school in the evening. In India, where the domestic servants are men and boys, not women, there is no reason why some of these orphans should not be trained for housework. They take to it kindly. I sent out one such boy last year and one since. The first of them, by the by, was a CHRISTIAN HERALD boy named Vishvas (supported by Mrs. M. C. Newbold, Philadelphia, Pa., who took another younger boy). He became a smart, clean boy, and is getting on capitally. Then we have a large kitchen-garden (orphanage), where three or four boys learn gardening, and two others learn in the church compound garden. Our last plan for their employment is a printing press. All these occupations are educational. The boys must be fed and clothed apart from the occupation. I mean that we must depend upon friends to keep these boys, while they are learning their trade. I do earnestly trust that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD supporters will stand by us.

Nasik, P. E. Mission. REV. A. MANWARING.

DHARMU AND MUKTA

Once waifs, now teachers

Little Sanjivani

Sanjivani, another CHRISTIAN HERALD child, had a long illness after she came to us, and is now slightly deaf. She came to us in this way. An old catechist, who lived in Nasik, came to know Sanjivani's father during the famine. The father was suffering from fever, and said one day to the catechist, "I am dying, do you take my child and care for her." This the old man did, and for six months she lived with his children. She was then six years old. I remember how proud the old man was, when he brought her and made her repeat some verses of Scripture that he had taught her.

We took the little girl into the Orphanage, for the catechist's course was run, and he died soon after we took her. She is a dear little girl. REV. A. MANWARING.

Nasik, P. E. Mission.

"The Most Christ-like Work in India"

For several years I have over and over again said that the saving of the famine children in the last great India famine was the most unique and the most promising feature of Christian missionary work in India, and that which struck everyone here as the most Christ-like. The way in which the famine children have developed in intelligence and in Christian character is confirming the above opinion. Almost all of the more than three hundred children in my charge are developing admirably in body, mind and soul. Already the larger part have been admitted to the church. Since my last report was sent, twenty-six girls and six boys have been received into church fellowship as full members. All are receiving some ordinary education, a good many are receiving an industrial education, and some are worthy of being trained to become spiritual workers.

Khirana Tulsiram, one of our girls, had been to her village for a short vacation. When she returned she brought with her a hunchbacked girl named Bhagu Bapuji, a relative, and begged that Bhagu might be received into the Alice House with herself and the other girls. It was a real Christian and missionary spirit which led Khirana to bring Bhagu. There stood Bhagu, shy and shrinking, and here was sweet Khirana pleading for her admission. So, of course, I said "Yes," and now Bhagu is an inmate of our Alice Home, and is the first fruits of Khirana's missionary spirit. REV. R. A. HUME.

Ahmednagar, Cong'l Mission.

The Death of Little David

"We must not forget the ministry of those little ones who left us to continue the service of Jesus before the throne in heaven," writes Missionary Thomssen, Bapatla. "While some slipped away in the silence of the night to be with Jesus, others left a message that we can never forget. Little David — an adopted orphan — very, very weak, said to our servant: 'It is enough.' Then turning to his weeping, widowed mother, whose only child he was, said, 'Ammah, don't weep. I am going to Jesus. He is my Father. Rejoice, Ammah, rejoice! There, there is no hunger, nor cold, nor fever. Don't weep!' Turning his gaze heavenward, he exclaimed, 'Salam, Father, I am coming, salam, salam, salam!' Thrice he raised his hands in worship. Then he was not, for God, his Father took him. Will little David ever be forgotten in our mission? Will he ever be forgotten by that kind patron in America whose foster-child he was? Such love lasts beyond death."

Good-Hearted Little Orphans

I do not expect that there will be many of our orphan boys who will go on and take a college course, but I do hope that there will be some of our CHRISTIAN HERALD boys who may some day be able to add B.A. after their names. Why not? The girl's school is doing what it can for the girls. In industrial training we are doing what we can. At the farm near here of some four hundred acres, there are twenty-two boys, and in Ahmednagar, in the Industrial Department of the high school, thirty-five boys, who are learning the hammering of metal, and also the tracing of artistic designs on the vessels which they have made. These boys and girls go regularly to church and Sunday School, and have a Christian Endeavor Society in which they are thoroughly interested. Our services on Sunday are helped by the hymns, which selected singers learn and sing.

HENRY FAIRBANK.

Rahuri, American Marathi Mission.

They Will Repay

The orphans are truly developing in a wonderful way, and we look for many useful men and women from their ranks. Oh, they will repay, by their earnest lives, the great assistance rendered to them. Yes, a hundredfold, to the generous givers and donors.

Sirur, Congl. Mission. MR. AND MRS. WINSOR.

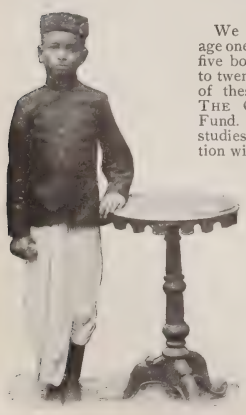
A BLACKSMITH CLASS AT SIRUR ORPHANAGE

his time. After he had been with us some time, he was so ignorant that I felt he would never amount to anything, so I gave him all his time for his studies. He was converted, and then a change took place. He began to push ahead in his studies and soon outstripped all the boys in his class. He now stands first in a class of fifty Brahmin boys, and has stood first for over a year in every department of his studies. He is the secretary of the Sunday School, and goes out every Sunday and holds a Sunday School in one of the surrounding villages. He has had a definite call to the ministry.

The second boy, Shantwan, came to us about three years ago. He was then a poor skeleton. He applied himself very hard to his studies and he is now in the fourth standard and stands first in his class. He also has had a definite call to the ministry and is fitting himself for the work. This boy is one of the best speakers we have in our church, and he has a very good way of dealing with the people when he goes out preaching with me in the town or some near-by village. If the supporters of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD orphans could see some of these boys, how it would cheer and gladden their hearts to see young men, who only a few years ago were worshiping gods of wood and stone, now lifting up Jesus, the living Saviour. WM. MOYSER.

Akola, Berea, India.

THE COMPOUND OF THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, KHANDWA



A HIGH CASTE ORPHAN

Two Famine Waifs Now Preachers

We have in our Orphanage one hundred and twenty-five boys, ranging from two to twenty years of age. Fifty of these are supported by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. Besides their secular studies, we have in connection with our school a large Industrial workshop, where our boys are taught carpentry, blacksmithing, carriage-building, fitting, engineering, etc.

Shaoo came to us at the beginning of the famine, rather a stupid boy of nine years; he was at once put into the school to study and help around the house part of his time. After he had been with us some time, he was so ignorant that I felt he would never amount to anything, so I gave him all his time for his studies. He was converted, and then a change took place. He began to push ahead in his studies and soon outstripped all the boys in his class. He now stands first in a class of fifty Brahmin boys, and has stood first for over a year in every department of his studies. He is the secretary of the Sunday School, and goes out every Sunday and holds a Sunday School in one of the surrounding villages. He has had a definite call to the ministry.

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Akola, Berea, India.

An Object Lesson to the Heathen

The Orphanage at Kavali has grown like a young banyan tree from a little plant, to cover with its happy influence many hearts and homes, in many villages and towns. It is a standing object lesson to the entire heathen community, illustrating those principles of Christianity of which neither Hindooism nor Mohammedanism know; bringing life, health, joy and salvation to many children.

Kavali, Bapt. Mission. REV. E. BULLARD.

Famine Boys as Soul-Winners

We are deeply grateful to every one of you for your faithful co-operation in saving and educating the famine children with us. Our motive in going in the famine work was not only to help save life, although that was strong enough, but we thought it might be God's will for us to save some famine women, lead them to Christ, and let them carry the Gospel to their own people here in Calcutta, whose language we do not know. That this was God's purpose was shown in the fact that three of these women who have been converted are now going to the bathing place of the Mawaree women, singing to them and selling Scripture portions; and also to their homes, teaching them of Jesus, and doing a blessed work. Two of our famine boys are also engaged in the same work.

It would make your hearts rejoice, as it does ours, to hear them pray. One sentence frequently heard is, "We thank thee, O God, for saving us from starving and for bringing us here where we have heard of Jesus. If any of our friends are still living after the famine, back in our native country, bring them to know the true God, and save them as thou hast us."

Calcutta, Methodist. MRS. ADA LEE.

Training a Little Family of Thirty-Three

We greatly appreciate the help given us by your readers in the care of our famine orphans. Our family is not large, only thirty-three children, but we think it is the nicest Orphanage family we have yet seen. We are endeavoring to give our children a good common education, and also to train them in thrifty habits and useful trades, so that they may be able to support themselves when grown. Some seem quite capable of taking a higher education, which we hope to give them. They live very simply, as we do not want to lift them away from their own people, among whom, we trust, they will live after a few years, not to show forth Western ideas and customs, but rather the transforming power of Christ in their lives. Our ambition is not only to send out preachers and evangelists from this Orphanage in the coming years, but to send forth also Christian merchants, Christian laborers, Christian farmers, Christian servants, Christian wives—men and women who will shine for God in any sphere. Some of our boys go out into the near villages occasionally, to spread the message of Salvation among their people, and God's Spirit often rests upon them very wonderfully, as they witness to the Truth in Christ.

MISS DELIA FISTLER.

Nowgang, Friends' Mis'n.

An Influence on India's Destiny

I believe that these children, saved and educated, will have a great deal to do in the destiny of India. We hope to see them by and by scattered out in the villages, teaching the people, caring for the sick, and leading them by precept and example to trust in the one true God about whom they now have such a faint conception. Our girls are learning the Bible rapidly, and one has already gone out as the wife of one of our pastors, and both are working in a large town where a few have already become Christians. I have just been out on a tour among the villages, and was pleased to see the respect in which our workers are held by all classes of people. I believe we have many coming evangelists among our boys and girls. MISS A. E. LAWSON.

Phulera, Methodist Mission.

The Story of Little Mouri

We want to thank each and all of you for your prayers, your support, and sympathy, for our orphans during the past years. At present writing we have three hundred and ninety-six girls and women in the Orphanage. One hundred and thirty-three of these are supported through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Had it not been that the dear home friends had taken up the support of these dear children, tongue cannot tell to what depths they may have sunken. To illustrate: A beautiful girl named Mouri (supported by Miss A. Kirkpatrick, Haynesville, La.), with her little sister, Herki, were the very first to come to us. Today Mouri is in the fifth standard in

JAGU, THE JUNGLE BOY

FIBRE SPINNERS AT THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, SIRUR

school, the very brightest in her class. She spends a few hours a day in the weaving shed, and although only twelve years old, and very small for her age, she does her work best of all the fifty girls in the workshop. Had she remained in her village, she probably would have died; or had she chanced to live, she would to-day have been living with a coarse heathen man, much older than herself, as his wife, his little slave. We want to praise God that his Word is having its effect in the lives of the girls. MISS EUNICE WELLS.

Kaira Camp, C. & M. A. Mission.

Industrial Occupations

I have three hundred and thirty-eight boys in this institution. These boys have all been baptized at their own request. Most of them are from a caste of Hindoos who have hardly been touched by Christian effort. Of these three hundred and thirty-eight, no less than two hundred and thirty-one are being supported by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, nearly all the others by friends in America and Canada. What a change the past three years have wrought! Then these healthy, happy boys were bags of bones and festering famine sores. Children were sent to me by Government officials in baskets on men's heads. Children too weak to stand up. Many were too far gone to save, and it has only been by hard, disagreeable work on the part of Mrs. Park, that the others are well and happy to-day. For the first year, our only thought was to save their lives, and nothing was done in the way of schooling. At the end of the first year school was started, and now nearly all the boys can read, and many of them are doing exceedingly well. One hundred and twenty-five of the boys are already at work at carpentry, mechanical engineering, weaving, etc. These boys go to school half the time and work in the shops the other half. REV. G. W. PARK.

Nadiad, Methodist Mission.

Orphans as Teachers

From among the older famine girls taken into our Orphanage during the famine of 1896-'97, I have several very faithful and competent teachers for my lower classes, and little elementary city schools, although at the time these girls were admitted into the Orphanage, not one was able to read even their letters, and some, coming from small villages, had scarcely so much as even seen a book of any kind. One needs to see them in school, at work and at play, to fully appreciate them, and realize the change in life and character that has taken place since first they came under Christian care and teaching. The children taken in from the 1900 famine are also, many of them, very bright girls; although having been with us a shorter period of time. But while all the above things are pleasing and encouraging to us, by far more pleasing and encouraging has been their progress in the spiritual life. We have at this time scarcely a child in the Orphanage, old enough to understand such things, who is not a Christian.

MISS L. E. DIETRICH.

Cawnpore, Mary A. Merrian Orphanage.

For Zenana Missionaries

When first Miss Porter and then Miss Miller were ill, and obliged to leave their work, the Talegaom M.E. orphans were sent to the school of Soonderbai H.Powar, in Poona, to be trained. There are twenty-four CHRISTIAN HERALD girls. The chief object of this school is to train the girls for zenana work. Bible women, teachers and matrons. The workers are needed, and the missionaries are short of them. All the girls get Bible training. Eight girls belong to the Bible women's class. I teach them Marathi tunes and how to preach to the Hindoos. They go with a Bible woman to preach the Gospel. They will have good practice for two years before they go to help any missionaries who will need them. Then another class I have is called Teachers' Class. They learn themselves, and also are taught how to teach the little ones. Twelve girls are going to learn industry—promising girls. I am glad to tell you that many of them are converted. They have given their hearts to Jesus and are rejoicing in the Lord. They take great delight in studying the Bible. Some of them are teachers in Sunday School. I can say this from my heart, that those who gave money toward the support of these famine orphans have done a grand thing for the Lord. The money thus spent is not given in vain. The Lord will reward the donors. SOONDERBAI H. POWAR

Poona, Zenana Training Home.

The Orphans the Hope of India

I regard the training of these children as one of the most important works of our mission. It is too soon to say how many of them will be future preachers and teachers, medical missionaries and Bible women, but many a boy and girl have told me of their desire to take up one of these lines of work. Some of our girls go voluntarily with the Christian women or a Bible woman to the houses of Hindoos and read the Bible and sing, thus showing that they have the first requisite for the work—a genuine love for telling the story. And the boys who used to gather on my veranda Sunday morn-

THE DAY SCHOOL AT THE NASIK ORPHANAGE

ings for a Junior Endeavor prayer meeting and Bible study—how often, as I heard one reverent voice after another in prayer, did I thank God that we have been able to gather these little ones into the fold and care for them. In future years we shall point to our most faithful helpers, and to upright Christian men and mothers, who are faithfully training their children in the nurture of the Lord and say, "These were famine waifs in 1900." Then shall you who have had a hand in the support of these little ones thank God for the opportunity of helping them on.

MRS. E. S. WILSON.

Kodoli, Presby'n Mission.

Bright Orphans at Khandwa

A large number of the boys in the Khandwa Orphanage, are supported through the kind offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Generally speaking, the boys live in simple, native style, although even the smallest of them are required to wear clothes. They have not been taught to use chairs, tables, and bedsteads, but sit on the ground, eat with their fingers, and sleep on the floor. They are taught habits of cleanliness, order, promptness, self-reliance and industry. They spend four and one-half hours daily in the mission school (graded government standard), two hours at their study, and two hours at their industrial work.

The aim of their Christian training is to make practical, well-grounded and thoroughgoing Christians. A motherly Christian matron lives in the Orphanage compound, and a majority of the teachers in the school are Christians. Most of the boys have learned the Lord's Prayer; the Ten Commandments; the Apostle's Creed, and much of the Catechism, as well as many passages of Scripture and a number of Christian songs.

Some of these boys will choose trades, some will be teachers, and some perhaps will be preachers, and it is our hope that their education and Christian work will make them more efficient wherever they go.

Of the three boys, Bhaya, the smart, passed the upper primary examination last year, and received 300 hundred per cent in arithmetic. He is now studying English. Bhawa does table work one hour each day, and recently, during prayers, has been filling outside orders. REV. D. C. ABBOTT

Baroda, Methodist Mission.

Will Become Preachers and Teachers

I wish you could come and see with your own eyes, what our eyes see here, especially when our little ones gather in the Sunday School. You would then see about one thousand bright boys and girls, with happy, smiling faces, many of whom are Jesus' little lambs, gathered together in this fold. Of this large number of children, more than half are orphans. Two hundred and forty-six of these are in our CHRISTIAN HERALD Orphanage. They are all well and happy, because they have plenty to eat, a comfortable place to sleep in, good schools and kind teachers, and these they are being fitted physically and spiritually to do their life-work. If it had not been for your generosity, these boys and girls would still be away from the tender Shepherd's care. Many of them would have died ere now; others would be thieves, and still others leading a life of sorrow and shame. Now, almost all love Jesus. Some of them will become preachers and teachers, and all will, we trust, become useful men and women. Having been blessed by you, they will be a blessing to their own and coming generations. DR J. E. CLOUGH

Ongole, Baptist Mission

Industrial Work at Vadala

The famine children for whom this station is responsible number 250. Of these, five have been studying agriculture, under Mr. J. B. Knight, at Ahmednagar. Thirty-six have been receiving instruction in drawing, designing, copper-work and rug-weaving, under Rev. James Smith, at the Sir. D. M. Petit School of Art, Ahmednagar. In addition to this industrial training, these children have also been regularly taught the lines followed out by a vernacular school of Government standards. At Vadala itself, we care for the large majority of our famine children. The girls are in the Station school for girls. Some of the boys are connected with the Boys' Station school, and some of them are at the farm especially managed for these famine children. These thirty boys at the farm do regular work in connection with the fields, but they also have school work for four hours each day. At Kharwandi and at Chinchore, two villages within two miles of Vadala, we have twenty-four children in mission schools. Our two lines of industrial work here at Vadala, are weaving and agriculture. A new loom has been invented by our mechanical expert, Mr. D. C. Churchill. This loom is a hand-loom, but it trebles the work of the ordinary country loom. It is our hope in time to do much

WESLEYAN METHODIST ORPHANAGE, BOMBAY

HUYALI, MANMAR ORPHANAGE

more along the weaving line with this improved loom. The girls do their own grinding, learn to make their bread and curries, bring their water from the riverbed — in fact do everything that is necessary about their dormitories.

We have every reason to expect that these children will grow up with high ideals of life. Many are now entirely changed from what they were when they came to us during the famine.

REV. E. FAIRBANK.
Vadala, Congregl Mission.

Wonderful Child Preachers

There are ninety-eight orphans under my care, and the same are divided into two departments—educational and agricultural. All of our orphans are trained and moulded to the fundamental characteristics of Christ, and therefore we expect many solid things from them for the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. Our watchwords are: "Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." A little more than two years ago they were all skeletons, quite ignorant, useless, idol worshipers and far away from the true light, but their present life is remarkable and wonderful; perfect health, cheerful spirits, making good progress in educational lines, getting acquainted with the true light and increasing in the pure love of our Saviour. Many of them go with our preachers in the market, and sing well and preach a little to the Hindoos. The non-Christians are astonished to see and hear such new and wonderful life of Christ in them (orphans) and praise the Lord and frankly confess that the true and best religion is the Christian religion. All of them are very fond of singing and attending prayer meetings and other divine services, etc. Some of them expect to be fine preachers, some teachers, doctors, professors, and some may become common clerk compounders, etc. Two orphans have already been promised higher education by a patron in Canada and a few more by others in the United States.

One of our orphans is named Jagu. His former caste was Ghond. This class of people were never educated. They are called jungle people, living among the hills and forests. They are of a very dark color and very simple. The Hindoos say they were born for the forests and jungles. The boy Jagu belongs to this caste. He is now in the third standard, can read and write well, and writes good letters to his patron in America; a good singer; just passed the Bible examination creditably; will soon be promoted to the fourth standard, and after a year or so will be sent for higher education; his Christian character is altogether satisfactory.

We hope he will develop into a good preacher, and be an instrument in the Lord's hands for doing much good among his own people, who are many thousands around us, walking in the darkest path of ancient Hindooism. REV. S. BENJAMIN.
Burhapur, Methodist Mission.

A "Stars and Stripes" School

We began the year with a spirit of revival, and when, in March, Mrs. Calkins came among us, the Lord graciously answered our many prayers by pouring out a great blessing upon the school. Many of the girls were soundly converted, while all were made to feel the Spirit's presence. The day of fasting and prayer, reported elsewhere, was a day never to be forgotten, and whose influence is still to be seen in the lives of the girls.

In the educational department, Miss David and all the teachers have given faithful work, and the result shown at the annual examination in May was satisfactory. Out of eighty girls in the third standard, seventy-nine passed, and most of the remaining classes did well. In July, we were visited by the Director of Public Instruction for Central Provinces, and in November, by the Director General of Education for India. Both gave encouraging reports, one of whom said, "This is not the first school having the Stars and Stripes for its flag that I have visited, and I consider it one of the best."
Jubbulpur, Meth. Mission. MISS NETTIE M. HYDE.

The Story of Oka Vala

Some day the Light of Truth is going to shine out of the darkness of superstition and error that now reigns, and these orphans, backed by the support and prayers of God's earnest children in the homeland, will be instruments used of God, for this great transformation. Oka Vala (supported by the *Folke-Vennen*, Chicago, Ill.) came to Dholka during the famine two years ago, from a village quite a distance away to the north of Ahmedabad.

Oka Vala's father, mother, and sister, all had died, and afterwards, during the famine, his brother also died, so that he was entirely alone, as far as earthly ties are concerned. But after he had been in the school a while, he learned about the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and he sought and found forgiveness and peace, and left his burden at the Cross. He was baptized soon after, and ever since has had a bright, Christian experience. He is very faithful in prayer and reading his Bible. He is not sure yet what work the Lord is calling him to, but it will doubtless be that of either a teacher or a catechist. He is truly a conscientious and faithful Christian boy, and one whom the Lord can use.

This is, however, merely the beginning of the results that will come through the investment of a few dollars for the support of this once heathen lad. But who, except God, will know the end, as the influence of the one life is multiplied into that of many, as time goes on. MRS. ARTHUR DUCKWORTH.
Dholka, C. &. M. A. Mission.

A Little Convert's Testimony

Three years of orphan work have passed and we now, in a measure, can view the results of this great work. Only eternity will show, to our everlasting wonder, what God has wrought through these little ones in our Telugu Mission. We have orphanages in Kavali, Kanigiri, Ramapatnam, Ongole (two), Bapatla, Nursaravapetta, Vinukonda, Gurzalla, Cumbum, and Palmur. In these eleven centres, God has wrought great things and all the missionaries are very grateful for the great help given the children. When our church recently was examining candidates for baptism, one of our little orphan girls came and said: "I want to be baptized." When asked for a profession of her faith, seeing the large number of people, the hot blood rushed to her face, and she nearly cried. Then clasping her little hands, with a divine smile illuminating her beautiful face, she said, tremblingly, but joyfully: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his Son, etc.," repeating the whole Apostle's Creed. Never was a more beautiful testimony given in a more pathetic manner than by this little one from the Orphanage. Many eyes were moist when she finished her beautiful profession of faith.
Bapatla, Bapt. Mission. REV. G. N. THOMSSEN.

TEACHING BLIND ORPHANS TO MAKE BASKETS, BOMBAY

Underneath all this orphan work, and in a large measure responsible for its success, is the story of much self-sacrifice and earnest prayer. An old man of ninety-four thought that he could still do something for the cause, and wanted to be "found in the harness" at the last. A very little girl, in a part of the country where money is not plentiful, saw her pet lamb led off by the butcher. A sob ran through her little letter at the thought of her pet being eaten, but a jubilant note came at the end, where she said, "But my papa made the man give five dollars for my little orphan girl in India." Between these two extremes of age, are numberless cases of loving sacrifice, earnest prayer, and unbounding faith.

Training Self-Supporting Christians

How far-reaching the effects of this educational work will be, only those who know India well can realize. That some of the orphans will become preachers, and evangelists, and Bible women, is a fact over which we have good reason to rejoice. They will be better able even than a foreigner to present the Gospel attractively to the native mind; but over and above that beneficent work, there is another result which will be peculiarly effective. These boys and girls have been so well trained in industrial pursuits, that when they go out into the towns and villages all over India, they will take a position of prominence and influence in the community. The best carpenter, the best smith, the best weaver, the most intelligent cultivator in a district, will be one of these Christians, trained in a missionary school. They will have the respect of their neighbors, and what they say and do will have the weight that attaches to the leading man in his trade or occupation. He sets a fashion, and he makes his principles respected. What then will be the effect of its being known that these leaders are Christians? When the natives see that these foremost men do not worship idols, that they keep the Christian Sabbath, that their children are not married in their infancy, people will begin to follow their example. Thus the society of India will be permeated, leavened with Christianity, as it has never been before. Hindoo journals and Hindoo teachers have tried to cast a stigma on the native who becomes a Christian preacher. They try to undermine his influence by saying that he is a "rice Christian," that is, a man who has been bribed by a salary to preach Christianity. But this slander will lose its effect in the case of these Christian mechanics and cultivators. When the Hindoo sees his brother earning a livelihood by good, honest work, and gaining the respect of the community by his efficiency and skill, yet voluntarily leading a Christian life, he will be inspired with a respect for Christianity that the native preacher cannot always command. They cannot fling at him the sneer that he is bribed. If such a man as that, they will say, so intelligent, so clever, as he evidently is, holds the Christian faith, and leads a Christian life, there must be something in Christianity after all. And so, as the Apostle advised, "by well doing, they may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men," and what in this case is still more important, they may remove the prejudices which have cursed India for centuries.

MISSIONARY AND ORPHAN, GUNTUR

Three Orphans' Letters to Their Patrons

My dear patron: Your little daughter Mithi, sends you her loving salams. May the Lord preserve you. I am learning the third standard in school; my teacher is called Sara. We get up at six in the morning. At seven, we go to church every morning for a short service. At nine, we have breakfast; from ten to four we go to school. After school hours we play and do our housework. At seven, we have our evening meal and then prepare our lessons till nine, when we go to bed. Now I have written enough. Forgive all mistakes. Your loving little daughter, MITHI NARSINGH.

My beloved lady: Your poor little girl Ruth writes in this way to you: Two years ago, before I came to this school, I had never seen a book, and not one letter of the alphabet came to me. My books I am reading with care, and I am learning Indian embroidery, after I have finished my days in school. I want to teach other little girls. By God's love and your prayers, I am very well, and in that way I pray you are. Our ladies teach us much work and many stories. I want to be a teacher. The ladies show much love to me. I am now learning the lives of Jonah and Gideon. These are all the subjects that your little Ruth writes about. RUTH.

My dear father: Because of the help you sent us in the great famine, we are alive. I am going to serve God, and am going to be grateful and to pray; and to do this well, I am learning to read the Bible well. Every evening in our village, they teach about Christ, and every day I go to the houses and call the people to come to prayers, that I may serve God well. He has given me strength, and I hope to call many to serve my God. When I was better from my illness, my relatives were astonished, and I want them to know about Jesus Christ, and once in ten days I go to them and tell them. With this I send my love. BUSHUMU.

The Cost of Supporting an Orphan

Frequent inquiries are received at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, concerning the cost of supporting an orphan, and as to what the term "supporting" represents. By arrangement with the International Committee at Bombay, the support of any one orphan of your own choice as to age, sex and denomination, is fixed at **$15.00 per year.** "Support" includes food, shelter, clothing, mental, spiritual, and industrial instruction, and such other care as parents bestow on their own children.

On your application, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will assign to you an orphan, complying with such conditions as you may impose. We send you the name of the child, the location of the orphanage, the name of the missionary in charge, and we instruct the missionary to have the child write you a letter occasionally, while the missionary, also, regularly reports to you as to the progress of your protege.

Address all communications to **India Orphan Work, The Christian Herald, 92 Bible House, New York.**

Quaint Little Waifs *at* Mont-Lawn

SOME OF THE ODD SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF OUR TENEMENT CHILDREN

A TENEMENT WAIF

IT is a strange and complex family that fills the group of cottages at our Fresh-Air Home at Mont-Lawn. Busy from early morning till dark; ceaseless in its juvenile activities; incessant, too, in its demands upon the attention of the Housemother and her staff of teachers, our colony of waifs is like a little bustling world in itself, with its own interests and pursuits, and its own joys and sorrows.

One of the most enjoyable features of the average day, both for teachers and children, is the ramble over the surrounding valleys and hills. Each teacher starts out with a merry group, carrying baskets and utensils, in search of ferns and foliage for decorating the little chapel. Or you will see the ramblers go berrying with tin pails. The morning before they are to leave Mont-Lawn, they fill the meadows gathering flowers to take away. The Home wagons are loaded with daisies as the little folks say good-by.

Among the little ones received at the Home, there are frequently the children of people who have once been prominent, but have fallen under misfortune. Lately, there came to Mont-Lawn, two sons of a former Cuban judge. Both parents having died, the children were sent to this country, and entered a benevolent institution in New York.

It is remarkable for the home surroundings of the waifs, that so little slang is heard. One little boy said: "Say, teacher, that little boy was cursing me." On being asked what he had said, the wee complainant replied: "Why, he called me a spring chicken"—a name given by some of the city waifs to a child who comes to Mont-Lawn for the first time.

A little girl, desiring to express to a teacher the pleasure she was having, said: "Oh, teacher, I'm having a fierce time!" Speaking of Sunday, one small boy asked if he could go into the bath, another child replied: "Naw, not to-day; that would be heathish."

The flower garden, newly laid out this year for the children, is now at its best. Each child who is old enough to care for a little flower-bed, has one allotted to it, and under the teacher's instructions the wee gardener weeds and prunes and tends the growing plants, waters them on dry days, and expends a great deal of love and attention upon them.

Some of our little folks, if they were not watched, would pull the plants up bodily by the roots to see how they grew; but they soon learn how to treat them. They are faithful little gardeners and their posy-beds are beautiful to behold.

Weeding in the miniature garden at Mont-Lawn, a child asked her teacher if she could not take the weeds home. She was told they were worthless. She replied: "O, let me have them. I want a nice flower-bed around my fence at home."

It is a picture to be remembered when you see the children gathered about a teacher, and bending over the beautiful flower-beds in this little garden, pulling the weeds early in the morning or at twilight.

Sitting on the grass, little Willie says, "Teacher, I got to go home to-morrow—but if I am good will Miss Collins let me stay over my time?" The teacher is sorry, but he had better let some other little tenement boy come for a good time. Willie then asks, "If I'm living next year, can I come?" "Yes, indeed," answers teacher. Then Willie joyfully exclaims, "I hope I'll be 'er living 'cause it's a heap better."

One little girl wrote home after a berrying party: "Dear Mamma, I ate ten han'fulls of berries and ain't full yet."

It is not uncommon for teacher, on her last round at night to tuck the children comfortably in bed, to find some poor little tot hugging close a bundle, which, when examined, proves to be a can of berries tied up in a soiled apron or petticoat.

The quaint sayings and odd little notions of the children are a source of frequent amusement to the teachers. Everything is so new and wonderful to them; the flowers, the trees, the rides, the bathing pool, the swings, and the fine open freedom of the whole surroundings, are a perpetual source of wonder and delight.

On rainy days the children are taken to the upper part of the large barn, which is used for a temporary rainy day playroom. It is hoped, however, to have another place soon built especially for many days. In the barn the children clamber up the flight of stairs and reach the shelter as soon as possible. Some rush for the swings, and others perch upon the cross-beams, remaining there ladies at a cage of chattering monkeys grinning and balancing around. Soon the teachers have various games started, while others have groups around them, and are telling the children stories. This run goes on until dinner is announced, when the covered wagons are driven up, and the children are carried safely and dry to the dining tent, where nothing dampens their appetites. After they are all served they are carried to the chapel, where they join heartily in singing some of the many songs they learned at Mont-Lawn, such as "Jesus Loves Me," "Step By Step," and various patriotic school songs.

It would thrill one to hear these waifs singing with a vehemence that does not characterize an ordinary assembly. They sing with all the voice and strength they possess. The teachers then entertain them with recitations and stories. Miss Coles, a trainer of kindergarten teachers, amuses them with stories told in a most pleasing manner. Then the children's eyes sparkle as Dr. Klopsch takes the floor, for he has a faculty of entertaining the children such as few possess.

On rainy days, the children take most of their pleasures indoors. Some enjoy the extra game in a dormitory; others gather in little groups and recite; some draw on the blackboard, the best artist in the shortest time winning a prize. Usually the day, despite the rain, passes pleasantly and quickly, and all the more so if it happens to be one of Dr. Klopsch's visiting days. On leaving, after giving the children a "good time," he usually leaves a penny for each child, to be distributed by the teachers, afterward.

On these stormy days, the evening meal is sometimes served in the chapel, and the little folks are afterward taken to their several dormitories. This season there have been only three or four rainy days since the opening of Mont-Lawn.

Contributions to our Fresh-Air Fund should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. All contributions are acknowledged in these columns.

GETTING READY FOR AN OUTING IN THE SHADY WOODS AT MONT-LAWN

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Dead Pope

NOT so very long ago, it was the fashion to use opprobrious epithets in speaking of the Pope, and to denounce him "in good set terms." Happily men have learned, in these later years, more clearly the spirit of Christ, and are practising that charity which thinketh no evil. No less stalwart is the opposition to the claims and pretensions of the Papacy; no less resolute is the attitude of resistance to its authority, but we have ceased to use vulgar abuse in speaking of the Pope. Nearly one-half of all the people on earth calling themselves Christians, recognize the Pope as the supreme authority in all matters of faith and doctrine and reverence him as the living representative of Christ in the world. How they can do so, is a mystery to Protestants, but the fact is there, and it ill-becomes one Christian to assail, or denounce, the faith and reverence of another. It is, therefore, an event of no little import when one who has worn the tiara for a quarter of a century, is laid in the grave.

Without discussing the question whether it is well for the world that any man should be able to exert so powerful an influence on the minds of so many people as did the Pope, we may well ask, now that his long career has closed, what the effect of that influence was. He occupied a position of enormous responsibility, how did he use his opportunities? It was a significant statement that he made during his last days, that he was not sure that he had always taken the right course, but he could honestly say that he had done the thing that at the time he believed to be right. It must have been a great satisfaction to him at the end of his life that he could make such an avowal.

It has been an eventful period that has passed since Leo XIII. was elected to the Papal chair. At its beginning, the Roman Catholic Church was in difficulties in Russia, in France, in Germany, and it seemed as if a conflict was impending in the United States. If Leo had been a man like his predecessor, we should have witnessed, the world over, a sharp antagonism between the civil and the spiritual allegiance of two hundred million persons. But he had a clearer view of the spirit of the times, and realized that no influence could survive which attempted to arrest that spirit. At the best, the existence of the Papacy had, to enlightened minds, the semblance of an anachronism. It was difficult for any man to believe that an aged priest, immured in a palace on the banks of the Tiber, could tell him with infallible authority, what he ought to believe, and how he ought to act. If that authoritative voice uttered obsolete doctrines and impracticable commands, the people would be in a dilemma, which the large majority would be likely to solve in a way that the Roman Catholic Church would deplore. Leo's problem, therefore, was to avoid forcing the dilemma on his followers.

The existence of that problem accounts for many of the apparent inconsistencies in his utterances. It was complicated by the fact that his predecessor had been declared infallible, so that Leo could not admit that Pius had been mistaken, or unwise, in the attitude he had assumed. The attitude of protest against the deprivation of the Papacy of the temporal power, had been so marked and emphatic, that Leo had no alternative to maintaining it. He considered himself a prisoner in the Vatican, and refused to hold friendly relations with the Italian government; but it may be doubted whether so clear-sighted a man really regarded the loss of the temporal power as a misfortune. The evidence on all hands must have proved to him that the spiritual headship of his church was far higher, when it was relieved of the reproach of civil misgovernment. That question apart, Leo set himself to the reconciliation of difficulties in other lands. He gave wise counsel, urged Roman Catholics everywhere to be loyal to the civil government under which they lived, and to show justice and consideration for the rights of their fellowmen. In this office of disinterested adviser, he was really greater and more influential than if he had been the ruler of an Italian principality. Even Protestants applauded the wisdom of his utterances. The long list of sympathetic messages from the rulers of all nations during his illness, proved that he had won the confidence and respect of the whole world.

He is dead, and now the cardinals must choose his successor from among themselves. It rests with them to decide whether he shall be a man who will revive antiquated antagonisms, and set all Europe by the ears with internal strife, or whether he shall be a man who, by sound common sense and tact, and a recognition of human progress, shall become a leader instead of an obstacle to the development of society.

A Double Harvest

OUR readers will rejoice in the glorious news from India, which we print in another part of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—news that fills the heart with the rare joy known only to those who are suddenly made aware that a labor of love, done in secret, has been blessed openly before the whole world.

It is truly a season of double harvest in India. In the fields, the seed sown is yielding bountifully. In the orphanages, where the good people of Christian America have been sowing their benefactions these last three years, the spiritual harvest is beyond all expectation. Even the disinterested reader, scanning these missionary letters, must feel that an Omnipotent hand has guided this work among the orphan waifs. Of the five thousand under our special care, almost all are coming into the Kingdom—the greater part already in. From these little orphan waifs, God is raising up an army of workers, thousands strong, for the conversion of heathen India. Hundreds of them are even now sufficiently trained to do effective service. In another year or two, the phalanx will be multiplied tenfold. As evangelists, Bible-women, zenana workers, teachers, native pastors, they will be able to do such service in the native field as has never been paralleled in the history of religious effort in any land. Truly, as one of the missionaries writes, "It is one of the mightiest and most far-reaching tasks to be found in the whole missionary history of the world."

We urge all our readers to examine these letters from India. They will be found the most inspiring correspondence they have perused in many a long day. And we cordially invite all who have been personally identified with the Orphan work, to continue their interest in it to the end. We shall be glad to welcome others, too, who may desire to have a share in the reaping of this remarkable spiritual harvest in India. Consecrated gifts for the Lord's work are the best possible investment, and bring their returns in a joy and peace which the world cannot give or take away.

A Dead Hand on the Throttle

DOES any one of us need to be reminded that in the very make of a man's soul, it is clear that unless there be exercised rigid self-control, he will go all to pieces? A firm, directing hand must be laid on the desires and instinctive impulses of his nature. The man who lets passion and inclination guide, is like a train with engine going full speed, throttle wide open, and no living being in the cab.

One day in the fall of '98, the papers reported a horrible thing on an eastern railroad. It happened between two cities, distant from each other twenty-three miles, and the run was made in twenty-six minutes. The locomotive was of the "Mother Hubbard" class, with the fireman's cab in the rear. The fireman was in his place at the furnace, and wondered at the awful speed of the train. It stopped nowhere, and did not slacken as it approached the city. He became alarmed and shouted to the engineer, but received no reply. Then he climbed out on the running board, made his way around to the engineer's side, kicked open the window, and entered the cab. There was the engineer, his hand grasping the throttle—but he was dead. An accidental blow, it was supposed, from a mail crane at some country station, had crushed his skull. The fireman loosened his stiffened fingers, reversed the machinery, applied the brakes, and averted a terrible disaster.

Alas, how many life-engines are rushing along the perilous crowded tracks of the world—tracks of ambition and gain and pleasure—with no better than a dead hand upon the throttle; no strong, clear, determined will applied to control and direct the mighty forces which, left to themselves, must drive on to destruction. Self-restraint, self-mastery—that is the only hope for any man. There is no Christian life possible, there is no noble life possible, on any other terms.

My Sister's Keeper

AM I my brother's keeper, is a question that appeals to young women with great force, but they think very little all the while of a question nearer home. Am I my sister's keeper?

Where is your sister and who is she? Perhaps she is a lonely, disheartened girl, toiling for a livelihood among strangers, watching you with feelings akin to envy as she sees you with parents, home and friends, the centre of attraction and love. Or, she may be a rich girl who has plenty of money and much leisure, and yet has few interests, and is leading a self-absorbed and narrow life, out of which you might persuade her into ways of quiet usefulness, if you only would understand and take the trouble. She may be a tempted girl, hard beset, and in great and pressing want of a helping hand. Perhaps she is at work in your kitchen, scrubbing, cooking, making fires, doing little and big things for the comfort of the household. She is no older than you. Yet you seldom try to brighten her lot. She is a girl straining every nerve to support herself through college, and having a fearfully hard struggle to make ends meet. While not seeking pecuniary aid, sympathy will be precious to her.

Look for your sister, and give her your smile of good cheer, your loving word, your timely presence now and then. Be sisterly, not distant, nor heedless, nor in any way indifferent to the young girl, wherever she is, whoever she is, who is in sore need of love to-day. Many a girl needs sympathy more than money.

When Families are Scattered

THE summer scattering incidental to city life has its much more mournful parallel in the family scattering, which belongs all the year round to remote neighborhoods in the country. As soon as the young people grow up, and particularly the young men, they leave the home roof, and go in search of employment in places where business offers good positions. No one complains of the inevitable. The old folk do not ask their sons to remain on the farm, knowing full well that a larger life beckons them beyond its cramping limitations; but they do desire to keep in touch with the absent. They may do this, if the children away from the old roof will write home regularly.

We often think with pity of the disappointment which comes cruelly cold and hard to bear, when the postman passes and no letter is left at the farmhouse door. The system of rural free delivery brings the letters daily—but no postman's bag has a magic to produce letters that have not been written. The girl who has been at the typewriter all day, or standing at the counter, is no doubt tired. Nevertheless, she can write a few loving lines home, on one evening kept for the purpose. The man, after a hard day's work, wants relaxation; but if only he will take the time, he will not miss the half hour spent in a love-letter to his mother. Nothing keeps up the bond of union when families are scattered, as does frequent letter-writing from one to another.

Among the Workers

—WALKER B. WILLIAMS, Ogilvie, Minn., writes: "Kindly pray for a revival at this city, which is godless and careless."

—SEVERAL WEEKS ago a band of eight Christian crusaders came to Mooresville, N. C., and began holding services. A number of conversions have taken place. On a recent Sunday evening 215 rose for special prayers, and thirty-nine made profession of faith.

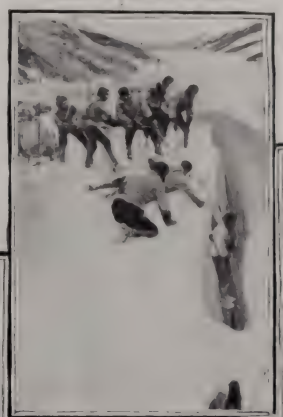
—LETTERS FROM Japan intimate that war between that country and Russia is not improbable, the immediate provocation being the forest concession on the Valu river, granted to Russia by Corea, and which Japan now declares is being used by Russia as a pretext for permanent occupation. A war between these two nations would probably be a protracted one, and might ultimately involve both France and Great Britain.

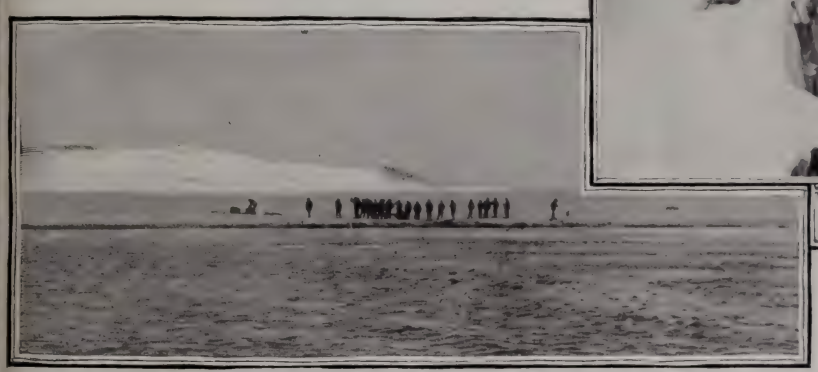
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Perils of the Antarctic

DETAILS of the famous expedition to the Antarctic, which have been communicated to the *Illustrated London News* by Lieut. Shackleton, one of the three officers who penetrated farthest south, show that the expedition was one of extraordinary peril. The *Discovery*, the vessel chosen for the purpose, left New Zealand for the unknown south on December 22, 1901. On January 20 the huge volcano, to which the name of Mount Erebus has been given, was sighted. A column of smoke, constantly rising from its crater, tells of the glowing fires within, and presents a weird spectacle in that region of eternal ice. A balloon was sent up at this point, in the hope that land might be seen somewhere to the southward that would be available for winter quarters. But there was no break in the field of ice, and it was, therefore, decided to remain at the foot of Mount Erebus. The ice gradually closed, and on March 24 the *Discovery* was frozen in. Preparations were at once made for the scientific observations which were to occupy the long night of 121 days. Early in September, which is the spring in those latitudes, sledge journeys were begun. These were extremely dangerous, owing to the blizzards that came without any warning, and made treacherous drifts. Even then the thermometer occasionally showed a record of 62 degrees below zero. On November 2 the summer was so far advanced that the great sledge journey southward, which had been so long in preparation, was commenced. It proceeded successfully for two weeks, but then soft snow was encountered and the dogs were unable to pull the sledge.

RESCUE FROM A CREVASSE





LAST SIGHT OF THE EXPLORERS LEFT BEHIND BY THE RELIEF SHIP

AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT EREBUS

They were attacked by some disease, from which eventually all died. The sledge was dragged some distance further by the men, but the work was hard and exhausting. On Dec. 30, the record stage of 82 degrees, 17 minutes was reached, the farthest distance south ever reached by man. The party then, realizing that there would be great danger in proceeding farther, they being then one hundred and seventy miles from the ship, turned about for the return journey. It was not until Feb. 3 that they were gladdened by the sight of the vessel, and were met by the companions from whom they had been separated for three months. As has already been told, the relief ship, the *Morning*, had arrived, bringing fresh supplies and news from home. She remained until March 2, when to avoid being frozen in, she sailed away, leaving the intrepid explorers to face the hardships of another Antarctic winter. Any of them might have returned on the *Morning*, but they preferred to remain in spite of the hardships that are inevitable, that they may share in the glory that will come from discovery and achievement. So is it with some Christians who continue a life of service on earth, content to wait until they are called to their reward.

Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better; nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you. (Phil. 1: 23).

Mangled by a Pet

An owner of trained animals in New York is lying in a critical condition, as the result of an encounter with one of his own beasts. At the close of last season's exhibitions, he made arrangements for the board and care of his bears, monkeys and other animals, and appointed a trainer to visit them regularly and see that they did not forget their tricks. Then, he started on his annual trip to Europe, to purchase more animals. On his return, after an absence of nearly three months, he saw to the housing of the new animals, and then inspected those he had left here. Among the latter, was a large black Himalayan bear, six years old, which he regarded as the gem of his collection. He had owned the animal ever since it was a cub, and had made a pet of it, and trained it himself. One of his last acts before starting on his European trip, had been to punish the bear for some act of insubordination. The animal was sulky when his owner went into the cage on his return, but its owner thought he could soon renew friendship with it, and fondled it as usual. He turned his back on it for a moment, and instantly the bear reared on his hind feet and fell upon him. The man fell and the bear held him down, tearing him with its giant claws, and biting him. His cries soon brought assistance, and the bear was driven off; but not until the man had sustained injuries so severe that his life is in danger. He paid the penalty of the mistake too often made in other matters, as well as in dealing with animals, of supposing that a change of habits implies a change of nature. That mistake has cost many a man his life, and there are some who in dealing with sin on the same principle, have thereby lost their souls. It is not safe to go into temptation under the impression that long abstinence has made us immune.

If after they have escaped the pollution of the world, through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning (II. Peter 2: 20).

Discoveries in Egypt

News comes from the excavators under Prof. Flinders Petrie, who are working near Abydos, that an ivory statuette of Cheops the Pharaoh who built the great Pyramid, has been found. It shows a square face, heavy features, and a coarse, determined expression. So exquisite is the workmanship that it is a fair presumption of its being a good likeness. Prof. Petrie has uncovered several temples, which were built one above the ruins of an earlier one. The lowest temple has inscriptions which indicate that it was built five thousand years before our era. It contained a large vase of clay with a green glaze, on which, in a purple glaze, appears the name Menes—Aha in Egyptian. Thus nearly seven thousand years ago the Egyptians knew how to make finely glazed pottery. Another statuette shows a royal personage in old age wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, which shows a delicacy and truth of work, says the report, that equals anything of later time. "On his head is the crown of Upper Egypt; a thick, quilted robe is wrapped about his body. The head declines forward; the expression of the face is at once rather senile and distinctly crafty." Scientists are astonished to find how advanced the arts were in that early time. The specimens of polychrome glazing are especially remarkable because they prove that it was understood centuries or years before it had been supposed to exist. The Bible discovered, however, proves that with all their learning and their civilization, the people were ignorant of the true God. That knowledge came by revelation, yet we who enjoy the privilege that they did not have, too often fail to appreciate it.

Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. (Heb. 2: 1).

An Adoption Claim

A remarkable suit which will be strenuously contested has been brought in the New York courts. It is sought to establish a claim on the entire estate of a millionaire who died recently. The millionaire, about fifteen years ago, married a widow who had one daughter by a former husband. He became tenderly attached to his stepdaughter, treated her in all respects as his own child, and took a deep interest in her education. Finally, it is alleged, he told her that if she would take his name, he would make her heiress to his whole property. She consented, and was afterwards regarded as the future owner. When he died, however, an old will was found which he had not cancelled, by which the property was divided among twenty-five persons. The step-daughter contends that he had intended to destroy the will, but had forgotten to do so, and that his promise to her, which was only verbal, but was made on conditions which she fulfilled, constitutes her sole heiress to the estate. There is small probability of her getting the estate, as the courts are always reluctant to set aside a document in favor of a verbal arrangement. Happily the Christian can never be disappointed in that way. The inheritance is assured to him if he has taken the name of Christ, and received the adoption of a son.

An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you (I. Peter 1: 4).

BRIEF NOTES

Members of English Christian Endeavor Societies to the number of 11,052 became members of churches last year.

Mr. Robert J. Burdette, the famous humorist, has become pastor of a Baptist Church at Los Angeles, California.

The Church Missionary Society proposes to send out 50 more missionaries this year. Its income is now $2,600,000.

Recent statistics show that Egypt is the most densely populated country in the world, with an average of 292 persons to the square mile.

An expert physician, after a wide survey of opium habits, concludes that this country is most prevalent in districts where anti-opium agitation is at its height.

The number of Chinese converts baptized at the various stations of the China Inland Mission last year was 1,000, against at least 4,000 [illegible].

The oldest recorded minister of the Society of Friends in the world, Mrs. Phebe Ann Collins, who celebrated her one hundredth anniversary at her home in Lansdowne, Pa.

The Brotherhood of the Kingdom will hold its annual conference at Maplewood, near the Belmont from Wednesday, August 5 to Friday, August 7. All persons [illegible] Rev. Edgar Whitaker, 20 West 11th Street, New York.

Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, who has resigned the presidency of Union Theological Seminary, New York, to accept the pastorate of Madison Square Presbyterian Church, will be further known as the preacher of the opening sermons of the coming [illegible]. Yet I must say that my admiration is [illegible] their own names and upon their own merits and heard him [illegible] with emotions of respect and admiration.

MODEST WORTH AND ENVIOUS PRIDE ✳ Saul Tries to Kill David

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR AUG. 16
I. SAMUEL 18: 5-16

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -- PSALM 46: 1:
GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH, A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE

SAUL made David one of the commanders in his army for his bravery in overcoming the giant Goliath. And a very youthful commander he was, not more than twenty years of age, but he had done a deed that no old and tried warrior in all Israel had dared to do. What wonder that his praises were sung in the streets and that the people danced for joy! It is said of the hero that he "behaved himself wisely." He was not elated by his advancement, nor by the adulation which was showered upon him. He probably did not under-estimate the deed he had done, for not only Goliath, but the whole army of the Philistines had been vanquished. He was saved from pride by his own heartfelt thankfulness to God for the victory. David laid his trophies at God's feet. The louder the chorus rang as the women danced and sang, the higher his soul mounted to praise God.

The one unfortunate strain in the singing of the women was the odious comparison, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands." Saul was indeed a great warrior, for almost at the beginning of his kingship an army of 330,000 warriors had assembled under his leadership, and he had led them forth to a great victory against the Ammonites (I. Sam., chap. 11.) It was that occasion King Saul had shown himself familiar with military tactics, for he divided his forces into three companies, and so great was the victory that two of the enemy were not left together. So great had been popular enthusiasm that it was remembered that some "sons of Belial" had dared at his coronation to express disloyalty, and they were now called for that they might be put to death. But King Saul gave command that it should not be done. Again and again had King Saul led the armies of Israel forth to victory, so that the nations round about began to fear him greatly. So much must be said for King Saul as a military hero in order to measure the praise given to David, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." But Saul was not conqueror of himself. His heart was stung with envy at the praises of David. That was the evil spirit which came into his heart. God did not really send, but only permitted that evil spirit to dwell in Saul. (See Acts 16: 16-18; Mark 1: 23-26; II. Cor. 2: 17; Matt. 4: 1; II. Thess. 2: 10-12).

Saul was already a murderer in his heart (Matt. 27: 18), for he envied David from that day. He became gloomy, and it was suggested that music might cheer him, and so David was brought in to play on his harp. It was a most unfortunate plan, for the feelings of Saul were thereby harrowed instead of soothed, and he had the best possible opportunity to kill David by throwing his javelin at him, which he did on three different occasions. But David was alert and agile, and escaped being wounded "No one need fear whom God doth keep." The demon in Saul's heart urged him on to attempt the life of David in another way. He sent him again and again to battle, hoping he would thus be slain. But ever and anon David returned with trophies of victory, and his praises were sung again and again in the streets. He still behaved himself wisely in all his ways, for the Lord was with him, while Saul, because God had been driven from his heart, grew more and more jealous, but dared not dishonor David in a public way, so great was his popularity. Indeed, Saul seemed to honor David by proposing to have him for his son-in-law, on condition, however, that David should slay one hundred Philistines, by which Saul knew that David's life would be in jeopardy. David could go forward at the command of his king, and he accomplished twice as much as had been demanded, in that he slew two hundred Philistines. The enthusiasm of the people for David grew greater and greater, and the jealousy of Saul grew consequently deeper and deeper.

"THE EVIL SPIRIT CAME UPON SAUL, AND DAVID PLAYED AS AT OTHER TIMES"

Illustration and Application

In this lesson, side by side, are modest worth and envious pride. Let us study the two things here pictured for us to avoid, pride and envy; and the two things pictured for us to seek, humility, and communion with God.

I. PRIDE and ENVY. *Saul envied David from that day.* Pride and envy, which abounded in Saul, are parent and child, and so can hardly be separated. The word pride is sometimes used in a good sense, and in that usage is defined as "generous elation of heart, lofty self-respect." But self-respect itself is a better word, and pride, strictly speaking, is "inordinate self-esteem." That is impossible in a heart which does not exalt self above God and ones's neighbor. Pride is the vice of all small souls, for only rarely does self-respect pass over into undue self-esteem in the truly great. Bunyan was wrong when he said:

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride.

The "low" are the very ones most liable to have pride.

The late Chief-Justice Marshall, the first biographer of Washington, was once in a market in Washington, when an insurance agent, with a waxed mustache, was pricing a turkey. "I'd buy it," he said, "but I've no way of carrying it home." "How much will you give?" asked the Chief-Justice. "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "Give me an order to your wife, then, for the money," replied the Chief-Justice, whom the agent did not know. The man holding one of the highest positions in the United States carried home the turkey, and got the twenty-five cents from the agent's wife, who knew the Chief-Justice, and was horrified at the lesson her airy husband had received.

In social circles, one may often find "poverty on stilts," families that are really poor, struggling to keep pace in display with rich neighbors; the father making himself almost a beast of burden, so that his family may outshine, or at least equal, some social rival in extravagance. Pride begins its temptations in childhood with the first pants, the girl's first frock, and some people never get it knocked out of them, even to old age. To a man of eighty-two, even more than usually wrinkled with age, his grandchild said solemnly, "Grandpa, when I am as old as you, will I look as you do?" Grandpa beamed with pride as he answered, "O yes, Tommy, you may, if you take care of yourself all your life." Men are even tempted to be proud of their religion, as if even as Christians, they were "self-made men" and might worship their Creator. The Pharisee went up to the temple to bray, not to pray, and he is not the last one who has done it.

. . .

"A Harvard Professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea, and have to swim for it." A petty African prince who was visited in his cell by an English traveler, folded his arms with an air of imperial consequence as he sat upon the floor, and demanded of his guest, "What do you think of me in Europe?" A picture of human pride. How insignificant must earth's proudest and greatest men appear, as God and his angels look down upon them! Charles V., before he invaded France, ordered the court historian to obtain a large quantity of paper, to record the victories which he was going to obtain. But he lost his general and a large part of his army by disease, and returned baffled, defeated, and mortified.

. . .

This calls up some good advice on the prevention of pride. "Think as little as possible about any good in yourself; turn your eyes resolutely from any view of your acquirements, your influence, your plan, your success, your following—above all, speak as little as possible about yourself. The inordinateness of our self-love, makes speech about ourselves like the putting of a lighted torch to the dry wood, which has been laid in order for burning. Nothing but duty should open our lips upon this dangerous theme, except it be in humble confession of our sinfulness before God." Here it will be appropriate to repeat the story of a persecuted woman in an Oriental mission, to whom friends were speaking many words of sympathy. Presently she said, "We have no time to talk of ourselves—let us talk about Him."

We see the God's-eye view of pride at its worst in Herod, smitten with a deadly disease, while clad in his shining robes, "because he gave not God the glory." We ought to be thankful, rather than proud, whenever honorable opportunities come to us. "The green-eyed monster" Pride, a sin in itself, brings forth those twin sons, envy and jealousy. Jealousy is where two desire to win the personal love of one person. But envy is the displeasure of low natures at the goodness, or greatness, or popularity of others. The first instance of it is Cain, which also reminds us that as pride begets envy, envy begets murder. It has been said that "no one envies what he can equal." This is true in the intellectual sphere but not the moral. Cain might have equaled Abel in goodness if he would. He preferred to kill goodness rather than aspire to it. So in the second notable Bible illustration of envy, Joseph's brothers. They envied his favor with his father, but were not willing to be as pure and so become equally beloved. Saul is another case. If he, like David, had "walked humbly with God," he might have continued in favor with God and man. Here again envy brought forth murder. Earthly courts may use a different word when an assassin misses his mark, but God "takes the will for the deed."

. . .

There is a great deal of envy among otherwise good men, who cannot bear to hear the applause they covet going to others, who are not great enough for those great words, "in honor preferring one another," "rejoicing in the truth." It has been well said that whatever we try to do it is probable we shall find some one else who can do it better, and unless we conquer envy, and rejoice in others' successes, we shall indeed find that envy is "a hidden viper, gnawing a file to its own constant misery." Let us save ourselves by noting the folly as well as the wickedness of envy. There is a proverb that "the frogs seeing the horses shod, held up their feet also." Dr. C. S. Robinson, urging that those attacked by "envious tongues" should give them no heed and no answer, notes that poison stings are most harmful when there is undue heat in the victim's blood. He says: "Perhaps just the indifference of Paul had something to do with saving him, when his hand shook off the viper at Melita."

. . .

Not only pride, but even envy creeps into the church, as pictured in the elder brother of the prodigal (Luke 15). Christ's own spirit-photograph of the church leaders of that time, whose envy grew into the murder of the Son of God. And by envy in the church to-day, Christ is "crucified afresh and put to an open shame." Here is Dr. Duffield's picture of envy:

A glowworm sat in the grass;
As I passed through the wood I found it;
Bright as a diamond it shone,
With a halo of light around it.

A toad came up from the fen;
It was ugly in every feature;
Like a thief, it crept to the worm,
And spat on the shining creature.

"What have I done," said the worm,
"As I sat here in silence nightly?"
"Nothing," replied the toad;
"But why do you shine so brightly?"

. . .

II. HUMILITY AND COMMUNION WITH GOD. *David behaved himself wisely and the Lord was with him.* Let us first illustrate the humility that Saul should have shown by accepting David's greater successes as from God. A father of the Scottish church, Dr. Durham, was walking to the church in which he was to preach, along with a much admired young minister, who was to officiate in one adjoining. Multitudes were thronging into one, and only a few entering the other. "Brother," said he to his young friend, "you will have a crowded church to-day." "Truly," said the other, "they are greatly to blame who leave you and come to me." "Not so, dear brother," replied Dr. Durham, "for a minister can receive no such honor and success in his ministry, except it be given him from heaven. I rejoice that Christ is preached, and that his kingdom and interests are gaining ground, though my estimation in people's hearts should decrease; for I am content to be anything, so that Christ may be all in all." If Saul had so accepted David's greater popularity he would have been held in everlasting honor. His envy has sentenced him, in the estimation of every generation of Bible readers since his time, to perpetual shame.

As to David's humility, after his victory over Goliath, it is seen in his own song of praise (Psalm 8), supposed to have been written at this time—in any case representing his sentiments at this time: "O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is Thy Name in all the earth, who hath set Thy Glory above the heavens! Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, because of thine adversaries."

. . .

The Bible is full of such cases of humility. At another time, when David was yet older and greater, he said, "My soul is even as a weaned child." Solomon, entering on Kingship at nineteen, when pride would have been natural, said in his prayer to God for wisdom, "I am but a little child." The humility of the New Testament writers, mostly belonging to the world's highest twelve of Christ's appointment, is so constant that it is regarded as one of the surest proofs that a certain apostle wrote a certain book that he is spoken of in it with less honor than others of his associates, and with a franker exposure of his faults.

. . .

Walking with God. The secret of David's humility and his otherwise wise behavior is in the words, "The Lord was with him." The great God being ever near, he was in no danger of overestimating himself or of fearing the detractions of others. Not alone with kings does God walk in daily fellowship.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps."

CHAPTER III—Continued

THE man stared, and did not even move when Douglas got up and put another chair near the desk. George muttered "This ain't no reception;" but Douglas frowned and repeated his invitation.

"Sit down and join us. We'll be glad to have you."

The man slowly moistened his lips.

"I will, if you'll give me something to do to pay for it."

"All right. I don't know that I've got anything to do."

"Might shovel the snow off the sidewalk," George suggested, as he mopped the perspiration on his face with an inky sleeve.

"I'm a printer," said the man, briefly.

"You are!" Douglas looked at him closely. The man gave him a shrewd glance in return, and smiled slightly.

"I don't look it much, but I'll prove it." He stepped up to the case, and began setting type with great rapidity.

"Hadn't we better begin now, Mr. Douglas?" whispered the boy anxiously. "There won't be no show for us if that old guy comes in. These tramp printers is regular giraffs to eat."

"Keep still," said Douglas. There was something almost uncanny the way the man looked as he stood at the case. When his stickful was finished, he brought it to Douglas and said:

"Read it out loud if you want to."

"Douglas read slowly:

I've tramped it east, and I've tramped it west;
I've gone to worst from better and best;
I haven't a friend beneath the sun,
And I don't know where I can get me one;
I've lost my home, and I've lost my way,
And I don't care whether it's night or day;
I've lost my soul along with my hat,
But a man's a man for all of that.

"A tramp poet!" muttered George. "I pity the grub now."

Douglas did not know whether to laugh or to do something else. The type-setting was perfect. It had been done with a swiftness he had never seen in any office.

"Can you give me a job?" asked the man, and his look again traveled hurriedly towards the food.

"Yes," said Douglas.

The word was scarcely uttered before the stranger was seated, and eating.

"I say!" exclaimed George, "deal fair!"

"If you had been without anything to eat as long as I have you wouldn't be too particular about etiquette," said the man grimly.

"There's plenty for all of us," replied Douglas, looking severely at the boy. But he was fascinated with the stranger's looks, and even when his hunger was appeased and he sat back, because he could eat no more, he presented such a starved, disreputable appearance, that the others eyed him with something of the same astonishment they felt at his sudden entrance.

"Are you ready to begin work now?" Douglas asked, with a brief word of explanation concerning the need of getting out the paper before to-morrow morning.

"Now or never," answered the stranger.

"Your name?"

"You can call me 'Quits.' It ain't my name, but it's what I go by."

Douglas had no time to ask questions. The man was evidently familiar with the work in a newspaper office, and he had appeared at a time of need. Douglas gave him copy, and the man, without a word, went to work. His rapidity astonished even the boy.

"He's a regular machine. He looks like the devil's own picture, Mr. Douglas. Don't you think the thermometer's gone up since he came in?"

"He knows his business all right," Douglas muttered in astonishment. "We'll go to press on time now."

When morning dawned the *Beacon* was ready for mailing. Before noon the entire edition was ready for the mail delivery. Colby people received their papers just as it nothing had happened to disturb the regular routine of the office, and there was astonished chagrin in the ranks of the Mayor's following.

Edwards came in just as Douglas was preparing to close up and go over to his boarding-house for a nap.

"The *Beacon* is a hummer! The best we ever had. How you did it beats me. Colby is wild over it."

Douglas nodded at Quits.

"I've engaged his services indefinitely. I'm going to take him over to Mrs. Wycoff's now and get him dressed up a little. He's all right as a printer. I don't know him in any other capacity."

He introduced Mr. Edwards. That gentleman had never heard of him, but he greeted him cordially and congratulated Douglas.

"Those lunches pulled us through, tell Mrs. Edwards. We're tempted to get caught again."

"All right. You know where to go for your commissariat if you do."

Douglas took Quits to the boarding-house, and when he came out of the little room late in the afternoon, washed and shaved, and clothed in a cast-off suit of the late Mr. Wycoff, he was so changed that Douglas did not know him, and passed him without a word in the little hall.

"Hope you had a good nap," said Quits, respectfully.

Douglas stared. Then he recognized him.

"O yes. And you?"

"All right," Quits answered briefly.

He was a very silent person, was Quits, and during the next few days, during which Douglas discovered that he had secured a remarkable pressman for the *Beacon*, Quits was so taciturn that Douglas barely learned a few facts about him. Moreover, it was a very busy week for the *Beacon*, and Douglas was so occupied that he had little thought to give to anything but the paper.

Subscriptions were coming in encouragingly. But in a growing measure he began to feel the strength of the opposition. Two of the largest merchants refused to renew their advertisements. After praying over the matter, Douglas had finally decided to drop the patent medicine ads, or at least all of them that were evidently disreputable. Reckoning up the value of these discarded ads to the *Beacon*, he was astonished to find that unless he could make good their absence by local advertisements, he would have to print the paper at a loss with his present subscription list. It was another entrance through "The Narrow Gate," but once having decided, he did not hesitate. The new campaign sheet sent out by the machine boldly challenged the policy of the *Beacon*, and appealed to the voters to stand by the organization. It also appealed to all the selfish interests of the merchants to license the saloons in Colby, and put the finances of the town on a "business basis."

Thursday night Douglas came down to the office after supper to see that matters were in shape for going to press. Everything this week so far had been ideal. Quits and George had struck up a friendship that promised to be remarkable.

"That Coleman was a snail on a hearse by the side of Quits, Mr. Douglas. And he ain't all the time jabbing slugs at me, neither, like Coleman used to do. Nor talking me to death. Quits is a double leaded leader by the side of Coleman."

When Douglas went in, Quits was not there. George was busy getting the press ready.

"Where's Quits?" asked Douglas.

"I dunno. He ain't been here this evening."

"I'm going over to the church meeting to-night, George. Mr. Vernon is going to organize an independent voters club at the prayer meeting. I'll be back about half past nine."

"All right. You needn't come back. Quits and I can get her out."

"I'll be here at nine thirty," Douglas answered with a smile.

George strolled to the door a moment to look up the street and see if Quits was coming. He stood there a moment, and suddenly Douglas heard him exclaim:

"Did you know that Quits drank, Mr. Douglas?"

"No," Douglas replied, somewhat startled. "Does he?"

"Regular fish."

"I never saw him go near a saloon."

"He's going into one now."

"Where?" Douglas seized his hat and went to the door.

"There; at Jake's place." George pointed up the street to a figure just going into the saloon opposite the little hotel.

Without a word Douglas went out and up the street to the saloon. As he entered it there was a prayer in his heart that he might save this life from the curse that lay on it. Yet, will you tell us, Christian voter, how to save tempted souls if we pray, but do not act? If Douglas had foreseen all that was to befall him that eventful night, he would not have dared enter. As he went in only a few minutes behind his pressman, the night was deepening for them both.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Douglas pushed aside the swinging screen door of "Jake's Place" and went in, there were a dozen men in front of the bar. He looked hurriedly along the line, but Quits was not there.

Without hesitation he went right up to the bar and inquired of the bartender: "Have you seen the pressman of the *Beacon* office here this evening?"

"No, I haven't," the man answered instantly.

Douglas knew he was lying and his blood boiled. Back of all his intense hatred of the saloon and everything it stood for, was a never-dying memory of a ruined home and a tortured mother. Is it any wonder, O you cool-blooded voters who believe in "regulating" the liquor business, that the young editor of the *Beacon* was and is a "fanatic" on the subject of the extermination of Hell's best paying business on earth?

"I saw him come in here a few minutes ago. You say he has not been in here?" Douglas looked the barkeeper in the face, and the man turned angrily around and called out to Jake, the proprietor, who was at the other end of the bar.

"Say, Jake, has the *Beacon's* pressman been in here to-night?"

Jake came up to the end of the bar where Douglas stood. The men in the saloon turned from their places and stared in various degrees of interest at Douglas.

"Your pressman ain't in here," said Jake, a heavy-faced man, regarding Douglas insolently.

"I didn't ask if he was here now. I asked if he had been in here this evening."

"And what if he has? Is it any of your business?"

Douglas turned to the men who were ranged alongside of the bar.

"Have any of you men seen the pressman of the *Beacon* here this evening?"

"I saw him go out, never saw him come in," answered an old man, standing at the farther end of the bar. Douglas instantly walked over to where he stood. Jake and his barkeeper walked down to that end of the bar at the same time.

"When did he go out?" asked Douglas.

The man hesitated, but his eyes looked towards a door at the rear of the saloon, just outside the bar, leading into a back room.

Jake broke in: "It's none of your business where he went."

"Did he go out through there?" Douglas asked the man who had volunteered to give the information about the pressman.

The man hesitated and then nodded. Douglas stepped around the end of the bar, and was about to push open the door, but Jake went out through a door just behind the bar which opened into the back room, and opened the door leading into the saloon, and thereby confronted Douglas.

"Keep out of here! This is a private room!"

Douglas stopped and calmly said, "Is the pressman in there? If he is, I want to see him."

The saloon-keeper paused. Douglas heard a door open and shut.

"This is a private room. You can't come in here," the man said, still blocking up the doorway.

"Will you tell the pressman I want to see him?"

The man hesitated, then suddenly stepped back and said with a sneer, "Look in if you want to. He isn't here."

Douglas instantly went in, and not pausing in the room, which was empty, he went over to the outside door and threw it open. He looked up and down the alley, but it had grown dark rapidly and he could see nothing.

Without a word to the saloon-keeper he went through the saloon and out on the street. After a moment's indecision he went quickly back to the office.

George was there alone.

"Has Quits been here yet?"

"Hasn't been around."

Douglas waited a few moments and then made his decision.

"I'm going out to hunt him up. I don't know how long I'll be gone. But I'm going to find Quits if the *Beacon* never goes to press at all this week."

"If I only could set up copy, Mr. Douglas, I'd yell 'thirty' on the *Beacon* before midnight."

"I want you to stay right here, George, and if Quits turns up drunk before I get back, send me word if possible. I'm going to every saloon in town, beginning with the Wayside Inn, and coming down through Main street."

"All right, Mr. Douglas, I'll do any thing I can. But what will I do with him if he's primed?"

"Keep him here if possible. But I don't think he'll come back here if he has been the rounds."

Douglas began his search by going into the Wayside Inn, a notorious place, where for years a gambling annex had flourished. Colby, being the county seat of a rich farming section, furnished more material for saloons and gambling establishments than might at first sight have seemed possible. Douglas was simply appalled as he went into the saloons and gambling establishments that night, to note the swarms of young men, not only from the town, but from the country. In one place on the main street, not three blocks from the Methodist Church, he counted no less than thirty-five young men and boys, the oldest of whom was not more than twenty years of age.

TO BE CONTINUED

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A Convention a Mile High

A Recent Gathering of Christian Endeavorers at Denver

By JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

IN physical altitude, the recent International Christian Endeavor Convention at Denver, was loftier than any previous one, but the intellectual and spiritual altitudes were even higher.

The attendance was between 8,000 and 10,000, just enough to fill comfortably Tent Endeavor, which was splendidly located adjacent to the beautiful city park, with its 320 acres of artistic landscape gardening, and grateful shade. The local attendance swelled the audience at night, to 15,000.

Tent Endeavor was the centre and citadel of a White City of Endeavor. Everything was under canvas—auditorium, information tent, press, rest, hospital, literature, and a host of refreshment tents, and booths for selling souvenirs and what-nots. It was a picturesque and inviting city, cool, clean, convenient. The suburbs of this Endeavor White City, were the sixty churches in which were the registering bureaus, information and rest rooms, and general headquarters of the various States, territories, provinces, and foreign lands.

These sixty church headquarters were open the five days of the Convention, from morning until bedtime, and were kept supplied with ice-water, toilet conveniences, stationery, etc., and attended by white-capped Endeavorers, to register, give information and act as guides or porters.

The opening meeting had the usual addresses of welcome, from Gov. Peabody, Dr. Coyle, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and Chairman Sweet, of the Denver Committee.

All the world responded: the North, South, East and West, Canada, England, India, Africa, Japan. It was an unconventional, cheery, homelike, family affair; humor bubbled, good-nature beamed on every face, and all the ice of strangeness to one-another was broken. It is better to picture phases of the Convention, than to attempt to make panoramas of the sessions seriatim.

The Denver Convention was like all other Christian Endeavor Conventions, in that it had Quiet Hour meetings, earlier than lazy people like to get up. It had schools of methods, conferences on every important religious work, evangelistic meetings on street, court-house square, and in car shops; inspirational addresses, missionary and temperance speeches, and Junior rallies. Let all that go with the saying.

Mr. Von Ogden Vogt, the successor of John Willis Baer, was inducted into his office in the presence of 10,000 of his 4,000,000 constituents. Dr. Clark introduced him. Dr. Tennis S. Hamlin, of Washington, made the installation prayer. William Shaw gave the right hand of fellowship. Mr. Vogt in his response, dedicated himself to the organization that, through its Junior work had helped him as a ten-year-old boy in Dakota, to know his Bible, and had set him to work, as a young man, in the Evangelistic Campaign of the World's Fair, Chicago. He hopes to help Christian Endeavorers to minister to the spiritual need of other young men, as it had ministered to his.

Two thousand four hundred new societies were organized in America last year as the result of the entension campaign. Indianna made the largest total gain—more than three hundred new societies. Ohio comes next. About twenty States, territories, and provinces gained more than ten per cent. To each of these was awarded a beautiful banner, made by Endeavorers in China, Japan, India, South Africa, Germany, France, or some foreign land.

Perhaps the most distinguished note of this Convention, was the announcement that this extension campaign would be continued for ten years. Indiana Endeavorers say that they have only got into good fighting trim.

Ex-Chaplain Steele, Ex-Chaplain Edmonson, and other strong men took part in the conference on Floating Work, and plans were set on foot to organize societies on all ships and in all ports. Prison Endeavor is to be unified and expanded. One of the twenty-five societies in State prisons reported a membership of eight hundred, an increase of one hundred per cent.

Every morning, from 8.30 to 9.30, eight schools of training were in operation, led by such skilled workers as Dr. James M. Gray, Harlan Beach, Rev. H. W. Pope, Dr. E. E. Chivers, Dr. J. F. Carson, F. H. Jacobs and other specialists.

One of the most electric sessions of the Convention was the patriotic meeting. Dr. Ira Landrith, of Nashville, told how possible it is to oust the saloon-keeper and gambler, even in Tennessee. A few years ago saloons snuggled up close to churches and schoolhouses, and refused to budge an inch anywhere. "Now there are but eleven counties in the State," he said, "that are not dry."

The statement that Joseph W. Folk of St. Louis, like the Tennessee leader in reform, was an Endeavorer, gratified the audience. There are other Endeavorers in training for similar work. Such examples are contagious.

Three other forward movements besides the ten-years' extension campaign characterized the Denver Convention:

1. The inauguration of the Clarence E. Eberman memorial fund, for extending Christian Endeavor in foreign lands. About $4,000 was subscribed at one meeting.

2. The initiation of the International Junior Superintendents' Union, for the extension of Junior work, and for the mutual interchange of ideas.

3. The petition for larger fellowship among young people, which pleads for liberty for all Protestant young people to enter the larger fellowship for which Christ's last prayer petitioned, unhampered by sectarian restrictions.

You probably read of the blowing down of Tent Endeavor. It was not nearly so sensational as some of the reports made it. There were no cries, no hysterics, no stampede. The curtains of the tent had been lifted to give us air. A sudden gust of wind lifted the roof of the tent bodily, tearing loose all the pins. The heavy poles began to careen but strong arms caught them, and gently guided them to the backs of the seats. The real danger was from the electric wires, but a telephone order quickly sent caused the current to be shut off. It was surprising that there was no panic, but God's protecting care was over us. In ten minutes after the accident the audience of 8,000 persons was singing "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow," and Dr. Clark was announcing that the concluding meetings would be transferred to the four central churches. These meetings were solemnized by the great deliverance of the afternoon, and were among the most tender and impressive of the whole Convention.

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Christian Tact*

The Apostle's Example in His Own Life of the Best Way to Win Souls

TACT, it would appear, was as necessary in Apostolic times as it is in our own. When the great object of winning souls is made the chief object of life, a man learns to adapt himself to circumstances. The Apostle's admission of his changing attitude is not the sign of a vacillatory disposition, but an avowal of his readiness to use any means to accomplish his purpose. In arguing with a Jew, he would show that in Jesus the prophecies of the Old Testament were fulfilled; in preaching to the Greeks, he quoted from their own poets, and showed that the reproof he was uttering had been given before his time by the authorities whom they respected; in dealing with the Galatian barbarians, he cited neither the one authority nor the other, but told them that in Christianity they would find a working power which would elevate and purify their lives.

His example is of inestimable value in our time. There are so many men with crotchets, with theories which it is impossible to respect, yet men of conscience whom it would be triumph to win. To denounce their beliefs at the outset is only to arouse antagonism, and the wise course is to see how far it is possible to go with them, and induce them to accept higher truth. The story is told of a physician who was brought in contact with Christian Scientists, and succeeded in winning their confidence. When asked how he had induced one of them to submit to an operation, he said he had not opposed the patient's doctrines. "You cut your nails, do you not?" he asked, "Well, then, go farther and let me remove this diseased limb," and it was done. So if we will only look for it, there is in every man some quality which will afford vantage ground for a Christian appeal. Especially in dealing with Christian people who differ from us in their doctrines is this tact necessary. To find out in how many things we agree, and to dwell on those before proceeding to argue on points of difference would often avert that saddest of all spectacles, a quarrel between Christians. The charity that hopeth all things is the mother of tact.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for August 16. I. Cor. 9: 19-23.

The Care of Blankets.

Never let blankets remain in service after they are soiled; dirt rots the fiber and invites moths. Because of the peculiar saw-tooth formation of wool hair it is necessary that a pure soap, made of the best materials, be used; a cheap soap, especially one which contains rosin, will cause the blanket to become hard by matting the fiber.

To Wash Blankets and Retain their Softness.

Dissolve shavings of Ivory Soap in boiling water, add cold water until nearly lukewarm. Immerse a blanket and knead with the hands; rinse in clean warm water in which also some Ivory Soap has been dissolved. Dry in a place that is neither very warm nor very cold.

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How a University Rose From its Ashes

THIS is the story, briefly told, of the re-birth of the University of Wooster. Consumed by fire, it has risen, Phœnix-like, from its ashes, a new and greater university. How this was accomplished through the faith and the indomitable energy of its faculty and students and the liberality of the generous friends of Christian education, is related by one of the college professors: The

THE WOOSTER UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS

main building of the University of Wooster, located at Wooster, Ohio, and in use since 1870, was burned to the ground one morning, two years ago, causing a loss of $250,000, with only $60,000 insurance. The news of the calamity was wired to President Holden, who was absent from home, and he immediately set to work to obtain means with which to rebuild. Before the ashes of the ruins had cooled off, he had received a conditional pledge of $50,000 from Mr. L. H. Severance, of Cleveland, Ohio. Then he called on Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in New York, and received the munificent offer of $100,000 more, conditioned upon the raising of $40,000 in Wooster and Wayne County in addition to the insurance money, and $100,000 outside of Wayne County, within a fixed time. The donor's name was not to be made known unless the conditions were met.

The sum of $350,000 was considered a prize worth working for. All went at it with a will. A committee of fifteen was appointed to act for the city of Wooster. The Presbyterian Church of Ohio was importuned for help. Alumni and friends everywhere were solicited by mail, college classes visited neighboring towns, and gave concerts, and members of the faculty left their classrooms, to go forth, in the severe winter weather, to seek aid for the rebuilding of the institution. Help came from all directions, and from members of various churches, a handsome contribution being made even by the pastor of the Wooster Catholic Church. Recitations were held in temporary quarters, and only a few students failed to return at the opening of the second term.

In the due course of time, a mass meeting was held in the Wooster City Hall to hear the final report. The conditions had been fully met, and the names of the donors were announced amid thunders of applause. A jubilee meeting then followed, and a torchlight procession took place in the evening.

Mr. Severance added to his splendid gift the inspiration of his presence in Wooster, and the encouragement of his words in several addresses. Wooster thus enters upon a new era of educational usefulness.

Mr. H. C. Frick contributed a beautiful building for a library, which was occupied shortly afterward. He will make a $30,000 addition. A new Gothic chapel, costing $40,000, has received its $5,000 pipe-organ. Work on a Main Building, costing $100,000; on a building for Chemistry, and a building for Biology, each costing $50,000; on an Academy building costing $40,000, and one for a heating plant, costing $15,000, was begun as soon as possible, and they were rapidly pushed to completion.

The cost to the church for the instruction of each student is $98 per year, of which the student pays $60. Free tuition is granted to the sons and daughters of missionaries actively engaged on the foreign field. A considerable number have this privilege at Wooster. The Board of Foreign Missions has provided two comfortable and commodious homes for such as desire this privilege. These homes are owned and controlled by that Board. The Christian atmosphere of the college life at Wooster is of a very high order. One cause of this is to be found in the fact that God's Word is a required study in the curriculum of the college. Sixty-three per cent. of the students are taking voluntary Bible study in the Y. M. C. A. Ninety-seven per cent. of the students are professing Christians.

J. C. B.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

They Knew the Bowery Mission

Superintendent Hallimond, of the Bowery Mission, who is now in England, writes from Maidstone, Kent, as follows:

"On Tuesday evening I had a great honor conferred upon me. Our friend, Mr. Baker, with whom we stayed, is a very influential man, an ex-mayor and a magistrate. He had secured for me a special invitation to the King's Dinner, a dinner given by the Mayor in honor of the King's birthday. To my great consternation, I found I had been placed amongst distinguished visitors, and had to respond to the toast of the 'Archbishop of Canterbury and Ministers of Other Denominations.' They gave me a magnificent reception. I spoke only about ten minutes, but they cheered me so much when I finished that I was completely taken by surprise. They wanted me to go on speaking, but, of course, I declined. All the leading magnates were there, including Sir Francis Evans, Member of Parliament for the borough. So that the Bowery Mission is now well known in that part of the country."

It must be pleasing to our readers to know that in thus welcoming the Mission Superintendent abroad, those British friends showed their appreciation of the Bowery Mission and its saving work among the homeless men and boys. The old Bowery Mission has friends and converts in all parts of the globe.

Answered Prayers

Marie C., Casino, Minn. "Recently we were in fear of a great calamity overtaking us, but God in his mercy heard and answered prayer, and delivered us."

L., Virginia. "I was in deep trouble, and prayed to God, and he delivered me. I am still looking unto him for a special blessing that will affect my whole life, and I believe if I continue steadfastly in prayer, that in his own time and way, God will give me what I ask."

Constant Reader, Point Pleasant. I wish to acknowledge God's wondrous love and tenderness in answering prayer for a loved sister's recovery. Also for a dear one about to die, whose spiritual skies were clouded, and to whom God sent assurance.

H. A. T., Denver, Colo. "I was in great financial strain and embarrassment. I sought my Lord's help; he heard me and answered. Blessed be his name, for an infinite helper."

Letters concerning answers to prayer have also been received from Mrs. A. E. S., Morgan City, La.; M. M. B., The Oaks, S. C.; Reader, Baltimore; M. D., Chesterfield; Reader, Morristown, N. J.; W. H., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Reader, Holyoke, Mass.; B. F., Lexington, Ky.

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THIS is the last announcement of our Redmest Price Sale, so write today for catalogue and samples if you wish to take advantage of it. Suits and skirts made to order clothing ready-made at *one-third to three-quarter prices.* All of our styles and materials are suitable for Fall wear. Remember that your order must reach us this month if you wish to take advantage of our Redmest Prices.

Handsome Tailored Suits, $6.67, former price, $10.

$12 Suits reduced to $8.
$15 Suits reduced to $10.
$20 Suits reduced to $13.34.
$25 Suits reduced to $16.67.
$30 Suits reduced to $20.

Rainy-Day and Dressy Skirts in the newest models, $3.34, former price $5.

$6 Skirts reduced to $4.
$7.50 Skirts reduced to $5.
$10 Skirts reduced to $6.67.
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Our NEW FALL CATALOGUE, ready August 24, will be the handsomest fashion publication of its kind ever issued. It will illustrate stylish Suits from $8 to $40, Jackets from $7 to $30, Church and Visiting Costumes, Separate Skirts, etc. Every well-dressed woman should have one. Write now and we will mail you a copy FREE, together with a full line of new Fall samples as soon as ready. Be sure to say you wish the NEW FALL CATALOGUE No. 64 and samples.

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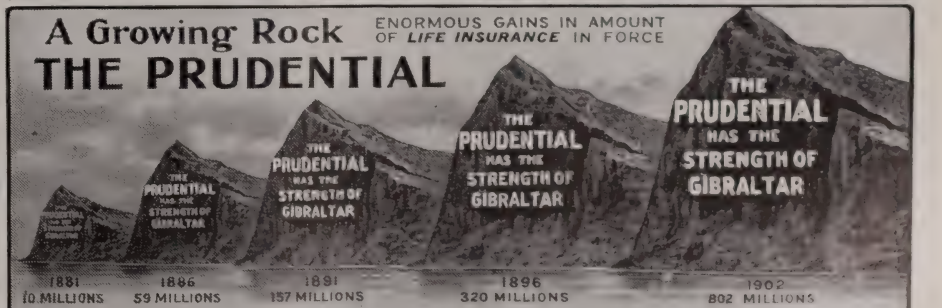

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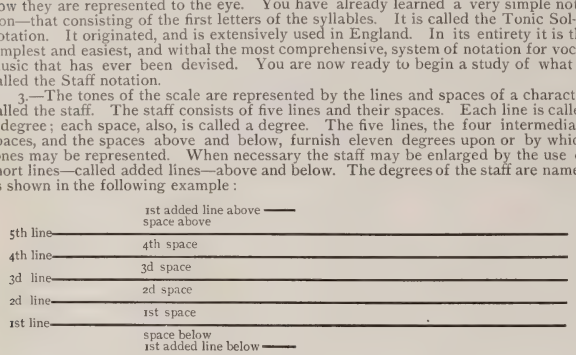
By B. C. UNSELD

LESSON III.

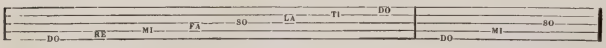
The Staff.—Having gained some knowledge of tones, your next step is to learn how they are represented to the eye. You have already learned a very simple notation—that consisting of the first letters of the syllables. It is called the Tonic Sol-fa notation. It originated, and is extensively used in England. In its entirety it is the simplest and easiest, and withal the most comprehensive, system of notation for vocal music that has ever been devised. You are now ready to begin a study of what is called the Staff notation.

3.—The tones of the scale are represented by the lines and spaces of a character called the staff. The staff consists of five lines and their spaces. Each line is called a degree; each space, also, is called a degree. The five lines, the four intermediate spaces, and the spaces above and below, furnish eleven degrees upon or by which tones may be represented. When necessary the staff may be enlarged by the use of short lines—called added lines—above and below. The degrees of the staff are named as shown in the following example:

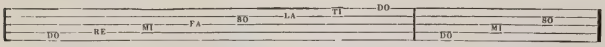


4.—The degrees of the staff represent the tones of the scale. Any degree may be taken to represent *Do*, and the other tones will take places in relation to that. Thus, if *Do* is represented by the first line, *Re* will come on the first space, *Mi* on the second line, and so on, as shown in Ex. 13. If *Do* is represented by the first space, *Re* will be on the second line, *Mi* on the second space, and so on, as shown in Ex. 14.

Ex. 13.



Ex. 14.



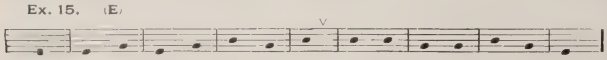
I wish you to notice particularly the degrees that represent *Do*, *Mi* and *So*. Observe that with *Do* on a line, *Mi* and *So* are also on lines; with *Do* on a space, *Mi* and *So* are on spaces. From this fact we derive a helpful rule for reading: *Do*, *Mi* and *So* are *similarly* placed—all on lines or all on spaces. With *Do* on a line, *Mi* and *So* are on the next two *lines* above; with *Do* on a space, *Mi* and *So* are on the next two *spaces* above.

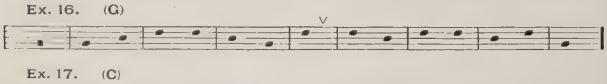
Observe, the degrees merely stand for or represent the tones, they do not indicate which tones are to be sung nor the order in which they are to occur; that is done by notes. Thus, in Ex. 15 the first note on the first line calls for *Do*, a note on the second line calls for *Mi*, another note coming on the first line calls for *Do* again, and so on.

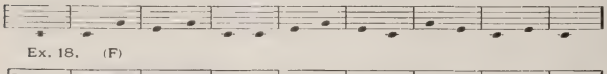
You are now ready to practice the exercises that follow. Before attempting to sing an exercise, it will be a help to some pupils to read the exercise through, merely naming the syllables in speaking voice. When this can be done fluently it should be sung to the syllables, and when that can be done easily, it should be sung to the syllable *la*.

The square character at the beginning is used (temporarily) to mark the degree that represent *Do*. The capital letter in the ( ) tells you what tone on the instrument to take for *Do*. The lines across the staff in these exercises are used only to help the eye to keep the place in reading.

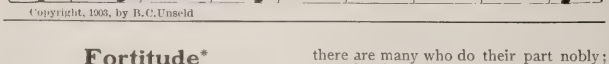
Ex. 15. (E)



Ex. 16. (G)

Ex. 17. (C)



Ex. 18. (F)



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Fortitude*

Men Who Can Endure Hardship Needed in the Christian Church at all Times

ONE of the severest tests of a soldier's mettle, is that of endurance. Many a soldier who is bold and undaunted in a charge, is dispirited if he has simply to stand still under fire. At the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon was amazed at the steadiness of the British hollow squares, against which his cavalry charged in vain. In civil life the quality of endurance, or fortitude, is also rare. At an election or in a legal contest when there is excitement and conflict, there are many who do their part nobly; yet who fret and waver when they are merely required to go quietly about their duty in spite of sneers, ridicule, or obloquy. It does not seem much for a Sunday School teacher to be at his post without fail, whatever the weather, however few the pupils may be, or however severely they may try his patience and temper. Yet he is displaying the finest quality of human nature—the staying quality which cannot be driven from the post of duty. There are families in some parts of our land who are similarly heroic. In some settlements there is but one Christian family, surrounded by families who make Sunday a day of pleasure, and whose social amusements are such as to shock the followers of Christ. Little is known of such Christian families, but we may be sure God sees them, and in the last great day of account, they will be honored by his commendation.

The Apostle had the right to urge this quality of fortitude on his young disciple. His own life had been a conspicuous example of it. Imprisoned, beaten, stoned, vilified, deserted by friends, traduced even in the churches he had founded, disparaged by men who should have been his warmest supporters, he kept right on, unmoved by all that he had to suffer. How much easier to rest! How much safer to have remained with the one church in which he was loved and honored! Yet his own ease and comfort were never considered by him. "None of these things move me," he said and he was steadfast to the end.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Aug. 16. II. Timothy 2: 3-4.

The New York Gospel Tent

Remarkable success is attending the revival movement in the Gospel tent, Evangel, on Fifty-sixth street, New York, under the direction of Rev. G. W. McPherson. The Metropolis is feeling the power of this work, in many parts. Three open-air services are conducted daily, in connection with the tent services, and evangelists are engaged to preach at all services. Not in years has the attendance at the tent services been so large. Orchestra music once a week, and the best singing talent are striking features of the services. The impartial testimony of the people who live in the neighborhood of the tent is that great good is being done in the revival centering in the big tent.

Her Forefathers Were Patriots

I wish to thank you many times for the souvenir that we received from you last week. The Declaration of Independence we shall have framed. My great-grandmother was the daughter of Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and my grandmother was a Lee. My mother had an uncle, Richard Lee, named for the same Richard Henry Lee, of whom they were descendants. I am truly very grateful to you for the Story of the Declaration of Independence and History of our Flag. Your paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is a welcome visitor to me. May God prosper you in your good work.

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A MASTER PASSION

ENVY TRANSFORMING A FRIEND TO A MURDERER

By Mrs. M. Baxter

TRUE children of God can stand to each other in closer and more abiding union than can be possible in those who do not possess the same spirit, and do not share the same life from above. It was just when Saul, who had loved David greatly (I. Sam. 16:21) had nevertheless quite forgotten him, that a tie, which was never to be dissolved, began to be formed between David and Jonathan, who was in the position of crown prince. Saul's love went just as far as his purpose was served; this is human love. Jonathan's was of another kind; it was like the love which the Lord Jesus has to us, and like the love which he creates within us wherewith we may love him. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." The life purpose of the two was to serve God, and thus they could be of one mind. And "Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul."

It must have been that Jonathan knew of the Lord's choice of David to be king; and in heart, and by faith in God, he abdicated his rights, stripped himself of the robe which was upon him, and gave it to David, and his apparel, even to his sword and his bow, and to his girdle. How like this is the deep love of Him who emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, yea, the death of the cross" (Phil. 2:7, 8, R.V.)! And it is this love to which the Spirit of God is conforming us when he teaches us by Paul's example to count all things but loss for Christ, and by his precepts to live no longer unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, and rose again. Our Lord renounced his rights for us; we have the inestimable privilege of renouncing our supposed rights for Him. This is love; mutual self-sacrifice.

From this time David lived at court, but very soon such a life became impossible, and God had another school, the school of affliction and persecution, for the man who was after his own heart. The singing women who celebrated the recent victory over the Philistines sang, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands." A bitter spirit of jealousy tempted Saul, and he yielded to the temptation. "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands," he said, "and to me they have ascribed but thousands, and what can he have more but the kingdom?" Is it any wonder that on the morrow an evil spirit from God came mightily upon Saul; another degree of possession than in chap. 16:14; see Matt. 12:43-45? Wherever wilful sin is yielded to, there the door is open to the enemy; there is unspeakable danger in trifling with sin. Saul prophesied in the midst of the house, but under an inspiration from beneath, constrained by the demon which used him as a tool. "David played with his hand"; but things had gone too far now, the evil spirit yielded neither to music nor to the presence of God with David, and he led on Saul from jealousy to murder.

It was the old story of Cain; jealousy indulged ripened into murder. And now began a succession of attempts upon David's life by the man whose position as king of God's covenant people, called for faithfulness to God's commandments, which should have been the example and encouragement to obedience of all his subjects. In the first place, Saul, while David was playing upon the harp to soothe him, cast a javelin at him, and David twice escaped this murderous attempt of the king upon his life. How significant it is that nevertheless Saul was afraid of David, not David of Saul! And Saul's fear of David arose from the fact that the Lord was with David! How the breach was widening between Saul and God! How awful is the state of a man with whom God has had close dealings, but who has never wholly surrendered himself to God! So Saul, who had desired David to stay at court, now found him a post in the army, and God was with him, so that he commanded the love of all the people by his wisdom and righteousness, while their respect for Saul was on the decline.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For the Little Ones who are Passed By

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 650

Sister Dorcas suddenly thought of a five-dollar gold piece that some one had given her a few days before, with the direction: Use it to bring brightness into some shadowed life. Surely this might go to Mark. The shadows were surely falling heavily over his little life, and the five dollars would keep him at the Home two weeks. Other help might come then, and on this slender foundation the suffering child was admitted to the Home.

For weeks, Mark's cough grew worse. Even the rich milk from the Jersey cows, and the careful attention of the nurses did not help him at first. The two weeks passed, but he stayed on—what woman's heart could send him back to certain death? Money came in little sums as the child's story was told, and he stayed on, a month, a year. The crisis passed, and now a visitor at the Home may see a bright-eyed boy, with skin as brown as a berry in the sun and wind, caring for the chickens, making his little garden, happy as the day is long. It is Mark, still at the Invalid Children's Home. He is not well yet, but a little while longer will complete his cure.

"What are you going to do, Mark, when you grow up?"

The question has been asked him several times, at first in sport, then to catch a glimpse of the thoughts in his mind. The first time, soon after he reached the Home, he replied: "I ain't goin' to do anything. The doctors say I'm goin' to die." The next answer came a few months later: "Maybe I'll be a minister, or a doctor—no, I think I'll just stay here, and work in the garden, so more boys can come." The last time the question was asked, a few days ago, Mark replied—his ideas have been enlarging rapidly—"I ain't never goin' back to the city; No, never! I'm goin' to hire out to some farmer just as soon as I get so I can work, and I'm goin' to save my money, and buy a little piece of land around here, and I'm goin' to build a little house on it, and live there always." And his brown face lighted up with pleased anticipation.

This Home for Invalid Children is situated on a beautiful hill in Dutchess County, ninety miles above New York City. It is almost the only institution of the kind in the world. The Fresh-Air movement takes well children to the country, the hospitals and homes for crippled children bring help and light to the very sick child, but what is being done for children like Mark? Or like little Helen, now in the Home, who is not sick enough to go to a hospital, but who from neglect, abuse, and starvation, is so weak, that, though she is nine years old, she falls down in attempting to step from the bare floor to a rug. Is it not time that the heart and help of the Lord's people should be turned toward these little suffering "passed-by" children? We have found them languishing in rooms so dark that there is but little difference between day and night. We have found them with scars on their tender bodies, inflicted by parents, sometimes by the mother—the mark of human teeth! The deep scar of a burn from a red-hot poker!

The Home for Invalid Children will accommodate fifty, and we shall have this number as soon as support can be assured. We have usually an average of about twenty-five children in the Home. There is no endowment for the Home as yet, so we can help only as friends help through us. The Home is managed with the most rigid economy, but there are many expenses—food, fuel, clothes—just the simplest and plainest. We are not anxious, for we know that God will incline the hearts of his children to supply our need.

It costs only ten dollars a month to keep a child in this Home. It nearly breaks our hearts that we have to refuse very many little ones, for refusal means often, that the child will droop and die. What more beautiful way to invest a little money, than in this work? What sweeter way to keep fresh the memory of some other dear child, gone from your home to the heavenly land?

Pray for this beautiful work, and if the Lord incline your heart to write us, either sending help or desiring more information, direct to Deaconess-in-Charge, Invalid Children's Home, Verbank, N. Y. L. R. M.

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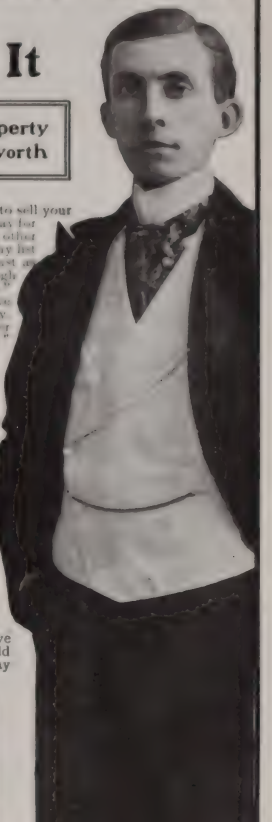

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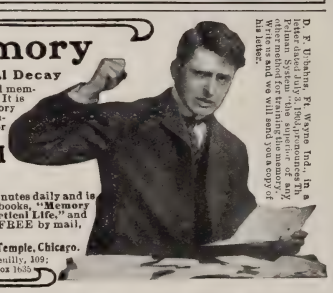

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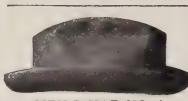

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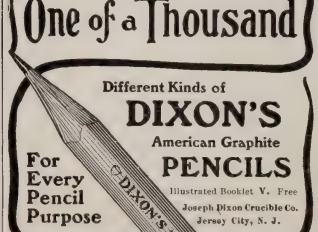

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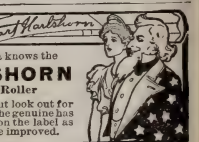

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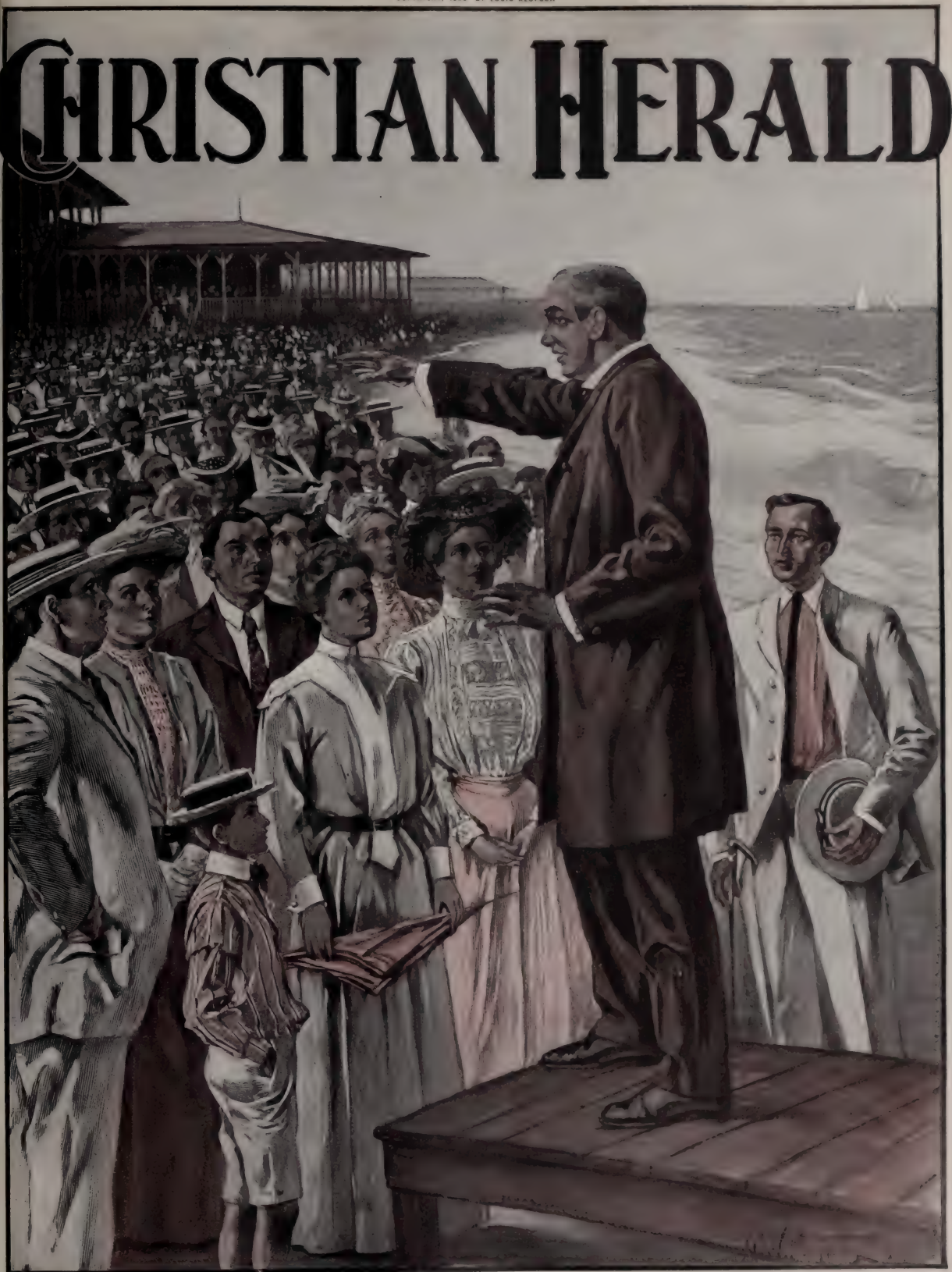


SEE PAGE 671

A "Sunset Service" *on the* Sea-Shore, *at* Ocean Grove, N. J.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Dr. W. H. F., Lexington, Ky. Can you not do something to alleviate the terrible condition of slavery and cannibalism in the Congo State? THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stands always for those who are suffering and oppressed.

Recent exposures and events now in progress promise to put an end to the Belgian brutalities in the Congo State. These outrages are the crowning infamy of King Leopold's reign. It would be an excellent movement for all the missionary societies represented in African work to unite in a vigorous protest in the name of Christianity and civilization.

W. M. H., Ledgerwood, N. D. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of July 15, answering a question regarding cyclones and tornadoes, you say, "God is not the author of evil." Will you please explain Isaiah 45:7?

In the familiar passage referred to by W. M. H., the prophet is dealing primarily with the situation of his people, who were in captivity and about to be released. Cyrus, to whom the words were addressed, believed, as a Persian, in the existence of two rival powers in the universe, one the origin of good and the other of evil. The prophet sweeps all that aside, and declares that all events come from God. The prosperity of Israel came from him, and the calamity which had befallen them—or, as they would say, the evil that had come on the nation—that, too, came from him. Paul teaches the same lesson (Rom. 11:22), "Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God." The prophet never intended to teach that God created moral or physical evil; but that when a nation so favored as Israel was, became faithless and turned from him to idols he had at his command the means of punishment. This is not inconsistent with our answer as to cyclones, which are natural forces, and are not to be regarded as punishment on the victims. Christ expressly warned us against so regarding them (See Luke 13:4, 5).

Mrs. N., Sams Valley, Oreg., writes:

Our interest, our sympathy, our indorsement, are given to the dear brave sister in Walla Walla, and the kind, just treatment you have given her protest against the drink traffic. I, too, come asking help. For many years a patient little company of women have held the W. C. T. U. fort in Medford.

The writer sends a dramatic description of saloon decorations (as they ought to be), and concludes by asking: Does the financial reward compensate the saloon-keeper? We think not. His victims are miserable enough, but he, in the final stages of his body-and-soul-wrecking career, must be the most miserable of all.

Anxious, Tacoma, Wash. When one has hopelessly disgraced himself or herself, and there is no ground for expecting rehabilitation, or restoration to the lost place in society, is not suicide the wisest course? Would not God forgive it in the circumstances?

Suicide is foolish as well as wicked. We can imagine God forgiving it in cases in which the mind is so unbalanced as to be irresponsible, but we cannot see any ground for a sane person hoping for forgiveness for taking away his life. The bravest course is to bear the disgrace, to reform, and by a life of humble usefulness, atone for the sin, whatsoever it may have been. Atonement cannot be made to God, and is unnecessary. Christ has atoned fully, and through him pardon is granted; but your question seems to refer to social relations, and in those, a changed life is counted for atonement. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* is a vivid illustration of a fact that has often been duplicated.

Subscriber, Jefferson, O. Is it right for Christian people and church members to play progressive games of any kind?

We do not agree with those who believe that the life of a good man or woman should be one wholly destitute of enjoyment. There are many recreations that are both proper and profitable. An excellent rule is to abstain from any game or recreation which is identified, even remotely, with gambling, cruelty, licentiousness, inebriation, wicked waste of time, or extravagance in any form. Cards are the implements of the professional gambler, and nothing can efface the stigma that attaches to them. Besides, even though one did not gamble, the mere example may be the means of leading some one else to ruin.

L. W. S., Mendota, Ill. Is there any possibility of the Gospel narratives being fictitious? Did no secular writers or any historian of the time refer to Christ?

There are incidental references to Christ in connection with Christians, by several historians. Tacitus, who was prætor under Domitian in A.D. 88, only fifty-eight years after the Crucifixion, refers to Christ (Annal XV:44). Pliny the younger, who was tribune in Syria about the same time, also refers to him (Epistle X:97). There are also references in Lucian, who lived about the middle of the second century. He states explicitly the fact of Christ having been crucified. Suetonius and Eusebius also refer to Christ. Besides these evidences, there was the persecution of the Christians under Nero, which is recorded by all historians. Nero died A.D. 68, only thirty-eight years after the Crucifixion. It is therefore clear that there were many Christians before that time. How could the sect have come into existence without a founder? If you saw an oak growing in a place where there was no tree fifty years before, you would suspect that some one had planted an acorn there, and if four men told you how, when and by whom it was planted, you would be prepared to believe them. So there is good reason for believing the Gospel narratives, when you read in secular history of the existence of the Christian Church fifty years after the Crucifixion. Their stories are a credible explanation of a well-established fact.

A. T. M. Are the members of another denomination permitted to partake of the sacrament in the Episcopal Church?

Yes, if they have been confirmed.

W. W. Benton, Galesville, Wis. Reading in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the story of John King, the founder of teetotalism, reminded me of an incident that happened many years ago. About 1825 or 1826, Mr. Redfield, a Presbyterian minister, preached two discourses on temperance. My father, my brother, myself and several others formed a Temperance Society, in Greenfield, Saratoga, N.Y. I do not think, therefore, that John King is entitled to be called the Father of Teetotalism.

It is not claimed that there were not temperance societies anterior to John King's day. His, however, was the first teetotal organization, so-called. Prior to that time the designation "teetotal," had never been used.

J. P. F., Atlanta, Ga. Is there no place where I can send my boy (13) to be educated and brought under good Christian influence at a moderate cost, such as a working man can afford? For him to run the streets, with no one to care for him, is worse than suicide.

This letter has been submitted to the editors of *The Outlook*, New York, who make a special study of educational matters, and as the reply may interest many other readers in the South, we give it as follows:

While we know of some schools and homes in the North where the boy would be under the influences desired, we presume that it would be most practical for him to receive his training in his own section. We would therefore suggest that your correspondent write to Mr. George R. Cherry, secretary of the Organized Charity Association, 454 First street, Macon, Ga.; to Dr. T. D. Longino, Atlanta, Ga., and to Edgar Gardner Murphy, Concord, Mass., for information as to the educational opportunities for the lad in his own State. Any of these gentlemen will be acquainted with the local institutions and schools, and can give definite counsel. If your correspondent is a colored man, we would refer his inquiry to Mr. Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala.

G.G.,——. 1. Is not the Old Testament command, to give one-tenth to the Lord, still in force? 2. If a man who gains his money dishonestly drops a five dollar bill, is the finder justified in giving it away in charity, seeing that the loser neglects his duty in that matter?

1. Christians are expected to give to the Lord's cause, but as in other matters they are not under the law. They are left free, but they certainly should give as much in their liberty, as the Jew gave under compulsion. There are, however, cases in which the gift of one-tenth would be too great a proportion, while there are other cases in which one-tenth would be too small. A widow, with young children and only ten dollars a week, could ill-afford to give a dollar; while a bachelor with a hundred dollars a week, could well afford to give more than ten. It is the spirit that counts, not the amount given. If the spirit is consecrated, the gifts are sure to come. 2. The finder of the bill should restore it to the loser, and should not give it away in charity. He has no right to give away another man's money.

E. M. P., Sharpsburg, Pa. Is crystal-gazing a science, or a forbidden practice? Is it identical with the Urim and Thummim of ancient Jewry, or not? I have a strong inclination for things occult, but I want to be sure that I am right, before I go on.

Crystal-gazing, star-gazing, astrology, and their kindred occult mysteries, are among the pseudo, or false sciences, which mislead, and do not benefit mankind. They are mostly practiced by charlatans who prey upon the credulous. We advise you to let them severely alone. Do your duty, and leave the future in God's hands.

Myrtle Jackson, a Virginia Sunshiner, writes:

I am an invalid, and wanting to do something for Jesus, I started to get money to send some of New York City's poor to Mont-Lawn. God has helped me in realizing this amount ($7.25), and I pray that it may help some little ones enjoy life a few days, and learn about Jesus and how he loves his little children. And I do pray he will help you in the good work you are doing. I am trying to do all I can to bring sunshine to other's lives.

This is a very precious offering, and one deserving of special recognition. Such patience and self-denial will surely bring blessing.

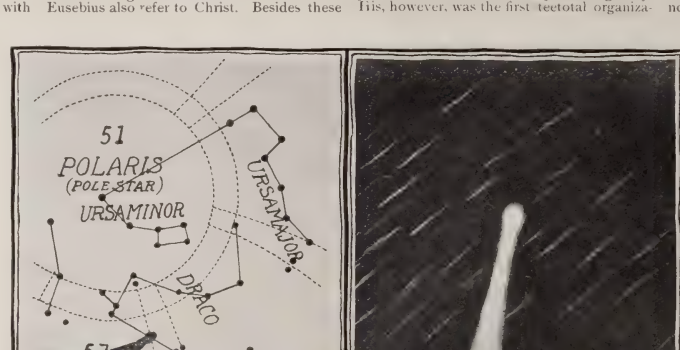
Inquirer. 1. Do animals go to heaven? Is there anything in the Bible to show whether they do or not? If so, where? Doesn't the God who cares for everything give the animals a hereafter? Heaven would be a lonesome place for me if my pets were not there, too. 2. Is it true that we are only married on earth and will not be husband and wife in the great hereafter? If we do know our husband or wife in heaven, what will the second or even fifth husband or wife do?

1. There is nothing in Scripture on the subject, if we except II. Kings 2:12 and 6:17; Joel 2:4, Rev. 6 and 9 chapters, and similar passages. 2. You have repeated the question which the Sadducees put to Christ. See his answer, Mark 12:24-27 and Luke 20:35, 36.

G. E. N., Unadilla, Ga. When a boy, over fifty years ago, I was a Sunday School scholar in a Presbyterian Sunday School, and in one of the books was a poem, the first lines of which read thus:

To think of summers yet to come,
That I am not to see,
The last lines I think run thus:
When all that can die shall be dead
Oh where shall I appear!

Can any of your readers tell me where to find this poem?



THE GREAT BORELLI COMET, NOW VISIBLE IN THE HEAVENS

Borelli's comet, now visible in the skies, has been photographed by the Yale Astronomical Observatory. It is steadily increasing in brilliance, and can be seen with the aid of a field telescope. It has two tails (as shown in the photograph), and is traveling rapidly sunward. Its closest approach will be 31,000,000 miles from the sun. On August 27 it will begin to recede, and will gradually disappear.

A writer in the New York *Sun* has the following verses on the celestial visitor:

O wayward world, thou fleeting, wandering star,
Now rising in the firmament afar;
With bulk of earth a myriad times combined,
Stupendous tails, four million miles behind;
Whence comest thou? And whither dost thou go?
What dost portend to mortals here below?
Dost thou bear evil tidings to mankind?
With ruin will thy path be strewn behind?
The universe in terror looks upon
Thee in thy race, so madly rushing on.
Throughout the realms of vast and endless space,
Canst thou not find thine own appointed place?
Or art thou some lost world being now destroyed,
That once, like planets fixed, full rest enjoyed?
May one full potent and majestic sun
Hold thee in check, nor let thee reckless run,
With no fixed friendly planet interfere,
And send thee safely from our system here.
The moon and all the stars suffice as lamps;
A need have we for no celestial tramps.
May no obstruction hinder in thy flight—
Good night! thou wayward, wandering world,
good night!
—B.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

GOING TO THE FLOWER FESTIVAL | HOLIDAY SCENE IN TOKIO STREETS | HOME ENTERTAINMENT

FESTIVAL DAYS IN JAPAN

ALTHOUGH it is by no means certain that the proverbial "war-cloud," which lately threatened to involve Russia and Japan in hostilities, has been permanently dispersed, there is nothing in the tone of recent letters from Japan which would indicate that the Mikado's subjects are at all troubled over the situation. Tokio is as gay and its people as merry as at any time in its history. Feasts and holidays are celebrated with as much zest as though war were a thousand years off, at the very least. He was an observant philosopher who called Japan the "Third Kingdom of Merry Dreams," for their amusement is universal, and there are times when one is impressed with the conviction that the whole nation is laughing, or at least in the mood.

In Tokio, the flower festivals are accounted among the great events of the year. The calendar (writes Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore), is divided into the time of the camellia, the plum, the cherry, the wisteria, the lotus, the chrysanthemum, and the maple. Cherry and maple represent, respectively, spring and autumn. At the New Year the streets of Tokio are crowded with merry-makers and illuminated at night by thousands of torches and gay lanterns, while fairs are held in every direction. One of the prettiest of all is the Tokio festival of the blossoming of the cherry. On such days Nyero Park is crowded with gay parties of the middle classes. Temple bells toll softly, happy voices fill the air, and groups gather under the big trees to drink tea, while benches are set under the cherry trees, upon which people sit for hours and dine and sup merrily. The common people frequent the avenue Mukojenia, along the river, which is lined for two miles with double rows of cherry trees. Boating parties, men in masquerade, samisen-players, and many other kinds of amusement are indulged, and although there is a good deal of sake drinking, brawls and rowdyism are almost unknown.

Then in June there are the iris fetes, and thereafter, as summer advances, the flower festivals follow each other in rapid succession. August ushers in the great lotus show in Tokio. In the park lakes acres of these beautiful plants are seen in full bloom. In autumn, the whole empire is decked with the red, white and yellow flowers of the chrysanthemum, the height of the festival of the national flower being reached on the Mikado's birthday, which is a universal fete, being marked by flower-shows everywhere throughout Japan. Floral masquerades, jugglers, fakirs, acrobats, pedlers, make Tokio a scene of rare attractions for the visitor.

But there are many other Japanese festivals besides those of the flowers. In the temples the religious celebrations are numerous and imposing. Then there are five great annual festivals, half religious, half social, viz: The New Year, the Festival of the Dolls, devoted to the female children, in which all the dolls in the home are entertained by the little girls at a banquet; the Feast of Banners, in honor of the boys; the Feast of Lanterns, when little girls parade at night, carrying big lanterns and singing with all their might; and the Feast of Chrysanthemums—a family celebration, in which chrysanthemum flowers are scattered over the cups of tea and wine. Of minor festivals there is also quite a large list.

Notwithstanding many drawbacks, the work of our Christian missionaries is making excellent progress among the Japanese. They are intensely interested in Western ideas, dress and education.

In a letter from Missionary Florence H. Learned, stationed at Kyoto, the writer draws a most entertaining picture of kindergarten work among the native children. She writes:

Last spring, we cultivated silkworms, to show the children the development of animal life, from the hatching out of the eggs to the laying of the eggs again. A friend sent us by mail a slip of paper, the size of a letter envelope, all covered with tiny specks of eggs. It was an interesting sight to see these take on life and grow between two and three inches long, and as big around as a common lead pencil, living all the time on mulberry leaves daintily cut up for them. Two of our teachers were "experts" in the business. The children took delight in bringing leaves from their homes. One family gave us ten small mulberry trees, which are growing in our yard for this special purpose. It takes quantities of leaves to satisfy them. From out one paper of eggs came hundreds of worms, and the result at the end was two skeins of beautiful white silk thread.

Curiously enough, these silkworms were quite like Christians in observing one day of rest in every seven. After a certain number of weeks, when they showed signs of wishing to spin cocoons, a sheaf of straw stood in the corner of the room, and as the worms were ready, they were laid at the foot of it. Each one had sense enough to crawl up a stem of straw and settle down, and then spin the beautiful soft white silk house in which it sleeps, to awake a butterfly, which flutters till it breaks its cocoon and flies away free to enjoy life for a short season, lay its eggs and die. The sheaf was a beautiful sight, with all those soft white cocoons fast to it. Some of them we let develop into butterflies, but most of them were taken off and put into a deep pan of boiling hot water, over a fire, and the ends of the threads gathered and reeled off on to a tiny reel. It took eleven cocoons to make one small strand of thread. All this was done before the children's eyes, they helping when there was anything they could do.

I would like every American child to have the experience of growing silkworms for one season.

Another delight the children have both spring and fall is going out on little excursions of an hour or two with their teachers, once a week. Right opposite the kindergarten is a large and beautiful park. The Imperial Household Department has granted us a permit to take the children into the park. I think I have told you of their little flower-plots in the kindergarten yard, along the fence, each one a foot and a half by two feet. There are fifty of them. I have given out seeds, put in orders and soon a paper pinwheel is set out in each one, and later on each little owner will stick a nasturtium seed into the soil. At each place is stuck a written card, a bamboo stick with mark to show which is a mistake as to which plot belongs to whom. At present, English [illegible] are blooming profusely all along the back of this long row of little beds. The flowers are [illegible] some go to sick absent pupils, or to a sick mother or other person of the family.

The Emperor's birthday comes as an occasion on which to display the patriotic spirit.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 670

A HOLIDAY SHOW OF ACROBATS IN A TOKIO SQUARE

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Housekeepers and Servants

TEXT—PSALM 123: 2: "As the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress"

TWO weeks ago, "The Privilege of Being a Consecrated Domestic," was my subject. To-day I preach from another standpoint of this vitally important theme, namely: "The Relations of Wives, Mothers, and Housekeepers, to their Servants." We would try to show that the antagonisms and difficulties and estrangements, existing between the parlor and the kitchen, are due to faults upon both sides. It is easy enough for the complaining housewife to develop such keenness of censorious vision, that she can see innumerable imperfections in her servant's life. But when plucking the motes from out of her humble sister's eyes, it is not always so easy for the mistress to perceive the beam, the huge destructive beam, projecting from under her own overarching eyebrows.

That the housekeeper as well as the servant can be negligent in her duty, there is no doubt. The Psalmist, as a spiritual diagnostician of the heart's weaknesses, asserts it. He figuratively seems to place the mistress as a prototype before her domestics. Then, as a young artist crosses the seas to study at the feet of the old masters, and sits day in and day out copying a Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," or a Paul Veronese's "Last Supper," or a Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," or a Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," the Psalmist raises the mistress upon a pedestal as a model for her servants. Day in and day out, the actions of the parlor are being duplicated in the kitchen. Adam Clark, the great commentator, interprets these words of my text in the following way: "As servants look to their masters and mistresses to see how they do their work, that they may do it in the same way," so may we correct some of the evils found in the kitchen by exposing the evils practised in the parlor. All virtues are not clothed in broadcloth. All feminine unfaithfulness and injustice does not warm itself near a kitchen stove, or centre in a stupid and stolid head with a waitress's cap, or nestle in the selfish heart of the girl, who, wearing a nurse's apron, pushes the baby's carriage along the avenue. If the head of the house wishes her servants to be faithful and true to her, then she must first set an example of faithfulness. She must be true and kind, and loving and Christianlike to her servants, and to all the people with whom she comes in contact in her domestic walk of daily life.

Corrupting Example

The housekeeper is her servant's model. That implies that the mistress must be honest if she wants her servants to be honest. Plato, the philosopher, once tried to convey the idea that an evil man's deeds could be concealed, at least for a time. He illustrated this thought by the story of the fabled Gyges' ring, which could make the false actions of its wearer invisible to the naked eye. "Thus," wrote Plato the Greek, "the truly honest man is the one who would be honest at all times when he could be dishonest and his dishonesty never be found out." But is such a contingency possible? Who can ever be sure that his dishonesty is safely hidden? The eyes of rivals, of subordinates, of employees are keen and see more than we know. They are apt to imitate, too, both the good and the bad, so that one wrong-doer may cause deterioration through whole circles of his social inferiors. In the home, as in business, the example of dishonesty has always the tendency to recoil on the wrong-doer. The merchant who connives at his clerks' cheating of the customers in his interest, must not be surprised if the clerks cheat him in their own interest. If a farmer knowingly sends false weights to market, and when he is packing a barrel of apples places the good apples upon the top of the barrel and a lower grade of fruit beneath, that farmer is teaching his farm-hands to be deceitful in their relations to him when they are gathering the fruit. He is teaching his men to lie as he has lied, and be dishonest, as he was dishonest. If the bank officials criminally misplace the institution's trust funds, there is likely to come a time when one of those bank employees will default, and in the emptied safe of that bank, the sins of that financial institution will, like the proverbial chickens, come home to roost. A step farther! If a housewife will bid her waiting-maid answer the front-door bell and tell the would-be caller that she is out, when she is in, that mistress is teaching her servant to be a liar in all things as well as in part. If a wife is false in her dealings with her grocer and butcher, and washerwoman, and false in her financial dealings with her servants, she need not be surprised if the laundress steals the stray handkerchiefs and collars, and the cook sinfully wastes the butter and filches the cupboard, and perhaps goes so far as to sell the potatoes and the eggs. If a housewife, to protect herself, is unjust to her servants, and turns them off at a moment's notice when she is leaving for the country vacation, then she should not grumble if her servants treat her in the same way.

Dishonesty is contagious. Dishonesty is an immoral germ which is apt to spread through a whole family as the diphtheria germ often in the olden times used to destroy all the children of one household. The sinful plague of dishonesty and untruthfulness and unfaithfulness does not always enter a home by the back door. It is sometimes comfortably installed in the boudoir long before it appears in the servants' quarters, and its first nap in a household is taken upon the parlor sofa and not by resting in a kitchen chair. The mistress, in spite of herself, is an exemplar to the domestic. Very often when the housewife is finding fault with her servant, she is denouncing the malformed results of her own evil life.

Sympathy Needed

The housekeeper is the domestic's model also in the matter of sympathy. If she wishes the servants to be sympathetic with her troubles, then the housekeeper must be sympathetic with theirs. Her knowledge of her servants ought not to be limited to their service. She should take an interest in their personal concerns and give them counsel and help in their difficulties. Trials are the common lot of our race. The trials of the household will be all the easier to bear if the housekeeper and her servant meet them with clasped hands, each calling the other her sister.

Servants sometimes seem to have no sympathy with the wear and tear, and the sorrows and the sicknesses of their housekeeper's life. They seem to be foreigners dwelling for a little while under the roof of a home with nothing in common between themselves and their mistress. Mr. Beecher once described a summer jaunt through Germany. He said that it was one of the strangest experiences he ever had, because up to that time he had never placed his foot upon European soil. All about him were men and women living a distinct life of their own. They bought and they sold, traveled in railroad trains, and ate in hotels. These people lived alongside of him. Yet he was a thousand miles away from them. He could not speak their language. He had nothing with which to draw him and them together. So some of the servants living under our roofs seem to speak a foreign tongue. They never seem to become "familized." They do not care what happens to us in any way. If death comes, or sickness comes, or great trouble comes, they will heartlessly leave us at a moment's notice, to get along the best way we can.

But, housekeepers, why should you expect your domestics to sympathize with you in your time of trouble? You say that your cook left you during that awful crisis when your husband was hovering between life and death on account of typhoid fever. But have you ever sympathized with your servant in her sicknesses? Tell me frankly, have you ever stopped for one moment to realize that you had a human being, an immortal soul, working for you in the kitchen, or have you regarded her only as a little cog in the domestic machinery, which can be thrown away as soon as it is useless? Your eyes have been red with weeping from sitting up by your baby's crib. Did you think to ask why your chambermaid's eyes were red with weeping, on the day after she received that letter with a foreign postmark? You have had a hard financial struggle to get along and make ends meet. You have complained again and again because the female help are so wasteful. You say, "They will let the furnace go out, and then you must start it up again with extra coal and wood. They will not turn down the gas in the dining-room and the parlor, and in the halls, and they do not care if the bills run up. They will throw away good meat, because they are too indolent to cook it in another form." But, my sister, did you ever stop to sympathize with your servant's financial struggle?

Heroines of the Kitchen

Some of those girls are humble heroines. We think of a heroine as a Grace Darling, rowing away from her father's lighthouse, in the teeth of an awful storm, to save a shipwrecked crew. Under the plain dress of your humble domestic, there may be beating as brave a heart as that of the famous young English girl. Why is she working, and so carefully economizing? For herself? Oh, no. She is perhaps sending home all her wages to support her old parents, or to help educate her orphaned brothers and sisters. If you were to go into your servants' room to-day, perhaps you would find they did not have sufficient clothes to keep them warm. Why should your servants sympathize with your troubles if you care so little for theirs?

Sympathy, God-given, practical sympathy, can break down many a barrier which to-day separates the kitchen from the parlor. Christopher Columbus' life proves what well-directed sympathy can do. After the great Genoese mariner had returned from his voyages of discovery, jealousies arose. He was thrown into prison, and manacled with irons. The effects of these persecutions was to make Columbus' heart as dead as stone. A popular writer of that day described the new world, and stole away its rightful name. The two continents which should bear the title of Columbia, are called America. Columbus said nothing. His enemies lied about him, and called him a traitor. Columbus said nothing. But one day he was brought before the Spanish throne. He came into the royal palace a stern-faced man. He looked up and saw the eyes of Queen Isabella wet with sympathetic tears. At once this strong and sullen hero wavered. He knelt before the throne, and buried his face in his hands, and wept, until his frame shook with emotion. Sympathy, God-given sympathy, placed Columbus at Isabella's feet; not the chains, not the persecutions, not the upbraidings, not the indifferences. So, my sister, if you expect your servants to be sympathetic with you, be as Queen Isabella, who sympathized with Columbus' troubles. You must sympathize with theirs.

Examples of Domestic Life

The housekeeper is the servant's model, also in devotion to the home. The servants will inevitably fail to appreciate the dignity and nobility of domestic service, unless their mistresses feel that the highest honor any woman can have is to preside over, and dedicate her life to her home.

The name of Home ought to have for every true housewife a charmed sound. It ought to be spelt by her, as her grandmothers used to spell it, in many letters of gold. It ought to be spelled in tongues of flame, glowing above the hearthstone. It ought to be spelled in a word of eleven letters, "opportunity"; in another word of nine letters, "happiness." It ought to be spelled in two words, the one of eight and the other of three letters, "maternal joy." It ought to be spelled in another word of seven letters, "liberty." The true wife should never want to be anywhere but under the shadow of her home. But though Mary Anderson, the queen of the American stage, gladly abdicated her theatrical throne in order to be queen of her domestic fireside, a dangerous tendency of this age is for wives and mothers to vacate their domestic thrones. They want to hand over the kitchen to their cooks. They want to leave their children under the exclusive control of the nurses. They want to be separated from their husbands, on account of their clubs. They want to be liberally educated in everything on earth, except in the old-fashioned way of learning how to be a good housewife and mother.

False Pride

Now, housekeepers, is it right to expect your servants to be proud to work in the kitchen, when you yourself are ashamed to be found doing kitchen work? Is it more of an intellectual accomplishment to be able to speak poor French, than it is to cook good bread? Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General of Canada, did not think so. A few years ago, in a public speech, he said that the most pleasant experience of his sojourn in America was in the following incident: He was, in an official capacity, traveling through one of the Canadian Provinces, and was stopping at a prominent official's home. After an elaborate meal, perfectly cooked and perfectly served, he turned to the hostess and congratulated her upon her cook. With that the lady's face lighted up with pleasure, as she answered, "My Lord, I thank you for your compliment. Your words of praise sink deep into my heart. This afternoon, our regular cook was taken sick, and so my daughter took her place. She will be in presently from the kitchen. You can then, face to face, congratulate her upon her success."

Is it a disgrace, as many women seem to think it is, for a mother to be seen wheeling her baby-carriage along the street with her own flesh and blood in that carriage? For my own part, I think such a public sight of a wife and mother is a far more honorable one than for such a woman to be seen carrying around a pet dog, or to be seen out driving with a French poodle by her side. I say unto you, oh wives and mothers, that you can never get your servants to appreciate the nobility of a domestic calling, until you yourself fully realize that the greatest work and the most honorable work you

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Worshiping *on* Mount Tabor

IT would be difficult to find a more picturesque or attractive locality for a summer religious gathering than the grounds of the Mount Tabor Camp-meeting Association. Picture a fine tract of land, 125 acres in extent, finely diversified with mountain, glen and woodlands, and with beautiful groves and extensive recreation grounds, the whole being 700 feet above sea level. This retreat is located in Morris County, N. J., thirty-five miles distant from New York City. The grove is adorned with majestic chestnut trees, the scenery is delightful, the atmosphere invigorating, and there is an abundance of the purest water. Beautiful for situation, the camping-ground is like a little city in the woods. There are over 225 residences, many of them being elegant and artistic. Many of the avenues are named after the bishops of the Methodist Church and are very prettily laid out. The grounds are lighted by gas and electricity. Among the literary attractions is a free public library.

Mount Tabor's chief interest is its religious services. It was organized as the camp meeting ground for the Newark Methodist Conference. The purchase was made in 1868, the mother of Bishop Fitzgerald heading the enterprise, by the purchase of the first lot sold. For thirty-five years it has been the scene of an annual camp meeting. Many of these gatherings have been occasions of marvelous spiritual power. People flocked to these grounds by the thousands, and many signal displays of converting and sanctifying grace have often been witnessed.

The Association has a large auditorium and pavilion, with good accommodations for open-air services. One of the special religious features is the regular service held at the residence of the venerable Mrs. Fitzgerald.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE NEWARK CONFERENCE AT MOUNT TABOR, N. J.

Fervent and helpful services are held almost daily during the season under her direction, and many have found a Saviour within these sacred walls.

The season for Mount Tabor begins in May, continuing until October. Regular religious services, with preaching, prayer meeting, and class meetings are sustained; concerts of various kinds are held, also, occasionally, social receptions and lawn parties. Two camp-meetings are held, the "holiness meeting," under the direction of Mrs. Fitzgerald, and the meeting under the leadership of the conference committee. The dates for the present season are: the first from Aug. 11 to 17; the second from Aug. 18 to 31.

Previous to the conference camp meeting there are four large gatherings: the W. C. T. U., the W. F. M. S., and the W. H. M. S. hold conventions, and the Epworth League holds a rally. Two notable concerts will be given under the direction of Prof. D. D. Eaton. The treasurer of the society is Mr. J. S. Richardson, Mr. J. H. Cox is superintendent, and the board of trustees is made up of good Christian business men interested in Mount Tabor. The president, Rev. A. B. Richardson, D.D., has proved himself an exceedingly capable officer in executive and financial ability, as well as in presiding at the various gatherings. The Mount Tabor *Observer*, edited by T. F. Crane, celebrates its fifteenth anniversary this season. Mr. Crane, who is an artist as well as editor, has supplied the photographs accompanying this article.

All the services at Mount Tabor are deeply spiritual and helpful, and those who attend them find them an inspiration to higher and nobler lives.

Housekeepers *and* Servants

A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. *Continued*

can have, is that which is to be found within the four walls of a consecrated home.

The housekeeper is her servants' model. Then she must give to them her love as well as her sympathy. "Oh, no," some housewife answers, "I could not love my servants. I could sympathize with them in their troubles, but I could not love them. Why, if I loved them, I should have to receive them into the 'Holy of Holies' of my heart. I should in one sense have to make them part of my own family. I cannot place my servants side by side with my children." Yes, my sister, you can love as well as sympathize with your domestics. You can give them your heart as well as your hand. They can learn to love you.

Housewives, if you will only learn to love your servants, and make their interests your interests, that love would be returned to you in a thousand blessings. We can prove this by the silver cords of affection which bound some of the Southern planters to their black slaves. Did not those slaves return their masters' love by a noble devotion? There was many and many a woman in the South who, after her husband had been shot in the Civil War, would have starved to death, had not the strong-limbed negroes who worked for her as "slaves of the law," continued, of their own free will, to work for her as "slaves of love." There was many a wounded Confederate soldier who would have died, had not his body-servant, who easily could have escaped into the Northern lines, gladly and willingly and prayerfully nursed him back to health and strength. There is many a servant working to-day as a hireling in some home, who, if she was loved by her mistress, would return a wealth of affection and devotion, such as she herself does not believe herself capable of giving. The true interpretation of love means simply this: If you love your servants, you will take them into your life, and make their interests your interests. And by your loving them, they will let you creep into their hearts, and make your interests their interests.

The housekeeper is the domestic's model also in religion. Therefore, by her life she should teach her servants that religion is not a mere sham, but a reality, and that the noblest of all lives is that consecrated to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. It has been said that "No man is a hero to his valet." Therefore, "No mistress could be a true Christian exemplar for her servant." That statement is only partly true. No housewife, if she is leading an insincere life, can have a true spiritual influence over her servants. The nearer you come to the huge piece of rock in the Yellowstone Park, which in the distance seems to be the face of a man, the more you see its jagged corners and distorted features. The nearer a servant comes to an insincere mistress, the more she is repulsed by her pretensions to religion; but the nearer a domestic comes to a pure, true, noble woman, who is earnestly and prayerfully trying to follow out the teaching of the Christ-love, the more she realizes the importance of living for eternity and not for time; for Christ, and not for pleasure; for present duty, and not for a transient whim.

The greatest cause of unfaithfulness and dishonesty in the kitchen is the fact that your servant-girl is not converted to Christ. Perhaps the chief reason why your servant is not converted, is that she does not see you, her mistress, a professing Christian, living the Christian life you ought to live. My sister, is it not time for you to turn over a new leaf and start afresh for Christ? Is it not a good resolve to try to settle this "servant question," once for all, by surrendering yourself, body and mind and soul, to the service of your Master?

The spiritual influence which a consecrated Christian woman can have over the life of her servant, was well shown by Rev. Francis E. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society. He told this beautiful story soon after his return from China. The wife of an American missionary, who was massacred in the late Chinese uprising, was one day teaching a Sunday School class, among whom was one of her Chinese servants. This servant girl, by coming in contact with her mistress, was not only led to the feet of Christ, but also was led to believe that her faithful mistress was her true spiritual adviser. So this day, the young girl looked up into the face of this Christian lady and said: "Missionary, as you talk about the great joys of heaven, I would like to ask you a question. Will we know each other when we reach heaven? Will you know your father and mother, and husband and little children? Will you know me, and I know you?" "Yes," answered the Christian lady. "Then, missionary," said the poor Chinese servant, "you have been so kind to me, that when I get to heaven, I am going to ask Jesus to just let me sit by your side and hold your hand forever, and ever, and ever." Oh, mistresses! oh, housewives, and housekeepers, in your dealings with your servants may you reveal the same gentle Christian life that the martyred Christian lady showed to her household. In your prayers, in your consecration, in your family altars, in the purity of your life, may you always help your household servants to look beyond the grave, and to look up. Then there will be no untaithful or slothful domestics.

Housewives and housekeepers, heed well the importance of consecrating your lives to Christ, not only for your own sake, but also for the sake of your servants. Remember that it is far easier for you to commit a sin against those whom you suppose to be lower than you, than it is against those whom you suppose are above you. It is easier for a parent to sin against a child, than for the child to defy a parent. It is easier for a king to do an open wrong to a subject, than for a subject to flagrantly sin against a king. And remember further, that God judges our actions just as much in how we treat our cattle as our masters; our underlings as our employers; our servants as our husbands and wives. May the Spirit inspire every housewife to live such a holy life that her servants can well take her as a spiritual model, and can see in her face a reflection of the Christ, who willingly became the servant of all.

FESTIVAL DAYS IN JAPAN

Continued From Page 667

The kindergarten's patriotic fire is kindled some weeks beforehand by the learning of a song appropriate to the day, and they are carefully instructed as to the meaning of the day, and the national song is rehearsed. A few days before, little flags are made—the red sun on a white ground—and also purple flags, with the chrysanthemum crest of the Emperor. The children are allowed to make one apiece of each kind. On the national day, after the opening exercises, we have our little burst of patriotism in a short ceremony. The flags are given to the children, they sing their song and the national song, and then they are given oranges and bean cakes.

Next month the city of Kyoto has an educational exhibit at which the schools of the city, from the Imperial University to the Kindergartens, will be represented. We have been invited to take part and are busy getting ready. Though a small part, I hope it will be a fairly creditable one.

There are our mothers' meetings, connected with our work here, which are well attended, also a sewing class and two cooking classes, besides many homes open for Christian work. Indeed, the opportunities for service are numberless. The first cooking class is made up of women from the nobles' families near us, and from the families of the Kyoto Imperial University professors. They seem anxious to learn foreign cooking. Some are interested in the Bible, and thus, we hope, they may be led on to spiritual things. They are delightful women to meet socially—women of influence in their own circles—they come to us in silk and crepe gowns, to peel potatoes, stir up bread, and engage in the kitchen work, which cooking entails. We have no servant to wait on us, and these ladies work under my direction.

* * *

As to the sewing-class—there is a "fad" in Japan, now, for "foreign style clothes" for children, and it would seem as though another generation would see Japan in foreign dress. It is another means, just now, for the great end in view—bringing the Gospel message to those who will not hear it in other ways. The outcome is, that our work is looked upon with kindly eyes by the whole neighborhood. The change in this respect in the last few years is really wonderful, and it is worth a great deal to have it so.

* * *

Our Sunday School has grown satisfactorily during the past year. It is now about one hundred in numbers. Sometimes more, sometimes less. The Sunday evening Bible class and preaching service are well attended. Prof. Aoki, of the Doshisha Theological School, has charge of these, and is also the superintendent. Last November we had a week of good evangelistic services, conducted by Mr. Seimatsu Kimura, a graduate of the Moody Institute, Chicago. Many decided for Christ, and many of them have now united with the church.

FLORENCE H. LEARNED.

Miss Learned's letter is one of many that show the substantial progress our missionaries are making among the natives, especially among the young people. Such work promises well for the intellectual and spiritual future of the Japanese.

Henry Norman wrote, not long ago, that there was "very much in Japanese life that was purely Oriental (in the bad sense) and barbaric (in the good sense)." Their religious spectacles, instead of corresponding to those of Spain, Mexico or Manila, Mr. Norman declared, were more like the barbaric performances of New Guinea. This picture, however, was probably overdrawn, although it is true that primitive beliefs underlie the national religions of Japan—Shentoism and Buddhism. Shento is the State religion. According to recent statistics there were 152 great Shento temples, and 192,207 shrines, secondary temples, and small wayside chapels in the Mikado's dominions, the whole being in the care of nearly 55,000 priests. The Buddhist temples, shrines and priests were considerably less numerous. There is unquestionably a marked improvement in Japanese morals in the last quarter of a century. In the popular literature, the character of the *matsuri* or temple festivals, the behavior at picnics and parades, and the general social conditions as a whole, the tendency has been upward. The earlier missionaries found immorality quite as difficult a problem as idolatry and much more tenacious. But the missionaries and Christian teachers toiled on, and the moral advancement of to-day is a part of the result of their consecrated labors.

* * *

Dr. Karl Gutzlaff was the first missionary to make the Japanese acquainted with the Word of God in their native tongue, his translation of the Gospel and Epistles of John being printed in 1839. Subsequently Luke and Acts were translated by Rev. Dr. Bettelheim in 1854. Other parts of the Word followed, but it was not until 1880 that the entire New Testament was published in the Japanese vernacular. The Old Testament followed in 1882, and in 1888 a public gathering was held to celebrate the event. In 1889, the complete Japanese Bible was issued by the three great Bible societies of the United States, England and Scotland, and it is to-day widely distributed throughout the length and breadth of the Mikado's empire.

THE MIKADO'S PALACE, AT HAKONE

A NATIVE BED—SIMPLY MATS AND ROLLER

A NIGHT AT THE BOWERY MISSION

By S. H. HADLEY,
Superintendent of the Water Street Mission

WHO can describe the Bowery—the great, restless, seething, crowding thoroughfare—with its tides of humanity passing up and down in an endless stream?

The Bowery is over a mile long, over one hundred feet from curb to curb, with a wide sidewalk. It reaches from Chatham Square to Cooper Union. Fourth avenue and Third avenue pour their crowds into it. Park Row from City Hall to the Post Office empties its thousands into it, and all are swallowed up in the Bowery. Madison avenue, Third avenue and Second avenue trolley cars sweep up and down ringing their gongs to clear the track. Thousands of heavy trucks pass all day long, and a double line of Elevated Railroad thunders overhead.

Every specimen of humanity can be seen here; the merchant, the manufacturer, the banker and the "bum" rub against each other all day. One passing that way for the first time could not see much. He would be so confused with the crowd and noise, he probably would turn off on some other street.

* * *

About eight o'clock P.M. the Bowery begins to wake up. Below Grand street especially, signs appear that have not been visible throughout the day. Dives and dens of infamy of every description open up to catch the unwary. "Crooks" of every degree are on hand for business. Every species of gambling, from the slot machine to "craps" and roulette, is going on; secretly, of course, but with a sharp lookout. Down midway between Canal and Bayard street, on the East side of the Bowery, at No. 55, is a building of which I wish to speak. It is the Bowery Mission. The wonder of a stranger would be that any one would be brave enough to attempt to carry on a religious work in such a place, but such a work is carried on there, and its power has been felt to the ends of the earth. On one side is a large rum shop; on the other, a huge lodging-house with over 300 beds, and within pistol-shot are 10,000 people sleeping in lodging-houses, at prices ranging from five cents to twenty-five cents.

This blessed Lighthouse, which pours out its glorious strains of music, that rise and swell even above the awful din of the Bowery, stands just on the edge of Chinatown, whither hundreds of poor girls have been drawn by the opium habit. They finally take up their abode with the Chinamen, and only come out when carried to the morgue.

* * *

Never was a vine of God's own planting set down amid such surroundings of sin and crime as this old Bowery Mission. Outside passes an endless stream of humanity. The big thief, the little thief, confidence men of all kinds; the half drunk, the wholly drunk and the maudlin drunk; the "bum" and tramp; the deserted and desperate wife; the fallen woman, leering along trying to attract attention, and the timid girl out on her first trip, all pass the open, hospitable doors of this home of rest which looms up like a glorious lighthouse to guide the mariner in the midst of dangers. It has stood there many years, and has weathered many a storm. At one time, when the consecrated men who started this work had passed away, one by one, the great question of closing the mission arose. City churches were appealed to, but without success. At last, when it seemed as though this blessed landmark for Jesus was about to be blotted out, Dr. Louis Klopsch voluntarily took upon his own shoulders the responsibility of carrying on this work, and has done so ever since.

The writer paid a visit to the Bowery Mission the other evening. Dear reader, let me take you along. A most wonderful organ poured forth its sweet tones into the street, inviting all who heard to come. The player was Victor H. Benke, now a professor and composer of some of the best known church music. How did this Bowery Mission get hold of such talent? Why, he came in, as did all the rest, a homeless outcast, to get something to eat. He came to one of Mrs. Bird's Sunday morning breakfasts. The room was crowded when the writer entered, and Prof. Lou. W. Brown, once an opera singer, was leading the song service. I noticed in the audience many faces once well-known and familiar in the busy scenes of trade and commerce, men who had been swept down by some mighty wave of trouble, and had lost all but their souls. But they were more welcome there than they could have been in any other condition, for "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." It was "Converts' Night." One fine young German was joyfully celebrating the first anniversary as a Christian. A giant of a man who had been drinking, came in and sat down on the front seat, and asked the leader to pray for him. All knelt at once, and joined in a solemn petition to the Sinner's Friend. The poor fellow prayed also, and on arising from his knees with some difficulty declared his intention to drink no more.

* * *

At this moment a bevy of beautiful young ladies, accompanied by some young men from Bethany Presbyterian Church, came in and sang several songs. One feature of this delightful service was a song sung by the Bowery Quartette. I doubt if better music could be heard in any church or theatre in this city. The song was entitled, "God Bless My Boy To-Night," one verse runs:

I know not where his head may lie,
Perchance beneath the open sky;
But there I ween God's watchful eye
Can see my boy to-night.

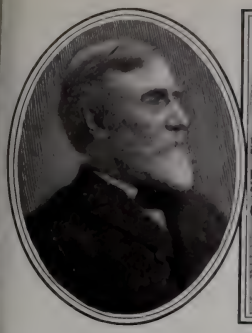
God bless my boy, oh bless my boy
And keep his footsteps right.
God bless my boy, oh bless my boy,
God save my boy to-night.

Tears filled the eyes of many "wandering boys," as the sweet strains of this song filled the room.

Mr. Thos. Gladding has opened a memorial home at 242 East Broadway. It is one of the loving arms of the Bowery Mission, and is in the care of one of the converts, Mr. Fred. Card, a splendid business man, who has some forty converts there under his care while they are learning to stand alone and to get employment.

In closing, I wish to mention one who is lovingly called "The Mother of the Bowery Boys." Blessed name! Blessed reality! Her presence reminds the writer of the glorious sunshine upon the apple blossoms or on the silky corn in the ear. Oh the love and reverence the Bowery boys have for Mrs. Sarah J. Bird! A gentle lady, educated and refined, brought up amid the surroundings of wealth and culture, but who for years has cast her lot amid the purlieus of the Bowery, and is inseparably connected with this Mission. When she rises to speak, it is pathetic to see the dull eyes kindle, and when she moves through the aisles, looks of homage follow her very step. She has a Gospel Settlement at 111 Clinton street, where she lives and carries on a work of education and salvation among the thousands of aliens who surround her, and where a thousand Jewish children a week are taught how to live and how to die.

When the writer walked out in the street, he said to himself: "Can it be possible that those rich, strong churches uptown, 'closed for the summer,' with their grim, silent walls frowning down on the weary passer-by, realize what a work is going on for God and the lost away down on the Bowery, and how souls are plucked out of the fire every night in the year by the Bowery Mission." S. H. HADLEY.



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MIDSUMMER DAYS AT OCEAN GROVE

OVER thirty years have passed away since Ocean Grove became known to the religious world as a camp-meeting ground. Every year has witnessed an increase in the multitudes who go there for a season of spiritual refreshing. At the present writing, the population of the Grove is equal to that of many a good-sized city.

There are even yet among those who go to Ocean Grove in midsummer, many who recall with interest the beginning of things in that wonderful "city by the sea." They remember the time when it was a wilderness of sand hills and beach grass. They revive memories of the first general religious service—a prayer-meeting in the tent of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Thornley, of Philadelphia, when the Rev. Alfred Cookman, W. H. Osborne, Adam Wallace, George H. Hughes and E. H. Stokes were among the little company assembled to ask Divine guidance. In those intervening years, what a long list of consecrated names of men and women—devoted workers for the Master—is interwoven with the story of the progress of Ocean Grove! Many have passed beyond—indeed almost all the original founders; but the seed they planted has grown to a vast and glorious fruitage.

In the attractions of Ocean Grove, the natural and the spiritual are strangely blended. This season the programme for the August services and the camp-meeting is one of unusual interest. Camp-meeting begins the 21st of August and continues until the 31st. It is expected that Dr. J. Reginald Campbell, of London, will preach one Sunday forenoon during the meetings. Beginning August 21, sunrise gatherings will be held daily at 5:45 A.M, in the Tabernacle; Dr. Ballard, leader. Family prayer 6:45 A.M., in the Auditorium. Fellowship meeting, Thornley Chapel, 9 A.M.; Rev. William Franklin, leader. Decision meeting, Tabernacle, 1:30 P.M.; Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, leader. Children's instruction service, Tabernacle, 2:30 P.M.; Mrs. W. H. Starks, leader. Pentecostal season, Temple, 3 P.M.; Dr. Joseph H. Smith, leader. Twilight service, 5:30 P.M., in Temple; Rev. C. H. Yatman, leader.

Rev. Dr. O. Hanlon, for so many years the famous teacher of the midsummer Bible Class, has been succeeded temporarily by Rev. Dr. Munhall. Tali Esson Morgan, leader of the orchestra, is holding concerts Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and several sacred oratorios will also be given during the season.

The Young People's Services are now in the twenty-third year of Mr. Yatman's leadership, and an appropriate celebration of the fact was lately held. These services are more largely attended this year than ever, and the "Sixty Minutes of Sunshine" are brightening many lives. Among the other attractive services are the Sunday School Assembly, under direction of Rev. Charles L. Mead; the Festival Chorus of 300 voices; the Children's Chorus (still larger); the Spiritual Culture Society, with Rev. J. E. Gilbert as leader; the Summer School of Theology, August 18 to 29, under the personal leadership of Bishop Fitzgerald; the Lecture Course, with Prof. Rogers of Drew, Rev. Cross Alexander, D.D., of Vanderbilt, and Rev. R. J. Cooke, of Grant Universities, among the speakers; besides a host of other events, religious and social.

One of the notably picturesque features of the religious life of Ocean Grove is the Beach meeting. The announcement of a "Sunset Service" on the seashore is always certain to attract a great audience. The Rev. A. E. Ballard is usually the leader of the beach services, and is supported by earnest and eloquent exhorters.

Since the opening of the beautiful "Elim Cottage" in 1871 (the original idea of which was simultaneously conceived by the late Rev. Alfred Cookman and his wife, and the late Mrs. Ryer, of New York), over 4,000 ministers and their families, besides many students, have been entertained there.

The veterans of the Grove, those who belong to the "Old Guard," and who are the oldest regular attendants now living, are: the Rev. Adam Wallace, Rev. George Hughes, Rev. A. E. Ballard, Rev. J. H. Alday, Mrs. E. H. Stokes, Mrs. Alfred Cookman, and Mrs. R. E. Hatton.

REV. A. WALLACE, D.D. REV. A. E. BALLARD J. H. ALDAY

It is expected that fully 70,000 persons will attend the Camp-meeting, which opens a week hence. The holy enthusiasm and fascination have increased with the years. The beautiful, mysterious charm of the sea, suggests the thought that we are all voyagers to the "homeland," where a welcome awaits the faithful traveler.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

J. R. CLARK

A GOSPEL BOAT ON THE OHIO

THAT there is no better place for home mission work than in some of our large cities is a fact well illustrated by the splendid work of the City Missionary Society of Cincinnati. It has the power that comes from holy zeal and a sincere desire to do good. The City Missionary Society of Cincinnati was founded by the Methodists, fifteen years ago, and the record of its work during those years has been a most honorable one. It has given a spiritual and moral uplift to many parts of the city.

One line of work established by the Society is unique. It is a boat-house, built for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to the residents of certain localities along the Ohio River, and particularly to those living in the churchless locality of Shantytown, a far from attractive district of Cincinnati. In Shantytown, and on the river before it, live a large number of non-churchgoers. The City Missionary Society fitted up a boat, 16 x 60 feet, for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to them. Sunday School, prayer meetings, and regular religious services are held on the boat, and the attendants are men, women and children who never would have gone to church elsewhere. The Society has also a Gospel wagon, which goes to different parts of the city, carrying its message of a Saviour's undying love. Last summer, one hundred and forty-five street meetings were conducted from the Gospel wagon, and a total of more than thirty thousand people heard the Gospel preached from its steps. No one may estimate the harvest to be reaped from the good seed sown.

The Society has built three mission churches, and given financial aid to seven other churches in their building enterprises. It has helped five churches to clear off the indebtedness on their buildings, and has gathered four hundred children into the Sunday School. It has received and expended more than $100,000 for city missionary work. Among the Italians, of whom there are more than 8,000 in the city, it has done especially good work.

The president of the City Missionary Society is Dr. J. D. Jones, and for six years superintendent, to whom the Society owes much of its success, is Mr. Jesse R. Clark, while the first vice-president is Bishop J. M. Walden. These officers have made the Society a most potent power for good in Cincinnati. J. L. H.

THE GOSPEL BOAT ON THE OHIO RIVER

DR. I. D. JONES

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Midsummer Religion

AS we write, the great annual religious gatherings are in progress at the popular summer convention resorts. Leaving the torrid cities to the stay-at-homes, these midsummer pilgrims have set out for their annual Mecca, by seashore or mountain, where, amid delightful natural surroundings and in an invigorating atmosphere, they may enjoy all the pleasures of spiritual association, with little or none of its drawbacks. At Winona Lake, Mount Tabor, Ocean Grove, Ocean City, Northfield, and a dozen other centres of religious interest, these multitudes are assembled, and the next few weeks will be spent in the most pleasing and profitable companionship. When all is over, and the pilgrims again face toward home, they will depart with that sense of increased spirituality and blessing, which comes to those who take themselves aside for a refreshing season of communion and worship, upon which the world and its affairs may not intrude.

But, wholly independent of the personal blessing that comes from mutual prayer, praise and conference, there should be, in the case of every really earnest Christian attending these midsummer gatherings, an impulse to more energetic and consecrated service. Not he alone, nor his intimates, but the whole community should feel the benefit of his spiritual refreshing. His influence should be widely diffusive, after every such experience. The duty of one who "has been with God" for a season, is thus beautifully described by the poet Cowper:

> When one who holds communion with the skies,
> Has fill'd his urn where those pure waters rise,
> And once more mingles with us meaner things,
> 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
> Delicious fragrance fills the circuit wide,
> That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

So, when the camp meeting or midsummer convention days are ended and you go back again to the business of every-day life, let your influence among men and women bear witness for you that you have been not in the Valley of Humiliation, but upon the Mount of Communion. Be more Christ-like, more kindly, more generous, more forgiving. Share freely with others the blessing you have received, and let the world be the better for your pilgrimage. And in thus sharing, you will multiply and redouble it many times over.

Making the Best of Things

WE may make the best of the situation or the worst, according to the way we accept or rebel against it. For instance, it may be our duty to engage in very uncongenial tasks, and we may be thrown with uncongenial people, whose manners are repellent, and whose tempers are critical and harsh. We only heighten our own discomfort and increase our own discouragement by dwelling on the unlovely phases of character which annoy us, and by repining against the hardships or the pin-pricks of our lot. Take hold of the disagreeable or tiresome task, and finish it with courage and patience. If one must grasp a nettle, do it boldly, not gingerly and with fear. In dealing with difficult people, whether or not one lives with, or only meets them occasionally, the golden rule is to disarm prejudice with courtesy, and to conquer hostility with love. The soft answer proverbially turns away wrath. Gentleness has an invincible strength. The brusque candor which wounds and scars is not praiseworthy, for our Bible tells us to speak the truth in love.

Oh, how sweet and how powerful is love, leveling every distinction, smoothing every rough road, bringing the peace and joy of heaven into human lives! What though the old and worn-out man or woman in the household be irritable and exacting, or the semi-invalid crabbed and fretful, or the youth thoughtless, or the child heedless and irresponsible! Take the best and most hopeful view of the case, not the pessimistic and churlish. Age lays heavy burdens on those who have been accustomed to activity, and those who are still equal to the day's demands are prone to forget how exasperating it is to an energetic temperament to be laid aside; how vexatious for one who has been important and essential, to realize that he or she must yield to others the place that has grown familiar and is prominent. Let us bring sympathy to the aged, and not force them to feel themselves superfluous. And as for young people, time will soon ripen their crudeness and prune their too exuberant growth, and correct their faults of impulse and haste.

Children are fast leaving childhood behind. Make this period of their lives a very garden of bliss. For the well and the vigorous not to be patient with and tolerant of those who are ill, or infirm, or depleted of sufficient strength for their day's tasks, is surely both weak and sinful Let us make the best of whatever is God's will for us on the road of life.

The New Immigrants

OUR boast, hitherto fulfilled to an extent positively astonishing, of our ability to assimilate any number and kind of immigrants, is about to be put to a most severe test. So long as the immigrants came from Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia, the task, though arduous, was not hopeless. As a rule, the newcomers had, at least, a common school education, and they had lived in a society and under institutions not very dissimilar from our own. They could understand our system of government, and even those who did not fully appreciate it, had children who entered thoroughly into the spirit, and adapted themselves readily to the new conditions. So, though immense numbers came—788,000 in 1882—the huge influx occasioned no inconvenience, and as a considerable portion went West and developed the land, the immigration was a source of increased national wealth. In that year, four-fifths of the total came from the three countries we have mentioned. From Great Britain 276,000; from Germany, 251,000; and from Scandinavia 105,000.

This year there is again a flood tide, and it is higher than the huge figures of 1882. The number, according to the Government report just published, is 857,046. That volume, however, would not occasion serious concern if the proportion in the sources of origin was maintained. But the large numbers now come from Italy, Austria and Russia. Two-thirds of the total come from those countries. The numbers are, respectively: From Italy, 230,000; from Austria, 206,000, and from Russia, 136,000. The mere consideration of nationality is not so important, however, as the prevailing personal type. The majority are of a much lower intellectual calibre, and there is a strongly marked animal cast of features noticeable among them. They evidently belong to races unaccustomed to self government, having for generations been held in stern control by the executive power. The question naturally arises how such men will behave in their new conditions. Will they be able to discriminate between liberty and license? Are we justified in expecting from them that respect for law and order which heretofore, in their own lands, has been yielded under compulsion? Another important fact is that the large majority of the newcomers belong to the ranks of unskilled labor. They do not bring us mechanical adroitness, nor agricultural enterprise; their capital is in their muscles and strong limbs. Those who do work at handicrafts are largely tailors and similar trades. They settle in the cities and come into competition with the already overcrowded ranks of unskilled labor. They are also to a startling extent illiterates. We cannot expect that they should be able to read or write in our language, but the serious fact is that so many cannot read or write in their own. It is difficult to influence such men. If a crisis arose in which it would be necessary to appeal to their minds, it would be hard to convince them. They are accustomed to be held in check by brute force, and there is reason to fear that they would despise argument.

"I am not an alarmist," says the Commissioner General of Immigration, who has given the figures to the press, "but I appreciate the peril that threatens from them, should hard times come." It would be well if Congress also realizes the peril. The time has come when it is necessary to add to the tests with which the undesirable immigrants are sifted from the desirable. We authorize the Commissioners to reject the idiots, the diseased and the criminals. They ought now to have the power to reject those who, by racial instinct, or by mental obtuseness, or by illiteracy, increase the number of the dangerous classes. Until this is done, the churches ought to receive the most liberal support in their home missionary work, so that the newcomers may be reached by Gospel influences.

Always a Way of Escape

THERE is a place in the Hudson where, as you sail, you seem to be entirely hemmed in with hills. The boat drives straight on toward a rocky wall, and it seems as though it must either stop or be dashed to pieces. But just as you come within the shadow of the mountain, an opening is suddenly disclosed, and the boat passes out into one of the grandest bays on the river.

So it is with temptation. You are not to seek it, not to enter into it; God promises no way out in such a case. But if it meets you on your heavenward journey, you are to go straight on though you see no way out. God does not promise "a way of escape" until the temptation actually comes. The way will reveal itself in due time if you only keep on, your way being the way of duty. And remember, that as in the river, the beautiful bay lies just around the frowning rock, so often your sweetest and best experience of life lies just behind your most threatening temptation.

An Important Correction

WHEN we first advertised the *Twentieth Century World-Wide Encyclopedia*, every line of which is new, we stated that the weight of the twelve volumes was thirty pounds. In a later issue we made a correction, stating that the weight was forty pounds. Now we have just received the first consignment of the bound volumes, and on weighing them we ascertain the accurate weight to be fifty-five pounds for the twelve volumes. We feel confident that such of our friends as may have already purchased one of these sets, or may contemplate purchasing one, will not feel disappointed at getting for their money nearly double the return which we originally promised them.

For the benefit of such of our readers as may have in view making early application for one of the sets, we would here repeat that *The Twentieth Century World-Wide Encyclopedia* is not an old work, brought down to date by the patching up of old plates, but is an absolutely new production, just completed from new plates made from new type, and never before printed from. It contains the very latest information on every subject that can engage the human mind.

Each one of the 75,000 subjects handled has been carefully and scientifically considered, and treated as though the reputation of the entire work depended on that particular article.

As a Universal Educator, *The Twentieth Century World-Wide Encyclopedia* is absolutely unsurpassed. It is a great compendium of all human knowledge, whether pertaining to History, Science, Art, Invention, Geography, Biography, Literature, Commerce, Manufacture, or any other subject. It takes in the whole range, and affords, in the most accessible shape, all the light available to the most careful research, and highest expert authority.

The Scholar, the Student, the Professional Man, the Banker, the Merchant, the Mechanic, the Laborer, the Housekeeper, the Mother, the Wife, require Twentieth Century information. The ideas of the last decade will not apply to-day. Things have changed, progress has been made, and an encyclopedia of the Nineteenth Century is as antiquated in the Twentieth as the summer's fashions of 1880 differ from those of 1903.

The publishers of *The Twentieth Century World-Wide Encyclopedia* realized this fact, and therefore they had a new work prepared, newly written, newly set, and newly printed. And it is this great work, the result of the most modern research, that we here offer in **twelve mammoth volumes** of about 750 pages each, with maps of every country and State, beautifully printed, and with many superb half-tone full page inserts, illustrating the progress of the world in all its various and exceedingly interesting phases, all attractively and substantially bound in high grade cloth and genuine gold.

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The set requires shelf-room thirty-three inches long, ten and a-half inches high, and weighs over fifty pounds. This is your greatest opportunity. Embrace it to-day, for to-morrow may be too late. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The Mountain Railroad

TWO scenes portrayed on this page give some idea of one of the most wonderful triumphs of engineering on earth. They are photographs taken on the line of railroad which was planned to reach the summit of the Jungfrau, one of the highest peaks of the Bernese Alps. This daring project was initiated by M. Guyer-Zeller, who died in November last, leaving the work only partially completed. The total height he designed to reach is 13,671 feet above the level of the sea. The railroad, however, was to stop 240 feet from the actual summit of the mountain, and passengers were to be carried the remaining distance by an elevator specially constructed for the work. It is not yet certain whether the death of the chief constructor will prevent the completion of the line, but it is hoped that some engineer will be found capable of finishing it. The part already finished, and over which passengers are now carried, runs into the interior of the Eiger Glacier, 9,020 feet above the sea. Starting at Lauterbrunnen, it proceeds up the side of the mountain as far as the glacier, which has been tunneled. Thence it was intended to carry it at the back of the glacier to the Monch, the Jungfraujoch, and thence up the Jungfrau itself. Many passengers avail themselves of the road as far as it has been completed, and so save themselves the labor of climbing. The single rail system is adopted, and the power employed is electricity. The difficulties of constructing such a railroad may be realized from the fact that it was not until 1811 that any mountaineers had reached the summit. Two Swiss gentlemen named Meyer were the first to make the ascent, and since that time others have successfully followed their example. It is, however, regarded as one of the most dangerous undertakings, only to be attempted by experienced mountaineers. It will be a surprise to stay-at-homes to know that there are so many people desirous of ascending the mountain as to justify the construction of a railroad. One can but wish that in the spiritual world there was a similar desire to reach the highest altitudes.

I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help (Ps. 121: 1).

A Visit to Tolstoi

The famous Russian author and philanthropist has been entertaining an American visitor. Prof. Edward A. Steiner, of Grinnell College, during a recent European tour, made his way to his home, and was courteously and hospitably received by the great leader. Tolstoi was ill when Prof. Steiner reached his estate, but recovered before he left, though he was still feeble. His family had forced the old man, much against his will, to leave the close, little room he usually occupies on the ground floor of the house, and occupy more comfortable quarters in the upper story. During Prof. Steiner's stay, pilgrims came from all parts of Russia to talk with Tolstoi. Members of the revolutionary societies of Europe also consult him, and lay before him their violent projects, with no fear that he will betray them. Tolstoi listens to them patiently, and reasons with them, urging them not to resort to violence, but to develop the kingdom of God within them. Prof. Steiner was assured that many revolutionary outbreaks had been prevented by Tolstoi's influence. He found everywhere evidences of the effect of Tolstoi's teaching and example. There was far less superstition even in Moscow, which is twelve hours by railroad from Tolstoi's estate. Many wealthy men had followed his example in giving away their property to the poor, and others who had not gone to that extreme were active in philanthropic work. It would appear that the Russian Government is mistaken in regarding Tolstoi as an enemy. His advice has more weight with revolutionaries than that of any living men, and it is therefore well for the Government that it is on the side of peace and order. Like the words commended by the ancient Preacher, Tolstoi's advice is from the highest source.

As nails well fastened are the words of the masters of assemblies which are given from one Shepherd (Eccles. 12: 11, R. V.).

Life Artificially Produced

Astonishing results of an experiment recently made by Dr. Charles Littlefield are reported from Alexandria, Ind. A number of scientific friends, at his invitation, assembled at Anderson to witness a demonstration of his discovery. He had prepared a solution of common salt, alcohol, ammonia and other ingredients. After the salt crystals were impregnated with the hydrogen and the volatile magnetism of the chemical solution, they were transformed into living forces that immediately sought nourishment through mediums that Dr. Littlefield termed "feeders." A microscopic examination showed that crystals not affected by the chemical mixture retained their original cubic or square form, while the magnetized crystals were of hexagon shape, with life first appearing in the centre and spreading until the crystals were round, and, finally, of globular shape. A mass of the life substances possessed magnetism of pronounced degree, radiating a power that would separate the crystals and then draw them together again. It was not determined that the germs or atoms would propagate, but Dr. Littlefield was content with what he declared to be the successful generation of life. Such a boast needs confirmation. Many have thought before this that the great secret of the beginning of life, so eagerly sought by the ancient philosophers and chemists, had been discovered, but hitherto man has been compelled to admit that the apostolic explanation of the origin of life is the only true one.

God who quickeneth all things (I. Tim. 6: 13).

A Horse Returns

A remarkable story of a horse's instinct is told in a press dispatch from Dover, N. J. A lady who lives at Mine Hill, disposed of her saddle horse about three months ago to a New York dealer. He sent the animal by rail to Hackettstown and thence drove it a distance of six miles to Schooley's Mountain, where he intended to keep it in pasture during the summer. A few days ago the lady who had sold it, was surprised to see the horse standing at the door of its former stable at Mine Hill. It whinnied with delight on seeing her and showed its pleasure at being back in its old home. It was flecked with foam and its hoofs and legs were scratched, probably with jumping fences and traveling through rough country. The strange feature of the affair was that the horse had never before been driven over the road lying between its home and Schooley's Mountain, which is fifteen miles off. How the animal could have found its way over a country it had never before traversed is a mystery. Attention seems to be a gauge, the power of which has not yet been recognized. We can but wish, as did the ancient prophet, that men showed as much fidelity to it as do the animals.

The ox knoweth his own owner, And the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider (Isa. 1: 3).

Mistaken for a Burglar

An officer of a Presbyterian Church in New York, narrowly escaped arrest at the hands of a zealous policeman a few day ago. He had occasion to go to the church one afternoon during the week, and while there, noticed a stain of damp on the ceiling. On examination, he discovered that it came through an open skylight. He climbed to the roof to close the window, and while there crawled around to examine several other places where there was a possibility of the rain getting in. Some of the people in the neighborhood saw him on the roof, and not recognizing him, called the attention of the policeman on post to his movements. Knowing that the church had been entered by burglars more than once recently, and the poor-box robbed and hymn-books and other property stolen, he concluded that another burglary was being attempted. He summoned other policemen from the station-house, and as soon as there was a sufficient force to prevent the escape of the supposed burglar, a shout was raised for him to come down and surrender. The church officer, being conscious of his innocence, bade the policeman go away, and assured him no mischief was intended. That reply did not satisfy the guardian of the peace, and producing his revolver, he ordered the supposed burglar to descend immediately. Obedience was necessary then, and happily some members of the church, who knew him well, met him when he reached the ground and prevented his arrest. It is not the first time that a man desiring to do good to the church has been mistaken for an enemy of it. The men whose names are now held in reverence as true reformers and preachers of the truth were in their day denounced and persecuted by those who professed to be the most zealous friends of the church. The reproach uttered by Stephen has been deserved in every age.

Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? (Acts 7: 52).

A STATION ON THE JUNGFRAU RAILROAD

RESTAURANT AT THE TERMINUS

BRIEF NOTES

Japan has the cheapest postal system in the world. The ordinary postage on a letter from any town in Japan to any other is two sen (one cent).

A Christian Scientist of Toronto, Canada, has been convicted of manslaughter, he having neglected to employ medical aid for his child, who died of diphtheria. The Court of Appeals has confirmed the verdict.

The Spurgeon Orphanages are supported by the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, to which purpose he bequeathed £20,000. At the annual anniversary recently, a lady gave a check for five thousand pounds on the collection plate.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Whom Having Not Seen

WHOM having not seen, we love! Every Christian who really knows the sweetness of fellowship with the Saviour, understands this apparently difficult thing. Sight is not necessary to love, nor to faith. Tens of thousands of devout hearts to-day, follow Jesus of Nazareth with passionate loyalty and unswerving devotion.

"The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain,
We touch Him in life's storm and stress,
And we are whole again.

And warm, sweet, tender, ever yet
A present help is He,
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

In every-day experience we have illustrations of this love that pours itself around an unseen object.

. . .

Which of us has not our heroes that we love: Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Jackson, Farragut, Dewey, Schley, Sampson, McKinley, men whose hands we never clasped, but whom our souls have held in honor and reverence? Sight is not essential to love, but knowledge is, and we have knowledge of many whom we never see. We may have deepest, fullest knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord.

. . .

When I hear some one say, I could love and follow Jesus, if he were here now, as he was when the disciples heard his voice and left their nets and followed him; I long to tell them that it is as easy now as then. Love knows the way yet, though it leads straight on and up through the jasper walls. In many an hour of woeful perplexity, in many a time of trial, and in many a day of care and loss, Jesus comes to us yet, as near, as real, as much ours, as he was when he talked with Peter and John or with Mary and Martha. We have not seen him with these purblind eyes that see so little, but the soul's vision has caught the radiance of his look, and the soul's fealty has been pledged to him. "Though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Leading a Song Service.

The leader of a service of song must not be a wooden Indian of a man, nor a mere machine of a woman. Magnetism, feeling, precision, and a habit of command are all indispensable, and must be blended in the successful leader. Some of our young people, who desire to be of real use in public meetings of a religious order, may find their vocation here:

"Take my voice and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King,"

is a prayer that is in place on Christian lips. And if one have a voice, and it be strong, rich, sympathetic and pure, why shall it not be a leader's voice too, helping others to lift their praises to the Most High?

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—GENE. Offer your arm to no woman unless she is blind, old or ill.

—JANE. Why force a little girl to wear a dress she hates? Give it away and make her another.

—LUCY M. Don't fuss over a man's hat and stick. He can usually find a place to put them down.

—VIOLET. It is decidedly unfair to both your admirers to leave each in ignorance of the other's existence. I fear you are a flirt.

—LEIL. Eaves-dropping and the reading of another person's letters secretly are both very dishonorable practices, and a mother is not justified in pursuing them with her grown daughter. The daughter's resentment is natural.

—HELEN. Canary birds? Well, keep their cage very clean, and hang it neither in a stiff breeze nor in a hot sun. Give them fresh water for bath and drinking and plenty of seed, with a little green stuff now and then. Talk to them, pets suffer from loneliness, more than you think.

—GOLDEN WEDDING. Decorate with yellow flowers and yellow ribbons, and present the bride and groom of the function with golden gifts if practicable. Golden wishes may certainly be brought to the honored pair.

Bits for You

Avoid superlatives and exclamations that add nothing to the force of your speech.

Don't fan on the back of your neighbor, nor send an icy shiver down her spine while you are cooling off.

Thunder-storms will be frequent this season. They always are in hot weather. Repress your terror if you feel it. Ask God to help you rise above its bondage. Be very tender and gentle with those to whom electric storms are a sense of dread and pain.

A Bit of Talk with Our Boys

"BLESSED are the pure in heart," said the Master, "for they shall see God."

I have been thinking a good deal lately about the need there is for boys to avoid every thought that can blur their minds and defile their purity. Boys cannot always be sheltered under the home roof, nor guarded from outside temptations. As they mingle with others, they may meet those whose speech is tarnished by profanity not only, but by something worse—by indecency and immodesty. They may hear allusions and tales which they would blush to repeat to their fathers and mothers, and which would fill them with indignant anger, were they so much as mentioned in the presence of their sisters. Evil-minded persons sometimes offer boys books and papers which are as poisonous, and as shocking as if the Prince of Darkness had inspired them, as indeed he has.

. . .

I want to plead with every growing boy to be clean-minded and pure-hearted. Refuse to listen to anything which must be whispered under breath. Refuse to read anything you must hide from parents and teachers. Refuse to associate with vile persons, or with those whom you know have two sides, one shown to society, and one displayed in secret to intimate friends. If a boy is disposed to talk in a way your mother would condemn, let that boy go on a separate road from yours.

Once the pure, clean surface of one's mind has been stained, once the door of one's heart has been set open to wrong thoughts, the backward steps are difficult, and the sense of loss is terrible. Christ can and does wash away our sin if we repent and believe. But there is wilful sin that all noble boys should avoid, as they would avoid smallpox or yellow fever were either of those pestilences raging in their neighborhood.

. . .

Boys who are at school, or in business, and at the age when a boy is putting away childish things and taking on larger responsibilities, need this caution. It is the pure in heart, to whom clear vision is given, who see God! What does this mean? Surely not something in the future, when they shall behold the face of the Father in glory. I think it means something fine and beautiful and splendid right now. It means discerning the right, the best, and knowing God's will without struggle, and seeing ever before one a light that guides in the straight and safe pathway.

. . .

A boy should not brood nor waste his time in day dreams and fancies. When not busy in work with hands or brain, there is nothing better than good, hard, honest play; than sport that tires you a bit, and sends you to bed sleepy enough to lose your waking self as soon as your head touches the pillow. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, golf, are all good games, because they are all in the line of good and clean and wholesome sport. They are played in the open; they need no screens, no sentries on guard, no furtiveness. A boy who excels in athletic sport, or who can hoe his row well on the farm, who is thorough and diligent in his work, whatever it is, that boy is apt to be clean of mind, as well as hale of body.

. . .

If you suspect wrong any where, do not wait for certainty; give yourself the benefit of the doubt. Take counsel of your father, or your mother. A boy who is in the confidence of his parents, has armor of proof against the devil in this world, where it is every one's business to fight the devil and down him, and put him to flight, as Christian did Apollyon.

Stocks and Belts

Among the prettiest accessories of a young lady's toilette are stocks and belts, and of course they are always acceptable presents to her. Stocks are made of silk or linen, of cambric or linen, are tucked finely, or fagoted, a term for covering with little knots, embroidered, lace-trimmed, and made after a variety of patterns. If a girl discovers a new fashion in stocks, she either keeps it herself as long as she can, or sends word to her friends, so that they too may enjoy it. A pretty stock adds the last touch to an elegant summer gown. The tidy and trim young woman takes the greatest pains to put on her clothes with care. Her shirt waist is not thrown at her, it is adjusted with extreme neatness, and her belt covers the line between skirt and waist. Not every young woman is a great beauty, but every one may be as trim and neat as a yacht ready for a race over ruffling waves on a breezy day. Neatness is better than mere good looks.

TRUDGING ALONG

Cheery little comrades, never less than gay,
Trudging on so merrily in the summer day.
Little Joe and sweet Babette, marching on to meet
Father who is coming, his little ones to greet.
Darling children, sturdy, brown, and worth their weight in gold,
If ever, in the market-place, were two such darlings sold.

THE BEST—FOR THE MASTER

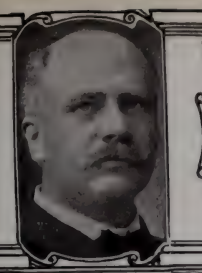
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IN her vase of the fair alabaster
She brought unto Him as was meet
Her gift of the best, to the Master,
And broke it in love at his feet.
Those feet that were blistered and burning,
She bathed in the perfume so rare,
And swathed them in tenderest yearning
In the soft silken veil of her hair.

Oh, sweet as we read the dear story,
The fragrance that clings to the page;
And deathless the halo of glory
Investing her age after age.
The Mary, who, greatly forgiven,
Loved greatly: whose love was expressed
In a deed that found blessing from heaven,
Who poured on the Master her best.

Oh, let us be large with the Master,
Not mean as the miser, who hoards
The treasure that seems to him vaster
Than a look and a smile of his Lord's.
Oh, bring Him sweet youth with its gladness,
Its wonder of zeal and of joy;
The grace of its sometime brief sadness,
Its gold, without selfish alloy.

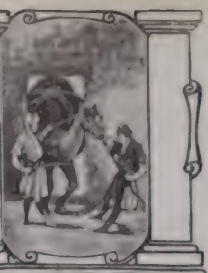
For see! He is giving us ever
The whole of his kindness unpriced;
Earth hath not a sword-thrust to sever
One soul of his loved, from the Christ.
Come, gather the best in the morning;
Come, give Him life's dew ere it dry,
And answer the world's bitter scorning,
With a song that goes swift to the sky.



THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps."



CHAPTER IV.—Continued

THE billiard rooms connected with the saloons also were crowded with players, all of them smoking, many of them young men from the farms, and evidently learning for the first time not only how to play billiards, but to play the game of lost manhood. Douglas found his blood at fever heat as he watched all this human tragedy, and reflected that the cool, complaisant, smiling bartenders, who represented the one business of the United States that of set purpose deliberately makes more money for less labor than any other form of barter known to the human race; and his soul felt volcanic at the thought of the men, who after two thousand years of Jesus Christ in the world, vote year after year to license the most gigantic sin of civilization, simply because it is political or financial policy to do so. What! shall we bolt the party? Shall we offend the rich brewers and distillers who can furnish so many votes for the success of the party? Of course, the saloon is bad, and excessive drinking is bad, and drunkenness is vulgar, and it would be better not to have the saloon. But it is an evil that must be "regulated." License it, and make it pay heavily for current expenses. But it is a form of human passion that cannot be prohibited. Let us regulate it and not say so much about it. In any case, our party must not be disturbed. It will not do to intrude radical measures about the saloon into our great national or state conventions. It will cost us votes. Neither is it the place of the preacher to agitate about the saloon from the pulpit. Let him stick to the Gospel. The pulpit is not the place for politics. Let the pulpit stand for the simple Gospel. When we business men go to church we are tired; we don't want to be stirred up over these questions, we don't want to have our minds agitated over politics. We get all we want of that during the week. Sunday we want to be soothed with a comforting Gospel, led to thoughts of heaven and the future reward and eternal life. Don't worry over this old question of prohibition. You cannot prohibit anyway. Give us the Gospel on Sunday, and we will support the Gospel liberally. But we will not support politics in the pulpit.

And will you tell us, Christian voters of America, how many pulpits in America are giving the business men a "soothing Gospel" of generalities and platitudes and rhetoric for fear of offending the rich and influential pew-holders, while what the business men in all the saloons, states, and cities need is an earthquake of applied Gospel from the pulpit on the sin of licensing the saloon, an earthquake of applied Gospel that shall make it so disturbing for the business man and voter, that either he or the prophet in the pulpit will have to resign from that church or work together at the prayer-meeting and the polls for the extermination of the world's greatest public enemy.

Douglas had gone in eight of the ten saloons but had not found Quits. In two saloons he found trace of him, but he had just gone out. In every saloon Douglas found the usual appalling crowd of young men. He calculated the probable number of men, old and young, in the prayer-meeting at all the churches in Colby that night compared with the number in the saloons. There were ten saloons and fifteen churches.

When he had finally made the rounds of every saloon without finding the pressman, it was half-past nine. He came out on the street sick at heart over the things he had seen and doubtful what to do next. Finally he decided to go back once more to the Wayside Inn, acting on a word dropped by one saloon frequenter that Quits may have gone back there.

He went in, and found the place crowded, but the pressman was not there. After waiting a few moments he went out. As he was leaving, he heard loud talking at the farther end of the bar, and noticed two young men who had evidently been drinking heavily quarreling over something. Their angry voices rose higher every minute, and Douglas was relieved to step out on the sidewalk and escape the sight and sound of their drunken folly.

He walked slowly down towards the office, and as he was going by the Methodist Church, which was on the way, he saw lights still burning in the chapel, where Mr. Vernon was holding his meetings for the organization of his Good Citizenship Club.

He stopped in front of the church, debating with himself about going in to see Mr. Vernon. As he stood there he heard loud voices down the street in the direction of the Wayside Inn.

There was an electric light hanging over the street at the corner below the church, and as Douglas looked in the direction of the voices he saw two figures coming up the street. Under the street lamp they paused, and Douglas saw them swaying together striking at each other. They separated and staggered along, cursing, until they were opposite the church. There one of them stooped as if to pick up something in the street to use as a weapon.

What happened next all occurred so quickly, it was so terrible in its results, so entirely unexpected and unforeseen, that Douglas was wholly unprepared for it. There was a flash, a loud report followed by another and another. The figure that had been stooping fell face forward in the street. The other stood still a moment, then turned and ran in the direction of the saloon.

Even then Douglas could hardly realize that a tragedy had been enacted within a few feet of him. With an involuntary cry for help, however, he ran into the street

"Douglas ran into the street and knelt down by the form that lay there"

and kneeled down by the form that lay there. The church door opened and several persons came out. Douglas, still kneeling by the unconscious figure, called out, "Mr. Vernon, there's been a shooting affair here! Call help at once!"

Doors opened at the different houses near-by. People began to come out into the street. Down near the saloon another group gathered. Some one said, "they've caught the man that did the shooting."

Vernon ran over and kneeled down beside Douglas. As they turned the figure over from its position face downwards, and Vernon caught the first glimpse of the face, he exclaimed, "Good God! Douglas! This is Mrs. Lane's boy! I called on him yesterday, and he promised to come out to the meeting to-night. He never came, and I was going around to his boarding place in the morning. This is terrible!"

They carried the boy into the church vestibule and had him down on some pew cushions. He was still breathing, but was unconscious. A great crowd, excited and full of questions began to gather. A doctor was examining the wounds. Douglas and Vernon kept the crowd out of the church vestibule where the boy lay. A carriage had been sent for, and a messenger dispatched to that locality to notify the mother of her boy's injury.

Douglas and Vernon, with one or two others, quickly and silently obeyed the doctor's few directions. There had been no doubt on the doctor's mind from the moment he saw the pistol wounds.

Every shot had taken effect. Two of the three were dangerous, one of them fatal. The crowd outside the church was growing clamorous. There were shouts of "Hang the murderer!"

Some of the crowd started down towards the saloon, in front of which, it was rumored, the young man who did the shooting had been caught. As a matter of fact he had been arrested there, and had been taken to the county jail, where the sheriff was guarding him for fear of a lynching.

Fifteen minutes went by, and it was growing more difficult to keep the mob out of the church. Some of Mr Vernon's parishioners were holding them back with difficulty, expostulating and pleading to give the doctor room for his work, when he slowly rose, together with Douglas and the minister.

"It's all over," the doctor said briefly. The news spread to the crowd like lightning. It stunned every one at first, then some of them shouted "Let's hang the murderer!" and the entire mass rushed down to the saloon, and from there to the county jail, leaving Douglas, Vernon, the doctor and the group of church people with the dead boy.

Douglas and Vernon stared at each other, white-lipped and trembling.

"One more! Only one more of the thousands of others in Christian America. O God! How long! how long shall we continue to license murder for the sake of the revenue! We build our cities with blood and our nation is drunk for greed." Vernon spoke sternly and Douglas, unmanned by the swift and awful event, put his hands over his face and groaned as he sat there, the image of that boy on the blood-soaked cushions, mingling in his mind with his own mother's agony over a ruined home. "Tragedies?" these two? Yes, verily. The sin of America is apathy in the face of murder, not of this lad, for he is only one of thousands, but murder daily and yearly committed in the name of politics, selfishness and the worship of mammon. When this Republic has a few more fatalities like these two, it will perhaps be conscious of its awful guilt in accepting the revenues of blood, and pray a just and merciful God to pardon the wrong of centuries and smite the saloon into oblivion.

They carried the body over to the undertaker's, and Mr Vernon stayed there until the messenger who had been sent for the mother, arrived with her. It was morning when the woman came in, almost crazy with apprehension and grief.

The minister silently led her into the room where her boy lay. There with God alone the minister witnessed a scene which could never be recorded. And will God not recompense? Shall all those mothers' and widows' tears and heart-broken sobs avail nothing in his sight?

Though the years pass slowly on,
And the [illegible]

CONTINUED ON PAGE 680

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PERSECUTION LIGHTENED By FRIENDSHIP

David and Jonathan

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR AUG. 23
I. SAMUEL 20: 12-23

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT — PROVERBS 18 : 24 :
"THERE IS A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A BROTHER"

THE friendship of David and Jonathan is one of the noblest examples of human affection the world has ever known. Jonathan was the son of a king, the heir-apparent. David was but a young herdsman, with little or no prospect to start with, being the youngest son of his father. Jonathan was thirty-five years old, David scarcely twenty-three. Jonathan wore the garb of a prince; David a shepherd's coat, when he first burst upon the vision of Jonathan that day when he was brought before the king as the victor over Goliath, with the giant's head in his hand. Love laughs at all differences. In that brief moment, Jonathan the prince came to love David the shepherd lad as his own soul. By putting upon David his costly embroidered girdle and other princely garments, and giving him his sword and bow, he virtually passed over his birthright to David. At least, he showed the wish to do it, whether or not it was in his power to do it. "Thou shalt be first in the kingdom, and I will be next unto thee," were Jonathan's words to David a little later. Jonathan thus showed that he loved David even better than himself.

Did Jonathan love David more than David loved Jonathan? Let us measure David's love by the scene in the field by the rock Ezel. A French writer has said: "To love, is to be a candidate for sorrow." So it proved when Jonathan became the champion of David, even against his own father, King Saul. He even suffered an attack on his life by his father, which was all the more flagrant because of the public manner in which it was made. The occasion was the feast of the new moon. David's place at the king's table was empty. And when the king inquired of Jonathan why David was absent, he was told that he had gone for a sacrificial visit to his father's house. In great anger, King Saul commanded that David should be brought, that he might kill him. And when Jonathan demurred, asking: "Wherefore shall he be slain, what hath he done?" even then, in the presence of courtiers and slaves, King Saul threw his javelin at Jonathan himself. Jonathan went out from the banqueting-hall, and sought David, who, by appointment, was waiting for him in the field, having returned from his father's house. David was in hiding, behind the rock Ezel. He saw Jonathan coming into the field, and with him a boy carrying arrows. A bow was in Jonathan's hand. He took an arrow from the boy, stringing his bow, and the arrow sped on its mission—a mission of life, and not of death—for the manner in which it was shot, and the words of Jonathan which followed, although spoken to the boy: "Is not the arrow beyond thee?" conveyed to David the knowledge that, to save his life, he must no more come back to the king's palace. The boy was given Jonathan's bow and arrows to carry away, and when he had passed out of sight and hearing, David came out of his place of concealment, and Jonathan's arms were thrown around him, and his arms around Jonathan, and they wept upon each other's shoulders and kissed each other, until "David exceeded." This certainly means that David's love was not less than Jonathan's. But Jonathan had the greater test.

To use an Oriental term: David and Jonathan were "blood brothers." They had each other's blood in their veins, not by heredity, but through the ceremony of the blood covenant, a part of which was the opening of a vein in the arm of each, when the openings were pressed one against the other, and the flowing blood crossed in its passage. They had entered into this covenant before the Lord, three days before the warning arrows were shot as David was about starting for his father's house. The loving kindness which they had for each other, was sealed as an inheritance for their children. And Jonathan caused David to promise that even after he should become king (for he recognized him as the Lord's anointed), his attitude should not change. How sacredly the promise was kept we know, for after Jonathan had long been dead, and it was told that his son Mephibosheth, lame in both his feet, was living in poverty, David had the cripple brought to his palace to eat continually at the king's table, and had his patrimony, the property of his grandfather, King Saul, restored to him.

After the incident by the rock Ezel, David and Jonathan saw each other but once again, in the wood of Ziph, when Saul was pursuing David to kill him. Jonathan came over into the camp of the "enemy" to comfort David and strengthen him in God. And yet again on this occasion they renewed their blood covenant.

Illustration and Application

I. PERSECUTION. There is no mystery in suffering, so far as it is the manifest consequence of sin. Such a sequence is what is expected in a God-governed world. The guilty often say, in the words of Byron:

> The thorns I reap, are of the tree I planted;
> They tear me and I bleed.
> I should have known what fruit would come
> Of such a seed.

The guilty often find a grim satisfaction in the pain, as if it were an atonement for his wrong-doing.

But when a man suffers, as David did, for well-doing, that is hard to understand and hard to bear. Such a problem made Job's head and heart ache, until he almost forgot his physical ills and financial losses. The best man in the land of Uz had lost health and property at once, and with it also reputation, for his best friends thought his suffering must be a revelation of retribution for his hidden sins. Out of these multiplied sorrows that made God seem his enemy, in those days when there was no Bible to explain affliction, he cried: "O that mine adversary had written a book!" When David came to greater trials he bore them more patiently, partly because the "book" desired, had been written in part. David had the Pentateuch (made up of Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy), and probably the book of Joshua also, and he knew what is in the book of Judges, if not by reading, through oral teaching. He had thus learned how God's chastenings of his people were "for good always." The journey to Canaan had become to him a picture of the journey of life. And yet David's trial was a little harder to bear than any preceding case of affliction.

"THEY KISSED ONE ANOTHER AND WEPT ONE WITH ANOTHER"

In Israel's history, the words "evil, distress, repentance, deliverance," had often recurred, but in David's case, more than in any case before him, we see suffering for well-doing. In conquering Goliath, he had saved Saul from dethronement and his people from captivity. While the people shouted his praises, he had conducted himself with great humility, ascribing all honor to God. But Saul seeks to slay him, and the people do not interpose. Even God seems to leave him to the malice of his enemy. It was such a case as Joan of Arc, who delivered France, only to be executed. Such a case as that of Columbus, who gave Spain America, only to be rewarded with chains. This is the outward seeming. But David's eye of faith sees God watching. He cannot be afraid with God looking at him. He sees also God's promise that he shall be king, and, therefore, has no fear that Saul will succeed in efforts to kill him. All the same, he dodges the javelin, and keeps out of Saul's sight. The stone Ezel, where he hides, is a fitting reminder of his rock-firm God-trust, which we find so often in psalms written then and at other trying hours.

A young Englishman riding horseback across snow-clad fields, with a young lady who was soon to be his bride, saw letters written in the snow, and reined up to read them. "My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation." (I. Sam. 2:1). "The work of some madman," he said, as he turned scornfully away. He thought he had enough things to rejoice about; such as health, wealth, marriage; but "salvation" was not on his list. Presently his horse's foot was caught on a root hidden by the snow and stumbled to the ground, throwing him violently on the frozen earth. He was taken up unconscious and carried to a hospital, where in delirium of fever he kept repeating sadly: "Those letters in the snow." When he had sufficiently recovered for conversation, his sister told him of the words he had repeated in his delirium, and asked him what he meant by "letters in the snow"? The question brought it all back to him—the contempt with which he had read, "My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation." Then he felt no need of "salvation," but now in sickness he yearned for it, and through sorrow found its joy. So David learned in suffering what he taught the world in song, that one may learn to rejoice even in tribulation, if he will ever "practice the presence of God."

A good story is going the rounds of a traveler from the city, stopping a few hours in a quiet country town, who said to a woman knitting on her stoop, "You must see a good deal of happiness here." She was partially deaf, but thinking she had caught the question answered, "No, I haven't seen him so far as I know. I am not much acquainted around here, and anyway my eyes are so poor that I wouldn't know him if I saw him coming in at the gate."

> If happiness has not her seat
> And centre in the breast,
> We may be wise or rich or great,
> But never can be blest;
> Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
> Could make us happy lang;
> The heart aye's the part aye
> That makes us right or wrang.
>
> BURNS.

There lived once a young girl whose perfect grace of character was the wonder of those who knew her. She wore on her neck a gold locket which no one was ever allowed to open. One day, in a moment of unusual confidence, one of her companions was allowed to touch the spring and learn its secret. She saw written these words; "Who having not seen, I love." That was the secret of her beautiful life.

> Lord Jesus, make thyself to me
> A living, bright reality—
> More present to faith's vision keen
> Than any outward object seen;
> More dear, more intimately nigh
> Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.
>
> . . .
>
> Jesus, these eyes have never seen
> That radiant form of thine;
> The veil of sense hangs dark between
> Thy blessed face and mine.
>
> . . .
>
> I see thee not, I hear thee not,
> Yet art thou often with me;
> And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
> As where I meet with thee.
>
> RAY PALMER.

II. FRIENDSHIP. Persecution is night even though starlit with promises of God. David's case friendship illumed it like a full orbed moon. First an invisible friendship. But he needs also "human friends" such as David had in Jonathan. His love was "wonderful" in three respects especially: First, in that he loved one whom his father hated. He repudiated the code of the feudist, that one must take up his family's quarrel, right or wrong. He saw his father's wickedness in persecuting David, and courteously protested at the peril of his life (I. Sam. 19:4,5; 20-32).

Jonathan's love was "wonderful" second in that he was heir to the throne and loved the one God had chosen to displace him. "Thou shalt be king in Israel, and I will be next unto thee." It was like the case of John the Baptist, from whom the crowds had turned to hear Christ. When John's disciples complained to him of this, he said in beautiful self-forgetfulness, that he served only as "the friend of the Bridegroom" to prepare the way for the marriage of Christ to the Church. "He must increase and I must decrease" (John 3:26-31).

Jonathan's love was "wonderful," third, in that he faithfully warned David of danger. It does not take so great courage to give warning of physical danger, but to warn a friend of his moral danger is about the hardest of friendship's duties. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend" when it is a wound to save. In the writer's Bible, taking a hint from Jonathan's arrows of loving warning, every passage in which the retribution that follows sin is proclaimed, is marked by an arrow in the margin, that we may not think them words of anger, but only warning arrows of the King's Son, who has loved us unto the death.

. . .

Gleanings

OUR ENEMIES

SATAN	APPETITE
UNCLEANNESS	LAZINESS

HOW TO ANSWER ABUSE. An honest blacksmith was once grossly insulted, and his character infamously defamed. Friends advised him to seek redress by means of the law, but to one and all he replied, "No; I will go to my forge, and there, in six months, I shall have worked out such a character and earned such a name as all the judges, law courts, and lawyers in the world could never give me." He was right. It is by honest labor, industrious toil, manly courage, and a conscience void of offense, that we assert our true dignity, and prove our truth, honesty, and respectability.

JONATHAN A "GREATHEART." President Roosevelt being asked by a lady what character in fiction he regarded as coming nearest to what a man should be, answered, "Greatheart." Jonathan was the Greatheart of history.

> Oh, who will walk a mile with me,
> Along life's merry way?
> A comrade blithe and full of glee,
> Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
> And let his frolic fancy play,
> Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
> That fill the field and fringe the way,
> Where he walks a mile with me.
>
> And who will walk a mile with me,
> Along life's weary way?
> A friend whose heart has eyes to see
> The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
> And the quiet rest at the end of the day—
> A friend who knows, and dares to say,
> The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
> Where he walks a mile with me.
>
> With such a comrade, such a friend,
> I fain would walk till journeys end,
> Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
> And then? Farewell, we shall meet again?
>
> HENRY VAN DYKE.

Contributions to the China Famine Fund not Previously Acknowledged

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Kenyon, Mrs D. 2 00
Kerslake, Bernice. 1 00
Kettle, Mrs J G. 1 00
Kibbe, Annie. 1 00
Kimberley, Geo W 1 00
King, Anna C. 2 00
Kingsley, Mrs J. 1 00
Klotzer, Mary. 3 00
Klug, Mrs A J. 2 00
Knapp, Emma. 1 00
Knox, Mrs C M. 1 00
Kort, A W & wf. 5 00
Kouwenhoven, L. 1 00
Lassen, Miss E. 1 00
Latimer, Mrs G T 23
Lawnday, Fred. 25
Layton, Elizabeth. 1 00
Lazell, Edith A. 1 00
Leggett, Cornelia. 3 00
Leonard, Benjc. 1 00
Leonard, Byron. 25
Leonard, Chas E. 1 00
Leonard, Julius. 50
Leonard, M E. 50
Leonard, Theo. 5 00
Le Suer, Jas. 1 00
Lewis, Mrs H. 50
Liable, L K. 1 00
Linaberry, Wm L. 1 10
Linderoper, A. 1 00
Linnell, Miss T & Mrs M A. 3 00
Lipp, Fred L & neighbors. 2 75
Lockard, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Lockwood, Ella. 25
Lockwood, Emma. 25
Lockwood, Mrs MJ 1 00
Long, Clara B. 2 00
Loomis, A. 25
Love, James. 1 00
Low, C. 50
Luke, D P. 25
Lumbard, Mrs J. H 1 00
Lumbard, R C. 1 00
Lyon, D. 1 00
Lyon, Mrs Mattie. 1 00
Lyons, Miss R. 10
McAtee, A J. 1 00
McBurney, Mrs E. 1 00
McIlhinney, Rev J N. 50
McIlveen, Mrs. 3 00
McKeachie, Miss E 3 00
McKenzie, Mrs J. 1 00
McMurray, Mrs J. 10
McNett, Mrs A W 2 00
Mackey, Wm. 5 00
Mackey, Mrs H S. 2 50
S Cl, Pres Ch. 2 00
Mahr, Mrs T. 5 00
Manchester, 25
Marsh, Miss E M. 10 00
Martin, M Affia. 1 00
Martin, Nicholas. 1 00
Mason, C H. 5 00
Mathews, Mrs E. 3 00
Matthews, A D. 1 00
Matthews, R W. 1 00
Mayborn, Mrs H. 1 00
Mayborn, Mrs Lina. 1 00
Maye, Frank. 25
Maye, H. 10
Mellon, Louis B. 50
Merrill, Jas H. 1 00
Merrill, Lottie M. 5 00
Merwin, F S. 1 00
Michaelson, Miss E 1 00
Miller, Mrs C. 1 00
Miller, Mrs S. 10
Miller, Sarah. 30
Millspaugh, M L. 25
Milmine, Mrs C E. 2 00
Mitchell, Mrs T B 50
Mongomery, Mrs N 2 00
Mooney, Amelia. 1 00
Moore, Mrs David. 25
Moore, Mrs B. 1 00
Moore, Martha & Lottie Barringer. 1 25
Moore, Mrs L D. 2 00
Morgan's, Jas, S S Cl in Union S S 2 30
Mosher, Mrs J D. 1 00
Mosher, Mrs L D Cornell. 2 00
Mould, Jno C. 10 00
Mumbulo, H & V. 10
Myers, Mrs E. 1 00
Myers, Eugene C. 2 00
Myers, Mrs F M. 50
Myers, Mrs Lizzie. 25
Myrick, C E. 4 00
Narthup, Bush. 1 00
Neely, David. 1 00
Nesbitt, Mrs J W. 1 00
Newell, Miss M. 1 25
Newkirk, Mrs A H 2 00
Newton, Newell. 2 00
Nichols, A H. 1 00
Niles, Mrs E M. 1 00
Nitram, A. 1 00
Noble, F L & Mrs. 1 00
Oberton, Mrs G B 1 00
Ogden, Alfred K. 5 00
Olmstead, F L. 10
Olmstead, Ruth. 10
Olp, Mrs Eliz. 20
Orcutt, Harold, Irma and Mason. 1 00
Osborn, Mrs. 55
Palmer, Miss. 10
Palmer, Miss B. 3 25
Pardee, Geo. 1 00
Parker, Miss E. 50
Parks, Miss Carrie 1 00
Parks, J H. 1 00
Parks, S O. 1 00
Parshall, Mrs. 1 00
Parsons, F A. 2 00
Parsons, Helen. 50
Partridge, I E. 25
Penney, Miss W. 2 00
Payne, Mrs A S. 5 00
Payne, C. 5 00
Payne, K B. 5 00
Pease, Mrs. 10 00
Pease, M A. 2 00
Peavy, Mrs Chas. 50
Peirce, Mrs Fay. 5 00
Penney, Miss W. 2 00
Perry, H C. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd
Phelps, Mrs Mary 1 00
Phillips, E. 50
Phillips, Miss E J. 1 00
Phillips, Fleda. 03
Phillips, Mrs Jos. 10
Phillips, S S & Mrs. 20
Phillips, Mrs W. 10
Pierce, Daniel. 5 00
Pierce, Mrs. 1 00
Pierce, Mrs N. 2 00
Poole, Mrs Jane. 2 00
Porter, P J. 10
Potter, Alvin. 10
Powell, Mrs A. 1 00
Powell, Mrs E. 2 00
Pratt, Mrs Clara. 1 00
Pratt, Mrs J R. 1 00
Pritchard, Scott. 1 00
Pulver, Mrs Mary. 50
Putnam, Mrs C S. 5 00
Quay, Mrs. 2 00
Rankin, Grace. 25
Ray, Mrs R J. 2 00
Raynor, Mrs L M. 1 00
Raynor, Mrs Sarah 5 00
Rector, L L. 25
Reed, Hattie B. 10
Rellim, A H. 3 00
Requa, Mrs E P. 1 00
Reuber, J. 4 00
Revina, Mrs. 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs L. 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs M. 1 00
Rhodes, E M. 2 00
Rich, Miss Jane. 3 00
Rich, Mrs Sarah. 3 05
Richards, Thos. 50
Richardson, Mrs. 25
Richardson, B. 50
Richardson, Wm. 25
Ridgeway, W E. 1 00
Robinson, Mrs. 2 00
Robinson, C B & Viola M Stone & E L Spanswick. 2 00
Robinson, Mrs D. 50
Robinson, D C. 25
Robinson, J S. 5 00
Robinson, W Lyle. 50
Robles, Raymond. 10
Rockwell, Mrs R. 1 00
Root, H S. 10
Roraback, Mrs. 10
Rose, Howard D. 2 00
Rounds, Lula. 25
Rowland, Mrs. 1 00
Rowley, Mrs J. 1 00
Rudman's, Miss & J Heffer's Cl. 2 50
Russell, Diana. 1 00
Russell, Mrs Julia 1 00
Sanders, Mrs E D 25
Sanford, Mrs C A 10
Sanford, Mrs F C. 1 00
Sare, Mrs T J. 2 00
Satterlee, A. 1 00
Satterlee, Mrs C. 3 00
Saville, Mrs H. 1 00
Scanlock, Mrs. 1 00
Schauber, M E. 1 00
Schmelzle, Mrs H 25
Schugler, Miss E. 25
Schuyler, Mrs E. 25
Scott, Fred M. 1 00
Scott, R R. 2 00
Scott, T D. 5 00
Scott, Walter. 10 00
Searle, Mrs E R. 1 00
Seckner, Ellnor. 2 00
Seckner, Jennie. 1 00
Seward, H. 3 00
Seymour, E A. 50
Shane, Mrs M J. 1 00
Shefcit, Mrs Grace 25
Shepard, Emma L 2 00
Shephard, Mrs A C 1 00
Shephard, Jno. 5 00
Shipley, Miss L G. 1 00
Shoemaker, Rev H R. 1 00
Shufelt, K. 25
Simion, G. 10
Simkin Misses. 2 00
Simpson, Edw E. 5 00
Simpson, F W. 1 00
Sixbury, F A. 2 00
Skinner, Mrs C E. 2 50
Skippon, Alice. 1 00
Slater, Jno. W. 2 00
Slawson, Mrs M A 25
Smith, Alice D. 1 00
Smith, Mrs E. 5 00
Smith, Elias. 7 25
Smith, Mrs J. 1 00
Smith, Lie Mary L Briggs. 10 00
Smith, Mary. 1 00
Snyder, Violet & friends. 2 50
Southall, E W, MD 2 00
Southard, Mrs F. 1 00
Spicer, R S coll by. 1 00
Sprague, Mrs E F, coll by. 50
Sprague, Elsie. 05
Sprague, Mrs Jas. 50
Springer, Mrs L G 1 00
Stainach, E C. 1 00
Standley, W H. 5 00
Stanley, E E. 2 00
Staples, H A. 1 00
Starks, Geo. F. 1 00
Starr, Mrs E D. 5 00
Stephenson, A H. 1 00
Stephenson, Clara. 10
Stephenson, Gertie 10
Stephenson, Morris 10
Stevens, Mrs Allen 10
Stevens, E C L. 1 00
Stocking, H B. 1 00
Stocking, Mrs H B 25
Stormon, Arthur. 20
Stow, Mrs E S. 1 00
Stowell, Mrs C. 15
Stowell, Claude. 10
Sullivan, Miss Ina. 15
Strachan, A &Mrs 1 00
Strang, Rufus H. 1 00
Swanaway, W. 1 00
Stratton, Mrs O. 1 00
Stringham, F C. 1 00
Sturdevant, O W. 5 00
Sturges, Mrs A. 1 00
Sullivan, G S. 5 00
Sutton, I C. 1 00
Sutton, I M & Mrs 4 00
Swanwick, Mrs N 2 00
Sweet, Mrs L. 50
Swift, Ella M. 1 00
Taft, Miss E L. 2 00
Taylor, Addie E. 1 00
Taylor, Henry. 25
Taylor, N. 1 00
Teegen, F. 5 00
Tenbrook, Mrs I & Mrs C E Race. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd
Tew, Lizzie. 5 00
Thompson, A M. 1 00
Thompson, T G. 5 00
Ticknor, Oscar. 05
Titus, M W. 1 00
Toupkins, Susan R 5 00
Tribe, Mrs Jno. 1 00
Trott, E. 10 00
Trumbull, Wm R. 1 00
Tucker, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Turrell, Mrs Dora. 50
Tuthill, W H. 50
Twiss, Mrs Jno R. 1 00
Tyler, Mrs N City. 1 00
Upright, Norman. 1 00
Vail, Mrs G. 2 00
Vanastwerp, Mrs. 25
Van Arsdale, Mrs N S. 2 00
Van Der Veer, Mrs S 1 00
Van Horn, Anna. 30
Van Kleeck, Peter. 1 00
Van Keuren, Ethel 2 00
Van Slyke, Miss C A. 2 00
Van Valkenburg, J 1 00
Vedder, Mrs C A. 1 00
Vergeth, Addie. 1 25
Vickers, Mrs M. 2 00
Voorhis, Mrs E L 2 00
Vosburg, Mrs R. 1 00
Vosburgh, Harry A 50
Vooman, Mrs. 25
Waggoner, Mrs. 25
Wagner, Miss L. 1 00
Waite, Andrew. 1 00
Waldo, Mr & Mrs. 2 00
Waldron, Mrs C D 1 00
Walrath, Chas H. 1 00
Walrath, Mrs M E 1 00
Ward, Alice. 1 00
Wardell, Wanda. 2 00
Wardle, H H. 1 00
Ware, Mrs E. 1 00
Warner, Mrs C C & children. 75
Washburn, B G. 1 00
Washburn, Mrs T. 1 00
Waterbury, Jno T. 50
Watkins, F. 10
Watkins, Fred N. 2 00
Waughel, Chas. 03
Weed, Mrs S A. 1 00
Weeks, Catharine. 1 00
Weismer, Mrs J. 1 00
Wells, Charles. 25
Wells, Laura. 55
Western, Benj. 10
Western, Charles. 25
Wetherbee, H J. 2 25
Wheeler, Lydia E. 50
Wheeler, Mrs M. 1 00
Whitaker, Rev A H. 10 65
White, A L. 1 00
White, Geo. 25
White, Mary I. 1 00
White, W H. 1 00
Whitehead, Mrs A M. 2 00
Whiteman, Rev SL 25
Whitney, Mary L 1 00
Whittemore, F. 5 00
Wichelus, S & Cl. 1 00
Wickser, Mrs E C 1 00
Widdeman, Mrs M. 1 00
Wilams, Melissa. 25
Willetts, Mrs. 10
Willets, Edna. 10
Willett, Chas. 5 00
Williams, Mrs J. 1 00
Williams, R S. 1 00
Willis, W H & family. 3 26
Winant, Inez M. 1 00
Witherspoon, T G. 5 00
Wollaston, A M. 1 00
Wolsey, Mrs Jno. 1 00
Wood, Mrs Alfred 1 00
Wood, Mrs C B. 5 00
Wood, E W & fam 1 55
Wood, Fred. 1 00
Woodland, Mrs L. 1 00
Woolston, Saml. 1 00
Worthington, MrsM 05
Wright, Mrs. 10
Wright, Sam W. 10
Yates, Mrs M A. 1 00
Young, Clifford. 1 00
Young, Miss Ethel. 1 00
Youngs, Hellen. 1 00
Youngs, Leslie. 2 00
Zimmerman, Miss E 2 00
Zimmerman, Mrs J 1 00

Mt Pleasant, Austerlitz. 1 25
Vernon —, Oneida 1 00
Francis, Rhoda & Mildred. 2 50
Lizzie S, New Rochelle. 1 00
Morris, P. 15 00
A A, Old Forge 1 00
A I T, Mexico. 1 00
A J R, Appleton. 25
A N M, St Johnsville. 5 00
A S I H, So Onondaga. 2 50
A T M, Elmira. 1 00
Mrs B, Morrisville 5 00
C A, Hague. 3 00
C L E, N Y City. 5 00
C N C V, Nis-kayuna. 1 00
D G K, Preston. 50
D K S, Gouverneur 2 00
E O G, IndianLake 1 00
E S & J K, Schenectady. 1 00
E W B, N Y City. 2 00
F C H, Wyanskill 2 00
H A D, Cincinnatus. 5 00
H D, Ballston Spa 1 00
H E L, N Y City. 1 00
H G, N Y City. 1 00
H H, N Y City. 2 00
H T B, Groveland Spa. 1 00
J Z L & Mrs, Mendon Centre. 1 00
K & L, Rensselaer 1 00
M E W, Albany. 1 00
M L A, Batavia. 10 00
Mrs M L G, Buffalo. 1 00
M S, Amityville. 2 25
Mrs N N, Buffalo. 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd
Mrs R G J, Five Corners. 1 00
R S, Albany. 4 00
S C C, Oneida. 2 00
S D H, Schenectady 5 00
S M S K S, Rye. 10 00
S M J, Bklyn. 2 00
S S S, Binghamton 2 00
V V G, Matteawan 5 00
W A, Fairport. 1 00
W J P, N Y City. 4 00
W L A, Geneva. 1 00
W L W, Hartland 5 00
Y Z B, N Y City. 1 00
—, Albany 50
—, Ancram Lead Mines. 50 00
—, Bainbridge Spa. 5 00
—, Bklyn. 1 00
—, Centre Lisle. 25
—, Centreport. 1 00
—, Chittenango. 1 00
—, Crarryville. 2 00
—, Eastavon. 20
—, E chatham. 1 00
—, Flushing. 5 00
—, Flushing. 1 00
—, Greenville. 5 00
—, Ilion. 1 00
—, Lyons. 60
—, Manhasset. 2 00
—, Mayfield. 1 00
—, Morish. 25
—, Mounds Park. 20 00
—, New Haven. 10
—, N Y City. 1 00
—, N Y City. 1 00
—, Orwell. 25
—, Pawling. 1 00
—, Perryville. 1 00
—, Richfield Springs. 1 00
—, Russell. 1 00
—, Selkirk. 2 00
—, Senior. 2 00
—, Silver Island 1 00
—, Shortsville. 5 00
—, Sprucewood. 3 00
—, Sterling. 2 00
—, Syracuse. 1 00
—, Wales Ctr. 20
—, Walton. 24
—, Warrensburg. 15
—, Wolcott. 25
Cash, Farmersville 10
Cash, St Johnsville 5 00
Faith Tent, Troy, For Jesus Sake, 50
Canajoharie 50
A Friend, Chenango Forks. 1 00
A Friend, Coventry 1 00
A Friend, Fullerville. 10
A Friend, Glen. 25
A Friend, Gloversville. 25
A Friend, King's Sta. 1 00
A Friend, Medina. 1 00
A Friend, Morrisville. 1 00
A Friend, N Y C. 5 00
A Friend, Oxford. 1 00
A Friend, Patchogue. 5 00
A Friend, Spring Valley. 1 00
A Friend, Windham. 10
A Few Friends, Monroe 6 00
Friend, Allegheny. 1 00
Friend, Bklyn. 1 00
Friend, Cattaraugus. 1 00
Friend, Clarksville 1 00
Friend, Cortland. 25
Friend, Davenport 2 00
Friend, Elmira 3 00
Friend, Limerick. 2 00
Friend, Lowville. 2 00
Friend, Milwood. 3 00
Friend, N Y City. 5 00
Friend, Pine Bush 1 00
Friend, Pt Leyden 1 00
Friend, Stanley. 25
Friend, Syracuse. 25
Friend, Tiashoke. 1 00
Friend, A B, Stamford. 26
Friend in Hewes St, Bklyn. 2 00
Friends, Bainbridge 1 58
Friends, Cherry Ck 1 50
Friends, Gloversville. 2 25
Friends, Granville 1 25
Friends, Mt Vernon 15 00
Friends, New London. 1 25
Friends, No River. 2 71
Friends, Sanquoit. 2 00
Friends, Union Springs. 20 00
Friends of the M E Ch, Burke. 4 00
Some Friends, Otego. 60
Two friends, W Saugerties. 1 25
Three Friends, Medford Sta. 5 00
In Christ's Name, Northport. 2 00
H N, Ballston Spa. 5 00
I H N and D I, Bklyn. 5 00
I H N, Elmira. 1 00
I H N, Lacona. 6 00
In His Name, Minaville. 2 00
In His Name, Canajoharie. 8 50
In His Name, Saratoga Spgs. 1 00
I H N, Guilford. 1 00
I H N, Wilmington. 1 00
In Memory of Mrs A B Banks, Crittenden. 1 00
In the name of the Master, Ft Ann. 2 00
Subr, Fairport. 1 00
Sympathizer, Cuba 2 10
Sympathizer, Lowell. 1 00
Sympathizer, Winthrop. 50
A humble disciple of Herkimer. 50
A member of Cornell Assn, Ithaca 25
A Missionary Bklyn. 5 00
A Sunshine Worker, Brooklyn. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd
A Sister in Christ 2 00
Anon, Port Byron 10
Anonymous, Niagara Falls. 25
Children of Grace Chapel, L I City 2 00
Christian Family, Melone. 50
Coll. In Revival Service at Dryden. 5 00
For the dear Master, Venice. 200
Guests at Mt Hope Cook House, Catskills. 5 00
Thank offering, Spring Water. 1 00
Two Endeavorers from Albany. 5 00
Two Sisters, Humphreysville. 2 00
Three Sisters, Curtytown. 25 00
Bapt Ch, Cincinnatus. 10 00
Bapt Ch, Sanford. 4 00
Bapt Ch, So W Oswego. 17 00
Chapel of 1st Ref Ch of Athens. 1 54
Cen Pawling Bapt Ch, Pawling. 21 90
Cong of Shavertown. 3 00
Fist Alfred Ch, Alfred. 1 00
1st Bapt Ch, Batavia. 10 50
First Bapt Ch, Batavia. 1 10
Gaine's Cong, Ch and P S C E. 8 25
Glwood Landing, Presb Ch. 6 67
Manheim Luth Ch, Churchtown. 6 37
Pres Ch, Hannibal 5 00
Pres Ch, Onondaga. 6 00
Ref Ch of Currytown. 5 50
Union Meeting of Bapt & Pres Chs, Ontario. 5 00
United Presb Cong, W Charlton. 28 00
Members of Lansing and Groton Bapt Ch. 4 18
Balmville Union S S, Newburgh. 7 00
Bethel S Sch, Newburgh. 10 00
Chinese S Sch, Albany. 5 00
Chinese S Sch Ch of Disciples of Christ. 55 28
Cong S Sch, Westmoreland. 3 07
Conklin Hill S S School, Callicoon Depot. 5 83
Dansville S Sch, Clifton. 1 25
Emerson S Sch, Moores Forks. 1 13
First Ch of Christ Disciples, Elmira 3 00
1st M E S Sch, Amityville. 6 00
Friends S Sch, Upper Brighton. 3 00
Hall Dist S Sch, S W Oswego. 3 00
Highland Pres S Sch. 4 00
Kennedy S Sch. 2 00
M E S Sch, E Troupsburg. 6 25
M P S Sch, Living-ston Manor. 1 00
Olivet M E S Sch, Syracuse. 5 00
Overlook Union S S Sch, La Grangeville. 2 00
Riverside Union S Sch, Highland. 1 50
S Sch of the 1st Bapt Ch, Hamburg. 1 00
S S Sch of the 1st Bapt Ch, Hamburg. 1 00
W Omega Creek & W Newark S Sch, Meltonville. 3 50
Willow Glen S Sch 1 00
Class No 20, Central Pres S Sch, Rochester. 3 00
Class No 20 Honest Hill S Sch. 28
Miss Training Sch, Buffalo. 7 75
Missionary Train-Sch, Buffalo. 18 37
Primary Class of Sabbath Sch, Byron Centre. 1 00
Advent Soc, Low Hampton. 6 25
C E Society, Bonney. 5 20
C E Soc, Pres Ch, Central Pres. 2 77
C E Soc, Marshville Evan Ch. 12 00
C E Society, Minerva. 2 00
C E Society, Norton Hill. 5 25
C E of 1st Pres Ch, Fort Jefferson. 11 23
C E Soc Pres Ch, Ridgebury. 6 00
C E Society, So Westerlo. 2 50
C E of Friends Ch, W Brookfield. 13 50
Christian Missionary Alliance, Richfield Spgs. 12 00
Church Town Y P S C E. 6 30
Circle of Willing Doers, E Scott. 2 00
Kings Daughters, Amagansett. 5 00
Endeavor Society, E Pine Bush. 4 00
Epw League of Meth Ch, Valley Falls. 2 00
Epworth League, W Stockholm. 6 00
Ger Ref Aid Soc, Clarence. 5 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd
St Remy C E Soc. 2
Highland Pres C E Soc. 8
Homer Epw League, Cortland 5
Hydeville Epw League, Barker. 1
Jr Bapt C E, Mariners' Harbor. 1
Jr C E Soc, Bushwick Ave Ref Ch, Bklyn. 5
Jr C E Soc of 1st Ref Ch, Kingston 5
Jr Epw League, No Lawrence. 2
Kings Daughters of McMasters Corners, Sennett. 5
Ladies' Miss Soc, Noxon. 1
Self-Denial Band, Buffalo. 19
Silent Circle of King's Daughters, Peckskill. 1
The Little Hope Holders, Bklyn. 2
Three Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies of Bapt, Meth and Cong Churches, Hartford. 6
Union Y P S C E, Adirondacks. 5
Union Y P S C E, Parishville. 5
Wilbur Chap M E Soc, Oneonta. 8
W C T U, Churchville. 21
W C T U, Marathon. 10
Young Ladies' Mission Band, Ovid Center. 3
Y P S C E, Adams Basin. 2
Y P S C E, Bluff Point. 5
Y P S C E, Burlington. 5
Y P S C E, Burlington Flats. 5
Y P S C E, Irondequoit. 6
Y P S C E Pres Ch, Pompey. 7
Y P S C E Mem Pres Ch, Rochester. 5
Y P S C E Pres Ch, Weston. 3

Miscellaneous

Anderson, L O. 10
Atkins, Lillie. 1
Bean, Mr & Mrs. 2
Cavender, G. 5
Crawford, A B. 10
Crenshaw, W T. 10
Currie, Mary. 05
Currie, Nellie. 05
Dillard, N. 1
Edwards, E. 5
Endrilly, C H. 10
Endrilly, David. 10
Gardener, Miss A. 1
Hadley, Geo. 25
Hall, R T. 25
Harris, Mr. 1
Haseloff, G F. 25
Hoogeboom, Miss, Maxwell City. 25
Hungerford, J. 1
Kaspersma, J, Maxwell City. 25
Kidwell, A A. 10
Lapp, Mrs S. 25
The McCutcheon Children. 35
Miller, C K. 25
Mitchell, Ethel. 10
Napper, Jas. 10
Noel, W T. 25
Otley, Mrs W H. 10
Pannell, Mrs. 1
Pierson, Chas E. 5
Ponton, Geo E. 10
Sackville, Howard. 25
Satterlee, Ministry. 05
Thompson, R A & wife. 30
Tiny, W T. 1
Tomlinson, H B. 25
Wallace, J H. 25
Ward, S B. 10
Wood, W B. 25
Miss Training Sch, McAllester. 1
Mayberry, —. 50
Harry, —. 50
Wm S, —. 5
Ax-By, —. 1
B H C, Watertown 2
B T S, Fayville. 1
Mrs B, —. 25
L & F, —. 50
M M, Rantoul. 1
W D, —. 50
Y P C L, —. 1
—, Gainesville. 1
—, —. 5
—, —. 3
—, —. 1
—, —. 1
—, —. 1
—, —. 1
—, —. 1
—, —. 10
A Friend, Duke City 2
A Friend, Southampton. 2
Friend, —. 50
Friend In Concord. 10
Friends of C. 75
Children Ref Ch, Maxwell City. 75
Harrington Pk Miss Soc. 2
Prot Half Orphan Asylum, —. 2

Little Lives Brightened at Mont-Lawn

HERE is a pathetic little story of only one of the many little lives that are constantly coming to the "Children's Paradise," Mont-Lawn. When we have the history of one of a class, we have an idea of many in that class.

As the stage drives up, a boy's wan face peers from the side, losing some of the care-worn expression as he absorbs the new sights and sounds, and forgets himself in his surroundings. But when the face is in repose—oh, how sad it is! He goes around as a little old man, burdened with many family cares. For two or three days he is almost unconscious of self, so absorbed is he in his environment, until he remembers his mother. How can she get along while he is enjoying all these beautiful things? He thinks of the family of four at home, without a father's care or provision, and he goes to the teacher and tells her that he is afraid that the baby will have no milk, as he is not there to go after it, or that his mother and the other children will want for food, because he has been in the habit of going to bakeries and obtaining things—stale rolls and bread. This is the pitiful story the teacher sometimes hears. Or the father surely came slowly, but just as God wished it for me. He won't part us, just us four, for I have suffered enough, and all I can ever stand. To part me from my children would break my heart.

If I could not work, I know I should die—die heart-broken. So many talk about my putting with the children. I will work hard for them, trusting my Saviour that they will grow up men to love God.

Such is a picture of one home brightened by the influence of a visit to Mont-Lawn.

Here is a type of another class: A boy with a "Bowery swing" and independence. He disliked to leave Mont-Lawn and persisted in the attempt to return. A teacher met him at the Bible House with a little bundle tucked under his arm. He was slyly preparing to return to the place he loved so well. He thought if he could get on the steamer *Chrysteuah* unnoticed, he would be all right. As the teacher was counting her little charges after they had reached the boat, she discovered the boy. The captain persuaded him to go home, and the little fellow, much against his will, was finally induced to go back to his own people, having already had his holiday outing.

Among the letters received by the Housemother during the week from

LITTLE WAIFS HELPING IN THE KITCHEN

may be a drunkard, and the mother trying to support herself and the children, the boy helping her. Such child-love for a mother is to be found even among the very poor.

One of the teachers became so interested in the little tenement lad in question that she visited his home in the city. It was a picture of neatness. Even the floor was scrupulously clean. The children were poorly clad, but neat. The mother was very anxious to obtain work. The drunken father had threatened the lives of herself and children and now he was in the hands of the law.

Many a day the mother had found the cupboard bare, but she trusted in God to provide in some way, and their trust had not been disappointed.

In a joint letter received from the boy and his mother, after his departure from Mont-Lawn, he expresses gratitude for being permitted to visit our Childrens' Home, and asks our prayers that he may get well and strong and grow up to be a good man. The mother sends thanks for some food that was sent to her from the Mont-Lawn Home, and then says:

I am still hoping and trusting in God that there will be a place somewhere for me in the fall, where I can earn money to support them. I have been promised a place and money for my services. How glad I shall be and how thankful. I am trusting in our Heavenly Father to let me keep my children and home, and for my health. God has never left me, If what I asked for did not come just then, it some of the children who enjoyed an outing this season at Mont-Lawn was this:

Dear Miss ——:—I am glad I am home, for mamma can't walk, she is so sick, and I am here to help her, for she cannot work. My brother is sick too. Please pray for our sick at home. Mamma is too sick to write. She is reading the chapters you wrote to me. Tell Miss —— I am a good boy and am thankful for my going out there. RICHARD D.

Ever since the opening day, this season, our Fresh-Air Home has been crowded with the little boys and girls of the tenements. Applications have poured in this year as never before, and even if the Mont-Lawn facilities were doubled, they would still be inadequate to meet the demand. Many of the letters received are from poor and worthy widows who desire to have their little ones get the benefit of an outing, and as it is impossible to grant all these demands, many are necessarily disappointed. The pleading of these poor mothers for a "little fresh air" for their children would touch even the hardest heart. Many letters are also received from city mission workers, pastors and Sunday School teachers.

Clothing for many of the children is greatly needed. Contributions of garments (which should be clean and whole), should be sent to "Housemother Collins, Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y." All contributions of money in aid of the Fresh-Air work are to be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

56
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We have relieved thousands that have failed elsewhere. The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. R 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE NARROW GATE

Continued From Page 675

The nation's heart and brain.
Yet He sits upon the throne,
Who will speak the final doom,
And He will not speak again;
His arm shall be made bare,
When his vengeance smiteth there;
The lust of a nation's pride,
Shall grow to a swelling tide,
But He who has waited long
For the sons of men to turn
From the world's contemptuous sin,
Shall shackle the ages' wrong,
And the chaff in the fire shall burn
When his judgment shall begin;
But the tears of his children shall be
Wiped away eternally.

Down around the county jail that night several efforts were made to break into the jail and take out the prisoner. But the mob was not organized and the sheriff, with a posse of deputies, kept the crowd back until reinforcements came over from Clinton. Toward daybreak the mob grew weary and gradually dispersed, and there was no farther attempt made the next day.

Colby awoke that morning to some sense of the tragedy. It was not the first by any means. Mr. Vernon, in his Sunday morning sermon, reminded his congregation of that fact.

"I find," he said, after a graphic account of the scene on Thursday night, "on looking up the records here, that during the last ten years Anderson county has on its roll of crime, due to the saloon, over 400 cases, including assault with intent to kill; seven murders, nearly every one of them as brutal as this one, together with arrests for drunkenness, where no crime was committed, that sum up the total to nearly 1,000 cases. Does this sound appalling for one county? Yet there are your records. Do you know how much the saloon is responsible for in America?

"The United States Commissioner of labor, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, gives the amount of license money received from saloons in one year by 118 largest cities of the United States, all having a population of over 30,000. The total amount is $24,091,396. These cities have 58,226 saloons, which make the average saloon license money collected from saloons by cities, towns and villages under 30,000 population, $75,000,000, making a total sum of $100,000,000 collected by cities and villages, which must be added to the $183,419,571.67 paid to the Federal Government.

"Every cent of these millions is stained with blood, wet with tears, soiled with impurity, stamped with dishonor and blazoned with ruined character. Every dollar of this revenue is taken from honest industry, and wrested from childhood's needs and woman's chastity. It has all passed through the sea of debauchery, crime and anguish before it drops dripping into the treasury of the United States Government. If this Federal Government whisky revenue money could speak, as it is taken out of the saloon till and paid over to the government, the voice of its combined wail of anguish, of its shriek of tortured childhood, its groan of lost life would rise up to heaven out of the world's hell, and its awful roar of pain would drown all other voices and bid the universe be aghast at the real tragedy of the century, which all the little novelists of the petty historical stories that deluge the world-reading public have ignored, while their puerile pens scratched away at make-believe history. Out there in the street in front of the church was some real history the other night. Out on a lonely farm is some real history in the blasted life of that woman, who yesterday saw the earth drop on the coffin containing her boy, killed while drunk. Out there in the vestibule of the church are some stains on the floor, that I hope to God will stay there long enough to preach their history to every boy here to-day. And yet in spite of all this tragedy, which the easy little novelists of this age pass by to describe the millinery of a hundred years ago, I venture to predict that this town will go on licensing the cause of the stream of death. After the present wide spread excitement has died down, matters will go on as usual. You will vote with the old party; the criminal lawyers will enter for their client a plea of self defence, he will escape either scot-free, or with a mild sentence, just as four out of the seven murderers in Anderson county have escaped, and the saloon will settle down to its life-destroying business again. I make this prediction." At this point Mr. Vernon was interrupted by cries all over the church, "No! No!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

LIVES THAT COUNT*

The True Way to Success and Fame and Lasting Glory is in Self-Effacement

MANY young people are content to drift with the stream. The impetus that they receive in their childhood carries them along; they do their duty, and pass out of life with no definite object and no clear purpose. It cannot be said that they have succeeded or failed. They have lived and died; their place is filled when they have vacated it, and they are soon forgotten. It cannot be said that their lives have counted. There is nothing to show that they ever lived in the world. Their families mourn over their death, but the world is no better for their having lived in it. Whether or not they have won fortunes, is a matter of no moment to them or to others. Compared to lives like those of Francis of Assissi, or moderns like Spurgeon, Beecher, Moody or Phillips Brooks, how barren they seem. It is not within the power of many to fill so large a place as those we have mentioned, but there are places which might be filled with equal efficiency. The poorest endowed personality that ever entered this world, has a niche which it might fill. It can be filled only, if at the outset, the guiding principles of life are chosen and faithfully followed.

How then can we plan our lives so as to make them of use? How can we live, so that some benefit has accrued to the world by our having lived? The only way yet discovered is to forget self. That is not a popular rule. Every man praises another if he looks well to his own interests and takes care to secure advantages for himself. But looking back over history, we see how true was Christ's maxim, that he who would save his life should lose it. The men whom the world remembers most gratefully; the men whose memory will never fade, are the men who never sought worldly fame or honor or wealth, but those who laid down their lives for others, who sought to do other people good and to contribute to the world's happiness. In that way, and in no other, can we attain true success.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Aug. 23. II. Timothy 3: 10-15; II. Cor. 11: 23-28.

A Wasted Life

A remarkable will contest is now in progress in Victoria, B. C. A man who was long known as one of the leading business men of the province, an extensive owner of mines and railroads, lately died, leaving a considerable estate. Some of the heirs are now seeking to invalidate the will, on the ground that the testator was for many years prior to his death a victim of alcoholic dementia. Testimony was introduced to show that during the course of twenty-five years he led a life of intemperance that is almost without a parallel. In that time he drank nearly 7,000 gallons of whiskey, 4,500 gallons of champagne, 3,500 gallons of other wines, 2,300 gallons of "mixed" drinks, and 750 gallons of bromo, ammonia, and other decoctions intended to sober him and make him fit to do business. During those twenty-five years he was, so the contestants aver, continually sodden with drink, frequently delirious, and subject to all kinds of visions, grotesque hallucinations and delusions, the result of a disordered brain. Even in his rare intervals of comparative sobriety his wild talk showed that the delicate organism of the brain had been impaired. His consumption of nearly 20,000 gallons of mind, body and soul-destroying alcohol had cost him a vast fortune in money alone, and it had left him a poor drivelling slave, dead to all the finer aims and aspirations of his manhood, oblivious to the best opportunities afforded by his wealth and position, and forgetful of his duty toward both God and his fellow-man. Such a life is one of the most pitiful of shipwrecks.

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not even the best raw cream, equals Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream for tea, coffee, chocolate, cereals and general household cooking. It is the result of forty-five years experience in the growing, buying, handling and preserving of milk by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

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Caution.—Ordinary witch hazel is *not* the same as POND'S EXTRACT.

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Reduced Rates to Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Vancouver or Victoria via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On account of the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress and National Irrigation Association meeting at Seattle, Wash., August 18 to 20, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Vancouver or Victoria July 31 to August 13, good to return until October 15, at rate of $87.80 from New York and proportionate rates from other points.

For full information concerning routes and stop-over privileges, consult nearest Ticket Agent.

A BENEFICENT WORK

THE INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE AT MAYESVILLE, S. C., FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE COLORED RACE

OUR readers who have generously contributed to the support of the Educational and Industrial Institute at Mayesville, S. C., will be glad to hear of the progress that has been made by the Institution. During the past season there have been 403 day pupils under instruction, and seventeen boarders. Many applications for admission as boarders were received, but owing to lack of accommodation, it was impossible to entertain them. Besides the ordinary literary education, the boys were instructed in carpentering, wheelwright's work, blacksmithing and shoemaking, under skilled teachers of their own race. The girls were taught sewing, dressmaking, cooking, and trained in other branches of domestic service. Three times during the term the pupils were examined by educational experts, and their proficiency was certified in a higher degree than had been expected.

ONE OF THE SHOEMAKING CLASSES AT MAYESVILLE INSTITUTE

The school accommodations will be largely increased next term by the erection of a building now nearly completed, which will contain dormitories, dining room, matrons' offices, and reception room. The cost of this building is defrayed by an appropriation from a trust fund which was secured by friends of the Institution in Boston, Mass. It is now proposed to remove the building now used as a school to a site near the new building, so as to make the two edifices the nucleus of a more convenient institution, and bring all into one connection.

The little farm recently purchased, and now nearly paid for, has proved a profitable investment. It has produced beside the vegetables required in the institution, rye, potatoes and other products, which have been sold and the proceeds used for current expenses. Many of the students have contributed their labor on the farm, thus acquiring useful knowledge, and it is proposed that during next term an arrangement shall be made by which nearly the whole of the work on the farm will be done by students, who will receive their board and education as compensation for their labor.

The institution, while enjoying the confidence and cordial good will of the white people in the neighborhood continues to be managed by colored people. Miss Emma Wilson has demonstrated her fitness for the general management, and has proved a most efficient superintendent. The work shows in a most conspicuous way that the colored children and their parents appreciate the benefits of an education, and they especially value the industrial branch which helps them in their efforts to support themselves. Their eagerness to avail themselves of the advantages offered is pathetic, and shows that in such efforts they are working out for themselves the solution of the problem of the colored race.

The most urgent need now is for money to carry the Institution to perfection. Money is needed for furnishing dormitories, in the new building; for school apparatus; for implements for the farm, and for other purposes. The utility and efficiency of the Institution has been fully proved; its growth from a little school shows how great was the need of such a work. All that is now needed is the means to carry the enterprise over its period of development, so that it may reach a position of self-support. Any contributions sent to the office of this journal will be gladly received and acknowledged.

INFLUENTIAL LIVES*

How to Make Our Lives Count as the Apostle Paul's Has Counted

NEAR the close of his life, testimony such as that which Paul gives in his letter to Timothy, has immense significance. It is at such times that men can make an estimate of their lives. We can imagine such men as we in America hold in the highest esteem, coming to such a pass. Death is near and they look back over their lives. Some of them can remember homes of poverty. They recall how hard it was to get an education. They call up the images of their father and mother counting every dollar, carefully saving their money to meet the payments. Then their own start in life, the anxieties and struggles, the gradual success, and then the money rolling in until it could be counted by millions. Perhaps in the acquisition it was necessary to squeeze competitors to the wall. Perhaps success was gained by obtaining a monopoly that forced other men out of business and stripped them of the hard-earned savings of a lifetime. But the result, how grand! how gratifying! As the man makes his will, how proud he feels at having millions to distribute. This is a successful life, viewed from the popular standpoint.

How different was the retrospect of the aged apostle. If he had made a will, all that he would have had to distribute would have been the books, the parchments, and the cloak he left at Troas. Yet the man seems satisfied. He had achieved the thing at which he aimed. After all, that is the measure of success. The question is whether the thing sought was worth the struggle. He had sunk reputation, family connections, wealth, influence. What had he gained? At this distance of time, we can see better than even he could. Who now takes into account his possessions? The name of Paul stands so high that we do not consider whether he was poor or rich. His life had an influence on the world that will never fade. When the names of our millionaires are forgotten, this poverty-stricken man will still live in the world's grateful memory. The reason? He lived not for himself, but for Christ and humanity.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for August 23. II. Timothy 1: 6-8; II. Cor. 11: 23-28.

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It is no longer the dreaded task of old. The satisfaction of seeing the laundry come out white as driven snow, with that firm, satiny finish and rustle is gratifying to womanly pride. Then, it's more economical because it goes further.
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Every gallon of Jells made effects just that saving. It takes eight of the ordinary 2-cent Sweetened Gelatine Packages, total cost 80 cents, whereas two packages of Knox's Gelatine, total cost 25 cents, make a gallon of decidedly better dessert. No woman when she realizes these facts will continue to waste money in that way. Besides, KNOX'S alone is made from absolutely pure calves' stock, and is ready to serve in one hour. Knox's granulated is as measure as easily as sugar. *Among A few of our large fortunes, 15 cents*

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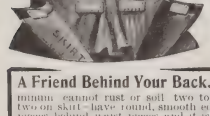

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FRUIT BOOK free. We PAY CASH
WANT MORE SALESMEN Weekly
STARK BRO'S, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc

Aunt Sarah's Mission

By Ida E. Tilson

"OUR Missionary Society was languishing, too," said Aunt Sarah, settling back in her chair, smoothing her hair, pushing up her glasses, and crossing her feet, the well-known signs that a good story was coming.

After discussing the weather, our relatives, and our new clothes, we took up more spiritual matters. Half sadly, half jokingly, I had said that soon over our Missionary Society would be written the epitaph on a young lady's grave at old Plymouth Rock, "Died of a languishment," whatever such mysterious malady means.

"I know all about it," continued Aunt Sarah. "First we had a literary society, with reports and readings and recitations on Mexico and Alaska and all the countries, just as long as our minister's wife could hunt up the magazines and make programmes for us.

"When Elder Addicks went away, we thought we must have a young minister. Naturally, his wife had little children and did not attend the missionary meetings. We kept on a spell as a devotional meeting, but while we all felt the spirit, only two or three had courage and training to pray aloud in public. Pretty soon they seemed to think they could pray as well at home.

"Then Mrs. Candoll proposed we sew in a missionary way. Well, some of the women said they couldn't sew very well, and some said they had too much of it to do at home. But Mrs. Candoll, who has no children, and whose rich husband humors her in everything, she overruled all objections, and said those who couldn't sew could cut and baste, and those who had sewing of their own might just furnish house room, and the society would do their sewing any afternoon for moderate pay, and turn the proceeds over to missions. Some shook their heads at this. They had taken out and done over too much work by a parcel of chattering women. It was finally decided to make a specialty of children's clothing."

"Because children are kind of shapeless, I suppose, and don't have to be fitted," I laughed softly.

Aunt only nodded, and went on vigorously. "Mrs. Olee always seconds Mrs. Candoll, so promised to find needy children. Now one of the beauties of living in the country, as I do, child," continued my aunt, with an extra placid expression, "is that everybody can earn a decent living. There are no very poor people. It would break my heart to live in a city, where there are so many calls to charity, and no one person could relieve all. I must refuse some. Well, to resume my story," and Aunt Sarah gave another hitch in her chair, and a characteristic hair-smoothing, "Mrs. Olee furnished the names of two families about three miles away, where there were lots of children, and the society all pitched on me to visit them for information, measures, etc. Land sakes, how I hated the job, invading those stranger women's homes and sanctuaries, as 'twere, and asking about their business. But the society woman said I could talk so well, better than I could sew.

"Mrs. Awtry offered to take me out there with her nice carriage and gentle horse. She thought she could do that better than sew. Mrs. Awtry is of such good family, her carriage is an easy one, and she is such fine company herself, that the joys of the trip partly reconciled me.

"At the first place was a man with one hand off, though we didn't look him up, but his wife. Her blue calico dress, though faded, was perfectly whole and clean. So were the blue calico shirts of her little boys. The house, though bare, was clean, too, and she offered me her one rocking-chair with real dignity. I suppose I looked some older than Mrs. Awtry. I felt I must begin delicately. The busy hens, droning bees and thrifty garden suggested a way.

"'Do you take care of all those?' I asked, with a sweep of my hand toward the door.

"Looking a little surprised, she bowed. Then, pursuing my advantage, I said, 'I suppose you have to help your crippled husband harness his horses and such like.'

"'Oh vell,' she answered, in her broken English, 'sometimes I holp, but him ver schmart mit dot vun hand.'

"'But you must have so much to do,' I insisted, 'that we church women felt we ought to sew for your children, and we will furnish material.'

"The German woman thought a moment, then said simply, 'Ve got eferyting. Ve got eleven cows, ve got ten pegs, ve got sixty schickens. Coom in hier,' and she led the way to another room, where stood a brand-new sewing-machine. Pointing with pride she added, 'It dakes not ferry long to make clothes on dot. See mine quilts, too.' Sure enough from a press she took a number of elaborate patchwork quilts. 'You don't get time to make these now,' I remarked.

"Turning suddenly on me, she took the role of questioner. 'You try do good?' 'Yes,' I humbly answered. 'Vell, den, I dells you how. Mine neighbor, Mrs. Lenton, she ferry lame, she so lonesome; you call dare. She no need sewing; she bootiful sewer. She need fren's. She sew for me; I dake her eggs.'

"'Thank you! I will!' was my modest reply. Then I cordially invited my new-found German acquaintance to call on me. 'Yah! I've known about you dese many year!' was her non-committal farewell.

"Well,' sighed Mrs. Awtry, 'There's one visitation done, and we escaped being shown the door. Shall you visit Mrs. Lenton?'

"'Of course,' and chid, whom did Mrs. Lenton prove to be, but an old pupil of mine whom I had lost sight of. She is paralyzed in both limbs, but hitches about in a big rocking chair, and actually does her own work, by her husband leaving everything handy. She was so cheerful and so delighted to see me.

"Our second family to visit had been South, where fever, ague, and doctors' bills, finally lost them their little home. Relatives had helped them back North, and now they were renters. Here were more blue calico shirts and dresses, but no rags. Another thrifty garden and some more fine pigs helped me suggest the wife's many duties, and the propriety of our sewing.

"'Do those women need something to keep them out of mischief?' retorted the little black-eyed woman I had now to deal with.

"'That is about the size of it,' I admitted, and we all laughed heartily.

"After considerable general visiting, Mrs. Awtry and I rose to go. Our little hostess, in a conciliatory way, said, 'I am proud to have had you stop, and real obliged to those charitable women. If I should get in a pinch, I would call on them. But I wash for the woman we rent of, and she sews for me. Our children are nearly all boys, every one of them helping work already. If we can only have our health, we shall be content and pull through ourselves.' Again I gave a cordial invitation to return my call.

"When we got outside, Mrs. Awtry asked me, 'Do you really mean those invitations? You know you have more acquaintances on your list now than you can get around to.'

"'Yes, I know that, but I mean them. I can't bring myself to invade people's homes, offering them charity which they prove not to want, then refusing the friendship they would value. This afternoon showed me so much honest self-respect and pluck, it has done me good, and confirmed what I always thought, that the highest gift is ourselves. No other giving amounts to much without it.

"The Ladies' Society received our report with credulity, indignation and disappointment. The report was 'laid on the table.'

"A few days later, a tall, angular, weary, strange old woman called on me, introducing herself as the mother of our last-visited woman. She brought along a black dress pattern, given her months before, which her poor, old eyes had been unable to make. 'Had I been home the other day,' she exclaimed, 'I should have taken up your offer, for this dress.'

"The old lady owned good blood, and bore a historic name, but she was a 'mountain white' of the South, left one side by the tide of education and progress. Yet the homely tales she told me, had an originality and power of their own.

"As she saw our bee-hives, she remarked she had a 'misery' in her stomach for which honey was powerfully good. So I finally got out my precious china and fed the old lady on warm biscuit and honey.

"She left the dress pattern. I hurried round among the ladies; but, 'with one accord, they began to make excuse.' They had company or were invited out. They wished to sew sociably together. They did not wish to 'bone down' to hard dressmaking. They planned for children's sewing.

"'Yes,' I said, meekly. 'I know all that. I only asked for children's work, but the Lord, our Father, has seen fit to send us an old woman, when we asked for children. What are you going to do about it?'

"We finally arranged to fit and make the dress and furnish its trimmings. We sent it to the old woman, rather forestalling another visit from her." Aunt Sarah's eyes had a far-away look when she resumed.

"Just a few weeks later the old lady died, full of years and sorrows, and was laid out in our dress. 'If you hadn't made that dress, I don't know what else she could have been robed in for the grave,' a neighbor confided to us. And the women of our Missionary Society looked at each other with tearful eyes, as they recalled in whispers the words of the Man of Sorrows, 'rejected and despised of men,' who said, when others complained of Mary's anointing—'She hath done it against my burial.'"

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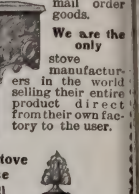

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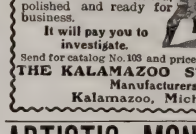

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SELF-EFFACEMENT

Jonathan's Loyalty to David an Example

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE history of Saul is a striking illustration of how utterly incapable any of us are to do any good thing in our own nature and by our own strength. Meanwhile Jonathan, Saul's son, the Crown Prince, was strongly drawn to David. Jonathan knew God; he had no true fellowship with Saul, and there was in David that loyalty to God which responded to and strengthened his own faith. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." (I. Sam. 18: 1). True love is self-sacrificing. "Jonathan made a covenant with him. . . . And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him [the princely robe], and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." It was a practical abdication of his succession to the throne. He took God's view of David.

What a type this is of a true child of God who takes God's view of Christ! It is not difficult to renounce self, if our hearts are drawn out by the Spirit of the Lord to understand and appreciate God's Anointed. True loyalty to Christ is to renounce all rights and claims for ourselves in favor of our Lord Jesus. But Saul saw David in a very different light. The women who sang in the triumphal procession which followed the victory over the Philistines, sang, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." This aroused bitter jealousy in the heart of Saul. He took David into his court again; he would patronize the hero champion who had slain Goliath; but he "eyed him from that day and forward. And it came to pass on the morrow that an evil spirit from the Lord came mightily [R.V.] upon Saul, and he prophesied [under this power from beneath] in the midst of the house" (vers. 6-10). Saul's indulgence in the sin of jealousy opened the door to the enemy, and under the inspiration of this power of darkness, he attempted David's life.

It is very instructive to note the downward steps of this man. God had visited him, the Spirit of the Lord had come upon him, and God had even given him another heart. But he had acted in self-help and disobedience; would neither trust the Lord nor wait for Samuel; he preserved Agag alive, who should have been slain; and now had thoughts of murder in his heart. This attempt on David's life was the first of ten attempts to murder the man whom God had used to save Israel. He had attempted to slay David with his javelin, but God had other purposes for his chosen king than that he should die by the hand of Saul.

Then the king commanded his servants to slay David. But Jonathan made him hide, while he represented to his father how unjust and irrational was this persecution of a man who had only done him good. So David was recalled, and was in his presence as before; but the evil spirit was stronger than all his good resolutions, and again he attempted to slay David with his own hand. The wretched king had become the tool of the evil one, he was no more master of himself. Then he sent messengers to slay David in his own house, but his wife Michal saved him. The life of a man for whom God has special purposes is not in danger, whatever may be the circumstances in which he is placed. God can reverse the orders of any king, or turn the point of any spear. He had determined that David should reign, and Saul could not prevent it. Saul feared David. Men who do wrong stand in fear of those who do right, because they know that God is with them.

A true child of God knows that he is not of the world, and is, therefore, not surprised if the world hates him. The world loves its own. Worldly men love those who are like them; but they hate and fear those whose lives reflect discredit upon theirs. They hate the unselfishness which make their selfishness stand out by force of contrast. They hate the humility which shows up the meanness of their pride, and they fear men who walk with God.

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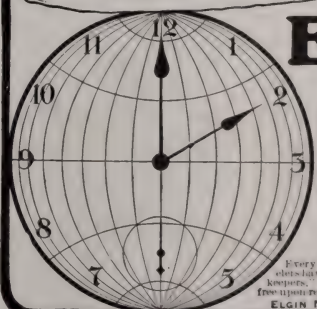

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Coll by little girl, Lehman 2 00
Parish Ch, Atlantic 3 81
Bapt Ch, Austinville 1 00
Ebenezer U B Ch Butler 6 50
Slippery Rock Pres Ch, Chewton 16 65
Rockhill Mennonite Cong 5 50
Pres Ch, Vanport. 4 00
S S Ch, Alverton.. 50
Pres S S, Media.. 11 00
U Presb Temple Pres S S, Phila. 1 00
Union S S, Ringt'n 3 75
S Sch, Sabula..... 3 60
S S, Smallkerville 1 00
Gerung S S for S S Ct of girls, Allegheny 1 25
Str & Fr K L C E of MECh, Barnesville 2 50
Wom Home Miss of ME Ch, Blairsville 1 50
Y W C A of S W State Normal Sch, California 5 00

OREGON—Cont'd

Pickell, Chella 10 00
Rice, Minnie M.... 1 00
Sloan, Mrs M J.... 70
Warner, Mrs Eps.. 3 00
Wiley, Miss E.... 2 62
J W, Ricehill 20
——, Fall Creek 1 00
——, Marion..... 10 00
Coll in Ch, Portorford 7 00
Union S S, Enterprise 6 00

Pennsylvania

Baker, D R..... 1 00
Bakers, M E C.... 1 00
Banbury, Harriet.. 25
Beckett, Anna..... 5 00
Beckett, Saml..... 10 00
Brougher, Geo W.. 15
Carr, Miss A M... 5 00
Carter, Arabella.. 1 00
Colquist, Mrs John 2 00
Depue, Jane Gray.. 5 00
Dombdaser, Edna.. 50
Farnsler, Geo W.. 2 06
Fawcett, Jr, Mrs M H 2 00
Ferrell, Jas M..... 5 00
Fickes, Miss E M.. 5 00
Fickes, Miss S E.. 5 00
Gayley, T G..... 5 00
Hanna, Martha 1 00
Harris, H 3 00
Hartman, Julia L.. 5 00
Hartman, Kath 1 00
Hays, J D & wife.. 2 00
Hess, Amelia L.... 5 00
Hess, Mrs Jno..... 5 00
Hilbert, Mrs C.... 1 00
Irwin, Amelia C.. 5 00
Kabelin, Mrs Geo.. 2 00
Kurtz, Emma M.... 2 00
McClain, Mrs E.... 50
McConnell, Mrs AJ 1 00
McCormick, C G.. 10 00
Marburger, MrsWW 1 00
Mark, H D..... 1 00
Miller, M A..... 1 00
Morris, Y M..... 50
Oliver, M E..... 1 00
Pannell, Philip.. 1 00
Powell, Mrs, Thos. 25
Poorman, Mrs A... 5 00
Pridgeon, C H.... 5 00
Pugh, Hall A..... 1 00
Reiner, T Z..... 1 00
Root, W F..... 2 00
Scott, Mrs J..... 1 00
Sedinger, Mary.... 1 00
Smyser, Mrs Susan 10 00
Semple, Mrs M.... 5 00
Spicher, Mrs M E 3 80
Standfast, Mrs..... 1 00
Steacy, Anna..... 10 00
Steininger, Cora... 50
Strickler, Lydia... 1 00
Thomas, J E..... 50
Warner, O M..... 50
Wilt, M..... 2 00
Wolf, Fairphin 2 00
E R, Middle Creek 2 70
——, Fairfield 10 00
——, Nectarine 1 00
A Friend, Fairview 1 00
Friends, Port Matilda 50
Friends, Sharon... 1 05
H N, Fairmouth.. 1 00
"In Jesus' name,".. Connaeutville 1 00
Reader of C H, Harrisburg 5 00
Sympathizer, Lansdale 2 00
Mite, Dugus Mines . 25
John 3:2 Church, Franklindale 1 00
Coll by little girl, Lehman 2 00
Parish Ch, Atlantic 3 81
Bapt Ch, Austinville 1 00
Ebenezer U B Ch Butler 6 50
Slippery Rock Pres Ch, Chewton 16 65
Rockhill Mennonite Cong 5 50
Pres Ch, Vanport. 4 00
S S Ch, Alverton.. 50
Pres S S, Media.. 11 00
U Presb Temple Pres S S, Phila. 1 00
Union S S, Ringt'n 3 75
S Sch, Sabula..... 3 60
S S, Smallkerville 1 00
Gerung S S for S S Ct of girls, Allegheny 1 25
Str & Fr K L C E of MECh, Barnesville 2 50
Wom Home Miss of ME Ch, Blairsville 1 50
Y W C A of S W State Normal Sch, California 5 00

PENNA.—Cont'd

C E Soc, Hartleton 6 00
Jr Epw League M E Ch, So Fork.. 5 00
Y P S C E Grant St Pr Ch, Wilkesbarre 4 00

Rhode Island

Clarke, T W D & Bank 5 00
Morse, Amanda C.. 1 00
Richardson, Miss C 4 00
N B S Pawtucket 1 00
——, Barrington Centre 5 00

South Carolina

Bolt, Nannie..... 40
Day, Walter..... 2 00
Jackson, Miss M J 1 00
Manget, H..... 8 00
Manget, S N..... 3 00
Mason, M P..... 2 00
Nelson, Frank..... 1 00
Rogers, C R..... 42
Smith, Ella..... 1 00
Walpole, J B..... 1 00
Walpole, Mrs Da Vid, coll by .. 1 10
White, Mrs J W.. 2 25
E B, Edgefield.... 25
E & I D, Bennettsville 1 50
G, Greenwood 1 00
A Sympathizer, Greenville 65
Earnest Workers, Camden 1 20

South Dakota

Baker, Mr & MrsE 3 00
Beebe, Inez E..... 1 00
Bixby, Mrs E..... 50
Chilson, O A..... 10 00
Cory, W H..... 1 00
Hoover, L D..... 2 00
Hutchinson, MrsJN 2 00
Oliver, Mrs A..... 1 00
Searle, Alex..... 15
Searle, Mr & MrsC 1 00
Searle, Clinton.... 25
Searle, Stuart..... 10
Spencer, Fern..... 30
Wenz, Mrs H S.... 1 00
Young, John H..... 5 00
C W, Yankton..... 1 00
Ladies Miss Soc of Pr Ch, Hitchcock 5 25
W F M Soc, Pierre 3 75

Tennessee

Adams, Wm..... 20
Barrett, Mrs E..... 1 10
Barry, Mrs Belle.. 20
Barry, J E..... 50
Bain, Mr..... 05
Fite, Mrs J S..... 1 00
Giffan, Miss L.... 25
Graves, Miss S.... 10
Green, Mrs A..... 20
Johnson, Mrs..... 1 10
Martin, Mrs..... 25
Moses, Mrs Emma 25
Nelson, Mrs Jake.. 05
Price, Miss Sallie.. 05
Savy, Miss Helen.. 25
Mrs R P H, Newsome Sta..... 25
Oak Grove S S, Inman 1 00
Mrs J M Woodall's SS Ch, Estill Spgs 8 00

Texas

Barnes, Mrs G..... 1 00
Coursey, Mrs G W. 1 00
Crawford, Mrs S.. 1 00
Gibbs, Mrs G N.. 1 00
Gibbs, Mrs J W.. 1 00
Glaeser, W F..... 5 00
Grote, F A..... 5 00
Halbert, Miss Lena 2 35
Hardin, Mrs E.... 25
Lane, Mrs M..... 1 00
Light, Mrs Davis.. 1 00
Loyd, Geo..... 1 00
McConnell & Keith 2 00
Marty, J..... 3 00
Peebles, Mrs Jno.. 2 00
Propeck, Mrs N R 1 00
Sedgwick, Mrs Jake 05
Shannon, Mrs J W. 8 50
Speer, Mrs F S.... 50
Staley, I J, coll by 1 50
Stevenson, Paul.... 1 00
Thompson, Mrs SA 1 00
Wernly, John 2 00
W T & John Ira, Madisonville 1 00
Subsc, Alvarado .. 5 00
An orphan girl, San Antonio 1 00

Utah

Frost, L..... 1 00
Neilson, Miss C... 05
Quinn, J..... 25
Sorenson, S C 10
A Friend, Ephriam 10

Vermont

Allen, Jonas..... 10 00
Burroughs, MrsEW 1 00
Chapin, Edwd S.. 1 00
Jenkins, Mrs Geo.. 2 00
Jenkins, Geo A.... 1 00
Leonard, M C 1 00
Matson, Rosaline.. 1 00
Simonds, M E..... 1 00
Sumner, Mrs W C.. 50
I H N, Fairlee.... 2 00

Virginia

Alexander, Levi .. 10
Baker, Cora..... 10
Baldwin, J S &wf 2 00
Bassett, Mrs C C.. 10
Bates, Mrs J T.... 1 00
Bates, Mrs S T.... 1 00
Bolton, R E..... 1 00
Bridwell, O H..... 25
Brown, C S..... 05
Brown, Rev W M.. 05
Buford, Julius..... 25
Burchfield, MrsRR 10
Burruss Miss A.... 1 25
Burruss, Little.... 40
Campbell, Mrs AH 10
Cogan, Jno & Ida.. 1 00
Coghill, S L..... 25
Coghill, S L..... 75
Conner, J C..... 05
Conner, S C..... 05
Conner, T Y..... 05
Cooper, Mrs wife.. 50
Diggs, John B..... 2 00
Ford, Chas W..... 25
Giles, Chas..... 10
Gordon, Fleming... 05
Hall, Preston..... 05
Harris, Jim..... 05
Harris, Miss M.... 05
Harris, Mrs wife.. 50
Mantin, Anne W.... 5 00
Morton, Mrs E..... 2 00
Ogren, A J..... 2 00
Ogren, P J..... 10 00
Reuss, Beth & Gordon Pratt 50
Salisbury, C & S.. 1 50
Salisbury, Myrle.. 1 80
Salisbury, Mrs E M, son, daughter & grandchildren. 4 50
Sampson, Florence. 5 00
Sampson, Phebe.... 1 00
Schaal, Laura..... 50
Sherwood, Mrs CA 1 00
Spivey, Mrs Wm.... 1 00
Spivey, Mrs Wm.... 1 00
Stanton, Mrs M.... 1 00
Stevens, Mrs Robt H.. 1 00
Stevens, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Stevens, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Stevens, Mrs Wm

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE MARTELLO TOWER — GENERAL VIEW OF SILVER BAY — ONCE A FARM, NOW A MISSION

Planning a World-Wide Campaign

MANY readers of this journal will doubtless recall the beginning of the great Student Volunteer Movement in 1886, at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts. Mr. Moody had called the college men to a conference. The spirit of missions began to be felt among them. Before the conference closed one hundred of them were banded together to go out into the world for Christ. They appointed a few of their number to travel around to the various colleges, and thus the number of volunteers continued to increase, until they were found in many lands.

Mr. Luther D. Wishard, who had done so much to organize the college branch of the Y. M. C. A., became identified with this movement at its start, and has kept in touch with it for seventeen years, although enlisted in other enterprises. One of the many results of this large number of volunteer workmen, was that the work itself outgrew the treasuries of the various church boards. Men are anxious to go to the front, and there is no money to send them. Mr. Wishard has been doing his best to bring up the home end of the work. A little over a year ago, he held a conference with a few of the representatives of the various young people's missionary organizations, and the first conference of Silver Bay was projected. Mr. and Mrs. Silas H. Paine, active in the Broadway Tabernacle, and proprietors of the Silver Bay Hotel, welcomed the Conference, and offered it a permanent home for each year. About 150 were present at the first gathering.

The definite result was the large gathering of this year at Lake George, during the last ten days of July. About 375 representatives of the various missionary boards and of the various young peoples' societies, and many who are prominent in local churches, gathered together to plan for a more successful campaign against heathenism. Among the speakers were such men as Bishop J. M. Thoburn, the veteran apostle to India. Mr. Robert E. Speer, the secretary of the Presbyterian Mission Board, and Mr. John Willis Baer, who has given up the secretaryship of the Y. P. S. C. E. organization, to push home mission work; Samuel H. Hadley of the Water Street Mission, New York City, and a host of others of similar weight in the different denominations and enterprises.

The daily programme began with a Bible Class at nine in the morning, led by Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, Assistant Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. Over three hundred would gather with Bible in hand, to follow up his suggestions and references in the matter of the "Kingdom," and "How we are to spread it through the world." After a brief intermission, Mr. Charles V. Vickery, the Secretary of the Conference, led in a practical study of ways and means. A syllabus was issued, with subheadings under such general topics as "Missionary Committees," "Missionary Libraries," "Tested Methods of Securing Scriptural Habits of Giving," "Meetings," "Study Classes," "Missions in the Sunday School," "Prayer and Missions," and "Agencies." Each one of these had a morning to itself, and was subdivided into several topics, each being treated by an acknowledged expert. For example, under "Habits of Giving," the representatives of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist Churches were heard, and they told of the methods which they had tried with success; how they went to churches and secured a hearing; how they paved the way with excellent literature; and how they provided for different classes of people. Mr. Wishard concluded the discussion with an account of what he considered an ideal church, telling in detail the various arrangements that were made to give everyone a chance to know about the work, and to give to it.

The third hour of each morning was given over to separate conferences, on Foreign Missions, Home Missions, and the work of the teachers. The first was taught by Harlan P. Beach, who has himself labored abroad. Bishop Thoburn was an attentive listener and active director in this session. Prof. T. H. P. Sailer, talked to the teachers, and the Rev. A. L. Phillips of the Presbyterian Church, South, conducted the Home Mission study. At noon, a short time was given to prayer for missions, each in private or in selected groups. The afternoon was given over to recreation, and many delightful excursions were provided, suited to the amount of energy that each had in store. One who wandered over the grounds, found a large number in little groups, down by the Martello tower, or under the trees, or on the porch, or up in the outlook, 350 feet above the lake, poring over their Bibles, comparing their notes, and preparing for the studies of the evening or next day.

After supper there was a delightful vesper service. The first night it was addressed by Mr. Wishard who imparted a spiritual tone to the Conference by the earnestness of his opening words. One evening, Mrs. Besserer, of Highlandtown, Baltimore, Md., told of her wonderful success in rescue work, and then Mr. Samuel H. Hadley, of the McAuley Mission, [illegible] with his account of the work of grace first in himself, and then among the outcasts of the great metropolis. The various denominations also talked over the best methods of organizing their own work.

The interest continued without abatement and increased from day to day. Next year there will be three such Conferences, one at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., one at Silver Bay, and the third probably at Winona.

MEMBERS OF THE GREAT SILVER BAY MISSIONARY CONFERENCE OF 1903

The American Pulpit

True and False Success

A Sermon by REV. FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH, PEEKSKILL, N. Y

TEXT—II. PETER 3: 18: "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ"

IN what does true advancement in life consist? It does not consist in the accumulation of wealth. The world says it does. Our rich soil, improved machinery, and energetic blood have made us enormously rich as a nation. The passion for money-getting is in the very air that we breathe. It is a mistake to suppose that money is the root of all evil; as a matter of fact it is used to support about everthing that is good. It is underneath every home where love is enshrined and childhood nurtured. It is at the bottom of every schoolhouse. It is underneath every cornerstone of every temple of the living God. It is not money that is condemned in the good Book, but the love of money.

There are some persons who grow in wealth, who grow also in real manhood and womanhood. Their wealth is used as a means of personal improvement and of public benefit. There are others who accumulate wealth at the expense of character. They give light weight and short measure; they misrepresent. So before we characterize the wealthy man as successful, we should ask how his wealth was gained. Froude, in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, sent a cat out on a pilgrimage to discover

The Secret of Happiness

She saw a bird swing, singing on a limb, an ox lying contentedly in the pasture, a bee sucking honey out of a bell-shaped flower, and a rabbit with little ones playing about her. In answer to her question they all told her that to be happy was to do duty. She stopped to dine with the fox, and he had a different idea. He said that the secret of happiness is to secure the property of another by superior ability. "I am never so happy as when I am carrying off some farmer's goose," and he turned and complimented the cub seated next to him at the table for having stolen the fine goose on which they had just dined. Many men come to wealth and fame by legitimate processes in the discharge of their duty. Too many, however, heed the advice of the fox, and get the property of another by superior ability. They will get their rival, or maybe a professed friend, in a corner in the exchange, and knife him to death, that they may enrich themselves with his goods, and they will sometimes get millions of people in a corner and hold them up and empty their pockets. Many people are inclined to think that these extremely clever operators are the greatest successes. So they are, as foxes, as stealers of geese, but not as men. There is another danger, too. We see it in the case of men who accumulate means by legitimate and honest processes, but who become chilled in their affections by their avarice, and grow smaller each day in their personal character in proportion to their advancement in wealth.

Nor does true growth consist in social culture. The young man and woman go from the farm to the city. The city people call them green. Perhaps they are, but not more so than the city people appear in the country. They are so very bashful, that it is with difficulty that they listen to the sound of their own voice in company, and almost stumble over the figures in the carpet as they walk across the room. By and by they learn the manners of good society, and become the elegant lady and gentleman. They have made true progress, if, while they have grown in the knowledge of the habits of good society, and have become self-possessed and winning in their outer demeanor, they have also grown more sweet, and true, and good. Large numbers of people from the rural districts do this, and in so doing, bring up the average of virtue in the land.

Bartered for Title

But this young gentleman and lady may have become less simple, less sincere, less trustful, less energetic, and less pure, all the time they were growing in their social greatness, and then there has been no real progress. We have examples of such in many of the fashionable resorts of our country. Christian men and women, as true and benevolent as any among us, reside in Newport and such fashionable places, but there are alas! others who claim to be at the head of American society, who are silly in their rounds of entertainment, tainted in their moral tastes, and far from true to the highest Christian ideals. There are American girls who think that the highest ambition in life is to occupy an exalted position in society, and especially in some of the capitals of the Old World. And there are noblemen from across the sea, who, recognizing that fact, come and lead American daughters to the bridal altar. Some of them are the noblest noblemen; strong in mind, warm in heart, pure in character; but there are others who are mere shells, moral wrecks. Parents only too often practically sell their daughters, and the daughters give themselves away, for really empty titles. These noblemen understand well the habits of the politest society, and are counted leaders in the same, but they are failures in real manhood. And the young women who give their lives away to such men, make a failure and not a success of life. True advancement then, does not consist in social culture.

Again: Popular praise and social influence must not be our test of real success. The young man of humble circumstance walks along the streets unnoticed by the influential or the wealthy. By study and industry he rises through a series of struggles against adversity into prominence. Step by step he is promoted, till he stands head and shoulders above his fellowmen. By his strength of intellect, his skill in managing men, his judgment in adjusting himself to events, he rises to a high position in the State, his name is prominent in the newspapers, his picture hangs upon the wall, his praise is upon the people's lips. The multitude cries "Hurrah!" Has he gained the greatest success? Not necessarily so. While a large number of our public servants have been true as steel and pure as gold, men who would scorn a bribe as they would a scorpion, we have had some political leaders who have grown smaller and meaner as they have been promoted, and have been a disgrace rather than an honor to mankind. Aaron Burr, who was one of the most brilliant and successful statesmen in America, who was Vice-President, and, but for Alexander Hamilton, would probably have been President of the United States, grew smaller and viler every day that he was advancing in political life; and Andrew

REV. FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Johnson, in his "swinging around the circle," gave a public exhibition of how small a man could be morally and yet be the head of a mighty nation. Usually, however, the Presidents of the United States have been men who have grown in sterling character and superb manhood as they have advanced by the suffrages of their countrymen.

Real progress does not consist even in intellectual growth. The highest advancement includes intellectual growth, but is not included in it. A boy in the class shows greater relish for his books than the rest. By study, thought and energy, he outstrips his fellows and becomes a scholar. The others look upon him as being the success, and talk with pride of their former associations with him. And although they may all be happily and usefully situated in life, they envy the one whom they imagine has left them far in the rear. That scholar may have grown less generous, less loving, less truthful, less honest, all the time that he was mastering his books, so that instead of being in advance of his fellows, he is far behind them. Many who have brought the richest treasures from the mine of philosophy have dug down deepest into infamy.

Many who have gathered large harvests from the fields of mind have gathered also tares of sin. The brightest men in the world of letters have sometimes been the blackest in the world of morals. Where the fires of genius have burned high, the flames of ungoverned passion have often burned higher. Bacon had one of the greatest intellects of the world, and yet while he was Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Great Britain, he sold his decisions to the ones whose hands held the largest bribes, and the Parliament drove him from his exalted position in disgrace, and, like a mighty oak rotten at the heart, he fell with a tremendous crash to the ground. Who ever sang so sweetly as Bobbie Burns, and yet at the very time he was composing those verses that were to charm generations, he was degenerating pitifully in his personal character, and he got so that they laughed at him in the coffee-house, and even the nobility who had petted him joined with the common people in saying, "Poor Bobbie!" What intellect was keener than that of Napoleon, or what will more daring, and yet how small he was in his character. He was a moral dwarf, not having the weight of a feather in real character. The throne and army of France were the tall stilts on which a little man stood, and with which he waded the rivers and climbed the mountains and frightened the nations. If his moral and spiritual nature had grown in proportion to his ambition and military skill, the map of Europe might have been different to-day, and he himself have become really great. He saw his mistake and lamented it when he had time for reflection at St. Helena.

The Enlarged Soul

True advancement consists in enlargement of soul volume, growth in mental stature, increase in moral and spiritual value. It is to grow away from ignorance to intelligence, from indolence to industry, from cowardice to courage, from sorrow to joy, from despondency to hope, from unbelief to faith, from envy, jealousy and malice to love. It is growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This progress involves getting away from self. This is a very hard task, because self has a very strong grip and binds our feet with a heavy chain. About the hardest task anyone ever had is to get away from self. That man or woman who is always thinking about self, talking about self, and working for self, is going round and round in a very small circle and does not get very far along in life. The Spaniards have this very impressive fable. They say that a black hen had thirteen chickens. The last to break the shell was a poor little creature with one eye, one wing, one leg, and a half a bill. It was a mean little thing, which quarelled with its brothers and sisters, was saucy with its mother, and gave no end of trouble to the brood. One day it said to the mother, "I am not satisfied with things at home, I am going away." "Where?" said the mother. "To Madrid," said he. "For what?" she asked. "To see the king," he replied. "Silly creature," she said, "if you were a whole chicken and grown up you could not get to Madrid, and if you got there you could not see the king." But off he hopped.

As he passed over a field he saw a brook choked with weeds and grass, which cried, "Oh, chicken, I am choking to death. Take the grass and weeds from my throat and let me live." He answered, "I have no time for such trifles, I am going to see the king." Next he saw a spark of fire left in a gypsy camp, which said to him, "I am dying. Put some dry leaves and twigs upon me that I may have the breath of life again." He replied, "I have no time for such trifles. I am on my way to the palace of the king." The wind called to him from the forks of a chestnut tree, saying, "I am caught here and will perish. Come and release me." His answer was, "I cannot stop for so small a task."

As he passed over the palace lawn, the cook caught him and put him in a pot to cook for the king's dinner. As the water was about to smother him he cried out, "Oh, water, help! do not choke me." But the water answered, "When I was choking to death you would not help me. I have not time to save you, I am cooking dinner for the king." When the water began to boil, he cried out, "Oh, fire, do not burn me to death! Save me!" The fire replied, "You would not save my life, I cannot save yours. I have business with the king."

Self-Forgetfulness

The cook lifted the lid and saw what a poor dinner the chicken would make, caught him by the neck and flung him out the open window just as the king was entering the palace. He attempted to speak to the king, when the wind caught him and bore him away. He begged the wind to let him stay and speak to the king, but the wind answered, "You would not help me in the chestnut tree and I will not help you," and he flew away with him and placed him on the top of the highest steeple, from which he could not get down, and there he stands as the weather-cock to-day.

The Spanish fable is an illustration of vast multitudes of people who are living solely for themselves, who are not kind to their fellowmen, and who will not stop a moment to help the water, the fire, or the wind, but who are bent on their own pleasure, preferment, or promotion, and they are only half men and half women, the half-chick on the steeple, a mere weather-vane.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A Missionary Launch

Dedication of a Floating Evangelization Agency in Brazil

THE gratifying news comes from a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Brazil, that, through the perusal of an article in these pages, he was moved to initiate a missionary movement which promises to be the means of carrying the Gospel to more than a million persons. The Editors of this journal are deeply thankful for this intelligence. It has been one of their earnest desires that the articles they prepare may be the means of suggesting to Christ's laborers new methods of extending his Kingdom. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure, in which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will join, that this letter from Mr. Ernest A. Jackson is now published:

"Through reading an article in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the writer was encouraged to ask of God a launch to facilitate the evangelization of river valleys in Brazil. As the maps will show, Brazil has the finest and most extensive system of inland waterways of any country in the world. Millions of its inhabitants live along the banks of these magnificent streams, and probably millions more will soon be added to the number. These millions as yet are practically unevangelized.

"Three years ago, the writer received an urgent call to preach the Gospel in the valleys of the great San Francisco and its tributaries. On his first journey he received great hospitality and met with much kindness on the part of the people. Everywhere they gladly heard the Word; many friends were raised up and some yielded their hearts to the Lord.

DEDICATION OF THE GOSPEL LAUNCH, ARAUTO ("HERALD"), AT BAHIA, BRAZIL

"From that time the need of the launch was constantly presented before the Throne of Grace, but no appeal was ever made for funds. The pledge of the Father's will in regard to it was a $1 note, which came a long distance from a poor sewing woman. Unsolicited contributions have been made by friends of different denominations in different countries, varying from five cents to $150; and before the launch was to be paid for, the remainder of the purchase money was offered.

"The boat, of which I send you a photograph, was built in New York. It has a two-horse power motor, which requires neither registered engineer nor fireman, is twenty-one feet long and accommodates comfortably eight or ten persons. It will be transported by rail from Bahia to Joazeiro, where it is to be launched on the river. The San Francisco valley has an estimated population of one million, and borders on or passes through parts of five different States.

"On the 29th of June, brethren and friends of the evangelical denominations represented in the city, and many others, gathered at the Arsenal, where the launch is moored, to unite in consecrating it, the first Gospel boat in this great country, to its mission of speeding the messengers of salvation to thousands of lost souls. To our knowledge it is the first, but God forbid that it should be the last of its kind in this vast, needy, neglected field. It was dedicated with the name *Arauto* (Herald), in the hope that it may ever bear heralds of the King of kings on their missions of light and love. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are requested to pray for the maintenance of this boat, and for the fulness of God's blessing on the labors of the missionaries it is destined to carry. And also to remember the millions in other valleys, and pray for laborers with like facilities for their evangelization.

"ERNEST A. JACKSON."

"*Santa Ritta do Rio Preto, Bahia, Brazil.*"

True and False Success • A Sermon by the Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, D.D. • *Continued*

They truly get on in life who close up the spaces that separate them from their fellowmen, who have gotten close enough to the heart of the race to hear the cry of want, or see the tear of suffering, and who will offer a hand to help some one up. They rise highest in life who put their arms most tenderly about their fellows to lift them up to usefulness and happiness; those who grow in meekness and mildness, in faith, in long-suffering and love—those who grow in grace.

Turning from Sin

True growth implies also getting away from sin, sin in the individual heart, and in the past life. Sin is just as low ground as there is, and he who has not gotten away from it has not stepped an inch up, no matter how able he may be intellectually, how cultivated he may be socially, how rich or how powerful he may be. Sin is about as far back a starting-point as one can get, and he who has not left it has not gained an inch in the path of true progress. Christ has come to take our sins from us, and to take us away from our sins, and to give himself to us as the only source of spirit life and true development. He desired this so much that he laid down his life to gain it for us. Near our house, when I was a boy, there lived a little girl twelve years old, who was set to watch her baby brother in the cradle, while the mother stepped out of the house for a few moments on an errand. While she was gone the coal oil lamp exploded, setting fire to the clothes in the cradle. The girl ran through the flames, seized her brother, ran out into the street, and cried to a man, "Mister, please save my little brother!" The man rolled the baby in the snow, putting out the fire, and saving the child. While doing so, the poor girl was overlooked. The flames that had caught her clothes burned the body so badly, that after excruciating agony she died. She saved her brother, but she lost her own life. Christ saved us, but in saving us he lost his own life. But it is this knowledge of God's love, and the experimental knowledge of Christ's sacrifice in our behalf, which brings the divine life to our hearts, growth in grace to our characters, and genuine progress to our lives.

A poor Scotch girl came over to this country out of a true Christian home, with an intense personal knowledge of Christ. She not only hungered and thirsted after righteousness, but also after practical opportunity to do good. She entered a hospital and became a trained nurse. She went to a village where they had no hospital, and by her heroic service in doing all the housework, cooking, washing, ironing and nursing in the little house that was engaged, she aided the benevolent citizens in founding one of the most beautiful charities along the banks of the Hudson. About midnight one Saturday not very long ago I was called to her bedside. In bringing health to others she had lost her own. In bringing others back to life she had sacrificed her own. A bunch of violets which had been sent to her she took in her hand already growing cold, and said, "How beautiful they are, and how good everybody is to me." The sweetest words fell from her lips as they were being sealed and the warmest sentiments were expressed by the heart that was growing cold. She said, "I am dying young, but I am not in any way disappointed. I am only so glad that I have been permitted to do some little good in the world to serve the Master who gave himself for me, and I go now so cheerfully and happily to his arms and home." The next day there was universal sorrow in the village at her death, for there was scarcely a home some member of which had not received her loving ministry.

None of the millionaires and multi-millionaires whose palaces cover the hills in the neighborhood of the hospital were thought more of than this poor Scotch girl, who got away from self to others, from sin to holiness, who grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the poor Scotch nurse there was real success, there was true development, there was the highest greatness. Real royalty is not in crowns, or jewels, or thrones, or robes, or chests of gold, or equipages, or plumes; but in purity of character, sacrifice of life, and consecration to the cause.

Transforming Knowledge

The way to attain this growth of grace is by knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. We may know things mediately by the use of language: we may know things immediately by intuition, such as time, space, God, eternity. We may know Christ mediately by what the prophets say of him, by the blessed story of his love and sacrifice, given to us by the Evangelists and the Apostles. And then we may know him immediately, the Holy Spirit bearing witness to his presence in our innermost consciousness. We may have not only a knowledge of our own life, but also the knowledge of Christ's life within us. We have stood upon the broad prairie and drank in the spirit of Nature, in the beauty of the landscape. We have climbed the rugged mountain-brow, and looked out over the magnificent prospect which it commanded, until we have seemed to see in the weird forms the face of him who piled the masonry of the eternal hills. We have witnessed the masterpieces of fine art, until we have seen the spirit of the author and the spirit of absolute beauty behind them. We have been entranced with the most delightful strains of melody, have been swayed by the genius of the poet and the orator, have engaged in earth's tasks and life's sweet charities, but these experiences, beautiful and valuable as they have been, are nothing to the joy which now we feel at a knowledge of the Saviour within.

There is a breadth, a depth, a fullness, an infinitude in this experience of an indwelling Christ which language is powerless to describe. Oh, Saviour, come closer to us now. Earth, with all its charms, were a mockery to us without thy smiles, and heaven with all that heaven means, cannot be much above the joy which mortals feel at thy mysterious presence and at thy quenchless love. When we have cast one glance at thee, let us multiply that glance until we gaze steadfastly at thee, and be

Changed into the Same Image

from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord. And where in our heart there has been one drop of affection, let it multiply until it grows as the unmeasured ocean.

> As a rare perfume in a vase of clay
> Pervades it with a sweetness not its own,
> So when thou dwellest in the mortal soul,
> All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

It is strange that men will make so much of things that are intrinsically so little, that they will bestow so much time and attention upon the accidents and incidents instead of the realities of life. It is strange that men will encumber themselves with so much baggage, the weight of which frets and tires them, which is so easily lost, and which they will have to leave at the portals of the tomb, and pay so little attention to those treasures which enrich the mind and the heart and which are the property of the soul forever. The true progress, the growth in grace of which we have spoken, only begins here, but it shall continue forever. The Christ-life planted in the soul by a saving knowledge of him, will last as long as God shall live, and will be as full of increasing joy as the eternal love can furnish. Christ came to bring us the Father's love, and to tell us that death is only an incident in and not the end of life, that it is the hand that opens the doorway of eternal progression. We are like birds with a lost nature with which we walk: we are like birds with a wing nature with which we fly; and we fly higher and higher, plying our pinions in the sun's golden fires, and we fly higher and higher until we find God, and we sweep out into our sweet career of ceaseless years, and when the endless procession of the centuries shall have elevated us to the altitudes where archangels now stand, we will then be only on the shores of a boundless sea. What inward tranquillity, what high aspiration, what lofty ambition, what love that reaches into the love that is infinite; and beyond there are oceans of joy and pleasure, whose billows break on no shore.

SAILOR CONVERTS AND FELLOW-WORKERS AT WEI-HAI-WEI

A GATHERING OF MISSIONARY WORKERS AT KULING

China's Summer Cities among the Clouds

CHINA has many very attractive summer resorts. At the head of the list in order of time is Kuling, the mountain resort near Kiukiang on the Yang-tse-kiang, where overworked and tired missionaries go for a brief holiday. Kuling is a boon to those who are shut up in the hot interior, or in congested seaports during the "dog days." Edward S. Little, a former missionary of Kiukiang, has the honor of discovering and of writing the romance of this sylvan spot.

In midsummer the heat of the Chinese plains in central China is malignantly intense. Foreign residents at the Yang-tse ports and elsewhere are the prey of malaria, fevers, and exhaustion, which decimate their ranks, and for which there has been no help until recent pluck and enterprise have converted nature's mountain solitudes into sanitariums. These have hitherto proved inaccessible to the weary dwellers on the sun-baked plains. Now all is changed. Former small bungalows among the foothills, where a favored few might go, have been superseded by mountain-top settlements into which Hankow and Kiukiang, and a score of other cities, pour their streams of human life. The peaks above Kiukiang, looking down with smiling verdure, were counted sacred, Kuling having been a hotbed of nuns and priests in the days of the Taipings. These peaks are crowned with ruined temples, caves and pagodas. The priests, only with the greatest difficulty, were persuaded to rent a few spots. The mountain top was a wild waste given over to tigers, wild pigs, and a few stray charcoal burners. Nearly 400 temples were destroyed by the Taipings. No one claimed these desolate lands, which abounded in natural beauty. At length it was obtained as a perpetual lease of waste land to the Englishman, Little. The native name not being sufficiently euphonious, the section was given the name of Kuling (the Chinese form of "cooling"). A winding stair was built to reach this exalted estate, for road there was none. After many troubles and much opposition, involving feuds, lawsuits, etc., the matter was adjusted and the building of the missionary summer settlement began in earnest. Soon the gorges and hillsides were taken up by individuals, or corporations, or societies, and received names as "Hankow Gorge," "Dr. Hykes' Gorge" (of the American Bible Society), "The Methodist Gorge," etc. As if by magic, the city rose on the mountain top. A lovely church crowns the summit, where Chinese worship as well as foreigners.

It was our privilege to spend a charming month at Kuling. Away above the clouds, the picturesque summer city bursts upon the view, unrivalled by anything yet accomplished in China. Below the clouds, brooks and fountains gurgle back to the plains, and the road winds like a ribbon through meadows of bloom and green. Birds sing, and the blue sky arches, dome-like, over the midsummer pavilion, in which several hundred invalids, little children, and worn and weary workers, have assembled for a brief refreshing, away from the thronging Chinese cities. All the romantic spots, the Waterfall, the Dragon Pools, the Pagodas, the Temple Above the Clouds, the Big Trees, the Priest's Cave, ruined temples, and the like—make pleasant prospective points for an afternoon ramble or ride in "chair," and picnic tea with friends. Rosy and exhilarated, one returns to dreamless slumbers. Below the mountain, the beautiful lakes and fields spread for miles, dotted with farms, and rice fields and fishing craft, as lovely a panorama as eye could wish. Sometimes these mountain-top dwellers are enveloped in clouds and mist—a very unique experience. One descends the mountain at the expiration of vacation, with a host of new friendships, and with mind and soul refreshed, body strengthened, and a heart full of praise to God.

Away in the North, the Rev. Mr. Pike, of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, in the vicinity of Shanhaikwan, made the discovery of a charming spot, Mountain Girt, on the Bay of Pechili; which has been converted into a northern sanitarium and summer resort; widely known and well beloved. Peking and Tientsin were the cities especially grateful for Pei-Tai-Ho, this new resting-place. When the heat comes, and the children grow sick and wan, and the floods set in, and all the work is impeded by the sickness and failing powers of the teachers and missionaries, what a boon, to "lift up our eyes to the hills, from which cometh our help," and "go apart and rest awhile." As at Kuling, a charming church and assembly hall adorn the spot. This resort was burned and pillaged by the Boxers, in 1900, and lay desolate for a time. Now it is being restored on an increased scale of beauty and durability.

Fifty miles south of Chefoo is Wei-hai-wei, on the rocky Isle of Liukungtao. In a quiet way a revival campaign was carried on there last year among the fleets. It was a wonderful summer, and this year we are soon again praying that more may be won for God's service. The work is inspiring, and over a hundred were "saved to serve" last summer.

Mohkansan, another mountain resort, is a day's journey from Shanghai by river boat. Thus the seekers for a season of rest in China may therefore oscillate between Kuling and Mohkansan, Pei-Tai-Ho, Cheefoo and Wei-hai-wei, and, while not far from their work, may yet obtain all the advantages of change of climate and congenial society.

MRS. J. WOODBERRY.

Shanghai, China.

Cannibals Slay Converts in the New Hebrides

IN a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the Rev. John G. Paton, the famous missionary to the New Hebrides, the writer tells of the opposition to the Gospel among the cannibal heathen, and the tragic fate of a number of native converts. Dr. Paton, however, is exceedingly hopeful of the spiritual future of the islands. He writes:

"After being nearly four months on its way, your letter reached me, after coming on board the steamer *Tambo*, as I left to attend our mission synod, and to spend a few weeks with our dear Anewa converts. I must cordially thank you, and by you the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the money so kindly sent me to help in the support of our New Hebrides Mission, for which I pray that our dear Lord Jesus Christ may reward and bless you all with success and every joy in him, his service, and salvation, till we all meet in the eternal glory of heaven

"You will be pleased to learn that among the 50,000 or more cannibal heathen yet on our group, the Lord steadily extends his work by our mission; but the heathen have lately shot a number of our Christian converts, in their opposition to the teaching and results of the Gospel among them. Scarcely a week passes without them shooting some native in revenge for their heathen belief, that some one or more of them have died by some others—generally a sacred man or priest, having exercised sorcery or witchcraft upon them, of which they live always in a state of dreadful fear. This makes the work of the missionary among them very trying and often dangerous. But, by the Holy Spirit's power, or the teaching of our dear Lord Jesus in the Bible by our missionaries, we have now over 16,000 avowed worshipers of God, trying to love and serve Jesus with wonderful consistency, asking the Divine blessing on their every meal. They have family worship to begin and close every day in their every household, and they all attend church regularly and try to bring others to fear, love and serve Jesus Christ, even in many cases at the risk of their own lives.

REV. JOHN G. PATON, D.D.
The Veteran Missionary to the New Hebrides

"This is a great help and encouragement to us missionaries in our work among them. I have often thought that if all white Christians were as zealous and earnest, according to their education, knowledge, and opportunities as our native Christians are, what a change for the better we would soon see in the world! May the time soon come when the greatest joy and highest honor sought by all true Christians will be to live and labor for Jesus, in seeking the conversion of the world to his service and glory.

"Yours in Christian love and gratitude, J. G. PATON."

A Policeman's Alternative

At a midnight mission meeting, a policeman, who was on duty, made his way from the rear of the hall to the platform, and asked permission to say a few words. "I have been listening," he said, "to what you have been talking about to-night of your rescue homes, and all that I say God bless you and help you. There's none knows better than a police officer the need of such work. Hard men as we often are, I have shed tears at the sight of a lovely girl down at the dregs of her life. It's a hard, cruel life, and most of 'em end up in misery. The beginning is merry. They like the lights and the drink and the jolly talk, but it soon gets dull and wearisome. They are ashamed to go home, and they sink down, down, till it's a choice between carbolic acid and the river. My advice to you is to go less on the rescue-homes and more on the mother. Those mothers forgive oftener than you think. The girls, too, have always a soft spot for the mother. I had one a few nights ago under arrest. She was scared, and begged me to let her go. I thought a scare would do her good, so I refused, unless she would tell me where her mother lived, and give her word that if I could get her back, she would quit the life. She agreed at last and I took her to the mother. It was not far off. 'Now,' I said to the mother, 'I've got your daughter in charge. Say quick, shall it be the island for her or do you take her back?' Well, you should have seen them two. They clung to one another and kissed and kissed till I couldn't stand it. I left 'em together, and I guess they ain't going to separate again."

PREACHING SIMULTANEOUSLY IN SIXTEEN TENTS

PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT GOSPEL CAMPAIGN WITHOUT A PARALLEL IN SUMMER RELIGIOUS WORK

THIS year, Philadelphia has led the whole country in summer religious work, both in tents and in the open air. Sixteen huge tents have been spread in the City of Brotherly Love, and beneath their snowy folds large audiences have gathered and listened earnestly to the presentation of the Gospel message.

The following summary will be of interest to our readers:

NUMBER, ATTENDANCE AND DENOMINATIONS OF THE OPEN-AIR MEETINGS HELD IN PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1903

Denominations	*Number of Meetings*	*Attendance*
Presbyterian	22	14,335
Methodist	24	....
Salvation Army	22	....
Baptist	19	....
Non-Sectarian	10	....
Christian Endeavor	5	....
Episcopal	4	....
Evangelists	4	....
United Presbyterian	3	....
Seventh Day Advent	2	....
Lutheran	1	....
Congregational	1	....
Evangelical Alliance	1	....
Independent Evangelists	1	....
Bible Society	1	....
Church of Christ	1	....
United Christian	1	....
Bible Talk	1	....
Reformed Presbyterian	1	....
Gospel Association	1	....
The Lord Jesus Christ Soc.	1	....
Gospel Herald	1	....
Total	127	24,966

AN AUDIENCE UNDER THE SPREADING CANVAS

Of the above, there have been sixteen tents, in which were held twenty-two services. The remaining number of meetings—101—were held in the open air.

Through the kindness of Superintendent of Police Quirk, and his assistants, on July 26, at the request of the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee, these statistics were gathered from all parts of the city. It was found that within the bounds of the City of Philadelphia, 127 open-air and tent meetings were conducted on that day, with an aggregate attendance of nearly 25,000 people.

It will be of interest to observe how the work has been undertaken by many different denominations. The Methodists have a larger number of open-air services than the Presbyterians. The Baptists report nineteen, which is very encouraging, and shows growth in this live denomination. The Episcopals have four and the United Presbyterians, who are generally believed to be very conservative, have three tents in operation.

The advantage of system and thorough organization is shown by the Presbyterian work in the city, for almost one half of the entire aggregate attendance was found at the meetings conducted by the Presbyterian Committee. The original object of the work of the Presbyterian Committee, set apart by Philadelphia but the General Assembly's Committee throughout the entire country, is manifest in these encouraging statistics. They not encouraged with the fact not only of the large attendance and the large number of people reached by the Gospel message but that there are so many consecrated ministers and Christian workers engaged in this aggressive campaign. One hundred and twenty-seven meetings, with an attendance of nearly 25,000 is far better than fifteen or twenty meetings with an equal number in attendance. The primary responsibility resting upon the Church is not for the gathering of converts so much as for the wide-spread giving of the blessing and message of salvation to the multitudes who do not ordinarily come within the bounds of regular, established church work. The benefit to the church at large of the evangelistic movement is observed by a careful study of the recent report issued by Dr. Wm. H. Roberts, Stated Clerk of the General Assembly. While he reports a falling off in the annual number of candidates and licentiates and local evangelists, there has been an increase over 1902 in church membership on examination of about 10,000.

STUDYING *THE* BIBLE *AT* CAMP NORTHFIELD

ON July 29 the Northfield Summer Bible School closed a most successful and profitable term's work. This school was established by the successors of D. L. Moody, to enable the people who come to Northfield during the summer months to obtain longer and more consecutive courses in Bible study than is possible at the summer conferences. It is, further, a part of the "year around" Bible study held at Northfield, in which it is estimated that more than two Bible lectures or classes are held each day during the whole year. Many requests had been sent in for such a school, and in the summer of 1902 the experiment was tried. Among the teachers engaged were Prof. W. W. White, President of the Bible Teachers' College, N. Y., Rev. John Kelman, of Edinburgh, and Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, who gave, for the first time in Northfield, his wonderful course, the "Crises of the Christ."

The lectures were well attended, and excited so lively an interest that it was decided to continue the school this year. Apart, however, from added courses and different lecturers, few radical changes were made. As before, no tuition fees were charged and no previous scriptural training was required for admission. The term of the school comprised the entire month of July, overlapping the Young Men's and Young Women's Conferences in such a way that any one attending the school could, at the same time, take advantage of the Conferences. Much of the time three lectures were given each day, in addition to the meetings that were held among the regular students themselves. The courses given this summer were "The Life of a Christian," "Three Aspects of the Temptation of Christ," and "Eleven Studies in First Corinthians," by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.; "The Oracles of God," a series of lectures delivered last winter in Exeter Hall, London, by Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn; and a detailed study of parts of the Old Testament, by Prof. N. Fay Smith, of the Bible department of Mt. Hermon School. For supplementary reading and individual research, the splendid Biblical library of Northfield Seminary was opened. The afternoons were set aside for this kind of work and for helpful social times among the students. This latter feature was augmented by the close proximity of "Camp Northfield," whose hospitable doors are opened each summer to four or five hundred men from the cities and colleges, and by near-by hotel facilities.

THE NORTHFIELD SUMMER SCHOOL FOR BIBLE STUDENTS

Enthusiastic reports are given of the enjoyable outdoor life at Northfield, of the swimming and boating on the Connecticut River, of the tennis and golf, and of an occasional visit to "Mount Toby," Old Deerfield, or some other place of interest. All of these pleasant times, in conjunction with the inspiring morning and evening Bible lectures, will make the stay at Northfield long remembered in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to be there.

The class of people in Northfield during the time was representative, and included missionaries on furlough, a number of Southern ministers, S. S. workers, young people planning to enter Christian work and Y. M. C. A. men. The exact number in attendance has not yet been computed but it is believed more than double that of last year. Over seventy were registered in Weston Hall, one of the Northfield Seminary buildings, nearly as many more carry at "The Northfield," while numbers of others lived in the different guest houses of the great resort town. The school is followed immediately by the Northfield General Conference, ending August 16, and the First Conference Address, which close, September 21, the Northfield Season of 1903.

Concerning the work at Northfield, Mr. W. R. Moody writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"I wish that we might have you with us at the Conference. I do not think we have ever had a gathering that has opened under conditions so encouraging as the present one. The attendance is larger than it has ever been, and the speaking is unusually helpful."

ANSWERED PRAYERS

F. A. G., Polo, Ill. "I am glad to say the Master has answered many prayers for me. Glory to his name."

A. P., Trenton, N. J. "After praying almost without ceasing for two days, I have received such an answer to prayer that it has caused me to greatly rejoice."

D. S., Paris, Ill. "I take my trouble to the Lord in prayer, and he has heard and answered, and there is a great load lifted from my heart."

Reader, New York. "I want to acknowledge many, many answered prayers, and to encourage all who will, to keep on praying. A life of prayer is the ideal life for every Christian."

H. V., Pa. "I wish to acknowledge that many times God has answered my petitions. I am waiting for the conversion of a dear son, and I know my Father will hear me."

Ida B., Ohio. "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered many of my prayers, since I confess my love and gratitude."

E. S., Lane, Idaho. "I write to thankfully acknowledge answered prayers. I prayed for a clear one, and my prayers were answered. Many times have my prayers been answered."

L. D. H., Philadelphia. "I want to testify that God does answer prayers, as he has done so for me in many instances."

Z. E. B., Pollock, La. "I can truly say that God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering Father. He has greatly blessed me, and answered my prayers more than tongue can express."

Mrs. A. M. N., Saratoga Springs, N. Y. "I wish to add my testimony to the 'Answered Prayer.' I do feel that God is answering mine."

Mary, F. W., Springfield, Ill. "We were in danger, and I asked God to protect my daughter and myself. He heard and answered, and I give him the glory."

Reader, N. Y. "A trouble lay heavily on my mind. It seemed an inextricable tangle. I prayed to the Lord and he smoothed it out, assured my petition was answered almost as soon as uttered."

Mrs. T. H., Churches Ferry, N. Dak. "I want to testify that God has answered many prayers for me. The answer comes, if not exactly as I would like it, yet for the best, the very best."

G. W. P., Granville, N. Y. "When I asked for the recovery of my dear wife, it was granted. When I asked that a relative [illegible] it was done. At other times I have known that I received [illegible]."

Mrs. F. M. L., Lawrence, Kan. "I have [illegible] Answered Prayers. [illegible] I have found them so encouraging [illegible] I received [illegible] and [illegible] so [illegible] I cannot [illegible] I [illegible] asking [illegible]. I [illegible] of [illegible] have. I know I [illegible] others, where I ask [illegible] be [illegible]."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIÉ, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Problem in Diplomacy

GRAVE news of ominous significance is that which comes from China, of the demand on the foreign embassies, that they give up for trial certain Chinamen who have taken refuge with them. These men are chiefly newspaper men and teachers, who have been advocating reform. It is a foregone conclusion that if they are given up, they will be executed, and that, too, not in a humane manner, but with savage barbarity. One such reformer, arrested before he could take refuge at a foreign embassy, was recently beaten to death, and it is stated that his body was almost cut to pieces before the lashes reached the vital organs and ended his sufferings. The order for this method of execution came from the Imperial Palace, and was evidently issued by the Empress Dowager.

In ordinary circumstances it would be unjustifiable for an ambassador to stand between a government and its own citizens. Neither we, nor any civilized nation, would permit an ambassador accredited from a foreign power, to shelter a native criminal from punishment. International law would not sanction such an interference. It is, therefore, a very serious matter for an ambassador to offend the nation to which he is accredited by the refusal to surrender the fugitives. Humanity, however, demands such a refusal in this case, and the British Ambassador has refused. He bases his act on an agreement made with the governor of Shanghai, that refugees shall be tried by a court composed partly of foreigners. That plea, however, is evidently weak, because the agreement being made with a subordinate, is repudiated by the supreme authority of the Empress. In any case, the refusal will be regarded by the Imperial Court as an unfriendly act, and will weaken the influence of the nation whose ambassador makes it.

We sincerely hope that in spite of this consideration, and in spite of the technical legal irregularity, our Government will take the same stand as the British Government has done. It would be better for us to lose some concessions, better to incur disfavor with the Empress, than to give up to a barbarous and cruel death men whose only crime is intelligent patriotism. They have done no more than advocate reforms that we have urged on China, and they are, therefore, entitled to our protection.

Child Redemption in Africa

WE are greatly pleased to note that many readers of this journal are taking an active personal interest in the great interdenominational plan of "Child Redemption in Africa," as explained in a recent issue. Although slavery has been officially abolished by the united consent of the civilized governments of the globe, a form of slavery still lingers in Africa, which is all the more pitiful and degrading because it is applied to the helpless and friendless children.

Bishop Hartzell, of the Methodist Church, the Rev. Erwin H. Richards, founder of the Inhambane Mission (one of the most experienced missionaries in the Dark Continent), and many others unite in describing the evils of this system of child-slavery which is practiced among the native tribes, and which constitutes one of the most formidable barriers to Gospel progress. Children of both sexes, but especially girls, are sold outright into domestic slavery. A parent or relative has the right to do this, in accordance with an ancient barbaric custom. These little black girls are sold with a single purpose: that they may become the polygamic wives of their purchasers; for, writes one missionary, "polygamy is the common lot, wherever a native has the means of purchasing as many women as he will. The selling of girls is a continental custom in Africa." The native heathen parent, we are further told, "has never yet been known to refuse the first cash offer for his daughter," whether the offer is made by young or old.

Experience has demonstrated that the most successful Gospel work in any land is that which begins with the children. In the tender years of childhood, the heart is more impressionable, and can be more readily reached than in adult years. Religious truths learned in childhood, take deep root and become ineradicable. Morals and manners that are acquired early, can never be wholly effaced or forgotten. In Africa, as in all other heathen lands, the golden opportunity lies with the children. If it were possible for the Church of Christ to bring into the shelter of its fold a thousandth part of the native heathen children of Africa now, by a supreme and Divinely-blessed effort, it would save that continent; for in less than one short life-time, the leaven of evangelism would permeate the whole land and convert its tribes to the Christian faith.

We ask our readers and their friends to uphold the hands of those missionaries who are pleading for the redemption of the children of Africa from this slavery which is standing, like a great black frowning wall, between them and the freedom of the Gospel. Bishop Hartzell, Missionary Richards, and their associates, rightly claim that those little black boys and girls, if they are to be brought into the light of the Gospel, must be rescued from this abominable life, which, once entered upon, practically places the child beyond recall. A letter to Missionary Richards will elicit all necessary information. He may be addressed to the care of this paper.

The Progress of Peace

OVER a hundred years ago, our forefathers planted the Liberty Tree. It has flourished and attained a glorious stature. Its branches already reach out across a Continent, and some of its widespreading arms have even touched the hem of the distant islands of the sea.

Only a few short years ago, a tree of Peace was planted in the Old World. It was but a mere sapling; yet it was, nevertheless, a true shoot of the original Peace Tree, which blossomed in the Golden Age. It was set out by loving hands, but those who ought to have watered and tended it, neglected it sorely, and it seemed likely to die. It has lately taken on new life, as the gardeners, doubtless repenting of their former neglect, are again assiduously cultivating it. Some of the more sanguine are even hopeful that it may live and thrive and become a worthy descendant of its great arboreal ancestor.

Allegory aside, it is gratifying to observe the many indications of the growth of the peace sentiment both at home and abroad. International arbitration—which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has warmly advocated for many years past—is no longer regarded as the vision of idle dreamers. Arbitration treaties for the adjustment of all differences already exist between this country and Great Britain, and also between Italy and Argentina. Their wisdom and practical value are impressing the European nations. In the French Chamber of Deputies, there is a large and growing element favoring an arbitration treaty with England, under which all future differences between these countries may be adjusted by a joint tribunal. Baron D'Estournelles, the leader of the movement in France, goes even further, and advocates an agreement between England, Russia and France, to amicably settle all present and prospective disputes, and to reduce the present intolerable burden of supporting formidable navies, which are a constant menace to the world's peace, as well as a ruinous drain upon the resources of the maritime nations and an oppressive burden upon their people.

This is a step in the right direction. God grant the day may soon come—the sooner the better—when rulers and Cabinets and peoples shall be convinced of the brutal folly and wickedness of war; when the leaders of men and the people themselves realize that no principle is ever decided by violence, and that the appeal to force is an appeal to unreason. But until that happy time arrives, treaties will continue to be broken; statesmen, Cabinets and kings will plot and counterplot; foolish nations will go to war, and the old familiar story of wild passion and slaughter, followed by sorrow and repentance, will be reenacted. And through it all, the Peace Tree will be growing apace. The world needs it—is waiting for it with a deep and mighty longing, a longing that will never be satisfied, until the Heavenly Prince of Peace himself shall come to quell the turbulent passions of men, and to lift up the race to the ideal human brotherhood.

Then will the Peace Tree flourish.

A Blessed Opportunity

WE are greatly in need of a new chapel at Mont-Lawn, the present one being altogether too small for our needs, and in such a rickety condition that only last year we found it necessary to brace the walls in order to prevent their falling.

While we have found our subscribers ever willing to contribute to the support of this glorious work—and how greatly we appreciate their generosity is more than we dare undertake to state—we do not think that they should be burdened with any share of the expenses incident to the raising of a new building—even though that building be a chapel dedicated to the service of our Master—and the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has devised a plan which, we believe, will furnish the necessary funds, without entailing any hardships too grievous to be conveniently borne.

Getting More Than You Give

As the Mont-Lawn work has fully established its claim to permanency, nothing less than a stone chapel will fill our requirements, and one large enough to accommodate not less than 400 auditors. Our children and the helpers, even at the present time, aggregate nearly 300—then there are the visitors and villagers, and finally, we must provide for natural growth with the course of time. To erect such a spacious and substantial chapel, with all the necessary furnishings, together with administration quarters, and rooms for the entertainment of visiting friends, especially visiting CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers, would require not less than $20,000.

Fifteen Per Cent. Annuity

This money we propose to raise by selling **2,000 Life Subscriptions** to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, (donated for that purpose by its proprietor), at $10 each. A Life Subscription causes your name, or the name of any one you may wish thus to favor, to be placed for life upon the subscription list of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Each ten dollar subscription thus pays to the fortunate subscriber every year an annual subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, worth $1.50 per annum, equal to a life annuity of 15 per cent. on the investment, and at the same time contributes $10 to the erection of a Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn. Finally, these two thousand Life Subscribers will have a share in the blessings daily prayed by the little ones down from heaven upon the hearts and the lives of those who had helped in the erection of this house of worship and of praise.

The Only Opportunity of Its Kind

No other Life Subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have ever been accepted, and none will be accepted, as far as we can now tell, except such as come properly within the scope of the offer here published. If our readers will kindly remember this, it will obviate much useless correspondence.

Do It To-Day! Do It Now!

Let all who are interested, address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City, and place at the left-hand lower corner of the envelope the words "For the Children's Temple."

Among the Workers

—DR. L. W. MUNHALL has been holding union meetings at Marseall, Mo. Six churches joined in the movement. The tent in which the meetings were held was crowded, and large numbers professed conversion.

—REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND has been holding meetings in New Britain, Conn. It was in that city that Elihu Burrett, the learned blacksmith, erected a missionary building, and it was there that Mr. Hammond held one of the services. About forty professed conversion.

—THE PARK SERVICES in Pittsburg and vicinity began on Sunday, June 21, and were held in all the parks of the entire Pittsburg region on Sunday, June 28, and in a portion of the parks on July 5 and 12. They will continue until October, under the general direction of pastor S. Edward Young, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The New Pope

BOTH statesmen and clericals approve of the choice of the Cardinals of a successor to the late Pope Leo XIII. As had been anticipated, the largest number of votes recorded on the first ballot were given to Cardinal Rampolla, the most conspicuous Cardinal under Leo. He was, however, objectionable to Austria and to Germany, and his administration of affairs in his department had been offensive to several influential Cardinals, who vigorously opposed his election to the Papal chair. His opponents scattered their votes, but as the ballots proceeded, the number of those given to Cardinal Sarto increased, until, on the seventh ballot, he was elected. His surprise appears to have been genuine. He had remarked to a friend, who, before the conclave, suggested to him the possibility of his election, that there was no likelihood of his being chosen, and he felt so sure of it, that he had bought a return ticket to Venice. When the Cardinals pressed around him to congratulate him, while the votes were being counted, and before the result was announced, he said to them, "It is a cross that you are bringing me."

Giuseppe Sarto is an Italian, a native of Treise, where he was born in 1835. It is a curious coincidence that in 1303, exactly six hundred years ago, another native of Treviso was elected Pope. The Sarto family consisted of two boys and six girls. Giuseppe was the younger brother. The family was poor, and to this day all the members are in humble life. The new Pope's elder brother holds a small office under the Government, for which he receives a salary of eighty dollars a year. Two of the sisters, being unmarried, have resided with their now famous brother. He performed the duties of a humble parish priest until 1884, when Leo made him Bishop of Mantua, and, nine years later, he was made a Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice. He took no part in the political affairs of the Church, seldom went to Rome, but devoted himself to his own diocese, where he won the respect of Protestants, as well as Catholics, by his charities, his interest in social reforms, and his kindness and courtesy. It is stated that he was so generous in his gifts to the poor of his diocese, that he impoverished himself to such a degree that he has been known to pawn his official ring, to provide himself with funds for a temporary emergency. It was noticed after his election to the Pontificate, by a Cardinal who was making an appointment with him, that he was wearing a nickel watch, with a common silk guard.

No reliable predictions can be made of the policy the new Pope will pursue. He has chosen to be called Pius X., but the inferences usually drawn from the choice of a name are at fault in this instance, as it is not known which of his nine predecessors of that name he regards as a model. He is said to be a man of profound learning and sterling honesty of character. Americans who have met him say that in personal appearance and manner he bears a striking resemblance to the late Phillips Brooks. His contempt for relics has been manifested with some vigor, for he marked the beginning of his patriarchate by ordering the destruction of some that were being used in his diocese in the usual superstitious way. It is predicted that the long-standing quarrel between Church and State in Italy will be adjusted under his rule. The opinion is based on the fact that he, almost alone among the Cardinals, has held friendly relations with the late and present King and royal family of Italy. When King Humbert was assassinated, Cardinal Sarto vigorously denounced the crime, and spoke of the dead monarch as "our august King," which was a recognition that at the time excited great surprise as coming from a prince of the Church. Some of the other Cardinals were annoyed by the remark, but the late Pope took no action on account of it. He had a high esteem for Sarto, and predicted that he would be his successor. The King of Italy has expressed his gratification at the selection. It was noticed, however, that as at the election of Leo, the courtesy of notifying him of the result of the election was omitted. The omission may have been due to one of the officials, who all hate the King, whom they regard as profiting by the spoliation of the church. It is certain that the highest hopes are entertained in the European courts of an amicable settlement of the Italian difficulty, as well as of the difficulties in other lands, because of the new Pontiff's tact and geniality of character. Though, as Protestants, we have no veneration for Popes, or respect for their claims, we cannot but rejoice that the man who, by his office, wields so mighty an influence over such a vast number of people in all lands, should be a man of so high a character as that credited to Pius X. More than all other potentates of the world he should feel it incumbent on him to fulfil the injunction which God gave to the ancient king as the ideal of a ruler:

He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God (II. Samuel 23: 3).

CARDINAL SARTO, NOW POPE PIUS X.

An Heroic Engineer

The lives of eighty persons were saved last week by the heroism and presence of mind of an engineer. A dispatch from Salt Lake, Utah, says that a Rio Grande train was proceeding over its usual route on August 6, drawn by a locomotive under the charge of Engineer James Hughes. As the locomotive reached the high bridge over Fountain River the engineer felt a sudden depression in the track. Realizing that the cause could be nothing but a failure in the structure of the bridge, he shut off steam and reversed his engine. At the same moment, foreseeing that it was too late to save himself or the engine, and conscious that in its inevitable plunge it would drag the cars behind it with their human freight to destruction, he shouted to his fireman to uncouple the tender. The fireman happened to be near enough to the couplings to obey promptly. In another moment the locomotive crashed through the bridge and fell into the river, but not a passenger car left the track. They came to a stand on the very edge of the yawning chasm. That was true heroism for a man on the very brink of destruction to think of the salvation of others and not of himself. The whole world owes its opportunity of salvation to such heroism in its divinest form.

He saved others; himself he cannot save (Mark 15: 31).

Died for a Cause

A singularly pathetic death was reported a few days ago. A New York lawyer, who had acquired several lots on one of the islands off the coast, began a campaign last year against the practice of dumping garbage on the island. He insisted that the practice was a menace to the health of the people, and he prepared a petition against it, to which he obtained a thousand signatures. He fortified his case with the opinions of eminent physicians and bacteriologists, that the deposits of garbage would lead to deaths from typhoid fever. He succeeded in getting a temporary order prohibiting the dumping, but, suspecting that it would be evaded, he made daily visits to the island to detect violations, and to collect evidence in support of his suit for a permanent order of prohibition. It is supposed that he spent too much time there during the heated term. He was stricken down with typhoid, and, in spite of the most skilful medical attention, he died. His death proves how dangerous is the evil against which he contended. It is a pity that his championship of the reform should have cost him his life. Perhaps the fact of his death may do more to remove the evil than he could have done by his life, and so others may benefit by it. It seems to be a law of our existence that only by sacrifice can good come to us. It is so that we have hope of immortality and eternal felicity.

That through death he might destroy him that had power of death (Heb. 2: 14).

Lured by Gold

A searching party from Phœnix, Ariz., has just returned from an expedition to solve the mystery of the disappearance of a well-known prospector. Some time ago he set out from Aqua Caliente to search for a gold ledge, which has tempted many prospectors into the desert. This man believed that he had reliable information by which he could locate the ledge, and he made his preparations for the journey in spite of the warnings of his friends. So many persons have sought the same ledge, and have narrowly escaped with their lives, that all who had influence with the daring prospector sought to dissuade him from his project. But he would not listen, feeling sure that his skill would enable him to surmount the dangers of the search. Nothing more was heard of him, and after some time an expedition was organized to rescue him. The searchers almost lost their own lives in their effort. They found the prospector's body lying among his packs. His horse was still alive but terribly emaciated. The man had evidently lost his way, and had wandered around until overcome with thirst, hunger and fatigue. It is sad to think that a man should have lost his life in this miserable way, in his search for the gold that has lured so many others to death. Unhappily, there are many, too, who seek it in even less creditable ways by fraud and deceit, and so lose their souls.

For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows (I. Timothy 6: 10).

A Marriage Among Lions

The manager of a menagerie at Coney Island, N. Y., has been adopting the now common method of a marriage in the lion's den to attract visitors to his show. A few days ago a young man and a young woman accepted the manager's offer of fifty dollars, to have their wedding solemnized in the lion's den instead of in a church. A minister was found who saw nothing inconsistent with his principles in officiating at the ceremony. He, however, prudently performed his part outside the bars. There were four lions, three tigers, and three jaguars, with their trainer, in the cage. The couple to be married took their places among the animals, but it was noticed that they were very nervous. The usual questions were put by the minister from his place outside the bars and were duly answered, and the couple were pronounced man and wife. The minister was just beginning a prayer to conclude the ceremony, when one of the lions made a sudden movement. The couple rushed for the door of the cage and made their escape, and the clergyman brought the ceremony to an abrupt conclusion. It was a foolish risk to run, and one wonders how a clergyman could be found to countenance it by his presence. We may hope that he will seek out that couple and never rest until he has taught them how to escape from a still greater danger, which they must surely meet, from a still more formidable foe.

Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour (I. Peter 5: 8).

BRIEF NOTES

The extent of business relations with the Old World may be inferred from the fact that the twelve cables across the Atlantic now carry an average of ten thousand messages a day.

The London Daily Mail, one of the most influential of the journals in England, has taken a positive attitude [illegible] against betting. It has rejected all advertisements of [illegible] and excluded the article on horse races and the [illegible] of betting, which appears in all other daily papers.

A report of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S work for the support and education of five thousand children in India [illegible] and will be sent to any subscriber on application. It contains letters [illegible] describing the work and the progress of [illegible] trained at the expense of readers of THE HERALD. It is illustrated with pictures of the orphanages and [illegible] and contains also a map of India, showing the location of the orphanages.

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

H. H., Cortland, N. Y. Is the proposition which we see bulletined in the post-offices, in regard to young men for the United States training ships, advisable for a boy between the ages of fifteen and eighteen?

It must depend altogether upon the boy himself. To some it would mean a desirable opening, with a view to promotion; to others the reverse. Promotion without influence is said to be almost unknown in the navy.

M. E. P. Does not the statement of Christ, that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners (Matt. 9: 13), imply that there were righteous people on earth?

The connection shows that the words were not intended to be understood as an affirmation of the righteousness of any one. Christ was being reproached for mingling with people who were despised as traitors to their country, and with men and women who were openly wicked. He replied in effect that he was just where the Saviour of sinners ought to be. As a physician's place was among the sick, so a Redeemer should be with those in need of redemption. People who considered themselves righteous would not feel that they had any need of him.

J. C., Jermyn, Pa. What is the standard order of the different navies of the world at the present time?

According to statistics at the beginning of the present year, the leading navies stood as follows: Great Britain, France, United States, Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan, Austro-Hungary.

P. H. H., Lancaster, Pa. As I understand it, (among the Romanists) extreme unction is given when a person is at the point of death only. I have been informed that if a person, after receiving this sacrament, recovers, he is considered by the Church as dead. Is this correct or not?

No, it is not correct. If, after receiving extreme unction, the person recovers sufficiently to resume his interest in mundane affairs, the virtue of the rite is gone, and it is as though it had never taken place.

Rev. E. H. Richards, Missionary in Africa, sends us this note, which will serve as an answer to a number of inquirers:

In reply to many inquiries, please state that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S recent article on Child Redemption in Africa, referred for the most part to the entire continent. Concerning our own immediate District (Inhambane), boys are never sold, but the girls are always sold. The missionary, by legal methods, is often able to postpone the sale; but one can never tell when an irate, drunken father or owner of a girl may come, and with law and custom both in his favor, it is then impossible to save the girl, without paying the redeeming price. Many girls are so saved by the mission. The cost of educating a boy or a girl on our East African Mission is $15 a year.

Anxious Subscriber, New York City. If a young man, a member of a Christian Church, engaged in Christian work, and leading in all ways a good life, falls into evil courses, visits saloons, and, on one occasion, spends a night in a vile resort, is there any hope of his being forgiven, if he quits his sins and does all in his power to warn others against such courses?

We can understand how a young man with such an experience as you describe may have doubts about his being forgiven. There are several passages of Scripture which encourage such doubts. He is probably well-acquainted with them, as they are generally brought to the attention of persons in that situation. His own reason, too, must tell him how heinous was his sin. It was worse in his case, a thousandfold, to commit such a sin, than it would have been in the case of an unconverted man, because he brought reproach on the Christian name, and brought himself under the power of the evil from which he had been delivered. Admitting all this, however, we believe that if such a sinner sincerely repents and implores forgiveness, he will be forgiven. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin" (I John 1:7). There are many passages scattered through the Bible, inviting backsliders to return, and promising them pardon and restoration. (See II Chron. 30:9; Job 22:23; Jer. 3:12; Hos. 14:4; Matt. 12:20, 31; Luke 15:4-7; I John 1:9, and many others). The one indispensable condition is sincere repentance and absolute separation from the sin. God sees the heart and knows whether the sinner is in earnest. He who forgave David and Peter, will not turn away anyone who is really contrite.

From a reader in Kentucky comes this suggestive note:

During Dr. Torrey's recent evangelistic tour, in which thousands professed their faith in Christ, the wonderful power of prayer was strikingly demonstrated. In view of these wonderful answers to prayer, why should not all Christians unite in earnest, continuous, prevailing prayer to God for (1) an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all ministers and professing Christians that they may be filled with the Holy Spirit and be made effective in bringing others to Christ; and (2) an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the unconverted that they may speedily be saved; and (3) that God will establish righteousness in the land and utterly destroy the forces of evil, especially the traffic in liquor, opium, and slaves, both white and black. Suppose each of the thousands of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would thus engage in continuous, believing prayer to God for these things, and suppose each would earnestly endeavor to bring about a religious revival, and by evangelistic services, personal work, the distribution of tracts and religious literature, seek to bring the unconverted to know Christ as a personal Saviour, what a volume of prayer would go up to God, and what an army of workers would go into action. "Behold, now is the accepted time." "To-day is the day of salvation." "Go work to-day in my vineyard." Will you?

S. F., Deer Creek, Ind. Should a church session consent to the use of their house of worship for anything not in line with the commonly recognized worship of God, such as lectures, festivals, church fairs, etc.?

There is a wide difference of opinion as to the uses to which a church building may consistently be put. While it is true that there is nothing intrinsically sacred in the stone, brick, lime, or wood of which the building may be composed, yet it is equally true that the edifice, as a whole, has been consecrated as a temple to God, and that nothing should be allowed to take place therein that would detract from its consecrated character. There are certain classes of lectures and entertainments which may be held there with entire propriety. To hold fairs, lotteries and vaudeville entertainments there would be altogether out of keeping with the character of the place. Such amusements, if given at all, should be given in some other building, where these objections would not apply.

Mary M. R., Monroe, Mich. I have seen printed somewhere the number of words in the books of the Bible, the middle verse, etc. Will you kindly give these facts and oblige your readers?

The information asked is given below:

	OLD TESTAMENT	NEW TESTAMENT	WHOLE BIBLE
Num. of Chapters	929	260	1,189
" " Verses	23,144	7,957	31,101
" " Words	610,577	180,751	791,328
Middle Book	Proverbs	II. Thess-salonians	Micah and Nahum
" Chapter	Job 29	Rom. 13 & 14	Ps. 117
" Verse	II. Chron. 20:17	Acts 17:17	Ps. 118:8
Shortest Book	Obadiah	III. John	III. John
" Chapter	Ps. 117	Rev. 15	Ps. 117
" Verse	I. Chron. 1:1	John 11:35	John 11:35

There is a dispute as to the number of verses and words. Some authorities give the total verses as 31,173, and the total words as 773,692, but the figures given above we believe to be correct.

E. M. W., Boston, Mass. What is the meaning of the words "binding and loosing" as applied to sin in Matt. 18: 18 and other passages?

They were common phrases among the Jews referring to decisions on questions of law and conduct. Thus, when a man was in doubt whether a certain act was a violation of the law, and the question was submitted to competent authority, the decision was called binding or loosing. If the act was declared a violation it was binding; if it was declared not a violation it was called loosing. The same might be said of the supplementary laws or traditions of the scribes. Were they valid? One teacher might say they were; and so bound them or made them binding on his disciples. Another might deny their validity, and so released his disciples or loosed them from obedience. This power Christ conferred on his disciples, and how they exercised it you may see in Acts 15: 19-29, when the Apostles, in conference assembled, released the Gentile converts from obedience to certain Jewish rites and ceremonies. In individual cases you may see the same thing now. A man in great distress over some sin he has committed, fears that there is no hope of his ever being pardoned. He goes to some minister or Christian friend, who, having heard his story, assures him that, upon true repentance, God will, or has, pardoned him.

E. C., Macon, Mo. Ought a minister to attend a circus? Are circuses elevating?

We do not believe that a minister, any more than a layman, is to be condemned because he pays a visit to a circus. As a rule, such entertainments are instructive and amusing, and free from objectionable features. There are probably very few men or women who haven't some pleasing recollection of the circus. There might be occasions, however, when, for various sufficient reasons, it would be obviously improper for a preacher of the Gospel to attend such a performance.

J. H. P., Ivanhoe, Va. 1. How may we know the difference between remorse and repentance? 2. Under what circumstances did Jesus obtain an education?

1. The dictionary explanation is that remorse is derived from two words, signifying the gnawing or biting of some past act; while repentance signifies a change of mind toward the past, a sorrow for it and a change of conduct. Remorse, as the word is generally used, implies suffering without hope or reformation. Repentance is a turning again, an amendment. The feeling of Judas was more like remorse, while Peter's was more like repentance. 2. Probably in a school connected with the synagogue. These schools varied in efficiency, but it is not likely that the sciences or other branches common now, were taught in them. They were almost exclusively concerned with the law and with Jewish history. There were higher schools at the Temple in Jerusalem, and it is probable that the visit to them mentioned in Luke 2: 41-47 was not the only one Jesus paid to them.

AN INDIAN REVIVAL MEETING IN OKLAHOMA

THE annual fall revivals of the reservation Indians in southern Oklahoma are now in progress. These revivals are held under large tents, and are made a season of feasting as well as an occasion of having the Gospel expounded by the reservation missionaries. One of the most notable conversions in this territory in a great many years is the changing of Geronimo, the noted Apache chief. This Indian, who has slain many whites during his campaigns in Arizona, came forward during a religious service near the town of Lawton, and announced that he had sought a different God than the one he had formerly worshiped. The ministers were astounded, and they were glad to take him in. On a Sunday night, in the presence of many old men who had followed him through his campaigns, Geronimo was baptized, and has since preached to the Indians, bringing others to the truth. It is believed that the conversion of Geronimo will have a good effect among the Apaches.

W. R. D.

Miscellaneous Questions

G. E. R., Caribou, Me. Never heard of the book.

M. E. S., Mt. Vernon, Ills. Write to the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 18 E. 23d street, N. Y. City.

Miss J. F., Knoxville, Tenn. All the letters are pronounced as written, except "C," which is silent.

M. C. Rennie desires to thank those friends who have sent him copies of the poem: "The poor wayfaring man of grief."

Louis F. Baker, Ada, O., asks some reader to send him a copy of the poem beginning "Just set a light when I pass to-night; Set it where it can be seen," etc.

W. H. Standley, of the Gospel Mission, Watertown, N. Y., makes appeal for good religious literature for free distribution in his mission work. Responses from any of our readers will be appreciated.

J. W. H., Washington, D. C. For every hundred thousand dollars in gold or bonds, deposited with the U. S. Treasury by an approved bank of issue, the bank is authorized to print and issue $90,000 in notes of various denominations, and these are placed in circulation in the regular course of business.

A. E. A., Newark, N. J. *Earl's Housekeeping* is a very simple plan for keeping domestic accounts, either in large establishments or in small private families of moderate means, where economy is an important object, and a desire to obtain the most value for the least possible outlay, is a serious consideration. From the number of unsolicited applications for agencies, we infer that the merit of the book is becoming widely recognized. It has the unqualified endorsement of the most prominent women of America. *Earl's Housekeeping* retails at 25 cents, and is now being supplied to agents throughout the country, in quantities of one dozen copies, at 15 cents each. The publishing office is 1223 Bible House, New York.

Let all Help *the* Tenement Waifs

"Won't you Send us to Mont-Lawn?" They Cry—A Golden Opportunity

THIS is the season of outing. As you plan for your own holiday or that of your dear ones, do not forget the little tenement children of the great metropolis—the half-million or more of sad little waifs, whose whole world is cooped up in some hot and sickly tenement yard, or some foul-smelling court. There are thousands of these wee brothers and sisters of ours who know no other playground than the sidewalk; who never know the delights of a romp in the grass or a ramble in the woods; who never hear the birds sing, nor see the wild flowers on hedge or bush. Every year, death mows a wide swath among them in the hot summer, and they are swept off by thousands. The death-rate among the children of the New York tenements is the highest of any on this Continent.

Mont-Lawn, our beautiful Children's Home on the Hudson, is the paradise of the waifs. Every year two thousand or more are received and cared for during the torrid weather. They are sent back to the city stronger, fresher, happier, with a better hold on life and with new love and hope kindled in their young hearts.

We wish every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might have a share in this beautiful work of bringing health, joy and happiness to the poor neglected tenement children. Every day brings more applications than can be met, with the means that are available. Wee boys and girls, with pale, pinched, eager faces and wistful eyes, are insistent in their pathetic plea, "Won't you take us to Mont-Lawn?" for the name and fame of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Paradise are known throughout the tenement districts of the great metropolis. We do not believe our readers will close their ears and their hearts to such an appeal, when for the trifling gift of three dollars, they can make one poor little waif supremely happy by a ten-days' outing at Mont-Lawn. We ask all who can to join us in the effort to extend the Fresh-Air work, so that no needy tenement child may be turned away.

Not the least of those labors of love which constitute the duties of the Housemother and her staff of helpers at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, is the task of caring for the clothing of the hundreds of little tenement waifs, who are their special guests. Many of them come to the Home in the very poorest of garments. There are mothers who, however poor they may be, always contrive to make their children clean and tidy, but alas! every child is not so fortunate as to have a loving mother. It is not difficult to distinguish the motherless ones from the others. But none of the little wardrobes are of the best, and when some kind patron of the Home, mindful of this need of the waifs, sends a box of nice clean garments or underwear—things that have been outgrown or put aside by members of their own family—that box and its contents are a veritable boon to our wee men and women at Mont-Lawn. There is a busy time fitting the girls and the boys with the garments and it is rare indeed that any serviceable article is left unappropriated, so many and so varied are the wants of the army of youngsters.

Truly "Cleanliness is next to godliness" at Mont-Lawn. In the mornings, you can see teachers, their arms laden with children's clothing, entering the laundry, accompanied by a bevy of ragged children who are delighted with the prospects of clean frocks. They are very anxious to get their old things off, and can hardly wait to see which garment they are to receive.

One of the best ways to win the regard of a child forever afterwards, is to give her or him a bath, and some clean clothes. It is really beyond their comprehension that the clothes are meant for them to wear, and they come out new creatures, both in appearance and action. No child who has soiled hands must come near them.

It is remarkable, the carefulness they exhibit in trying to keep clean. One poor little deformed girl, who had a sad and downcast air, was dressed in a little white Swiss—the gift of some good patron—and on a change! She was all smiles, and acquired a decided little swing, with her head up, except when she would stoop and brush down her dress with her hands when she gave it an admiring glance. She instantly transferred all her affections to the teacher who had dressed her.

A little lad, who was being dressed, kept asking the question, "Are you going to give me these?" As the small trousers were put on and then the vest, the question was repeated. When it came to the necktie the child again said, "Are you really going to give these to me?" "Yes," said the teacher, "you can have them." "For nothing?" cried the wee man. "Why, you could get money for these things."

Another tenement child who was dressed in a pair of diminutive white pantaloons and a velvet jacket with a waist and large sailor collar (sent by a patron, of course), had his brother called in by his teacher to see him. The brother could hardly recognize him, and when the little fellow himself fully comprehended the change, he fell backward in a faint. The physician said "he was simply overcome with joy and admiration."

All the children are thankful for the clothing that is sent in. If the givers could only see the sparkle of the eyes and the grateful looks, they would feel well repaid for their trouble. The little Italian children will look at the teacher so gratefully and then kiss her hand. If she happens to be passing, they will point to the clothes and again kiss her hand in gratitude for the patron's gift.

Here is a portion of a letter sent by a patron of the Home:

Please accept these few things with our love, for it is done in the name of the Master. I only wish it were more. The little girl's clothes are some that were our own little girls, who is now in heaven, and the boy's, those of our son, who is now a minister of the Gospel. I am very much interested in your labor of love in doing so much for the little ones, and wanted to help a mite.

LITTLE CHILD-GARDENERS AT MONT-LAWN . . . . AN HOUR AMONG THE FLOWER-BEDS

Contributions of money in aid of the Children's Home should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Every reader of this paper is invited to have a share in this life-saving work among the poor children of the tenements. $3 will give a wan, a ten days' delightful outing, and this sum includes transportation both ways, by trolley and steamboat, and food, shelter, clothing, and medical care while at the Home. Every gift will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MANY GOOD CAUSES HELPED

THE following contributions, sent in by our readers, for the various good causes mentioned below, are hereby acknowledged:

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To FIGHT or FORGIVE ✳ DAVID SPARES SAUL

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR AUG. 30
I. SAMUEL 26: 5-12; 21-25

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -- LUKE 6: 27:
"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, DO GOOD TO THEM WHICH HATE YOU"

IT is evening. Weary David has lain down to sleep in a remote part of the cave of Adullam. A large group of interested hearers, the followers and defenders of David, are gathered around Abishai, for, by their request, he is to tell them of the dash into Saul's camp, made by David and himself the preceding night. They all had been eye-witnesses of David standing upon the hill-top with the spear and cruse of Saul in his hand. And they had heard David charge Abner, the chief of the king's bodyguard, with neglect of duty, for sleeping while an enemy had come so near his royal master as to make it possible to take the spear and cruse from his bedside. They had seen King Saul himself come out, and heard him call to David and confess his meanness in seeking the life of one who could treat him so generously as to spare his life, when he might easily have been killed. They had even seen David deliver the spear and cruse to a young man, sent by his request from Saul's army to receive them.

"We want to hear the whole story," say David's men to Abishai. "You were with him, and you can tell us all about it." Abishai speaks: "The spies brought in word that Saul, with three thousand picked men, had come into our vicinity, not more than five or six miles away, and had pitched his tent by the hill Hachilah. David went down and viewed the camp, to make sure the information given by the spies was true. Upon his return, he called Abimelech and myself to a council of war, and it was determined that I should accompany David upon a reconnaissance that very night. When we came in sight of Saul's camp, we saw that the baggage wagons were arranged in a circle, and, as we crept nearer, we saw the king's guard asleep in another circle inside the wagons. No one was astir, and so we walked stealthily on, until we stood at the very bedside of Saul himself. He lay fast asleep with his water-jar by his side, and his spear stuck in the ground beside his pillow. Abner, the chief of the king's bodyguard, was nearby. For a moment we stood and looked at the king, and then I reached forward to take the spear, saying, in a low voice: 'Let me smite him.' But would you believe it, David would not let me kill his bitter foe, neither would he strike Saul himself. He said: 'Let him alone, for he is the Lord's anointed. Let him live, until his day shall come to die. But let us take his spear and cruse, and be gone.' And so we left."

Illustration and Application

David dared to be better than his class and age by forgiving his worst enemies. Have I, have you, this highest grace? The story of this lesson, and three similar cases of forgiveness of foes must be reckoned with by those who charge that the strong imprecations in some of David's psalms, were expressions of personal hate against personal foes, not of righteous indignation against those who were thought of only, or chiefly as enemies of God, even when they opposed David.

Saul's renewed hostility must have seemed to all of David's followers a new argument why David, when he had Saul a second time in his power, should kill him, but David took only the cruse and spear as fresh evidences of his forgiveness, for another appeal to reason. Scarcely less surprising was David's forbearance when Shimei insulted him (II. Sam. 16: 5-13). David's forgiveness of his son Absalom, who sought his life, led Joab to exclaim: "Thou lovest them that hate thee!" (II. Sam. 19: 6).

Although even this side the Cross, forgiveness of enemies is the hardest of graces to attain and maintain, do we not all instinctively feel that it is greater to forgive than to fight? Would we think less or more of Joseph, in Egypt, if he had turned his soldiers on his brothers when they came into his power and slaughtered them, instead of forgiving and feeding them? If David had slain Saul, would it have increased his glory in history? Would Stephen seem to us a nobler man if he had died cursing those who stoned him to death, instead of praying: "O Lord, lay not this sin to their charge?" Would Christ seem to us a greater character if he had called his legions of angels to annihilate his crucifiers, instead of praying: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?" And all down the ages do we not enshrine as supreme self-conquerors, those who have been great enough to forgive rather than to fight? What David said of himself, the world's most honored ones could say, looking up to Christ: "Thy gentleness hath made me great." His psalms illustrate how God chose him above his taller brothers because of his great heart. Let us not linger in any debate as to whether David did not sometimes sin against gentleness. That he was too warlike, even for that age, God intimated when he deprived him of the honor of building the temple, and passed that honor down to Solomon, who was to be more peaceful. But in forgiving personal enemies, David reached a grace that many of us in this better day have yet to reach. Two things we need to learn from this story: The might of gentleness and the greatness of forgiveness.

The Bible abounds with illustrations not alone of forgiveness, but also of the power of gentleness. That is the meaning of the lesson God gave Elijah in the cave, when, after the whirlwind and the fire, came "a sound of gentle stillness," the "still, small voice." In the voice of God and the voice of man there is more of God's omnipotence, as history has proved, than in storms that rend mountains. Have not the gentle words of the Sermon on the Mount transformed once cruel and savage Europe as with earthquake might, until the Christlike "gentle-man" is her noblest type of manhood? "Come unto me," said Jesus, "for I am gentle, and ye shall find peace." Who are the Bible's greatest characters but the blessed gentle who are inheriting the earth? Moses, greatest of lawgivers, was known as "the meekest man" of his time. Peter's keys of power were his threefold yes to Christ's "Lovest thou me?" John, even in sight of heaven, "wept much," because no one was worthy to open the Book of Life.

Paul wept, and by his tears subdued
Strong men, by all his massive arguments unvanquished.

* * *

What is it like in Nature?

Although nature does not illustrate forgiveness, it does abundantly illustrate the might of gentle forces. What the hammer would only drive away, the magnet attracts and holds. A man seeking to drive a rusty bolt through a hole in a piece of timber, found it hard work and the timber in danger of a split, but a little oil on the bar and in the hole made the task easy. The Empress Anna, of Russia, built an ice palace of strength and beauty, defended by cannon of ice strong enough for use. No battering ram could have beaten it down, but it was destroyed by the sunshine of a single summer. All three of these incidents suggest to preacher, teacher, parent, and to us all, that what harsh words and deeds can not do, may be accomplished by gentle tact. "Blessed are the debonair," is the French rendering of the beatitude, which is equivalent to "Blessed are the gentle"—the gentlemen and gentlewomen.

If one was asked to name in one word the greatest historic victory of Christianity, he might well point to the word "gentleman," which Christianity has put in the post of highest honor in place of the selfish conqueror who has had first place in un-Christian lands. Dekker wrote:

"LET HIM LIVE UNTIL HIS DAY SHALL COME TO DIE!"

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

Shakespeare says of an exemplary man:

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man."

And again in Portia's speech:

The quality of mercy is not strained . . .
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest.

To overcome evil with good is hard enough for those long civilized, but it is yet more a triumph of grace among savage and half-civilized tribes, but missionary history abounds in such incidents as the following, told by Mrs. Thompson, in a sketch of Syrian schools:

"Among the cripples is a poor Nubian, who lost both his legs—which were frozen during severe weather in the Lebanon—and he now trudges along on his wooden legs. He is the porter of the school. He was seated on a form by the side of another pupil, a Mohammedan, both quietly reading the New Testament together. A Mohammedan came in and seeing how they were engaged, angrily demanded whether Selim (the cripple) meant to make the other a Christian. Before he had time to reply, he struck him on the face and chest with great violence, and ere others could interfere, he injured him severely. Selim bore the aggression with patience, though several of the pupils wished that the police should be called. We heard no more of the offender for about a week, when he again entered the room, and going up straight to poor Selim, earnestly entreated his forgiveness, saluting him on the right cheek, and placing his hands with tenderness on his wooden legs. 'Ah,' said he, 'it was your forbearance—the kind, quiet way in which you bore my insults and my injury, which has melted my heart. For some days I expected that the police would come and take me t prison; but when they did not come, I saw that there was difference between your spirit and mine, and now I not onl beg your forgiveness, but I want to learn to read that Boo which has taught you to return good for evil.' He the begged the teacher to overlook the past, and teach him t read. And there he now sits, learning his alphabet wit avidity, in hopes of soon being able to read that Book."

* * *

When an ungentle blusterer, with more fuss than force said to another more gentle, "You're no gentleman," h quietly replied, "If you think yoursel one, I am content you should not thin me one." The marks of a true gentle man are, unselfishness tempered wit self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control. Self-knowledg produces humility, which is but another word for honesty, true estimate of ourselves. Self-reverence is self-respect And self-control is self-kingliness. When a man flies into passion at some supposed wrong, or allows a grudge to fi his soul, it is a confession of his selfishness and lack of self control.

What is it like in Common Life?

A homely illustration of the fact that gentle ways are no only morally best, but practically most effective is the stor of an auctioneer, who became greatly annoyed at the ludi crous bids of a bystander, whose sole object was to amus the crowd at the auctioneer's expense. At length, enrage beyond endurance, the auctioneer looked about for an aven ger, and seeing a man of gigantic proportions, he cried out "Marlow, if you will put that disturber out I will give yo five dollars." Marlow assumed the ferocity of a lion as h moved toward the offender, but on reaching him, smile sociably, and whispered in his ear loud enough for all t hear, "My good frin, you go out mit me, I give you half th money." "Done, done!" said the jes ter, and it was "done' while the au dience cheered the bloodless victor of gentle tact in one who was a gen tleman in the rough.

Best of all stories of forgiveness i that of Judge Knowlton, whose onl son forged his name. When it wa discovered by the father, he agreed after a stormy scene at his home, t keep the awful crime secret if his so would that very night leave the coun try and the wife and child he had dis honored. He left on the midnigh train, and at noon next day took steamer for Europe. People wonder ed at his hasty departure and note that he did not return, but none knev the reason. He wrote months after ward a pathetic appeal for forgive ness, but the father tore it up an threw it in the fire. That very nigh his son's little Gladys came to th judge, asking that she might say he prayers to him and "ask questions the nurse would not answer. Wit a great love for the child, half-orphan ed by her father's folly and sin, he con sented. The child knelt at his knee

"'Our Father who art in heaven'—grandpa, does that mean he's every body's father?" "Yes, my dear, so i says." "He must have some ver naughty children, grandpa; does h love them too?" Little Gladys di not see the spasm of pain which passed over the noble face that ben over her as Judge Knowlton answer ed, "I suppose he does." "Of cours fathers always love their children even if they are naughty, 'caus they're fathers," prattled the child The prayer proceeded: "'Forgive u our trespasses, as we forgive them tha trespass against us;'—what are trespasses, grandpa?" Nurs said: 'Never mind what they are; hurry up, and get to bed, but I want to know what are trespasses?" "Wrong-doings sins," replied the man, as his hands took a firmer grip upo the arms of his chair. "Has anybody ever trespassed agains us, grandpa?" was the next question. Gladys wondered tha her grandfather did not answer. His head was bowed upo the table, and for a time he forgot he was not alone. A littl hand on his arm aroused him, and the question was repeated "Has anybody ever trespassed against us, grandpa?" "Yes shamefully, cruelly," spoke the man, forgetting for th moment everything but his own wrongs. Gladys clapped her hands. "Oh, I'm so glad; then God knows just how t forgive us. I was so afraid nobody had trespassed against us so's we could forgive them and show God how to forgive us. But he knows, doesn't he, grandpa? He'll forgive u just as we forgive them. Let me say it again." And kneel ing once more beside her grandfather's knee, she repeatec with great earnestness, "'Forgive us our trespasses as we for give them that trespass against us.'" The arrow shot by the childish hand went straight to its mark. Long after the little archer lay smiling in her peaceful sleep it rankled in the heart of the weary man who, try as he might, could not ignore it. "Forgive us as we forgive," he murmured over and over again, as he paced the floor with clasped hands and bowed head. The struggle was long and fierce, but as the light of the morning crept in through the curtained window a great peace stole into his soul. Kneeling upon the very spot where little Gladys had offered her childish petition, the once hard, stern, unforgiving father looked up into his Father's face and said: "Forgiven, as I forgive." The ocean cable never throbbed with a sweeter message than it bore that day to the weary, heart-sick, repentant wanderer, who, as he read the welcome words, "Come home," arose with a great joy and set his face towards his father's house.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Mothers' Rights

HAS mother any rights? She is the last person to insist upon them, and unless somebody else looks out for her, she will probably never receive what is her just due. In the early art of her maternity, a loving woman's heart and hands e taken up with the tender care she lavishes on her fspring. The babies keep her waking half the night, nd trotting half the day, but she does not mind, for er pleasure is equal to her pains, and the back bends asily to the burden. Later, when the young people are school, mother finds plenty to do, their sewing, mend- g, cooking, washing, and ironing, all alling upon her, and, multiform as her sks, she asks little aid from growing aughters and sons, because she fancies ey need every moment for their edu- ation. School has the right of way, and oung girls who might, if they were not oughtless, undertake some portion of omestic work in the mornings or even- ngs, without detriment to their own de- elopment, are excused by their mothers, nd spend their whole time on themselves, n their studies, their recreations and eir future ambitions. Undoubtedly the aims of schoolroom and college are xacting and imperious, yet it harms no d to undertake certain chores on the arm or around the house, and it hurts no irl to spend a little time every day in ousehold duties. Mothers who are wise ough to remember this, reap the profit many ways.

. . .

The rights of mothers, being little re- arded as a rule by the mothers in person, hould be jealously conserved by the rest f their families. A father who is quick see and to suggest, will often train his hildren to save their mother steps. I now men who never fail to pay all defer- ntial attention to their wives, and who, ecause practicing courtesy is to them as econd nature, demand the same politeness om their sons and daughters. "Clara, an you not run upstairs and get that for our mother? William, your mother has n errand for you. Mary, your mother is peaking. Jack, set your mother's chair or her," these little reminders are the best aining in etiquette a man can give or a hild receive. Children to whom minor ourtesies in the home are habitual, will e well-bred and gracious all their lives, o their latest day.

Mother has rights in the matter of dress, hen her girls are grown up. Often it is he who wears the shabby raiment while hey wear the new and fine clothing. Very aturally, when the exchequer is low, and unds are scarce, the mother goes without, hat the bloom and beauty of the young aughter may be suitably enhanced by retty gowns and hats. Yet this tendency n the mother's part ought not to be culti- ated, nor this trait encouraged. The ounger woman has the roundness and oftness, the clear skin, bright eyes, and issom straightness of her period in life. he older is fading, is perhaps too thin or oo stout for beauty, is somewhat the orse physically for life's wear, and she eeds whatever aid dress can give her. Turned gowns nd dyed stuffs, and any makeshifts that economy can dictate, are far better for a daughter than for a mother, nd on this point daughters should be very firm. New hings for mother first should be the rule in every pro- erly adjusted household.

. . .

Next, mothers have rights in the way of occasional ests and of frequent outings. I have seen summers pass in which the one person who never had an after- noon's break in the shape of a drive, a jaunt, or a ow on pond or river, was the mother. Sometimes the usy woman is so occupied the live-long day that she oes not get time for so much as a daily afternoon nap. What wonder that paralysis comes like a thief in the ight? What wonder that headaches creep on like foes rom an ambush? What wonder that mothers pre- naturely die, just when they ought to be entering on hat long table-land of peace, which is the Indian sum- ner of woman's middle age.

To husbands and fathers, sons and brothers, and to young girls of every degree, this note of warning and counsel is sent. Take care of the burdened mothers. Make them take thought for their own comfort. In whatever way is best, ease their loads and lift the heaviest end, and help them on to victory in the fight that we all wage with the powers of evil in the world.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—FATHER. If your daughter favors a young man and your wife upholds her, and your opposition thus far is overruled, you would better yield as gracefully as you can, even against your better judgment. Three against one have heavy odds in such a conflict.

—CURIOSITY. A governess in a wealthy family requires precisely the same preparation that any other teacher needs. She is employed to teach children and must know how to do it. If there are little children in the family a trained kindergartner is often employed.

—INTENDING BRIDE. You must personally write notes of thanks to those who send you wedding presents. You must write to friends of your fiance whom you do not know, if they send you gifts. The notes are simply acknowledgments. "Dear Mr. —— or Mrs. ——: I thank you very much for your kind remembrance of me; the gift is exactly what I want." You may add, if you choose, to an acquaintance of your husband, "Henry joins me in thanking you," but this is not necessary.

WATCHING THE BALLOON

Floating up into the blue
Almost out of sight,
I'd be timid, wouldn't you,
At that giddy height?

Up, up, ever floating up,
Like a spark of fire,
Where the stars are shining bright,
Floating ever higher.

GOD'S GOODNESS

Whatever befall me, this one thing I know,
God loves, and God cares, and his grace never fails;
It is his to withhold, it is his to bestow,
I'll trust that sheet-anchor, though wild be the gales.

Whatever may happen, there's nothing by chance,
We are safe in God's plan, and for you and for me,
We may reign undisturbed over all circumstance;
Around us forever God's goodness shall be.

AMY LATHROP.

The Girl I Left Behind Me

A YOUNG man, brought up among rural scenes, and accustomed to the society of his native country girls away to seek his fortune in the city. In his truest pocket, among letters and papers, reposes a photograph which represents the loveliest face in the world. Faith, Ethel, Mary, whatever her name may be the dear girl with the blue eyes, and the candid look, the sweet lips, the brave will, she has promised in every way possible except in words, to be his very own. If he has not asked her directly to be his wife, and she has not unquivering gifts presented to take him for her husband, the reason usually is that matters are understood between them, and they are merely waiting until the man shall have a salary large enough to warrant their marriage. When he finds himself amid new situations, studying law or medicine in a great metropolis, or selling goods in a big store, or traveling on the road for the firm that sends him out, if he is of good honest stuff, if the sterling mark is on his character, he will not desire to march to any other music than the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." He will hold her very sacredly in his heart. He will write to her, and count the weeks until he can see her once more. When he is promoted, and success crowns his endeavors, then he will hasten to seek his dear sweetheart who is waiting for him far away, and proudly he will make her his bride.

. . .

If he be of fickle nature, he may forget his first love, when he meets other guise of a different training, possibly of a greater winsomeness of manner and bearing. The new faces will obscure the face that shone on childhood and early youth, like a star of hope. The young woman who gave him her picture would feel hurt did she dream that he had not glanced at it in a month, that it was hanging unnoticed in a dusty closet, hidden from the light in a discarded coat. I pity the girl who has pinned her faith to and dreamed her innocent maiden dreams about a man of fibre so slight as this, and so little worthy of confidence.

She is sometimes the fickle one, however. I have known a man to go East, West, North, South, or far away to the Philippines or China, secure in the thought that a certain beloved one was his, and his alone, and he has returned, to find her wedded to another. This is a sore blow and hard to be borne. Of woman one expects fidelity. The girl left behind should not prove a will-o'-the-wisp.

Taking a Dare

We all admire courage and initiative, but nobody likes recklessness. The foolhardy person is not admirable.

"I never take a dare."

The speaker was a dark eyed lad, well knit, strong, and tall for his age, which was fourteen.

"It depends," said I, "what the dare is. There are some dares it's very foolish to take."

Then I remembered several fellows who had, like Ned Archer, declared that whatever they were dared to do they would at least attempt, and I thought what trouble had come of it in some cases. There was Lawrence Fell. His father had warned him against skating one day last winter, when a thaw had thinned the ice on a certain pond, and made it unsafe to bear the weight of twelve or fourteen boys, or of even one boy. "Keep off the ice, Lawrence," his father had said, and Lawrence, usually obedient, had meant to do precisely as he was told. But he ventured into the area of the forbidden ground, meaning only to look on, and then the other boys dared him to skate across just once and back. They dared him tauntingly when they found he hesitated, and he borrowed his cousin's skates and struck out boldly, only to break through into the icy water in the very middle of the pond. Four weeks of bitter suffering with rheumatic fever, was a big price to pay for that dare.

Elmer Creelen attends the High School. He is a good student, eager and alert, and stands well up on the honor roll. Latterly, there has been a spirit of insubordination in the school, and the head master wrote the names of several culprits on the blackboard, and said they were to remain there for a week. The next morning they had been erased. On inquiry, it was discovered that of all boys, Elmer Creelen had rubbed them off: had been dared to do it, and as he prided himself on never refusing a dare, he was now in a worse case than the original offenders against law and order.

His price was suspension for ten days, and at the present writing he was in the term, that suspension lost him, by promotion. A heavy price to pay for a dare.

I would have every boy, "dare to be right, dare to be true," but beyond that I urge each of you never to be afraid to decline a dare if it be stupid or reckless, or in any way unworthy. Often, the very bravest, wisest course one can pursue, is to say No. And it isn't brave, it is only cowardly, is it not, to be afraid lest somebody shall think you a coward?

THE SITE OF THE "LOG COLLEGE"

THE LOG COLLEGE IN THE MOUNTAINS

IN the spring of 1900, in one of the neglected parts of the Kentucky mountains, where there is neither village nor post-office, a work for the Master was started on the banks of the middle fork of the Kentucky River, by Misses Louise Saunders, and Erastes Balee, under the auspices of the Society of Soul Winners, Dr. E. O. Guerrant being president. During the first summer the work was carried on in a large tent, which accommodated two hundred people. From the start a great interest was manifested by every one, and there was no difficulty in always having a large audience to hear the Gospel. Under that tent they studied catechism, learned many hymns and much Scripture, and the Creed by heart. There were calisthenic drills, which were participated in by children and grown-up people. There they sewed, and sang, and played, and the work under the tent was only a part of what was accomplished. They ministered to the sick, gave much instruction in many various departments, and, at the end of the summer, during a delightful and very spiritual meeting, those who had been instructed, came quietly into the church. Even children made a profession of Christ, and the workers realized that they were doing it intelligently, for they had heard the plan of salvation from their own lips, and there was no reason to think it was not in their hearts, and the older people of the community followed the example of the children.

. . .

From the very beginning of the work a great desire sprang up in the hearts of those poor, isolated mountaineers that their children might have the privileges and advantages of a school. For two years the subject has been borne upon the hearts of the workers, and earnest prayer has been constantly made that in some way a school might be started. The mountaineers felt their need greatly. Quoting from a worker, "a father, waving his hand over the heads of half a dozen small boys playing about his door said, 'Wat is to become of these, Louise?' and his question seemed to put the responsibility on me, and I replied, 'We will have a school and educate them.'" It is not meant to have merely a secular school, but one that will train them for the Master, educating their hearts as well as their heads and hands.

This spring, when the workers publicly discussed this question with the people, they found an intense interest and a great willingness to help. It is proposed to build a "Log College" containing four rooms, twenty feet square, on the ground floor, with a ten-foot hall between, thus giving a fifty by forty-foot chapel on the second floor. The mountaineers contributed generously, giving the necessary land (nine acres), a great deal of lumber, much labor and some cash, which is scarce in the mountains. Added to these contributions, the workers had a fund of about $200, and by faith, as God led them, they have made a beginning, though the building is estimated to cost $2,000. As an indication of the earnestness of purpose that the work should progress as rapidly as possible, the following was accomplished in the first three weeks: Foundation of dressed sandstones completed, all logs cut for the building, several thousand shingles ready and others being cut, arrangements completed for all timber to be at the saw-mill within a month, including flooring, door and window facings, rafters, sleepers, etc. The carpenters are now pushing the work as rapidly as possible.

Any one who desires further information on this subject can do so by communicating with Mrs. M. D. Stambach, Anchorage, Ky.

A PERSONAL LETTER FROM DR. KLOPSCH

To the Patrons of the India Famine Orphan Fund

August 10, 1903.

Dear Friend:

The India Famine Orphan Work, in which you and I are jointly and deeply interested, is the most glorious and most promising missionary effort of the Twentieth Century. It is surely a divinely ordained work, destined to do more for the ingathering of India's three hundred millions than could possibly have been devised by mere human agency.

* *

These 5,400 native dusky boys and girls, reared under Christian influences, and trained for Christian helpfulness, outrank two to one in point of numbers, all the Christian missionaries now operating in India. When they take their places, as soon they must, among the mighty agencies for good among their own people, they will influence countless thousands whose ears would remain forever closed to foreign preaching of the Word.

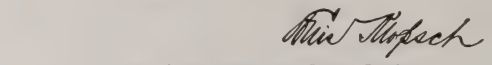
* *

Let us unitedly bear the burden for another two years, and then, having sowed the seed the Lord put it in our hearts to sow, leave the rest to the God of the harvest, who will surely bring to glorious fruition the work we have constantly had in view.

* *

May the Lord graciously incline your heart to a continuance of this beneficent work, and at last crown you for the share of the burden which, in His Name, you have so bravely borne.

Numbers 6:24, 25, 26.



Cost of Supporting an India Orphan

Frequent inquiries are received at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, concerning the cost of supporting an orphan, and as to what the term "supporting" represents. By arrangement with the International Committee at Bombay, the support of any one orphan of your own choice as to age, sex and denomination, is fixed at **$15.00 a year.** "Support" includes food, shelter, clothing, mental, spiritual, and industrial instruction, and such other care as parents bestow on their own children. There are, at the present time, a number of orphans awaiting assignment to patrons. We will be glad to welcome any reader of this journal as a new addition to our Patrons' List.

On your application, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will assign to you an orphan, complying with such conditions as you may impose. We send you the name of the child, the location of the orphanage, the name of the missionary in charge, and we instruct the missionary to have the child write you a letter occasionally, while the missionary, also, regularly reports to you as to the progress of your protege.

The Gospel in China*

An Immense Field Bristling with Difficulties, and Needing Prayer, Men and Funds

FROM the American Bishop of Central China comes the impressive observation: "We have found our feet; all we ask now is permission to advance." By "permission," the Bishop evidently means the pecuniary support by which alone an advance can be made. Other societies are in the same condition. All that has been done in China, compared with what remains to be done, is the preparation for a mighty campaign. The foundations have been well and truly laid; the organization has been effected; the conditions are clearly understood; the work can now go forward as soon as funds are supplied. Every society is ready to put new men and women in the field, the men and women are ready to go, but the funds are lacking.

That enormous population, estimated at four hundred millions, is practically untouched. A few points have been reached, and converts have been won, but the vast bulk of the people have never heard of Christ. The reasons are obvious. The missionary societies have done wonders with the resources at their command, missionaries in the field have had phenomenal success, but the work is so vast that money and men need to be multiplied a hundredfold. The number of missionaries of all denominations is about 1,000 men and 800 women. Thus, if all were equally distributed over the country, each worker would have a field of more than 200,000 souls. But the difficulties are not alone in the lack of workers. The chief difficulty is in the prejudices of the government and the people. The outbreak of 1900, in which so many missionaries and their converts were barbarously murdered, showed how intense is the hostility to the foreigner. It was not really a movement against the missionaries, but against the missionary as a foreigner. In spite of the severe lesson taught by the punishment administered for that outbreak, and earlier by the war with Japan, that hostility still exists. Only a few weeks ago, a Chinese newspaper editor was brutally executed for adopting the principles of the foreigners, and several others are now fugitives, who will be executed if the Government can get its hands upon them. There is need, therefore, not only of money, but of earnest prayer that God would remove this hostility.

*Topic of the Epworth League for August 30

REV. EDWARD K. CRESSEY

A SEASIDE EVANGELIST

THREE years ago, the Rev. Edw K. Cressey, D.D., formerly associa pastor at Tremont Temple, Bost began Gospel work among the mas of humanity in the crowded East Side New York. This experience led him to t contemplation of a greater work, in a st more needy region, and he was led to Con Island. "It seemed to take forty times mo sacrifice to commit myself to this work," declares, "than it ever took to stand in t pulpit. Nothing but a firm reliance up God could have enabled me to do it." At t present moment he is giving himself bod mind, heart, and soul to this duty, and t fruits are marvelous.

An Eastern man, one of the first to who the Gospel was preached there, was an offici in the government employ. He had lost h wife, and had become a frequenter of t "dives" of the island. A copy of the Ne Testament was given him. He received respectfully, read from it, and then began blaspheme, and finally said, "This is true; b why did God take away my wife?" Aga and again he read, at last a change came ov him. His life at present is that of a genuine redeemed man.

Another case was that of a train dispatche who had come to Coney Island for dissip tion. He received the overtures of the mi sionary with jeers. By the power of t Holy Spirit, after a brief conversation, he w led to say, "I thank you. I came to this pla to make a fool of myself, and I am succee ing; I am having a great time; I am sorry He afterward became a convicted and co verted sinner saved by grace.

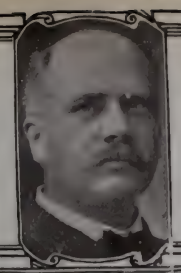
A young graduate of Oberlin College, w ordained, and had entered the pulpit. H married an unworthy woman. Dr. Cresse found him the moving spirit of certain mid night orgies at the Island. Though years ha passed since they had met, there was mutu recognition. "I am surprised to see you he brother John," was the missionary's first greet ing. "I am surprised to see myself here, an mad, too," was the response. "But do n call me brother John; it is of no use to tal to me now; go to some more hopeful wret and extend your ministries to him." Afte days of counsel and prayers he was awakened and began anew the Christian walk.

The Down and Out Club is a unique an pitiful organization, whose members look upo themselves as "down," and recognize tha they will soon be "out"; but they are boun to have a "good time while it lasts." Mi sionary Cressey was not repulsed as he en tered their rendezvous. Forty men there re ceived good counsel, and each got a copy o the New Testament or a prayer-book, and glinting of hope seemed to fall athwart thei souls. On New Year's day 1903, twenty-fiv others of the club received Bibles. There ar now indications that the club may disband

Within two weeks past a man came run ning to Dr. Cressey, and said, "Don't you know me? You gave me a Bible last year and that book is now my counsel, a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Dr. Cressey has distributed many thou sands of copies of the Word at Coney Island Over 2,000 of these have been distributed since May of this year. These are printed in many tongues — German, Italian, Danish Swedish, Finnish, Spanish, French, Hebrew and in some other languages. He has come in contact with about 2,000 young men and young women. Many familiarly call him "Brothe St. John," "Papa," and "Pop." His work is under the auspices of no organized society but individuals, who have become interested contribute towards its support. Thus he goes on, year after year, preaching the unsearch able riches of Christ, and confident in the truth that God's Word shall not return unto him void.

W. R. M.



THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps."

CHAPTER IV.—Continued

WOMEN were sobbing, men's faces were pale and stern. Mr. Vernon waited. When it was silent again, he raised his arm and said impressively: "It rests with you, men and women of Colby, to prove me a false prophet. Pray God my prediction may prove untrue. But we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. God give us the victory."

That was an exciting day in Colby. The First Methodist was stirred as never before. Judge Butler's comment on the sermon was, "I call it incendiary." Mr. Edward's comment was, "Just what Colby needs." Men and women were divided. All were agitated. The tragedy had struck home deep. For the time being, at least, the people felt the lesson and took it to heart.

The excitement and nervous strain through which Douglas passed made it physically impossible for him to get out the *Beacon* that week. Quits did not appear, and he had vanished so completely that no one in Colby knew anything about him. A few days afterwards, one of the brakemen on the fast freight that stopped at Colby, spoke of a tramp who had boarded the train that Thursday night under peculiar circumstances, and his description tallied with Quits' appearance, but no word came from Quits himself.

Friday and Saturday of that eventful week Douglas was nearly prostrated, and unable to do anything on the paper. He was called as a principal witness before the coroner's jury, and testified about the shooting. He was positive as to the facts. The whole affair had occurred only a few feet from him, but he had not seen the face distinctly, owing to the shadows cast by the electric lights. The fact, however, was proved, that the young man captured by the police had come running from the scene of the shooting. The revolver was identified as his own. A score of witnesses, including Douglas, were able to swear positively to the quarrel the two men had been having in the saloon before they went out on the street. So the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "Came to his death by pistol wounds inflicted by some person not known or proved," and the case was turned over to the district court, and the person of the young man, who every one knew had committed the crime, remanded to the county jail to await trial at the September term of court.

The Monday after Mr. Vernon's sermon, which followed that remarkable week in Douglas' experience, found the editor of the *Beacon* hard at work on the paper. And, beginning with that morning, and continuing for three days, the office of the little paper witnessed a series of mishaps and accidents, that gave the young editor a feeling more like despair than he had ever known.

The press worked badly, and broke down altogether Tuesday morning, when the prospect seemed good to get at least half an edition off. Then George pied another form, and capped the climax by smashing one hand in the trimmer doing some job work which had been sent in. Everything, however, came to a standstill when the press went wrong, and Douglas stayed up all night Tuesday to make repairs, only to find that it was useless without a part of the press which Colby could not furnish, and which he finally had to get from Clinton, after expensive telegraphing and express charges. Mr. Edwards volunteered all sorts of help, but even the most enthusiastic and boundless friendships could not run the press, nor railroad the papers out to their subscribers.

Wednesday night the press was started up again, and prospects were good for getting the paper off at last, when Douglas discovered three columns of plate matter bottom side up, an error he never knew to occur before, and outside the experience of printer man so far as he knew. The entire edition was thrown out, and he began all over, for he was getting tremendously aroused now, and all his pugnacious instincts, which were strong rather than impulsive, were stirred in him by these accidents.

Thursday night found him still wrestling with the press, and with only half the edition ready for mailing out. George limped around the office with his hand tied up in a rag that looked as if it had been torn from the corner of the office towel. With all the other things the boy had succeeded in doing after smashing his hand he had dropped the galley-proof roller on his foot. His whole appearance was suggestive of an explosion in an ink factory, which had caught him climbing out of a vat; but with great good pluck he stayed by Douglas and the *Beacon*, and vowed he would not retire from the battlefield as long as he had a hand or foot left.

"If Quits was only here now we'd soon pull out; wouldn't we, Mr. Douglas? Where do you suppose he is?"

"I wish I knew," Douglas groaned. He was nearly exhausted, almost dead for lack of sleep; but he stumbled about the office and had no thought of leaving until the edition was all off.

It was half-past ten, and the boy had spoken again about Quits,-when a step sounded on the walk, paused at the office door, and a figure came in that brought Douglas and the boy up standing and staring in astonishment.

Douglas laid a hand on his shoulder. . . . "Will you promise?"

It was Quits, who appeared minus his hat, and all covered with dust. His shirt was in rags, and his trousers hung in tatters over his feet, and this time he had no shoes. A fragment of an old sock was on one foot, and the other was wrapped around with a torn woolen sock tied up with a cotton string.

"You're just in time, Quits," exclaimed the boy joyfully. "Where you been? Working on some meetropolitan daily and boardin' at the Waldorf?"

Douglas looked at him sternly and doubtfully. Quits did not meet his look, and presented a general downcast and ashamed appearance.

"Where's that new suit of clothes I got for you?" he asked Quits wrathfully. It was the first thing that occurred to him to say, as he eyed the disreputable figure.

"Gone to support the liquor traffic," replied Quits calmly.

"Then I want to tell you I am not running this paper for any such purpose. What have you come around for?"

"I thought may be you might need a hand," said Quits, looking at George.

"I don't want any drunken printers around," replied Douglas shortly.

"Do you mean it?"

"I do."

"All right."

Quits turned and limped toward the door.

Something in the sight of him moved Douglas.

"Hold on. Where are you going?"

"To the devil. That's my usual destination," said Quits, without turning round.

Douglas took a stride toward him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Will you promise—"

"Promise nothing. What's the use? I've promised God, and my wife (when I had one), and the church, and Jesus Christ, and I never kept anything. I'm willing to go to hell for a drink any time."

It was the longest speech Douglas had ever heard Quits make. It was also one of the most effective.

"If I don't give you work what will you do?"

"Go up to the Wayside and pawn them my wife's watch for a drink," said Quits promptly. "It's the only thing I've got now that used to be hers. I'd swap my baby's coffin for a drink any time."

"Come back," said Douglas.

Quits turned round, went up to the table where the forms lay, and put his head down on one corner where there was a clean space and sobbed like a child. The boy looked very much embarrassed, and pulled out what looked like another corner of the office towel and blew his nose with it. Douglas stood sorrowfully gazing at the human wreck that had been flung again on the little beach of the *Beacon* office.

At last when Quits' sobs had ceased, Douglas said, "If you want to begin to night, you can wash up and start in. Have you had any supper?"

"No," said Quits lifting up his head and furtively wiping his eyes on his shirt sleeve.

"Then you'd better have a bite first."

He sent George over to the hotel for a lunch, and after Quits had disposed of it with an eagerness that spoke of a long fast, Douglas put him to work again without any more questions. During the talk that followed Quits frankly related his experience, making no secret of his debauch, and also making no promises for the future.

"I'm a goner, Mr. Douglas. I killed my wife with grief, and my two children have been taken from me and adopted. I've taken every cure from the Keely to three attempts to suicide. When I got started a week ago to-night, I went into every saloon in town, and I saw you coming in several, and dodged you out of the back door.

"I got on to the fast freight at midnight and went down the road fifty miles to Bergin, then back to Clinton. I've been in Clinton most of the time. That's where I pawned my clothes. Yesterday, when my money was gone, I started back here. Got on a freight and was thrown off after a fight with the conductor. I laid out under a haystack all afternoon and tramped it up here. As long as I can keep out of the sight and smell of the saloon I'm not bad. No, I won't make any promises. I've pawned myself enough. If you want to run the risk I'll stay as long as I can. Yes, I've heard of the shooting. It's awful, but if you'd seen all I've felt and seen owing to the drink business, you wouldn't count that anything more'n one more drop in the basket. That's all 'tis."

When the *Beacon* finally got to its subscribers, it was with a well written apology from the editor, explaining the failure to appear on time, and promising to make good the omission by an extra in the near future. The Bartlett organ made the most of the *Beacon's* troubles. It gave an account of the shooting, and laid great emphasis on the need of better police protection.

"What Colby needs," one editorial in the organ concluded, "is a more extended and efficient police service, which will prevent the occurrence of such shocking affairs. We deplore the event as much as any one and trust it is the last; but the citizens of Colby will always be in danger unless we have a police system that is adequate to the real needs of our growing and enterprising town. This is a quo-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 700

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 695

tation from an editorial recently printed in a paper published in a whisky town, the day after an unusually brutal murder caused by a saloon brawl between two drunken boys.)

Edwards boiled over when he read this editorial. He was talking with Douglas and Vernon the day after it appeared.

"Police protection! What the citizens of Colby need is police protection from editorials like these, and from papers like the Mayor's."

"Matters are going just as I told the people Sunday" remarked Vernon. "It's only a week since the shooting, and already public sentiment is divided as to the affair. The plea of self defence has already been suggested by the Mayor's organ. In this country the papers try all criminal cases weeks before the courts get them. By the time cases are in court, the entire community has taken sides one way or the other. The Mayor's paper by September will be stoutly urging Rider's innocence, and declaring that when Lane stooped over it was for the purpose of picking up some weapon with which to attack Rider. The county attorney, according to common report, will make a very poor showing, and two of the shrewdest criminal lawyers have been engaged to conduct Rider's case. Meanwhile attention is being entirely diverted from the part the saloon furnished in selling these boys the liquor that made them quarrel. I shall prove to be a true prophet after all," said Vernon grimly.

"I hope not," Douglas spoke earnestly. "Do you really believe, Mr. Vernon, that in the vote of license or no license this fall, the people of Anderson county, in face of all the facts, will actually vote to continue the saloons?"

"I don't like to say, Brother Douglas," replied Mr. Vernon sadly. "But we have got to reckon with such people, for example, as the Mayor, and such sentiments as these in his outrageous editorial about police protection. We have got to reckon on the narrow prejudices and passions of partisan politicians, and on the unlimited funds at the disposal of whisky, with which they can bribe voters and courts, and legislators and newspapers, and even church members. I look on the battle between civilization and the saloon as the greatest and the most serious contest for human rights that this country knows anything about. And I am frank to confess that from what I know of my own church members, I very much doubt if the most influential voters in my church will vote no license this fall. Some of them will. But men like Judge Butler will vote the other way. He will support his party candidates. One of them is our present county attorney, a well-known whisky sympathizer. It is notorious that he drinks, that he is on friendly terms with the brewers at Clinton, that he has repeatedly been their legal adviser, and yet as enlightened and in many respects as excellent a man as Judge Butler will vote for him this fall, simply because he is the nominee of his party, and he will vote for license because he believes it is for the financial interests of the town.

"So, then, I say when we face such facts as these, true of men in the church, we ought to make up our minds that if we succeed in carrying the election this fall against the saloon, we shall need to pray and talk and work for our lives. If we win, it will not be an easy victory."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

"The Border-Land"

An aged pastor's poem, written shortly before his death

REV. J. B. Marsh, an aged and beloved minister of the Baptist Church, died at his home in Piedmont, S. C., January 8, 1903. He was a constant subscriber of this journal since the first year of its publication. He was a good and faithful pastor, showing his love for Christ his Saviour, by his ardent work and preaching the glad tidings, visiting the sick and afflicted, and giving to the poor and needy.

He wrote some beautiful poems; one, written a few months before he died, is entitled "The Border-Land." It is given below, having been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Miss Julia Lanier:

These border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades,
And my heart welcomes them until
The fight of life's long evening fades.

I hear them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places;
Shades where the living and the dead,
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here
And I have seen the border-land,
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink as now I stand,

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arms,
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee,
Where I may almost see Thy face,
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

Father, into Thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While resting in these border-lands
Until Thy voice shall summons it.

A Good-sized Home Library

We prize THE CHRISTIAN HERALD library very much, and feel proud of it. We have forty-nine books—Art Portfolio, Art Gallery, two Bibles (one old version and one new version), one Red Letter Testament, two pieces of Olive Wood. We have given away three Red Letter Testaments, and two other books. We thank you for all these beautiful premiums. I shall endeavor to take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as long as I can read it.

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A New Name

THE nickname given by his comrades was "Brimstone." Though other soldiers could express themselves in a vigorous way, yet this man was awarded the palm in a certain New York Harbor Fort, where he was stationed. In another way, too, he was known in the Fort, namely as a "Chronic Kicker." But a new spirit crept into the reservation. The sentry did not challenge it because it came hidden in the heart of another soldier. This man had made a confession that he was a sinner, and that he wanted to be enrolled as a follower of Jesus, the "Friend of sinners." The supply of sulphur in "Brimstone" gradually shut off, until the men wondered what it meant. Now it was stopped by a helpful sermon at church; again at the garrison meeting when somebody came with an inspiring message. After awhile, true to his convictions, "Brimstone" stood to his feet and told his astonished comrades that, with God's help, he was going to live a Christian life. His confession was followed by uniting with a nearby church, where now he can be found when duties permit, and he seldom goes without taking some comrade. He is now at the head of the Soldiers' Bible and Prayer League in the Post, but his old nickname is gone, and in place of it he is called "The Parson." An officer commenting on the change, said, "He isn't the same, for we haven't heard a kick out of him for a long time."

Wondrous grace of God, that gives a man a new nature and a new name.

GEORGE A. SANFORD.

Two Mothers

I.

I sat one day with a friend, a consistent and worthy Christian woman, while she uncovered the sorrow of her life—the story of a prodigal son. The opportunity was mine, for which I had long wished to ask the cause of the downfall of this promising boy. "It has long been a mystery to me," I said, "how your child could go so far wrong, knowing as I do, the lives of you and your husband. How do you account for it?" "Oh!" she sobbed, "I did not pray enough for him when he was little! My father was a good man; my husband was a good man; my brothers led exemplary lives, and I never thought of my boy being in danger. I did not surround him with an atmosphere of prayer, as his character was forming."

II.

Mrs. J. A. M., of Park College, and lovingly spoken of as the "College Mother," was sitting at the close of life, waiting her summons home, when a friend said to her: "What is the secret of your success in raising five sons to noble manhood, fitting them for the responsible positions they now hold in church and college life?" Her answer was most significant. "I prayed for them all the way. I prayed for them in the home and on the street; I prayed for them in their work and in their play; I prayed for them everywhere." A. K. B.

To Clean Carpets.

If you have a carpet that looks dingy and you wish to restore it to its original freshness, make a stiff lather of Ivory Soap and warm water and scrub it, width by width, with the lather. Wipe with a clean damp sponge. Do not apply more water than necessary.

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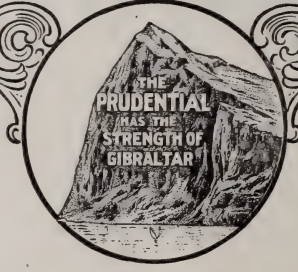

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Boyhood Days of Famous Divines

No. III. DWIGHT L. MOODY

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

WHEN Dwight L. Moody was a very little fellow, his father died, leaving behind so many debts that the creditors took everything they could secure, even to the kindling wood out of the woodshed, leaving the mother with seven children and a very hard row to hoe. The mother told the children that they must stay in bed until school-time, to keep warm. In this emergency, Uncle Cyrus, a brother of the mother, came to the rescue with a load of wood, which he sawed and split ready for use. Long years afterwards, Moody wrote: "I remember, just as vividly as if it were yesterday, how I heard the sounds of chips flying, and I know someone was chopping wood in our woodshed, and that we should soon have a fire. I shall never forget Uncle Cyrus coming with what seemed to me the biggest pile of wood I ever saw in my life." It was such memories as this, that always kept Moody's heart sensitive to the call of anybody in need.

DWIGHT L. MOODY
In boyhood

Dwight Moody's mother, though a kind and loving woman, was a strict disciplinarian, and never spoiled the child by sparing the rod. Dwight was a born mischief, and in later years he liked to tell of these punishments, and his failures to escape them.

"Mother would send me out for a stick, and I thought I could fool her and get a dead one. But she would snap the stick, and then send me to get another. She was rarely in a hurry, and certainly never when she was whipping me. Once I told her that the whipping did not hurt at all. I never had occasion to tell her so again, for she put it on so it did hurt."

In those days, in New England, Sunday began at sundown on Saturday night, and ended at the same time on Sunday evening. The young Moodys always went to church. The boys used to go barefoot, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, and putting them on when they came in sight of the church. The elder boys, who were out at work during the week, came home on Saturday night to attend church on Sunday with their brothers and sisters. They carried luncheon and stayed all day, hearing the two sermons, and attending the Sunday School, which came in between; then all would troop home again for supper, the older ones returning later to their work, while the younger children, watched for the sunset which announced the end of the day of rest, and released their long pent-up spirits in wild romps and shouts.

To a boy of Dwight Moody's make-up, those long hours in the village church were a tedious infliction; but years afterward he said, "I remember blaming my mother for sending me to church on the Sabbath. On one occasion the preacher had to send someone into the gallery to wake me up. I thought it was hard to have to work in the fields all the week, and then be obliged to go to church and hear a sermon I didn't understand. I thought I wouldn't go to church any more when I got away from home; but I had got so in the habit of going that I couldn't stay away. After one or two Sabbaths, back again to the house of God I went. There I first found Christ, and I have often said since, 'Mother, I thank you for making me go to the house of God when I didn't want to go.'"

Moody's business ability cropped out early. On one occasion, he wished to visit his grandmother Holton, who lived about four miles away. He was only five years old, and it seemed like a long trip. The stage ran near them, and as somebody had given Dwight five cents, which was only half stage-fare for the distance, he concluded to bargain with the driver. He got out by the road and stopped the stage, and asked the driver if he would not carry him for five cents. The driver said the stage was full inside, but he would take him for five cents if he would go as baggage. He consented, and for five cents was placed on top of the coach, within the rack that guarded the trunks. After a pleasant day, his grandmother urged him to make an early start for home, supposing he intended to walk back the four miles, but the luxury of that stage ride had spoiled him, and he thought it would be much pleasanter going back that way. He went out into the field and picked a huge bouquet of wild flowers, once more hailed the coach, and bargained his flowers with the amused stage driver, and went home in triumph perched upon the stage box.

This inventive spirit, mingled with a certain daring, made him a leader among the boys of Northfield as he grew older. Moody used to tell how a certain Squire Alexander, who lived nearest to the old red schoolhouse of that district, was, on that account, most frequently the indignant victim of boyish pranks. Sometimes the boys, with Dwight Moody always at their head, would appropriate the Squire's old "pung" to coast down the steep hill below his house. The danger of the venture only added zest to the fun. On another occasion Dwight led the young mischiefs to the cattle-sheds of the Squire, where they silently climbed up on the empty rafters, and then, at a signal, suddenly raised the most awful whoops and yells, at the same time jumping about on the loose planks. The effects of this horrid noise upon a lot of young steers was something almost indescribable. They rushed through the barnyard fences as though the wolf-ghosts were after them. This was just what the boys wanted. Of course, no one knew who was to blame for the stampede, for, before the Squire could reach the barn, there was no boys in sight, and in the round up of the excited cattle, all the boys, and especially young Dwight Moody, were valuable allies, and were apparently as full of indignation as the old Squire, at the meanness of whoever caused the stampede.

A great deal was always made of the "Closing Exercises" in the old-fashioned district school. Hardly anything else could draw out so large a crowd as these occasions. On one of these festive days, Dwight Moody was to give as a recitation, Mark Anthony's Oration over Julius Cæsar, and to add to the dramatic affect, he brought with him that morning a small box to represent the coffin of the illustrious dead. The teacher's desk served as a bier upon which the coffin rested, and as the eloquence of the orator found added expression in extravagant gestures, the lid of the box was knocked off, and out jumped a very frightened old tom-cat. The scene which followed had just the effect the young "Mark Anthony" seemed to have aimed at, for though the stones of Rome did not rise, every living thing in that schoolhouse was on its feet in an instant.

A new teacher came to the little school district, who was the beginning of a new order of things to others as well as Dwight. She opened the exercises the first morning with prayer, and that made a great impression upon the boys. But they were still more astonished when she told them that she intended to have good order, and yet have it without whipping anyone. Ere long Dwight had broken one of the rules, and was asked to remain after school. He supposed she had decided to whip him in private, and expected the usual punishment. To his surprise, as soon as they were alone, the teacher began to talk in the kindest way to him, telling him how it grieved her to have him disobey. This was harder on Dwight than a whipping. Finally she said: "I have made up my mind that if I cannot rule the school by love, I will give it up. I will have no punishment. If you love me, try and keep the rules, and help me in the school."

This was too much for Dwight, and he surrendered at once.

"You will never have any more trouble with me," he answered, "and I will whack the first fellow that makes you any trouble." And whack" him he did, the very next day, to the surprise of his companions and the consternation of the teacher.

Young Dwight Moody was keen at a bargain in those boyish days. He had all a Yankee's as well as a boy's love for "swapping." The older brother, George, who "fathered" the younger children and conducted the farm, was away from home one day, when a party of Gipsies came along. As usual, they had a number of horses to trade, and Dwight, who was only ten years old at the time, was alive to business. The family farm horse was old and lazy, and Dwight thought anything he could trade for would be an improvement. Before the family knew it, he had swapped with the Gipsies and really made a good bargain, though the new horse was a lank, raw boned animal with a docked tail. He was very proud of this trade. Soon after, he harnessed him to a wagon, and taking an empty barrel for a seat, started to the mill for the weekly supply of meal. The new horse seemed to rise to the occasion. He started briskly down the hill, and as he cut around the corner, left both Dwight and the barrel, wrong end up, by the side of the road.

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MISSIONS AT HOME*

The Duty of the Christian to the Immigrants a Christian and a Patriotic Duty

NEVER in history has a nation been confronted with a duty so perplexing and so enormous as is this nation, in the tremendous flood of immigration which annually reaches our shores. It is a standing marvel that the native population has not been swamped and the character of the nation completely changed. And the problem becomes still more enormous. In the fiscal year just closed, nearly a million persons from other lands settled in the country. That such an addition to the population is a menace to our institutions is admitted on all hands. But it is also an opportunity, and the time is come when the fact should be recognized, not only for the sake of the institutions, but for the sake of the newcomers themselves. They ought to be reached with the Gospel, and if that can be done, there is no need to fear their influence. To win them to Christ is therefore a patriotic as well as a Christian duty. They constitute a mission field at home and one peculiarly open to Gospel influence.

MISSIONARY FREDERICK WEISS

In coming here they were attracted by our prosperity, and by the opportunity that they expected to find here of bettering their financial condition. But they may find more than they hoped for. If we can show them how much this country owes to religion, how largely our civilization is built on the open Bible, they will be impressed by the fact and will lend a ready ear to the teaching. They are prepared to appreciate our freedom and our hospitality and ought, therefore, to be prepared to appreciate our faith. That they bring with them their religions and their irreligion ought to be no discouragement to Christian effort. The Christian faith has been found to be suitable for all races. The Apostle Paul declared it was the power of God unto salvation both with the Jew and the Greek. It has proved acceptable even to the savage in heathen lands. We ought, therefore, to preach it with confidence to the heterogeneous mass of foreigners who have come here. And besides preaching, we need to practice Christianity. We need to show the stranger the effect of the Gospel on our own lives, so that he may see for himself that the Word preached is a living, vital force.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for August 30. Deut. 7 : 7, 8 ; II. Chron. 6 : 32, 33.

"Much Comfort"

The "Family Art Gallery" is beautiful; my family appreciates it very much. *The Speaking Ork*, our premium book, we have found far above our expectations. As for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I don't think its equal was ever published. I cannot tell all the comfort I have received from it.

McKeesport, Pa. MRS. WM. MARTYN

This book, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $2. The "Family Art Gallery" free to subscribers.

Flood Losses in Kansas

IN response to many inquiries received asking as to the correctness of reports heretofore made regarding flood losses in Kansas City, Kansas, the* Relief Committee makes the following statement:

"As the extent of the flood calamity in Kansas City, Kansas, becomes more correctly known, it is found that the reports heretofore given out by the Relief Committees of the city have fallen considerably below the actual conditions. This is especially true as to the losses and damages on dwelling houses, which are fully seventy-five per cent. of total value of houses in the flooded district, while the losses on household effects are not less than ninety per cent. With these rates of losses, suffered by fully twenty-three thousand people, which was the population of the flooded district as shown by the State Census taken in March, 1903, and composed as they are largely of laboring people, the need and necessity for aid in large amount is established beyond dispute. All contributions should be sent to T. B. Gilbert, Mayor of Kansas City, Kansas."

Rev. C. M. Sheldon, of Topeka, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"Receipts for Relief Fund from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have now amounted to several hundred dollars, mostly in small sums. I acknowledge each individual gift, of course, as fast as it comes in, but feel specially grateful for the generous space given the appeal for help in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Very cordially,

CHARLES M. SHELDON."

Dr. Sheldon requests that $10 contributed by "Unknown" be acknowledged in this journal.

The Morocco Mission

MISSIONARY Frederick Weiss, after a brief visit to the United States, has returned to his post at Tangier, Morocco, to take up the work again which he left a few months ago. He writes to ask for the united prayers of our readers, to whom he is thankful for the help they have rendered in the past in keeping the Morocco missionaries in the field. "We have spent nearly two years in Morocco," adds Mr. Weiss, "and God has taken care of us. He has also given us a native convert who is a colporteur now supported by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our field is a hard one, but we are trusting in Him who helps us through the hard places, and who breaks through the heathen darkness and sends the radiant light of the Gospel to the benighted hearts of the people of Morocco."

Mr. Currall (Mr. Weiss' associate missionary) has arrived in America and will work here in the interest of the mission for a time.

A Successful Pastorate

Rev. Dr. Sowerby has resigned from the pastorate of the Talbut Street Baptist Church, London, Ont., after a most successful pastorate of four years, during which time one hundred or more converts have joined the church, besides reducing the debt of the church, till it is almost wiped out. During the past two years the congregation has so increased that seating room could not be found, and scores had to go away. When the Finland Famine Fund was brought to his notice (by one outside of his church), Dr. Sowerby took it up, and brought it before the church and collected over $70.00. He succeeds Dr. Bates, of the College Street Baptist Church, Toronto.

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Any Boy who is willing to work a few hours after school on Fridays and on Saturdays can earn many dollars by selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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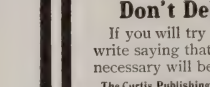

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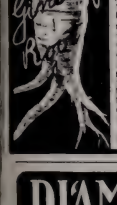

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THE FUTURE TEMPLE

Ezekiel's Vision of the Temple Restored in the Last Days

By Mrs. M. Baxter

VERY significant are the differences between Solomon's Temple and the temple which Ezekiel saw in the vision which he had in Babylon, when all Israel were mourning over the destruction of their beautiful house and longing to see it rebuilt.

The central figure in the tabernacle and in the temple is the high priest; there is no high priest in Ezekiel—the atonement has been already made. The once rejected, but now accepted, King of the Jews is also the High Priest for ever; and he calls the temple "the place of my throne" (Ezek. 43:7). The centre of all in the tabernacle and temple was the ark. There is no ark in Ezekiel's temple, and no need for it; the law which it contained is now to be written on the hearts and minds. In the tabernacle and the temple, the veil hid the Holy of Holies from view; there is no veil in Ezekiel's temple; the way into the holiest has been made manifest. The veil, which is his flesh (Heb. 10:20), has been rent, and cannot as such be restored again. The Shekinah glory, which was hidden behind the veil, now in Ezekiel's vision fills "the house," and can be seen from outside (Ezek. 44:4).

While the Passover, commemorative of the deliverance of Israel out of Egypt, as well as "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," will be commemorated (Ezek. 45:21-24), and also the feast of tabernacles (verse 25), which has been a prophecy of the Millennial rest, and the observance of the latter will be compulsory on "all the families of the earth" (Zech. 14:16-19)—yet the feast of Pentecost is discontinued. The Church of Christ, his firstfruits, built up and indwelt by the Spirit, will have been taken away.

No mention is made here of the great Day of Atonement; for "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not reckoning unto them their trespasses" (II. Cor. 5:19). The altar of burnt-offering is renewed, and the altar of incense within "the house," but no laver; the candlestick and the table of shewbread are no more; the types decrease as the Antitype manifests himself fully. The sin-offering, the guilt-offerings, the burnt-offering are to be offered in Ezekiel's temple, and also the meat-offerings, drink-offerings, and the peace-offerings (Ezek. 45:17). The daily sacrifice of a lamb is renewed, but it is to be offered "morning by morning," and no mention is made of the evening sacrifice (Ezek. 46:13-15), for Christ is the Evening Sacrifice accomplished.

Let us always keep in mind that Israel is an earthly people, with whom God has made a covenant in their flesh—a people called to an external religion of ritual and ceremonies, ordained of God, which were meant to be a blessing to the whole world. While to God's heavenly people the law is "a copy and shadow of heavenly things" (Heb. 8:5; 10:1), and those things which happened to God's people of old were by way of figure, and they "were written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the ages are come" (I. Cor. 10:11), it does not follow that to the Jews as a nation they are shadows. God has foretold again and again that the sacrifices will be renewed when Israel is restored (Isa. 60:7; Zech. 8:19-22; Mal. 3:3, 4; Ps. 51:19). He even says, "In mine holy mountain . . . there shall all the house of Israel serve me, there will I accept them, and there will I require the firstfruits of your oblations, and all your holy things, and I will accept you" (Ezek. 20:40, 41).

Thus, what Israel has failed to be and has failed to do in the past, they must be and do in the millennium. They must accomplish their mission in the world as an external people, with God visibly their King, and offering him a visible worship. The Church is now called as a hidden people, with an unseen King, to follow our Lord in spirit and in truth, while our life is a constant paradox (II. Cor. 6:3-10). O that we, too, may indeed fulfil our ministry to the world, to which we are crucified, and the world unto us!

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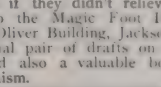

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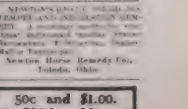

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FIG. 1.—American ginseng.

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(American Ginseng—Reproduced from Bulletin 16, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Shows root, leaves and seed pod.)

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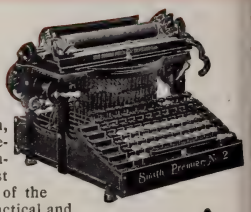

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A FAROESE WOMAN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE — VIEW OF THORSHAVN, THE CAPITAL OF THE FAROE ISLANDS — THE OLD HEAD AT THORSHAVN

A Sojourn Among the Faroe Islanders

In the Islands of Contentment

A Lone Land and a Strange People

By JESSIE ACKERMANN

TO the northeast of Great Britain, far off the usual line of travel, a cluster of twenty islands lift their lofty heads towards the sky, and their rocky coasts at many points form a barrier to the outside world. These are the Faroe Islands, and on them some 15,000 people, the only remaining descendants of the "hardy Norsemen," live in a state of simple contentment and happiness, the like of which I have never seen in any other part of the world.

The steamer carrying me to these islands sailed from Granton, Scotland, touching at the Faroes *en route* from Denmark to Iceland. It was a small cargo boat, with limited passenger accommodations and devoid of much that constitutes comfort at sea. As we loosed the moorings and put out to sea, a terrific gale, interspersed with thunder and lightning, came down upon us until the very waters seemed to part ready to engulf us. This continued for two days, when we sighted the islands. Toward evening a small boat came alongside, and an old man, bedecked with medals and clad in native dress, took command of the ship, piloting us over the bar, through the narrows and into the bay, where we were sheltered from the swells and blasts of the open sea by towering hills, which completely shut in the small city. For fifty years this skilful navigator has taken ships in and out of the harbor without an accident. As a reward for this faithful service, the King of Denmark sent his own steamer to convey the pilot to his presence, that he might express appreciation of his skill by placing upon him a special medal, which the old man displays with great pride.

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There is such a strangeness about the entire setting that description is difficult. During the summer months the hours of light extend far into the night. As winter draws near darkness settles upon the islands, and for months they are wrapped in a mantle of continued night—having, during the shortest days, only three hours of twilight, which is not unlike what is known to us as "early dawn." The men, who are active during the summer, grow restless when darkness comes, and not a few suffer from a mild form of melancholia; others experience the malady in more extreme forms. For them there is but limited occupation during this period. Beside caring for the stock, which is reduced to a small number kept only for breeding purposes, there remains very little for men to do. They are great readers, most of them being familiar with several languages and able to peruse literature in the original.

YOUNG FAROE ISLAND GIRLS AT THEIR HOUSEHOLD DUTIES

The women are not only occupied with household duties, but, cut off from the outside world of supply, their genius is taxed to the last degree, and they become the manufacturers of almost every garment worn by the members of the household, including even the shoes for every-day wear. They knit, spin and weave, for the hum of spindles and the buzz of wheels are all unknown in this land of primitive life and ancient customs. This leaves little time for the women to brood over conditions and surroundings.

It is difficult to imagine that anything could make up for the absence of the sun, yet there was a peculiar fascination about the period of darkness. The great polar stars shone out like young moons. The shimmer upon the snow and ice was intensified by the reflected colors of the great rolling waves of pink, blue, green and yellow lights, that swept across the heavens, trying to outdo each other in speed, and rival one another in splendor. The aurora borealis lends a weird aspect to the Northland. With it, the long night loses much of its loneliness.

It is quite impossible to describe the sensation produced by continued light, in the long summer days. To a busy, rushing American, the very thought suggests more time in which to carry out plans and accomplish many things demanding energy and attention. A few days of light were greatly enjoyed; but very soon the burden of it palled upon me. I hung black curtains to the windows, but vain was the attempt to shut out the light. The most welcome sight of my life was when the kindly hand of nature drew a thin veil over the day, and an hour of twilight softened the glare of an ever present noon-day sun.

The little city of Thorshavn extends from the sides of the hills, covered with small garden patches, to the very water's edge, where the streets, paved with white stones, spread themselves out, limited only by the shores of the bay. This gives the city an unusually clean appearance, as the ebb and flow of the tide carry all litter far out at sea, leaving the stones shining and clean. The space is used in drying and cleaning fish, preparing their chief product for many markets. The houses are very small, built with board frames, turf roofs and stone foundations. During the cold months the cattle are stabled under the house. This is done, not so much for extreme care for the cows, as a matter of aiding to keep the house warm. The upper part of the house consists of one room, in which whole families live with apparent comfort. They are free from dirt or squalor. In the most comfortable houses may be seen a large stove in the centre of the room, otherwise a small pile of stones is put in place, which, without any chimney or pipe, does service in warming and smoking the house, as well as furnishing a means of cooking.

In one of the better-class houses, I found an interesting group of young people, with

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THE OLD CHIEF

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Heaven

TEXT — I. COR. 15: 49:

"We shall also bear the image of the heavenly"

WHAT is heaven? Some people think that we do not know much about it. I remember how my father, who loved to preach about the "Celestial City," used to say he felt when he described it, that he was looking through "a glass, darkly." Some years ago one of his dear friends, Judge Neilson, was dying. He was Brooklyn's most honored jurist. The last time my father visited him, the judge asked, "What did you preach upon last Sabbath?" "Upon heaven." "Upon heaven!" exclaimed the old judge. "Will you send me the sermon? I would like to read it." "Certainly," said my father. But that afternoon his face wore a sad smile as he came into the house. I asked, "What is the matter, father?" "Why," said he, "I have been down to visit Judge Neilson, who is dying. He asked me to send him my last Sunday's sermon on heaven. I was just thinking that within a few days the old judge will be in heaven. He will go there just after reading my description of it. Then all the grandeur and glories of that celestial city will so eclipse anything that I have ever dreamed of, that he will laugh at me and my sermon, and say what a poor idea Talmage had of what Christ has prepared for us. 'For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, oh God, besides thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him.' I guess I will not send Neilson my sermon on heaven. It would make me a laughing-stock for him through all eternity."

That is true. No human mind can conceive, no human voice or pen can depict the beauties of the celestial kingdom. There are, however, passages in God's Word which open the pearly gates a little way, so that we catch a glimpse of the supernal grandeur of that city of celestial glory. We can, as it were, pluck a Rose of Sharon, or a Lily of the Valley, and learn in miniature what the fragrance of the heavenly gardens shall be, where every hillside and meadowland are covered with perpetual flora. Through the crevice of that opened gate, we can, as it were, for a moment catch a sight of the redeemed, whose garments are as white as the driven snow, and whose joys are limited only by their own capacity to enjoy the happiness provided for them by their Almighty and all-loving Father. It is for such a glimpse of this heaven to which all true Christians are heading that I would open my Bible to-day, and speak from the text, "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

Eternal Life

Heaven is a place of immortal residence. What does that imply? "Why," answers some one, "that means we shall live on millions upon millions of years." It means that long after this earth as a burning star shall flicker and go out, our spiritual existence shall continue. It means a conscious life extending to ages, which dwarf into brevity the longest term even of the inanimate relics of the most remote past. "Immortal!" exclaimed Napoleon Bonaparte, turning to one of his generals who had applied the epithet to a statue of vast antiquity which had been brought from Egypt to the Louvre, in Paris. "Immortal! That is not immortal. What are the three or four thousand years which that statue has existed, in comparison with the immortality which goes on for ever and ever?"

But the immortality of heaven is not to be measured in years alone. It is the immortality of eternal youth. Old age implies weakness of body and of mind. In heaven there will be such a perfect renewal of our powers day by day that the passage of years leaves no trace of decay.

Perfect adjustment of the resurrected body to its celestial surroundings proves there is to be no fight for an immortal existence. Why does the physical body grow tired? Because it is not in perfect accord with its physical surroundings. In order to make the heart pump I must breathe. Yet every time I inhale the air, that oxygen burns up part of my physical being, which must be replaced with food and physical nourishment. Why do the great clouds of smoke ascend from the funnels of the locomotive and the chimneys of the factories? Because those clouds form component parts of wasted energies. Imperfect consumption of fuel implies that the coal must be continually shovelled into the furnaces, or else the machinery will stop. But in that Heavenly land there shall be no need of sleep, because the redeemed body, perfectly adjusted to its celestial surroundings, will never know fatigue. There shall be no need of physicians, because pain, which is the warning signal of infirmity, shall never have any of our joints in its twist. There shall be no need of recreation, because then all things shall be, once for all, perfectly created.

We marvel at the perfect adjustment in the natural world. We wonder at the vast resources of power which can swing the stars in their courses, and make whirling constellations marshal themselves upon the heavenly plains, and yet have no confusion in passing reviews. Once in a while, we are horror-struck when some of the elements seem to balk, and the lightnings, as fractious colts, kick over the traces and start to smash things. We stand aghast when the dark garments of a tornado sweep past us, or two storm-clouds collide and the heavens are ablaze with electricity, and the ear is startled with the crashing of the thunder, and the freshets come and the bridges are swept away. But all the time when these elements are at war, we think of the greater power which holds the moon and the sun off from the earth at arm's length. We think of the greater power of the laws of evaporation, which, with golden pulleys, lifted those waters into the clouds. We think of the law of cohesion or of specific gravity, which holds this old earth together in a compact sphere. We think of the power inherent in vegetable and animal life of sucking up the waters which flow by their sides. We marvel at the great adjustment of nature. Marvel, not only because it works, like the wheels of a perfect automaton, but because it works without friction.

Absolute Harmony

Now, my friends, if we wonder at the seemingly perfect adjustment of the mundane elements, can we not the more marvel at the perfect adjustment of the redeemed body with its heavenly surroundings? Shall we not rejoice over the thought that all our faculties shall be enlarged and developed, and yet keep on enlarging and developing and never grow tired? We have read that for over fifty years John Wesley preached on an average of sixteen sermons per week, or nearly three sermons per day. How vigorous must have been the constitution that could perform that task! But in heaven we shall all have vigorous constitutions. Oh the rapture of that better land in which the services we render will never produce weariness, nor the infinite subjects that will engage our attention ever cause satiety. Our hands grow weary, even though they may be busy in well-doing. But in that "Beautiful Land" we shall never be weary of well-doing. Then our redeemed bodies shall have a perfect eye, a perfect ear, a perfect tongue, a perfect foot, a perfect hand-clasp. Then all our faculties shall not only have the resilience of youth, but the alertness and perfect adjustment of immortality. We shall live and continue to live, because decay and corruption shall flee away when "death the last enemy shall be destroyed."

Heaven is to be a place of progressive enjoyments. If the resurrected brain is to be alert, it must have something to feed upon. So some writers have predicted that in the "Heavenly City" we shall have our music halls, and libraries, and museums, and art galleries, places for intellectual as well as spiritual developments. I personally take no exception to this thought. I believe the musical desire is a God-given desire. The celestial harp or the celestial canvas, or the celestial statue, is not a degradation of the word celestial. But though there may be many intellectual enjoyments of heaven, I believe there shall be two which will most appeal to the denizens of the skies. The first is in studying the wonderful construction of the Celestial City. "Oh," answers some one, "I know now what is the formation of heaven. It is a great walled town. And the length and breadth and the heighth of it are all equal. And the city is made of pure gold, and the foundations of the walls of the city are a collection of precious stones. And the twelve gates of the city are twelve massive pearls. Why, the Book of Revelation describes the city to its minutest detail."

Symbolic Imagery

Do you truly mean what you say? Do you affirm that the streets of heaven are to be literally made out of yellow bricks and the city to be a walled-in town with a lot of precious stones for foundations? Why, the Apostle, in the Book of the Revelation, is merely talking in figurative language, or in the language of earth. He is giving us a description of heaven in figures which we can comprehend. He does not mean that heaven is to have streets of gold any more than he literally means that hell is to be a place of fire. Fire is a symbol of torture. Gold and precious stones are the symbols of unlimited luxuries. Thus the Apostle piles together a great mass of diamonds and sapphires, and emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts, and says, "Heaven is to be like that. Heaven is to be like pearls, like mansions of white, like golden boulevards. Picture to yourself the brightest place you possibly can, and heaven is to be multipotently, infinitely, transcendently more beautiful."

Yet, when at last we reach heaven, all will be so new, so strange, that our minds through all eternity will never tire of exploring the grandeur. We shall take wings in the morning and fly away as a bird, and every place our eye lights upon shall afford extensive and inexhaustible fields of investigation.

But infinitesimal will be the enjoyment of study of the physical construction of heaven, compared with that of studying the beautiful characters of those immortals who will everywhere live about us. Old Samuel Johnson, I think it was, once said, "The grandest cathedrals, or the most wonderful poem in stone, never impressed me so much as the sight of a human being. The reason I am loath to leave London is not on account of its St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, but because of the endless sea of humanity, every human being of which has for me a strange fascination." The study of the human character is the most interesting of all studies.

Continual Surprises

Now, the more you live with some people, the more you appreciate their love and devotion, and realize their true worth. When you were a little child, you thought you loved your mother. But every year you grew older the more beauty and tenderness you found in her life. When she was old, and her hair silvered, and face wrinkled and form emaciated, she thought that her work was done, and wondered "why God did not come and get her." But she became dearer to you the every day. You said to her just before her death, "Mother, mother, I cannot get along without you. I am just now beginning to appreciate what your love means." Yes, it takes some of us ten, twenty, forty, and fifty years, to fully appreciate the beautiful character of those who have lived by our side. Each month reveals some new sweetness or gentleness. Each year some new worth. So our heaven is to be a place of continual surprises. We shall all be hourly and daily discovering some new manifestation of purity and love in the lives of those with whom we are spending eternity. We shall be continually surprised with their thoughtfulnesses and sacrifices, and tender attentions. When they do us the unexpected kindnesses which only heaven can offer, we shall delightedly exclaim: "Why, Mary, thou I have been living with you now in heaven for a thousand years, I never realized before, how thorough kind you could be." Their spiritual beauties, the noble deeds, their self-sacrificing attentions, shall be a changing kaleidoscope, ever revealing to us new pictures and wonderfully new developments of love.

Heaven is to be a place of manifested gratitude. A place where we can thank those whose self-sacrifice helped save us when we were upon the earth. It will be a place where we can lay at the feet of our benefactors the rich golden sheaves of our lives which can as a result of their seed-planting. It shall be a place where others may rejoice in our Gospel conquests, because their words of advice and their prayers and the examples were the means of first leading us to the foot of the Cross, and starting us forth as Gospel messengers.

The Gospel Seed-Sower's Joy

Heaven must be such a place. Why? Because most Christians never live long enough on earth to see the full results of their services for the Master. But few Gospel workers can say as did Simeon of old, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people." When my father was born, he was the youngest of thirteen children. My grandmother was well advanced in years. Soon after his birth, she turned to her husband and said, "Oh, David, I am so sorry that we will not in all probability live long enough to see little DeWitt, our baby boy, grow into strong manhood, and consecrate himself as a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord Jesus Christ." As with my grandmother, the regret which nearly all Christians have, is that in a earthly sense we shall not live long enough to see the harvestings of our Gospel seed-planting. We shall not live long enough to see our boys and girls, for whom we have slaved and worked, and prayed, grow up into Christian men and women, and see them as teachers in Christian Sunday Schools, and leaders in evangelistic meetings, and perhaps elders and ministers about the Communion Table of the Lord's Supper. But in heaven we shall know about the glorious results of our Christian labors. In heaven, the redeemed mother shall not only see her children, but her children's children, who have been saved through her prayers and consecration. In heaven there shall be rejoicing everywhere, because we shall there know that through the results of our labors, the "dead are alive again and the lost are found."

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IN THE ISLANDS OF CONTENTMENT

Continued from page 707

om I talked through my interpreter. They were all nbers of the family, and with the usual absence of ry, they were working and enjoying life at the same e. This house consisted of two rooms. Through open door, I could see that the beds were a portion the house, built into the walls, after the manner of ths in a ship. The men occupy one side of the room, women the other. Two or three wooden benches ended along the sides of the other room, and a small le, standing in front of a window, completed the house d furniture. Several women and one forlorn-looking n, made up the family circle. The girls were knitting ks from coarse, homespun yarn. Housekeeping is a ple matter: mince pie, hot bread and the like, having part in their domestic economy. The school-teacher, o was a very bright man, asked me "what I considered three characteristics of our civilization," and, true to Yankee instinct, I answered his question by asking his opinion on the ject. He promptly lied, "nervous pros- tion, dyspepsia and ns," deadly foes of ich they know little. Their food is all of the inest kind. Because the short summer, it impossible to culti- e any of the grains. heat flour is never d. Bread is made m rye flour, and in the sence of ovens, the ugh is placed in a tin ssel and thoroughly amed. Fruit is un- own on the islands. is reduces their diet gely to fish, bread and few vegetables, and nsequently diminishes degree of labor in oking. They are a rdy race, of simple es, high moral instincts, cleanly habits and pleasing dress.

AN OLD FAROESE MILK-SELLER AN ISLAND FISHERMAN THE ISLANDERS' CHURCH

Many of their customs might be followed with great fit by women who are on the "speedway" of life. matters of dress, these people are especially happy the selection of a picturesque costume, which is lly a national dress. Just think of a well-regulated use, where the presence of the latest fashion book es not distract the woman in her career in trying to ep up to the "latest cut," or bankrupt the man by erdue dressmakers' bills. No wonder an atmosphere contentment pervades all things. The making of a rment is little anxiety, for, after the busy fingers have un the wool and woven the fabric, all that remains r a young woman to do is to borrow her grandmother's dress for a pattern, and set about the easy task of making it by hand. Even a bride need not concern herself about an outfit. If the "cackling season" has been a poor one, and "few sheep have made wool scarce," she has recourse to her grandmother's wardrobe, and, clad in the gown which has probably done service for two or three generations, she takes her place beside the man of her choice, an up-to-date Faroese bride. If a young woman has two dresses, it is quite enough. In the morning and during working hours, a plain, homespun, coarse dress serves all purposes. Every woman helps in all branches of work. When the good man has "toiled all night," and the small craft barely keeps afloat with the weight of the full nets, the fish are thrown out upon the clean stones where the women gather them into the cleaning trays and pack them into the salting tubs. From these they are taken, a few days later, and placed to dry in the sun. When properly cured, the choice ones are packed and shipped, the remainder finding place among the winter stores for family supplies. This done, the women gather in social intercourse in the home of some friend, where spinning or sewing occupy the remaining hours. The latter includes the useful art of shoemaking, for every housewife is shoemaker for the entire family. Shoes are made of goat or seal-skin, and are cut in one piece. From the toe toward the instep, several long stitches give shape and fashion to the shoe. For every-day use they are worn by both men and women.

These people are exceedingly religious, and free from many evil habits that prevail in other lands. There is no drunkenness to speak of. The people are of such a high moral character, that a jail or prison is unnecessary. In a case of crime, there is an high court before which the criminal can have a hearing, crime in any form is very rare. There are no places where men and women resort, and not a drop of liquor is manufactured on the island.

The Faroe Islands are under the rule of Denmark. The present king of Denmark visited the islands some years ago, and a large monument bearing his name has been erected upon the spot where he landed.

The religious history of the Faroes has been odd and stormy, passing from Catholicism to the Lutheran faith by legislative enactment. Several times members of one faith or another have visited the islands, hoping to find a ready field, but as chance assembly brings with it certain civil rights, all churches at different times are found members. On Sundays, men, women and children gather in the large Lutheran Church, where the sermon is read by the minister. The preacher I heard wore a high silk hat, a loose flowing gown, buttoned from chin to hem, and a great white Elizabethan ruff around his neck. In the pulpit, a very unusual thing in connection with robes and gowns, was done several times during the service. On the altar were two great candles, each about a yard long and three inches thick. They seemed to be in the special charge of an old man, who gave out the hymns, and between times snuffed the candles with a fierce looking weapon, doubtless pre-historic, and of ancient date.

There are no other religious gatherings, but the children are remarkably well versed in Bible history. The people are poor and unable to contribute largely to the church support; hence it is necessary that every preacher should become self-supporting, outside of his religious vocation. It is a common thing to see a preacher cutting grass, milking cattle, and even shoeing his horse. A Faroese pastor cannot despise toil and hope to succeed. A free school system has been established, and every child is required to attend school up to a certain age.

The absence of hurry among these people was the most refreshing thing I ever encountered. Their limited wants, prove how the simple life brings the highest degree of contentment and happiness, and the memory of the visit will long remain an inspiration, the like of which could be gathered in no other spot of earth.

HEAVEN — A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. — Continued

And oh how many redeemed immortals we shall have thank in that heavenly kingdom! John Todd, you ere dead thirty years before I was born. But I shall heaven thank thee for the yellow leaves of that old ook I found in my father's library, of which you were e author. That book was one of the means used by the oly Spirit of turning my thoughts towards the Chris- an ministry. William H. Milburn, twenty years blind aplain of the United States Senate, thou didst not, in probability, ever hear of my name. With thy sight- ss eyes thou didst make me turn many a grateful ance towards the Christ who in heaven is to-day atching thy rapturous and holy face. I wish to thank ee, oh, redeemed spirit, thou who years ago as a unday School teacher in the old Brooklyn Tabernacle, dst shed many an anxious tear over thy scholars, I ould tell thee that to-day in the sacred ministry, I feel e touch of thy sainted hand, and hear the earnest ne of thy pleading voice. Yes, there are many spirits heaven we would thank for what they did for us when on the earth. We would thank them, that they may joice, as we will rejoice, and that their hosannas of ratitude might be augmented with our hallelujahs.

Delightful Reminiscences

But if heaven is to be a place of manifested gratitude, is also to be a place of glorious reminiscences. At ne camp fires of the Grand Army Reunions, we have eard the old veterans talking over the struggles, the efeats and triumphs of the Civil War. We have heard hat comrades at Shiloh did, and what comrades at tlanta did, and what comrades at Petersburg did. To ne old veterans, the struggle of the Civil War is never n old story. So in the heavenly reunions, the Gospel eterans will love to talk over the struggles of the past.

As Christian comrades, one will say, "Do you remember that time when we started those cottage prayer-meetings? As a result of those prayer meetings what a glorious revival we had. One hundred and twenty souls for Christ." "Yes," says another, "that reminds me of what a hard time we had in starting that mission school down in the slums. Cynics said it would do no good, but it did, it did." "Yes," will answer many voices, "we were converted and saved through those little meetings." Then the pastors and the different congregations will get together and they will have their reminiscences. And the parents and the children will get together and they will talk over again of the blessings which came from their family altars. And the Bible distributors will tell how they were scoffed at, and yet blessed, as they distributed their tracts and sacred leaves. And Francis E. Clark and the Christian Endeavorers will have their separate reunions. We shall be in that "Better Land," living over and over again the Christian joys which we passed through when serving Christ upon the earth. Oh, my friends, if this idea is true, that heaven is to be a place of glorious reminiscences, ought we not all to double and treble our energies in the service of Jesus Christ? Shall we not by the power of the Holy Spirit do more and more for our Saviour, who has done so much for us, in order to be able to drink deep out of this golden chalice of celestial pleasure?

But the greatest celestial joy of all I have reserved until the last. Heaven is to be a place of perpetual worship. "Does that mean," asks some one, "heaven is to be a great cathedral or church, in which all the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem shall assemble, and pray to Him—and pray to Him, and never cease to pray to Him? In which there shall be a service with no doxology and no benediction, for that service shall be without beginning and without end?"

Oh no, my brother. I do not believe you have caught the right idea of the worship of the Celestial City. Heaven is not to be a church, where we shall have stated times for prayers and hymns. Saint John distinctly says in his Apocalypse, "And I saw no temple therein: For the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb, are the temple of it." That means as I take it, instead of having buildings especially dedicated for the worship of the Trinity, we shall always feel, wherever we may be, that we are standing face to face with Christ. And then our hearts shall be so full of gratitude to him for what he has done for us, that our eyes and lips and tongues and hearts will never cease to praise him. It will not be the worship of intercession or of pleading for the pardon of sin, but the worship of adoration and of eternal homage.

The Immanent God

Perhaps my thought may be simply illustrated by a conversation I had with a very dear friend some time ago. This noble Christian man turned to me one day, and said, "Do you know that my ideas of prayer and worship have greatly changed within the last few years? When I used to pray I would make out a long list of petitions for which I would ask God. But now I have begun to see that he loves me better than I love myself. Therefore, instead of saying, 'Oh God give me this or that,' I simply say, 'Oh Christ, thou art so good and pure, suit thyself in reference to my life, and thou wilt suit me. Thy will, oh Lord, and not mine, be done.' So in that heavenly land, we shall have but one prayer and one song: "Thy will, Oh Lord, not mine, be done." We shall sing it on the street. We shall sing it in the green pastures beside the still waters. We shall sing it in chorus with our loved ones. We shall sing it when we are alone. "Thy will, oh God, thy will be done!" In that one song, and that alone, we shall find the perpetual and never-ending worship of heaven.

Thus, my dear Christian friends, I have tried to open for you a little way the gates of the glorious "City of the Redeemed." I have tried to eternally fire our lives with the immortal lives of our dead. Like Christian in Bunyan's *Pilgrim Progress*, may you continue steadfast to enter into the "Strait Gate." And like the Dowager Queen Victoria, may you hopefully and triumphantly be able to write the same kind of an epitaph upon the tombstones of your loved ones as she inscribed upon the mausoleum of the departed Prince Consort, "I await my beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee in Christ shall I rise again." Such is the Gospel prophecy for all who love him. Heaven! Heaven! Glorious Heaven! Heaven of the living Christians! Heaven of the Christians who are resurrected! Heaven, eternal and never-ending Heaven?

A WRECKED LIFE ✳ DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR SEPT. 6 I. SAMUEL 31 : 1-13

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -- "THERE IS A WAY THAT SEEMETH RIGHT UNTO A MAN, BUT THE END THEREOF ARE THE WAYS OF DEATH." PROV. 14: 12

The Lesson Story

LET us ask Amasai, the chief captain in David's band, what he can tell us about the death of Saul and Jonathan.

"The news came to us at Ziklag. We were camped on the ashes of our homes, to which we had just returned from battle with the Amalekites, who had destroyed the place with fire, and had taken captive our wives and children, and had carried off our cattle and other possessions. We had come back victors, bringing our oxen with us. On the second day of our return, a runner was discovered making for Ziklag. As he drew near we recognized him as the bearer of evil tidings, for his clothes were rent and ashes were upon his head as a sign of mourning. He was brought in by the guard, and stated that he had important news for our leader, David. We were suspicious of him, because he had the appearance of being an Amalekite, and so he was, as he afterwards informed David. Evidently, he had not heard of the ruin that his people had brought upon Ziklag. David asked him, 'Whence comest thou?' The runner replied, 'Out of the camp of Israel am I escaped.' And David asked, 'How went the matter?' He answered, 'The people have fled, save the many who are dead, and Saul and Jonathan are slain.' David's voice was husky with deep feeling as he asked for particulars.

"The man told him that the Philistines, with their chariots and horsemen, had given Saul such close battle that he had taken refuge upon Mount Gilboa. 'I was there, not as a fighter but as an onlooker. I saw the wounded king resting upon his sword, and I came so near to him that he turned about as he heard my step, and asked who I was, and I answered him, 'I am an Amalekite,' and he said to me, 'Take my sword and kill me,' and so I did. The look of horror that came over the face of David seemed to make the man afraid, and he next tried to say something to curry favor. He began fumbling in his garments as if to find something, as he said, 'I took off the king's crown and his bracelet, and have brought them to you.' But he did not produce them, for David commanded that he should be struck down then and there as having slain the Lord's anointed. And the gruesome duty fell upon me. But it turned out that the man was a liar, and his lies had cost him his life, for later there came a runner, an Israelite, who had escaped from Saul's camp, who had authentic information to give—that Saul and Jonathan were indeed dead, but that Saul had taken his own life, after he had failed to induce his armor-bearer to kill him. The Israelite runner also brought word that the bodies of Saul and his sons were taken by the Philistines and hung upon the wall of one of their cities, after they had been stripped of their armor, and their heads cut off to send from city to city, so that the people might know that their enemy had fallen. The runner also told how the brave men of Jabesh-Gilead had gone, when the Philistines were asleep, and taken down the bodies of Saul and his sons and carried their bones to their own city and buried them under a tree.

"Did David rejoice in the death of Saul? Not he! He ordered a season of fasting and mourning. He afterwards composed a most beautiful memorial ode, called 'The Song of the Bow,' which he desired all of tie people should learn to sing and teach their children (II. Samuel 1 : 17-27)." And Amasai added: "We who had been defending David against Saul could but be impressed by the noble and forgiving spirit of our leader."

Illustration and Application

David's steps to the throne, and Samuel's noble life may be left for the regular review, but this is the proper time to review the life of Saul and Jonathan, and Israel's first experiment in king-making, under such themes as the following: 1. God is our rightful King. 2. A Godly young man who makes a good start, may be switched off by some little sin and make a bad end. 3. Envy and jealousy lead to meanness and murder. 4. So good a man as Jonathan, if he does not break altogether with bad companions, even in his own household, will come to grief. 5. When God is lost out of the life, the end must be defeat and hopeless death.

1. *God our Rightful King.* When Garibaldi had delivered Italy from its oppressors and was standing with his soldiers in the throne room of Francis, of Naples, they gathered about him and said, "You shall be our king. Viva Garibaldi." They tried to push and drag him to the throne, but he said, firmly, "Never will I be king. Washington refused a kingdom. He has been my example thus far, and shall be to the end. It is a very foolish thing to undertake to be a king. I will not even be longer General, now that liberty is secured, but, like Washington, I will resign my commission and take no pay." And he borrowed $20 of a friend to pay his way back to his cottage home. It was doubtless chiefly because he believed the people should rule that he refused the crown, but a higher reason that should have made Saul persist in his unwillingness to be crowned is that God is the only rightful King. That means for us daily, loyal obedience to his laws of love.

A Disappointing Life

2. *A good start, but a bad end—why?* Christian young men may well take warning when one who started out with so many good qualities as Saul did, who was modest, brave, spiritual (I. Sam. 9: 1, 2, 5; 10: 7-10, 22; 11: 6) develops so many deadly faults (18: 7-11; 19: 10; 20: 30-33; 22: 9-19), and finally comes to a hopeless death (Matt. 7: 22, 23). It was by little sins, step by step, he fell away (I. Sam. 13: 8-14 cf. 14: 18-20), and chiefly by one act of disobedience, prompted by covetousness (I. Sam. 15: 19-23). He lost heaven by trying to take too many fat cattle in his train. During the American Civil War, a fresh regiment of Northern troops, each soldier heavily loaded with half a shell tent, a rubber poncho, woolen blanket, haversack, canteen, knives and forks, and more besides, heard, during a night march, the command, "Open and pass convoy of prisoners." The Confederate prisoners were seasoned soldiers who swung along in the moonlight with the long lope of veterans, and about all the outfit they carried was one blanket for each three men. They noted the heavy loads of the Northern recruits, and one of them shouted out, "You'll have to carry less baggage if you catch the rest of us." Many a young man is trying to carry too much baggage in his march to heaven, and will have to give up some of his beastly ways and selfish indulgences, or fall out by the way, as did Saul. To change the figure, Saul was like a goodly ship that starts out with all sails set and high hopes of success, which is wrecked at last because the compass is diverted or the chart is neglected.

"SO SAUL DIED, AND HIS THREE SONS AND HIS ARMOR-BEARER"

3. *Envy and jealousy.* When Pacdaretus of Sparta lost an election as one of the three hundred citizens who were to govern, he rejoiced that three hundred better men than he could be found in the city. What a contrast to the jealousy and envy which we see in Saul, as in many others, that never can be at heartsease when they see others honored as much or more than themselves. Saul's envy made him miserable when he might have been as "happy as a king." This recalls an old poem, recently republished, showing how vain it is to seek the dove of happiness in "ambition's craggy hill" or anywhere apart from God.

O tell me where the dove has flown;
To build her downy nest,
And I will rove this world all o'er,
To win her to my breast.

I sought her in the grove of love,
I knew her tender heart;
But she had flown—the pensive dove
Had felt the traitor's dart.

I sought her in the rosy bower,
Where pleasure holds her reign,
But fancy flies from flower to flower—
So there I sought in vain.

Upon ambition's craggy hill,
This pensive bird might stray;
I sought her there, but vainly still—
She never flew that way.

Faith smiled and shed a silent tear,
To see me search around;
Then whispered, "I will tell thee where
The dove may yet be found.

"By meek Religion's humble cot,
She builds her downy nest;
O seek that sweet, secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast."

Recently a Philadelphia daily paper received a letter from a man who has long and vainly hunted clouds under the trees in the parks, supposing that when the rain is "squeezed out" they fall to the ground in a gelatinous state. He desired to know from the omniscient editor of the query column where and how he could get a basketful of old clouds. We can tell him how to find clouds every day, even in the most sunny days. Let him allow envy and jealousy to dwell in his heart, and every man's success and every woman's joy will put a cloud of sticky misery in his soul. It may even, as in Saul's case, become a cloud whose rain is blood.

4. *Should Jonathan have left Saul?* Jonathan's courageous defense of David be his envious father, and his love for Da who was to displace him, were noble qualit but it is a fair question whether Jonat should not have left his father and joi David when his father persisted in his wic course. Christ speaks of leaving father mother for the truth's sake, and in miss ary lands many have had to do so. In case, it was not for lack of courage that Jo than adhered to his father and died with h

A Nation Great in Men

To young Americans personifying t country as "Brother Jonathan," the term r well recall that Prince of Israel who above the narrow watchword, "My fam right or wrong," and stood for justice, e to his rival, at the peril of his life. It is s "Greathearts" that make a country gr rather than high buildings and broad ac Epictetus said to the Athenians at a time degeneracy, "You Athenians will confer greatest benefit on your city, not by rai the roofs of your dwellings, but by exal the souls of your fellow-citizens; for i better that great souls should live in sr habitations, than that abject slaves shc burrow in great houses."

Not highraised battlement or labored mound
Thick walls or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies rid
Not starred and spangled courts.
No? Men—high-minded men;
Men who their duties know,
And know their rights, and knowing, dare mai
tain;
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the cha
These constitute a state.
And sovereign law that, with collected will,
On crowns and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

5. *Two kinds of death.* During the C War, a company of soldiers defending R man's Point were overpowered by the ener and took possession of a scow, in which cross Tar River. When loaded, it stuck f in the mud. Exposure was certain dea Several soldiers were about to spring from the sheltering sides to push it off, wh a large negro said, "You keep still, and s your life. I can't fight. I can push off boat. If they kill me, it is nothing. You soldiers, and they need you to fight." leaped overboard, pushing the boat into stream, and sprang back pierced by se bullets, a sacrifice to patriotism.

A Significant Death

Saul's death was of another type. God h left him, and eternal death had already beg before he turned to the witch as hell's vance agent to help him in his last bat where, in utter defeat, he significantly fell his own sword, symbol of the fact that character as well as in body he was self- stroyed. The men of Jabesh-Gilead remc bered only his good deed to them (I. Sa 11 : 1-11) and rescued his body from his fo David forgot all Saul's personal attacks, a sang of his nobler qualities in earlier da But history compels us to write on Sau tombstone, "A wrecked life."

If thou could'st in vision see thyself
The man God meant,
Thou never more would'st be the
Man thou art content.

Let us not forget that death is a terror ev to good people, where immortality has r been brought to light by the story and wo of Christ. In a Chinese city a native Chi tian summoned the missionary at night see a dying man. He found the sick m surrounded by weeping friends. "Why you weep?" said the missionary. They a swered, "We pity him for he is going out in the dark, and he's so frightened to go." T sick man himself said dying was like goi into the night outside. The missionary to him of the Light of the world. Betwe spasms of pain he heard a few words a said, "It's very good, it's joyful to hear, b it's too late. Why didn't you come before In another case the Word was not too la It was a Chinese boy. He said to the m sionary, who had been sent for, "They wh per to each other that I am dying—going o into the dark, and I am so frightened." T missionary told him day by day of the Go Shepherd and his lambs. Just before he di the boy said to his friends: "I'm not frigh ened now. The Lord Jesus has come fetch me. He's going to carry me up in the light—he who blessed little childre That's why I'm not a bit afraid."

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth strive
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

IN A CHINESE VICEROY'S PRINCELY HOME

By REV. Z. C. BEALS, Missionary

O doubt the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have read more or less about Chinese cials and their homes; yet I feel e they will always be interested to ar something more about them, and pecially about the ancient capital, nking.

This city was taken by the Manchus 1645, who then transferred the pital to Peking. Nanking prospered d grew very rapidly, until the Tai-g rebellion, when it was almost mpletely wrecked by the rebels. It claimed by some that it had a po-lation of one million just before it s destroyed; but now, forty years er, it has not over two hundred and y thousand. Almost all of the autiful temples were destroyed at at time, including the famous Por-lain Tower.

The rebel emperor set up his head-arters in the heart of the city. hese same quarters are now being ed by the Viceroy of the three Ki-g, as the provinces of Kiang-su, An-ei, and Kiang-si are called. The ceroy's Yamen (official residence), laid out very prettily, with parks d artificial pools. In one of these ols is a large stone junk, which is ed by the Viceroy and his family as a private tea-use. It is fitted up very handsomely, and is thor-ghly Oriental. On the lake may be found many easure and flower boats, in which friends and visitors ay spend a pleasant hour at the close of the day.

Just before our new Viceroy H. E. Wei came, all the reigners in Nanking were invited to inspect the ildings and grounds. Many availed themselves of the opportunity, and took some good photos of the place. The old Ming Tombs, where some of the former kings of China are buried, are five miles southeast from Nanking, and outside of the city. Many foreigners visit these tombs yearly.

FLOWER BOATS IN A CHINESE FESTIVAL

Nanking has started again on a new lease of life, since it was opened as a treaty port. A great horse road has been built from the boat landing to the opposite side of the city, and hundreds of "rickshas" are on the go continually.

The new Viceroy, who has just been transferred from Yunan, has always been friendly to mission work, and is a strong supporter of western learning. Mission work has received no set-back in his appointment to this most important position. The outloook for missions were never so hopeful, even though political strife is going on. Our work is in his jurisdiction, and we have now six mission stations—Gospel lighthouses, if you please—in a prosperous condition. On our last journey to Chao Hsien, one of these stations, I baptized ten persons. One was an old lady of eighty-two. She said to me, right after baptism, "I am so glad I have been saved before it was too late."

We praise God for good rulers, but they are very few in China. We are, therefore, very glad that the present Viceroy, although not a Christian, is very friendly to foreigners and western civilization. Z. C. B.

The foregoing letter from Missionary Beals was evidently written before the new movement against the "native reformers" had begun in Peking, and intelligence of it had not yet reached the old capital. According to the calls dispatches, the aged Empress Dowager has ordered the arrest and punishment of a number of leading Chinese who were active in the crusade for the introduction of certain reforms in the government, and who were known to be strongly tainted with "Western ideas." To the Empress Dowager, who abhors all innovation, and who is the most uncompromising advocate of the retention of the old Chinese customs and civilization, the promulgation of such ideas was treason, and she did not hesitate to avow her intention of executing the "reformers" as soon as they should fall into her power. Appeal has been made by the reformers to the foreign legations, and at the present time they are comparatively safe, as the legations have refused to allow them to be delivered up for slaughter. This refusal has rendered the situation in Peking somewhat acute, and it is hinted in the dispatches that disturbances and demonstrations against the "foreigners"—instigated, of course, by the fanatical Chinese who still regard their aged ruler as supreme—are not improbable.

Meanwhile, the situation elsewhere in the Far East is by no means reassuring. Russia is hurrying forward her troops into Manchuria, and has formed the Amur district and Kwangtung into a Viceroyalty under Admiral Alexeiff. That commander is known as one of the most vigorous and aggressive of Russia's representatives in the East to-day, and it is conjectured that he has been selected with a view to emergencies next October, when, according to agreement, Russia is to evacuate Manchuria.

THE NANKING VICEROY'S GARDEN AND POOL

STONE JUNK USED AS A TEA-HOUSE

A SHIPFUL OF HAPPY CHILDREN

UNIQUE and picturesque is the charity which has been established this summer by Mr. John Arbuckle, a well-known merchant of Brooklyn, whose many benefactions to the poor have won him the gratitude of thousands of tenement dwellers in the "City of Churches."

MR. JOHN ARBUCKLE

Some time ago, Mr. Arbuckle conceived the idea of giving a novel excursion for poor mothers and their little ones. One condition was that the children should be under twelve years of age. He chartered a good sized, seaworthy sailing vessel, the *Jacob A. Stamler*, had it thoroughly cleaned, renovated and refitted in comfortable fashion, and engaged a competent captain and crew to navigate the ship. Then he announced that the "Mothers' and Babies' Floating Hotel" was ready for service.

THE "JACOB A. STAMLER" WITH HER LOAD OF BABIES AND MOTHERS

A great roomy cabin, roofed and well ventilated, is the deck-playground of the little voyagers. Each mother, or caretaker, has the privilege of taking six children. The mothers must bring their own lunches, but coffee, tea, and milk are sold on board at one cent per glass. Hundreds of poor families enjoy this privilege in the hot weather. It is a beautiful sight to see the big ship under canvas, and with her deck load of laughing, merry youngsters, tended by their mothers, slowly moving out to the lower bay, where the day is passed among cooling and invigorating breezes, bringing happiness to all. The ship starts from the dock at foot of Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, at 9 A.M., and comes back at 7 P.M.

After discharging its juvenile cargo, which has been a great boon to thousands of children and their mothers who are unable to pay for an outing, the ship is ready again for night service. This time, however, adults, and not children, form the passenger list. Scores of tired working men and women are accommodated in clean, cool quarters, and meals are supplied at a nominal charge. Another vessel, the *John Hare*, has also been chartered, and the two lie in the lower bay, their loads of weary toilers enjoying a refreshing sleep, amid the rocking of the waves and the cool sea breezes.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Protestant Attitude

VERY significant have been the comments of both secular and religious journals on the election of the new Pope. They indicate a change of attitude and of spirit from that which was prevalent a generation ago. The vulgar abuse and rabid denunciation that were once everywhere heard when the Pope was mentioned, have given place to a spirit of tolerance, and a just recognition of actual facts. We have begun to realize that, bad as Roman Catholicism is, false and superstitious as are many of its dogmas and practices, there are things that are worse. It is better for a man to be a Roman Catholic, than to be an infidel or an anarchist. The man who recognizes that there is a spiritual side of his nature; who realizes that he must one day stand at the bar of God, to give an account of the deeds done in the body, is more likely to lead a clean and orderly life than he who denies that he has a soul, and believes that the grave is the end of his being. It is an important and a beneficent step from materialism to Roman Catholicism, and one that elevates and spiritualizes the man. We wish he would go farther, and would learn that there is but one Mediator between God and man, and that neither Pope nor priest is needed to give him access to his Maker. But we may be thankful for the light he has gained, and pray that more light may be given to him. When we remember that there are scattered over the world two hundred and forty million persons who find in Roman Catholicism the only spiritual guidance they have, we rejoice that they have so much as that, and that the world outside of Protestantism is not given up wholly and utterly to the demon of atheism.

The Protestant faith is really stronger for this recognition. Every man's experience proves that converts are won, not by abuse and denunciation, but by a recognition of things held in common. The progressive stages of development then proceed from a higher level. In leading a man to Christ and the purity of faith in him, if he is a Roman Catholic, we do not have to start with the task of convincing him that there is a God. That task has already been performed, and now we can go forward from the point he has reached.

The Romish Church will be miserably deceived, if it infers, from the kindly comments that have recently been made by Protestant journals, that there is any retreat from the Protestant attitude, or that a truce has been declared in the campaign against the errors and faults of the Romish Church. That campaign will be prosecuted all the more vigorously because of the clearer view of the situation. We know that wherever that church is dominant, spiritual development is at a standstill, and even intellectual progress ceases. Its influence has been like a blight on Spain, on Italy, on Ireland, on Mexico, and we are now realizing how evil it has been in the Philippines. We are, therefore, justified in opposing its progress and exposing its errors. As patriotic citizens, we do right in resisting its insidious encroachments on education and social liberty. But our opposition will be the more effective, if we have a veracious idea of the power against which we contend. We would be just even to our enemy. Not by general and wholesale vituperation, not by ignorant and malevolent defamation, but by intelligent discrimination between the good and the evil in its character, will the Protestant assault on Romanism win its way. It is really, therefore, an encouraging sign that a more tolerant spirit towards the Romish Church on the part of Protestants has appeared.

The Web and Weft of Prayer

IN the Orient, where textures of the most exquisite colors are woven, the most primitive methods are still in use. Two straight palm trees are used for the upright timbers of the loom. The intricate and almost innumerable threads of the warp, are rolled upon great beams of wood. The skilful weaver stands in the shade of the palms and silently plies his shuttle. Children are sitting on the ground at his feet, winding the rich-hued silken thread on little spools which they put into the hands of the weaver. He takes the spools, arranges them, and uses them as he needs them. He puts them into his shuttle and weaves the varied colors into the long warp, and thus works out the design which is painted upon his brain. But as fast as it is woven, it is rolled silently upon the beam and disappears from sight. Not until the whole design is completed is it unrolled to reveal his plan, and to surprise and gladden the eye with its beauty.

We are the children sitting at the weaver's feet, winding our requests in prayer. We place the little spools in the Great Weaver's hands. He receives them, he uses them. Our prayers become the woof that is woven into the eternal warp of his purpose that rolls on silent and invisible. The design is in his mind. At last, when the fullness of time is come, God will stand forth in the light, clothed in his beautiful vesture that has been weaving throughout infinite ages; and somewhere in it, as part of the weft, like threads of purple and gold, will appear our prayers, if we have prayed in faith and fainted not.

The Progress of Temperance

WHEN Hogarth, the famous caricaturist, gave to the world his "Rake's Progress," showing in graphic outline with gifted pencil, the tremendous velocity of a downward career in dissipation and vice, he gave to the men and women of his time one of the most convincing lessons in temperance and morals that society has ever known. In his day, drinking was indulgently regarded as an accomplishment of which the drinker was nowise ashamed. Since then the great temperance movement has arisen and spread to all civilized lands. The reformation so warmly desired and so earnestly striven for, has not yet been realized, it is true; but the whole human race has felt, and is even now feeling the uplift of the temperance cause. Victims of dissipation, of whom Hogarth's "rake" was the prototype, are still abundant in every community; but they are no longer allowed to travel the inclined plane that leads to moral and physical ruin without a helping hand being stretched out to save them. State, municipal and local reform agencies are multiplied in these days, and are doing valorous battle for temperance. That ancient enemy of men, King Alcohol, is still potent for evil; he is still slaying his thousands every year, and breaking hearts and wrecking homes around the globe; but an enlightened civilization is winning back from him, foot by foot, the territory he has held so long under his hateful and blighting dominion.

In the twenty-eighth annual report of the National Temperance Society, just issued, there is a very instructive review of the progress of Temperance throughout the Union. Rhode Island, in 16 out of her 38 towns, is prohibition territory. New Hampshire, too, makes an increasingly strong showing for prohibition. Prohibition rules in 42 counties in Virginia. In Kansas it is saving annually $6,000,000 to the people, and in 44 counties in that State there is not a single pauper! North Carolina and Kentucky are still sadly under the alcoholic harrow; but Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Maryland, South Carolina and Tennessee have all reduced the number of their stills very materially, while Louisiana has but 2, and Florida only 1. In North Dakota, Wisconsin and Minnesota a hot battle between liquor and temperance is progressing. Vermont has local option in the towns and cities, and prohibition in the country districts. Indiana has 400 townships free from the saloon curse, and 150 other townships and city wards have declared their intention to eliminate the traffic. Mississippi has local prohibition in 63 of her 75 counties. Half of Connecticut is "no license." Iowa has now a law, under which hundreds of alcoholic victims are put under restraint. "No license" is steadily gaining ground in Texas; a majority of the counties are Prohibition, and nearly half the State is wholly "dry." In some States, like New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, the battle is being fiercely waged, but the traffic is still stoutly entrenched, and the day of redemption seems yet a long way off.

All over the globe the same conflict is raging, and though the battle is fierce and the legions of drink are fighting with demoniac frenzy, they are losing ground everywhere. A Christian civilization is strong drink's deadliest foe. As education advances and the people of a nation are enlightened as to the causes that produce human misery or happiness, they struggle to break away from the ancient thraldom that has bound dow the world so long in poverty and ignorance. Tal away drink and you remove the cause of three-fourth of the world's crime, misery and suffering.

Our churches need to be aroused to the extent ar importance of the present campaign against the drin evil. They need to feel more acutely their respon bility. They need to gird on their armor and take th field, not in the rear-guard, but in the van of the te perance hosts. The religion of Christ will make thousandfold more rapid advancement among a sob and prosperous people, than in a community whe drunkenness, misery and crime are permitted to flouris unhindered.

Autumn's Flags of Splendor

AND now they are waving again on hillslope, in va ley, by river and swamp and bayou, autumn banners of splendor. August saw those first gay flag on upland and lowland, golden-rod, sumac, aster, bloom ing, glowing, spangling, starring, covering waysid path, forgotten grave, high road and meadow, wit such color as the angels know how to mingle, and na ture keeps in reserve for her radiant autumn day Magnificent beyond words, grow the forests and copse the thickets and groves as September and Octobe come marching on. An army with banners indeec when oak, elm, maple, chestnut, apple, peach and pea put on the ripened richness of the year's fulfilment. T be alive in the atmosphere of an American autumn is t feel each moment a joy, to know the pulse of a hig exhilaration, to drink a brew that is beaded wit ecstasy.

The pageantry of the passing weeks will be a suc cession of delights. Spicy smells in the air, fruits ir gathered, fields reaped, the tremendous wealth of th great land in its garnered harvests calling for dail praise to our Heavenly Father. What more can we d than to join in the mighty chorus of winds, seas, woods and stars, ascribing glory, power, honor and dominio to Him who sits on the throne, and makes his footstoo so divinely beautiful.

WHAT THEY THINK OF IT

Dear Sirs:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the **Twentieth Century Encyclopedias,** which arrived in good condi tion, and for which please accept my thanks. Am very much pleased with them, and they far exceed my expecta tions.

Again thanking you for same, and wishing you continuec success, I remain, Yours very truly,

331 Brandon Ave. E. L. ARTMAN.

Dear Sir:—The twelve volumes of the **Twentieth Century World-Wide Encyclopedia** received. They are far beyond my expectation in both quality and contents. I have given them quite a severe test, and find they contain subjects not found in other works. I am particularly pleased with the engravings of our statesmen, and find them up to date in all details. I thank you for supplying me with such a valuable work for so small an amount. I am,

Yours truly,

August 10, 1903. F. H. MARTIN.

* * *

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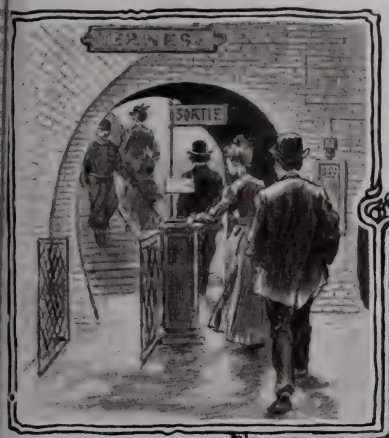
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A French Subway Disaster

OVER eighty lives have been lost and many persons seriously injured, in a panic on the underground railroad in Paris. Though accounts of the disaster differ in details, the main facts are rly established. It appears that about seven o'clock e evening of August 10, a train passing from the hern district of the city, where the factories are, to eastern section where the workpeople live, was vily laden with passengers. An accident to the tric motor drawing the train, caused a car to take The passengers were ordered to leave it and wait the next train, which was nearly full before it ved. As many boarded it as could find room, and the second train proceeded to push the first before The two trains had gone about a quarter of a mile n the second train caught fire, and the electric lights he tunnel went out. The passengers hurriedly deended from the cars, and tried to walk back to the ion. The tunnel was quite dark, except for the t from the burning cars. Many stumbled and fell,



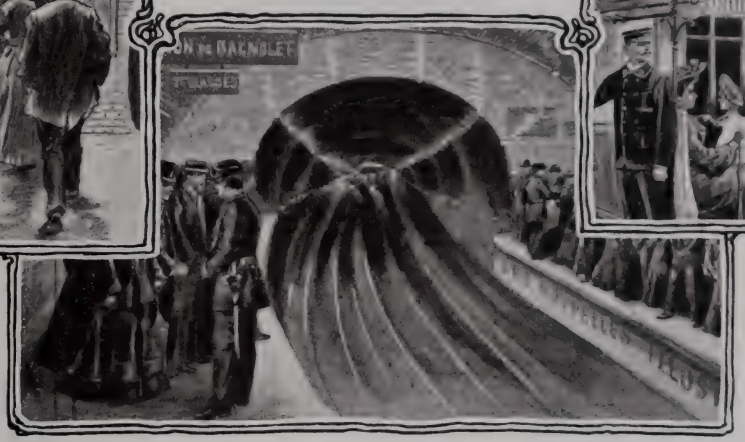
EXIT FROM STATION

hers were prostrated by uching the live rail, and the mainder reached the staon, only to find the platform owded with passengers who d bought tickets for their meward journey.

In this crisis, a third heavily den train dashed up, and arning of the wreck ahead sgorged its passengers on e already crowded platform. he only exit to the street was a steep stone stairway. oward this the dense crowd surged until the entrance as choked with a dense mass of struggling humanity. s at the fire in the bazaar in Paris some years ago, hen French aristocrats beat women down with their icks to clear a passage for themselves to the street, so this stairway the Frenchmen showed their characristic brutality. Women and children were thrown own, and the men trampled on them heedlessly in their forts to make their escape. One child, a pretty little rl with her doll in her arms, was trodden so heavily at the finders were not sure at first whether her body as that of a child or an animal. One woman, still olding two children by the hand was battered, and her others torn from her back.

In the meantime the station was filled with the smoke om the burning cars, and there being little ventilation, sphyxiation soon added to the horrors, and doubtless ercifully ended the suffering of some of the tortured nd downtrodden women. The burning cars made the nnel so hot that it was after midnight before the rench firemen ventured into it to remove the dead. hen they found bodies on the tracks and on the station latform in heaps. Most of the railroad officials had ade good their escape, as had several soldiers and alwart workmen. The bodies were chiefly those of omen and children and the weaker men. There had vidently been a typical French panic, in which every ne sought safety for himself without regard for anyne else. It was on the platform of the station that the largest number of deaths occurred, and all these might have saved their lives if they had not made so desperate a struggle by which they choked the stairway with prostrate bodies. In physical life as in the spiritual life Christ's principle applies:

Whosoever would save his life shall lose it: but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it (Luke 9: 24).



PART OF THE PARIS TUNNEL IN WHICH THE DISASTER OCCURRED

INTERIOR OF CAR

Accidental Imprisonment

The secretary of a philanthropic society in New York had an amusing experience in the Morrisania courthouse recently. He had been prosecuting a case in the court, and at its conclusion was about to go home, when he was told that the president of the society wished to speak with him over the telephone. He went to the telephone booth, which was in a rear room, and answered the call. The noise of so many people leaving the court disturbed the conversation, so he turned and pulled the door of the booth close. It shut with a snap and in quiet the two officials finished their talk. The secretary then discovered that he was a prisoner. The inside handle had been removed from the lock on the door during some repairs and he had no way of opening it. He struggled hard and rapped on the glass, but the noise he made was not heard by the retreating passers-by. He grew alarmed at last, as the air in the booth became vitiated and as no one was likely to use the phone before the next morning. It occurred to him then to use the telephone to effect his escape. He called up police headquarters, several miles away, and asked the sergeant in charge to send to the officer in the police office on the floor below to let him out. The sergeant complied, and a policeman in the next room to the imprisoned man, obeying the order from headquarters, entered and released him. The significant fact about it was that his deliverance came not by the direct appeals to the people near him, but by an appeal to an authority several miles away. How often has the deliverance of a soul come in like way! As in the case of the centurion to whom Peter was sent, many a man has found help in answer to prayer:

Arise, therefore, and get thee down and go with them for I have sent them (Acts 10: 20).

A Thrilling Rescue

One of New York's gallant firemen saved the life of a working girl on August 14 by a skilful expedient. She was on the sixth floor of a factory in Centre street when a fire broke out on the first story. The elevator shaft, the stairways and the passage to the roof, which the other employees had made use of in escaping, were choked with blinding smoke and flame before the girl, who had been busy in a rear room, realized her danger. Finding every avenue to safety closed against her, she opened a window and stepped out on the sill. The smoke followed in a dense gust through the opened window, and made her dizzy and almost suffocated her. She stooped down and clung with her hands to the sill, with a clear drop of six stories below her, to the areaway below. She screamed for help, and a fireman who was on the fifth floor, heard her. Looking up through a window he saw her peril, and called to her to look on. He settled himself firmly astride the window, having his hands and arms free. Measuring the distance with his eye, and seeing that the girl's strength was failing, he bade her let go. One glance downward at the fireman's extended arms, encircled her. She loosed the ledge and fell into the fireman's arms, which held her tight. The weight and shock of her fall nearly overbalanced the man, but not quite. He held her, and carried her through the window, and so by the fire escape in the front to the sidewalk, where a crowd which had witnessed his deed of daring chanted the most fulsome praise in his praise. What confidence that woman must have had in the fireman's strength and skill to have let go her hold on the sill—for if he had failed to catch and hold her, she must have known she would have been dashed to pieces. Ministers and Christian workers have often a difficult task to persuading souls cannot un working out their own salvation, to put such trust in Christ

To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness (Rom. 4: 5).

An Unanswered Love Letter

In a cable message to the New York *Herald* from its correspondent in England, comes a curious explanation of a mystery which had affected the lives of two families. More than half a century ago, a young Englishman traveling in this country fell in love with a beautiful girl. He wrote her an impassioned letter declaring his affection, and saying that if she returned it he would hope for a speedy answer. If she rejected his proposal he would understand it by her not replying. To this letter he received no answer, and so disappointed was he that from that time until his death, which occurred recently, he shut himself up in his home refusing to pay or receive any visits, and lived like a hermit. Most of his time was spent in reading, and the day after his funeral the heirs began to search the books in his library, for they thought it quite possible that the eccentric old man might have hidden some bank notes in them. They found none, but in a tattered old pamphlet they found another kind of note, the love letter which was written fifty years ago, and which the writer in his agitation had omitted to mail. How thankful we ought to be that our desires and petitions to God cannot fail, through any such inadvertence of our own!

Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him (Matt. 6: 8).

BRIEF NOTES

Our readers will be gratified to learn that a European sovereign has graciously proposed to confer a decoration on the proprietor of this journal, in recognition of his services in the cause of the famine-stricken and afflicted people in many lands. While Dr. Klopsch fully appreciates the honor his Majesty intended to confer, and is well aware that such decorations are highly esteemed in Europe, he has felt it necessary, as an American citizen, to decline the offer, especially as the services he was able to render in the cause of humanity were rendered possible only by the liberality of the readers of this journal, to whom the honor properly belongs.

The university at Foggia Bay, Santa Lucca, is said to be the smallest in the world. A few years ago it had but twelve students and five professors.

The YOUNG MAN'S STRUGGLE

Qualities that Help to Win Success, and Defects that Hinder It

By DR. O. S. MARDEN

TWENTY years ago, five boys entered the employment of a great firm. One, while doing his work fairly well, seemed satisfied with his place, and refused to take time from pleasure for study to gain promotion. The other four studied, and in odd moments of working time learned about other branches of their business. The first boy is still a driver in the employ of the same firm, earning eleven dollars a week. Of the other four, two are in business for themselves, and two have risen to positions of importance with the firm they began work for. It was not luck that made the difference between the driver who remained a driver, and those who got to be something better. It lay within the personal power of those boys to rise or to stay at the bottom of the ladder.

The causes of success that lie within oneself are infinite in number, for every good quality and its every shade has a hand in it. Each successful man will lay stress more on one quality than on another. In each success, a different element stands out more distinctly than the others. However, some general truths stand out from a consideration of these many opinions, and if one may not follow all the advice, enough of it is essential to make noting it useful.

* * *

"THE longer I live," said Sir Folwell Buxton, "the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy — a purpose once formed, and then—death or victory!"

Dr. Scott F. Hershey says the difference between the unsuccessful and the successful man is that the latter "wins his way with men," knows how to impress and influence rightly those with whom he deals. Undoubtedly, many can ascribe their success to their winning manners and tact. That was one of the prominent traits of the late President McKinley. Contrary examples can, however, easily be found, where something else counteracted and made up for lack of this quality.

* * *

WE must strive after accuracy as we would after wisdom, or hidden treasures or anything we would attain. Determine to form exact business habits. Avoid slipshod methods as you would the plague. Careless and indifferent habits bring ultimate ruin. Nearly every very successful man is accurate and painstaking. Accuracy means character and character means power.

Most recipes for success can be boiled down to this: Intelligent hard work. Yet thousands of men who have failed in life, have done drudgery enough in half-a-dozen different occupations to enable them to attain marked success had their energy been expended in one direction. Comparatively few have the power of holding on, persisting in one thing, until they bring it to a successful issue.

Persistency is characteristic of all who have accomplished anything great. They may lack in some other particular, but not in this. Persistency makes others believe in you. The man with small ability will succeed if he has persistence, where a genius without would fail.

"WHO first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty trifles which daunt a weaker spirit—that man can advance to eminence in any line," said William Wirt. Enthusiasm, and an absorbing interest, are great aids to persistency, and are too often coupled with inconstancy. Enthusiasm as a motor for firm resolve, will push a man to any height. "Experience shows," said Charles Buxton, "that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work—who gives himself body and soul."

It is solid faith in one's mission that marks the heroic spirit, that leads an Agassiz to the Amazon, a Pliny to Vesuvius. Vernet's enthusiasm set him to sketching even the waves that threatened to engulf him. It was enthusiasm that sent Phil Sheridan dashing down the Shenandoah valley; that held Edison for months to the task of making his crude phonograph repeat the letter "s"; that sent Fulton's *Folly* up the Hudson. The contagious zeal of an old man, Peter the Hermit, rolled the Christian chivalry against the Moslem hordes.

DR. O. S. MARDEN

Indeed, what has enthusiasm not accomplished? It has painted the great pictures, written the great books, inspired the great poems, performed the great engineering feats, built the great bridges, tunneled mountains and built cities. It has founded colleges and universities, built hospitals and asylums, founded newspapers, and invented the machines that almost think.

* * *

NO young man to-day can succeed to any great extent, who is not enthusiastic in his business or occupation. If you have no enthusiasm about your business and do not inspire it in your clerks or employees, you will not make your business go. Everybody admires enthusiasm, and likes to deal with a man who is enthusiastic in his work or business. No one likes to go into a store where everybody seems indifferent, and where the proprietor goes about his place of business as if he were out of place.

What the world wants to-day is young men, like Grant, who "propose to move immediately upon the enemy," and to "fight it out upon this line if it takes all summer;" young men who can devote themselves to one purpose, one unwavering aim, with an exclusiveness of application, a firmness of attachment to the occupation or profession which will make them forget, for the time being, that any other career could possibly be desirable.

There is bread and success for every youth under the American flag who has energy and ability enough to seize his opportunity. Give a boy good health and the alphabet, and it rests with him what the future shall be. Those who wait for luck and legacies never amount to much. Who ever knew of a man becoming wise or good by luck? Those who have failed in life usually believe in luck, fate or destiny. They will cite numerous examples of men who made "lucky hits," or who have been "lucky dogs."

"No," said James Whitcomb Riley in an interview, "fortune does not happen. It may seem to come all at once, but has been arriving for years. Kipling, at the age of about twenty-two, blazed out upon the world, and men gazed and wondered. Then it was discovered that in far-away India, Kipling, from early boyhood, had been drudging, dreaming, yearning, hoping, groping in the dark, unseen, unknown, at his literary tasks. Ay, he blazed out, but the fires had smouldered in his heart, and with sweat of brow and grimy face, diligently, patiently had he fed them."

* * *

IN the present organization of affairs, the large view of things counts more than the small. The man who can do the essentials, block out the great projects and set others to carrying out the details, is most apt to rise to prominence. This trait stood Theodore Roosevelt in good stead when he was getting his "rough riders" equipped, and the incident had possibly a determining bearing on his subsequent career. The first regiment of cowboy warriors recruited was Colonel Griggsby's. If he had had Roosevelt's knack of doing the important thing, he would have gone to Cuba, and Roosevelt would perhaps never have been a Cuban war hero. Colonel Griggsby attended personally to the recruiting and organization of his regiment. When he came on to Washington to arrange for arming his men, he found only old-style army rifles on hand. They were sent to Atlanta, where the regiment was, and the men were so disappointed that the colonel returned to Washington and arranged to exchange the old-style rifles for the first Krag-Jorgensens that could be turned out.

Roosevelt had remained in Washington while his subordinates recruited his regiment, and thus secured the only available Krag-Jorgensens before Griggsby arrived the first time. The Roosevelt regiment was thus the first in the field, though Griggsby's was the first recruited. It was the only rough rider regiment sent to Cuba.

* * *

A MAN who would succeed in the Twentieth Century, must keep his body in such condition that his mind will be able to sustain the high pressure of an intense civilization. Health is an essential requirement for those who would succeed. Many a youth wrecks his future by imprudence in his preparatory stage. The much-discussed problem of education, how much or how little, is pretty well summ up in the reply of a successful man to R Charles Townsend. He said: "While so men have been very successful with very tle education, the best average results doubtless obtained by means of a liberal e cation with special preparation for special c ings. Practical experience, accompanied w proper mental training, brings better resu than either alone."

In the great race of life, common sense h the right of way. Wealth, a diploma, a pe gree, talent, genius, without tact and comm sense, cut but a small figure. The incapab and the impracticables, though loaded w diplomas and degrees, are left behind. N what do you know, but what can you do, is t interrogation of the century. Professor Stow definition of common sense comes near bei the universal formula for success: "Ability see things as they are, and the knack of doi things as they ought to be done."

* * *

"THERE is always a way," said Gene Thomas T. Eckert, ex-President of t Western Union Telegraph Company. "Ma a study of men, especially self-made men. fool never went to bed to wake and find hi self famous. Be thrifty, but not parsimoniou charitable, but just. Make your word as go as your bond, and both above par."

General Eckert's successor as head of t Western Union, Colonel Robert C. Clow bears out the truth of the above declaratic His rise from a messenger to his prese position is a good example of the possibiliti that lie before every American boy.

* * *

AMONG the successful must be number not only the famous, the rich, the we known and much-advertised people, but t far greater number who are, perhaps, n known outside their counties, but who a prosperous in their life-work, happy in th family relations, and useful to the communi about them. Knowledge, industry, energ tact, and all their sister qualities were use only ambition was not so over-masterin enterprise stopped short of gigantic scheme quiet tastes preferred a narrow circle to wider and more troubled life.

The only success worthy of the name is th which comes from a consciousness of growi wider, deeper, higher in mental and mor power as the years go on. To feel the faculti expanding and unfolding, to feel the leaven truth permeating the whole being—this is th only life worth living.

"Talent helps a man to obtain success says Max O'Rell, "but it is character whic secures it for him. A man will succeed wi character and very little talent, and will nev succeed without character, whatever talent h may have at his disposal. By character mean honesty, steadiness of purpose, tac perseverance, industry, sobriety, self-contro reliability and strict punctuality."

At a reception given by the town Danvers to its grand former citizen, Geor Peabody, he said, "Bear in mind that to t truly great it is not necessary that you ga wealth and importance. Steadfast and und viating truth, fearless and straightforwa integrity, and an honor never unsullied by a unworthy word or action, make their po sessor greater than worldly success or pro perity. These qualities constitute greatness

THE CALL OF MOSES*

A Duty of Extraordinary Difficulty Demanding Faith and Courage

WHY was it that God did not deliver the people of Israel from their Egyptian oppressors himself? He said: "I am come down to deliver them." Yet he calls Moses to the task. That is how God has always worked in dealing with our race. He appoints a mediator. There must be someone to become the channel of communication. The only time that God did communicate directly with the people they were afraid, and begged that the experience might not be repeated. So he has been sending his servants with his messages, and even to this day, it is by human agency that his Gospel is preached. It is God who delivers men from sin, but the message of salvation is proclaimed by human lips. We know not why it is so. Sufficient for us, is the fact that it is God's method of working.

We are not surprised that Moses shrank from the task to which God called him. It was a bold demand that Moses was required to make. More than six hundred men were toiling on the buildings, relieving Egyptians of labor, and relieving the Egyptian treasury of all payments for wages. To demand the emancipation of all those slaves, was to arouse the indignation and animosity of Pharaoh and his people. We know how our own abolitionists were treated. That Moses went at all on the errand is a striking proof of his trust in God.

Moses has left every Christian a marvelous example of faith. How many a man shocked by the power of evil in a community has been moved to denounce and destroy it. The voice of God has been heard in his soul, but the task seems too great. The very victims, like the Hebrew slaves, oppose him and entreat to be left alone. Yet we have had reformers. Some, too, like Moses, die before the mission is performed, but of this we are sure, that though the worker die, the work will be done.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 6. Ex. 3: 1-12.

RELIGIOUS CO-OPERATION

The Duty of Effecting an Alliance of the Forces of Righteousness

HOW long it is since Christ offered his pathetic prayer for his followers, that they all might be one, and yet his desire is not even yet fulfilled. Acknowledging the same Lord, professing the same object, looking forward to the same eternal home, they have been rivals and too often enemies rather than allies. Infinitesimal differences of dogma and of church government have been suffered to divide them and keep them apart. Even now, when a basis has been found on which a large number of churches could co-operate, there is a reluctance in many communions to associate with others in Christian work. No attempt has been made to induce a church to surrender its principles or its individuality, but only to combine with other churches in efforts for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

Some years ago a public speaker pr sented this disunion in a vivid light. H said, in effect: Suppose one of our munic palities should return to Paganism, an restore the old deities and their abomi able worship. Suppose that they decree that on a certain day a young woma should be offered in sacrifice to Venus an that a young man should be sacrificed t Bacchus. In the interval between the pas ing of the decree and the day set for th sacrifice, what an effort there would be o the part of good citizens to save those tw victims! Every church, every public-spiri ed society and all good men would com together to memorialize Congress, to ap peal to the courts, to enter a united protes and there would be a combined movemen to prevent the outrage. Yet the churche know that many girls are daily losing thei souls; many young men are daily bein sacrificed to the demon of drink, and n such combined effort is being made to sav them. Miserable disputes over trifles kee the churches apart—each goes its own way neglecting all the advantages which com from alliance and combined operation.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for September 6, John 17: 20-23; I. Cor. 1: 10-13.

What is Woman's Natural Sphere?

A Problem in the Solution of which all "Christian Herald" Readers are Cordially Invited to Aid

IS the average American Young Woman undergoing an evolution, which is taking her out of her natural and proper sphere? Is the change in feminine education, training and choice of vocation an advantage, or the reverse, to the sex, to society and to the nation, as a whole? These questions constitute one of the most important problems of the present day. Young women are entering into many fields formerly occupied exclusively by men. In proportion as they do so, the home life and domestic training, with much, if not all of the preparation for wifehood and motherhood, are necessarily neglected. The gentle art of housewifery is in danger of becoming a "lost art" in America. Work that is inseparable from the Home is coming to be regarded as drudgery, and is relegated to paid help.

Society's foundation pillars are the Home. Upon the character of its Home life, the stability of a nation largely depends. Everything that concerns it is worth while; its slightest detail should be invested with dignity. Any development which would transform this Home life into something else, or which would detract from the dignity of Home occupations, cannot be regarded with indifference.

Mrs. Frederic Cunningham, Jr., a Boston lady, addressing an audience of working girls and their friends in that city, recently, discussed this new development. She said:

"That our educational system, as applied to girls and young women, is not altogether satisfactory, is well agreed; in fact, in certain ways, it fails lamentably. If it were possible to put the finger on the sore spot, it would soon receive radical treatment, but the trouble cannot be laid simply to the school, nor to the home.

"In order that a training for the line of life which each individual must lead, shall be assured, school and home must co-operate. There is no training comparable to that of the home, where the mother governs well her family, supplemented by the public school. But suppose the mother does not bring up her children well, then the school has to bear the whole training, a task which it was not planned to perform. One of the results of this one-sided training is the dislike of our girls for the natural occupations of women, and an inculcation of the love of pursuits which take them out into the world.

"How short-sighted is this policy, even from the girls' point of view! For what is the real and natural anticipation of the true young woman! It should be marriage and motherhood. The girl may be lovable, and have the making of a fine woman; but she has had no education fitting her for married life. She has been busy earning a living since she left school.

"We are perceiving our mistakes, but it takes time to rectify them and overcome prejudices. Perhaps we must look to the higher educational institutions to lead the way, for the American girl is nothing if not ambitious, and quick to catch the sentiment of those to whom she looks up. It is this spirit which makes her what she is—ever alert and desirous to raise herself.

"The varied work of the household, in family life, is the most natural and practical training that a girl can have. That this training should have fallen into contempt is one of the greatest losses to womanhood. What amount of mere book-learning can ever compensate for it? When we picture to ourselves our ideal woman, is she one who is seen about town and who can excel a man at his own work? It is rather the woman who can do things in her own sphere: who can make her home life happy and pure and simple. 'But,' you say, 'so many women must earn a living, and they cannot do it at home.' This has been unfortunately true. There are, however, indications of a coming change. The growth of the arts and crafts idea, which is spreading in the country as well as in the city, is one of them. Manual labor is being appreciated. No one can do their best work unless they love it, and how can one love and strive to put that best into a work which they know will be but temporary, if the desire of the heart is fulfilled—I mean marriage and a home of one's own. Because a woman has a divided aim when she engages in a business, her services are not as valuable as a man's. Business is not going to be her life's work unless she is willing to acknowledge that she is an 'old maid.'

"There is one department of life which is woman's especial province, but in this country at least she has chosen to discard it as beneath her capabilities. That is, the house and family, and the industries and employments growing out of them.

"In talking with the graduates of our grammar schools, how many do we find who have any idea of staying at home to 'help mother,' or make themselves adepts in any department pertaining to the house, in spite of its great value to an all-round woman, as the probable wife and provider for a family?

"It must be confessed the conditions of domestic service have not been such as to attract her; in fact, they have repelled her. There must be reasons for such an universal abhorrence of domestic work.

"With a stupid conservatism, old customs have been retained, which make it well nigh impossible for the girl brought up under the education given in our public schools, to be willing to work under them. Education and employment must fit in together. The time has passed when the idea of providing for the family wants entirely from the inside of the establishment is considered the correct and only way. Let us frankly acknowledge it, and set about adjusting ourselves to changed conditions. In the first place, the hours of household labor must be definite. Again, much of the service must come from the outside. When the relation between mistress and maid is fixed in justice to both, there will come that closer tie between the two, so rare of late years—when the one honors the other for her ready sympathy, consideration, patience and help, and in return is valued for her devotion, willing service, and discretion in family affairs. It is a relationship in which the money consideration will be but a part.

"Let us hasten to disabuse ourselves of the idea that housework is degrading. It is a great educator, and one much needed to-day. Let the rich and independent see to it that their daughters do not miss it, but that it shall be one of their accomplishments. It would be a leaven to purge society of many ills arising from a sluggish conscience and a full purse.

"The seed of common-sense is growing. We have in Boston a course covering a year's time in 'Home Making,' which is designed to teach young girls the principles necessary for the good government of the family. We have also a new business company which works on an original plan, instructing women in housework, engaging and paying them for all their time, five-eight hours a week, and subletting it to one household.

"By this new plan a woman keeps her independence, returning at night to her own room, which she hires of the company in their central house, and doing her housework as a business, in which, too, there is a constant chance to rise and receive better pay. There is a wide field here which waits only for the clever and educated woman to advance and occupy with profit to herself, by filling wants which society hardly dares to own, because it has felt them so far from being realized."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invites from its readers a frank and general expression of opinion on this most interesting letter. Let those who write to us confine themselves to these two points:

1. *Is the present system of educating girls for business careers, considered broadly, an advantage or otherwise, and why?*
2. *If the home life be the ideal vocation for woman, what is needed to make it more attractive and congenial to American girls than it is at present?*

Answers *should not exceed* **100 words**. Address **"Home Problem,"** THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

.... A Great Baby Festival Beside the Sea ....

AN ORNAMENTAL "FLOAT" IN THE BABY PARADE

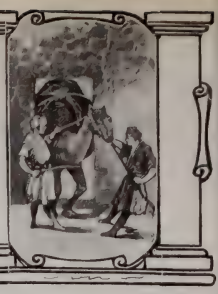
A CELEBRATION which has become one of the most notable of the summer season, is the August "Baby Parade," at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. The idea has become so popular, that hundreds of infants now take part, and the unique procession is sometimes witnessed by a throng of no less than 50,000 people. Attired in becoming frocks, or in fanciful dress, the infants are trundled up and down the beach front promenade, in baby carriages and ornamental floats, decorated with flowers and ribbons. The promenade is reserved for them, and for the proud mothers who usually accompany them. The little occupants of the carriages are liberally applauded by the spectators. The parade this year takes the form of a summer carnival, a queen being selected to preside at the exercises. In a gaily decorated pavilion, she is attended by her maids of honor and distributes the prizes awarded by the judges for the most artistically ornamented carriage, the most unique design in floats, and for the prettiest infant. Some of the designs are very elaborate, representing scenes in mythology, temples, and chariots.

ONE OF THE FLOWER-DECKED LITTLE CARRIAGES

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS,"



CHAPTER IV.—Continued

DOUGLAS went back to the office after this talk, with his soul aflame to do with the *Beacon* all that could be done for the cause of human rights.

As the weeks went on, and September came, various events plunged Douglas into experiences that kept his life in a whirl of excitement and change, and his entrance into life through the Narrow Gate was signalized more than once by the mental and moral struggle that tried his growing young manhood to the extreme limit of endurance.

Among the experiences that made the year memorable to him, was his responsibility for Quits.

For two weeks, Quits worked on the *Beacon* steadily. Douglas took him to Mrs. Wycoff's, secured him another suit of clothes, and kept constant watch of him. At the end of the two weeks, Quits began to exhibit signs of restlessness. Douglas knew he was thinking of the saloons, and talked with him about it.

"I can't stand it much longer, Mr. Douglas. This morning when we went by Jake's place, I most broke away. I know you're watching me. That's all right. But you can't keep me in sight always. Tell you what I wish you would do. Get a chain, and tie me to the press while I'm in the office. Then you'll know where I am."

He said it firmly, without a suspicion of a smile. If Douglas had taken him at his word, he would probably have felt relieved. But Douglas, not knowing what he had undertaken to do, determined, that if it lay in his power, Quits should not enter a saloon or get a drink.

But it was a physical impossibility to watch Quits day and night, and when the trial came off the second week in September, Douglas, as the principal witness for the State, was obliged to be absent from the office for the larger part of three days. During all that time, however, greatly to the relief of Douglas, Quits kept steadily at work and there was a good prospect of getting out the paper as usual.

When the trial closed at the end of the third day Douglas left the court-room completely worn out by the strain. Mr. Vernon's predictions as to the line of defence on the part of Rider's lawyer's was exactly true. They entered a plea of self-defence, and one of the country's famous criminal lawyers spoke for three hours, moving the jury to tears with his eloquent appeal for the acquittal of the prisoner.

The jury went out and the court waited for its verdict. Douglas anticipating what it would be went over to the office. It was then about six.

The moment he entered, he knew from the boy's looks that Quits was gone.

"I couldn't keep him," George wailed. "I tried to get word to you, but nobody could get near the court-house door, there was such a jam."

"Which way did he go?" asked Douglas.

"Up to the Wayside."

Douglas instantly started out. As he went up the street, he heard cheering over toward the court-house. Someone overtook him.

"Heard the verdict? Rider's acquitted. The jury was out only ten minutes. That speech did the business. My! But wasn't it great!"

"Great, indeed," Douglas thought, as he hurried on. Every saloon man in Colby would hold jubilation to-night. The jury was impaneled by the county attorney. They were twelve "tried men and true," according to the law, yet Douglas clenched his hands as he called up that double row of men, and saw faces there that he had seen in the saloons, habitual frequenters, on that night when the shooting occurred. Mr. Vernon's prophecy seemed to be coming true. Would the county go for license also? His heart sank as he went on, borne down by the sense of sin's great load, and of evil's great power.

When Douglas entered the Wayside Inn, an excited crowd was lined up at the bar drinking Rider's health. Quits was not there. Douglas satisfied himself of that fact, and went out to the other saloons, but did not find him. Then, impelled by some strange impulse, he went over to his little room at his boarding place, and found Quits dead drunk on the bed.

When Quits recovered from his drunk next morning he was sick for three days. Douglas nursed him, but said not one word. At the end of the last day Quits went down on his knees, and with groans, and tears, and unearthly cries, begged Douglas to go out and get him a bottle of whiskey. Douglas locked the door, asked Mrs. Wycoff to watch the windows, and went out to get Mr. Vernon.

The minister came, and for two hours prayed and worked over Quits, who raved and cursed like a lost soul. At the end of that time he became quiet, and before Mr. Vernon went away he had fallen asleep.

He slept for twelve hours, and when he awoke he asked to see Mr. Vernon again.

When the minister came, Quits said, while his face expressed unutterable longing: "Mr. Vernon, do you believe Jesus Christ can save a man like me?"

"He is able to save to the uttermost, brother."

"But I'm too far gone."

"'He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' Whosoever will may come."

"But nothing can save me from the power of drink! When I go by the saloons it seems as if all the imps of hell were reaching after me."

"But listen to what Jesus says, my brother, 'My sheep hear My voice and they follow Me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand. My Father who has given them unto me, is greater than all, and no one is able to snatch them out of the Father's hand.' Do you believe that? Do you believe Jesus spoke the truth?"

"Yes, yes," replied Quits, while his face worked convulsively. "But do you really think he can keep me? Me, Mr. Vernon?"

"'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' 'The Lord is not slack concerning his promises as some men count slackness, but is long suffering to usward, not wishing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' The Lord has saved greater sinners than you. Why cannot he save you?"

"Then you really think he can?"

"I know it. There is no limit to his forgiving power."

Quits put his face in his hands. The tears ran down his cheeks.

"Pray for me, Mr. Vernon!" he sobbed.

"I'll pray with you, brother;" Mr. Vernon answered gently.

When he was half through a prayer of great tenderness, Quits got down on his knees; Vernon went over beside him, putting an arm over his shoulder. Quits gradually grew quiet. After a silence, he said, "Mr. Vernon, I believe."

Vernon thanked God. Then he took Quits by the hand. The tramp printer was really a new creature. As the days and weeks went by, and Douglas hardly dared to believe in the wonderful event, Quits gave evidence of a sound conversion, which even George regarded with awed astonishment. It was the repetition of the world-old miracle, next to the resurrection the greatest miracle that the world will ever know. The saloon reached out its greedy fingers after Quits as before, but by the grace of God he had overcome. His whole soul was now stirred to save the men and boys who were in the hell from which he himself had just escaped.

All that is a story which Douglas must himself tell, sometime. Meanwhile, Quits proved a blessing to the *Beacon*, which was making good friends and enemies with each successive edition.

With the opening of school term in Colby, came Esther Harris, to begin her term with the High School, and to delight Mr. and Mrs. Edwards with her glad, earnest, wholesome enthusiasm. What more natural than they should invite Douglas to come and take tea, and meet his old college classmate? And what more natural than for that to happen which, perhaps, had already happened as far as Douglas was concerned. At any rate, as the fall months came on, and the eventful election drew near, Douglas knew very well that Esther Harris was oftener in his thoughts than anyone or anything else. He tried to forget her in the work of the paper. It was a critical period with him. The dropping of the medicine ads, together with the loss of several other local merchants' displays that the Bartlett organ had captured, had brought him face to face with a real crisis. It was becoming a serious question with him, whether he could make the *Beacon* pay expenses. The party paper appealed to partisan prejudices of many years standing. Many persons who had subscribed for the *Beacon* had not paid, and Douglas feared to push them, for fear of losing them altogether.

The election that was now so near, contained issues that appealed to every interest of righteous enthusiasm in him, and his spirit rose many times a day to meet the opportunities those issues presented. And yet, in spite of all this, which should have absorbed his life at this time, it is the truth that nothing could shut out the face of the new schoolma'am of the Colby High School. Even George detected the change that had come over the editor, and spoke of it to Quits.

"What's the matter with the old man? That last editorial had a piece of poetry in it that was as sweet as custard pie. But it looked to me as if he got it out of the wrong font. It had no more to do with the campaign than a panhandler has to do with a Sunday School class. Say, Quits! Do you suppose Mr. Douglas is in love with the new school-teacher? Isn't she pretty? She come in here the other day when you were out and brought some copy for a High School Debating Society programme. Mr. Douglas was awful polite and particular about it. He read the proof on it fifteen times or I'm a barnstormer. He's boarding up at Edward's now, almost, isn't he?"

Quits smiled gravely and said nothing, but George kept his own counsel while he read the editorials in the *Beacon* with continued suspicion, and admired the new school-teacher at a distance, and in his heart wanted to tell Douglas that in his opinion, judging from the way the school-teacher looked at the editor when she brought in the copy, his chances were not so desperate as they might be. But being a somewhat wise boy in some directions, he kept silence during the development of that beautiful romance which had invaded the dingy office of the *Beacon*, and mingled the poesy of rhythm with the stern denunciations of the political reformer in the editorial columns.

When the election came, it found Anderson county divided between its allegiance to old party principles and the independent movement championed by the *Beacon* and by most of the churches. An attempt had been made to run an independent candidate for county attorney, but Douglas and the friends of reform had finally abandoned that, owing to the strong opposition, and the campaign had narrowed to the one issue of saloon or no saloon. On this issue it seemed to Douglas, Edwards, Vernon, Quits, and others, that all good citizens must unite; yet, as the election went on that November day, there were very many signs of victory for the other side.

"It will be close, I think," Edwards ventured to predict. "But I do not dare hope we can beat the machine. It's too well organized. The Mayor and his crowd have too much money. And it is the old story of party spirit degenerated into party slavery. Douglas has not had the *Beacon* long enough to make changes in political old-timers or create a new constituency from the young crowd."

Vernon agreed with Edwards. All three men went to the polls that day with a feeling of depression they could not throw off. Douglas had printed several thousand leaflets on the issue of the election, which he had distributed all over the town the day before. He had done his best, and had no apologies to make for the *Beacon*, but, like Mr. Vernon, he could not avoid a feeling of despair.

When the returns began to come in the result was at first in doubt. But towards morning, when the towns outside of Colby began to send in their returns, the three friends, who had stayed up to get the news, came away from the office knowing that the people of Anderson county and Colby had deliberately voted to license saloons for two years more. The machine and the saloon had joined hands and were victorious. Jake's place was double-lighted, and the Wayside and all the other places were crowded with men and boys, even at that early morning hour, carousing over the result.

"Come up to the house and get a lunch," said Edwards to Douglas and Vernon. "You come, too," he added, speaking to Quits, who had stayed with the others. "Mrs. Edwards and Esther have planned to have something for us, and you look specially fagged out." He spoke, and looked at Douglas, whose face was haggard and worn, with the strain not only of that one night's vigil but with the entire campaign.

So the men went up to the house, and found the two women waiting sympathetically. Mrs. Edwards took Douglas' two hands in her own.

"You poor boy!" she exclaimed, "I know how terribly disappointed you must be! But don't get discouraged; you did your duty. The *Beacon* has been a success in every way. The people seem ungrateful, but time will show different results. Don't you believe so, Mr. Vernon?"

The minister waited a moment. "Yes," he answered slowly. "This is not the end, it's only the beginning! Two years from now, if the *Beacon* isn't bankrupt, and if my church and the others do not drive us out, I predict another result. I haven't lost hope. But I think every Christian in America ought to get on his knees to pray and on his feet to work, that this government may go out of the saloon business; and I know God will not crown our labors with victory until the men of our churches have had a new Pentecost, which shall baptize them with the holy fire of consecration to the kingdom of God, before allegiance to any party claims their first attention."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

LIFE'S SEAMY SIDE IN THE CITY

ONCE in a while the curtain that hides from the eyes of the comfortable and respectable portion of the community is blown aside by some wind of fate. Then we catch a glimpse of lurid depths, of infamy, wretchedness and want, by which *Dante's Inferno* palls. One August night, for instance, a woman twenty-five years old, houseless, homeless, steeped in sin and drowning her misery with ten cents worth of vile whisky, suddenly grew tired of it all, and threw herself from the roof of a six-story apartment house. She and another young woman of her own age, having no place to sleep, were in the habit of creeping into any vacant room or hole they could find, and there crouching, like hunted animals, until morning. Had Kate Walsh been the idolized daughter of a happy household, her headlong plunge into space from the roof six stories high would certainly have killed her. But she, poor creature, courting death, did not find it. She fell into a cistern, whence she was pulled out, bruised and with a broken ankle, but likely to live for many years.

Some of us have been reading a very vividly-written book about East London life. *The Samaritans* is an intense arraignment of modern Christianity, in that it permits the horrors of tenement life in the world's great metropolis, and no student of sociological problems can pass it by unread, or read it without feeling the clutch of a sob at his throat. "We have nothing so hideous on this side the ocean," said one who laid down *The Samaritans*, with a sigh. Have we not? Is New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis, or San Francisco free from its own plague-spots, which breed a ruin as terrible, a horror as black, as anything London can show? We have public schools, and churches, and institutions without number, settlements, rescue homes, and associations for the aid of every one, yet Kate Walsh, at twenty-five, lost to virtue, lost to purity, lost to hope, hungry, drunken, abandoned by God and man, flings herself from the top of a house, and curses her destiny, because she still has breath in her battered body. Civilization has, indeed, its seamy side.

The Salvation Army does what it can for such poor waifs, the flotsam and jetsam of life's shores; beneficent sisterhoods do what they can, and most of us fancy that we are doing all we ought when we are sorry. In extreme cases we slip our hands into our pockets and give something. But what can we do? The answer is, alas, very little. Seldom is a lost woman, lost as this poor soul, restored. To save the children is the obvious duty pressing on most of us. Save the child of four, of five, six, seven and ten years. Childhood can be redeemed. Little dark-eyed, curly-headed Kates and Maggies and Johnnies can be guided into the right path and kept there. Grown-up Kates and Maggies and Johns find their resort behind prison bars or in the engulfing waves of our deeply-flowing rivers.

* * *

MONT-LAWN, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S peerlessly beautiful home for children, all summer long has kept open house for the little folk who need saving. Coming from those wide doors, those white beds, that abundant table, that atmosphere of love and praise and prayer, the Mont-Lawn children are well started on the road to clean living. And the blessing of God must surely come in rich measure to the man whose big heart and loving sympathy have made Mont-Lawn so great an annual success.

Manliness in Boys

(Some weeks ago, in this department, we asked our readers to give their views on the subject of peaceful or warlike behavior in boys. Shall boys fight or not, was the question discussed. The following expression of opinion from a thoughtful friend of boys is worth considering with attention.)

MANLINESS IN BOYS.

Self-control is the most important thing to be taught a high-strung boy, for after all it is only an occasional wrong that can be righted by force, and there is always the possibility of committing a greater wrong when force is employed than one has received. Let the boy understand that true dignity of demeanor and a strong character go infinitely further in securing one's rights than any amount of bluster and brute force. It must also be taught that there is no resource but to endure many wrongs just as God patiently submitted to man's infringements of his laws and is ever willing to forgive. To the boy who studies history may be cited the fact that the Boers of South Africa inflicted upon themselves and the British people unspeakable wrong through their policy of resistance; while in contrast to their action may be noted the quiet submission of the Dutch of New York two hundred and fifty years ago, by which those people were assured a much greater degree of freedom and happiness than they would have enjoyed if otherwise unmolested.

* * *

The old idea that the more hard knocks a boy receives the greater will be his manliness of character ought to be combated, for it induces many a boy to thrust himself recklessly into situations where he has no right to go, and where he may expect only imposition and wrong. The author of *Hypatia* allows his hero to receive enough thumps and blows to have knocked half a dozen lives out of an ordinary young man. Besides, the boy who is thus instructed also imbibes the idea that what is fair for others is fair for himself, and so endeavors to give as much as he receives.

* * *

Let boys be taught the grandeur of mental and spiritual, as contrasted with physical achievement. Few men have the right ideas on this subject. Even a dog-fight, in which there is a display of physical energy, will attract a greater crowd of men than a debate between two mental giants engaged in the discussion of some weighty question. Boys should be taught that mere brute force is a despicable thing, and that the mental and spiritual are infinitely above it. The proper enforcement of the laws is a great object-lesson for boys. A drunken ruffian lately attacked a young minister for some fancied wrong, and was let off with a nominal fine. Boys who saw the inadequate character of the punishment were apt to think, "There is no resource in such cases but for a man to defend himself." Often the remark is made in certain communities: "The law doesn't amount to anything, a man must fight or be trodden under foot."

I believe our lax methods of administering justice are responsible for much wrong sentiment on this subject.

La Grange, N. C. L. T. RIGHTSELL.

SYMPATHY

Tired out, and not another step
The weary feet can take;
But here's a friend too faithful,
The wanderers to forsake;
And good old Lion's company,
Soothes many a lone heartache.

A Happy Thought

The invitations to a silver wedding in a Western town, recently, embodied this suggestive request, "Instead of personal gifts we kindly ask our friends for a free-will cash offering, which will be used for the purchase of much needed suitable library books for the Bible Schools of ——. Donors will receive a report of the offerings."

This original plan for providing something needed by and for the direct good of the community, had the merit of a rare unselfishness. It could have given offense to none, and very probably it resulted in a generous aggregate. As a happy thought we pass it along. Certainly such a plan would detract from the gayety of no social gathering.

SCARS

O wounds that were made without cause,
Or carelessly given, that were meant
To exert pain to no living heart!
Of hardening tones that left a smart—
May I atone Love cannot them, when
Love stoops to the grief of the sons of men.

Scars marring the heart's open face
Dashed with tears in the early grace
Of home and joy, scars branded deep
Where good and holy things would keep,—
And all for want of a moment's thought—
Christ pity the woe by such evil wrought!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

To the Tired Housewife

In these summer days, it is the privilege of the tired housewife now and then to take a rest. Some good but weary arm, the capable hands of sister or daughter, and some fine day start to Cousin Mary or Aunt Ann, to a home she knew when she was a girl, or to a place that has the allurement of novelty. Wherever it may be, she will eat breakfasts and dinners that she does not cook, and not get worried. She will put on her best gown in the middle of a week afternoon and go out to tea. She will take drives, not to sell butter and eggs or to meet laundress at the train, but to see views from mountain side or river bank, to be refreshed and rejuvenated by recreation and a cessation of her every day routine.

May I speak a word by way of caution, dear, tired friend? Do not wear yourself out with preparations before you start. Freshen up the old gown with a bit of lace, or a white cording in the neck, just a little garniture that costs next to nothing—but make the old gown do. Women who half kill themselves to get their clothes ready for a summer outing, are equally successful when the question is of personally going away, they survey their wardrobes with discouraged eyes, for everything looks shabby if not rusty and threadbare. "What are they to do," they say, "if they are treated out while away from home?" What indeed? Why, cease to fancy that dress is of the first importance, and just go as they are. Love that love them will not see imperfections in clothing, and as for eyes that do not love them, they will survey with indifference the finest creations of the dressmaker. The fact is, that most of us think far too much about our clothes, and get far too weary over our sewing. The part of reason is, when we are fortunate enough to have an agreeable outing, to go just as we are, and, if any excuse, not to court nervous prostration by too elaborate preparations.

The tired housewife cannot always be spared from home. I have often thought what a kindness it would be in a neighbor or kinswoman, to step in and see not then for a week or a fortnight, assuming all the humdrum round of cooking, dish washing and scrubbing, while the mother and wife who has been so busy, goes away on a vacation. There is a field here for a sort of home missionary effort, and it is worth cultivation by those who long for an opportunity of usefulness. When a woman cannot leave her home, let her beware of the sin of overwork. There are always parts of the housekeeping that can be omitted. The table may be very simple, the weekly washing and ironing reduced to their lowest terms, and many little details ordinarily a pleasure, minimized for the moment. A lady told me the other day that she had put away for the season all her bric a brac, vases and small dust-collecting articles, and taken down every curtain that needed washing or ironing, leaving only shades that could be rolled to the top of the window and kept out of the way.

Let your boys help you if you have no girls, and even if they have sisters, do not forbid them to take a hand in the housework. They will be better husbands in days to come if they learn a little of what work is, by a fair experience. The tired housekeeper owes it to her family not to tire herself into her grave.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—EUNICE. Pretty belts are woven of linen shoestrings, washed and ironed at the end. A dozen long shoestrings are needed to make a belt.

—SAMUEL. The girl to whom you have been engaged sometime asks you to release her. You cannot complain, and succeed often end in this way.

—TERENCE. Too much candor is abhorrent to many people. It proves as ill-temper. Don't find fault or be captious about the opinions unnecessarily.

—MARY. Serve your scalloped fish in fresh cooking cups to those which cost only a few cents apiece. In these days a dollar must be daintily set at a trifling expense.

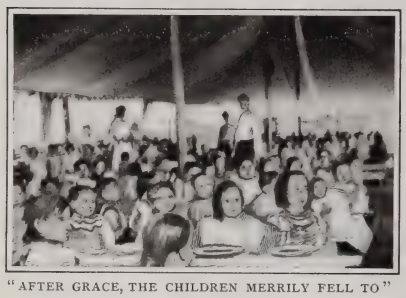
—MARY AGATHA. Needlework is very appropriate for Christmas. A mend is a story. The Bible and the Concordance books, whether they are new or second-hand, are valuable.

—LETTY. A simple dinner should have one entrée, fish, roast, salad, and dessert. Consult your mother about the soup, or you may find other courses to those I give more elaborate.

A VISITOR'S IMPRESSIONS of MONT-LAWN

"THE CHILDREN FORMED IN LINE"

"ROOMY DORMITORIES, WELL VENTILATED"



"AFTER GRACE, THE CHILDREN MERRILY FELL TO"

By Rev. G. E. Talmage

IT was my privilege to visit THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home on one of the Saturdays of August, in company with Dr. Klopsch, and the pleasant memories of the day will be lasting. "The half has not been told" of the kind provision that has been made, or of the good that is being done.

A few impressions may be in order. The first impression was made upon the eye, when we first caught sight of the large dining-tent nestling among the hills, and it continued to grow throughout the day with every new vision of the fields, and trees, and hills, and buildings. Memory does not dwarf it. It is enough to call it an ideal spot, ideally arranged for its purpose.

. . .

The second impression came to the ears, when a couple of hundred children shouted their welcome. There was no method in their madness; it was purely spontaneous, and the affection of the children for their congenial host was manifest all through the day. They followed him, they held his hand, they confided in him.

. . .

The third impression assailed the nostrils. It was the savory food. The children gathered at the sound of a gong, formed in line, marched into the tent, and, after singing grace, merrily fell to. The dinner was suitable, probably more than their home allowance, and quite likely served in a better manner, but of the same order—pot roast, boiled potatoes, hot gravy, stringed beans, rice pudding, bread and butter, and that without limit.

During dinner letters were distributed, some without surnames or signatures, other than "Mamma," but they all found their rightful owners.

. . .

The fourth impression was made upon the hygienic sense. Roomy dormitories, well ventilated, clean bedding, separate lockers, tasty lobbies, homelike teachers' rooms! The latest is the best, the new porter's lodge and dormitory combined must have a lasting effect upon all who are permitted to sleep under its roof.

The sense of fun was appealed to in the regular Saturday afternoon sports. This is the order of the day. Dr. Klopsch is resting himself by playing with his large family, and merrily they enter upon their races, and games, and swimming, while the hand-organ discourses East-side melodies.

The last impression is made by the faithful and loving service of the corps of teachers, who enter into the lives and hearts of their charges.

God bless the Children's Home and its promoter and supporters!

G. E. T.

"THEY MARCHED INTO THE BIG TENT"

"THE HOMELIKE TEACHERS' ROOMS"

"PLAYING WITH HIS LARGE FAMILY"

A touching incident came to the attention of the teachers at the Home last week, showing how pitiful are some of the straits to which the mothers of our little waifs are driven to provide the necessaries of life. A wee little lad, frailer than his companions, came to the Home. His arms and legs were so thin that it was thought best to keep him overtime, and see what plenty to eat and fresh air would do for him. He was kept as long as possible. Sometime after his arrival at Mont-Lawn he wrote home, telling his mother that his shoes were wearing out. Meantime, he was provided with a pair, and also with a new suit of clothes by the Home. On the day he left for home, a pair of shoes arrived from his mother. Housemother Collins then wrote to the mother, telling her she would keep the shoes, and send her the money instead, if it would be more satisfactory. The poor mother replied that she would be grateful for this favor. She had tried hard to get the shoes sooner, but had at last to resort to pawning her wedding-ring, in order to obtain them, and she would be so pleased if she could have it back again.

Every reader is invited to have a share in the Mont-Lawn work. $3 sends a tenement child to our Fresh-Air Home for ten days. Contributions should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible Bible House, New York City.

PEGGY'S eyes were luminous and her breath came short and quick. The hot, dusty street seemed to fade away, and in its place Peggy saw a broad, green field, dotted with dasies and buttercups. Oh—if she could but go!

It was the ecstatic description of Nannie Simpson's, that had set Peggy's heart to beating with envious longings. Nannie had said that, miles and miles away from New York, there was a wonderful place with green grass, made to walk on, and with bright flowers made to pick. Nannie had been one of the fortunate children selected to be taken to Mont-Lawn, the summer before, and since then, she had not ceased to tell of the charms and wonders of the beautiful vacation Home.

Peggy knew that it was Nannie's Sunday School superintendent who had sent in her name for this delightful outing, and she knew that it was the kind contributions of many, many noble-hearted people, that had made possible for Nannie, and for others like Nannie, these ten days in the country. But just how to bring herself into this much-blessed circle she did not know. As for Nannie, she was interested, sympathetic, and resourceful.

"Why don't ye git some one ter send in your name?" she suggested.

Peggy slowly shook her head.

"Yer teacher, or some one," still persisted Nannie.

"There's—there's Miss Newcomb, my mission-teacher," began Peggy, hopefully; then a sudden red showed in her cheek; "but I—I hate ter ask!"

Nannie shrugged her bits of shoulders and tossed her head. "Hump!" she ejaculated. She was silent for a moment, then her face beamed. "Say, Peggy," she began, enthusiastically, "I'll tell ye what! It costed just three dollars for ev'ry one what went last summer—Maggie Dolan said so. She said how that folks—lots o' folks—good folks, ye know—sent money, jest so as poor folks, like us could go; an' say, Peggy, why don't ye earn 'em an' go yerself?"

"Oh Nannie, could I? Would they let me?"

"'Course," affirmed Nannie, airily, quite unaware that no child, or its parents, or its immediate friends, ever paid anything toward the Mont-Lawn outing; that all the money came from kind-hearted people the country over, who longed to give the poor little tenement dwellers a taste of God's blessed country air and sunshine.

"'Course they'd let ye," reiterated Nannie.

Peggy drew a long breath. "I — I'm agoin' to earn 'em, Nannie; I am—truly I am," she said, almost reverently.

For a blissful moment, the problem seemed to be solved; then the old woe returned to Peggy's heart as the magnitude of the task she had set for herself dawned upon her.

It was now December. She had perhaps six months in which to accomplish this thing. With a bit of brown paper and an old pencil stub she laboriously put the matter into plain figures. Peggy's schooling had been limited, and it was fully half an hour before she was able to write the final solution on a fresh bit of paper. It read:

"I got to earn 3 dolers in six months.

"I got to earn 50 sents ev'ry month.

"I got to earn 12 sents and half a sent ev'ry week."

That wasn't so bad, after all. Surely, she ought to be able to do that! Twelve cents and half a cent every week—that half-cent troubled Peggy a little. She finally dismissed it with the resolution to earn thirteen cents a week, and thus be sure to have enough.

When Peggy first told her mother of this wonderful plan to earn money for a Mont-Lawn outing, Mrs. Delano shook her head.

"Mebbe they won't let ye," she cautioned.

"Nannie said I could," declared Peggy.

"Well, mebbe, but——if they would, there ain't much show that you c'n git it, dearie."

"I know——it's an awful lot," acknowledged Peggy with a sigh.

"An' I——I can't help ye none," added the woman, a little catch in her voice.

"'Course not!" declared Peggy in sudden scorn. "Do ye s'pose I'd let yer, mumsie dear?"

Into Mrs. Delano's eyes came a flash of courage from her bygone youth, though she shook her head and said:

"But ye got ter git three dollars, dearie: just think——three whole dollars!"

Peggy's arms relaxed and her face fell.

"But I do wanter go so, mumsie. Jest

CONTINUED ON PAGE 719

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Peggy Delano's Vacation

Continued from Page 718

think: there's the grass an' the trees an' the flowers an', O mumsie, the sky—such a great big sky!"

Mrs. Delano's eyes shifted from her daughter's face to the tiny square of blue in the foot above the girl's head.

"Yes—a great big sky!" she echoed.

"An' there are the little white beds, an' the things ter eat, an' the singin' an' the games—O mumsie, I've jest got ter go!"

For a moment Mrs. Delano was silent; then her shoulders moved convulsively and her head sank into her upraised, open palms.

"O Peggy, Peggy! an' I can't give them things to ye—I can't—I jest can't!"

Peggy's face grew a remorseful red and her forehead drew itself into anxious lines.

"There, there, mumsie, 'course ye can't. An' I don't want ye to—I don't want ye to," she reiterated earnestly. "I—don't care so awful much, anyhow, if I don't get it. There ain't no sense in my goin', anyhow, mumsie—no sense 'tall!" she declared with a watery smile; but—I'm goin' ter try ter go," she finished, somewhat illogically.

Bright and early on that first Monday morning of that first week, Peggy brushed and scrubbed to a state of threadbare spotlessness, entered the race for wealth. By night she had run three errands, at a cent each, and had brought her funds up to five cents by taking care of the Smith baby across the street for two long hours.

A hasty calculation told her that on this, the first day, almost half of her weekly allotment was in her hands. Her heart swelled triumphantly, and she looked ahead with scornful assurance—this task was not so impossible after all. But when the second and third day passed, and the five cents had not added unto itself one penny, Peggy began to look anxious. On Thursday, after a wearisome succession of disappointments, her heart was gladdened by a bright round nickel, which came as a reward for picking up a fallen parcel for a lady on Broadway. Two more errands on Friday swelled her treasure to twelve cents; but the last bit necessary to her complete happiness did not come until late Saturday afternoon, when, stumbling home, disappointed and weary, she spied through her tear-dimmed eyes, the flash of a new copper cent in the gutter. That night Peggy slept with a smile of content.

That first week was but a sample of those which were to follow. Sometimes the thirteen cents were not forthcoming by Saturday night, but they were sure to be fully made up during the next seven days, though to accomplish it Peggy's ingenuity and powers of endurance were taxed to the utmost.

Peggy's neighbors on this narrow, ill-smelling street off the Bowery, had few coppers to bestow for services rendered, however kind their hearts might be, and Peggy was forced to wander far afield for the most of her earnings. But there came day when all errands, both necessary and unnecessary, failed to present themselves, and when no babies seemed to need tending. Dropped parcels were few and stray pennies fewer, and Peggy was all but discouraged. It was then that her services were offered (and gladly accepted) in return for bits of calico and gingham. These she made into holders, tramping the streets for hours at a time in order to sell her wares.

January, February and March passed. In a corner of the garret, under the old straw mattress on which Peggy slept, lay a little heap of pennies, nickels and dimes. On the first day of April Peggy sat counting her wealth. A dollar and eighty-two cents was arranged in tiny pyramid-like piles on the floor, causing her eyes to sparkle.

"I'm gittin' it, I'm gittin' it—I really am!" she cried aloud, then her face went suddenly white—the sound of shuffling steps had come to her ears. With a bang the door opened, and her father stood before her. His bleary eyes flashed with greed as he gave a drunken lurch toward her.

"What ye got?" he demanded thickly. "Give it here—give it here, I say!"

With a sweep of her two hands Peggy gathered her treasure into the skirt of her dress and sprang to her feet. Evading his ill-directed blow, she darted across the room and stood at bay in the corner.

Brother Tom and her mother were out. Susie and Kitty, her little sisters, had fled to the shelter of the table, and their four frightened eyes were peering out from beneath it.

Round and round the room circled Peggy, her father in close, but unskilful, pursuit. Peggy's very silence seemed to enrage the man, and his voice was raised in a frenzy of wrathful invectives when the door flew open, and Mrs. Delano, pale and horrified, burst into the room.

"Max!—Max!—Peggy!" she cried.

The man stopped and looked stupidly into her face. Peggy slipped through the open door and half tumbled, half ran down the rickety stairways. Ten minutes later, she rang the bell at the modest home of her Mission Sunday School teacher.

"If yer please, ma'am, won't ye keep it for me?" she urged breathlessly, emptying her dress on the floor at the lady's feet; then, turning, with a frightened glance over her shoulder, she sped out into the dark again.

Miss Newcomb smiled as she gathered up the bits of copper and silver, but there was a tear in the smile, and her hands shook a little. Afterwards, when Peggy had told her the history of the money and that she wanted it for a wonderful secret something, Miss Newcomb counted every penny that Peggy brought her almost as enthusiastically as did Peggy herself, and, like Peggy, she gloried in its steady increase as the weeks passed by.

Toward the last of April Susie sickened with the long fever that left her white and weak—a mere shadow of her old, laughing self, and all through May, Peggy watched and cared for the frail little sister whom she loved so dearly. Peggy did not work so hard over her money these days. Through the kind help of Miss Newcomb, other ways for earning the three dollars had been opened, and by May thirtieth the sum was complete. So Peggy had more time, and this time was all for Susie. Together they talked of the wonderful things Peggy was so soon to see, and planned what Peggy would do.

But as the days passed Susie still lay on the little straw bed in the corner, and her face grew yet more thin and white. Mrs. Delano's watchful eyes noted and her mother heart beat with a new pain. Thus it came about that Peggy found a tall, black-bearded stranger at Susie's bedside one day.

"She needs air, light, sunshine, nourishing food," he was saying, his eyes roving disapprovingly around the stuffy room. "She needs no medicine—unless it be a mild tonic," he continued, reaching for his hat, "but with out fresh air, sun, good food, she cannot live. She should go to the country for the summer."

Peggy's heart seemed to stand still. Her mother had dropped into a chair with that white, tired look that Peggy always dreaded.

With a little cry Peggy shook herself from the numbness that had stolen over her, and dashed through the door and down the stairs after the doctor, who loomed ahead of her out of the shadows.

"Would—would ten days do any good?" she stammered.

"What? What's that?" he asked, peering down at the quivering little face.

"Would ten days of—of the country do any good for—for Susie, yer know?"

"Susie?"

"My sister—she's sick—up stairs, yer know," Peggy exclaimed, anxiously.

"Eh? Oh—yes, to be sure, I remember. Ten days? Why, yes, better than nothing, my dear—better than nothing," he smiled, patting her head kindly, and turning away.

Peggy fled swiftly up the stairs, but she sat a long time outside her door in the dark, before she ventured to go into the room. Then, for a weary hour she wrote and rewrote, on bits of brown paper in the corner.

It was very early the next morning that Peggy rang the bell at Miss Newcomb's.

"I've come for the money—the—my money," she said, huskily.

"Certainly dear; I'll get it for you right away," replied Miss Newcomb, puzzling a little over the expression on Peggy's face. "There, dear," she added, putting into Peggy's hands a pasteboard box whose contents clinked suggestively.

A bright red flamed into Peggy's cheeks. "It—it was for Mont-Lawn. I was goin' ter pay my own way," she blurted out hurriedly. "But—but Susie's goin' now. She—she'll die if she don't," finished Peggy with a quivering little moan, turning swiftly and hurrying down the street.

"The dear child—so that is what it was for. Why didn't she tell me," murmured Miss Newcomb. "Of course they will never take it—besides, it was only yesterday that I handed in her name myself for this very trip to Mont-Lawn," and hastened in the direction Peggy had taken.

When Peggy entered the busy office in the Bible House, she hesitated an irresolute moment, then stumbled across the room, laid a small pasteboard box on the desk without speaking, and almost ran out of the door. The attendant looked up in surprise. On top of the box lay a brown paper note, with Susie's name and address, and the words:

"Three dollars for Mont-Lawn, please."

. . . .

Three minutes later, Miss Newcomb entered the office.

"Did a little girl bring a pasteboard box of money in here a short time ago?" she asked.

"Yes, she has just gone, dear child, we can't take her money, of course. We never take money from the children.

When Miss Newcomb finished her story, the other's eyes were moist, and her fingers were caressing Peggy's brown paper note as though Peggy's own brown little head could feel the touch.

"The dear little thing" she murmured huskily. "I—I think we can manage it. You tell her—both shall go!"

A minute later Miss Newcomb left the office, clasped tightly in her hand was a small pasteboard box, whose jingling contents kept time with her jubilant steps as she went in search of Peggy. ELEANOR H. PORTER.

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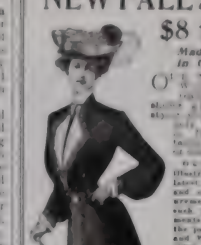

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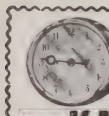

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Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Subscriber, Kalamazoo. 1. Where do the Roman Catholics find in the Bible authority for saying prayers for the dead or for the repose of souls after death? 2. If the Pope is "infallible" why should mass be said for his soul? 3. Have we any reason to suppose that no rainbows were seen in the clouds before the Deluge, as the laws of light and refraction were the same then as now? See Gen. 12:18.

1. Prayer for the dead is a custom which arose in the church at a very early period. Tertullian, Origen, Arnobius, Cyril of Jerusalem, Chrysostom and others of the early fathers, each mention the practice in terms of commendation. It was a custom borrowed from the ancient liturgies. There is no authority for it in the Bible. Besides, the early custom of prayers for the dead included no reference to a purgatory. Indeed, such prayers were "little more than a thanksgiving, a commendation of the souls of the deceased to the Divine mercy." The idea of purgatory arose in the Roman church long afterward. 2. Perhaps they think that even an infallible Pope is undergoing the process of purification.

THE SEWING CIRCLE AT THE NEW YORK GOSPEL SETTLEMENT

Through the kindness of Mrs. Sarah T. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery Boys," and founder of the Gospel Settlement, No. 211 Clinton street, New York, the Settlement Sewing Circle devoted a day lately to the work of making and mending little garments for our Mont-Lawn waifs. Mrs. Bird writes:

It was suggested that we get together some of the members of our Mother's Club, and form a "Dorcas Society." Our good housekeeper soon suggested a "tea meeting," inviting about twenty mothers to come, bringing their thimbles, prepared to give two hours to sewing upon tiny garments, suitable for little girls from seven to twelve years. At the appointed time in the afternoon, our doorbell rang continually and every woman came with a smiling face—but behold—each of these guests had not only a babe in arms, but two or three little chicks hanging to their skirts. Well, here was a problem! No Dorcas Society ever had so many babies in attendance before, and they supplied the music for the afternoon. I wish our photographer had taken in the babies—the floor was fairly carpeted with them. We have many plans in mind for holding a Dorcas meeting in the tenements the coming winter.

Our artist has shown in the first-page illustration, a scene, the modern counterpart of which is taking place in many localities where warm hearts and loving hands take thought for the wee tenement children at our Fresh-Air Home. In many a quiet country home, and in city homes also, mothers and daughters have labored for the waifs this summer with needle and thread, putting their love into every stitch, and sending their prayers and good wishes with every garment.

3. It has been claimed by some scientific writers that the earth in its early stages, when it was not yet thoroughly cooled, is described in Gen. 2:5 and 6. No rain had yet fallen; the mist that "went up from the earth" was the mist of evaporation which, condensing, was made to water the face of the ground. This condition was unchanged until the Flood, when atmospheric changes took place; the mists were rolled up, and, for the first time, the new earth saw the sun. Until that time, it is obvious that there could be no rainbow visible from the surface of the earth.

Subscriber, Boston, Mass. (1) How many ancestors did any person now living have a thousand years ago? It is plain enough that I had two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-grand-parents, and so on, each generation doubling the number of ancestors. But when carried back a thousand years, the figures are so vast as to be incredible, and at length the number would exceed the total population of the world at the time. My query is, when does this doubling of ancestors cease?

You say that it is plain enough that each generation doubles the number of ancestors. There may be cases of that kind, but it is not quite so plain as you say. You can see this by reversing the calculation. Say that in the year 1600 there are four couples on an island. Each couple has four children who, growing up, intermarry, and each couple again has four children. That would be thirty-two in the third generation. Let them intermarry, and again each couple have four children. The fourth generation would be sixty-four. Continue the process to the year 1900, at the same rate of progression. Reckoning, as usual, three generations to a century, you would now have the ninth generation numbering 2,048. Would a child of the present generation have an incredible number of ancestors in the first? As a matter of fact, he could not have had more than eight. That, of course, is an extreme case, used only for illustration; but you may be sure that there has been a great deal of unconscious intermarrying. Millions of husbands have only to trace their pedigree and that of their wives far enough back, to find that their wives are their cousins many times removed. To take a Biblical illustration: It is supposed that the number of people who came out of Egypt under Moses was about two millions. According to your mode of reckoning how many ancestors must they have had in the generation before Abraham? If they kept their marriages as carefully to the race as they boasted of doing, instead of an incredible number there were simply Terah and his wife, from whom Isaac and Jacob and their wives were all descended.

Emma H., Wardner, Idaho. After reading in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the "Soul-Winning World Tour" of Dr. Torrey, I cannot resist the temptation of saying, O that we might only have some such men to visit these mining camps—some one who could reach these miners that have to work seven days in the week. Hundreds of them never hear the Word of God. Young men leave good homes and come here and are ruined. If we could have some soul-winner, what a harvest he might reap.

We advise you to write to the Secretary, Y. M. C. A., New York City, on the subject. The organization has many workers at remote points, and might be induced to place one in your neighborhood.

M. A. S., Falls, Pa. When, where, and by whom, and under what circumstances was the Young Women's Christian Association organized?

It was founded by Mrs. Caroline D. Roberts of New York, in 1870, and incorporated in 1873. Its first meetings were held in the top floor of a warehouse at University Place and Eleventh street, New York, under the charge

CONTINUED ON PAGE 721

A New Potato Receipt

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

The success of many vegetable dishes depends largely upon the sauce in which these articles are served. A smooth and delicate white sauce will make the plainest of vegetable dishes worthy of interest.

A fine, white sauce is obtained when Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is used. This brand guarantees a pure and wholesome starch and perfect results when rightly used. Fifty-five years' use has proven its superiority.

The average cook considers a sauce done when it is smooth and thick, but several minutes of actual boiling are necessary for perfection.

For variety in serving potatoes the receipt here given is well worthy of trial, but remember that for the best results it is essential that Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch be used.

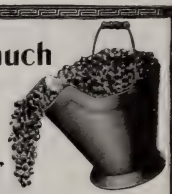
POTATOES FINNEGAN.

Make a white sauce by melting two rounding tablespoons of butter, add one rounding tablespoon of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, and when smooth and frothy pour in a scant pint of rich milk. Let this boil several minutes, stirring constantly, and season with salt, pepper and a little onion juice.

Have in readiness a quart of cooked potatoes cut into dice and a cupful of young carrots coarsely chopped; mix these with the sauce while hot, and sprinkle lightly with mixed parsley when ready to serve.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

How much Coal this Winter



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Our Mail-Bag

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

of Mrs. Roberts and a number of other godly ladies, who labored earnestly to make the work permanent. The present headquarters are at No. 7 East Fifteenth street. Write to the superintendent for full information as to present extent of its work and its numerous branches.

A. W., Binghamton, N. Y. I would like to ask why the present Pope is called Pius X., instead of Leo XIV., and what is the significance of the titles "Pius" and "Leo"?

The new Pontiff, at his election, has the privilege of choosing the name or title under which he will serve. He usually chooses a name already borne by a predecessor whom he admires. The first Pope to exercise this privilege, and to change his name on ascending the Papal throne, was John XII. (in the tenth century), and the custom has continued ever since. "Pius" means literally "pious," and "Leo" means "the lion."

L. McD., Reading, Pa. What is the origin of the myth of the phœnix?

It is lost in antiquity, being, probably, one of the most ancient myths in the world. It probably originated in the temples, as a type of the immortality of the soul. Even in the time of Job, it seems to have been a well-known tradition in Arabia. The Jewish Rabbins have a legend which says that, "when Eve ate of the forbidden fruit, all the birds also ate of it, except the phœnix, and as a reward, it was made immortal. It lived five hundred years in the desert, then making a nest of spices, it was consumed by fire; and from the ashes sprang a worm, which grew into a new phœnix."

C. M. B., Tullahoma, Tenn. Please give the name of five places where large electrical powers are being established?

The Electrical World and Engineer, published in New York City, to whose editor we referred the question, replies as follows:

"Five places where large power plants are being installed are York, Pa.; Spiers Falls, Hudson River, N. Y.; Niagara Falls, N. Y.; New Milford, Conn., and Los Angeles Cal."

S. W., Walden, Mass. Is not your reply to Subscriber, Zeeland Mich., in a recent issue of THE MAIL-BAG, in direct conflict with Heb. 10:26, 27, which says positively that there is no hope for one who sins wilfully and deliberately after his conversion?

No, we do not believe our answer conflicts with that passage. If the writer of the Epistle intended to convey such a meaning as you suggest, he would be in conflict with other Bible writers, and even with Christ himself (see Mark 3:28). It would be, as one theologian has observed, "subversive of the whole Christian system." The obvious meaning of the passage is that there is no hope of salvation for a man who wilfully and deliberately continues in sin, because the only way of salvation is to quit sin. Christ does not save people in their sins, allowing them to stay in them; but from their sins, which they must renounce. For a man to continue sinning after having the light, and yet hope that in some way after death he will be saved, is to cherish a false hope. There is no more sacrifice, and he who does not yield to Christ's terms is lost. There is a great difference between a fall under temptation and living in habitual sin.

Annie P., Plum Run, Pa. See the sermon on suicide by Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, in CHRISTIAN HERALD, issue of July 15. It will answer all the inquiries in your letter.

Winfield S. M., Hastings, N. Y. 1. How deep is the ocean at its greatest depth? 2. What is the Pope's income?

1. The deepest sea soundings are said to have touched ocean valleys nearly five miles beneath the surface of the sea. 2. The Pope has no fixed income, but receives the general contributions, which are known as "Peter's Pence." These must be very large, however, for when the late Pope died, several millions of dollars were found in his treasure chest by his executors.

A friend of our Mont-Lawn work, who is supporting a cot, writes as follows:

I never knew of the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn until this year, and I am happy to know that a few little ones will be benefited by my gift. I think it well spent. I will endeavor to support this cot each year. I take great pleasure in reading the account of the doings of the little ones. I have two little boys of my own. MRS. S. G. C.

Shingle House, Pa.

$21 endows a cot at Mont-Lawn for an entire season. We will allot cots to any of our readers who desire to become endowing patrons.

Miscellaneous Questions

J. P., Tipton, Ia. He finds no proof of it anywhere in the Bible. The claim is purely a personal assumption.

S. F., Ventura, Calif. The coal miners, as a result of the strike, secured higher wages, and at least semi-official recognition of the Union. The greater part are now at work.

T. C. I., Hustontown, Pa. 1. Osteopathy is the treatment of bone disease by rubbing, pressure or adjustment. 2. We should very much doubt the genuineness of such a claim.

E. S., Wrights, Calif. The liquor business is a vile and accursed one in all its branches. It debauches and ruins body and soul, and no one who is engaged in it can be a consistent Christian.

Subscriber, Central City, Iowa. We cannot set limits to the power of God, nor boundaries to his love.

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea.

He is able and willing to serve to the uttermost.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. W. S. P., Dorchester, Mass. "I want to acknowledge that my dear Heavenly Father has heard and answered my prayers. I know that every day he hears the petitions of his loved ones."

C. A. E. "I wish to acknowledge that God heard and answered my prayer when I was in distress, even above what I could in reason expect. I thank God for many, many answers to my prayers."

Old Subscriber, Pennsylvania. "I had a distressing trouble. I prayed, if it was God's will, that I might soon be relieved. My prayer was answered."

Mrs. H. W. B., Torrington, Conn. "I desire to acknowledge several answers to prayer received within the past six months. Praise God!"

M. J. W., State Farm, Ga. "I have had special prayers answered."

L. W., New York. "I should like to acknowledge God's goodness to me. He has answered my prayers many times when in trouble and sickness near unto death."

Mrs. L. H., Springdale, Conn. "Our Father has answered my prayer. I was in deep distress, and only God could help. He heard and answered, even better than I expected. Praise his name."

Mrs. G. A. G., Marion, N. C. "I thankfully acknowledge, that God has mercifully restored my three children—Eurene, Cecil, and Louis, and myself, to health."

Mrs. M. M. I., Ann Arbor, Mich. "I wish to acknowledge a very recent answer to prayer. I feel like exclaiming, 'praise be to His Holy Name forever!'"

Reader, Pa. "I have been greatly comforted by the 'Answered Prayers.' I know that God hears and answers prayer, for I have received answers to my prayers. I have a great sorrow; but I have committed all to the Lord, and trust in him to bring it all right."

Mrs. M., Richmond, Va. "In my distress I cried unto the Lord and he heard my voice. I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayer."

Mrs. C. B. C., Minn. "I wish to acknowledge how many times God has answered prayers for me when I ask in faith."

R. H. C., Pittsburg, Pa. "I acknowledge my deep gratitude to God for his blessed answer to my prayer. I prayed earnestly for the conversion of my husband. God heard and answered. 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.'"

Mrs. W. A., Middlesboro, Ky. "God has wonderfully answered a recent prayer for me, and I wish to acknowledge it."

D. V., McDowell, Va. "I believe the Lord hears and answers prayers. I prayed earnestly and sincerely for two things, and he answered."

P. M., Ontario. "I believe that God answers prayers. He has answered my feeble petitions; praise to his name."

Constant Reader, Allegheny, Pa. "I want to acknowledge God's love and kindness to me in answering prayer. He never fails."

M. B. S., Opelousas, La. "Our Father has answered my prayers so many times that I cannot number all."

Subscriber, Beatrice, Neb. "I acknowledge a wonderful answer to prayer. An unlooked-for trouble came upon us. It seemed impossible that it could be removed. I cried unto the Lord to fight our battles for us. He most wonderfully and speedily answered. Praise his name."

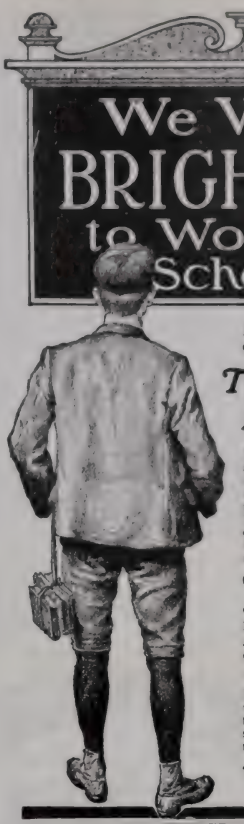
N. H. G., Newtonville, Mass. "For years I have taken the so-called 'little things of life,' to God in prayer. Lately we needed special help, and in answer to prayer, God sent it. 'Call upon me . . . I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' I know God hears and answers prayer."

G. R. R., Allegheny, Pa. "On several occasions I have had answer to special petitions."

Reader, New York City. "I was very much troubled about two friends who were bad friends. I prayed to the Lord about it, and the answer came."

R. G. Brookville, Pa. "I acknowledge a recent answer to prayer. Many times, God has comforted me when tried with the worries of life."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayers have also been received from Mrs. E. E. J., Columbus, O.; B. P., Lancaster Co., Pa.; Miss R. R. Stevens, Rockingham, Va.; Subscriber, Stanton, Tenn.; Mrs. L. K., West Sutton, Mass.; Mother, Ill.; J. L. W., Jacksonville, Ill.; A Constant Reader, N. Y.; Reader, Florida; Howard Paddock, Albany, N. Y.; Reader, Philipsburg, Pa.; P. Guelph, Ontario, Canada; A. B. S., Rock Island, Ill.



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End of a Useful Career

Mr. William Earl Dodge, famous Merchant and Philanthropist passes away

HOW men of wealth may make their lives a blessing to the community, and win the respect and esteem instead of the envy and hatred of their fellows, they may learn from a study of the life of Mr. William Earl Dodge, who died on August 9. The men who mourn

THE LATE WILLIAM EARL DODGE

his death most, are not the recipients of charitable gifts, nor a crowd of beggars who find dependence on a rich man's bounty a more comfortable and more lucrative life than honest work, but men who needed help in their efforts to advance themselves, and public-spirited citizens who saw how wise and judicious were the gifts which Mr. Dodge made to philanthropic causes. It is the personal worker, the man who will take trouble to find out the actual facts, who can do the most effective work in aiding those who need help, and if he, as in this case, has wealth at command, his power is increased enormously. None know how much Mr. Dodge gave away, because he was unostentatious in giving, but enough is known from the testimony of people whose gratitude would not let them be silent, to make it sure that the total of his benefactions must have been very large.

Mr. Dodge's name was not a new one in religious and philanthropic circles. His father, who died in 1883, was one of the hardest workers and most liberal givers in New York City. Not only the Presbyterian Church to which he belonged, but Christians of all denominations found a friend in him, and during his long life he was the helper of every cause which had for its object the benefit of the people of the city. For many years, his regular subscriptions to religious and benevolent causes aggregated a quarter of a million a year, besides special gifts. The son whose death has just occurred was associated with his father in business, and inherited with his wealth his philanthropic spirit.

In the humble home his parents occupied in New York City, when his father, then a struggling merchant twenty-four years of age, was beginning to make his way, William Earle Dodge was born, in February, 1832. He received a common school education, and was early taken into the store of the firm in which his father was a partner, to begin a commercial career. He showed an intelligence rare at his years, and soon became a valuable and efficient employee. His interest in religious work and in public movements developed early. During the war he took an active part in the work of the Christian Commission. An incident related of him at that period of his career proves that he had personal courage of a high order. The draft riots had raged for a day and a night, and New York was looking forward to more terrible scenes, for the militia, who held the armories, had no ammunition. In the emergency, the young man went with a wagon to the Navy Yard and packed it with all the cartridges the commandant could spare. No one could be found to drive the wagon through the furious crowd of rioters who were terrorizing the city, so Mr. Dodge mounted to the driver's seat, and himself piloted the wagon to the armories. There is no doubt that by this deed of daring he contributed materially to the suppression of the riots.

After his father's death, Mr. Dodge took up the philanthropic work in which he was engaged, and endeavored, as far as possible, to fill the place left vacant. Although a very busy man, having on his hands directorates in many companies, which his father had been glad during his advancing years to transfer to him, he found time to attend to the duties of President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and to other kindred institutions. He built and endowed a Y. M. C. A. on Governor's Island for the use of the troops, and erected a building at Columbia College for the use of the students. He also gave liberally to the endowment of Cooper Union and of Union Theological Seminary, in the prosperity of which he had taken a deep interest. Of late years, as his wealth largely increased, his benefactions kept pace with it. During the early weeks of this year his health began to fail, but he still continued his activities. He was looking forward to a few weeks at his favorite resort at Bar Harbor, Me., to recuperate, but he had been there only a short time when the call from service to reward came, and his useful career on earth ended.

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Dear Dr. Klopsch: I have received and perused with great pleasure, the volume, *The Speaking Oak.* Its three hundred short stories are replete with interest and instruction. It is a valuable addition to any library. HENRY R. LAMAR.
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David's Magnanimity

His Grief Over the Death of his Foe

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THERE are no such cowards as those who have had some dealing with God, but whose wills have never been broken, and who know that God is not with them, for they do not will with him. Saul, in his better days, had "put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land." It is time that such a clearance were made in many so-called Christian lands at this day, where these practices of commerce with spirits are largely and increasingly exercised, in defiance of the Word and will of God, who tells us that "all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord," and because of these abominations, God drove out the Canaanites before Israel (Deut. 18: 12). But now Saul sought in vain for a word from the Lord. He had trifled with God when God did make known his mind to him, and now he could get no word from him; "neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets," and Samuel, who had anointed him, was dead. Now, in his desperation, this miserable man adds to his other sins (I. Chron. 10: 13, 14), by committing that which he knew was abomination in the sight of the Lord, and sought, by the agency of a woman who lent herself to evil spirits, to obtain some light upon his immediate future.

The message was only judgment, and only a confirmation of God's words to Saul by Samuel before. "The Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and hath given it to thy neighbor, even to David. Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover, the Lord shall deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines, and to-morrow thou and thy sons shall be with me." All was lost for Saul, in time and hereafter. No hope was held out for him. He had shown himself opposed to God, and to the man of his choice, and now he must eat the fruit of his own way. Oh that those who live only for themselves would take warning by the fate of this unhappy man!

Meanwhile, David had his trials. First, a spirit of discouragement, which was very unlike him. One is surprised to hear him saying in his heart, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul," and to find that he actually thought of, and carried out the plan, to flee to Achish, king of Gath. David was not in communion with God or this could not have happened. He seemed to tire of his constant persecution by Saul. Let us not tire of the trial of our faith (I. Pet. 4: 12; Rom. 8: 28). In order to maintain his untenable position as a pretended friend of the Philistines, the enemies of God's people, David had recourse to a systematic deceit, utterly unworthy of a man of God (I. Sam. 27). But no man of God can put himself into a false position without finding himself inextricably involved. The Philistines were gathering their forces for the great assault upon Israel, in which Saul and his sons lost their lives. Achish determined that David should go with him to battle against Israel, and he would give him a high position: "keeper of mine head forever." What should David do? God in mercy and in judgment intervened and plucked his feet out of the net.

The lords of the Philistines had not as much confidence in David as Achish had, and they refused to receive David as an ally; so that Achish very reluctantly dismissed him, and thus God delivered his servant. But not without severe trial. When David and his men returned to Ziklag—the city which Achish had given to David as his dwelling place—he found that the Amalekites had made a raid upon Ziklag, burned it with fire, and had taken away the wives and children of David, and of all his men. This was far worse than David's trials with Saul, and the people spoke of stoning David because of their deep grief. But now, once again, David turns fully to the Lord; he "encouraged himself in the Lord his God." He had not inquired of the Lord whether he should go down to Achish.

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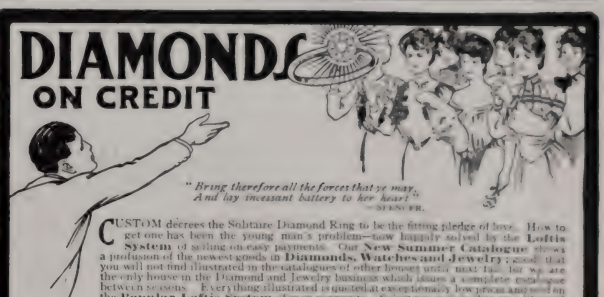

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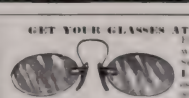

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1903

VOL. 26 NO. 35. PRICE 5 CENTS
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A BATTALION OF THRESHERS ON A FARM IN NORTHERN OKLAHOMA

Our · New · Claimant · for · Statehood

OKLAHOMA, "THE BEAUTIFUL LAND," ABOUT TO APPEAL FOR ADMISSION

SEVEN hundred thousand people will this year join in the appeal to Congress that Oklahoma be converted into a State. As a sufficient reason that it should be a part of the Union, with a power of franchise, the territory of Oklahoma offers this evidence:

Crops raised in 1903: Wheat, 50,000,000 bushels; cotton, 130,000 bales; corn, 75,000 bushels. Total value of the farm products in Oklahoma in 1903, $50,000,000.

Less than fourteen years ago, the entire tract of twenty-five million acres, now comprising Oklahoma, "The Beautiful Land," was a barren waste, over which the buffalo and the Indian roamed. No one wanted Oklahoma in the beginning, while hundreds of thousands are clamoring for its farms and its town property these days. Immigration has turned in that direction, and the three trunk lines entering the territory — Frisco System, Rock Island and Santa Fe—are running semi-monthly "homeseekers' excursions" into Oklahoma. The Union station at St. Louis is always crowded with those who are looking for homes out in the new territory.

Oklahoma is making, and has been making for five years, a strenuous fight for statehood. Political ambitions till now have hindered the territory from reaching that goal. Now, the masses have joined in the request that Oklahoma be admitted to the sisterhood of our commonwealths, and the request cannot much longer be denied.

Oklahoma was first opened to settlement April 22, 1889, and since that time several additional openings have occurred, increasing the territory in size and wealth. Last to be opened was the Kiowa and Comanche lands. Another free land rush will take place next year, with the opening of the pasture reserve, now leased to the cattle syndicates.

The growth of the territory has been so rapid, and its products so numerous and of such great value, that the actual facts about Oklahoma are apt to excite an expression of doubt. But to take a trip across the territory in harvest-time, and see the army of busy farmers gathering in the sheaves, would forever relieve one of such an impression. The population of Oklahoma in 1890 was 61,000; ten years later it reached 385,000, and to-day it is 700,000, and still growing. It is expected that the number of immigrants that will settle in Oklahoma this fall will reach 5,000. During the past year six hundred miles of new railroads have been built in the territory, making a total mileage of 2,000 miles. The railways have opened to commerce thousands of valuable farms, and placed the products of millions of acres near the marts of trade. One of the railroad branches is known as the "Alfalfa Route," as it goes through a section of central Oklahoma where a great deal of Alfalfa hay is grown.

There are over two hundred banks in the territory. In some towns in the grain belt, containing less than 300 people, there are two banks. These are needed to pay for the grain that is shipped to market. When the old Oklahoma country was thrown open to settlement in 1889, it was inadequate to accommodate the settlers. Oklahoma is to-day larger than Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Delaware combined. The territory contains 24,778,000 acres. A large number of the streams empty into the Arkansas and Red Rivers, and all flow from the northwest to the southeast. These streams are fed by springs and run during the entire year. The Red River, the South Canadian and Arkansas Rivers are all sandy beds During mid-day, in the hot summer months, the water disappears from the bed of the stream, but should a cloud hover over the sun an hour or so the streams run again, while at night they often run "bed full." A great deal of the farming land adjacent to these rivers has water beneath the surface at a depth of three or four feet. Much of the soil in Oklahoma is rich, black loam. It is roughly estimated that four-fifths of the soil is tillable. Most of the unavailable farming land lies in and around the Wichita mountains and the gypsum section of Greer county. But while Greer county contains 1,500,000 acres of land, only a little of it is filled with gypsum beds—the rest grows wheat at the rate of thirty-five bushels to the acre. In the new country—Kiowa and Comanche counties—many lumber yards have been opened recently and large quantities of walnut logs are shipped out of Anadarko. Some of these walnut logs are sold for $125 apiece. The timber found along the streams consists of walnut, oak, cedar, pecan, hickory and cottonwood. The nights are always cool and the heat of the day causes no fatalities or suffering. Sunstrokes are rare. The warmest days are in July. Hot days are always followed by cool nights.

Oklahoma farmers not only raise a great variety of products on their diversified farms, but they work twelve months in the year, putting in and gathering their crops. A farmer in Oklahoma can till just twice the same amount of ground he could cultivate in the East, and he can get his crops to market one month earlier. After the harvest, the wheat fields are usually sown to kaffir corn, which is cut and used as forage during the winter. Wheat is drilled into the fields after the kaffir corn has been cut, which is often as late as November 25. Cotton and wheat often are seen growing side by side, and both do well.

Considerable mineral is found throughout the territory, some of it very profitable, along the Wichita mountains. Coal is mined in the north-

Photo by Missouri Pacific Railway Co.

CLEARING UP THE LAST LOAD OF THE SEASON

ern section; and oil has been discovered and is being removed by the hundreds of barrels, from holes from sixty to two hundred feet deep, near Hobart.

The Wichita mountains, famous in history, are steadily becoming popular as a summer resort for Oklahomans. Several small summer resorts have sprung up in the well-wooded mountains, beside cool streams, and these are patronized by Oklahoma farmers and business men in the midsummer season. Farmers travel

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 729

The American Pulpit

INTELLECTUAL CHRISTIANITY

A Sermon by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.

OF TOPEKA, KANS.

TEXT—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind." LUKE 10: 27

THE word intellectual is not found in the Bible, but the word "mind" occurs many times. We will use the word intellectual in this sermon as the Bible uses the word mind, in the sense of the power of thought and judgment and knowledge which is so applied to our earthly condition as to become real wisdom. Intellectual strength in the development of a Christian life is necessary, and we will try to show how the Christian may strengthen the powers of his mind so as to glorify his Saviour and increase the greatness of his kingdom. In the annunciation of different ways of increasing intellectual strength let us consider two points: 1. The intellectual strength of Jesus. 2. The need of intellectual strength in Jesus' disciples.

(1) The intellectual strength of Jesus. One of the most interesting things said of Jesus is this: "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." There was certainly a very early beginning in Jesus of human wisdom. The incident of his debate with the doctors in the temple when he was only twelve years old shows this. But the evidence of it is found in his teaching more than anywhere else. The subtlest, strongest minds of his time faced him repeatedly with hard questions, tried to entangle him in his talk, and he always triumphed. They were amazed at his teaching. They said he taught with authority, and not as the scribes. They exclaimed, "How hath this man this wisdom, having never learned?" It was said on one occasion, "And no man after that durst ask him any question," because he had so completely silenced all objections.

Christ's intellectual strength may also be measured by his ability to address such mixed multitudes of people and hold them astonished at his words. On one occasion his enemies sent soldiers to arrest him. But when they came to the place where he was delivering an address, they were so carried away with his eloquence that they not only did not arrest him, they actually went back to his enemies and gave as an excuse, "never man so spake."

But the greatest proof of Jesus' intellectual strength lies in the fact that the strongest minds of history have respected him, and have been willing to acknowledge his greatness. It is not alone the goodness of Jesus that men like Gladstone and Napoleon admire. It is the high quality of intellect that Jesus possessed that excites these men's respect. Christianity has powerfully influenced art, science, discovery, literature, statesmanship, music, and every great activity of civilized man. This would not be a fact if Jesus had been an ignorant good man. It is because the Master was a master mind that the world of mind has been willing to kneel at his feet and call him Master. And we may define intellectual strength as not a knowledge of facts, but the habit of thinking rightly on great subjects, and then acting rightly on them. No one ever approached Jesus in this particular power. His mind was always clear and always doing the right thing. The intelligence of Jesus was the intelligence of right thinking on all subjects.

(2) The need of intellectual strength on the part of Jesus' disciples. In the first place, there is need of intellectual strength to study and interpret aright the great truths of revelation. Even Paul's mind was not great enough to sound the depths of the Gospel. The subjects that centre about the Cross of Christ tax the powers of the most gifted intellects. The Christian needs to be able to state the teachings of Jesus with accuracy and clearness. In this connection the Christians in our Sunday Schools need to be able to understand and teach with intelligence and lucidity the Bible as a text-book. Here is where being good is not enough to qualify a teacher. A man might be very good and agreeable, but if he did not know Latin from Hebrew, he would not be the man to teach Latin in school. And a disciple of Christ might be very devout, but if he did not study the Bible and understand its teachings he would not be the proper person to teach the Bible. There never was greater need than right now, that Christians be able to state clearly and intelligently the reasons for their faith. And the Christian faith is not a shallow but a profound thing. Christianity needs brains on the part of its followers in order to exhibit its greatest glory.

Then again, the Christian needs intellectual strength to meet the problems of social life that await solution. It is useless for us to attempt to evade the fact that some of the most serious, we might even say all of the great questions of the age wait for the action of Christian people. The question of temperance legislation and settlements between employers and employed, the question of foreign population and race difficulties, and municipal reform, all depend upon the action of Christian people. And here is where the largest possible intelligence is needed. These questions call for the wisest leadership. It is not enough to be good; men must be wise, also, in order to shape the policy of a Christian nation. The enemy has brains. There is plenty of shrewdness and intelligence among the whisky men, the political bosses, the enemies of Christian order. An inferior sort of intelligence will not answer. We need strong, able, profound men intellectually in Congress and State legislatures and in city councils. The Christian is not fighting feeble opposition. He needs all his armor on. He needs to know as well as to believe. He needs to be able to beat Satan on his own ground.

"Finally be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might. Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

We are ready, now that we have considered the fact of Jesus' great intellectual strength and our own need of the same, to ask, How shall we increase our intelligence? What are some of the ways in which we may equip our minds and strengthen our faculties so as to be intellectually strong as Christians. It must be understood in what follows that I am not attempting to announce a set of cast-iron rules by which a person may become a great scholar or statesman or orator. But I am simply suggesting a variety of methods within reach of all of us by which we may help ourselves to strengthen the minds which God gave us to use to his honor. I mention, first, as one of the ways open to us to gain intellectual strength—

PASTOR SHELDON'S CHURCH AT TOPEKA, KANS.

1. A right use of reading. In the beginning, I firmly believe that the foundation of every young man's or woman's reading should rest on solid structure of familiarity of the great books of the world. A good deal depends upon this. The formation of habits of right thinking, and writing and speech, may be traced to a knowledge of the great fountains of thought and expression. Foremost among the great books of the world I would place the Bible. Not because I am a minister, but because I am a man. Charles Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, in an address on qualifications for success in newspaper work, placed the Bible first, as necessary to a correct and thorough knowledge of English, and said "every reporter and newspaper worker ought to read it and know it, for its style and variety." The Bible, is the first and best, and most necessary book in the world. It stands at the head of any true list of the world's great books. But there are other great books we ought to know. Shakespeare's works, not all of them, but some, may truly be counted foundation stones in the structure of good reading. Plays like "King Lear," and "Macbeth," and "Richard the Third," and "Othello," contain so much that is a part of the fibre of humanity, that we ought to know them. Shakespeare needs to be read with discrimination. Some of the plays attributed to him, bound up in his complete works, are not helpful. I would not advise any young reader to sit down to the reading of all he could find in such a volume. But Shakespeare as a part of our English tongue and thought, is foundation matter in reading.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and poems, easily claims a large place in the groundwork of reading for all young life; as well as Victor Hugo's masterpiece, *Les Miserables*, which is a world in itself, and when read with the love of God and man in the heart, is almost an education in itself. Translations of *Faust*, and the *Divina Commedia* are to be had, so that they can be read by those who cannot translate the originals for themselves. I do not mean to be understood as saying that every reader ought to go through these great works, word for word; but I mean that, as a good solid basis for future reading, it is almost necessary to know something of the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Victor Hugo, Goethe, Dante, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Whittier, and the like. The master minds in literature are easily determined by their revelation of humanity; and whatever else we read, or do not read, we ought to know at least the greatest minds, as those minds have gone into the printed page.

What of present-day books? Supposing we have drunk deep draughts from the fountain sources of good thought, what shall we read of the vast amount of printed matter to be found to-day?

Shall we read the newspapers? By all means. But with discrimination and judgment. In my opinion, it would be a very great damage to any young man's or woman's mind, for example, to read every week some of the great metropolitan dailies, especially Sunday editions. I am expressing myself plainly, because of need of practical illustrations. The reading of such newspapers, with their accompanying horrible (in many cases indecent), pictures, cannot but be productive of evil results on the mind. A person who has any desire for intellectual strength, cannot read such a mass of all sorts of "stuff" (there is no other word to use by which to characterize this Sunday paper-writing), without weakening his mind and soiling his thought. The news of the world, information that adds something to our real stock of knowledge, whatever will strengthen and purify our minds, that is what we have the right to demand from the press. And it has no right to give the public anything that will harm or debase the reader. We need to learn the careful reader's habit of choice or discrimination, and read only that matter in the papers that will be of service to us, avoiding the prize fights and the long detailed accounts of crime and scandal that fill many of our newspapers, which seem like great sewers, bearing pollution and disease and death out of the cesspools of the world right into Christian homes, and saturating with their reeking filth the meal-time, the conversation of the family, and even the hour of family devotion on Sunday morning. Let the Christian young people of this country protest with indignation against the besotted "enterprise" of the modern newspaper (in too many instances) where it outrages every sense of refinement and intellectual strength of purpose by catering to what it calls the "public demand." And let us insist upon a higher, purer, more Christian standard of newspaper matter and manner. There never was a wider field open to the brave intelligence of modern times than is open to-day in journalism. There never was a field where power and enthusiasm could do either more harm or good.

What of the magazines? Their name is legion. Read only the best. The money that a good many young people spend for chewing gum in a year would put into their hands half a dozen of the best magazines. It is astonishing what can be bought for ten cents. A large number of these magazines very often contain the very latest and best articles in science or discovery, or art, written by good, vigorous, capable men and women. Many a boy and girl in this city is spending foolishly for candy, or some other physical pleasure that is not necessary to happiness, enough money to subscribe to half a dozen magazines for a year. Many of them of a really high literary and artistic value? The cigars that boys often smoke would purchase a good beginning for a splendid magazine library. The cigars certainly do not add anything to the intellectual strength of the mind. In a great many cases they stupify and lower the stimulus of a first-rate intelligence. It seems

great pity that with such easy ways of helping ourselves in this age of cheap printing to an intelligent nowledge of the world's best literature, we should go ithout what we might have, and too often get what is ot necessary and even harmful. I know workingmen who do not take anything to read but one daily paper. They will not subscribe to a magazine on account of the xpense. Yet they smoke away half a dozen good maga ines every year in a dirty pipe. There are young men who think it is paying out a good deal to give $2 or $3 or a year's subscription to a respectable and very inter sting monthly, who have on their tables boxes of tobacco hat cost twice as much.

The Religious Weekly

There are Christian families, too, where the daily apers constitute all the reading matter for the entire amily. No religious or Christian weekly paper is ever aken. And often it is thought to be too much expense. et in most cases a wise saving of unnecessaries would ut at least one good journal besides the daily into the ome. Intellectual strength certainly must feed upon omething stronger and better than a daily paper. A oy or girl brought up on daily paper, and not much of nything else, will be lacking the stimulus which always omes from a knowledge of the best writers of modern ife. By all means, my friends, let us be something nore than newspaper, or even magazine, readers. I don't hink there is much difficulty in telling what is whole ome in the printed matter of the day. What we vant when we read may be instruction, recreation, nspiration; but in all cases it must be pure, strong, well written, helpful, leaving the mind better, and giving it larger, more useful power.

What about modern fiction? Shall we read it? By all means. It is an age of story-telling, and much of it s beautifully done. Such books as *Beside the Bonny Briar Bush*, and *Little Rivers*, and *The Stickit Minister*, and *A Window in Thrums*, and *Jack the Fisherman*, and *The Bird's Christmas Carol*, and *The Story of Patsy and Titus*, and others like them, are stories that have added to the tenderness and love and thoughtfulness of the world. Nowhere, as in the reading of genuine stories, do our minds obtain such lasting impressions. Jesus taught, very often using the story form. The Prodigal Son, The Rich Man and Lazarus, The Marriage Feast, The Wise and Foolish Virgins, are all brief stories that are told to make impressive and vivid the great truths at their centre. Hall Caine's novels all deal with some great truth of life, notably the truth of retribution. *The Christian* and *The Manxman* will live in the lives of thousands long after *Trilby* has been forgotten, like some popular Bowery tune that, with its catchy rattle and jingle, is whistled by a bootblack for a week only to be succeeded by the next jingle. Here is where the reader who is reading the best books will learn to judge aright of their value. It is true that certain books appeal peculiarly to certain minds. But the really great and good books of any age contain something of value and interest to all healthy minds alike. And

The Test of Modern Fiction

may be found in this. Does the reading of this story leave me purer, stronger, more interested in the world, with wider, nobler ambitions, with more love for human kind, with higher aspirations for daily toil. That is not too severe a test to apply to our reading of modern fiction. I believe a book that does not answer such a test as that will in time cease to be of any real value to a healthy intellect.

But in the world of books we cannot linger too long in one thought of what will make us stronger men and women intellectually. Only, as we leave this point, just this word. Read the best, and read a great deal. But read with thought and judgment and a definite purpose. Life is too short here and too long hereafter to spoil it with pouring through the mind the silly, weak, foolish, harmful little sentimental love stories that flood the market, and too often drown out the rich life of the boy or girl who gets caught in its whirl. It is right and wholesome to read love stories, and people will write them and others will read them as long as intelligence and printing presses endure. But read the best, the strongest, the purest. For there are such. Bacon says that "Reading maketh a full man." But there is a great difference between a bag bulging out with dirty rags and a bag that is bulging with gold nuggets. If you fill your mind fill it with the golden thought of both past and present.

2. Another help to intellectual strength is writing. I don't mean keeping a diary and putting in it an account of your feelings. I wonder if any boy or girl does that nowadays. I do not know of any. Yet even that kind of writing has its value, and many of the useful strong minds of the world have kept such journals and owed much to the habit of expressing themselves in writing even when it was not intended for the public eye. But I mean writing as if you meant it for publication. Nothing is quite so stimulating to a healthful mind as writing out one's thoughts in a readable form. Sometimes you hear authors talking as if the main object of writing was to appear in print and get large sums for articles. Whereas the intellectual delight of constructing an article, an essay, or a story may be one of the purest joys a young man or woman ever knows.

Rules for Conversation

3. Another help to intellectual strength, is public speech. Under this head I would place conversation. Good talkers are rare. The habit of cultivating conversation, is a habit stimulating and strengthening to the mind. It is astonishing how small is the range of subjects most of us possess. What has been called the art of conversation is very little studied. It really belongs to the arts that please, for good conversation is an unselfish attempt to be agreeable, put others at ease, as well as enlarge the sweep of one's own gifts. But the practice of public speech for the purpose of persuading people, or informing them, or even entertaining them, is a practice full of intellectual strength. The members of the Endeavor Society have a splendid opportunity here to help themselves to a power which may prove to be of untold value in after life. There are certain good rules to obey in public speech which we do well to remember. First, have something to say. This is absolutely necessary. Second, say it because you believe it and want others to believe it with you. And third, after saying it, stop. As in writing, almost the entire value to the strength of the mind in speaking consists in the fact that one has a real message to deliver to an audience. I know of nothing quite equal to the joy of looking humanity in the face, and giving it a message that burns to be spoken because the speaker is not able to keep silent over a truth which he wants the world to feel with him. And such a joy always carries with it an intellectual growth. The mind of man never rose to higher levels of thought or feeling than when exercising itself in the divine exercise of persuading humanity to a higher life.

4. Another aid to intellectual strength is good companionship. If it is true that "a man is known by the company he keeps," it certainly is true that the intellectual vigor of any person is increased by the best companionship. An athlete never learns to excel in any sport until he contends with either his equals or his superiors. It is good to hear the best lecturers and orators, to meet as many noble people as you possibly can in a lifetime. And the choice of friends, which is often a voluntary choice with young men and women, is something which may influence all the after life.

In the great companionship of man and wife, the man should be careful to see something besides fine clothes and society manners. We are all more or less dependent on our surroundings for our growth and it stands to reason that the difference between success and failure between happiness and bitterness lies in the friends and companions who are to be so much to us in the way of daily influence. Strong minds always energize others who are in sympathy. Put great men in one another's company and they will become still greater. More than half the real value of a college course consists in the companionship of students who are an inspiration to one another. In the classroom, in the debating society, in the contests, at the contact of mind with mind that gives added strength to all. One of the great sources of intellectual growth is

Friendship with Strength

The close companionship of fishermen and day laborers with the Master mind of the universe brought an uneducated group of men into a knowledge of life and an ability to grasp the greatest truths of the universe. Such mastery came to them through their personal knowledge of Jesus, and so far as we can see could have come to them in no other way.

We have not attempted to touch on all the ways of gaining intellectual strength. The reading, the writing, the speaking, the friendship are but a few ways of making up the fullgrown man. Healthful study in all the great lives of research and thought which have lasted men's busy minds all through the ages will always strengthen the mind of the Christian. But after we have named all the possible ways in which men may add to his intellectual strength we must add the continual habit of right thinking. Right thinking always puts God at the head of the universe, and always considers the Kingdom of God first in all affairs. "The fear of the Lord is wisdom and the knowledge of God is understanding." Intellectual strength is not simply knowing things. It is thinking right on all that fill the world of a loving God. And the Christian, of all men, is one who rises into the fullgrown man as he rises into the thought of loving his Father with all his mind. The man who thinks right loves God. And the man who loves God is intellectually a giant, no matter how little he may know of some things. Let us strengthen our intellects by all the means in our reach. They are all divinely given us to use. But let us remember that after we have done all

The Object of It All

is to love God with all our mind. The Christian is the strongest man intellectually because Christ was the greatest mind of the world. And he was the greatest mind because all his intellectual powers were obedient to one law—it was the law of love to the Father.

What can we do better than to close with Paul's thought of what constitutes human wisdom. These words may well stand for all young life as the key to all intellectual strength. "For the word of the Cross is to them that are perishing, foolishness; but unto us who are being saved it is the power of God. For it is written I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and the prudence of the prudent will I reject. Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? For seeing that in the wisdom of God the world through its wisdom knew not God, it was God's good pleasure through the foolishness of the preaching to save them that believe. Seeing that Jews ask for signs and Greeks seek after wisdom [*i. e.*, human knowledge]: but we preach Christ crucified unto the Jews a stumbling block and unto Gentiles foolishness; but unto them that are called both Jews and Greeks Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

The intellect that does not love God as the supremest limit of its exercise is foolish. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind."

CUTTING WHEAT WITH A HEADER IN WOODS COUNTY

A HERD OF CATTLE ON AN OKLAHOMA STOCK FARM

OUR NEW CLAIMANT FOR STATEHOOD

Continued from Page 727

a great deal after the harvest in early July. A novel mountain industry is raising pure-bred Angora goats for the market. Herds of these goats may be seen on the mountain sides.

Ranching in Oklahoma has changed greatly, and while the herds number about 1,000,000 head this year, there are no vast ranges as of old. Each farmer raises from fifty to two hundred steers, and fattens them on the forage he grows, and sells them at a net profit of fifty per cent. Farmers are rapidly tearing away the old shacks that were their homes in pioneer times, and new modern frame dwellings are seen all over the territory. In the towns, one sees many neat houses, some of brick and stone, that would do credit to any Eastern city. Quanah Parker, a chief of the Comanche Indians, living near Lawton, has a home containing fifteen rooms, water-works and steam heating. Many small orchards have already commenced to bear. In old Oklahoma—the first portion of the territory opened—there are thousands of acres of apples, pears, peaches and grapes. Watermelons are raised and shipped out by the carload from Guthrie, the capital. Peanuts and canteloups are a special crop in Lincoln county, and one farmer near Ingalls raised 350 acres of watermelons this year for the seeds. The day of the "bad man" and the outlaws has passed away in Oklahoma. "Bad" Indians, too, have disappeared, and the great territory, lately an unknown land, is rapidly becoming one of the prosperous garden spots of our land.

WILLIAM R. DRAPER.

It is the Black Belt's Best Hope

IN the "Black Belt," of Georgia, is found the largest colored population of any section of the Union. The negro population of Georgia is 1,043,813, which is larger than the aggregate negro population of all the Northern States. In the seacoast counties of Georgia is found the largest proportion of negroes to whites. This is the "Black Belt," and here is situated the Georgia State Industrial College, five miles from Savannah, the only city in Georgia having over half its population negroes. For almost thirty years after the Emancipation Proclamation, there was no industrial or normal school in this section.

PROF. R. R. WRIGHT

Established in 1891, the Georgia State Industrial College opened with only eight students. It grew rapidly, and soon had to limit the number of students, because of lack of accommodations. At present it has 534 students, but last year it refused admission to more than a hundred. Notwithstanding the fact that in this Black Belt the women outnumber the men, there is no adequate provision for girls in this institution. They were excluded for many years, and in the past four years have been admitted simply as day students.

In this unique Black Belt College, instruction is given in carpentry, blacksmithing, wheel-wrighting, painting, sign-writing, glazing, bricklaying, plastering, shoemaking, tailoring, dairying, mechanical drawing, farming and gardening, all for boys. The aim is to educate the negro to be a good, self-supporting citizen. The college has already sent out a number of mechanics and farmers throughout Georgia and adjoining States. Among its graduates are a wheelwright and blacksmith in Albany, a carpenter and contractor in Savannah, a coach painter in St. Augustine, Fla., a bricklayer in De Witt, a blacksmith and a shoemaker in Jacksonville, Fla., a tailor in Girard, Ala., and another in Brunswick, Ga. One graduate teaches painting in the Florida State School, another recently superintended the construction of a brick building costing $18,000. On the college campus, three residences have been built by the students themselves, also an auditorium seating a thousand persons, and a two-story industrial building. From all over the district in which the school is located, work constantly comes in, giving the students practical training, and offering admirable opportunities for self-help. Much work is done by senior students under personal contract, and this has extended from the building of shelves for books to the erection of a neat village church and parsonage.

For the limited number of girls who obtain admission under the present straitened circumstances, training in dairying, dressmaking and plain sewing is given. Every student is expected to learn a trade, so that he may be able to support himself, and thus be of positive use to the community and the State.

The college now finds the need of two other industrial departments—cooking and laundering. In the South, fully nine-tenths of the cooking, and practically all of the laundering is done by the negroes. The old Southern cook became famous many years ago, and now the complaint is often heard that as these old mothers or fathers of ante-bellum training pass away, no one arises to take their place. It is for this reason that President Wright is anxious to add these departments. As the number of students increases this demand becomes more imperative.

Besides its industrial branches, the Georgia College also has a literary course, and from its normal department have graduated about a hundred young men and women, who, with few exceptions, are now teaching in the common schools of Georgia, striving to uplift their fellows. Others are in business and a few are in the pulpit. The whole tone of the college is religious, but not sectarian. Since its establishment there has been but one student to graduate who was not a Christian.

President R. R. Wright, the head of the Industrial College, is now in New York, endeavoring to raise funds to enlarge and better equip the work, so that it may in a greater measure meet the demands of the negroes of Southeast Georgia, who are practically confined to this one institution.

Dr. Wright is endorsed by many of the leading men of his own and other States, including the present and two former Governors of Georgia, Mr. George Foster Peabody of New York and others, besides many prominent advocates of negro education throughout the country. Any reader of this journal who desires to aid this most deserving cause or to secure further information on the subject, should address President Wright, Georgia State Industrial College, Savannah, Ga., who will reply to all inquiries and acknowledge all contributions.

COLORED STUDENTS BUILDING THEIR OWN SCHOOLHOUSE

GIDEONS IN CONVENTION

THE fourth annual Convention of the Gideons was held in Indianapolis recently, and was largely attended. As the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD already know, the Gideons are Christian "commercial travelers." The only conditions of membership are that each must be a member of some regular orthodox church, wear the emblematic Gideon button, and pay a nominal membership fee. The object of the Order is purely philanthropic and may be expressed in a few words: influence all for righteousness, scatter seeds of kindness, and assist fellow-traveling men to lives of honesty, purity and love.

Delegates were present at the Convention from nearly every State in the Union, many coming thousands of miles. The Chicago delegation chartered a special car, and instead of the trip being monopolized by "drummers' yarns," song services were held, and a number of stirring speeches wrought the fellowship and kindred feelings to the highest pitch.

The first day's session was devoted to business, closing in the evening with a song, prayer and thanksgiving service for Gideons and the auxiliary (Gideons' wives and families only). This service was full of power, there being from six to ten on their feet at a time, all waiting to speak for Christ.

Next day reports were received from the secretary, treasurer, publisher, auditing committee, field workers in different States and Territories and national superintendents. President F. A. Garlick, of Chicago, delivered the annual address, the revised constitution was adopted and the annual election held.

Evening sessions were held in the Roberts Park M. E. Church. One feature of these was the "Gideon" social. Each Gideon was allowed half a minute to testify. Not a second was wasted, large numbers standing awaiting their turn. On Sunday, practically all the pulpits of the Protestant churches of Indianapolis were thrown open to the Gideons, who delivered talks and addresses that were well received, and clearly demonstrated that the grace of God in the heart "will enable a commercial traveler to hold his position, his customers and his audience as well." In all fifty-eight pulpits were filled and a number of missions and street meetings supplied with speakers.

The number taking voluntary part in these services exceeded any previous meeting. One man was so impressed that he said, "If Christian commercial travelers could enjoy such seasons of refreshing, I want to enlist in the Lord's work at once." Another said to one of the Gideons: "What is this? I have heard of commercial men being drummers, drunkards, and what not, but never have I seen a religious meeting of such power being conducted by traveling men. It is wonderful." The Gideon replied: "It is very easily explained—it is the grace of God in the heart that makes the difference."

The closing service in Indianapolis was held in Tomlinson Hall, and was a monster demonstration, nearly all the churches dispensing with their evening services so as to allow their people to attend. The vast audience listened with delight to the two sweet Gospel singers, Messrs. Louthain, of Chicago, and Card, of St. Louis, who had charmed every day of the Convention by their music. Two addresses of twenty minutes each by Gideons were followed by the charge to the new officers-elect, six trustees, president, vice-president and treasurer, and the president's address of acceptance. In the concluding service all Gideons and auxiliaries joined hands, forming a circle reaching all around the hall, and sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

The Convention adjourned to meet at Minneapolis in October, 1904.

A Mother's Gift

I have renewed my subscription so as to be able to present your precious Red-Letter Bible as a gift to an unconverted only son. This will be the third Red-Letter Bible I have had the privilege of presenting as gifts. I am thankful for the many good and precious benefits derived from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. M. L. Y.

New York.

The Red-Letter Bible, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, $3.

A Little Girl's Gift to Mont-Lawn

I am a little girl, ten years' old. My name is Lucille Pool. I live in the country, and have a big lawn to play on. I am going to send three dollars for one poor little girl to go to Mont-Lawn, and have a good time. I got fifty cents for being a good girl, for not whispering in school. I wear my old hat to Sunday School this summer, so I could get enough money to send one poor little girl to Mont-Lawn. Next year I will try to save enough money for two little girls. Please send me the little girl's name and I will write to her.

Upper Sandusky, O. LUCILLE POOL.

"THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES"

"ALTARS OF THE HIGH PLACE," PETRA

AN IDOLATROUS PILLAR AT PETRA

TRADITIONAL TOMB OF AARON

MY VISIT TO PETRA'S TEMPLES

By PROF. GEORGE L. ROBINSON, PH.D.

OUR journey of thirty-three days through the Peninsula of Sinai (fully described in previous articles), being successfully accomplished, my two companions tarried in Jerusalem while I made a trip of nineteen days to Petra. It required no little courage to start out again after the narrow escapes of the desert, and especially to do so alone, through what is known to be the most dangerous portion of the East. Nevertheless, something impelled me to make the attempt. No one of the native dragomans available at the time was willing to escort me; but fortunately the Rev. Archibald Forder of Jerusalem, who had formerly labored as a missionary seven years in Moab, consented to go along, provided that I would adapt myself to the native mode of travel, leave all unnecessary equipment behind, and throw myself with him upon the hospitality of the Arabs. I consented, and we hastily made the few necessary preparations for the journey and were off.

. . . .

We left Jerusalem at half-past one o'clock, April 24, 1900, crossed the Kedron, passed around the brow of the Mount of Olives, and followed the newly built carriage road down to Jericho. There we spent the night in the modest but comfortable "Jordan Hotel." The next morning we bade farewell to the last vestige of civilization, crossed the Jordan by the bridge a short distance above the fords, turned southeast across the plain of Shittim, and began the ascent of Pisgah's slopes in the direction of Mount Nebo. At five o'clock we were near the summit, from which Moses viewed the Promised Land, and an hour later we had arrived at Medeba, a place mentioned five times in the Old Testament (cf. Num. 21:30, Josh. 13:9, 16, I. Chron. 19:17, Isa. 15:2). This city has recently become famous because of the discovery, in 1895, of a large and richly colored mosaic map of Egypt, Sinai, Palestine and Mesopotamia, which is thought to date from as early as the fifth century, A. D. We were housed by a good Christian man, belonging to the Greek orthodox faith, named Khalil, who did everything within his power to make us comfortable, but, unfortunately for us, his house was alive with insects, and we slept but little.

The next day we struck out in an easterly direction across the Haji, or Pilgrim's route, from Damascus to Mecca, in order to visit a most beautiful, but only partially completed palace at Mashita, which was probably built by some Persian prince after the time of Mohammed. Its architecture is unique, resembling that of the Alhambra in Spain. Mashita is situated about four hours' distance from Medeba. En route we saw an admirable illustration of Joel's vision of the locusts. Swarms had settled down by the millions upon the standing grain. The Fellaheen of Moab were out trying to drive them away, but their efforts were futile. When we came back an immense flock of storks had gathered, and were eagerly devouring the pest. The Arabs call the stork Abu Hasad, or "Father of the Harvest," and so they are.

A second and almost sleepless night was spent at the home of Khalil, and the following morning we set out in a southerly direction from Medeba toward the Arnon. This is one of the deepest and broadest and grandest watercourses in all Palestine. "Few boundary lines," says Canon Tristram in his *Land of Moab* (p. 125), "are more clearly laid down than that of the Arnon dividing Reuben and Moab" (Num. 21:26). Luxuriant oleanders grow in rich profusion along the stream, while the stream itself is literally alive with fish. We passed the night in the open upon its right bank, and slept unmolested by insects or robbers.

Another day brought us across the rich, high table-land of Moab to Kerak, its capital city—the ancient Kir of Scripture. This city is most admirably situated for self-defense, being surrounded practically on every side by a deep wady, or valley, the only neck of land which connects it with the neighboring hills being artificially intercepted by a deep and impassable moat. Two well-preserved castles, dating from the period of the Crusades, stand at opposite ends of the city. The three original tunnel entrances, which were cut through the mother rock and used in ancient times as the only means of approach, are still employed by the inhabitants as entrances to the city. We spent a Sabbath at Kerak and attended Divine service at the Church of England mission.

Through the tact of Mr. Forder and the kindness of his Turkish friend, the Pasha of Damascus, who had sent official advice to the Kaimakam, or Governor, of Kerak, we were supplied with two Ottoman soldiers, who were commanded to escort us on our journey through the dangerous region of Edom. These soldiers were an immense satisfaction, as they protected us against the ruthless Arabs of Petra, who usually plunder all those who venture to visit their district. We even escaped blackmail, and were permitted to stay at Petra as long as we chose.

Leaving Kerak, the first day brought us across the brook Zered to Tafile, or Tophel of Deut. 1:1. On the second, we passed near Bozrah, and were reminded of that familiar passage in Isa. 63:1, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" That night we slept in the valley below Shobek, a little walled city perched on a hill-top and reminding one of an Arab fez. Another good half-day's traveling brought us to the Rock City of Petra, the capital of the sons of Esau, the depressed rock fortress of Mount Seir.

There is but one Petra. The Arabs call it Wady Musa, or "Valley of Moses," because of its supposed associations with the great Sheikh of the Exodus. A little stream of water flows down through the valley, having cut for itself a deep gorge, called the Sik, which is the remarkable natural feature of the place. This gorge provides the only easy approach to Petra. It is over a mile long, bounded symmetrically on both sides by almost perpendicular rocks of the most exquisite coloring, from one to two hundred feet high, which, at certain points, are scarcely more than twelve feet apart.

On coming out into the open depression where the city is situated, which is about three quarters of a mile long from north to south, by a quarter of a mile broad from east to west, the first object to greet the eye is the famous Khuzneh, or Temple of the Muses, which is cut out of the deep rose and chocolate colored rocks, and stands about seventy-five feet high from the ground to the urn which adorns its apex. A little farther down the Wady, after passing many curiously carved porticos to rock dwellings and tomb-like caverns, there is an immense theatre with thirty-three tiers of seats and capable of accommodating at least three thousand spectators. The valley at this point begins to broaden.

In a few minutes the whole depression is visible, its sandy bottom scattered here and there with the ruins of an ancient palace, a church, a triumphal arch, bridges and temples. About one mile northwest of these and situated considerably higher up, there is the so-called Deir, or monastery, rock hewn, from the roof of which it is possible to obtain a good view of Jebel Haroun, or Mount Hor, three miles to the southwest, the traditional burial place of Aaron, the high priest. The entire depression, bounded by honeycombed rocks of red and pink sandstone towering from two to six hundred feet above the valley, was strangely weird, yet fascinating, for here once lived the Troglodytes or cave dwellers of Edom, the sons of Esau, against whom Isaiah, Jeremiah and Obadiah directed so many prophetic warnings.

Before leaving Petra it was our good fortune to make a discovery. On the top of one of the highest peaks surrounding the city, we found what seems to have been the principal "high place" or sanctuary of the Sons of Esau. It consists of a court lying on the points of the compass, 47 x 20 feet in size, cut out of the solid rock: two altars: a pool or laver of purification: a rock-cut stairway as an approach, and two pillars—all in a most perfect state of preservation, and confirming the only two hints which the Old Testament give us of Edom's religious practices, viz., that they worshiped more than one God (cf. I. Kings 11:1, II. Chron. 25:14,20). (For a fuller description of this discovery, see the *Biblical World* for January, 1901.)

On our return from Petra to Jerusalem we were disposed to cross the Arabah, or deep hollow which separates East Palestine from Palestine proper, at the south end of the Dead Sea. This was another hazardous undertaking, as here are situated the "slime pits" spoken of in the Bible. About thirty little rivulets empty themselves into the south end of the Dead Sea, whose beds are so soft and wary that it is next to impossible to cross them, especially for burdened animals. Donkeys have been known to sink so deeply into these mud pits that they could not be recovered, going down and never again coming up. It was only after several hours of hard experiences that we reached the Hebron side of the Arabah depression. We were devoutly thankful for our deliverance, but now appreciate better the Bible statements contained in Gen. 14, wherein we read of Chedorlaomer's victory over the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah, who fell in the slime pits of the vale of Siddim (see also Josh. 10:10-11, and II. Sam. 8:13, which records David's victory over 18,000 Syrians in the Valley of Salt, and II. Kings 14:7 in which Amaziah is reported to have slain 10,000 Edomites in the same valley.

THE CORINTHIAN TOMB AT PETRA KHALIL, OUR HOST "COURT OF THE HIGH PLACE"

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIÉ, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Expiration of Subscriptions.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Leaven of Righteousness

TOLSTOI, the old Russian cynic-philosopher, utters some wholesome, if bitter, truths concerning America. From certain indications, which he apparently accepts as infallible, he concludes that the great Western Republic is traveling fast on the road to disruption. His pessimism will permit him to discover little hope in any direction for the future of this country.

Tolstoi judges us from what he reads about us, and from what he learns by contact with Americans traveling in Europe. This sort of knowledge really conveys no reliable basis. It tells little or nothing of Americans as a people; nor does it afford the observer sufficient ground to form an intelligent idea of the mind of the great body of American citizens, who, in the last resort, are the real ruling power in this nation, and who, if they will, can sweep away all obstacles that may stand in the way of national progress. It is doubtful if any outsider, who has never lived here, can understand the intense love of our people for the Republic, and their devotion to the principles upon which it was founded. This patriotism does not decline with the passing generations. Education fosters the love of liberty, and there is no better safeguard against tyranny than an educated and patriotic common people.

It is pointed out by those European critics, that the fact that we have no distinctive national art, or music, or literature, is corroborative evidence of national decline. If we may judge from the history of other nations, it indicates the reverse. We simply have not reached that stage of development. In the coming years, when we are nearer to commercial and industrial maturity, the love of art and culture will find opportunity for growth and expansion. In other lands these have arisen only through centuries of slow and assiduous cultivation.

We must look in another direction to find the real dangers to the republic. Among these are the prevalence of official corruption in State and nation; the growth of an aristocracy of the "idle rich," living lives of shallowness and folly; the increase of the drink traffic among both sexes and all conditions of society, and the characteristic extravagance of people of all classes, which impels them to a mad scramble for money to supply the reckless waste. But we do not regard as justifiable, in any sense, the charge that the American people, as a nation, are worshipers of the golden Moloch, the money-god, whose service demands the sacrifice of much that is noble in national and individual character. There is, fortunately, a very large proportion of Americans who have never "bowed the knee" to mammon-worship—a vast contingent of well-doers, who live clean, honorable, simple, helpful lives, and who are full of quick sympathy for others. We speak of what we and many others know, when we say that there is in this land, a great host of God's true people, who stand ever ready to do his will.

This is the "leaven of righteousness" that will save the nation, and through whose influence, under the Divine blessing, the ultimate reformation in national character will yet be accomplished.

Reverence for Man

THE most careless of us is apt to be impressed by magnitude and rarity. When we see the great vine at Hampton Court, and begin to take count of its innumerable clusters; or that great rose-tree in Holland, which has been known to bear six thousand roses in one season, we say, "how wonderful it is!" and make memorandum of it in our note-book. In the same way we pick out some soldier or statesman, or philanthropist, some author or musician, and salute his name with astonishment and admiration. It is an easy thing to persuade ourselves that we have a real reverence for man when we select our man, and take care to select only the rare and noble products of the race. But Christ's reverence for man was not confined to picked specimens, he reverenced the common man.

Have we learned that lesson? Do we look upon the man or woman who serves us, and instead of calculating how much labor the human machine can be made to do for us, at how low a price, do we begin to think of the divine image that confronts us there? Do we not too often permit ourselves to think with indifference, almost with contempt, of lowly men and women, just as most people think of lowly flowers, and so miss altogether the divine miracle that is visible in the commonest human creature?

Let us be sure of this—contempt for man, cynical distrust and indifference towards men because they are lowly and common, is the sin that Christ finds it hardest to forgive. It is the sin that is most hostile to his spirit. And there will be no real salvation for society in the building up of a juster and better world, no real coming of the Kingdom of God on earth, till we learn reverence for man as man, and see, as Christ saw, in extremest lowliness and commonest life the elements of possible divinity and glory.

Keep the Body Under

IF any man feels that in any direction the low, the animal of his nature is beginning to lift itself up against the intellectual and the moral, there is but one thing for him to do: Let him at once, by all that he holds dear in the prospects of earth and the hopes of heaven, gather up his strength—in the strength of God—and crush it.

Let him be man enough to prove the meaning of that wonder-working word, "I will."

What an inspiring story that is which is told of Alfieri, the founder of Italian tragedy. When his literary ambition was effectually aroused, the greatest obstacle to progress was a worthless companion. Such was the sorcery of this man's society that books and vows withstood in vain, and scholarship, patriotism, literary distinction would all have been ignobly forfeited, had it not been for the iron will which a noble incentive supplied. He had himself chained to his desk or chair, and with his hair cropped so as to cut off any possible communion with the fashionable world, he pursued his studies. In a few weeks the frenzy was conquered. Hard was the fight, but it was the laurel crown.

"Keep the body under," a greater than Alfieri has taught us the word, and in the tongue which he employed it is one of the strongest terms borrowed from pugilistic combat. It means literally to smite under the eyes, to beat black and blue. Thus it was he treated his fleshly appetites, restraining them, crushing them down, bringing them into complete subjection to his higher will.

The wisdom of Siddartha is also heavenly wisdom:

Enter the path—
No pains like passions, no deceit like sense; far hath he gone whose feet
Treads down one fond offence.
Enter the path! There spring the healing streams,
Quenching all thirst; there bloom the immortal flowers,
Carpeting all the way with joy. There throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours.

Not by Might, Nor by Power

EVERYWHERE in this age of organization and machinery, the peril of the church is the temptation to "sacrifice unto their net and burn incense unto their drag"; to lose sight of the fact that nets are nothing and drags are nothing—weak and worthless as the shimmering webs woven over the grass on a dewy morning—if they be not cast in the power of the Spirit. The blessing of full and mighty spiritual life in churches and individuals, is not won by any amount of outward energy and activity, any number of great schemes and weighty influences.

Out in the East somewhere, a man was found beating a stone over a pool with another heavy stone. The missionary asked him what he was doing, and he said, "I am beating the water out of the stone;" and sure enough, in a little while, some water came. The missionary suspected there must be an intermittent spring under the stone. He engaged the man in conversation, and the pounding stopped, yet, in a little while, the water began to pour out without the pounding.

The water from the great fountain of God's love and strength will come welling up into our little pool, not by organized, aggressive efforts, but from hidden sources, through the springs of faith, and humble, loving submission to the impulses of the indwelling Spirit.

Interesting Specimen Testimonials

Dear Sirs:—I beg to inform you that I received the books in good condition on last Saturday, the 8th inst., and am well pleased.

Thanking you for such a grand set of works for so low a price, I am, Very respectfully yours,
Aug. 10, 1903. W. H. BOWMAN.

The *Encyclopedia* reached me safely, and I am pleased to add such a gem to my library. I have examined it thoroughly, and find it equal to some of the high-priced sets that sell for three times the cost of this set. G. W. SNYDER.
Aug. 16, 1903.

The *Encyclopedia* came to hand this day, and I have looked over Volume I. Am well pleased with it. I consider it a fine work and very cheap. Thank you.
Aug. 20, 1903. C. W. HINMAN.

Dear Friend:—I received the books yesterday, O. K. I cannot see for the life of me, how you can publish such books for the money you ask. Every family ought to have a set of the *Twentieth Century Encyclopedia*. They are printed from clear type, with fine engravings, and nicely bound, at a price so cheap that it places them in the reach of poor people. I would not take any sum of money for my set, if I could not get another. I thank you for your kindness in making the payments so that I am able to enjoy a set of these books of world wide knowledge. REV. A. LEWIS.

* * *

The Scholar, the Student, the Professional Man, the Banker, the Merchant, the Mechanic, the Laborer, the Housekeeper, the Mother, the Wife, require Twentieth Century information. The ideas of the last decade will not apply to-day. Things have changed, progress has been made, and an encyclopedia of the Nineteenth Century is as antiquated in the Twentieth as the summer's fashions of 1880 differ from those of 1903.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOK DEPARTMENT, Bible House, New York City.

AMID THE RUINS OF PETRA

See illustration on first page of this issue

PROFESSOR ROBINSON'S article, which appears on another page, contains much that is interesting and instructive regarding Petra, the ancient templed city of the Land of Edom. Our first-page illustration presents a realistic scene from the same locality. A group of natives are resting near the ruins of what has in some long-past age been a triumphal arch. Among the relics of the arch lies a large stone, bearing a figure with expanded wings, which probably occupied a place on the arch. From the pilasters and the fragments scattered round, the whole structure seems to have been loaded with ornament. This profusion, and the character of the sculptured fronts, render it probable that the city was the object of considerable decoration by its Western masters, from the second century, when it first became a Roman province. But the Roman style was unfit to mingle with the original Petræan. Both were lavish of ornament; but the former was often lavish without luxuriance, and costly without grandeur. The latter, alike from the magnitude of its scale and scene, was never rich without being superb, nor simple without being sublime.

This extraordinary and once beautiful city has now as its only habitants the Fellaheen, or Arabs, who haunt its cliffs and chasms. The camel and wild goat graze there; the eagle soars above its colored pinnacles; partridges and pigeons wing the lower air; the note of the blackbird and many of the smaller songsters is heard; and in the season of flowers the sheltered chasms and the sides of the rocks are covered with bloom and filled with fragrance. But the inhabitants are the savage and the robber, and the superb civilization which once flourished there is gone forever.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST E. C. BOSWORTH writes that the series of meetings now being held in Rochester are largely attended and have been spiritually successful from the start.

—THE WAYSIDE MISSION of Providence, R. I., was founded and is conducted by Albert E. Vining. It has been the means of leading many wandering souls into the light. The Mission, which is at No. 7 College street, is supported by voluntary contributions.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Royalty in Ireland

WHEN the announcement was first made that King Edward proposed to visit Ireland, there were loud warnings and ominous predictions of danger. It was prophesied that he would be insulted, and that the long cherished hatred of English rule would find expression in a way that would be very unpleasant to His Majesty. All these predictions have been falsified by the result. The King not only visited the strongest Nationalist centres, but took the Queen with him, and both received the most cordial and enthusiastic welcome. The royal party landed at Kingstown, and thence proceeded to Dublin, where they were received by the Lord Lieutenant. After a series of receptions, at which dignitaries attended who had previously ostentatiously absented themselves from State functions, their Majesties visited points of historic interest in the Irish capital, not forgetting the hospitals. Thence, after a ride to various towns in the vicinity, they went to Belfast, where they were sure of a hearty reception; The city was full of enthusiasm, and presented loyal addresses, to which the King returned tactful answers. The route then took the visitors to Londonderry, and afterwards to Connemara; they visited Galway, Kenmare, and Derreen, and then sailed for Queenstown. The last place on the programme, and the most critical, was Cork. Contrary to expectation, the welcome of that city was hearty and cordial in the extreme. The Lord Mayor, himself presented a loyal address, to which the King replied that he "had gained a clearer insight into some conditions of Irish life than he possessed before, and hoped that his visit would be productive of practical benefit to the country." Here, as at other places, during his twelve days' stay in the country, the King referred to the Irish bill for the relief of the tenants, and expressed his earnest sympathy with its provisions, and his hope that it would bring about more prosperous times. It was noticed that the crowds in the cities which assembled to watch the procession, cheered heartily and spontaneously, and nowhere was there a single disloyal utterance. In the country districts the royal party had some strange experiences. Once or twice their carriage broke down on the rough roads, but the people good-humoredly came to the rescue, and showed genuine delight at the royal visit. In Connemara, on the road to Recess, there was a particularly stiff hill, and the horses, a poor and ill-matched team, had a difficulty in climbing it. The peasants seemed glad of the opportunity to show their good-will, and proudly pushed the vehicle to the top of the hill. They were much pleased with the thanks that both King and Queen uttered, for their help. The visit has evidently improved the relations between England and Ireland, and the King and his Irish subjects are on better terms than was ever anticipated. It certainly seems probable that what Coercion Bills and repressive legislation have failed to accomplish, may have been achieved by the kindliness and geniality that the King and Queen displayed during their visit, and so the prophet's recipe for popular discontent may be effective.

In mercy shall the throne be established (Isa. 16: 5).

IRISH PEASANTS HELPING KING EDWARD UPHILL IN CONNEMARA

Discovery of an Old Deed

A firm of attorneys in Baltimore, Md., has taken the preliminary steps to establish the claim of a client to fifteen thousand acres of rich coal land in West Virginia. The land is at present held by a railroad company, which has taken out enormous quantities of coal, but believes that a much larger quantity remains to be mined. The new claim to ownership developed unexpectedly. A citizen of Maryland, who died about a year ago, had always manifested a delight in speculation in mines. He had frequently been ridiculed by his family and friends for his purchases of this class of securities. Latterly, when he had invested in mining stock, he had said nothing about it, so that no one knew what his holdings were. After his death, his son, searching among the deeds in his safe, found the deed of transfer for the West Virginia mining lands. He was advised to consult a lawyer skilled in such claims, and to him he submitted the deed. It appears to be in regular order from 1795 when Governor Robert Brook had executed the transfer in the first instance. The subsequent transfers are recorded, and the lawyer avers that the present holders must have worked the mines without title. That assertion, of course, will be tested in the courts. If the son does establish his claim, it will be by acting on the deed he so strangely discovered among his father's papers. He was wiser than are some Christians who are familiar with the promises in their heavenly Father's word, but do not claim their fulfilment.

Ye have not because ye ask not (James 4: 2).

A Double Personality

The New York police made an arrest last week, which solves a mystery that has been puzzling them for four or five months. Houses of wealthy citizens on Fifth avenue and the cross streets, have been plundered by a skilful burglar, who left little trace of his work. He had been somewhat fastidious about his plunder. Silver plate or jewelry was his specialty, but failing that, he would take clothing if it was valuable and not too bulky. The houses chosen for his depredations belonged chiefly to persons who were out of town, and as neither doors nor windows had been forced, the fact that they had been entered was not discovered for some time. The solution of the puzzle came when a man was seen on the roof of a house, and was not caught until a bullet from a policeman's pistol struck his knee, and prevented his running farther. In the hospital, to which he was taken, he confessed that he had robbed over thirty houses. His plan had been to hire an expensive flat at the top of a fine house; thence he reached the roof and could pass to other roofs by means of a rope ladder, and descend by the scuttle. He always dressed well, and his rooms were well furnished. He had a well-selected and extensive library, the books of which showed marks of use, and many of them were classics. His manners and education made him a welcome guest in good families, and there was nothing in his bearing or conversation to excite suspicion. He declared that even his own wife had no idea that he was a burglar. In the daytime he was, to all appearance, a cultured and refined gentleman, and only at night did he show his real character. How strange that a man of education and refinement should be found robbing houses! It shows how incongruous are the two parts of human nature. Every man has in him the germs of both natures, and he needs the Holy Spirit's help for the development of the spiritual, otherwise the lower nature will master it.

For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other (Gal. 5: 17).

Singing Sands

The strange phenomenon of vocal sands observed at Manchester, Mass., and some other places in this country and in Europe, was the subject of a lecture given recently by Prof. J. H. Sears of the Peabody Academy of Sciences. He referred to the superstitious portents prevalent, which assigned weird meanings to the musical sounds given out at intervals by the sands of the coast at Manchester, and said that he had discovered the real cause. He had found it by a careful analysis of the sand. It showed, besides ordinary constituents, minute particles of tourmaline and zircon in addition to the quartz and feldspar which it contained. His theory is that the two minerals present hard points, from which their covering of quartz or feldspar has receded. As the sand settles under pressure of the foot, or from the wash of a wave, or even when the wind passes over it, these hard points grate on the particles of sand, their action causing in combination an audible tone, strong or faint according to the pressure. It is strange that music can come from such a source; but nature has more materials for making harmony than we suspect. It is more than probable that, as the poets say, there is a music of the spheres, and so the patriarch's conception may be an actual fact.

The morning stars sang together (Job 38: 7).

Money Sent Through Space

Passengers on the Cunard steamer *Campania* during her last voyage here, witnessed a remarkable evidence of the efficiency of the Marconi system of telegraphing. One of the passengers, a young man, was on board, coming over to meet his mother in New York. While waiting in Liverpool for the departure of the vessel, he had the misfortune to lose his money. He was greatly troubled about it, but consoled himself with the thought that when he reached New York his mother would supply his deficiencies. That hope, however, was taken away by a cable message he received from his mother just as he was going on board, saying that she had taken passage for England on the *Lucania*. He at first decided not to proceed, but having urgent business here, finally determined to make the voyage. During the voyage he spoke to some of the passengers of his pecuniary difficulty, and they advised him to apply to the Marconi operator on board. The situation of the *Lucania* was calculated as near as possible, and when it was supposed to be within telegraphing distance, a message was sent into space from the young man on the *Campania* to his mother on the *Lucania*. In a short time the operator received a message in reply from the operator on the *Lucania*, directing him to pay the young man forty dollars, which the operator had collected from his mother. Our fathers would have laughed to scorn a statement of this kind, but we know now that it may be true. If scoffers knew more of God's resources they would not be so incredulous when they are told that the prayers of his children reach his ears and bring them help in their troubles.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles (Ps. 34: 6).

BRIEF NOTES

A tent meeting of Seventh Day Adventists in Jersey City was compelled to abandon its services one night recently, for the entrance of a cloud of mosquitoes. Even the entrance of prayer lines failed to drive the pests out. After had an hour's struggle the meeting had to be closed.

The report of the Presbyterian Church furnished to the New York *Observer* by the Stated Clerk of the General Assembly, shows that the number of communicants added last year to the church rolls was 62,597. Deducting losses by death, removal, etc., the net increase was 22,130. The increase in the number of ministers was eighty seven.

English taxpayers who are refusing to pay the [illegible] tax levied under the new Education Act are [illegible] distrained. Bailiffs take possession of the [illegible] which are not intrinsically valuable but the loss of which will be [illegible] such as portraits, heirlooms, the [illegible] cases the populace denounces the outrage and goes [illegible] the sufferers.

A report of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S [illegible] support and education of five thousand [illegible] now ready, and will be mailed free to any [illegible] It contains letters from missionaries of all [illegible] and the progress of the orphans, [illegible] expense of readers of this journal. It is [illegible] the children of the orphans and some of the [illegible] and contains also a map of India, showing the location of the [illegible].

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A. B., Ridgeway, Ont. I see that the late Pope Leo was called "The Prisoner of the Vatican." Was he really a prisoner?

No, he could go out of his palace at any time, and the King of Italy assured him that he would be protected from harm or insult. The Pope, however, insisted that rightfully all Rome was under his sovereignty, and that the king had done a wicked thing in taking possession of the city. He reasoned that if he drove through Rome under the protection of the royal guards, he would be practically acknowledging the sovereignty of the king, and he resolved never to do that. So he remained within the walls surrounding the Vatican palace and called himself a prisoner. The only obstacle to his going out, was his own principles. So he was a voluntary prisoner.

S. E. M., Germantown, Pa. I have seen somewhere a statement that certain animals have been admitted into heaven. Do you know what the legend is?

You probably refer to a Mohammedan legend, which is the only one we know of relating to the subject. They were: Al Borak, the horse said to have carried the soul of Mohammed to heaven; the ram substituted for Isaac at the sacrifice; Balaam's ass; Jonah's whale; the sacred camel of Saleb; and an ox on which Moses rode from the burning bush. We are not sure that the list is complete.

F. B. L. Did God really give Job into the hands of Satan to be tempted?

Tempted is scarcely the word to use in that case. Job was tried or tested. The question was what his motive was in serving God. Satan with his natural doubt about any one having pure motives, asserted that Job served God only for what he gained by it, and that if his property was taken away from him, he would curse God. So Job was put to the proof, to see what he would do under trial, and whether he was really as disinterested as God believed him to be. The object of the author appears to have been to correct a false view of adversity, which view was prevalent in his time. People had the idea that severe calamities were punishments dealt out by God because of sin. When a man of good moral character, therefore, was in trouble, people suspected that he had sinned secretly, and that God was punishing him for it. It was often a cruel and unjust suspicion. In writing this description, the author evidently was trying to eradicate it. After reading such a book, a man who saw another in trouble, instead of despising him as a sinner, might say, "Perhaps he is being tried as Job was," and so might sympathize instead of blaming him. Our concern should be to learn the lesson the book was designed to teach, rather than to discuss the question whether it is history or parable, for that question cannot now be authoritatively answered.

Reader Chicago, Ill. Has any one finished the story of Edwin Drood, which Charles Dickens began but left uncompleted?

Several persons have attempted the task, but it was obviously impossible to do so satisfactorily, as Dickens left no memorandum of the way in which he intended to work out the plot. The only clue that could be obtained, was that he had instructed his artist to make a picture of Jasper in the condemned cell, from which we may infer that he intended to bring Jasper to trial for the murder of his nephew and have him executed. Probably the detective with white hair fastened the crime on him.

Inquirer, Hoboken, N. J. Is the Isthmus of Panama likely to be severed? If so, by what route?

There is no doubt that the work will be done eventually. It seemed probable, a few months ago, that the direct route through Colombia would be taken. Our Government came to agreement with the French Company, which has already done some of the work, and purchased the concession and the company's rights, subject to the possibility of making satisfactory arrangements with the Government of Colombia for American rights over the canal. Our ideas were embodied in a treaty with that Government, by which we covenanted to pay ten million dollars, for which sum we were to receive absolute control over the territory through which the canal would be cut. This treaty has been rejected by the Colombian Senate. It is now open to our Government to make a new treaty, or to open negotiations for the Nicaragua route. In view of the opposition of the Colombian people, the Nicaragua route will probably be chosen.

Reader, Madison, Wis. How does the temperature in the Antarctic regions compare with the Arctic?

The records now received from the expedition which went out on the *Discovery* show that the mercury seldom falls quite so low in the Antarctic as in the Arctic, but the cold is more continuous. Even at midsummer it does not often rise above freezing, while in the Arctic, it rises to a moderate warmth. Thus the average temperature in the Antarctic is lower than in the Arctic, though the extremes are not so great.

Student, Philadelphia, Pa. Is it true that our national escutcheon was designed by an Englishman?

Suggested not designed. The suggestion is said to have been made by Sir John Prestwitch, a famous student of heraldry, in a conversation with John Adams, while he was in England on a diplomatic mission. The conversation turned on the national coats-of-arms, and Sir John showed Adams a large sheet, on which he had drawn the escutcheons of every European nation. On Adams remarking that the United States had not adopted one, Sir John sat down and sketched an eagle, with a shield on its breast bearing thirteen stars and thirteen perpendicular bars, "How would that do?" he asked. Adams sent the sketch to the President, and it became the basis of the escutcheon subsequently adopted.

R. S. A., Topeka, Kans. What is the life plant to which reference is made in a book I have been reading? Is it a myth, if not, where does it grow?

There is a plant of that name in the West Indies. It appears, from description, to belong to the orchid species. If a sprig of it is hung up, it will grow and put forth tendrils though it may not touch soil. Botanists say that a specimen has actually grown after being fastened on a card in a herbarium.

Ellen R., Montclair, N. J. What is the cause of those peculiar antipathies to certain flowers, fruits and other things which certain people show?

They may be referable to certain nervous conditions, or to pre-natal causes. Medical science does not fully explain them. We have known some persons who were made sick by the taste of an orange; others who could not bear to eat chicken. Lusitanius, an old-time author, mentions a monk who fainted when ever he saw a rose, and one of Scaliger's relatives experienced the same sensation on seeing lilies. To some minds the sweetest music is discord. Hippocrates mentions a man who swooned on hearing a flute. We might multiply such instances from reliable sources, but they would not help to explain the mystery.

E. S. D. Can you give me the author and where I may find the following quotation? "In speaking of death the author says, 'My friend has retired to his room, while I remain to bury up the embers and then to follow.'"

Can any of our readers furnish the desired information?

C. I., Odin, Ill. 1. Can we come to Christ at any time we wish? 2. How can one become a Christian? 3. What constitutes a Christian? 4. Ought a Christian to join a church?

1. You can come to Christ now; but it would be in the last degree foolish to argue that any future time will do, and that it will be possible to come to him whenever you may wish. Many things may interfere. The disposition to come may wane. Sudden death or insanity or agonizing illness, that prevents the intelligent operation of the mind, may intervene. The only safe course is to use the present opportunity. 2. By putting yourself without reserve into Christ's hands; trusting implicitly in him to save you, and taking him for your teacher and king as well as your Saviour. 3. Having the mind and spirit of Christ. Giving yourself unreservedly into his keeping, and yielding yourself to the Holy Spirit's influence to be sanctified and rescued, not only from the commission of sin, but from the desire for it and the love of it. Trusting Christ, loving him, serving him, making him your model, and trying your utmost in his strength to lead others to Christ. 4. Yes, it is helpful to the Christian, and is the recognized way of confessing Christ before men, which is the Christian's duty.

A Reader, Kent, O. How ought a Christian to treat a man or woman, who has fallen from purity, and shows no signs of repentance?

The first and most important step is to endeavor to bring about repentance. The surest course is one of kindness. Such persons are generally hardened by any sign of contempt or aversion. They know they are outcasts—at least the women do—and put on a bold front, returning scorn with scorn. Talking kindly and seriously with such a person, generally produces a more tractable frame of mind. There should be no expression implying that the Christian condones the sin, or regards it in any way but with horror and loathing. But for the sinner there should be compassion, and help to a better life. There is usually a conviction on the part of the sinner, that restoration is impossible, and that frequently produces the feeling that it is useless to repent and reform. An important step has been gained when the sinner realizes that repentance will lead to forgiveness by God and man. Prayer must not be neglected. That is a most important agency. The Holy Spirit can melt the hardest heart, and can give the Christian the right words to use in dealing with this most difficult of all cases.

M. G., Madison, Ind. Is it right to allow children to play games of Bible Authors on the Lord's Day.

It is not an ideal employment. If the mother or father could tell Bible stories to the children, or interest them in some other way in religious truth, it would be better. Failing that, however, and remembering how dull the Lord's Day may become for a child, the game of Bible Authors might be introduced. It should be so conducted as to familiarize the child with the books of the Bible and their contents. It may tend to prevent associations being formed in the child's mind of Sunday as a day of intolerable boredom, which often clings to it in later life.

Miss M. M. B., Fairfield, Conn., writes:

Speaking of hoop snakes, I heard my father tell of a fearful experience he once had with one. It came directly across his pathway in the form of an immense hoop, coming very swiftly, raising its head as it rolled as high as his own, and as it passed him it struck him directly in the face. He was so terrified, that he did not know at the time whether it bit him or not; but as no serious consequences followed, he concluded it must have been only a blow.

E. C., Exeter, Can. Frances Willard died as she had lived, a true Christian.

The NORTHLAND GRATEFUL for Our BENEVOLENCE

Letters that Tell of the Deep Appreciation of America's Work for the Famine Sufferers in Finland, Norway and Sweden

Letter from the United States Minister at Stockholm, Hon. W. W. Thomas, to the Norwegian Cabinet Minister:

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
STOCKHOLM, July 14, 1903.

DEAR DR. IBSEN:—I am sure you will recollect when Dr. Klopsch was at Stockholm last spring, and made his magnificent gift of 100,000 crowns to the famine-stricken people of Northern Sweden, that I had the honor of suggesting that he should also give 20,000 crowns to the distressed people of Northern Norway, that Dr. Klopsch gladly complied with my suggestion, and presented the 20,000 crowns through your good self. Well, it seems now that I "builded better than I knew," for I have just received a letter from Dr. Klopsch, enclosing a check for a second sum of 20,000 crowns, pleasantly stating that he makes the check payable to my order, and sends it through me, because I first interested him in Norway, and requesting that I make over the check to you, "to be used by the Norwegian Ministry for the relief of distressed people in Norway."

I have the honor to enclose herewith the check for $5,360, the equivalent of 20,000 crowns, endorsed by me payable to your order.

Dr. Klopsch has now presented to the famine-stricken people of Northern Europe the following sums:

To Finland .....500,000 marks.
To Sweden.....100,000 crowns.
To Norway.....40,000 crowns.

When we reflect that these grand benefactions are not the gifts of millionaires, but the contributions of people of small means, that these large sums all come from the little savings of the 1,000,000 Americans who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, it seems to me that these noble gifts constitute an act of Christian benevolence, which, both in kind and amount, are, perhaps, without a parallel in history.

All honor to Dr. Klopsch, the little man with a great heart, who has organized and carried out this good and great work.

As for myself, I assure you it is one of the pleasantest incidents of my diplomatic career, that I have been instrumental, in ever so small a way, in causing a portion of the benevolence of my countrymen to be placed where it will relieve suffering in Norway, a country whose grand nature I admire, and whose heroic and warm-hearted people I have learned to respect and love. With sentiments of high personal esteem, I remain, my dear Dr. Ibsen, very sincerely yours, WILLIAM W. THOMAS,
American Minister to Sweden and Norway.
To the Norwegian Cabinet Minister,
DR. SIGURD IBSEN, *Christiania, Norway.*

Reply of the Norwegian Cabinet Minister, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, to the American Minister:

HOTEL WESTMINSTER,
KRISTIANIA, den 19 Juli, 1903.

HERR MINISTER:—Jeg har havt den ære at modtage den skrivelse af den 14 ds., hvormed De har havt den godhed at oversende mig en anvisning for $5,360, svarende til Kr. 20,000, med hvilket beløb dr. Klopsch nu for anden gang har betænkt de nödlidende i Norge.

Jeg behöver vel ikke at fremhäve, hvilket indtryk dette fornyede bevis på storartet godgjörenhed vil efterlade hertillands.

Jeg beder Dem på mine kollegers og egne vegne at bringe dr. Klopsch vor dybtfölte tak og samtidig selv at modtage udtrykket for vor erkjendtlighed for den andel, De har havt i denne sag.

Med udmärket höjagtelse er jeg, Herr Minister, Deres ärbödigst forbundne,
SIGURD IBSEN.

HERR AMERIKAUSKE MINISTER WILLIAM W. THOMAS, *Stockholm, Sweden*

[TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE LETTER]

HOTEL WESTMINSTER,
CHRISTIANIA, July 19, 1903.

MR MINISTER: I have had the honor to receive the letter of the 14th instant, in which you had the kindness to transmit to me a check for $5,360, corresponding to 20,000 crowns, with which sum Dr. Klopsch, now for the second time, has remembered the oistressed people of Norway.

I do not need to emphasize what an impression this renewed proof of grand benevolence will leave in this country.

I beg you, in the name of my colleagues and on my own behalf, to present to Dr. Klopsch our deep-felt gratitude, and at the same time to accept for yourself the expression of our recognition of the part you have had in this matter.

With great esteem, I am, Mr. Minister,
Yours, under much obligation,
SIGURD IBSEN.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER WILLIAM W THOMAS, *Stockholm, Sweden.*

Can you tell me where to find the following quotation? "Speaking of death the author says, 'My friend has retired to his room, while I remain to bury up the embers and then to follow.'"

Can any of our readers furnish the desired information?

C. I., Odin, Ill. 1. Can we come to Christ at any time we wish? 2. How can one become a Christian? 3. What constitutes a Christian? 4. Ought a Christian to join a church?

1. You can come to Christ now; but it would be in the last degree foolish to argue that any future time will do, and that it will be possible to come to him whenever you may wish. Many things may interfere. The disposition to come may wane. Sudden death or insanity or agonizing illness, that prevents the intelligent operation of the mind, may intervene. The only safe course is to use the present opportunity. 2. By putting yourself without reserve into Christ's hands; trusting implicitly in him to save you, and taking him for your teacher and king as well as your Saviour. 3. Having the mind and spirit of Christ. Giving yourself unreservedly into his keeping, and yielding yourself to the Holy Spirit's influence to be sanctified and rescued, not only from the commission of sin, but from the desire for it and the love of it. Trusting Christ, loving him, serving him, making him your model, and trying your utmost in his strength to lead others to Christ. 4. Yes, it is helpful to the Christian, and is the recognized way of confessing Christ before men, which is the Christian's duty.

A Reader, Kent, O. How ought a Christian to treat a man or woman, who has fallen from purity, and shows no signs of repentance?

The first and most important step is to endeavor to bring about repentance. The surest course is one of kindness. Such persons are generally hardened by any sign of contempt or aversion. They know they are outcasts—at least the women do—and put on a bold front, returning scorn with scorn. Talking kindly and seriously with such a person, generally produces a more tractable frame of mind. There should be no expression implying that the Christian condones the sin, or regards it in any way but with horror and loathing. But for the sinner there should be compassion, and help to a better life. There is usually a conviction on the part of the sinner, that restoration is impossible, and that frequently produces the feeling that it is useless to repent and reform. An important step has been gained when the sinner realizes that repentance will lead to forgiveness by God and man. Prayer must not be neglected. That is a most important agency. The Holy Spirit can melt the hardest heart, and can give the Christian the right words to use in dealing with this most difficult of all cases.

M. G., Madison, Ind. Is it right to allow children to play games of Bible Authors on the Lord's Day.

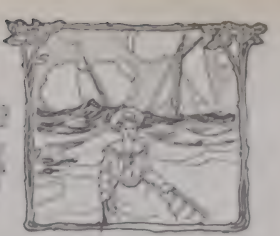
It is not an ideal employment. If the mother or father could tell Bible stories to the children, or interest them in some other way in religious truth, it would be better. Failing that, however, and remembering how dull the Lord's Day may become for a child, the game of Bible Authors might be introduced. It should be so conducted as to familiarize the child with the books of the Bible and their contents. It may tend to prevent associations being formed in the child's mind of Sunday as a day of intolerable boredom, which often clings to it in later life.

Miss M. M. B., Fairfield, Conn., writes:

Speaking of hoop snakes, I heard my father tell of a fearful experience he once had with one. It came directly across his pathway in the form of an immense hoop, coming very swiftly, raising its head as it rolled as high as his own, and as it passed him it struck him directly in the face. He was so terrified, that he did not know at the time whether it bit him or not; but as no serious consequences followed, he concluded it must have been only a blow.

E. C., Exeter, Can. Frances Willard died as she had lived, a true Christian.

Our Household Circle



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Trouble With Elvira

ELVIRA BENSON!"

"Yes, Aunty."

"You surely are not going out now. And why are you wearing your best gown in the iddle of the week, just to call on Milly Payne, whom ou see every day. Take it off directly and put on your nk muslin. That foulard will be all in a string before ou are a month older. I should think you could stay ome to-day, Elvira."

"But why, Aunt Tilda?"

"Oh, well, I don't like to see girls forever gadding. o use being in the street all the time. Is Milly Payne xpecting you?"

"She has a cousin from the city visiting her, and she's sked some of the girls in, to have a cup of tea."

"Tea? At four o'clock in the afternoon! What folly!"

While Aunt Tilda was talking, she was busily mend- g the trousers of her eldest boy. Her mother, also lvira's grandmother, who had been placidly knitting by he window, now looked up.

"Run along Virey dear," she said. "Don't change your ress. Pick some of those lilies as ou pass the bed, and take them to liss Lilla Payne. She likes lilies, nd she's ill. I think tea's good any me o' day, 'specially along in the fternoon. This is a fashion that's ome up since I was young. It's ot sense under it."

When Elvira's figure had dis- ppeared around the turn of the oad, the old lady spoke seriously o her daughter. Mrs. Slocum was woman of positive opinions, and xtremely old-fashioned. She had rought up an orphan niece as lov- ngly as if she had been her own hild, and with as little outward emonstration. But she and Elvira id not get on smoothly. They ere always jaring over trifles. ittle things caused friction. Mrs. locum enjoyed being consulted. lvira was independent. Mrs. Slo- um was thriftily careful of good lothes. Elvira wanted to wear ers, not only on Sundays, and on reat occasions, but, as her aunt xpressed it, at every tack and urn; Mrs. Slocum delighted in taying at home, and Elvira was lways on the wing.

"The trouble with Elvira is, she as no ballast," said Mrs. Slocum, haking her head as she glanced fter the girl's retreating form.

"Tilda," replied the old lady, the trouble isn't with Virey, it's ith you. She's a girl; she's full f fun and youth. You were always ery mature, even as a child, and ou don't realize two things: One is, hat Virey's got a right to her own ife; and the other, that Virey is grown up. When a oung woman is twenty, she has a right, surely, to vear her best gown any day she likes without asking ermission."

"You may be sure Elvira'll take her own way," was he reply. "She's like the Slocum kindred, she's hard o hold."

"Then Tilda, don't you try to hold her; let her have er way. The longer I live, the more I appreciate the act, that the trouble with most folks in home life is, hat they won't allow others any freedom. And freedom bout little things is so easy to grant. Just because it's asy, we go on refusing it."

Mrs. Slocum sighed. She knew that her mother's isdom could be trusted, but the habit of years was mperious.

"Do you think I interfere too much, mother?"

"I wouldn't say that, dear, but I'd try to be less no- icing, if I were you. Let the child wear out her gloves nd her frocks. When she finds that she has to do ithout them, she'll turn over a new leaf."

"I suspect I've been nagging her too much." Mrs. Slocum was bending over her patch as she made the confession. Then she went on, with a little laugh, "But 'll try to be different."

"You were always a good child, Tilda," said the old nother, contentedly.

Under the new regime the trouble with Elvira les- ened daily, and finally, there was no trouble at all. The friction disappeared. The younger and the older woman learned mutual sympathy.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—AUNTY. Learn to slight your sewing. Why hem a dish-towel as if you were hemstitching a lady's gown?

—JENNIE. Do not engage in any recreation concerning which you are in doubt, keep on the safe side and follow your conscience.

—CLARA. Authorship is not so easy as you fancy. A successful writer has to work very hard. May I add, that there must be natural ability, and that one cannot be a writer at will.

—PARENT. A daughter whose defect of character is laziness should be compelled to do some useful work every day. Are you sure the young girl is well? She may have outgrown her strength. Send her to learn a trade, if she refuses to help her mother at home.

Some Things a Daughter May Do

Mother may prefer to keep house herself. Yet daughter Bertha may find some ways of helping her which will be peculiarly her own.

She may undertake the weekly sorting of clothing for the wash, separating the fine things from the coarse, and seeing that none of the small pieces are overlooked.

She may do the weekly mending when clothes are washed and ironed.

She may keep her own room in thorough order.

She may attend to the daily dusting. If flowers are used in decorating the parlor or dining-room, Bertha's task may be to have them always fresh.

She may take care of the pets.

She may write most of the letters, acting as her mother's secretary.

She may visit friends of the family who are ill, and for whom inquiry should be made.

She may see that the salads and desserts are duly prepared.

She may play and sing for her father in the evening.

She may be an object lesson in neatness and a pattern of amiability to her younger brothers and sisters.

She may, in brief, be a darling, and the pride and joy of her home.

COMING FROM THE ORCHARD

Bringing home the apples,
Sweet and full of spice;
Good to spread the winter board,
In days of snow and ice.

Summer's breath is in them,
Summer's richest wealth
Crowns the rosy apple,
Fruit of joy and health.

COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD

OH, the sweetness of the Word,
As it thrills from days of old!
Oh, the blessedness of reading
In the Book, those lines of gold!
In the dawnlight, at His feet,
Learning with Him, all the way,
Just committing to His guidance,
Every moment of the day.

Never feeling any worry,
Never bowed with any care,
Doing what the dear Lord sets you,
Going with Him everywhere,
Ready, instant, at His orders,
Listening for His least command,
Just obeying, as the soldier,
Though you may not understand.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HOMING THINGS

Bees go home with honey,
Lambs the flock would find,
Birds go flying to the nest,
So with human kind.

Home we seek and mother,
Whether feet or wings
Lead us there, no matter,
We are homing things.

A Letter to Tom

BEIER TOWER, August —, 1904.

DEAR TOM—I am writing to my boys as they seem to be scattered here and there. I cannot blame them. I'm up in the mountains myself, fishing in a brook and climbing steep hills, tramping miles across country, and having a fine vacation. We'll all be back, please God, in one piece I hope, in a few weeks from this time. Meanwhile I'm taking an opportunity to say some things on paper that I never have had a good chance to say to the fellows by word of mouth. And as I've visited in your home, Tom, I have a specially good reason for writing confidentially and candidly to you. Tear my letter up if you like when you've read it. I never did believe in hoarding letters till they grew yellow and old. But read it, Tom, and pardon me if I am frank.

I never would have believed that you belonged to the company of the quarrelsome if I had not seen how quick you were to take offense when your little sister made that passing remark about your being late for breakfast: "Good afternoon, Tom," he said with a laughing look and a finger pointing to the clock, and you, instead of laughing back and explaining that you had overslept, just glowered at him as black as a thunder cloud. Do you know what glower means? It is to express crossness and threats and to temper all in one brief disagreeable look. Your quarrelsome mood was infectious and it upset the peace of the family, making your father angry and vexing your dear, patient mother. The queer thing about ill-humor is that it spreads so fast, straight from the oldest to the youngest, till a whole group of people, who ought to be friendly and amiable, are misunderstanding one another, saying the wrong things, and falling deeper into a slough of trouble every minute.

You know how it is in your Club? Everything goes on smoothly and finely when Louis Grissom isn't there. But just as sure as Louis appears the atmosphere changes. He is always on the opposite side of everything. He makes us think of a man I once heard of who shouted across a room, "I disagree with you altogether. What was it you said?" There are times when people should stand up bravely for questions of right, and trample bravely on anything known to be wrong. But to pick flaws, to balance unreasonably, to take umbrage at every careless word, in short to be quarrelsome, is to show one's self petty and unfit for mingling with one's fellows.

First pure, then peaceable, is a good rule for boys who are soon going to be men. People may tell you that it is a fine thing to fight, and so in some circumstances it is. For one should have some worth while cause for hoping to fight for, not some wound to one's vanity, or some foolish joke or sneer, that is beneath notice. A boy or a man may well fight for his country if she is in peril. He may fight, if there is no other way, to defend a weaker and younger boy, or a woman, or a dumb animal. In certain circumstances the most peacefully inclined men will fight, and will scorn retreat. That is one thing, and a very different thing from squabbling over an election you did not win, or mauling another boy with your fists because you and he cannot agree, or indulging in that sort of stupid quarreling which bothers you to speak to a neighbor, and sends you scowling past him when you happen to meet.

I very much long to see the day when in every town and countryside there will be boys whose ideals shall be so high that they will exercise a controlling influence over their companions; boys who will live according to the rules laid down by the Man of Nazareth; boys who will be true and manly themselves, boys who will stand strongly together for all that is good and disdain all that is paltry. Such boys will not be quarrelsome. They will be strong to overcome in every right enterprise. And four to four, shoulder to shoulder, when they are men, they will challenge [illegible] and corruption and everything that menaces the peace and good will which Jesus brought to the world and to that light they will conquer. Now, there are a few more things I want to say, but they will keep for a next time. I trust you are having as good a holiday as I am, and in much affection I sign myself Your teacher and comrade. RALPH BROWN.

OFFICE is OPPORTUNITY ✳ David Becomes King

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR SEPT. 13
II. SAMUEL 2: 1-10

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." PSA. 133: 1

IT is David's crowning day in the old city of Hebron, where more than eight hundred years before, Abraham had dwelt. How did it come to be chosen as the place of David's coronation? The Lord himself appointed it there, when David inquired of him where the ceremony should take place. There was a peculiar fitness in the selection, for David's exaltation was in fulfilment of the promise God made to Abraham on that spot, that his seed should inherit the land. It was there also that God had entered into the blood covenant with Abraham (Gen. 15:9-21), by which richest blessings were assured to him. David was the fourteenth generation from Abraham, and in his coronation the promise that in Abraham's seed all nations of the earth should be blest drew near fulfilment. Fourteen generations beyond David, was to be born upon the earth the Saviour of the world, often called "the Son of David."

The faithful and tried bodyguard of six hundred men came with David to the coronation. The six hundred brought their households with them, for their homes in Ziklag were in ashes. Five hundred thousand other valiant men who drew the sword, came also to David's coronation. They were the warriors of the tribe of Judah. The elders, the wise old men of Judah, also came.

For ten years or more David had bided his time as God's anointed. He was now thirty years old. And where in Hebron did the coronation take place? We are not told, but we venture the opinion that it might have been under "Abraham's oak."

It would have been a fitting canopy for the coronation, with its majestic branches, 275 feet in circumference, while its great trunk, thirty-two feet about, would have made a fitting emblem of the promised stability of David's kingdom. Its gracious shade was typical of the influence that was to emanate from David as king over Judah. His first act as king was a message of gratitude to the men of Jabesh-gilead, who had bravely gone into the enemy's camp to take away the remains of Saul and his sons and bury them in friendly soil.

Was there any cloud on David's coronation day? Yes, for the ten tribes of Israel held aloof. And while David was fulfilling the part of a king at Hebron a rival king was crowned not more than forty miles away at Mahanaim, namely Ishbosheth, the oldest surviving son of Saul, set up by Abner, the former war chief of Saul. The circumstance probably gave no uneasy thoughts to David, for he knew that God would bring it to naught. And so he did, for in two years Ishbosheth was dead, and all Israel came by tens of thousands to crown David king, not in Hebron, but in Jerusalem. The coronation feast lasted three days, and "there was joy in Israel."

Illustration and Application

The ten years of trial during which David waited for his promised crown are a beautiful illustration of the Christian looking forward through a life of trial to the crown of life, promised to all who are faithful unto death. Anointed but not yet crowned! Is not that the position of every Christian in this world? And shall we not as patiently as David meet the afflictions that come to us, knowing that no man can take our crown, not even Satan, who plays the part of Saul in seeking to destroy us? Can we not see in David's ten years of persecution ten years of schooling for true kingship? So life is schooling us.

A tone of pride or petulance repressed,
A selfish inclination firmly fought,
A shadow of annoyance set at naught,
A measure of disquietude suppressed;
A peace in importunity possessed,
A reconcilement generously sought,
A purpose put aside—a banished thought,
A word of self-explaining unexpressed;
Trifles they seem, these petty soul-restraints,
Yet he who proves them so must needs possess
A constancy and courage grand and bold,
They are the trifles that have made the saints.
Give me to practice them in humbleness,
And nobler power than mine doth no man hold.

But the most direct teaching of this story is that office is not a selfish honor, but opportunity for service. Offices are so numerous, when we include not only civil offices, but those in church and school and society, that almost every grown person, and even many boys and girls have held some office, and those who have not will be elected to something, if they live earnestly—so that it becomes a matter well worth a lesson to consider how the Christian should look upon the offices to which he has been or shall be called. Let no one even think, much less talk, of office as an "honor." The word is selfish, and belittles the office. No one should ever be elected as an "honor," but all for service. On every commission the motto might well be placed, "Office is opportunity." "Opportunity" to enrich oneself would seem to be its meaning from many recent revelations of malfeasance, not alone in public service, but also in industrial organizations. *Noblesse oblige*, the obligation of opportunity, should be the spirit in which one accepts a crown or any other office from God or man. The theory that office is for the service of God and man is embalmed in many of our official terms. Ambassadors are "ministers," that is, servants. The highest officers of government are cabinet ministers. The whole company of civil officers are known as "the public service," the "civil service." Even the President is rightly spoken of as our chief public servant. Office is not to enrich or honor us, but to enable us to be of service to God and man.

The spirit that would use humbly a high office enables one to accept cheerfully a lowly office that is not regarded as an office at all, much less an honor. Here is a noble case, told by Mrs. Harriet E. Monroe, who writes: "I once visited the Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Professor Bryan was then at the head of it. At table I was trying to find from each teacher his share in the great work they were doing. Opposite me sat a bright-faced German, looking the wisest person at the table. As I came to him I said, 'And you, professor?' 'Madam, I am the cook.' Whether my face flushed with surprise, or not, I do not know. No one smiled. After a somewhat embarrassing moment for me, he said, 'Madam, since I was a little boy I have desired to be a missionary to the Indians. I received a good education, graduated at Berlin University, took a course in theology at a seminary in Germany, then came here, where I found that my imperfect English was an insurmountable barrier to religious work among the Indians. We had no cook. Some of our best teachers were ill nearly all the time, so I became the cook, and I do it unto God, beheving that every soul saved by these devoted workers whose health I have improved, is part of my work. Do you approve?' 'Do I approve?' I said. 'Why, every pot and kettle becomes a sanctified implement in your hand. The Master said, 'And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.'"

Alexander, the Great, in the course of his victorious career, advanced with a great army against Jerusalem. He had conquered the world, and all men trembled before him. Jaddua was high priest at that time. Suddenly the gate of Jerusalem nearest to Alexander's army was thrown open, and the high priest advanced to meet the great conqueror. Jaddua was clothed in his priestly robes. He wore an upper garment of purple embroidered with gold; on his breast was a golden plate whereon the name of God was inscribed. Alexander was so impressed by the sight that he fell to the ground and did reverence to the high priest of Jehovah. Would that every one who wears the robes of office in government or in the church wore them with such reverence as the representative of God, in whom is all power and of whom all officers are representative, that wicked men might be halted in their evil courses and led to bow in submission to God.

A rumor was in circulation in India shortly before the recent great functions of Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, that in his archæological researches he had discovered the veritable throne of King Solomon, and would sit on it during the Durbar, in connection with which the Mohammedans therefore expected some supernatural event. What is needed by all who hold office, even in the Sunday School, is a sense of being ever in the presence of the Great White Throne that rules the universe, from which all officers get their authority, and to which all officers owe their allegiance. More than mortal influence shall flow from every officer who receives power from the "Greater than Solomon," who rules the world with truth and grace. Scientists have recently discovered several radiating minerals, but the radiating man is far more important, the man who receives regal influences from the King of kings and radiates them from whatever position he holds among men.

Out of the lowliest ranks of life men may rise to great usefulness, to be an inspiration for others to do likewise. On the centenary of the birth of Robert Stephenson, there was a very large demonstration at Newcastle. The town was paraded by a vast procession, who carried banners in honor of the distinguished engineer. In the procession there was a band of peasants, who carried a little banner of very ordinary appearance, but bearing the words, "He was one of us." David had so risen from the sheepfold, and David's greater Son, to whom David's kingship descende and by whom it was extended, was also o of whom the poorest can say, "He was o of us."

A preacher in South London once descri ed the offices of Christ. He said that Jes Christ was the Teacher

Christ's Crown and Kingdom

men. He went on show that he was t Great High Priest. explained further that Jesus was the King Saints. Then he began to marshal patriarc and kings, prophets and apostles, martyrs ar confessors of every age and every nation, ar painted in glowing words a scene where they came and owned Jesus Christ King, ar placed the insignia of royalty upon his he as King of the universe. The congregatic followed the sermon with breathless interes Suddenly the preacher began to sing, "A hail the power of Jesus name." The peop started to their feet and sang with new mea ing the hymn, and with a volume of sour which made passers-by stand and wonder.

Crown Christ Lord of your own life. Hel to make him Lord of our city, our State, o country, of the world. Let not this "inter national lesson" stop short of that great pu pose.

Ruskin says profoundly that th worst profanity is asking for wh we do not want, praying for God kingdom to come, for God's law t prevail, when we do not really wis it. "But if you do, you must do mo than pray for it, you must work for i And to work for it you must kno what it is."

* * *

Some one on being asked, "What i the Kingdom of God?" answered, wit one hand on his heart and the othe uplifted to heaven, "It is somethin here and something yonder." It i also something between the Christia heart and heaven, namely, the doin of God's will on earth as it is done i heaven—the real, though not perfec dominance of Christ's law, the puttin of service above salary, the christian zation of society in its business, it politics and its pleasures.

* * *

American Protestants should not b prevented by any false code abou

The Change of Popes

speaking only g o o of the dead from usin the great illustratio afforded by the recen change of Popes, of "how not to d it," in civil and religious elections both of which are represented in ever election of a Pope, who claims to b the supreme ruler of both Church an State. We need not raise the ques tion of sincerity. It is hard to under stand how an intelligent man, with th Bible in his hand, could accept th pretended miracles of Lourdes an other superstitions and encourage th worship of Mary and the saints; bu great and good men have sincerely ac cepted some very absurd beliefs, an as sincerity is a matter of which onl God can know absolutely, that ques tion may well be waived. But o Papal errors we can speak positively 1. All Protestants believe that th Church should not, by Popes or othe wise, control the State, as was actuall done in the Middle Ages, when king must be approved by the Pope, which i still the theory of Romanism. 2. American Pro estants just as firmly believe that the Stat should not by kings or otherwise control th Church, as is done in even such Protestan countries as Great Britain and Germany where church officers are appointed by th Crown. The meddling of Protestant mon archs in a Papal election is especially abhor rent to us. 3. American Protestants believ that officers of the Church and of the Stat should be separate and independent, but tha each is responsible to the King of kings. Sec tarian appropriations are in effect a union o Church and State, and should be resisted, bu legislation to protect the right to a Day o rest is not. There is much ignorant outcr against union of Church and State, whe there is no effort to adopt or support any de nomination, and no proposal for church of ficers to appoint or control State officers.

* * *

The Papacy rests on a misinterpretation o a text spoken not to Peter only, but at an other time to all the apostles and to all Chris tians about the gift of the "keys," which i the gift to every Christian, in his allegiance t God, of such an inward life that what he fo bids himself will be what God forbids, an what he permits will be what God permits Let us all elect ourselves to such power.

"AND THE MEN OF JUDAH CAME AND THERE THEY ANOINTED DAVID KING"

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.
Author of "In His Steps."

CHAPTER IV—Continued

DOUGLAS and Esther were talking quietly at the other end of the table. The lunch was all served, and Esther and Mrs. Edwards had sat down with the others.

"Are you very much disappointed?" he asked. And Douglas was pleased at the deep marks of interested sympathy in her face.

"Very much so. How can I help it?"

"But you made a good fight."

"The other people made a better one."

"Do you think so? I should say theirs was a bad fight."

"They won out," said Douglas despondently. "Votes count."

"Are you going to give up?" she asked, and Douglas detected a feeling of disappointment in her tone.

"No, not as long as I can get money enough to print the *Beacon!* I'm going to stay here and fight as long as Mrs. Edwards will furnish 'coffee and grub,' to quote George," answered Douglas with a flash.

"That sounds more like as you used to be," said Esther, smiling.

"Do you ever think of the old college times?" asked Douglas. Mr. Edwards was engaged in an animated discussion with the minister, and being a very energetic talker it was necessary for him to thump the table quite often. Mrs. Edwards was at the other end of the table with Quits.

"Yes, indeed. I shall never forget Baccalaureate Sunday," Esther's eyes twinkled.

"You were very good to help me out of that difficulty. I need some one to help me out quite often," Douglas said very awkwardly.

"You've got Quits and George," said Esther hurriedly. "They must be a great help to you on the paper, aren't they? I took a great liking to that boy when I was in the office the other day. Isn't he funny? Is he always covered with ink that way? How does he manage it? But he is a loyal fellow. You ought to have heard him talk about you. He believes the *Beacon* is the biggest paper in the state. And he told me he would work on the *Beacon* for nothing just to help you. I call that a victory. As long as you've one friend like that you don't need to get discouraged. And then there's Quits. You've made a life-long friend of him. He told me that morning I came to get the programmes that he owed you more than any other person. I call that fine. You ought not to get discouraged. The *Beacon* has made friends. It represents an idea. It's something worth while."

Douglas suddenly raised his eyes to hers. They glowed with a quick resolve.

"Do you care, Esther, whether the *Beacon* succeeds or fails," he asked in a low tone. And although Mr. Edwards smote the table a blow that moment that jarred all the silver, Esther heard the question. "Yes, I care," she answered.

"Do you care any more than George or Quits?"

"Yes, a good deal more," Esther replied hastily, and Douglas did not think it was at all necessary for her to ask him at that moment. "Won't you have some more coffee?"

"Thank you, dear," Douglas said, under the cover of another gesture made by Edwards, "I have all I want," and Mrs. Edwards looked over at Esther at that moment and said to Quits "Did you ever see a prettier girl than Esther? I declare she grows more beautiful every day."

A few days later Esther told Mr. and Mrs. Edwards that she had promised to marry the editor of the *Beacon*.

"The morning after the election when he came up to lunch, I saw he was terribly disappointed, I had been learning to love him all through college. When I watched his fight with the saloon and all that, I grew to care more and more. I saw he needed comfort just at what he has told me since was a crisis with him. Do you think it was bold of me to let him know I cared for him, just as I did?"

Mr. Edwards broke in.

"It's just what Mrs. Edwards did for me. I was getting discouraged over my looks. She hinted one day that mine and hers together would make more than a fair average, and I've been the happiest man you ever saw since."

"I'm rejoiced for you, dear," said Mrs. Edwards. "Mr. Douglas is a splendid fellow. We shall insist on your making your home with us for a little while at least."

"We are not to be married until next spring," said Esther.

"DO YOU CARE, ESTHER, WHETHER THE 'BEACON' SUCCEEDS OR FAILS?"

"Just like these pretty school-teachers," growled Mr. Edwards, who was one of the school board. "Just when we get one settled to teach, somebody else gets her. The board is going to pick out homely people after this. I suppose you'll go into the office and read proof."

"I shall help on the *Beacon* in some way," said Esther, dreamily. "I believe in the *Beacon*."

A few weeks after the election, Quits startled George one day by saying soberly, "Mr. Douglas has got some one to take our place."

George almost dropped a form and pied it.

"What! Take our place! Not much! How can the *Beacon* run without me! It'll go to smash if I don't steer it right."

"I hear the school-teacher is going to take your place," said Quits with his grave smile. "She's going to take both our places."

"Huh!" said George with a grin. "You most gave me palpitation of the brain. That's all right. When the ghost walks it I don't get her the finest bouquet in Colby. But we'll have to watch the editorials from now on. There'll be too much poetry in 'em. Mr. Douglas better turn the editorials over to you or me until he's married. I don't care, though, if the school-teacher does come on to the staff of the *Beacon*. I like her."

"Who's that you like?" asked Douglas, who came in just in time to hear the last three words.

"The new associate editor of the *Beacon*, Mr. Douglas."

"Who? Who's that?" asked Douglas, who had during the last few weeks lapsed into his old college habit of absent-mindedness.

"He means the schoolma'am," said Quits, who was absolutely void of imagination.

"Oh," Douglas blushed, then laughed. "It will be some time yet. The *Beacon* will have to be more than self-supporting."

He spoke the words lightly, yet when he went to his desk and sat down that morning to go over his mail, he experienced almost a feeling of terror at the prospect that faced the *Beacon*.

Since the election subscriptions had fallen off. He could not account for some of the letters he had received. Most of them were depressing to him. The dropping of the questionable patent medicine ads. as fast as their contracts expired, had reduced his regular income so seriously that even this morning he actually faced the disagreeable fact that unless he could get some money from some source he could not pay Quits and George at the end of the week.

As he sat at his desk he began to reproach himself with his yielding to the feelings which had forced him to ask Esther Harris to be his wife. What had he to offer her? He was penniless, and might in a short time be bankrupt.

He began to open his mail. The first five letters contained requests from subscribers asking that the *Beacon* be discontinued. The next ten were from merchants in Anderson County, declining to renew the ads. they had been using in the paper. The remaining list of letters were for the most part abusive, and complaining of some little mistakes made in mailing out papers to subscribers, who had moved from one town to another without notifying him of the fact.

The editor of the *Beacon* had apparently reached a place in his career where something must be done. Never in all his life had he felt so disheartened. At the other end of the office George was whistling as he rattled away at the press, putting it into shape for the afternoon's work. Quits was, in his usual grave, silent fashion, standing at the case. And just then Douglas was startled at the entrance of Esther with Mrs. Edwards. It was half past eight, and the office of the *Beacon* was on the way to the High School. As the two women came in Douglas rose to greet them. He had never seen Esther looking more serious. He brought two chairs for his visitors, and anxiously waited to know the reason for their call.

CHAPTER V.

"ESTHER has had bad news this morning," Mrs. Edwards said, as Douglas gave his visitors a questioning look.

Douglas glanced at Esther.

"A telegram from father says that mother is very ill. I must start for home at once," Esther said.

"I'll go to the train with you," Douglas volunteered, as he picked up his hat. Instantly his whole thought was diverted from his own troubles to Esther's.

"Mrs. Edwards is going home with me," Esther was saying as they went out of the *Beacon* office down to the little station, where the morning train was due in half an hour. "You know mother and she were classmates and friends in school years ago. It will be a great comfort to me to have her with me."

"I'm going to be all the help I can." Mrs. Edwards spoke, in her usual cheerful, hopeful fashion.

"I wish I might do something," Douglas spoke rather doubtfully. Esther had always been so self-reliant and buoyant in disposition, that it was a new experience for him to see her carrying the marks of anxiety in her bright face.

"I am hoping for the best," Esther said, bravely.

Douglas saw to tickets and baggage, and in the few minutes before train time, walked up and down the platform with Esther.

"You will write or telegraph me in case—" he said, as the train was drawing up to the station.

"Yes."

"I shall want to know as soon as possible."

"And you must write and tell me all about the *Beacon*. If mother's illness is of long duration—I do not want to be selfish in the matter"—she turned her face to him, and he kissed her good-by and helped Mrs. Edwards aboard the train. As Esther followed, she handed Douglas a letter, saying, "Read it when you get back to the office. Good-by. Don't work too hard."

"Good-by, dear. God keep you!" Douglas replied.

He went back to the office, and the minute he was seated at the well-worn desk he opened the letter.

"Dear Frank" (the letter had been written that morning, after the news of the

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illness of Esther's mother) a telegram has just come summoning me home on account of mother's sudden illness. I do not know any more than the telegram says, but I have a misgiving that this is very serious, for father warned me when I left home that something of the kind might happen. Whatever it is I am going to hope for the best, and believe in God through it all.

"I am going to ask a favor of you, which I hope you will grant without any question or hesitation. I want you to take the enclosed check, and apply it for me on the expenses of the *Beacon*." Douglas mechanically picked up the little slip of yellow paper, which had fluttered out of the letter when he opened it, and read the amount. It was $125. "I have saved this amount and a little more from my salary, and I want to have a real share with you, Frank, in your life work. I am sure from what I know of the struggle you are having, that you will soon need money to keep the *Beacon* going. I believe in you and in your purpose with all my heart, which is yours, and you should have no hesitation about letting me share now, as I am going to always, in the work of your life. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards do not know anything about this I am doing, but I do not have any doubts about it. If you send the money back, or feel reluctant to use it, I shall take it as a sign that you do not love me. Remember, the *Beacon* represents something more than a little country paper in Anderson county, published by a struggling and ambitious young editor not yet a year out of college. The *Beacon* represents a cause. The cause of Right against Wrong. It is the only voice in the whole county, aside from the pulpit, that regularly and with influence speaks out against the saloon. I am not in any need of the money. Father is able to help me, and I know he and mother would both approve my course. So take it like a good boy, and don't be so absent-minded thinking about it that you throw it into the waste basket, or pay it to George for his week's salary. Your life work is mine also. You trust me for that, don't you? I have the greatest faith in you. And I am very happy in the thought of sharing with you in every part of the struggle you are making. Your sweetheart,

ESTHER."

The editor of The *Beacon* raised this remarkable missive to his lips and kissed the last three words of it. Then he said out loud, but softly:

"Esther Harris, if I don't make a success of the *Beacon*—" He did not say what would follow the "if," but as he raised his eyes, George was standing by the desk.

"Say, Mr. Douglas, Quits wants some copy. There's nothing on the hook."

"All right. Here you are!" Douglas answered absent-mindedly, picking up the check and handing it over to George.

George took it, looked at it and whistled.

"Say! Mr. Douglas! Do you give a stem-winding nickel-plated hair brush with this, or a set of the *World's Famous Orations* bound in whole calf?"

"What! How's that!" the editor of the *Beacon* came back to earth suddenly and snatched the check away from the grinning George.

"Tell Quits I'll have some copy for him in a few minutes," he said, blushing furiously.

He seized a pencil and dashed into one of the strongest editorials he had ever written. George went over to Quits.

"The old man's got money to burn," he said confidentially to the quiet, grave-faced Quits. "I never approved of his shaking them Cemetery ads." (George always spoke thus of the patent medicine displays) "but if the associate editor of the *Beacon* is going to furnish butter for the bread like this, we'll have pie to eat every meal after awhile."

When the editorial appeared, George gave it his approval.

"It's all right," he said to Quits, while that individual nodded a strong assent. "If I knew some nice girl, I'd fall in love to improve my style. That's all I lack now."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PATIENCE REWARDED

David a Model of Submission, Waiting on God's Will

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE greatest characteristic of David's life was his obedience; he, although on several occasions falling into grave sin, was, in the purpose of his life, fully yielded up to God; conscious of his own great unworthiness and sinfulness, of his need of strength, and of direction from on high; he was ever seeking to know the will of God, that he might do it. "I have found David, the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, who shall fulfil all my will" (Acts 13:22). Always in the habit of recognizing God, he lived a life in habitual communion with God, and therefore of trust in him; and he attributed all which he was able to accomplish to the Lord, and not to any power of his own. Although anointed by Samuel, under the direction of the Lord, he made no effort whatever to secure the throne, but waited patiently until God should appear in his behalf, and indicate his choice of him, by causing the people to proclaim him king. Thus, even when Saul was dead, David waited on, trustingly.

But he sought for definite direction: "Shall I go up into any of the cities of Judah?" he inquired. "And the Lord said unto him, 'Go up.' And David said, 'Whither shall I go up?' And he said, Unto Hebron.'" Such was the intimate intercourse between the Lord and his servant.

It was not a question with David as to what place of habitation would suit him best, would agree with his health, or fall into his plans; the bounds of his habitation were marked only by the known will of God. God chose for him, Hebron, a name that means fellowship. Fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ (I. John 1:3), is a wondrous place of habitation. So David took up his residence in Hebron; the only other place where he had for a time settled down, was Ziklag, where, from fear of Saul, he had escaped for a time. Without any direction from God, he had made his sojourn there in the midst of Israel's enemies (1 Sam. 27:1-3). Now God found him rest, and he with his household, and his men with their households, dwelt in the cities of Hebron. And the Lord, after his long waiting, intervened on his behalf, and stirred up the men of Judah to anoint him king.

David's first kingly act was to acknowledge the action of the men of Jabesh-gilead, in having buried the remains of Saul and his sons, and he called down blessing upon them, and told them also that the men of Judah had anointed him king. But David had yet to wait on, before he should have the endorsement of all Israel, to the election and anointing of the Lord by Samuel, so many years ago. Abner, Saul's field-marshal, took Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, whose name is never mentioned till now, and made him king over Israel. Abner knew that God had chosen David, and yet he clung to the dynasty of Saul, and perhaps to his own position over the army of Israel. Ishbosheth seems to have been only the tool of Abner, and to have taken no active part in the government. Abner's move from Mahanaim to Gibeon (II. Sam. 2:12), seems to have been understood by Joab as a challenge to the army of Judah; and the feat of arms, in which twelve young men of Judah, and twelve of Israel lost their lives, was only the beginning of the campaign, during which David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul, weaker and weaker.

All this time there was no self-assertion of his position as king, on the part of David. He took and used for God, all the power which he had over the tribe of Judah, and patiently waited on. How like the reign of our holy and unseen King, who shall so soon come again and establish his kingdom as "King over all the earth" (Zech. 14:9); who "shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously" (Isa. 24:23). Then he shall reign visibly; but now he reigns over a hidden kingdom of those who are dead, crucified with Christ, but whose life is hid with Christ in God (Col. 3:3). All the time he is bearing patiently with a world which says in all its actions, "We will not have this man to reign over us" (Luke 19:14). But all this time God was letting things ripen, until Israel should be eager to submit to the man of his choice.

The Expert Cleaner.

There are a score of things about the house that you will not undertake to clean. You fear that they would be ruined by soap and you intend to send them to an expert cleaner, an idea that comes down from a time before pure soap was made. The manufacturers of Ivory Soap are constantly asked if they know how beautifully this or that material can be cleaned with Ivory Soap. The uses of Ivory Soap are too numerous to be told; with it anything may be cleaned that will stand the application of water. You can be your own expert cleaner.

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Should we send you anything that does not please you in every way, return it promptly and *we will cheerfully refund your money*, or make up a new garment, whichever you prefer.

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The Catalogue and a large assortment of the newest samples will be sent FREE on request. Be sure to say you wish the New Fall Catalogue No. 50. Mention whether you wish samples for Suits or Cloaks, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full line of exactly what you wish.

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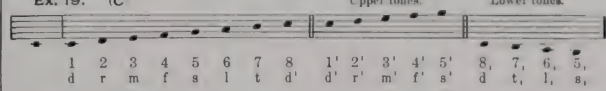
LESSON IV.

Pitch.—As you sing up or down the scale, you will notice that each tone is higher or lower than the others. *Re* is higher than *Do* and lower than *Mi*. *Fa* is higher than *Mi* and lower than *So*, and so on. This highness or lowness of tones is called Pitch. Each tone of the scale, then, differs from the others in pitch. Observe, also, that each tone differs from the others in its individual character, as it were. For instance, *Do* may be called a strong, firm tone, *Mi* a calm, gentle tone, *So* a clear, bright tone. As you practice the exercises, notice the effect of the tones and determine for yourself the character or individuality of each.

Pitch-Names.—In addition to the numeral names and the syllables, tones are also designated by the names of the letters C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C. These names are applied to certain definite pitches, and are called the pitch-names. They are the names by which tones are known on instruments. Get a friend to show you how these letter-names are applied to the keys of the piano or organ, or to the strings of a violin or guitar. This is not important at this stage of study, but it will help you to understand their use in later lessons.

The Scale Extended.—All voices can sing both higher and lower than the eight tones comprised in the scale. When we wish to sing higher, we take the eighth tone (upper *Do*) as the beginning of an upper scale; to sing the lower tones we take the first tone (*One* or *Do*) as the eighth of a lower scale. *Do* is *One* to the tones above it, and *Eight* to the tones below it. Example 19 illustrates these points. The eighth tone above or below any given tone has the same name, and is treated to some extent as the same tone. They are called octaves, one of the other. The little mark at the top of a letter or figure indicates the upper octave of a tone; a mark at the bottom of a letter or figure means the lower octave. Do not strain your voice trying to reach the higher tones; sing them softly.

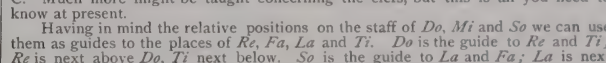
Ex. 19. (C



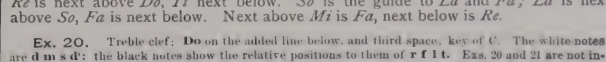
Clefs.—We have learned that any degree of the staff may be taken to represent *Do*. In Examples 15 to 18, the degree taken for *Do* was shown by a square mark. That was only a temporary expedient; we must now learn the usual signs by which the place of *Do* is indicated. The first one is the character called the Treble Clef (also called the G clef); the second is the Bass Clef (or F clef). Each clef has several meanings, but the only meaning we attach to either of them just now, is that they tell us where to find *Do* on the staff. The treble clef shows that *Do* is on the added line below, its octave on the third space; the bass clef shows that *Do* is on the second space, its octave on the added line above. In vocal music the treble clef is used mostly for female voices, the bass clef for male voices, but all pupils should learn to read from each clef. The staff with either clef upon it represents the key of C. Much more might be taught concerning the clefs, but this is all you need to know at present.

Having in mind the relative positions on the staff of *Do*, *Mi* and *So* we can use them as guides to the places of *Re*, *Fa*, *La* and *Ti*. *Do* is the guide to *Re* and *Ti*; *Re* is next above *Do*, *Ti* next below. *So* is the guide to *La* and *Fa*; *La* is next above *So*, *Fa* is next below. Next above *Mi* is *Fa*, next below is *Re*.

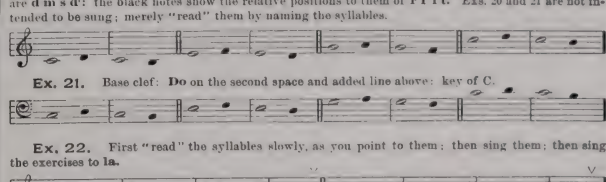
Ex. 20. Treble clef: **Do** on the added line below, and third space, key of C. The white notes are **d m s d'**; the black notes show the relative positions to them of **r f l t**. Exs. 20 and 21 are not intended to be sung; merely "read" them by naming the syllables.



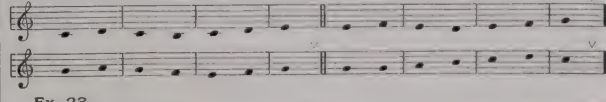
Ex. 21. Base clef: **Do** on the second space and added line above; key of C.



Ex. 22. First "read" the syllables slowly, as you point to them; then sing them; then sing the exercises to **la**.



Ex. 23.



As a test exercise, copy the following in notes on both the treble and base staves; then sing it from the staff copies.

Ex. 24. Key C.

| d r | m r | d m | s v | s f | m s | d' t | d' ||

Taking the above as models "make up" exercises of your own and practice them. Any such exercises (to a limited number) sent in by pupils, will be examined and commented upon. Address B. C. Unseld, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Copyright, 1903, by B. C. Unseld

A Blind Woman's Joy

While I am now very old, being in my eighty-second year and blind, I do enjoy THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the Red Letter Bible so much. My daughter reads them both to me constantly. She can select the words of Christ quickly, they being in red. They prove such a great help and comfort to me. I could not be without THE HERALD one week. I look for it as for an old friend.

Lynchburg, Va. M. J. L.

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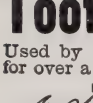

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

LIGHT ON JEWISH LIFE*

A Valuable Work on the Jewish People, Their Beliefs, Customs and History

THE third of the twelve volumes of the Jewish Encyclopedia fully maintains the high estimate of the work formed on the first two volumes already noticed in these columns. As this volume includes only part of the third letter of the alphabet, one naturally wonders how the remaining twenty-three can be covered in the other nine volumes, but the experience Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have had, and the skill and care they have displayed so far in this monumental undertaking may be trusted to bring the plan within the scope they have assigned to it. As in the former two volumes the letter press is excellent, and the illustrations of exceptional interest. The reproductions of pages from old Bibles are triumphs of art. Very valuable, too, are the pictures from Egyptian monuments representing captives employed in brick-making. The Assyrian illustrations, also, shed light on the conditions of the captivity. Pictures of quaint betrothal, marriage and burial customs will be studied with profit by all Bible readers. Besides these, are pictures of the Laver and the candlesticks, and other furniture of Solomon's Temple, of ancient coins, bottles and artistic bookplates, all of which helps to a better understanding of the Old Testament.

It is worthy of notice that, although this volume contains articles on the blood accusation, which at various times has involved the Jews in cruel and unjust persecution, there is an absence of the bitterness which their sufferings might have been expected to engender. The Jewish scholars who contribute to its pages are evidently men of well-balanced minds, capable of discriminating the character of Christians who deserve the name, and not confusing them with the malignant mob, who, under the name of Christians, act with unchristian malevolence. Every allusion to Christianity is respectful and remarkably fair, and shows a better acquaintance with Christian doctrines than might have been looked for in Jewish Rabbis. The example of courtesy that they set might well be followed by Christian writers in dealing with one another.

The most important article in this volume is that on the Bible, which occupies sixty pages, covering the origin, history and interpretation of the Jewish Scriptures, their relation to Mohammedan literature and other cognate topics. Of special interest is a table showing the various arrangements of the group of Bible books to which the Jews give the name of Hagiographa. The Talmudic form, it appears, was as follows: Ruth, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Canticles, Lamentations, Daniel, Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah, Chronicles. Of the other arrangements three put Chronicles first and two the Psalms, and Ruth in one case precedes Canticles and in another follows it. An amusing section of this group of articles on the Bible, is that dealing with the superstitious uses to which portions of the Psalms have been put. It appears that there was a popular idea among the uneducated Jews that the second Psalm was good against a storm at sea; the 105th against a quartan ague; verses from the 119th Psalm for diseases of the spleen and kidneys; the 141st Psalm against heart disease; the 143d against lumbago; while the 144th would help to heal a dislocated wrist.

The article on Cain contains much information that will interest those among our readers who are concerned about his wife, the mark that was set upon him, etc. The Jews believed, it appears, that he married his sister, as indeed, if the Biblical account is accepted as literal history, he had to do, if he married at all. Many traditions are quoted about him, one of which is that in every one of the seven centuries of his life a new and different punishment was inflicted upon him Articles on betrothals, with copious illustrations, on the sacred bread, on the High Priest's breastplate, on burnt-offerings and on the Cabalists, with an immense number of biographical notices, combine to make this volume a mine of valuable information.

*The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. III. A descriptive record of the history, religion, literature, and customs of the Jewish people from the earliest times to the present day. Seven hundred pages, 180 illustrations, 1,236 articles Prepared by more than four hundred scholars and specialists, to be completed in twelve volumes. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London.

A Sunny-Faced Philosopher*

WHETHER Aunt Abby was really sunny-faced or not I do not know, but her writings make you picture her smiling. Her placid eyes look out into her little world, and old-fashioned quaint thoughts come to her. It is as though she took you into a shaded garden and pointed out to you beautiful flowers, favorites so long ago, that their colors and their fragrance have a sense of strangeness to you.

AUNT ABBY'S IDEA OF A HOLIDAY

"No, I don't go away summers. I've got a way of my own of having a vacation. Maybe you'll smile when I tell you where I go, and what kind of a place it is. It's nothing in the world but a pasture, with a rock in it.

"Some days I'll be so tired I can't do a mortal thing but just stretch myself full-length out on the grass and keep still, and then'll come into my head that verse out of mother's favorite psalm—I guess it was your mother's too, 'tis most folks mothers—about 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.' Deary me! I don't want a better sermon; and again I'll get to looking at the grass. There's red-top and timothy and a little herd's grass there, and it looks so pretty shaking in the wind. And I recollect how our Lord took notice of such little things. 'If God so clothe the grass of the field' you know, and before I know it that's led me off into the most comforting, beautiful thinking.

"And then there's the rock; I can't hardly talk much about that, but you know what I mean—I believe I get more points out of that boulder than I do out of the pasture."

AUNT ABBY ON FRIENDSHIP.

"It's better to be a friend than to have a friend, I hold; but they come to the same thing after all. Don't call yourself a friend, and be thinking the everlasting time what the other side of the friendship can do for you. But be a friend for the sake of what you can do for the other, what you can give or give up, what sorrow you can bear for him, what sacrifice you can make, what good to his body or, more than all, to his soul."

AUNT ABBY ON SECTS AND HEAVEN

"I'll go a little further, though this time I don't expect many folks to agree with me. It's my own idea; one of those things that appear to come into my head of themselves, as far as I know, and come to stay. This is it. I sort of believe there'll be different churches or societies or companies, whatever you may call them, up in heaven. You needn't look so scared, that isn't as bad as it sounds. They won't be run just as they are down here, and there won't be so much—well, friction's a good word, mebbe, not to use a stronger one. Somehow to me it's a real, comfortable, nice idea, the folks of the different organizations that used to hold by each other and love their own church so, with its own own ways, down below on earth, their meeting once in a while, at anv rate, all by themselves up there, and talking about the old days; yes, even, mebbe, singing some of the old hymns."

*From *Aunt Abby's Neighbors* by Annie Trumbull Slosson. Fleming H. Revel Co., New York. Price $2.00.

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OUR HAPPY COLONY AT MONT-LAWN

OUR "Children's Eden" at beautiful Mont-Lawn has had many visitors this summer. Readers of this journal, friends of the work, have come from far and near to see the wonderful colony of happy children, which we have planted on the picturesque Rockland hills, overlooking the noble Hudson, and have been astonished and delighted. Not a few have come from distant cities, a considerable journey, and they, like all the rest, have departed full of enthusiasm and admiration for this most beautiful of charities, which has for its beneficiaries the neglected children of the New York tenements. The cordial approval of these friends has been very grateful and encouraging to the conductors of the Mont-Lawn work.

Year after year, our Children's Home has been steadily growing, and the demands upon its accommodations have been increasing every season. Crowds of little children from the very poorest of tenement homes, come to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, pleading with the workers to take them "to the country." Although the neediest and most deserving are always taken, there are many others to whom an outing would be a novel and blessed experience. If our readers could only listen to their shrill, childish voices, in pitiful appeal, with the frequently repeated, "Won't you take me?" "Can't I go?"—we believe that many hearts would be touched, and that the number of generous friends who would help to give these pale little waifs a brief season of health-giving recreation among the fields and woods of Mont-Lawn would be multiplied.

* * *

Our children's garden at Mont-Lawn is now an exquisite mass of bloom, the variegated colors making it a rainbow corner of our children's "paradise." The little folks take pleasure in keeping it free from weeds.

Fritz, a wee gardener, when he first saw the flower-beds, stood on the edge of the garden and looked on so much beauty with longing eyes, hardly daring to think of ever going near enough to inspect the beautiful forms and inhale the fragrance. When the teacher took hold of his hand and led him in between the beds, he exclaimed:

"Yer not going to take me in there, are yer? Won't someone drive us off?"

He began to look suspiciously around.

"No, Fritz," was the reply, "and if you are a good boy and pull all the grass out of this bed, I will give you one of those pretty flowers."

Fritz wanted to know right away if the flower would keep until he goes home, as he wanted his mother to see a flower like that.

"Can I take some of the grass home and plant it in a box, so we will have some grass 'round our house, like some o' the houses up-town have? There's no grass nor nothin' green in our street, an' you can only see a tiny little bit of blue sky 'way, 'way up over yer head; but not on the sides of yer head."

He begins to weed with a zest that characterizes the child who has found a new pleasure in novel employment. Fritz still retains this zeal as he is taken each day to the garden. He wants to know where and when the weeds are to be planted again—not the grass but "the ones that have pretty leaves," and he asks what kind of blossoms they have. He is told that they are thrown away, and he is also told in a simple way how we must all cultivate the good deeds in our hearts, like the real flowers in the garden, and throw out all the weeds.

A CORNER IN THE LAUNDRY

With his frail little body bent over the bed, he works diligently, asking a great many questions. "What kind of a plant is it? What makes the leaves grow that way? What makes it that color? Why do they stay in a dirty bed, an' wouldn't it be nice if they had clean, white beds like my little cot?" He adds, "I don't have no nice one like that home tho'. It's all dark in the room, no winders for light to come through, an' the walls is so close up none'd come in anyway an' most always one wall is for two houses."

With an expression of satisfaction at what he has accomplished he says, "Teacher, isn't that clean?" As the teacher looks at the little figure, dressed in a clean pair of overalls furnished by the Home, and sees the wee man looking like a diminutive farmer already, she gives a nod of approval and hands him the promised flower, telling him to pin it on, and she will give him one to take home, also.

Fritz walks off, with head up, showing each little child he meets what he has earned, and telling how the teacher said he might weed again to-morrow. He is one of many children of the tenements to whom the flower-beds afford a large amount of enjoyment, while keeping the little hands and minds busy in profitable employment.

Many are the quaint sayings of the children that are remembered by the teachers. A little lad, who had received a letter from home telling him how lonesome his mother was without him, was asked by the teacher if he wasn't lonesome, too, when he was away from his mother.

"Why, I see her in my head," he answered.

The teacher laughed at his odd reply.

"But, I *can* see her in my head," he persisted. "I see her just now."

What a wonderful truth, that we really can carry the image of our loved ones about with us, and can see them even when absent from them. May we have such a vision of Him that he will constantly be present with us, and in our hearts.

* * *

Contributions in aid of our Children's Home should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. $3 provides a ten days' outing for a little tenement boy or girl. Every gift will be acknowledged in these columns.

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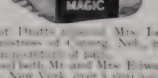

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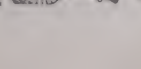

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Jeanette Ibsen..... 50

Kansas Flood Sufferers

Mrs and Mr E P Frisbee..... 2 00
Franklin Union S Sch, Harrisburg, Va.... 11 55
E L Guard..... 50
Horace Martin..... 5 00
Mrs Wm Ide..... 1 00
Rev and Mrs Jos H Owen..... 5 00
Reader of C H, Opelika, Ala..... 1 00
C M H, Binghamton, N Y..... 1 00
Mrs R E Pugh..... 2 00
J L Grant..... 2 00
Lavinia March..... 1 00
——, Jefferson, O.... 1 00
J R Simmons..... 3 00
Edw D Gitt..... 2 00
A Friend, Lancaster, Pa..... 1 00
——, Vale, Oreg..... 20 00
Mrs M A Gibbs..... 2 00
J D McGregor..... 2 00
Mrs R G Mason..... 3 00
Geo W Brainard..... 2 00
H Kindermann..... 5 00
E L M, Brooklyn, N Y 3 00
L M, Montrose, Md.. 1 00
Jane A Warner..... 1 00
Mrs Walter Smithson 50
Plymouth Cong'l Ch, Corvallis, Oreg..... 2 94
First Cong'l Ch, Corvallis, Oreg..... 1 77
W S Lawry..... 3 00
I H N, Beverly, Mass 2 00
N M Gillespie..... 1 00
Mrs J A Wheelwright 2 00
Willis Gregory..... 1 00
A Smith..... 1 00
Mrs J Bateson, Jr... 5 00
F H Miller..... 20 00
Mrs Jane Noble..... 5 00
Subr, Oronoco, Minn. 1 00
——, New Jersey. 25
Mrs J L McGhee.... 2 00
Jonathan Bisel..... 1 00
S R Dimock..... 2 50
Gladys, Floyd and Esther McDonald.. 7 00
G H School..... 1 00
Eugene Torrey..... 1 00
Alice Loy..... 1 00
Mrs S P Kinney..... 1 00
Nora Davisson..... 2 00
Dr F A Eison..... 2 00
Frances A King..... 2 00
Elias Monday..... 2 00
Mrs M Wilson and S E Lagan..... 5 00
Mrs Chas Kamlin.... 1 50
Mrs S L Hendrick... 1 00
Mrs H H Chittendon 6 34
Franklin Union Chapel, Caldwell, N J..... 6 09
S Pederson..... 1 00
Mrs James Grover.... 1 00

Topeka Flood Sufferers

Mrs Mary A Gibbs.... 2 00
—— Vale, Oreg..... 20 00
C A Lelean..... 5 00
Louella Merrick..... 5 00
——, Blackwell, Okla 1 00
N E in Christ, Los Gatos, Calif..... 10 00

Dutch Leper Colony, Surinam, So.America

Friends Fairfield, Conn..... 1 00
W A M, Providence, R I..... 2 00
Birdie Oliver..... 3 00
Mrs Ann Morris..... 1 00
N E in Christ, Los Gatos, Calif..... 10 00

Rev. E. H. Richards, East Africa

Chas W Naw..... 1 00
Wm Schober..... 4 50

Soc. for the Prevention of Vice (A. Comstock)

F H Keeler..... 1 00
F Brown..... 50
Miss E Mekemson.... 20
Virgie Moss..... 75

Spanish-American Gospel Fund, Philippines

Sarah E Carey..... 48

Medical Missionary Student

——, Zanesville, O.. 1 00
Edith Murray..... 3 00
Charles Phillips.... 11 02
Mary Rankin..... 5 00
——, Champoeg, Oreg. 5 00
L J Little..... 1 00
S G Parke..... 6 00
John W Sibley..... 5 00
H N Niles..... 5 00
Mrs E F Barry..... 1 00
H W Brinckerkoff... 4 00
Ruth, Lacon, Calif. 5 00
Mrs J C Francis..... 2 00
S P Kane..... 1 00
C W Johnson..... 2 00
——, Zanesville, O.... 1 00

Spanish-American Gospel Fund

——, Champoeg, Oreg 1 00
Mrs J O Jones..... 25
Mrs Spindler..... 26
Mrs S E Sones..... 24
J B. Hodgdon, Me.... 26
Sadie A Maxted..... 25

Any Good Cause

Mrs W L Scales..... 1 00
Mrs James T Lane... 25
Mary Dunkeld..... 25
George E Parish.... 10 00
B F McLain..... 1 00
A Friend, Bloomfield, N J..... 1 00
Mrs R W and S W Hover..... 4 00

Door of Hope

Mrs O E Burrell..... 50

Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop

Mrs J Reber..... 4 00

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Flora Schenck..... 1 00

Foreign Missions

——, Vale, Oreg..... 50 00
Union S Sch, No Caldwell, N J..... 10 00

Mayesville Institute

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Miss Helen C Butler. 25 00

Miss Shattuck's Orphan Work

Union Park Church Ladies, Chicago, Ill. 45 00
Miss Frances B Wells 35 00
Mrs B Hancock..... 30 00
Kate B Sturgess..... 60 00
Mrs C E Burrell..... 50
Missy Dept of Woman's Union, First Cong'l Ch, Mt Vernon, N Y..... 30 00
Womans' Foreign Missionary Soc., 1st Cong'l Ch., Evanston, Ill..... 23 00
Mrs L W Curtiss..... 30 00

Pundita Ramabai India

G L Cook..... 5 00

Bishop Hartzell, Africa

One of the Lord's Sheep, Philadelphia 5 00
Miss A M Carr..... 3 00
C F Vandewater..... 10 00
Mrs S N Wallinger.. 2 00
Herbert F Tyhurst.. 3 00

Dr. W. T. Grenfell, St. John, N. F.

I H N, Newark, N. J. 5 00

George Hickok

John Williams..... 1 50

Rev. R. D. Schoonmaker's School, N. C.

Horace Martin..... 2 00
L A Lelean..... 5 00

Mrs. Mary A. Allen, Liberia, W. A.

R W Crichton..... 5 00

American Bible Society

Kerrhill Pres Ch, Titusville, Pa..... 3 92
Mrs E. Goodin..... 2 50

Jews in Russia

School District No 129, Stearns County, N D 10 00
Harriet Banbury..... 50

Argentine Flood Sufferers

Eliz S Bachmann..... 1 50

Rev. N. Zamora, P. I.

R B, Baltimore, Md.. 5 00
Mrs E A Billings..... 5 00

THE CALL OF ISAIAH*

A Messenger Needed to Proclaim the Holiness of God and His Requirements.

EVEN more difficult than the task committed to Moses was that to which Isaiah was called. Moses had a right to expect that a people so oppressed as Israel was in Egypt, would welcome one who came to deliver them. Experience undeceived him, but when the call came to him, he would naturally associate the obstacles to be encountered with Pharaoh and not with the enslaved Israelites. Isaiah, on the other hand, knew that his message would be unpopular and unwelcome. Later there would come a time for good cheer and encouragement, when the messenger of the Lord could say, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." But when he saw that strange and impressive vision, and heard the question, "Whom shall I send?" he knew well enough how sad was the mission to be undertaken.

The vision became the key of the message. Then, as it is now, people had mistaken the character of God. They had the idea that he was a Being who could be pacified with rites, and ceremonies, and offerings. They thought that they might live corrupt lives and no harm would come of it if they paid their tithes and attended to the outward observances of religion. It is a common and most persistent error. Men to this day need to hear the message that Isaiah was commissioned to deliver. If they heeded it they would not diminish their gifts to religion and philanthropy—they would probably increase them, but they would set about the prior and more important duty of cleaning up their lives. Isaiah was taken into the presence of God, and the revelation was not as might have been expected of an angry and fierce Being resolute on destruction; but of one so holy that the angelic beings surrounding him veiled their faces. The message was there embodied and Isaiah understood it. Even he, the chosen messenger, realized his impurity. Holiness being the essence of the Divine nature, how must he look on the conduct of his people? The same God rules now, and his messengers have to bear the same testimony.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 13. Isa. 6: 1-8.

Grateful Hindoo Orphans

READERS of this journal who have made sacrifices to support orphans in India, will be pleased to learn from the following letter from Rev. James Smith, of Ahmednagar, that their Christ-like work for the poor and friendless is appreciated:

"My school is known as the Sir D. M. Petit School of Industrial Arts, after a beneficent Indian gentleman who founded it. Instruction is given by sixteen good masters, in carpentry, cabinet-making, wood-carving, rug-making and hammered metal work in brass, copper and silver. Fifty of the children under my care are being supported by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

"One of the greatest pleasures these little fellows have is to come into my office and look at the photographs of their patrons. This delight is generally reserved for Sunday, and after Sunday School is over the photos are demanded, and the pleasure appears to grow with each inspection. It touches their affectionate little hearts to know that in far-off America there are boys, girls, and even grown-up men and women, who care for them, and when letters come from the patrons, which is very often, their joy knows no bounds. On a recent Sunday I found a little lad 'doing *puja*,' that is, making the most profound salaams to a photo which he was admiring.

"It would do our patrons good to see how happy and intelligent these orphans are. Their lot is a hundred times happier than it would have been with parents. Here are hundreds of them together and a case of discipline is rare. Sickness is almost as rare. The terrible plague has carried off one-tenth of the population of the city of Ahmednagar this season, and among our boys there has been but a single case, and he recovered. With my best thanks for what you are doing to bring light and gladness into these innocent little souls,

"Yours very truly, JAMES SMITH."

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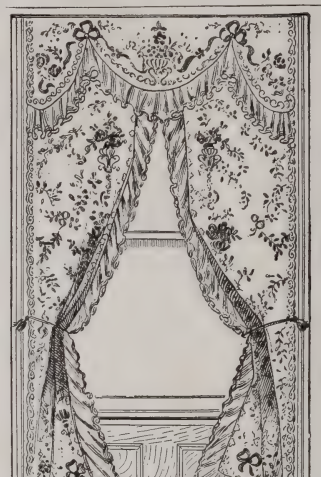

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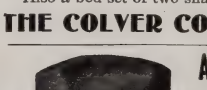

MEN'S HAT NO. 1

In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N.Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

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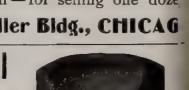

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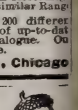

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LEAN SOULS*

dulgence of the Flesh Debilitating the Spiritual Nature

EVER the same problem confronts human beings. How can the demands of the flesh be controlled, and the spirit rule within, as it ght to do? The philosophers have estled with the problem, and in all ages e leaders in the world of thought have ed to devise means of restoring the ghtful ruler to the throne that has been urped. The victims now, as in days of re, resolve that they will not yield, that ey will subdue their bestial passions, d when temptation assails them, or nen the flesh becomes clamorous, they eld as they did before their resolutions ere registered. And the sad feature of is recurrent yielding is the "leanness," e weakness of soul, that it produces. very fall is a double loss, because it rengthens the enemy and debilitates the ul. And the converse is true, that ery victory weakens the enemy and ves added vigor to the soul. Every art knows its own bitterness and its vn vulnerable points, but every one has e battle to fight in one form or another. ith some it is gluttony, with others unkenness, with others lust; but with ery one the necessity exists of bringing e flesh into subjection, if we are to be en and not brutes.

It is well that the particular vice set own for the topic should be kept promi- nt. It is not the whole, but it is chief, id it is the prolific mother of all evil. here it holds sway, where as we say, e man drinks, we may be sure that in her ways he is a bad man. Drink is e traitor that opens the gates which a ost of enemies are besieging. "He is a nd husband and father when he is sober, t—" is the pathetic testimony of the eaten and abused wives daily in our ourts. Think, too, that these good men rned into beasts by liquor were once ood and chivalrous youths, who never reamed that they could sink so low. hat is why the duty of impressing absti- nce on the children is so imperative. here is no other course that has in it e promise of success. The future of is country, the safety of the next gene- ation hangs upon this, that every boy and irl be trained to abstain from intoxicants.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and aptist Young People's Union for September 13. x. 16: 2-5; Ps. 106: 13-15.

ndia Orphan Fund Contributions

Prior to August 12

ronson, L E	2 75	Shailer, Mrs M M	5 00
ailey, Jane	4 00	Smith, Mrs E L (thro)	2 00
aldwin, M W	25	Spither, Mrs J M	10
enjamin, Mrs H	1 00	Tappe, F E	3 00
rown, Eliz	50	Vail, E O	10 00
ampbell, E W	25 00	Vail, E O	10 00
ampbell, F W	25 00	Walker, John	10 00
ampbell, E W	25 00	White, Daniel	10 00
adwick, J E	2 00	Zell, Miss Mary	1 00
ark, Mrs W D	10 00	W H and F M Soc.	
ough, Mrs A B	5 00	Rockland, Me	450 00
ornstock, Mrs M E	2 50	Cong'l Sch, Princeton, Ill	4 83
onkling, Mrs M M	50	C E Soc, So Lake Weir, Fla	5 00
llis, Mrs E and Tom	50	Junior C E Soc, Sturley, Mass	1 00
agaman, C A	2 02	Sewing Soc, through Sister Shold, Bridebick, Wash	10 00
agaman, C A	2 02	J W W, New York City	2 00
ill, S M	5 00	L H F, Allerton, Ia	5 00
olcomb, Eliz	3 00	—, Toronto	1 00
unte, Miss Eliz	5 00	—, Berrington Ctr.	3 00
ackson, James	50	Two Sympathizers	3 00
ohnston, E E	2 00	Two Believers in Christ	1 00
einhart, Mrs G K	1 00	One Who Loves Jesus	2 00
ucas, L B	1 00	Friend, Middletown	4 00
cGregor, James D	3 00	Friend, Elmadina	1 00
acklem, C (through)	1 00	Friend, Middletown	2 00
acklem C (through)	5 00	Friend, N Y City	10
acklem C (through)	3 00		
acklem C (through)	4 00		
orrison, E T	5 00		
unsted, Rev W J	1 30		
armley, Mrs J M	5 00		
orter, Warley P	7 00		
egister, R F	20 00		

ndia Famine Fund Contributions

Prior to August 12

arnes, Mrs S	5 00	Philips, C	60 10
aumann, F A	5 00	Polk, Miss C	5 00
ayne, Mrs M	1 00	Powell, Helen	5 00
ennings, L A H	5 00	Pratt, Clara E	4 00
awkes, L	5 00	Purdy, Emma C	10 00
raden, Mrs A	65 00	Rose, Eliza	1 00
ullard, Mrs F K	30 00	Sloman, Mr A	4 88
yrnes, Mrs E K	19 00	Smith, M Lillian	1 00
hisholm, A Sr	20 00	Stevens, C F	5 00
hurch, Mrs I L	1 00	Stevens, Mr & Mrs A B	20 02
ollins, H S	50 00	Terry, Mrs H M	5 00
rawford, Rachel	1 00	Van Osdell, C M	1 00
odd, D J	2 00	Webster, J	2 00
eld, F	1 00	Wilber, Mrs S	5 00
ay, R H	5 00	Friend, Palmetto	1 00
agerman, C	1 02	" N Y City	10
owland, Mrs F B	5 00	"	10
ing, Mrs G	1 00	"	10
irkham, R	1 00	I H N, Ashland	5 00
andon, Mary J	15 00	B, Baltimore	1 00
cNeff, G	3 00	WH & FMS, Rockland	170 00
acklem, C through	113 25	Victory Un SS Pitts'g	8 00
axon, F J	1 00	For training medical missionaries in India	
idon, A	1 00	Philips, Rev C	600 00
elson, S W	1 00	Johnson, C W	26 00
assmore, Mrs L	10 00		

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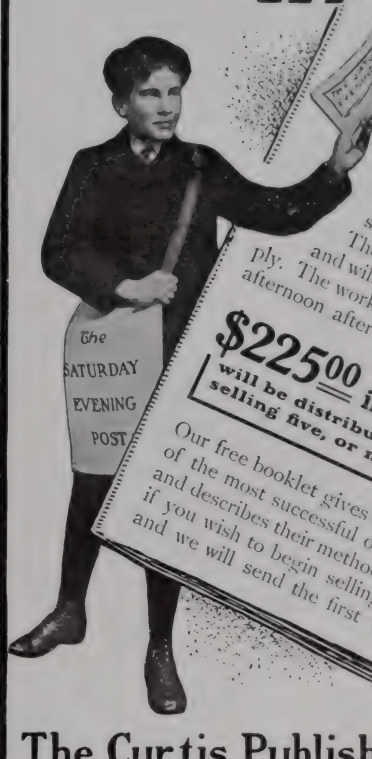

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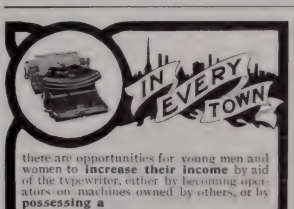

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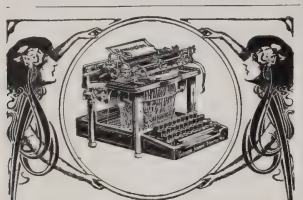

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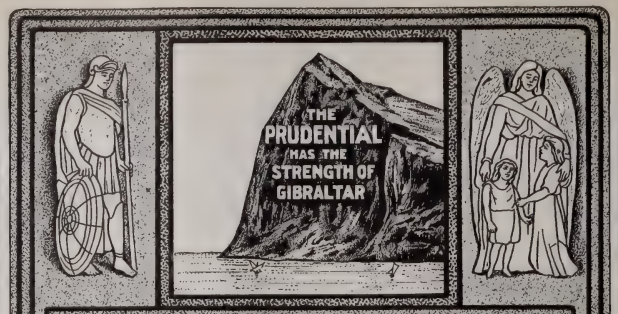

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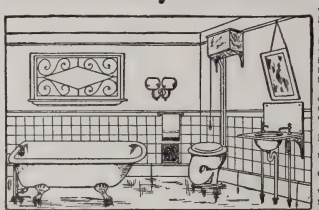

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 36. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

Our Relief Expedition to Famine-Stricken Kwang-Si

The upper photograph shows Consul-General McWade (X) and a party of Chinese "gentries" and Charitable Cantonese watching the departure of our relief boats — The second shows our relief flotilla under way — SEE PAGE 751

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Constant Reader, Belvidere Ill. Does the command in Deut. 24:1, imply that a man is justified in suing for divorce if he finds that the woman he has married was unchaste before he married her.

The Mosaic laws of divorce do not apply to Christians. Christ explicitly said (Matt. 19:8, 9) that they were superseded under the new dispensation, and he condemned things that Moses permitted. The husband has a right to be indignant in the case you mention at being deceived, especially if he himself had led an absolutely chaste life up to the time of his marriage. It is possible that the courts would grant him a divorce, but we would rather counsel that he seek the conversion of his wife, and do all that he can to insure the permanent reformation, which one may suppose, by the fact of her marrying, she desires. If he obtains a divorce, it will probably lead to her ruin, while by treating her lovingly and kindly, and praying with and for her, he may be the means of saving a soul from death.

Mrs. M. E. R., Yorktown Heights, N. Y. 1. What is meant by the "400"? 2. Are they engaged in any work of charity, and if so, would they be willing to assist a poor old woman?

1. The "Four Hundred" is a term applied to the fashionable and wealthy social set of New York, who pride themselves upon their aristocratic exclusiveness. 2. There are doubtless many among them who assist worthy charities, although we have not heard that any of the "400" are personally devoted to such work. Without an influential introduction, they would be unapproachable to such a petitioner as you describe.

J. C. H., Frankford, Phila. In speaking of the Bible, is it proper to say, "The Word of God?" It seems to the writer that the term, "the Word," especially applies to Christ (as in John 1: 1, 14; Rev. 19: 13). In speaking of the Bible then as "the Word," do we not speak of it as if it were God or Christ? Would it not be safer to say "the written Word" (or truth) of God?

We do not apprehend any serious danger of widespread misunderstanding, through your referring to the Bible as "the Word." It seems to us that "reading from the Word," "preaching from the Word," "expounding the Word," etc., are phrases that are hardly capable of misconception, and are almost universally used.

Subscriber, St. Louis, Mo. What are the characteristics of the stones called the black onyx and the emerald?

In the onyx, black, brown or red may predominate. Ruskin has called it "the type of all stones, arranged in bands or layers of different colors," which describes it fairly, since it is a variety of quartz, consisting of varicolored layers, usually in even planes. Onyx worn as a gem is the emblem of mutual affection. The emerald is a bright green variety of beryl which, in proportion as it is clear and flawless, is highly valued as a gem. It is the emblem of chastity. Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, had a necklace of emeralds and pearls valued at $1,600,000.

Isaac S., Tyler, Minn. Please give a brief sketch of the theology of Thomas Aquinas? Who was Thomas Aquinas?

He was a theologian of the middle ages, born in Aquino, Naples, 1224 or 1226. He became a Dominican monk and was afterward a teacher of philosophy and theology in Cologne, Paris, and a number of the Italian universities. He was a prolific lecturer and writer. For a full exposition of his theology, see Hagenbach's *History of Doctrines*.

A. E. S., Portersville, O. Is it possible for fanatical tendencies to religion to be inherited? May it not be that a prospective mother spends so much time in religious devotions of a sorrowful nature that her child comes into life with an inborn disposition to be morbidly religious? Would it not be better for a person believing himself to be so afflicted to eschew all forms of Christian work? Or may the whole fancy be a temptation of the evil one to keep one from using a talent that is burning for expression?

It is possible for a person to inherit optimistic or morbid tendencies, just as the temperament may be sanguine, phlegmatic, nervous, bilious or melancholic, but any undue tendency can usually be checked or counteracted in the training and education. As far as religion is concerned, it should operate to brighten the life, rather than to depress it. It is spiritual sunlight let in on what would otherwise be gloom indeed. The suggestion that a morbid person should avoid all forms of Christian work, is a pitiful one, and shows how far wrong one may go in estimating the value of religion in one's life! Never can men or women know true happiness until they learn to live and do for others. Not even a Christian can be happy unless he is actively working for the Master and for the good of his fellows. That is the real secret, the test which makes life worth living—the spending of ourselves for others.

Theron W. Crissey, Great Barrington, Mass., writes:

In the "Story of John King, Father of Teetotalism," given recently, you say, "It is an open question whether the total abstinence idea first saw the light in 1831, or the year following." An article was published recently in the *Connecticut Western News* (Canaan, Conn.) giving from the records the facts of the formation of an adult and also a juvenile Temperance Association in Norfolk, Conn., in 1825. A part of the juvenile pledge was as follows: "We, the subscribers, being under the age of fifteen, hereby express our resolution never to drink any ardent spirits, except it be as a remedy for sickness, and we respectfully request all to encourage us to keep this resolution, and to abstain from placing temptation before us." In this article the claim was made that probably this was the first temperance society in the country, but the next week an article appeared in the *Litchfield Enquirer*, another Litchfield County, Conn., paper, giving the record of the formation of a temperance society in Litchfield in 1789, and the names of thirty-six signers of the pledge. So it is shown that "the total abstinence idea first saw the light," in Connecticut more than forty years before stammering Richard Turner in Preston, England, coined the word "tee-total."

J. W. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. What are the sacred books of China?

There are four books so-called, viz: *Ta-hoo* (The School of Adults), *Chong-yong* (The Golden Mean), *Lun-yu* (A Book of Maxims), all three written by Confucius, and *Meng-tse* (The Book of Mencius), which is esteemed as the greatest of the four.

Miss Myra A. P., Stoneham, Mass., writes:

Dear Sir:—I am much interested in the poem "The Border-Land," quoted in part in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 19; but I think there is some mistake about its having been written by Rev. J. B. Marsh "a few months before he died," January 8, 1903, as I read it more than five years ago in *The Converted Catholic Magazine* for January, 1898 (if I remember rightly), and copied it at that time into my diary. I supposed then that it was written by Dr. John Hall of New York; but learned afterwards that he simply sent a copy of it to his bereaved friends, Rev. and Mrs. J. A. O'Connor. Twelve stanzas are given there. The poem voices my own experience, and has been a great comfort to me. I should like very much to know for certain who was the author.

Mrs. D. McK., Ridgway, Oreg. The names are pronounced Ko-rell'-ee, Pek'-shee, Oo-termer, Ram-pol'-ee, Du-mas', O-ray'-le-ah'. 2. We have no opinion to express on the other questions.

A. B. C., Crawford, N. J. You will find the poem "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief" in *The Library of Religious Poetry*, issued by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Margaret W., Wilkesbarre, Pa. Will THE CHRISTIAN HERALD kindly inform one of its readers who David's mother was?

Her name is not positively known. Some commentators have accepted Nahash (see II. Sam. 17:25) as the name of David's mother, but there is nothing to warrant such a conjecture.

J. E. S., W. Chesterfield, N. H. Your criticism is a just one, and the appearance of any such expression is to be regretted, although it is just as the author wrote it.

H.C., Passaic, N. J. Is it true that one of the oldest capitals in Europe is built on the tops of trees?

To a certain extent, it is true of Amsterdam, of which Erasmus said, jocosely: "I know a city whose inhabitants dwell in the tree-top like the rooks." The city is built on a sand foundation, and a majority of the building are supported by wooden piles to give the stability.

G. A. Broady, M.D., writes to the THE MAIL-BAG:

Could you not do anything for the stokers on board the steamships? Surely there ought to be law passed compelling the steamship companies to furnish these poor toilers of the sea better quarters. Could you not arouse public interest in their behalf? Please do something for them. If nothing else call public attention to their terrible condition.

We print our correspondent's appeal, in the hope that it may reach the proper quarter and produce results. There certainly is ample room for improvement in the condition of the stokers on most of our steamship lines.

Jessie R., Paterson, N. J. 1. What were the Urim and Thummim? 2. How were they employed in deciding questions?

1. They were three stones which were carried within the double or inner lining of the high priest's breast-plate. 2. One of the stones represented "Yes," another "No," and the third, "No answer is to be given." When any question of importance was to be decided, the priest drew a stone, and, which ever of the three came first to his hand, was accepted as final (See Lev. 8:8; I. Sam. 28:6).

Reader, Allegheny, Pa. When did the first White House wedding take place and who were the principals?

The first White House bride was Maria Monroe, the President's daughter, who was married to her cousin, the son of Hon. Samuel L. Gouverneur, of New York. The ceremony took place in the East Room, in March 1820. Only the relatives and immediate friends of the parties were present.

J. P. F., Atlanta, Ga. 1. Is it true that the Apostle Paul's stature was only three cubits, or four and one-half feet? 2. Was he ever married?

1. We have seen no record of his height. It would not be likely to be mentioned in Scripture, and there is little weight in the legends about him. It is not unlikely that he was below the middle height, as his enemies characterized his bodily presence as weak (II. Cor. 10:10). 2. We should infer from his remarks about marriage (I. Cor. 7:8) that he was never married. We think, too, that if he had been, a writer who makes so many personal references as he, would have mentioned his wife in some way. On the other hand, if he was ever a member of the Sanhedrin, which some passages appear to indicate, he must have been married, as an unmarried man was not eligible. It is not, however, quite certain that he was a member of the Sanhedrin. He is said to have been only thirty-five years old when he was converted, and so may have been below the eligible age when the opportunity of admission occurred.

J. E. T. 1. The following from a book called *Golden Sheaves*, will answer G. E. N., Unadilla, Ga., in MAIL BAG, August 12:

A lady had written on a card, and placed in her garden-house, and on the top of an hour-glass, a beautiful and simple stanza from one of the fugitive pieces of John Clare, the rural poet; it was at the season of the year when the flowers were at their highest beauty:

To think of summers yet to come,
That I am not to see;
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!

The next morning she found penciled on the back of the same card:

To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that e'en die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Ah! where will then my portion be?
How shall I spend eternity!

2 Where does one write to learn the requirement for joining the Colonial Dames?

1. Thanks for the information, which will interest many. 2. Write to the *Mail and Express*, New York.

M.F., Bancroft, Mich. We do not know the verses.

Reader, Pennsylvania. We think not, but we must be careful not to judge others, lest we do so unjustly. Never decide in such matters without hearing all the facts.

Reader. 1. The thirty-eighth annual report of the National Temperance Society, just issued, contains all the information you desire and it may be procured by addressing the field secretary, Rev. Hervey Wood, 3 East 14th street, New York. 2. Since November 1, 1902, about 3,000,000 Temperance pledges, in connection with the Twentieth Century Pledge Signing Crusade, have been secured. Secretary Wood will supply blank pledges free.

A Blessed Opportunity

WE are greatly in need of a new chapel at Mont-Lawn, the present one being altogether too small for our needs, and in such a rickety condition that only last year we found it necessary to brace the walls in order to prevent their falling.

While we have found our subscribers ever willing to contribute to the support of this glorious work—and how greatly we appreciate their generosity is more than we dare undertake to state—we do not think that they should be burdened with any share of the expenses incident to the raising of a new building—even though that building be a chapel dedicated to the service of our Master—and the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has devised a plan which, we believe, will furnish the necessary funds, without entailing any hardships too grievous to be conveniently borne.

Getting More Than You Give

As the Mont-Lawn work has fully established its claim to permanency, nothing less than a stone chapel will fill our requirements, and one large enough to accommodate not less than 400 auditors. Our children and the helpers, even at the present time, aggregate nearly 300—then there are the visitors and villagers, and finally, we must provide for natural growth with the course of time. To erect such a spacious and substantial chapel, with all the necessary furnishings, together with administration quarters, and rooms for the entertainment of visiting friends, especially visiting CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers, would require not less than $20,000.

Fifteen Per Cent. Annuity

This money we propose to raise by selling **2,000 Life Subscriptions** to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (donated for that purpose by its proprietor), at $10 each. A Life Subscription causes your name, or the name of any one you may thus wish to favor, to be placed for life upon the subscription list of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Each ten dollar subscription thus pays to the fortunate subscriber every year an annual subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, worth $1.50 per annum, equal to a life annuity of 15 per cent. on the investment, and at the same time contributes $10 to the erection of a Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn. Finally, these two thousand Life Subscribers will have a share in the blessings daily prayed by the little ones down from heaven upon the hearts and the lives of those who had helped in the erection of this house of worship and of praise.

The Only Opportunity of its Kind

No other Life Subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have ever been accepted, and none will be accepted, as far as we can now tell, except such as come properly within the scope of the offer here published. If our readers will kindly remember this, it will obviate much useless correspondence.

Do It To-day! Do It Now!

Let all who are interested, address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City, and place at the left-hand lower corner of the envelope the words "For the Children's Temple."

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHAKER SETTLEMENT AT MOUNT LEBANON, N. Y.

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS AT MOUNT LEBANON

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE beautiful mountains of Columbia County, N. Y., reach their fullest charm at Lebanon. All the valley is brimmed with beauty like a cup that cannot hold another drop. On Mount Lebanon stand a group of buildings, substantial, ample, dignified in their entire absence of pretension or ornament, and here reside, honored and beloved by their neighbors, the two or three families that remain of what was, years ago, a much more numerous community of Shakers. They own and cultivate a wide dominion, embowered in fruit trees, waving with corn, tilled with wisdom and industry. A celibate Order, the brethren and sisters, share everything in common as the primitive Christians did, the government and administration of the several households being committed to elders and eldresses, men and women of great tact and discretion, who know how to exercise authority without petty interference with individual liberty, and whose character is a guarantee of their influence. To them, the members of the community resort, very much as children to a parent, asking permission to go or come, and referring to them all mooted points.

I wish the housekeepers who read this page could see the immaculate and sweet-scented cleanliness of the Shaker kitchen, and homes. Everything shines with such grace of absolute wholesome tidiness, that it is a rest of heart and eye, to behold the floors and tables. The reposeful atmosphere is felt everywhere about the Shaker homes, so pure and clean, and so devoid of superfluous bric-a-brac, and encumbering dust-concealing draperies. Flowers, however, flourish in garden beds and borders, and bloom lavishly in the windows, for the dear Shaker sisters have a love of the beautiful, and gratify it in cultivating vines and thrifty plants. The kitchens, and the cool, fragrant dairies, are replete with labor-saving contrivances and every modern convenience. There is a great deal of work to do, but the old adage, "Many hands make light work," finds verification here, for the labor is subdivided, and apportioned, and every one takes hold heartily and does whatever is the duty of the hour, I truly believe, as unto the Lord. The brethren undertake the outdoor work and the heaviest indoor tasks fall to them. The sisters do whatever belongs to woman's province from preserving and pickling to plain sewing, from butter making and bread making to the most painstaking work of the laundry.

Shaker cloaks are made by a group of sisters under the direction of a lovely-looking sister, Emma Neal. These long hooded wraps, with their graceful folds, are made of the finest cloth, and the stitches set in them are fitting for the wardrobe of a queen. Many American queens know this and buy these garments, one bride of a year ago ordering four for her trousseau. They make particularly sumptuous carriage wraps for luxurious people. Besides these garments, these sisters, pledged to the austere life of celibacy, make the finest, daintiest clothing for the nurseries of women who know the joys of motherhood; make little socks for baby feet, and blankets for baby cribs, shawls, slumber shoes, rugs. A great variety of useful and ornamental articles are made by their deft fingers and sold for the benefit of the community.

These sisters receive and teach a limited number of pupils, to whom they give an excellent book education, instructing them at the same time in the practical accomplishments of the home-maker.

Among the women gathered here are some of liberal education, and of native gifts of a very high order. One sister has published a volume of felicitous verse. Another has compiled a very useful book of brief biographies of famous men and women. A brother, who has spent his life since his eighth year on that lofty hill, who is now beyond three score and ten, spends much time in writing thoughtful and able treatises on the Shaker doctrines.

The pictures show the buildings of the community, but not the outlying farms and acreage, which extend for many miles. In the faces of the sisters and brother here given, I, who write, see the countenances of those who are my friends, at whose beautiful board I have sat, and whose hospitality has been accepted freely, extended to me more than once. The brother in the laboratory brewing the

A GROUP OF SISTERS OF THE MOUNT LEBANON SHAKERS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 749

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Labor's Evenings

TEXT—Ps. 104: 23: Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening

"WHAT time is it, Mister?" the workman asked, as I went through a large factory. "Twenty minutes past five," I answered. "Ah, then," said he, "I have forty minutes more labor before I am my own boss." The workman kept on pounding, five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty minutes. During this interval, while the minute-hand was moving slowly around the dial towards the numerical twelve, that man with his co-laborers continued at their work. But no sooner did the clock begin to strike six, than a loud factory whistle was blown. Immediately the men and the women, the boys and girls alike, dropped their tasks and turned their backs upon the wheels and the leather bands. They took off their aprons, and donned their coats and hats. The front and the side doors of the great building were a vortex from which poured an onrushing flood of humanity. The electric cars and the elevated trains and suburban expresses were jammed and crowded by the scattering employees, not only from one but from many stores and factories. Everywhere in our large cities, "Man goeth to his work and to his labor" in the morning. In the evening hour, man, for the most part, has finished his daily tasks and heads toward home. My text rightly describes the social conditions of Davidic times. It as truthfully pictures the labor conditions of the present day.

An Important Problem

The ordinary average laboring man works from sun to sun. Now comes the practical and pertinent question, "How is he to spend his evenings?" This is to be our theme. It is to be our subject for two reasons: First, because to-morrow is Labor Day. It is a day legalized as a holiday by the State legislatures, during which all thoughtful men and women should discuss or hear speeches upon the great problems which affect the laboring classes. Such a subject as "Labor's Evenings" naturally grows out of a Labor Sunday service.

It is our theme, because this imminent moral and spiritual problem can never be rightly solved by the laboring man alone. He needs the help of sympathetic men who have leisure to think and plan, and who have capital which they can invest in educational appliances, that will yield them a return in higher efficiency and grateful loyalty to their interests. The problem of capital and labor must be solved, if ever solved, by the Christian co-operation both of the rich and the poor; by Christian philanthropists placing in their employees' hands the means by which they can lift themselves up. The Macedonian cry which once sounded over the Mediterranean waters for Paul to come and help his foreign brethren, is now echoing across the black chasm which separates the employer from the employee. It comes from the laborers, who wait for no annual dividends, but live from hand to mouth on the pay which they receive in weekly instalments.

In the solution of this problem the Church of Christ should take a prominent part. It cannot afford to go on its way indifferent to the social conditions which are fast becoming intolerable. The miseries of the poor cry aloud unto heaven. To whom have they a right to look for help if not to that institution which Christ established for the redemption of the world. What can the church do for them? It may do much, and first among the agencies it may employ, I would place

The Institutional Church

Do not imagine for a moment that the church will be desecrated by such use. It can never be a more sacred temple than when it provides a place in which the working man will be glad to spend his evenings. This does not mean that the future Church of Christ is to be a dance or a billiard hall, a bowling alley, a lounging place for smokers, or a free restaurant, where tramps and beggars shall come to get something for nothing. It does mean, however, that the Church of Jesus Christ is to be something more than a mere place of preaching and hearing. It is to be a place of sacred practical helpfulness. It is to become eyes for the blind, and clothing for the naked, and crutches for the lame, and food for the hungry, and a warm welcome for the friendless, and comfort for the hopeless. It is literally to be all things to all men.

"Please explain yourself more in detail," some one says. Well, I will. In the first place, I find that the social instinct is a God-implanted instinct, and must and will find vent out of the human heart. The gregarious tendency is strong in men, as it is in animals. Cattle travel in herds. If a farmer turns out his cows upon the mountain sides, he only has to place one bell upon one cow. Then it is very easy for him to find the rest of the herd. Some years ago, an inexperienced German came to live in Pike County, Pennsylvania, where I was at that time preaching. He set that whole county laughing. Why? In his lack of knowledge of animal instinct, he placed a different bell on every cow. Thus, his herd of cows would go over those mountains clanging their discordant bells, like a big orchestra tuning up their instruments for a concert piece. It only needs one bell for one herd of cattle. Cows always travel together. The same law applies to sheep, and horses, and buffaloes, and mostly to birds and fish. They love to be in each other's society. They live in herds or flocks, or schools. The social instinct in the human race as in all animals, is a God-implanted instinct. Man will associate with man, and no power on earth can help it. He will associate with man in the church, or else in the saloon, or club, or secret society. He must and will find perpetual companionship during his evening hours. The church should provide a place for the harmless indulgence of that craving.

Work Blessed in the Doing

Statement second: I find by study of books and personal investigation, that every church which has first been baptized by the Holy Spirit, and then gone forth to reach the middle or the laboring classes through the Social Gate, has always been blest of God in a marvelous way. A conspicuous illustration of that fact is seen in St. George's Episcopal Church, of New York City. This was once the famous church of the great Doctor Stephen Tyng. This church is situated in East Sixteenth street. A short time after the good Doctor Tyng died, the wealthy parishioners of this church began to move away. There was great talk at one time of abandoning this site, and going farther up town. Then came Doctor Rainsford to this pulpit. He is a big, warm-hearted, practical Christian. What did he do? Desert that magnificent down-town field to Satan, as many of our down-town churches have done? No, he made St. George's Parish right about face. He made that church appeal to the classes around its very doors. He made it accomplish its work by appealing to the neighborhood through the social gate. The result is, St. George's Episcopalian church, great as its former pastors were, never did the good that it is doing to-day. It is now appealing to the great unchurched classes. Its parish houses and social beehives are busy Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, as well as having its church auditorium open on Sunday. It is a church of the "glad hand," and the "every night welcome," as well as the church of "Holy Prayer." What is true in reference to St. George's Church is true of the Judson Memorial Church of New York, and of Russell Conwell's Church in Philadelphia, and of the Park Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J., and in one sense of the Moody Church of Chicago. Oh, why will not all of the churches like those named, learn the value of doing their work by appealing to the social instincts?

Sociability and Hospitality

In the most congested parts of our cities, the saloons have no difficulty to live. They appeal to mankind through the Social Gate. Upon their windows, I see these words, advertised everywhere: "Free Lunch." What does that mean? Have the saloon-keepers suddenly become philanthropists? Are they animated with the Gospel desire to feed the poor and care for the starving? Oh no! The saloon-keeper is a man shrewd and keen in business. He says, "If I, with a sandwich, can only entice my victims into my hell-hole, then I can keep them here by the social instinct. I will then surround them with my hirelings and hold them in grips of steel." There is an old saying in church circles, "Give the people a free lunch, and there is no difficulty in collecting a crowd." If the saloon-keepers can afford to give a free lunch every morning, noon and night in the service of the devil, I do not believe it a poor policy once in awhile, on a week night, for the Institutional Church to give a "Free Lunch" in the name of Christ.

When, some months ago, I went through the Chicago slums, in company with the officers of the law, hunting for the debauched husband of one of my church members, I found in many of these evil resorts that free vaudeville shows were given in order to decoy and to draw in crowds. If the Satanic proprietor can afford to do that, I do not believe it out of place for Christians, on the week nights, to offer refined social entertainments to gather the great unchurched masses into a church fellowship, in the name of Christ.

When I go down the street of a Monday night, past church after church, tomblike and silent, and dark, on account of their closed doors, and find the billiard halls in full illumination, and crowded with the young men of our land, I know then that there is something wrong. I know that these young men are not being appealed to in the name of Christ, through the Social Gate. I know that the Institutional Church is right when, to counteract that evil influence, it throws wide open its church buildings, and offers to the young men and women of its neighborhood, libraries in which they can read the best books, and gymnasiums in which they can develop their muscle, and places in which they can be brought into the best of Christian association. You who decry the mission of the Institutional Church, did you every stop to realize that in the congested districts of your tenement buildings, there is hardly a public place for a working man to go and get warm except to a saloon? There is hardly a place where he can go to meet the most sacred wants of his physical nature except in a saloon? Therefore can we, and dare we decry the mission of the Institutional Church in furnishing wholesome and elevating amusement for the working man and a resort in which he can spend a pleasant social evening?

"But," some one says, "how then do you distinguish between the work of the Social Settlement, and the work of the 'Institutional Church?'" They are diametrically different. They are as far apart as the arctic and the antarctic poles. They have entirely different purposes. The Institutional Church believes that the "Social Gate"

Should be the "Strait Gate"

leading to the foot of the Cross. While the Social Settlement is in nearly every instance managed by Christians, and while it is inspired by Christian principles and motives, it is compelled, by the exigencies of its work, to keep creed and denomination in the background. Its opportunities of getting in touch with men and women of every faith and of no faith would be restricted if not altogether lost if it became known as a proselyting institution. The Institutional Church believes in being all things to all men, so that Jesus Christ can be glorified. It is trying to carry out the command of Christ, which says—'And I if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' The Social Settlement can never take the place of the Church, though it may prepare the way for it. Its work, valuable as it is, does not reach its true culmination, until the people whom it strives to influence, have found in the Gospel of Jesus Christ the panacea for all their afflictions and in Jesus himself the bearer of all their burdens. So the Institutional Church, strong in its conviction of the efficacy of its remedy, makes Jesus its motto; presents, Jesus at the Social Gate; Jesus in our libraries; Jesus in our gymnasiums; Jesus with us in caring for the children; Jesus the countersign with which we shall commune on the Sabbath day; Jesus the name of fellowship with which we shall associate together on the week night; Jesus! Jesus only. Always Jesus!

Another means of benefiting the working man is to insist on the observance of the Lord's Day. The Sabbath day as a sacred rest-day is to be a great factor in teaching the laboring classes how rightly to spend their evenings. It is not only, as William E. Gladstone once expressed it, to be "the great conservator of physical health," but also the golden gate which shall open to let the laboring man into the higher and nobler life of the Spirit. It is to be the foundation stone of the sacred church. It is also to be the foundation stone of the pure home, and of the pure place of wholesome, elevating, evening entertainment.

Social Degeneration

An Oriental legend in a very graphic way taught the truth of Ralph Waldo Emerson's terse saying, "The Sabbath day is the very core of civilization," both spiritual and temporal. It pictured King Solomon on his way to visit the Queen of Sheba. While journeying along he came to a valley filled with a peculiar tribe of monkeys. By inquiry from the neighboring people, he found that this tribe of monkeys were the direct descendants of a Jewish colony, which long ago had settled in that valley. This people as a people had started on their social degeneracy, when they, through avarice, had learned to despise the Sabbath day. Sabbath desecration always means a degenerating man. It means the human race descending from the God-like to the brute-like. On the other hand, the indirect lessons of this legend are also true. Teach a man how to worship God aright on Sunday and you stiffen his backbone. You will raise his forehead's dome. You will also teach him how to live aright, both during the week day and the week night.

"But," again says some one to me, "why do you use

future tense? Why do you say, 'the Sabbath day is to be the golden gate which shall open to let the aspiring man into the higher and the nobler life of the Spirit?' Why do you not use the present tense, or even the past tense?" Because, my friend, to a great extent, avarice, with her dusky handmaids, Blasphemy and Wanton Pleasures, have stolen away our blessed Sabbath. When Agassiz first landed upon our shores he was asked what most impressed him about the new world. "The quiet of the American Sabbath," was his reply. But alas, alas, the American Sabbath is not now a day of rest and worship, but of work and pleasure seeking. In many large cities, and in many country villages, the stores are opened and business, if not running at full blast, is being done at least with driving force. The barber shop and grocery stores, and drug stores, and dry goods stores, and liquor stores, and billiard halls, and theatres, and often foundries and factories are open, and know no difference between Sunday and Monday or Saturday. "The question, How shall we keep Sunday, is fast acquiring a secondary significance," once powerfully spake Bishop Huntington. "Once the fear was that the Sunday might be broken. Now the anxiety is lest it be wholly lost. In a word, we are threatened with the forfeiture of an available franchise, the annulment of an ancient charter, and it is high time that we bestir ourselves." Yes, yes! Bishop Huntington well spoke the truth. The Sabbath day is to be a great factor in the future in teaching the laboring classes how to spend their evenings, because now the Sabbath day, as a day of rest, has been stolen away. It must be recaptured. It is high time that the labor unions of this land and the Church of Jesus Christ join hands to win back that Sabbatic treasure which Lord Beaconsfield—who like King Solomon was a Jew—once declared, "was the greatest blessing ever given by God to man."

Need of Weekly Rest

The labor unions may logically base their claims upon physical grounds. Rest, rest! Give us more rest!" cry the Barber Union, and the Grocery Clerk Unions, and the Drug Store Clerks' Unions, and all other unions. "Our men must have physical rest. Periodical rest for the eye, the foot, the hand, the brain, the heart. Rest and complete rest on physical grounds. And, thank God, a beginning has already been made, for the labor unions are everywhere presenting their just claims for a restful Sabbath.

On the other hand, the Church of Jesus Christ must go into this battle for a restful Sabbath, emphasizing the spiritual as well as physical claims. The Church of Jesus Christ must have at least one whole day per week to tell the people about God. One whole day per week to teach men how they should be good husbands and good sons and good fathers. One day per week to teach a man his duty to his fellowmen and to his State. One day out of every seven to teach a man how his life may be spiritual and his death glorious. "Rest Rest!" A Sabbath for sacred rest and worship should be the cry of the church. May this Christian pulpit on this Labor Sunday, help to be the means of leading the church and the labor unions to clasp hands in the holy conspiracy of capturing the Sabbath for God. Recapturing it for physical and mental and spiritual rest and invigoration.

A Political Necessity

A consecrated and Gospelized ballot-box is also to be a great factor in teaching the laboring classes how to spend their evenings. This means that by the election of the proper health officials and district attorneys and municipal representatives, the better classes shall be able to go into the city slums, and clean out the vile formations and accumulations of filth. Jacob A. Riis, in his great book, *How the Other Half Lives*, declared that in some of New York's back alleys, a choke with refuse piles, the light of the sun, as in Devil's Canyon, in Arizona, can never shine. He declared that the walls of one tenement in "Blind Man's Alley," were so covered over with filth, that though it caught fire six times in winter, it could not burn. The filthy incrustations accumulated upon the walls of that tenement did literally smother the flames. It means that these elected officers shall see that each family must have rooms for itself. No moral lessons can ever be taught where there are four or five married couples with their children occupying the same apartment. A Dublin missionary said that once he found five different families, all living within the same four walls of one room. One husband and wife for each corner, and one family for the centre of the room, and "one of those families was taking in boarders." It means, that no criminals shall be allowed to collect in one region.

But some one again interrupts me! "In these charges against the city tenements, are you not slandering our laboring classes? You surely do not compare the American army of labor with those wild, desperate crowds of frenzied men who, emerging from the cellars and foul haunts of Paris, started on their famous journey to Versailles, which ended in the death of Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, the haughty daughter of the Austrian War Queen, Maria Theresa? Do you charge the laboring classes with being the physical and spiritual menace of the world?" Oh no, my brother. I am in no way slandering the laboring classes. I believe that some of the most cleanly and moral and refined homes of the world are found among the laborers as well as among the capitalists. But this is what I do assert. The laboring man is the economical king of the world can dollar buy. What he votes in last. It rests upon his shoulders to a great extent, how our cities and counties are to be ruled. It rests with him whether the sewers shall be clean, whether the tenements shall be made sanitary and not overcrowded, whether the one millions immigrants who landed at the country last year, some of whom come to the mining district and graduate of European inhabitants, shall be made to observe decencies, and whether we shall have Alsace and hole in the darkness. How the laboring man spends his evenings is the road to a great extent to the question whether the laboring man shall become one and be leering eyed tempters that through our cities and towns, like the Indian Juggernaut which crushes its victims at every turn of the fatal wheels.

Divine Help

But, ye laboring men, how are we to win to these three great movements which we have been discussing? How are we to get the Holy Spirit moved in Sabbatical Church, and the Christian Sabbath as a day for rest and worship, and a Gospel baptism for our city for our depraved? Shall we accurately, or even through in these three great movements for the amelioration of the laborer's evenings? Not in our own strength, but in the strength of Jesus Christ, we shall and we can do everything if we will only trust Him and work for Him.

One day, so goes the story, an old Scotch preacher arose, and first gave out as his text the following words from Philippians 4 13, "I can do all things." Then he stopped. A look of surprise went around the congregation, for this minister was a humble man. But after a pause the preacher said "Ah, I did not read the text aright. If any man says to me 'I can do all things,' I know he is a liar. But if he reads my whole text and says, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengthen me,' then I say he tells the truth. Christ is omnipotent, and Christ will always give us his promised aid." So, laboring men, I beg and plead with you to throw yourself upon the divine strength. I plead with you, by the power of Jesus Christ, to go with me into the battle of trying to save the lower as well as the socially higher classes. I plead with you to help solve the question—"How the Laboring Man Shall Spend His Evenings," by appealing for help to a Saviour who was once a laboring man. He was Jesus, the Carpenter. He was Jesus, the Worker for daily bread. He was Jesus, whose companions were, for the most part, men of knotted muscles, and swarthy limbs, and furrowed cheeks, and coarse hands. He is Jesus, who is ready to be your co-laborer for the emancipation of a sinful world. Jesus, who perhaps is your co-laborer now.

A Visit to the Shakers at Mount Lebanon

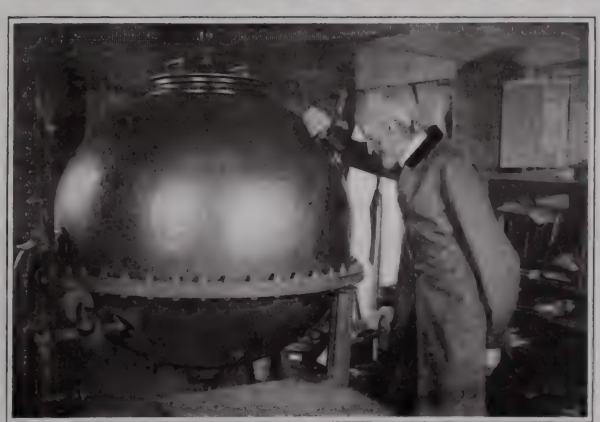
Continued from page 747

herbs and roots into medicines for the body, is a most interesting and scholarly man,—a mystic and a dreamer, with a kind heart and cordial hand.

Eldress Anna, Sister Catharine, Sister Corinne, Brother Alonzo, Brother Timothy, you and the others are among the good people one likes to meet. The marvel is that you do not know how to grow old. Shaker sisters at eighty are vigorous women, with unwrinkled cheeks and bright eyes. Probably the regular and simple life, freed from excitement, competition and anxiety, has something to do with the freedom from sickness and the longevity of the Shakers.

A picturesque sect, they are not increasing. They are in odd contrast to the restless, hurrying, fiercely onrushing world of the twentieth century beyond their doors. They are a reverent community, worshiping God after their unique fashion, observing the Lord's Day with care, and passing hence when their earth-life ends, in the hope of the resurrection.

M. E. S.



PREPARING HERBS IN THE SHAKER LABORATORY ON MOUNT LEBANON

As far back as the first half of the eighteenth century, the Shakers were known as a distinct religious body. They were accustomed to trace their origin to the Camisards of France (a sect which made its appearance in that country during the terrible oppressions towards the end of the seventeenth century). These Camisards were so-called from the fact that they wore the *Camise*, or peasant's jacket. Many of them were put to the torture in 1702 and 1705, and died the death of martyrdom, while others found a refuge in England, and there propagated their doctrines and found many followers. In 1757 Ann Lee joined the Society, and became its head. It was about this time that these people adopted the name of Shakers. In 1774 Ann Lee and a number of her followers left England for the United States. Their first settlement was at Watervliet, near Albany, N. Y. Mother Lee died in 1784, having already formed her little following into a model for Shaker organizations, and having also formulated her ideas of community of property. Elder James Whitaker succeeded her as head of the movement, and under his administration the first Shaker church was built in 1785. He died in 1787. In that year, Joseph Meachem, a convert of Mother Lee, assembled all the Shaker following and founded the present settlement in New Lebanon. In the five years following, ten other Shaker settlements were founded, viz.: At Watervliet, N. Y., Hancock, Tyringham, Harvard and Shirley, Mass.; Enfield, Conn.; Canterbury and Enfield, N. H.; and at Alfred and New Gloucester, Me. In 1805, six other settlements were established, all the communities together numbering probably between 6,000 and 8,000 souls.

In their religious belief, the Shakers hold that God gives to man four revelations, viz.: 1. Through the patriarchs by promise: 2. Through the law by Moses; 3. Through Christ's appearance in the flesh; 4. Through the second appearance, yet to come. They teach the immortality of the soul, the resurrection, celibacy (not imperative, but as desirable), and non-resistance and non-participation in any earthly government. They believe oral confession of sin necessary to receive power to overcome it; they practice healing through prayer and fasting; they regard themselves as under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit. They decline to take oaths in court or elsewhere; they abhor compliment and exaggeration, and they abstain from all games of chance. Their peculiar methods of worship, their religious dances, their quaint and not unmusical singing, and their earnest exhortation to all to lead pure, spiritual lives, are probably too well known to need any extended description here.

Two brethren and two sisters compose the usual Shaker ministry in a parish, which may include from one to four societies. Members are divided into three classes: Novitiates, Juniors and Seniors. The Novitiates are those who "accept the doctrines of the Society, but do not enter into temporal connection with it, remaining with their own families, and controlling their own property." The Juniors are "those who become members of the Society and unite with it in labor and worship, but who have not surrendered their property to the Society, or if so, only conditionally." The Seniors are "those who after a satisfactory probation solemnly agree to consecrate themselves, their services, and their property to the Society, never to be reclaimed."

In many things the Shakers set an example that might be profitably heeded by other religious bodies. They are kind, hospitable, charitable. They have reduced to practice the principles of a Christian community: they esteem purity of character and a noble life as greater than worldly riches and honors. As their name of "The Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing" implies, their hope and expectation are constantly and steadily fixed upon that event as the consummation of the redemption of a sinful world.

A SHAKER BROTHER

NOW SIXTY-ONE "DOORS OF HOPE"

MULTIPLICATION OF AGENCIES FOR THE RECLAMATION OF THE VICTIMS OF SIN AND SORROW

By MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE

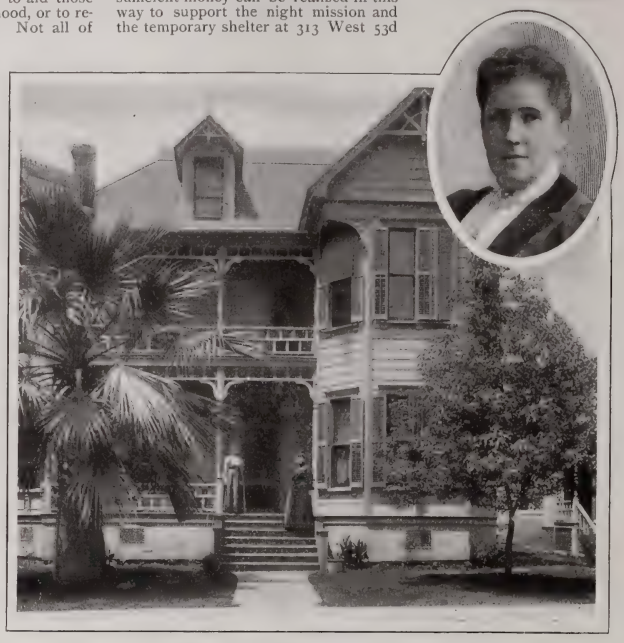
SO many kindly letters and welcome help have reached me from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in response to my account of my work, published in this journal last summer, that it is a duty, as well as a pleasure, to report the progress made during the year.

We have now sixty-one homes and shelters in as many different cities, in which efforts are made to rescue fallen women from their evil life, and to aid those who have left it to earn an honest livelihood, or to restore them to their homes and friends. Not all of these are in this country. Unhappily, the need of this mission is world-wide, and the victims of evil passions, and of man's perfidy are found everywhere. The Door of Hope Union is now represented in Africa, China, New Zealand, France, and Scotland. The reports of the work recently received from these widely scattered agencies are most encouraging.

Four new homes have recently been opened in Western States. During the winter and early spring, many meetings were held in California and other States, which were signally blessed by God. Friends of the movement were enlisted, and finally a Door of Hope was established at Los Angeles, in a suitable location, about two miles away from that dreadful section of the city in which most of the victims that the mission is organized to help, are numerous. It has a fine three-story house, capable of sheltering many applicants, and affording comfortable quarters for the matron. At El Paso, also, a house in a central location has been secured, and the friends who are interested in its management feel that they have reason to bless God for the support that has been given to it. A new home has been founded at Cedar Rapids, Ia. It adjoins the Sunshine Mission, founded by Mr. Ward. In recognition of his kindly interest in the movement, we have called it The Sunshine Door of Hope. The fourth of our new homes is at St. Louis, Mo., and is under the charge of a lady singularly successful in her efforts to reach the class of girls we seek to save.

The wisdom of the removal of our headquarters from New York City to Tappan has been fully proved by experience. The advantages are many. The girls are away from reach of the temptations of the city and the old surroundings. They are where they can have the benefits and freedom of out-door life, with its pure air and sunshine. And those who have simply made a convenience of the Door of Hope as a temporary shelter, are largely eliminated, which leaves more room for those who really desire a better life. The Home is situated upon a beautiful piece of land of forty-three acres. Here various out-door industries have been attempted, and it is hoped that before very long, sufficient money can be realized in this way to support the night mission and the temporary shelter at 313 West 53d street, known as The Door of Hope Gospel Mission.

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE



A NEW "DOOR OF HOPE" AT LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

As the demands at the Tappan Home are continually increasing, it has seemed best to classify the entire work. In order to do this a number of small cottages will be erected upon the grounds. Each house will accommodate six or eight girls and a matron in charge, and will have a room for each person, and a general sitting room. The large house will be the centre of the Settlement life. There all meals will be served, and all the indoor industries carried on.

When upon the Pacific coast, a few months ago, holding services in many places, a gentleman came forward and said he would like to help erect a chapel upon our grounds in memory of his son. Two days later one hundred dollars more were given to be used for this purpose, for which we were very grateful; this was followed by seventy dollars.

From the very beginning of this work to the present time, the guidance and care of the Lord has been very wonderful. We never know where the next dollar is coming from, and yet when the lesson of faith and truth is learned, it is always received. The financial testings have been experienced alone. Not even my dearest worker is allowed to share them, as I feel that the workers should be relieved from any extra strain or care, so that they may be left free to labor more effectually for those entrusted to us. The difficulties, as they arise, are laid before the Lord, and hitherto they have all been met.

Since the beginning of our work, nearly thirteen years ago, we have received in answer to prayer—for we never resort to collections or soliciting—over $91,500. With this we have purchased our large piece of property, which is free and clear, and supported and clothed over 3,800 girls while under our care.

Many of these girls are living consistent Christian lives. Some of them have their own comfortable little homes, others have been returned to their families, and a few have already passed into their eternal rest, with rejoicings in their hearts.

The prayers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are earnestly solicited for this entire enterprise, and especially for the younger homes, as it is by no means an easy task to start and carry on such work. Much grace and wisdom are required to accomplish even a little. But by combined effort through the ministry of prayer, great things can be done for the glory of God and the salvation of lost souls.

Morning Worship in the Northfield Woods

ONE of the most interesting features of the summer meetings in Northfield is that of the Y. M. C. A. The regular conference of the Association is held in July, but the camp is kept open all summer, and hundreds of young men spend from one to two weeks at the Y. M. C. A. camp between June and September. The camp is most beautifully situated in the pine woods, a short distance from the great auditorium. A great many tents are pitched under the spreading branches of the pines, and the young fellows who come here demonstrate the fact that it is possible for a company of young men to have a thoroughly delightful time without the least rowdyism, although there is no lack of merriment.

A popular feature of the camp is the morning prayer service, at eight o'clock. Large numbers of visitors in Northfield attend these services. Our illustration is of one of these morning prayer meetings held in the camp last August, with the Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Boston, seated in the chair as leader of the meeting.

One cannot help feeling impressed by the reverent attitude of those who attend the meetings. There is absolute attention to the speaker, and the atmosphere of the place is one of sincere worship. The attendance at the camp during the past summer was very large and the meetings were intensely spiritual and helpful.

J. L. H.

AN EIGHT O'CLOCK A.M. SERVICE AT THE Y. M. C. A. CAMP, NORTHFIELD

. . .

It was the late D. L. Moody who was the first to establish open-air worship in the beautiful groves of Northfield. Many an excellent discourse has the grand old evangelist delivered to the students under the big pines, their branches shielding all from the hot sun, while the layers of "pine-needles" made a soft and pleasant carpet for the feet of the worshipers.

How Our Famine Flotilla Saved Kwang-Si

Eight Junks Loaded with "Christian Herald" Food-Supplies, Drawn by Eight Steam Launches, and all Towed by U. S. Warship, "Callao" --- Thousands of Lives Saved

(From official despatches by U. S. Consul-General McWade)

ANOTHER glorious triumph of benevolence has to-day to be added to the long roll of distinguished Christian service rendered by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Two years ago, they reached out hands of help and saved thousands of lives in the province of Shansi, China. To-day we print the official record, which shows that under Divine blessing, their recent efforts towards fighting back the famine in Kwang-Si province, Southern China, have been crowned with complete success.

We congratulate all who have had a share with us in this latest life-saving crusade upon the splendid results accomplished. Consul-General McWade tells the story in a series of graphic dispatches from Canton. His pen-picture places vividly before the reader the two expeditions up the great river to Kwang-Si—an imposing flotilla of food-laden junks, flying the American flag and manned by American sailors, drawn by eight powerful launches, and the whole towed by the mighty engines of the American warship *Callao*. The picture is one that will long be remembered.

Never was a relief work more cordially urged forward or more generously aided from first to last than this. To Consul-General McWade, to the brave Commander, officers and crew of the *Callao*, to our self-sacrificing missionaries along the river from Canton to the interior, and to the Chinese officials themselves, are due, individually and collectively, the magnificent results that have been accomplished with the gifts of Christian America to the starving Chinese. The latest contribution to the Kwang-Si sufferers from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have aggregated $30,000, and it is peculiarly gratifying to note that Consul-General McWade declares that the contributions received from this journal **"have undoubtedly been the means of saving many thousands of human lives."**

OUR SECOND RELIEF EXPEDITION ON ITS WAY UP THE CANTON RIVER TO THE RELIEF OF KWANG-SI

The Consul-General's Report

We give below extracts from the correspondence forwarded by Consul-General McWade relative to the expeditions:

"CANTON, CHINA, June, 30th.

"*Hon. Francis B. Loomis,*
State Dept., Washington, D. C.

"In further continuation of my No. 283 regarding the famine in Kwang-Si, I have the honor to report as follows:

"The second American Relief Expedition, composed of eight large Cargo Junks, loaded with 6,000 piculs of rice and 200 sacks of American flour, towed by eight steam launches and convoyed by U. S. S. *Callao*, Lieutenant Anderson commanding, and by a Chinese torpedo boat, left here for Kwang-Si on the morning of June 21, 1903. . . . Prior to the departure of the expedition, the bund of Shameen, fronting on the Canton River, was thronged with Chinese gentries, representative members of the Charitable Guilds of Canton, all of whom embarked on government torpedo boats and gunboats, and accompanied the expedition as far as the Macao fort. The accompanying despatches announce the arrival of the expedition at Wuchow and Samshui, and the distribution of the rice and flour by our missionaries among the starving natives. You will please note the different dates of the despatches, the earlier ones—for instance, that of the Rev. Dr. Shumaker, dated Kwai-Un, June 7, 1903—refer to the distribution of the rice from the *first* relief expedition.

The Christian Herald Thanked

"I have the honor to suggest that copies of these despatches be forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for publication. *The contributions of the readers of that excellent journal for the relief of the famine-stricken sufferers have undoubtedly been the means of saving many thousands of human lives. I desire to join the poor sufferers in appreciative gratitude of* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S *abounding charity.*

"I also enclose photographs of the first and second Relief Expeditions, taken as they were about starting from Canton to Kwang-Si. Photographs will be forwarded later, with the missionaries' final report of striking scenes and incidents at Weng Shun, Kwai Ping and elsewhere. As soon as the relief work has been completed, an itemized account of the expenditure, etc., will be forwarded to the Department, with all necessary vouchers annexed.

"The accompanying dispatches are as follows: From Rev. A. J. Fisher, June 6, 1903; Rev. Dr. H. K. Shumaker, June 7; Rev. Dr. H. K. Shumaker, June 20; Rev. Dr. H. K. Shumaker, June 22; Rev. H. O. T. Burkwall, June, 23; Lieut. E. A. Anderson, June 28; Midshipman Sterling, June 22; Rev. Dr. H. K. Shumaker, June, 26.

"The cabled despatch from Governor Wong Chih Chune, upon which my despatch to you of June 4 was based, reads:

"'YOUR HONOR — I have read your telegram, and beg to inform you that as the weather in Kwang-Si being dread for years, and with the additional disturbances of the rebels and the failure of the agricultural purposes, many hundred thousands of persons are suffering from hunger. Although several large cargoes of rice have been purchased, and distributed to them with energies, yet very many hundreds are starving daily. Help is urgently needed to save them. Can you give it?' I feel extremely gratified, and will never forget your favorable kindness and the great charity of America given to our suffering people and for having saved them lives from hunger.'

One Cake Daily for the Starving

"In another parcel or package," adds Consul-General McWade, "I send the wooden measure used in the distribution of rice to the starving people at Kwai Ping. One measured the rice was the daily allowance for each adult. I also send one of the famine cakes, sent up from Canton for distribution amongst the unfortunate, one cake per diem being held to be sufficient nourishment for each adult."

We quote below from the despatches enclosed in Consul-General McWade's letter:

KWAI PING, June 6, 1903.

"*To His Honor, the Consul-General of the United States, Hon. Robert M. McWade.*

"I beg to submit the following report of the rice sent to the famine district of Kwang-Si Province as the gift of the United States: [The rice purchased with the contributions of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers is here referred to.] Your Honor has already a full report of the safe arrival of the rice at Wuchow. After a delay of two and a half days at Wuchow we secured a launch to tow the rice up to the famine district. We wish here to acknowledge the kind services rendered by Mr. Alabaster, C. of I. M. Customs at Wuchow, and Mr. Braun, the Harbor Master, in securing this launch.

"The rice was towed up to Kwai-Peng, where, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Fee, distribution has been going on for two months in various ways. After consulting with Mr. Fee and others it was thought best to open a new station at Peng-Nam, about thirty miles below Kwai-Peng. One boat, the largest one of the three, was taken back to Peng-Nam and arrangements were at once made for proper distribution.

Distributing Food in the Temples

"The examination hall and the adjoining temple, Man Cheung Hung were thrown open for our use. The rice is stored in the temple and the examination hall is being used for the distributions. The other two boats are left at Kwai-Peng, for the time, as there was some question as to just where it had best be taken up. It is in the care of Mr. Fee and is well guarded.

"There can be no question as to the need for rice in these places. The distress and suffering are appalling. At Kwai-Peng *twenty-thousand men, women and children are being fed.* Many have nothing left of earthly possession. *Children are sold every day. Some sell themselves for rice to eat.* Many have nothing to eat except what is given to them on distribution days, twice a week. Many come in and tell of a brother or a husband who has fallen by the way in his efforts to get to the place of distribution. Again and again we have been told that this or that one has come for twenty miles. Every day the aged and the weak are falling away.

"At Peng-Nam the distress is perhaps even greater than at Kwait-Peng. Making a rough estimate, I should say that not more than two-fifths of the fields are planted with rice, which is about the only thing they raise there.

"The first distribution day at Peng-Nam was on Saturday, May 30. It was not generally known, yet more than six thousand people came to ask for a portion of rice. Some had to be turned away because, in the judgment of the distributors, they were well taken care of.

"More rice is needed to help the sufferers over another five or six weeks. [Signed] REV. A. J. FISHER."

The Relief Work Described

"*Hon. R. M. McWade, United States Consul General.*

"This report has to do with the famine relief work under my charge in Kwai Un. In company with Mr. Fletcher on May 19, I left Kwai-Peng, and on same day at evening arrived in the district city of Kwai-Un. Being informed that the southern part of the district was most needy, we, on the 20th ult. traveled thirty-odd miles on horseback, looking over the field. We found the two important towns to be Kiu-Hu and Mah Kak, situated two miles apart and were much cut from any navigable stream.

"The present status of the work is as follows: Mr. Fisher receives the rice at Kwai-Peng at the former point. He weighs it and transfers it to smaller cargo boats, containing about one hundred piculs each. I then proceed on my journey from the city and overtake my boats to the shore, whence it is delivered to me after some hours by coolies.

"The work of getting the rice into the hands of the people as practiced at Kwai Ha is as follows: Our boats tie at a establishment consisting of several compartments, one in a large house-stables, courtyard, and a threshing ground. This place we have divided into two distinct parts, one has its own entrance. Coupons having been placed in circulation by some other way than the main gate, as soon as about sunrise in the morning. The people as they enter are numbered by the foreigners and several keepers appointed by the gentry. These recognized as paupers are not permitted to go out. Those in actual need, but ashamed to beg, have coupons issued in one of the two parts of the works and those in greatest need, into the other part.

"At one o'clock the gate is closed and the two buckets placed at the doors. The distributors at once draw out a measure containing one and a third pounds, or about one and two thirds of a pound is dispensed to each one. This amount of rice is sufficient for two meals more. The people gather once in three days. The men and women come on separate days. The third day I have spent at Mah Kak, where the work is arranged a little differently. I got looking on this work at Kwai Ha and we agreed to feed the women while the gentry carried the rice home. The very needy at Mah Kak were in a dying condition and their allowance is one for three days and seven pounds and in special cases we have given more pounds. I respected the privilege of seeing to rice in the very need in Now after I am through with the women these men come and we give each one one and two thirds pounds of rice.

"Soon after arriving here I discovered that many of the gentry, who ordinarily gain a living by school teaching, were in great need. Scholars they lacked not, but the parents had nothing to pay. It seemed to me hard to entrust these gentlemen that they come to the general distribution. Therefore, upon due investigation, in proportion to the number dependent upon them, we supplied rice to keep them until the harvest. The same method has been followed with aged men and women too feeble to adventure themselves in the jostling crowds.

Many Dying by the Way

"At the beginning of our work, *scores of those coming for help died by the ways*, but since then I have seen none, and the gentry report none. *I feel that relief work has prevented many lives coming to a premature.*

"It may be asked, 'Do the Chinese appreciate our efforts in their behalf?' The gentry most certainly do. As Your Honor knows, the fountain head of all anti-foreign feeling among this people has been the conservative literary class. Having suffered much at the hands of foreign nations, the gentry have added to their natural antipathy to the 'Barbarian' an intense hatred. We have, however, this year shown them that we are not wholly evil, and I believe that the timely assistance rendered the gentry and common people of Kwang-Si by the two great English speaking nations, has gone far to change hatred and distrust to friendship and confidence. [Signed] H. K. SHUMAKER."

Appended to the Rev. Mr. Shumaker's report are notes describing the "famine bread" as follows:

"During this famine there have been sent up from Canton famine cakes for free distribution. The cake is round about two inches in diameter and three eighths of an inch thick. It is dark gray in color with black specks, and is quite hard, evidently having been pressed in a mould. The cakes are made of goose rice or grain very rich in gluten, sesamum seeds, red adzuke beans, and brown sugar. The taste is not unpleasant, but one's teeth discover nothing like it, it is said. The Chinese assert that one of these cakes per day is sufficient to satisfy the hunger. The cakes are sent up in small rolls, and the directions, in addition to the printing, tell that the cake should be eaten with hot water, and under no circumstances should more than one be eaten in twenty-four hours.

Picking Up Grains in the Streets

"How terrible must be the pangs of hunger when people go about the streets picking up a grain of rice that could have just as a chicken would.

"When relief work was first opened at Kwai Ha the deaths among those who came for help was so many as four a day. This number has decreased greatly, so the gentry tell me, and stands at about one a day. Of course there will be many whose digestive organs and system generally will never fully recover from the effects of this famine. They will cease to misery for a little while longer, but are the exception. Most

CONTINUED ON PAGE 750

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Glorious Relief Work

ONE of the most remarkable features of Christian work, when we enter upon it with no purpose of self-seeking, but solely for the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow-men, is that it receives Divine blessing in unstinted measure, and expands to proportions that exceed all anticipations. This has been singularly demonstrated in the case of the relief work undertaken by the readers of this journal in China. Begun quietly and without any preparation other than earnest prayer, their efforts were largely the means of checking the awful famine in Shansi, and of saving thousands of lives. Our missionaries have since reported that the generous help then rendered by America, has exerted a powerful influence in transforming the Chinese officials and people from an attitude of hostility to one of cordial friendship for the messengers of the Gospel, and that the Christian religion has secured more adherents and a better foothold in China through that instrumentality, than could have been accomplished by long years of arduous effort under ordinary conditions.

And now has come the unexpected sequel, proving conclusively that the "double blessing" comes to those who give quickly and who add their faithful prayers to the gift. In Kwang-Si province, far to the south of Shansi, the famine-wave, rolled back from the north, settled with terrible intensity upon the peasant population. On the appeal of United States Consul-General McWade at Canton, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD devoted the balance of the Relief Fund, with added contributions, to the rescue of the sufferers. With our Consul-General were associated a number of American missionaries in Kwang-Si, the actual work of distribution being in the missionaries' hands. A fleet of cargo junks was loaded with rice and other grain purchased at Canton, and these vessels, drawn by steam launches, and the whole commanded by American officers and seamen from the United States warship *Callao*, and flying the Stars and Stripes, our Relief flag and the Chinese colors, sailed up the Canton River for the land of famine.

This great expedition went in two sections, like two food-bearing fleets, and so hearty was the co-operation of our naval officials that, the towing force of the second fleet being inadequate, the gallant *Callao* towed that fleet—launches and junks together—over a considerable portion of the distance up-river. Never were the engines of an American warship put to nobler service than when those great machines, at every throb and revolution, were speeding the American gift of food to the hungry-stricken peasants of Kwang-Si.

Consul-General McWade's despatches, published elsewhere in this issue, give the story of this wonderful relief expedition. It is a narrative that probably has no parallel in the history of humanitarian service. In the years to come, the simple Chinese in the villages along the Canton and West rivers, will relate to their children, in trembling voices and with tears, how the great warship, and its strange flotilla, came to save them from the cruel death of hunger, in the year of the famine.

We rejoice, with all our readers, that we have been privileged to be the instruments in a work that has been so divinely prospered. In the announcement in the Consul-General's despatches, that it has already been the means of saving thousands of lives in Kwang-Si, we recognize the hand of Him who has thus crowned the Chinese relief work with the "double blessing."

Spiritual Apprehension

YOU look on a noble picture, like "The Angelus," for instance, and you feel the power of the silent attitude of the humble and reverent peasants as the sound of the distant call to prayer is heard, but you cannot explain your emotions to one who has no sympathy with art. Your soul is thrilled by eloquence or by music, but you cannot explain the witchery they throw about you to one who never felt their power or beauty. Your eye fills with tearful wonder gazing into the starry depths of heaven at midnight; there is an echo in your soul from out those depths, for a faculty deeper than thought is wakened.

So with truth, or honor, or purity; they are not weighed and measured and tested and tasted, as physical substances are; they are not proved by logic and argument. They cannot be demonstrated to those who have not corresponding qualities in their own souls. Moral truth is recognized by moral perceptions, apart from formulas and theologies. Creeds and confessions, and articles of faith may help us, but they cannot shut up the truth within themselves. We must have the confirming sentence of individual consciousness. Spiritual things are only spiritually discerned.

Zionism's New Phase

NEW developments of an unexpected character have appeared at the sixth Zionist Congress recently in session at Basle, Switzerland. Hitherto the world has regarded Zionism as purely and simply a movement for repatriating the Jews in the Holy Land. Naturally, it took cognisance of the peculiar trials and persecutions to which the race is subjected in Russia and elsewhere, but these were relevant chiefly as a reason for reorganizing a Jewish State in its ancient seat. At this Congress, however, a proposal was presented by Dr. Herzl, the originator and leader of the Zionist movement, of an entirely different character. Great Britain has offered a site in East Africa for a Jewish colony, promising that it shall be governed exclusively by Jews, under British suzerainty. The offer, though strongly opposed by some members of the Congress, was favorably received by an influential section, and a commission was appointed to inspect the section offered and to report on the terms proposed.

Another development, which may have a subtle connection with the British offer, originates in Russia. Dr. Herzl produced the memoranda of a conversation with M. Von Plehwe, the Russian Minister of the Interior, in which the minister announced the terms on the which he would favor Zionism, and assist it. The Russian government, it appears from this document, would countenance a movement for the removal of large numbers of Jews to Palestine, and would use its influence with the Sultan of Turkey to secure the rights and liberties of the Jews who might settle there.

The question between the two schemes is one of sentiment on the one hand, and practical advantage on the other. The Jews would feel greater security under British protection in Africa than under Turkish suzerainty in Palestine. The natural fertility of the soil, too, is greater in Africa than in Palestine, and there is more opportunity for expansion. The whole of Palestine is not so large as the State of New Jersey, and it would be uncomfortably crowded if five million Jews should decide to settle there. On the other hand, there is the love of the historic land, the land given by God to the founder of the race, and there are all the tender associations connected with its beloved sites. To orthodox Jews, especially to those of Russia, from whom the first settlers would naturally come, the offer of a home in Africa would have no attractions. It is to their own beloved land that they desire to go. Otherwise, they would prefer to come to America, where they can trade, instead of tilling the soil, as they would have to do in Africa. The Jews of other lands, however, perceive the advantages of the African scheme, and are less influenced by sentiment than their orthodox brethren.

It will be extremely interesting to watch the developments of this dilemma. Every believer in the prophecies of Holy Writ is convinced that in the end, the Jewish nation will be re-established in Palestine, and that it will extend the borders of the land to the area promised to the patriarchs, which it never fully occupied even in the days of Solomon. At present, unless the help now promised by Russia is effectual, the prospects of a return to Palestine are gloomy. But God can repatriate them as he has done twice already, when the difficulties in the way were greater than now. He has means at his disposal of which we know nothing, and his purposes will be fulfilled even though the Turkish empire be shattered in the process. In the meantime, the British offer has its interest, especially to those students of prophecy who regard the Anglo Saxons as the representatives of ancient Israel. In taking a colony of Jews under their protection they may be fulfilling a fraternal destiny.

THE STORY OF "FOUR PRODIGAL

"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15: 10.

IT has been my privilege lately to spend a short vacat in England. When it became known that I was go to the Old Country, many of our boys begged me to and see "the old folks at home," for the purpose of pers ally assuring them of the restoration of the wandering one the favor and peace God.

I have done so, and I wish it were possible to convey Dr. Klopsch, to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERA and to the supporters of the Bowery Mission, something of t intense joy I felt at witnessing the delight, and at hearing t expressions of gratitude of fathers and mothers, sisters a brothers over the reclamation of the prodigals. I never u derstood before as I do now, the beautiful meaning of o Saviour's words quoted above.

The first visit of this kind that my wife and I paid was the city of Dublin, Ireland. Many letters had passed b tween us and the dear godly mother of one of our most c voted converts and workers. But she had begged that s might hear from our own lips the wonderful story. So f this purpose we crossed one night in the Channel steam from Holyhead, returning the following night, thus securi for ourselves a whole day in this beautiful city, and in th truly lovely Christian home. What a kindly eager face w that of the mother as she met us at the door! The sister, sweet-faced Christian woman, had come in many miles fro the country to meet us. The brother, bright, intelligen courteous, occupying a trusted position with one of th largest firms in Ireland, had obtained leave of absence f the day, and with his wife and family, had joined the grou

So, seated in happy circle, we told the story (portions which are related almost nightly in our testimony meetin by the redeemed one himself) of the sad misfortunes tha befel the prodigal on his arrival, two years ago, in New Yo City; how, in a state of intoxication, he was robbed everything he possessed; how he became a homele wanderer, sleeping nightly in the parks; at last, hopeless, d spairing and famishing with hunger, he was attracted in the Mission by hearing the sound of the organ through th open doors; how he at once embraced the opportunity making a fresh start in life; how he never swerved to th right or left, but bravely and determinedly struggled to d the right in the face of multiplied temptations and dis couragements, and how he had so devotedly helped us i our work that he had become one of our leaders, and ha now secured a splendid position with one of the best firm in the city. The mother's tears fell like rain, as she listene to this recital of God's copious answer to her prayers.

Our last pleasurable duty before leaving this happy famil circle, was to sing the saved boy's favorite hymn, "I'm hold ing on," and offer prayer for him and them. When brother bade us good-bye at the railroad station, he grasped me by the hand, and with tears of joy in his eyes, said "Tell Si I believe it all now."

It was a similarly happy scene we witnessed in a home i the west-end of London. There sat the gray-haired father and the joyfully weeping mother, the tenderly interested sisters, and the elder brother—not the churlish, jealous elde brother of the parable, but one proud and happy at th thought of the return of the prodigal to his father's love Once again the story was told of a precious soul rescue from the sin and sorrow of the Bowery, and once again th passage from Luke 15 flashed into our minds.

At another town, Blackburn, in Lancashire, where thou sands of looms every day busily weave American cotton into cloth, and where thousands of clogs clatter on the sidewalk another home was visited. This time it was a kindly-faced motherly tradeswoman who shot out her eager hand across the counter when I announced myself as being from the Bowery Mission of New York. My coming had been notified by a letter from the boy himself, and for two weeks they had been eagerly looking for me every day. Quickly I was taken into the little parlor behind the "shop," and there, to the dear old mother and her sturdy and steady stay-at-home sons who sat one on either side of her, I spoke of the boy who had come to America a scapegrace, and who had been redeemed from a life of sin, in the Bowery Mission.

The morning we left the great city of London, we were invited to take breakfast in one of the large hotels, with a lady and her son, who had come several hundred miles for the express purpose of meeting us. The lady is connected by family ties with several of the best known and most highly respected philanthropists of England. Upon her sweet and radiant face there rested that benign calm and peace which is never seen anywhere else than on the face of a truly trusting Christian follower. An earnest, genuine gratitude beamed in her eyes, as she expressed her thanks to God and the Bowery Mission for the conversion of her stalwart son who sat by her side. Leaving a life of luxury behind, he had come to America, and after several years of wandering had found himself in the great moral cesspool of the continent—the Bowery. He had entered the Mission, had heard the dear old Gospel of Christ and his love preached, and had seen it lived within its hallowed walls; he had turned to his mother's God in answer to his mother's prayers, and here he was at his mother's side, with the light of pardon, and the radiance of peace shining in his eyes.

J. G. HALLIMOND, *Superintendent.*

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The Seething Balkans

STORIES of massacre and outrage, horrible and inhuman, come from the wretched country in which the Macedonians and Turks are contending for the mastery. The reports from Bulgaria scribe brutalities committed by Turkish troops, vil-es in flames, houses pillaged, women and children chered in the streets. The reports from Constanti-le are full of cold-blooded murders, perpetrated by Macedonian insurgents, treacherous assassinations, l plots for wholesale massacres. Perhaps, in both es, the facts have been distorted and the crimes ex-erated, but there can be no doubt that an appalling dition exists, and that either side getting an advan-e over the other, shows no mercy nor ordinary hu-nity. The centre of conflict appears to be in the hilly ion of Monastir and south toward Adrianople. The ole country between those points and the Bulgarian ntier is in arms. The Macedonian committee has led on all Christians to refuse to pay taxes and to n the revolution. On the other side, the Sultan is ling out the reserves, and will shortly have two hun-d thousand men in the field. He has not sufficient ney to pay them regularly, and as the country around nastir has been devastated, they are unable to supply mselves, according to wont, by robbing the Chris-n inhabitants. Their temper may be understood by way they acted at Krushevo. Three days were spent in pillaging the town, and it was then set on fire. The imperiled survivors, driven out of their hiding-laces by the flames, found themselves, no matter in hich direction they fled, in the presence of Turkish oops, who stripped them of clothes and valuables, and hen pitilessly butchered them, without regard to age or ex. Such stories exasperate the insurgents to frenzy, nd they retaliate, whenever they have opportunity, ith corresponding brutality. Meanwhile, the patience f Europe is becoming exhausted, and in spite of the ultan's large army, the intervention of the Powers can-ot long be postponed. The most difficult part of the roblem is what shall be done with the people, if they re liberated from the yoke of the Sultan. They would ot be satisfied to be annexed by any other Power, and heir conduct shows that they are not fit for self-govern-ent. At present, the Apostle's warning seems to be he one that is most suitable to their case.

If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another (Gal. 5:15).

Plight of a Runaway

A policeman on duty at Hollis, N. Y., reported the finding on his post of a ten-year-old boy, a few days go. As he was passing an unfrequented path he heard moan, and looked around for the cause. No one was n sight, but on pushing his way through a thicket, he ound among the tall grass a child, lying apparently sleep. The officer aroused him, and saw that the boy was not asleep, but extremely faint and weak. He could scarcely stand, and the policeman at last took him up in his arms and carried him to the nearest farm-house. The child was ravenously hungry, but the far-mer's wife was too wise to give him much food. Small quantities at intervals with drinks of coffee were given as seemed safe, and gradually the boy gained strength to speak and tell his story. He was the son of a me-chanic who lives in Brooklyn. An irresistible desire to see the world had come over the boy, and one day, when he was left to take care of his younger brother and sister during the absence of his parents, he had set out alone on a journey of discovery. He took a little food with him and walked away, not knowing whither he went. When it grew dark he lay down to sleep in a doorway, and in the morning resumed his walk, resting from time to time by the roadside. Before sunset he was in the country, and that night he slept in a hovel near a farmhouse. In the morning he was hungry, and his food being exhausted he ate some apples, and drank some water from a brook. One day after another pass-ed in wandering, with little or no food. Finally he had become too weak to walk and lay down, thinking he was going to die. He lay a long time before the policeman found him. Meanwhile his parents, almost frantic, were searching for him, and were delighted when a tele-phone message told them he was found. He had wan-dered eleven miles and had been away eight days. He was as thankful as they when they came and took him back home. How many of God's children, indulging a similar foolish desire to see the world, have had a far more painful experience. Happy they, who at last are restored, for their joy causes gladness in heaven, as well as to themselves.

I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth (Luke 15:7).

HIGH-CLASS BULGARIAN WOMEN

MACEDONIANS IN A STREET OF MONASTIR

BULGARIAN PEASANTS

Flowers of Prey

A remarkable species of insects which simulate flow-ers, in order to deceive butterflies and other honey-seekers, is described in the current issue of the *Scientific American*. The insects are known to entomolo-gists as Mantidœ. They masquerade sometimes as a pink and at others as a white orchid. The whole flower insect is either conspicuously white or of a resplendent pink color, and both in color and form perfectly imi-tates a flower. The lower or apparently interior petal of an orchidaceous blossom, the labellum, often of a very curious shape, is represented by the abdomen of the insect, while its posterior limbs represent the re-maining petals of the flower. As the mantis rests, head downward, amid the stems and leaves of a plant, and the fore legs drawn in so that they cannot be seen, and the thorax raised, the insect might easily at first sight deceive more discriminating entomologists than the honey-seekers that settle upon it. Its specialty is allur-ing and capturing butterflies. The expected guest hav-ing arrived, the seeming feast spread out for his delec-tation arises and devours him. It is marvelous that insects should have such craft. They seem to know that the best way to attract their prey is to pretend to be something that their victims love. How many men have been brought to ruin by a similar device!

For Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light (2 Cor 11:14).

Radium for the Blind

A New York physician, aided by an electrical engi-neer who is an expert in Radium, conducted an interest-ing experiment last week. The physician has a favorite patient, a girl eleven years old, who has been totally blind since her third year. She was unable to see any light even from a burning magnesium ribbon, added is said to be the most decisive test that can be applied. Satisfied that she was hopelessly and completely blind, the radium operation was commenced. Seven tubes of radium were ranged around her head, at the temples, the base of the brain and the forehead. The Roentgen rays were then introduced. At this point the child be-came so agitated that the experiment was discontinued, and was regarded as a failure for that time. It was in-tended to renew it when the patient's nerves were in better condition. As she was being taken home, how-ever, a car with a brilliant light met the one on which she was riding, and the child started up in her seat, ask-ing what that was. Later she saw the lights on other cars. Thinking that her imagination might have been playing her a trick, aided by the rumble of approach-ing cars, she was taken for a walk down a quiet street. On her way she clearly saw the electric lights and pointed to where they were. The physicians say it is too early yet to encourage hopes of a cure, but the re-sults so far achieved fulfil their expectations and justify further experiments. It would appear that the doctors base their hope on the theory that the nerves still exist, but are dormant or paralyzed, and that they may be stimulated by radium or some other agent to perform their functions. It is so with the spiritual vision. Happ-ily there is no doubt about the agent in that case. It is effectual and freely imparted.

For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ (II Cor 4:6).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. John R. Hykes, agent of the American Bible Society in Shanghai, reports that more Mandarin Bibles have been sold in that city during the past eight months than in the entire eight years previous. The demand for books and Testaments comes from all parts of the Chinese Empire, and there has never been so free a spirit of inquiry concerning the Word of God.

A prominent Hebrew paper published at Bombay, the *Israel's Messenger*, in a recent issue, calls attention to the fact that the work that is constantly going on in China, Japan, Korea, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and the lands of the Bible, in the translation and circulation of the Scriptures, is not the least of the evidences of the progress of the Christian religion. The Hebrew paper says that these translations and circulations of the Bible must be considered as the harbingers of those to whom the Bible was first given, and that they prepare the way for the conversion of the Jews.

The plan recently formulated for the union of the Congregational Church in Japan with Presbyterian and Methodist churches was formally endorsed at the recent Congregational meeting in session at New Bedford, Mass. Missionaries of the Congregational Church are now at work in Japan, China, India, Turkey, Spain, Mexico, Micronesia, Africa, Bulgaria, Austria, and Hawaii. Missionaries of the Presbyterian Church are in Japan, Mexico, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska. It has been suggested that a general representative council may thus be constituted for proposed union.

WAIFS OF MANY NATIONS AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOM

THIS summer, the number of visitors at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn has far exceeded that of any previous season. It is a pleasant picture to these occasional guests, to see the merry groups of children dotting the lawns and engaging in a great variety of juvenile amusements, which are instantly suspended when the visitors come into view. Then, with a unanimous movement, the waifs sweep down to the front of the big lawn, and lining up beside the picturesque cottage at the entrance gateway, they give vociferous welcome to the stranger to beautiful Mont-Lawn. Such a strength of lung! Such a wild flutter of handkerchiefs! Such a nodding and tossing of frowsy heads, with eyes all dancing with excitement! No wonder the visitors smile and feel almost tempted to join in the ovation. There is a wholesome heartiness in the welcome that breaks down all barriers of reserve and makes the visitor feel that Mont-Lawn is not an institution but a real Home.

Mont-Lawn this year has presented as wide a range of races and nationalities among the children it has sheltered, as could well be imagined. Besides native American boys and girls, there have been Germans, French, Mexican, British, Polish, Swiss, Italian, Spanish, Finnish, West Indian, and many others. It is interesting to watch those who have never been in the country before. All is new and beautiful to them.

Eddie was known as the little "blue" boy, not blue by nature, but he was born with abnormal heart-action, which caused such deeply colored lips, face and hands, that strangers seeing him would exclaim, "Ah, there's a boy who has been in the blackberry patch." Eddie came to Mont-Lawn early in the season, and on account of his very frail physical condition was permitted to remain several weeks beyond the time limit. He never could run about and play as other boys did. His silent, sad little figure became a familiar sight about the grounds, as he sat quietly watching the other boys at their play or reading some book. A new Testament had been given him, and his expression, as he repeated a verse of Scripture which he had committed to memory, will not soon be forgotten. Eddie always looked happy, and when spoken to his face would light up like one who has a deep well of joy in his heart. The time came for him to return to his home. The night before he left, his teacher said to him, "Are y a Christian, Eddie?" "Yes." "Wh did you become a Christian?" "To-d in chapel." "Who was speaking then "No one, they were praying." The wishing to know if he really und stood what he was talking abo the teacher said, "What did y say to God?" And with qui breath and shy manner he repli "I told him he would keep r heart and maybe some day I wou see him." And looking into h pathetic little face, she thoug "Yes, dear child, you will see hi 'For of such is the kingdom heaven.'"

HOUSEMOTHER COLLINS (x) AND HER STAFF OF WORKERS AT MONT-LAWN

Among the little visitors Mont-Lawn recently were fo little Cuban boys, who speak English, but to whom all the bea ties and delights of our Children Home were a revelation. The are War Orphans, who have know little comfort and less pleasur and their exclamations of wond and delight were good to hear.

Every contribution of $3 to ou Fresh-Air work secures for a litt tenement boy or girl a ten day health-giving outing. It is hope that those of our readers wh have not already done so, will r member the little waifs, and sen in their mite towards this philan thropic work. Do not let the sun mer pass without helping some li tle white-faced waif to an outin thus making at least one child-heart glad

All contributions in aid of the wor should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HER ALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y. Gifts c clothing should be sent to the Matron Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y.

A FAMOUS MISSIONARY DEAD

Miss S. F. Gardner, of Calcutta, After Twenty-four Years' Service, Called to Her Reward

THE sad news comes from the Catskills, N. Y., that Miss Sarah F. Gardner, the famous missionary and helpful friend of the women of India, has ended her beneficent earthly work. A brief telegram from her friend and colleague, Miss Edith May, announces that she died peacefully on August 27. About three months ago Miss Gardner was in the office of this journal, looking bright and well, and though admitting that she felt somewhat fatigued and run down, and acknowledging that her many years of labor in Calcutta had depleted her constitution, she was confidently expecting to return to her beloved sphere of labor early this month. She made light of her ailments, and felt sure that a few weeks in the Catskills would completely restore her exhausted vitality. There, surrounded with loving attention, and medical skill, she passed her last weeks on earth. She did not gain strength so rapidly as she expected, but still hoping to return, she packed her trunks and sent them to New York ready for embarkation, but a relapse came, and she learned that not more service, but eternal reward, was the portion appointed for her by her adored Lord.

It is difficult to realize that one so full of energy and enthusiasm as Miss Gardner was when she visited us in May last is really no longer numbered with the living. She made this office one of her first places of call on her arrival in her native land, that she might, as she said, congratulate THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the glorious results of the enterprise for the support of the orphan children of India, in which its readers are engaged. Miss Gardner had seen a great deal of that work, as she occupied a supervisory position over schools at Calcutta, Cawnpore and Allahabad, in which fifty-three of our orphans are being educated. "It is impossible to tell you fully," she said, "what bright little girls they are and how well they are turning out. It is one of the most beautiful beneficences I have ever known and one full of promise for the people of India. Your readers are doing a grander work than they know." Miss Gardner readily consented to write an account of the work from her own observation, and her article was published in this journal on June 3.

It is twenty-four years ago this month since Miss Gardner, accepted by the Woman's Union Missionary Society, went out to the work in India. She had, at that time, given evidence of her remarkable fitness for such service. At Dr. John Hall's church, in New York, and in Dr. Thayer's church, at Newport, R. I., she had won all hearts by her devotion and sweet helpfulness. The children in her Sunday School class, and the young women in the churches almost worshiped her. Dr. Phillips Brooks had made her acquaintance, and so impressed was he with her fine personality, that when he heard of her intention to go out to India as a missionary, he recommended his church to undertake her entire support. His suggestion was adopted, and every year since then Trinity Church has sent its check for her expenses.

THE LATE MISS S. F. GARDNER — THE MISSION PREMISES AT CAWNPORE, INDIA

At Cawnpore, where Miss Gardner was first stationed, she began a vigorous and far-reaching work among women and girls. She came in touch with them in their homes, learned the miseries of their lives, and by her gentle sympathy won their hearts. It was in no small measure due to her persistent efforts with the Government that the law was passed raising the age of child-marriage, which has done so much to alleviate the wretchedness of the children of India. Her work at Cawnpore was a decided success and continued nearly seven years. Miss Lilian Deitrich, who is now in charge of it, has ably maintained the methods that Miss Gardner inaugurated, and the efficiency of the institution is now recognized throughout India.

It was a grief to Miss Gardner to leave Cawnpore but her removal to Calcutta opened for her a wider sphere of usefulness. Miss Hook, who had been in charge there, was compelled by ill-health to retire from it and there was no one so well adapted as Miss Gardner to succeed her. There the high culture, the broad scholarship, the knowledge of several European languages, and the grace and dignity of person that Miss Gardner possessed, rendered her an acquisition to the Christian community.

When Miss Doremus, the honored Secretary of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, visited Calcutta in 1901, she found her in the centre of numerous Christian activities, and the adored friend of whites and natives alike. Mr. Banerji, one of the most influential native orators in India, declared to Miss Doremus that God had sent Miss Gardner to India, and told her how she had won the native heart, and how blessed her influence had been. "It was affecting," Miss Doremus says, "to see how the children ran to greet her as soon as she appeared, and how they hung about her chair, and how the teachers depended on her for guidance. Though at the head of so many departments, she never became confused or embarrassed, but with quiet dignity and exquisite tact kept the whole institution running in perfect order."

Not the least part of Miss Gardner's usefulness still abides in the literary works that have been circulated far and wide. She had perfect command of several India dialects, and had translated Stalker's *Life of Christ* and several other useful works into the vernacular. A book-store became part of the Mission, and was always well-supplied with books and tracts in the native languages, many of which came from her pen. It was a busy and beneficent life full of kindly activity. The loss caused by her death is a heavy one. The Society feels it keenly; but is thankful that in Miss Edith May, Miss Costellow, and others who have been associated with Miss Gardner in her work, they have consecrated laborers who will carry it forward on the lines she so wisely laid down.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps."

CHAPTER V.—Continued

THE days went slowly by for Douglas while Esther was away. Mr. Edwards insisted on having him at the house most of the time during Mrs. Edwards' absence. Esther wrote brief letters, each one anticipating her bereavement. Then one afternoon Douglas received a telegram as he sat at his desk in the *Beacon* office.

"Mrs. Harris passed away this morning. Julia Edwards."

Mr. Edwards came in a few moments later with a similar telegram.

"I'm going down to Bergen to the funeral to-morrow. I want you to go with me. I am sure Esther will want to see you," Mr. Edwards said.

A note from Esther the next morning gave a few details relating to her loss, and expressed a wish that Douglas and Mr. Edwards might both be present at the service. So they went on to Bergen, and the whole experience through which Esther was passing, and in which Douglas sympathetically shared, deepened and enriched his affection for her, and their trust in each other. Her calm faith in the future, and her unselfish attitude even in the midst of her loss, gave Douglas a clearer knowledge of her strength, and made him feel more thoughtfully grateful for the gift of such a life to share his lot.

Esther remained with her father for a few weeks until a widowed sister should come to keep house for him. Douglas returned the next day to his work, and at once found himself confronting a new difficulty, which Quits had hinted at, but which Douglas had never seriously considered, because he did not think it could be within the range of possibility. Almost the first words Quits spoke to Douglas the day after his return from the funeral were concerning paper for that week's edition.

"That order you sent in to Clifton hasn't been filled yet, Mr. Douglas. If we don't get some paper this afternoon we can't go to press."

"Why! Do you mean to say we are out of paper?" Douglas asked incredulously.

"You can see for yourself, Mr. Douglas," Quits answered.

Douglas went over to the shelf where the paper was kept, and saw at once that the supply was very low. He realized that he had recently been absorbed by the experience which Esther was having, and he had been so certain that the order sent in to Clinton would be met on time that he had not given the matter any more thought.

He came back to where Quits was standing.

"What's the matter with the Clinton people?"

"I 'phoned over while you were at Bergen, and they said they were having trouble to get their orders from the eastern mills, but they expected to get us some by the first of this week. If it doesn't come this afternoon it will be too late."

Douglas went right out and telephoned to Clinton from Mr. Edwards' store. A telephone from the *Beacon* office was as yet a necessary luxury beyond the reach of the young editor.

The firm in Clinton answered with regret that it was impossible for them to fill their order. There had been trouble in the eastern mills, and it had been impossible for them to secure enough paper for their customers. They were very sorry, but they could not fulfil their contract, and did not know when the paper would be forthcoming.

Mr. Edwards was busy and Douglas did not trouble him with the matter, but at once went back to the office to consult with Quits. Under the inspiration of his new life in Christ Jesus, Quits had developed with remarkable rapidity into a strong, healthful, earnest soul, for whom Douglas thanked God every day of his life.

"What can we do?" Douglas asked, while Quits gravely continued to set type just as if the office were filled to the ceiling with paper.

"Might try the *Sentinel*," Quits suggested.

Douglas was silent. He had thought of that himself on the way back from Mr. Edwards, but he naturally shrank from going to his rival to ask a favor. Quits seemed to understand his hesitation.

"I worked on the *Register*, at Bergen, once; and it was fighting the *Index* all the time, and the two editors once came to blows on the street. But I remember two times, when our press broke down, the *Index* loaned us theirs, as a favor. Of course we paid a good price, but they didn't refuse to let us have it; and we did the same for them, once. It was simply a case of exchange, and didn't mean any real friendliness. The editor of the *Register* called the editor of the *Index* a mugwump, and several other names, in the edition printed on the *Index*'s press, and so it was not a case of kiss and make up; just simply newspaper courtesy."

George was listening.

"I'd sooner get out the *Beacon* on tin shingles, than ask the *Sentinel* for anything," George remarked. "Only last week they called Mr. Douglas a college journalist. Any paper that uses the language the *Sentinel* uses, ought to have a tin can tied to its tail and turned loose in an alley."

"But we must have some paper if we go to press," Douglas said, seriously. Then, after a moment he added, "I'll go over to the *Sentinel* and see if they will help us."

George shrugged his small shoulders but did not say anything. Quits smiled in his serious fashion.

"We are commanded to love our enemies," he said, not as if speaking to Douglas, but as if talking to himself.

"Do you do that, Quits?"

"I find it difficult Mr. Douglas, 'cause I'm my own worst enemy," Quits answered slowly.

Douglas went out with an air of decision, as if he feared to argue the matter. The Mayor's organ had, from the start, fought the *Beacon* with every newspaper weapon known to the profession. It had lampooned and caricatured the editor; had derided his ideals; flung ironclad brands at his Sunday School politics, and in every issue had used invective, sarcasm, and ridicule against Douglas. To all this personal attack, Douglas had never once replied by so much as recognizing the existence of the *Sentinel*. This course on his part had enraged Bartlett tremendously. If Douglas had replied with taunt for taunt, the Mayor would have been delighted. To meet with absolute silence on the part of the *Beacon*, was simply maddening to the *Sentinel*.

It can be easily understood, therefore, that Douglas naturally hesitated when he thought of asking Bartlett for a favor, even though he was prepared to pay for it a market price. When he entered the *Sentinel* office and inquired for the editor, Douglas nerved himself for a disagreeable interview.

The Mayor was in, and as Douglas entered he looked up and said, to Douglas' surprise, in a cordial tone, "Ah! Mr. Douglas! Take a seat. What can I do for you?"

Douglas was taken back. It struck him the Mayor was too cordial. But in a few words he made known his errand.

"Of course, I'll pay spot cash for whatever paper you can spare. I'm caught in rather an embarrassing position, and shall be glad to return the favor if you are ever in a tight place." He spoke in a business tone, but he could not avoid the glance out of the Mayor's eye that spoke a silent triumph.

The Mayor bowed his eyes a moment as if thinking. Then he went to the door and called out to Coleman, who was at the case nearby.

Coleman came into the office. He grinned at Douglas and carelessly returned his greeting.

"Coleman, have we any extra supply of paper? Mr. Douglas here wants to borrow some for the *Beacon*."

"I don't want to borrow, I want to buy," Douglas interrupted, a little sniffy.

Coleman shook his head slowly. "We haven't any to spare. Our orders from Clinton are behind. We have just enough for the *Sentinel* this week."

"You hear that, Mr. Douglas," the Mayor said gravely. "Sorry we can't accommodate you. It would hardly do for us to give you the *Sentinel* paper. We could hardly make our subscribers understand our apology." The Mayor spoke with a quiet satisfaction that made Douglas mad inwardly. Outwardly, he simply said, "Out of the question. Good day, sir."

"Call again," exclaimed the Mayor with a smile.

Douglas did not answer. As he passed out, he noted in the press-room two type-setting machines.

Coleman noted his glance at the machines.

"We've just got 'em in," he volunteered to Douglas. "The *Sentinel* is getting a big country support. Our list is growing pretty fast. I suppose the *Beacon* is doing a land-office business."

Douglas did not trust himself to reply. As he went out and crossed over the alley that ran across the street by the rear of the *Sentinel* office, the sight of an express wagon in the alley backed up to the rear door of the press-room seemed to start a suggestion that he acted on when getting back to the *Beacon* office. The little room, with its cheap furniture, its second-hand press, and its general air of old-fashioned equipment, smote him with a sense of defeat which he bravely tried to beat off.

In a few words he related to Quits the result of his visit to the *Sentinel* office.

"There's something about the paper order from Clinton that I want to look into," he said to Quits, who never stopped in his work. "I'll be back again soon."

He went out again, this time down to the railroad depot. The station agent nodded good-naturedly at him as he walked into the baggage-room.

"Nothing for me from Clinton yet, Mr. Rowell? I've been expecting some paper from Rice & Co."

Rowell shook his head. "Nothing for you. Might come up on the 4.5."

Douglas walked out of the room, and the agent followed, throwing a box down on a truck and wheeling the truck up to the end of the platform. Douglas walked along by him. Near the edge of the platform, on the side facing the street, were a number of packages marked for "THE SENTINEL, COLBY."

"If anything comes from Clinton, you will let me know at once, won't you Mr. Rowell?"

"Yes, certainly," said Rowell, who like all the working men in Colby had a great liking for Douglas. "I don't know why your paper doesn't come. The *Sentinel* has been getting their paper right along. There's one lot there. And they took up a load day before yesterday, too."

Douglas looked at the packages on the platform, and did some hard thinking. It was evident that the Mayor and Coleman had done some lying. It was also evident that in some way the firm in Clinton had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

"SORRY WE CAN'T ACCOMMODATE YOU," SAID THE MAYOR

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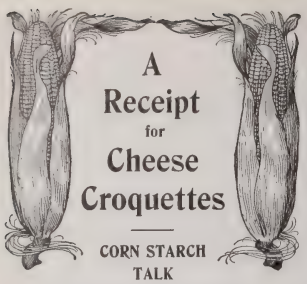

A Receipt for Cheese Croquettes

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

The use of cheese in various forms is becoming more frequent every year and it is well that it should be so as cheese furnishes proteid in a high degree. A mild cream cheese, cooked only enough to be melted, is easily taken care of by the average stomach, and greatly to be preferred to the raw article. Cheese by itself is too concentrated and needs starchy food with it to make a perfect combination. The ideal form of starch is obtained in Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, a product which has stood the test of years and is considered the standard of excellence. By combining this with cheese we may prepare many wholesome and delicious dishes. One of the daintiest perhaps, is in the form of a croquette, and this may be served either as an entree, with broiled tomatoes, or a tomato sauce, or as an accompaniment to a salad.

CHEESE CROQUETTES.

Make a cream sauce with two tablespoons of butter, three level tablespoons of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and a cup of milk. Beat into this the yolk of an egg and season highly with paprika and a little salt. Add two tablespoons of grated cheese, and when melted remove from fire and stir in gently one and one-half cups of mild cheese cut in cubes. Cool the mixture thoroughly, shape into squares or diamonds and bread them as any croquettes. Fry in hot fat, drain well on soft paper and serve in a nest of parsley or lettuce.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Our Famine Flotilla Saved Kwang-Si

Continued from Page 751

will have been added to the list of the famine victims though dying amidst plenty.

"Any one familiar with village life in China knows how the pigs, chickens and ducks fairly swarm. Now as one passes through the villages, now and then a pig wearily plods across the path in a lonesome sort of way, and the grunt so characteristic of the porker is not heard. Ducks one sees none. And chickens are so few that the egg-eating foreigner has a hard time to get his favorite food at any price. This is only another indication that everything salable has been sold to buy food.

"One of the results of this famine, which will be felt in years to come, is the present numerous disparity in the number of males and females in the rising generation. Valuing the boy above the girl, as the Chinese do, *the sale of female children has far exceeded that of males*. In our relief work I think it is not at all beyond the truth to say, that for one young girl that applies for relief there are twenty small boys.

In a subsequent report, Rev. Mr. Shumaker, says:

"I beg to submit the following report on famine-relief work in and about Tung-Tsun, Kwai-Un, Kwang-Si.

"Having completed the work at Muk-Kah and Kiu-Hu I reported to Mr. Fletcher at Kwai Un City. He immediately placed at my disposal all the rice in his custody, being 47,800 lbs. This food supply we immediately transported to the market town of Tung-Tsun. The gentry received us cordially and provided a good place for storing the rice, and also laborers. In company with one of the gentry I immediately began to canvass the district. Our plan was to enter a town, at once seek out a leading man, inquire of him whether help was needed and if so by whom. We then visited the people in their homes and issued orders for rice in proportion to the need. Those helped most liberally have been farmers who have had no means to buy seed grain, hence have no harvest, and women who have no one to support them.

"The local gentry have shown me every kindness, and facilitated the work I had to do in their community in every way possible. In addition to one of their number as companion they have supplied me with a house and a guard of two soldiers (the country not being wholly freely from robbers). The district Magistrate has, as hitherto, been deeply interested in the work and has shown me every courtesy. H. K. SHUMAKER."

How the Warship Towed the Relief Flotilla

Commander Anderson, of the U. S. S. *Callao*, writes to the Consul-General from Hong Kong, June 28, as follows:

"I forward herewith a letter from Midshipman Sterling, in regard to the conveying of the American Relief Expedition from Canton to Sam Shui. The launches furnished were no more powerful than those that went with the previous expedition. Three of the launches were utterly useless for towing, so they were sent back to Canton, and the lighters left at Sam Shui. It was utterly useless for the launches, unassisted, to attempt to tow against the very swift current of the West River, which, as the river was high, ran from five to six knots in places; I took the entire tow behind the *Callao*, and by steaming day and night reached Wuchow on the morning of the 25th.

"I was informed by the missionaries that there was immediate need of grain in parts of the famine districts to keep the inhabitants from starving to death; that a delay of two or three days meant the death of thousands and the utter loss of all the previous work. It is true that on the north side of the river the rice crops have begun to yield, but on the south side they have not matured, and would not for from ten days to two weeks, and the poverty-stricken inhabitants had no money at all to buy rice at any price. Besides this there is but little rice planted on the south side, in some districts, as the people were too poor to get the seed, and too sick and weak to cultivate the ground. For these reasons, I am informed that the grain you sent can be disposed of to great advantage.

"I was also informed that the Governor stated that he would furnish no more launches to take rice above Wuchow, so I advised the hiring of a launch to take one lighter of rice up to relieve the most urgent needs. This was done, and the tow left about noon of the 26th, with Dr. Todd on board."

Midshipman Sterling's letter describes the voyage which has already been outlined in the missionaries' reports.

Later despatches may shortly be expected, in which the closing phases of the relief work will be duly reported.

Christian Testimony

WHY AND HOW THE CHRISTIAN . . * SHOULD BEAR WITNESS FOR CHRIST

GREAT changes must have taken place in the Disciples between the time of our Lord's arrest, when they all forsook him and fled, and the time when they were brought before the Council charged with preaching in the streets. Their fear and cowardice had disappeared, and their testimony was so bold as to be almost defiance. How can the change be explained? The record gives no clue to the cause except that scene in the upper room when the Holy Spirit descended upon them. This fact is significant. When we wish that we could have known Christ in the flesh, when we think how much we should have loved him, and what a privilege it would have been to follow him and hear his words, we are apt to forget that even his personal influence did not work the change in his disciples that was worked by the Holy Spirit that is given to us as to them.

In these days no such ordeal as that of the disciples comes to us, though even in our own time, in China and Armenia confession of Christ has involved death, but there are circumstances, even in Christian lands, when courage is needed to make an open confession. In fashionable society, in companies of scoffers, in a factory, or on board ship among irreligious companions, and in other situations, the person who avows himself a Christian needs an undaunted spirit to bear the taunts and jeers that will be hurled at him.

Yet confession of Christ is a duty that must not be neglected. Christ expects and requires it. It is also a duty to our fellow-men. There is no other means so effective in attracting them to Christ. It is due to them as well as to Christ that we declare ourselves his followers. Better than argument, than pleading, than eloquence, is the avowal that we have proved by experience the power of the Gospel. That testimony cannot be gainsaid. The man who can say, "My disposition, my whole mind and conduct have been changed by my faith in Christ, is a living argument of the strongest kind for the Gospel. People are impressed by it more than by theorizing. Like the man recovered from a critical disease through the skill of a certain doctor, or the taking of a certain medicine, the Christian can speak with personal authority when he pleads with sinners to come to Christ. If to the testimony of the tongue is added the testimony of a Christ-like life, then indeed, the witness is one of mighty power.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for September 20. Acts 5: 27-32.

Child Redemption in Africa

Rev. E. H. Richards writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the following sums have already been paid toward the redemption and education of native children in the East Central African Mission: Mrs. Cornelia E. Tremble, $90; Leonard Hillis, $45; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Place, $15; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bunten, $7.50; Louis B. Mellon, $14; Richard Cochran, $30; S. H. Smith, $15; Mrs. B. H. Edmonds, $15; B. Warren, $15; Mrs. Mary A. Tear, $7.50; Mrs. Divina Brownlow, $5; G. L. Harrington, $15.

Other sums have been promised, but not yet paid in. Nearly all those above are the first instalment of similar sums to be paid annually for five years.

The New Testament in the Sheetswa language is now all in type. This is its first translation into that language, which is spoken by some three millions of people in Portuguese East Africa. The work, which was completed this week, has occupied much of Dr. Richards' time for the last four years.

Her Sunday Sermon

I am often deprived of the privilege of going to church, but find great spiritual benefit in reading the sermons in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I pass my paper on to four other families, who cannot afford to take it. We all appreciate and enjoy the beautiful Art Gallery that comes with the paper.

Goshen, Ind. MRS. S. T. D. MATHEWS.

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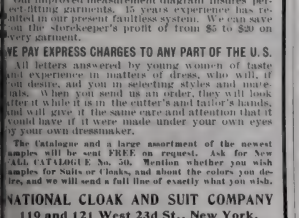

$1.95
Buys this $5 Pattern Hat

Write to us at once enclosing 25c and we will ship to your nearest express office, express paid, this rich Jet Hat.

Hand made, of materials imported direct from Paris, and bought by our own foreign buyer especially for this hat. If you find the hat richer, more stylish and better than you can buy of your home milliner at from $4.00 to $5.00, pay the express agent $1.95 and wear a hat ordered from one of the latest imported models, that will win the admiration of all your friends. This beautiful pattern hat is strictly hand-made over buckram frame. The shape is the new effect, one of the most stunning ever shown, and suitable to wear for all occasions.

The underlying fabric of this swell jet hat is made of the finest quality imported black mohair felt. The crown is completely covered with an elegant imported jet crown, made of small, bright jet spangles woven into an artistic design. A novel, wide, pure silk Louisienne silk scarf, fringed at the ends, forms the drape around the rim and ends at the back with two bows and long, full streamers. This is further ornamented with a band of imported jet made of bright jet spangles. On left side of the crown are placed two long, genuine, black ostrich feathers, made of long, hard, glossy fibres, finished off at the end with large loop bows of velvet, extending down over the back.

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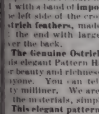

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A Beautiful Golden Wedding

MR. and Mrs. Charles Alfred Howell, of Bridgehampton, Long Island, who are among the oldest readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, celebrated recently the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. It was an occasion of unique interest, and the rejoicing with the still stalwart husband and his gentle wife was shared by children, grandchildren and friends, including the venerable clergyman who officiated at the wedding, July 30, 1853. The house at Flatbush, Long Island, was lavishly decorated with yellow roses, golden wheat and a profusion of palms. On a dais covered with a creamy cloth, and placed against a background of ripened wheat, yellow roses, wreaths of golden laurel and smilax, Mr. and Mrs. Howell were seated, the latter being too feeble to stand in receiving her guests. Behind them were the dates 1853–1903, and the monogram S. E. T. C. A. H. in gleaming golden device. The Rev. Geo. Taylor, pastor in 1853 of the Bridgehampton Methodist Church, of which Mr. and Mrs. Howell have been members fifty years, offered prayer. Mr. Taylor is in his eighty-sixth year. It seemed peculiarly fitting that his voice should pronounce a benediction on the throng of descendants gathered to honor the aged bride and groom.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES A. HOWELL

Mr. Howell is an old inhabitant of the eastern end of Long Island, one of the few surviving old whalers who once darted wide and wave on stormy seas. During his whaling career, he made seven trips around the world. Born seventy-eight years ago at Centre Moriches, Long Island, the old seafaring man carries lightly the burden of his age. Mrs. Howell is a member of another well-known Long Island family. She is a daughter of Adamson Topping, whose ancestors came from England two centuries ago, settling in Southampton, a few miles only from Mrs. Howell's life-long home.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Howell are Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Howell, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Adams. Many beautiful gifts were bestowed on the pair, and the day will not soon be forgotten by those who were present.

THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 754

good reason for violating their contract with the *Beacon*.

He went back to the office and told Quits what Rowell said. Quits listened gravely.

"Looks like a corner on paper, doesn't it, Mr. Douglas?"

"Looks like it. But do we go to press just the same, Quits?"

"We do if you say so, Mr. Douglas," replied Quits, with cheerful faith in his employer's resources.

"Such a little matter as having no paper ought not to get in the way," said George, who was cleaning the rollers. "It's getting out of ink that's serious."

"If we ever do, we can get enough off of you by giving you a bath," said Quits soberly.

"That's all right," said George grinning. "Sooner than let that Coleman get the start of the *Beacon* I'd get out a special edition on meat-market paper."

Douglas stared at the boy.

"Why not?" he said to himself.

Quits looked doubtful, but did not say anything nor stop in his work.

"Wait a minute. Let me think it out," Douglas said, as he went over to his desk.

He sat there a few minutes and then got up suddenly, and went out and up to Mr. Edwards' store.

In a few words he made clear the situation.

Mr. Edwards listened attentively.

"Do you know Rice and Co.?"

"No, not very well. They have always dealt promptly and honestly with me heretofore."

"But within the last month the Mayor has become the heaviest shareholder in the firm. That may account for the fact that the *Sentinel* can get paper when there isn't any for the *Beacon*."

"Do you mean to say," asked Douglas in disgust, "that even Bartlett would descend to such a low trick in business?"

"I am afraid he would, and he has. You don't know the Mayor, my son. He will stoop to anything short of crime to gain his end. You do not realize the fight he is making on you. He would like to crush you out of existence. He stands for the lowest, narrowest, most primitive type of political and commercial success. Such men do not work on any moral or ethical basis. They are living in the stone age of man, and their motto is, 'The strongest wins.'"

"Knowing these facts does not help me to paper," Douglas said, with a faint smile. "I don't like to be always troubling you with my little woes, but I wondered if you had any considerable quantity of wrapping paper in the store that I might use. I don't like to be beat out of an edition altogether."

"Come out here and let's see what there is," Edwards took Douglas' arm and went out into the store with him. Inquiry from the head clerk, disclosed the fact that there was a good stock of ordinary brown wrapping paper on hand.

"You're welcome to all of it," said Edwards, "if you need it. Until I can get more my customers can carry their things home in their pockets. It'll be a little embarrassing on 'em when they buy a dollars' worth of granulated sugar or a peck of beans, but they'll have to do it all the same."

Douglas remonstrated, but before he could say two sentences, Mr. Edwards had Banks carrying the paper out, and down to the *Beacon* office.

When it came in, Quits looked at it and shook his head, as he fingered the sheets critically.

"Don't believe we can make it go, Mr. Douglas. It's too coarse, and besides, it isn't wide enough for the forms."

"It will have to go," Douglas spoke doggedly. "There's nothing else. Dampen it a little and ink up well. We'll let our subscribers see something, even if it is a curiosity."

"It's a curiosity all right," George muttered late that afternoon as that astonishing edition of the *Beacon* began to come off the press. Quits had brought to bear on the problem all the technical skill he possessed after many years' experience in a printing office. But the paper happened to be an unusually poor quality even of wrapping paper. It was rough, and of various degrees of weight. The type did not bite, and even the editorial that Douglas wrote apologizing for the appearance of the *Beacon* was almost entirely illegible. To add to the general weird effect of the whole thing, there was so little margin on some of the sheets that in spite of Quits' ingenious devices on the old press, scores of papers showed only a part of a column in width on the outer edges of the page.

TO BE CONTINUED

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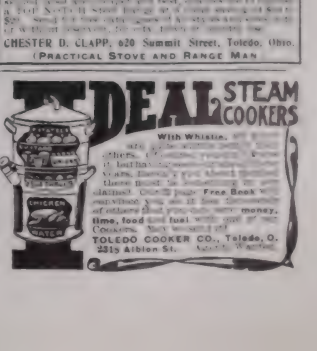

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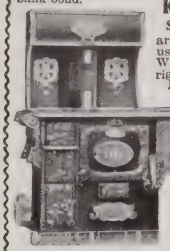

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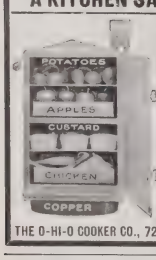

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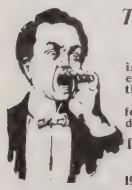

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A PLEASURE CLUB TRANSFORMED

HOW THE VANITY FAIR SOCIETY OF MEMPHIS FORSOOK FRIVOLITY FOR WORKS OF CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE...

ONE of the best-known charitable organizations in the city of Memphis, Tenn., had its beginning in a very unique way. Ten years ago, twelve society girls, all of them under twenty years of age, formed themselves into an organization which they called "The Vanity Fair Book Club." The leading literature of the day was to circulate among the members. Each one of them was to give an elaborate function during the year, at which expensive souvenirs were to be made a specialty.

BEDTIME IN THE MEMPHIS EPISCOPAL ORPHAN HOME

The real purpose of the club was pleasure. At one of these entertainments, during the second year of the club's existence, the mother of one of the girls chanced in upon them, and let fall a few words which were destined to transform those thoughtless maidens into forceful charity workers, and their pleasure club into a charitable society of eminent worth.

They were told of a worthy orphanage which was in debt to the amount of $750. If $250 could be raised within a certain time, the debt would be cancelled. "Why not help us?" continued the mother. "You would be all the happier for aiding these little orphans."

"We might raise $100 for you," answered one of the girls carelessly. The subject was further discussed, and before the afternoon had worn away, the club had determined upon giving a bazar and dinner for the benefit of the orphanage. Work was commenced at once, with the result that, in a few weeks $650, the proceeds of a bazar and dinner, was cleared for the orphans. The members of the Memphis Merchants' Exchange attended the dinner in a body, as did also the members of the Memphis Cotton Exchange; and at the conclusion of the entertainment, a young society man auctioneered off the remains of the feast.

So encouraged were the girls by their novel experience, that they decided to give an entertainment every year for the benefit of the poor children of Memphis, and that the money they intended to pay out for elaborate souvenirs should be donated to charity. The members of the club approved a system of fines for being late at the meetings, and for keeping books longer than the time allowed. Since its beginning, ten years ago, $15,000 has been raised by the club for the needy children of Memphis.

Besides private charity—for no little waif ever appeals to the members of this society in vain—among the institutions regularly aided financially by The Vanity Fairs, are The Church Home; The Children's Home; The Margaret Chamberlain Kindergarten; The Tennessee Protective Association, and The Day Nursery, which last is the latest charitable enterprise to be started in Memphis.

The twelve original members of the club are all married now, and some have moved to other lands; but the good work goes on, and Memphis has no more enthusiastic charity workers than the present members of The Vanity Fairs—sixteen in all. Mrs. Ceylon Frazer is president, and Mrs. John Austin, Jr., secretary and treasurer. The Society is non-sectarian.

HELEN GRAY.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

E. C. B. H; K. P., N. Y. "Have had a very precious evidence of God's faithfulness of late. The answer came through an utter stranger, a person whose name even was not known."

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H. M., Ingram, N. J. "I know by personal experience that God answers our prayers when we come to him in the right spirit, and gives us many blessings in answer."

Reader. "I prayed the Lord for a long time to bring a dear one through a very trying ordeal My prayer has just been answered."

Believer, Yonkers, N. Y. "My prayers have been answered numberless times, and my eyes have been opened to see clearly how the promise has been fulfilled. I pray that this may encourage others to have more faith, and trust in prayer."

Young Believer, Springhill, Mont. "God has truly answered my prayers. Hail destroyed many crops, but ours is safe. Many other troubles I took to him, and he has answered them also."

Mrs. M. C. "I have prayed earnestly that my only child might be saved from certain company, and the Lord has answered my prayers."

A. C., Brighton, Colo. "I was in deep trouble and prayed to God and he delivered me. I positively know from personal experiences that God answers."

A. C. Herman, Neb. "We belong to a little country Sunday School, where there were a few earnest Christian workers; but, for the most part, the people were interested in Sunday visiting, baseball, etc. Our Sunday School decreased in numbers, until only four or five attended, and we became greatly discouraged; but we kept persevering and praying for help. Right here, in the hot summer weather it came. Now we have preaching services every Sunday afternoon. It has helped the Sunday School, and more interest is manifested now than for a long time. To the discouraged ones I would say, keep on with your work, and pray without ceasing, and when God answers, it will be in larger measure than you have asked."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from: "Reader from Oregon," Mother, Rochester, N. Y.; M. E. H., Hood River; A. L. E., Meyers, Texas; Mrs. E. H., Canton, Ohio; "R. E.," Thankful Reader, Sioux City Iowa; W., Lake Port, Ark.; A Mother, Tiogo Co., Pa.; H. P. Bestos, Shannon City, Iowa; A Wife, Ill.; A. K. G., Endora, Kans.

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OUR FREE STOVE CATALOGUE shows a picture of our Newark, Ohio, stove foundry, THE LARGEST STOVE FACTORY IN THE WORLD, where we make every kind of RANGE, COOK AND HEATING STOVES, which we sell direct to users at LESS THAN ONE-HALF the prices charged by others. OUR FREE STOVE CATALOGUE pictures, describes and prices every kind of stove we make, explains our liberal pay after received terms, our 30 days' free trial offer, our 6-0 delivery guarantee, our quality and durability guarantee and also carries with it the most astonishingly LIBERAL OFFER ever heard of. Just to give you a little idea of the wonderful values we are offering we show two popular stoves taken at random from our big assortment as shown in our free Stove Catalogue.
$3.98 buys this handsome NEW 1904 MODEL OAK HEATER. Burns wood or coal and is one of the handsomest oak heaters made; beautiful 20-inch cast iron base, top and front, best sheet steel body, very elaborate nickel plated ornamentations and trimmings, including side rails, bands, top, handsome urn, medallions, checks, drafts, etc. OUR FREE STOVE CATALOGUE shows a very large picture of this and an endless variety of other direct draft and DOUBLE HEATER WOOD AND COAL HEATING STOVES.
$4.85 buys this handsome COOK STOVE. Latest 1904 model, one of the latest and best cook stoves made; 8-inch ghest grade casting, large oven shelf, oven door kicker, nickel medallions and trimmings, heavy covers and centers. Our free Stove Catalogue shows a very large picture of this and an endless variety of other cast iron cook stoves and cast and steel ranges at correspondingly low prices. Our big $11.98 nickel trimmed steel range is the greatest steel range value ever offered. Our $13.95 reservoir nickel trimmed steel cook stove and our big 500-pound reservoir high shelf range, which we sell at $15.95 ARE THE EQUAL OF RANGES THAT SELL ELSEWHERE AT DOUBLE THE PRICE. Our free Stove Catalogue shows large pictures and complete descriptions of all the stoves we make, explains our liberal terms, 30 days' free trial proposition, our guarantees, etc., and carries with it the most liberal stove offer ever named. Don't buy a stove anywhere until you see our free Stove Catalogue. Simply write us a LETTER or on a POSTAL CARD SAY "send me your free Stove Catalogue," AND IT WILL GO TO YOU BY RETURN MAIL, POSTPAID, FREE. Address,
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

If after examining our catalogue you are not convinced that a
Vandergrift Washer
is the best for your use, the fault lies in our advertising and not in the machines. We made seven different styles at varying prices. One of these machines will meet with your requirements.
If you have not seen them, do not fail to send for our new catalogue and price-list free. Take no imitation.
The best is always the cheapest.
The Blackstone Mfg. Co. Dept. 9 Jamestown, N.Y.
Formerly the Vandergrift Mfg. Co.

The "Best" Light
is a portable 100 candle power light costing only 2cts. per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor. Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted. Agents Wanted Everywhere.
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Men and women. Salesmen, Managers and General Agents. Delightful business year round. Hustlers getting rich. Write today for brand-new plan and Special Offer this month. 100 per cent profits. No risk. Goods well advertised. National reputation. Fully guaranteed. Customers delighted. We're an old firm, capital $100,000.00. Catalogue FREE. Any energetic man or woman can get good position, paying big wages.
WORLD MFG. CO.,
81 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Founding a Waif's Settlement

The New Departure of the New York Juvenile Asylum in Its Reformatory Work

ONE of the most important sociological steps of recent times is now being taken by the management of the New York Juvenile Asylum. Founded over half a century ago by a number of well known New York philanthropists, including Peter Cooper, it has, during its existence, cared for nearly 40,000 waifs, and made respectable citizens of a great majority of them. Of this number, fully 6,000 have been sent to the West and placed with reputable farmers, there to grow up in a healthy physical, mental and moral state, free from the contaminating influences of their former slum surroundings. A great many have prospered, and are leading citizens in their adopted homes. One of them is now a candidate for governor in a prominent Western State.

The advantages of a life approaching the home condition, therefore need no affirmative argument, and the move now being made is the result of some years of exhaustive investigation and preparation. The best features of other prominent child-saving institutions throughout the world have been adopted in this new scheme. The project consists in a change from their present barrack system to a separate cottage plan, which, when completed, will include at least eighty buildings. The site of this new colony is about thirteen miles above New York City, overlooking the Hudson and near Dobbs Ferry. Two hundred and seventy-seven acres constitute the area, in which varied desirable qualities of the country abound, there being a central elevated plain on which will be located the heart of the community. Here the administration buildings and church will face each other across a plaza containing athletic fields, parade grounds, play grounds and the like. This plain will be flanked on each side by schools and living cottages. Of these cottage homes there will be about sixty; forty for the boys, the balance for girls. No more than twenty boys nor fifteen girls will live under one roof. One of the most salient features will be the individual dining-rooms, each house being a complete home, even to that detail. This will allow freedom of conversation at meals and will do away with the funeral condition that characterizes the average institutional hall. In charge of every cottage there will be a guardian or "house-parent," who will exercise as far as possible the duties of a real parent.

In most cases the cottages will be conducted on the dormitory plan, but in order to promote and reward deserving qualities among the children, several separate room houses will be provided for each sex. These "Honor" cottages will be potent factors in bringing out the better characteristics among the waifs, and the effect will be to draw even the most indifferent children to a sense of something higher. Beyond the cottages will be the industrial buildings, including shops for printing, shoemaking, tailoring, carpentry, painting, sloyd, and in fact for every desirable calling for the artist or artisan. Boys will provide the labor in the aforesaid departments. For the girls, stenography, telegraphy, typewriting, art and household duties, etc., will be provided. The space beyond will be used for agricultural purposes, and will be a weighty factor in helping the food supply problem.

"Echo Hills" is the name chosen for this remarkable village. Many people suppose the New York Juvenile Asylum is a State or city-supported institution, but it is not so. The city provides sufficient funds for a certain percentage of the expenses, but the balance comes from the charitable public. Wise and prudent investments by the directors and careful management have resulted in their being able to commence this new work and carry it well on with funds already on hand, but additional money is necessary in order to carry out the plans to completion. Opportunities will be afforded at Echo Hills to those who desire to aid the work by erecting Memorial Cottages—a very beautiful and increasingly popular form of philanthropy. The present officers and directors include some of New York's foremost citizens, all of whom give gratuitous services. Mr. John Seely Ward, the Treasurer, 1 Broadway, New York, will answer all inquiries and acknowledge contributions.

COMING

SOMEBODY'S coming your way, my friend,
Somebody 'll soon be here,
Just where the road makes a sudden bend,
The sound of his feet I hear.
A stranger, yet with the hand of a king,
He'll take your hand to-day,
Largesse of gift to your life he'll bring,
'Tis Love who is coming your way.

Hark, he is fluting along the path,
And the notes are silver sweet,
Sowing and reaping and aftermath,
The dew, the frost, and the heat,
They ripple all in the rime he flings
A sparkle of shining spray,
And your heart will leap at the word he brings,
'Tis Love who is coming your way.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Guy Holmes
in a small town in Nebraska, earned $77.18 in December, selling
The Saturday Evening Post

IN A DAINTY little booklet, which we will send to any boy free, twenty-five out of more than three thousand bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Pictures of the boys—letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours—interesting stories of real business tact.
Some of these boys are making $10 to $15 a week. You can do the same. NO MONEY REQUIRED TO START. We will furnish ten copies the first week free of charge, to be sold at five cts. a copy. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week. IF YOU WILL TRY IT WE WILL SEND THE COPIES AND EVERYTHING NECESSARY.
$225 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES will be distributed NEXT MONTH among boys who sell 5 or more Copies Weekly.
The Curtis Publishing Company
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"Time is the soul of business"
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ELGIN
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the business man's timekeeper
Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.

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No occupation open to women can compare with that of the trained nurse. It is elevating, enjoyable work—graduates earning $15 to $30 a week. We teach this profession by mail.
For attractive booklet giving full details with valuable suggestions, address
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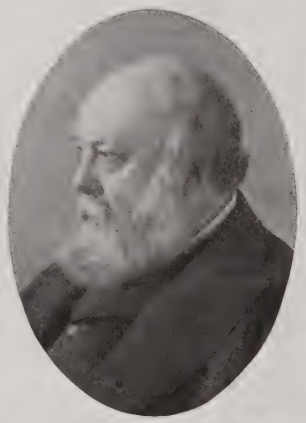
$17.50 BUYS TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT COMPLETE FOR 2 MILES
For $17.50 we will supply you with two of our high grade, absolutely complete "RITE" long distance telephones, complete with batteries. These instruments were formerly in use in some of the large central stations and before shipment were built complete, and are absolutely up to date in every respect. Will talk as well and cost you, comparatively, twice as much. The wood work is in good condition. You will also supply with these phones the following: 40 gauge galvanized iron, 40 OAK brackets, 80 porcelain knobs, 50 feet of annunciator wire, two miles of No. 14 galvanized iron wire, or, in other words, sufficient equipment for connecting lines of any two points, making a three-party line, with the proper porcelain knobs, annunciator plates, annunciator wire, and we will make the additional charge of only $2.50 on a 4 party line, the same addition will be required. Full directions will go with each shipment, so that any body can install the line. Write for Catalogue No. 3972.
CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., West 35th and Iron Sts., CHICAGO.

A GREAT STATESMAN DEAD

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, EX-PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN, PASSES AWAY .....

AFTER a political career of fifty years, during which he served in several high offices before attaining the Premiership, Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, has laid down the burden of life. The end had been expected for some weeks, for it was known that he was suffering from an incurable disease, and that he had lost the desire to live, which is an ominous sign in a septuagenarian, in ill-health. He had lost his wife, whose love and devotion had been his support in many a trying hour, and the blow had gone home. He never ceased to mourn for her, and all the elasticity of temperament which had previously characterized him, disappeared. He aged rapidly, and his interest in public affairs ceased. He resigned his offices and retired from public view, and neither state ceremonies nor Parliamentary debates could draw him away from his home. The Government has offered him a grave in Westminster Abbey, the highest ambition of an Englishman's heart; but he had foreseen the offer, and had left directions that he be buried beside his beloved wife, under the oaks of his ancestral home.



THE LATE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

Though a scion of one of England's most noble families, the Marquis' career was in its early stages a time of darkness and trial. He was the second son of an eccentric father, who, according to law and custom, would transmit his estates to his eldest son. Besides this, he had the misfortune to quarrel with his father, so that even the slender provision allowed to him as a younger son was curtailed. He had married, and a young family was growing up around him, but his income was very small. It was then that he turned to journalism. The *Saturday Review*, the *Quarterly Review* and other publications, welcomed the vigorous, scholarly, trenchant articles he produced, and paid him liberally for them. Thus he managed to live, and having been elected to Parliament unopposed, by a small constituency, he soon made his influence felt.

In 1866 his ability was recognized by the Earl of Derby, who made him Secretary for India. He was one of the most distinguished members of that Cabinet, and his eloquence and strong common sense gave him potent influence in the House of Commons. But the death of his elder brother, and a little later of his father, changed his career. Inheriting the title and estates of his family, he could no longer sit in the Lower House, but must remove to the duller, less influential branch of the Legislature—the House of Lords. It was predicted by many that his career was closed; but its most effective and brilliant period was still to come The war-clouds hung heavy on the Eastern horizon. Russia was at last near the goal of her ambition, and had Constantinople almost within her grasp. Disraeli was at the head of the British Government, and though cordially disliking Salisbury, had firm confidence in his ability. He showed his magnanimity in offering him the crucial office of Foreign Secretary, and Salisbury accepted. Together they went to the Conference of Berlin, and compelled the Muscovite to retire from his prey. From that time forward Salisbury's hold on the confidence of his countrymen was secure. They respected the solid, grim, tenacity of the man, and felt that the interests of the country were safe in his hands.

After the death of Disraeli, the Marquis of Salisbury was unrivalled in the leadership of the Conservative Party. He became Premier, but knowing, as none of his colleagues did so thoroughly, the intricacies of European diplomacy, he was his own Foreign Minister. His tact, his firmness and his patriotism were everywhere recognized, and his power within his party and with the country was unbounded. It had in no degree abated when, last year, unable any longer to serve his country with the energy and efficiency that were his ideal, he handed the reins of power to Mr. Balfour, and retired to Hatfield to close his career in quiet.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Call of Jeremiah*

THE MESSENGER OF DOOM SUMMONED AND EQUIPPED FOR SERVICE

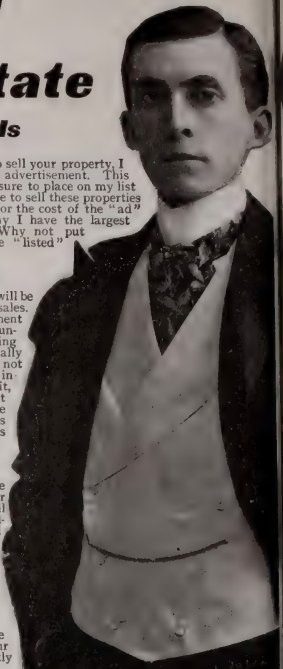
POOR and desolate at this day, and probably little better in the time of Jeremiah's childhood, is the village of Anata, or Anathoth, about five miles from Jerusalem, in which he first saw the light. We should judge from the sermons of which his book is composed, that he was a modest, delicate, thoughtful youth, well-educated in the history of his people, and perceiving, as few of his contemporaries did, the causes which were combining to bring his beloved country to ruin. Though he was the son of a priest and belonging to a family owning land in his native town, he was evidently not reckoned among the aristocracy, nor held in high esteem at the capital. In the retirement of his native village, he appears to have brooded over the sacred writings, among which would be the earlier chapters of Isaiah's prophecies. Manasseh, one of the very worst of the kings of Judah, was on the throne, and Jeremiah would see every time he went to Jerusalem the abominations with which even the Temple was defiled. No wonder that, as he says (20 : 9), his indignation burned in him like a fire. But who was he, that the corrupt priests and the wicked rulers should listen to him? Like Moses at the burning bush, he shrank from the mission to which he was called, but when he did begin to speak, his fitness for it was abundantly proved. Clearly, impressively, affectionately, he uttered his warnings, and not even when his life was threatened would he hold his peace. It is a sad story, and the hopelessness of his task seems to have almost broken his heart.

The lesson of his call is the same as that of others among God's servants who have been chosen to be messengers. When God sends them, he endows them with all the gifts they will need. He does not promise them success, he does not even promise them immunity from suffering. They fulfil their mission when they deliver the message intrusted to them, whether men hear or whether they forbear. It is so to this day. In many a community in our own land saloon-keepers and gamblers have triumphed over the man who has taken his life in his hand by denouncing them, and the battle for righteousness seems to end in defeat. But the end is not yet. God's messengers look to him and not to men for approval, and he will reward them at the last.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 20. Jer. 1 : 4-10.

I Can Sell Your Real Estate

No Matter Where It Is



IF I did not have the ability and facilities to sell your property, I certainly could not afford to pay for this advertisement. This "ad." (like all my other ads.) is practically sure to place on my list a number of new properties, and I am just as sure to sell these properties and make enough money in commissions to pay for the cost of the "ad" and make a good profit besides. That is why I have the largest real estate business in the world to-day. Why not put your property among the number that will be "listed" and sold as a result of this "ad."?

A Specialist in Quick Sales

I will not only be able to sell it—sometime—but will be able to sell it quickly. I am a specialist in quick sales. I have the most complete and up-to-date equipment the world. I have branch offices throughout the country, and a field force of more than 2,500 men finding buyers. I do not handle any of the side lines usually carried by the ordinary real estate agent. I do not make any money through renting, conveyancing, insurance, etc. I must sell real estate—and lots of it, or go out of business. I can assure you I am not going out of business. On the contrary, I have already sold twice as many properties this year as I did during 1902, and I expect to sell several times as many next year.

Let Me Sell Your Property

It doesn't matter whether you have a farm, a home without any land, or a business; it doesn't matter what it is worth or where it is located. If you will send me a brief description of your property, including your lowest cash price, I will tell you how and why I can quickly convert it into cash, and will give you my complete plan (FREE) and terms for handling it. The information I will give you will be of great value to you even if you should decide not to sell. You had better write now, before you forget it.

If You Want to Buy

If you want to buy any kind of a farm, home or business in any part of the country, tell me your requirements. I will guarantee to fill them promptly and save you some money at the same time.

W. M. OSTRANDER

Suite 161, North American Bldg., Philadelphia

HEALTH, STRENGTH And a GOOD FIGURE

Are More to Be Desired Than a Pretty Face

It is little over one year since I began to teach physical culture by mail, after 12 years of personal experience in prescribing individual work for women. I have never broken faith with my pupils, but have myself dictated every lesson. Were it not that pupils are finishing their courses daily, I could take no new ones. Fully one-third of the pupils who have worked with me this winter have been recommended to me by pupils who worked with me last year. If your vitality is at a low ebb, if you are troubled with any of the so-called chronic ailments—Constipation, Indigestion, Torpid Liver, Sick Headaches, Nervousness, Sleeplessness; if you are **overly large** and wish to be reduced (and increase your vitality in reducing); if you are thin and want to put on flesh, you can do so by no better means than a course in scientific physical **culture.** My work is not physical exercise alone. Women do not wish an athlete's strength, but that roundness and symmetry which has made women's form a model for sculptors and painters, and they want that vivacity and force born of a healthful spirit, which Emerson calls "the ecstacy of life." They want perfect health to make them cheerful wives, helpful companions and better friends.

The following extracts from letters from my pupils are on my desk as I write:

"I believe that my lessons are the best investment I have ever made."

"I just read your last advertisement in a January magazine, and from my own experience I know that you claim no more than you accomplish."

"Have **left off my glasses,** and my eyes seem to be all right."

"My **neck** and **chest** are developing finely. I can scarcely believe it is my own neck."

"I used to be so stoop-shouldered; now I carry myself as well as my friends."

"I have not had a **headache** for four weeks. Menstruation painless, and I can apply myself to mental work all day long and not feel tired and nervous. I think I know how to **breathe** now."

"**I sleep all night,** for which I cannot adequately express my thanks."

"Have not had a cold this winter. Have lost 20 pounds in flesh. My friends all note the difference in my size."

"My mother has lost entirely the **rheumatism** which troubled her for so long."

"My **constipation** is entirely relieved."

"My **indigestion** has all gone. I can sit down and eat as I have not done for years."

"My **complexion** is very decidedly clearer and my eyes brighter."

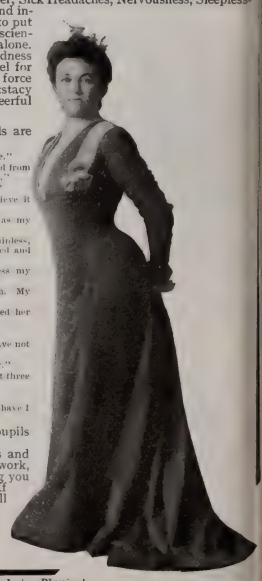
"If the remaining three lessons do me as much good as the first three lessons, you will have done wonders. I am **never tired** now."

"I cannot be thankful enough that I have made a start."

"I am still **well** in the **literal** sense of the word. Not a cold have I had, and never did I enjoy such wonderful health."

Letters similar to the above come to me from my pupils every day.

If you will write me, I will furnish you with names and addresses of women who have been helped with my work, and for ten cents I will send you a little booklet, showing you correct lines of the body in poise and movement. If you need me or wish to know more of my work, I will cheerfully give you all information I can.



SUSANNA COCROFT,

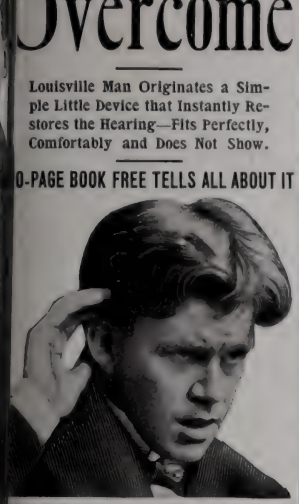
Dept. 224, 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

NOTE.—Miss Cocroft is President of the Extension Work in Physical Culture. This position has given her a wide experience in personal work.

Deafness Overcome

Louisville Man Originates a Simple Little Device that Instantly Restores the Hearing—Fits Perfectly, Comfortably and Does Not Show.

0-PAGE BOOK FREE TELLS ALL ABOUT IT



Since the discovery of a Louisville man it is no longer ecessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a be, or any such old-fashioned device, for it is now poible for any one to hear perfectly by a simple invention at fits in the ear and cannot be detected. The honor elongs to Mr. George H. Wilson, of Louisville, who as himself deaf, and now hears as well as any one. e calls it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, is built o the strictest scientific principles, containing no metal f any kind, and is entirely new in every respect. It is ffective even when the natural ear drums are partially entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or ickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, nd, aside from the fact that it does not show, it never auses the hearer irritation, and can be used with comort day or night.

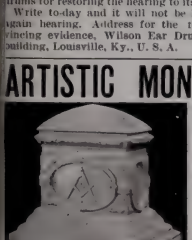
It will relieve deafness in any person no matter how caused, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid r brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gathering in he ear, shocks from artillery, or through accidents. It ot only relieves, but stays the progress of deafness and ll roaring and buzzing noises.

Let every person who needs this at once send to the ompany for its 190-page book, which you can have free. t describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense ar Drums and contains many bonafide letters from umerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, ngland, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New ealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from peoe in every station in life—clergymen, physicians, lawrs, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth bout the benefits to be derived from the use of this onderful little device; you will find among them the ames of people in your own town or state, and you are t liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure heir opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear rums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

Write to-day and it will not be long before you are gain hearing. Address for the free book and conincing evidence, Wilson Ear Drum Co., 1081 Todd uilding, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

ARTISTIC MONUMENTS

Cost No More than Plain Ones in



White Bronze

Marble is entirely out of date.

Granite soon gets moss-grown, discolored, requires constant expense and care, and eventually crumbles back to Mother Earth.

Besides it is very expensive.

White Bronze is strictly everlasting. It **cannot** crumble with the action of frost. Moss-growth is an **impossibility.** It is more artistic than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been adopted for more than a hundred public monuments and by thousands of delighted customers in all parts of the country. Many granite dealers have used White Bronze in preference to granite for their own burial plots. We have designs from $4.00 to $1,000.00 Write at once for free designs and information, stating about what expense you anticipate. It puts you under no obligations. We deal direct and deliver everywhere.

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CHURCH FURNITURE. Pews, Assembly Chairs, Pulpits, S. S. Seating. Largest Line, Latest Styles. Free Catalogue. Mfd. at GRAND RAPIDS SCHOOL FURNITURE WORKS, Salesroom, 22 West 19th Street, New York.

CLEAN CUT CAKE TIN **FREE TO AGENTS**

Flat tin Knife cuts loose a perfect cake. **$2 Outfit free Exp. prepaid.** Dept 7. HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N.Y.

Signs of Conversion

A Change of Nature and Disposition Essential

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE apostle Peter is most practical in his teaching as to what the life of true children of God should be. "Dearly beloved," he writes, "I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."

The early Christians instead of feeling hurt and wronged when others did them an injury, took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance (Heb. 10:34). They saw all things in the light of God and of eternity. And the clue to such a life lies in the words, "But the end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer." Children of eternity live in the light of eternity; measuring the present by the future; the coming of our Lord, and the judgment seat of Christ (II. Cor. 5:10); and the mainstay of their life is communion with God; watching unto prayer, and having fervent love among themselves.

And this is only a normal Christian life, nothing at all extraordinary; and it is in the same line that the apostle proceeds again to speak of suffering: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you." The self-pity to which we are prone by nature, is a complete ignoring of the purpose for which we are tried. Every student knows that the hard examination is to put to the proof the hours of diligent study through which he has passed; he does not count it a hard thing, but a thing demanded by his very position as a student. And thus Paul, telling the Ephesian elders of the sufferings that awaited him, could say also, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God" (Acts 20:22-24). If only the Lord got gain from the sufferings of Paul, Paul counted it worth while indeed to suffer—he understood his vocation.

The great enemy of our souls is busy persuading men everywhere that they can be Christians without suffering, that there is a far easier way than the Bible points out: and thousands upon thousands are failing into this snare, and treasuring up for themselves "wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, who will render to every man according [not to his profession, but] to his deeds" (Rom. 2, 5).

To some he applies the sacerdotal snare: they can pay a priest who will be guardian of their conscience, and make it all right for them in the end. But when the judgment is set and the books are opened, then every man will have to stand alone, the priest for himself, and the man who paid him for himself. Then there is the universal snare; Christ died for all, therefore you are saved without being born again; you need not be narrow like those who talk about conversion, and you can enjoy the pleasures and the honors of the world; live according to your conscience, and it will be all right. But Jesus says, "The words which I have spoken"—not your conscience—the same shall judge you at the last day (John 12:49).

Perhaps the most subtle snare of all is the self-deluding snare. Satan persuades men that they are born again because they know mentally or sentimentally, the way of salvation; attend conferences, enjoy the meetings, think themselves very pious, and yet all the time it is a life of self-pleasing. They are just as easily put out of temper, they are just as touchy about what affects them, they are just as selfish as those who have not the knowledge which they possess. These are the stumbling blocks of many honest souls—they talk all right, but their spirit is all wrong—they compare them with the Word of God, and do not find the characteristics of God's children in them, and too often on their account they condemn the whole company of true Christians. Oh, what an unveiling it will be for such as these when they see how God views them.

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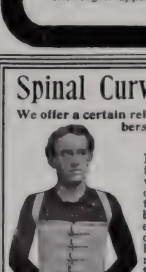

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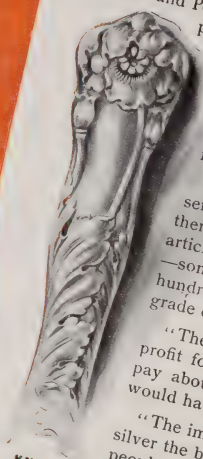
We do not believe in "Gift Schemes."—If the "gift" is worth having it either increases the price of the goods or reduces the quality.

A year or so ago we were talking these points over in our office. We wanted to do something for our customers—to bind them closer, both by sympathy and interest, to Quaker Oats, and Pettijohn's Breakfast Food. One of the young men in our office said: "See here! People who know enough about quality to use Quaker and Pettijohn don't want any flimsy gifts with packages. You're selling Quaker and Pettijohn so close to cost now that you can't afford to give presents with each package. And our customers won't buy fifty dollars' worth of goods to get the coupons for a 50-cent gift.



KNIFE.

"If you want to do them a real service,—to please them, and make them talk about you,—find some article that they will always want —something they pay a retailer two hundred per cent. profit on—a high grade of silverware, for instance.

"Then give your customers that profit for themselves. Ask them to pay about one-third of the price they would have to pay.

"The important thing is to have the silver the best that can be made. The people will feel glad when they look at it. And the gladness will shine back on Quaker and Pettijohn, and us, —ten times as long and strong as if you had given them 'free' one of those ordinary, shoddy premium things.

"You've given them a saving that's worth ten times as much as a 'free-for-coupons' premiums. And they've got something they really want.

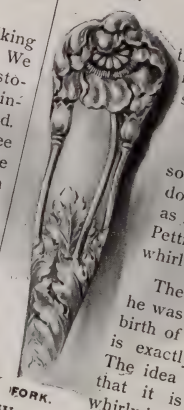
"Won't that hold them to our brands better than if we asked them to save a hundred coupons to get a premium worth ten cents?

"If our Quaker Oats and Pettijohn customers want high-class silverware, we can have manufactured the highest grade at less than even the biggest dealer can buy because of the immense quantity we can use.

"You can charge the loss to advertising. The advertising will be worth it, for the quality and beauty of this silver will make a lasting friend of everyone who gets it.

"It will take a little time, but as soon as people realize what we are doing, that the tableware we offer is as high quality as Quaker Oats and Pettijohn's, the plan will take like a whirlwind."

The young man knew exactly what he was talking about. That was the birth of the "Cereta" idea. And that is exactly what we are doing to-day. The idea has met with such approval that it is literally "a whirlwind."



FORK.

We at once placed one of the largest orders ever placed with one of the most responsible silverware manufacturers in the United States. They made, at our order, the beautiful "Cereta" Pattern, designed and finished in the exact style of modern solid silver. All the knives, forks, teaspoons and tablespoons which have since been added to the Cereta set are of the same beauty and quality. Cereta ware is plated more heavily than triple-plate. The silver used is 999-1000 fine. And with each piece is sent the manufacturer's guarantee for twenty years of family use.

SPOON.

Cereta ware with its rich "French Gray" finish, looks like the solid silver in a Maiden Lane window. You can have no idea of its quality, value, workmanship and beauty until you have received at least one piece. Send, with your order for each piece, four coupons from either Quaker Oats, Pettijohn's Breakfast Food, Apitezo or Zest, and the amount in coin specified on the coupon.

TEA SPOON—4 Cereta Coupons and **15** cents in coin.
CERETA SPOON—4 Cereta Coupons and **20** cents in coin.
TABLE SPOON—4 Cereta Coupons and **30** cents in coin.
TABLE FORK—4 Cereta Coupons and **30** cents in coin.
TEA FORK—4 Cereta Coupons and **25** cents in coin.
TEA KNIFE—4 Cereta Coupons and **30** cents in coin.
TABLE KNIFE—4 Cereta Coupons and **50** cents in coin.

This is about one-third the actual retail value of the ware.

In sending for knives state whether you prefer plated blades or steel blades.

GUARANTEE: If when you receive them, the above articles are not perfectly satisfactory, please return them at once and we will refund you your money.

This Coupon will be accepted with three others as the four coupons taken from packages of **Quaker Oats, Pettijohn's Breakfast Food,** Apitezo and Zest mentioned in the list above. Address

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VOL. 26—No. 37. PRICE 5 CENTS

Offices: Bible House New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 570

The Macedonian Revolt---Insurgents Guarding a Christian Village Against the Turks

WHAT IS WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERE = HOME OR A BUSINESS CAREER?

CHRISTIAN HERALD Readers Unite in an Effort to Solve the Great Home Problem

IN a recent issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invited from its readers a frank and general expression of opinion on these two questions, which deal with one of the most important problems of the present time:

1. **Is the present system of educating girls for business careers, considered broadly, an advantage or otherwise, and why?**
2. **If the home life be the ideal vocation for woman, what is needed to make it more attractive and congenial to girls than at present?**

FROM the large number of replies received, it is evident that the subject is one which is being widely discussed in families everywhere. It is impossible to give space to more than a limited number of the answers. These appear below.

THE present system is, in my opinion, a distinct advantage. It gives a girl strength of character and self-reliance. By all means, let the girl learn how to earn a livelihood. Then she will not be so liable to throw herself away in marriage on some worthless man. The girl who has been trained to regard marriage as a career, remembers that when her father dies, she will need some one to provide for her, if she is unable to provide for herself, and when some man offers to do it, she accepts him regardless of congeniality. It is also good for the young men that girls should be so educated. They will learn that they must measure up to a high standard if they are to hope for a wife. A young man who looks around in a supercilious way, believing that he has only to choose, and any girl will have him, is apt to be arrogant, lacking in respect, and domineering after marriage; but when he discovers that girls don't have to marry, and can get along without him, he will be more likely to behave himself, and be at some pains to make himself worthy of a girl's acceptance. It is pitiful to me to see the pains a girl will sometimes take to get a husband. I grieve to see her seeking instead of being sought. Make her independent by a business training, and she will not have thus to humiliate herself.

Prevents Humiliation

EDWARD BROWN.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . .

No. The average American young woman is taught, from her youth, to think and act independently. She must be as brave and strong as her brother; as well educated and as energetic. Consequently, she is as capable of a successful business career as he. Yet she must waste her capabilities keeping house for an unappreciative man, who grumbles every time she asks for money so justly due her. Who could blame her for wishing to relegate him to a boarding-house existence for the rest of his days, while she demonstrates her independence by going into the world and earning her own money.

The Business Woman the "American Ideal"

London, Tenn. MRS. J. W. CLARK.

. . .

There is no doubt but that looking at the question from the woman's standpoint, women are much happier when they fit themselves for some sphere. A girl cannot answer the question of her future. She may marry; she may not. Shall she sit down and wait? Never! Let her go on and make all she can of her life. Let her be so good a business woman that she may support herself in comfort, and have means for travel and improvement. The question of the home will some day solve itself. Women will marry when the average man is as worthy as the average woman. An educated, refined woman must, to be happy in the home, marry an educated, refined man, a man with a purpose. More worthy men will make home more congenial and attractive to women; nothing else can.

From the Woman's Standpoint

MAY KING.
Colchester, Conn.

. . .

The "strenuous life" is not for the young women of America. The glory of this nation, to-morrow, rests almost entirely with the coming mothers of to-day. The home is where God put the young woman, and there she should stay. Training for a business career might, in some cases, be advantageous; but it causes her to look at the home life as dull and uninteresting. The home life is the ideal vocation, and is attractive and congenial, if the young girl looks at it from the standpoint her Maker would have her to.

The Strenuous Life Not for Women

E. D. VAN DEUSEN.
Delaware, O.

. . .

Jehovah made man for his sphere of action in life; woman for hers; which are separate and distinct. Considered broadly, educating girls for business careers is a disadvantage to the girl and to her true home relations as daughter, wife, and mother. The ideal home life is well portrayed in the Book of Proverbs of the Holy Scriptures, chapter 31, and 10th to 31st verses, to which I invite the earnest attention of all. Scripture precepts on this line should adorn walls of public schoolrooms where girls are taught, and they instructed in duties for home adornment and comfort.

Home her Divinely Ordained Sphere

MOSES H. SYDENHAM.
Kearney, Neb.

. . .

The new departure in the training of women is only a step in the great movement which has for its ultimate object her complete liberation from ages of servitude. She is man's equal intellectually; morally she is his superior. She has not his coarseness of texture, nor his ugly vices. Why should she consent to remain in the position of an inferior and a dependent, when she has already demonstrated that in art, literature, science, business, manufactures, she can make a good living and hold her own? Ever since Creation, she has been driven into a corner and robbed of her divine birthright of equality by man's selfishness. She is tired of the social hencoop, with all of its narrowness and masculine domineering, and who can blame her? Let her try her pinions fairly, and she will demonstrate that she is what the Creator meant her to be—man's equal and his comrade; not his menial and his slave. There will always be women enough to fill the home requirements; but those who have tasted the freedom and independence of the broader career will never return. Nor will the women of America ever be satisfied until the home is revolutionized and idealized—until it is made the Home Beautiful, instead of a lifelong, thankless, unrequited, hopeless, sighing, unescapable, servitude for mothers and daughters, as it is in thousands of homes to-day.

Independence is Woman's Hope

MARCELLA HAYES.
New York.

. . .

The tendency of the age, in its civilization, calls for a broader use of the faculties in women—their intelligent action—thus raising her above the common drudge though she scrub and ply at the wash tub—facilitates the highest possible attainment for business, home, or a wider sphere. God never intended her brain to be dwarfed any more than man's. The educated who affect to despise housework, treat their domestics disdainfully, are not the highest type of women, though heading the graduating column at Vassar. An ideal home has for its management an educated woman; her influence counts, just as high social position wields a power when judiciously used.

An Evolution From Drudgery

Kansas City, Mo. (MRS.) MARY JANE KILLIP.

The present system of educating girls for business careers, though, like all revolutions, it involves incidental evil, is still no doubt part of a great evolution designed by Providence to result in good. Many women are not elected to be wives and mothers, and for such, a lack of business training means too often misery. True, the business girl may marry, and may not be qualified to act as chambermaid, laundress, cook, seamstress, waiter, governess, nurse, etc. But the woman of the future, instead of doing everything herself, like the primitive squaw, will have her housework done by specialists, her children will be in kindergarten or school, and she, herself, doing specialized work. The system of specialized work has developed men in the past, and will develop women in the future. Home will still be home, though the dinner may be cooked outside and brought in, for home is home, when love is there.

The Woman of the Future

Bedford, N. Y. AMELIA HOYT.

. . .

I do not think the young women of America are out of their natural and proper sphere, when they take the places of their drunken fathers and brothers. Some one ought to keep up the home, and so the girls, if there is any home, have to keep it or starve. Woman has just as much right in the world as man. We are all free in Christ Jesus.

Man's Failure, Woman's Opportunity

Lawtey, Fla. MRS. M. M. E. BLANCHARD.

. . .

A girl leaves her proper sphere when she enters any place where her virtue is in peril. Any occupation that throws the sexes constantly together is not a proper place for our daughters when they are not under our own supervision. And if we make ourselves worthy of a man who wants a wife, he will seek us; we need not seek him. I had a mother who was a model Christian, a model housekeeper, a good financier. She taught me that in order to be a true wife and mother it is my duty to look well to the affairs of my household. Give me a home, a true home in the country, with good health, and I am happy.

The Home is Her Kingdom

MRS. L. HOBART.
Himrod, N. Y.

. . .

This is the golden age—an age of discoveries and inventions, and an age of advancement for women. If a woman find the field of business more interesting than household work, let her enter it—that's her business. Rearing children need not tax all a woman's energy. We want fewer, but better, healthier, and more intelligent children. A married woman can assist her husband in many ways. We should not force woman out of active life, when the advancement of the race begins with her advancement.

This is Woman's "Golden Age"

Van Buren, Ark. C. E. STAMPS.

. . .

The present system of educating girls for business careers, is a financial advantage to lazy fathers and widowed mothers, but, broadly considered, is a disadvantage to the nation, diminishing the number of happy homes, arousing ambitions that will never be satisfied, causing discontent that leads to life-long strife.

A Blow at the Nation

REV. CLAUDE M. SEVERANCE.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . .

I do not believe that the present business education of women is an advantage to business, for their services are too short—sooner or later girls must quit. Nor to the home, for this part of their life work has received scant consideration. Nor to the girls themselves, for they only hinder the boys, who would and could support both. In regard to the second point, it is not necessary to make the home, but herself, more attractive, by a humble and holy character, and living within the sphere our wise Creator marked out for her.

A Pastor's Plain Opinion

Carmel Church, Philadelphia. REV. A. STAIGER.

. . .

It cannot be that every woman should marry. There are many positions in this world which can only be filled by spinsters. I believe spinsters are indispensable and invaluable, if they have good characters. There are however, women in these days who are out of their sphere; they are following masculine occupations. This certainly ought not be.

Women Who are Out of Their Sphere

HENRIETTE LEHDE.
Milford, Pa.

. . .

Girls who are educated with the idea that they will sooner or later become the mistress of a home are the ones who will have the most enjoyment in life and become the most helpful members of society. Those who are educated for business careers of their own are likely to become disorganizers of society, because they may have to sacrifice marriage, and come into competition with men, which woman is generally not fitted to do.

Home Queens the Happiest

WESLEY N. PECK.
Mt. Carmel Conn.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 772

GREAT BOOK BARGAINS!

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOK DEPT.,
Bible House, New York City

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH BROAD RIVER IN THE BIG SMOKY MOUNTAIN (See page)

A RIDE ACROSS THE "BIG SMOKY" MOUNTAINS

By REV. EDWARD O. GUERRANT

IF you are not a mountain climber, you had better not undertake this trip. I am not sure that I would have done it, if I had known what I know now; but God wisely hides the future from us.

Our faithful missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Barrows, and Mr. Burton, had lived and worked there a long while alone, and I thought it was as little as we could do to go to see them. So, past the Cumberlands and Knoxville, Morristown and the French Broad, we went to Newport on the beautiful Pigeon River, flowing out of the North Carolina Alleghenies. There we walked a mile, to board a little car half full of flour, on the new railroad up the river, bound for Cataloochee, in the Great Smoky mountains. At Hartford, a little station, we met Mr. Barrows and Mr. Burton, who came to escort us to their eyrie on the mountain. It was well they did, for, though I have been climbing the Cumberlands since a boy, and the Alleghenies, and Rockies, I do not think I could ever have found that home in the Great Smokies.

We left the cars where there was no road, and walked half a mile to the iron railroad bridge over the rapid river, which was too dangerous to cross in a boat. Mr. Barrows showed me where he and his family came near being drowned in attempting to cross. Over rocks, and stumps, and trees, where there was not even a path, we made our way down to the mouth of a gorge in the mountain. Here we met little Milburn Brown, with one of the three horses in the neighborhood for me to ride.

The way we went was up a rushing, roaring stream, which came down 500 feet in half a mile, like a dozen cataracts of Lodore. It was magnificent, but it was not a road, yet it was worth the trip to one who never saw nature in her wildest mood and most romantic dress. In that deep mountain gorge I found the finest hemlocks I had ever seen—big and tall as the cedars of Lebanon; giants of the primeval forest. I found a rare tree of most beautiful white and pink bell-shaped flowers, and called by the natives the lizwood. I had never seen it before. It blooms alongside the dogwood, but has a more beautiful flower.

A mile up, the cataract brought us to the little mission house of Mr. Barrows. It was perched in a cleft of the mountain, under the very shadow of Old Smoky, which reared its white head 4,000 feet above, and marked the boundary between Tennessee and North Carolina. We were given a hearty welcome to the humble home, where contented poverty lived happily with Jesus. It was a lovely Christian home, and well served as a vestibule to the golden palaces beyond the tall summit of Old Smoky.

Mr. Barrows (for want of a place to live) had built his own little house, and propped it up with long poles to keep the big storms from moving it down on the river below. It was neither pretty nor warm, but it was better than the Master had. (It will be warmer next winter.) One little stove did the cooking and washing and ironing, and warming the house, when it could. And in this humble home, in the roughest and poorest country I ever saw, I found an educated, cultivated, gentle Christian woman, as happy as she could be in her labors of love among these poor but grateful children of the great mountains. It was a privilege to be there. It was in the suburbs of heaven, more than 2,000 feet above the troubles of the world below.

A CONGREGATION OF MOUNTAINEERS IN THE WATAUGA HILLS, EAST TENNESSEE

That Monday night, we all walked half a mile to a little schoolhouse, where I preached to a house nearly full of people, all of whom had walked, for want of a better way. I couldn't see where they came from, but the mountains seemed to open, and the people came out of vales and dells and nooks all around. How they lived, I do not know; but God, who feeds the birds, will not let his children starve, though some get hungry.

It rained that night—or rather, it poured—and all the next day; but we were five hundred feet above the roaring river, and felt safe. The good people waded through mud and water to the little schoolhouse, at nine o'clock (meeting "takes up" here at nine o'clock a.m.), and it was about full of wet men, women and children, without a single umbrella or overshoe! I did my best, but felt that I couldn't preach well enough for such people. Jesus only could do that.

But I must get along to Cataloochee, Mr. Burton's mission field in North Carolina. He was just recovering from a spell of sickness, and was not able to go with us, so Mr. Barrows, on a diminutive mule, and I on the only horse I saw, waded through the rain and mud, over the mountains and down the valleys to Cataloochee, on Big Creek, in North Carolina. Here we found some three hundred people in a big lumber camp between giant mountains, without a schoolhouse or a church, but the men and a few women crowded the large commissary store, where I preached from a chair, while they stood up. The men were off work on account of the rain. Mr. Burton is doing a good work here, under many disadvantages; but the management promises to build a schoolhouse soon, which will serve for a church also. The Cherokee Indians, who live just up the river, have a good school and church provided by the government, so that the red children are better educated than their poor white neighbors.

On our way back, I saw the only church in this part of the country, a big house, but the roof was off, the floor gone, and the benches piled up in a corner, all for want of religion. It does not always operate that way. It did here, and it did in Jeremiah's time. Negro found us all back in the school-house, which was again full of wet people, who walked through the rain in the dark, without lantern or umbrella. It will take heaven to "even up" things for such people. This was my last service here, and many came forward to express their desire for salvation and faith in Christ. Mr. and Mrs. Barrows keep right prayerfully and faithfully sowing the good seed in this wild and sterile soil, and God will "give it increase."

The want of good schools here moved them to undertake to build the "Seminary of the Smokies," where

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 782

The American Pulpit

A PLEA FOR FELLOWSHIP

A SERMON BY THE REV. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR, D.D.
Pastor of the Lake Avenue Baptist Church, Rochester, N. Y.

TEXT—MATTHEW 6: 10: "Thy kingdom Come"

MATTHEW'S Gospel is distinctly the Gospel of the Kingdom, but, in a very true sense, the Bible throughout is the Book of the Kingdom. If, as one has suggested, the conception of a suffering Redeemer runs as a blood-red cord through the Scripture, it is no less true that the conception of the all-embracing Kingdom and the all-conquering King, runs through all the Scripture as a cord of royal purple.

My fundamental proposition is that the Kingdom is of supreme and transcendent importance. The Kingdom of God, that divine polity over which Jesus Christ is King of kings and Lord of lords—that claims pre-eminent fealty.

The Kingdom is of greater importance than the local church, of greater importance than any communion in any community, of greater importance than any single denomination. With any different conviction, the denominations easily become "sects," something cut off—as the word implies—cut off in sympathy, organization, and belief, from the rest of the Christian world.

A Common Reproach

There is real danger that the local church or the denomination be exalted above the Kingdom of God. You know that our Roman Catholic friends say that Protestantism is split up into innumerable little sects, quarreling among themselves. "In the Protestant missionary work of Japan," they say, "the Japanese, seeing the headquarters of fifteen different and non-co-operating sects in the square of Tokio, wrote to America: 'Do not send us any more kinds of religion.' We, of the Catholic Church, are everywhere the same—in America, in Africa, in Asia, in Europe, in almost every city and village of every land; the same form of worship, the same articulate and compact organization. We are the church, one and united," We might answer that this is not necessarily a ground for self-congratulation; that wherever there is freedom of inquiry, freedom of opinion, freedom of will, there is bound to be diversity. But we are not now discussing the truth or falsehood, the good or evil in Roman Catholicism; we say that this argument the Catholic uses with powerful effect.

True it is that narrow denominationalism is belittling and deadening. That was a significant remark made by one of our college presidents, "The men who least comprehend what I am trying to do in this college are some professors of the college. They are noble, self-sacrificing men, but each one considers his own department the only really important one, and the idea of building up a university is something which none of them can grasp." So there are self-sacrificing denominationalists, who have no adequate conception of the dignity and importance of the church universal—the vast embracing kingdom of God.

"The field is the world," says our Master, nothing less; any smaller conception is a caricature of Christianity, a belittling of our faith; any ideal short of united effort for the conquest of the world-field, is an ideal unworthy of the Christian name. "The good seed, these are the sons of the kingdom"; the words immediately follow the reference to the world-field. "The good seed, these are the sons of the kingdom," not the membership of any local church, nor of any single denominational body.

The Essential Unity

I believe that we are coming to recognize the essential unity of the kingdom of God. Many mountains one globe; many ravines, one mighty earth mass, vastly greater than the wrinkles on her face; many regiments, one army; many denominations, one church; many creeds, one faith; many ways up the hill, one city at the top, where sits the King on his throne. Denominationalism, wisely managed, may be used for mutual provocation to love and good works. Perhaps it is better to be broken up externally, that each denomination may do its own work. But there must be recognition, and that recognition, more than a nominal one, of the practical fellowship, the co-operative fellowship of believers.

I am a Baptist by birth, by training, by conviction. I yield to no one in my loyalty to essential Baptist, principles. There are Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, and Methodists, with equal loyalty. But the Christian should be no bigot, and no species of bigotry is more offensive than that of the denominational bigot. Let no one misunderstand. We are not of those sentimentalists who decry ecclesiastical and denominational organization. We are not of those who idealize the man who perches on the denominational fence. The fence-sitter is nauseating as lukewarm water.

We counsel no sacrifice of conviction, but a mirroring forth of the spirit of our divine Lord, who prayed for his disciples and for those who should believe on him through their word, "that they all may be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in them, that they also may be in us, that the world may believe that thou didst send me," that as of old the world may recognize us as His, when they see that these Christians "love one another."

Such a spirit is a long way beyond the spirit of "toleration." Yet even toleration is in advance of what we have known, even in this "land of the free." In the Harvard Baccalaureate of this year, Dr. Van Dyke eloquently said of the Puritan: "Something too little of sunlight may have come in through the narrow windows of his house. But that house had foundations, and the virtues lived in it." With all deference due to our national forefathers—and to them deference is due—there were tenants in the house other than those readily recognizable as virtues. Intolerance, intense and bitter, was characteristic of Puritanism. The Puritan failed to apprehend the first principles of religious liberty. That it was his independence of conviction, and his demand for freedom of worship which banished him from

REV. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR, D.D.

his native land, but renders his failure in this respect, the more conspicuous. He had no charity for those who read the truth through other eyes than his. The freedom which he demanded for himself, he would not accord to those of different faith. To his view of truth the whole community must yield assent; to his standards of worship all must conform. And this purpose to secure uniformity of worship, did not content itself with seeking to correct error by the gentler arts of persuasion; error must be rooted out, at whatever cost. The arm of the State is invoked to secure uniformity. Upon the shores of the New World were re-enacted scenes of which these exiles should long since have grown weary.

The Puritan rivals in cruelty the persecutors from whom he has fled. We see Holmes, and Clark, and Crandall dragged before the governor, and sentenced to heavy punishment. We hear the shrill cry of their clerical accuser, as he smites Holmes before the judgment seat, "The curse of God go with thee." We see the three frail Quaker women scourged through the settlement, until reprieved at last at the point of death. We see Ann Hutchinson, her reason well nigh gone, driven through the deep snows, to perish at the hands of savages. No element of horror is wanting to the scene. Fines, imprisonment, whipping, mutilations, banishment, death, await those who under stress of present convictions seek to be faithful to the lesson of fidelity to conscience, learned from their Puritan fathers and associates in the land from which they have come. Such intolerance was hideous enough, though it was based in part upon strength of conviction.

To-day the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. We are in a day when mischievous moral malaria steals subtly into the fibre of strong endeavor. The age i drunk with materialism, the south wind blows softly and multitudes are enervated by its soothing touch Some would seem to think that in this day the tower of a lofty Christian life and character and of the grea splendid structure of the Kingdom of God are going t leap up in the night like Jonah's gourd; that we ar going to wake up some fine morning to find the buildin miraculously finished, without our endeavor, to the turre stone. Understand me, the heart of the church stil beats strong and true, but great masses of nomina Christians are in a lotus-eating atmosphere, listless, idle unaccomplishing.

Toleration and Indifference

Toleration is a long advance from intolerance, bu toleration easily becomes indifference, and both ar utterly inadequate to express the ideal relationship be tween bodies of Christ's followers. Tolerate? Endure Be indifferent? Shame on those who would thus crucif the Christ afresh! "Like a mighty army moves th church of God," shoulder to shoulder, heart-beat answer ing to heart-beat, steps swinging in time to the martia music of the church militant and the church trium phant, "Like a mighty army moves the church o God." No regimental sacrifice of conviction, but above the flag of the regiment, the flag of the army; above the standard of the denomination, the white banner o the Captain of the host, the Commander of the armies of the faithful, the King, omnipotent and eternal Not intolerance, not toleration, not indifference, bu fellowship, is the rallying cry, and we may believe that it finds a sympathetic chord in every heart o this great company.

A good beginning has been made. Federation is fellowship put into practice. Federation of churches and of Christian workers has ceased to be a dream. It is far from uncommon to-day, in single communities, in counties, in States. Let me indicate a very few of the lines which have been suggested and actually followed in this federated work. A religious census of a given community, resulting in a religious directory, showing church and Sunday School membership and attendance; Christian citizenship efforts, including those against the legalized saloon, and against the desecration and annihilation of the Day of Rest, a bulwark of our national life now thrown down and trampled in the dust—our brethren under other national flags are not free from the bitterness of this assault; a common rallying for the preservation or the securing of an ideal public school system; where it can be done, a wise direction of denominational enterprises in the way of the founding of new churches, thus tending to economy of effort and wise stewardship of resource; but chiefly, chiefly, co-operation in the vital, invaluable work of the church universal in evangelization, this above everything else—the joining hands of those who believe that the world is lost without Jesus Christ, in harmonious and loving fellowship of action for the world's salvation. In all of these endeavors we may work together, our hearts beating as one in our common love and loyalty to our common Lord.

The Vigilant Foe

Let me suggest two thoughts which may strengthen us in our fellowship. First, the enemies of Christ and his followers are neither dead nor sleeping. Luther said, as a representation of the church in his day: "Who would paint a picture of the present condition of the church let him paint a young woman in a wilderness, or in some desert place; and round about her let him figure lions, whose eyes are glaring upon her, and whose mouths are open to devour her substance and her beauty." That is the natural condition of the church. When the church in that age, in this age, in any age, is truly alive, and is fulfilling her destiny, she will find about her, as of old, men more cruel than ravenous beasts. The Gospel means battle. It is rightly on the offensive, not the defensive. The Gospel di vides, when it is manifested in a disciple whose embodying of the Gospel is strong enough to divide anything. The block will bear almost unmarked the edge of an ax handled by the feeble fingers of an infant, but the ax goes cleaving through the wood when the edge comes down under the sweeping power of a strong man's arm. True, multitudes of nominal Christians live on most amiable terms with the world, and know next to nothing of any tribulation or opposition occasioned by their profession of Christianity. But that is not because there is any real alteration in the consequences of close union with Jesus. It is because their union is so very slight and superficial. The world loves its own, and what can it find to hate in the shoals

people whose religion is confined to their tongues ostly and has nothing to do with their lives? It has t ceased to be a hard thing to be a real and thorough ristian.

To be sure, opposition finds different foes to-day than some other days. You know to what lengths it has ne. The Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholo-w, the reign of Philip II. of Spain, the Duke of Alva th his satanic deeds in the Netherlands, the fires of mithfield, these are not so far in the past that mists of livion have shrouded them. But let us understand, fellow Christians, that the world and the flesh and devil are against Christian building and Christian ing still, just as they always were.

Heroic Religion

I do not believe in people looking for trouble, search-g for some one who will consent to persecute them, t I have an idea that the sting of Smithfield fires and e wrenching of Torquemada's rack, if those experi-ces could be repeated, might correct some vagaries modern theology. The thundering summons of the emy at the door might be a wholesome antidote for me conditions in our churches of to-day. There is mething in the call to battle, battle for a cause which righteous and supremely worthy, which stirs the repest and the best in us. Is it true that there is to-day tle of the heroic in religion to appeal to men? Alas r us if that be so.

The statement comes from some of our theological minaries that there is some dearth of candidates for the inistry. Why? Why is it that the ministry does not ap-al to every stalwart, able, earnest, unselfish Christian an in his college days? It does to some. A part of e product of our seminaries to-day was never sur-assed. But why does not the claim of this great voca-on press upon every such an one until it is soberly ttled one way or the other? It is not because young en are afraid. There was no difficulty in filling up e ranks of the Rough Rider regiment, though every an knew that he was taking his life in his hands when he volunteered. There was no lack of volunteers for service when the *Merrimac* was to be sunk at the mouth of Santiago Harbor, though it meant a voyage into the jaws of death. Eight men were needed; you know the response to the call for volunteers.

I will not believe that there is among our young men a lack of courage, a lack of willingness to suffer. Can it be that young men have made up their minds that with the present spirit in the church there is little demand for the heroic in her ministry? They say that a minister makes his church. He does leave his stamp upon the church, but it is no less true that the church makes the ministers. And the minister will not go far beyond what the church requires, or, at least, he will not go far beyond the point to which the church will follow him. If the church of the living God is to any considerable degree honeycombed with indifference, permeated with the dry rot of lethargy, if the heroic element in the church is dying, then the church may hold itself responsible for any diminution in number, and for any lessening of stalwart efficiency in its leadership. No man of strength and self-respect is going to submit to being regarded merely as a convenient adjunct to wed-dings and funerals, as a kind of family pet to be cod-dled and fed with sweetmeats. If the church wants much that is heroic in her leaders, she must have much that is heroic in herself. There must be a recognition of the fact that the foes of Christ and of his followers are neither dead nor sleeping; that eternal vigilance, eternal self-sacrifice, everlasting and strenuous struggle, are the price of progress and of victory, now, as always.

The Call for Service

Second — The insistent call for service has not ceased. Dean Frederick W. Farrar, who has but recently passed from among us, has said: "Is not this fatally true, that the lives of very many are frivolous, useless, egotistical; that the lives of very many are wasted and self-ruined by their own vilest passions; that the lives of some are like a mere poison and pestilence to all around them; that it is the lives of few only which are noble and generous, brave and unselfish, merciful and just, pure and true? And the worst curse of most lives is that they touch only of low and base ends for self." I hope that the words contain an exaggeration. I can not believe that each of us is bound by his own inside lives which, owing to fear or to blindness from public vices and knowledge, are "brave and unmanned," "pure and true." But the words of the great dean's mouth are a challenge and an appeal. The insistent call for service has not ceased.

Ever the Same Need

Thank God, history shows that the call has not been in vain. In the secret annals of the life of this world it is good to think of men and women who have not pleased themselves, but have gone about doing good, great souls were by their stubborn resistance to the forces of destruction of brotherhood and love have kept a living world, and the memory of the lives and the names of men and especially criticism, not building their lives over into themselves.

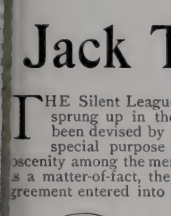
I hear some one say, "We have no such call as they," but we have. The only call they had we have—the call of the need. We realize the hardihood of us, he used. Perhaps very few eyes will be wet for us and they not for long, while others, with less of opportunities than ourselves have gone down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor. Ah, the insistent call for service has not ceased. Can we not arouse to rise, to rise unitedly, to rise in ever strengthening fellowship, into such a life as is described by the words spoken of our blessed Lord, "He went about doing good."

The great Methodist leader, John Wesley, the bi-centenary of whose birth has just been celebrated throughout the Christian world, nobly said: "I desire a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ." So say we. Let it be repeated in ever increasing volume until the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. "We desire a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ."

Jack Tars Against Swearing

The "Silent League," Originated by Chaplain Wright, and its Wholesome Influence . . . .

THE Silent League is a new organization that has sprung up in the United States Navy, having been devised by Chaplain C. Q. Wright, for the special purpose of suppressing profanity and obscenity among the men and boys of the enlisted force. As a matter-of-fact, there is no organization, only an agreement entered into by members to do all they can to discourage and suppress these two vices, both specially prevalent at times. No reports are made nor meetings held. Each member is allowed to work in his own way, to do and say the thing that seems best to him at the time to meet the case at hand; but he agrees to do something. A token is given to each by the chaplain when they enter into this agreement—a plain, metal disc with a hole near one edge. It is without letters or inscription of any kind, and has neither meaning nor value to any other than members.



CHAPLAIN C. Q. WRIGHT, U. S. N.

It is not customary to discuss the League, nor to recognize members, as it is intended to be purely personal in character, each being left free to do his duty as he seems best. The obligation is lain upon his conscience; and, relying simply upon his agreement, he is sent on his way entrusted with this good mission. Members are also instructed to pass the token to other reliable friends they may meet, who, in turn, may pass it to on others whom they deem worthy. As many tokens as are called for are supplied free of charge. No effort has been made to build up a large membership, but rather an earnest, reliable one, as it is still an experiment.

So far, the Silent League has worked satisfactorily on the receiving ship and in the emergency camp at League Island, where the chaplain thinks that profane swearing and filthy speech have been greatly diminished. These are vices condemned by all good people, and this effort appears to have appealed to those of the better sort, who have rallied to the assistance of Chaplain Wright, and in a very quiet way, have made themselves felt among their mates. Occasionally some wag speaks of them as "Them P. and O. people," as he cautions some swearing companion—perhaps he will exclaim, "Look out, the P. and O.'s 'll be after you."

Chaplain Wright tried this plan for suppressing these prevailing sins on the flagship *New York* and the battle ship *Massachusetts*, and finding it worked successfully, he gave it a name and a token, and set it in operation at League Island, Pa., and after a few weeks the effects were very marked and gratifying. From the Commandant of the Yard down, the officers, with but few exceptions, endorse the movement, and most of them are members. And so of the petty officers, chief petty officers, non-commissioned officers, and the leading men of the camp and receiving ship. Since launching the League, Chaplain Wright has made several changes in its workings—such as the brief instruction of new members how to work and what to say. For instance, they are advised to say nothing to a drunken or angry man till afterwards; to use either ridicule, rebuke, persuasion, or official report as the case appears to demand; and to report incorrigibles to the officer of the deck, to be made examples of. Set phrases are suggested for their use, such as, "Shame on you;" "Bring the soap and swab boys, and wash out his little mouth;" "Here, you are forgetting yourself, youngster;" "Will some one please spank that naughty little child?;" "Hold hard, mate—stop that, or up to the mast you go;" "None of us is over good, old man, but let's try to be decent," etc., etc.

It has been found that many small lads acquire profane tongues out of the notion that it sounds like a tough sailor man, and is a part of the proper lite at sea—an unfortunate idea that popular sea yarns suggest and encourage. The most effective weapon with such is ridicule.

No fees are collected, as there are no expenses necessary, except for the tokens, which should cost but a trifle. Those now used at League Island were made by a friend, free of charge, out of sheet copper and nickel-plated. With such immediate and tangible results, it would be an easy matter for the chaplain to raise money in the League for its furtherance, but it runs itself, perpetuates itself, reproduces itself, and needs no funds.

Why not start Silent Leagues all over the land—all over the world—on ships, in camps, factories, shops, schools, etc.—wherever men and boys are congregated together? It needs but one thoroughly earnest and very prudent man or woman (in most cases it should be the work of men) to start it. Once started, it ought,

LEAGUE MEMBERS ON THE RECEIVING SHIP

with proper promotion and encouragement, to continue to grow and take care of itself. It would be a good work for Young Men's Christian Associations, Christian Endeavorers, St. Andrew's and other young people's societies to take up. In the Catholic Church they have the Holy Name Society, which undertakes a similar work. The tokens could be made at any stamp mills or machine shop, as there is no inscription nor device, and the cost would be the merest trifle. U. S. N.

New Century Knights and Ladies

IN the first year of the new century Dr. W. B. Palmore, the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, conceived the plan of enlisting boys to a high purpose and determination under the name of New Century Knights. The following was the "New Declaration of Independence" they were called on to sign:

REV. W. B. PALMORE.

It is my purpose to be something and do something for the betterment of the world, and my determination never to use profanity, alcohol or tobacco in any form.

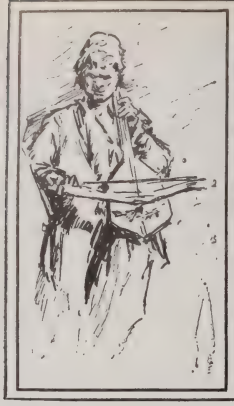
He had no idea of securing more than a few thousand names, nor did he expect to form them into any societies, but so numerous were the applications for membership that it was at once seen to be a providential movement worthy of following up and nourishing for the sake of the rising generation. The local organizations are called "Commanderies," and are usually under the management of one or more Lady Counselors. What with special songs, wall charts, meetings adapted to the boys, outdoor sports, military drills, and other entertainments, the movement is growing, and the first twenty thousand members will soon be enrolled.

Very soon there was a clamor for a similar organization for the girls; but not until recently was a beginning made. The "Aim and Ideal" which the girls are expected to sign to become members is the following:

The aim and ideal of my life is a pure heart, an enlightened brain, a kind manner in service and a womanhood worthy of the New Century Knighthood.

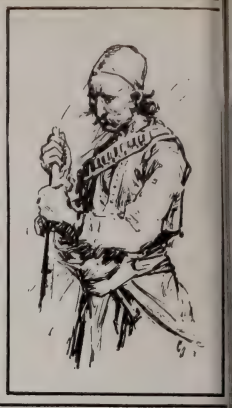
This organization is called the New Century Ladies, and is growing at a more rapid rate than the former, although it is not so large to its present membership. Sometimes the two organizations unite in joint commanderies, but the custom now is a separate organization under the name of "Knights Ladies." A badge (as with N. C. K. in plain white letters on a red background—white symbolic of purity and the red of strength—is furnished to all who sign the Knight's Declaration, and a corresponding badge (as with N. C. L. red with a white background, is furnished to those girls who sign the "Aim and Ideal." These can be had, with full information, by writing W. B. Palmore, 1414 Locust street, St. Louis.

A WANDERING PLAYER



IN THE MARKET AT USKUB

A MACEDONIAN SOLDIER



Macedonia's Struggle for Freedom

DESPERATE FIGHTING, WHICH MAY YET INVOLVE THE EUROPEAN POWERS—MANY MASSACRES BY TURKISH TROOPS—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BALKAN SITUATION

WITHIN the last few weeks, the long-impending Macedonian revolt against Turkish oppression has broken out with a fury and magnitude that threaten to involve not only the Balkan peoples, but in certain not improbable contingencies, the great European Powers as well. What may prove to be one of the greatest wars Europe has witnessed since the Crimea, began with the rising of a few corps of Macedonian insurgents, under Sarafoff, in the vilayet of Monastir, the locality which became famous as the scene of the abduction of Miss Stone, the American missionary. Quickly the rebellion spread, until the insurgents had thousands of men in the valleys and mountain passes, who conducted operations on a scale that terrorized the northern part of the Turkish dominions. In the beginning of September, the insurrectionaries had 20,000 well-armed men in the field, chiefly Bulgarians, who were fighting the Turks somewhat after the same guerrilla fashion the Boers employed in their campaign against the British in South Africa—by sudden dashes and surprises, rather than by pitched battles. They had overrun a large part of Macedonia and the Bulgarian frontier: they were threatening to isolate Adrianople by destroying the bridges to the south, and were even exciting alarm by their proximity to Salonica. They hoped to be able to force Bulgaria into open war against Turkey, but Prince Ferdinand and his advisers were still ostensibly opposed to the insurrection, although thousands of the insurgents are Bulgarian by birth, speech, and religion. Many women are fighting side by side with their husbands and sons in the ranks of the insurgents.

When the revolt began, Turkey, always prepared for such emergencies, immediately threw a large army into the field, and adopted the usual uncompromising measures for its suppression. In the vilayet of Monastir, the Turks succeeded in driving out the insurgent bands, and then committed the first of a series of frightful atrocities. Macedonian towns and villages were laid waste and swept bare of their Christian population without mercy. In the town of Krushevo, according to a leading newspaper of Sofia, the *Dnevnik*, "the mutilated corpses of ninety women and children were found in one building; pieces of the bodies had been thrown into the street. Fifteen of the principal merchants of the town were killed and their heads exhibited on poles at Monastir. The churches were demolished and the houses sacked, and the town is now a heap of ashes. The populace fled to the hills, where they are in a starving condition."

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MACEDONIAN INSURGENTS READY FOR ATTACK IN A MOUNTAIN PASS

A general slaughter occurred in the whole vilayet of Monastir. Nearly all the villages were destroyed. The Turks massacred all the women and children in twenty-two villages of the districts of Florina and Monastir, and afterward burned the villages. At the village of Armensko the Turks destroyed 150 houses out of a total of 157, and massacred every man, woman and child. The women were subjected to the most terrible abuse by the soldiers. Eighty revolutionaries, captured at Krushevo, who were sent in the direction of Monastir in chains, were slaughtered by their guards. The sanitary conditions at Krushevo were described in these reports as revolting. The dead were lying in the streets, stripped of every garment, the Turks even taking the vestments off the body of a priest. The survivors were afraid to bury the bodies.

While sustaining this reverse in Monastir vilayet, the insurgents were making headway in other quarters. Step by step, they fought their way to the centre of Macedonia and southward. In the vilayet of Adrianople they cut all the telegraphs. They occupied all the strategic points around Malkoternovo, captured three Turkish posts north of Losengrad, slaughtered the garrisons of Burgas-Majura, Kantacunovo, and Kurkolibi, blew up the government buildings at Urgas and captured Vasiliko, killing the garrison. Their mobile tactics seemed to defy pursuit by the large bodies of Turkish troops. The latter, however, took sanguinary vengeance, for they fell upon the defenceless Christian population of many villages and slew them mercilessly. Their Bashi-Bazouks burned eighteen villages north of Losengrad, killing and dispersing their population. They burned Bunar-Hissar and massacred the inhabitants and they massacred 300 persons at Vasiliko and Kilisseh. The Macedonian Committee prepared a list of seventy villages pillaged and destroyed, and the people ruthlessly slain by hundreds, in the vilayet of Monastir alone. They assert that the Turkish troops have been guilty of the massacre, murder and rapine of hundreds of defenceless non-combatants, that they have expelled 3,000 men, women and children in a single district, cast 2,800 into prison, shot and burned 200, incarcerated every Bulgarian in Salonica, tortured men and women with red hot irons at Schrif, and been guilty of nameless atrocities against those who were peaceable and unarmed.

It is only just to state here, that the Turkish government has given an unqualified denial to the reports of Turkish atrocities, and has instructed its consuls everywhere to explain that these reports are circulated by the Macedonian Committee for the purpose of exciting sympathy for themselves and arousing public feeling against the Mohammedans. From other sources, however, such confirmation of the massacres comes as leaves little doubt of the dark and bloody vengeance Turkey has visited upon her Christian population, who are suspected of revolutionary sympathies.

At a meeting of the Macedonian Committee held at Sofia, it was resolved that a memorandum should be presented to the representatives of the great Powers, urging their governments to take action. The speakers appealed for the immediate intervention of the Powers, declaring that if the pouring out of blood in Macedonia continued, Europe would find nobody there to save. The Bulgarian ministers were urged not to stand by while their brethren were dying in Macedonia.

Despatches from Turkish official sources in Constantinople, accuse Bulgaria of furnishing supplies to the

A BULGARIAN ARMY FIELD KITCHEN

FUGITIVES FLEEING FROM A MACEDONIAN VILLAGE

Illustrated Press Bureau

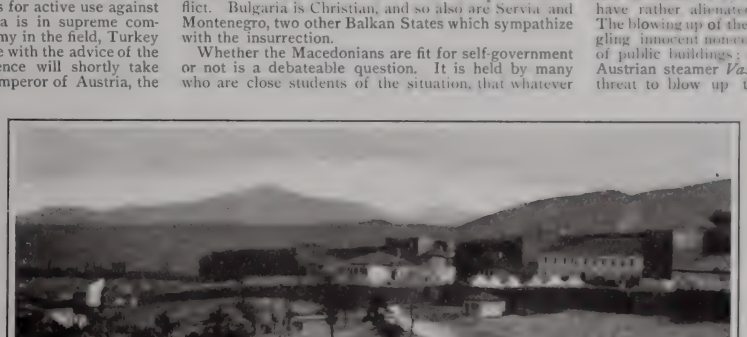
A MARKET DAY SCENE IN SOFIA
Bulgarian Peasant Girls in Sheepskin Coats

A CONSULAR CONFERENCE AT USKUB
(X) M. Mandlestrom, Russian Consul, Murdered by Turks August 6

surgents, and Turkey has notified the Powers to that fect. The Sultan intends to call out his entire Euroean reserve, which, with other forces now in the field, ould give Turkey 350 battalions for active use against e insurgents. Ibrahim Pasha is in supreme comand. In placing this vast army in the field, Turkey aims to be acting in accordance with the advice of the uropean Powers. A Conference will shortly take lace at Vienna, at which the Emperor of Austria, the ing of Greece, King Edard of England, and probaly the Czar and Emperor Villiam, will be present, hen it is believed the Balan situation will be disussed. Servia is represented as sympathizing warmly ith the revolt, and may ct with Bulgaria. Russia as been supposed to be seretly fomenting the strife the Balkans, though the lterior object is not apparent. At all events, the hreatening visit of the Rusan fleet to Iniadi, to exact eparation for the murder of he Russian Consul, Mr. Rostowsky, was regarded with pen hostility by the Turks.

To the average American eader, the uprising in the alkans presents a somehat confusing aspect. They ead in the daily cablegrams f conflicting forces of Maedonians, Bulgarians, Albanians, Greeks and Turks ll seemingly fighting each other. The Macedonians re the inhabitants of that section of European Turkey ounded on the north by Bulgaria, south by Greece nd west by Albania), which coincides with the ancient ingdom of Macedonia, although the name is now a here geographical expression. These people are largely hristian, yet there are many Mohammedan towns and illages in Macedonia. In Albania the population is divided in religion, the northern portion being Greek Church, the southern, Mohammedan, and consequently Albanians are found on both sides in the present conflict. Bulgaria is Christian, and so also are Servia and Montenegro, two other Balkan States which sympathize with the insurrection.

Whether the Macedonians are fit for self-government or not is a debateable question. It is held by many who are close students of the situation, that whatever may have been the character of Macedonia's civilization in the remote past, recent history shows its people to be a wild race of mountaineers given over to lawlessness and bloodshed, and fit only to be ruled by some stronger power. It is argued that, even if Macedonia were freed from the Turkish yoke, Europe would not consent to autonomy; it would simply change masters, and either Russia, Austria, Italy, or possibly a Balkan confederation under the joint auspices of the Powers, would be the new controlling agent in Macedonian affairs. Recent desperate attempts by the revolutionists to enlist the sympathy of Europe, it is declared, have rather alienated than attracted outside support. The blowing up of the Oriental express, killing and mangling innocent noncombatants; the wanton destruction of public buildings; the destruction by bombs of the Austrian steamer *Vaskapir*, and the still more recent threat to blow up the foreign embassies and legations, are all pointed out as evidence of the desperate resolve of the Macedonian Committee to involve other governments.



F. Moore Photo.

THE CITADEL OF USKUB, NOW CROWDED WITH BULGARIAN PRISONERS

Bulgaria's position is apparently critical. The whole country is actively preparing for war, yet Prince Ferdinand, restrained by the influence of Russia, opposes such a step. If he should declare war, Turkey would instantly invade Bulgaria. On the other hand, if Ferdinand does not declare war, Turkey itself may do so, in which case all the Balkan provinces might revolt, including Servia, Roumania, Roumelia and Montenegro.

It is not probable that any single European Power will intervene, as such a step would be the signal for a conflict beside which the present trouble would appear a mere skirmish. The consciousness of this fact may keep the great Powers from interfering, and they in turn may be able to hold back Bulgaria, Servia and Roumania from taking overt action. Should such restraint be exerted, the insurrection will be suppressed, as former revolts have been, by the Sultan's ruthless hand. But the time must eventually come when the scandal of the Mohammedan rule will become intolerable, and either by diplomatic arrangement or by force the Turk will be compelled to set Macedonia free.

Illustrated Press Bureau

REFUGEES AT RILO, AWAITING DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD

ALBANIAN PRISONERS BEING MARCHED TO A TRAIN

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Temperance Embassy

WHEN a common foe is assailing the welfare of the people in many lands, the course of wisdom is international consultation and co-operation in defence. It is gratifying to learn that this course is being adopted in the war, unhappily required in almost every land, against the evil of strong drink. Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, Superintendent for World and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has just returned from Europe, where, by special invitation, she attended a Congress at Bremen, and where she had an interview with the Empress of Germany and other exalted persons. The object of the invitation was to ascertain from her what measures were being taken in the United States to deal with the drinking evil, and to check its progress.

The invitation was a tribute of no slight order to this country. It implied that the wonderful advance in production and trade, made here during recent times, was an evidence that our working-men must be more sober than those of Europe, and that some influence must have been at work to promote such sobriety. We are not sure that this reasoning is justified by the facts, but we are glad to know that the recent Government returns do show that there is a decrease in the ratio of consumption of intoxicating liquors, and that though the quantity consumed does increase from year to year, it does not increase so rapidly as formerly. We are thankful for small mercies in this terrific struggle, and are glad if in our tactics there is any hint that may be useful to temperance workers in other nations.

We are also glad that the duty of representing this country fell to Mrs. Hunt, because she is a firm believer in the method which, in our opinion, is the most rational and effective of all that have been devised. That method is to influence the children. We could bear the present affliction, grievous as it is, if we were sure that the next generation would be a sober one. There is reason to rejoice when the victims of strong drink are rescued from their slavery, but the number of such rescues is comparatively small, and the danger of relapse is continuous. Even Prohibition, if we could obtain it, is beset with difficulty, because the law might be evaded, and the restraint would be irksome to a people so tenacious as ours, of personal liberty. But if we could get hold of the children before they have fallen under the power of the evil, and could convince them of the benefit of total abstinence, so that when they grow up, they will abstain from choice, then there would be hope. Mrs. Hunt was able to explain to the Bremen Congress the measures that we have adopted along this line in our Public Schools, and both the Congress and the statesmen whom she interviewed, expressed their admiration of them. It will be a valuable service that Mrs. Hunt has rendered to the German people, if she has induced the authorities to adopt a similar method in their educational system. Every true patriot, there as here, is concerned in the eradication of this growing menace to the well-being of the people, the prolific parent of poverty, degeneration and crime.

To Extend the Kingdom

EVERY Christian patriot must rejoice to witness the multiplying signs of co-operation among the denominations, in the gigantic struggle between good and evil in the world. A remarkable evidence of that co-operation was seen in the recent annual Conference of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom. This organization, as its name implies, is composed of men of many creeds, who are striving together to make the rule of Christ supreme in society, and convince the world that in obeying him and following his teaching, it is taking the true way to righteousness and happiness. It is one of the most striking proofs of the divinity of Christ, that although living in a period so remote from ours and under conditions so dissimilar from those of the Twentieth Century, he should have laid down prinples which apply to our country and our time, and which would tend to our social development. It would be an ideal condition if that prayer that his people have been offering through the centuries, was granted: "Thy Kingdom Come."

The most encouraging augury of that coming time is seen in the association of the leaders who bear his name, coming together, regardless of denominational demarkations, to devise measures for extending that kingdom. All honor to them and all good wishes for their success! There is, as a contemporary observes, "an increasing number of men who conceive of Christianity not merely as a means of saving individuals here and there from destruction, but as a positive force for the establishment of a Divine order of life in the earth." At the same time, we must not forget that it is in the conversion of individuals that the mass is affected. That is the Divine order. The true regeneration of society will come when the units are transformed, and neither in legislation nor in social restraints can we hope for the establishment of the kingdom, but in the surrender of the individual soul to the rule of Christ.

What Is Woman's True Sphere?

TIMES change, and with them opinions also change. Less than forty years ago, such a symposium as that which appears in another part of the present issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on the question of "Woman's Sphere—Home Life or a Business Career?" would have been an impossibility. Very different were the social conditions which then surrounded the home life, and so few were the opportunities afforded to women who might have aspired to a professional or business career, that they were scarcely to be considered. It was held to be a settled thing—a destiny divinely fixed and not to be evaded—that woman's rightful realm was the home. To the more strenuous sex belonged the world of business, with all its multifarious duties. If woman essayed to enter the professions, she was a "blue-stocking" or "mannish," and the mere suggestion that she should take up any business calling as a life vocation would have been ridiculed.

And now all this is changed. Woman has become the active competitor of man in a thousand fields of intellectual, industrial and business activity. Our girls have spurned the cook-book, the "sampler" and the work-basket, and clamor for a business education. Even music is less of a home accomplishment than heretofore, and is left more and more to the musical professional. Our athletic daughters, no longer like "shy violets," claim equality with their brothers in sports, in education, and in the freedom to choose a vocation which shall lead to personal independence. We have reached the barrier-lifting era, when nearly all the old-time restraints which society imposed upon womankind seem to have dropped away. New economic conditions, educational progress, man's generosity, and woman's love of change have all contributed to this transformation. At every step in woman's new departure, man has gallantly accorded her loyal encouragement. It is only the disgruntled few who have opposed her.

In our own land, at least, the invasion of the business field by woman is accepted as a fact which it would be folly now to dispute. It has been said, and probably with considerable truth, that a large majority of these Twentieth Century women, after all, regard their business or professional careers as merely temporary, and look forward across the years to the pleasing prospect of a happy marriage and a home as the ideal life. But it is an open question whether a business career, however brief, is in any sense calculated to qualify a woman to make subsequent married life a success. And it may be that in grasping so eagerly at the freedom and independence which a business career affords, she will find later in life that she has thrown away the substance for the shadow, and sacrificed that which every true woman—if she but speak as her heart dictates—must confess to be the dearest ambition a woman knows: the desire to be a queen in her own right, the gentle sovereign in a home which love makes a palace of enchantment, and which, however humble, is the one spot on earth that holds most of heaven.

We believe that the problem is one that will work out its own solution. It will right itself, in the extension of the educational idea to all that relates to home training. We shall yet see a great multiplication of institutions for instruction in the arts of housewifery, in kitchen science, in dietetics, in hygiene, and in the best development of the moral and physical qualities of our children. The home life will become the highest of professions. This is the training which, under vine blessing, will yet help to make the home life of people so attractive, so satisfying, and so beautiful, th it will be in no danger of becoming a lost art throu neglect or indifference.

Among the Workers

—MR. SAMUEL POLLOCK, of Allegheny, Pa., writes that a Methodist camp meeting, which he attended near Pit burgh recently, there were over twenty conversions.

—EVANGELIST ROBERT L. LAYFIELD, of Kansas Cit has just closed successful meetings with the Markham M morial Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, Mo. The meetin were held in their tent "Glad Tidings."

—WONDERFUL PROGRESS is reported by the Cumberla Presbyterian Church, of Van Buren, Ark. In little mo than a year, the church membership has trebled and t Sunday School emolument more than quadrupled. Past C. S. Bass is now looking for means to erect a larger chap

—MISS JULIA B. writes: "A King's Daughter in Washin ton, D. C., has collected a mantel library for a room in t hospital where she spent weeks on a bed of illness. It giv constant pleasure. She desired that her tears 'should l amulets for coming workers.' Will others do likewise? persons will undertake this work she would be glad."

—MISS HELEN M. CLARK, director of the New Yo Foreigners' Mission, wishes to correspond with two Chri tian women who may wish to join the work of the Missi in practical capacities, one as working housekeeper, t other as stenographer, both being also expected to perfor missionary duties. Address her at the mission, 21 Mo street, New York.

—THE UNION EVANGELISTIC tent campaign carried o through July by several of the north side churches i Chicago, under the leadership of Rev. Milford H. Lyon, wa so successful that plans are being made to undertake th work on a far greater scale next season. Several pastors r port large and substantial additions to their church membe ship and a remarkable quickening of spiritual interest. M Lyon, and his singer, Mr. Coulter, worked last month i union evangelistic meetings at Richmond Center, Wis.

WHAT IS WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 766

It is a great advantage. Through a business educatio girls are enabled to become self-supporting, and acquainte with the ways of the world. If the

Business Training Gives a Broader Field

marry, this business training wi still be found helpful through it discipline, and because of the large views of humanity which its possessors will take. A woma trained in business will not be easily overcome by the pett annoyances which occur to all, and she will be able to unde stand somewhat of the difficulties and anxieties encountere by her husband in his daily labors. Home training conduce to purity; business training gives a broader mental vision.

Columbiaville, Mich. A. L. VERMILYEA.

. . .

Since nature never meant men to become wives an mothers, it is right for them to have a business educatio

"An Old Maid's" View of It

But when a woman has a business educa tion she wants a "career," to win a name fame and fortune. That is the sore spot. A course of kindergarten instructio should be included in a college education, or a year o study in Gen. 2:18; Pet. 31:10-31, and I. Tim. 5:13, 14. T make home life more attractive to girls, mothers are needec who find their greatest pleasure in their own homes.

Hawley, Pa. OLD MAID.

. . .

The present system of educating girls for business careers is not an advantage, because it does not fit them for the

Business Careers Not an Advantage

place which God intended they should fill in this world. Doubtless it better fits them for getting their own living independent of man, but that is not the sphere for which God made them. They were created to make the home and bring up the children, and man to provide for and protect that home. I think there can be no doubt that the home life should be the ideal vocation for woman, and the best remedy for making it more attractive and congenial than it now is, would be more self-sacrificing, more appreciative, more willing, more affectionate, generous, loving husbands. PARKER KNAPP.

Leonta, N. Y.

. . .

Answers have also been received from Mrs. L. Hatch, C. P. Dowding, J. Flomerfelt, W. W. Hubbard, L. T. Rightsell, Mrs. Margaret Collins, Lester Sewell, Leon Lewis Hadden, David Kay, Mary K. Marcy, K. A. L., M. H. S., Jeanette Harding, and others.

* * *

Any reader of this journal who knows of the whereabouts of Henry Simmons, who left St. Vincent, British West Indies, two years ago for this country, will confer a favor by communicating with Sarah Henderson, Kingston, St. Vincent, B. W. I.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Disturbing Report

GREAT excitement was caused throughout the country recently, by a cable message to the State Department, from Mr. Leishman, our minister at Constantinople, announcing that our Vice-Consul at Beirut, Mr. Magelssen, had been assassinated. As it was known that Mr. Magelssen had been actively exerting himself on behalf of the oppressed Armenians, it was believed that he had been murdered as the Russian Consul was, by Turks. The President immediately instructed Mr. Leishman to lay the facts before the Sultan, and demand reparation. He also ordered Admiral Cotton to proceed with the European Squadron to Beirut, to be ready to enforce Mr. Leishman's demands and to protect any American citizens whose lives might be in danger. Admiral Cotton promptly obeyed orders, and sailed with the United States warships, *Brooklyn* and *San Francisco* and the gunboat *Machias* to Turkish waters. Happily the report on which this prompt action was based, proved untrue. The statement came later, that a mistake had been made in the cable code by the sender of the original message, and that the Vice-Consul had not been killed, though he had been shot at. A still later report from Turkish sources, has it that he was not even shot at, but that a bullet passed near him as he was driving past a wedding party, who were firing off pistols as an ovation to the bridal couple. The whole affair is to be thoroughly investigated, and though it was too late to countermand the orders to the squadron, Admiral Cotton will doubtless leave Beirut with all speed. The incident is regrettable, in view of the present excited situation in Turkey, and the arrival of our warships in Beirut may be misconstrued, but the mistake may be a useful hint to Turkish officials. It will show them that if they did molest our representatives, or commit a breach of international law, there would be no hesitancy in taking measures to compel reparation. The lives of our citizens in Turkey will be all the safer for this display of power and energy. The Turk is a conspicuous example of the disposition common to all men of hoping to wholly escape a punishment which is long delayed.

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil (Eccles. 8: 11).

BEIRUT, WHERE U. S. VICE-CONSUL MAGELSSEN WAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN SHOT AT

A Girl's Hair at Auction

A despatch from Castine, Me., to the New York *Sun*, describes a strange contest as having taken place at a church fair in that town. The object of thefair was to raise money to paint and renovate the church. The members were intensely in earnest, but, though the women had done their utmost to make the tables attractive and sell their goods, the amount needed was not raised. Then, a girl, a daughter of one of the members, came forward and offered to sell her hair, and give the money to the cause. A bid was at once made for it by a merchant from Worcester, Mass. Another offer being made for it by a Boston man. It was determined to make a regular auction sale of it. The girl went on the platform and unloosed the thick coils. Her hair, of a ruddy brown color and very abundant, fell about her shoulders, below her waist. There was a general protest against its being cut off, but the girl insisted that she was willing to make the sacrifice, and the young man to whom she was about to be married, applauded her resolution. The cutting was to be delayed until all bids were in, and the money of the highest bidder actually deposited on the table. When the bids passed the one hundred dollar mark, many of the contestants dropped out, and the struggle resolved itself into a rivalry between the man from Worcester, and he from Boston. The bidding went on until the Boston man became the purchaser at $536, and he surprised all present by refusing to allow the hair to be cut off. He paid the money into the church fund, and the girl went home in triumph, still wearing her beautiful locks. She doubtless feels very glad that her object of getting the money for the church was attained, yet without the sacrifice she was willing to make. The Christian very often has a similar experience in his dealing with God. When he consecrates himself, and all he has and is ready to give up all, he is not required to give up anything. It is the spirit of surrender, not the surrender itself, that God values.

Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son (Gen. 22: 12).

A Rescuer Drowned

During the intense heat last week some boys went to the foot of Seventeenth street, New York, to watch their opportunity for swimming in the river. It is one of the narrowest parts of the river, and is very treacherous, for though it looks calm, it gets the full sweep of the tide, and even at flood, rushes swiftly down stream. Some men at work at that point, cautioned the boys, and most of them went away to find a better place, but one of them, proud of his strength and skill, persisted. He had been some time in the water when he turned to swim to the shore. It was much more difficult than he knew, and he was soon exhausted. The men on the shore, seeing him being carried down stream, became excited. One of them, an engineer, engaged in hoisting operations, jumped in after him. He was not a good swimmer, and was unable to reach the boy. A second man perceived that he would fail, and he too jumped in and succeeded in getting hold of the boy, and holding him up until a third man who had found a boat, came to his help, and took both man and boy on board. In the meantime, the other men had been trying to save the first rescuer, by throwing a rope to him. He failed to catch it, and by the time the boat reached the spot where he was last seen he had sunk. His body was subsequently recovered, but life was extinct. The boy was taken to the hospital and resuscitated. If he has a right spirit, he will never cease to grieve that, through his foolhardiness, a man lost his life. Perhaps, however, he will not trouble about it. There are many men who know that to save them from the consequences of their sin, Christ died on the cross, yet they feel neither sorrow for sin, nor love for him who gave his life to save them.

He died for all, that they who live should henceforth live not unto themselves, but unto him who died for them (II Cor. 5: 15).

A Prisoner's Daily Visitor

A remarkable illustration of a dog's fidelity has been witnessed at the city jail in Jersey City, N. J., every day for a week past. Among the men under sentence is one who, when he was arrested, was followed by a mongrel dog. The dog went into the station house with his master, and when the latter was locked up slipped into the cell with him. He was not allowed to go to court, but he waited outside, and when his master was brought out after sentence and thrust into the prison van, trotted beside the van to the jail. He tried to make his way into the jail, but the door-man drove him out. He hung about the jail all night and made several efforts to get inside. His master was assigned to the task of keeping the lawns in order, and when he made his appearance there the next day to begin work, the dog ran to his side, jumping around him and giving expression to his joy. He stayed with him all day, and when the man was sent to jail at night the dog turned disconsolately away. Regularly every morning since, he is at the jail awaiting the appearance of the man on the lawn to spend the day with him. Probably the prisoner has no other visitors, certainly none so regular and constant as his dog. It may be that he does not deserve any, and a man's friends are usually very prompt to desert him when his wrongdoing has brought him into trouble. Happily for us, even in the misery we bring on ourselves, God does not desert us. Christ assured us of his unfailing love for the repentant sinner.

He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil (Luke 6: 35).

Adults in Juvenile Dress

A novel children's party was given on Aug. 28, at Narragansett Pier, R. I. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* sends a vivid account of the arrangements. He says: "The lawn was aglow with bright Chinese and Japanese lanterns. Under the cottagers of the Pier drove or accompanied to the *fete* attired in juvenile frocks and trim, bedecked with ribbons of baby blue and pink. The men wore knee breeches and blue socks with white and blue blouses, while the maids and matrons were attired in pinafores, short skirts, fancy stockings and highheeled shoes. Some wore poke bonnets, with strings tied under their chins, and tresses in curls over their shoulders. A merry frolic on the lawn ensued after which there was dancing in the ballroom. During the midnight intermission between the dances a "good night" supper was served on the green beneath bright lights suspended in variecolored festoons. About forty cottagers sat about one large table, making a picturesque scene." It must have been a very trivial scene, howsoever picturesque it was, and some of the guests must have looked ridiculous in their juvenile costume. It would be well at some one reminded them of the example set by the great Apostle.

When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things (I Cor. 13: 11).

BRIEF NOTES

A training school for boys and girls is connected at Jerusalem by the Friends and two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. A. Elwood Kersey, have sailed to take charge of it.

The Sunday School at Stockport, England, which claims to be the largest in the world, is erecting an addition to its main building capable of seating three thousand.

A Methodist Hospital called the John L. Hopkins Memorial, has been dedicated in Peking, China. The building is one gift of the brother and brother in law of Dr. N. S. Hopkins, president of the Methodist Mission.

There are now three colored bishops of Western Episcopal Africa. Bishops Hartzell, Ferguson and Gaines. These bishops oversee an area of 900,000 square miles, with an estimated population of 8,000,000 souls.

A recent report of the Lunacy Commissioners of Great Britain gives the number of habitual inebriates now in institutions in that country as 1,004, and adds the significant fact that these persons were committed to such institutions that their condition was due to drunkenness within years of more than a dozen convictions.

A summer school has been held at Kearney, Nebraska, which some of the prominent educators of the State attended. Nebraska. The Governor, State Superintendent and other prominent speakers took part in the programme and an enthusiastic meeting was the conference and a new has been given for permanent institution.

John G. Paton, the Apostle of the New Hebrides, reports that "The converts of the mission stations in Malekula have built a Christian village of seven days last. All the inhabitants, long bush and those newly fled with Jesus and Heaven, are very happy with one another, growing in the knowledge of the Saviour and of the Word and peace of Christianity.

The Church Missionary Society has recently received an offer of unusual magnificence. A few years ago Mrs. W. J. Hamilton, of Bath, presented to the Society a large sum of money for the purpose of building a church in memory of her husband. The income of the investment proved to be more than sufficient for the purpose, and Mrs. Hamilton has now offered to increase the gift to [illegible] The Society has accepted the offer, and the church will be erected [illegible]

The Irrigation Commission appointed by the Russian Government to investigate the question of irrigation in India and the best means of preventing [illegible] has issued its report. It proposes a system of irrigation [illegible] which will be carried out gradually to cover in the end [illegible] The cost of the whole scheme will be [illegible] The report will be completed within twelve years and the total cost will be [illegible] The Commission recommends [illegible] [illegible] tions, for irrigation, [illegible]

Many Friends Help Our Mont-Lawn Waifs

As the summer wanes, the interest of our readers in our Fresh-Air work among the tenement waifs at Mont-Lawn seems to increase. Many kind-hearted friends are now availing themselves of the opportunity in the closing weeks of this benevolent work, to do something for the wee tenement boys and girls, that will make their lives brighter and better for a little while at least.

Some of the letters received lately from contributors to the Fresh-Air fund are full of such genuine appreciation and encouragement that we cannot refrain from quoting a few extracts, which we feel sure will be read with interest:

"Enclosed please find check for $12.00 for your good work at Mont-Lawn (writes Mrs. M. F.A., Atlantic Highlands). I hope four children may enjoy ten days each, and may God's blessing richly follow your good work."

Mrs. J. L. C., Union City, Pa., writes: "I enclose three dollars for some poor child to have a glimpse of Mont-Lawn life. It's a miscellaneous collection from friends of the little ones. I would that I could make it many, many times three, but I have done what I could. May the little one it sends, be happy in the going. God bless them and you."

"May this mite ($1) help some waif nearer heaven," writes M. A. McC., Milo, Mo.

"Enclosed find three dollars to send a little one to Mont-Lawn. I wish I could send you $100, I feel so sorry for the poor children in the city," writes Mrs. M. B., Chesterfield, Iowa.

R. L. L., Connecticut, writes: "In answer to the poor children's piteous cry, 'Won't you send us to Mont-Lawn?' The enclosed $10 is my reply. The enterprise is a noble work, yea, a heavenly. May God reward you abundantly and all engaged in this work."

"I hope health and a new life may be found during the ten days outing," writes Mrs. E. H. A., Townshend, Vermont ($3).

"Please accept our little mite to help along your work at Mont-Lawn. My girls in the Sunday School class have wanted to help out in this work, in which we are all interested," writes E. C. R., Florence, Mass.

Here is a precious and loving gift: "I send you ten cents for the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn (writes G. H., of Bullard, Tex.) I hope it will help to make some poor child happy. I would be glad to send more, but this is all I have. I am a little boy six years old."

"I feel I must have a share if it be only a small one, in the pleasure and benefit that you have given to the little children at Mont-Lawn. Enclosed please find three dollars," writes C. A. R., Haverhill, Mass.

"Our little daughter Gladys Victoria wishes to send thr dollars, which we enclose, so that some little girl may ha an outing at Mont-Lawn," writes Mr. and Mrs. O. M. A., Franklin, in far-off Manitoba.

A Friend, Ft. Edward, N.Y., writes: "I have read with i terest the accounts of t children's life at the Mon Lawn Home, and wish have a share in the work, a though a very small one. E closed is three dollars, se hoping some child will made better in mind and bod by a stay at the Home."

THE MARCH FROM THE DINING TENT TO THE CHAPEL AT MONT-LAWN

The most impressive an sacred spot at Mont-Law is the little chapel ded cated to God's servic where our children me every day to return thank and sing praises to ou Heavenly Father for all hi goodness. It is the olde of all the buildings, an must soon be replaced, w hope, with a substantial on of stone.

Yet this rustic chapel, ol and dilapidated as it no is, has been the scene o many delightful gathering that have brought spiritua blessing. Who shall sa to what extent the mind and heart and the whole life o a very large proportion of those tenement children ar influenced by these simple chapel gatherings of praye and praise. Many of our visitors have attended thes meetings during the past summer, and all have been im pressed with the earnestness of the children at worshi and in prayer.

Contributions in aid of our Children's Home should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House N. Y. Every contribution will be acknowledged ir these columns.

Souls Won at the Love-Feast

Closing Scenes at the Great Ocean Grove Camp Meeting

THE Ocean Grove Annual Camp-Meeting—the greatest in its history—began on Friday, August 21, and continued until noon of August 31. During the camp-meeting there were from nine to sixteen services a day. From early morn 'till late at night the voice of prayer, praise and exhortation resounded through the Grove. The singing could be heard by travelers on trains, before they reached the station. During some hours there were three services in progress at once.

Five bishops were in attendance. Bishop James M. Fitzgerald, the President of the Association, presided at the Auditorium preaching services. Among the other Bishops on the grounds were Bishop Andrews, Bishop Waldron, Bishop Fowler and Bishop Goodsell.

A conference of Methodist deaconesses was held here one day during the camp-meeting, at which Bishop C. H. Fowler presided, and Bishop J. H. Waldron, officiated as secretary. Official representatives from most of the Deaconess Homes and Training Schools of the United States, were present. The purpose of the conference was to consider the advisability of uniting the Deaconess into one great organization.

The early morning meetings are said by old-time workers, "to determine the pulse of the whole camp-meeting." When people are sufficiently interested to attend two meetings before breakfast, and one immediately after, the enthusiasm is thought to be at a proper height, and the rest of the day must necessarily be successful. The Auditorium bell rang every morning at 5.45, for the Consecration Service—a simple outpouring of praise and petition, as joyous as the singing of birds. The venerable Dr. A. E. Ballard, Vice-President of the Association, was the leader, as he has been for years. At 6.45, the bell would ring again, and crowds hurried over to the Auditorium for family devotions. When these were over, there was the breakfast recess until 9 o'clock, when three meetings were held at once, all largely attended. The Young People's Meetings have outgrown the Temple, and a larger edifice may be erected in the near future. The Tabernacle also proved much too small for the crowds who desired to attend the Holiness Meeting. Here Bishop Fitzgerald, Dr. Ballard, Dr. J. H. Alday, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, and Mrs. Carrie Smith, made a strong array of platform talent. At the Helping Hand Meeting, especially for the unconverted and backsliders, scores knelt around the altar, and strong men wept like children as they felt the power of God's saving grace.

Mrs. Lizzie Smith's evangelistical services at 1:30, which she has held for twenty-eight years, were well attended. At four o'clock there was a special daily meeting for mothers, and another for children. The evangelistic sermon and Bible reading conducted by Rev. Joseph Smith, of California, awakened many of the unconverted.

On the last Sabbath, August 30, the great Love Feast was held. It began at nine o'clock A. M. The other services were merged into this, and it was an occasion long to be remembered. Gray-haired soldiers of the Cross, seventy and eighty years old, told of their victories and their sure hope of everlasting life, amid shouts of "glory" and "hallelujah." Men and women in life's prime, old, young and middle-aged, testified to the goodness of God and the joy and peace of religion. Some spoke in Bible metaphor, others in home-spun phrases. Some started hymns. Tears were in some eyes, smiles on the faces of others.

The afternoon evangelistic service in the Temple was crowded, as was the Twilight Service. The beach meeting could not take place on account of the severe storm, but the pelting rain could not abate the zeal of these camp-meeting workers, and in the evening the Auditorium was crowded again for the last preaching service of the camp. The Rev. Joseph H. Smith, of California, the evangelist, delivered a forcible evangelistic sermon. At its close many knelt about the altar. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the meeting came to an end.

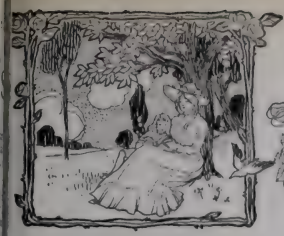
Next day as the rain ceased, the good people had their annual closing camp-meeting march around the grounds. The officers of the Association, the orchestra and choir headed the procession. After the return to the Auditorium, Bishop Fitzgerald offered a prayer, and declared the camp-meeting of 1903 closed "in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," and the Auditorium bell gave three strokes.

GOING TO THE EARLY MORNING SERVICE AT OCEAN GROVE

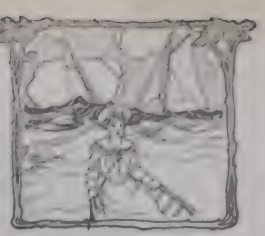
At one of the meetings an instance of a remarkable answer to prayer was related by a minister. He said that at a revival service one evening in a church where he preached, a mother knelt at the altar and prayed for her dissipated son. "Oh, God," she cried, "save him! You know where he is; you are able to save him." Such was her earnestness and soul agony, that the minister said to a friend near, "Something must come of this," and he looked at his watch, and found it was ten minutes to nine o'clock. On the next evening, when the invitation was given for sinners to come forward, that dissipated son knelt at the altar at the same place where his mother had knelt and prayed the evening previous, and he was converted. The minister wanted to know how it happened that he came to the church? The young man replied, "I am a hardened, wicked sinner. Last evening I was going off on my usual spree when something stopped me. I don't know what it was, but I walked the streets all night under the conviction of sin. I learned that a revival meeting was being held in this church. I came to the church early and waited for the door to open, and was the very first one to enter." "What time was it last evening?" asked the minister, "that you felt there was something that changed your course?"

He replied it was "ten minutes to nine o'clock." That mother's prayers had its effect.

IDA HINMAN.



Our Household Circle



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Barbara's Lawn-Party

LAWN-PARTIES had been the order of the day in Cliffdale. Mrs. Squires, who had a great expanse of green sward, dotted with trees and gay with beds of brilliant flowers, had been first to the fashion for the season. Bessie and Katharine Squires were at home from their Freshman year in college, and, naturally, there was a rally of the younger ones at their *fete*. They had tennis and croquet; boats to accommodate those who wanted to row on the river, and a band that discoursed sweet music at intervals from the vine-screened south end of the veranda. Mrs. Squires gave the next party from four to seven, on a summer's day, in honor of her visiting cousin, a lady from Boston. Here young matrons predominated, and the husbands appeared one by one when trains brought business people home from town. Other lawn parties succeeded these, each with its brightness of coloring; its peculiar form of pleasing entertainment; its rugs spread on the velvet turf; its small tables for refreshments, and its dainty bill of fare. One mother had a birthday party on the lawn for a pair of twins, aged four, and this included every baby who could toddle, and was, on the whole, the liveliest party of all.

Barbara Mace had been a guest at every lawn-party of the summer, and, indeed, wherever there was anything afoot there you might count on meeting Barbara. She was not a girl, but she was not old. She had no wonderful flower of beauty, but her vivid, dark face, sparkling eyes, and ready smile, had a charm beyond mere beauty. Barbara never seemed to be making an effort, or to be leaving an impression, yet she brought sunshine and sweetness with her, by her grace, tact, and real unselfishness, and nothing was complete without her. To Cliffdale, she had come, a stranger, in quest of rest and country food and air, as far back as early April. Now, in September, every one knew her, and she bore in the conservative old village the sway, and exercised the influence of a person whom they had known in that vicinage all their lives. Could Barbara have shown them her precious city home, and introduced them to her wide circle of city friends, the people of Cliffdale would have realized that there, too, she was a social queen.

The tree-toads were singing in the lingering twilight; birds were dropping now and then a single sleepy note, and summer visitors were packing their trunks to go home, when Barbara Mace, coming back from a long camp in the woods, talked over the past weeks and their joys, with her devoted admirers, Bessie and Katharine Squires.

"Yes," said the latter, "it's all been lovely, but I'm rather relieved that it's over. Cliffdale will now resume its normal condition, and it will be rather pleasant to have a breathing-spell, before we go back to Vassar."

"Breathing-spell!" Bess lifted up her hands in amazement. "Why sister dear, we have the dentist, and the dressmaker, and the seamstress, and shopping in prospect, and simply no end of things to do. I expect we'll be rushed from now to the last day."

"We ought to have another lawn-party, girls," said Barbara, positively.

The girls opened their eyes and stared at her.

"Another! Who would come to it?" cried Bessie.

"I shall be hostess," said Barbara, again with conviction as who should say, "Here is a duty I cannot shirk!"

"Where do you purpose having your party, Barbara?" inquired Katharine.

"In Mr. Allaire's apple orchard. I'm sure he'll lend it for the purpose."

The girls waited for further information. Barbara, as they seated themselves beside her in the arbor where there was so beautiful a view of the sunset, was ready to gratify their curiosity. They had been tramping over the hills, and their hands were full of spoil—mosses, vines, flowers. Their cheeks were flushed with health, their eyes were shining. All three young women were pictures of vigor and might have posed to an artist who wanted to put on canvas his idea of the joy of life. To each of them just to be living was bliss.

As they sat on one of the arbor seats, three girls of their own age passed, sauntering down the path, on their way to the shore of the river. Bessie nodded carelessly.

"How tired they look!" she observed.

Tired they did indeed look, Mrs. Squires' Maggie, Mrs. Parks' Susan, Mrs. Wilmer's Norah. All three had been broiling over stoves, and working in steaming laundries for many weeks. Their share of the summer had been to serve others in humble ministry.

They had been well paid, but their labor had been unremitting. Mr. Wilmer usually reached home so late that Norah seldom had an evening. The Parks' household had been continually augmented by company, and Susan had felt worn out for weeks. As for Maggie, in. Barbara went about in person giving her invitations, and everywhere she left a trail of pleased excitement behind her.

"The saints bless her swate face," exclaimed Maggie at the Squires', and the sentiment was echoed everywhere else. Barbara's scheme met enthusiastic general approval.

She went about among the girls she knew and pressed into service those who had particular accomplishments, and she did not omit a lad or two, who might have something to contribute.

"The guests of the day will wish to rest," she said, "but they will also want to be amused."

So Tim Squires was asked to give a solo on his banjo, and Lucy Halsted performed on the harp, and Bessie Squires was put on the programme for a recitation. The soft rugs and the easy chairs and rockers, the little tables, and the pretty tea equipages, were taken to the Allaire orchard. Never were sandwiches more delicately made, nor was chocolate more beautifully frothed and crowned with whipped cream till every cup was ambrosial, while the fragrance of the freshly-made tea was like incense.

"There are women here who brew their tea for an hour," said Barbara, steeping her leaves for just two minutes in the merrily boiling water. "I have known them to 'wet the tea,' as they called it, at four o'clock for a six o'clock supper. Two hours beforehand that was. It was concentrated bitterness, as you may fancy."

Tea and chocolate, buns, dainty biscuits, scones, sandwiches and cake, with ice cream at the end of the *fete*, made a repast that was fit for any one on earth. The guests enjoyed it, and enjoyed the music and the fun and all the merry-making. On only one point, they took a firm stand.

"We'll help you clear it up, Miss Barbara," they said.

"We will, indeed, Barbara dear," added Mrs. Allaire, whose house was full of boarders from garret to cellar.

"Indeed, and you will not," was Barbara's answer. "You are to go home properly from my party, and never mind the clearing away."

She had her own views and she carried them out. The youths and maidens were there to lend a hand, and possibly some of them gained a notion hitherto unknown of the number of steps, the number of dishes, and the number of separate individual hindrances that always go to the clearing away of a meal, to say nothing of the work there is in getting one ready. Barbara's lawn-party was the capsheaf of the Cliffdale season.

MILKING-TIME

Deep fall the shadows over land and sea.
The sun is setting in the golden west.
The birds go flying home to nest and tree,
And little children drowse on mother's breast.
So! hither come, large-eyed, unto the shed,
The patient kine, with slow, unhurried tread,

Heroism Among Children

Twice in one week lately the great newspapers that lie on New York breakfast-tables and are read by people on trains and in towns, four or five hours away from New York, almost as early, told stories of childish heroism. Once it was a child of three years old, who tried to save his playmate not much older, when both had fallen into the swift current of the river. Once it was a little fellow of eleven, who plunged into the river to help a brother of seven. The little heroes both lost their lives, but how green and fair will be their memories forever. How much they have escaped of earthly soil and sin and shame! How beautiful was the impulse that made heroes of little ones yet in early childhood!

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—H. H. Had you sent your felicitations and wishes I would have replied by mail with pleasure. As the bride's mother of a future wedding, you will receive the guests in the gay, as before the bride and groom and their little procession come in. Smile pleasantly on them as they arrive. Certainly you must be the first to congratulate your daughter and her husband after the ceremony. Your omission to do this would be remarked. Step up to the pair, kiss your daughter, and shake hands with the bridegroom, saying any loving word of good cheer you can think of. "I hope you will be very happy," will answer every requirement. I am sure you will not cry. That would never do.

A Shepherd Boy's Preparation for the Throne

REVIEW

Inter'l S. S. Lesson for Sept. 27

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

"BOW DOWN THY EAR, O LORD: HEAR ME, FOR I AM POOR AND NEEDY." PS. 86: 1.

GOLDEN TEXT:

"The Lord is my Light and my salvation"

PSALM 27: 1

SAMUEL'S home was at Ramah. There a large company of the elders of Israel came together to demand of Samuel a King for Israel, on the ground that Samuel had grown old, and had placed national affairs in the hands of his sons, who did not have the confidence of the people, because of their wickedness, one of many cases where the sins of sons has brought sorrow and harm to their parents, to themselves, and to their country.

II. Samuel laid the matter before God. Having received divine instructions to allow a king to be chosen under protest, he assembled the whole people together at Mizpah, a hill near Ramah, five miles from Jerusalem. Then a God-directed lot was taken, and Saul, of the tribe of Benjamin, was taken. He was young, not above forty; of noble bearing, being head and shoulders above all others of the people; yet he was not proud, for when he heard that greatness was to be thrust upon him, he hid himself, and had to be sought and brought out to stand before the people as their king.

III. Shortly after the crowning of Saul, Samuel called together, at Gilgal, a great plain near Jericho, another great national gathering, that he might deliver his farewell address as judge—the accession of a king having rendered this office unnecessary. On this occasion Samuel reviewed his official relation to the people, and challenged them to produce any evidence that he had dealt otherwise than fairly with them. He wanted to quit with a clean balance sheet. The people gave universal testimony that he had indeed been a righteous judge.

IV. Ten years and more have passed, and Samuel is at Gilgal, again to meet King Saul, who has just returned from battle with the Amalekites. Saul, in camp, meets Samuel with the salutation, "Blessed be thou of the Lord; I have performed the commandment of the Lord." It was a lie, for he had performed only so much as suited his desires. God had told him to slay all of the Amakelites and their cattle, but he had spared Agag, the king, and he had brought into his camp the fattest sheep and cattle. In the name of God, Samuel pronounces doom upon King Saul for his disobedience, and slays Agag.

V. After the rejection of Saul, Samuel retired to Ramah and mourned over the king's downfall. God called Samuel back to duty by sending him to Bethlehem to anoint one of the sons of Jesse to be king in Saul's place. David, young, and devout, was selected by God's direction. He was anointed by Samuel, and returned to his duties as a shepherd until such a time as God should have need of him.

VI. The anointing of David was the first chapter of his kingship; the second chapter was his victorious encounter with Goliath, and the consequent defeat of the whole Philistine army. These events brought him before the people, gave him great praise at the expense of King Saul, with whom they compared him. Thus was the bitter jealousy of Saul aroused, and he began to recognize in David the king who should in time reign in his place.

VII. After David's victory over Goliath, he became one of the king's officers and lived in the palace at Gibeah. It was a part of his duty to play upon the harp to solace the spirit of the mad king, who had spells of madness. Thrice, in fits of frenzy, Saul tried to take the life of David by casting his javelin at him, but David avoided the weapon and escaped.

VIII. David had a friend at court in Jonathan, the son of King Saul. Jonathan had just seen David when Abner, the commander-in-chief, brought him in to stand before King Saul with the head of Goliath in his hand. Jonathan's admiration for David was so great that he then took off his princely garments, even to his richly embroidered girdle, and clothed David with them, and he gave David his bow and sword. David and Jonathan entered into a covenant before the Lord to be friends forever. Saul was so angered at Jonathan for seeking to save David's life that he threw his javelin at his own son. After this incident David was warned by Jonathan that it was not safe for him to continue dwelling in or near the palace, and David became a refugee among the hills and caves. But even there he found joy in God, as in Persia fresh water is brought from the depths of the sea.

IX. Six hundred men joined David and became his body guard. They were expert in war, being able to use the bow or the sling with either the left or right hand. David and his men were continually on the watch for Saul, who had an organized army of three thousand picked men, led by himself in pursuit of David. Once Saul came into the very cave where David was in hiding, and laid down to sleep. David might easily have killed Saul, but he only cut off a piece of Saul's robe to prove his magnanimity. On yet another occasion David found Saul asleep, surrounded by his soldiers, and again spared him, but brought away evidences of his mercy. For the moment Saul was overcome with David's generous treatment, and promised to cease his murderous pursuit.

X. Saul and his whole force of warriors, were face to face with the great army of the Philistines in the plain of Esdraelon. Saul was in despair for two reasons; first, because of the superior force and equipment of the Philistines, particularly the chariots of iron and horses; and, second, because he felt himself cut off from God's help, for he could get no answers to his prayers. He sought counsel from the witch of Endor and was greatly discomfited by what he saw and heard. The battle went hard against him, and he was driven up the heights of Mt. Gilboa, where his three sons perished, and Saul himself committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines. When word was brought to David that Saul and Jonathan were dead, he mourned greatly, and ordered a public fast.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

After the death of Saul, God directed David to go to Hebron to be crowned king. His faithful band of 600 accompanied him. The elders and warriors of Judah came also, and they crowned David. His first act as king was to send a blessing to the men of Jabesh-Gilead, who had rescued the bodies of Saul and his sons from the Philistines, and given them friendly burial. At Mahanaim, about forty miles from Hebron, a rival king was set up, a son of Saul named Ishbosheth. He reigned only two years, and met a violent death at the hands of his own servants. David was then crowned king of all Israel in the city of Jerusalem. The coronation feast lasted three days, and was a time of great rejoicing.

David's Development

The preceding abridgements may serve for those who wish to review the quarter lesson by lesson, but a more effective way will be to consider only the central movement of the quarter—David's steps to the throne, with some effective contrasts of good and evil made by comparing his course with that of Saul. A fitting golden text for this first period in David's history, from anointing to coronation, would be, "Rest i the Lord, wait patiently f him, and he shall give thee th desires of thine heart." O this day, it is well to put gre emphasis on the fact that th true rest depends more on th soul than on the body, an that the art of resting in th yoke, to which Christ invite should be learned by all Chri tians, many of them wearied b the very efforts they have mad to secure rest by outwar change alone. "Return, m soul, unto thy Noah." Th last word means rest, and th reference is to the dove tha flew from the Ark across th waters, seeking rest in vai only to return wearied to res again in the Ark—a picture o many a summer wanderer wh has found no real rest upon o beside the sea because his heart was not at peace. "Com unto me," said Christ, "and I will rest you." David, thoug for ten years almost constantly at war, had been all the whil inwardly at peace though pursued like a hunted deer by Sau and ever on the move he had been inwardly at rest.

Rest is not quitting the busy career
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.

Rest depends chiefly on right relations, first with God second with our fellow-men, secured by obedience to th two commands, that embrace the two hemispheres of a well rounded life, "Thou shalt love God, thou shalt love man. We are brought into right relations with God by the Saviour ship of Jesus, and into right relations with man by the King ship of Christ.

"Wait patiently for him" is only the poet's way of sayin over again "Rest in the Lord." Modern wisdom out o many biographies has made the equivalent proverb, "Every thing comes to him who waits." "Commit thy way unto th Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

At Bahrin, on the Persian Gulf, little or no rain falls, an the arid shore has no fresh water; but there are spring which burst forth from the bottom of the gulf hard by. Thi fresh water is obtained by diving. With a goatskin bag th diver, holding a heavy stone to sink him, plunges to the bot tom, opens his bag over the mouth of the spring, then drop the stone, and rises to the surface. The source of thes springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, six hun dred miles away. So David, beneath the waves of sorrow found the water of life.

A young fellow traveling in a coach to London attempte to ridicule the Scriptures, and particularly made himsel merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's fore head. On this he appealed to a grave Quaker, who sat ir one corner. "Indeed, friend," he replied, "I do not think it at all improbable if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all things wished might always be,
Accepting what they looked for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe, as light we see;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It bends us to our strength in Thee.
—ANNA L. WARING.

We can see that all David's trials were but part of his training to be a king, not of Israel only, but of the whole world of song.

All God's nightingales have learned to sing,
Pressing the bosom on some secret thorn.

David's psalms came from his heart, and have gone to more hearts with helpfulness than the songs of any other man.

He who finds the path by which
The heart-aches come and go,
Who speaks the sympathetic word
That lightens human woe,
Will aye be loved by those who feel
His tenderness about them steal;
From him they care not to conceal
The tears that fain would start.
I'm glad I know the door that leads
Into the human heart.

We might well devote the Review to-day to the consecration of our voices, with illustrations from David's psalms and kindred songs.

Oh! Singer of to-day, this glorious hour
Is all for you and me—what shall it give
To us, and ask of fate—what splendid power
In brain and hand, what glorious right to live
Among our fellows, and to war with sin?
What quickening of the pulse as we aspire
To claim our right, and risk earth's joys to win,
To conquer self, and force it through the fire!
Give us this force, dear God, and ever more
Give us a deepening love of all our fellow men;
Give us new insight—courage to explore
With all the tenderness of human ken,
The loveliest heart that beats in human kind,
Its glory and its soul to seek and find!
N. O. PARTRIDGE.

"I WILL SING A NEW SONG UNTO THEE, O GOD." PS. 144: 9.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS."

CHAPTER V.—Continued

"We can't send this out, Quits!" Douglas said in despair, as the press groaned, it seemed to him protesting against such a travesty of typographical labor. "It will be the laughing stock of all Anderson county."

Quits ran his grimy fingers through his disordered hair and smiled in his slow fashion.

George's spirits, however, had been rising with every turn of the handle.

"Mr. Douglas, don't you believe no such story. This edition of the *Beacon* will keep the people guessing. The whole thing's just like these puzzle pictures. Find the thought in the editorial?' 'Find the end of the lines in the last column?' See! The people will get no end of fun out of it. Don't let's let Coleman have the laugh on us. We'll show 'em we can get out something as long as the old press was a cog left in her."

Douglas laughed. "It will be something, that's sure. Well it's the best we can do. But I expect to hear from it in various ways."

It would have astonished the editor of the *Beacon* if he could have foreseen that evening the number of ways he was destined to hear from that unique edition of the paper. There was nothing else talked about in Anderson county for a whole week. The story about Rice & Co., and the Mayor leaked out in spite of the inability of Douglas' subscribers to read his explanation. Mr. Edwards was not at all slow about spreading the facts as he knew them. Copies of that week's *Beacon* strayed as far as Clinton, and some of the New York dailies managed to get a look at the paper, and commented on the young western editor's pluck.

To his astonishment requests began to come in for extra copies. People wanted them for souvenirs.

"When it comes to souvenirs, my boy," Mr. Edwards said, when Douglas related this event, "people are simply crazy. They will take anything from a strand of rope that hanged the biggest scoundrel in the universe to the tags on an opera singer's steamer trunk. But there is no question about the *Beacon* being a rare article. For a piece or for pieces of journalism, I think it can be truthfully said to be all by itself."

But Douglas had not yet begun to hear from the paper in the most important way for him. Three days after the "Meat-market edition" as George called it, had been sent out, Douglas was seated at his desk, relieved over the prospect of paper for that week's issue, secured for him through Mr. Edwards' efforts with a firm in Bergen. The Bergen company happened to have a quantity of somewhat inferior paper in stock and was glad to dispose of it. It was not the regular newspaper stock, but after his experience with the wrapping paper, almost anything seemed an improvement on that.

Douglas was busy going over his mail, which had been largely increased by the effect of the *Beacon's* issue, when he was interrupted by a man who came in abruptly and coming up close to his desk, said without any preliminary remarks:

"Are you Mr. Douglas, the editor of the *Beacon*?"

"Yes."

"Can I have a few words with you?" the man asked.

"I'm very busy—" Douglas began, but his visitor simply said, "I can state my errand without sitting down or taking off my hat. My name is Sage—Cyrus R. Sage. I live on a farm about twelve miles north of Colby. I've been thinking and reading and praying over this whole cursed liquor business ever since I was big enough to have pockets to my clothes. I've taken the *Beacon* and read it since you came here. I've had every number, and a part of a sentence in this last number sent me in here to have a little talk with you."

The man drew a copy of the "Meat-market edition" out of his pocket, and began to read.

"The temperance cause needs"—(word gone here) "in country, as well as city. The saloon"—(blank) "recruits from the boys—farms. (Can't read next line.) Investigation shows that more than half the boys who help to keep the saloon alive are from the country. This is enough to

"MY NAME IS SAGE—CYRUS R. SAGE," HE BEGAN

prove the necessity" (word gone here) "instruction ought to be going on, agitation, education, facts show almost no effort being made in the country to train young"—(rest of the editorial is wanting.)

"Did you write that?" the man asked as he folded up the paper and put it back into his pocket.

"I did. And I'm sorry you had to work your passage through it."

"That's all right young man; I'm used to working. It is my habit. But now not to take up your time, I want you to write a temperance story for me."

"What!" Douglas exclaimed, thinking the man must be crazy. And then he gave him more careful attention.

He might have been anywhere from forty-five to fifty years of age. He was dressed in very plain working clothes, which had the stain of the soil on them. His boots were very rusty, and his hat, which he had not removed, looked as if it had passed through a threshing machine and then been used as a target for a shot-gun. The face under the hat was covered with a stubble of beard, and was one of the most rugged, tanned, weather-beaten faces Douglas had ever seen. The eyes were clear, steady gray eyes, that might look with equal indifference into the muzzle of a gun or a corn-sheller.

"You want me to write a temperance story?" Douglas said, with a slight smile. "What for?"

"For me. Your editorial, what I could read of it, set me thinking. We've got seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson Township. They're chock-full of children, and children are just the material to make prohibitionists. You know as well as I do that this State is going to have a great old tussle with the saloon one of these days and get away from the local option laws to a State enactment. Now it struck me the farmers will have to do their share. I'm ready to do mine. I've got seven boys growing up, and the saloon will do its best to get my boys away from me. Their mother and me don't intend to let the saloon get 'em if we can help it. Of course, the whisky business cares no more than the devil for fathers and mothers and their boys. But my idea is this: Gather all these Sunday Schools together into one union gathering and have a temperance picnic. There's a grove on my ranch, and they can meet there. My idea is to furnish two or three good speakers, have the schools work up temperance songs, and offer prizes, perhaps, for temperance declamations or debates. But a temperance story, to be read by a couple of pretty girls (and we've got loads of them in Payson Township), seems to me would make a great hit. One chapter read in the forenoon, say. Then have a good lunch and offer every Sunday School scholar a dish of ice cream free, and then the second chapter after lunch, with some more songs and temperance talks. How does that strike you?"

Douglas said to himself, "This farmer is not crazy at all. He's one of the smartest men I ever met." Out loud, he said, "It's a capital idea, Mr. Sage. I'll be ready to help in any way I can."

"All right. Just give me a temperance story for the picnic. Then come out and hear it read."

"But I never wrote a story in my life. I don't——"

"Aren't you a college man?"

"Yes, but——"

"I thought a college man could write anything," said Mr. Sage, and Douglas looking at him could not tell whether he was in earnest or not.

"But a story is out of my line, Mr. Sage. I never wrote one in my life."

"Maybe you know some one who could write one here in Colby. I've heard the new High School teacher is a mighty smart girl. What's her name?"

"Miss Harris."

"Maybe you know her. Maybe she'd try her hand at a story. Would you ask her?"

"I might," replied Douglas slowly.

"Maybe between you you might work up a story. She could write the first chapter, and you write the second. Then you would have a start and——"

"I'll think it over," Douglas laughed. "But I tell you it's something I never did in all my life."

"I wish you would," Mr. Sage said wistfully. "There was Clara Lane's boy lived out near us, the boy who was killed here just 'fore election. Why couldn't you use that incident in the story somewhere?"

"We might," Douglas stared at the farmer, and a strange tingling went over him as there flashed through his mind the dramatic possibilities of such a story.

"Well, Mr. Douglas, let me know if you decide to try the story, you and the schoolma'am. Anyhow the temperance picnic's a go. I'll plan to have it in July. You are invited now. Come out and bring some nice girl with you. It's a pleasant drive. Maybe the schoolma'am would come with you."

"Maybe she would," Douglas answered smiling.

Mr. Sage started out.

"I'm much obliged for the time you've given me. Any free advertising you can give the picnic will be appreciated."

"I'll be glad to help in that way. And how about inviting some of the business men out. Do you know Mr. Edwards?"

"Guess I do. He and I were in the same army corps."

"How would you like to have them come out with me?"

"First rate. Edwards wouldn't be bad for one of the speakers."

"Then there's Mr. Vernon of the First Methodist. Better get him too."

"We've heard of him. Thank you for these suggestions. I'll see him about it."

Farmer Sage went out and all the rest of the day Douglas brooded over the story idea.

In the evening he went up to the Edwards' to talk the matter over with Esther, who had come back to Colby the day before.

"But I never wrote a story, either," Esther said, when Douglas suggested the farmer's idea of a composite authorship.

"Nothing like trying. Mr. Edwards said: 'Begin on it and if you get stuck just marry off the characters and don't know what to do with or else get them killed.' I never wrote a story in my life, but I believe I could get the people into plenty of trouble and then have some handy explosion or sickness close to come in at the last minute and remove all the embarrassing complications."

Douglas spoke of the Lane tragedy, and told of the thrill he had been feeling all

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 777

day at the thought of its possibility for dramatic treatment.

"I'm sure you could make a beginning with it, Esther," Mrs. Edwards said, encouragingly. "And it would certainly be a novelty that would draw people to the picnic. Mr. Douglas is getting to be quite well known in the county, and this plan of Mr. Sage's is certainly fine in every way."

Before the evening was over, Esther had reluctantly consented to try writing the first chapter of the Temperance Story and Douglas agreed to continue it. They all talked over the farmer's idea, and the longer they discussed it, the greater its possibilities seemed.

"Of course you and Mrs. Edwards will plan to drive out to the picnic when it comes off," Douglas said, as he was leaving.

"All right?" said Edwards, winking at Mrs. Edwards, "You and Esther can speak for the back seat now."

"I hope we won't have to take any back seat when it comes to this story," Douglas answered, while Esther blushed and looked prettier than ever.

"I believe I can write something," she said with a great deal of spirit.

"You'll have to look out for your laurels, young man," said Edwards. "I believe in Chapter One, all right, but I have my honest doubts about the second."

"We'll see," was all that Douglas ventured to reply, but as he went out, he grew every moment more and more roused over the idea, and found himself during the next few weeks almost impatient for Esther to finish her part, so that he might begin on his own.

Two weeks after the incident of Mr. Sage's visit, George came in one evening after supper, and exclaimed as he pulled off his coat and started in to fix the press for some special job work: "Heard the news about the *Sentinel?*"

Quits was making up forms and Douglas was helping him. Both looked up, but neither spoke.

"They're having the time of their lives at the *Sentinel* with them linotype machines. Yesterday one of 'em went broke, and there ain't nobody in the office knows how to fix it, and to-day, the other one fell down, and the whole force is monkeyin' round it with cold chisels and wrenches and swear words, and the ink on the rollers is blue instead of black, on account of the atmosphere."

"They've got the Hattersley machines, Mr. Douglas," Quits said, in answer to a questioning look. "He got the machine out in 1857, and it's not bad when everything is all right, but when they get to acting up, the inventor himself don't know sometimes what ails it. I know, because I worked for two years in the factory where they were made. But Bartlett made a great mistake when he got them for a country paper."

"He'll know how we felt two weeks ago," George chuckled. "He's long on paper, maybe, but he's mighty short on type. Wouldn't I like to ask Coleman how he feels to-night? It's dead sure they can't get the *Sentinel* out. The nearest expert is in New York."

Douglas went over to his desk. He was saying to himself, with a sort of fierce exultation, "I'm glad of it! I hope Bartlett will be at the greatest possible expense and have no end of trouble. I hate him!"

He started in to write something, but his thoughts did not come freely. He dropped his pencil, and stared at the little calendar pinned on the back of the desk. Then he tried to write again. But the only words he could think were the words, "I hate him!"

He sat staring at the calendar for another interval. Then he got up and went over to where Quits was working.

Did you say, Quits, that you understood the mechanism of the Hattersley typesetters?"

"Yes, Mr. Douglas, I understand them all right. I have helped to make them."

Douglas looked gravely at Quits before he put the next question.

TO BE CONTINUED

HOME MISSIONS*

A Field for Christian Usefulness in Which Every Christian Can Work

MANY young people after being converted are stirred by the longing to go out to some heathen land to proclaim the Gospel. It is well that it should be so, for never has there been a time when the need of missionaries was so great, or the opportunities for missionary work so inviting. But for a large proportion of those eager aspirants for missionary service, circumstances personal or family, interpose an insurmountable obstacle. They cannot go; their noble ambition is balked and they keenly feel their enforced exclusion from the service. To all such another sphere no less needy and no less promising is open. There are heathens in all our cities who know next to nothing of Christ and Christianity, and a still larger number who do know, but have no personal, practical knowledge of their own interest in it. Every man and woman, every boy and girl, who has enrolled himself, or herself, under the banner of the Cross, can be employed in this field, and can help to sow the seed and perhaps reap the harvest of souls.

The field begins in the small circle of domestic and social relations. Is there in the young Christian's family or household, in the office, or store, or factory in which he is employed, one person who has not given his heart to Christ? Is there one who is leading a life of careless indifference to religion, ignorant of the blessing that religion would bring into his life? What better service could the young Christian do than to enlighten that one person and lead him to Christ?

Then there is the wider field of the Sunday School and the City Mission. There are children playing about the streets, poor, ragged and barefooted, in some cases, who might be gathered into a class and taught and rescued from a life of wickedness. There are missions in hard quarters of the cities where the City Missionary is having a discouraging task. If some young, energetic, devoted Christian would go to his help, giving an occasional address, or visiting some heathen home, how much help he might render!

Then there is the growing, increasing perplexing problem of the immigrants. They are coming here by tens of thousands, and settling all over the country. If they could be reached by the Christians near their homes, and be brought to accept Christianity and lead Christian lives, how great would be the blessing to them and to us.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 27. Luke 24: 47.

ONE OF THE REAPERS

Dedicated to Rev. John G. Paton, D.D., Missionary to the South Sea Islands

THEY dwelt in loving confidence in a cot by the Scottish sea;
She looked into his eyes and said, "A secret I've for thee;
'Tis of a joy for which we both have yearned and prayed for long,
It fills my days with gladness and my heart with sweet new song;
Within my being, strong and deep, a love so wondrous lives;
For God, in answer to our prayer, a little child now gives.
"E'en now my thought grows strangely bold, in longing for the hour,
When I shall clasp the little one, and feel the mighty power
Of mother-love grown deep; how sweet to bear the child, to be thy wife,
The little child will teach me more the meaning of my life."
They knelt that night together, not to pray for gold nor land,
But even then, to give their child, to God's own loving hand,
To use for good to human kind. "Thou, Lord, mayst take thine own; [a loan.
For thine it is, not ours: to us, it is from thee
Then watch us, Lord, and give us grace to lead the child aright,
That, some day, unto heathen lands, he'll bear Thy Word of light."
To-day, that child of theirs, in power, walks by the Southern Sea,
Like the son of humble Hannah, teacher and judge is he; [above,
And angels o'er his reaping, sing praises from While the mother, watching it from heaven, is filled with thankful love.

Yazoo, Miss. EVELYN M. PURVIS.

Ivory Soap is one of the comforts a traveler can carry with him. It will save him much discomfort and annoyance. It is a source of great satisfaction to have a pure soap always ready at hand when it is needed. Ivory Soap is a quick cleanser.

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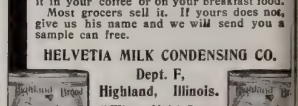

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SUNSHINE CLUBS ARE BUSY

YOU know the joy of receiving letters from friends. Often, no doubt, you have impatiently met the postman half way to find out if you have been remembered. Let us extend this happiness of receiving letters to those not favored with many friends.

Mrs. Romine Scott, of 726 Tenth street, N. E., Washington, D. C., is an invalid, who is confined to her wheel-chair for month after month. Her birthday will be on September 26, and how she treasures letters from Sunshiners. She and her old soldier husband read them over and over again and try to picture the faces of the writers. Won't you write her and tell her you wish her "good cheer" in the new year she is starting?

Birthday letter-parties are true sunshine to many invalids who cannot get out, or who cannot receive their friends in their own homes. Miss Sallie Dickinson, president of the Sunshine Lodge at Darien, Conn., where he was sent by a kind Sunshiner, she could walked with ease upon legs that were perfectly straight. Any Sunshiner desiring to send a child to either of the Sunshine Lodges, for both are open all winter, can do so on writing for information to Miss Ella I. Keen, President of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunshine Branch.

Stray Sunshine

Mr. Trefi Schenck of Griswold, Mass., is an invalid in a wheel chair. His greatest wish for years has been to own a guitar, but just as soon as the money has been almost saved, their some serious illness or some greater need for the money has arisen and his hopes have been frustrated. One lady offered to exchange a large guitar with him if he had a small one. Perhaps some Sunshiner may have one which is not in use, and it would mean happiness to this young man.

Charlie Hawkins of Stuart, Virginia, was born without arms. One leg is four inches shorter than the other. He would be so grateful for pretty

PLOUGHING ON A KNOLL FOR BUCKWHEAT ON A SUNSHINE FARM

a Junior Sunshine branch in St. Louis, Mo., would like a letter party on September 27. Miss Dickinson is a great sufferer, yet devotes a great deal of time to making others happy.

Mothers who have healthy, well-formed children can realize what the Sunshine Lodges and Nurseries are doing for little ones. Mothers who are struggling to keep their families together often resort to ways of caring for their little ones in their absence that may not exactly carry the approval of their consciences. One woman in Brooklyn, who was compelled to go out to work every day to support her little one, fearing that he might meet with some accident if allowed to run around, tied him in his crib, with food for the day within his reach. This course was pursued until, at three years of age, the child was discovered to have no use of his legs. He had never been allowed to use them. After a few weeks of the freedom found at

picture books or toys. Some one who is a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch may send him a book containing pictures or some little gift.

Since childhood Cornelius Fassio has suffered a form of spinal paralysis. He is now twenty-three years old. We quote here excerpts from his letter: "I cannot walk or even stand; and the pains are becoming more than I can bear, causing me to toss from side to side, night after night. Yet I feel so full of ambition, it ought to be used for some good purpose. I always try to suffer without complaint, knowing full well that some day I will enjoy that peace which is possible to all who love God; and he may yet make me able to walk. My life has been full of strange vicissitudes, but I am and pray for success—to be able to start a business here in copying, and to get sufficient treatment and care to drive away the pain.

To earn his living he procured a typewriter. Friends and others have given him copying to do at times. Cornelius, though deformed and a great sufferer, is a bright, studious boy who is bravely struggling upwards in the face of bitter adversity. He deserves to be helped. Will not the reader send him an encouraging letter, if nothing more?

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN*

A Unique Mission Field, Presenting Unusual Attractions, But Full of Difficulty

NONE of the mission fields presents exactly the same characteristics as Japan. It is unique in its conditions and its difficulties. The latter are chiefly due to the phenomenal, social and political development of the country during the past half century. In 1859, when the first systematic attempt was made by Protestant societies to give the Gospel to Japan, a tidal wave of foreign influence was rising which, nine years later, was to change the whole attitude of this wonderful people. The long epochs through which European nations plodded and stumbled along toward civilization, were compressed in Japan into a decade. The remarkable intelligence and quickness of appreciation accepted Western ideas like a revelation, and with a celerity new in the history of nations, the national character was changed. It seemed, thirty years ago, as if Japan would immediately become Christian; that it would accept Christianity as part of the civilization it so much admired. But a reaction came, and now the danger is that the Japanese, having largely rejected their ancient religion, should reject all religion and become materialists and infidels.

This situation makes Japan a unique field. The missionary has to deal with a highly educated and intelligent people, thoroughly familiar with the controversies of Christendom. It is necessary, therefore, that he should be a man thoroughly rooted and grounded in the faith, believing intensely in Christian principles, and capable of giving a reason for the hope that is in him. In their eagerness to obtain results, the Japanese are liable to overlook the necessity of sound principle, and of the righteousness which alone exalts a nation. The building of education has been so rapid, that there is reason to fear that the foundation was not well laid. Like the stony ground hearers in the parable, there is not sufficient depth of earth. Men are needed to go through the length and breadth of the country to convince the forty-three millions of its people that in Christianity alone is there real hope of permanent progress. There is ground for hope. Men occupying high official station have become Christians; many teachers in the colleges and schools are Christians, and both these facts give direct encouragement to further effort. But the necessity for arduous and persistent work is clear.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sept. 27: Mal. 4: 2, 3.

Why he Reads "The Christian Herald"

Hon. W. S. Palmer, of Mercer County, Pa., a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, writes from Sharon, Pa., as follows:

My Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I wish I were able to help to a far greater extent in the many grand works you started in the interest of common humanity. You may never receive your reward on this world, but you certainly will in the next. There is no book or paper that I read with as great interest as I do THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I never read it without having an emotion to be a better man.

Wishing you the greatest possible success, and with a prayer for God's blessing on all your good works, I beg to remain, Yours fraternally,

W. S. PALMER

"When I saw your advertisement I knew that there was a good chance to earn some money, so I wrote. I sent my first ten copies away and then started to work for new customers. My order has grown until I now sell more than 500 a week. I deliver all the copies on Friday, after school closes, and on Saturday. In addition to selling single copies I have earned about $12.00 by taking yearly subscriptions."

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The Saturday Evening Post

Pictures of the boys & letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours—interesting stories of real business tact.

Some of these boys are making $10 to $15 a week. You can do the same. NO MONEY REQUIRED TO START. We will furnish ten copies the first week free of charge, to be sold at five cents a copy. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week. IF YOU WILL TRY IT WE WILL SEND THE COPIES AND EVERYTHING NECESSARY

$225.00 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES will be distributed NEXT MONTH among boys who SELL FIVE or more COPIES WEEKLY.

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403 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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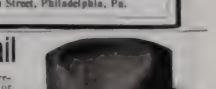
If your last hatter has become unjust, send us his name and we will make you a hat free.

Colors: Black, Dark Brown, and Brownish.



MEN'S HAT NO. 2
In [illegible] Colors: Black, Brown, Mix, Snow, and Pearl.

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Representing the Territory of Hawaii, Chamber of Commerce, Merchants Association, Honolulu, T. H.

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Safe as a candle, 100 times as powerful. Soft, brilliant light, restful to the eyes. Cheaper than gas, electricity, kerosene, benzine, coal oil; gives more light. No dirty wicks; no smoky globes; no odor.

Makes its own gas.

Finest light for home or store. Conforms to insurance underwriters' rules. Branch supply depots in all larger cities. Liberal commission to Agents. Write to-day for catalogue.

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(Licensee of the ground patents for Vapor Lamps)

THE SUN OUTSHINES THEM ALL

Summer Work in Tent "Evangel"

THE work in gospel tent "Evangel," Fifty-sixth street and Broadway, New York, is proving to be very successful. The preaching is of a high order, and the Holy Spirit is present in power in the work. The Superintendent (Rev. G. W. McPherson) has become an enthusiast over the new feature of the movement, viz.: the open-air preaching. Services are held at two stations nightly, one in front of a near-by theatre, the other at Fifty-sixth street and Eighth avenue, and large crowds hear the Word in these services, and hands are frequently uplifted for prayer.

Next season it is planned to belt the lower end of Central Park with open-air meetings. During the closing week in September a large number of open-air services will be held under the direction of tent "Evangel." There will be twelve stations in all, where pastors and evangelists will preach nightly.

Conductors of this movement believe it is high time that the churches stopped complaining of spiritual death, and wake to the necessity and call of the hour to go out into the by-ways and hedges. Laymen must be awakened and trained.

We can convert the multitudes if we wake up. If Jesus Christ were in New New York to-day he would call upon the pastors and their people to shorten their vacations, and lend him a helping hand on the great thoroughfares, and around the parks, and help save the masses from going to hell across-lots. When it is recalled that during one week 3,500 people attended the services in the tent, and that thousands heard the Gospel in open-air services during the same time,—in all 7,000 souls in seven days were instructed, a larger number than is gathered in any seven New York Churches any summer week,—is it not high time that Gospel tent work in New York should be pushed with energy and zeal? The work is suffering for proper financial support. Alas, that this grand union Gospel movement, the only large effort made in all the central part of this great city to lift the sinning, should be short $1,500 toward meeting all expenses. If any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would send gifts to that good paper to aid in the above cause, they would be greatly appreciated.

G. W. McPHERSON.

While the summer Gospel tent work in certain large cities, other than New York, has been loyally sustained by the united Christian churches, and aided in meeting all necessary expenses, the work in Tent "Evangel," New York, has been wholly dependent upon voluntary contributions. It is a work deserving of generous support. Any contributions for that purpose sent to this journal will be forwarded to the conductors of the work.

A BIBLE CAMPAIGN for 1903-4

By Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.
Corresponding Secretary of the Evangelistic Committee

IN carrying out the resolution of the last General Assembly for "the holding of Conferences for quickening the spiritual life of the Church, and for the study of the Word of God which may encourage the spirit of evangelism," on the part of both pastors and members, the Evangelistic Committee has arranged with the well-known Bible teacher and expositor, Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., of Boston, author of *The Synthetic Study of the Bible*, to give his whole time this coming fall and winter to that work under its auspices, beginning October 1. Dr. Gray has so wide a constituency throughout our own country and across the water that little need be said of him. The pastor of one church for fifteen or sixteen years, until led out into his unique work of expounding and teaching the English Bible, he now devotes his entire energy to that special line of service. Commencing in theological seminaries and Bible Institutes, where he has been used in blessing hundreds of students now preaching and teaching the Word in the uttermost parts of the earth, his spiritual and yet popular method and style began to attract the people, in the larger masses, until, under God, the work has become the inspiration of interdenominational Bible Classes phenomenal in the history of the Church as to size, enthusiasm and results. Many of these classes have had a membership of one thousand or more, and some have even reached two or three times that size. They have been held weekly, in different cities, throughout a whole winter, and in some cases for successive winters, or throughout the whole year, summer and winter included.

The plan of the Committee, as far as it is yet defined, is to place Dr. Gray in communities where the conditions favor, for a longer or shorter period, giving him an opportunity not only to reach the people with the Word, but to touch the inner life of the ministry in retreats or quiet conferences arranged for that purpose, with the hope of increasing their spiritual fruitfulness in various directions Dr. Gray may be addressed at Winona Lake, Indiana, until October 1, and after that at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Incidents at the Silver Bay Conference

AMONG the many interesting incidents that Mr. Silas H. Paine related at the Y. P. C. E. Missionary Conference, held at Silver Bay this summer, was the following:

In June, 1609, a fleet of canoes pushed out from the shore manned by savages. In the foremost boat were three white men. One was a missionary of the Cross from France, to tell the old old story. One was a French merchant, and the other was a sailor and soldier named Champlain, who had been sent out by the King of France to explore and to establish a new France, which was the distinguished spot of Ticonderoga. He looked at the missionary by his side, and at the savages who plied the oars, and uttered one sentence: "It is of greater importance to save a soul than to found an empire."

. . .

MRS. BESSERER, Mr. S. H. Hadley's assistant in mission work, told of a dying girl who led twelve souls to Jesus in one week.

. . .

A LITTLE tract, in the hall of the Educational Exhibit, contains a young girl's prayer. It is this:

"Dear Lord, Jesus died on the Cross to save us all, and yet there are people in heathen lands who know nothing of thee. They are dying every day, and do not know the way to get to thy beautiful heaven. Help us to send them the true way. Every one can help. So make us willing to help for Jesus' sake."

. . .

THIS prayer was offered in a missionary meeting, and a little errand boy heard it, and the words "They do not know the way to thy beautiful heaven," and "Every one can help" kept ringing in his ears, and he, too, prayed that they might be taught how to get there.

One day little Alec was taken sick and sent to the hospital, and he told the doctor who attended him the little story of Helen Morris' prayer, and the words rang in the doctor's ears until he decided to stand up for Jesus as missionary in a foreign land, and his name stands foremost in the ranks of noble workers for Jesus.

. . .

MR. JOHN WILLIS BAER endeavord to impress upon every young person present the necessity of laborers in our own country, placing great stress upon the need of consecrated, zealous, labor in the far West, especially in Utah. He narrated many pathetic stories, perhaps none more so than the following: A farmer having ridden over the plains, left four of his boys at the schoolhouse, and was told that the school was full; he turned and went away, then went back. "Take three," he said. "No," was the reply. He went away the second time, and returned. "Take two," he said, with tears in his eyes. "No." Away he goes, and returns. "Look here, my little boy, he come home, and he teach me." All of his pleadings did not avail. The result was that the building was enlarged so that many more could be accommodated in the school.

. . .

ANOTHER story was about a little child being lost in the wheat fields, and how ninety men went in search of it, and finally came upon the little lifeless form. He urged every one present to join hands and go through God's wheat-fields searching for the lost ones before it is too late.

Syracuse, N. Y. CHARLOTTE E. GRAVES.

A Fine Collection of Premiums

I notice in a recent CHRISTIAN HERALD a lady speaks of having forty-nine books, with many other things. I, too, have many large books, magazines, cabinet of things from the Holy Land, a large piece of olive wood, one HERALD library, four Bibles, one Red-letter Testament, Art Portfolio, Art Gallery. Many of the magazines and books were given away as presents with one extra copy of the paper. I have taken THE HERALD since 1889, and shall continue to take it, if possible, while I live. I am in my eighty-seventh year.

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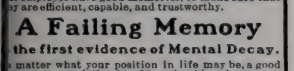

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By B. C. UNSELD

LESSON V.

Time.—Tune and Time, or Pitch and Rhythm, are the two primary elements of music. In the preceding lessons your attention was given to the Study of Tune. You are now to take up the study of Time.

5.—Time in music is reckoned by regular successions of pulsations called Pulses or Beats. The force, stronger or weaker, that pulsations may have is called Accent. The two primary degrees of accent are the strong accent and the weak accent.

. . .

Illustration.—Take a string about four feet long, and attach to one end a weight of about a pound or two. This little implement we will call a metronome, time marker. Fasten the string at about half its length to a table or shelf, and set the weight swinging. When it is swinging steadily, say to yourself, or with your fingers on a pencil upon a book or table, or speaking the word "tap," accent the first of each swing. Make the first of every two taps a little stronger than the second. Thus, Tap, tap, tap, tap, etc. Keep this up for half a minute or longer until you get into the swing of it and feel clearly the accent "tap" into "tap," the "tap" having the sound of "ta" in "tap," "tap," "tap," giving it a singing tone instead of speaking, and making it alternately strong and weak, thus, Tap tap, Tap tap, etc.

Do this until it goes easily, and then try it without the help of the metronome, that is, do it mentally, without any outward manifestations. In this practice you observe that the pulses are formed into groups of twos. Next form them into groups of threes, making the first in every three with the strong accent, thus—Taa taa taa, Taa taa taa, etc.

. . .

Measures.—In the above practice each swing of the metronome, each tap or each "taa" marks a pulse, and each group of two or three pulses forms a measure.

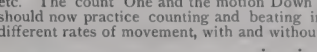
6.—The groups of pulses formed by strong and weak accents are called Measures. A measure consisting of two pulses, one strong and one weak, is called Two-Pulse measure. A measure consisting of one strong and two weak pulses is called Three-Pulse measure.

There are two ways of marking time in music. One way is to count the pulses of the measures; the other, is to make certain motions of the hand, called beating time. For two-pulse measure, the counts are ONE, two, ONE, two, etc., the motions of the hand are Down, up, Down, up, etc. For three-pulse measure, the counts are ONE, two, three, ONE, two, three, etc., the motions, Down, left, up, Down, left, up, etc. The count One and the motion Down always go with the strong accent. You should now practice counting and beating in two-pulse and three-pulse measures at different rates of movement, with and without the help of the metronome.

. . .

Notes.—Notes have two uses: by their position on the staff they indicate which tones are to be sung, and by their shapes the lengths of the tones.

7.—The relative length of tones is represented by notes of different shapes for the different lengths. The notes in common use are:

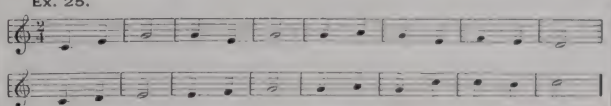


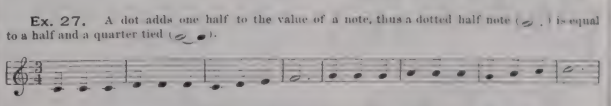
The names of the notes indicate their relative values. A whole note represents a tone twice as long as that represented by a half note, four times as long as that indicated by a quarter note, and so on.

8.—Any note may be taken to represent the time of a pulse. For our present studies, we will use the quarter note for tones one pulse long, and the half note for tones two-pulses long.

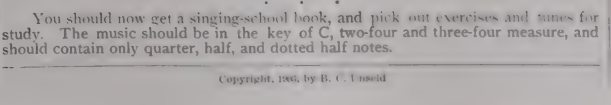
9.—Figures, in the form of a fraction, are called the measure-sign. The upper figure, denotes the number of pulses in the measure, the lower figure, the kind of note that goes to a pulse. Thus $\frac{2}{4}$ means two-pulse measure, quarter note to the pulse; $\frac{3}{4}$ means three-pulse measure, quarter note to the pulse. The figure 4 in each case stands for a quarter note.

To study the exercises that follow, first "read" the characters as you point to them, thus—"Treble clef; *Do* on the added line below, and third space; measure-sign two-four, two-pulse measure quarter note to the pulse; first measure, *do mi*, quarter notes, one-pulse tones; second measure, *So la*, two-pulse tone," and so on. Next, set the metronome swinging at a slow movement, and sing the exercise to the syllables in time with the swinging; when this goes well repeat it at a faster movement; lastly, sing it to *la*.

Ex. 25.

Ex. 26. A curved line connecting two notes ( ) is called a Tie, it shows that the tone is to be prolonged through the time of both notes.



Ex. 27. A dot adds one half to the value of a note, thus a dotted half note ( ) is equal to a half and a quarter tied ( ).



Ex. 28. As a test exercise, copy the following, in notes, on both the treble and bass staves, in two-pulse measure. Supply the clefs, the measure-sign and the bars. The figures over the letters indicate the time values to be written in notes. 1 means one pulse, 2 means two pulses.

1	1	2	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	1	1
d	r	m	m	r	d	d	m	s	s	f	m	r	m	f	m	r	d

. . .

You should now get a singing-school book, and pick out exercises and tunes for study. The music should be in the key of C, two-four and three-four measure, and should contain only quarter, half, and dotted half notes.

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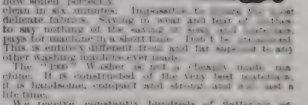

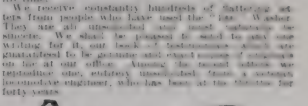

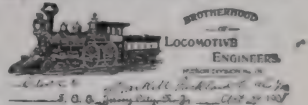

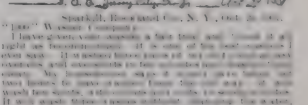

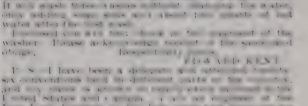

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Are You Deaf?

A Ride Across the "Big Smoky" Mountains

Continued from Page 767

these scores of bright mountain boys and girls can enjoy the advantages of other more favored people. I was glad to find the foundation laid, and the frame up, for a building of six rooms, the first school of its kind in all this wild region. They need help to complete it. The poor people, with little else to give, have contributed some lumber, and much labor in digging out a foundation in six feet of rock in the mountain side. I doubt if there is a "higher" school anywhere, and the children will have to climb like squirrels to reach their Alma Mater on that mountain brow. But it was the best and only place to build it, for land is scarce in the Great Smokies, and it all stands on its edge.

The flood continued all night, and if these mountains had not been built of rock, they would have been washed away. An engagement compelled me to leave tains of rock, like the rapids of Niagara. Night brought me to the hill of the Watauga, and to the mission of our faithful evangelists, the Parmelees. I found them in a little log cabin, at the head of a hollow, just wide enough for a horse to get through. They were busy and happy teaching twenty-five bright children of the hills, every day, in their little cabin, and seventy-five people every Wednesday night, and one hundred and fifty every Sunday, in an old, deserted, Dunkard meeting-house, half a mile below.

This is the work our Society of Soul Winners is doing in fifty missions, scattered over the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, beyond all others. It is for the regeneration of a race of Highlanders, long neglected, and worthy of a better fate. We thank the noble band of "good Samaritans," whose generous sympathy and help have enabled

THE PARMELEE MISSION IN THE WATAUGA HILLS

us to carry on this work for our poor countrymen. Have you a part in it? Then your reward is in heaven.

the next morning, and I was sorry I could not stay longer to help those faithful missionaries. They deserve more than they will ever receive this side of heaven, but they are content to "labor and to wait."

Our little Brown boy and "Joe," brought me down to the railroad, and river, another way, not quite so bad as I went up. The flood of rain had converted the river into a raging torrent, rushing down from the North Carolina mountains. It had overwhelmed the track in some places, and undermined it in others, so that it took all hands from 8 A.M., to 12 M., to get back to Newport without getting drowned. In the whole twenty miles, the roaring, rushing river, tore down the narrow defile between the moun-

There comes a time in the future near,
When this life has passed away,
When these needy ones will stand with us
In the Light of the Judgment Day.
When the angel reads from the Book of Life,
My deeds for that great review,
If the Lord should speak and accuse me there,
I wonder what I should do?
The Son of Man with his angels fair,
Will sit on the great white throne;
And out of the millions gathered there,
He will know and claim his own.
If he says to me, those words I've read
In that Book so old and true,
"Inasmuch as ye did it not to these,"
I wonder what I should do?

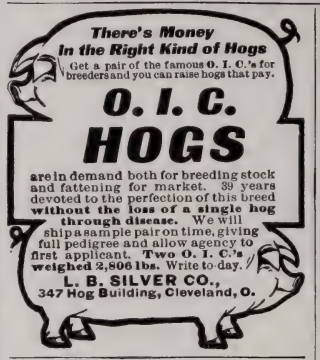
Wilmore, Ky. E. O. GUERRANT.

CALLED HIGHER

Rev. John McGregor passed away July 9, 1903, at his home in Brimley, Mich. He was for a number of years engaged in distributing religious literature in the community, and especially among the camp men. His kindly face and voice will be missed by many in that vicinity.

In the death of Mrs. Evangela E. Hayes, which occurred on Decoration Day, 1903, at Kingston, N. Y., in the eighty-sixth year of her age, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has lost one who has been a continuous subscriber for many years. She was born in Livonia, N. Y., January 5, 1818, a daughter of Rev. Ebenezer Everett, a pioneer missionary in western New York. She gave her heart to Christ in her early years, and ever exemplified his teachings by a life of unselfishness and consecration. Her interest in the various charities of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was unflagging. She will be mourned by a large circle of friends, "Many of whom shall rise up to call her blessed."

Mrs. Laura A. Muzzy, of Ottawa, Kan., who passed away recently, was born in Auburn, N. Y., August 3, 1817, and was consequently in her eighty-sixth year. She joined the Presbyterian Church at the age of seventeen, and was a faithful and devoted member to the close of life. She leaves a beautiful example of true, conscientious, Christian womanhood. Both her maternal and paternal grandsires fought in the Revolutionary War. She was a descendant of the Pease family of England, also of the Chapin family, who were originally from France. She leaves four daughters, three of whom are married; sixteen living grandchildren and ten great grandchildren. She was the last one of a family of eight children, and one of four of them to pass four score years. One brother went as a missionary to Cyprus in the early days, and died on the mission field. For nearly ten years she had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and when her eyesight grew dim her daughters read it aloud to her. For three years she had been partially an invalid, but was frequently able to be outdoors in her wheel-chair, which was the gift of her children and grandchildren.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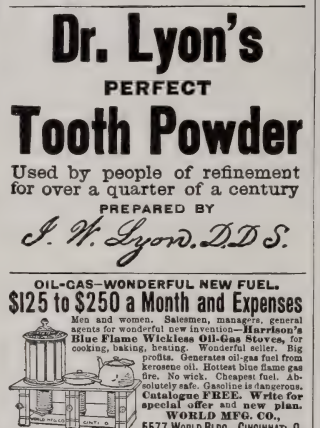

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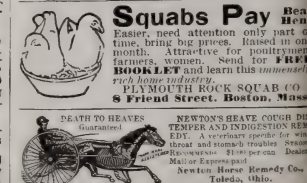
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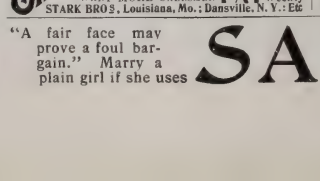
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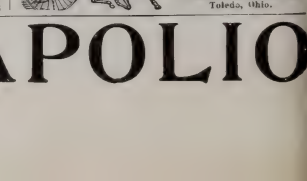
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OBEDIENCE AND PATIENCE

A MAN WHO TRUSTED GOD AND WAITED FOR HIM

By Mrs. M. Baxter

ONE of the most solemn lessons we have in the whole of the Word of God, on the exactitude of God's requirement of obedience, d how he cannot accept a partial or alified obedience is that of Saul's fail- e. "I did it with the best intentions" ny a one will say who has not wholly llowed the Lord, but if a good inten- n is in disobedience to a distinct com- nd of God, it becomes a sin, and not a rvice. This is, therefore, why the Lord id through Samuel: "Hath the Lord as eat delight in burnt-offerings and sacri- es as in obeying the voice of the Lord? hold, to obey is better than sacrifice, d to hearken, than the fat of rams." O, w much work for God is done in self- ll. Men and women do it in a way to it their own tastes, and will, and con- nience, and not in strict and willing nformity to the declared will of God in s Word. Does God accept it? Is not e failure of power in the churches used by this?

Even before Saul's final rejection, Sam- l had said to Saul: "The Lord hath ught him a man after his own heart, d the Lord hath appointed him to be ince over his people, because thou hast t kept that which the Lord commanded ee" (I. Sam. 13: 14), and now the Lord ds the humiliating word: "The Lord th rent the kingdom of Israel from thee is day, and hath given it to a neighbor thine that is better than thou" (I. Sam. : 28). And shortly after Samuel is sent anoint David. David was not fault- ss, he committed some grievous sins; t the bent of the man's life was to dis- ver the will of God, and to do it. He ver manifests the desire to exalt him- lf, to please himself, or to yield to his n will. Obedience is the great char- teristic of his life, and with it an in- nse appreciation of his God, making his e one of adoration and praise. "I have und David, the son of Jesse, a man ter my heart, who shall do all my will." uch is the witness which God bore to m (Acts 13: 22. R. V).

God's chosen king must rule in the fear God (II. Sam. 23: 3), doing all his will. his is the true characteristic of such as e kings and priests unto God; chosen to ign with Christ. But such must learn to dare, and must learn to suffer. Satan exerts all his rage against those whom God has anointed (II. Cor. 1: 21). Before David's quiet anointing in the presence of his brethren was known in Israel, God brought him in contact with the Philistine champion, and all Israel must recognize through the conquest of the giant by a stripling who trusted in Israel's God, and went forth to meet him unarmed, but in the name of the Lord of Hosts, that they had one among them who counted for more than Saul when things came to extremities. And some of the old men might remember how in the time of the Judges God's deliverances occurred when some man whom God raised up had been little enough in his own eyes to be fully at the disposal of his God, knowing that the battle was the Lord's.

But the very victory over the giant was made the beginning of a strife between man's king and God's king, which ended only with the death of Saul. Saul knowing the will of God regarding David, hated that will, and opposed it with all his might, clinging tenaciously to his position, and manifesting a hatred towards David which showed itself in ten separate attempts upon his life. But God had decreed that David should reign, and man could not reverse it. David's life was safe by the declared will of God, and all Saul's attempts to slay him, or to get others to slay him, were futile. Meanwhile Jonathan, the Crown Prince, became the warm friend and chosen companion of David, whom he loved, honored and recognized as God's choice, and unlike his father's jealousy, this man of God rejoiced that David should be preferred before him. This maddened Saul all the more. The flesh (for Saul is a type of the flesh) cannot endure that Christ should have any glory except through its own patronage.

But at last David was put to a test which brought out the spirit which animated him. On two separate occasions, as it might seem by accident, but really by the ordering of God, Saul's life was in his power, and in one moment he could have slain him. But David looked at all things and persons in their relation to God. He never complained to men of Saul's unjust persecution.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

L. P., Jordan, Wyo. "God has many times answered prayers for me in trouble or sickness."

Reader, New York. "I prayed to God for strength the time of temptation. He answered my prayer. ory to his name!"

G. C. S., Chicago, Ills. "I have had many prayers swered, and I am ever ready to let our Heavenly ther know of my wants, knowing I shall be ard."

Mrs. E. A. R., Princeton, Ill. "A few weeks ago, was in great trouble, I took it to the Lord, and y prayer was answered."

E. F. S., Meeker, Colo. "I wish to acknowledge e goodness of God in hearing and answering y prayers in regard to so many things, spiritual d temporal."

Mrs. G. S. R., St. Regis Falls, N. Y. "I wish to knowledge God's goodness to me in answering ayers. I prayed for the conversion of my hus- nd and he heard and answered. Bless his holy me forever."

An Iowa Reader. "I wish to acknowledge answers to many prayers. 'The Lord is my refuge d my fortress.' He has recently helped me wonrfully."

A. S., Southampton, N. Y. "I wish to acknowlge God's goodness in answering my prayers for e safety of two dear ones. He has answered any before."

H. T., Tompkinsville, N. Y. "I was out of work month, and rent week coming on. I went to my ther with the trouble, and He has given me oof that He answers proper prayers."

Reader, Morristown, Pa. "I desire to acknowlge the divine goodness of God in answering my ayers."

Mrs. D. C. G., Franklin, Tenn. "Very recently were in a domestic strait. My husband and I eed to plead Christ's promise, Matt. 18: 19. In s than two hours the direct answer came. All aise to His name!"

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J. M. K., Wisconsin. "Dear children of God, ast in him and believe. He answers prayers. he Lord has answered many of mine—some that I thought were insignificant. Go to him as a child to its father."

T. S. T., Friar's Hill, W. Va. "Your column of answered prayers is a fountain of refreshment. In the last several years my prayers have been answered many times, for which I thank him who knows the heart."

Reader, Eureka, Ark. "I cried to the Lord in my distress, and he heard me."

Mrs. S. F. B., Dayton, Tenn. "I wish to acknowledge God's great love and mercy, in answering my prayer for a prodigal son, in bringing him back into the fold."

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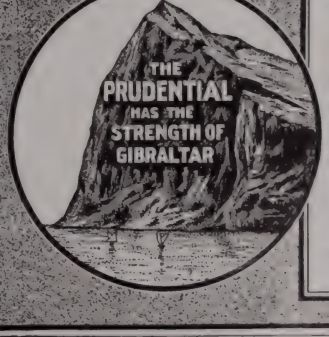

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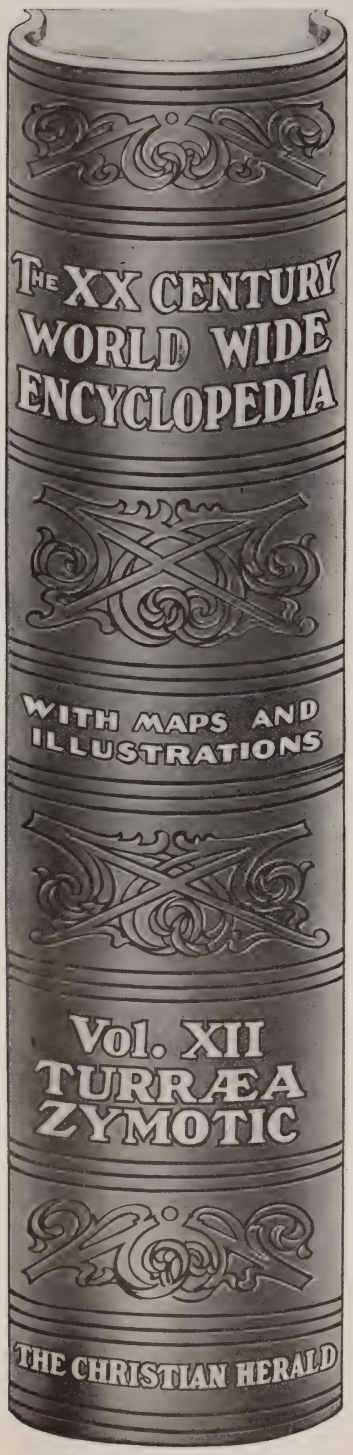

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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

HIGH CASTE BURMESE | A JAPANESE DUCHESS | THE HISTORIC "WOMEN OF CARTHAGE" | LOWER CLASS CHINESE | KOREAN AND DAUGHTER

WOMAN IN OTHER LANDS THAN OURS

By JESSIE ACKERMAN

THE subject of woman is full of interest. She is a study, from both an ancient and modern standpoint; and also from an Occidental and Oriental comparison. The mother-love instinct forms the basic point of operation for the betterment of all classes of women, even among those of most limited intelligence; and this is as true of the women of Oriental lands as of our own. The position of women in heathen lands cannot be fully understood, unless studied in the setting of the country to which they belong. The special suppressed privileges under which they live, is not so much due to man's natural lack of regard for her, as his desire to carry out the ideas of the founders of the religious faiths which prevail in those lands.

The most withering, blighting and degrading force that ever fell upon woman, in any age, was the teaching of Confucius. The arraignment in Eden left the possibility of woman rising through the promise, but the Chinese sage gave forth his "Three Obediences," he relegated woman to a place of servitude, from which she can never rise, so long as his teachings find place in the superstitions of men.

It is almost impossible to give any adequate idea of the women of China. Their great multitudes are positively overpowering. In leaving the ports and traveling inland, I adopted the dress of the country, this was done as a matter of comfort, and also to attract less attention to myself. In entering a village of some 60,000 souls, where a white woman had not been seen, the news of the presence of a "foreign devil," soon spread over the town. The gathering throng pressed upon me from all directions, until I was unable to move, except as I was borne on by the curious crowd. Reaching a rice field, and stepping upon a stone, there was a sea of faces as far as the eye could reach. Through my interpreter I tried to speak to the people. Women elbowed to where I stood, and looking into my face with great earnestness, chatted away in the unknown tongue, asking more questions in a minute than any sane woman could ever answer. I learned that they were not in the least anxious to learn what I was talking about, but they were curious about me. The kind of questions reflected, of course, the matters of their greatest concern. The very life of my interpreter seemed endangered in their frantic efforts to ask questions. "How old is she?" roared one woman from the distance, who was unable to reach him. "Can't she speak our words?" or "Has she a husband?" were the perplexing questions to be answered. Upon receiving information upon the last, they immediately exclaimed, "how sad!"

I soon understood that it was a waste of strength and energy to attempt to talk to the crowd, and try to learn anything of their condition or needs, in that manner. I simply took a few of them—six or eight—and going into one of their homes, shut the door. That is the way the women of China must have the Gospel. Only one woman in a thousand knows how to read: they must hear the Gospel Story, if they are ever to know it. At present there is one Missionary to about every half million.

THE QUEEN OF SIAM AND HER DAUGHTERS

A HIGH-CLASS CHINESE

The customs of the empire as affecting women are somewhat understood, but the real position of the women of China can only be appreciated by contact with them. The life of the low-class woman is full of sorrow, hardship and burden. It is a common thing in the interior to see a woman and a buffalo ploughing together on the rice fields. In the stone quarries, they wield a great hammer from sunrise until night, pounding stones for the highways and carrying burdens beneath which a beast would sink. This, of course, applies to the women of the lower class, but they very largely make up the population of the entire empire.

Before the introduction of Confuscianism into Japan, women shared public duties with men. When one of the Emperors was warned of the gods to go forth and conquer Korea, not knowing the land, much less the people, "he declined the honor." The Empress raised an army, fitted out a fleet, and leaving her faint-hearted lord behind, led her forces to battle. Three years later she returned from a field of victory, her ships freighted with a human cargo—prisoners of war—a sufficient number to furnish the country with slaves.

The three masterpieces in Japanese literature were written by women, and among the twelve sovereigns who sat upon the throne in one century, five were women who ruled with varying degrees of success. One of these women used the influence of her high position to further the propagation of the Buddhistic faith, and lavished the wealth of the country upon her efforts. She ordered millions of paintings of Buddha's face made and scattered over the land. Then founding a religious order for women, she became a nun, introducing a monkish costume, and performing the offices of the temple with as much zeal and authority as a priest.

At the present time there is a great army of nuns. I met one—an old woman over seventy—in Korea, who had gone to perform some religious ceremony over the neglected graves of Japanese soldiers. As a rule, they do not officiate, but must submit to 348 commandments, shave their heads and "refrain from the use of scented water or perfumed bags"—great sacrifices for a Japanese woman. These are the results of the "Obedience" brought over from China by missionaries of the Confucian faith. A woman must first obey her father absolutely, even to the extent of marrying the man he selects for her. Then, as a wife, her obedience is subjected to the marching orders of an oft-times tyrannical mother-in-law, and in old age there comes the increased subjection to the whims of a son, whose filial love is great, but whose authority is inexorable and undisputed.

In Siam, the women have progressed less, according to the enlightenment of the ruler, than those of any other country of the world. Every woman is branded on the wrist to indicate to which branch of imperial family she belongs. They have no civil rights; in fact, no legal existence. A woman could not own a paper of pins in her own name. If her husband or father be-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 789

JAPANESE PEASANT

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Divine Teacher

TEXT—MATTHEW 11: 29:
"Believe in me"

THE school-house is the great reservoir in which are collected the streams of knowledge which have flowed down from the ages. It is the place where scholars can climb upon the broad shoulders of the intellectual giants of the past and the present, and see as far as they have seen, because those shoulders are lifting those students' heads toward the stars. It is the place in which man is taught how to harness the winds, and lasso the electricity, and tap the oil wells, and contribute to the common wealth and development of his brother man, so that all working together may cause the "desert to blossom as the rose." "What is the cause of all those fine farms, big barns, and immense granaries? Why this thrift and prosperity everywhere?" I once asked a Pennsylvania farmer, when bicycling through Lancaster county. "The school-house," he replied. "You cannot go anywhere in this part of our State without finding the public school-house at almost every cross roads, and the small college in almost every town of any size." "What is the cause of your dilapitated farms, and the slothfulness and filth I see everywhere around me?" I asked another farmer that same spring, in a region a few hundred miles from the one the prosperity of which prompted my first question. "To the absence of the school-house," was the answer. "Most of our people are ignorant and uneducated. What is more, most of our people do not want to learn, neither do they wish their children to learn." Against such a wall of opposition as that, it is almost impossible for intellectual progress to make any true headway.

Eminent Teachers

We would eulogize that compound word of eleven letters, called the "school-house." But, after all, the "school-house" is merely a representative term. Its true value is not in the intrinsic worth of the bricks, and stones, and wood which compose its buildings; it is in the spiritual and intellectual worth of the men and the women who stand behind its teachers' desks. Students from far and near came to sit at the feet of Hillel, and his famous grandson Gamaliel, although for the most part those teachers had no buildings of any worth. Plato was the disciple of Socrates, and the teacher of Aristotle, who was the founder of the Academic School, famous the world round; yet, for the most part these men had the street corners for their class-rooms, and the hillsides for their laboratories. They were poor in pocket, though rich in brains. The name of Thomas Arnold has given Rugby its greatest fame. The name of Eliphalet Nott, is the most priceless heritage Union College at Schenectady ever received. The name of Mark Hopkins is of more value to Williams' College, than an endowment of $5,000,000 could ever be. With my own eyes, as a student, I saw that great educator, then eighty-four years of age, leaving our college town to attend the Harvard Centennial. Seated upon the rostrum at Harvard, on that great occasion, were the President of the United States, and Senators and Governors, and leaders in the various walks of life. But when Mark Hopkins—old Williams' pride—slowly ascended the platform, the whole audience rose *en masse* and bowed. That homage was a tribute to the fact that the skilled workman is greater than his factory—that the teacher is of more importance than the school-house in which he stands.

The Divine Teacher is our theme. If we have not yet learned the value of Jesus Christ as an instructor, then let us learn it now in the command of my text. Jesus, in these three words recorded in Matthew, emphasizes the great fact that from him, and him alone, we can learn the Gospel lessons we ought to learn. Thus, to-day, I would grasp the ropes of the village school-house, and the city church bells as the college sexton holds his bell-rope; and, as I pull, and the church bells swing backward and forward, and the silver notes of these bells go echoing down the valleys until they plunge up against the sounding-boards of the hills, I would cry as a Gospel minister: "Come to school! Come to school! All ye, who would learn of Jesus, come to school! Come to school!" Is not this the meaning of my text: "Learn of me?"

The Authoritative Voice

The Gospel class-room, in the first place, has in Christ an authoritative teacher. I invite you, with confidence, to sit at his feet, because he has a right to teach. He speaks, not only because as a human being He has learned what we ought to learn; but He comes, clothed with divine authority. His credentials are higher than those of any human teacher; they proceed from God himself. He is the Son and the co-equal of God the Father. He comes to us as a conqueror, clothed in white vesture, "and on his thigh a name written, King of kings and Lord of lords." "For He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

In this age of intellectual progress, it is absolutely essential for every true teacher, whether of the higher or the lower grades, to have his or her credentials. For instance: If I wish to educate one of my little girls to be a public school-teacher, I say to her, "Now, daughter, your future life occupation depends entirely upon yourself and your work. I am going to send you through the common public school. I believe every child should go there, be she rich or poor, black or white, Jew or Gentile, or Catholic. In order to produce the best types of American citizenship, all classes of children should stand shoulder to shoulder, and hand in hand at the school desk. Then I will send you to the high school, then to the normal. Then, when you have your different diplomas, you can go before the State Board, or County Board of Examiners, and have your knowledge tested. Then if you pass, your teacher's certificates will be given you. But, daughter, you cannot teach in any public school unless you are an authoritative teacher—unless you have your credentials. Without them you cannot even be a cadet, or a substitute for a day." All the 5,775 teachers of Chicago who faced the 268,392 scholars of Cook County last year, were prepared for an instructor's life in this way.

Christ's Credentials

I ask the Professor of Geology in some great university what right he has to occupy a teacher's chair. "I have been appointed," he answers, "by the heads of the university with the approval of the faculty. I have demonstrated my fitness to teach by the text-books I have written. I have studied the strata of the rocks. I have sat at the feet of the greatest masters of the science; I hold diplomas from domestic and foreign universities. These are my credentials." So Christ enters the Gospel class-room as a teacher, clothed with authority. The wisdom of the God-head was given to him; in the counsels of eternity he learned the mysteries of the Divine government; he became man, and by a career that is the wonder of the ages, he has taught his people how to live. These are his credentials.

Now, my friends, as Gospel students, are you ready to accept Jesus Christ as an authoritative teacher? Are you ready to accept him as the Son of God? A few weeks ago, a gentleman wrote to a friend of mine, a pathetic letter which went something like this: "Oh, why do the ministers keep on preaching upon useless and impractical subjects? Why do they not preach upon some of the vital questions of the soul? A short time ago the doctors told me that within six months I must die. What I want to know is how I can straighten out a wasted life so as to meet my God?" Well, my brother, if these words should ever be seen by your eye or repeated to your ear, the first step for you to take is to accept Jesus as the Divine Teacher. You are not to accept him as did Joseph Ernest Renan, "as a good man." You must not accept him as do many, as a religious leader like Mohammed, or Buddha, or Zoroaster, or Confucius. You are not to accept him as a seer, or prophet, a John the Baptist, an Elias, or a Jeremiah? You are to accept him as did Simon Peter, when he turned and said, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God." Are you ready to accept the authoritative Jesus as Divine?

The Miraculous Endorsement

Oh, the credentials of the teacher, Christ! In the prophecies of Scripture, we can read them. In the miracles which he performed we can verify them. In the testimony of John the Baptist, and in the Heavenly Father's voice, which sounded over the dripping locks of the Son of God when Christ was baptized, we can prove them. Christ's credentials are of the highest authority. They must be accepted. Napoleon was one day riding along the lines of the French Army, when his horse shied. Instantly a common soldier leaped forth from the ranks and saved his commander from being thrown. Napoleon smiled at his rescuer, and said, "Thank you, captain." Quick as a flash, the soldier saluted and asked his chief, "Of what regiment, sire?" The delighted Emperor replied, "Of my own Guards." He then rode on. With that, the soldier threw away his gun and stepped over to where the staff officers of the Guards were collected. Indignantly, those officers ordered him back to the ranks. With that, the new-made captain raised his head as he answered, "I am no longer a private soldier; I am a captain of the Emperor's Guards." "By what authority do you make such a statement," asked the colonel. Then the soldier pointed towards the retreating form of his ruler, as he answered, "Napoleon said it!" Ah, after that there was no further criticism. Napoleon was the authority. Napoleon was to give him his credentials. So Christ, as the authoritative teacher, comes to us with his credentials. The Father, the Heavenly Father, hath spoken it. Witness the Jordanic revelation: "Behold a light cloud overshadowed them, and behold, a voice out of the cloud which said, "This is my Son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye him." Authoritatively! Christ always speaks authoritatively.

Self-Sacrificing Service

The Gospel class-room, in the next place, has a self-sacrificing teacher. The word "self-sacrificing" can well be applied to all true men and women who follow the noble profession of teaching. I care not whether those men and women are filling conspicuous professional chairs, as did William Graham Sumner, and John Russell Bartlett, and Julius H. Seeley, and Joseph Storey, and Theodore W. Dwight, and Mrs. Mary Somerville, and Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, and Alice Freeman Palmer, and Mary Lyon, or whether they are teaching in humble district schools; they are all people who sacrifice themselves for the good of others. There is no business or profession on earth in which there is more wear and tear upon the nervous system than upon those conscientious men and women who, week in and week out, spend their lives expounding and explaining and catechising behind a teacher's desk.

Just think of the fractious human colts the average public school-teacher has to train. A great many parents send their children to school in order to get rid of them, as well as to have their brains developed. They cannot stand the boy's racket at home, so they expect the public teacher to supply the neglected maternal discipline. God pity the young graduate of the normal school, who herself is hardly old enough to be a mother, and yet has to keep in line every day thirty or forty boys and girls, most of whom have not yet learned what the word "obedience" means!

Then, estimate the thickness of the skull which every year the teacher has to pry open to let in the intellectual light. It must be a great pleasure for the teacher, who is a genius, to develop a genius. For a Lord Chatham to have for his disciple a William Pitt. For a Franz Liszt to guide the fingers of an Anton Rubinstein over the ivory keys. For an Ignatius Loyola to mould a Francis Xavier. For a Peter Paul Rubens to have for his pupil an Anthony Vandyke. One day, after having examined some of his famous student's work, the great Flemish master delightedly turned to his class and said, "A greater than Rubens is here! The young man whose brush has done this will some day outmaster his master." But though it may be a great pleasure for a genius to develop a genius, yet ninety-nine hundreds of all scholars in all public school class-rooms are not geniuses. They are not only children of ordinary intelligence, but boys and girls, many of them below the ordinary. All of those scholars must be developed. This accounts for the teacher's exhaustion. Then the strain. Then often complete nervous collapse.

The Patient Teacher

But oh, my brother, what is the sacrifice of an earthly teacher for her pupils, compared to that which the Divine Teacher has made for us? Is there any patience like unto his patience? Any forgiveness greater than his forgiveness? Any martyrdom like unto his martyrdom? During the life of the late Thomas Gallaudet—that noble Christlike teacher, sent by God to serve the American deaf-mutes—he often spent days and weeks and months over one pupil, teaching him how to pronounce a single vowel sound. But great as Dr. Gallaudet's sacrifices were, can his patience be compared to my Lord's? As a Divine Teacher, has not Christ spent years and years and years trying to teach us how to speak just two words in the right way—"Our Father?" We read how the missionary teachers have been martyred in China in the defense of their pupils. But was there ever a death of a teacher like unto that of the martyrdom of my Christ? In order to teach us how to attain eternal life, has he not sacrificed for us in his wounded hands and wounded feet and wounded head and gaping side, into which the Roman soldier thrust his spear? Yes! My Lord and my God is a self-sacrificing teacher. He gave his life for his Gospel students. He died that we might live.

But the Divine Teacher Christ has a far greater purpose than to merely save his Gospel students. He teaches his disciples, who sit at his feet in order that they may become like him, how they in turn may carry his message and truth to the farthermost parts of the earth. He looks upon his students with respect to their future, as every true instructor ought to do. I once

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WOMAN IN OTHER LANDS THAN OURS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 787

mes involved in debt, unable to meet the obligation, "binds" his wife out to engage in any form of labor, til the amount of the demand is met—a sort of human wn business.

In a private audience, the King of Siam expressed me remarkable ideas concerning women, showing early that modern movements in the interests of the x has been a matter of observation, if not deep study. e is a much-married man, having forty wives and me 1,500 women in his harem. Each of the latter is a servant or slave, making a total of over 3,000 omen about the palace grounds. Being interrogated to the need of edu- ting his women, the ng's answer was very ever.

"It would never do," id the bright little an, with a twinkle in s eye that discounted e force of his words. If our Siamese wom- were educated, they ould soon become as iscontented as the omen of your coun- y."

Well does this king nderstand that the ly way women can e kept in a harem to keep them in norance. Educate em and give them e Gospel, and walls ould never be built shut them out.

In Burma, women are much freer in all respects than e women of other parts of the Orient. The men are zy beyond expression, and a Burman delights in othing more than in the business capacity of the oman or women he owns and possesses. They go bout without restriction and excel in business, which ften includes wholesale operations extending over the ntire empire.

The first real event in a Burmese girl's life is the ear- oring ceremony, which takes place when she has natured. She is a careless, free child of nature until is process, after which she gives greater attention to ressing and adorning her hair, painting her face and cultivating the swaying carriage, so much admired by the men. A "lucky day" is set by an astrologer, a feast prepared, and a professional borer appears upon the scene. Nothing ever produced a more creepy sensation than seeing this heartless professor of the cruel art draw forth his golden needle, awaiting the signal of the astrologer. The girl was held down to the floor while a band of music played in the court to drown her cries, and the work of boring proceeded. I fled from the room at this point, and upon returning, found the dear child quite restored. Sometimes opium is administered to deaden the pain, but usually the girl leaves out the suffering without an opiate. The pierced spot is not merely a small hole, but from time to time different sized objects are placed in the rent to increase the size. I have seen a woman wearing gold cylinders as large in circumference as a napkin ring.

The lower-class women feel greatly complimented by being engaged in the service of distinguished persons in any capacity. This was strangely illustrated during the lifetime of King Theebau's father. Visiting the buildings once occupied as the royal stables with a guide, who was a Christian, and whom I found reliable in all matters, the guide told me of the sad death of the last of the sacred elephants. The creature was known as the "Lord White Elephant," and to Mandalay flocked multitudes of women to do honor to this divine. When the elephant was captured by the hunters it was found to be very young and unskilled, and unable to escape, as the elephant had not yet learned how to take food. It was learned that the friend assumed had the baby elephant fed with human milk supplied by his slaves twice a day.

In Korea, women have little or no desire to remove themselves from the surroundings of all accustomed who have gone before them. Slaves to the tobacco habit, they smoke and dream when not occupied with heavy toil. A girl comes into the world and is regarded of so little value that, until she is given a name by marriage she is a mere "It." She then becomes known by the district from whence her husband hails. Later, if a boy appears upon the scene the mother is elevated, by becoming known as [illegible] and so. A small bit of compensation may be found in the fact that, after all, the Korean men really fear women. This is due to their belief that a woman has "more to do" therewith the gods than a man possesses.

This leads to a becoming meekness on the part of the man, and he falls back to his pipe and his day-dreams.

It is gathered from these conditions surrounding more than half of the women of the world, that there are countries where there is a real "woman question," where wrongs cry out daily to be righted, where the treadmill of superstition and prejudice would ground women to powder, were she not kept together by the spark of mother-love. Education and the Gospel are the one hope of the women of the Orient, and, indeed, of the women of every land, where those sisters of ours have suffered so long from the abuses of ignorance and dark superstition.

JAPANESE GIRL ICELANDIC PEASANT LOW CASTE KOREAN HAWAIIAN WOMAN SUMATRA ELITE

THE DIVINE TEACHER

A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.— Continued

ead of a famous teacher who never entered his class- oom but he always took off his hat and bowed before is scholars as though he was coming into the presence f a king, "for," he said, "no one knows what future uler or leader of the people may be developing under y touch. Therefore, I wish to show my students roper respect." Christ in the same way is looking at is Gospel students, through the eyes of prophecy. He s the Divine Instructor, who teaches his disciples that hrough them we may learn the way of life. He is teach- ng his disciples in order that the countless multitudes, roping about in the darkness of heathendom, may hrough us be brought into saving touch with the Cross.

To duplicate the teacher's knowledge and life in the ives of his students is always the far-reaching purpose f true teaching. Why did General Samuel Chapman rmstrong found the Hampton School near Old Point omfort, and why was that other Indian school estab- ished in Carlisle, Pa.? It was in order to take the In- lian boys and girls from the far West to the East, there o bring them into touch with the white man's teachers, nd the white man's ways, and then to send those In- lian boys back to their tribes, in the hope that the civil- zed red man would in turn civilize his brothers and isters. Why does Booker T. Washington's work have he hearty support of the white men, both of the North nd the South? Because he is trying to duplicate his lain, common-sense, practical life in the lives of his tudents. He is not trying to teach the doctrine that he white and the black races should intermarry. He s the apostle preaching that life means work; that the lack race will never lift itself by political agitations, ut only by its members being good waiters and coach- nen, and honest laborers and provident farmers, and ntelligent wives and mothers. He is preaching "the gospel of the tooth-brush." He does not believe a man, colored or white, can be respectable and be chronically lirty. Such is the duplicating purpose of Alabama's oremost negro educator. Now, my friends, Jesus Christ as a Divine Teacher should have a duplicating ower in the lives of his students. It should be found n the lives of his professing disciples; in the lives of ome of us who have been crowding the Gospel class- oom for the last ten, twenty, yes, even thirty and forty ears. Christ's duplicating power should be found in s, because through us the Gospel must be sent to some inful and some lost soul, to whom otherwise it may never be sent at all.

We have often read how heroic deeds in martial life have saved an army for an earthly king. Can we not realize how our deeds, as the representatives of Christ, can draw men to or drive them away from the Cross? Many years ago, a French Army was battling under the hot and blasting Algerian sun. The forced marches and the counter marches which that army was compelled to take, were enough to kill an African negro, let alone a European. Then, in order to increase the horror, fatal cholera broke out in one regiment. Man after man died. The army became panic-stricken, and all seemed to be lost. But one night, Colonel Gardarens wanted to prove that this dreaded disease was contagious "wholly through food and drink, and in no other way." So he himself lifted one of the cholera corpses out of its bed. Then he turned to his men and said: "Now I will show you that cholera is not infectious. I will pass the night in this man's bed." He raised the bed-clothes, and lay down and slept. In the morning he awoke, arose and departed to his own quarters a well man. That power of a personal example inspired his men. They took heart. The French army was saved. My friends, our examples as representatives of Jesus Christ, must exert the same kind of a good or bad influence that Colonel Gardarens had over his men. As Gospel students, we must duplicate Christ's life or we must misrepresent him. We shall lead sinful men and women to his altar or drive them farther away. "We are the light of the world." "We are the salt of the earth." "We are the cities set upon a hill which cannot be hid." As Gospel students, we are Christ's representatives, Christ's witnesses, and we cannot help it.

But where, as Christian disciples, shall we build Christ's future class-rooms? Everywhere. In them must be gathered the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the white and the black, the Jew, the Gentile. For them the application for membership do not need the endorsement of a wealthy man's check; they are not restricted to a social caste, as is the famous private school near St. Petersburg, which was established only for the sons and daughters of the men who are the favorites of the Russian Czar. Did I say the future Gospel class-rooms must be built for all people alike? I misquoted myself. They must be especially built for the poor and the helpless, and the weak and the lame and the blind, and the outcasts, social and spiritual. The demand is given unto us in emphatic terms, "Go ye out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in." these are the words Christ uses. "Compel! Compel! Compel them to come in."

What a message it is that the students in Christ's school are commissioned to deliver to the world! It transforms the whole aspect of life. This world, in the light of our Lord's teaching, is no longer the scene of meaningless suffering, of useless struggle and inevitable disappointment; it is a scene of preparation, of discipline, of education, in the highest sense of the word, for a larger, fuller life. As the children who are now assembling in our school houses are being prepared for a manhood and womanhood of useful service, so the men and women in Christ's school have reached a higher grade. They, too, are being educated and trained for a grander career. The lessons are hard to learn, the discipline is often painful; but we go to our tasks with a brave heart when we discover that there is a purpose in it all. We can bear hardship and persecution and affliction when we know that they are developing in us qualities which we shall need in a better world than this. Thus trials come to us with new faces. We can understand now our Divine Teacher's inaugural message: "Blessed are they that mourn." "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst;" for under his blessed teaching we have learned that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Thus, my Christian friends, by the words of my text, I open to you a life of endless Gospel activity. First, as a student, you are to come into touch with Jesus. You are to be like your great and Divine Master. This will not be very difficult if you will only come near enough to Christ, if you will only live in his presence, day by day. It has often been said among the alumni of Williams' College that each student who ever lived under the influence of Mark Hopkins had a distinctive stamp placed upon him which marked him as a "Hopkinsite." So, if you live near to Jesus, you will have his stamp upon you. You will become Christlike; you will become "good," or like God. You will not, as did the ignorant country boy, copy a chromo stamped on a daily newspaper page and call that "art." You will be as one who studies a great original masterpiece. Your model will be Jesus. Intuitively, consciously and unconsciously, by walking in his presence, you will absorb his personality in your life.

The second purpose of this text is to send you forth as Gospel evangelists. You are to go up and down the street and preach everywhere the sweet story of Jesus. You are to do this because, if you are true Gospel students, you will as naturally talk about your Divine Teacher as a bird hatched under a songster's wing will sing; as a seed dropped from a rose bush will develop into a rose; as a dewdrop first touched by the morning sun will sparkle like a diamond; as a dying sunset will gild the overhanging clouds with pass[illegible] of gold. May this sermon be the means, under the power of the Holy Spirit, to lead you into the Gospel class-room. May it also be the means of sending you forth, one and all, as Gospel teachers.

A MISSIONARY TOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA

A SOUTH AFRICAN KRAAL

NATIVE BRIDE AND GROOM

OUR NEW NATIVE CHURCH

GOD has been putting his seal on our work in this place. Our old native church, built two years ago, became too small; a new one has been put up; the bricks were made and burnt by the natives themselves. We were sorry to part with the old building, for it meant much to us; over 100 natives professed conversion within its walls; it was more interesting to us than a stately cathedral. We are looking for many conversions in the new and more commodious building.

Some of our early converts are developing into exhorters and are beginning to preach. We give them every opportunity to stir up the gift that is in them. Five native kraals have been opened to the Gospel around us, and our workers visit them and hold regular services.

Recently we took a missionary journey due south of this, with the purpose of opening up new work and visiting some important chiefs. Our first visit was to Zimunya, where we preached and talked to them about the Great Spirit. The chief promised to give heed to the truths of God's Word and to pray. We slept under a great rock with the Southern Cross shining out brilliantly overhead, and had a sense of security, because of God's presence. Supplied with fresh carriers, we passed on to M. Ratsikas kraal, sleeping that night under a large tree. Next morning, at daybreak, the chief came to our encampment and sat on the rock with his councillors and followers. We took the opportunity and preached Jesus; afterwards we went over the ground and selected a spot for a new school, the chief promising to assist in putting it up. From there we passed on through forest, fording rivers, over mountains, visiting kraals, preaching the Word, and praying with the natives.

We were much impressed with Chief M'Tambari He has a large kraal and gave us a hearty welcome. W arrived on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning assembled all his people for service. Unlike some oth chiefs, he permitted the women to come, and for tw hours I was kept on my feet answering questions arisi out of my address.

The doctrine of immortality greatly startled them, f the commoner does not believe in his own immortali but thinks that his chief lives somewhere hereafter.

The result of this missionary trip is the opening t to us of many doors. We are not able to enter many f lack of means.

You will be glad to hear that we have opened up monthly service at Beira. We crave the prayers God's children,

R. WODEHOUSE.

Umtali, Africa.

A UNIQUE HOME EXPERIMENT

How a Society of Philadelphia Working Women keep House by the Golden Rule

HER OWN LATCH-KEY

CONTINUOUSLY is the question asked by self-respecting working women: "Where shall we find a home suitable to our needs, and within our means?" The boarding-house was long ago weighed in the balances and found wanting; the "bachelor girl" life in a flat has proved a delusion; and most of the homes designed for working women have almost all been voted unsatisfactory, because of too rigid rules, and the absence of real home atmosphere. It has remained for a little company of self-supporting women of the Quaker city to answer the question, to their own satisfaction at least. They have organized a co-operative housekeeping society. They secured a house which, because it had been the scene of a tragedy, was to be had at a bargain. The members of the society are now living in their new home. There is not a man living in the house; but the twenty-five women who make their home there are not timid mortals. The house is at No. 652 North Fifteenth street, one of the most select districts in Philadelphia, a corner house of four stories, commodious and artistic, and within easy walking distance of the business centre.

* * *

At very little expense, the new home was soon put in excellent shape. Woman's wit and characteristic good taste made it look exceeding homelike and attractive. There were cozy corners and snuggeries, and dainty little trappings and decorations such as women love, but there was no ostentatious display. Under their skilled and loving hands, the rooms became very havens of comfort and neatness.

* * *

From the president of this unique society, Miss V. Richmont, it was ascertained that the organization started originally with ten women, but the number soon increased, and a larger house was taken. Then so many women asked to be admitted as members that the present large house was purchased, and another rented at 1611 Mount Vernon street, as an overflow home. All the women are wage-earners employed in offices. They have a housekeeper, a cook, a laundress, and a chambermaid. The laundry is all done in the house. Each girl has a latch-key, and each pays board according to the size of her room. The house is run on a home plan. All girls who take lunch to their business places have it put up for them at the home. Any girl who has some pet article of apparel that she wishes to wash herself—a fine waist or expensive handkerchiefs—can go to the laundry and do her own work, just as she would in her own home.

* * *

To be admitted to the organization, an applicant must know and be recommended by some one of the members. Then the applicant is allowed to join the little community for a month on probation. At the end of that time, if everything is satisfactory, the probationer becomes a full-fledged member. In the summer the girls can, if they wish, change their residence to Fern Rock, within easy trolley-riding distance of the business section, where the society has a country-hou in a wide stretch of park-like country.

THE BUSINESS WOMEN'S COUNTRY HOME

In discussing the ability of the members to g along successfully without any assistance from a one beyond their own circle, the President, Miss Ric mont, said: "We are all business women. If we we not, we could not have brought th organization through the rocks an shoals that beset us at the start. W should like the women in other citi to know that it is possible on thes lines to provide a comfortable hom for girls who are self-supporting, bu whose parents live far from the city, o who are perhaps orphans. One reasc why we shrink from discussing ou affairs at all is that the world is alway ready to think evil rather than good o any enterprise in which women alon are interested. We have no rules her other than the Golden Rule. We ente tain our friends, if we wish to, in the r ception-room of the house. We are a earning our living in the business worl and most of us are making enough t enable us to live, if we wished, in an of the high-class boarding-houses of th city, but we are more than content t live as we are, owning our home, havin our comfortable country place, manag ing our own affairs, and enjoying pe fect freedom in every way."

H. D. JONES.

"WE ENTERTAIN OUR FRIENDS"

TURKISH TROOPS IN ACTIVE SERVICE

A TURKISH BLOCK HOUSE

A BULGARIAN PEASANT FESTIVAL

150,000 Women and Children Starving

War's Horrors IN Macedonia

Thousands of Non-Combatants Massacred

DURING the past week, the situation in Macedonia and along the Bulgarian frontier has become more threatening, and the probabilities of all the Balkan provinces becoming involved in a life-and-death struggle with Turkey are stronger than ever. A great Mohammedan army, estimated at 300,000 under the command of Edhem Pasha, is now in the field. Opposing this host, which is distributed over a wide territory, is an insurgent force of less than 50,000. The campaign thus far has demonstrated the superior activity of the insurgents; but unless they are speedily reinforced, the inevitable result will be the triumph of Turkey, through sheer force of numbers if not through generalship.

Premier Petroff of Bulgaria, it is reported, has informed the representatives in Sofia of the European Powers that neither the Bulgarian Government nor the people "can witness with indifference the annihilation of the Bulgarian element in Macedonia and the devastation of the country, and that unless the Powers can find some means of restraining Turkey's terrible repressive measures, Bulgaria will be forced to depart from her present attitude of strict neutrality." Should this threat be carried out, and Bulgaria declare war, that country would be instantly invaded by the Turkish armies, and all the horrors that have marked the campaign against the insurrection in Macedonia would be duplicated in Prince Ferdinand's territory. So strong is the pressure upon the Bulgarian Cabinet by the people and press that it is not believed war can be much longer averted. Thousands of Bulgarians have crossed the frontier lately, and are now espousing the insurgent cause. Besides these, there is a very large Bulgarian element in the population of the provinces now in revolt, and this element has suffered terribly in the recent massacres by the fanatical Mohammedan troops.

Amid the multitude of rumors coming from the scenes of conflict, it is not always possible to determine what is truth and what falsehood. It was reported that Boris Sarafof, the Macedonian leader, had either been killed in battle or taken prisoner, and that General Zontchieff, the insurgent commander-in-chief, and a soldier of distinguished ability had also fallen. These stories were denied by the Macedonian Committee.

There is a hope that the approaching visit of the Czar to Vienna and the conference of crowned heads which is expected to take place there, may result in such a solution of the present troubles as will bring about a peaceful result. Meanwhile, the condition of affairs in the insurrectionary provinces is appalling. Over 150,000 persons are reported to be helpless and starving. These are mostly Christians, and although the Turkish authorities have promised to afford relief, nothing has been done, and unless aid is somehow afforded, these poor creatures must perish. Every day brings news of some fresh outrage or massacre in Macedonia. A European merchant who left Monastir on Sept. 8, on reaching Sofia, gave to the Associated Press an account of the terrible conditions prevailing in the vilayet of Monastir. He says Hilmi Pasha's administration has greatly disappointed the Christians, who expected that he would make an improvement in the situation. Hilmi Pasha, however, is following the lines of his predecessors, and the greatest excesses that have ever been committed have occurred since his arrival.

Throughout the vilayet the Turkish soldiers are daily perpetrating almost inconceivable atrocities. Women are assaulted, and pillage and murder occur everywhere. Even funeral processions are halted and the corpses stripped of their clothes. The priests' vestments are seized, and the soldiers sell all their plunder openly.

The Christian inhabitants are terror-stricken, hourly fearing a general massacre by the Mussulmans, whose fanatical hatred has reached the highest point. The shops are closed in Monastir, business is suspended, and the streets are deserted. Even the consuls do not dare to venture outside their homes. It is now said that 111 villages have been burned to the ground by the Turks and their population massacred. Terrible stories are circulated of atrocities by the Bashi-Bazouks on helpless women and children.

Fighting between Turks and insurgents has occurred at many points with varying results. Monastir hospitals are filled with Turkish soldiers wounded in these encounters. In the Velas district nearly all the villages have been plundered and destroyed and their inhabitants either slain or imprisoned. Two thousand Turks, with cannon, have retaken Vasiliko on the Black Sea, which was held by a strong force of insurgents. It is roundly estimated that 30,000 persons have been killed in the vilayet of Monastir alone, by Turks, since the war of extermination began, and that 150,000 are hiding in the forests of Macedonia. Palanka, Kratovo and Gotschani and the near-by villages, are being plundered and their people maltreated. Hundreds of unarmed peasants, non-combatants, are being brought to Monastir, in chains by the Turks. One report says: "A husband and wife were sitting in the ruins of their home, when a Turkish soldier slashed off the man's head and threw it in the woman's lap. The soldiers found a servant girl and several children hiding in a ditch. They attacked the girl and slaughtered all the children."

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Salonica, says: "In the northeast a drive is already in progress, part of the troops starting from Dibra, Krushevo, Okhrida, and Resna, and being supported by the Albanians of Dibra. In the southwest the troops have started from Okhrida and Resna, in order to beat the country between the two lakes, while Albanians block the southern exit."

At Podmochani and Pokoivenik many women and children were killed. In the kazaof Presp a the soldiers surrounded a forest in which the women and children from the villages of Loubotno and Brasolino were concealed. They assaulted the women and put many of them to death. The monastery of St. Goin, in the kaza of Veles, has been plundered. A squadron of Turkish cavalry, which has been operating near the Bulgarian frontier, has intercepted and slaughtered fugitives attempting to cross into Bulgaria. The whole district of Losengrad is filled with Albanian troops, who are burning villages and massacring the inhabitants. Eighty families fleeing from various villages toward the frontier have been literally cut to pieces by Turkish soldiers in the last few days. Hundreds of old men, women, and children of the district of Losengrad have crossed the frontier.

These outrages have maddened the revolutionary leaders, and reprisals are threatened. The insurgents have planned a winter campaign, and will carry widespread devastation into Turkish towns and villages.

On the other hand, the Athens correspondent of the *London Times*, says "diplomats are agreed that Bulgarian bands exercise greater tyranny and cause more devastation than Turkish troops," adding that "Russia will not permit the creation of an autonomous Macedonia or the appointment of a Christian Governor. She is determined, with the accord of Austria, and the support of other Powers, to pursue the policy of neutrality." Should this be true, and should Turkey be allowed a free hand by the European Powers, the result will be such a crusade of fanaticism as has not been witnessed in a century. The Vienna *Freie Presse* publishes a story, fabricated elsewhere, to incite the Moslems against the Christians, that the Prophet Mohammed lately rose from his tomb and exclaimed in solemn tones: "Allah, save thy people," whereupon the six eunuchs who were guarding the tomb fell dead from terror. The legend has greatly excited Constantinople.

BULGARIAN OFFICERS NEAR THE BORDER

The Turkish Embassy in London, in its denials, issued daily, of Turkish atrocities, has declared it to be "absolutely false that Ottoman troops were burning villages, the truth being that it was the Bulgarians who, at the approach of the troops, used explosives to burn the villages before leaving them, and then accused the Turkish troops of such abominable deeds."

Turkey has given orders for the reconstruction of the forts on the Bosphorus, and also at Adrianople and Erzeroum. At Beirut, where our American squadron, under Admiral Cotton, now lies, there has been a series of disturbances, resulting in the killing of several Christians and three Turkish soldiers. The Vali of Beirut has been dismissed, and Nadim Pasha, the Vali of Damascus, has been appointed in his place, and there is now comparative quietude. Our fleet, however, will remain to protect American interests. There has been some talk of a demand being made upon the Porte to permit an American warship to pass the Bosphorus for the purpose of affording protection to Americans in Constantinople, but it is useless to speculate on such a contingency. Should it arise, a means would doubtless be found to afford the protection needed.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Postoffice, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Macedonian Cry

IT is a terrible story of the unspeakable horrors of war that comes to us from Macedonia. From those desolated valleys, with their homes a mass of smoking embers and their dead lying unburied; from the forests in which the poor, miserable fugitives are hiding from the fanatical hordes who pursue them; from the caves and holes in those wild and rugged mountains there comes a cry to Christendom for aid. It is a despairing cry from the lips of the 150,000 helpless Christian women and children, non-combatants, who are fleeing from the enemies who are seeking their blood.

From those bleak mountains they can look down upon their old homes, ruined by fire and pillage, their little gardens where, only a few weeks ago, all was peace and happiness, with the children playing at the mother's knee, but where all is now wasted and blackened. War has swept over all, leaving a track of blood and ashes, and a sorrow that none save God can heal.

Will the cry of these 150,000 fugitive and starving women and children in the Macedonian wilds be allowed to pass unheeded? Even should they escape the fanatical foes who are hunting their blood, they will perish of hunger and exposure in the bleak Balkan hills and forests, unless some strong hand reaches out to succor and feed them. Will Europe do this? Europe is at present so intent upon the great game of war now being played in the Balkans, that it has no thought of the sufferers. Besides, were a single European Power to offer a helping hand even to keep the women and children alive, such an offer would be instantly construed as "intervention." Every Power in Europe today is apparently bound, hand and foot, by some treaty or agreement, one indirect result of which is to dam up all human compassion and close the ears of the nations to the call of suffering.

Clearly, then, if the Macedonian cry is to be answered, it must be answered by free and untrammelled Christian America. When Paul, in the first century of the Christian era, saw the vision of the "man of Macedonia" who cried "Come over and help us!" he, obedient to the call, went and gave to the supplicants the "Bread of Life." Deaf indeed must be the ears that do not hear the call of Macedonia for succor to-day; blind must be the eyes that cannot see the vision of those exiles, as they lift their voices in despairing appeal.

Shall the call be answered? We leave the decision with the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Abraham in History

THE hopes entertained by Christian scholars that among the tablets found in the royal libraries of Nippur and other ancient cities, some references might be found corroborating Bible history, appear likely to be fulfilled. These tablets consist of clay inscribed while it was wet and afterwards baked. Thousands of them have been brought to light, and now await the study of scholars able to decipher them. The task will probably occupy many years, but the results will be made known from time to time. Some of them are merely records of business transactions, others of diplomatic correspondence, and others only the examination papers of students in colleges. Great patience is needed for so vast a labor, but it is rewarded by the light it sheds on a civilization now so long extinct.

A report recently issued, announces a fact which, if true, has extraordinary value. It is that among the tablets, one has been found engraved on both sides by a Parthian scribe, which contains an incidental reference to Abraham. It describes the incursion of a tribe of Elamites, who ravaged the country far and wide. They destroyed the pastures, and turned the gardens and groves into camping grounds for their troops. The country had become a desert, and the agriculturists and owners of flocks and herds were obliged to migrate to obtain pasture for their cattle. Among these exiles, Abraham, and his family and servants are mentioned. There is nothing improbable in such a reference. The Biblical narrative describes him as a man of substance, and one likely to be conspicuous among a company of emigrants. It would, therefore, be quite consistent for a reporter of those days to take note of the departure of such a man as an evidence of the desolation of the country.

The tablet on which it is said to have been inscribed, was found in the library of the great temple at Baalarat Nippur, which was originally built in 3,800 B. C., and rebuilt about 1,300 B. C., after having been destroyed in some social convulsion. The birth of Abraham, according to the received chronology, was about 2,000 B.C., so that the records contained in the library, would more than cover the period of his life. The value of the discovery is particularly timely just now, because of the persistent effort of sceptics to disprove the personality of the patriarchs. They contend that they were mythical beings, and probably merely tribal names, having no actual personality. This tablet, should the report prove correct, will set all such theories at rest. We shall await with interest fuller reports of this most important discovery.

Looking Back

LOOKING back over a few seasons or years, what changes we note, that at the moment of their occurrence produced no deep impression. A tall young man, or a beautiful girl looms on the scene, and it seems but yesterday that either was a child making mud-pies and fishing in a brook. Some people spend so much time theorizing on the education of their children, that before they know it, the children have shot into maturity, with a haphazard training that must answer its purpose, since it is all they can ever receive.

At least this is the way it looks to some of us, glancing backward. There are faces we miss in church, at the sociable, on the street. What has become of them? Some have gone to the Philippines, some to China, some to heaven. The whole landscape of life is altered every year or two. Scenes are forever shifted. What is our great comfort? Is it not distilled by the psalmist in a single phrase, "Thou art the same and thy years shall not fail."

When Summer Boarders Go

WITH the early autumn, the summer boarders hurry home to town, and country housewives foot up the profit and loss of the season. When they are able to set aside a tidy sum toward reducing the mortgage on the farm or paying the expenses of the boy at college, the hard-worked and tired women, who have had hot kitchens and steaming laundries for their portion of the summer's joy, breathe a sigh of deep thankfulness. They have not had their labor for naught, and they are satisfied. Often it has been impossible for them to secure domestic help. Three meals a day, for ten, twenty, thirty or forty, fastidious, exacting and hungry people, boarders, disposed to be fault-finding over any defect, unwilling to make excuses when meat was tough, or vegetables sparse, ah, these meals have told heavily on the housekeeper's nerves and vigor.

Now, when she waves her boarders a friendly good-bye at the door, and they drive away in a gale of good spirits, promising to return next year, let the lady of the manor, wherever she is, take a much needed resting-spell. Let her persuade John to go off for a few days' drive over the hills with his wife. Let her pay a visit or two. Let her sit down and fold her hands. For a while, after the boarders go, the farmer's wife should rest, doing only what cannot be left undone, and inviting autumn to bless her, as summer blessed her guests.

Zionism in Prophecy

THE offer by Great Britain of a tract of land in Africa, two hundred miles in length, for the use of a colony of Jews, is one of the strangest developments of Zionism. The popular idea of the new movement focussed in the return to Palestine. All reason and sentiment combined to make the Holy Land the only available site for the chosen people to occupy as their home. But as Dr. Herzl and Israel Zangwill point out, much would be gained if the Jews possessed anywhere some central territory that was distinctively Jewish. Now, the Jews are a race scattered among the nations, and there is no capital, no home of the people; but if they had a land that they could call their own, even though under the suzerainty of a great Power, they would count once again among the nations and could exercise an influence on behalf of their scattered co-religionists. Of course, Palestine would be the ideal home; but failing that, or while waiting for the inevitable dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, a home or headquarters in some other land, would be a distinct advantage. There they could have their own laws and social customs, could worship in their own way and be under their own elected governors. They would, in Africa, be under the suzerainty of England, but in return, they would enjoy British protection and have the advantage of British commercial connections. The idea, which at first sight, seemed an almost grotesque development of Zionism, seems, on mature consideration, to possess recommendations of great practical value.

It is a remarkable coincidence, if nothing more, that there is in prophecy a hint of some such arrangement. It cannot be said that there is a distinct prophecy of a Jewish state in Africa, but when we remember in how many cases the prophets referred vaguely to a situation or event which they did not themselves understand, and which became significant only when history had interpreted it, the prediction is worthy of consideration. In writing of the doom of Egypt, Isaiah says (19: 18-20): "In that day shall five cities in the land of Egypt speak the language of Canaan and swear to the Lord of Hosts. One shall be called the City of Destruction [marg. of the Sun]. In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt: for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a Saviour and a great one and he shall deliver them." It is a significant fact that the Jewish cry under the oppressions of Russia should have elicited from the Power controlling Egypt, an offer of a region in proximity to Egypt, in which more than the five cities enumerated by the prophet might be built, the inhabitants of which would speak the language of Canaan. We have yet to learn what decision the Zionists will reach with respect to the British offer, but that it has been favorably considered is evident from the fact that a committee has been appointed to go to Africa and report on available sites.

IN THE LUMBER CAMP

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

ANY one who has not visited a lumber camp has missed one of the most picturesque of American industries. Every season the strong, stalwart men gather at the camps in the forests of the Northwest, and all through the next few months the wholesome, healthy labor goes on. The giants of the woods, so many years in reaching maturity, fall under axe and saw, and are trimmed and piled, ready for transit by river or sled to the mills. Such appetites as the men get in that glorious air are seldom seen elsewhere. The horn or the bugle that calls them from their labor to the shanty where the tables are set is the most welcome music that echoes through the forest. In the evening, when sunset puts an end to the day's work, they are almost too tired even for amusement or talk. Occasionally there is a good story-teller in the gang who can keep the men awake; or there is some one with a violin or a mandolin who can start the men singing, but it does not last long. Each bunk soon has its occupant, and good, sound, healthy sleep reigns in the shanty. They are of all nationalities, these strong men who come to the camps, knowing how hard the work will be, and enjoying the prospect of it. Germans, Norwegians, Russians, besides Americans and Canadians, are generally to be found among them, and there is often a queer mixture of languages with a basis of more or less broken English for common use. The late Mr. Gibbud used to declare that among them he found more manly honesty and bluff good-feeling than in any class he had tried to reach. His memory is still cherished in many of the camps, and his kindly visits are among their reminiscences. It was due to his efforts and to those of his colleagues that many of the lumbermen carried the money they had earned back to their homes, instead of spending so much of it in the saloons and gambling resorts of the city on their way home. In these camps, rough as the men sometimes are, the Gospel of Christ had its invariable power, and many were brought from darkness to light.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

India's Venerated City

ON the west bank of the sacred river Ganges, at the point where it emerges from the Himalayan mountains, stands the venerated city of Hurdwar or Vishnu's Gate, a city of immense antiquity. This year it is the goal to which fully two million pilgrims from all parts of India are painfully wending. It is the sacred year of the Kumbh-mela, which occurs at intervals of twelve years. The ordinary population is about eight thousand, but at the great festival, the old city is thronged, and the Harike-paran or bathing-ghat, connected with the famous temple of Gangadwara, is thronged with people who come to wash away their sins in the sacred river. The merchants turn the festival to account, by holding at the same time and place a huge fair, at which commodities of every kind are on sale. On the wall of the bathing-ghat, to which every pilgrim repairs, is a stone bearing the imprint of a foot, which the pious Hindoo is taught to believe is the impression of the foot of Vishnu himself. It is duly reverenced, and each pilgrim pays it devout homage. They have a tradition that one more incarnation of Vishnu will take place, when he will appear on a white horse, and with the sword which he will wear, he will take vengeance on the wicked and prepare the world for renovation.

In the meantime, the Hindoo washes in the river, and having performed his ablution and made such purchases in the fair as he can afford, turns his face homeward to await the recurrence of the next festival. When one thinks of the immense number of people who are under the delusion of this miserable superstition, one rejoices that the missionaries are now spreading abroad the knowledge of Christ, and that in a short time the orphans whom our readers are supporting, will be scattered through the country, carrying with them the knowledge of that water which can do for the believer infinitely more than all the waters of the Ganges.

The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life (John 4:14).

THE BATHING PLACE AT THE SACRED CITY OF HURDWAR ON THE GANGES

Men Reverting to Apes

A report reaches Melbourne, Australia of a remarkable tribe having been discovered on the island of Papua, in British New Guinea. According to the Australian papers, the tribe has been made the subject of Government investigation, and an expedition is being organized for a scientific study of their condition. It appears that the region they inhabit was once dry and fertile, but owing to volcanic changes, was turned into an immense marsh, by the diversion of the course of a river. It was always densely wooded, but after it grew marshy, there sprang up a thick undergrowth which could not be penetrated. The inhabitants constructed their dwellings on the low branches of huge trees, and could pass, after long practice, from one part of the forest to another without putting their feet to the ground. They lived on wild animals, birds, and fruits that they found, and abandoned all attempts to cultivate the soil. Reports of their degradation reached the Governor, who sent men to visit them. One of the strange tribe was captured. No one could understand his strange speech. He was in all respects like an ape, wore no clothing, was covered with soft hair, and, though evidently human, had the lower extremities developed, and the arms long like the apes. The trunk was enormously large in proportion to the limbs. His physical strength was prodigious, but he could not walk easily, though he could run along the branches of trees, and leap from limb to limb, like a monkey. He made his escape from his captors, and climbing a tree with wonderful agility, was soon out of reach. When more is learned of these poor Papuans, it will doubtless be found that they have degenerated mentally as well as physically. No one can acquire the habits of the brutes without losing the higher attributes of manhood. Yet those who live only for the indulgence of carnal appetites, forget that they are forfeiting their birthright.

If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live (Rom. 8:13).

Rich, But Starving

A pitiful story is told by a traveler who arrived at Tacoma, Wash., from Alaska recently. In passing through Tanan County, he says he met several prospectors who were in urgent need of food. One of them had eaten nothing in several days. All were extremely weak. They had plenty of money and gold dust, but were so far from any place where they could purchase food, that they were absolutely starving. They might have got away earlier in the season, but now it is impossible. He left all the provisions he could spare as a free gift. The men were eager to pay for them, and showed him that there was no lack of money among them; but, as they sadly said, they could not eat money, and there was no one with any food to sell. The traveler expressed his conviction that not less than a hundred will die of starvation before the winter is over, though they all have money or gold dust, which, if they were in a city, would suffice to support them comfortably for a long time. Some of them said that there was plenty of gold within reach, but they were too weak to get it, and too indifferent to care about it. Food was what they needed, and their wealth was of no concern to them. This is only one of many instances on record of the failure of money to satisfy human need. Those who make its acquisition the chief object of life forget that, useful as it is, there are better possessions which they may have.

Money is a defense: but the excellence of knowledge is that wisdom giveth life to them that have it (Eccles. 7:12).

An Automatic Buoy

An ingenious arrangement has just been completed for the automatic illumination of buoys placed along the coast to warn mariners of dangerous rocks. A practical application of it has been made in the harbor of Hamburg, and is pronounced a complete success. Formerly each buoy was supplied with a reservoir of oil, which burned night and day, and a ship was kept in constant service renewing the oil. Later, a miniature gas tank was placed in the buoy, and that, too, had to be replenished at frequent intervals. The new invention consists in extinguishing the light in the day-time and lighting it at night, when it is required. It is done by means of a cell of the new metal selenium, which has the property of becoming an electric conductor in the light and a non-conductor in the dark. The cell is placed between magnets in the buoy, so as to open a valve when the selenium ceases to be a conductor and to close the valve when the selenium, affected by the light, again becomes a conductor. Thus the gas burns only at night and does not require an frequent renewing. It is lighted by an electric spark, and is automatically extinguished when the sun rises. The strange property of this new metal is thus turned to account and becomes the means of saving waste. It is a peculiar property in a metal, but unhappily it is common enough in humanity. There are many men who, when the sun of prosperity shines upon them, are conspicuous at spiritual prayer, but in the darkness of adversity cease to work in the Lord's service.

Those become cast who for a while believe and in time of temptation fall away (Luke 8:13).

Finding Hidden Treasure

A dispatch from Savannah, Ga., gives a strange story of successful treasure seekers. An old man and his son arrived there a few weeks ago and made arrangements for a sail on Warsaw Island, three miles off. They made various excuses for their visit, but none of them was credited. To one man, whose assistance was necessary for the expedition, they told a story which is accepted as true. It is, that while living in Philadelphia they assisted an old sailor, who was ill and penniless. They were sorry for the man and gave him free board and bedding, and when he grew worse, provided medical assistance for him. The sailor continued sick and was finally given up by the doctors. Before he died, he called his benefactors to his bedside, and bade them open the trunk he had brought with him. There, on the parchment of an old drum, a map had been roughly drawn. He showed them on the map a marked spot at which he said money and jewels were buried. He had made several efforts to get the treasure but had always been prevented. He wished the people who had been kind to him to have the treasure, since he was unable to secure it. After his death, Talbot and son made the trip to Warsaw Island. Several later visits were paid, and after one of these the visitors suddenly disappeared and it is believed, from inquiries as to their baggage that they took the treasure with them. If they really did find and secure the treasure, they owe it to their faith in that old drum-head record. If people would only be induced to exercise such faith in the Word of God, how much treasure they might obtain!

The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it (Heb. 4:2).

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. F. B. Meyer has been conducting evangelistic services in the Isle of Man. The Manx papers have published extracts and these have been very interesting.

During the last hundred years the Bible has been translated into more than 400 languages. Nevertheless, as two hundred more have yet to be done, a whole or no part of Bible, the Society.

Among the Director's courses just completed by the University of Leipzig Germany, was one on Christ and Buddha, which has written a monograph entitled "Christ or Buddha."

Rev. Charles Spurgeon, son of the late Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, Pastor of Tabernacle, has been appointed by the Baptist Union to succeed his father as President of the Baptist Union. He is now preaching and expects to take permanent pastorate. He is pastor of a flourishing church at Eastbourne, Eng.

The Rhenish Mission Society's West Africa Conference has been held at Lome, on the west coast of Senegambia. The Society has charge of Mission stations in the Cameroons, Togo, and Senegambia. The Society has charge of Mission stations in the Cameroons, Togo, and Senegambia. After some years' work in Senegambia has been closed and Among those present were two of the three Bremen pastors.

The church is presided over by the Right Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island. He has recently had some old silver plate given to the Church. He has given to the communion of the Episcopal Church in the United States, and has been a member of the House of Bishops since 1874. He was ordained priest in 1845, and consecrated bishop in 1867. He was born in Providence, R. I., in 1810, and graduated from Brown University in 1830. He was ordained priest in 1845, and consecrated bishop in 1867. He was born in Providence, R. I., in 1810, and graduated from Brown University in 1830.

DISTRIBUTING "CHRISTIAN HERALD" RELIEF AMONG THE FAMINE-STRICKEN CHINESE, IN A CONFUCIAN TEMPLE AT KWAI-PING

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

How Our Relief was Welcomed in Kwang-Si

IT is gratifying to be able to record the fact that the great famine in Kwang-Si Province, China, to relieve which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers contributed most generously, is now at an end. This news comes in an official communication conveyed to this journal through our State Department in Washington. Consul-General McWade, the American representative at Canton, writing to Hon. Francis B. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State, under date of July 11, last, conveys an official expression of gratitude from Viceroy Tsen and Fantai Ting for the final contribution of $10,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the relief-work. The Consul-General's letter adds, that the arrival of this generous donation by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers, "was exceedingly timely, and will enable me, through means of the Third American Relief Expedition, to successfully round out the famine relief work in all of the stricken districts of Kwang-Si. When I notified their Excellencies, Viceroy Tsen and Provincial Treasurer Ting, they were overjoyed, and their expressions of gratitude were both heartfelt and frequent. They said that this was another of the many instances of the sincerity of American friendship for the Chinese Empire, and they asked me to say to you, and through your courtesy, to the President of the United States, how profoundly appreciative they are of that friendship, and to assure President Roosevelt and Your Honor that they will hold America's kindness in life-long remembrance. They also asked me to cable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its contributors, their deep and lasting appreciation of the great charity they had shown."

The Consul-General forwards with his letter, a report by Rev. H. O. T. Burkwall, of the British and American Bible Society, giving many interesting details concerning the second Relief Expedition, a full account of which appeared in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He also encloses a report of the relief operations of the A. C. M. A. missionaries of South China. "In recognition of the splendid charity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its contributors, I have the honor to ask you to furnish that excellent journal with such extracts as you may think of public interest and proper for it to publish."

In his report, Dr. Burkwall says:

I remained in Ping Nam for a few days to assist in the distribution. The need is great about this centre. The distribution has been going on in a large Examination Hall. On the two last days for general distribution, the sights were simply pitiful. What touched me most were the great number of starved babies and children. The sights beggar description. Men and women, with greatly swollen feet and hands; their emaciated forms, nearly dead with starvation; and the strongly-built, who, because of hunger, could scarcely totter to get their pound of rice. Arriving at Ping Nam, we learned that thousands of children have been sold from this district. The people have subsisted on mulberry leaves, roots, and grass.

Rev. Henry Zehr, of Wuchow (C. and M. A. Missionary), gives a most realistic picture of the scenes of suffering in certain parts of Kwang-Si province. He writes:

The district affected extended over a distance of 300 miles in length along the West River, from Ping Nam on the east to beyond Nam Ning Fu on the west, and varying in width. It has been estimated that at least 350,000 have suffered. Perhaps the most needy section was around Kwai Ping, a Fu city, where two of our missionaries, Rev. J. E. and Mrs. Fee, are stationed. The great increase in the number of people begging on the streets, and the frequency with which parents brought their children for sale, were evidences that the famine was upon us. Our missionaries seeing this great need, as early as February, began giving help in a quiet way, little thinking of the extent to which the work might develop. At first a few potfuls of rice gruel daily sufficed to satiate the hunger of those gathered in the Gospel chapel. But the crowds soon outgrew the chapel, when the Magistrate granted the use of the grounds of the Emperor's

AMERICAN RELIEF WORKERS AT THE GATE OF A TEMPLE

temple, and later on, when this place became too small, the Confucian temple grounds, with accommodations for 50,000 people.

At the beginning, to prevent those coming who were not absolutely needy, we gave only cooked rice, some days cooking as much as two piculs (one picul equals 133 pounds). Later on, as the need became more evident, they were given their choice of either dry or cooked rice. But as the weather became warmer we saw it impracticable to continue with the rice gruel, except to have a little on hand for small children and very weak people. When the doors were opened the crowds were closely scrutinized, and only needy persons were admitted. When all had passed into the inner inclosure the distribution began. As they passed out every man, woman and child was given a ticket, which they exchanged for rice at the door. The very destitute, old, blind, and mothers with nursing children, were given two or more tickets, according to their apparent need.

At the beginning, the need was met by our missionaries and when their means were exhausted help began to come from different sources. A subscription was taken by the foreigners in Wuchow; missionaries from other societies gave liberally; the Hon. R. McWade, U. S. Consul-General started a subscription in Canton, and also made an appeal to which the American people quickly responded. Not only were we enabled to give relief at Kwai Ping, but five other centres were opened, viz.: Kwai Un, Nam Ning, Wing Shun, Ping Nam and Lau Chau.

With each distributing day the number of those who came for rice increased, and with the increase the work also became more laborious; but here again missionaries from Kwang Tung province responded to an appeal for workers and rendered timely and efficient service. At Kwai Ping as many as *fifteen and twenty thousand people were present in one day*, and at Ping Nam from *eight to ten thousand*.

The scenes, especially at the beginning, were heartrending. Many were much emaciated—nothing but mere skeletons. Others came with their face, hands and feet greatly swollen by reason of either a lack of or improper food. To many help has come in time, and on the small, but regular portion of rice received, we have seen them steadily improving. Others were too far gone, and after dragging themselves wearily to the relief grounds for a few days, even when special help was given them, it was to no avail. They have died at our doorstep, by the road-side, in the sheds on the city wall, and a few died in the distributing grounds while waiting for their portion.

The writer then gives some shocking but apparently well-authenticated instances of cannibalism. He then proceeds:

Thousands of people disposed of everything salable, such as household furniture, cattle, the roofs off their houses, and some tore down the very walls of their dwelling and sold the bricks for food. *Thousands of women and children were sold at the beginning of the famine*, and this does not necessarily mean that they did not love them. Many of them were heartbroken, but they said: "If we keep them, they and we will starve, while if we sell them, they will be fed, and the money they bring will enable us to live a little longer." Such children were almost daily brought to us in the hope that the foreigner would give a high price, but we always refused to buy. When, however, parents unable to keep their children, offered them freely to us, we felt led to take them in, and now we have over thirty of such under our care. For about one-half of these we have writings, giving us the authority to rear and educate them. Others, have been left with us until harvest, which is now almost over, and they will soon return to their parents, who are again in a position to care for them. They are a happy, grateful lot of children and we hope all may be brought to a saving knowledge of the Truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

The general distribution has ceased, and ten missionaries are now going through the country and villages seeking out the needy families, to give them a new start in life. Many expressions of gratitude and thankfulness come to us from the lips of those whom we have been enabled to relieve through the generous gifts that were placed at our disposal. Not only have thousands of lives been saved, but the hearts of the people have been opened to receive the Glad Message of Salvation. The Gospel has been given along with the rice and has entered into some hearts, and, we believe, ere long will yield a rich harvest of souls.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Old Subscriber. "I know God hears and answers earnest prayers. I have been wonderfully blessed by my prayers being answered."

A Sister in Christ, Rahway, N. J. "I wish to acknowledge that God our Father is a prayer-hearing God. To fearful souls I say: Only trust him. I was in deep trouble. God heard when I called, believing his promise."

Reader, Rockford, Ill. "I was in trouble. I told God all about it and asked him to help me in a wonderful way he answered that prayer."

Trusting One. "I give to God all the praise and glory for answer to prayers that have lifted me up to a still higher plane of belief."

B. S., Factoryville, Pa. "I undertook a task that seemed impossible; but I went to God in prayer. The end proved successful and I know it was a direct answer, for there was nothing earthly on which I could depend."

A Subscriber, Michigan. "God has wonderfully answered fervent prayer for me, and I want to acknowledge it."

E. E., Ashland, N. J. "I wish to acknowledge my dear Heavenly Father's kindness and goodness in answering my petitions."

Believer, Greencastle, Ind. "God has answered many of my prayers. Praise his name."

Mother, Rosendale, Mich. "I wish to acknowledge answers to prayer. His mercy endureth forever."

Subscriber, Montreal, Can. "I would like to cheer some heart by telling of the many times my temporal wants have been supplied by prayers.

Mrs. S., Des Moines, Ia. "Twice in my life I have had my prayers directly answered, and, after they were offered, I had such an assurance that they would be answered, that I was at rest. This gave me great faith, and in all the troubles in life, there is now no doubt, great or small."

Mrs. R. G. M., Villisca, Ia. "I have found much help and strength in the column of 'Answered Prayers.' I prayed earnestly all day, and when awake at night I prayed. The promise from God's own word I pleaded, (and his promises are sure)."

✻ CLOSING DAYS AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME ✻

SEPTEMBER, whose cooling breezes have already driven home from mountain and seashore the multitudes whose means enabled them to pass the heated summer days in those cool retreats, has warned our happy little tenement children at our Mont-Lawn home that their season's outing is drawing to a close. Up to the end of the first week in September, *over two thousand tenement* children had been sheltered, cared for and instructed at the Home during the present season. This great army of little ones, representing every degree of poverty and hardship, has been brought from dingy tenement homes into the sunshine of Christian love for a brief season; and in these few months the seed has been sown that will find blossom and fruitage in Christian character during the coming years.

Two thousand pairs of little feet, some shod, others bare and brown, forever patterning across the piazzas or racing up and down the grassy walks: two thousand pairs of little hands, ever busy, teasing, pulling flowers, picking nuts; two thousand little voices, rising to our Heavenly Father in prayer, morning and evening, or ringing their childish songs of pleasure, or shrieking with merry laughter in play from dawn till long past sunset—how we shall miss them! The Home will be doubly silent after the last group of children have gone. The birds and the squirrels too will miss them, for our children were wondrously kind to and fond of all living creatures.

Their pleasures have not been limited to the precincts of the Home, but they have taken long strolls over the surrounding country, gathering berries, fruit and anything the young marauders could appropriate without harm to themselves or to others. They will remember in the coming winter days all those summer joys—the Saturday games, the bean hunts, the races, the cane contests, the fun and frolic of the "glorious Fourth," with the music and marches, and the rally around the Flag. And they will remember the sweet rest of the nights, when tucked in their little white cots by tender hands, they slept until the sweet carol of the birds awoke them.

A WEE TENEMENT MAID

Here are two letters written by little girls, in which they describe their experiences at Mont-Lawn:

Tell Michael that I have lots of apples, pears and nuts to bring him. It has been kind of cool up here mornin's, but we have you one of the butiful flowers in our garden. There's lots of kinds. May be I can bring another kind when I come home. Good by, KITTY.

* * *

Dear Mama: We will soon be home. We have lots of fun here and everything is clean and nice, never no dirt in the house, and the nice warm blankets, and on the west side are white spreads which makes the cottage look nice. We have white ones bed, and they ain't no camps, but you can have them to go up and down. We don't eat make our own beds, we have ladies up here for that purpose.

On Labor Day, we had races, bean games and canes. I won two races and I got ten cents for them, and I got two beans, and I got two cents for them, and I guess I won two whips, but Hugh broke won off me. We had ice cream and cake on the lawn, we marched around with soldier caps, tell Peter I have a soldier cap and a whip with a whistle on for him. The money I winned will get some more milk for the baby. I send you some flowers in our garden. There's lots of kinds. May be I can bring another kind when I come home. Good by, KITTY.

* * *

Dear Mama: We will soon be home. We have lots of fun here and everything is clean and nice, never no dirt in the house, and the beds are warm as the toast. We have good things to eat, and everything taste good to me. The Dennison people sent us a box and we got candy and some crackers and apples. I hope possible there I can. You all want to stay longer, but we can come next summer.

LIZA.

* * *

The last group leaves will soon be made, and the last load of children will leave Mont-Lawn, laden with bouquets of wild flowers and shouting until out of sight, and breaking into songs which they have learned at the Home. In some future year, some of these same little ones will come to Mont-Lawn, tall and womanly grown, and will tell how the outing they spent there in early had given to them a happier view of life than they could ever have had otherwise, and had helped them to become good, upright, Christian men and women. This summer, six fine looking young men were among the visitors at Mont-Lawn. They introduced themselves modestly, and told the Housemother that seven or eight years ago they were among the numbers of poor tenement boys who had been brought to the Home. They recalled their outing with pleasure, and declared that it had produced a marked influence in shaping and transforming their lives.

* * *

Every reader is invited to have a share in the Mont-Lawn work. Three dollars sends a tenement child to our Fresh-Air Home for ten days. Contributions should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

Contributions in Aid of The Christian Herald's Fresh-Air Work at Mont-Lawn Received Since Last Acknowledgment:

Ackerman, J T...10 00
Austin, Mrs C... 3 00
Bellinger, Mr & Mrs F J..... 3 00
Brown, J S..... 5 00
Button, Mrs I N.. 1 00
Campbell, K A... 2 00
Carpenter, A G.. 5 00
Carr, Edna Lucile 3 00
Castor, Mrs D H. 3 00
Chadborn, L..... 3 00
Cummings, Mrs M. 1 00
Davis, Maude A.. 5 00
Devine, Mrs W... 3 00
Dodge, Mary S...10 00
Faulkner, G H... 1 00
Ferris, Mrs J E. 1 00
Gally, Mrs L A.. 1 00
Gilchrist, Miss A.. 50
Goldey, Wm J.... 6 00
Greer, Maude G.. 3 00
Hamlin, C A..... 3 00
Haskin, Mary A.. 3 00
Hedden, Mrs A W
Hill, Harriet S.... 9 60
Hodges, Mrs C S. 2 00
Hull, Mrs E H.... 3 00
Hurst, Mrs E H. 1 00
Joslyn, Miss E.... 6 00
Joslyn, Sanford ..10 00
Keller, David 3 00
Kibbe, Caroline .. 3 00
Kimberley, C. F. & Katharine.... 3 00
Laar, Mrs C F.. 1 00
Lyons, Wm.....21 00
McMurtry, Mrs M R
Mahannah, E E... 3 00
Millage, Sue 3 00
Miller, Mrs M B. 3 00
Mumford, Gladys. 20
Noxon, W C..... 3 00
Onderdonk, N 3 00
Palmer, J 3 00
Pinning, A 3 00
Richards, Mr & Mrs R H 3 00
Roe, Jesse Grant 12 00
Rushmore, Mrs R 6 00
Sanders, Mrs A E 3 00
Shaw, Mrs M & Son 2 50
Sheley, Belle G.. 1 00
Sinkin, Mary A.. 1 25
Smith, Eliz..... 3 00
Smith, Miss N A.. 3 00
Street, Mrs 1 00
Strong, H E.....14 00
Thayer, Sarah A. 3 00
Traver, Mrs Isle.. 3 00
Turner, Mrs G H. 3 00
VanWagenen, H E 5 00
Webster, Rev W S C 1 00
Wilds, Mrs A T.. 2 00
Wright, Thro' C L 3 50
Theta, Kattskill Bay 10 00
C E M, Buffalo.. 6 00
E R W, Gloversville 1 00
Friend, Brooklyn..12 00
Friend, Middletown 50
Friend, M C Bainbridge 1 00
I H N, N Brookfield 1 00
I H N, Woodbourne15 00
I H N, Stuyvesant 1 00
In mem of Maria Shelter Island... 6 00
A well-wisher Baldwinsville 1 00
One who loves the children Centre port 1 00
Countrywoman L I 1 00
A Friend, Howells 3 00
A Friend, Livonia Centre 3 00
A Friend, New Rochelle 3 00
A Friend, Rochester 1 00
A Friend of the little ones Greenville 3 00
A Friend to the children Bethel Cor 1 00
Friend, Brooklyn..12 00
Friend, Middletown 50
Friend, M C Bainbridge 1 00
I H N, N Brookfield 1 00
I H N, Woodbourne15 00
I H N, Stuyvesant 1 00
In mem of Maria Shelter Island... 6 00
A well-wisher Baldwinsville 1 00
One who loves the children Centre port 1 00
Countrywoman L I 1 00
Watchman, Oneida10 00
Prin chass Emanuel Bapt S S Brockport 2 50
S S at Idlewild .. 3 00
Hall M E S S W Hampton 9 46
The Daisy Club M E S S Boston.. 1 15
The crusaders Perry 3 00
F E Willard order of Kings Daut's W Potsdam 3 00
Born, Miss Maude 3 00
Monroe, Mrs E V. 5 00
Earl, ... 1 00
X Y Z, ... 3 00
Johnson, C R & wf10 00
Died, Mrs C J.... 6 00
Stark, Mr & Mrs F M 3 00
M A F, McDonough 1 00
Wright, Annette M 3 00
Normandy, Mrs C R 3 00
Interested Friends, Santa Fe 3 00
Walker, Mrs 3 00
Herrick, Mrs S H 3 00
Mitchell, Mrs F.. 2 00
Subs. Billings.... 6 00
Rollins, R C 3 00
A Friend, Jenkinsville 15
Greenwood, Winnie 50
Lang, Annie 50
Miller, Mrs C E.. 1 00
Riddle, L I & L.. 3 00
VanHarn, Jennie. 1 00
Wood, Mr & Mrs J F 3 00
Grace, Mr & Mrs E Neal 3 00
Pratt, R Eliz'th. 10 00
One who wants to help, Dunderberg 1 00
Downs, Mrs L S.. 3 00
Malone, Mrs V... 6 00
Peters, Nettie.... 3 00
Smith, Miss S M. 3 00
I H N, Richmond. 2 00
A Little Friend G Hinds, Bullard.. 10
In mem of P M K San Antonio ... 1 00
Sunshine Club, Houston 3 00
French, Mrs A D. 1 00
Rowell, Mrs L A. 3 00
Young, Miss G M A S S Class Fair Haven 3 00
H H B, Newbury. 6 00
M E, Hydepark .. 1 00
Lower Cabot R Cir 1 50
Y P S C E Pomfret 6 15
Anderson, G V 3 00
Blow, Arthur E... 1 00
Brice, L A 2 00
Cameron, Mrs A.. 3 00
Lutz, G 3 00
McEwen, L 3 00
Tomlinson, T R..12 00
Alexandria 3 00
Oak Lake 15 00
Patterson, Mrs S 6 00
Treleaven, F W.. 3 00
A Friend Hamilton 3 00
A Canadian Woman, Hamilton. 3 00
Another, New market 3 00
Sch E H S A Sandwich 3 00
Henning, Henry .. 6 00
Millhous, M E ... 5 00
Upp, E 6 00
K, St Louis 3 00
Rockwell, Mary J 1 00
Chase, Eleanor .. 1 00
Davis, Bessie 1 00
Dorcas, Mrs J E.. 1 00
Fuller, Mrs M F H 1 00
Hartford, Annie L 1 00
Hawes, Mr & Mrs J 1 00
Kingsboro, L B .. 6 00
Loud, Mrs N F M 5 00
Morton, Jennie .. 75
Pope, Mrs M G .. 1 00
Smith, Mrs A R .. 50
Ware, Mrs M A.. 5 00
Wilson, Miss P E 1 00
Wilson, Mrs 5 00
Springfield Valley
Jo 5 00
Anderson, Mrs M E 5 00
Cole, Mr & Mrs S W 5 00
Dahl, Mrs Ella .. 5 00
Dahl, Frank A 1 00
Jessup, Mrs Anne 1 00
Mathews, Mrs M A 1 00
Matthewson, Mrs N 1 00
West, Abbie 75
F A W, Austin .. 5 00

SIGHTLESS, YET A SOUL-WINNER

EVEN the most conservative Christian, who observes the religious life of our country to-day, will admit that there is among different evangelical communions a growing and widespread interest in the non-church going and unsaved multitudes. The tent and open-air meetings in progress now for the fifth season in Philadelphia, have given impetus and inspiration to the present awakening in widely separated parts. This work is carried on and supported by the Presbyterians of Philadelphia and vicinity, under the management of a large and efficient committee of the clergy and laymen. The Chairman of the General Committee is John H. Converse, LL.D. Although the work is supported and managed by Presbyterians, the evangelists belong to different denominations. At least four of them are Baptists.

In a single week, before the work had gotten fully under way for the season, one hundred meetings were held in tents, in the old Second Street Market, in public squares, on the piers along the river front, and in front of City Hall and Independence Hall. At the latter two places the services are held from 12:15 to 1:00 p.m. At the open-air meetings, at night, the speakers use stereopticons. Protestants, Romanists and Jews mingle in these outdoor meetings, and the children, at least, of all these, join in singing hymns. In these places "the glorious Gospel of the blessed Saviour" is brought to multitudes, among which are many people who have no church connections and also seldom, if ever, attend a church service. In nearly all cases, excellent order is maintained without the aid of officers. In these, many a backslider is brought back to his first-love, and many an unbeliever is brought to repentance and faith.

THE BLIND EVANGELIST HOLDING A GOSPEL SERVICE IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL

It is an impressive sight to see the hundreds of men, young and old, some of them elegantly dressed some in the garb of the work shop, or, as is often the case, in shabby costume, stand side by side with uncovered and reverently bowed heads, while the preacher, lay or ordained, talks to God on their behalf. No statistician can tabulate the results of the tent and outdoor meetings. Of the evangelists who have been engaged in the work in Philadelphia this summer, one of the most remarkable is Rev Thomas Houston, known as the "blind evangelist." He is a man in the prime of life. His commanding presence and fine voice give effectiveness and impressiveness to the Word, which he uses with apt and earnest power. He preaches the Gospel straight to the intellect, the heart, the conscience and the will of the people who assemble to hear him. He is a great soul-winner. His appeals are often marvelous in their sanctified pathos.

DAVID WINTERS.

JUDGMENT AND MERCY * DAVID BRINGS UP THE ARK

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR OCT. 4
II. SAMUEL 6: 1-12

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -- PSA. 84: 4:
"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DWELL IN THY HOUSE."

GOD'S judgment and mercy are in this lesson set side by side, in due proportion, as a divine example for every godly man. The Ark, which is the centre of the story, contained with other things, the stone tables of the Law, the Ten Commandments, given by God at Sinai, which are the embodiment of justice; but its lid was the blood-sprinkled Mercy-Seat, symbol of the merciful atonement, which brooding cherubim "desire to look into."

I. JUDGMENT. This age needs a stronger sense of justice, a deeper appreciation of the importance of exact obedience to law, such as the tragedy of this lesson is adapted to give. God had prescribed exactly how the sacred Ark should be moved (Numbers 4:5-12; 7:9). It was to be carried by men, not oxen, and no "new cart" or any other new way, could take the place of God's way. When David determined to bring the Ark to Jerusalem, he should have looked up the law, and so should Uzzah and all concerned. Uzzah was sincere in all he did, but suffered, nevertheless, for disobeying a law he should have known. Of course, the oxen shook the Ark, because that would otherwise happen, God had ordered it to be carried another way. Uzzah sought to steady the Ark, and so touched it. To teach obedience, God had forbidden that. When Uzzah died for his disobedience, it showed God's high estimate of reverence and of exact obedience to his law—a solemn warning to the many who think irreverence and even profanity only a foible, and count it enough to be "average honest" "about night." The tragedy shows how important it is to know the will of God, and, knowing it, to do it exactly. Sincerity is no saviour. We are not spared, because we offend in ignorance, if we might and should have known. It is our business to study Scripture and nature to know the will of God. With most of us to-day, it is not through lack of knowledge, but in spite of it, that we disobey God and bring ourselves into judgment here and hereafter.

. . .

Uzzah's death and many a similar judgment, refute the sentimental saying that "God is too good to punish." That he has put awful punishment on disobedience in the past, is the best assurance that he will punish sin exactly as he has said he would, in the future. It would be wholesome to review in these days, in brief, some of the judgments of God in the six thousand years of human history: The expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden, for what seems to our dull consciences a small disobedience; the curse put upon Cain for pride, that led to envy, which led to murder; the flood, that blotted out the wicked and their families, and gave the world a new start; the flood of fire that burned out corrupt Sodom and Gomorrah; the extermination of the Canaanites, who had made adultery their religion, and so had to be excised from the earth like a cancer; the frequent deliverance of sinning Israel into the hands of enemies; the seventy years' captivity, in which Israel was punished for trampling on the Seventh Day; the destruction of Jerusalem, opening the long tragedy of "the wandering Jew." Surely it is "an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." It is an "awful thing" for a sinful man, or a sinful nation, even in this world. Why should we think his warnings about future punishment will not be made good?

Justice in God

"SO DAVID AND ALL THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL BROUGHT UP THE ARK OF THE LORD WITH SHOUTING"

In our own characters, if we are to be Godlike or Godly, justice must stand in due proportion to mercy. There are too many ready to send bouquets to murderers, to sign applications for the pardon of criminals because their relatives cry and tease. Especially are we too ready to excuse our own faults. Can we get at the root of this common defect in character? A part of the trouble is lack of breadth in our thinking. We let our emotions rule us, when head, heart and will should act together as a triumvirate of Judges, after considering all sides of the case. Especially are we in danger of considering only the individual, and forgetting the people at large. We pity the prisoner whose life or liberty is to be taken from him because of crime, especially if his mother or wife or baby is dramatically or otherwise introduced to play on our feelings. We forget those he has wronged, and those he is likely to wrong if forgiven, and especially do we forget that it will encourage others to do wrong if there is too much mercy and too little justice. The frequent Bible word, "righteousness," commonly thought of as meaning religiousness, the "imputed righteousness," of Christ, usually means rightness and love of right, the sense of justice, which is the bedrock of all true religiousness."

Justice in Man

This tragedy of Uzzah was a Kipling "Recessional," expressed in deeds more solemn than words. David climaxed his coronation by marshaling his officers and soldiers in a great procession of thirty thousand men, that brought the ark of God to his capital with glad songs that made the king dance for joy. But in the pageant all had forgotten God's law for such a case, and a tragedy wrote in blood the warning, "Lest we forget." Not England only but the United States, and all the prosperous and powerful, whether nations or individuals, need to be reminded of God's forgotten laws.

David's "Recessional"

> The tumult and the shouting dies—
> The Captains and the Kings Depart—
> Still stands thy ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.
> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget.

. . .

The most puzzling problem of this story, which will crowd out everything else in some classes, if teachers do not prevent, is that Uzzah was stricken down for unconscious disobedience when sincerely endeavoring to do right. This old but ever new question of salvation by sincerity was years ago conclusively discussed by the *Sunday School Times*, in the query column, as follows:

Sincere Evil Doers

Question: "If a man believes and does what he sincerely thinks to be right, will he be saved? A certain Bible commentary says, 'No, I can not see how it is possible to do anything more than what one thinks right. Shall one do what he thinks wrong?' That is the only alternative."

Answer: "Both in the Bible and out of it we are taught that ignorance is no sure protection from the evil consequences of misdoing. If a child or a man thinks that a bottle of deadly poison contains a health-giving draught, he is as likely to lose his life as if he meant to commit suicide. Taking a road, in the darkness, that leads over a precipice, will not bring a man safely home because he thinks it will. Even the loving Jesus taught that the servant who knew not his master's will and did it not, was to be beaten, although with fewer stripes than the one who acted against light. 'Shall one do what he thinks wrong? That is the only alternative.' No, no, no! One should know what is right, and do that. That is the alternative. It is one's duty, under the government of God and of man to know what he ought to do, and to do it. And we must heed the injunction of our Lord, 'Look therefore whether the light that is in thee be not Darkness.' 'If . . . the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is the darkness!' Ignorance is no safeguard. This should be our constant incentive to study and prayer and striving."

. . .

Exact obedience is also solemnly taught by Uzzah's death, and it is a lesson needed to-day by old and young when so much is made of "liberty" and so little of law in home and school and street. At the battle of Waterloo, a certain officer, with a small company of picked men, was sent by the Duke of Wellington to guard and hold a certain bridge. They had not long been there when they heard the sound of guns, and soon their ears told them that a fierce battle was raging. Officers and men grumbled. "Fighting going on, and we not there," said they. "The Duke needs all the men he can get, yet here we are doing nothing!"

Unquestioning Obedience

At last the officer gave orders to go and join the fray, and joyfully did his men obey. Just as they arrived, they saw that the enemy was in full flight. Also that many of them were making for the bridge that they had left unguarded!

Hastily they returned, but it was too late. The enemy were in possession, and knowing its value to the retreating army, they defended it well. The Duke had special reasons for placing good soldiers at that point, but the officers and men felt sure he had made a mistake, and that they could arrange things better. Obedience to orders was disregarded, with the results we have seen. St. Peter bids believers, "as obedient children" (I. Peter 1:14), to do various things. Are we not often inclined to imitate the officer and men at Waterloo, who were sure they knew better than their commander?

Best of all illustrations of obedience is a fresh one showing how the proudest of emperors learned to obey a pilot who knew his rights, and knowing dared maintain. It is tol that Emperor William of Germany, in a fit of impatienc because the speed of his yacht was slowed in entering a ce tain harbor, came into conflict with the pilot, an old No wegian named Nordhuus, who knew the dangerous character the channel, and that faster speed might cause a wreck. Th Emperor tried to take charge, and rang the bell for full spee Nordhuus placed himself in the way, and, leaning over th wheel, called down the tube to the engine-room, "Ha speed. Never mind the bell!" "You countermand m orders!" cried the Emperor, giving the bell another jeri "Disregard the bell!" called Nordhuus through the tu unmoved. The Emperor glared at the pilot a moment, an then drawing himself up stiffly, said majestically, "Go belo and report yourself under arrest." "Leave the bridge!" re sponded Nordhuus grimly, grasping the wheel more firml "This ship is in my charge, and I'll have no interference wit my orders from King or seaman!" The officers of the dec hurried silently aft, wishing well to the pilot. Nordhuus ha the law as well as common sense on his side, and stood his post, unshaken by threats, unheeding commands, an carried the royal yacht safely into the harbor.

The next day the Emperor came to his senses and deco ated the pilot with one grade of the Order of the Blac Eagle, and made him his life pilot for Norwegian waters.

A greater reward awaits the Christian of fearless obed ence—a crown of life. They that fully obey shall eternally rul

. . .

II. MERCY.—In almost every chapter of the Bible th tells of judgment there is also a message of mercy. So i this chapter, while Uzzah dies for his disobed ence, the home of Obed-Edom, where David, i fear and displeasure left the ark after Uzzah death, was signally blest because the ark of Go was in it, as was David's house also, when, in a desire f such blessings he took later to Jerusalem—bot picturing the blessing that come to homes i every age where a "fan ily altar" is cherishe Many a divorce migh have been prevented b the daily worship thi brings swift reconciliatio of estranged parents. is hard to carry a quarr of parents and childre past the hour of praye At such a time we reca the words of Christ. " thou bring thy gift to th altar and there remen berest that thy brothe hath aught against the first be reconciled to th brother." The home alta heads off many hear breaks by keeping li pure for husband and chi dren who go forth with it sacred spell on them int the perils of the street And there is much le chance for souring th table talk with bitte words to or about other when the meal begins wit grateful acknowledgmer of a present God. If fathe is too diffident to pray i his own words let one o all say the Lord's Praye And at table, where th father feels unequal to a extemporaneous grace, let all sing or say the very appropr ate doxology. A well-known clergyman has said that h father's tone and manner in the conduct of family praye affected his estimate of the Christian religion beyond almos anything in the recollections of his boyhood.

Home Worship

REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "*In His Steps*":

There are two essentials for a permanent Republic. The first is a pure, living religion, which puts into daily practice the teaching of Jesus Christ. And the second is a true home life, where father, mother and children spend much time together; where family worship is preserved; where honesty, purity and mutual affection are developed. Give us these two things and we can save and maintain the Republic.

In a family where the father does not go once in two year to church, and has no confidence in religion, the mother ha maintained the family altar from the first, with a large famil of children, every one of whom has followed the mother int the Church. A lady said to her husband, when the mar riage ceremony was performed, I want to ask one privilege that is to always pray in family worship, while you are ur converted. It was granted, and the man is to-day a loca preacher. In England and Scotland it is commonly estimate that daily household prayer is maintained in at least half o the families of professing Christians, and when domesti servants are employed they share in the service. In thi country the proportion is much smaller—not over one-tent in the cities—and the consequence is a distinct loss in th integrity and the Christian influence of the family in th community. The Christian Endeavor Society proposes "Home Circle of Christian Endeavor," composed of familie enrolled with a simple pledge to maintain family worship i the home.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Successful Hostess

ONE of the most distinctive charms of the successful hostess, is her gracious and cordial manner of welcoming her guests. The instant she meets them, they are aware that their coming has brought her pleasure; that nothing could give her at the moment so much satisfaction as their appearance at her door. "It does me good to hear the sound of your voice in this house," said a winsome and amiable woman one rainy day last spring, as she came hastily down stairs to clasp the hand of her expected visitor. There are shy people, and undemonstrative people, who feel glad when friends come to see them, but who have no art of showing this gladness. They should resolutely conquer their diffidence, and learn how to manifest pleasure in look and word when meeting their guests, for the initiative is always with the hostess. It is for her to be expansive in greeting, and to accord to those who cross her threshold, the freedom of her roof.

. . .

When one has invited a relative or an old schoolmate, or a distinguished stranger, or a group of friends, perhaps, to make a visit at her home, if she is an up-to-date person, she has indicated the length of the visit she hopes for. "Come on Friday and stay until Tuesday," or, "I hope you can give me the delight of a glimpse of you next week. Come on Monday afternoon and stay until Wednesday;" adding, if you choose, "and as much longer as you conveniently can." When no time is mentioned, the visit may, without impropriety, extend over a week, but unless very much urged to remain, the guest should leave at the end of that time. The hostess should so arrange her affairs that she may be at liberty to enjoy her friends society while they may stay with her. Autumnal house-cleaning, or a campaign of sewing with a dressmaker in the house, are out of the question when one has guests. Before the guests come, make the house beautifully clean, but let the regular sweeping go undone during their stay, unless, indeed, you can have it done while guests are outdoors or in bed. A certain atmosphere of festivity should pervade a home when friends are in it for pleasuring, and the hostess can hardly give this, unless she plans for it beforehand and has nothing very strenuous on her mind.

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In arranging a guest chamber the comfort of guests should be studied. The bed should be soft and the springs in order, towels should be freshly laundered and often the supply should be renewed. Elaborate furnishing is less necessary than the real conveniences which make a guest feel at home. The most successful hostess I know, has, in her beautiful guest chamber, a desk supplied with stationery, pens, ink, and postage stamps; a shelf containing not only devotional books, but one or two interesting new stories, and usually a magazine of the month; slumber shoes, a hot water bag, and a loose dressing sacque; in fact, everything the most exacting guest will probably want. A candle and matches on a stand should be provided, of course, for electric lights may give out, and they are not found in all houses; lamps are troublesome to light, and gas is seldom near the bedside.

A lady, not particularly fond of luxury, said lately, "One thing I do enjoy, and that is, having my bed turned down for me at night." A spare bed often has a very sumptuous spread, it may be lace over silk, it may be only a very dainty white counterpane, but it is to be taken off at night, folded with care and laid aside. Unless the guest is a young girl, and the hostess an elderly woman, in other words, in ordinary circumstances, the hostess is the one to attend to this. The lingery of the guest chamber should not be a burden to the guest.

The ideal hostess will never do, as an excellent woman whom I knew once did, under pressure of shall we say—vanity or snobbishness? She was one of a number of hospitably inclined ladies who had agreed to entertain Synod over one of its annual conventions. A minister was assigned to her care. He arrived, after a long journey—a plain man from the backwoods, with clothing of unfashionable cut and a carpet bag of old-fashioned style in his hand. My lady welcomed him politely but without enthusiasm, and installed him in her least attractive room—a bare prophet's chamber, with the traditional furniture of the Shunamite's choosing—a bed and a table, a stool and a candlestick. The minister saw nothing of which to complain, slept well in the room, prayed in it with great earnestness, came from it with rapt face in the morning and went to Synod. His hostess went, too, and discovered presently, that the man from the remote forests was a man of power, looked up to by his brethren, an orator, a leader, one of the great men of the church. Rushing home, she changed her guest's room, brought him downstairs to a fair, large Chamber of Peace, richly dight, and treated him as if he had been a prince whose incognito she had discovered. Here was her error. Having given him second-best, she had no privilege left her of pulling him out and pushing him into the higher place. If the incident has a moral, it is this:

When you entertain the Lord's avowed workmen, don't give them less attention than you would their Master, if he honored you with his presence visible and beautiful in your earthly home.

WHEN GRAPES ARE RIPE

The purple grapes are ripe and sweet, the clusters hold the summer's sun.
The garnered wealth is now complete, and summer's royal course is run.

A Word in Season

THE young woman behind the counter was pretty and so she had regrets. For she was poor in purse and wanted to finish her schooling and go forward. But fate acted, she had worked so many hours at home that she was tired and true to the big department store, and they found reasons to set her down with her feet. But one evening she wanted to see and to buy were on the other counter, the salesperson and the latter gladly starting with a friend gave her customers the most particular attention.

"She gave him the 'I'll ring,'" said the saleswoman, tossing her head. "Well, I hope Dave will give her a good one. Poor Tom, he's well out of it, I say.

"Dave hasn't given her a ring yet," corrected the other. "He's just his jolly and easy boy ways."

"Did he hesitate," suggested a third young miss, as "the old woman" paid at the big desk for her purchases, before their indignation over past events. "Did he lose his job because he did not ask formally consent for engagement? Because that is what you are doing, my dears, and you," she turned to the friend, "are encouraging her. I don't want to be disagreeable but I must be waited on at once, or I must ask for some one else to come to this counter and attend to me."

The friend walked away like a scolded child in a thaw. The clerk, hugging papers, and looking, maybe the salesman ought to be reported, assented, and this customer turned to go. But as she turned, a kind thought came over her, and she paused to say, "I suppose when I was as young as you, my child, I may have been just as thoughtless, but the people who get on in the world attend to whatever is their first duty, and they don't waste time in idle gossip. Good-bye."

Her smile was so genuine that the girl looked after her without resenting the plain speech. As the old man left the store, a gentleman stepped up to greet her with marked courtesy.

"Who is she?" the saleswoman inquired of another clerk.

"That lady? Oh, she's some one famous or somebody to the front of the time. She's rich, and generally dresses in her carriage, but she does a good deal of work among the poor, and such things she wears. She's been shopping to-day. I s'pose, for she looked tired."

"And I made her more tired. Well, she taught me a lesson. How strange I never saw it before. My time isn't mine to fool with my friends about outside things or busy things. It's Father and Mother time, and their customer's time, and I've got to put in to good account, if I'm an honest girl. Well, I'll try."

Sanitary House-Cleaning

One of the necessary autumn tasks that cannot be slighted or connected with the others. A fastidious and thorough housekeeper may neglect a bed or a carpet, and she is grieved to see that no decaying vegetables and no accumulation of that rubbish is ever thrown down to the sun of the ways, and that no compromise for weather, for cold, for many different articles that is stored in quantity are all things that no mother. One of the most sanitary measures she may take when the sweeping and cleaning and putting up things have been done, or as soon as the whole ordinary routine and entire cleaning is over and season and dallying with gusts to find a sickening gust, and it is objected. Then the cellar floors as it should be, and the various closets, and the attic and all garments may be inspected. Wholesome housekeeping is satisfied with nothing but rigid cleansing.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—A Reading. It is a most pleasant evening. We [illegible]

—Miss [illegible]

—Visitors. [illegible]

—Lunch. The [illegible]

—Kindness. A [illegible]

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS,"

CHAPTER VI

"WOULD you be willing, Quits, to go over to the *Sentinel* office and——"

Douglas paused as Quits stopped working and looked curiously at him. George was listening, an incredulous stare on his inky countenance, which at any other time would have made Douglas laugh.

"And show them what is the matter—to—to—put the machines into working order?"

"I'm perfectly willing, Mr. Douglas," Quits replied and there was a light on his homely face that quite transfigured it.

"I don't feel just right——," Douglas began, then stopped, wondering if Quits understood.

"I see," said Quits, as he reached up after his coat and hat. "You don't want to come down to the Mayor's level by hating him the way he hates you."

"That's a part of it. How did you know?" Douglas asked, startled at Quits' knowledge of the case.

"I've been there," Quits said briefly.

"My mother taught me," Douglas said as Quits put on his coat, "that it never did any good to hate anybody, and I've been hating the Mayor good and hard for some time. I can't do my work right if I keep this up. I've got to learn to love him. This seems like a good chance to heap coals of fire on his head."

"I'd sooner fire a pailful of slugs at him," muttered George, the edge of whose conscience was not quite sharpened up to the extent of loving the Mayor or Coleman.

"Shall I say anything to the Mayor, Mr. Douglas, for you?" Quits paused in the door a moment.

"Simply tell him that I have asked you to help put the machines in order, and that he is welcome to your services this evening."

Quits went out and Douglas began to write. He had never felt more at peace with God and men. He did not realize himself, but in that dingy little room in that little country town had been fought out a tremendous battle against the world old barbarism of hate, and the spirit of the Peasant of Galilee had come off conqueror. The savage primitive man who is still found in all our breasts had been compelled to get down off the throne for another time, and in his place sat a figure wearing the crown of thorns, with the love look of the cross in his patient eyes. When George came up to the desk a few minutes after Quits had gone out, and asked Douglas for something, the boy was not so dull, that even he, could detect the presence of the transforming life, and he silently went back to his work, leaving Douglas to continue his writing unmolested by any criticism or remark.

When Quits entered the *Sentinel* office, he found the entire office force, including the Mayor, anxiously gathered about the machines. Coleman was on his knees, a scowl on his sallow face, and a litter of bolts, nuts and screws on the floor beside him. The rest of the office force stood around trying to assist Mr. Coleman with more or less silent and outspoken profanity.

Quits went up to the edge of the circle, and, for a moment, his entrance was not noticed, on account of the absorbed interest every one was taking in Coleman's efforts to find the difficulty. Just as Quits came into the circle, Coleman got up off his knees and threw down a wrench with an oath.

"The old machine can go to Jericho for all of me! I can't fix it."

He looked around the circle of anxious faces and caught Quits' grave, homely countenance among them. Quits nodded, and in the silence that followed Coleman's outburst he said slowly:

"Mr. Bartlett, I think I can fix the machines all right. Mr. Douglas sent me over to offer my services."

"What! Mr. Douglas sent you over here!"

"He'll fix the machines all right if you give him a show at them," Coleman said savagely.

Bartlett stepped up to Quits.

"What do you know about the Hattersley?" he asked sharply.

"I've helped to make them in the factory," Quits replied quickly.

"Don't let him touch them, Mr. Bartlett. He'll ruin them," Coleman said with a snarl.

"I couldn't ruin them for use any more than they are now if I tried," said Quits simply. "If you are willing to give me a chance, Mr. Bartlett, I believe I can straighten them out. Mr. Douglas heard of your difficulty and sent me over here to help you. That's all there is to it. He said I might stay all the evening if it was necessary. But I don't think it will."

There was an expressive silence in the *Sentinel* press-room. It was broken by the mayor saying sullenly, "I don't care who puts the machines in order. If you can do it, I'll pay you a good stiff price. There are advertising contracts beginning with this week's issue that I can't afford——"

But Quits was already on his knees looking over the assortment of metal pieces which Coleman had distributed over the floor.

"The trouble is with the bell cranks," he said, after a keen investigation. "You can't depress the pistons with the bell cranks in that position."

He rapidly replaced the parts that had been separated from the machine, and after some two hours experimenting, the machine was working perfectly. Leaving the operator at work on it, Quits went over to the other machine, and found that the propeller which drew the rows of type forward to the pistons worked by the bell cranks, had been thrown out of gear by imperfect bands of rubber. The difficulty was more serious than in the case of the other machine, but he finally mastered it, and when he rose to go at midnight, the machine was in perfect working order.

Quits was going out in his silent fashion when the Mayor abruptly drew him into his office.

"Here's your pay," he said, roughly, handing out to Quits a fifty-dollar bill.

Quits shook his head and did not take the money. "I am not authorized to take any thing, Mr. Bartlett. You are welcome to my services."

"I don't want your services without paying for them."

"I shall not take your money. It's Mr. Douglas' affair. I am working for him."

"I'll send the money to him, then. I don't care to be under any obligation to him," said the Mayor, with a scowl.

Quits smiled gravely. "I don't think he'll take the money, either, Mr. Bartlett. Do you know why Mr. Douglas sent me over here to-night?"

The Mayor was silent a moment. But his curiosity finally got the better of his sullen feeling.

"No I don't. Why did he?"

"He was afraid of getting to hate you if he kept on," replied Quits with perfe simplicity.

The Mayor stared at Quits, but did n utter a word, and in the silence followi his remark, Quits went out.

He found Douglas and George still the *Beacon* office, and in his brief fashi related the experience of the evening.

"I knew you didn't want me to take t money, Mr. Douglas."

"And yet," muttered George, "we ne an office towel the worst kind. I'd li to see anybody offer me fifty dollars a expect me to make 'em a Christmas pr ent of it. But I bet that old Colema punching himself to think he hadn't g sense enough to adjust a bell crank on Hattersley. Did he give you a fr ticket to the opery when you got through

"No, he didn't," said Quits gravel "What do I want of a ticket to the oper I never go."

"You did all right about the money Douglas said. "Well, it's a good ev ning's work. If Rice & Co. would se us some paper now, we wouldn't refu that. But it's too much to expect." H sighed as he went back to his desk, faci again the discouragement of a falling su scription list, the failure of Rice & Co. make good their contract, and the know edge that Esther's generous sharing wi him was only a brief respite from ultima suspension of the paper.

In spite of all forebodings, however, l slept well that night, and thanked G when he awoke that, so far as he kne he hated no man in the wide world.

That forenoon a messenger broug him a brief note from the *Sentinel* offic enclosing a check for fifty dollars for se vice rendered. Douglas asked the me senger to wait, and returned the che with a brief word of acknowledgment f the courtesy, but declining to accept pa for service that had simply been offere in a spirit of friendliness.

This note had no reply, but late th afternoon Douglas received a telegra from Clinton.

"Paper on hand. Will ship at once.

RICE & CO."

He took the telegram over to Quits.

"The Mayor is getting even," was a he said.

"No man is all bad all over, all t time," Douglas said thoughtfully.

"We are apt to think other men are little worse than we are," Quits said. "C course we don't expect the *Sentinel* change its politics or fight the *Beac* any less after this, but I guess the Ma or's got a streak of fat in him along wi the lean."

"Like most hogs," said George.

"I didn't say that," Quits protested.

"I know you didn't, I said it for yo If I didn't say things for you and M Douglas, lots of things that need to b said would never be said."

Quits pondered on this while Dougl ran out to tell Mr. Edwards the new about the paper.

He found Mr. Vernon there, earnest talking with Mr. Edwards.

"The crisis is bound to come," t minister was saying. "The politicia can't stop it. It will not be ten years b fore the Legislature will have to subm the question to the people. The fight centering more and more for represent tives on the issue. The sentiment growing, and the Mayor and all his tri cannot stop it."

Douglas forgot about his own matte in the spirited talk that followed, for M Edwards was simply a crank, as he hi self said, when it came to temperanc and he would pound on the counter wi the scale weights to emphasize his asse tions, and Douglas remembers seei

CONTINUED ON PAGE 802

"HE WAS AFRAID OF GETTING TO HATE YOU," REPLIED QUITS WITH PERFECT SIMPLICITY

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IN THE KINGDOM OF LITTLE THINGS"

What the Order of the King's Daughters has Accomplished Since it was Founded

By MARY LOWE DICKINSON

RY LOWE DICKINSON

N Detroit, Michigan, the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons, lately closed a remarkable conference, at which were present several members of the Central Council, the Dominion Secretary of Canada and the Provincial Secretary of Ontario, and representatives from many States of the union, including the State officers and official represen-

ves from Michigan, Missouri, Ohio, Illinois, sissippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and th Carolina, Maryland, Pennsylvania, ssachusetts, Rhode Island and New York. t was an unusual gathering of able and of nest women which for three days gave it- up to the discussion of the work of the ler in all its phases, and to the comparison deas as to the best methods of developing improving their work in its methods and uence.

Mrs. Bottome was there with her words of piration. Mrs. Davis took in the Confer- e on her way back from conventions at xas and other points in the South. The siding officer of the Conference was Mrs. W. Jefferson of Kentucky; Secretary, Mrs. ry Thomson Howe, a daughter of the late hop Thomson of Mississippi. Thanks gely to Mrs. Bernard Whitney, Chairman the City Union of Detroit, who had charge the local arrangements, the intervals of nference sessions were filled with social en- tainment, — receptions, lunches, dinners, es, to which was added a charming excur- n on the water, for which half a dozen am yachts were put at the disposal of the embly.

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HEN the Order was founded, women generally were entering upon a new of sympathy and co-operation. The demic of organization, breaking out con- ntly in new societies, had not yet reached height; but its tendencies emphasized the cessity of having something to organize. e whole underlying principle, object and son for existence of the Order lie in the t that its leaders believed it possible to cure such beautiful things to love and con- t and helpfulness from their buried places words and books, and put them into act- l practice in every-day life. They realized w largely every existence is made up of le things, and they began a sort of crusade capture life's little things and make them ents for good. They said, "Everything, wever small, that makes a human being tter or happier is proper work for the chil- en of the King."

The Order was from the beginning, and s continued to be, a religious society. It w that Christ while here gave himself up to ing good. It believed there was unfinish- good to be accomplished by those who imed to have his spirit of good will to men, d it called the Order, through each one of members, to do its little share of that un- ished work. Hence it chose for its watch- ord "In His Name," and every member as bound to do that which, under the same rcumstances, he or she believed the Master mself would do.

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T was the wish of the ten women who form- ed the original Circle to start a quiet ork, moving from heart to heart, influenc- g the character and the life, developing piritual vitality in the soul, and stimulating le Christian activities of the hands. Not- ithstanding their early efforts to avoid pub- city, the idea was seized upon quite gener- ly, and the growth of the Order was even o rapid for its greatest good. The disad- ntages of abnormal increase have been rgely overcome by the help of systematic rganization. So great was the call for for- gn organization that the name was le- ally changed to the International Order, nd it counts its members in England, ermany, France, Australia, New Zealand, nd on nearly every mission-field around he world.

One principle of the Order, from the be- inning, has been entire freedom with refer- nce to the choice of a line of work. There s no escape from the obligation to serve. The embers must absolutely be of use, and must o something that is helpful to someone other han themselves. This freedom in choice of ork is based on the idea that great forces re wasted by people who undertake work or which they are in no way adapted. The rder is intended to be educational in this articular. Each little group of workers ust get its eyes open and look about to find he thing nearest to it that most needs to be one, and then see if it is possible to bring its forces to bear upon that particular need. Its kingdom is the kingdom of little things.

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ALL over our country we know of multitudes of homes where the spirit of kindness and helpfulness has taken the place of the spirit of fault finding and discontent; homes where the young girls have learned not to let the mother do all the hard work and wear all the old clothes, while they have the pretty things and the easy times; homes in which the boys have learned that courtesy and helpfulness are among the first requisites of the Son of the King.

In one little neighborhood there grew up a Circle composed entirely of mothers-in-law, who discovered that the application of the principle of good-will and loving-kindness made living tolerable even with the women who married their sons. Circles of aged women and of invalid women, who had come to feel that life was sorrowful to them because they were no longer of use to other people, have united and found their failing powers revived, and astonished themselves and their neighbors by the amount of good they have been able to accomplish. One old lady of eighty has made with her own hands the quilts for sixty of the little beds in an orphan asylum.

. . .

AWAY out on the Western prairies, in Nebraska and Dakota, neighbors come together from distances of ten to twenty miles, and the monthly meeting becomes a sewing-bee in which all take hold of the mending and the making for the household where they meet. Busy little bands in some places have not only nursed sick strangers through illness, but purchased a strangers' lot in the cemetery, and in one instance, at least, have supplied their town with a hearse, where an express wagon had formerly been used to carry the dead to the grave. Up in Canada, a Circle of bright girls worked to secure money enough to dig a cellar under their church, and then went at it again and earned the money to buy the furnace, by which the shivering worshipers could be kept warm through the winter service of their chilly clime.

I could fill this entire article with stories of the beautiful things done by little children alone, and by mothers who have lost their own little ones and given their hearts and minds to the care of children who, in the truest sense, had never known real "mothering" before. I remember one instance of a little lad of twelve years, whose father, in passing through a strange city, was invited to attend a banquet of business men. Not liking to leave his son alone at the hotel he took him to the banquet, and at the table when the wine was poured, the child touched the little silver cross fastened to his watch-chain and said gently to the waiter, "I don't take any wine, neither does papa. I wear this little silver cross."

That little cross his mother showed me, saying, in a voice choked with tears, "I took it from his breast when he lay in his coffin, and put another in its place. He could not do great things: he did many lovely little things, and I know that in this one instance his loyalty to his little cross caused many a glass to be pushed aside untouched."

Another little fellow of four years, whenever his naughty temper got the better of him, ran to his mother pulling at his little badge with, "Take it off quick, mamma; take it off, I am bad. Take it off till I'm a good boy," and it is his mother's testimony that it has been a strong influence in his little life. A dear little girl, who liked better to play than to help her mother, when asked what she had done, replied: "Monday I minded the baby and setted the table, and Tuesday I minded the baby and unsetted the table"; both the setting and the unsetting were a trial to the precious little soul.

. . .

BUT these little odd and irregular things, accounts of which might be multiplied indefinitely, are only a drop in the stream of service that has flowed steadily through regular channels. Space will not allow me to give even a hint of the number of kindergartens, kitchen gardens, Sunday Schools, dispensaries, and day nurseries, now established where none existed before. There are numerous new missions in operation, there are many students being educated for one field or another of work. Libraries have been formed, and thousands of books and periodicals distributed. Innumerable bouquets of flowers now gladden the sick in hospitals in almost every city in the land, and a great many churches are in better condition, spiritually and financially, than they were before the members entered upon their work. Indeed, in many church societies the entire membership is divided up into little Circles and Committees, the work of one Circle being to welcome strangers; of another, to look after the sick, to make the poor feel comfortable and at home; of another, to build up the Sunday School.

One pastor told me that he had worked hard for four years to get the women of his church to help in its work, but after the Order found its way there he had hard work to find work enough to keep them busy. The pastor of a large city church gives this testimony: "As a pastor, I depend almost entirely on these Circles. I have been relieved from a vast amount of calling and labor. I am like one sitting at a retail machine. Whenever relief is needed, I have but to touch the key of that machine, and I know the matter will be attended to. I have got into the habit of turning immediately to these Circles when I am called upon for help. I do not know what I would do without them. I have eleven or twelve Circles in the church with a membership of one hundred and fifty people. We meet every quarter in a Chapter meeting, and give information to one another as to what we are doing, and then some good speaker contributes inspiration, and we go on again to the work of the Master, doing with our might what our hands find to do."

. . .

THE interdenominational character of the Order has resulted in many Circles composed of members of different churches, and has made Circles from various denominations ready and willing to come together in some united work—missionary, educational or philanthropic. The attitude of the Order toward the church, and the spirit it seeks to inculcate in its members, are illustrated by this little story, which came under my personal knowledge.

In a large city church there was a flourishing Circle of the King's Sons. It was a Methodist Church, and a new pastor, finding this Circle there, objected strongly to its continuance, and felt it should be turned into an Epworth League society. The young men did not want to give up their Circle, and sought advice of a leading officer of the Order. They were reminded that the Order taught that its members should never hinder, but always help their own church. They were asked to pray for guidance as to which was their greater duty—to the Order or to their church. The young men, after meeting twice for prayer, came to the conclusion that they would be most loyal to the Order by being loyal to their church, and they went to the pastor, telling him they were willing now to give up the Circle. When the pastor had heard their story, however, he shook hands heartily all around, and said that he should not let them do anything of the sort.

The Order has also a system of Chapters, fifty persons in any one line of work forming a chapter in that work. Hence we see records of Hospital Chapters and Chapters for work among the Indians, and Chapters for tenement-house work, etc.

. . .

IT will easily be seen from the above that the object of the Order has not been to create new societies, but to interest and educate new workers in whatever good work is most in need of help. The Order furnished notable instances of doing good, separated from the dreary dolefulness that so often is associated—especially in the minds of the young—with helpful work. Its young people not only do beautiful things, but many of them write that they find the doing "needs of fun." One circle of bright girls, desiring to raise $150 to help their church, became makers of cake, and they frollicked their way through many difficulties, not only with the best spirit of love and good-will, but also in the jolliest of moods. They "rustled" about among their friends to secure orders for fruit cake. They got so many orders that they had to buy a wash-tub to mix in. They took a room, which they called their "bakery" and pressed into the service a white horse, which they called the "missionary pony." They made a little party and invited the ladies who were to buy their cake to make them a visit, and then set these ladies to stoning the raisins. When the wash-tub was well filled with the fruity compound, and their young gentlemen friends inhaling the fragrance of good things, put their heads in at the door, they were invited to come right in and take a stir at the tub. When the "missionary pony" failed them, and the small legs of the boy who was hired to distribute the cake gave out, the girls loaded it into wheelbarrows and after dark trundled it about the town themselves. They got their money, they helped the church, and they had their fun. And this is only one of innumerable instances in which their cheerful and common sense methods have really brought beautiful things to pass.

. . .

The Order has been loyal to its purpose to improve individual character, to develop a higher type of spiritual life, and has given little time or strength to the increase of its numbers or the enlargement of its organization. Yet notwithstanding its failure to avail itself of the ordinary methods of growth, its progress has been of a marked and influential character, and the Order may fairly be counted among the most helpful regenerative influences of our day.

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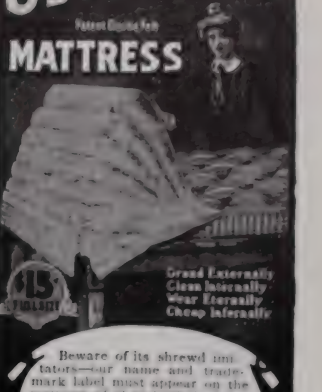

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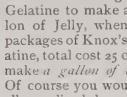

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

D. J. C., Woodstock, N. Y. 1. Who was the original author of the following quotation: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute?" And in connection with what circumstances in the past history of our country was it first used? 2. Did it relate to any treaty with the Barbary States?

The words are said to have been uttered by Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, a brave soldier of the Revolution, and for some time aide-de-camp to General Washington. He was a joint commissioner to France with Elbridge Gerry and John Marshall, to adjust the difficulties arising from the arrogant attitude of the French republican rulers toward the United States. Talleyrand, in behalf of the French Directory, intimated that an enormous bribe for the members of the Directory was a necessary preliminary to negotiations, and that otherwise war might ensue. Pinckney replied, "War be it then, sir; millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." A naval war with France followed, in which the French were repeatedly defeated, and they were glad at length to seek peace with the United States.

H. G. D., Loyalville, Pa. 1. Is it a sin to have a temperance lecture, with pictures to illustrate, in a church on a week-day evening, and charge ten cents admittance? 2. Is it a sin to collect money on Sunday to pay church expenses?

No, to both questions. A good temperance lecture at ten cents admission, ought to be well worth the money, and it certainly is not out of place in church, week days. As to the second matter, church expenses must be met. They are a legitimate charge, and if it be desired to avoid bringing them up on Sundays, the congregation should pay them voluntarily during the week.

G. M. P., Ontario. Is the utterance of a wicked thought, at the suggestion of the tempter, a sin that will not be forgiven? The warning in Heb. 12: 16, 17, appears to imply this.

We are not responsible for our temptations, but for yielding to and encouraging them. The sin consists in acquiescence. Christ himself was tempted. God tempts no man, but the evil spirit in our own hearts tempts us. If you will ask God, in Christ's name, to free you from these temptations and to purify your mind and heart, the temptations will have no power over you. They will come again and again, but will retire baffled and defeated. It is the only way. Christ's prayer (taught to his disciples), is, "Abandon us not in temptation" (the power of the tempter), and not "remove us from temptation." It is a part of our earthly discipline. The passage relating to Esau (Heb. 12: 16, 17), which you quote, has no reference to a case like yours. His was a wilful and deliberate act, not a momentary thought. Many persons have suffered needlessly as you are doing. Be you sure of this: the truly repentant soul is never rejected of God. He repeatedly assures us that he is more ready to grant pardon than we are to ask it.

Mrs. B. R. N., Suspension, Ala. 1. What is the "triple crown" worn by the Pope, and why is it so called? 2. Is Sing Sing a State prison or United States prison?

1. The triple crown is really a tiara or bishop's council-cap with three coronets, one rising above another and adorned with jewels. The tiara was first used at the coronation of Pope Nicholas II. in 858 A.D. Although the third crown was not added until the Papacy of Urban V., 1362-1370. The Pope wears it only on the occasion of great ecclesiastical festivities and processions, but not at the ordinary functions of the Vatican. 2. It is a State, and not a Federal prison.

Subscriber, Inlet, Hamilton Co., N. Y. Will you kindly give through your columns the principles of the wireless telegraphy, especially the key for receiving the messages?

We have submitted this inquiry to the editor of *The Electrical World*, New York City, who kindly replies as follows: "It is, of course, impossible to condense in a paragraph the principles of wireless telegraphy, the book literature on the subject indicating the compass required for such an explanation. Briefly, by means of a transmitter, etheric vibrations are set up which are propagated through the ether and affect the coherer at the receiving end. The receiver consists of an induction of spark coil, the electric discharges between the electrodes setting up the necessary disturbance in the ether. The main part of the receiver, namely, the coherer, has normally a high resistance, but when subjected to etheric waves, assumes a low resistance. In circuit with the coherer is a battery and Morse recorder or sounder. Normally, the resistance of the coherer is too great to allow the passage of an appreciable current from the battery; under the influence of the waves propagated from the transmitter, however, the resistance of the coherer is reduced, a current passes from the battery through the circuit and operates the receiving instrument. The discharges at the transmitter are controlled by a form of the ordinary telegraph key; and the messages are received, as stated above, by a form of the ordinary Morse recorder or sounder. There are many details connected both with the transmitter and receiver of which a knowledge is necessary for a full understanding of wireless telegraphy, but the inquirer can learn of these from a book on the subject. W. D. WEAVER."

W. McD., Piedmont, Ala. Is a person ever justified in telling a falsehood? The question was brought in our Sunday School class yesterday, studying about Jonathan telling a falsehood to his father with reference to David's whereabouts?

This subject has already been thoroughly discussed by the readers of this journal in a general symposium. The conclusion is that from the Christian standpoint, a falsehood can never be justifiable and is unnecessary; that faith in God will strengthen us to tell the truth at all times, leaving all consequences with him, and that the lack of that faith will dispose us to the subterfuge of falsehood. From the standpoint of worldly wisdom, a falsehood may be regarded as justifiable; but God is truth, and whosoever trusts in him can make no compromise with falsehood.

Mrs. W. N. D., Terre-Haut, Ind. 1. Among the annual appropriations by Congress you will find the Post-office expenditures included. 2. Melchizedek, King of Salem. has always been a subject of discussion to Biblical scholars and commentators. Some have held that

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

An Interesting Question for All

An aged friend of this journal sends us this question, which we submit to our readers:

I am now considerably over sixty, and I wish my earthly affairs to be settled up. It is my desire to dispose of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS in such a way that the very best use may be made of it now and hereafter, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the good of my fellow-beings. What do you advise?

Instead of counseling the writer to select any particular missionary, benevolent, philanthropic or other good work as the object of his generosity, we prefer that he should have the benefit of the combined advice of our CHRISTIAN HERALD Family of readers, most of whom are already familiar, through these pages, with many good works now going on in different parts of the world. We, therefore, invite all of our readers to answer, stating what course, in their best judgment, the inquirer should follow to make his gift most effective. In naming their choice of objects—whether they select Home or Foreign Missions, Rescue Work (among men or women), Gospel Missions, Orphanages, Work among the Tenement Waifs, etc., etc.,—let each state the reason for such a selection and the advantages it affords. Answers should not exceed one hundred words. Every letter should be addressed to

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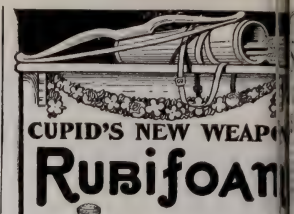

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Our Mail-Bag

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

he was a Divine incarnation, others that he was a righteous priest-king who had sprung from obscure or unknown parentage (this being regarded by many as the interpretation of the phrase in Hebrews 7:3). He is held by orthodox Christians as a mysterious type of the great High Priest, Christ Jesus. Scores of books and treatises have been written concerning him, but his origin and personality are still clouded in mystery.

H. S., Hickman, Neb. 1. What relation are the children of two families to each other where the mothers are first cousins? 2. Are such children too closely related to get married to each other?

1. They are second cousins. 2. Marriages between second cousins, though not advisable on the ground of consanguinity, are not infrequent, and are nowhere prohibited.

C. A. R., La Porte City, Ia., writes:

E. S. D. asks: "Can you give me the author, and where I may find the following quotation: 'My friend has refused to his enemies all I remain to bury up the embers, and then to follow'?" I think E. S. D. must refer to Longfellow's poem, "Three Friends of Mine." The first of a cluster of poems called "A Book of Sonnets." The last four lines of the fourth verse reads:

Thou hast but taken up thy lamp and gone to bed,
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

J. Milford K., Cortland, N. Y. 1. Apropos of the great comet, if it obeys almost all precedent, it must pass around the sun, unless it should encounter or strike some opaque, heavy body "square between the eyes," which may happen to be in its orbit. In that case it will be estoped and turned back, or out into space. But comets are not erratic "wandering Jews," as many still suppose, for they are legitimate creations of our Heavenly Father, and obey the laws he has established. 2. The CHRISTIAN HERALD asks: "Is there another planet inside the orbit of Mercury?" and Mr. Serviss answers in the negative; I have to say that there is, and I desired I will tell you how, where and when to find. I believe there are a pair of twin worlds there.

Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, the well-known astronomical authority, to whom the question was referred, sends this reply:

Editor the Mail Bag:—As to another planet inside the orbit of Mercury I can only repeat what I have said before, that all efforts of astronomers to discover it have been unavailing. In 1878, during an eclipse, two American astronomers believed they had seen two small planets nearer the sun than Mercury; but subsequent investigation has shown that they mistook stars for planets. If Mr. K. can demonstrate the existence of "a pair of twin worlds" inside the orbit of Mercury, or anywhere else where astronomers have not yet discovered them, he will cover himself with glory. As to comets, no astronomer ever supposed they were not obedient to physical laws. They no more wander at random than do the planets. But the great eccentricity of their orbits, and their liability to perturbation from the attraction of the planets near which they pass, cause them to appear very erratic when compared with the steady-going members of the sun's planetary family.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

H. L. Milford, Pa. Is a pastor authorized to shorten the time of the services held in church?

We believe it is within the discretion of the pastor to do so whenever necessary. Extreme heat, a violent storm, or some other cause may arise to make it advisable. Under normal conditions, however, there can be no good excuse for shortening the period of service.

D. S. B., Nehalen, Oregon, writes:

An item in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recalls to my mind the following: During February, 1855 (or near that date), Sylvester Merrills, of Belleville, Ill., sold a yoke of oxen to a man by the name of Mitchell, who at once moved with the oxen to Arkansas. One morning the following June, Mr. Merrills' son, Frederick, found the same oxen standing at the farm yard gate of his father, they having returned to their home in Illinois. A letter of inquiry revealed the fact that, after putting in his spring crop, Mr. Mitchell had turned the oxen out to graze on the Arkansas prairie, and they returned to their old home in Illinois, evidently having swam the Mississippi River. Mr. Merrills returned the purchase price of the steers to Mr. Mitchell and allowed the oxen to spend the remainder of their days at their old home in Illinois.

Reader. Are tea, coffee and chocolate stimulants, and if so is it any harm to use or sell them?

All these are stimulants, yet, used in moderation, they cannot be classed as harmful, but rather as beneficial. Coffee and chocolate contain a certain amount of nutriment which entitle them to be regarded as foods. Taken in excess any one of the three will prove injurious to the digestion and debilitating to the nerves.

Reader, Teien, Minn. To whom did Thomas, called Didymus, refer in John 11: 16, Christ or Lazarus?

When Thomas said "Let us also go that we may die with him," he evidently referred to Christ. He perceived how the journey to Judea would end, and how full of peril it was to the Master, and fearless with the utmost devotion, felt that it became worthy of record to the fury of his enemies, they would not care to survive him.

Here is an excellent suggestion for some one who is seeking an opening for Gospel work:

M. E. H., De Nos, Iceland, [illegible] CHRISTIAN HERALD I read of Gospel [illegible] Could a newspaper of [illegible] [illegible] not go to [illegible]. My [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] same. Here [illegible] just such a [illegible] The citizens of Staten Island would [illegible] for the work.

Mrs. E. S., Tuscola, Mich. Would like to ask a question. If you [illegible] [illegible] would imagine the most [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to send another home? We have given it to missions this year.

It is a for the individual conscience. After inquiring, settle it in your own heart which is the most worthy, needy, and urgent, and then give according to your means.

N. W. H., Hillsboro, O. Do you know anything about a report of a Miss Brown who went as a Presbyterian missionary to China and was being a fine singer, captivated the King, and was taken into his harem?

The report was circulated several months ago. We made inquiry at the proper quarter in Washington, and were informed that it was absolutely unfounded—a fabrication from beginning to end.

E. M., Los Angeles, Cal. Yes. According to a recent article in *The Review of Reviews* by W. T. Stead, the new Pope is of peasant origin. He smokes, plays cards, is musical, and speaks Italian with a patois or provincial accent.

B. F., Arkansas City, Kan. 1. For all information concerning the Philippines, read the book by Rafor Laila, published by the Continental Publishing Co., N. Y. 2. The cost of the fleet and army manœuvres is included in the appropriations for the army and navy.

G. W. H., Globe, Ariz. We have no means of supplying the information. Write to the company direct.

W. A. C. Address her to care of this paper.

Reader, Biddeford, Me. Send us your name and address and we will comply with your request.

Old Subscriber, New Jersey. Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin are the best of those you name for instruction and interest.

Mrs. H. G. A., Cortland, N. Y. All tobacco is deleterious and injurious to the body, but cigarettes, being usually a cheap combination of inferior tobacco and often of refuse, we believe, is excessively injurious to lungs, stomach and nerves.

The Gospel for the Immigrants

The immigration question is a problem for the church as well as for the nation. Presbyterians are taking hold of it aggressively. The late General Assembly instructed its Boards of Home Missions and Sabbath School Work to proceed actively to an extension of their work among our foreign speaking population. The latter Board is taking advantage of "Rally Day" to bring the matter before all Presbyterian Sunday Schools. The schools will be asked to provide $25,000 for the sending of a number of colporteurs to the parts of the country largely occupied by foreign-speaking population. These men, as the representatives of the Presbyterian children, will distribute Bibles and other literature in the tongues of the people visited. The undertaking is one of patriotism as well as of religion, and is especially calculated to enlist the sympathy of the young people.

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Cocoa Tea Cakes

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

A child's craving for sweets is a very natural one, and should be gratified, but in a rational manner. When a child is allowed free access to the cake box or doughnut jar he is often tempted to eat when he would be much better off without food, so it is well to restrict the use of sweets to a legitimate place, as a dessert to the regular meal. Much meat is not a suitable diet for children, but starch and fats are very needful.

The fat of cream and good butter is easily assimilated and more digestible than the fat of meats. To furnish starch we have many food products to choose from, and sugar in various forms plays an important part. For pure starch we have nothing to compare with Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, and it may be used in some dish daily without monotony. It is capable of infinite variety in preparation, and is both inexpensive and easy to use.

A simple cake that will please almost any child is one in which cocoa and Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch form a part. The receipt given makes a simple and attractive cake which will give no one a pang of regret for the eating.

COCOA TEA CAKES.

Beat singly three large eggs into a scant cup of sugar creamed with a third of a cup of butter. When smooth and light add half a cup of milk and half a cup each of flour and Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch sifted with three level teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth cup of cocoa. Beat well, add a little salt and half a teaspoon of vanilla. Place in muffin pans, sprinkle with chopped nuts and bake in moderate oven.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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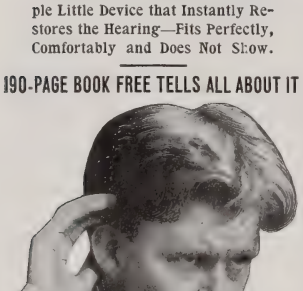

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 798

him once, in the enthusiasm of a remark, pick up a dozen eggs in a paper bag that a clerk had carelessly left within reach of Edwards' gesticulating arms and throw the entire bag full on the counter, spattering his astonished hearers with a liberal raw omelet, and convincing them of his earnestness in not winning them over to his views with his arguments.

"Don't forget about Sage's temperance picnic, Mr. Vernon," Douglas called out, as the minister was leaving.

"No, indeed; that's a capital idea. That will create sentiment among the coming voters and legislators."

"Heard about that temperance story Miss Harris and Douglas are going to write?" Edwards asked. "It's my opinion though, that if they get their heads together there'll be precious little progress on any story except their own."

"I am looking forward to that, Douglas," the minister smiled. "Mr. Sage mentioned it as a possibility. Success to you both."

"Thank you," Douglas laughed. "Mr. Edwards hasn't much faith in my part of it. To tell the truth, I haven't much for myself, but I'm going to try."

When spring arrived Esther had completed her chapter, and one evening she read it to Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. The next evening Douglas took the chapter down to the *Beacon* office, and when Quits and George had gone out, he shut the door, locked it, and read the chapter through.

During the winter months that preceded this time, the *Beacon* had struggled along with a variety of experiences. There had been times when if it had not been for Esther's cheerful faith and buoyant temper Douglas might have been tempted to give up the fight. Many of his trials he never told her or any one but fought them out alone. Some of them Esther and Edwards guessed, and their combined encouragement meant everything to the young editor. Esther insisted on helping again with a little money, which Douglas accepted, on condition that when they were married he would repay with interest. Mr. Edwards also once made Douglas accept an unusually large advertisement, and paid for it in advance, at a time when the treasury was so low in the *Beacon* office, that Douglas did not know where another dollar could possibly be found to keep up running expenses.

Then to his surprise, Mr. Vernon had helped increase his subscription list by interesting his church young people in the paper, and forming a club that worked in connection with a combination magazine offer. This was practical help that brought in some ready cash, and, what was better still, added to the regular constituency of the paper.

TO BE CONTINUED

* * * * * * * * * *

The Father of the Faithful*

Lessons from the Character of Abraham Which Apply to Modern Life

VERY difficult it is for people of our day to realize what must have been the situation of Abraham when the call of God came to him in Haran. Already with his father, Terah, he had left the moon-worshipers of Ur of the Chaldees. We may infer from this and later accounts in connection with Jacob's sojourn with Laban, that they were a large company, and that there was a radical difference between Abraham and his brother Nahor and the others. In any case, separation was necessary, and though kindly memories evidently survived between the two branches of the family, that separation was complete. The records of those early times recently discovered and now being deciphered, may give us an idea of a more advanced state of civilization than we gain from the Bible narrative; but whatever it may have been, it must have been no slight test of Abraham's faith to quit his family and relatives and go out into unknown regions. Whether or not the population was large, whether there were organized industries and cultured societies, Abraham would be a stranger, solitary and separate from the tribes of the earth.

That the separation was due to religious reasons is clear. Even then, how we cannot guess, Abraham had learned that there was only one God, had learned to know and listen to his voice, and had the courage to obey it. That is stronger faith than many have now, even with clearer light. The conscience, God's voice in us, often tells us that our duty is some painful separation; we know that we ought at any cost to part company with some one dear to us and live for God only. The same strong faith characterized Abraham all through his life. Indeed, it was his most conspicuous characteristic. What it must have cost him to send away Hagar, to take Isaac to the mountain to kill him, no soul can tell. But the command reaching him found the man true to his ideal. To obey at any cost, to do his duty as he perceived it, however painful it might be, this is a trait of marvelous strength, when we remember how little he could have known of God. An effort has been made by modern sceptics to destroy the personality of the man, and to represent him as a mythical character, or even as a tribe; but such efforts fail, because our own consciousness recognizes the personality in him, and sees in the rare instances of his weakness how human he was, and how typical of our common humanity, was this wonderful man in that far-off time, fighting and overcoming in the struggle in which we are engaged, and by the same means, by which alone we can gain the victory. With us, as with him, the triumph comes by faith.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 4: Gen. 12: 1-8; Heb. 7: 1-10; Rom. 4: 1-9.

THE HEAVENLY MESSAGE*

The Duty and Reward of Knowing and Obeying the Word of God

WHAT is the Word of God? The critics have been busy for more than half a century dissecting and analyzing the Bible to discover who wrote it, and when, and in what manner, and by what means it reached its present condition. That their labors have enabled us to get a clearer idea of the Bible, and have removed many difficulties and solved many perplexing problems, cannot be denied, but back of all their work and above all their theories, the sublime truth stands impregnable, that the Bible is a communication from God. That it came to us by human channels was inevitable, otherwise we could not have understood it; but the message by whomsoever delivered is from God.

Lubbock, in his charming book on ants, describes the wonderful industries of those little creatures. He watched their endeavors to surmount various difficulties and the ingenuity with which they overcame obstacles. He marveled that there were some problems that they could not solve. With all their skill in building and tunneling, they do not know how to build a bridge, and consequently a narrow stream of water cuts them off from their home. He laid a straw across such a stream, about two inches wide, and they availed themselves at once of the bridge thus made. Lubbock says he wishes he could have talked to them, but they could not even see him or hear him. The distance between the ant and the man in the scale of creation is infinitely less than the distance between man and his Creator. How then could God communicate with us? He has done it by inspiring men to give us his message, and we have it in the Bible. We know that it is so by experience. We feel its inspiration, we see its effect in our own lives and in the lives of others; we feel its uplifting power.

Having then a Divine message in our hands, what is our duty? In its pages is information we could never have discovered for ourselves; there is counsel which will enable us to regulate our lives. What we shall become if we live according to the rules therein prescribed we cannot imagine, any more than the caterpillar can imagine the life of the butterfly into which it will develop; but we can trust and wait, and in the meantime our heavenly Father's message ought to be our constant and most patient study.

*Topic of the Epworth League for October 4. Matt. 19: 17; James 1: 22-25; Ps. 119: 9, 18.

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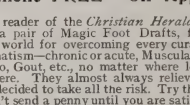

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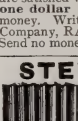

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EXACT OBEDIENCE

Error of Doing a Right Thing Wrongly

By Mrs. M. Baxter

DAVID, the man after God's own heart, delighted in worshiping and doing honor to his God. It was a burden to his heart that when Saul persecuted him, he was cut off from "the inheritance of the Lord" (I. Sam. 26: 19); and when he fled from Absalom, his sure hope was that he should again come into the Lord's house, and says, "In thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple" (Ps. 5: 7). The early Psalms, after the first two, are believed to have been written at this period.

It was after David was anointed king over all Israel (II. Sam. 5: 6, 7), that he determined to bring back the Ark of God. He consulted with the captains of thousands and of hundreds, even with every leader. "And David said let us bring again the Ark of our God to us, for we sought not unto it in the days of Saul" (I. Chron. 13: 1-3, R.V.). Saul's reign did not honor God.

To David this was a matter of the utmost importance—it was to be a national act of worship. "And all the assembly said that they would do so: for the thing was right in the eyes of all the people" (13: 4). Thus from the extreme south, the brook of Egypt, to Hamath, in the extreme north, David assembled all the people together. And he went up at the head of all the representatives of Israel to Kirjath-jearim, to bring up from thence the ark of God. David was doing a right thing, but he failed in implicit obedience, and he did a right thing in a wrong way. He had not searched in the Word of God to find out how God would have it done. They carried the ark "on a new cart," just as the Philistines had done when they sent back the ark of God after the destruction of their idol, Dagon, by the presence of God, when the ark had been placed by them in the idol's temple (I. Sam. 5: 7).

David knew God better perhaps than any man of his day with the exception of Samuel; yet he had not fully learned to wait until he knew, not only what he was to do, but when and how it should be done. He knew the law of the Lord, but at this time failed to recognize the importance of exact obedience "They brought up the ark, and David and all Israel played before God with all their might. Every one did his best, but all this did not make up for the want of obedience in what might have seemed to them a non-essential. But a command of God is never non-essential, and no man has a right to measure its comparative importance." God had ordained that Aaron and his sons should cover the ark, "and when Aaron and his sons have made an end of covering the sanctuary and all the furniture of the sanctuary . . . after that, the sons of Kahath shall come to bear it; but they shall not touch the sanctuary lest they die" (Num. 4: 4, 5, 15).

When the procession came to the threshing floor of Nachon (I. Chron. 13: 9 R. V. Chidon) Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it, for the oxen stumbled (or were restive or threw it down). It was a direct violation of the command that they should not touch the holy things. "What," you may say, "should they have left it to be thrown on the ground by the oxen?" Surely He whose presence with the ark could destroy the Philistines' idol, could have cared also for the ark! God could not draw back from his Word; "the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God" (II. Sam. 6: 6, 7). It is not an easy thing for a man to bear rebuke when he has taken great pains to please. And David at first felt greatly injured. He was vexed in spirit, displeased with God! For the moment, his wonted loyalty gave way: "he was afraid of the Lord that day, and he said, How shall the ark of God come unto me?" And, instead of bringing the ark to Jerusalem, he carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom, the Gittite.

It is under the pressure of such a test that we learn to know our own hearts. David had been true under his long test with Saul, and not one word of anger or of retaliation was spoken by him.

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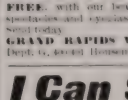

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Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1903

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

NORWEGIAN PEASANT CHILDREN

CAPTAINS AND PILOTS, HAMMERFEST

THE MARKET-PLACE OF TROMSO, NORWAY

A TOUR ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

ACROSS THE WHITE SEA AND BEYOND, WHERE THE SUN SHINES TWENTY-TWO HOURS DAILY

TRONDHJEM, NORWAY, July 22.

AFTER a week of almost incessant travel and sightseeing at Stavanger, Bergen, Alesund, Molde, Christiansund, and other places, I now find myself in Trondhjem, the "Cradle of the Kingdom," and in many respects the eldest and most interesting city of Norway. Near the coast, it is delightfully located on the south shore of a grand fiord, and occupies both banks of the serpentine river Nid. With verdure-clad mountains for a background, a short summer climate as genial as that of Italy, and twenty-two hours of daily sunshine, it is so much unlike our American cities, except in size, that an attempted comparison would be futile. It is the largest city in the world for so high a latitude, being only three degrees south of the Arctic Circle. During June and July there is practically no night here. In the evening, as I walked about the city, at eleven o'clock, it was still as light as day. I saw two carpenters at that hour laying corrugated iron roofing; a gardener was cultivating potatoes; a man with a scythe was mowing grass in the field; fishermen were unloading from their boats the daily catch, and men, women and children were promenading in the parks. No artificial lights are used or needed in the city these nights. A good harbor, railroad and steamboat connections, well-stocked stores, street improvements, good residences, churches, schools, factories, and other modern improvements are here. The city is brilliantly illuminated by electricity during the season of long nights, the power for this, as well as for the excellent electric car service, being transmitted from the great waterfalls five miles away. Municipal ownership of these franchises is a success. Technical schools, museums, college and university education, and the thrift and enterprise of the people, give abundant proof that Trondhjem will continue the "Queen of the North." The town was founded by Olaf, the first Christian king, in the year 997. For centuries, Norway's kings have been crowned in the magnificent cathedral here. The State religion is Lutheran, but other forms of worship are tolerated.

Yesterday, while our steamer was entering the beautiful Molde fiord, we suddenly came into the presence of Emperor William's great white yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, and her escort, a large white warship, and three black torpedo boats, the latter having the appearance of enormous fish with their fins and backs slightly visible. We had heard that the German Emperor was somewhere off the Norwegian coast and thought we might see him at Trondhjem or the Lofoten Islands, where he frequently spends a few days in the summer season. We were, therefore, not a little surprised and delighted to find his fleet anchored in front of Molde. We were so near that we could see the Emperor and his twelve-year-old daughter walking together on the deck, while the sailors were getting ready for departure. The Emperor gives more attention to his only girl than to all his boys. Usually, whenever he goes fishing, hunting, boating, walking or riding, she goes with him. Some of the women of Molde, who have seen the royal family every day for the past week, say that the little girl is "a spoiled child." William says she takes more of his time than does the rest of his empire. He says that "she forgets that he is the Emperor, but never forgets that she is the Emperor's daughter." The Emperor was so delighted at the birth of his daughter, after having such a large family of sons, that he liberated most of the women prisoners in his empire.

MR. NORTH IN ARCTIC TRAVELING COSTUME

When this photograph was taken, Mr. North wore underneath the coat shown a pair of fur trousers, 2 coats, 2 pairs heavy stockings, 2 pairs gloves, and 3 fur caps, besides the clothes worn

An old Norse hermit lives the sole Robinson Crusoe of a small island not far from Molde. He allows no other person to visit his sacred island home except William and his little daughter. The Emperor visits the old hermit every time he comes to Norway, and greatly enjoys the unreserved familiarity and expressions of equality—such as "Du," instead of "Sie"—that are indulged in by the aged rustic.

The German Emperor seems to have won the hearts of the people of Norway by his frequent summer tours among them. Beaming of cannon from the innocent looking little fortifications, gave an appropriate good-by salute to the Emperor, who, with his escort in a long line, swiftly glided out of the harbor for a cruise in the colder regions of the Lofoten Islands and the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

After leaving Trondhjem, I continued my course round the North Cape, visiting most of the important towns along the coast, going in and out of the granite buttressed fiords and threading between the high rocky islands, where ten centuries ago, the daring Norse sea rovers recruited for the conquest of England and France. The magnificent panorama of scenery unfolded itself in stern grandeur. Mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, swarms of sea birds, whales, seals, fir trees, barren shores, beautiful little towns and native fishermen, each and all served to heighten the interest of the journey.

At Tromso—the largest and most beautiful town above Trondhjem—we again met Emperor William and his little girl returning South from the Lofoten Islands. Hammerfest—the most Northern city in the world and an important trading and fishing port—was our next stopping point. Expeditions to Spitzbergen and the Polar Sea often start out from here. Next we reached was the fishing town of Vardo, numbering about 3,000 people. It is the extreme northeast corner of Norway, and contains the most northern fortification in the world. The sun has not once set here during the last six weeks. Rasmus S. Hobaltse, a veteran Norseman of eighty-one, the oldest Consul in the world, represents Russia at this port, and his son, Karl, is British Consul here. Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are familiar with the common experiences of the ordinary traveler in the more frequented parts of Europe, but there are very few English-speaking people who come to this extreme outpost in the Arctic Ocean. The town has a good harbor protected by a large new breakwater. Though much farther north than some other cities whose harbors are frozen during winter, the port of Vardo is free from ice the year round. From the rocky heights overlooking the town, one obtains an excellent view of the solemn ocean stretching northward to the Pole, and a faint glimpse of the shore of Finland to the south.

Hjelder, or poles, fastened on a stake in the water, are seen everywhere. Many poles round about Vardo are devoted to this purpose. The Lofoten cod's *hjelder*, with young cod fish drying on a pole, is replaced to the passenger later, near the Arctic. Seasons of seals and white whales were driven into a bay just outside of the harbor and captured this spring. Here, as in Hammerfest, and all other towns of Norway, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81.

[Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will doubtless remember the remarkable experiences of Frederick A. North, our correspondent who, two years ago, was the first American to make the journey over the Trans-Siberian Railroad, from Russia to China. Mr. North, who is an indefatigable traveler, has just returned from another journey in a remote, and, to Americans at least, little known part of the globe. His opening letter appears on this page.]

The American Pulpit

THE GIFT OF THE MORNING STAR

A Sermon by Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, D.D.

in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TEXT—REVELATIONS 2: 28: "I will give him the morning star"

EACH one of the messages to the churches of Asia closes with a promise. They contain threats and warnings and commandments, but at the close stands the promise like a distant hill in sunshine, seen through the storm, to lure on ever the worst-beaten to the better things of God and man. The messages lay down the moral task without compromise, but they close with the assurance that

> The toppling crags of duty scaled
> Are close upon the shining tablelands,
> To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

There is here a twofold aspect of life which every morally earnest man is acquainted with. He knows that its conditions are stern, that there is vigor in it, but he knows also that the vigor is blended with tenderness. that all its struggle is permeated by promise. We might indeed say that moral earnestness and hopefulness go together. Stand loyally under the bower of duty, and you will hear the bird of hope sing.

Unfaithfulness to the moral ideal breeds pessimism of the worst kind; fidelity, while it does not encourage cheap and lightsome optimism, does inscribe in the heart of the blackest duty the shining word of the coming time. God has so made us that enfolded in the bosom of loyalty lies the assurance of triumph for the good.

Now it is this loyalty to the good, this fidelity to the moral ideal, this persevering attitude, which I take to be indicated in the word "overcoming" or "conquering." Every promise is made to him who "overcometh" or who "conquers." Not, mark you, to him who has overcome, or who has conquered in any full or final sense. These promises are not of gifts to be bestowed at the end of the course, but of experiences to be realized in going on, so long as you go on in the right way.

Now, is it a fact—for it is no use preaching theories away from the facts of life—that the promise made to those Asian churches in the name of Christ, sent to them by John as direct from Christ, are to be regarded as promises made to us by God? For myself I cannot regard them so in instances in which they apply to the peculiar conditions of a particular church. We must discriminate and not apply to ourselves the promises or these messages, except so far as they contain truths attested by the experience of men. Indeed, the messages given to the churches of Asia are not entirely from Christ as he was, not from Christ as we understand him to-day, but from Christ as John understood him. When we read the promises of the moral life, we read not only the facts of our moral experience, but also a certain interpretation given by more than one bias, such as the personal bias or the national bias. The future we depict may be in essence guaranteed by the universal laws of the moral life, but the depiction may bear personal or national colors, which must fade; personal and national elements which must be eliminated. John was a Christian, but he was also a Jew. Like every man, he had a temperament, both the nationality and the personality would affect his vision of the future. Our Christ never takes absolute, and full, and exclusive possession of us, our understanding of him has some mixture of ourselves in it, which is not in him.

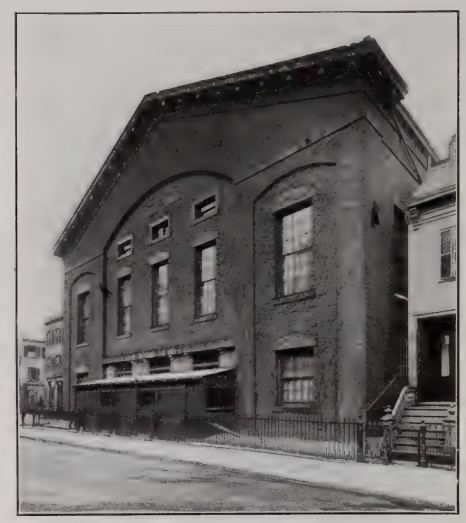
"To him that overcometh and keepeth my word will I give power over the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron, as the vessels of a potter shall be broken to shivers, even as I received of my Father." Here are words attributed to Jesus which none of us would like to think of him as speaking. We could not find in Jesus any promise of authority over nations to rule them with a rod of iron, as the vessels of a potter are broken to shivers; nor do we think of him as claiming to have received such from his Father. That is not our way of thinking of Christ to-day.

Then how did John come to hear Christ say that? Because John had been reared in the atmosphere and fed upon the sentiments of the second Psalm, in which those words occur. His Jewish teachers had taught him to regard that Psalm as Messianic. And what was the Messiah to do? The Lord said to him, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Some Jews sometimes believed that that was one of the things the Messiah would do.

When a Jew came to believe that Jesus was the Messiah, you would think that he would at least throw off that old notion. Jesus had said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "I am meek and lowly in heart." "Blessed are the meek," "Whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." The general character and teaching of Jesus was the very opposite of the second Psalm conception of the Messiah.

This is not very surprising when you remember that Christians even yet take the second Psalm to refer to Jesus. Nothing could be more unlike Jesus of Nazareth than the description of the Messiah in some other Psalms. How, for example, can we imagine him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," being of the spirit of him who said, "Happy shall he be who taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." It is high time to protest, as Cheyne does, against the habit of "finding Christ," in passages "unrelated to Christ and his religion." "I fear," says Canon Cheyne, "that our unmitigated adoption of the Psalter as it stands may counteract that spirit of love which is one-half of Christianity."

I have always maintained that there is a severity in the law of life, that Divine love is not softness, nor mercy a license to indulgence; pain, suffering, retribution are here; there was a severity in Jesus because Jesus was true to life's law, but the Spirit of Jesus was not the spirit of the imprecatory psalms, and the Messiah of many psalms is quite unlike our Christ. So far as we are under their influence we need to excoriate ourselves and clear our vision.



PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN

But this promise is colored not only by John's nationalism, but possibly also by certain traits of his personal character. It was John who saw a man casting out devils in Jesus' name and forbade him, because he did not follow with them—there was a strong party spirit in him. John was one of the two disciples who wanted the chief places in the kingdom regardless of the position of the other ten. He, too, wanted to call fire from heaven upon the Samaritans. The portrait of John in most people's minds, as the loving disciple, rests upon the fourth Gospel and the Epistles, but the temper sometimes displayed in the Apocalypse fits with the indications of the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke.

I think I have said enough to show that in reading the promises to the Christians of Asia we must learn to discriminate, and to recognize what were the merely personal and the national features, as we must also get behind the figures, before we find the underlying truths which may be valid for Christians. When we do that, however, there is a great deal in them. They read deep into life. You can interpret them from vital experience.

What does the man who is faithful find? What does he get to feel sure of? He finds the very best there is in life. He tastes life at its best, "I will give him to eat of the tree of life, which is in the Paradise of God." There is a very common notion that though goodness may be a safe track to some far-off celestial city it is a considerable sacrifice of the content of life here and now. Naturally enough not a few decide to take what they can in the present and leave the strugg for goodness alone and chance the future. Well, t truth is that only in a worthy character, in the ascen ency over evil, in the mastery of impurity and of egois in all its forms, on the higher levels of special cultiv tion, does a man really get the core of life now, get t very best there is in it. In fact, the old Eden sto comes true again and again in the lives of men. If y decide to get your pleasure, satisfy your desire in illic ways, in defiance or in neglect of the Divine order life, it simply means paradise lost. You turn yourse out of the best by so doing. Loyalty to goodness the way of blessedness. There is no happiness li that which comes from simple goodness.

What does the victor find? He finds the unsee reserves from which he may draw sustenance and pow to his own surprise and that of the world. "To hi that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden manna In the winning struggle you find soul sustenance whic is hidden from you before you begin the struggle, a which is always hidden from the world. New con dences, new assurances, new faiths arise in the sou new visions break upon it, new voices speak to it and i it; new communions with unseen powers enric its inner solitudes, and the man gets by and l to understand what Paul meant when he spok of being "strengthened with might in the inn man." The truly earnest man who persever in the life of the good is constantly surprise at the reserve of power upon which he draw Red Seas which looked as if they meant ce tain death have been safely crossed, and t song of triumph rang up to God on the oth side.

Difficulties which seemed insurmountabl have been successfully overcome. This is wh the man says: "Hitherto hath the Lord helpe me." He cannot understand himself by hin self, and so he builds an altar to a higher powe In life's victories we discover life's forces; i the onward march we discover the enrichmer of the way, come to one after another of th wells of salvation, hidden from all who do n march that way. And, remember always, tha the larger our conquest in life, the more abu dant will be life's sustenance; it is the conquer who finds the manna.

In a sense, everything is hidden from u and all growth is a discovery. It is so in th intellectual sphere. You discover treasures a you conquer difficulties. You must conque the alphabet and the spelling-book to discove the sentence; conquer the sentence to discove the paragraph; conquer every paragraph t know the treasure of the book. And so all th way up. Many cannot read a book that is a all difficult; the food there is in it they cannc appropriate. Why? because their conquest are too small; they have not overcome ignor ance and superficialty sufficiently, so the mann there remains hidden.

The same is true in the moral and spiritua sphere. There are people who are quite ir capable of understanding the highest kind of affectio and the holiest kind of love because they have not them selves overcome the vulgarity and coarseness of huma nature's lower levels. All noble souls have "meat to ea which the world knows not of;" they have affection which the world would always dilute with base ingredi ents, and aspirations which it would always tarnish wit the stains of earth. Be sure of it, your discovery of life best things will depend upon your conquest of its worst and with every victory you shall eat hidden manna an be strengthened for victories yet to be achieved. Th successful struggle constantly discovers supports hid den from him before, and still hidden from lives whicl do not know the loftier reaches and the more earnes endeavors.

What does life yield to the victor? Here is one o the finest of promises: "I will give him the morning star." What is this gift of the morning star? It is th feeling that life is sweet and pure, fair and fresl with the touch of morning. It is the feeling tha life is full of promise, that day is coming on that the best is yet to be. It is the power to b oneself a sweetening, freshening influence in the world a living prophecy of its betterment. Now, friends there is nothing like moral purity to keep the touch o morning on life; compromise your morality, and it is marvelous how soon everything is stale.

There is an indescribable sweetness in the air o early morning when the world is as God makes it when it is indeed in the process of his remaking before we light our fires and emit our smoke and beat up th dust of our noisy, turbulent life. Something like tha sweet freshness of morning belongs to the soul that is

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A·WARNING·CALL TO AMERICAN·MOTHERS

By·Margaret·Bottome

HOW little did I dream when I went down to Ocean Grove this summer what awaited me. I went to meet a sister from the West. She said to me (naming a lady whose distinguished husband was well known), "Mrs. —— has been to me, and tells me her heart is burdened for the Christian mothers of this country. She feels that here, where there are thousands of mothers, they should be called together for united prayer for their children. She then asked me if I would lead such a meeting. I told her, my sister, Mrs. Bottome, would be here next day, and we would meet any mothers who would like to come together for that purpose."

Bishop Fitzgerald approved most kindly of the request, and the next day we took our way to the little chapel, where the daily Mothers' Meeting is held. I was surprised to find so many ladies there. They represented nearly all the evangelical denominations. Day after day we mothers met. Some had fought the battle and had won; and their children were useful Christian sons and daughters. There were those who had prayed and waited many years for answers to prayer, and were yet waiting; but they were full of faith. There were young mothers who were thankful for the help they received from day to day. I heard of one woman who came in to the Mothers' Meeting, who was perfectly discouraged. She had given up all hope, and was about leaving for home, feeling hard toward God and about every one else. While listening to a mother who told of a wayward boy, her heart was touched, and at last the work was done. She came to God for herself.

This matter of being right ourselves was spoken of again and again, in those remarkable gatherings. It is what we are that instructs our children much more than what we say. It does not read, "Teach up a child in the way he should go," but "train up a child," training and teaching are very different. You make a lattice for the morning glory, and somehow it clings to the lattice and the lattice holds it.

. . .

How well I know that it is what a mother is, rather than what she says, that does the business. There are seven of our children, as we still call ourselves now, and mother, who has been in Heaven nearly a quarter of a century, remains still a most important influence in our lives. It is certainly not because she said so much, but she was so much. To be sure, she had a few passages of Scripture that were so intensely real to her that she made them real to us. One was, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and it has gone down into our families to our children, and children's children, and so we still say, "Well, as mother used to say," and the grandchildren say, "As grandmother used to say," and it looks as if it might go still down from generation to generation. She did not talk much; she knew what many a mother does not know—the power of stillness.

In those days, in that little chapel at Ocean Grove, much came back to me that I had forgotten, and I seemed to live my life over again. How glad I should be if I could give the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the incidents, the illustrations, that we received from each other, day after day. At the close of the meeting, as we were about to separate, we looked the matter over, and felt that this ought to be the start of a movement among Christian mothers throughout the length and breadth of this land. We know there are great churches in this country, formed for helpfulness for mothers, but this is something different. Our desire is that innumerable circles shall be formed, most perhaps small, in parlors, or in some room connected with the church, to which the leader of the circle belongs; mothers should meet for simply one purpose, united prayer and united faith for their children, and to pray for children who are neglected; to pray for salvation from sin.

. . .

I think we are hardly awake to our awful neglect of morality in our children. Boys and girls are going to destruction; mothers are not taking care of the immortal interests of their children, they do not know where they go; they know not the company they keep; mothers and children are not intimate. In the years that have passed, as I have corresponded with the young women of this country, I have been astonished beyond measure, at the kind of letters I have received. They have asked me if they might be confidential with me, telling me frankly they could not confide in their mothers; that their mothers really had no knowledge of their real life. Where is the fault? I think it is greatly with mothers. The claims of society in many cases have seemed to take the place of the claims of the family. Girls are not educated by their mothers; they are often sent away from home to be educated, that their mothers may have time for something else. Mothers seem to lose sight of the necessity of making friends of their children. It is not enough to be the mother of a child; on that natural relationship there must be grafted friendship. A mother must enter into the youthful interests of a child; she must cultivate her own child.

. . .

None of us who attended these meetings at Ocean Grove will ever forget the woman who told us of her intense desire to make home so attractive that her boy would spend his evenings there. The lad had inherited her love for music, and though she was so tired after doing the day's work that it seemed at first almost impossible for her to give the boy music lessons at night, yet every evening she did it. And she had the joy of seeing him so interested, that nothing could take him away from home in the evening. That woman has lived to have all the music come back to her, and to see him entertain not only his mother, but many others. It cost her something, but she is paid for it.

None of us will ever forget the account from Idaho, whose son said, "I am going to the far West, mother, to make my fortune." She said while her heart ached and she was inclined to cry. "Don't leave your mother," she bethought herself that God was in Idaho too. And she told us of the joy that had come to her when that son wrote, "I have found a great deal of land, mother, and some day you and father will not have to work so hard—you will come here, and I will take care of you."

One incident none of us will ever forget. A mother had an only child, a boy, and all that a mother could do she said she had done to make him a real Christian. He went astray and left his home, and did not even tell where he was. She wrote to her former minister and told him her sorrow, and added, "I have cast him on God's altar when he was an infant." The minister wrote back, "Let him lie there." The woman's faith sprang up in a moment, and all her trouble was gone. He was on God's altar and no one could take him off that altar. God would take care of what was on his altar. Only a short time elapsed before a letter came from him. He said, "I happened to get in the crowd that was making its way into the Hall to hear Dr. Moody, so I went on with the crowd and at the door I met Mr. Moody, and he extended his hand and smiled and said, 'Come along,' and in I went, half-dazed and under the impression that Mr Moody knew me (of course he did not), and in the Hall I heard Mr. Moody preach and Mr. Sankey sing." There he met God and left that Hall a sincere penitent, and he afterwards wrote his mother that he had become a Christian.

. . .

In that mothers' meeting many a mother said in her heart, "I laid him on God's altar. I will let him lie there." I think the Master whispered to more than one woman that afternoon, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Mothers need help in faith. We must have holy mothers, wise mothers, mothers devoted to the home, to make it a refuge, a joy.

Everything tends now towards drifting from a home. I heard one woman say to another not long ago in the cars, "Is it true that you are going to give up your beautiful house, and go into a hotel apartment house?" The one addressed answered, "I am tired of housekeeping. I have persuaded my husband to store our furniture." I wondered if there were children. I can see, when there are no children, how a room might become a home, but I certainly think there are signs that the word "home" will not mean much to the rising generation, if we do not look out. We hear much of clubs among our women, but no club can take the place of "home." We want mothers and homes to-day.

The Gift of the Morning Star ✳ A Sermon by Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, D.D. — Continued

ure and comes to it always in its hour of victory over in. As long as your affections are clean, they are resh; you never tire of pure feelings or holy loves. Once they mix with earthliness, then they grow common—you are in the world as man makes it; the world which even darkens the sky with its own pollution.

No sight is more sad anywhere, than that of a youth etting out in life without moral discriminations to drain he cups of the world's pleasures, only to find that one fter the other nauseates, everything palls, the world is at and stale, and the very capacity for pleasure dies ut of him. For such a man there is only one way to ake the world young again. That is through the oral struggle. "The first deep contrition for sin, the rst real daily walk or midnight watch with the living od, the first opening perspective of a life in death—hese things are to many, like the emergence from a ark, chill cave, to the flood of warm, beautifying light."

O, man, to whom life is spoiled by moral surrenders, nd all beauty stained by sin, and to whom all sensaion is blunted by indelicacy, if you turn to face the oral ideal, and bend your energy in moral endeavor, ive to fight sin in the strength of God, you will yet ind that the dullness, the dead weight, the insipidity, he staleness, will go off, and you will find one standing by you in the fight, saying, "I will give thee the morning star." "If iniquity be in thy hand, put it far away, nd let not wickedness dwell in thy tabernacles. For hen shalt thou lift up thy face without spot. Thine ge shall arise above the noon-day, thou shalt shine orth, thou shalt be as the morning" (Job 11: 14-17), lean, fresh, and full of promise once again. And the world shall come up before you in new aspects; hope shall take the place of despair, and faith drive out fear, even "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The morning star shall arise on the soul and on the world. God's dawn shall announce God's day, and "thou shalt be steadfast and shalt not fear."

Again, what does the moral victor find? It is promised that Christ will write upon him God's name and the name of God's city, and his own name. In our language, this means that life yields the victor the consciousness that he really belongs to God; that he belongs to the new society: that he belongs to Christ. In other words, the spiritual universe owns him, and he knows himself as a vital part of it, even as a pillar in the temple of God, an upholder of the sacred things of life: one of those who have a real, permanent life in the sanctuary, among the sanctities of God—yea, who share the spiritual sovereignty of life with God, with Christ, and with all the good, "He shall sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on his throne."

Oh, you who are fighting sin, take courage: with every triumph you are mounting the steps of the throne of God, and ever nearing the time when your life shall be fixed in the truth which knows no turning, and the righteousness which is forever.

Lay hold on the thought of God as your Helper, and believe that if you work with him all will be well. I invite you to no superficial optimism that has never sounded the depths of life's woe, nor seen into the heart of its tragedy. There is no power and no healing in that. I heard such shallow optimism once proclaimed from a Christian platform. It denounced gloominess of every kind; it slashed the pessimists in every direction; it declared that all things were going on exceedingly well, even the slums were not so bad as some made out, and the war in South Africa, which sat so heavily on the consciences of so many Christian Englishmen, well, it would come to an end some time.

So much of this was dealt out that I felt that superficial optimism was the shallowest of lies, and that to confound it in the name of Christianity was to forget the agony of Gethsemane and to blot out the meaning of the Cross. No, no: if you are to be a serious man, in earnest for the highest ends of life, for yourself and for others, you have a battle to fight: a hard, stern battle: a hundred things are wrong with the world, which you must help to put right. Look the evil in the face, and do not call it good: realize the darkness, and do not call it light. But when you have done that, I ask you to realize a larger fact, viz., that the Alpha and Omega of all this life is the love of the good God. For as sure as the beginning, that is also the end, and let us say

> Hope I may still pursue,
> The Crucified One's arm to find!
> That arm can still restore the lost,
> Yea, it can raise the dead indeed.

With that thought of God let us spend our few brief years fighting sin and serving man, till we pass "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

Now unto the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, be glory and dominion forever and ever.

REVIVAL ✣ TENTS ✣ NOW ✣ FOLDED

CLOSING THE FIFTH SEASON OF THE OPEN-AIR GOSPEL WORK IN PHILADELPHIA

SINCE June 21, from 100 to 125 meetings per week have been conducted by the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee of Philadelphia. With eight tents, four stereopticons, the Italian Tabernacle, Race street pier, the Lemon Hill Music Pavilion, and other open squares, meetings were held in seventeen different localities daily. The daily aggregate attendance would amount to from 4,000 to 6,000 people. Meetings were held every night with the exception of Saturday. Children's Meetings were held in the afternoon and early evening.

The use of the stereopticon in the open air and vavant lots and city parks was a new and most effective means of drawing and interesting large numbers of people. In the poorest sections of the city where these instruments were most used, the sentiment of the entire community was manifestly changed. The good, old hymns, thrown upon the screen, were learned by the youths, and supplanted to a large degree the ordinary street song. Very often from 1,000 to 1,500 (and as many as 2,500), people would stand for a full hour and observe the pictures and listen reverently to the Gospel address.

The tents have lost none of their advantages. While only seven of the tents were used this year as compared with ten last year, the entire work has been larger, because of the stereopticon and open-air meetings. Ordinarily the tents are moved to new districts after three or four weeks. In one section, however, a tent remained all the season and the services were maintained with ever-increasing interest. The crowd at the closing testimony service, although held on a Monday night, more than filled the tent. Scarcely a night passed in this section without souls being converted.

It is impossible to measure the far-reaching results of such work. In the tents fully 1,000 have indicated a purpose to lead Christian lives. One lamentable fact revealed is that many of those reached have once been connected with some church and had wandered away.

The best available evangelists and evangelistic pastors were engaged to preach. Almost all of those receiving some remuneration were engaged for at least two weeks. Ten helpers were employed, seven being students from Princeton. These acted in each place as overseers and helpers. They visited in the homes, helped in the after-meetings, and were in point of effectiveness scarcely second to the evangelist. Two ladies were engaged to help in the children's meetings. Dr. Lange, Superintendent of the Philadelphia County Sabbath School Association, was engaged to superintend the Children's Department.

Every Sabbath morning the General Secretary preached in Fairmount Park in the Lemon Hill Music Pavilion to a great audience. The evening service was under the auspices of the Second Presbyterian Church, Rev. Charles Wood, D.D., pastor. Every Monday at noon a rally of evangelists and workers would meet in the Auditorium of the Witherspoon Building to he reports of the week's work, and be addressed by so minister or evangelist. Marked interest develop among the policemen, who were always most help and reverent listeners. Many striking incidents of c version have been witnessed.

More than 400,000 people in the aggregate have tended the services during the summer. Twelve th sand dollars have been expended on the work. collections were taken at the services. The fun necessary were secured by personal subscription. all probability the kind of work done in the summer means of tents will be carried on in the winter in ha and theatres, in addition special effort in the church

The Committee in Phi delphia, during its entire h tory of five years, has rep sented the two Presbyteri together with the Soci Union, which is a laymar organization. The moveme originated in this laymar organization as a result a visit of the late Dwig L. Moody to the city in t spring of 1889. The Co mittee is thoroughly orga ized, and is made up thirty ministers and layme The Hon. John H. Conver is Chairman of the Comm tee, and has been since organization. Mr. Conver is also Chairman of the Ge eral Assembly's Evangelist Committee of the Presbyt rian Church, the forming which Committee was t result of the Philadelph Tent Movement, and w appointed at the meetir of the General Assembly in Philadelphia two years ag The work emphasizes the fact that evangelistic wor must be as thorough as every other branch of work i order to be successful. The Committee is preparing a illustrated report of the fifth summer, together wit certain resolutions growing out of the experience the past five years. This report will be circulated ge erally, and will be supplied to friends upon applicatio

EVANGELIST SMILEY ADDRESSING THE LOCOMOTIVE BUILDERS AT THE BALDWIN WORKS

SUMMER SOUL-WINNING IN INDIANA

AS one of the many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I send to you an account of our Gospel Tent Work here at Newburg, Ind., this summer. Early in July we erected our tent and began open-air work. Great results have come from these meetings. We secured the services of five young men with musical instruments and an organ. This feature of tent work was a very effective one. I believe in using all the known musical instruments in God's praise, and to lead souls to Christ.

Our town has been greatly benefited by the tent work. Surely this is God's plan of reaching the class who never enter church. We are commanded to "preach to every creature," and to do this we must go where they are, or where we can reach them in the best way possible. Is it not time for us, as ministers of Christ, instead of taking vacation in summer, to make strong appeals in be half of "the last man" who has foun himself away from God?

It is a pleasure, much enjoye and appreciated, to spend the sum mer months with our friends or rela tions in a distant State, perhap among the scenes of our childhood but what is it compared to the joy o leading even one soul to Christ?

May the Lord move all the pas tors to tell to the world of his "won derful love," even in the summer time The evangelization of the world de pends very much on this plan of work

REV. C. W. ESTES.

THE PASTOR AND HIS GOSPEL BAND AT NEWBURG, IND.

Great Artistic Merit

It is difficult to express to you on a postal my appreciation of the beautiful pictures constituting the "Family Art Gallery." I truly thank you for this generous gift on your part. "Good" is hardly sufficient to indicate the artistic merit of the pictures. I expect to have several of them framed. W. R. WALKER.

THE PASTOR'S FISH—VARDO ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF VARDO A FISH AND SALT FOR THE PENDLER

A TOUR ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Continued from page 807

eople have excellent public schools. I met Norwe-ian boys and girls of fifteen who could speak good nglish, having learned it in the middle class at school. ank, post-office, telegraph and telephone offices, four onsulates, a fine church, a large schoolhouse, fort, rge hospital, and fish warehouses are some of the rominent features of the town. Norsemen, ins, Lapps, and Russians are seen on the reets.

Norway is an intensely democratic coun-y. Titled aristocracy has been abolished y law. Norway has no idol. Most of the eople desire a republic like ours, but it is ifficult to see wherein their personal lib-rty could be greatly enhanced. The king f Sweden and Norway has less power than he President of the United States. Norway as no standing army. Every householder as a flag-pole standing by the side of his esidence, from which he often displays the orwegian flag.

Education in Norway is compulsory, and eligious instruction, according to the Lu-theran creed, is taught in the public schools. Religion here is too formal

The social side of life in Norway will compare favorably with our country, England, Germany, or France. Christiana is the social and political capital. Life in the country differs greatly from that of the city. There is less drunkenness in Norway than in England or America. With many limitations a few salient points of the government deal out spirits in communities, where, by special vote, the people allow it. There is a strong temperance party in the parliament. Suffrage is practically universal for men, and women too. Very poor, and very rich people are scarce in Norway. I see no "first-class" passengers on the railroad trains. The people are industrious, quiet, and honest. They are also brave and undaunted as were their ancestors, and women so much feared in England and France. My next letter will be from Archangel. I shall skirt the coast of Lapland on the Arctic Sea, and then the coast of Finland as I pass down the White Sea. From many different quarters in these latitudes one hears of the good work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and of Dr. Klopsch's mission of relief last winter to the famine-stricken Laps and Finns. I have already been told of it by Finlanders and Scandinavians.

FREDERICK A. NORTH

HAY-MAKING NEAR TRONDHJEM, NORWAY

"PREACH JESUS TO ME"

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BY
CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS

WE'VE got a new minister coming, I hear; the old one I'm told 's had his day.
Too old-fashioned and slow, and not up to date; at least so the younger folks say,
So the man who's grown gray in the service of God, forever aside now must stand,
While a youth fresh from college, with brand new ideas, is going to take things in hand;
And we'll hear the old truths told over again, from Genesis way down to Paul,
And told in the latest most new-fangled way, so that no one will know them at all.
Well, there's this much I know, whoever may come, and whoever the preacher may be,
If a blessing he wants from this old heart of mine, he's got to preach Jesus to me!

"A youth fresh from college"

The old style of preaching the Gospel of God, with eloquence simple and strong,
Repentance, salvation, through Jesus who died, they've discovered at last is all wrong;
And instead we have lectures on various things, political, social, and such,
All told in a genteel, half-hearted way, with a matter-of-fact sort of touch,
And about as much use to a hungering soul, as 'twould be if you gave it a stone,
All food for the mind, for the spirit and heart, must be left most severely alone,
Not a word in the whole discourse will you hear of the Cross and of grim Calvary. [Jesus to me.
Well—such kind of fare, it may satisfy some; but you've got to preach

Ah me! what a change has come over the land, from the days that I once knew of old,
When the good pastor's voice, so grand and inspired, in sonorous majesty rolled,
And we heard the old story of God and his love, and of Jesus the Saviour of men,
And the next Sabbath day, with the same eager hearts, we came back to hear it again.
We never grew weary, we never grew tired, of that tale of God's wonderful love,
Our religion we drew not from books or from men, but straight from the Father above.
For the grace that He gave us came down like the rain, so plenteous, so full, and so free,
And it's that blessed grace that my thirsty soul craves, so preach the dear Saviour to me.

"And we never grew weary"

Ah! in those good old days, a spade was a spade, and sin, it was nailed down as sin;
No trimming of sails to suit this one and that, but the shafts of the Gospel sank in
The wrong-doer's heart, and rich man or poor, face to face, in an instant was brought
With the terrible price the sinner must pay who sets God's commandments at naught.
No parleys with Sin, temporizing with wrong, but heart searching within and without,
Ah! the wonderful faith of those blessed old days, with never a question or doubt,
Just the Bible—God's word from beginning to end—and to those precious pages I flee,
And I pick out the texts that thrilled me with joy, when the Saviour was first preached to me.

"The shafts of the Gospel sank in"

It's all very well, in the heyday of youth, to criticize, question, discuss,
But to those who have reached the evening of life, Ah, how different it all is with us!
With the scythe of the Reaper coming daily more near, and the eves growing dimmer with age. [precious page.
Oh! don't take the comfort the Holy Book gives, as we ponder o'er each
Oh! take not away, but add if you can, for there's nothing to cheer our last breath, [of death,
No, nothing but those blessed pages to help, as we draw near the portals
Ah, there's naught but our Lord that can then stand between our souls and Eternity, [to me.
So give me the light of God's Gospel, and preach Christ Jesus the Saviour

"The comfort the Holy Book gives"

Preach Jesus, Him only, and if you'll do that, there's no other topic you'll need,
He is the food that the multitude craves, if only their voices you'd heed,
For the world it is hungry for some one to come and arouse it from out of its sleep,
And into the heavenly garners of God, a harvest of souls you will reap.
It isn't that people are weary of church, or that spiritual matters have tired,
But the preachers have strayed from the old paths of faith, and no longer are thrilled and inspired,
So back to the Cross and the crucified One, and Oh! glorious the harvest will be,
And the whole world will ring with the joy of the saved—so preach Jesus to them and to me.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Why Ministers Are Scarce

FROM college newspapers we learn that there is a decrease in the number of young men who are studying for the ministry. What is the cause of the decrease? Has the pulpit lost its attraction for young men? Has zeal in the service of Jesus so cooled that young men no longer desire to enter it? The questions are serious, for preaching is the divinely appointed means by which recruits are to be won for the church. As the Apostle Paul asks, How shall they hear without a preacher?

A possible explanation of the decline in the popularity of the ministerial calling may be found in a notice recently published by one of the denominational journals. It announces that several ministers are needed for circuit work. Candidates must be under fifty years of age; if they have any families they must be small ones; must be able to furnish a house and bring their furniture in at their own expense; must have clear heads, warm hearts and be sound in doctrine. The salary offered is $400 or $500 a year to the right man, if he is not afraid of work. We may add that he should also not be afraid of starvation, as, if he has even a small family to support on his salary, and has to keep up the respectable appearance expected of a minister, the modicum of money left to buy food must be of the smallest.

Is it any wonder that a young man reading such a notice at the beginning of his career should decide not to enter the ministry. He could earn more than that laying bricks, or in any of the mechanical trades, and if he has the genius qualifying him for the ministry he might earn a better livelihood in any of the professions. For the honor of the church, for the sake of the name of Christ, the men who devote themselves to the ministry ought to receive more compensation than that offered.

We can imagine what must be the life of a man who undertakes ministerial work on such a salary. How the constant struggle to make both ends meet must wear upon his spirit! How the distraction of debt and of the necessity for strict economy must occupy his mind and interfere with the efficient discharge of his duty! What mental starvation must be endured by the man who can never buy a new book or subscribe for a secular or religious journal! The church practises suicidal economy in so crippling its servants. It cannot get from them the best work they are capable of doing, unless it relieves them of the sordid cares of life.

Besides this, there is the far-sighted view of the future of the ministry, of which we have an indication in the dearth of candidates for the pastorate. There is Apostolic authority for the maxim that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and there is common-sense ground for contending that the hire should be worthy of the man. If it is realized that in the ministry the remuneration is ridiculously inadequate, the men who enter it will be fewer and of poorer calibre from year to year. It is time that the churches contemplated this prospect. Unless an improvement is made, disaster is inevitable. Every church which is giving its pastor an insufficient salary, should get together and make an effort to redeem its name from disgrace.

Mosquitoes

WE wonder how often in the past mosquito-tormented summer some of us have asked wonderingly, "Why does God permit the existence of such provoking pests?" Their hum, their bite, their attack in force, for this year they have come in clouds, armies, and battalions, all prove disastrous to comfort and to peace. The theory hotly advanced by recent investigators that they are the bringers of malaria, yellow fever, and other diseases, is alternately accepted and contradicted, yet it seems highly probable that the irritability they produce, may help on the conditions favorable to fevers and maladies of the blood. Away with the mosquito, we cry, lavishing kerosene by the gallon on the ponds and swamps where he breeds; anointing ourselves with citronella and pennyroyal essence in the hope of discouraging his proximity, and screening our houses and verandas so that he dashes against the wire netting in vain. This last precaution is, on the whole, the best armor against the persistent marauders. A thoroughly screened room, porch, or dwelling will resist the inroads of the tiny foe, and rout him in swift defeat. Instead of complaining and fretting try wire netting and mosquito gauze, and possess your soul in patience.

Why God permits these pestiferous mosquitoes to exist we do not know, but in the economy of nature he has provided other creatures that war upon them, and we may protect these. Meanwhile, as a discipline, perhaps we ought not revile the tiny plagues that will vanish with the frost.

Safeguards at the World's Fair

THERE is an impression abroad that the management of the World's Fair, which is to be held at St. Louis next year, has not exercised sufficient care in some of the arrangements it has made with regard to the giving of "privileges," especially such as will have an influence upon the moral well-being of the multitudes who will visit the Fair from all parts of the Union. If it be true, as some publications allege, that at the very gates of the Fair, where millions will pass and repass daily and thousands will lodge, there are to be resorts of a character not to be named in decent society, it will be an irredeemable blot upon the whole enterprise.

For the sake of the fathers and mothers of America, and of the vast numbers of young people of both sexes, who are looking forward with agreeable anticipation to next year's visit to St. Louis, we trust that President Francis and his official associates will personally inquire into this important matter. Nothing should be left undone to convince the nation that the Fair will be free from moral stain, in all of its surroundings. If vice, even in the slightest degree, is to be permitted to obtrude itself, this fact would operate to keep many away. But we believe that the management, knowing the danger, will adopt and rigidly enforce such rules as will satisfy the most exacting. The city authorities, too, should co-operate heartily in this. Even in its exterior surroundings, the Fair must be kept clean, and no shadow of vice should be allowed to fall across its entrances. It is an enterprise that belongs to the whole nation, and the multitudes who intend to visit it have a right to be assured that in their sojourn at the great Exposition, they will be surrounded by every safeguard necessary for moral as well as physical protection.

We believe the enterprise will be a great success, and this result will be all the more certain, if the management and the St. Louis authorities work together, to make it not only the best but morally the cleanest World's Fair ever held.

Among the Workers

—THOMAS L. JONES, of Carbondale, Pa., while holding a religious service on the main street, on Sunday afternoon, September 13, was arrested and lodged in jail. He spent several hours in a cell, singing hymns to the accompaniment of an autoharp. He was released in the evening.

Characteristic of the House

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—*Dear Editor:*—Received the books all right, and must say they far exceed my expectations. Am more than pleased with them, as with everything I receive from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Thanking you kindly, I remain, respectfully,

Omaha. MRS. GEORGE A. OSTROM.

Words Cannot Describe Them

DEAR SIR: My books came to-day, and I thank you very much. They are far beyond my expectations, and words are inadequate to express their real value to me. Yours very truly,

Chicago. MRS. A. W. MITCHELL.

Better than Represented

The set of *Twentieth Century Encyclopedia* received last week, for which accept my thanks. They are all they were represented to be, and I am more than satisfied with my purchase. Respectfully,

Elmira. JOSEPHINE H. GARDNER.

Above His Expectations

EDITOR CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Dear Sir:*—I received the *Twentieth Century Encyclopedia* the 10th instant. Can say I am well pleased with it; is even better than expected. Yours truly,

Topeka. D. H. HOOLEY.

A Grand Compendium

The *Twentieth Century Encyclopedia* came to hand a few days ago, and I am well pleased with it. It is a grand compendium of information. Yours truly.

Sandy Lake. MRS. A. C. CARNAHAN.

An Exceptional Opportunity

WE again direct the attention of our readers to the unquestioned excellence of the **Twentieth Century World-Wide Encyclopedia.** Lest our readers forget the points of excellence which distinguish this Encylopedia from every other now on the market, we reproduce them here in condensed form:

First: It contains **9,000 large pages of good sized, clear, legible type,** easily read.

Second: The **type** used on this **Encyclopedia** is **absolutely new.**

Third: Every page has been **set within the last twelve months.**

Fourth: It contains the **latest information** in encyclopedic form now offered to the public.

Fifth: It contains 300 articles by the **ablest specialists** of the day, and among these are Edward Everett Hale, Seth Low, Mayor of New York; Governor B. B. Odell, Jr., of New York; Wu Ting Fang, John Hays Hammond, William Jennings Bryan, Grover Cleveland, Dudley Buck, Rev. Frances E. Clark, Andrew Carnegie, Carroll D. Wright, Julia Ward Howe, Frederick Dent Grant and Henry Cabot Lodge.

Sixth: It contains **hundreds of** superb, **full-page inserts.**

Seventh: Its hundred or more **maps** are unexcelled for detail and **beautiful coloring.**

Eighth: Every article it contains was written within the last two years, and from the **viewpoint of the Twentieth Century,** and not of the Nineteenth.

Ninth: Not a page has been "doctored" up or patched up to bring the **statistics to date.** There was no occasion for such patchwork, as the encyclopedia itself is of the **most recent origin.**

Tenth: The binding is in the highest style of modern encyclopedic binding, substantial, yet convenient; loose, so that any one page is as easily accessible as any other page, and the volumes always lie flat when you open them.

Eleventh: Remember, there are **twelve large volumes,** of nearly **800 pages** each, in addition to the **maps** and **inserts,** and these twelve volumes weigh nearly **sixty pounds.**

Twelfth: Now you will understand what a tremendous bargain we are placing before our readers at the prices mentioned below. This self-same encyclopedia in leather binding (a little more showy but much less convenient), is selling at **four times as much** as ours. In every instance where the slightest dissatisfaction exists, we will be glad to refund your money. Hence **we shoulder the entire risk.**

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Turkish Outrages

RECENT reports from Macedonia have aroused horror the world over. Turkish barbarities appear to have reached their culmination. The description of the atrocities perpetrated at astoria, eclipse the worst outrages hitherto committed that afflicted land. The town lies about thirty-six iles south of Monastir. It had a population of about n thousand. The Turks surrounded it, and set it on e. Every one who fled from the flames was ruthssly murdered, and indescribable barbarities were mmitted on women and children. The report says at the entire population of the town, including old eople and babies, perished. The Turks showed no ercy on account of age or sex. We blame the Macenians for their cruelty and vindictiveness, but such outrage as this is enough to stir the indignation of ny people. We cannot wonder, however much we eplore, that they take revenge when they have opportnity. A carefully prepared statistical statement just sued, gives the names of more than a hundred illages which have shared the same fate, with the mber killed in each case. Nor were the Turks ntent with ordinary killing, but took pleasure in avage cruelty. In one case they are said to have it eighteen living children into the town oven and asted them to death. Other cruelties too horrible speak of are charged against these barbarous avages. The indignation of the Bulgarian people ems now to be beyond control. The Bulgarian overnment has been warned by both Austria and ussia that it must expect no help if it does go to ar with Turkey, but the people cannot much longer

A MEETING OF MACEDONIAN INSURGENTS

VILLAGERS FLEEING TO THE MOUNTAINS

BULGARIAN SOLDIERS WATCHING THE FRONTIER

e restrained. If war does break out between Turkey nd Bulgaria, the scene of conflict will be widely exended and Bulgaria must be crushed. It is amazing hat all Europe should remain quiet while such horrors re taking place, and the Turk be allowed to work his ill on the helpless people. The difficulty, however, onsists in the fact that the people are not fit for elf-government and that no Power would be willing o see the country given over to the control of another ower. We can but hope and pray that some solution f the difficulty may be found, for we are assured that od, who has all power over the nations, is not indifferent to the suffering inflicted by the wicked.

If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of ustice and judgment in a province, marvel not at the matter: for he that is higher than the highest regardeth; and there be higher han they (Eccles. 5:8).

Courtship in a Cemetery

A wedding ceremony was performed in Baltimore, Md., on Sept. 1, which had a romantic origin. The bridegroom, who is an engineer, used on his holidays to visit the cemetery, to cultivate the plot in which his wife was buried over a year ago. One day, he noticed a lady doing similar work on the adjoining plot. He learned that she was a widow, whose husband was buried there three years ago. He observed her work, and noticing that she needed an implement that he was using in fixing up the creepers, he offered her the use of it. She accepted the loan of it, and an acquaintance began. He continued to visit the cemetery during the spring, and frequently the widow happened to be there, too. They exchanged confidences, and were impressed by the similarity of their feelings. Each had been intensely devoted to the respective dead partner, and their lives had been similarly desolated by their bereavements. Their common sorrow drew them into closer friendship, and, ultimately, they became so much attached to one another, that a marriage was arranged, which has now been solemnized. They will now, one hopes, be able to console one another, and each do something toward filling the void in the other's life. It is not strange that similar grief should draw people together. It would be well if the common love of Christ always drew together Christians, who are separated in the sects. They, too, would find in companionship and comradeship an increase in happiness and power.

I in them, and thou in me that they may be made perfect in one (John 17: 23).

To Color Diamonds

A scientist in Chicago announces a discovery which, if successful, will probably bring a large fortune to the discoverer. All diamond dealers are aware that the value of a diamond is determined to a large extent by its color. Size and clearness are factors in the estimate, but the color is an important quality. The brown diamonds which adorn the crown of King Edward of England would be of far less value if they were white, but the brown color is so rare in the gem, that their value is immensely enhanced. The Chicago scientist believes that with his method he can change the color of a diamond to any desired tint. His plan is to direct the Roentgen rays to some strongly colored substance, and when they are loaded with the required color, to turn them on the diamond the color of which it is designed to change. The rays penetrating the gem, permeate it with the color they carry and leave it there. Experiments have been made which show that the diamond does receive the color, but time alone can prove whether the change is permanent. There is the same doubt about human jewels. We see changes and reformations so often that are not permanent. It is only when the grace of God transforms the nature that we can hope for permanence.

But we, with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image (II. Cor. 3: 18 R.V.).

Forty Years Separated

The wife of a Methodist clergyman residing in Philipsburg, Pa., has discovered to her surprise, that she has a father living. She supposed herself to be the daughter of a couple formerly living near Trenton, N. J., both of whom are now dead. She is forty-two years of age, and has been married over eighteen years. Recently she paid a visit to two ladies whom she believed to be her sisters. During her visit she learned for the first time, a secret, that had been carefully kept for forty years. It was that she was not the daughter, but only the adopted daughter of the couple whom she had always regarded as her parents. Her real father was a man who had forty years ago been a neighbor of her foster-parents. As he had lost his wife at that time his little two-year-old daughter was glad to visit the neighbor's house, in which there were little children, who became her playmates. Their parents grew to love the motherless little one as their own child, and at last as her father wanted to go West, they adopted her. They did not tell the girl she was not their own, and strictly enjoined a like secrecy on their children. Since their death it was thought best to tell her, especially as her real father had returned to the East. She immediately went to see him, and he, having learned that she had long been dead, was delighted at the reunion. How much happiness Christians might confer if they, like those adopted sisters, would tell those who do not know, that they have a Father in heaven who longs to receive them to his heart.

For the Father himself loveth you (John 16: 27).

A Consumption Lair

A pamphlet just issued by the University Settlement in New York, gives a startling description of a block not far distant from the Settlement, which bears the significant soubriquet of "Lung Block." It is a dirty region of tenement houses, in which it is estimated that a thousand families live. In the last nine years alone, this block has reported 915 cases of consumption. From doctors, druggists, and all others whom I knew, I gathered that this is but half the true number. In a block so congested, dissipation, comes easy. Foul air, darkness, wretched surroundings—these work on the home by day and night. Here a thousand homes struggle on, while hundreds yield and sink, and so pollute the others. So come hundreds of others to take their places and die of the same plague. The stair cases and walls are infested with the tuberculous

Knowest not thou a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? Purge out, therefore, the old leaven (I. Cor. 5: 6, 7).

BRIEF NOTES

The new Pope Pius Tenth has ordered the distribution among the poor at Rome of $20,000.

At Whitefield's Tabernacle, London, the coffin plate of Tophady, the author of "Rock of Ages," was found.

Mr. M. A. Holbrook, the famous swimmer, says that no man who wants to be a strong and keen bathing person should ever shave, but should let his beard grow. He says that it makes him a better swimmer, since it does not smother his face.

The new head worker at the University Settlement of New York is Prof. J. H. Hamilton, a Syracuse University graduate of fourteen years' standing. He has been for many years a student of sociological questions. He is especially interested in the problem of how to get the boys of the tenements off the streets and into wholesome surroundings. He will have his headquarters at the Settlement House, 95 Rivington street. There is good reason to expect that Prof. Hamilton's service will be eminently successful.

In the factory town of Kingston, N. Y., a little band of colored men and women, under the [illegible] M. E. Shepard, are making a brave fight for [illegible] ship, on which they pay rent. By a [illegible] one and the proceeds go to the support of the [illegible] still [illegible] ing to get the money. Any [illegible] M. E. Sheppard, at 332 Broadway, Kingston, N. Y.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE * GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR OCT. 11
II. SAMUEL 7: 4-16

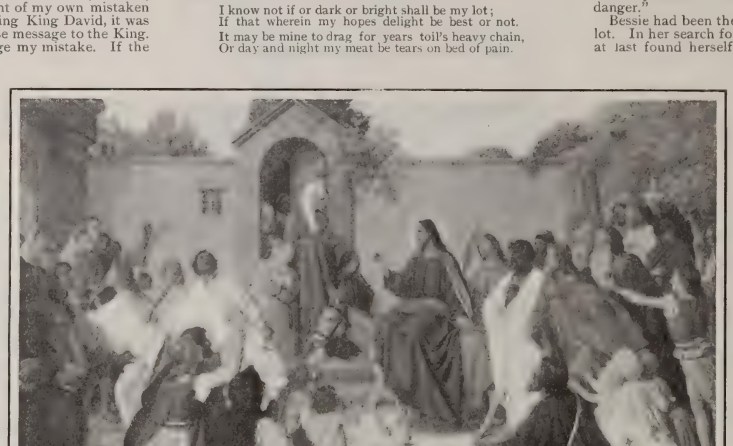
By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -- II. SAM. 7: 16:
"THY THRONE SHALL BE ESTABLISHED FOREVER"

LET us listen to the prophet Nathan: "King David had built for himself a magnificent palace of cedar on the hill Zion. In pitiful contrast on the same hill, stood God's house, the Tabernacle, in a tattered condition, having been in use for about four hundred years. Friend of God as he was, King David could but keenly feel the contrast, and so the desire came upon him to build a house for the Lord, and one that should far exceed in grandeur his own palace of cedar. But I was first made aware of his purpose, when he summoned me into his presence to tell me about it. At the first mention, it seemed good to me, and I commended it with all my heart, and pronounced a blessing upon it. But that same night, a greater King, even the Lord God of Hosts, summoned me, that he might express his disapproval of King David's purpose. God conveyed to me the idea that the time was not ripe for such a building, for as yet there was no permanance in the Kingdom of Israel. The wars for conquest of the idolatrous people must still go on, and King David was the "man of blood" to prosecute those wars. And besides, God would have his temple built by a man of peace. In his zeal, King David had exceeded God's wish, for I was distinctly told, by God, to tell King David that he had never given any intimation to any one, that he wanted a home built for himself, and that on the contrary, it was best that he should continue to dwell in the tent and tabernacle, as he had done since he had brought Israel out of Egypt. Not that he wished always to dwell in a tent, but only until such a time as Israel should abide in a place of their own and move no more. I was told by God to tell King David these things, and also that Solomon, his son, should build the "house." On account of my own mistaken judgment in commending and blessing King David, it was hard for me to bear the Lord's adverse message to the King. I was much humiliated to acknowledge my mistake. If the adverse statement had been the whole of the message, my courage might have failed me. But I was made the bearer of a wonderful promise to King David: that God would "make him a house," not meaning another palace, but that he would establish his family forever as a line of Kings. The kingdom of David could only last forever, by culminating in a person who reigns forever, that is, in the Messiah.

If King David was disappointed that God had set aside his plans, there was no trace of it upon his face, but rather, his whole appearance seemed ennobled and exalted, by the greater things which God had in store for him. I had hardly gone beyond the confines of his palace, before I heard his voice in the strains of a "Magnificat," praising God for the honor which he had promised. These are some of the words I heard: "Who am I, O! Lord God? and what is my house that thou hast brought me hitherto? Let thy name be magnified forever, saying, 'The Lord of hosts is the God over Israel,' and let the house of thy servant David be established before thee, and with thy blessing let the house of thy servant be blessed forever."

Let us listen to King David teaching his children: "The great Messiah, who is to be the glory of our family, has been living in heaven since before the world began. Angels have bowed down before him and called him Lord of all (Psalms 2: 7; 97: 7). He came to this world to talk with Adam (Gen. 3: 8), and Enoch (Gen. 5: 24), and Abraham (Gen. 18: 1), and Jacob (Gen. 32: 30), and Moses (Ex. 3: 2), and Joshua (Josh. 5: 13-15), and Gideon (Judges 6: 11). By and by he will come to live among men and be called the "Son of David," and in him our line shall reign forever over the whole world." (Messianic Psalms 2: 18; 45; 72; 110).



"THEY THAT WENT BEFORE HIM CRIED, SAYING, HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID"

Illustration and Application

It makes a difference to God what sort of a man builds his house—that is one timely truth in his lesson; and another is that a man may have a blessed immortality of good influence on earth in Christly descendants. A kindred truth is that God blesses a righteous family, age after age. And another is that God is very merciful to his sinning people. Another truth is that God greatly values peace, and condemns war and bloodshed, as shown in his rejection of David's proposal to build him a house because he was a man of war and blood (Chron. 22: 8; 28: 3), was rejected, and his announcement that he would build that house of stone, and another more enduring, through a human Prince of Peace, his son Solomon, who was a type of the Divine peace-bringer, the great "Son of David." And not the least important lesson of this story, is that the loyal subjects of the Prince of Peace, to whom he has said, "My peace I give unto you," should manifest his wondrous peace day by day, the peace of trust in a kind providence that is guiding the destiny of men, of families and of nations.

A fundamental fact is omitted in this story which David tells twice over in his farewell talks, namely, that God had replied to his proposal to build a temple for God as beautiful as his own royal palace: "Thou had shed blood abundantly, and hast made great wars; thou shalt not build a house unto my name because thou hast shed much blood in my sight" (I. Chron. 22: 8; 28: 3). Then he is told that his son, who will be a prince of peace, type of a greater One to come, shall build the temple. From any point of view this is a Divine condemnation of war and commendation of peace. God tolerated war as he did divorce (Mark 10: 2, 5), because of the hardness of the people's hearts. It would seem also that God not only overruled for good, but even ordered wars in that rude age, and David was taunted for unusual gentleness for that time. But this passage shows that God did not approve all David did in his wars, and he does approve peace rather than war. It is appropriate to insert here the new stanza written during the Boer war for the hymn, "God save the King":

Peace

Lord, let war's tempests cease,
Fold the whole world in peace,
Under thy wings;
Make all the nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

Surely the church of the Prince of Peace should more positively oppose the craze of militarism, which next to commercialism is the most serious blot on our Twentieth Christian Century. It is petty ethics to condemn the "hell" of war less than the retail brutality of riots and prize fights. They are all "the call of the wild."

While God overruled David's plan to build a temple, he substituted a greater promise to build a "house" for him that should last forever, a beautiful illustration of how God in denying our prayers gives us something better than we planned.

Overruled Plans

I know not if or dark or bright shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight be best or not.
It may be mine to drag for years toil's heavy chain,
Or day and night my meat be tears on bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth with smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth be strange to me.
My bark is wafted to the strand by breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand other than mine.

Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam. At the fork of the branch, almost wet with the cataract's spray, a robin sat on its nest. Through such a trust, we may ourselves become princes of peace, reminders of Christ, even more than Solomon was in goodness, if not in greatness, resting ever in a peace that grows brighter as life's twilight and life's autumn come on, as is suggested by the following golden wedding song:

Spring has its south wind and the mellow earth,
The blooming bow and the flutter of the leaves,
And summer has its labor and its mirth,
But autumn binds the sheaves.

Dawn brings the gladness of awakening thought,
The quickened heart-throb and the will to roam:
Noon brings us nearer to the things we sought.
But twilight brings us home. —J. C. COLBURN.

"Yours must be a very responsible position," said a traveler to a switchman who had charge of the switches at a junction where five lines converge.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is as nothing compared to yours as a Christian."

There is no greater responsibility in this world than that which Daniel Webster said was the greatest thought that ever passed through his brain, the thought of his "individual responsibility to God," which is the responsibility to make good in word and deed the name "Christian," that we bear as sharers in his kingdom.

One said of another, "He is a very good man, but he does not remind me of Jesus Christ." Of another it was s "He makes people fall in love with Jesus Christ."

One of the sweetest truths of the lesson is God's pr dential care of families, not only from day to day, but also f age to age. In the Ten Commandments heredity is said to carry its curse to the "t and fourth generation" of them that hate G but "mercy" is to extend to thousands of ge ations of them that love God, which is illustrated in that kings in the upper kingdom of Palestine were of seven dyn ties, while David's line in Judah continued to the end, and wi the "ten are lost tribes," the Jews are everywhere, and whom David called both "Son" and "Lord," is increasin ruling the world. And we may call him "brother," as of own household. "Pray God show me the way home for Je sake. Amen." This short prayer was breathed by a yo girl, as she stood in the middle of a Canadian wood, around her towered big pine trees and masses of rock. their base grew clumps of crimsoning bushes, for it was the fall, and the leaves were putting on their most vi coloring. It was this undergrowth which had proved so wildering to Bessie Newcome. She had pushed her w under and through them, without thinking how hard would find it to retrace her steps. Mother had sent her a other members of the family out that morning in search raspberries. Armed with pitchers and baskets, th had sallied forth full of fun and spirits, quite unheeding last words breathed by Mrs. Newcome: "Don't go beyo call of each other, dears! It is so easy to lose one self in woods just now. Keep all together, and there will be danger."

A Family Blest

Bessie had been the most heedless and adventurous of lot. In her search for the big yellow and crimson fruit, at last found herself "lost." No settler's child, under o nary circumstances, ever fails draw a bee-line homewards. Bessie had gone around the b of so many rocks, plunged throu so many copses, and run down many pine avenues, that she w quite bewildered, and so began pray. She had hardly said "Amen before she noticed a piece ch ped off the rock where she sto Her brother had blazed a pa and she quickly followed it hon Christ, our Brother King, h blazed for us a way of safety a peace. Every family, like that Joseph and Mary, like that David also, ought to be a "ho family," in which Jesus is a w come and abiding guest.

A Mohammedan Sheikh came the hospital in old Cairo for tre ment. "Do not speak to me of t Son of God," he exclaimed in ang adding many insulting epithets the holy name of Jesus. Whenev the Bible was read in the ward, the Gospel preached, he became abusive that the medical offic wondered whether he should be lowed to remain. But they hoped would listen and believe, and liv

"If you came to my village," sa he to the ladies, lifting himself in bed and looking angrily at the with his dark eyes. "If you can to my village and dared to speak the Son of God, all my people ar I would kill you with the sword Still Miss Sells persisted. She an the other ladies did not cease to te of Christ. Gradually he cea ed to reply, until, at last, he liste ed without a word to their lovin message of salvation through Christ. They could hardly b lieve it, but his heart was certainly softened and his interes awakened.

"Do you know that I saw the Sheikh with a Gospel in hi hand this morning, and he was reading it," remarked one these ladies in amazement. "Oh, I am so glad," replied th other. "I left it there, hoping he would take it up."

Hardly a day but he was seen with a Testament, intentl perusing the sacred pages. He spent many an hour in thi way. "This hospital was opened to extend the knowledg of Jesus Christ more even than to heal bodily disease," sai Miss Sells to him one day. "We consider the preaching o the Gospel the most important thing in the world."

"But what about those outside?" he quickly asked. "How can he hear? Who goes to them?" Miss Sells could onl offer up a prayer that the Sheikh might be a messenger o good news to "those outside." On the last Sunday he re mained in the hospital, he seemed so sad at leaving, tha Miss Sells was encouraged to put to him a very plain ques tion. "Sheikh," she said "do you believe Jesus to be th Son of God?" "How can I but believe, now that I have read the Book?" was his prompt reply. "But you did not believe when first you came into the hospital. You were like the Mohammedans outside who refuse to believe in Jesus." "Ah but I had not seen your Book then. They would also believe had they read that." He carried away a Testament with him to his far off village. Not long afterwards three men presented themselves at the hospital for treatment. "We want a book like the Sheikh had; we came from his village," said they, when the doctor had examined them. A week later came a fourth, in perfect health. "You are quite well, you do not need me," remarked the doctor. "No; I come for a book like the one Sheikh has," he replied. He was given the Sermon on the Mount, and slowly walked away down the road, reading as he went, toward the far-off village where the Sheikh was the messenger of good news, to "those outside."

A GREEK SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

The Romantic and Eventful Career of Captain Zuras, Now in this Country . . .

AMONG recent arrivals on our shores, is Captain C. S. Zuras, whose work in the island of Crete, in the Mediterranean, has been the means of extraordinary blessing to the people of that island, especially to the soldiers quartered there. One of the most remarkable results of his preaching was the conversion of fifty-seven Mohammedans, who have been baptized and are leading Christian lives, in spite of the odium that usually attaches to a Mohammedan who becomes a Christian. "They are good honest men," says Captain Zuras. "I write them every week and hear from them regularly, and they tell me that the good work is still going on."

Captain Zuras has labored also in Egypt under the auspices of the American mission in Cairo and there, too, trophies were won for Christ, chiefly from among the Greek population, to whom he could preach in their own tongue. He preaches in English, also, and never loses an opportunity of addressing British soldiers, who, he says, always listen attentively to the Gospel, and when converted, are stanch and true to their Lord. One regiment with which he labored was so permeated with the Gospel, and was so changed in spirit and in morals, that, when he parted from them, they held a meeting for farewell, at which they presented him with a testimonial, signed by more than a thousand men, testifying to the value his services had been, in leading the men from darkness to light. They gave him also a gold watch and chain, but these he is now unable to show. "The Lord's work," as Captain Zuras says, "needs money, and sometimes there are opportunities of doing it, when the funds are not at hand. The chain had to go. I should have liked to keep the watch as a memento; but the time came when money was needed to keep the good work going, so the watch went, too."

A singularly modest man is Captain Zuras, who can be induced to talk of his work only with difficulty. He shrinks with a reluctance by no means common from appealing for funds. "I cannot bear," he says, "to take up collections, or plead for money. That is wasting opportunity. I am working for souls. Let some man who has the gift raise the funds. I have not that gift. I can generally manage to earn my own living, wherever I am, for I do not mind hard work, and then when evening comes, I go out among the people and talk to them about Christ. It surprises me how little ordinary people know of him. But they will listen, and then they begin to inquire for themselves, and they are converted. I found it so in Africa and in England, and very much so in Crete. But the money! That is needed all the time. You can do so much good with it, if you have it. But I cannot spend my time in looking for that, when I can talk to people who need the Gospel." So like the great Apostle, he labors with his hands that he may be chargeable to no man. He has an ambition to build a Christian Church in Crete: and land for the purpose has already been given him by a sympathizer, and Captain Zuras has set aside from his own earnings the nucleus of a building fund, which he is sure will grow when people know the situation in Crete and see what has already been accomplished.

Captain Zuras is forty-seven years of age, and is a native of the island of Corfu. His has been a very eventful life, in strange lands and in varied service. His father was a revolutionary officer, now retired. Captain Zuras, in his early years, also led a company of insurgents, and has never lost the military bearing and comradeship with soldiers of any land. He has not lost, either, his love of freedom, and in the recent war between Turkey and Greece drew his sword in the Greek cause, though his main object in joining the army was to gain opportunities for preaching to his comrades.

In his early life while a student in the French schools, Captain Zuras was thrown much among infidels and imbibed sceptical doctrines. He even appeared on the infidel platform and delivered infidel addresses. To the Salvation Army, then led by Commissioner and Mrs. Ballington Booth, belongs the honor of having won the young atheist for Christ. He immediately joined the Army and took part in their work. "Of course, he says, "I was sent to prison for preaching. I was confined only a few days and then released. That is not the only time I have been in prison. It does not last long. They let me go when they find out that I am not preaching sedition, and I do not mind a day or two in prison occasionally, because it is in Christ's cause."

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY IN CRETE

The Salvation Army, believing that the brave young Christian might do better service if he had a Christian education, sent him to their Training Home in London, and he remained there for thirteen months, alternating study with street preaching. A member of the famous Crossley family happened on one occasion to be among his auditors and formed a plan for more extended work for him. He provided a Gospel van, with which Captain Zuras went long tours through England, preaching wherever audiences could be gathered. Rev. Charles Garrett, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, also took an interest in him, and sent him on a tour among the chapels of the denomination. He held Evangelistic meetings, and his clear views of Bible truth and his quaint, pungent comments on Bible texts were used not only for the conversion of sinners, but for the quickening of the Lord's people. Wherever he went, the news that "the Greek preacher" was to hold a meeting drew an eager and attentive audience. The religious papers of those days were enthusiastic in praise of his successful work. Thence he went to Greece to take part in the struggle with Turkey. His brother also was in the same army, and was killed in one of the battles. Preaching the simple Gospel on the march and around the campfires in the evening he was very successful. He found, as he says, that men who do not know whether they may not be killed in battle the next day, will listen to the Gospel of immortality, more eagerly than they would under other circumstances.

After the war, Captain Zuras went to Egypt. Under the auspices of the American Mission at Cairo, he labored among Greeks and Mohammedans. He bears strong testimony to the value of the mission. Few people, he says, know how much good it is doing. An opportunity occurred during his stay in Egypt, of laboring among the British soldiers, then about to start under Gen. Kitchener for Khartoum. He accompanied them on the march to that city, and was gladdened by the conversion of many of the men.

The attractions of his native land drew him strongly on his return to Cairo, and finally the way was opened for him to go to Crete, of which Prince George of Greece had become governor. He hired a small house and began to hold services. Noticing the antagonism of races and religions, he proposed to devote one evening in the week to the Turks. They were reluctant to come, but the cordiality of the invitation at last won them and ten men came. At the close of a simple exposition of the Gospel, one of them asked permission to speak. "I was born and brought up among Christians," he said, "but I never understood Christianity before. If this is the Gospel, it is sweeter than honey and more comforting than milk." He was urged to come again the next night and bring his friends. He accepted and the crowd he brought filled the house. Before that week was completed, fifty seven Mohammedans had been brought to Christ. The Greek Archbishop was amazed when he heard of it and was incredulous, but after talking with some of the converts, he burst into tears and thanked God. The change of spirit in the men led to some remarkable results. Men of different races were seen together in amicable converse, a spectacle that had not been witnessed before. Political and social measures of all kinds had been tried in vain to harmonize the heterogeneous elements, but what they had failed to do was accomplished by the Gospel.

Captain Zuras had joined the Christian Endeavor movement while in Cairo, and had found its united spirit and undenominational principles admirably adapted to his methods. He therefore introduced it to Crete, and was gratified by the success of the plan. A Union was formed that is now holding the workers together, and is a source of united encouragement. He would be glad if during his visit here he could address some Christian Endeavor societies and tell them the interesting story of the inauguration and progress of their movement among the soldiers and people in Crete. Letters sent to this office will be forwarded to him.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Etiquette of Calls

I AM often asked by young people who are anxious to do just right, whether a lady should invite a man to call upon her, or whether he should ask her permission to call. In ordinary intercourse, this matter is not momentous. If two persons meet casually, find each other agreeable, and desire further acquaintance, they usually find a way of bringing about what they desire. According to strictly conventional rules, a gentleman should seek the acquaintance of the lady, and he may properly pay her the homage of asking if he may call on her, or he may suggest to a friend who knows her, that he would like to be taken to call. There are no insurmountable barriers in a country like ours, to prevent the pleasant social mingling of those who are naturally attracted. Nor, is there the slightest reason, why in most cases, a woman should not hesitate to say frankly, "I will be pleased to see you at my home if you have an evening free," or, "Mother will be glad to meet you, at any time," or "Mother and I are always happy to see our friends," or any other formula that is sincere and spontaneous.

Girls are learning the true value of mothers. In the more exclusive circles of society, mothers spread protecting wings over their unmarried daughters, till the latter have evidently and defiantly entered on the privileges of spinsterhood. A young woman who has reached the maturity that arrives with her thirtieth year, no longer needs the hovering pinion of maternal supervision at every step. Girls, however, are saved many embarrassments, and rescued from many predicaments, by treating their mothers with consideration, and putting them as a shield between themselves and any confusing situation. The days are over, I trust forever, when, on the announcement of a masculine caller; a callow youth or boy about as old as her own son, mother scuttles out of the parlor like a frightened hen, and leaves the entertainment and the field to her daughters. She may not wish to give up her entire evening to the boy or the man, but if she be well-bred, she greets him, and stays awhile, and retires in no disorder. Nor, while she remains, is her presence a handicap on the group. Her girls like mother to know their friends.

How late may a man linger when he calls, is another query solicitously propounded. Of course the length of a call depends somewhat on the familiarity of the caller in the family. An intimate friend will not trespass against any accepted code if he remain almost until the ordinary bedtime of the family. This time, as everyone knows, differs widely in different households. Ten o'clock is late for some. Others do not break the evening camp till almost midnight. But, broadly speaking, few callers should stay beyond half-past ten, and ten is the better hour for leave-taking in most instances. A first call should not be more than half an hour long. From eight to nine calls in town may properly begin. In country homes calling may begin and end an hour earlier than is feasible in town. Never protract a call after it grows wearisome. When conversation drags like a sleigh on bare ground, for pity's sake, arise and depart. Don't monopolize the conversation, you who receive, or you who call. Good talk is not a monologue. It must needs show fair play.

. . .

"Shall I relieve a man of his hat, his stick, his overcoat," inquires a young woman, whose earnest desire is to be courteous. Fashion says let a man look after his paraphernalia himself. The duty of a hostess does not oblige her to take any trouble in the matter. But here intervenes common sense. Should you happen to have a bashful visitor, or a near-sighted one, why not tell him that there is a table, a hat-rack, or some other convenient place where he may lay his outdoor things. The clever guest, accustomed to society, will need no such intimation, and the instinct of amiability is to assist the opposite one, whose shyness is making him wretched. There are men who cling desperately to their hats and canes, as if should they let them go, they would be unarmed in a hostile country. By all means let them possess their souls, and their hats too, in peace. In the case of an aged or infirm visitor, rules are laid aside. Such an one is to be cared for and aided in every way. "Nice customs curtsey to great kings," and before age and weakness politeness bows the knee. Indeed, the foundation stone underlying the social edifice and holding it up is kindness, and hard by that is another stone called common sense. If you build your good manners on these you will not be found wanting, even in a court.

. . .

"May the hostess terminate a call?" Certainly not, unless she has some excellent reason for doing so, as illness in the family, a child with the croup, a husband with rheumatism, a hungry man waiting for a supper, and the maid out on her evening off. Ordinarily, the hostess sits, attentive and interested, until her visitor rises to go. She also rises and goes with him to the door. Town etiquette dictates leave-taking at the door of the drawing-room. Old-fashioned people, of whom I am one, go to the house-door, and say good-by to a guest there. Politeness does not require dribbles of talk on the door-sill, nor any prolonged farewell, with the wind blowing in the face of the hostess. She need not invite pneumonia and influenza through such folly as this.

. . .

"I hate," says pretty Mabel, "to introduce people." My dear child, why? It's the simplest thing on earth You mention names very clearly, you present the younger person to the older, the gentleman to the lady. Do it once or twice and your dread will vanish. It's the same about offering refreshments, which Almira loathes. From the earliest antiquity, hospitality has been illustrated by the offered cup, and the offered loaf. A man or woman who is your friend is never wholly yours till he or she has broken bread beneath your roof. There is never any difficulty if you have light refreshments suitable to the hour, if you proffer them without nervousness, and, if only you contrive a table or a stand whereon a guest may rest a glass, or a teacup, or a plate. To hold these things in the hand is not always convenient.

About visiting cards, remember, that a card left at a door, counts as a call. Don't waste your cards. It is not necessary, except very occasionally, to leave a card for every member of a household. In the matter of visiting cards use common sense.

GOING TO THE MARKET

Poor, patient sheep, that meekly follow,
Nor dream how soon your day must end!
That trudge along o'er hill and hollow,
I would your fortunes I might mend.
Poor patient creatures, meek and fearing nought,
Patience, I'll learn, for patience you have taught.

Ripe Corn

Sun, and wind, and grace of heaven
To the ribboned corn have given
Stately height and sweetened grain;
Waving grandly o'er the plain,
Unto all who pass that way
Look on us, the corn-hosts say.
Bannered in the autumn breeze,
Tossing, rippling like the seas,
Here is bread for man and beast,
For the greatest, for the least,
Here we stand, a nation's food,
God hath blessed us, we are good.
So the stately corn may say,
Unto all who pass this way.

NAOMI KEARD.

An Old-Fashioned Grace

HAVE you ever noticed how much praise the Bi bestows upon humility? In one book or anoth historical, prophetical, evangelical, apostolical, t Bible strikes the same note. Pride goeth before destru tion, a haughty spirit before a fall. Arrogance and vani shall be bowed down in abasemen Before honor is humility. T Sermon on the Mount is o Lord's premium on meekne gentleness, non-resistance; on t exercise not of the warlike but the passive and peaceful virtu of men. Christ cautioned us take the lowest room at feasts; he were here to-day, his teachi would cut straight through o foolish pride of caste and ra and place. Pomp of wealth, pom of circumstance, pomp of aml tion, what cared for them, the Sc of the Virgin, who spent his you manhood in the shop of the ca penter, who began his earthly mi istry certified by a voice fro heaven, as the Son of God. any of us are anxious to live th true Christ-life on this planet, v must begin by studying humilit

Not humility always of monast vow or badge, or dress, or assum tion of poverty. The beggar monks of St. Francis may ha cherished in their hearts a subt pride in their own austerity. S may the Hindu devotee, mortif ing his flesh by dirt and hunge be proud and arrogant beneat his wretchedness. The humilit of which God approves is like th of Jesus, who humbled himsel "emptied" himself, and took o him the form of a servant, wh was in fashion as a man, thoug Lord of all.

An old-fashioned grace, this humility, but one worth cultiva ing by Christian people.

Preferring One Another

All the world despises Uria Heep. Servility and obsequiou The reason is that they counterfe humility, and are to that benign virtue as base coin t pure gold. The greatest men have ever been the humbles Wellington, Washington, Grant, Lincoln, Lee, Jackso McKinley, were men who claimed nothing for themselve who were too busy with their work to care for pomp an splendor, who gave due honor to their fellows. Our blesse Lord when he took upon him our flesh, emptied himself an became of no reputation. He washed the feet of the disc ples. He said: "I am among you as he that serveth." An thus doing, he crowned humility with fadeless glory, and s it up among the shining stars. In honor preferring one an other, is a good working motto for every-day life.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ETHELINA. Certainly one who believes that God hears her, justified in praying that her unselfish love may be returned.

—DORA. Why, yes, keep a private fast in Lent if you wis Abstain from anything you please, and abstain from talking abou the self-denial as well.

—ROSE. It makes little difference which speaks first when friend meet; it is your privilege to speak first when meeting a boy whom you wish to be polite.

—PERPLEXED. A gentleman usually walks on the outside an gives a lady the inside of the street, that he may better protect he A man who is paying attentions to a lady may call on her, with he consent, when she is visiting at a friend's house.

—JANE. A man sits at the end of the pew nearest the aisle. Th custom dates back to a period when public worship was sometime invaded by armed foes, and the men kept their guns ready, tha they might spring up in defense of women and children.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS."

CHAPTER VI.—Continued

AFTER some fashion, therefore, the paper was still being printed, and so far Douglas had avoided, what had been his college terror, a debt. George grumbled at that old press, which he said was nothing but a pile of old scrap iron, held together with gum, but neither he nor Quits had lost their faith in the final success of the *Beacon*, or its ability to "scoop" the *Sentinel* on news, advertisements, or editorials.

Douglas, sitting down with the chapter Esther had written, read it over carefully, making a few notes as he read. Then he got up and walked up and down a few minutes. He came back to the desk, picked up a pen and began to write.

It was his first experience at story writing and he was surprised to find how easy it was for him after once beginning. He wrote on until after midnight. When he read it over out loud, he grew a little doubtful, but attributed it to the reaction following his excitement over his first literary adventure.

The next evening he wrote a little more, and for the next few weeks he made slow progress on the chapter, and it was the last week in May before he finished the story and took the completed chapter to Mr. Edwards to read it over to Esther. After getting to the house, however, he suggested that they wait until the picnic came off before he read his part.

"O, we can't wait until then," Mr. Edwards exclaimed. "That isn't fair. We've heard Esther's chapter and have agreed that it's all right. But we don't know anything about yours. How do we know what you are going to give us?"

"You don't, and the more I think it over, the more I believe I'll not read my chapter to any one until the day of the picnic."

"I'm satisfied with that," Esther said. She had the least curiosity, Mr. Edwards said, of any woman he ever knew.

"O, if you're satisfied, that ends it with Douglas, of course," Mr. Edwards growled. "My feelings or those of Mrs. Edwards are not to be considered."

"I'll read it if you say so." Douglas turned laughing to Mrs. Edwards.

"No, I am willing to wait. It will make it more interesting to us if we don't know it all beforehand."

Mr. Sage came into the office two weeks later.

"I've fixed the date July 14. I'm expecting a big crowd. They're all talking about it. I've come in to-day to get some lumber. I'm going to build a platform for the speakers and have seats all through the grove. How about that story?"

Douglas told him it was all finished, and was the best they could do.

"Good! What's your idea about the reading of it?"

"Oh, I don't know. What's yours? You suggested before that two pretty girls read it, each taking a chapter."

"Well, what's the matter with the school ma'am reading her own chapter? Isn't she as pretty as any girl in Payson township?"

"I think she is," replied Douglas.

"And what's the reason you can't read your own chapter after the lunch? You can spell out your own writing better than anybody else. And besides, the people will take to that. They'd rather hear the authors read their own production."

Douglas consented to this for Esther and himself, and Mr. Sage went out highly pleased over the prospect of a very drawing card for the first Temperance Picnic in Payson township.

As the date drew near, Douglas made his plans to close up the office, and invited Quits and George to go with the party.

"You've not had any vacation for some time. We'll close up everything, and go out there and have a good time."

"Does Mr. Sage give anybody but them Sunday School kids a dish of ice-cream, Mr. Douglas?"

"We'll manage to get a dish for you, George. I'll give you mine. And Quits never eats ice-cream. There's two dishes for you."

"I just as soon have pie," George smiled, and covered up the old press, and began scrubbing up with what looked like a cake of tar and a piece of brick.

"IN THE THREE-SEATED RIG, EVERYBODY WAS IN THE BEST OF SPIRITS"

Mr. Edwards had hired a double team and a three-seated wagon, so Quits and George went along with the party. Mr. Vernon and his wife drove over in their buggy, and there were two loads of local politicians who went along, thinking the new picnic might be a fine opportunity to practice mixing with the people.

It was a most enjoyable day for a drive, and everybody in the three-seated rig seemed to be in the best of spirits. Mr. Edwards drove, and Mrs. Edwards insisted on sitting with the driver. Quits and George occupied the middle seat, and Esther and Douglas promised to behave like good children on the third.

About half way on the road Mr. Edwards reached under his seat and pulled out a basket. He lifted it over to Quits and George, winking at the company, and saying,

"I always get fearfully hungry at a picnic, so I brought along a little extra lunch just to keep us from fainting away. Sometimes at a picnic, I've noticed the boys don't get their share."

He winked at George to open the basket. He did so, and disclosed to view six tempting looking fresh baked apple pies.

"Why, James Edwards!" exclaimed his wife. "Those are the pies I baked for the Ladies' Aid supper, which comes off to-morrow night!"

"I'm real sorry," Mr. Edwards pretended to show great regret. "They were not labeled, and you did not tell me about it. Don't cry, Julia, that's a good little girl. I'll bake some more in the morning."

"Did you ever see such a man?" Mrs. Edwards laughed until she cried, while even the serious Quits could not hold out against the example she set them. It is also recorded that one boy at least among all those who attended that famous first picnic in Sage's grove, had all the pie he wanted that day.

Sage's grove was a sight to be remembered. Long before ten o'clock there were hundreds of teams on the ground, and the seats in front of the speaker's stand were filling up rapidly. There were hundreds of boys and girls, and the young women for the most part were dressed in white, and with touches of ribbon at hat and waist, gave agreeable and lively color to the cool green of the grove. Hay racks brought in large loads of Sunday School classes, laughing and singing. The farmers unhitched their horses, tied them to the trees, and stood about in rapidly increasing groups, waiting for the programme of the morning to begin. The women busied themselves finding convenient places for the spreading of the lunch, and large baskets and bundles were taken out of the wagons and deposited near the patches of table cloth that checked the ground.

On the sides close to the seats, half a dozen pedlers, with Mr. Sage's permission, had pitched booths for the sale of lemonade, peanuts, ice-cream, candy and popcorn.

Mr. Sage was all over the grounds at once, apparently, and the party from Colby had not been in the grove five minutes, before he found them and gave them a hearty greeting.

"It's a success already, Sage," said Edwards, as he unharnessed the horses, and with the help of the others arranged the wagon cushions around the places selected for the lunch.

"I think it is," Mr. Sage replied. "There must be as many as 4,000 people here already. That's more than you got out to church, Mr. Vernon." He spoke to the minister who just then came up.

"It's a fine opportunity, Mr. Sage. But do you think they'll gather on the seats and remain during your programme?"

"Will they? Wait until the singing begins. I must start the thing off soon in a few minutes. You understand about the programme? I sent you one. Singing and recitations from ten to eleven. Then Mr. Edwards gives a fifteen minutes' talk. Then Miss Harris reads her chapter; after that, lunch; at two o'clock some more singing, and recitations; at three, Mr. Douglas reads his chapter; then Mr. Vernon makes his talk, and we finish with 'America.' Next year I'm going to have an evening session, but we're not ready for that this time. Go right up on the platform, I've reserved seats for all the performers up there."

Mr. Sage was off to get the singers rounded up, and the Colby visitors went upon the platform and took the seats reserved for them, close by the Sunday School chorus.

"As one of the 'performers,' do you feel nervous, Esther," asked Douglas, as they sat down and looked with great interest at the crowd streaming towards the seats.

"No, I don't know that I do," Esther laughed a little. "I am a little doubtful though, about making the people hear. I have never talked out doors, and doesn't it seem a little absurd to you to shout out a story to an audience?"

"Don't try too hard. Just speak slowly and clearly. Talk straight ahead and don't turn from one side to the other. You have a beautiful voice. I don't have any trouble in hearing it."

"Don't you?" Esther smiled. She had never appeared to better advantage, and Douglas felt proud of her as he sat there beside her, more tempted to glance at her wide awake, resolute, earnest face than to watch the great crowd that began to pack all the rising bank of seats in front of him.

And it was an inspiring scene to the dullest person there. As the first Sunday School chorus rose to sing the audience applauded vigorously. The children's sweet voices rang out with glad abandon; and when they finished there was loud call for another. Mr. Sage made a little speech, saying it was going to be the rule to have no encores on account of the number of 'performances' on the programme. So with admirable promptness the singing and recitations went forward, and the rival Sunday Schools cheered their own members in turn. When at the close of that part of the programme, Mr. Edwards came forward to make his little talk, everybody was stirred up to a pitch of earnest enthusiasm.

Douglas and Mr. Vernon were surprised at Mr. Edwards' talk. He surprised himself, and as Mr. Sage remarked, 'put up a mighty good article.' The only thing that seemed to embarrass him was the absence of anything to stand on. There was a small table on the platform with a pitcher of ice water on it; but Mrs. Edwards, who knows her husband's habits, very thoughtfully whispered to Mr. Sage to put the pitcher

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

C. G. L., Chicago, Ill. 1. Should a Christian who has been lied about or slandered, by a person of low character, do all in his power to convince the world, as well as the church, of his honesty, by written as well as verbal proofs? 2. Also knowing mean and debasing things of said person, should a Christian make it known for his own defence, so that others may lose faith in the accuser?

1. Yes, if you have the means of vindicating your character from attack, you are justified in using them. 2. No, you cannot as a Christian, consistently attack another person. The fact that you are able to refute his charges against yourself, will be sufficient to discredit him, in the event of his attacking others. The world's way would be to crush him, but it is not the Christian's way.

Laura D., Binghamton, N. Y. 1. Where can I find the complete quotation which begins: "God made bees and bees made honey?" 2. Who is the author?

1. The verse complete is:

"God made bees and bees made honey;
God made man and man made money;
Pride made the devil and the devil made sin,
And God made a big pit and put the devil in."

2. The lines were written by a poor English coal miner upon the fly-leaf of his Bible, and were transcribed by Rev. J. Henry Dixon many years ago.

Injured, St. Louis, Mo. Is it not the duty of a Christian brother who has injured me to come to me and ask pardon, or at least, to seek reconciliation?

Yes, it is his duty; but it may never be done. Too often it happens that he who has done the wrong cannot forgive. He cherishes resentment and dislikes the man whom he has injured. Better seek him out and effect a reconciliation yourself. You can do so more easily than he, because you are not hampered by a guilty conscience. Try going to him, and without reproaching him tell him you want to be reconciled. Both of you will feel better, and the other one is more likely to confess his fault than if you hold aloof.

If we may judge from the tenor of many of the letters that come to us weekly, a very large number of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are studying the "Home Music" lessons. Mrs. N. P., a clergyman's wife, of Los Angeles, Calif., writes:

Prof. Unseld's lessons are lucid and in every way helpful. I am endeavoring to give instruction in sight singing to a class of missionary workers, preparing for work in foreign fields, who are unable to pay for more competent instruction. I have had vocal training for years and am a teacher of piano and organ, but never knew just how to go about giving these class lessons in a clear, forceful and correct way. These lessons will furnish the needed help.

C. W. E., Ballston Spa, N. Y. How do you account for the fact that so few are being saved? Has the Gospel lost its power? Or, is it not preached?

No, the Gospel has lost none of its force. Wherever it is preached it is now, as always, a "power unto salvation." Multitudes have been drawn to Christ through the tent evangelistic work in many of our leading cities this summer. What is most greatly needed now is a thorough awakening in the churches, and the dropping of all that diverts them from the plain and urgent duty of Gospel presentation.

J. S., Springfield, Ill. Did not our Saviour's divine nature give him all the education necessary for him? Would there be any need of schools, or teaching in his case?

We should think it probable that he went to school like other boys. In coming into the world he "humbled," or as it is sometimes rendered, "emptied" himself and was made like unto his brethren. He took upon himself our nature with its infirmities and limitations that he might be able to sympathize with men. You remember that he was wearied with a journey (John 4:6). You cannot imagine divinity being weary; but divinity in human form could be and was weary. He was hungry and thought he might find figs on a certain tree (Mark 11:13), but when he came to it there were no figs on it. Divinity could not be hungry and could not be mistaken, but the divinity in him was of the spirit and disposition not of the physical order. It is therefore most probable that he had to study and to learn to read and write in the same way as other boys. When they said of him, How knoweth this man letters having never learned? they simply meant that he had not had the education of a scribe, which in those times was supposed to be necessary to a public teacher?

Mrs. A. W., Tarrytown, N. Y. Will THE CHRISTIAN HERALD kindly inform a subscriber where copies of the same may be bound?

If you have the number for a year complete, you can have them bound by some bookbinder in your own town. We can supply bound volumes at $2.50.

Subscriber, Atlanta, Ga. 1. Was the writer of the Epistle of James the brother of the Apostle, John? 2. Was the Gospel of Mark written by John Mark about whom Paul and Barnabas quarreled?

1. Nothing is positively known about the authorship of the Epistle, but a close study of it leads to the opinion that it is more likely to have been written by a brother of our Lord, named James. Paul mentions him (see Gal. 1:19). All that we know of his character renders it likely that he, rather than John's brother, would have written such an Epistle. 2. It has always been supposed that the Mark who wrote the Gospel was John Mark, but there is the same uncertainty as in the case of the Epistle. It is believed that it was Peter from whom he obtained the facts and that Peter superintended the writing of this Gospel.

Subscriber, Detroit, Mich. Will you please tell me where to find the expressions: "Prone to evil," and "May you have many souls for your hire?"

The exact language quoted does not occur in the Bible, but its equivalent, or the passages upon which the phrases are based may be found in Jer. 4:22, and 13:23; Prov. 11:30, and Daniel 12:3.

R. J. Creswell, Minneapolis, writes:

In your issue of August 26, occurs this statement: "In North Dakota, Wisconsin and Minnesota a hot battle between liquor and temperance is progressing." From this and similar statements in great Eastern journals, it appears that the East does not know that prohibition reigns in the State of North Dakota. When that Territory became a State in 1889, it incorporated prohibition into its constitution, by a special vote of the people. It still stands thus in spite of persistent efforts for its repeal. The law has been strengthened at different times at certain points, and is to-day securely entrenched in the hearts of its citizens. Thousands of voters in North Dakota have never seen an open saloon. North Dakota ranks with Maine as a prohibition State.

Inquirer, Worcester, Mass. 1. How many American missionaries are there in foreign lands? 2. What denomination has the largest number? 3. How many European missionaries are there now employed in heathen lands?

1. We have no later figures than were given out at the beginning of this year, but it is not likely that there have been many changes. According to those, there were 4,010 American missionaries in the field—1,590 men, and 2,420 women. 2. The Presbyterian has the largest number—306 men, and 443 women. 3. The total number working under the auspices of European societies, is given at 6,075—2,811 men, and 3,264 women.

Reader, Ocean Grove, N. J. Will you please tell me which two chapters in the Old Testament are exactly alike?

II. Kings chapter 19, and Isaiah chapter 37 are identical.

A. B., Espeyville, Pa. Will a regenerated man deliberately plan a crime and execute it? Was David a regenerated man when he planned the death of Uriah?

Even regenerated men may fall into sin. They seem at times to lose command of themselves, to wander from God's protecting care and do wickedness. It seems to them beforehand, as if such iniquity would be impossible to them, as in the case of Peter, who before his denial of Christ, declared that he would die with him rather than deny him. After the deed, they deplore it and loat themselves for their wickedness. Read t fifty-first Psalm, which David wrote after t murder of Uriah, and you will see how a go man feels after his fall. "Cast me not aw from thy presence," he says; "take not t Holy Spirit from me;" "restore unto me t joy of thy salvation." Those are not the e pressions of a wicked man, but of a good m who had had the joy of salvation. He bitt ly repented and was severely punished; b you cannot suppose that a man after Go own heart (see I. Samuel 13:14) was not a generated man.

Alfred B., Cincinnati, O. Was there once a Sult who was imprisoned in an iron cage as punishment of his cruelties?

Bajazet I., Sultan of the Ottoman Tur (1389) who had overrun all Asia Minor, T key in Europe and Greece, was defeated Tamerlane at the battle of Angora. Tamc lane treated him generously, but the Sult plotted to assassinate him, and the conquer confined Bajazet with chains in a cage a treated him with severity thereafter.

INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA, SWEPT BY THE RECENT CYCLONE

September has been a month of phenomenal weather. Early in the month a cyclone, originating in the Gulf of Mexico, swept the West Indies and the Florida peninsula, doing widespread damage to buildings and growing crops, and causing considerable loss of life. Florida was the heaviest sufferer, the loss on hotels, dwellings, farms and plantations being little short of a million dollars. Almost simultaneously with the cyclonic visitation in the South, snowstorms and heavy rains occurred in the Northwest, also doing great damage. The Eastern States, too, had an exciting experience with an Atlantic hurricane which swept the New York, New Jersey and Connecticut seaboard on September 16, causing widespread damage to buildings and shipping. Several sailing vessels foundered in the Atlantic gale, and a number of New York fishing-boats were disabled or sunk, and some of their crews perished. The sidewalks of New York were strewn with the wreckage of plate-glass windows. Hundreds of trees were uprooted, several church steeples were blown down, and many small vessels foundered in the bays and rivers.

Miscellaneous Questions

N. M. L., Milton, Pa. We know of none.

C. E. S., Fulton, N. Y. Mr. Carnegie is Scotti by birth, and lives in New York City.

C. W. J., Atlanta, Ga. The "Triple Crown" h already been explained in THE MAIL-BAG.

Reader, Milford, Pa. 1. Write to Scribner publishers, New York. 2. Yes, for both men a women.

Old Subscriber, N. J. Emerson, Carlyle, Ru kin, are the best of those you name for instructi and interest.

H. S. D., New York City. Answer to E. S. D inquiry about the Longfellow poem appeared last week's MAIL-BAG.

I. A. M., West Derry, N. H. Write to Re George Sharp, Kirksville, Mo., for the name of su a minister as you want.

Subscriber, Iowa. The only way is to seek yo own medium and let your articles stand on the own merit. There is no other way.

Inquirer, B. W., Berkshire, Vt. Not if it is to l used, as such simple home-made remedies are ge erally used, for the family in an emergency.

Mrs. Anna A. L., Milwaukee, Wis. 1. See an swer to A. B. C., Crawford, N. J. 2. We are to tally unacquainted with the other piece.

L. M. R., Caro, Mich. Write to Rev. Herve Wood, National Temperance Society, N. Y., fc free copies of the annual report of the Society.

P. H., Summit, Miss. A statement of the nun bers killed in the battles of the world, appears i Harper's *Book of Facts*, occupying many pages.

Roscoe, L. F., Partier, Cal. Climatic and othe influences produce the various colors or hues the human skin. As to the entire race being d scended from Noah, no one can tell beyond what i contained in the Scriptural account.

Rev. M. Thoma, pastor of the Central Baptis Church at Port de Paix, Hayti, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the whole town wa practically destroyed in the fire of February 26, last The people are without homes or a place of wo ship and he asks aid of benevolent Americans.

E. R. W., Roanoke Rapids, N. C. 1. Don' know the verses. 2. "Cleanliness is next to Godli ness" first appeared in *The Beraitha* (the Ha Mishna of Sola), one of the famous religiou books of the Hindoos. 3. The injunction in Matt 5:39 is to teach non-resistance absolutely, to lear to curb our own passions and to leave punishmen in God's hands.

R. P. L., Belvidere, Cal. 1. We think the writ ings in question are a mixture of humanitarianism and modern free-thought. 2. *Deus ex machina* is literally "a god out of or by machinery," and mean the intervention of divine power or of some fortui tous event to solve a difficulty otherwise inextri cable, or to prove something otherwise unprovable 3. *L'Envoi* is the message or thought of the com position put in the form of a postscript.

P. G. Addressing a lady of title, it is cus tomary to use the form "Your Ladyship," and addressing an Earl, "My Lord" or "Your Lordship." These sound strange to Ameri can ears, but they are in constant use in Great Britain.

Missionary Olsson's Work

Missionary Emilio Olsson, who has been conducting a Gospel work at Adroque, South America (and who is well known to many of our readers through his interesting letters from that field), is now making an effort to build a small chapel as a centre for his Adroque mission. He appeals for aid in its construction, and any contributions sent to this journal for that purpose will be duly acknowledged and forwarded.

Boyhood Days of Famous Divines

No. V.—ADONIRAM JUDSON

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

DONIRAM JUDSON, who was destined to be one of the greatest missionaries the world has ever known, was born in Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788. His father was a Baptist preacher, and the little boy was surrounded by the strongest Christian influences from his earliest remembrance. He was undoubtedly very precocious. His mother taught him to read when he was but three years old. His father had gone from home on a short journey, and she, desiring to surprise her husband, took the opportunity to teach the child during his absence. He learned so rapidly that he was able to read his father a chapter of the Bible on his return.

Being a preacher's son, little Adoniram naturally heard a good deal of preaching, and often he was only four years of age, he used to collect the children of the neighborhood about him, and, standing in a chair, would go through the form of a sermon with great gravity and earnestness, winning much admiration from the other children. In later years, his parents often recounted this story, and never forgot the hymn put forth by the baby preacher, "I preach my Gospel, saith the Lord."

* * *

WHEN Adoniram was about seven years old he became very much interested in being told that the earth is round, and that it revolves around the sun. It became a serious question in his mind, whether or not the sun actually moved. Instead of asking either his father or mother about it, he set about discovering for himself the truth. His little brother, who was the only one he talked with about it, said the sun did move, for she could see it; but he had learned that he could not always trust his senses, and so he told her that he was going to make sure. Soon after noon, he was one day missed about noon; and when no one had seen him for several hours, his mother became uneasy, and went in search of him. He was found in a field at some distance from the house, stretched on his back; and that, with a circular hole cut in the crown, was over his face, and his swollen eyes almost shielded with the intense light and heat. He told his father that he was looking at the sun; and he assured his sister that he had solved the problem with regard to the sun's moving, though she was never able to comprehend the process by which he arrived at the result.

* * *

ADONIRAM was famous among all the boys and girls in town for being uncommonly skilled in guessing charades and solving enigmas, and a boy's pocket never carried a greater variety of toys and trading property than Adoniram's head had of assorted oddities for the other young folks to guess at. He was always on hand with something to puzzle the rest, and never so happy as when he had give them a nut they could not crack. On one occasion, he found in a newspaper an enigma rather boastfully set forth, and the editor challenged any reader to make a solution. He felt very sure that he had guessed riddles as hard as that, and gave himself no rest until he had found a satisfactory answer. He copied his answer to the puzzle out in as large a hand as possible, addressed it to the editor, and with no confidant but his sister, carried it to the post-office. But the postmaster supposed it to be some mischievous work of the minister's son, and exercising his arbitrary power, and more than ordinary wisdom so often assumed by the village postmaster, he placed the letter in the hands of the father. The poor boy's surprise and embarrassment may be imagined when he saw it lying on the table after tea.

"Is that yours, Adoniram?"

"Yes, sir,"

"How came you to write it?" Silence.

"What is it about?"

"Please read it, father."

"I do not read other people's letters. Break the seal, and read it yourself."

Adoniram broke the seal, and mumbled over the contents, then placed the letter in his father's hand. The father read it, called for the newspaper which had suggested it, and after reading and re-reading both, laid them on the table, crossed his hands on his knees, and looked intently into the fire. All this time Adoniram was on the anxious seat. He stood silently watching his father, balancing in his mind the chances of his being treated as a culprit, or, praised for his good success at the enigma. But he was not to know.

When the father awoke from his revery, he changed the subject of conversation, and the letter was never heard of afterwards. The next morning, Adoniram's father gravely informed him that he had purchased for his son a book of riddles, a very common one; and as soon as he had solved all that it contained, he should have more difficult books. "You are a very acute boy, Adoniram," he added, patting him on the head with unusual affection? "and I expect you to become a great man."

ADONIRAM was wild with joy at the idea of having a whole bookful of riddles, and carried it away, determined to master every one. But he was soon much surprised, and not a little disappointed to find that it was a copy of the arithmetic which the larger boys in his school were studying. But the memory of his father's praise, and the reflection that if there was anything puzzling in the arithmetic, he was sure he should like it, caused him to devote himself to it with energy. He stuck to his purpose so faithfully that before he had reached his tenth year, he became quite noted for his good scholarship, and especially for his ability to solve arithmetical problems.

So noted did he become, even at this early age, that a gentleman residing in the neighboring town of Beverly sent him a problem, with the offer of a dollar for the solution. Adoniram immediately shut himself in his chamber. The reward was tempting; but, what was still more important to the proud ambitious boy, he felt that his reputation was at stake. On the morning of the second day he was called from his seclusion to amuse his little brother, who was ill. He went very reluctantly, but said nothing, for family government was of a kind in the Judson family that permitted no talking back on the part of the children. In order to amuse his brother he undertook to build a cob house. He laid an unusually strong foundation with a great deal of hesitation and slowness, and was very deliberate in building up the walls, when suddenly he shouted, "That's it. I've got it!" and sending the materials for the half-built house rolling about the room he hurried off, baby or no baby, to write down the result. The problem was solved, he had won his dollar, and saved his reputation.

* * *

AT THE AGE of ten, Adoniram was sent to Captain Morton to take lessons in navigation, where he acquitted himself well. In the grammar school he was noted for his proficiency in Greek. His schoolmates nicknamed him "Virgil," not only on account of his studious habits, but because of the odd style of his hat, which they said was one "Old Virgil dug up." There were almost no books for children in those days, and so as his mind was thirsty for reading, he read the books of theology in his father's library and the novels of Richardson and Fielding, or the plays of Ben Johnson which he was able to borrow in the neighborhood.

Before Adoniram was twelve years of age, he had heard visitors of his father's talk a great deal of a new Exposition of the Apowalypse, which they pronounced a work of rare interest. Up to this time, the Revelation had been the book that, of all others in the Bible, the boy delighted most to read; and he had searched the few commentaries his father owned without getting much light upon its mysteries. The new book was possessed by a very awe-inspiring man in the neighborhood; but Adoniram felt that he must have it, and at last he worked his courage up to the point of knocking at this man's door and begging the loan of it. He was coldly and sternly refused. His grief and mortification were so deep that he went to his father about it. He received more sympathy than he expected. "Not lend it to you!" he said indignantly, "I wish he could understand it half as well. You shall have books, Adoniram, just as many as you can read, and I shall go to Boston myself for them."

Many Cannibals Converted

FROM the Rev. J. G. Paton, the famous missionary to the New Hebrides, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received the following very interesting letter, stating the progress of Gospel work among the heathen tribes of the South Pacific:

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Let me thank you cordially, and the giver of the $10 you have so kindly sent me for the work of our New Hebrides Mission.

You will be pleased to hear that our Lord's work prospers at all our mission stations, and at some of them it is now having great success in the conversions of many of the cannibals to the worship of our God, and to joining the Christian party in trying to love and serve Jesus, and in the increased zeal of many of our converts and Christian native teachers, in trying to lead all within their reach to renounce idolatry and accept and enjoy the blessings of the Gospel. In their evangelizing work every now and again, one or more are shot by the rifle of the savage, or fall under his club, yet they persevere in the hope of leading many to Jesus. *If white Christians were as earnest and zealous in our Lord's work as our converts are, what grand results we might have!* If some who say they think the heathen are better without the Gospel were landed for a week on one of our heathen islands, and then saw the converts in their Christian villages, and what an unspeakable blessing the Gospel is to them all for this world, and how it enables them to die rejoicing in salvation, they would see that the Gospel is an elevating life-giving power to all who love and serve Jesus Christ.

J. G. PATON.

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SIGHT-SINGING IN 12 LESSONS

Prepared Especially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
By B. C. UNSELD

LESSON VI.

Signatures.—In preceding lessons we learned that any pitch—C, D, E, F, etc.—may be taken for *Do*. The terms "Key C," "Key F," and so on, mean that the pitch designated by those letters, or others, as the case may be, is to be taken as the tone *Do*. The correct pitch indicated for *Do* may be obtained from the piano or any musical instrument. For the exercises in this course, the solitary pupil who may not have recourse to an instrument, may take any pitch that is easy for his or her voice.

We also learned that any degree of the staff may be taken to represent *Do*. We learned that with the treble clef on the staff *Do* is represented by the added line below; with the base clef on the staff *Do* is on the second space.

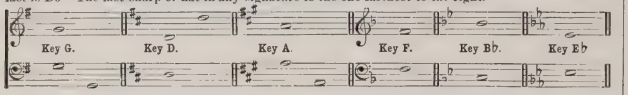
10. The staff with either clef alone represents the Key of C. The other keys are represented by the addition of one or more sharps or flats. The characters (clefs, sharps, flats) that make the staff represent a key are called the Signature—Key-Sign.

11. The place of *Do* for the different keys is indicated by a signature consisting of a clef, or a clef and one or more sharps or flats.

The six signatures in the following table, together with the signature of the Key of C, give the seven positions that *Do* may have with each clef:

Key G. Signature, one sharp. *Do*, second line treble staff; fourth space or first line base staff.
Key D. Signature, two sharps. *Do*, space below and fourth line treble staff; third line base staff.
Key A. Signature, three sharps. *Do*, second space treble staff; fifth line or first space base staff.
Key F. Signature, one flat. *Do*, first space treble staff; fourth line base staff.
Key B-flat. Signature, two flats. *Do*, third line treble staff; second line base staff.
Key E-flat. Signature, three flats. *Do*, first line treble staff; third space base staff.

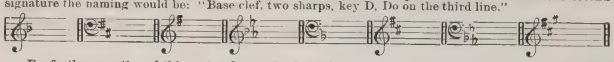
Rule for finding Do.—In sharp signatures the last sharp is Ti. Do is on the next degree above. In flat signatures the last flat is Fa. Do is four degrees below or five above; or, the flat next to the last is Do The last sharp or flat in any signature is the one farthest to the right.



In addition to the above signatures, there are three others to be learned, but they offer no further difficulties in reading. With the signature of five flats, key of D-flat, the syllables are read exactly as they are with the signature of two sharps, key D. The key of A-flat, four flats, reads the same as key A, three sharps. Key E, four sharps, and key E-flat, three flats, read alike. The signatures of five sharps, six sharps and six flats are seldom used in ordinary vocal music.

Our first use of the clefs and all signatures is simply to indicate the place of *Do* on the staff. Never mind how much more there is to be learned about the clefs and signatures, this is all you need to know about them just now.

Ex. 29. This exercise is intended for practice in recognizing signatures. Pointing to the examples in random order, name the clef, the signature, the key and the place of Do. Thus in the second signature the naming would be: "Base clef, two sharps, key D, Do on the third line."



For further practice of this sort, take any book of church or Sunday school tunes and name the signatures as you turn page after page.

The Medium Accent.—As a preparation for the next step you should review what was taught in the preceding lesson concerning accent and measures.

12.—In addition to the two primary degrees of accent—strong and weak—there is a secondary or medium accent.

13.—By means of the medium accent, groups of twos are united into groups of fours, and groups of threes into groups of sixes.

Illustration.—The medium accent unites two two-pulse measures into a four-pulse measure, and two three-pulse measures into a six-pulse measure. Set your metronome swinging (not too slowly at first) and practice tapping and singing groups of twos alternately with groups of fours as indicated in Example 30. Then take similar practice with threes and sixes as indicated in Example 31.

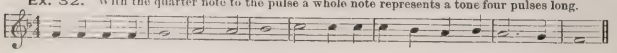
Ex. 30.
Two-pulse.— | TAA taa | TAA taa | TAA taa | TAA taa ‖
Four-pulse.— | TAA taa *taa* taa | TAA taa *taa* taa ‖

Ex. 31.
Three-pulse.— | TAA taa taa | TAA taa taa | TAA taa taa | TAA taa taa ‖
Six-pulse.— | TAA taa taa *taa* taa taa | TAA taa taa *taa* taa taa ‖

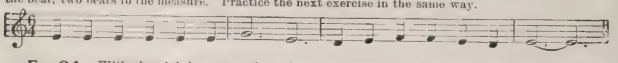
Counting and beating time in four-pulse and six-pulse measures may also be practiced. The counts in four-pulse measure are one, two, three, four; the motions, down, left, right, up; in six-pulse measure, one, two, three, four, five, six, and down, left, left, right, up, up.

The measure-sign for four-pulse measure, quarter note to the pulse is 4/4 (four-four); 6/4 (six-four) indicates six-pulse measure, quarter note to the pulse. Six-pulse measure is most commonly represented with the eighth note as the pulse note, the measure sign being 6/8 (six-eight). When the rate of movement is rapid, it is usual to make but two beats to the measure, each beat including three pulses.

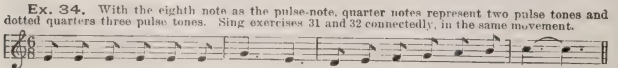
Ex. 32. With the quarter note to the pulse a whole note represents a tone four pulses long.



Ex. 33. With slow movement at first, six beats to the measure; then with faster pulses, three to the beat, two beats to the measure. Practice the next exercise in the same way.



Ex. 34. With the eighth note as the pulse-note, quarter notes represent two pulse tones and dotted quarters three pulse tones. Sing exercises 31 and 32 connectedly, in the same movement.



You now have a wide field from which to select music for practice. Look through your singing-school book for exercises and tunes in the various keys and the four kinds of measure you have thus far learned. You can find many tunes in your church tune-book that are within your present ability.

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Gained 2 Pounds each month on ESKAY'S FOOD

ANOTHER STORY TOLD BY PICTURE AND LETTER

Mr. Henry Hart, of Sandusky, Ohio, father of this splendid, healthy boy states: "Richard B. Hart, whose picture I send herewith, is 15 months old and weighs 33 pounds. At birth he weighed 10 pounds, but *lost* two pounds the first two months when fed on a certain well-known food. Then we put him on **Eskay's** and he *gained* two pounds a month for a year."

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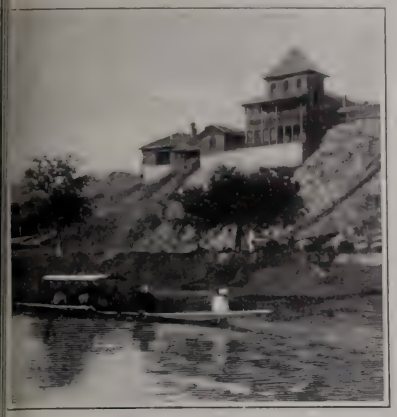
IN THE VALE OF KASHMERE

THIS lovely valley, wherein is situated the somewhat unique and most picturesque town of Srinagar, presents many features of interest to the traveler from the Western hemisphere. It is watered by the river Jhelum, upon whose bosom floats the house-boat—in most cases—the home of the summer visitor from the scorched and dusty plains of the Punjab. Here, too, eternally covered with snow; to the west, a beautiful rolling country, well watered, a distant peep of the Liddar and Sind valleys; and below us the irregular and thickly-settled town of Srinagar, with its seven quaint bridges spanning the river. The Oriental building, with its Hindu temple, walled gardens, and enclosed zenana, all appertaining to the Maharaja; the rickety houses perched in impossible places; the bazaars, with their queer and ragged population; the tumbledown Mohammedan mosques; in short, the strange sights and sounds of a Kashmeri town, which seem so unreal to Western eyes. Dirt and squalor are everywhere apparent, but in spite of his poverty, the Kashmeri goes about in his picturesque rags and with a too-often empty stomach — in the cheerful manner peculiar to his race. He believes in the evil eye and in witchcraft. His wife is a miserable, downtrodden specimen of humanity; his children are neglected, but they are a "happy-go-lucky" kind and take no care for the morrow.



A SCENE IN PICTURESQUE SRINAGAR

Under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society Drs. Arthur and Earnest Neve, with their niece, Miss Neve, and an assistant in the nursing department, have established a hospital to afford medical aid to these poor natives. It is conducted in the most approved and up-to-date manner. It is very touching to see the old, infirm, and blind leaning on their sticks, all believing so implicitly in the "doctor Sahib," who is ever ready to help them. Those having no homes are taken in, the lepers being isolated, eleven miles away on a mountain side, overlooking the beautiful Dahl Lake. Within the hospital grounds is a chapel, in which midday and Sunday services are held in the vernacular, about 140 native Christians attending on the Sabbath.

In spite of the prejudice, ignorance and superstition, Hindoo, Mohammedan, and Christian alike unite in unqualified praise of this noble band of workers who, in the spirit of Christ, have labored for more than sixteen years in this work for the sick and helpless; their reward being the words of the Master: "As ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto Me."

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

Srinagar, Kashmir, India.

is the native dunga, a most useful conveyance, for the merchant of Kashmere, who with his portable stock of exquisitively carved silverware, embroideries, woodcarving, so-called precious stones from Ladakh and Lhassa, skins of snow leopards, red and black bears, panthers, etc., dwells with his family in the stern of this Noah's Ark, together with fowls and other live stock, here, too, swings the cooking pot under the straw-matting roof.

The banks of this lovely stream are shaded by the beautiful chenar tree, justly an object of pride and held in reverence by the Hindu Kashmeri, for, in his belief, the spirits of his departed relatives hover round those trees. A narrow, zigzag path leads to the dizzy height which overlooks this valley. It is called the Takht-i-Suliman, a ruined mosque crowns it. It was built in honor of the hero Suliman, who, with his Mogul masters (once conquerors of Kashmir), passed into oblivion ages ago.

Here we take breath, and look about on the grand scene spread before us. To the east, the foot-hills of the Himalayas; to the north, some of the higher peaks,

How a Saloon Town was Cleansed

NEWBURG, Indiana, for a number of years, has had the reputation of being "open." Saloon-keepers were allowed to do business on Sunday, games of chance were played, and shops were open everywhere. The morality of the community declined so rapidly that the decent people became alarmed. Meetings were held to consider the best means of suppressing the evil. Rev. J. T. Moody, pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches of Newburg, was appealed to, and consented to be a candidate for Town Clerk. He received sufficient votes to elect him. One of his first acts was to post notices in conspicuous places about town, calling attention to the Sunday laws, and notifying the public that all violators would be punished. The owners of gambling devices were ordered to remove them at once. Shops, except drug stores, were ordered closed. The notices were signed by Mr. Moody as Clerk, and caused a decided sensation. Many ridiculed the attempted reform, but on the first Sunday after the announcement had been made, a remarkable state of affairs prevailed. Not a saloon or store was open, except drug stores; disreputable resorts were absolutely closed. Next day, two wagons, loaded with gambling slot machines were hauled out of the place. The Sunday following it was noted that the attendance at the churches had largely increased, and that many of the newcomers were men and boys who before had seldom been seen there. The change for the better was quickly appreciated by the people as a benefit to the community.

REV. J. T. MOODY

Pastor Moody states that his only object was to make a "clean town" of Newburg, and the popular verdict is that he has succeeded.

An Illinois Revival

Evangelists Hart and Magaun, of Fairbury, Ill., have been conducting Union Revival Meetings with the Protestant Churches of Rockwell City, Ia., in their large tent, which has a seating capacity of 2,000. The meetings lasted over two weeks, and notwithstanding the continuous rains, large audiences attended, and great interest was manifested. All the churches will receive additions from those converted in the meeting, and all were greatly strengthened spiritually. These evangelists are now closing their tenth year's work. During the present year they have witnessed over two hundred seekers in their meetings. They expect to be engaged in Central States this fall.

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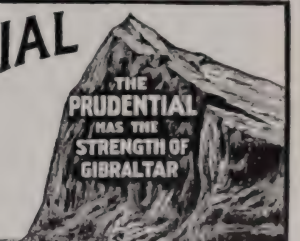

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 817

on the floor just as Mr. Edwards began to gesticulate, so the only thing that happened to punctuate one of his periods was the knocking of the tumbler into the audience, where two deaf old farmers successfully dodged it as it whizzed past them. Mr. Edwards sat down mopping his perspiring head, and Mr. Sage rose to introduce the first reader of the temperance story, "Miss Esther Harris, of Colby High School, who will read the first chapter of a story entitled, 'His Mother's Prayers.'"

Esther went forward slowly, and the immense crowd became so still that Douglas remembered afterwards that two birds were singing on the other side of the creek, and their notes rose clear and distinct as Esther began.

At first he was afraid she was not going to be heard. Some persons on the bank farthest away began to move down nearer the front. But in a few moments Esther was evidently reaching the farthest listener with her strong, clear, distinct enunciation. Mr. Edwards leaned forward with a satisfied smile. Douglas felt satisfied and proud. Mr. Sage sat with his mouth open in delight, and the chorus stopped fidgeting and turned their faces towards the reader.

. . . . . .

"I'm sick of the old farm and everything about it," said Andrew Miner, as he came into the kitchen of the little farmhouse one evening and set a pail of milk down on the table.

"What's gone wrong now?"

"Everything. We don't have anything fit to do with. It's just slave all day to make a living, and we're no better off than when father died. I don't see the use. I want to quit it, mother, and go to town. Let's sell this old farm and go to town."

"And who'd buy the old farm, and pay anything for it, if we put it up for sale?" asked an older boy coming in at that moment and putting another pail of milk down on the table. "The Cranes have had their farm on the market two years, now, and no buyers. If we put it up to auction we couldn't get a song for it. Talk a little sense."

TO BE CONTINUED

ANSWERED PRAYERS

M. H., Oakville, Calif. "I want to add my testimony to the 'Answered Prayer' column. I was stricken, and prayed in anguish of spirit. He heard and answered."

J. B., Janesville, Wis. "Many, many times have my prayers been answered, both for myself and others. God always hears his children, and especially when in distress and trouble."

Mrs. P. B., West Somerville, O. "I wish to add my testimony. God has heard and answered my prayers so often in the last thirty years that I want to acknowledge it to the world."

Mrs. L. Y., Pawlet, Vt. "I am a believer in Answered Prayers. God has answered prayers for me many times, especially a year ago and last spring. I feel so thankful that he heard and answered."

Reader, Marshall, Ill. "I know that God hears and answers prayer, for I have received answers to my prayers. I have a great sorrow, but I have committed all to the Lord and trust in Him to bring it all right."

Reader. "I wish to acknowledge Answered Prayers—not once but many times. Take all your cares and troubles to Him, for he tells us he is more willing to give good gifts to his children than are earthly parents. Then trust Him."

Mrs. A. F. W., Pittsford, Mich. "I always look for the Answered Prayers. They do me so much good. I want to acknowledge the goodness of God, once more, in hearing my cry. I know he is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, and I am now praising him for it."

Acknowledgments of answered prayers have aslo been received from: Mrs. R. G. M., Villisca, Ia.; A Friend, Spartanburg, S. C.; Kate McDonald, Iowa; Mrs. Cora Field, Indiana; A. B., West Virginia; S. P. G., Grantsburg, Wis.; Mrs. Sheets, Des Moines; Mrs. H. Byron, Massachusetts; A Subscriber, Cornish, Me.; E. G. U. L.; Mrs. C. K., Oaks, Pa.; C. D. L., Healdsburg, Cal.; M. J. R., Perrydale, Oreg.; C., Illinois; Jessie, Missouri; J. W. B., Hazleton, Pa.; J. M., Massachusetts; Constant Reader; A Reader, Indiana; Mary M. Jones, Illinois; Mrs. W. S. T., Nebraska; Mrs. Mary W. Hapgood and Miss Eunice Newton; Subscriber, Sterling, N. Dak.; Mrs. A. C. H., Mt. Union, O.; Reader, Missouri; Clayton, Illinois; Mrs. R. S. M., Virginia; E. M. G., Minnesota; Reader, Selinsgrove, Pa.; R. Bailey, Illinois; C. B. Snow, Connecticut; I. J. B., Georgia; A Reader and Believer in Prayer; Edgar G. Stetson; Miss H. M. Smith, S. Paris, Me.; A CHRISTIAN HERALD Reader, Vermont; Mrs. J. Wiley, Kansas; Reader, Virginia; Mrs. M. P. L., Iowa; W. M., Ontario; A. E. S., Tennessee; W. Stevens; Reader, Brockton, Mass.; George R. Ripley, Iowa; M. M., Pennsylvania; A Mother; A Reader's Daughter; H. M. L., Grand Rapids; Constant Reader, Carlisle, Pa.; E. A. P., Ohio; An Old Subscriber, Iowa; Mrs. Peck, Michigan; Reader, Maine; Mrs. Gregory, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. E., Pennsylvania; Reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Chicago.

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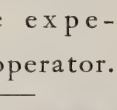

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THWARTED PLANS

David Refused Permission to Build the Temple

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHILE under the pressure of enemies to be conquered or special work to be done, many Christians are strung up to the need of the occasion. But with how many, when a time of relaxation follows, the spiritual tone declines! It is just then that we appear as we really are. David's heart went out in adoration—his relaxation was to write and to sing psalms of praise to his God. And then, having time to meditate, his thoughts ran on the line of what he could do to honor his God. And he said to Nathan the prophet, "See now, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains." And Nathan said to the king what was in his own heart, without waiting for a message from God: he spoke more as a courtier than as a prophet, "Go, do all that is in thine heart; for the Lord is with thee."

But God had a message through his prophet; and the same night he spake to Nathan his own word, "Go and tell my servant David, thus saith the Lord, shalt thou build me a house for me to dwell in? for I have not dwelt in a house since the day that I brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt, even to this day, but have walked in a tent and in a tabernacle." There is a principle involved here. We may offer to man what we desire him to accept of us, excepting it be one who is in a high position. In that case, he must signify his consent to accept anything from his inferiors. Nathan was not considering the greatness of God when he spoke his own first word to the king.

Prophets need to learn, and it must have been a humbling lesson to Nathan when he had to take his own word back again to make room for the message of the Lord. In how much Christian work we go on the lines of Nathan's word to David, and do all that is in our heart, instead of waiting to know whether that which we offer is according to God's heart, and really acceptable to him! Yet God does not repress his servant David, he accepts the will, but at the same time shows him that not he, but his son, would be the man chosen to build the temple. He reminds David of his Divine election, and of the direct hand of God in all his victories. All he was, all he had done, he owed equally to his faithful God.

Nathan did not shirk the task committed to him: "According to all these words, and according to all this vision, so did Nathan speak unto David." And David was overwhelmed: the king sank into nothingness in his own eyes, and he recognized how fully God's plan of action was always according to his Word, and consistently with his character—"according to thine own heart."

God loves to be understood and appreciated by his creatures. He knew David could count on him, and he could count on David. "Wherefore thou art great, O Lord God: for there is none like thee, neither is there any God beside thee, according to all that we have heard with our ears." The great favor which God showed David did not uplift him. In the light of God's greatness he saw himself very small. But he saw a dignity put upon his people by the great fact of their election by God to be his people. If Israel, God's earthly people, existed only to be a people unto God, and to make him a name, what, then, is the purpose of the existence of that people for his name, whom he is now taking out from the nations? (Acts 15: 14). Is it not that in his dealings with us he may make himself a name?

His people of old did not understand him. David understood, the prophets, from Samuel onward, understood: some pious women—Hannah, Samuel's mother, Abigail, Elizabeth, John Baptist's mother—understood. Simeon, and Anna, the prophetess, understood; but the men of the Jewish people never realized their vocation. And surely the mantle of their ignorance and unbelief has fallen upon the outward Christian Church, which so little understands her calling! How few there are who are "not of the world even as Christ was not of the world!" How few understand their heavenly citizenship and look day by day for the coming Saviour, who shall change the body of our humiliation that it may be fashioned like unto the body of his glory (Phil. 3: 20, 21.)

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A Boy and Girl Marriage*

STARTLINGLY original, *Alwyn Ravendale*, by Evelyn Everett-Green, certainly is not. On the contrary, you read it through with the rather pleasant feeling that you are renewing an acquaintance with an old friend, who appears in capital form. For the writing of the book is most excellently done; and the characters, though they are certainly related to other people who have lived in the world of fiction, still stand out with a pleasant individuality.

Early in the book there is a pretty scene, where the hero and the heroine plight their troth in the woods:

"I'm going away, Lady Baby—going right away—oh, ever so far off; I'm not coming back ever any more."

"You must be my knight, boy," cried the little girl, with sudden imperiousness. "Every knight belongs to his lady love. I'll be your lady, and you must be my knight."

The boy's face flushed from brow to chin.

"Oh, Lady Baby, may I? Will you give me a token?"

"Torse I will—as many as you like. But, boy, I think we'd better be married before you go away."

"Married! Can we be married?"

"Torse we can, if we like. I've got a pray-book with it all in. We can marry ourselves out here to-morrow, and then you'll be my knight, and I shall be your lady-love always."

She had spoken—he had only to obey.

"Boy, have you got a ring?"

He shook his head and anxiously awaited her farther pleasure.

"Never mind. I'll get one from somewhere and bring it to you. You can't get married without a ring, you know."

"Lady Baby, are you sure—quite, quite sure—that you really mean it?"

"Torse I am. I want to have you for my very own knight for ever and ever."

The next day they meet again; the little girl has brought with her a ring; the boy his mother's prayer-book, on the fly-leaf of which is written, in his father's hand, "To my dear wife on her marriage day. A. R."

"'We must read in turns,' she said. 'Where it says, "M" it means boy, and where it says "N" it means Baby. Now I shall begin and you must answer.' She opened the book, composed her face to lines of great gravity and began to read, 'Boy, wilt thou have this woman,' and on to the end of the paragraph, and the boy answered with fervent earnestness, 'I will.'

"And when her declaration was made, with smiling confidence he took the ring and placed it on her finger, his face growing very grave, whilst hers was dimpling all over with delight at the appearance of the wide gold ring.

"He was her knight—she belonged to him and he to her. A tie had been formed between them that nothing but death could break.

"Very carefully, with a bit of lead pencil, the boy wrote afresh upon the fly-leaf of the prayer-book, 'To my dear wife, on her marriage day. A. R.'

"And then he placed the book in the hands of the delighted child."

Alwyn Ravendale, by Evelyn Everett-Green American Tract Society. Price $1.25.

An Oregon Romance

THE scenes of William A. Ilo's novel *Hazel Pierce*, are laid in Oregon. The author has successfully enveloped his characters with the Western atmosphere. He is, too, a good story teller, though the book weakens in a very marked way towards the end. Unfortunately, he has chosen to depict more or less despicable characters; but this does not prevent the book from being true to life. It is a clever piece of rough-hewn work.

[*Hazel Pierce*, by William A. Ilo. Hograve & Co., New York. $1.50.]

A Legend of the Fight for the Great River

Margarita, by Elizabeth W. Champney, is a historical novel. Three parts history, one part novel. Bienville, D'Iberville, Chevalier Ionty, John Law, the many times millionaire Crozat—such is the company to which you are introduced. On the whole, a smoothly written story and interesting.

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Lessons from the Life of the Prisoner Who Became Ruler

THE problem that puzzled Job and his friends comes out vividly in the life of Joseph. How is it, Joseph might well have asked, that his brothers were permitted to sell him into slavery, and that when he had a place of confidence and was prospering, a false charge was brought against him and God allowed him to be thrown into prison. Is not the good man protected? Does not righteousness insure prosperity? The spectacle of Joseph faithful to principle, conscientious in service, holding fast his faith in God in spite of all that had happened to him is wonderfully grand. How many of us would have abandoned our confidence if adversity like Joseph's had fallen upon us! As he went about the prison, with the stigma of a foul crime upon him, he must have realized that it does not always pay in a worldly sense to be good. Yet he was evidently cheerful, and was not so absorbed in his own sorrows as to be heedless of the misery of others. This prison warder could take an interest in the anxiety of his fellow-prisoners.

Thirteen years he waited before the tide turned. Even the butler whom he had cheered and encouraged, forgot him in prosperity. It must have seemed to him that God also had forgotten him. His patience was marvelous. Then, too, how modest he was. Pharaoh gave him the credit of being able to interpret dreams. Why should not Joseph accept it? Why speak to this heathen king about God, whom he knew not? It is not every one, even among ourselves who is ready to testify of God before men who know him not and to disclaim honors that are tendered in good faith. But Joseph answers promptly, "It is not in me; God shall give an answer."

Think, too, of the magnanimity of the man. Had he forgotten the cruel pit? Had he lost all memory of the ruthlessness with which his brothers sold him into slavery? When he had them in his power, was he not justified in punishing them? Yet he will not even allow them to reproach themselves. It was God who had sent him there to preserve life. Nothing about his suffering, nothing about their wickedness in selling him. He recognized the Divine providence and had no reproaches for his brothers.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 11: Gen. 41: 14-15; 42-46.

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. Mary Ann Poland, passed away on July 31, at her home near Petersburg, after a wellspent life of eighty years. She possessed a rare Christian character. She was a member of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Petersburg, and attended divine services as long as her physical powers would permit, when she became a shut-in. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was, during those last peaceful years, a great source of comfort and consolation to the aged believer.

Mrs. Mary Willis Phelps, who passed away on March 12 last at Olive Branch, O., was born near Auburn, N.Y., in 1830, of godly parents, was from very childhood one of the "Lord's own." Frail and delicate always, she passed through ordeals which would have overcome many stronger natures. Sorrow and losses by fire and death, hardships of war and pioneer life, and later afflictions in the loss of sight and hearing—all she bore with unwavering faith. Her Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were always near her, and when sight failed she listened for hours while her loved paper was read. It was a great joy to her when she could occasionally aid some worthy causes there represented. Her last moments were those of a true believer, trusting confidently in her Saviour. "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

Mrs. Evangela Everall Hayes, widow of Addison H. Hayes, of Kingston, N. Y., died recently. She was a noble Christian woman interested in many benevolences. For many years she had been a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Rev. John McGregor passed away at Brimley, Mich., July 9. He had been interested for a number of years in practical Christian work and the distribution of religious literature, and had scattered many copies of this journal through the lumber camps. He was greatly loved and respected, especially among the lumber men.

Mrs. O. S. McCully, a noble Christian wife and mother, passed away recently at Helena, Okla., after a brief illness. She leaves a family to mourn her loss.

Christina Baumberger was born in Switzerland, Oct. 21, 1821, and died at the home of her son, Fred Baumberger, in McMechen, W. Va., Aug. 3, 1903. She was the only daughter of the Rev. Baumberger for many years pastor of an evangelical church in Monroe Co., O. In 1845, she was married to Samuel Baumberger, who, about eighteen months ago, preceded her to their eternal home. They had eleven children, nine of whom are still living. Early in life Mrs. Baumberger was converted, and joined the German Methodist Church. She was an excellent Christian character, and is mourned by a very large circle of friends.

How much is expressed in those two words—"I forgot!" Thousands of human lives and millions of dollars worth of property have been sacrificed to a faulty memory!

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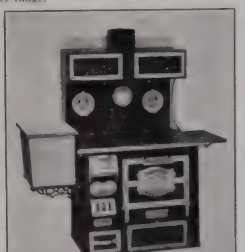

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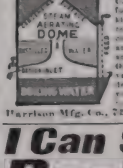

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"HE LEADETH ME"

IN pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft' would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand,
So whether in the green or desert land
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempest round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo! it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say;
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valley, where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But his own hand sufficient for my need.

So where He leadeth I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in his wisdom, he hath led me so.

FIRST THINGS FIRST*

The Spiritual to Take Precedence in Time and Importance of the Temporal

RIGHT perspective is as necessary in the conduct of life as it is in drawing. The question Christ bids us to ask ourselves is, What matters are most important to a man? Those once discovered, it is only common prudence to make them the first consideration. A great preacher compares a man who makes a mistake in this matter to a man about to take a railroad journey. He checks his baggage, he goes to the news-stand and buys his favorite paper, and perhaps a book to read in the car. He worries and frets about getting a good seat with his things around him ready to his hand. But at the last moment the conductor asks him about his ticket, and he discovers that he has forgotten that. He is most anxious to get to his journey's end; but there is now no time to get his ticket; he must get out and wait for the next train. He was anxious enough and worried enough, but not about the essential thing.

Christ is not encouraging improvidence, nor negligence of business; but he says, make religion your chief concern. All else should be subordinated to that. Why? The answer is simple. Because the spirit is more than the body. It will live longer; it will involve happiness or misery. See to that first. Afterwards the body may receive attention. His argument is logical. It should come first in point of time. Death may come at any time, and then it is too late. The cares of business, the responsibilities of life may engross the mind later on, and prevent the mind devoting itself to the means of salvation. Therefore, at the outset of your career attend to the salvation of the soul, and all else will follow easily.

Then it should be first in point of importance. There are some people who hold their religion lightly. They excuse themselves for inconsistencies by saying, "A man must live." When a question of principle arises, and a man has to decide between obeying God and disobeying him to avoid loss or to make a gain, the struggle is oftentimes very hard. Inclination pulls one way, and conscience the other. Christ requires of us fidelity at any cost. Men have given up their lives rather than surrender their faith. And this is duty. No money we can gain can balance spiritual loss. The important things must always come first.

*Topic of the Epworth League for October 11. Matt. 6: 24-34.

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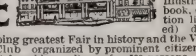

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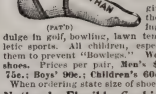

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E STAR of BETHLEHEM

nexpected Latter-Day Evidence hich Corroborates the Bible Story

ARLY three hundred years ago (says a writer in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*), the astronomer Kepler, a devout as well as armed man, sought mathematically to onstrate the truth of the Bible story of tar of Bethlehem. Applying the laws of otion of the stars he had discovered, he lated that on the night of Dec. 25-26, , there occurred, visible in Palestine, a mum conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn. is, on that night the two planets, as seen that part of the earth, were directly in nd for a time would be seen as one star, ining the brilliancy of both. Kepler ght this conjunction explained the ap- ance of the unusually bright, strange star h amazed the shepherds, and which the men saw as they came from the East.

en scholars, working on New Testament nology, became satisfied that the dates ionysius, then generally received, were rect. They found evidence that Herod Great, said in the Gospels to have been g at the time of the Nativity, died in the year before that then accepted as the of the Christian era. In fact, it is gener- admitted now, though convenience pre- s a change, that this is not the 1903d year the birth of Jesus, but at least the 1907th, probably the 1900th.

is discovery of the error in the tradition- ronology, though it confirmed Kepler's lations indirectly, did not cause his sug- on about the Star of Bethlehem to be lly accepted. That the conjunction of wo planets occurred about that time was itted, but it was not considered proved Jesus was born on exactly that night. act, the tendency was to regard the story he star as a wonder tale, produced by the ersal human habit of associating remark- natural events with the births and deaths onspicuous personages.

t now Baron F. von Aefele, in a pamphlet ished at Berlin, points out that this maxi- conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn is ribed in a list of the positions of the plan- from 17 B.C. to 10 A.D., lately discovered gypt. Furthermore, the old Egyptian gazer gives a number of details that cor- ond closely with those set down in the nd chapter of Matthew. Yet again, the ek word translated "stood" in Matthew's ount, which most commentators have de- ed to be a poetical expression, turns out e the technical term used by the Egyptian onomer to describe the conjunction of iter and Saturn, which he records as oc- ing at a date corresponding to Dec. 26, 6 ., of our calendar.

aron von Aefele draws from this confir- ion of Kepler's computations and Mat- w's narrative, the conclusion that the istmas festival was fixed on Dec. 25, not ause it was the time of the Roman Satur- a, or the festival of some popular pagan , but because the early Christians knew ctly when the Founder of their faith ap- red as a child among men.

he main interest of the matter to Chris- s is that this old Egyptian record, taken Kepler's calculations, confirms the Gos- narrative. It shows that the birth of the nder of their faith was attended by an ex- tional aspect of the heavens. And thus con- s the veracity of the Gospel narrative.

God Heard Their Cry

RS. C. M. H., Monee, Ill., writes: "I have been a CHRISTIAN HERALD reader many years and have been much impress- by the answered prayer testimonies, also the accounts of revival efforts that have n published from time to time. As I read these things my heart yearned to know re of Christ and the power of the Holy irit. I promised God if he would manifest oself in my life and in this community, I uld tell of it, and I take this means of ng it, hoping it may help others. A year o, we had no English services in this vil- e and none of any kind on Sunday even- s. The efforts that had been made along s line were so unsatisfactory that nearly all American families had moved away. The ospect seemed dark indeed! But four wo- n prayed that God would open the way. e wrote to the Moody Bible Institute tell- our needs and asked what they could do us. They sent us a young man, Mr. A. E. nderson, who had been at the institute t one year, and had never preached before, t he was filled with the Holy Spirit. He ked the Christians over and over to pray r the meetings. The attendance was small, d we had no money. We learned to de- nd entirely upon God for everything. And w he has blessed the work! The people me out to the meetings; the money came ; believers were strengthened and united in ristian fellowship, and several conversions llowed. We held no sociables or festivals, t prayed from week to week that God uld supply our need, and he always did.

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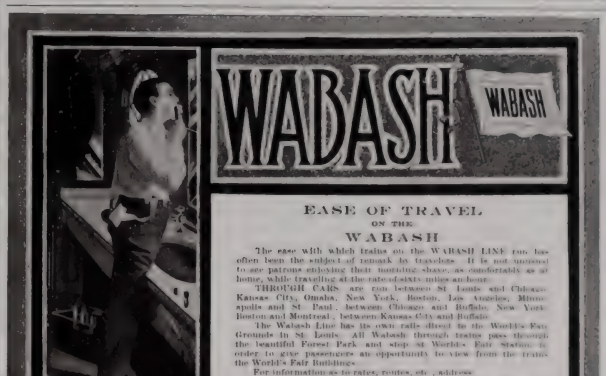

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Offices: Bible House, New York

The Salvation Army Cavalry's Gospel Invasion of the Kentucky Mountains

Col. Holz (X) and His Troopers on their Famous Ride Through "Bloody Breathitt," the Scene of Many Feuds — SEE PAGE 833

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Edward F., Binghamton, N. Y. 1. What are the "reforms" proposed by Russia and Austria with reference to Macedonia? 2. Why do not those "Christian" Powers intervene to stop the slaughter of defenceless women and children of their own faith by the fanatical Moslems? The spectacle is a burning disgrace to the whole civilized world.

1. The proposed reforms relate to administrative methods in Macedonia, and include the appointment of a Christian governor and certain Christian subordinates, and also the giving of "guarantees" by Turkey. The Macedonians, however, want entire independence from Turkey, and the Bulgarians favor this and may go to war to bring it about. Turkey seeks nothing better than to be let alone, and permitted to settle the trouble in the old way, by massacre and conflagration. 2. The same question has been asked repeatedly. The answer is that the first step taken by any Power looking toward intervention, would precipitate a general European war. But there is no reason why the united Powers should not co-operate in putting an end to the massacres.

J. T., Philadelphia, Pa. Too little thought has been given to home missionary work. Take the great body of men in our large cities who come from all over the world—strangers, without friends—only to meet temptation. Lead the men to Christ, and your benevolent object will be a star in your crown.

This is precisely the field that is now filled by such organizations as the Bowery Mission, New York, where the Gospel is daily and nightly preached to the homeless and the wanderer, and where hands of helpfulness are held out to the needy stranger and to those that have made shipwreck of life, and who are literally "stranded." Thousands of men and youths of many nationalities, who have fallen by the wayside, have been helped by the Bowery Mission. Its converts may be found in almost every land under the sun.

Christian, Milford, Pa. Why do they have healthy people to bathe and bandage the South African lepers? Can they not train lepers to perform these tasks? Does not the Colonial Government build asylums and provide for the material needs of the lepers?

It is necessary that some one should be devoted exclusively to these unfortunates, with a view to assuaging their physical sufferings, as well as giving them the Gospel. Only a few brave souls have ever done this and these at long intervals. Of course they train the lepers to be self-helpful, but it is a peculiarity of leprosy in the Orient that it makes its victim indifferent to everything that calls for effort, and were the lepers to be neglected, they would eventually be in a most frightful condition. Humanity, as well as Christianity, demands that they be not neglected.

R. McD., Scranton, Pa. When I was a very young man, I read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and I can truthfully say that that book, or my reading of it, marked the spiritual turning-point of my life. It was a great blessing to me, as it had been to countless multitudes before me. Why cannot THE CHRISTIAN HERALD include *The Pilgrim's Progress* among its wonderful series of Premium books? Next to the Bible, there is no book so precious and none so helpful and inspiring. If you should publish it, I feel assured that the blessing I experienced would be shared by your host of readers. I believe you could not render a greater service to them, or to the cause of Christ, than by putting Bunyan's grand story of Christian struggle and triumph in hundreds of thousands of American homes.

Inquirer, Boston, Mass. Is it possible that Socrates and other great and good men who never heard the Gospel, are hopelessly lost?

Such inquiries need not concern us. We may be quite sure that God will deal justly with all men. Our privileges are the measure of our responsibility. The only clue we have to questions of this kind are the words of our Lord: (Luke 12: 48) that those who did not know their Lord's will and did things worthy of stripes, should be beaten with few stripes. Those who wilfully disobeyed in spite of knowledge were those who would have to bear many stripes. God is just and merciful, and knowing that there is no need to distress ourselves about matters with which we have no concern.

Subscriber, Scranton, Pa. Do the miracles of Christ prove him to have been divine?

If you mean that his divinity rests upon the miracles, we doubt it. There were other and better proofs of his divinity. He never desired to be regarded as a wonder worker. It was a concession to the demands of the time that he worked miracles. They merely served to attest his credentials and to secure the attention of the people. Moses, Elijah and Elisha had worked miracles, and when Jesus taught with authority, the people asked him where he obtained it he convinced them by miracle. Read Matt. 9: 2-7 to get Christ's conception of the purpose of miracles.

Ida S. M., Randolph, Vt. Your letter is probably meant as a good-natured satire upon the discussion over a business education for women. The position of this journal on the subject was stated editorially in the same issue which contained the symposium. As to the moral standard among women being affected injuriously or otherwise by a business career, that must be relegated to the domain of individual experience. There are, unfortunately, employers and surroundings that are not conducive to a high standard of morality, but these we believe to be the exception. No one could declare with truthfulness that business life makes women less moral than their more domestic sisters, although it may make them less sensitive, as a result of cultivating the qualities of self-reliance and independence, and substituting a degree of brusqueness for shyness and reserve.

Estelle, New York. 1. Is a beautiful valentine suitable for a parlor? 2. Do school-teachers command higher salaries in the Western States than in the East, or can any one with an education demand better wages West than East?

1. No; if by "suitable" you refer to hanging it up on the walls, or exposing it on a table or elsewhere, it is certainly out of place in a parlor. A valentine is in the nature of a private and personal communication. 2. For accurate information write to the Normal Instructor, Dansville, N. Y.

Mrs. A. M. Connersville, Ind. Is it right to ride on the train with a child past six years of age, not paying, because the conductor does not ask it? I recently made a trip with my child, doing this, and after my return home, had a strong conviction that I had done wrong in not buying a ticket for her.

If the child is over the prescribed age, you should have paid fare, of course. It is a good sign that your conscience troubles you, after you knowingly do a wrong act.

R. S. E., Toronto, Ont. Why did Pilate propose to scourge Jesus, when he plainly declared that he found no fault in him?

It was an attempt to compromise. The Jews demanded that he should be executed. Pilate probably thought they would not listen to a proposal to acquit him. Like a weak man, as he was, and fearing the complaints of his misconduct which the Jews might justly make to Cæsar against him, he tried to propitiate them with inflicting a milder punishment than they demanded.

E. P. M., Stennett, Ia. The Czar of Russia issued a call for a Peace Conference to devise means to prevent war. Would it not be proper, under existing circumstances, for the President of the United States to issue a call to reassemble that Conference, to devise means to stop Turkey from committing such brutal massacres, as the Powers of Europe are afraid to protest?

To do so, would seem as though we desired to assume undue authority in European affairs. A protest from our Government to the European Powers, would have all the desired effect, and would not be open to the same objection.

Reader New York City. When Job's wife urged him to curse God and die, did she mean commit suicide, or did she expect death would follow cursing God?

She was simply impatient with her husband's submissive spirit. His condition was so miserable that she thought death would be a relief. As the Revised Version shows, her counsel was not to curse God, but to renounce him as a God who did not protect his servants. She had the disposition which Sat falsely imputed to Job, of cleaving to G only so long as it paid to do so. Thus s practically advised him to cease such servi even though death might be the penalty.

Mrs. F. V de B., Watertown, Wis. Grandma 100 years old the 29th of September. She v born in Middlebury, Vt., in 1803. Each w she waits anxiously for THE CHRISTIAN HE ALD, and enjoys every word in it, convers on all the topics and remembering all she rea This is her favorite paper, and she has read for years, and will read it as long as her life spared.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD unites with oth friends in congratulations to "grandma." V are always pleased to hear from those ag saints who are on the border-land, and ju so much nearer heaven than the rest of t world.

Anxious Reader, Yonkers, N. Y. Is it true cording to a passage I have heard read fr the Bible, which I cannot now find, that a p son of illegitimate birth cannot hope for sal tion?

You must have misunderstoo the passage. You may be qu sure that no one will be exclud from God's presence through t faults of others. The passage y refer to is probably Deut. 23: 2. appears to refer to service in t Tabernacle. The meaning you su gest is so contrary to the principl of justice and of the Divine go ernment that we are confident has no Scriptural foundation.

L. C., Chesterland, O. Will you plea answer through the columns of T MAIL-BAG, the question in ref ence to the following quotation:

No pent-up Utica contracts our powers
For the whole boundless universe is ou

By whom was it written? To wh does it refer? Is it correctly quote

The lines occur in the *Epilog to Cato* (a play), and were writt by Jonathan M. Sewall (1748-180 If for "our" in the first line, a "ours" in the second, you re "your" and "yours," the quotati will stand correct.

L. E. L., Three Rivers, Mass. Is not a sin, whilst there are so ma who are in want from hunger, th there should be such a great was of food, not only in New York Cit but in all large cities of the Unit States? I cannot understand ho a wasteful nation like the Ame cans can have the blessing of Go Not long ago I was reading ho the people of New York and oth large cities wasted good food l the barrelful—good meat, bread, cakes, fru etc.—and I was thinking, instead of throwi away good food, why not let the very poor c lect the waste food every day. Or why shou there not be a system organized, so th all good food thrown away be distribute among the poor?

There is no such wholesale waste in Ne York as you seem to imagine. While it is tru that there are many individual cases of wast fulness, yet the people as a whole are n wilfully wasteful. In many hotels and re taurants the surplus or "broken" food is sol or given to the poor. No food that can b safely used is sent to the dumping ground, but is always carefully picked over by som of the many hundreds of men and wome who collect from barrels and boxes ever morning in all great cities. As to the fru and meat that are sent away, you probabl refer to the food that is condemned by th Health Officers as unfit for human consump tion, and ordered to be destroyed.

AROUND AN OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT AT LAHORE, INDIA

Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, is one of the ancient walled cities of India. Its beautiful palaces, temples, and mosques, its lofty, picturesque dwellings of brick, with their projecting balconies and ornamental lattice work, its fragrant gardens, its narrow, winding streets, its densely crowded bazaars, combine to make it a place of peculiar interest for the visitor. It once had a population double, if not treble, the present number. Outdoor restaurants, such as that shown in the illustration, are common to all large Indian cities. They are found in the neighborhood of the bazaars, and around them the natives congregate daily, to eat rice, sip sweets and coffee, and exchange the gossip of the market-place.

Miscellaneous Questions

F. G. W., Little Muddy, Ky. Send it to th nearest Assay office, or to a metallurgist connecte with some near-by university.

E. H., Milwaukee, Wis. Calamus or flagroot i an excellent tonic, taken in moderation, and man have used it successfully in fighting the tobacc habit.

Inquirer. You can procure a little book of 10 pages with the nicknames of States and well-know public individuals, by writing to Mrs. F. F. Deane 95 Pleasant Street, Holyoke, Mass.

B. L., Hennessey, Okla. The population an Presidential vote in 1900, of Iowa, Ohio, and Mas sachusetts were as follows:

	Pop.	*Vote.*
Iowa	2,231,853	530,800
Ohio	4,157,545	1,040,973
Massachusetts	2,805,346	414,001

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

F. F. BELSEY, PREST. JAS. NISBET, FOUNDER SURREY CHAPEL, WHERE THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION WAS FOUNDED IN 17[illegible] [illegible]

A GREAT SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY

Twenty-four Million Children and Teachers Now in the British Sunday School Union, Founded One Hundred Years Ago

THREE young men met, one hundred years ago, on the far side of the Atlantic—they met in the world's greatest city, to consider one of the world's greatest needs—the saving of the children. We sing of the "Century's swinging portal," and the "Breaking of the new dawn." Only the golden reed of the Temple can measure the doorway of this century of work for the children, inaugurated by those three young men in old Surrey Chapel, London, under the eye of Rowland Hill.

It was in the month of roses, when the memorable three—William Brodie Gurney, Thomas Thompson, and James Nisbet—the oldest twenty-five, the youngest eighteen—met in this historic chapel, one hundred years ago, to found the Sunday School Union. Twenty-five years earlier, Robert Raikes had founded the Sunday School work, but it was largely secular in its influence. Factories and mills claimed the time and attention of the young, and the training given on the Sabbath was intended to make up for the loss of educational advantages.

Young Brodie Gurney was inspired with a passion to reach the spiritual values for which the day was intended. With this in view, he first held counsel with a few kindred souls in his own school, in the then pleasant village of Walworth, now a part of teeming London. He made excursions across the Thames, visiting other schools, and noting their methods and improvements. He said to one of the superintendents, "We ought to improve all our schools. Your school is better than ours, and you tell me there are schools better than yours. Why should we not get Sunday School teachers together, and try to improve, if possible, our plan of instruction, and stimulate others to open new schools in London?"

Here, then, was born the Sunday School Union. Gurney summoned a meeting at Surrey Chapel July 13, 1803. The attendance was large, and the young worker was appointed its first Secretary. Thus was launched a millennium for the children. Rowland Hill lent a fostering hand to the beneficent enterprise. Surrey Chapel in that day combined beneath one roof the Exeter Hall and the Metropolitan Tabernacle of a later day. Thither the people flocked to gain tidings of missions and drink in new inspirations for making new religious frontiers. Surrey Chapel is now used for the display of electric light apparatus—but it was eminently fitting that the Sunday School Union, which a few weeks ago celebrated its first century of life and blessing to the world, should assemble in "old Surrey" for a commemorative service.

The centenary services were inspiring and interesting. Best of all the meetings was the Saturday morning Praise Service, held—by courtesy of the proprietors, and amid all sorts of lamps—in the room where the voice of the great preacher, Rowland Hill, is still an echo, and where the lamp of life to thousands upon thousands of children, was first set burning. It was a wonderful hour. The occasion was retrospective. Gurney, Thompson and Nisbet lived again. Mr. Wybrow, who, sixty years ago, was a pupil in the school, delivered an address. Pointing up at the green walls where once stood the grand old organ, he said, "The first tune I remember being played, was, 'I think when I read that sweet story of old.' Here we are at another milepost in the journey. That hymn which has since been caroled by ten thousand times ten thousand children, was written in 1841, on the back of an envelope in a stage coach, by Mrs. Luke, the daughter of Thomas Thompson, one of the founders of the Sunday School Union."

Mrs. Luke, a saintly woman, is now whitened with the snows of ninety winters. She lives in the Isle of Wight. She sent a touching and beautiful message to the meetings, with the wish, "May it be ours, whose term is nearly ended, to welcome earlier arrivals with the joyous cry:

'Lift your head, ye gates;
Let the little travelers in.'"

Another notable event during the celebration was the effective and helpful ministry of the American speakers, Revs. Dr. Potts and Dr. Schauffler, Marlton Lawrance and George Hamilton Archibald, who made easy conquests, and the audiences could not seem to get enough of them nor their message.

Mr. F. F. Belsey, a Justice of the Peace and a most enthusiastic worker, is the President of the Union, and the Rev. Carey Bonner is the Secretary. Both are men of marked abilities, and both are filled with zeal for the cause of the children. The Sunday School Union has been a most influential agency in extending and elevating Biblical study in Great Britain and its dependencies. Its literature covers the widest range. The Union headquarters, at "Old Bailey," fairly teems with literature and Sunday School appliances. A notable feature of their work is the "Traveling Library" (now well known also in educational work in the United States). In its Sunday School Union Teachers' Training College, 1,356 teachers received instruction in Bible teaching last year. Four hundred young people competed last year for the scholars' national prize, and fifty thousand entered last year for the scholars' Scriptural examination. Bible lands and Bible story have been converted into slides, costumes have been prepared illustrating the manners and customs of the Orient, until lantern and costume make a new Palestine to Old England. More than two thousand schools used these helpful facilities to Bible study.

From that far away and humble beginning in Old Surrey Chapel the Union claims a membership of over two millions of teachers, three-fourths of whom belong to the United Kingdom, and one-fourth to the British colonies and the Indian Empire. These voluntary workers have under their care more than twenty-two millions of children.

The true method by which each generation helps generation is by giving energy in struction—heart stamina [illegible] millions of teachers and [illegible] are in debted to those three young men who organized the Sunday School Union. This is the outcome of one hundred years of self-denying effort. It means three men against twenty-four millions to the good [illegible] How many will it mean against twenty-four millions in the coming century! Who shall name the host of the children to be ultimately brought to the Saviour by this tremendous and divinely blessed agency, which was so humble and unpretentious in its beginnings?

JULIAN KING COLFORD.

STATUE OF ROBERT RAIKES, FOUNDER OF BRITISH SUNDAY SCHOOLS

The American Pulpit

:: Sermon by ::

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Bearing and Forbearing

TEXT — Philippians 4: 5: "Let your moderation be known unto all men"

WHAT does the Pauline word, "moderation," mean? "I know," says one. "It means: Do not be an extremist; do not ride a hobby to death; do not focus your eyes upon one truth so long, that you become blinded to the relative importance of other truths, nor upon one error until you lose sight of 'the evil effects of all other errors. 'Virtue is a road which has a hedge and a ditch on both sides,' once wrote a famous writer. A man may be moderate in one thing, and not in another. A man may be an ascetic as far as eating and drinking are concerned, and yet he may be licentious. A man who has no ambition, may be avaricious." It is not enough to be right in one matter, if you are careless on other matters equally important.

"Let your moderation be known unto all men," means: Do not be a fanatic, a one-sided monstrosity, like a dove with one wing cropped, flapping about in the barnyard, and yet unable to rise ten feet into God's great heaven of blue. Do not expend all your energies preaching against the evils of intoxication, and at the same time be a glutton. Do not preach against gambling with cards, when you gamble with railroad stocks. Do not berate the thief who steals a loaf of bread and honor the thief who cheats his neighbor in a real estate deal. Do not advocate physical culture to such an extent that you ride one hundred miles a day on a bicycle, or be such a "fresh-air fiend," that your open window in the railroad train will be blowing a dangerous draught upon the passengers who sit in your rear. Be a well-rounded man. Be like a plant with leaves and pistils, and stamens and sepals and petals, growing upon a supple stem, able to bend every whither, yet with roots anchored in the solid earth, and not like a balloon filled with a noxious gas, tossed about in the air, the plaything of every stray wind.

Christian Gentleness

That the Pauline idea? No, my friend, you are wrong. When Paul says, "Let your moderation be known unto all men," he was not, as Bishop Villiers once expressed it, "alluding to the gratification of our desires generally, but especially temperance, or self-restraint in our relation to others, in our abstinence from anger and harshness and vengeance." He is saying, as the Revised Version translates the sentence, "Let your forbearance or gentleness be known unto all men." To-day, instead of preaching upon what you should eat and drink, and wherewith you be clothed, and how much exercise you should take, I shall preach upon how you should smile and talk, and shake hands, and forgive, and love. This sermonic theme is not "How we should live," but "How we should be willing to let others live."

Be patient, in the first place, even with the irritating idiosyncrasies and the offensive mannerisms that are found in almost every one with whom we come in contact. Be patient with their peculiarities, especially if they are non-essentials in reference to the honesty and the noble characteristics of a man. Be patient especially, because wrong types of marked individuality, if harnessed in the right way, will often mean great success for us and for those whom it is our privilege to influence.

Eccentricities of Genius

A strange law decrees that insanity is sometimes the handmaid of genius. The inspired eye, which, afar off, can discover a star, is often so near-sighted that it cannot see a diamond glittering close at hand. Samuel Johnson once said, in reference to the blind poet of England: "Milton, madam, was a genius who could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry stones." The greatest of poets, and musicians, and artists, and sculptors, statesmen, dramatists, lawyers, physicians and ministers, have sometimes been men of startling weakness, as well as of startling strength. Like Atlas, their shoulders were big and strong enough to carry a world upon their backs. Like Alfred the Great, their fingers were too clumsy and forgetful to care for a fire which the wife had detailed them to watch, while she was looking after the other household cares. Geniuses are often most exasperating. I always had a great deal of sympathy for Xantippe, who has been branded as the female arch-scold of the ages. Perhaps she had a right to scold. She was married to Socrates, the greatest genius of all Greece.

The startling characteristics, good or bad, which can be found in the ten-talent men on a big scale, can also be found in the one-talent men on a small scale. In the ordinary walks of life, everywhere are people cursed or marred with various imperfections. They are good people in one sense, but bad in another. We define them as "peculiar" people. We call them "peculiar," because through each runs a mental or physical weakness, as a mineral vein runs through the rocks of a mighty mountain. We say, "I like So-and-So, but he has one fearfully irritating characteristic. He will muss up a room every time he enters it." Or you say, "I like Mrs. So-and-So, but every time she calls, she makes some nettlesome remark that stings like a briar-bush. When she comes to visit me, I am always glad to welcome her. When she leaves, I am always gladder to see her go. She is never with me ten minutes without making me unhappy. She says something disagreeable about my dress, my house, my children, or my husband. Yes, I feel and know that Mrs. So-and-So is a good woman, and that she loves me; but she has the tantalizing faculty of always unintentionally saying something mean."

Tolerant in Non-Essentials

Ah, yes! All of us have had such bitter experiences as these from the irritating peculiarities of our friends. So Paul comes to us to-day in the words of my text. He says: "My brother, you must be lenient and gentle in your dealings with the faults and failings of others. You must be yielding, as the wave of an incoming tide is yielding. It first breaks itself into pieces, and then crawls up and fits itself into all the nooks and crannies of the seashore. You must be yielding in the non-essentials, so that you can cause your life to be successfully fitted into the peculiarities of others, as one factory wheel will fit into the cogs of another wheel. It means giving up a little, in order to fit your life into the non-essential peculiarities of other people. It is this useless friction; this useless rubbing each other the wrong way; this useless expecting other people to be like ourselves, instead of all people trying to bear and forbear, that has caused much, ay perhaps most, of the trouble of the world. "Let your kindness, your tolerance, your gentleness be known unto all men."

Be patient, in the next place, with those people who were born spiritually blind, because their ancestors, like the progenitors of the blind fish in Kentucky's Mammoth Cave, have passed their lives in total darkness. Be patient with those men in whose veins flows the tainted blood of generations of sinners.

Blood should be thicker than water. Blood should be a potent factor in the making or unmaking of a man. I am in no sense a fatalist. I am not one of those indifferent, never-may-care men. who try to excuse their sloth and laziness, by advocating the doctrine "What is to be, will be; and what is not to be, will not be?" I am not foolish enough to think that "a man can be born to be eternally destroyed, no matter how he may try to prevent it, or what he may do or say." But I am one of those believing people who are ready to grant that, by reason of the operation of the laws of heredity, it is harder for some people to do right than for others, and to grant also that, because of heredity, it is easier for some to do wrong than for others In the spiritual as well as in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, "like always produces like."

Patience With Evil-doers

This hereditary law, in all its different aspects being agreed upon, why should you not be patient in your dealings with those whose ancestors were not good and true and pure Christian, as were your fathers, and grandfathers, and great grandparents? Have you a right to expect the child of an Aztec sun worshiper, within the first year of his conversion, to have as beautiful a conception of the Cross as the child of that Indian missionary who, last year, gave up his life for Christ within sight of a horrible ghat, burning upon the banks of the Ganges? Have you a right to expect that young boy, whom you took from a Foundling Home and adopted, to have as easy a time living the Christian life as your own flesh and blood? Perhaps that boy is the son of two thieves, while your child is the son of a good mother. Remember, as a spiritual oculist, you cannot, in a day, open the visual windows of one born blind. Remember, it is a greater triumph to teach the deaf and the dumb to correctly pronounce the five vowel letters a-e-i-o-u, than it is to teach a well school-boy the whole of Webster's famous reply to Senator Hayne. Oh. my brother, do not fret and worry and lose your patience in your dealings with those of bad spiritual ancestry. Be gentle! Be forbearing! Be forgiving! Be kind! Be merciful! Be moderate in all things. Forgive not only seven times, but seventy times seven.

Be patient, in the next place, with the Peters of the Three Denials. There are many, very many of them. They are not the sinners who mean to do wrong, but they are the sanguine temperaments who overestimate their own abilities. They, at times, love the Lord wit all their strength; but then, underestimating the strengt of evil, they deliberately run into temptation, to l overthrown not once, but twice and thrice.

Modern Peters

The Peters of the Three Denials! Perhaps th young man whom you discharged only last week, w one of them. He was a fine young fellow. Everybody wh came in touch with him liked him. Bright? There was r brighter boy in your store. He was not only brigh but he was the son of a good Christian father. He kne better, but he *would* drink. He came into your offi drunk about one year ago. You forgave him onc You forgave him twice. When he did it the third tim you said: "Out you go!" And out of the store la week he went. Or, perhaps, he was that employee yours, who was arrested because he stole from yo safe, and then, to cover it up, manipulated the ledge His defalcations went on for months. Or, perhaps, h was that Peter whom you caught lying to you. Th first time you said nothing. The second time, y proved to him that he prevaricated. The third tim you discharged him on the spot. And yet, in spite those lies, of those defalcations, of those drunkennesse you could not help liking this Peter of the Thr Denials. You loved him for his own sake. You lik him on account of his father and mother. Then, n brother, if you like that lad, if you think, he has, ev yet, the makings of a good man in him, if he can ov come that one fault, why not take him back agai Why not give him another chance? "No, no," you a swer. "I have given him three different chances. Thr times are enough." Are they enough, my brothe Remember the lad's parents. Remember that he is impulsive fellow, and not bad at heart. Rememb that Christ forgave Peter again and again, until at la Peter rose above his weaknesses, and gave his life ful and freely back to Christ. Will you do as much f that young man in your employ, as Christ did for h impulsive and denying disciple?

From the filthy pieces of clothes, gathered by the ra pickers in Germany and France, I have seen the man facturers of Watervliet, Michigan, make the purest a whitest writing paper. From even the modern Pete of the three Denials, there have been developed t Peters of the martyred blood. One day General Charl George Gordon, more widely known as "Chinese" Go don, saw a handsome Chinese youth being led out execution. The condemned had been guilty of ma crimes. Gordon was struck with the looks of the la and begged for his life. He said that he himself wou guarantee that the boy would do right. Gordon's quest was granted. The famous soldier of Queen V toria and of Jesus Christ took the lad to his own qu ters. He made the Chinese boy then and there promi never to do wrong again. Did he fulfil his pledg From that day on, the most faithful servant Gord ever had about him was that boy, rescued by the Chr tian general from the executioner's axe. He follow Gordon in his Chinese mission work. He followed G don to Egypt. And the Chinese lad's blood mingl with Charles George Gordon's blood when the m sacre at Khartoum ended the earthly life of England most famous Christian soldier. Ah, the Peters of t Three Denials are worth saving.

Patient with the Censorious

Be patient, in the next place, with those sinners w have no sympathy with their fellow-men's sins. It very easy for us to pass judgment upon others. It is ve hard, however, for us to be willing to let others critici their neighbors when they themselves are flagrant guilty of the same sins. Yet everywhere we find th those Pharisaical people who themselves are most op to criticism are the most critical of others.

Sit any day you will in a crowded city street car, a find an illustration of what I mean. When the poor c colored washerwoman tries to enter with her bundl and drops some packages, who laughs—the educat gentleman or the refined lady, the man whose vertebr development indicates the dome of his skull covers well-developed brain? Or are not the laughers and t scoffers found among the ignorant and the stupid, amo those whose intellect in all probability is not even great as that of the old black woman, who never had day's schooling in all her life? Who is hardest up the young girl or boy who has gone astray? The c Christian man or woman who, from their very earlie days, has praverfully followed Christ? Oh no. T persons who will be most apt to pass the hardest cri cism against the fallen are the men and the women w

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.

Salvation Army's Flying Troop

How Col. Holz and his Cavalry Squad Carried the Gospel Message to the Kentucky Mountaineers

SOMETHING over a year ago, Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, and Colonel Holz, of Cleveland, one of the Army's most energetic officers, discussed the subject of carrying Christianity to the mountaineers of the Southern States. They could not reach any definite decision; it was proposed to try to convert these people by following the old circuit-riding plan—that is, by placing one or two of their best officers in each mountain district.

JACKSON, THE LARGEST TOWN IN BREATHITT COUNTY

Last spring, when the outbreak of feuds and shooting took place in Breathitt County, the ominous crack of the 44-calibre rifle was heard along the hills, Curtis Jett, the alleged assassin of Marcum, declared that the crack of his rifle was the sweetest music ever heard in bloody Breathitt." Colonel Holz, the Cleveland Salvation Army leader, decided that the time was opportune to start with his little band across the mountains. The party included besides the Colonel himself, Major Hunter, Staff Captain Clarence Boyd, Lieutenant J. Slayton, of Cleveland; Staff Captain William Scott, Captain Althoff, of Cincinnati; Staff Captain White, Envoy Peter Tell, of Pittsburg; and candidates Bassett Gallehar, and Crabtree, who were from and reared in the mountain regions to be visited. The last named were chosen, because of their familiarity with the mountaineers. Only men were chosen, and each one had some special talent that could be used. Several of the men are instrumental musicians and vocalists.

The evangelistic trip of this intrepid and devoted little band of Salvationists was at last fairly begun. It was as an experiment that was soon to demonstrate to the world the power of the Gospel to reach the hardest hearts. From the first, the mountaineers seemed to like their methods, and the little band of Gospel cavalrymen was soon cheered by the conversion of several who were recognized as "bad men," and who, besides professing conversion, openly joined the Salvationists.

One of these, Judge John L. Noble, widely known and feared throughout the region of Jackson, Breathitt County, was the first to make a confession. Judge Noble (a witness in the trial of Curtis Jett, charged with the assassination of J. B. Marcum) said in the Gospel meeting: "I will stop my evil ways, and from this time on I will be a better man." Another convert is "Tricky Jim Beck." He was an alibi witness for the Hargis faction in the recent trials.

The trip into, and over the mountains was made on horseback. The men expected to sleep and board in the settlements visited, but lest they should have to rough it at any time, a two-horse wagon, loaded with blankets and supplies, was taken along. Staff-Capt. Escott was sent ahead of the party to Jackson, and made all arrangements. Each cavalryman wears a special Salvation Army uniform of khaki, and modeled on the lines of the United States Army field uniform. It looks natty and military. The Salvationists carry Bibles, instead of weapons, for they preach the Gospel of Love, not of arms and bloodshed. They pass through Kentucky, West Virginia and Tennessee. All the localities they visit are small mountain settlements, from twenty to twenty-five miles apart. They leave a place in the early morning and start for the next settlement, arriving there in time to hold afternoon open-air service. This meeting consists of selections by the instrumental quartet, vocal music, and addresses telling of the purpose of their visit and declaring the Gospel message of peace. Early in the evening another outdoor meeting is held, followed by a Gospel meeting in a hall, if one can be found. These outdoor meetings "break the ice" between the natives and the Salvation troopers. In the words of one of their officers:

"You see they can stand around and size us up, and therefore can be more easily induced to attend the night indoor meetings, where we get in our real work.

As you know, the mountain country is very sparsely settled, and the people, who are very poor, live in families miles from each other. When the trip is finished, no matter whether successful or not, that will not end our work in the mountains for we will leave behind us comrades Slayton, Gallehar, Bassett and Crabtree, at convenient central points, to continue what we have begun.

"Yes," he added, "there will be an element of danger, but so far we have had no serious trouble."

When the salvation troopers reached a point near Prestonburg, Ky., they had an exciting adventure. One of the troopers had inquired the way, and a woman directed them to a crowd of men at a creek bottom. The little cavalry band, leaving their wagon on the main road and taking with them some of their musical instruments, went down the side of the bluff until they saw the men working about a small log house. They were surprised at two shots being fired, and then to see men running away. They came to a halt, and wondered why the men had run.

"Stay back!" said a tall mountaineer, who stood in the path.

"We don't want to hurt anybody," was the reply of the foremost Salvationist.

"No," said the native with a grin, "but some o' you 'uns might git hurt."

A guide explained the situation. It was a moonshine still, and shots were fired as a warning to the operators to make good their escape, which they had done. The Salvation Army men hastened to explore the place. After being assured that the members were not revenue men, the operators were persuaded to come back. The Salvationists held religious services, and some of the moonshiners joined in the singing.

This unique campaign, undertaken in the name of Christ, and for the love of souls among these neglected mountain people, cannot fail to be productive of good results. Some time ago, Gen. O. O. Howard made a tour of the Cumberland and Kentucky mountains, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in company with Rev. Mr. Guerrant, the founder and President of the Soul-Winners' Mission. During that tour, the great spiritual

TYPES OF THE MOUNTAINEERS AMONG WHOM THE SALVATION ARMY LABORED

destitution of the mountain folk was made apparent to the world, and the American people were enlightened as never before, concerning a field for religious and philanthropic effort which had hitherto been almost unknown.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

Bearing and Forbearing

A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.—Continued

are not have the searchlight of investigation turned upon their own lives. So some of us can well make the assertion, "We despise sin, but we despise worse the sinner who is criticising sin, when he himself is guilty of the same, or even worse sins."

Inevitable Retribution

But steady, my brother; Be patient also with those who are harsh in their criticisms of others. Remember that for them a day of reckoning is coming, or perhaps has come. Who among your brothers and sisters to-day, is having the hardest times? Is it not the sister who never had in her heart any love for the common people? Is it not the sister who felt she was socially and mentally a little higher than anyone else? Who to-day is most mercilessly laid upon the dissecting table of criticism and having his whole life cut to pieces? Is it not the man who himself once most vigorously wielded the censorious scalpel? Do not worry that these sinners who are so harsh in their criticisms against the sins of others, will not have their just rewards? Verily, verily, I say unto you, their condemnation will come from God. It is better for us not to try to snatch the divine thunderbolts out of God's hand. Be patient even in your criticisms against those unjust critics. "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

But there is still another class of aggressive critics, against which I would plead with you to apply the teachings of my text. They are those who have no sympathy with you in your work. I do not mean those who are maliciously falsifying, but those who honestly, truthfully and positively do not like your ways of doing things. Now, my brother, the best way for you to overcome such criticism, is not by going out and trying to destroy your neighbor's influence for good, but simply by being patient. By simply saying nothing against your honest though antagonistic neighbors, but by going ahead and doing your own work in your own way, and proving beyond all peradventure, that God has blessed you, and will continue to bless you in what you are doing in his name.

Let me suggest one other overmastering consideration which ought to control all your impatience with others: How much does God bear with from you? When he who is so wise and pure, looks upon you, and sees you more clearly with all your faults than you can see yourself, is it not surprising that he does not give you up? Yet he bears with you and loves you still. Cannot you who owe so much to God's forbearance, bear with the faults of your fellow-men?

Nine-tenths of all the criticisms made against us would soon die, if we ourselves did not go forth to fight those criticisms and thus make matters worse. Hugh Clifford, the old jungle traveler, once vividly described a startling experience he had when traveling in the Malay Peninsula. He and his men were attacked by a huge swarm of angry, revengeful bees. Immediately the party swung their blankets around their heads and tried to fight them off, but it was useless. They were stung on head, arms and legs—they were stung everywhere. "Take to the water!" Clifford cried to his men. The Malays ran for their lives. The bees not only drove them into the water, but continued stinging them there. The furious insects threatened to kill them while they were in the river itself. "With hands like boxing gloves and heads like inflated foot balls from the

Awful Stinging"

wrote Clifford, "my half blinded, suffering party then limped away to the next village. Half an hour later one of my men came into the village unmarred. He had seen the bees coming, and had sat down and awaited the assault. They covered him from head to foot, but as he offered no opposition, they did not sting him." What is true of the Malay bees is true also of the human bees. With buzz and threatenings in great swarms they may light upon you. They may crawl all over you; but if you will not fight them, but simply go on doing the work that God has given you to do, your assailants will become harmless, and after a while they will leave you in peace and in ease.

Thus, my friends, the whole teaching of this text is this: Drop your battle-axe, and, as a Christian farmer, go to Gospel seed planting. Drop your war clubs and go to driving an ambulance. Do not boast of how many enemies you have killed, but speak rather of how many friends you have been able to win. Oh, my brother and sister, will you not try to practice Paul's moderation? Will you not let your forbearance and gentleness and Christian forgiveness be known unto all men?

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Salvation Troopers

WITH a fine dash and spiritual enthusiasm, the Salvation Army has sent a flying squadron of cavalry into the Kentucky mountains, to carry the Gospel to the mountaineers. There is in this whole continent no better or more inviting field for a spiritual campaign, and the fervent prayers of God's people everywhere will accompany the Salvation troopers in their gallant work. Colonel Holz and his little band, with the Sword of the Spirit as their sole weapon, have a heroic task before them. These hill-folk, for nearly half a century, have been at feud among themselves, and the lawless spirit has apparently increased with every new generation. Over a score of lives have been sacrificed in the bitter quarrels that have transformed good neighbors into relentless enemies, made of friends and blood-relations implacable foes, and given over the hills and valleys of the Cumberland range to the deadly work of the feud. Breathitt County has achieved in thirty years a fame that has probably no parallel elsewhere in America—the fame of "Bloody Breathitt," where the shotgun and rifle are the supreme law of the land.

But there is a brighter side to the picture. Our investigations have shown these mountain folk to be by nature, kind, hospitable, and generous. They are brave and patriotic. They have been too long neglected, and, in the quick march of progress, they have been left far in the rear. Had they, like others, enjoyed their full share of religious, educational and industrial advantages, they would now have been classed among the progressive and law-abiding. But the mountain life is a hard one, and the mere struggle for existence has been so absorbing that it has well-nigh excluded opportunities of advancement. Thus the present condition of these mountaineers is less their fault than their misfortune. The nation should now turn its attention to this neglected section and help to raise it to the true standard of American manhood. Help it to purge itself of lawlessness; educate it; enlighten it; give it plenty of schools and churches, and we shall soon witness such a transformation as will make the dark record of Breathitt and kindred sections a thing of the past.

May God speed the mission of the Salvation troopers in the Kentucky mountains! And may Commander Booth-Tucker and Pastor Guerrant and every faithful servant of the Master who labors there win many souls for Christ in these mountains, and aid in bringing peace and brotherly love to the places where strife and sorrow have reigned too long.

Jews Again Persecuted

THE recent outbreak of anti-Jewish hatred in Russia adds another to the long list of atrocities perpetrated on that cruelly afflicted people. According to the cable dispatches, the matter of religion had nothing to do with the disturbance. It originated in a trade dispute. The Jewish pedlers of Gomel, a town about five hundred miles south of St. Petersburg, had some fish to sell. They named their price, as the vender everywhere has the right to do. Purchasers in Gomel, however, did not, as purchasers do elsewhere, accept the alternative of buying or not buying at the price named, but despoiled the pedlers forcibly of their stock. The matter might have ended with the loss had the sufferers been of any other race. But being Jews the outrage upon them was applauded, and the populace, seeing that no protection was afforded to the despoiled dealers, conceived the idea that it would be a profitable scheme to rob other Jews. Accordingly stores were broken open and the stocks of the Jews were seized and distributed. The owners attempted to defend their property, but, to their astonishment, they were restrained by the police. The riots continued on the following day, and began to take on a murderous character. Jewish women were set upon whenever they showed themselves upon the streets, and their shrieks, and those of their children who were being stoned and beaten, filled the air. Their husbands and fathers rushed to the rescue, but the police, sympathizing with the assailants, drove the men back into their houses, arresting any who would not obey. The next day there was an organized attack on the Jewish streets. Soldiers were on duty, but in no case did they restrain the rioters, but assaulted the Jews, and in one instance fired on a company of Jews, who, in a side street, had gathered to protect their women and children. All the horrors of Kishineff appeared to be impending, when suddenly, on the morning of the fourth day, a change occurred. New orders from the Government had apparently been received, for the rioting was sternly and quickly suppressed. The grim record of total results was twenty-five Jews killed, one hundred in hospital seriously hurt, and a large number under medical care with less severe wounds. More than three hundred Jewish homes had been stripped and partially destroyed.

Truly a sad and distressing story with many deplorable precedents in that and other countries, in this and former times. It is marvelous how intense is the enmity to this long-suffering people, that not even the advance of civilization is able to eradicate. How literally have the prophecies been fulfilled which warned them that they would become a people "scattered and peeled," a proverb and a hissing in every land. Their persecutors, who disgrace the name of Christians, taunt them with the fact, forgetting that there are prophecies, too, of vengeance on all who do them harm. God has not cast away his people, though his wrath has been heavy on them for long centuries. May the time soon come when their sorrow shall be turned into joy, and all the world obeys the call of the prophet: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." That will come when Jew and Gentile join in giving glory to the Son of David and recognizing him as the King of kings.

Answered Prayer

IN the many letters which come to this journal, making public acknowledgment of answers to prayer, there is a reverent and grateful recognition of the Divine goodness in granting the petitions of those who, in their extremity, call upon God for help. These letters are from people in all ranks of life; some from men and women of wealth and culture, and others from those in the humblest circumstances; but all give evidence of a real and abiding faith in the great Christian truth, that, the promise of Jesus—"whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do"—stands as good to-day as when it was made to his disciples, while the Saviour was with them on earth. Regarding the source from which they come, and the absolute truthfulness and sincerity of the writers, these letters constitute indisputable evidence of the prevailing power of believing prayer, offered in Christ's name and in accordance with the Divine will and purpose.

In the spiritual realm there are vast fields of exploration and many strange experiences, but those are for the spiritual-minded alone. To all others they are a sealed mystery, inaccessible and inexplicable. As there are problems in science which cannot be made intelligible to the uncultured lay mind, so there are experiences in religion, which none but those who see with the eye of faith, and who have laid hold of eternal things, can comprehend. Yet, most marvelous of all, they can be understood and experienced by the simplest souls, if these souls are in union with God through Christ and living the life of faith. This condition of spiritual union and harmony is to the heavenly contact, through prayer, what in the realm of natural science the harmonious adjustment and vibration of two instruments far apart are to the modern miracle of wireless telegraphy. Christ, the Intercessor, the Mediator, the Advocate, is the ever-living though invisible link that unites the believer on earth with the throne above.

Among the Workers

—IRA D. SANKEY, the famous evangelist, who is now totally blind, is again living in Brooklyn. He occasionally sings in the evenings some of the old hymns that he has sung to great audiences throughout the world. He is very cheerful, despite his affliction, and says to his friends, "All is well with me and the road is bright."

The Little Girl who "Had Nothin'"

AMONG the children who were being examined to ascertain their fitness to be the guests of the Fresh-Air Home, was a very poor little girl in a faded, ragged gown. Her face was thin and pale.

"Have you a father?" she was asked.

"No," replied the child.

"Have you a mother?"

"No."

"Did you ever see the country?"

"No," came the timid answer.

"Did you ever see green grass?"

"Yes, in the park."

"Have you ever seen a daisy?"

"No, mum; I don't know what a daisy is," with an innocent look.

"Have you brothers or sisters?"

"No; I haven't nothin', an' I never had nothin'. Oh, I know I can't go to the country," said the poor little creature now sobbing bitterly.

"You are the very one that the Fresh-Air Fund is for," was the comforting assurance. "It is expressly for such as you. You shall go to the country; you shall head the procession. The Fresh-Air Home is just for those who have nothing."

And so it is with the free salvation offered in the Gospel. It is for those who "have nothing." Christ gives a free passage to the Home he has gone to prepare. All the fitness he requires is to feel your need of him. If you feel that you "have nothing," "Come buy wine and milk" and Gospel grace, without money and without price. The poorest, the most needy can come to the blessed Saviour, who gave his life to purchase salvation for all who would accept it.

IDA HINMAN.

. . .

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fresh-Air Home at Mont Lawn, in the summer just ended, has received, fed, sheltered and cared for nearly 2,000 little tenement boys and girls. A very large proportion of these, like the little one in the foregoing beautiful story from real life, "had nothin'." They were the right kind of children to send to the Home—children whose lives are sunless and joyless; who, if they ever reach manhood and womanhood, must do so only through hard stress and struggle. These are the children whom our kind and generous readers have helped to a holiday this year.

Reader, don't you want a share in this blessed work among the children of the poor? If you do, send us your contribution ($3) to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fresh-Air Fund, and thus provide an outing for a little boy or girl when the Home reopens, or you might endow a cot for the coming season at a cost of $21. Now is the time to make sure that you will have representation in the work, and that some poor, needy little waif will be provided for through your generosity.

"If"

If I could visit but one city in the world, it would be Rome.

If I could call but one back from heaven, for one hour's talk, it would be my mother.

If I could preach but one more sermon, it would be on Christ saving sinners.

If I could have but one prayer answered, it would be, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done."

If I could live but one more day, I would spend the hours "doing good," like Him.

If I could hear but one more sermon, I would select a preacher filled with the Holy Ghost.

If I could read but one more book, it would be the Gospel by John.

If I could hear but one more solo, it would be "The Holy City."

If I could hear but one more chorus, it would be the "Hallelujah," from the Messiah.

If I could have but one more meal, it would be plain food, well cooked and nicely served.

If I could have but one more ride, it would be with friends through the woods and over the hills.

If I could have but one wish granted, it would be "the secret of my heart."

If I could buy but one more thing, it would be a toy for a child.

If I could comfort one more soul, it would be an orphan.

If I could have but one more flower, it would be a Marechal Niel rose.

If I could give but one more dollar, it would be for missions.

If I could hear but one more sentence, it would be, "I love you."

C. H. YATMAN.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

To Visit King Menelik

OUR consul at Marseilles, Mr. R. P. Skinner, is about to go on a visit to Menelik, King of Abyssinia. A gunboat, probably the *Machias*, will carry him to the port of Jibuti, and from hence, with a guard of honor of sixteen men from the American squadron, he will proceed to Antoto, the king's favorite place of residence, which has superseded Gondar as the capital. The object of the visit has not been officially stated, but there is little doubt of the correctness of the general assumption that Mr. Skinner is going to arrange a treaty of commerce with the King. The port of Marseilles, at which Mr. Skinner is stationed, is used by ships trading with Abyssinia, and it was probably the spectacle of these vessels, carrying French and German products to the Abyssinian markets, which suggested to him the advantage of securing for the United States a share of the trade. At present the chief concessions are in the hands of a French firm, but that arrangement has only five years to run, and Mr. Skinner is taking time by the forelock. The population of Abyssinia is estimated at four millions. The products they are likely to buy from us at first will probably be cotton goods and petroleum, but as they are an agricultural people and are using the most primitive implements, it is believed that the time cannot be far distant when there will be a demand for American machinery. They can supply in return ivory, hides, coffee and gold. Of late years the civil wars, which for a long period had desolated the country, have ceased, and the people have devoted themselves to peaceable pursuits. This is due chiefly to the wise administration of King Menelik and his Queen, who have, by skilful diplomacy, gradually concentrated in their own hands the power formerly exercised by rival chiefs. The loyalty these chiefs now display toward Menelik was clearly shown in 1896, when the King took the field against Italy and won the decisive battle of Adowah. He captured the enemy's guns and has taught his troops how to use them, so that he is now, with his united army of more than 100,000 men, a formidable antagonist for a rival to meet. He boasts of his ancient lineage, which he claims that he can trace to King Solomon, who, he declares, was married to the Queen of Sheba, who included Abyssinia in her territories. If the mission of our consul to this remarkable monarch is successful, and a market is opened for our commodities in his country, it may be hoped that the churches will avail themselves of the opportunity to send the Gospel thither, too. We may hope, also, that, as does not always happen when civilized man trades with the uncivilized, the conduct of the trader may not arouse prejudice against the preaching of the missionary. The appeal of Nehemiah ought to be ever kept in mind by the merchant:

Ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God, because of the reproach of the heathen (Nehemiah 5:9).

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ABYSSINIA

THE BODY-GUARD OF THE KING OF ABYSSINIA

SOLDIERY AND PEASANTS OF ABYSSINIA

The Anarchy in Macedonia

Continued reports come from the disturbed districts of Macedonia of burned villages, brutal massacres, and wholesale murder. The Bulgarian Government has appealed to the Powers who signed the treaty of Berlin, which left Macedonia at the mercy of the Turk, calling their attention to the atrocities being committed on the Christians, but it has evoked only a discouraging response. A manifesto has been issued by the Russian Government, apparently with the approval of the other Powers, warning Bulgaria against interference. The manifesto sets forth that the Sultan accepted in good faith the scheme of reform suggested by Russia and Austria, and was proceeding to execute it, when the rising in Macedonia frustrated the scheme. In the presence of the armed rising, it is contended, the Sultan could not proceed with his reforms. It is also hinted that Bulgaria has encouraged the revolution and connived at her own people crossing the frontier to aid the insurgents. Prince Ferdinand, therefore, is in an awkward dilemma. If he refuses to continue his support of the Macedonian Committee, his own subjects may rise in rebellion against him; if, on the other hand, he openly or secretly opposes the Turk, the Sultan, as his suzerain, may send an army into Bulgaria. In the meantime the sanguinary conflict continues, and the Macedonian Committee declares that it will go on until Macedonia is set free from Turkish domination. It has no confidence in the Sultan's reforms, and refuses to be satisfied with any other solution of the problem than complete deliverance from the Turkish yoke. That deliverance might have come before now, if the Macedonians had refrained from themselves committing outrages. They have alienated to a large extent the sympathy of Europe, by their own conduct, which creates the suspicion that they are not fitted for self-government. They would have achieved their ends more easily if they had followed the Apostle's advice:

Submit yourself to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake . . . . for so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men (1 Peter 2:13, 15).

One Thousand Dollars for a Life

Disclosures occasionally made to the police of New York show that the tyranny of the Mafia and other Italian societies is no myth, but an organized system of blackmail. Unhappily, the complainants generally lose courage after making the first charge and will not aid in securing the conviction of the offenders. Fear of the vengeance of the dreaded society is of course the cause of the practical withdrawal of the prosecution, and as a recent murder of an ex-Italian policeman proves it is not baseless. The latest instance is that of an Italian contractor in Brooklyn, who is known to have acquired considerable wealth. Three weeks ago he received a letter from a man posing as the agent of the society, directing him to go to a certain street corner in a lonely part of the city, and to wait there until he was accosted by a man who would give him a certain password. The penalty of disobedience or of notifying the police of the demand was death. The contractor did not obey, and the following week a second letter was sent reminding him of the former demand and fixing another rendezvous at which he was ordered to present himself on a certain night. The penalty in the event of failure was to be his own death, and the dynamiting of his house. The man, now really alarmed, kept the appointment, and was told that unless he paid $10,000 to the society he would be murdered. He protested that he was unable to produce so large a sum, and finally arranged for a week's reprieve by paying $1,000. At the end of the week another demand was made, and then the victim informed the police. A plan was arranged to entrap the blackmailers and four men were arrested. It may be hoped that if they are the guilty persons, they will be severely punished. It is hard that in a free country a man should have to pay to avoid being murdered. It is not surprising that he should pay if he believed that otherwise his life would be sacrificed. Almost any man would give all he has for his life. The surprising thing is that when eternal life is offered as a free gift so few should avail themselves of the offer.

Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life (John 5:40).

Lost in the Fog

The passengers on a steamer going from Bridgeport, Conn., to Greenwich a few days ago, had an alarming experience. After leaving Bridgeport the vessel ran into a fog bank off Norwalk. The fog was very thick, and the captain felt his way along at reduced speed for half an hour or more, trusting that the fog would lift. Suddenly the ringing of a fog-bell was heard hard by and the engines were stopped. To the dismay of the captain, he found his vessel was close to the bell buoy off Lloyds Neck on the Long Island shore and in the path of Boston Steamers. A passing schooner was hailed from which the steamer got bearings for the proper course. It was found that the boat's compass was not working properly, due doubtless to the two steel fire-engines on board which had fouled it. There was some excitement among the passengers when they learned that they were lost in the Sound, but soon matters were straightened out, and the fog having cleared, the vessel reached her dock in safety. In the voyage of life the end of such a trouble is not always so happy. When a man carries in his bosom idolatries or sins that disturb the compass by which he ought to be guided, wreck is often the result.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life (Prov. 4:23).

BRIEF NOTES

Mrs. Ioanna Lake, the authoress of "Christian Living," I think when I read that sweet story of real [illegible]

One of the latest converts to [illegible] the Mount Sinai, and was [illegible] sent to the [illegible] he had [illegible]

We regret to learn that [illegible] meeting [illegible] the [illegible] Hanging the [illegible] and [illegible] will [illegible]

THE STORY OF "CHRISTODORA HOUSE

A Young Women's Settlement, and the Remarkable Work it is Doing Among New York Children

THE CHRISTODORA "STEADFAST CLUB" IN BRONX PARK, NEW YORK

CHRISTODORA House, which is located at No. 147 Avenue B, New York City, is, to put it briefly, reaching out in the sanest, most sensible, practical way, for the expression of the rounded life, in which success does not mean money, but faithfulness in good work; in which knowledge does not greatly count, except as it serves in helpfulness; and in which religion is not a matter of creed or ceremony, apart from either work or play, but the strengthening hourly consciousness, that, as its little children sing:

Night and day our Father's near—
God sees! God sees!

Nor is its aim that even this thought should be for anyone's self alone. Through their clubs, all variations of race, religion, and ability, learn the art of living together under the watchword, that is "ours" in the fullest sense. There must be over a thousand who come into touch with one or another of its relations, and that there are not as many more is simply due to lack of room and equipment. Over and over again, new groups of young people from the neighborhood apply to be taken in as a new club, but must be refused, only because there is no room in which they could meet on any night in the week; and existing clubs have already stretched as far as possible the membership limits.

CHRISTODORA HOUSE

The tiny tots of from five to eight years old belong to the Button Club, and help their mothers by learning to be helpful about the little things. They can tell you, too, wholesome little rhymes like the story of the "wobin" who fell into such serious trouble because of his hasty belief that "old folks don't know ev'wyfing!" Little girls of from eight to ten in the Steadfast Club are learning to sew, to sing, and most of all, to remember that "he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

Over a hundred girls of from ten to fourteen belong to the Sunshine Club. They help the House in a special way by sending a committee to lead the games of the play hour, and to see that everyone who comes has a good time. Every Saturday morning, and nearly every day during vacation, the big basement room is open to all the little ones who care to come in to play or to look at the picture books, "and make all the noise we want to, so long as the doors are shut." Most members of this club are still school-girls, and hold their weekly meeting on Saturday afternoon, but the urgent need of help at home is already forcing their older members into business life. These little workers do not even then give up their club, but as they must meet in the evening instead of with the others, they call themselves "the business Sunshiners." Somewhat older girls who, like these, are already at work in different positions, are the members of the Fidelity and Larcom Clubs, co-operating for the development of orderliness, "for the strengthening of character and of Club spirit."

The boys of the neighborhood, too, are an active part of the House, through clubs known as the Young Americans, Citizens, the Young Heroes, the Patriots, and the Social Club. Among the objects of these are, "the development of true manhood and faithfulness to our country;" "for improvement and for friendship," etc.

The helpful parts played by the young men of the Musical and Dramatic, or the Lawrence Athletic Clubs; by the young women of the Sangster, Clionian and Loyalty Clubs, are too varied to be easily described. Some are among the charter members of the House, working out its standards and spreading them through their intimate knowledge of the neighborhood conditions as the wisest friends of the House from outside could not possibly do, and with a loyalty to it which is at once its inspiration and the earnest of its success.

These clubs are, of course, the most obvious activities of the House; but there are a hundred other ways of co-operation. There are the regular office hours of its physician. In the winter there are classes of a dozen different kinds—millinery, dressmaking, stenography, typewriting, musical training, the use of the piano, violin or voice and chorus work, the English subjects and others in which any club members may feel the worth of a better equipment. There are also the library in daily use, and the Savings Bank. Every Sunday, those of the older girls who desire to do so come in for the simple, straightforward Gospel meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening the Children's Hour at sunset gives to the younger ones another helpful service of Bible verses (how even the smallest of them know their Psalms!), singing, and a little talk that they can carry in even a child's heedless memory through the we to follow. At other times th is systematic Bible study in O Testament History, or in t Life of Christ, as any may ele

In summer there is the ei less detail of the vacati houses—one for the little on at Dalton, Mass., generou loaned (with all its expen paid) by a friend of the Hou —another rented for the su mer (this year it is on the Sou near New Haven), in which t older young women board di ing their vacations or over Su day, as each may feel ab There are excursions, fresh work, baseball, outings up t Hudson, and visits to be pa wherever in the neighborho the friendliness of Christodo House is welcomed.

But none of these thin move of themselves; Clu must have advisers, and classe teachers; holiday cottages do not run automatically, a a hundred details in as many directions need constant s pervision.

In permanent residence at Christodora House are: Mi C. I. MacColl, head worker, and a staff of compete assistants, who are in residence for periods of varyi length. Each brings a finely-trained special equipme to the direction of some one of the varied forms of wo in the departments of general education, of musical trai ing, of special study of the Bible, or to the executi management of industrial classes and the widely differe clubs.

One of the greatest needs of the House, only partial supplied through its "Intercollegiate Auxiliary," is a larg corps of volunteer workers, each of whom could give t House regularly one evening a week under such directic

ONE OF THE COUNTRY HOMES OF THE CHRISTODORA

in the spirit of sympathetic, consecrated co-operation. Chris todora House is incorporated under the title of the Youn Women's Settlement, with a Board of Managers, of whon Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, one of Christodora's earlies friends, is President, and Mr. William L. Sexton, of No. Maiden Lane, New York, Treasurer.

SPREADING THE GOSPEL IN JAPAN

WHEN it was learned that a National Exposition was to be held at Osaka from March 1 to July 31 last, the missionaries of that city and vicinity met and arranged for a continuous Christian campaign during the whole period. For this purpose a suitable building was secured immediately in front of the main entrance, and consecutive services were held nearly the whole day.

Over the building was fixed a large sign-board, on which was written in large Japanese characters, "Come and see." On the ground floor was the hall for preaching, a room for the sale of Bibles and Christian literature; and in the second story, rooms for the accommodation of the workers. The various missions were divided into five groups; and each of these in succession took charge of the services for a period of about two weeks at a time. In this way an efficient corps of workers was secured for the whole period, the expense and labor suitably divided, and at the same time it was manifest to the world that the same spirit animates all who are engaged in the extension of Christ's kingdom in Japan.

The result of these services has been very gratifying. In spite of

BUILDING NEAR THE OSAKA EXHIBITION IN WHICH THE GOSPEL SERVICES WERE HELD

the other and great attractions there were successive audiences o eager listeners from ten o'clock ir the morning until nine at night The total attendance was found by actual count to have been 246, 665. Of this number 16,222 gave their names as inquirers.

Owing to a municipal regulation that no gathering of the people was to be allowed on the street, the sale of Scriptures was very much restricted. But in spite of such a hindrance, the work was carried on during the whole time. The sales were 90 Bibles, 8,240 Testaments, and 6,090 Portions, making a total of 14,420 volumes. This was accomplished by the faithful labors of Mr. A. Lawrence, assisted by a corps of native helpers.

The fifteenth session of the Young Men's Christian Association for Japan, was held at Arim, from July 17 to 26. The number enrolled in the Japanese section was 182. One year ago there were 150. All parts of the country were represented. Among the delegates there were twenty-eight students from the seven higher schools and the two Imperial Universities. While the greater number were students, there were also 25 delegates from the city associations, and 30 pastors. H. LOOMIS.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE LOVE THAT LASTS

THE season of weddings is at hand. Though every part of the swiftly moving year has its chime of marriage bells, yet October is the month most highly favored by brides, and the pomp of early autumn lends itself most graciously to the processional march that leads to the altar.

Notwithstanding the fact that easy divorce is the shame and disgrace of our country, happily and steadfastly, loyal marriages are the rule, and the exceptions only emphasize its well-nigh universal scope and reign. The wide land over, cheerful and loving home life prevails. Men go to their work in the morning and come home at night, to the dear ones, and women and children dwell in peaceful security under roofs that are unwarked by fidelity and affection. We need never fear for the stability of the republic while far from our congested towns, in rural neighborhoods, in little villages, in quiet farmsteads, husbands and wives live in mutual confidence and the security of reciprocal understanding, and a trust that admits neither suspicion nor doubt. Jealousy, which eats like corroding rust into the fabric circlet of the wedding ring, is the foe of home happiness, but it is the exception, not the rule.

. . .

In the glow of the bridal hour, it never seems possible to either of the contracting parties, that anything shall exist so much as a transient shadow on their felicity. Each honestly thinks the other perfect. Each tries to yield to the other, finding delight in small sacrifices, and anticipating every unspoken wish, with eager zest, each hastens to brim with some new surprise of gladness the other's cup of blessing.

From this high plane of exalted idealism, there is often a decline to lower levels in the commonplaces of every-day existence. When the honeymoon is over, the bride and the groom of necessity lay aside, half unconsciously, whatever of company manners they wore, and appear in their own proper characters. One may be sometimes unreasonable. The other may be irritable. Either may be occasionally hasty, and say sharp words soon regretted. Now comes the testing time of the love that lasts.

Passion may wane. It is the mere efflorescence of true love, that if it be of the right and noble kind, grows deeper with the years. Says Emerson, pithily,

> A ruddy drop of manly blood
> The surging sea outweighs;
> The world uncertain comes and goes,
> The lover rooted stays.

. . .

Old husbands and wives, by a thousand little threadlets of daily communion, a thousand unconsidered acts of imitation, grown more and more similar and more and more intimate, actually come to look alike. The same expression animates the two dear old faces, that in youth were in contrast of line, shape and color. The love that lasts transfigures and illumines our clay and makes it half divine.

Let the young people who shall be married in the coming autumn days, beware of the first quarrel.

> It is the little rift within the lute
> That by and by shall make the music mute.

. . .

No difference of opinion should cause friction. Two grown persons, brought up in opposite environments, may not always reach identical conclusions at once, but sensible married couples may now and then agree to differ. A good plan is never to let the day end in controversy. If there is need of pardon asked and granted, let it be done before night draws its curtain round the home. Where there is never a first downright quarrel, with its sequence of heartache, there will never be a second.

. . .

Yet unbroken harmony may approximate stagnation. Where two love one another, the monotony of the days may be diversified by little contests of wit, and little passages at arms, which mean nothing but kindness, and add spice to the daily brew. The love that lasts is of sterling stuff. It does not go to pieces because the sea is not as smooth as a mill-pond. Given, entire confidence, congenial tempers, a common creed, decent self-restraint on both sides, and a due degree of demonstration, the tenderness and beauty of marriage will weaken every gale. There are those who kill love by fault-finding, or freeze it by cold indifference, or stab it by infidelity. God pity them and forgive their folly! But God be praised, they are in the minority. The great majority drinks a cup that is honey-sweet, to the last drop in the end of life.

ON A HOLIDAY

See the little country children,
Coming with their banners gay.
With their rosy cheeks advancing
And their bright eyes shining, dancing,
They will march in proud array.
Fun is theirs, as they are keeping
Happy fete and gala day.
—M. E. S.

The Perfect Guest

IF the hostess be the party of the first part, the guest is the party of the second part. Unless a guest brings a sort of passport with her from the home that receives and entertains her, she may be unwelcome at home.

One of the chief ingredients of the perfect guest may go when she is expected, not to change her point in the universe, and write or telegraph that she cannot come. Many women are extremely thoughtless in this respect, and send indecision pierce very quivering to the heart of the maiden made ready for their arrival. For example, a lady may have arranged for the dressmaker, and have set aside a week for her exclusive use, and, not thoughtfully guessing would that she cannot come this week, but will the next, considers and that functionary. Or, when one has a number of friends, plans may be made for weeks ahead, and the person who heedlessly fails out sets them wrong. A hostess may be apt to arrange a charming outing, or the artist in question may be to secure tickets to this or that interesting entertainment for the coming guest. Suppose the guest fails out at the last moment. The embarrassment and annoyance are very great. Whether the accepted invitation be for a meal, a night, or a week, the guest should take pains to appear when and where (to speak of invited to arrive. This is the minimum of what should be a matter of conscience.

Next, the perfect guest, finding the room in disorder and dainty order, keeps it so. To the neat housewife her home in the care of her mother is a trial to have her spare chamber occupied by her friend, seem as if it had been visited by a cyclone. Young girls are the greatest sinners in this particular. They throw their things about, disfigure chairs, drapery and shelves, and, reckless the canons of good taste by arranging on the outer of the home that shelters them. Unconsciously, they do worse than this, when they spoil mantels or polished surfaces, or scatter spatters of ink on bureau and table covers.

A guest conforms to the hours for meals, and is ready on the instant that breakfast or dinner is announced. She is a perfect guest. Where the mind of the hostess is burdened about punctuality, he knows and names it a guest to verify, and whether or not he is disturbed, or his wife distressed at the tardiness of guests, the kitchen is sure to be agitated. Least should be served when it is ready. No polite guest comes late to any meal if she can avoid it.

The agreeable guest is pleased with everything and especially interested in meeting the neighbors and friends of her hostess. She is glad they call, since that is a pleasure to her, to entertain at the company and sometimes for as she can, without undue entertainment her business may make. Then if she is musical she does not refuse to play and sing, if she be a good talker, she does not sit in silence, but keeps the conversational shuttle flying, bringing out her best stories for the amusement of her listeners, and proving herself social to touch with them.

It is an essential to a visit's success, that it be not prolonged beyond the point originally intended. The most delightful guest may stay too long, and there comes a time when "Wont out her welcome." When the time set for the departure is reached, the guest is wise to take leave even though urged to remain. She will be regretted, and the memory made by her loss will be tribute to her powers of pleasing.

Guests have been known to linger until the hostess has been inconvenienced by their leaving. No sound from is worse than this, and the perfect guest never strikes into it.

White Lies

Are there any? Is the least evasion in the style most tolerable of evasions? Perhaps some of those conventionalities, such as ellipses we welcome of a person from [illegible] saving you are not at home, when you are in the house, or pretending to have a headache, when you are [illegible] an inconvenient invitation are all right. The fact is that are wholly wrong. A white lie, as such a [illegible] and the souring as thin and worn as any worn. To [illegible] sight, every [illegible] as its father, the devil, who has been a liar from the beginning.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE

THERE'S always work in plenty for little hands to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you.
Little burdens that you may lift, little steps that you can take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

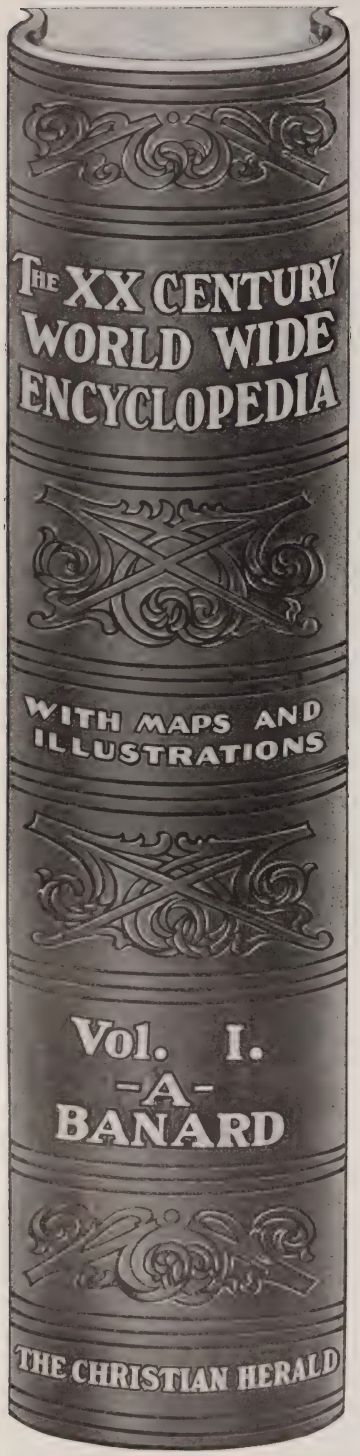
There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours
We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers,
And their help at task and toiling the church of God may claim,
And rally little followers in Christ's most Holy Name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer,
They will have the spell of melody for many a tired ear;
Don't you wish your gentle words might point some souls above,
Finding rest and peace and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love.

There are orders meant for you. Swift and jubilant they ring,
O the bliss of being trusted with the errands of the King!
March unfearing in the service, not an evil can befall
Those who do his gracious bidding, hasting at the Master's call.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Now or Never, YOU Must Decide



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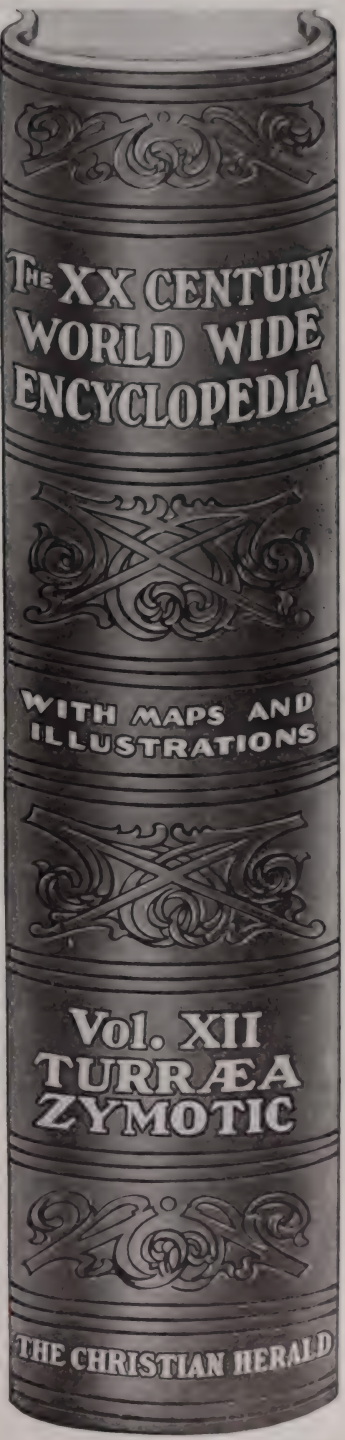

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PSALM 51

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -- PSALM 51: 10:
"CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART"

KING DAVID had done wickedly before God and man. He had broken the tenth, the seventh, and the sixth commandments. He had coveted Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah; he had committed adultery with her; he had also planned successfully the death of Uriah, the husband of Bathsheba, by sending him out to battle, with instructions to his commander that he should be put in the forefront of the battle, and suddenly left alone by a temporary retreat, in order that he might be killed by the opposing foe. Thus he was murdered. After this David took Bathsheba to his own house as his wife. Nathan, God's prophet, faithfully rebuked King David for his double crime. And so wisely was it done, in an allegory, that David pronounced his own condemnation. Nathan brought before David the case of a man, rich in herds, who, when he wanted a lamb to entertain a guest, confiscated a poor man's one pet lamb. Nathan expatiated on how the lamb had grown up with the poor man and his children, and had eaten out of their hands, and drank out of their cups, and had been almost as a child in the family. David, in righteous anger, pronounced a death sentence upon the rich man who had taken the poor man's lamb. Let us imagine the dismay of David when Nathan looked him straight in the eye, and pointing his finger at him said: "Thou art the man."

David was bowed down with a sense of his sin. And the son which the wife of Uriah had borne him was smitten of the Lord and died. What David suffered in remorse for the sins he had committed we learn in the Psalm of our lesson. In it he seeks God's forgiveness. He prays that he may be cleansed thoroughly, and created anew by the Holy Spirit; he would have his soiled life made whiter than snow. Then he burst into a song of praise to the Lord for his mercy, and proposes to become a preacher of righteousness, and teach transgressors God's ways. Forgiveness leads to faithfulness.

"AND NATHAN SAID TO DAVID, THOU ART THE MAN"

Illustration and Application

1. *The sin.* Few in our Sunday Schools are tempted to murder, but the sin of uncleanness, which in David's case led to murder, and which God counts as deserving equal punishment, is the most universal of all temptations, and comes to every youth when as yet there is almost no attraction to the saloon or to gambling. Temptation to this sin comes from billboards and shows, from shop windows and low conversation, most of all from street roving at night. Teachers should therefore be faithful in warning, even though the subject is distasteful, and supplement these personal appeals by united street cleaning. Much should be done on the line of Gladstone's great saying, that it is the purpose of law to make it as hard as possible to do wrong, and as easy as possible to do right; but even without resort to law, or before it, conditions can and should be improved by what Frances E. Willard used to call "the arrest of thought." A kindly protest often stops a wrong, especially when it is also illegal. In such cases it is often found that a word even to the unwise is sufficient.

Not alone for uncleanness, but for all sins, do we need to adopt David's prayer of penitence, for every sin against our great God is a great sin.

2. *The faithful rebuke.* John McNeil tells of a British officer in India, who had been living an impure life, and went round to the chaplain to argue religion with him. During their talk, the officer said: "Religion is all very well, but you must admit there are difficulties—about the miracles, for instance." The chaplain knew the man, and his habits, his besetting sin, and quietly looking him in the face, answered him: "Yes, there are some things, I'll admit, in the Bible, that are not very plain, but the seventh commandment is very plain." The thrust went home. How absurdly men think their sins are hidden! In the reign of George II., a West Indian merchant ship, the *Cuba*, appeared one summer evening in the Solent. Her cargo consisted solely of Havana tobacco, and well her captain knew with what extreme quickness and secrecy it must be landed towards nightfall, and consigned to the English smuggling company that anxiously awaited it at Portsmouth. In those days, the punishment for smuggling was death. Meanwhile, however, a vigilant coast-guardsman had sighted the *Cuba's* too familiar sails, and communicated with His Majesty's ironclad *Thunderer*. Immediately the *Thunderer* started to take the suspected vessel prisoner. "Steer back to the channel!" shouted the *Cuba's* captain to his terrified crew, observing his powerful and rapid pursuer; "Throw the tobacco bales overboard. Not a minute to lose! At any cost, let us save our lives!" So, in quite a panic of haste, bale after bale was pitched into the water. But imagine the poor captain's confusion to see that the tobacco floated, and that, therefore, not a single bale could be hidden. They all kept in sight, huge black masses in the bright moonlight upon the blue sea, the *Thunderer* already in their very wake! So, when a man seeks to hide his sins, he does not usually succeed in hiding them even from men, much less from God. And, about the worst of all, is that he cannot hide them from himself.

3. *The punishment.* When God smote the child of David's sin with death, it was one of God's cruel kindnesses, as a story of a Montana stage will aptly illustrate. A mother and her infant child were the only passengers. A sudden change of weather subjected the woman to more exposure than she was provided for, and before the journey was half over, the freezing cold had begun to creep into her blood. She could protect her babe, but her own life was in danger. As soon as the driver knew how severely she was suffering, he gave her all his extra wraps, and quickened the pace of his team as much as possible, hoping to reach warmth and refuge before her condition became serious. His passenger's welfare was now his only thought, and by frequent inquiries he sought to assure himself of her safety. But the fatal drowsiness had stolen over her, and when no answers were returned to his questions, he stopped and tore open the coach door. The woman's head was swaying from side to side. Instantly he took the babe from her, and bestowed it as comfortably as he could in a furry bundle under the shelter of the seat; then, seizing the mother roughly by the arm, he dragged her upon the frozen ground. His violence only partly awakened her, but when he banged the door together and sprang to his box and drove on, leaving her in the road, she came fully to her senses and began to scream. The driver looked back and saw her madly running after him, crying, "My baby, my baby! Oh, my baby!" The horror of her loss made her forget the cold. By and by, when certain she had warmed her blood into healthy circulation, the driver slackened the speed of his horses, and allowed her to overtake him and resume her place in the coach, with her living and unharmed child. Was the man cruel? That mother did not say so when she knew—knew that he had aroused her and brought her back to life. He had done as God does sometimes to shake us out of soul-lethargy and moral sleep.

Not alone in the loss of his child, but in his own remorse also, David found that suffering is the natural fruit of sin.

4. *The repentance. I acknowedge my transgression.* Frank and full confession of sin to God, there can be no true repentance without that, but "repentance completed is sorrow converted into action," an actual turning from sin. Whoso confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy. A mother told her little daughter not to eat certain bonbons left in the room. Coming in a few hours later she found the child, but no vestige of the bonbons. Beginning to question her, the little girl interrupted, "Yes, mamma, I ate them, but I kept asking Jesus to forgive me all the time I was doing it, so it's all right, and you needn't punish me." Are there not "children" of a larger growth whose conduct is often like this which the little girl so naively acknowledged? There are so many things which we know we ought not to do, and yet which tempt us so strongly that we yield, relying upon the repentant feelings sure to follow, and the prayer for forgiveness to excuse the wrongdoing. Such an easy-going repentance is "contempt of court," contempt of God, and constitutes the "presumptuous sin" from which David so earnestly prayed to be delivered.

Let us turn to an illustration of true repentance with restitution. "For some reason I cannot pray; the heavens seem like brass; I go through the form of devotion in private, and, as you know, I take part in public Christian work, but there is no joy or peace in my life; what shall I do?" Thus spoke a member of a Y. M. C. A. religious work committee, and a leader in the young people's society of his church, to a state Y. M. C. A. secretary, who replied, "There must be something in your life which has broken communion; make a clean breast of it, and put it out of your life." After a few moments the young man replied: "Well, when I was a boy, I beat a man out of two dollars. What shall I do?" "Do, there is nothing to do but send him the amount with interest to date; that's the easiest thing, for you are a man with a salary, and to raise that small amount of money is no trouble. What you want to do is to confess the thing, thus giving your pride a stab." After meditation he said he would write, and send the money with interest. At the next service he attended, his face was shining with joy. That young man graduated in one of the Virginia colleges the next year, and entered the ministry. The real turning point in his life was his confession of sin.

The most hardened sinner, with true repentance, may come to God with assurance of a welcome. In a fisherman's hut, in the extreme northeast of Scotland, is a picture of our Saviour, and the fisherman thus tells its story: "I was way down with the drink," he said, "when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung this picture. I was sober then, and I said to the bartender: 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had for it, and took it home. Then, as I looked at it, the words of my mother came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried: 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of my sin?' No such prayer is ever unanswered. To-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village.

5. *After forgiveness, faithfulness. Then shall I teach transgressors thy ways.* Many forget, soon after forgiveness, that they were "saved to serve." In 1897, Dr. Grenfell was in Boston. Mr. Moody was holding meetings in Tremont Temple at the time. Dr. Grenfell sought him out at his hotel, and told Mr. Moody he owed his conversion to him fourteen years before. "What have you been doing since?" was Mr. Moody's immediate question. The oak pulpit in the Seaman's Church, at Sunderland, England, is built of wood in the shape of a boat's bow, and bears on the gunwale, in letters of gold, the inscription, "Nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net." The pulpit was the gift of the officers and men of a flotilla of torpedo boat destroyers, in acknowledgment of kindness received at Sunderland during a visit there from Dr. Grenfell in the spring of 1901. Not ministers only, but every forgiven soul should be a fisher of men.

A minister was called to the bedside of a dying man. "What did you wish with me?" "I want some comfort, some assurance that I am going to heaven." "You are a member of the church are you not?" "Yes, I am a member of the church, but my faithfulness there is not a recommendation." "You loved the Lord, did you not?" "I used to say I did, but now, when I look back over so many neglected opportunities, I am not sure that I can truthfully say I did." "Well, you are a child of God?" "Yes that is what you preach, but why did I not love the brethren more and do more for them, if I am a child of his? Why was I so indifferent to all Christian work? I used to say that I was a member of the church, but that does not comfort me now. I had no heart in the work. I was too selfish and inconsiderate. I used to say all men were children of God, but now, as I stand face to face with him, I am ashamed to say it. I manufactured so many excuses, and now these excuses stand like mountains between me and heaven."

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The Rescue of Buck*

FROM every hill slope came the trickle of running water, the music of unseen fountains. All things were thawing, bending, snapping. The Yukon was straining to break loose the ice that bound it down. It ate away from beneath; the sun ate from above. Air-holes formed, fissures sprang and spread apart, while thin sections of ice fell through bodily into the river. And amid all this bursting, rending, throbbing of awakening life, under the blazing sun and through the soft-sighing breezes, like wayfarers to death, staggered the two men, the woman, and the huskies.

With the dogs falling, Mercedes weeping and riding, Hal swearing innocuously, and Charles' eyes wistfully watering, they staggered into John Thornton's camp at the mouth of White River. When they halted, the dogs dropped down as though they had all been struck dead. Mercedes dried her eyes and looked at John Thornton. Charles sat down on a log to rest. He sat down very slowly and painstakingly what of his great stiffness. Hal did the talking. John Thornton was whittling the last touches on an axe-handle he had made from a stick of birch. He whittled and listened, gave monosyllabic replies, and, when it was asked, terse advice. He knew the breed, and he gave his advice in the certainty that it would not be followed.

"They told us up above that the bottom was dropping out of the trail and that the best thing for us to do was to lay over," Hal said in response to Thornton's warning to take no more chances on the rotten ice. "They told us we couldn't make White River, and here we are." This last with a sneering ring of triumph in it.

"And they told you true," John Thornton answered. "The bottom's likely to drop out at any moment. Only fools, with the blind luck of fools, could have made it. I tell you straight, I wouldn't risk my carcass on that ice for all the gold in Alaska."

"That's because you're not a fool, I suppose," said Hal. "All the same, we'll go on to Dawson." He uncoiled his whip. "Get up there, Buck! Hi! Get up there! Mush on!"

Thornton went on whittling. It was idle, he knew, to get between a fool and his folly; while two or three fools more or less would not alter the scheme of things.

But the team did not get up at the command. It had long since passed into the stage where blows were required to rouse it. The whip flashed out, here and there, on its merciless errand. John Thornton compressed his lips. Sol-leks was the first to crawl to his feet. Teek followed. Joe came next, yelping with pain. Pike made painful efforts. Twice he fell over, when half up, and on the third attempt managed to rise. Buck made no effort. He lay quietly where he had fallen. The lash bit into him again and again, but he neither whined nor struggled. Several times Thornton started, as though to speak, but changed his mind. A moisture came into his eyes, and, as the whipping continued, he arose and walked irresolutely up and down.

This was the first time Buck had failed, in itself a sufficient reason to drive Hal into a rage. He exchanged the whip for the customary club. Buck refused to move under the rain of heavier blows which now fell upon him. Like his mates, he was barely able to get up, but, unlike them, he had made up his mind not to get up. He had a vague feeling of impending doom. This had been strong upon him when he pulled in to the bank, and it had not departed from him. What of the thin and rotten ice he had felt under his feet all day, it seemed that he sensed disaster close at hand, out there ahead on the ice where his master was trying to drive him. He refused to stir. So greatly had he suffered, and so far gone was he, that the blows did not hurt much. And as they continued to fall upon him, the spark of life within flickered and went down. It was nearly out. He felt strangely numb. As though from a great distance, he was aware that he was being beaten. The last sensations of pain left him. He no longer felt anything, though very faintly he could hear the impact of the club upon his body. But it was no longer his body, it seemed so far away.

And then, suddenly, without warning, uttering a cry that was inarticulate and more like the cry of an animal, John Thornton sprang upon the man who wielded the club. Hal was hurled backward, as though struck by a falling tree. Mercedes screamed. Charles looked on wistfully, wiped his watery eyes, but did not get up because of his stiffness.

John Thornton stood over Buck, struggling to control himself, too convulsed with rage to speak.

"If you strike that dog again, I'll kill you," he at last managed to say in a choking voice.

"It's my dog," Hal replied, wiping the blood from his mouth as he came back. "Get out of my way, or I'll fix you. I'm going to Dawson."

Thornton stood between him and Buck, and evinced no intention of getting out of the way. Hal drew his long hunting-knife. Mercedes screamed, cried, laughed, and manifested the chaotic abandonment of hysteria. Thornton rapped Hal's knuckles with the axe-handle, knocking the knife to the ground. He rapped his knuckles again as he tried to pick it up. Then he stooped, picked it up himself, and with two strokes cut Buck's traces.

Hal had no fight left in him. Besides, his hands were full with his sister, or his arms, rather; while Buck was too near dead to be of further use in hauling the sled. A few minutes later they pulled out from the bank and down the river. Buck heard them go and raised his head to see. Pike was leading, Sol-leks was at the wheel, and between were Joe and Teek. They were limping and staggering. Mercedes was riding the loaded sled. Hal guided at the gee-pole, and Charles stumbled along in the rear.

As Buck watched them, Thornton knelt beside him, and with rough, kindly hands searched for broken bones. By the time his search had disclosed nothing more than many bruises and a state of terrible starvation, the sled was a quarter of a mile away. Dog and man watched it crawling along over the ice. Suddenly, they saw its back end drop down, as into a rut, and the gee-pole, with Hal clinging to it, jerk into the air. Mercedes' scream came to their ears. They saw Charles turn and make one step to run back, and then a whole section of ice gave way and dogs and humans disappear. A yawning hole was all that was to be seen. The bottom had dropped out of the trail.

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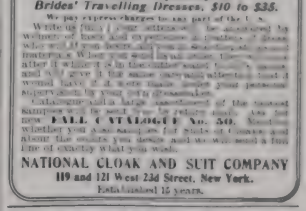

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THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place "with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters the bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them being Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Mr. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he firmly declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper, which creates sensation, and brings to its side many new friends.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty local school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and pressman. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic. One evening, while looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, on the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reform are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to carry on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4,000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued

"TALK a little yourself," exclaimed Andrew, passionately. "It's what you always say when I suggest doing something to better ourselves. You may be willing to slave all your life for a lot of good-for-nothing cattle and hogs, but I don't intend—"

"O get out! You're always talking about slaving, but I notice you always let me lift the heaviest end. You didn't do your share of milking to-night—"

"I did, too!"

Mrs. Miner spoke with great agitation. "It's dreadful for you to quarrel so. You will kill me if you don't stop it." She sat down suddenly and put her thin fingers over her face. The tears trickled through upon her cheeks and the boys were silent. After a moment the older one emptied his milk into a couple of pans, picked up his pail and went out.

Andrew stood irresolutely by the table. "I'm sorry, mother," he went over by her side and spoke as if he was ashamed a little." "Rod nags me all day. He complains if I stop at the end of a furrow to take breath. He's always at me for one thing or another. And I hate the whole business. Mother, I could earn something in town, and you could get a girl to help in the work. Jim Walker went to Colby last winter, and he's in a handsome store there getting thirty-five a month, and he hasn't had any more training for it than I have. He says he thinks he can get me a place in Mansfield's grocery, at twenty-five to start with, and I'd sooner work a year at that than keep on pegging away at this old farm, where we never get ahead any."

Mrs. Miner was drying her tears on her apron.

"But, Andy, you're my baby. What could you do alone in the town? You ain't big enough."

"Why, mother, I'm no baby any longer. I'm eighteen, and I weigh a hundred and forty-five, and I know as much as Jim Walker any day. I can't stand it on the farm any longer. We never have any fun, and we're nothing but clodhoppers any how."

He flung himself down moodily in a kitchen chair, and his mother got up and resumed her dish-washing. Andrew was not looking, or he would have seen a tear fall from his mother's eyes into the dish-water. Her thin hand trembled as she took the dishes out and began wiping them. She was trembling so violently that one of the heavy plates slipped from her grasp, fell with a crash upon the floor, and broke into half a dozen pieces.

Andrew jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "Why, mother, what's the matter? Are you sick? Here! You sit down and let me finish the dishes. You are not well."

The boy insisted on her going into the other room and lying down on a couch there, while he finished the dishes. While he was at work the older boy, Rod, came in with another pail of milk.

"Where's mother?" he asked briefly.

"In the sitting-room."

Rod strained the milk and then went in where his mother was.

Andrew could hear them talking. At first it was in low tones so that he could not catch the words. At last he heard his brother say:

"Oh, well, mother, if Andrew has got his mind fixed on going to town, might as well let him go. He's been of no use on the farm for more than a year. He takes no interest in the work, and I can get along about as well without him around."

Andrew could not hear the mother's reply, but from the tone of Rod's next remark he inferred that she had given a feeble consent.

"He won't need much of an outfit to start on. If he gets the position at Mansfield's it will just about keep him in board, lodging and clothes, but won't leave him any margin for foolishness."

Andrew finished the dishes, scalded out the milk pails, and when he came into the room where his mother was, Rod had gone upstairs.

"Rod thinks you might as well go if you want to, Andy," she said feebly. "But it doesn't seem to me as if I could spare you."

For the first time the boy seemed to have a little remorse.

"I'll stay, mother; I won't go."

"No, you won't be easy till you've gone to live there. I wouldn't care if it wan't for the temptations—"

"But there are plenty of temptations in the country, mother, just as much as in the city," the boy spoke irritably, and his mother shrunk back a little. "I ought to be able to stand up like a man."

"But you're not a man, yet, Andy," his mother said, with a faint smile.

"I will be pretty soon," he muttered, as he walked resolutely up and down.

They talked together for an hour, and at the end of that time Mrs. Miner seemed reconciled to the plan of Andrew's leaving the farm for Colby. Andrew noted her weariness, and suddenly exclaimed,

"You are all tired out, mother! You must go to bed. Call me if you are ill in the night, won't you?"

"Yes, Andy. Good night."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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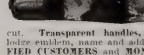

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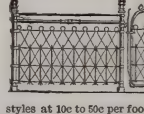

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 844

"Good night, mother; good night."

Andrew went up and put his arm on her shoulder and kissed her. It was evidently an unusual act, for she caught his arm and drew him nearer.

He seemed ashamed, and drew back.

"Good night, mother," he said again.

"Good night, Andy," she replied, and went at once to her room.

Andy's room was down stairs next to his mother's. He went into it and at once went to bed and to sleep.

When he awoke he thought at first that it was morning, but after a moment he heard the old clock striking eleven. It was a most unusual hour for him to be awake and he felt nervous and irritable. Then as he lay there after the clock had ceased striking, he heard a voice in the next room. The partition was very thin, and he could not help hearing the voice and the words.

"O Lord," the voice arose in a tone that made Andrew wonder, because it did not sound like his mother's voice at all. "O Lord, be merciful to me. The boy—I don't want him to leave me! It's lonesome out here on this prairie, which you have made to lie under the stars so silent and lost. Three of my pretty ones gone," (Andrew's mind, as he lay listening, traveled out to the little cottonwood grove west of the house, where he had helped his father and Rod dig three little graves for two brothers and a sister, all victims in one day of diphtheria, before a doctor could reach them from Colby), "and then Jason, and now my baby. I cannot bear it! O give me a vision of comfort. I need it so. Have I been wicked beyond measure, O Lord, that I am punished more than others. Janet and Elizabeth were such pretty children. How sweet they looked in their coffins! They smiled at us. But why, O Lord, did you pick them out of our garden, when there are so many other gardens to pick from? Did you need them more than I did, you who have all the world for your own? Could you not spare me my treasures? O, I am desolate! And now my boy. He does not love me, O God! When I drew him towards me to-night, he shrank away! And I nursed him through peril, and in midnight weariness I pillowed his baby head on my bosom for fear you would take him from me. O Lord, are not my burdens heavy to bear? Will you not send an angel to guard my boy from evil? Surely you can spare an angel out of all the hosts of them that do what you tell them to do. O, God, spare my boy! O, God, don't let him perish! O, God, make him love me! O, God, don't let him die as his father died! O, God, —"

Andrew could not endure any more. Every word stabbed him. He felt vaguely that his mother's reason was being shaken. A terror for the future took hold of him, as he sprang out of bed and went out into the sitting-room and knocked trembling on his mother's door.

The voice ceased at once, but Andrew heard sobs.

"Mother, mother, are you ill? Can I do anything for you?"

There was silence a moment, then Mrs. Miner answered in her natural tone, "No, Andy. Was I talking in my sleep? I am sorry if I waked you."

"Can I do anything, mother?"

"No, dear boy. I will go to sleep. I am not in need of anything."

Andrew hesitated. His soul was still agitated by what he had heard. In the darkness he felt his heart beating heavily.

"You don't doubt my love for you, do you, mother?" his voice trembled.

"No, Andy, I never doubted it," the reply came quietly. "Come and kiss me and I will go to sleep and not disturb you any more." Andrew went in and kneeled down by the bed and kissed his mother tenderly. Then as he stroked her thin cheek with his fingers, he said:

"Don't worry about me, mother. I'll go to Colby and become a rich merchant, and take you away from this lonesome place and make you a beautiful home, and you won't have to slave any more."

"I believe you will, Andy. I believe you will. Your old mother is not good for much. But you will not forget her, will you, Andy?"

"Why, of course not, mother," Andy said as he rose and went back into his own quiet little room. "Good night," he added, "and pleasant dreams, mother."

"Good night, Andy."

Next morning Mrs. Miner did not show any signs of unusual mental disturbance, to Andrew's great relief. He did not say a word about the night's experience and did not tell her what he had heard.

In two weeks the boy had secured the clerkship in the grocery store at Colby, and one morning Rod drove him over. There were tears in Andrew's eyes as he kissed his mother good-by.

"Don't cry, mother. I'll send for you before long. Rod can get married and run the farm if he wants to, and you and I will live in town."

Mrs. Miner waited until Rod had gone out with a bundle to put in the wagon. Then she put her arm about Andrew's neck and kissed him passionately.

"I'll pray for you, Andy, day and night."

"Don't, mother." Andrew said stammeringly. "Don't!"

"What! Not pray! But I must. I shall."

"Well, well, mother; I mean, don't worry. I'll be good to you. I won't forget."

His mother stood watching the wagon until it disappeared over a knoll and then went back into the house. After doing the morning work, she went out to the little cottonwood grove where the three small graves and one large one were, and when Rod came back late in the afternoon he could not find his mother anywhere. When he called her, she answered him. He went out to the grove, and found her sitting there talking to herself. Without saying anything, he took her by the hand and led her unresisting back into the house.

The first month of Andrew's stay in Colby, he wrote twice a week regularly to his mother. Then the letters dropped off to once a week. In three months he was writing only occasionally. Rod had driven into town two or three times and brought back word that Andrew seemed to be doing well. He was steady, and his employers were satisfied with him.

Mrs. Miner had been grieving over the failure of letters.

"Don't worry, mother. Andy is all right. He has to work long hours. Grocers' clerks have longer hours than any others. He never was much of a hand to write, anyway."

That was three months after Andrew had gone to Colby. Another month had gone by, and during that time no word came out to the farm about the boy. Rod was very busy and could not spare time to go into town.

One evening after the chores were done, and Mrs. Miner and Rod were in the sitting-room, a knock at the door startled them. When Rod opened the door, he was greeted by the nearest neighbor, who lived four miles away.

"I drove over this evening, Mrs. Miner, with some news, I—thought you ought to hear," the man said slowly.

"Come in," said Rod, briefly. Mrs. Miner rose, trembling, her hands shaking, so that she dropped the ball of yarn she had been holding.

"Is it about Andy?" she asked.

"Yes," said the man. "I thought you ought to know—I—" He stopped awkwardly, and his rough fingers grasped the side of his chair with a nervous grip, as he faced the mother and son in that lonely prairie house where the dim light on the table showed their anxious faces, the mother's bent forward with a trembling appeal that seemed like the countenance of heavy sorrows anticipatory of a blow she must receive, but from which her frail spirit could not recover.

Esther stopped. The audience was not expecting the end. There was a sigh of disappointment among her listeners. Nobody applauded. She slowly walked back to her seat. Mr. Sage rose and said, "Mr. Douglas will finish the story at three o'clock. We begin the afternoon programme promptly at two. Everybody be on hand. Two hours for lunch."

The audience slowly scattered through the grove for their separate lunching places, talking about the story.

"It's pretty harrowing, I think," said Mr. Edwards, while the Colby party were eating the good things Mrs. Edwards and Esther had prepared. "It's the solemnest time I ever knew at a picnic."

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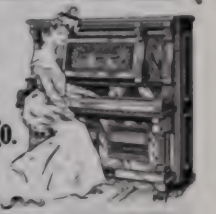

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My pens, quality considered, are not expensive. They are capable of many years of satisfactory use. They start in price at $1.50, to $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, and higher, according to size and ornamentation. I also sell a dollar pen, the Palmer, without the "Lucky Curve", an excellent pen for the money.

In any event, let me send you my catalogue. It contains information you ought to know, and costs you nothing. Kindly write to-day.

GEO. S. PARKER
The Parker Pen Co.
16 Mill St. Janesville, Wis.

P. S.—If you will state in your letter that you are an INTENDING PURCHASER of a Fountain Pen, I will send you complimentary, a 6-inch Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter, on receipt of stamp for postage—to others, 12 cts.

THE
WELLINGTON
TYPEWRITER
PAYS FOR ITSELF

even while you are learning to operate it. Its price is $60, but, to any one who can give satisfactory references, we will send a Wellington Typewriter upon payment of $20, the balance to be paid at the rate of $10 per month. The machine is simple, the work easy to learn, and the opportunities for turning it into money numerous. You can largely increase your income at home, or fit yourself for a responsible business position.

The Wellington is a standard machine of the highest type, embodying all the best features of the high priced typewriters WITHOUT THEIR DEFECTS. It has a universal keyboard, quick, responsive touch, and a perfect alignment. It is strong, simple, light and portable. Send for descriptive catalogue and further details.

The Williams Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
20 Wellington Street, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Why Not Save Money
In Buying Your Furniture?

Don't buy old goods or out-of-date designs at big prices, buy direct from the factory and save retailer's profits. We operate our own factory and ship fresh new furniture of latest fashionable designs direct to you, saving you ½ to retail price.

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SAVE $7 on this Buffet
We ship it to you on approval for only $15.00 but it is worth at retail $22.00, up. This beautiful Buffet is made of solid quarter sawed oak, finely hand polished and of latest elegant design. Base is 40 in. wide and 20 in. deep, with French bevel mirror 8x30 inches; has large cupboard with swell front and four roomy drawers, fitted with fine locks and cast brass trimmings, and is of elegant design.

Send at once for our Free Catalog showing Buffets, Sideboards, Dining Tables, China Closets, etc, and a complete line of Bedroom Furniture. Address Grace Furn. Co., (Dept. H) Grand Rapids, Mich.

FREE Our large catalogue with hundreds of illustrations of Stamped Linens, Cushion Tops and all kinds of Fancy Work; also Patterns of Battenburg, Honiton, Duchess, Arabian, Irish and Point Lace, with illustrated lesson on Lace Making and Colored Embroidery. Large line Shirt Waist Sets. Also illustrations and directions on the new Tenerif Wheel Lace. Perforated Patterns a specialty. Send your name and address to-day.
LADIES' ART CO., 404 N. Broadway, R 213, St. Louis, Mo.

P. S.—The latest fad is Bead Work, for belts, Fobs, Purses, etc. Circular of material and instructions free.

The Smallest Episcopal Church in the World

TINY Trinity of Swarthmore, Pa., will be the Mecca for distinguished pilgrims on Sunday, October 18, when the dignitaries of the diocese and prelates from other points will attend the consecration of this interesting little structure. In the eyes of the true Christian, tall towers do not add to the importance of a religious community. A little room filled with earnest worshipers is to the right-thinking mind as impressive as a crowded temple. The little church at Swarthmore is of shingles and vine-covered. It is in the shape of a Latin cross, and presents a most picturesque appearance, peeping out from under the trees that almost hide it from the roadway. At the rear of the church is the parsonage of the pastor, the Rev. Walter A. Matos, a graduate of Pennsylvania University. The parsonage is twice as big as tiny Trinity. The pastor has only to step out of his back door, cross a little stretch of well-kept lawn, over a low hedge and he is at the rear door of the church.

THE NEW TINY TRINITY CHURCH, SWARTHMORE, PA.

The building stands on a corner lot 125 feet by 161 feet. The church is fifteen feet wide at the nave, forty feet long from door to altar, and the transept is seven and a half feet deep. The pews are made to seat three persons. On the occasion of festivities, however, seats are laid down the aisle, and as many as 120 persons can be crowded into the diminutive chapel. Part of the small congregation is made up of stray visitors from the Quaker college near-by, but the members are residents of the vicinity. Their little church has been cleared of debt, and will be handed over to the diocese without encumbrance of any kind.

For so small a church, Trinity has a remarkable library, there being no fewer than 906 volumes. The history of the church dates back to 1894, when the first congregation got together for the purpose of holding cottage meetings. The ground on which the present building stands was purchased in 1895, and the church started by the small congregation as a memorial of gratitude to God for the good example of the Right Reverend Philip Brooks, sixth bishop of Massachusetts.

The pastor, Rev. Walter A. Matos, took charge soon after graduating from college. He is the son of a Spanish father and an English mother. H. D. JONES.

A Syrian Threshing-Floor

UNDER the sky, in a field hard by,
A threshing-floor is found;
And O, what fun, when the work's begun,
And the cows walk slowly round.

By a wall without, encircling about,
The hard, flat earth is bound,
The wheat in the head they steadily tread,
As the cows walk slowly round.

A boy in blue beside the two
Steps with an air profound;
With an iron pick he gives them a prick,
And the cows walk slowly round.

To the centre is tossed the stalk which has lost
The wheat that falls to the ground;
And the small boys skip with many a slip,
While the cows walk slowly round.

With nimble feet on the golden wheat,
They clear the floor at a bound;
With flying leap they land in a heap,
And the cows walk slowly round.

On the *mowraj** top they deftly hop,
Their feet making never a sound,
As its stony face swings by in its place,
While the cows walk slowly round.

They're here, now there, now everywhere,
Each other's back they pound;
They work and play till close of day,
And the cows walk slowly round.

Mount Lebanon, Syria. E. C. H.

*The mowraj is the Syrian threshing implement, made of wood, flat, about three by four feet, and studded, on its underside, with small, sharp stones. It is drawn slowly over the wheat on the circular threshing-floor by cows, that seem even more meek in Syria than in America.

Famine at Cape Verde Islands

In a letter from Miss Maria Agnes O'Keefe, of Lisbon, Portugal, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the writer sets forth the pitiful condition of the people of the Cape Verde Islands. Twenty thousand men, women and children are declared to be starving. Half the land is uncultivated, and many dead are unburied. In Praia, a soup kitchen is helping a few hundreds, but thousands are totally unaided. Appeal is made to the charity of Americans who may desire to assist the people of the Islands of South Thiaga, where the situation seems to be more urgent than elsewhere.

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M. E. Munson, Pub., 77 Bible House, New York

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leave Chicago 8.00 p. m., 10.00 a. m. and 11.30 p. m. The luxurious Overland Limited (8.00 p. m.) has Pullman drawing-room and compartment sleeping cars, dining cars (a la carte), observation, library and buffet smoking cars through without change.

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THE INDELIBLE PENCIL.
First rate for ordinary writing. The best pencil for business. Sold by all stationers. Folder Y tells about it. Free.
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Affords instant relief. Can be filled with hot or cold water and bound to the head or any part of the body. The eyelet in the side and bandage tapes keep it in place. Highly commended by surgeons, physicians and trained nurses; used in hospitals and sanitariums. Write to-day for complete description—send us $1.25 for the bottle delivered, charges prepaid to any home in the U.
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To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful
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Attractive and artistic patterns, woven both sides and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.
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$200. A MONTH
One reliable man or woman in each county as manager, to exhibit, take orders and appoint agents for Harrison's Oil-Gas Stove for cooking and heating. Wonderful invention. Automatically generates fuel gas from kerosene oil. Miniature Gas Works. Absolutely safe. Enormous demand. Thousands sold weekly. Cheapest, cleanest, safest fuel. Customers delighted. Catalogue FREE. Write today.

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Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch does not stick and burn under the iron. It *goes in*—fills up the pores of the goods and responds to the ironing with a whiteness and smoothness of finish that is surprisingly fine.

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is elegant for fine laces, curtains, linens and muslins. Gives a freshness, delicacy and newness that is charming. A starch that never varies, hence never disappoints. Goes furthest because purest.

Sold everywhere.

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"Arctic" Trade Mark Registered. Better than an overcoat for facing cold and work together. Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer, or send postpaid on receipt of $2.35.

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7 SUTHERLAND SISTERS Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner keep the hair and scalp in healthy condition.

Women of Title in the Slums

TWO venerable looking and distinguished ladies of title—the Countess von Waldersee and her sister, the Baroness de Waechter-Lauterbach—spent an evening lately, visiting the slums of New York city, with the purpose, it is said, of making a liberal endowment to some mission or charitable work. These ladies, who are both Americans by birth, came here recently from their home in Germany, in consequence of the death of a brother in New York. On the evening in question they visited, among other places, the famous Jerry McAuley Mission, in Water street, and noted with interest the Gospel work among the ex-convicts there. Both ladies were deeply affected by the evidences of sincerity on the part of the reformed men. One reformed convict prayed, "that the millionaires might be sent there, and that they might learn where to place their money, so that it would benefit struggling souls." Every seat in the mission was filled, and the men and women were singing the Gospel hymns with spirit. The visitors remained throughout the service. They listened with genuine interest to the converts' "testimonies," as the latter thanked the Lord for saving them and keeping them from falling back into the old paths of sin. It was all so novel, and so refreshingly unconventional, and the gratitude of the speakers was so apparent in every word they uttered, and in their smiling and happy faces, that the ladies, unaccustomed to such scenes, sat still and marvelled at the wondrous power of God's saving grace in redeeming the outcasts.

The Chinatown Rescue Mission in Dover street was also visited. Here again the Countess and her sister were amazed at the scenes presented. Service was in progress, and the discordant voices of the Chinese, the strange

COUNTESS VON WALDERSEE

faces, and the many unique features of the mission, all united to make an unusual impression upon the minds of the strangers.

Salvation Army headquarters in Fourteenth street were also visited. A "Harvest Home Festival" was in progress, and everything was proceeding with characteristic enthusiasm, but with order and precision. The ladies chatted in a friendly way with some of the trim "Salvation Lassies," who were wholly unaware of the rank of their two guests. Their general impression of the Army was apparently a pleasant one, and they left after a short stay.

It is understood that the sisters, after their return to Germany, will take steps looking to an endowment in the interest of some benevolent or religious work in New York, but whether any of the places visited will be selected as the beneficiary, cannot now be known.

Converted at Sea

FROM the Rev. J. H. Moore, an American pastor, now traveling in the Orient, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received the following letter, showing the wonderful power of saving grace amid the stormy scenes of an ocean voyage:

BEYROUT, SYRIA July 30.

We left Alexandria, July 24, for Beyrout, on the English steamship *Dundee*. We had an exciting time. The sea was very rough, and the ship pitched and rocked so alarmingly that the passengers were terrified. During the excitement a little boy, John W—, fell overboard. His mother screamed and fell on the deck, and his father jumped into the sea after him. They were rescued with great difficulty. Mr. W—'s daughter had fled to her stateroom where she was lying prostrate on the bed, crying, "Lost! lost!"

I preached every day. Mary W—, the seventeen-year old daughter of Mr. W—, was converted. I never saw a girl's face shine so brightly. Her father and mother said they did not know what was the matter with her; but she said she was very happy and "she would not be afraid to die now."

Seven of the passengers and five of the crew have professed faith in Christ since we landed here. The engineer, a Greek infidel, has accepted Christ. He said he had never seen such faith demonstrated before.

1904 Fairy Calendar Free!

Fairbank's Fairy Calendar has already taken its place at the head of the annual artistic creations, and we honestly believe that this years' calendar far surpasses all our previous productions. It consists of seven sheets, size 10 x 13, free from all advertising, the first sheet bearing the years calendar and the other six pictures of beautiful female heads, which are shown above. Each being a fresh effect in imitation of tinted leather, with borders and decorations in Art Nouveau. The New Art, the latest French treatment in decorations which is now all the vogue. The drawings by E. Ward Tracey, an artist of national reputation, are reproduced fifth growth fully in twelve colors and each sheet with a mottled background. Calendars of far less beauty and artistic merit retail readily for $1.00 or $1.50. We will send you this beautiful Fairy Calendar which is

now ready for delivery

on receipt of ten Oval Box Fronts from Fairy Soaps, or, if you prefer, for 25c in stamps. Fairy Soap, the Oval cake, is the purest and finest piece of white soap in the world; it costs but 5c, each cake wrapped and packed in a separate carton. Be sure to give full name and address.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Department 162, Chicago

FREE

Two Pairs of Lambric Lace Curtains

like picture—furnish two windows; 60 inches wide, 3¼ yards long, for using a few minutes of your time.

No Money Required

All we ask is that you send us your name and address and allow us to send you on *30 days trial*

1 Dozen Hold-Fast Skirt Supporters

that retail at **25c each.** Sell them to your friends, send us the money you get for them, and the curtains will be sent at once, express charges prepaid.

You take no risk—we take back any you do not sell. We offer over 100 premiums besides the curtains. Catalogue sent with each order. Over two million Hold-Fast Skirt Supporters have been sold by the ladies of the United States.

Every woman needs one. Send today and you will have these beautiful curtains in a few days. Be the first to order in your locality.

Also a bed set of two shams and lace spread to match—for selling one dozen.

THE COLVER CO., Dept. S, 811 Schiller Bldg., CHICAGO

ALL BOY

The only magazine that studies all the tastes of boys and suits all boys is The American Boy. From cover to cover it is "all boy." It encourages out-door life and love of nature, creates interest in history, helps the boy with mechanical or scientific tastes. It "goes in" for all kinds of games, sports and exercises. The last test is this—all boys enjoy it! All parents commend it for its pure and manly tone. It is in closer touch with its readers than any other magazine.

THE American Boy

In addition to good fiction and special articles, contains: What boys are doing; boys as money makers; boys in home, church and school; boys in office, store, factory and on the farm; the boy photographer; the boy journalist; boys in games and sports; the boy orator; the boy coin, stamp and curio collector; the boy scientist and inventor; how to make things; the puzzle page. It is the organ of the Order of the American Boy and of the Lyceum League of America. **400 large pages a year, profusely and handsomely illustrated. The best magazine in the world for boys. A tremendous success, gaining over 110,000 subscribers in 3 years.**

For One Dollar

we will send the American Boy for the entire year of 1904 and furnish the October, November and December issues in 1903 **FREE.** Everyone subscribing now will receive a free copy of the greatest boy picture ever painted by Adam Emory Albright, the famous artist of American boy life. This, his latest work, is entitled "*On the Village Green*," showing two boys in the attitude of batter and catcher at baseball. It is sure to be a striking and favorite ornament for a boy's room. Size of picture 11x15 inches.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 327 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

THE "ONEITA" PAT. APR. 25, 1893

ONEITA ELASTIC RIBBED Union Suits

cover the entire body like an additional skin. Fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. *No buttons down the front.* Made for men, women and young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such a perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. *Modern great variety of fabrics and weights.*

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CLEAN CUP CAKE TIN

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Flat thin knife cuts loose any kind cake. $2 Outfit free Exp. prepaid. Best 1 HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N.Y.

BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE

BEAUTIFUL sunshine,
Flooding the day
With all thy splendor,
Come thou to stay.
Stay with thy beauty,
Stay with thy cheer,
Whispering softly,
"Thy God is near."

Beautiful sunshine,
See, God above,
Forward he sends us
With words of love.
Into the darkness,
Into the gloom,
Sunshine, thy brightness,
Shadows, thy doom.

. . .

Beautiful sunshine,
May my life be,
Perfect example
Pattern of thee.
Darkness about me,
With deeds of love,
May my life brighten,
Pointing above.

Bremen, Indiana. IDA A. HUSHOWER.

To Enter the "Sealed Land"

WILLIAM M. UPCRAFT, an American missionary, is preparing for a journey into Tibet—a part of the world as yet almost unknown to civilization. Mr. Upcraft is one of the

MR. AND MRS. UPCRAFT

veterans who have labored in Eastern Asia, and for many years he has been engaged in spreading the Gospel in China. Accompanied by his wife, he has journeyed over a large portion of Western China, penetrating to the border of Tibet itself. About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Upcraft returned to America to plan the proposed journey, upon which they will set out in September. At Shanghai they will embark in a house-boat, which will carry them up the Yang-tse-Kiang for 2,000 miles, and thence by land and water to their destination.

Few missionaries have experienced more dangers in their chosen fields than Mr. Upcraft. His success is partly due to his mastery of the Chinese, German, French and Tibetan tongues, enabling him to converse with many in the west country who are unfamiliar with the ordinary dialect of the Eastern Chinese. Mr. and Mrs. Upcraft come from Alton, Ills.

D. A. W.

Hearty Commendation

We received yesterday the ten pictures comprising the "Family Art Gallery," and we readily pronounce them all, individually and collectively, good. They speak louder than words of the liberality and enterprise of the publishers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and accounts for the success the paper has attained. Wishing your publication could find its way into every household, and crowd out some of the trashy literature of the present day, I remain W. B. WESTERVELT.

Newburgh, N. Y.

A Bible to Be Proud Of

I received the Minion Bible in good condition yesterday, and was greatly surprised to receive such a valuable one.

I cannot admire it enough, and it is like a new book to me, both inside and outside.

I shall surely show it to my friends, as I am proud to possess such a treasure.

MISS WILHELMINA SCHULTZ.

I will give $50,000.00

in extra cash prizes, to the 3000 agents who do the best work for us this winter, besides paying well for each and every subscription secured for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Five Thousand Dollars will be divided each month for the next eight months among the 326 agents who do the best work that month and Ten Thousand Dollars more at the end of the season among the 451 agents who have done the best work through the whole season.

Cyrus Curtis

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The man who has

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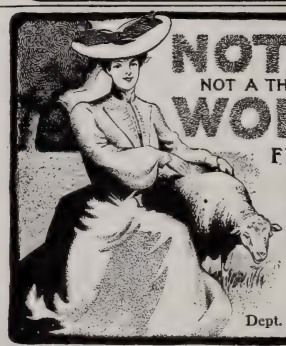

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MY TRYST

"O, that I knew where I might find him."

AITHFULLY keep my tryst with God,
And softly steal up the stair,
I ponder a page of the blessed Word,
And cast at his feet my care.

ek the place where the faithful few
Are gathered for praise and prayer,
voice from heaven, no cloven tongue,
Yet the Lord himself is there.

t apart His holy day,
Barring out the great world's din;
the Lord fulfils his promises,
The opened door entering in.

my heart cries out for thee, O God,
And I long for the living bread;
the seed thou didst sow in my stony heart,
Is a growing thing, not dead.

see my God in moon and star,
He shines on me through the day;
ar His voice in the passing wind,
And the waves that plash in the bay.

e my God in my daily lot
As I follow the path He trod,
live and love reveals His face,
For life and love are God. —M. W. B.

IE LAW of THE HARVEST"

rifice the Only Way to Achievement in Nature and in Human Life

VEN now, after nineteen hundred years, we have still to speak of "the mystery of the Cross." Who is there of all the thinkers, philohers and divines who have studied that stery, that has solved it? Why was it essary to God or man that Jesus uld die? If he was simply a martyr, e is no difficulty. Good men in every have laid down their lives for their nciples and their faith. But our Chrisity could not have grown out of the tyrdom of Jesus. There is a deeper aning than that in his death. Through t awful tragedy man finds his way to d. Christ voluntarily laid down his with the definite purpose of opening t path. But how could his death effect t purpose? There is the mystery. We not know; but we do know by our own erience and by the experience of milus, who have lived since Christ died, t it does effect the purpose. Christ self realized the fact. Even in the er agony of Gethsemane, he saw that cup could not pass from him unless drank it; and he would not abandon purpose even to save his life. How he sustained in that fearful ordeal? s own words furnish the clue to the stery: "Except a corn of wheat fall into ground and die, it abideth alone; but t die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Are there any clues in life to this law the harvest, which is the law of sacri-? The material harvest furnishes a ar clue. A man has a bag of wheat. y he is alone on an island, and it is y precious to him. Shall he eat it? all he save it for an emergency? If he s either, he is lost. The only safe rse is to sow it, to give it up to the th, which will give it back to him fifty a hundredfold. It is by sacrificing wheat, giving up that which is his y life, that he gets his harvest. Hisy also gives us a clue. Two martyrs, timer and Ridley, were burned at the ke. "Be of good comfort Master lley," said Latimer, "we shall this day ht such a candle, by God's grace, in gland, as I trust shall never be put ." We had a clue in our own history the hanging of John Brown. We have es in the deaths of missionaries which ve led to, or vastly accelerated great vements. Suppose a man has striven his life for a cause that is very dear to n. He comes at last to the supreme sis when his life is in danger. Will he n back then? Will the natural love of e force him to abandon his cause? If does love his life so much, eventually will lose it and lose his cause too; but he sacrifices life, he ennobles his cause, ngs it to triumph, and counts his life ll sacrificed if only the truth win. That the law of the harvest.

Topic of the Epworth League for October 18. n 12:23-26.

LIQUIDATION SALE

HIGH-CLASS BOOKS

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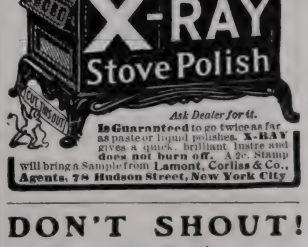
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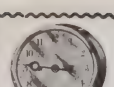

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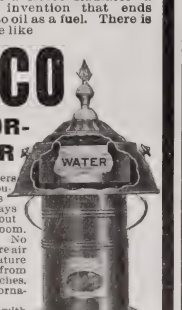

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The Hero of the Exodus*

What the Life of Moses Has to Teach to Modern Christians

AMONG the great names of history that of Moses stands in the first rank. As leader and organizer and law-giver he surpasses all men of antiquity. How can his life, so eventful, so extraordinary, have lessons suitable for the prosaic lives of modern times? Yet there were in Moses traits of character which can be developed in the humblest Christian to-day raising his character, too, to sublimity and practical usefulness. It is not by working miracles, nor by reproving kings that Moses won his way to everlasting fame. It is not by these that he is best remembered, but by qualities that are the common inheritance of the race—qualities which in him, through communion with the Infinite, became predominant in his nature, and so cleared it of the earthly elements that his very face shone with the glory that it caught from the heavenly Majesty.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews dwells upon his faith, and truly that was the indispensable beginning of such a career. He could never have ventured on such a mission as that to Pharaoh if he had not fully believed in God and trusted him. It was a deed of daring possible only to one who saw Him who is invisible. The same God is our God still, yet how few of us dare rely on him as Moses did!

His loyalty, too, was a conspicuous trait of character. It must have been a strong temptation to a young man, reared and educated in Pharaoh's palace, to ignore his origin and cast in his lot with the dominant race. On the one side ease and power, and riches and high station; on the other disgrace, misery and peril of life. Yet "he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God." To those who even in our Christian land hesitate to join a church and confess Christ before the world, what an example Moses is!

His meekness is the characteristic the Bible chiefly dwells on. In that also he may be copied by us moderns. That a man so great, so honored of God, as to be admitted into the Divine presence, so splendid in his achievements, should have submitted to the criticisms and murmurings and rebellions of his people as did Moses, is a mark of true greatness. When we are moved with indignation at opposition or censure, how sorely we need to remember the example of Moses!

His unhesitating obedience is another characteristic in which he may be imitated. The Divine command was his law, and even when, as at the Red Sea. it seemed contrary to reason and prudence, Moses never wavered. In the crises of our lives when our duty is clear, may we, like Moses, do it courageously and refuse to temporize!

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 18: Ex. 34: 28-35; Matt. 17: 3, 4; Heb. 3: 1-5.

Lend-a-Hand Book Mission

The Lend-a-Hand Book Mission, No. 1 Beacon street, Boston, is constantly receiving applications for second-hand books, magazines and papers from people of both the black and white races in the rural districts of the South. The demand far exceeds the supply. Some of the Southern women's clubs have entered upon a very extensive traveling library work, the value of which cannot be overestimated. Each library consists of from fifty to one hundred useful and entertaining books, which is sent to a village community, where the people have little to read, and, after remaining from three to six months, is transported to other equally barren regions. The women's clubs of the North are invited to co-operate with the Lend-a-Hand Club in giving aid to the Southern women's clubs in their efforts to uplift a large class of people, with good mental ability, who lack opportunities. Any reader who is interested in this movement should write a list of reading matter collected, and send the list to Miss Sarah P. Brigham, of the Lend-a-Hand Club office, who will inform the writer to whom and to what place in the South to send the contribution. None are to be forwarded to Boston.

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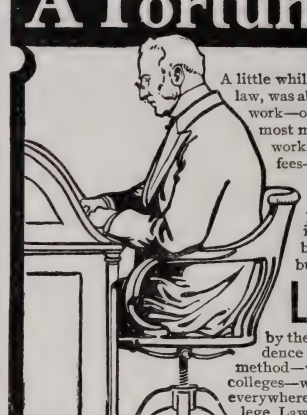

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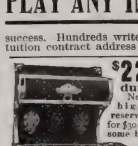

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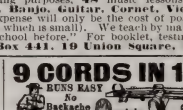

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A GOOD MAN'S FALL

avid's Lament Over His Grievous Sin

By Mrs. M. Baxter

A MAN does not fall into grave sin suddenly. There is always some previous unfaithfulness which leads up to it. "Lead us not into mptation," we pray. It is not so much ir circumstances, the places or the per- ons with which, or with whom, we are onnected, as our attitude towards God, hich tells for or against the power of mptation. David was God's witness at the Lord was his Shepherd. He had id of him, "He leadeth me"; and every lf-made plan on his part was a false itness against this relationship which od, in his grace and love, bore towards m. Satan, seeing that God's child was ting independently of him, found the or of his heart left on the latch, and he ntered in with his terrible temptation.

One sin leads to another. David not nly deeply sinned, but also devised every eans of deceit and treachery to cover s sin, so that the shame and reproach it should not come upon him. But God as against these efforts of his erring ild; the covering of his sin did not rosper, and the noble conduct of the nsuspecting Uriah should have aroused e drugged conscience of David, and ade him confess with grief and shame s sin against the Lord, and the deep rong which he had done to Uriah. But man of God who sins falls lower than ny other: he has not the "godliness of e flesh" (Isa. 40:6) to fall back upon, nd when he falls, great indeed is his ll. Uriah was killed in battle by the ommand of David, who gave orders at he should be put in a position of anger; but David's sin could not long e hidden.

David took Bathsheba to be his wife, nd a child was born. But God was sorely spleased. But our God is a true Father, nd his displeasure does not alter his love, e took means to restore his erring child, nd sent the prophet Nathan to him. h the tender love of our God! If he ere to wait until a fallen child comes ack to him, who could endure unto the nd? Nathan came with his story of the oor man and his ewe lamb, snatched om him by the rich man. David's in- gnation was aroused, and he said, "As e Lord liveth, he that hath done this ing shall surely die." "Thou art the an" was the stern rejoinder, and the ales fell from his eyes as the prophet et before him the favor which had been own him from the Lord, and asked him, Wherefore hast thou despised the com- andment of the Lord, to do evil in his ght?"

At last the drugged and sleeping con- cience of God's fallen servant was arous- d. For months there had been no inter- ourse between him and God; but now e could no more cover his sin, and he egan to confess and to forsake it. "I ave sinned against the Lord." Yes, he ad broken both the sixth and seventh ommandments, and by the law he ought o die. Only God can remit his own law, nd he said through the prophet, "The ord also hath put away thy sin; thou halt not die."

It was just at this time that David rote the fifty-first Psalm. He no longer ulks of his righteousness as in Psalm 7: 3; 18:20-24. His only plea was, "The oving kindness and tender mercies," and is petition was not only for pardon, but Blot out my transgressions; wash me horoughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse e from my sin." It is the first time the lotting out of sin is mentioned in the cripture, although cleansing is much ealt with in the Book of Leviticus. nce his eyes opened, once again in fel- owship with God, an intense loathing of is sins took possession of him. "For I cknowledge my transgression, and my n is ever before me," he says. He nderstands now, and enters into God's houghts about sin, and sees the injury e has done to God—even the great evil hich his example would be to his eople; for in all his sin against man, he nned more deeply against God. Against hee, thee only, have I sinned, and done is evil in thy sight: that thou mightest e justified when thou speakest, and be ear when thou judgest." And he saw n the light of the holiness of God the tate of his own heart.

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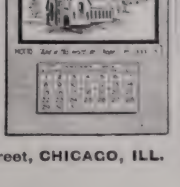

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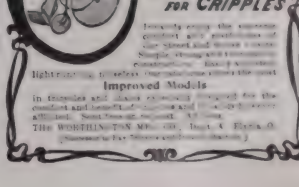

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UBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
ublished 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 41. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE, AT TANGIER, MOROCCO, FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

SEE PAGE 888

THE ORIENTAL MONEY-CHANGER IN THE MARKET-PLACE

Our Last Call—Your Last Chanc

IN our last issue we published a list of important signed articles, by the leading specialists of our day, contained in **The New Twentie Century World-Wide Encyclopedia,** just issued, and it did seem as though never before did such a remarkable array of exceptio talent of the highest order find expression in a single work. To-day, however, we have a still greater surprise in store. From amc the 75,000 subjects treated in this great Encyclopedia we mention below about 800 to illustrate how wide a range of human kno edge is covered within its **9,000 Generous Pages.** Of course, even this tremendous exhibit cannot do justice to the wealth of material which these brand-new **Twelve Volumes** abound, but it will help the reader to appreciate how near the actual facts is the statement t **The Twentieth Century World-Wide Encyclopedia** brings the history of Science, Literature, Invention, Commerce, and Discovery, and t Mental and Moral Development of the Race, down to date, and that every question, however difficult or abstruse, is answered within its pag

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The Christian Herald Book Dept., Bible House, New York City

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

PLEASANT TENT HOMES OF THE INVALIDS AT THE Y. M. C. A. HEALTH FARM, DENVER, COL.

Fighting a Silent Battle in Tents

THE CONSUMPTIVE HEALTH FARM OF THE COLORADO Y. M. C. A. NOW AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT

TWO years ago, the Young Men's Christian Association of Denver, Colo., began a work which is probably the only one of its kind ever undertaken by any similar organization on this continent. To the State of Colorado there comes yearly, a constant stream of consumptive patients, hoping in that dry and invigorating climate to win back health and strength. Among those who came to Colorado for this purpose, were many deserving young men, some of them quite poor, and unable to bear the expense of a sojourn of sufficient length to be of any permanent physical benefit.

After much thought and preparation, the Denver Young Men's Christian Association, co-operating with the State Executive Committee, decided to take up the burden of the sick ones, and to establish a Health Farm in a suitable section. Early in 1901, State Secretary W. M. Danner, visited the East in the interest of the project, and many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will doubtless recall the very clear and interesting outline of the Health Farm plan, which appeared in these columns, from Mr. Danner's pen, at that time.

The Y. M. C. A. Health Farm is now a thing accomplished. Just how it looks at the present time may be gathered from the interesting photographs on this page. It is one of the most interesting and deserving charities of the West. This farm is, in part, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. David Brothers, who gave to the Association thirty-four of the ninety-four acres. Dr. Edward P. George, of Hanover, Germany, gave the first $5,000 required for purchasing additional land for the farm. $5,000 more were given by friends of the good cause in the East, and a number of individuals and organizations have given cottage-tents for the patients.

The formal opening of the Association Health Farm took place in May, and was attended by many of the most prominent people in Denver. The farm is within a mile and a half of the Denver street-car line and five miles from the centre of the city, and is on a high ridge in the fruit-growing district. It has irrigation ditches, and there are thirty-four acres in fruit trees and eight acres in small fruits, so that there is plenty of out-door work for the patients. There is a good brick house, used as an office and a home for the superintendent and a dining-room for the patients; but the patients themselves live in the snug little tents, each man having a tent to himself. These tents have wooden floors, and are wainscoated to a distance of three feet from the ground. The rest of the sides and the roofs are of stout canvas. There are screened doors and windows, and it is an imperative rule that the tents shall be kept perfectly clean and neat. There is an iron bedstead, chiffonier, table, washstand, rocking-chair and a neat rug or two in each tent. Then there is a reading-tent, supplied with the best of literature, and the men may play games here. Patients are received on a basis of twenty-five dollars per month, and credit is given each man for all the work he does. When a man can supply his own tent and furnish it, he is given board in the farm dining-room for twenty dollars per month. The climate of Colorado is such that patients can live in the tents all the year.

Physicians of the highest prominence have declared that the Health Farm method of caring for consumptives assuredly arrests the progress of the disease and even restores to health those patients who can have the benefit of the change in time. Some in whom the disease has made a good deal of progress have been wonderfully helped after a stay of a month or two at the farm. It goes without saying, that the demand for admission to the farm far exceeds its capacity, and a sorrowful thing in connection with the work is the fact that patients must be denied admittance every day. The present accommodations would need to be more than doubled to admit even a portion of the applicants who are now turned away. So successful has the experiment been up to the present time, that those in charge feel assured that it only needs to be more widely known to become universally popular in the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

Fatality is the rule on the farm. The "Pittsburg" tent was the gift of the Pittsburg Y. M. C. A., the "Baldwin," the gift of the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, the "Livermore" tent, the gift of a Brookline, Mass., lady, in memory of her father. A consumptive tent can be put up and furnished for $125. Patients who can work at all are required to do so. Some can almost pay their way by their labor, and are all the better for being occupied in the open air. A much larger equipment is needed for the farming and stock work. If coal has grown too costly in these days for any one person's purse to afford to spend lavishly for the sick and suffering, anything done for them will surely have seen it the end of his appraisal, and will be recorded in the book of his remembrance.

DEDICATION OF THE ASSOCIATION FARM HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES, DENVER, COL.

The American Pulpit

THE SPIRITUAL MOUNTAIN-TOPS

By REV. A. B. SIMPSON, D.D.

TEXTS { *"He shall dwell on high . . . Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISAIAH 33: 16, 17.*
"Come with me from Lebanon, look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards."—SOLOMON'S SONG 4: 8.

THE mountains are God's monumental object lessons, pointing our hearts to heaven and elevating our vision to the farthest distances of lofty thought and aspiration. The people that dwell on the mountain heights have usually the sublimest history. Greece and Palestine, Switzerland and Scotland, earth's loftiest highlands, have figured in the most heroic chapters of human history.

The most important incidents of the story of the Bible have been associated with mountain heights. God's great covenant with the race was sealed beneath the rainbow arch on the summits of Ararat with Noah. God's greatest revelation to Abraham was made on the sacrificial heights of Mount Moriah. It was on a mountain that Moses received the revelation of the law and the vision of God. Mount Zion was the city of David's throne and Jehovah's tabernacle. It was on Mount Carmel that Elijah led Israel back from their apostasy and turned a whole nation unto God. It was on a mountain that the Son of God delivered his first great message of righteousness; on a mountain he was transfigured; on a mountain he was crucified, and from the heights of Olivet he ascended to his Father's throne, and it is to that same mountain height that he will yet return again. It was from a mountain in Galilee that he gave the great commission to the disciples, and it was from a great high mountain that John beheld the new Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God.

May our spiritual mountain-tops prove in the coming years like Ararat of old the covenant mountain where the rainbow arch of God's peace shall ever cover us; like Moriah, the place of revelation where the cross shall be revealed in all its glory as it was to Abraham, and it shall be true to tens of thousands "in the mount it shall be seen;" like Horeb, we shall ascend as Moses and the elders of Israel with the sprinkled blood, and it shall be true of us as it was of them "they saw the God of Israel; and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand. Also they saw God and did eat and drink;" as Mount Zion, a dwelling place of Jehovah and the place where he shall come to dwell within his peoples' hearts; as Mount Carmel, the place where the backslider shall return and shouts of ransomed souls proclaim: "The Lord he is the God;" as the mountain of Beatitudes, where he shall teach us the righteousness of the kingdom as he did on Mount Hattin of old; as Hermon's heights, where we, too, shall find our transfiguration; as Calvary where we shall behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; as Olivet, where we shall rise to dwell with him in the ascension heights and to wait for him in his descending glory; as that mountain in Galilee, where we shall receive the great commission and thousands shall go forth to disciple all nations and prepare the world for the coming of our blessed Lord.

But there are spiritual mountain heights of which these earthly altitudes are but

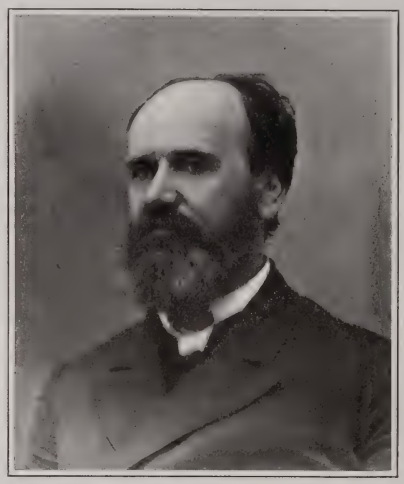
Types and Stepping-Stones

It is of these we are to speak, and it is to these our feet are to climb amid the inspirations of mountain views. What it means to dwell on high. It is a great matter to get clear and definite spiritual conceptions. There is a hazy and sentimental way of talking about religious improvement that leaves no satisfactory or explicit impression upon the heart. The world has its theories and dreams of self-government; but they do not lift men higher or make them better. It is not improvement and elevation we want—it is resurrection. The Scriptural conception of a higher life is not so much a higher life as the highest life. It is not raising up—it is resurrection. It is not trying to do a little better every day, but it is finding out our complete failure and helplessness, and by one decisive act dying forever to all our strength and goodness and rising as from the grave to a life wholly divine through our union with the Lord Jesus Christ, and henceforth living, not a little higher, but in the very heights where he lives, and reckoning ourselves to be dead indeed unto sin but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord, and even sitting with him in heavenly places and being in this world even as he. As the sainted Dr. Gordon expressed it once, it is not a man on earth trying to get to heaven, but it is a man in heaven walking upon the earth, his head in the heights of supernal light and life while his feet tread the paths of earth and time. This is the apostle's conception of the new life in his great epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians. "If ye then were resurrected with Christ seek those things that are above. For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." You belong there. Count it so. Reckon on it. Live up to it and the realization will come to you in your actual experience.

Now there are several steps in this experience. The first is the discovery of your utter helplessness and worthlessness and pronouncing the death sentence upon yourself by a definite and final act of surrender and reckoning.

The second is the act of appropriating faith by which you take Christ as your life and count yourself united to him, risen with him and even as he, and henceforth live as if you were not the same man that used to live here but a new man just born out of heaven, belonging to heaven and now living as if in heaven.

Then there is a third experience which makes all this a habit which settles into a posture and a poise in the divine life, and abides moment by moment out of self and in him. It is finely illustrated by the picture of two birds in the firmament. There is one spreading its wings with constant effort and struggling by labored flight into heights above. But the other is making no effort. With wings spread out upon the bosom of the sky it floats in the ocean of the air poised, resting in mighty and exquisite repose, dwelling on high and looking down upon every object from above. This is the attitude of those who dwell on high. This is the



REV. A. B. SIMPSON, D.D.

ideal place where faith can live enthroned with Christ and sing of something better than even dwelling on the mountains, for it is dwelling in the heavens.

Beloved, do we know this resurrected life? Will we claim it and take with us the heights of God for our eternal dwelling-place?

The immunities and privileges of this ascension life.

Its security. "His place of defence shall be the mountains of rocks." There are enemies we cannot fight on their own level, but we can rise above them and smile at their baffled rage, even as the little bird can escape the crawling reptile and soar away from the dragon's devouring mouth. There are ten thousand temptations and cares, for which the remedy is to live above them, and as you look at them from the heights of Christ's throne and coming, they will lose their power either to terrify or charm you.

Its abundant supply for all our need. "Bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure." Dwelling on high, the living Christ is the constant supply of all our need. Feeding upon him as our Living Bread, we shall never hunger, and drinking of his life we shall never thirst, and the Holy Spirit, of which the waters are the type, shall flow through all our being and supply all our need. Dwelling in this high and holy place, where the waters are sure, sealed by the Holy Ghost unto the day of redemption, our sun shall no more go down, our souls shall no more backslide, our joys shall no more decline. We are kept by the power of God unto salvation. Our bread is given us. It is not toiled for and hardly earned, but our table is spread in the presence of our enemies, our wants are all supplied, and our life is one of liberty and perfect rest.

It is a place of Divine revelation. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." It brings to us the revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ in all his loveliness and grace. It is one thing to know the truth, it is another thing to see it and to feel it in realizing power. It is s another and higher blessing to behold Christ in liv reality, and know in the intimate communion the Per of Christ himself, as the substance of the truth and centre of our life and joy. The prayer of the apos for his beloved friends at Ephesus and Colossi was t they might have the spirit of revelation in the knowlec of him. This is much more than the knowledge truth. It is a divine conception of Christ himself wh makes him truly, really personally near and dear to heart, as no other person or friend can be. This is wh the human heart needs, and what no power on earth c give, that mystic touch which makes the Lord Jesu living, bright reality forevermore to the soul that lo him.

Truth and teaching are but stepping-stones to th glorious vision. Conventions and assemblies are t the entrance court to the palace of the King, but t King himself is more than all. To know him in glory is our deep desire, our highest hope and that the blessed privilege which we shall forever enjoy if will but rise to this resurrected life and dwell with h on high. We shall always have access to his pr ence, we shall see his face, we shall know him ev here and we shall be satisfied by the vision of his lo We shall see him in his beauty. We shall see h so as to love him to delight in him. We shall see t loveliness of his person, his character and our affectio will be divinely tuned. We shall not have to ask, "I I love the Lord or no. Am I his or am I not?" T vision of his loveliness will set our hearts aglow even the rising of the summer sun brings out all the blosso and leaves in the forest and the field. Oh, do we n long for a vision of the King in his beauty!

Higher Privileges

The larger vision of the land of far distances. Th promise means those views and conceptions of t privileges and possibilities of our own Christian li which comes to us when we dwell on high. It is wh the apostle speaks of in his Alpine climb in the fi chapter of the Ephesians, where he prays that we "m know the exceeding greatness of his power toward who believe according to the working of his migh power which he wrought in Christ when he raised hi from the dead and set him at his own right hand in t heavenlies." He is calling to us in these last days. H is leading his people up to the highest possibilities Christian life and character. He is not only cleansi but robing his Bride for the marriage of the Lam Let us meet the call.

Forward, forward, leave the past behind thee,
Reaching forth unto the things before,
All the land of promise lies before thee,
God has greater blessings yet in store.
On to vaster fields of holy vision,
On to loftier heights of faith and love,
Onward, upward, apprehending wholly,
All for which he calls thee from above.

But there is another vision of the far distances which he calls us, the vision of the world's bright ha vest, and the awful need of dying millions. He wan to lift us out of our littleness. He wants to raise u above our selfishness. He wants to translate us out narrowness, and make the world our parish, a put us in trust with the Gospel for the whole hum race. For thee, my brother, he has something grand than thy highest dream, something larger than t noblest ambition.

There are souls with no one else to care for,
There are things that no one else can do.
Forward, forward, choose the noblest service,
Go where Christ has greatest need of you.
On, till every tongue, and tribe, and kindred,
Hear the glorious Gospel's joyful sound.
Forward, forward, till the name of Jesus
Shall re-echo all the world around.

Let us now turn to our last text, and look at som mountain peaks in these spiritual highlands.

Lebanon, or the mountains of prayer, for the wor Lebanon means incense, and well represents the heigh of prayer. It was while he prayed that the Master w transfigured, and we shall find the place of ascensio always of prostration, and supplication, and communio with God. Let these heights be altars of interce sion, Peniels of pleading at the mercy seat, and Leb nons of holy incense rising to the throne, and filling a the mountain side with the fragrance of the Master presence and the Spirit's grace.

Amana, or the mountain of truth. These are th mounts of Divine revelation through the holy Scri tures, the unfolding of these great thoughts of God, an messages of the Holy Ghost. It is by these that yo shall rise to the highest points of spiritual vision. L your days be days of Bible study and Divine illumin tion through the Holy Ghost and the Holy Scripture.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 873

Planting Mountain Sunday Schools

An American Sunday School Union Evangelist's Tour of the West Virginia Highlands : : :

WEST VIRGINIA, with her rich natural resources, has had a vast industrial growth in the last few years. Lumber, mining, oil, gas, and manufacturing industries are flourishing, and many new and important towns are being established. It is estimated that the population has increased 150,000 in the past two years. While many churches have been built in the larger towns, and much work done along this line, the material growth has been far greater than the religious growth. It can be safely estimated that there are now at least 150,000 children in the State, entirely without religious instruction, and fully twice as many adults, not touched by the influence of the church, especially in the back country districts.

REV. R. M. BUSLER AND WIFE

But the religious destitution of the State is not alone in the lumber camps and new mining towns. There are many places back in the mountains, practically out of reach of all outside influences, where the most primitive conditions exist, and where poverty abounds. Many of these communities are entirely without any religious privileges.

It is a great and important work to reach these places with the Gospel. Rev. Ray M. Busler, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, is now visiting these out-of-the-way places, and the new mining towns, and organizing Sunday Schools. His motto is, "A Sunday School in every community; a Bible in every home." So far this year, he has established twenty schools, besides aiding those previously started. He has recently returned from a seven weeks' trip back in the mountains, some times sixty-five miles or more from the railroads. He organized seven schools, delivered thirty sermons and addresses, distributed about one hundred Bibles and Testaments, and traveled nearly seven hundred miles, some of the way over roads too rough to be described. Many of the Bibles distributed went into homes where there had never been a Bible before. Much religious literature, picture papers, picture cards, and text buttons were also distributed, where they were sadly needed. The children were specially pleased.

Mrs. Busler was with him on this tour. They carried a telescope organ, and her playing was a decided help in the meetings, and a great attraction to the people. The sweet songs of Zion were heard for the first time in this way, in many a home.

In going into a new neighborhood, Mr. Busler sometimes finds the people a little shy at first; but he soon wins their confidence. Often they have strange notions about a Sunday School. One woman asked: "How much do you charge a scholar?" She thought she would have to pay so much for each scholar, and, as she was a poor widow with a number of children, she would have to count the cost, before pledging any of them to attend.

He asked some children, whom he met, if they were going to attend Sunday School. They said: "We can't, because we have no fitten clothes to wear." They were sadly in need of decent clothes. In one community, he found nearly one hundred children where there had never been a Sunday School, and where many of the people had never had an opportunity to buy or obtain a Bible, or even a Testament before.

Mr. Busler says of this trip: "It was a hard and tiresome journey, but I enjoyed it; the scenes were constantly changing, and there was something new and interesting all the time. There were many things that touched my sympathies, and some things that made me sad. So many of the people seemed 'as sheep having no shepherd.' They needed help, and I appreciate the opportunities I have had to help them."

Sometimes the missionary gets little or no encouragement. The superintendent of a mine said: "Don't waste your time on this place; the people have no more religion than a goat."

Many encouraging reports are received from the schools that have been organized. One superintendent says, "The school has been doing well; the children have been quite regular in attendance." And another, "We are having a good time at our school, and very good attendance." (This school was organized out in the woods, and held one or two meetings there before the schoolhouse was opened for it). "We are progressing very nicely with our school; the attendance has been very good," another writes. "We continue to prosper." All that is needed in many communities is to give the people a good start and assist them or help whenever needed, and they will go on with the school, and do good work. But they will not begin for themselves.

In one community where a school was organized about a year ago, a revival meeting had to be held before a superintendent could be secured or general interest aroused. Now there is an organized church, with preaching every other week, a flourishing Sunday School, and an interesting prayer meeting.

YOUNG MOUNTAINEERS

One man said, "Go on and get your Sunday School started, and if you run it all right, I will pitch in and help you." He at first thought the missionary was going to move into the neighborhood and conduct the school the rest of the year, and he was somewhat in doubt about pledging his cooperation to an untried stranger.

A man who had bought a Bible said to the missionary afterward, "This is the first real Bible we have ever had." This man is well-to-do, and has a family of eight children. A woman who is the grandmother of thirty-seven children in the school district, never had a Bible in the house. Another woman wanted to know the difference between the New Testament and the Holy Bible.

The missionary of the American Sunday School Union is not only a Sunday School organizer, but a pastor, evangelist, Bible colporteur, tract distributor, and friend generally of the poor and neglected. He helps the people eventually to become self-supporting in their own neighborhoods. Any reader desiring to aid in this important Sunday School work, can address E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, American Sunday School Union, 158 Fifth avenue, New York City, who will answer all inquiries.

SAVING THE CHILDREN OF THE STREET

SEVERAL years ago several New York ladies, who had taken a deep interest in the welfare of working girls and in the training of the children of the poor, established a Children's Club in one of the most populous sections of the West Side. It was an outcome of the Irene Club, an organization for working girls previously established by Miss Grace Dodge, and which has been productive of much good to a very large number of young women.

Among the ladies who were prominently interested in the movement for the Children's Club were Mrs. Allen Tucker and Miss Augusta Bliss, who contributed liberally towards its support. It is located at No. 361 West Thirty-fourth street, New York, and is now one of the most flourishing institutions of its kind in the city. Its object is moral, social and educational, and it aims to keep the younger children from roaming the streets after school hours and during the hot summer months—in brief, to generally improve the conditions of child-life among the poor of the great metropolis.

About five hundred children are enrolled on the club's books. They are divided into various classes, including classes in basket-making,

THE GIRLS' SEWING CLASS AT THE "CHILDREN'S CLUB," NEW YORK

kitchen gardening, sewing, raffia work, basket weaving, knitting, etc. All the teachers are college graduates, who have had special training in their own particular lines.

In the summer months, during school vacations, the children are taken on excursions, at the Club's expense, to the Bronx, Van Cortlandt Park and other points along the Hudson River and seashore. These excursions are greatly enjoyed by the little ones, and the lessons learned will not soon be forgotten by the children. These excursions are usually limited from forty to sixty children, and are thought to be very helpful. During the summer, the kindergarten class is given up to out-door work, and the children spend a part of each day in the open air. Every Saturday morning, during the summer months, the children are taken to the Central Park Menagerie, and a delightful time is spent by them. Each child is given a ticket, and tickets will not be given to any child who has been absent from the club during the week. Each child is also required to bring a penny every Saturday morning, which is put into the bank for the child. Many children have in this way saved enough money to buy their own clothes.

The Children's Club is known as a community club, and has become a blessing and help to many families in the neighborhood. Mothers' meetings are held, at which practical lessons in cooking, sewing, etc., are taught, and the mothers are encouraged to attend the kindergarten class with their children. Many of the mothers have been induced to become members of the club, and to take an active part in its work.

France Ready to Invade Morocco

An Army of 26,000 Troo to Restore Order in the Sultan's Unquiet Dominio

FOR many months past, cruel war has been raging in Morocco. Not only has the situation become intolerable to foreigners in that country, but all intercourse, commercial and otherwise, has, for the time being, been suspended, while the Sultan's troops and the rebels have been endeavoring to settle their quarrels in a series of skirmishes, hardly one of which reached the dignity of a regular engagement. Matters went from bad to worse. All foreigners, missionaries included, were compelled to seek the seacoast, where they could be under the protection of the foreign warships. In vain did the Sultan try, by every stratagem he knew, to overcome the rebellious tribesmen. His ablest military leaders were defeated and his army, poor at the best, became discouraged and discontented. One of the main causes of the rebellion was the opposition of the Moorish tribesmen to foreign influence, which had become very powerful at Fez and Tangier, since the present sovereign ascended the throne. They believed the Sultan to be dominated by his foreign advisers, and they resented many of the innovations that had taken place in the capital, as hostile to the traditions and best interests of the Moorish people. At the last, hopeless of subduing the rebels in the field, the Sultan yielded to advice and sent away the foreigners. But, as it now proves, his compliance came too late. Instead of being satisfied, the rebels were apparently more determined than ever to overthrow the government.

A QUAINT OLD CURIO SHOP IN TANGIER

In view of the long-continued and futile struggle in Morocco, France, with the concurrence of the European Powers, has undertaken the work of pacification. It will, however, be really a work of conquest. An expeditionary force of 26,000 French troops will be employed in subduing the refractory tribesmen, and when this is accomplished, the government will probably be a protectorate, under French control. It is not difficult to foresee that the ultimate fate of Morocco and its people will be that of Algiers or Egypt.

Missionary Frederick Weiss, of the Tangier American Mission, who was recently home on furlough, has how returned to Morocco. He sends the following letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"On my return to Tangier I find that the trouble here between the Sultan and the rebels is far from being settled. While I was still in the bay of Tangier, I could see on the shore, great clouds of smoke rising up into the sky, this was only a short distance from Tangier. On inquiring what it meant, I was told by some of the missionaries who met me on the shore, that the Sultan's soldiers were encamped outside of Tangier, and were burning the homes of the people. These homes are common grass huts, and as it has not rained here for several months, it only takes a match to light the fire, and in a short time a village of a hundred huts will be lying in ashes.

"The manner of warfare practiced is to march through the offending country, to burn the villages, to pillage and to kill everyone they come across. But it must not be thought that the tribes offer no resistance to the uninvited presence of the Sultan's troops; on the contrary, they fight until they can fight no more. Those who are captured usually have their heads cut off. The Sultan, a few days ago, lost in this way some of his very best Kaids. Seven were surrounded, as they were marching to join the Sultan's main army, each Kaid having under him a company of men. These were all attacked from ambush by the rebels; the seven Kaids were killed, with eighty men. The others fought until they could beat their way out of the trap they had got into.

"In the Moorish army the soldiers are certainly a wild lot. Whatever of order and regulation exists among them is due to the energy and untiring attention of a Scotchman, Kaid Maclean, who for many years has exiled himself from civilization and followed the fortunes of the Sultan's armies. The soldiers are armed, for the most part, with repeating rifles. Their uniform consists, or is supposed to consist, of a red tunic with yellow braid, blue baggy trousers reaching to the knees, and a crimson cap, with a blue tassel fastened on top and hanging down on the side of the head. However, this costume is much varied. Some have sold or lost parts of their uniforms; some wear yellow shoes while others wear black shoes. Then, with their trousers coming up to their knees, they wear socks. These all vary in color, some being white, though they look everything else but white, for they have not been washed for many a day. Others wear blue, black, or red. The soldier's pay is small, and from this he has to supply his rations. When he goes to war he makes up his pay by pillage and robbery. The poor country people fear the soldiers more than they do any other class of people; for when they march through the country they help themselves to anything that comes in their way.

"During these warlike days, the missionaries do ve little work in the country, for it is not a safe thing be in the villages. One cannot tell what will happen any part, for the country is in an unsettled state. W all long to see it quiet once more, so that we may g out among the country people, for they seem to be much easier to reach. Most of them are very po and they are often surprised that any one should p any attention to their needs.

"There are many Moors in the towns, who are heari the words of life from the missionaries in their resp tive places. One who is active and on the alert can ways find a place to fill in the precious hours in doi valiant-hearted service for the Master in home a foreign lands. The market-place always affords a go place for doing good. I am sending some interesti pictures taken at a market-place. Here one sees posed for sale all manner of native ware. Auctionee run screaming up and down among the crowd, selli

PICTURESQUE SALT SELLERS OF TANGIER

rugs, second-hand native clothing, so the tourist ofte is amazed on coming into the market-place. Wome sit veiled and cross-legged, selling clothing and blanket In another quarter is the market for horses and do keys, and here the auctioneer gallops up and dow crying out the latest bid. Another quarter is give over to the sellers of wheat and barley. In other dire tions may be seen the snake-charmers, the story-telle from everywhere, "powder play" by the mountaineer a Hamdouchi hacking holes in his head with a battl axe, etc.

"We thank you and your readers for the help you hav been to our work in the past, and we are confident th you will not forget to pray and help us in the future.

"*Tangier, Morocco, Africa.* FRED WEISS."

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Kingston, Pa. "The answered prayers are an inspiration to me. I praise God that he has heard and graciously answered many of my prayers. I know that those which remain unanswered, are only filed away until the proper time. I trust God in all things, that he will direct my path."

Mrs. J. P., North Baltimore, Md. "I prayed to the Lord in great perplexity, and he answered in a way I never thought of. Praise his holy name."

Subscriber, Fullerton, Neb. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers in times of sickness and trouble. Dear friends, take your troubles to the Lord, claiming the promises, and he will hear your cry."

Mrs. B. K. "I have read so many answered prayers, and am always benefited so much by them, that I would like to testify for Christ. In domestic affliction I cried unto the Lord and he answered. He has answered many others for me."

Reader, Neb. "I have had many prayers answered. I expect to have many more answered, for if you will ask right and do not doubt you will surely receive. I praise and thank God for everything."

Friend, Pa. "I know that God has heard and answered many prayers of mine, and I trust him and praise him for his great and loving goodness."

Mother, New York. "I had been calling on God a long time; at last the answer came."

F. A. S., Sharon Springs, Kan. "There is great consolation in earnest prayer. The Lord has answered prayer for me, for which I am very thankful."

L. H., Prescott, Ia. "God has answered my prayers many times. I still have blessings I desire, but have assurance they will be answered in his own time and way. I rest in him."

One who Loves Jesus. "God has answered my many prayers. Words fail to express the many blessings he has given me. Two prayers he answered wonderfully. You troubled ones, take everything to him in prayer, for 'He is faithful that promised.'"

F., New Haven, Vt. "God has answered my prayers for the conversion of a dear one. I have found him ever true to his promise to hear and answer the prayer of faith."

M. E. O., LaSalle, Mo. "To those who are in deep distress and without earthly help, I would say from long, heartfelt experience, take your trouble to our Heavenly Father, tell him your need and ask his help, claiming his sure promises of mercy, forgiveness and help. He is abundantly able to save, and he does save his trusting children, and pity them."

S. S., Perrysburg, O. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer. God does answer prayers when we pray aright. The man who imagines that he can go through this world alone and unaided, and can successfully cope with temptations, and kee himself honest and clean without help from abo is a fool. I have tried both ways and I know."

E. S. K. "I have hesitated long about ackno edging publicly, the many answers I receive prayer, but I turn to that page before I read an thing else. It does me good, and I wish now to one among the many to say that the Lord h never turned me away empty. He fills my so with unutterable joy. We are mostly unwise in o expectation, for the answer comes in a way we ha not expected."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer hav been received from Reader, Minneapolis, Minn Mrs. L. A. W. H., Pulaski, N. Y.; Reader, Pott town, Pa.; Reader, Tyler, Tex.; Mrs. G. E. H Newark, Mo.; A. S. W., Granada, Minn.; Reade Prattville, Ala.; Believer, La.; Mrs. C. C. B., No mandy, Tenn.; J. D., Covington, N. Y.; J. R. S Shenandoah, Pa.

THE DEMOLISHED CHURCH AT KRUSHEVO MR. MCGREGOR, BRITISH CONSUL AT MONASTIR REFUGEES FROM KRUSHEVO

The First Photographs from Ruined Krushevo

MACEDONIA'S HOPELESS STRUGGLE

Terrible Barbarities by Turkish Troops

EXPECTATIONS of intervention by the European Powers in Macedonia, for the purpose of putting an end to the massacre of the defenceless non-combatant Christian population l the destruction of peaceful villages, have not been lized. To the horrors of war will soon have to be led, in all likelihood, the visitation of a widespread mine. For many weeks past the agricultural part of cedonia has been overrun by the Sultan's troops, nding crops have been destroyed, and the greater solved to make the effort to succor some of the famishing, and, even at the peril of their own lives, will travel in the interior of the vilayet of Monastir with that object. They have advised the American Board officials at home that there is no present opportunity for relief work which would justify an appeal to American charity.

There has been thus far no open declaration of war between Bulgaria and Turkey, but hostilities between the Turkish troops and insurgents continue on an undiminished scale in the north. In Adrianople vilayet sacred nearly the entire Christian population. 4,000 fugitives have reached Rila and taken refuge in a monastery. Several villages around Razlog are burning.

The Revolutionary Committee at Monastir report a long list of atrocities committed by the Turkish troops, including the ruthless slaughter of a number of children, who were hurled from high rocks. The Turks killed more than two hundred peasants in several villages, and while taking one hundred and sixty villagers as prisoners to Nevesilo, they slew seventy-five. At an

THE RUINED CITY OF KRUSHEVO

BULGARIA'S WAR MINISTER AND STAFF

ONE OF THE FEW DWELLINGS LEFT IN KRUSHEVO

tion of the farming population are now fugitives, ttered like chaff before the ruthless Mohammedan diery, and glad to escape the terrible fate that has eady befallen over 40,000 Christians. It is estimated t fully 60,000 are homeless and in a condition that is ly becoming more desperate. Our American misnaries at Monastir have made vain endeavors to nder aid to the sufferers, but owing to the rigid litary restrictions imposed by Turkey, this is wellh impossible. The missionaries, however, are re- the condition of affairs is reported as heartrending, Christians being subjected to persecution and outrage or killed outright. Near the Bulgarian frontier, several encounters between insurrectionists and Turkish regulars are reported. Meanwhile Turkey has withdrawn her troops from Zabernovo, Karlovo and Gralitcovo on the Bulgarian frontier.

Simultaneously with this announcement comes the news of fighting in the district of Raslog, where the Turks, according to an insurgent dispatch, have mas- other place, eighteen women were tortured and then shut in a barn, which was set on fire. At one point that was attacked, the male population fled to the forests, and the soldiers tortured the women and children.

Our photographs, which appear on this page, were taken in the very heart of the insurrectionary district, and speak louder than words of the condition of the unfortunate Christians of Macedonia. Some were of so distressing a nature that we do not print them, being unwilling needlessly to harrow up the feelings of our readers

LEAVING THEIR DESOLATED HOMES TO SEEK SHELTER IN THE HILLS

A DRAIN IN KRUSHEVO, IN WHICH MANY REFUGEES WERE SUFFOCATED

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

"Donor's" Problem

"IN the multitude of counselors there is safety," says the proverb, and if we may assume that the counsel afforded in the many letters addressed to "Donor" is wise in proportion to its abundance, there is a hope that he may be materially assisted by their perusal. There are thousands of good men and women throughout the land who find themselves confronted by a problem similar to that which "Donor" has so plainly set forth. They feel it to be their duty to consecrate a certain portion of their means to the Lord's work. It may be only a few hundred dollars, or at most a few thousands; for the great majority are doubtless men and women of average means, and what they possess has very likely been saved during long years of thrift and economy. They may wisely desire to put it to the best use, in their own life-time, instead of leaving it to be administered by executors; for it is undeniable that there is a rare pleasure in observing the progress of some simple project of benevolence or humanitarian work, as it grows under one's own hand. It may be a Rescue work, dealing with the unfortunates who have made shipwreck of life, or a work whose aim is to brighten the sad life of neglected childhood. It may be the watering and tending of some mission in a far-away land where souls are to be won for the Master, or the evangelizing of our own remote frontiers. It may be a sympathetic work among the friendless aged, who have been thrust aside by the world, or the carrying forward of some long-cherished project for the moral and material purification of a neighborhood where sin abounds and grace has been a stranger. There are struggling churches to strengthen and establish, widows and orphans to help, the homeless to shelter, the sick to visit and comfort, the prisoner to cheer, the unfortunate to assist and encourage. Altogether, outside of the domain of purely secular philanthrophy—which we need not consider now—there are many ways in which a Christian man or woman can devote surplus means, with the assurance that the Divine blessing will rest on the gift.

But the problem of a choice is not one to be settled by outside advice, however sincere. In undertaking any special mission for the Master, it should be to the Christian a very precious privilege to wait upon God, and inquire of his will concerning it. Then the path of duty will become clear, and we will enter upon it with gladness and enthusiasm.

To many other inquirers who have asked THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to advise them, as "Donor" has done, we have invariably given the same answer: Familiarize yourself, as far as possible, with the claims of the various causes that have presented themselves, and with the character and results of the work; then take the whole matter in prayer to Him who alone can lead you to a wise decision. Although this journal is actively interested in various benevolent and philanthropic enterprises (some of which, like our children's work at Mont-Lawn and the Bowery Rescue Mission, are mentioned with favor by many of "Donor's" correspondents), we have refrained from pressing their claims to special consideration, as we prefer, in such cases, that the nature and results of the work accomplished should be their own best advocate. Whatever our patrons, in their generous recognition of these benevolences, may do toward their support, is a cause for gratification. But to "Donor," as to all others, we repeat that the momentous problem of the investment of any considerable amount for the Lord's work is one which ought to be decided, under Divine guidance, by the giver and by no other. Think over it, and pray to be led to a right decision, for upon the wisdom of the choice may depend the winning or losing of immortal souls.

The New Child Labor Laws

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a year ago, published the results of its investigation into the child-labor system in the Pennsylvania mines and the New Jersey mills, the attention of a very large class of thoughtful Americans was drawn to the evil, and there was a widespread demand for remedial legislation. But on looking over the field again, if was found that those two States were by no means the sole offenders against the rising generation. Other States were included in the list of those that were "consenting parties" to the enslavement and debasement of their own children. New York was a glaring offender; for, while in some Southern or Western State, hundreds of poor boys and girls were to be found wearing out their lives in mills and mines, in the Empire State there were thousands growing up to a weak and degenerate manhood or womanhood, uneducated, and denied all the pleasures and privileges that are the rightful inheritance of the American child.

Popular indignation at the system in New York crystallized in the passages of Child Labor Laws, which took effect on Oct. 1, of this year, and which are of far-reaching importance.. Twenty thousand children, under fourteen and fifteen, were working in the factories of New York State. Settlements, churches, medical societies and philanthropic organizations all united in the demand for these remedial laws. By their permission, no child under fourteen shall be put to work, a birth certificate being required as evidence of age. In certain callings the minimum age is sixteen, and the maximum time of labor nine hours daily. Regular sanitary inspection is to be made of all establishments employing children. In some respects the new laws are open to criticism. The nine-hour work-day is too long for a child, and it might well have been made lighter; but taken as a whole, the new child-labor laws have placed New York far in the van in the reform movement.

Let us hope that other States—especially New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts—will fall into line in the new movement, and that those Southern States in which child-labor is now a crying evil, will also see fit, during the coming legislative session, to pass such laws as are needed for the protection of childhood. Every boy or girl, born under the American flag, is entitled to the privileges of education, and to the free and innocent enjoyment of those early years, which, in too many sections of our Union, are now devoted to slavish toil, to the detriment of body and brain, and the blighting of manly and womanly character. Reared in ignorance and trained to hard and unremunerative labor, they reach adult age through a long and dismal transit of semi-slavery, with few or none of the developing and inspiring influences that other children enjoy. This is the fault of the State, which should make such conditions impossible. Such training need not be expected to produce the best type of citizens, but rather the reverse. Our Christian civilization demands that we deal with this question regardless of individuals, and with a single eye to the highest interests of the whole nation. Let us do justice to the children by removing this national reproach.

An Ominous Condition

A FACT that is of evil omen to the future welfare of our country, was stated a few days ago by Chancellor Henry M. McCracken, in his address at the opening of the term of the New York University. He "deplored the fact that freshmen, as a rule, are grossly ignorant of the Bible." That characteristic is in all senses deplorable, and there is reason to fear that in our colleges, there is little prospect of their ignorance being enlightened. The courses of study there are generally secular, and leave little time or opportunity for Bible study. This ignorance is bad for the men themselves, and it is bad for the country. When we remember that it is from college graduates that the men are chiefly drawn, who will be our Presidents, Legislators, Judges, and social and political leaders, we realize how serious a thing it is that they should enter on their duties, in any degree ignorant of the truths and principles of the Word of God. They may prove to be men of learning and men of honor, but the surest guarantee we could have of their rectitude and sound principle, is that they may have that sense of accountability to God, which they gain only from an acquaintance with his Word.

Why have these young men neglected Bible study? Apart from the saving knowledge it imparts, apart from the fact that through it alone can they hope to gain eternal life, it is the book of all others that is capable of giving them the wisdom they need for this life. Its history teems with illustrations of life more fascinating and more instructive than any other historical record; its poetry is grander and more thrilling than that produced by uninspired men; and the wisdom of philosophy has been proved and tested by millions, who have made it the guide of their lives. In neglecting Bible, they have missed the most valuable of all aid eminence and usefulness.

Who is at fault? Chancellor MacCracken distrib the blame among parents, clergymen and school-te ers. It is, however, on the first of these that the sponsibility chiefly rests. In how many homes to has the practice, once well-nigh universal, of gat ing the children and servants to family worship m ing and evening, fallen into abeyance? We have m our lives too strenuous. The business of money- ting has been allowed to absorb our time until the v ing hours are all too short for complying with the mands of the office, the store and the factory. E the mother has now so many social functions to form in addition to her household duties, that she no time to read a chapter with her children and plain it to them. No wonder that the boy who n sees a Bible in the hands of his father or mother, gr up in ignorance of its contents.

The clergyman is not always wholly free from bla It cannot be expected of him that in the brief tim his disposal in the Sunday services he can do muc enlighten the youthful mind. Too often his young ditors must sit under his ministrations much as yo heathens listening to a language they cannot un stand. But something might be done by organiz Bible classes which might be made so interesting a attract juvenile audiences and so incite them to a st of the sacred volume. Little is to be hoped from school-teachers. We have so tied their hands, in of their teaching doctrinal error, that they have sr opportunity of teaching fundamental truth.

The situation, however, as described by Dr. M Cracken, and has doubtless been observed by heads colleges in other districts, is so fraught with danger dividual, social and national, that it is a bugle cal duty. Parents and clergymen should immediately earnestly take the matter in hand, that the reproach Bible ignorance may be removed.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Swiftest Conveyance in the World

THE development of the electric railway has reached such a point that a car recently traveled in Germany at the remarkable rate of 117 miles an hour. This means that its speed was nearly twice that ever attained by the fastest steam railroad train in the world. The trip was made over one of the government railroads of Prussia, which has been rebuilt purposely for tests of this kind. It is between the suburbs of Berlin and the town of Zossen, and is about sixteen miles in length. Over a year ago, experiments were conducted when a car was driven from one end to the other at the rate of about 100 miles an hour, but it was found that the rails were not heavy enough to repeat this rate of speed safely, and the track was rebuilt with rails weighing 100 pounds to the yard, and laid in a bed of cement. The car shown in the photograph weighs nearly 100 tons, this weight being necessary to keep it from leaving the track while running at full speed. The electric motors are the largest powerful ever built for such a purpose, aggregating nearly 1,000 horse-power. The current is supplied by three different wires, one wire being insufficient to produce the enormous voltage needed. The experiments are being made at the request of the German government. Other countries will surely adopt the same system if this report is verified, for there is everywhere the same demand for the highest rate of speed in travel, even though it may involve increased danger to life and limb. The ancient prophet long ago foresaw that this would be the tendency of the human race in modern times:

"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightning (Nahum 2: 4).

GERMANY'S NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAY—THE SWIFTEST IN THE WORLD

Resuscitating Pearls

Jewelers have long complained of the losses they sustain by the fading or dying, as they call it, of the finest pearls. The pink glints in them disappear, and the pearl becomes gray and dull. Private owners of famous pearls have made the same complaint, and have seen with dismay, gems, which originally cost large sums, grow sick and eventually lose all value. News now comes from Hinckley, N. Y., in a report to the New York *Times*, that a remedy for the trouble has been discovered. A jeweler doing business there, has given much time and study to the subject, and now announces his discovery. It appears that while passing a vacation on Moose River, he noticed a number of large mussels, and examined them carefully. A few of the largest he brought away with him, and placed them in a spring containing large quantities of limestone. After two weeks he took them out, and placed a diseased pearl in the mantle lobes of each mussel. He restored the mussels to the spring, and let them lie there for several weeks. On examining them again, he found to his joy that all the pearls were regaining their lustre. He restored the mussels with their pearls to the spring, and again waited several weeks. On taking them out again recently, he found that they had completely recovered and regained all their lost tints. It is much to be wished that in spiritual maladies the same principle were adopted. Go to resort to the methods by which the pearl was produced, in order to restore its fading life, is a rational course, and would assuredly succeed in cases in which the spiritual life is declining in a man's soul.

Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered (Jer. 8: 22)?

A Tragic Search

A sad story was told at a Coroner's inquest in Chicago recently. The inquiry was as to the suicide of a girl eighteen years of age. Three years ago, in a quarrel with another girl, whom she supposed to be her sister, she was taunted with being a foundling. She was at first incredulous, and the woman whom she had all along regarded as her mother, evaded her questions. Finally, under persistent pressure, the woman admitted the fact, and told the girl the name of her real mother. Her explanation was that the mother and father had quarreled and were about to separate. The mother's difficulty was how to deal with her girl baby. After talking the matter over several times with her friend, it was agreed that the infant should be laid on the doorstep of her friend, who promised to find it and care for it. The plan was carried out. The child was taken into the family, and the mother left for another city. The father supposed his wife had taken the infant with her, and, having secured a divorce, made no inquiry after it. He died some years afterwards without knowing the whereabouts of his child. The mother had not been seen by the child's foster parents since her departure. The girl had grown up in ignorance of the circumstances, and not until the quarrel with her supposed sister had she any suspicion that she was not a member of the family. Having learned the name of her mother and gathered all the clues she could, she began a search for her, which she prosecuted for three years. She met with no success, though more than once she seemed on the verge of discovery. At last, weary and discouraged, she committed suicide. It then appeared that her mother had heard of her daughter's inquiries after her, and was actually on the way to her when the girl killed herself. Had she waited only three days longer, her mother would have clasped her in her arms. Thus, as so often appears, a wicked act is also a foolish act. A little more patience, and the girl would have had the desire of her heart. The resolve of the patriarch is a good example to all who are distracted by trouble and disappointment.

All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come (Job 14: 14).

A House Closed for Forty Years

The doors of a mansion in South Carolina were opened recently, which had been closed ever since the war. The story, as told in the local journals, is that, when the war broke out, the owner of the mansion had a severe mental struggle. He was a graduate of West Point and held a commission in the army. But though a Southerner by birth, and the descendant of men whose names were illustrious in Southern history, his associations had been with the North, and he had married a lady of a famous New York family. He was tenderly devoted to her, and she exerted a great influence upon her husband. Naturally, she was loyal to the Union, but her husband could not bring himself to make war upon the State in which he was born, and in whose history his forefathers had written their names. When it became necessary for the young officer to make a final choice, he resigned his commission in the army, and, deploring the condition of civil strife, expatriated himself. He had no intention of quitting the United States for all time, and, as proof of that, he closed his home in Charleston without removing the furniture. The house was not opened again until more than forty years later, when the old furniture was found still in place, dust-covered and falling into decay. He had wandered about Europe listless and despondent, feeling that he ought to have taken part in the struggle on one side or the other. He felt ashamed of his course to his former friends, and gradually fell into a condition of melancholy, from which he never recovered. After his death, his widow could not bear to return, and now she also is dead, and the deserted house has been opened by the heirs. It had been a sad and sorrowful life for the man who could not bring himself to take either side in the trouble. How many there are who are thus wrecking their lives by indecision in spiritual matters, not enjoying the world, yet not coming out openly for Christ, and the end is still more deplorable.

Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God (1 John 4: 3).

A House Transformed

An extraordinary change has taken place in the use to which a large double house in Thirty-second street, New York, has been put. It was formerly known as the House of All Nations, and its reputation extended over the whole country, and was well known in Europe through its visitors. Fifteen years ago it was fitted up in the most elaborate and most pernicious fashion as a haunt of vice, and since that time it has changed under a succession of owners. It is now the property of a notorious gambler who is serving a term in Sing Sing, though, according to common belief, he is a millionaire. Though the recent activity of the police under the reform administration of the city, it has become impossible to conduct the house in the open and shameless manner of former years, and it is said, also, that the owner has experienced, while in prison, a change of mind, and desires to atone for his misdeeds. From one cause or the other, or both, a complete transformation of the house was determined on. It was offered to a Roman Catholic sisterhood, which is engaged in rescue work and in caring for unemployed servant girls. The sisterhood was informed that it might have a lease of the house at a nominal rental. As it is a large house, extending through a whole block to the street on the north, and would easily fetch on the market half a million dollars with its furniture, the sisterhood gladly accepted the offer, and has taken possession. Few changes have as yet been made in it, but evidences of its changed character are everywhere seen. The Umbrella Room, so called from the shape of its ceiling, was formerly the wine room, and its walls are frescoed with drinking scenes, but it is now the chapel of the sisterhood, and has at one end the usual Roman Catholic altar. The old Egyptian and Turkish parlors, separated by slender pillars, the walls covered by precious damask, is now used as the dining room. The Hall of Mirrors is now a work room in which sewing is done under experienced teachers. Up and down the solid oak staircase, with its elaborately carved balustrade, poor girls go about their work or on errands of mercy. Every one must rejoice that religion and philanthropy in any form are taking the place in the house once devoted to vice and impurity. We wish the change had gone further, and that the pure Gospel could have been the law of the house, but Christ's rule justifies us in being thankful that the effort is being made by any one to raise and redeem the fallen.

Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbad him, because he walketh not with us. And Jesus said, Forbid him not: for he that is not against us is for us (Luke 9: 49).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. Ruth Wilson, daughter of the Lord Mayor of Sheffield, England, has joined the Salvation Army, and is engaged in China as a missionary.

Dr. David H. Greer, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, has been elected successor to the Bishop Potter, as Diocesan of New York. Bishop Potter has accepted the call, and his salary will be $25,000 per annum.

The Mayor of Los Angeles, Cal., has issued a proclamation that boys and girls of school age must attend school regularly, and teachers have been employed to look after truants. Parents who refuse to comply with the law will be prosecuted. Under the Compulsory Education law of California, which has been in force for two years, the Superintendent of Schools is empowered to appoint truant officers, and the Mayor of Los Angeles has appointed [illegible] for this purpose. A [illegible] has been established, and parents who refuse to send their children to school will be prosecuted. Under the law, no child under fourteen years of age can be employed during school hours.

Dr. Kinsman has entered the Methodist Episcopal

A NOTABLE WORKINGMEN'S BIBLE-CLASS

H. G. WORTHINGTON JOHN R. HAGUE REV. A. C. DIXON DANIEL S. FORD W. K. ANDEN

WHEN visitors to Boston ask to be directed to the largest and most progressive Sunday School in the city, they are invariably told to go to the Ruggles Street Baptist Sunday School.

It is in the most thickly populated tenement-house section of the Roxbury district. The church building, and the adjoining chapel and industrial school buildings, are as unpretentious as they are inadequate to the needs of the work carried on there, and the pastor of the church, Rev. A. C. Dixon, is doing everything within his power to have a building erected that will provide the facilities needed for the work this church and Sunday School have to do.

This church was for many years the recipient of the bounty of the late Daniel S. Ford, the millionaire publisher. During the later years of his life, he expended as much as $35,000 a year in carrying forward the missionary and benevolent work of the church and Sunday School. He made provision in his will for a permanent income of about $20,000 for the continuance of the work he had established and developed; but none of this money is applied to the general expenses of the church, and as the membership is composed almost entirely of poor people, the raising of funds for general expense means a great deal of self-sacrifice. How great this self-sacrifice is, is known only to those familiar with the lives of the people who form the greater part of the membership of the church and Sunday School.

Last year the enrollment of the school was 1,579, and this did not include the Home Department, which had 598 members at the beginning of 1903, making a total membership of 2,177. The average attendance last year at the regular sessions of the school was 955. The Superintendent, Mr. W. K. Andem, gives his entire time to the work of the school, and is salaried. He has a stenographer and two salaried assistants, with an office in the chapel. Some of them may be found there from eight until five o'clock, daily. Both church and Sunday School have parish visitors, who spend their entire time in going about the parish, doing good, and making calls on the sick and needy, conducting cottage or home prayer-meetings, reading the Bible to the sick, praying with the dying, and comforting the bereaved.

THE BOSTON WORKINGMEN'S BIBLE CLASS IN SESSION

The Workingme Bible Class of t Sunday School i most interesting important feature the work. It nearly four hund members, who m at half past three Sunday afternoo The leader is H.G.Wellington, an effort is made have a new speal every Sunday af noon.

The membe of the class, all whom are worki men, conduct pray meetings and do a special work along temperance lin Many of them know from personal experience wha is to be saved from the curse of drink, and all kn how desperate is the need of combatting this evil. the winter months, they hold temperance meetings ev Thursday evening, many men have been converted these meetings. A Gospel wagon service is anot good work under the auspices this class, and the members ha been helpful in carrying forw the tent services held in Bost

There are also mothers' class Chinese classes, "cradle rolls," n mal classes, and a large kinderg ten connected with the Sund School. That missionary spir runs high, may be known from t fact that last year the school ga $1,000 for the support of two m sionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Beaman, China. The adult department the school is under the directi of Mr. John R. Hague, assist pastor of the church, while the m sic of both church and Sund School, as well as of all the me ings, is under the direction of Pr C. C. Case, who was for a numb of years with Mr. Moody. M Ford was a great believer in t power of music.

This very large and progressi Sunday School is a part of a sy tematized or institutional churc in which the spirit of real servi abounds. It has the ministeri spirit so essential to the fulfilme of the true mission of the chur and Sunday School, and the resu of its work shows that it has up it the seal of God's approval.

J. L. HARBOUR.

THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN MARTYR OF SMYRNA*

IT was in the fateful ages, when the Christian martyrs died,
And the gods of high Olympus in their glory were defied—
When throughout the Roman Empire there were festivals and feasts,
Where great Jupiter was lauded by the pontiff and his priests.
It was in the tragic ages, that with bacchanalian songs
Through the streets of ancient Smyrna surged one day the maddened throngs.
"Find us Polycarp, the Christian!" rose the wild, discordant cries:
"To the lions with the Christians! By the gods of Rome he dies!
Drag him forth to the arena! Let the beasts devour their prey,
If he swear not, by great Cæsar, to forsake the Christ this day."

So the mob, in growing fury, surged the streets with swelling roar;
But the Bishop good of Smyrna found they not at any door.
It was then a soldier pointed to a sunny-headed child,
On whose boyish face the beauty of a dozen summers smiled,
"Ask of him," the ruffian shouted; "Ask the lad, he knows him well;
In his home the man sought refuge; ask the lad, and he shall tell."

So they turned like wolves upon him, fierce for prey, and hunger-mad.
And he stood, a lamb among them, though a lion-hearted lad.
"Knowest thou of any Christians? Where can Polycarp be found?"
Cried a Roman soldier fiercely, as upon the child he frowned.
And the boy his pale face lifted, with his fearless, fair blue eyes,
In whose depths life's hopes were dawning like the morn in cloudless skies;
And there seemed a sudden halo round the brave but youthful head;
"If thou seekest but for Christians, I am one," he fearless said.

Traditional Scene of the Martyrdom of Polycarp in Ephesus

"What! ho! ho! thou bold-tongued nursling," cried the first with fiercer frown,
"Make no boasts, or, by Olympus! thou shalt burn e'er sun go down!
Lead us hence! We seek thy Bishop Polycarp, that evil knave;
Dare refuse us, to the lions thou shalt go, and naught shall save!"
Then the boy's face flushed indignant; "Call him not knave!" he cried,
"He is Smyrna's Bishop, servant of the Saviour Christ that died."
Then a cruel arm uplifted smote him quickly to the ground,
And the soldiers, mad with fury, gathered eagerly around.
"Fool! Thy hasty blow hath slain him," cried a guard "was too soon."
"'Way!" another sneering answered, "drag him forth; he doth but swoon.
Doth he think to move our pity by his tears and weaklir cries?
Drag him forth! His lips shall answer, or from worse tha this he dies.

"See! he moves, he is but feigning. He shall tell us all h knows.
What? Defeated by this youngling, we, who brave th fiercest foes?
Now then, speak—thou stubborn traitor—where shall Poly carp be found?
Say the truth, lad, or thou diest as thou liest on th ground."

Then a gleam of saintly beauty lit the simple, childish face,
And the look of pain and anguish to a heavenly calm gav place.
"He ye seek to slay is noble, and he serves the Christ tha died.
Kill me if you will, but never will I tell where he dot hide."

Turn away, O ye that witnessed, ye who saw that deadl blow—
Was it man that struck, or demon? Answer not—God' angels know.
So the awful lot was chosen; so the cruel tale was told,
And that even, when the sunset crowned old Smyrna's hil with gold,
On his weeping mother's bosom, with the stroke that death hath given,
Lay the bruised and martyred body, but the spirit was in heaven.

*This beautiful poem, by an unknown author, has been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Miss Edith Scott, a reader of this journal. Polycarp was a distinguished father of the early Christian church. He was of Eastern origin, and in his youth had been a slave. He was purchased by Callisto, a Christian lady, and liberated and trained and educated as a Christian. Polycarp's martyrdom occurred A. D. 155, in the reign of Antoninus Titus.

What Shall "Donor" Do with his.. $5,000?

A DELUGE OF REPLIES TO THIS MOST INTERESTING QUESTION

N our issue of September 23, there was printed a letter from an aged friend, who desired advice as to the best method of disposing of $5,000 in such a way that the best use may be made of it now and hereafter for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom" and the good of humanity. That letter we submitted to our readers, inviting them to forward suggestions freely. Their responses have come in great numbers, and have been sent to the writer of the original question. We are privileged to publish below some of the most interesting bits of advice given to "Donor," who could certainly have little difficulty, with such a multitude of earnest counselors, in reaching a wise decision.

. . .

Man lived nearly six thousand years before . Harvey told him the blood circulated.

ake a Scientific etermination

During all this time he attributed to God the diseases that sent his children to the grave. ot knowing that the alcohol which he put his stomach went directly into circulation, using the red corpuscles to become white, d containing the microbes of diseases, such the laws of New York prohibit spitting in blic places. For the sake of Jesus and the le ones, use the money to make a scientific termination of how alcohol kills the iron in e blood, changing it from life to death.

Morristown, N. J. J. F.

. . .

Would offer prizes to the young people of e poorer classes in all protestant denominations, for the competitive memorizing of Christ's Sermon on the Mount; also, e fourteenth, fifteenth and seventeenth apters of John's Gospel. First prize for the ost intelligent knowledge of the truth conned in them, and for the most perfectly emorized. "The word is quick, and powerful is the sword of the Spirit, and it will not turn void but shall accomplish that whereto is sent." MRS. W.

Aid in Memorizing e Gospel

Campbellton, Can.

. . .

Use your five thousand to help some worthy ople to make homes. In this way, while your money is helping them, the interest you receive for it would help others. Your oney would thus do double work. With e interest you could send children to Montwn every summer. MRS. E. A. B.

lp Worthy People Make Homes

Wagoner, I. T.

. . .

I am in the ministry, and have planned give a social room, during winter evenings, to the young and old men of the village. The saloon is the only place, and if they had such a om as I suggest, it would draw them there. must be a room with reading matter, mes, etc., free to all. L. C.

Substitute r the Saloon

Big Rock, Ia.

. . .

Find some young men who wish to go into e Lord's work, and who need some schooling, but have not money. Send them through. I know one earnest Christian who wishes to fit mself for the ministry, but finds it impossible to do so. MISS E. L. V. E.

rain Young Men r Christian Work

Denver, Colo.

. . .

Spread your money; help as many as you n with it; do not leave it in bulk for someone else to spend for you. Send $1,000 to divide among THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S many charities and help the building nd at Mont-Lawn. Send $1,000 to India r Missions; $1,000 to India for Industrial ork, $500 to Japan, $500 to China, $500 to e Elkatawa Home for Children, Ridgefield, J.; $500 for Slum work at Cincinnati, O.

avors a Widespread istribution

Dundas, Ont., Can. F. J.

. . .

I would give it to Orphans' Homes and escue Work, on the principle that "charity begins at home." If people would visit these institutions, and see their practicabe more interested them. I know of two boys taken from the ums. They were trained by Christian peoe, and are now both Christians, good useful citizens, doing work for the church and in the Sunday School. If they had remained in their homes, they would, no doubt, now be vagabonds, making their living by burglary

ive it to Orphanages nd Rescue Homes

Rome, Ga. M. F. G.

. . .

The most remunerative investment would be a red hot temperance campaign by earnest temperance lecturers, to travel with first class stereopticon, furnished with temperance and strictly religious subjects, not for amusement, but for education, the whole arrangement to be under the direction of the W. C. T. U.

Devote it to a Temperance Campaign

Ft. Pierce, Fla. H. H. S.

. . .

I will plead for my people and say—send a missionary to these poor Yuma Indians. I am not of their tribe, but I am an Indian, and know how much they need to be christianized. They are a very poor tribe, the only help they get from the government, is that their children are educated. Very little progress has been made, as they have to go back to the reservation with nothing else to encourage them. One of their customs is to cremate their dead, and to show them grief they burn everything they own, house, and even the very last stitch they have on. Of course, as long as they do that, they never have anything, and are always in poverty.

Pleads for the Poor Yuma Indians

I suggest that "Donor" select one or two young men for the ministry that they may go to Bible School next year, and the good Lord can fit them for the cause of Christ. W. P. I

Educate Young Men for the Ministry

Gardenia, Ark.

. . .

There is in Petoskey an organization called The Loyal League of Christ, the object of which is to interest young people in temperance work, and along educational and social lines. It has done a great deal of good. I believe the amount of money in question could be worthily devoted to this cause.

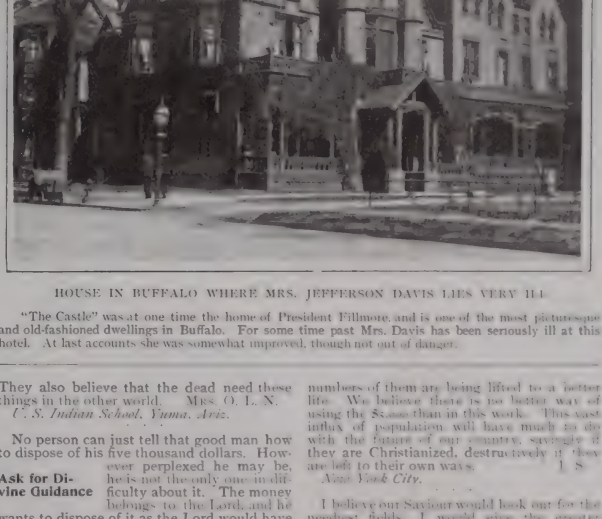
The Loyal League of Christ

Petoskey, Mich. W. G. McC.

. . .

An unusual number of immigrants are coming to the United States at this time. These people must be both Christianized and taught the principles of good citizenship. It is found that the very successful way of reaching them is through colportage such as the American Tract Society employs. They are visited in their homes and places of employment, and Christian literature in the language or dialect which they speak left among them. Those who cannot read are read to by those who can. Large

Gospelize the Immigrants



HOUSE IN BUFFALO WHERE MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS LIES VERY ILL

"The Castle" was at one time the home of President Fillmore, and is one of the most picturesque and old-fashioned dwellings in Buffalo. For some time past Mrs. Davis has been seriously ill at this hotel. At last accounts she was somewhat improved, though not out of danger.

They also believe that the dead need these things in the other world. MRS. O. L. N.

C. S. Indian School, Yuma, Ariz.

. . .

No person can just tell that good man how to dispose of his five thousand dollars. However perplexed he may be, he is not the only one in difficulty about it. The money belongs to the Lord, and he wants to dispose of it as the Lord would have him do. Then let him ask the Lord for wisdom and understanding how to dispose of it.

Ask for Divine Guidance

Shelburne, Ontario, Can. D. McM.

. . .

While at Northfield this last General Conference, I listened to the reading of some letters from parents to Mr. Moody, begging him to make room at the Mt. Hermon School for "my boy," and it was utterly impossible to comply with their requests on account of lack of room. This school equips men thoroughly for Christian work at home and in foreign fields, and it seems to me that the money could not be put to a better use than giving more room at Mt. Hermon. E. F. B.

Would Help Mt. Hermon School

Springfield, Mass

. . .

numbers of them are being lifted to a better life. We believe there is no better way of using the $5,000 than in this work. This vast influx of population will have much to do with the future of our country, savingly if they are Christianized, destructively if they are left to their own ways. I. S.

Help the Neediest Field

New York City.

. . .

I believe our Saviour would look out for the neediest fields. I would give the greater share to the neediest foreign fields of which I could learn a loyal, sister going to New York Foreigners' Mission. V. A. W.

Milford, Pa.

. . .

Almshouses for thrifty, industrious persons, who have saved enough for living expenses, but are dependent upon relatives for a home. Institutions out of town are heaped upon such, almost than not the lonely sort of their earnings is utilized prematurely, leaving them penniless in extreme old age. These are the "household of faith" should be the Christian's choice for aid of this kind. I have

Homes for the Deserving Christian Poor

. . .

A Seaside Home for Babies and Mothers

. . .

The Young, the Aged and Missions

. . .

Four-fifths to Foreign Missions

. . .

A Friend of the Tenement Children

. . .

A Plea for the Mountain Whites

. . .

To Build Ten Cottages for Lepers

. . .

Tenement Waifs and Rescue Work

. . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 868

COVERED SIN

DAVID'S JOY OVER FORGIVENESS

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR OCT. 25
PSALM 32

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT — "BLESSED IS HE WHOSE TRANSGRESSION IS FORGIVEN, WHOSE SIN IS COVERED." PSALM 32: 1

THIS psalm is divided by Professor Moulton into seven stanzas which represent seven stations of forgiveness. 1st. The blessedness of being forgiven, vs. 1, 2. 2d. Vain efforts at peace while the sin is self-covered, vs. 3, 4. 3d. Peace through confession and forgiveness, v. 5. 4th. David's experience brings hope to all, v. 6. 5th. One blessing of the forgiven is safety, v. 7. 6th. Another blessing is guidance, vs. 8, 9. 7th. An exhortation, vs. 10, 11.

I am a woman who has two illustrious brothers, one a priest and the other a lawgiver. I became associated with them in their responsibilities as a prophetess. The lawgiver was the prominent member of our trio. My other brother and myself became jealous of him, and we spoke against him to the people. Thereupon the Lord called us to account, and upon me he sent leprosy as a sore punishment because I was the leader in the evil speaking. I spent seven days in sorrow and repentance shut away with other lepers. The foul disease pictured my sin as it looked to God. Then I came to the joy of forgiveness and restoration. What is my name? Num. 12.

* * *

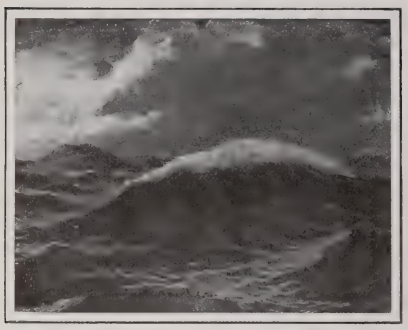
I am a woman who grievously sinned; but when I saw Jesus Christ and heard him talk, a desire to lead a pure life was awakened in my soul. One day I followed him into a house of feasting. I had carried with me a box of precious ointment that I might anoint his feet. Scornful looks were cast upon me by the guests at the feast as I knelt down at the feet of Jesus, and washed them with my tears, and wiped them with my long hair, and bathed them with the perfume. Simon, the master of the feast, had unkind thoughts about me, which Jesus knew without hearing them spoken, and rebuked him, by reminding him that he had done no such loving act for his guest. And then he told Simon that I loved much because much had been forgiven me. Luke 7: 37–50.

* * *

The joy of forgiveness came to me in the last hour of my life. Up to that time I had been a thief. I was suffering the death penalty for my sins, when repentance took hold on me, and I called upon the Lord Jesus Christ to save me, and he did. You can read my story in Luke 23: 39–43.

* * *

I was a man above thirty years old, when it was discovered to me that my life was wrong. I had been educated religiously as



"GREAT WATERS SHALL NOT COME NIGH UNTO HIM"

a Jew, and felt in duty bound to persecute the sect called Christians. But a voice from heaven, the voice of Jesus himself, called me to account. I had thought I was doing right in opposing Christ, but I saw at last that one may sin and yet be sincere, and I can now understand King David's prayer, "Cleanse thou me from hidden faults." To the end of my life I preached forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ. What is my name? Acts, chapter 9.

* * *

I belong to a nation gone wrong. We allowed the House of God to be closed, and so deserted did it become, that it was a safe hiding-place for those whose lives were hunted. (II. Kings 11: 2). We became a nation of drunkards. We had little or no regard for the Sabbath. We forsook the Lord our God and worshiped idols. For all these sins God permitted us to be taken captive and carried to far away lands, while our own good lands were laid waste. We had seventy years in which to repent and turn again to our God. Then came the joy of forgiveness and of going back to rebuild God's temple and our homes. Upwards of 42,000 of us returned richly laden with gifts of gold and silver and other precious things to aid us in carrying out our plans. What people are we? Ezra, chaps. 1, 2 and 3.

Application and Illustration

In the form of an Address to Children on Covered Sin

Blessed is he whose trangression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Psalm 32: 1.

Behind this hymn-book, I have written a story-book without words. You have seen blank note-books without words, but did you ever see a story-book without words? We say a great many things every day without words. When mother beckons with her hand, you know it means "Come," and I hope you always come promptly. And when father shakes his head, you know he means "No," and I hope you never act as if you thought it could be twisted into "Yes," by teasing. That would be dishonoring your father, which the Bible forbids.

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road, when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral, the minister said that the little boy was killed by a lie, which another boy told not with his tongue but with his finger.

It has been said that a slammed door is sometimes a "wooden oath." How many things the bells say! You know the meaning of the door bell, the church bell, the fire bell, and of many street bells! And the language of flags and of colors is yet more complete. In a mission for railway men in England, a card is given out containing these words:

> White for right, and red for wrong,
> And green for safety, and go along.

The story-book without words that I have tells in colors of a life. "Mother," said little Charlie, "Will Hardin says his mother writes books." "Does she?" said mother, and then she went on sewing. "Mother," said Charlie presently, "is it very hard to write a book?" "I don't know, I'm sure," said mother. "I'm going to write a book," said this small man in petticoats. Just then the door-bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back her little boy was sitting on her footstool, busily writing in a handsome book; but as he wrote with a slate-pencil it did not do the book any harm. "Now, mother," said her little boy, "I'm done my book." "No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not near done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a big, long one, full of beautiful

"BE GLAD IN THE LORD AND REJOICE"

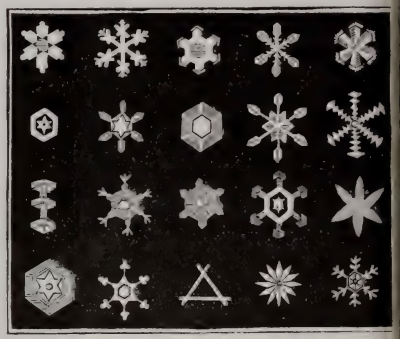
stories." "What is the name of my book?" he asked, coming close to her. "Its name is *Charlie's Life;* you can only write one page a day, and you must be very careful not to have any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page, but when you help mother, and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Teddy, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it." "And when will I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie. "When God sees that your book is long enough," answered mother, "he will send an angel to shut its covers, and put a clasp on it, until the great day when all our life-books shall be opened and read." Charlie sat very quiet awhile, and then said softly, "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white roses over her." "Yes," said his mother; "her life-book was just a little hymn of praise to God, its pages all clean and white, with no stains on them." Charlie looked up and saw two tear-drops fall on mother's work, but they were bright tears, and a bright smile came with them.

The leaves of the story-book without words, as you see, are all heart-shaped to signify it is the story of a heart. When I close this hymn-book can I read what is in it? Can anybody? Yes, God reads closed books and silent hearts. Jesus, the Son of God, told the woman of Samaria all the sins she thought hidden, and made her wish to have her sins really covered by forgiveness. The first outside cover page on our heart book is pure white, picturing childhood before any known sin has been done. Probably every child here has passed beyond that white chapter. I have asked children in great meetings in many countries, after time for solemn heart-searching, "Is there any boy or girl present that never said a naughty word, never did a naughty thing?" and only once were any hands raised, and the other children all felt the two who did in that one case raise their hands, did so not because they were good, but because they were not paying attention to the question.

The second and third heart pages of our book are black, picturing sin as it looks to God, and the "many sorrows that shall be to the wicked" (Psa. 32: 10; Isa. 64: 6; Rom. 3: 10; 5: 12). "Mother calls me good," said a young girl to her teacher, "and father calls me good, but I am not good. When I don't dare to say and do bad things, I think them and wish them. How can I be clean inside of me?" The next two pages of scarlet answer the question (Heb. 9: 11–28; I. Peter 1: 18, 19; Rev. 5: 9). When we turn to the red page the black is all under the red, the past is all under the blood. When we attempt to cover our sins we are miserable, in the fear they may be at any moment uncovered (Prov. 28: 13). A murderer who had escaped arrest for fifteen years was at last found and arrested, and declared his first night in prison the happiest he had spent in all that time, because he had been in constant fear that the sin he had covered would be uncovered. But when God has covered our sins with the cross on which Christ died for us there is a supreme joy such as David sang out in his psalm of forgiveness. Our sins are not merely covered—the record of them is blotted out.

"A boy ran to his mother one day after he had read the promise, 'I will blot out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions and he said: 'Mother, what does God mean when he says he will blot out my sins? What is he going to do with them? I can't see how God can really blot them out and put them away. What does it mean—blot out?' The mother, who always the best theologian for a child, said to the boy 'Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?' 'Yes,' he said. 'Well, show it to me.' He brought his slate to his mother, who, holding it in front of him, said, 'Where is what you wrote?' 'Oh!' he said, 'I rubbed it out.' 'Well, where is it?' 'Why, mother, I don't know.' 'But how could you put it away if it was really there?' 'Oh, mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and it is gone.' 'Well,' she said, 'that is what God meant when he said, I will blot out thy transgressions.'"

The next two heart pages are white, not the whiteness of innocence, but of cleansing from sin (II. Cor. 5: 21; Rom. 3: 21, 22; 10: 4). The red page covering the black may re



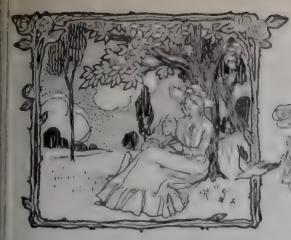
SNOW CRYSTALS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

present acquittal of the guilt of sin through the blood of him who died for us; but if one is only acquitted and the love of sin remains, he will go forth to sin again and again. Hence God gives us the double promise (I. John 1: 9). "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us"—that is what the white page signifies—cleansing from the very love of sin, such a change of heart that we love what God loves and hate what God hates. The next two heart pages are of gold, representing the joy of forgiveness and of faithfulness in this world, such as David sings in this thirty-second Psalm (Psa. 32: 11; Isa. 61: 10).

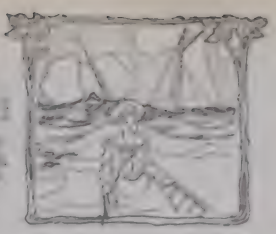
> If we believed, we should arise and sing,
> Dropping our burdens at his pierced feet;
> Sorrow would flee, and weariness take wing,
> Hard things grow fair, and bitter waters sweet.
>
> If we believed, what room for fear or care,
> Within his arms, safe sheltered on his breast?
> Peace for our pain and hope for our despair,
> Is what he meant who said: "I give thee rest."
>
> MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

The last outside cover heart page is of a heavenly blue. An earnest Christian worker was once traveling on a train, when he seized an opportunity to walk around among the passengers and distribute a pocketful of tracts. One of the passengers refused, and taking a race-card out of his pocket, held it up, saying: "you see this? That's my religion." "Is it, my friend?" "Yes," he replied. "I suppose you have a good many of those cards?" "Oh, yes, I have them pinned all over my mantel-piece." "Well, then, go and collect as many more as you can; pin them all around your room, and when the doctor tells you that you only have ten minutes to live, take them all down, count them over, and see what your religion is worth." They sat quiet, the one in silent prayer, the other in anxious thought. When the Christian man reached his station and had risen to leave the car, the man with the race-card said: "I say, you can give me one of those papers, if you will.

> Thou who badst the sinner cease
> From her tears and go in peace—
> Thou who to the dying thief
> Spoke pardon and relief—
> Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
> E'en to me the hope of heaven.
>
> *Stanley's "Dies Drae."*



Our Household Circle



By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Boy in his Teens

AMONG the perplexing questions which assail the mother at a certain point in the home history, the one at the top of this paragraph is most insistent. A lad between fifteen and eighteen has arrived at a place where his life is beset with difficulties. Transitions are proverbially embarrassing. When a boy resents being called "Master So-and-So," yet is not sufficiently grown up to be addressed as "Mister So-and-So," there are moments of awkwardness for all concerned. The tactful mother or sister knows how to smooth these away, and so does the well-bred young woman a few years older than the boy, who can talk to him on the subjects he likes, without obvious effort or offensive patronage, and who recognizes his dawning manhood and never wounds his self-esteem. No wonder that boys in their teens feel an almost worshipful adoration for girls a little older, and for beautiful women in their twenties. They are the only beings, their mothers excepted, who take the trouble to understand boys. Fathers, elder brothers, and men in general, either purposely or through heedlessness, snub the hobbledehoy, treat him with arrogance, and heedlessly ignore the fact that he is slipping the sheet of childhood and stepping forward to the levels where they already stand. This may be done from an instinct of self-preservation, for youth, though it now and then suffer repulse, carries the banner of conquest, and will bear all before it to-morrow. The man of to-day knows full well, that the boys who are coming on, are an advancing host, bound sooner or later to crowd him and his comrades from their places of vantage. Strangely enough, a father sometimes feels this, when he looks at his tall young sons.

. . .

But the mother never feels it. Not she. Her attitude toward her boys is one of pride, and she longs to let every friend see them as she does.

A boy in his teens is often shy and retiring, often clumsy, often ill at ease in society. He sidles out of the room when company enters. He goes off to the barn, or hangs about corners of the streets with his boy friends. Girls are alarming creatures, and he keeps out of their way. How shall he be coaxed from the diffidence and reserve that are his shield, and yet make him appear forbidding and awkward?

Certainly not by direct attacks upon the defects of his temperament, or the immaturity of his character.

A mother does well to accustom her boys to being her escorts when she goes out. Women are apt to be unwisely independent. They lose some very precious things by their lack of—shall we say, selfishness—by their failure to claim the courtesies due their sex. A mother, a sister, should never go out alone in the evening, when there is a son or a brother under the same roof. Even if such going forth be perfectly safe and proper, she should expect Joe or Frank to attend her. Gallantry is on the wane, because women in the home claim so little from boys and men who love them, and should wait upon them with knightly devotion, even in trifles.

. . .

If a mother take her young sons out with her, they will unconsciously learn the little ways of social grace. They will cease to be hobbledehoys, and become young gentlemen.

Next, let the anxious mother provide for her sons pleasant girl companions, encouraging a healthful intercourse, which never trends toward the dangerous ground of love. Young people ought to enjoy each other's society in the years that precede the twenties, without a single thought of anything except good comradeship. They should go together in groups, rather than by twos, and mothers have it in their power to forward agreeable acquaintance between their sons and daughters, and those of others, and to promote innocent merry-makings. Fun and frolic belong to youth, and laughter then "doeth good like a medicine."

The self-conscious, possibly timorous boy, has his counterpart and opposite in the self-conceited and over-aggressive lad, who often arouses antagonism through his positive air of knowing all that is to be known. With this type of character, strong and determined, and likely to make its mark in the future, the mother's province is to exercise a little gentle repression. This boy must be curbed, held back, restrained, lest his impetuous rush be misunderstood, or his eager actions result in some perplexing complication. The time is passing swiftly. A little later, his energy and resolution will enable him to take an important place among the workers, if not among the leaders of the community. Now, though he make large demands on maternal patience, mother must stand beside her boy, straighten out his tangles, and make friends for him on every side.

. . .

This is a home question; mothers cannot ignore it. What they are doing for the hobbledehoy, they are doing for the nation's best men, in a period that rapidly approaches on the wings of time.

DRAWING IN THE CATCH

The bread of the Sea, right hardy are we, but we toil in the mist and the foam;
And it's glad we are, when the morning star is lighting our pathway home.

Shall Children Talk at the Table?

I once knew a learned judge, who was dignity itself on the bench. Lawyers approached him with formal respect. Culprits trembled before him. But in his home, the children knew neither awe nor reverence. He had married late in life, and before the wonder and the joy of offspring, his defences went down like chaff before a whirlwind. The children chattered like magpies at the table, and their parents repeated their bright sayings and permitted themselves to be rudely interrupted without the semblance of a reproof. When Frank threw a potato across the table, hitting his little brother and making him cry, mammadid interpose, and sent Frank howling out of the room. This was exceptional. If these children ever grew up into decency and tolerable grace, it was in spite of training, not because of it.

I know another household, that of a gentle mother and placid father, who erred in another extreme. Their children sat at meals like mutes at a funeral. They answered questions under breath. Their little faces looked as if, in the slang of the day, they were "scared stiff." As for asking for more, like Oliver Twist, not one of the five ever dared to do it; they simply behaved with statuesque propriety and silence at the family table.

Is there not a golden mean? Are not children human beings? With certain limitations, may they not share in the family talk? Ought not this talk to prove an important part of their education? Says dear Robert Louis Stevenson, summing up the matter:

> A child should always say what's true
> And speak when he is spoken to,
> And behave mannerly at table.
> At least, so far as he is able."

Sunny Views for Other People

OVER and over again we are all told to act upon the excellent advice of Sydney Smith, and "look about us." Live in the sunshine, enjoy the good, be bright, be hopeful, be courageous, do your share to make the good conquer the wrong, until more of us are impressed with the importance of cultivating the sunshine. Let us go a step further and take sunny views of other people.

Who is not familiar with the well-bred [illegible] which is so frequent a [illegible] that it passes without attention in many circles. [illegible] of him? Did you say he was dying with consumption? I am glad to hear it, but it is sure not to [illegible] who will cover [illegible]. His [illegible] or if I am mistaken in them. I have a notion that there is something back of [illegible] just right," [illegible] the poet John is [illegible] the nonsense [illegible] the world, the criticism that stabs the absent.

. . .

Perhaps the possessor is asked by an anxious [illegible] whether she likes a new [illegible] or whether she [illegible] which has been [illegible] a lot of [illegible] and [illegible] "Well," she replies in a tone of [illegible] will fade, and isn't the [illegible] large for this [illegible] and why did you choose last year's [illegible] anyway?" As for the [illegible] though possessed of [illegible] it was [illegible] shudder, the disheartening laughter [illegible] a tragedy that [illegible] and [illegible] thaws in the new [illegible] to [illegible] to be a source of [illegible] complacency to the owner.

Sunny views for other people's troubles! Take them. If you please. They will make the dull brighter, they will add appreciably to getting on, they are ready a [illegible] gious duty.

. . .

The habit of criticism grows [illegible] indulged, till it becomes [illegible] able. This is one of the [illegible] boxes that spoil the [illegible] ing, beating, grating, [illegible] boxes, that [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] joy. They [illegible] sweet views for others, and [illegible] others are [illegible] Beware, by [illegible] metaphor, and spare no pains [illegible] them in the [illegible] bud. [illegible] tongues. Then think, [illegible] well of every one [illegible] they [illegible] the temptation [illegible] leave nothing but [illegible] gentleness for those they meet on the [illegible] of life.

Rules for Life and Conduct

An aged gentleman who was [illegible] on his twelfth birthday, Mr. Moir, of [illegible], N. J., [illegible] to [illegible] years ago [illegible] to his [illegible] a printed slip on which were set down in [illegible] sentences a series [illegible] rules for daily [illegible] He [illegible] had been [illegible] and been carried in the pocket of Mr. Stephen A. [illegible] years ago. Master of New York. They are of interest to young people of to-day, and a [illegible] is grateful to [illegible] with all before it that in age will [illegible] it. So here are the good rules cherished by [illegible] old man, published again:

FOR ALL YOUNG MEN

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.
If your hands ought to perform, your feet ought to [illegible] tion of your mind.
Always speak the truth. Make no promises.
Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any.
When you speak to a person look him in the face.
Good character is above all things else.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you, let his life be so that no one will believe him.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
Lose no [illegible] opportunity of [illegible] your fortune.
When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
Small and steady gains give competence, with tranquillity of mind.
Never play at any game for money.
Avoid [illegible] and [illegible] company.
Lose no time. Be always employed in something useful.
Live within a certain compass [illegible] and [illegible] against.
Never [illegible] a debt unless [illegible] a [illegible]
Do not [illegible] you are a [illegible]
Keep yourself [illegible] from [illegible] company.
Think [illegible] are going to [illegible] before [illegible] do it.
Read over the above [illegible] once [illegible] week.

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Student, Scranton, Pa. What were the Alabama claims often referred to as having initiated the practice of International Arbitration?

They arose out of the war. The Confederate cruiser *Alabama* was fitted out in England, and in spite of the warnings given by our minister to the British Government, that she was intended to prey on the marine of a Power with which that Government was at peace, the *Alabama* was permitted to sail from a British port. Our Government contended that this was a violation of International law. The question was submitted to a court of arbitration, composed of judges nominated by Italy, Switzerland and Brazil. Great Britain, under its sentence, paid damages amounting to nearly $16,000,000.

New Reader, Bloomfield, N. J. 1. What is sin? 2. Should we know that sin had entered the world if we had no Bible? If so, how? 3. Would the human family be happy, contented and prosperous, were it not for sin? 4. When, where and by whom is the word devil first mentioned in the Bible?

1. It is moral depravity or wickedness. Specifically a transgression of the divine command, either by disobedience or by omitting to fulfil the divine command. This may be in thought or word, and differs from crime in that it may not violate human law. 2. Not definitely, though there would be a consciousness of certain actions and words being wrong. The conscience in proportion to its enlightenment would reproach us, and we should see in the conduct of others the evidence of sin (see Romans 1:20; 2:15). The Apostle says that where there is no law there is yet a law written in the heart. 3. If there were no sin the chief cause of unhappiness would be removed, but even then there might be occasion for sorrow in the events of life. 4. The word "devil" does not occur in the Old Testament. Its first use is in Matt. 4:1, "Then was Jesus led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." There is, however, no doubt that he is referred to in Gen. 3:1 under the figure of the serpent, and elsewhere under other figures, and by other names as in Job 1:6, where he is called Satan.

John Blocher, of Franklin Grove, Ill. writes:

B. C. Unseld, New York:—I am now, and for many years have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and having been for many years a teacher of vocal music and choir leader, I have been much interested in your series of music lessons. I took my first lessons in vocal music fifty-five years ago. I was then a youth of fifteen. Our teacher was one of Lowell Mason's pupils, and in following your lessons thus far, I observe that you are giving your pupils about the same instructions I received fifty-five years ago. In those days, there were very few country churches in which there was an organ to lead the choir, as in the present age. Then persons who could not sing their parts at sight were not admitted into the choir. I note your illustration of a metronome in lesson No. 5, and am pleased to know that I have one person at least on my side, who believes in teaching pupils to keep regular time by practising with a metronome.

G. M. P., Ontario. Does the warning against the unpardonable sin (Mark 3:29, 30) apply to the thoughts and impulses, and the suggestions of Satan?

No, it would be a serious matter with many people if it did. The mind has often a morbid tendency to dwell on prohibitions until, by a singular perversity there is an impulse to do the very thing prohibited. That impulse is best overcome by some active service that will put an end to the morbid brooding. Try to do some work for another, or any good work that needs to be done. Your letter shows that you cannot have committed the unpardonable sin. If you had, you would probably be in no distress of mind, but would be indifferent. The wicked, malignant, and deliberate charge to which our Lord referred was a very different thing from the momentary impulse that you experienced. Ask God's forgiveness, which he will assuredly give, cease brooding, and by all means get to work.

C. R. J., Butte City, Mont. What is the meaning of the words prefixed to the first and every ninth verse of the 119th Psalm?

They are the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each passage is an acrostic in the original. The lines begin with the letter at the head of the passage.

C. E. K., Milwaukee, Wis., and many others. Does the soul of the departing Christian go straight to heaven, or does it remain with the body in the grave, until the resurrection?

In the absence of explicit statements in the Bible on the subject, we have to fall back on inferences, and, as it appears to us, all the inferences point to conscious existence after death and not to a sleep in the grave. Whether there is at first a full enjoyment of the glories of heaven, or whether there is an intermediate state in which the soul is gradually prepared in circumstances of felicity to enter the divine presence, has often been debated, without result. In The Parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 16:19-31), Jesus represents both the rich man and Lazarus as being alive and conscious, while the rich man's brothers were still living on the earth. Christ's promise to the thief (Luke 23:43) would have been meaningless, if he had promised him merely sleep in death. Paul evidently did not expect to sleep till the resurrection. He said (Phil. 1:23) that he desired to depart and be with Christ, which was far better. A man so active in service as he, would have had no desire to depart, if departing was merely going into unconsciousness. These and other passages, give ground for the belief that the soul of the Christian at death, enters into the joy of the Lord.

Reader, Milford, Pa. 1. In last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I saw a picture of a wee tenement maid. She looked a little untidy. Would it not be a good idea for your people to teach these young ones to keep their clothes in good order, and to make a good appearance before others? 2. Why do the Chinese wear such large, clumsy hats?

1. The tenement child in the picture is a type of thousands of others. That is how they are—at least, how many are—when we get them to Mont-Lawn; but there they are taught tidiness, and if their clothing be torn, it is mended neatly or replaced by something better. 2. Immemorial custom, we suppose.

L. I. B., Hemlock, Mich. 1. Are there not many passages in the Bible, such as Ex. 21:21, which endorse slavery? 2. Do not passages such as Prov. 31:6 sanction the drinking of wine? Why then do temperance advocates say that abstinence is a Christian's duty? 3. Do not the theories of how the world came into existence show the account in Genesis to be absurd?

1. The laws given by Moses to his people were not intended to be obligatory for all time. There were many things permitted to them, as Christ pointed out, which were not meant to be permanent (see Matt. 19:8). Slavery was one of these. 2. The sanction you mention is very qualified. If only those drank who were ready to perish, the custom would soon decrease. The evil of drinking has so greatly increased, and does so much mischief in our time, that Christians are bound by Bible principles to abstain as an example and encouragement to others. 3. They are mere theories, which have been changed repeatedly. They do not disprove the Bible statement, which is in no sense scientific. It may be that the writer intended simply to present a series of tableaux showing the various stages of preparation of the earth for human habitation, the first being long subsequent to the nebular stage to which you refer.

B. W. B. Willow Brook, Va. I would be glad to hear your opinion regarding a minister of the Gospel who practices hypnotism and fortune-telling.

We would regret to hear of a preacher of the Gospel who seriously took up such practices. We are disposed, however, to think there may be some mistake, and that some stray remark or incident may have resulted in misjudging the motive. It would be absurd, of course, for any preacher to expect his people to tolerate practices that are now the mainstay and source of revenue of a certain class of charlatans.

E. S. F., Portland Heights, Oreg. 1. Why did the Jews fear, as appears (John 11:48), that the Romans would take away their place and nation? Had not the Romans already done that? 2. What parts of the Passover ceremony are still observed by the Jews?

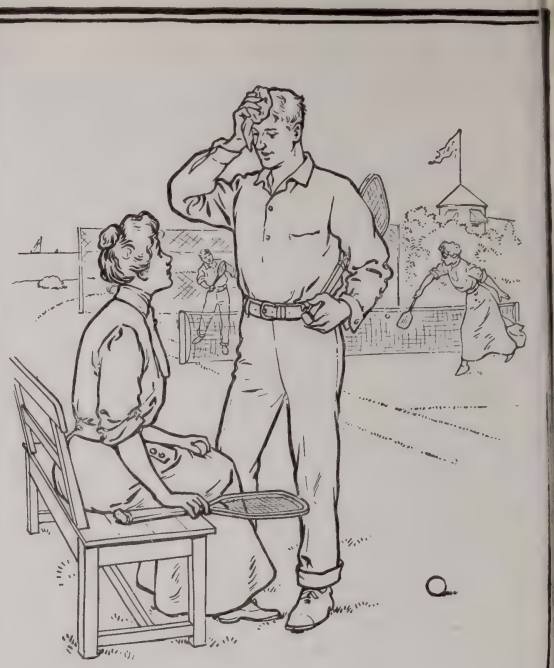
1. The Romans ruled the nation, but the nation was still there. The Jews dreaded the catastrophe which befel them about forty years later, when Jerusalem was taken by assault, and the temple burned, and the people scattered by Roman armies. Then the Romans did take away place and nation, and so it has been to this day. 2. There is the search for leaven, the solemn Passover repast eaten with herbs and unleavened bread; the lamb is represented by a part of a lamb, and the prescribed questions are asked by a son or daughter and are answered, as directed, by the father.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. S. L. R., Jacksonville, Fla. You probably mean the poet of Vallambrosa.

J. F., Galesburg, Ill. We never discuss politics, but will say that if a man will vote as he prays—for the best—he cannot vote amiss. A vote deliberately thrown away when it might be used to good purpose in supporting a good man, is a vote wasted.

Reader, Kinsman, O. The question implies the existence of a personal grievance against the person referred to. There is a possibility you may be mistaken. What was said may have been said in error, or through misunderstanding, or may have been misinterpreted by yourself. Don't nurse your grievance. We advise you to go to the other person and frankly state what you have in your heart and ask him to do his part to set the matter right. This we conceive to be the simple Christian duty under the circumstances.



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LESSON VII.

Divided Pulses.—The exercises thus far studied have contained no tones shorter an whole pulses, no notes faster than quarter notes. We are now to study exercises with two and four tones to a pulse, to divide the time of a pulse into half pulses d quarter pulses.

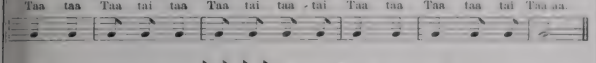
Illustration.—Set your metronome swinging, rather slowly (about thirty inches length of string should have been mentioned in Lesson V. that the longer the string the slower the movement), begin tapping and singing, one tone and one tap to each swing, singing the word "tap." Presently change the word "tap" into "tap ping," pronouncing the two syllables in equal time (one to each swing and tap. In doing this you will be singing two tones to the pulse, dividing the pulse into halves. Begin again with single pulses to "tap," then change to half-pulses with "tapping" and presently change to "tap a lap pa," the four syllables to be sung in equal time to each swing and tap. In doing this you will be singing four tones to the pulse, dividing the pulse into quarter pulses. Next try the illustration over, singing, "taa" to whole pulses, "taa-tai" to half pulses, and "ta fa te fe" to quarter pulses. Then again, singing "la" for a single tone to a swing, "la-la" for two tones and "la-la-la-la" for four tones to a swing or tap. Several repetitions of each will may be needed.

14.—With the quarter note, as the pulse note, whole pulse tones are represented by quarter notes, half pulse tones (two tones to a pulse), are represented by eighth notes, and quarter pulse tones (four tones to a pulse), by sixteenth notes.

If necessary, get a musical friend to play or sing the following exercises for you, and then try them yourself without help. Sing them, first to the time-names "taa," "taa-tai," etc., and then to *la*.

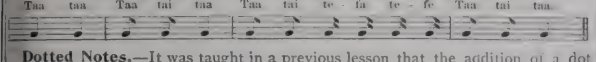
Ex. 35. Eighth notes (♪♪) represent two tones to a pulse.

Taa taa Taa tai taa Taa tai taa - tai Taa taa Taa taa tai Taa aa.



Ex. 36. Sixteenth notes (♬) represent four tones to a pulse.

Taa taa Taa tai taa Taa tai te - fa te - fe Taa tai taa.

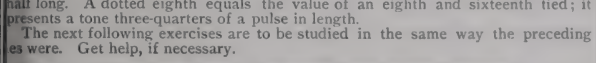


Dotted Notes.—It was taught in a previous lesson that the addition of a dot creases the value of a note one-half. A dotted half note is equal to a half and quarter note tied; it represents a tone three pulses long. A dotted quarter note uals the value of a quarter and an eigth note tied; it represents a tone a pulse and half long. A dotted eighth equals the value of an eighth and sixteenth tied; it presents a tone three-quarters of a pulse in length.

The next following exercises are to be studied in the same way the preceding es were. Get help, if necessary.

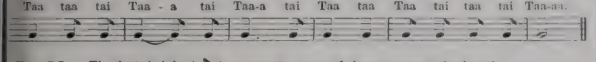
Ex. 37. The dotted quarter note (♩.) represents a tone a pulse and a half long.

Taa taa tai Taa - a tai Taa-a tai Taa taa Taa tai taa tai Taa-aa.



Ex. 38. The dotted eight (♪.) represents a tone of three quarter pulse length.

Taa tai taa te - fe Taa tai taa - e - fe Taa tai taa - efe Taa tai taa.



Rests.—A pulse, a part of a pulse, or several pulses may be passed in silence.

Illustration.—With your metronome swinging, begin tapping and singing in two-pulse measure, ging Taa taa, Taa taa, etc. Presently begin whispering the second taa of every two; then sing it mentally, merely *think* it. This will illustrate silences of one pulse. Begin again, singing on each pulse; esently drop out every other group of two, thus, Taa taa, *(taa taa)*, etc. This will illustrate silences two pulses.

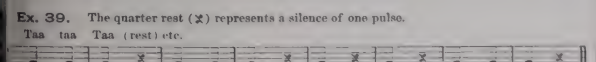
15.—Silences in music are called Rests. The characters that indicate silences e also called rests. Rests correspond in value with the notes from which they are med, each note having a rest representing the same time-length.

	Whole.	Half.	Quarter.	Eighth.	Sixteenth.
NOTES,	𝅝	𝅗𝅥	♩	♪	𝅘𝅥𝅯
RESTS.	𝄻	𝄼	𝄽	𝄾	𝄿

Practice the next two exercises with the aid of the metronome or tapping. Each ercise to be repeated several times. At first speak the word "rest"; then whisper and then *think* it.

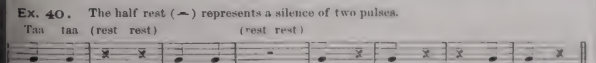
Ex. 39. The quarter rest (𝄽) represents a silence of one pulse.

Taa taa Taa (rest) etc.



Ex. 40. The half rest (𝄼) represents a silence of two pulses.

Taa taa (rest rest) (rest rest)



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Called Higher

Mrs. Elizabeth Early, an aged Christian and longe reader of this paper, passed away lately at the me of her daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Miller, in iladelphia. She had been an invalid for a numof years and was a great Bible reader. By her ole life, she set a beautiful Christian example to se around her.

Seldom is it given a servant of the Lord to pass mediately from service into glory, but such was experience of Rev. Dr. Cary Heslett Hansford nnell, a retired clergyman of the Congregational urch. Just after concluding a sermon from the st. Isaiah 7:4, "Take heed and be quiet," in the esbyterian Church, Chester, N. J., on Sunday rning, Sept. 6th, Dr. Pannell passed away in the pit, without a struggle. For a number of years had suffered from valvular heart trouble, and out four years ago was obliged to give up active storal labor, and had since resided in Flanders. was born in Virginia in 1833, and his widow, Miss Caroline Robinson Bladen of Philadelphia, also of a Virginia family, and three children—Rev. William Tillott Pannell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Flanders, N. J., Mrs. George Ellery Vanderbilt, New York City, and Miss Julia B. Pannell, Flanders, survive him. In 1864 he became a member of the National Telegraphic Union, N. Y., and was associated with Morse and others in the successful reading telegraphy by sound. He had been connected with many of the foremost periodicals of the day, both as editor and contributor, and had written many poems and songs, also a

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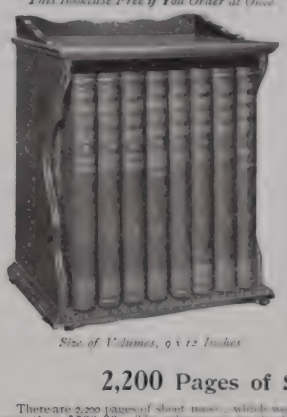

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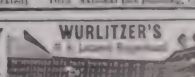

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. . .

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For a "Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn

There they see practical Christian religion, in being loved and cared for, and learn of Jesus' love. "On the children of the present day depends the future of our country." I think it an excellent investment to win the children for Jesus. Do it now, and go visit Mont-Lawn next summer and see them enjoy the services in the new Temple. Who can tell how many souls may be won for Jesus from these children, or how many parents they may win?
Brooklyn, N. Y. MRS. M. E. B.

. . .

Give it to help women get the ballot. If the ballot was placed in their hands it would more than treble the true

Help Women to the Ballot

Christian voters of this country. They, with the better class of men, would abolish the saloon, save the lives of 100,000 people annually, and the $1,300,000,000 spent each year for drink would go to gladden the hearts of the consumers, rather than doom them to endless damnation. The more true Christian voters there are in a country the safer, better, and more enduring the government.
Cedar Falls, Ia. J. M. J.

. . .

Devote your $5,000 to the missionary work of the American Sunday School Union. This work, with its house-

Plant Sunday Schools With the Gift

to-house visitation, its distribution of Bibles and religious literature, and its evangelistic services following the schools organized, reaches the most destitute places, inspires self-help, and lays the foundation for permanency where its need is greatest. It unites all Christians in the Master's work, and insures success in every community. At least 200 children would be brought under religious instruction each year through your gift. R. M. B.
Cumberland, Md.

. . .

It is my hope and prayer that you will present a good share of the money to the Fresh-Air Fund of THE

For the New York Waifs

CHRISTIAN HERALD. I think what is done for the poor children of this city will bear fruit a hundredfold in a few years.
New York City. M. E. M.

. . .

Among many other letters received by "Donor" may be mentioned the following: From Mrs. J. L. H., Weeping Water, Neb., in behalf of Weeping Water Academy; Reader, Flesherton, Ont., Can., in behalf of Pandita Ramabai's work in India; Mrs. L. W. S., Boelus, Neb., and others, in behalf of the Christian Home, Council Bluffs, Ia.; D. D., Yale, Mich., and several others advise "Donor" to ask for Divine guidance; Miss E. S. B., New York, in behalf of the Seamen's Christian Association; Miss A. A., New London, O., homes for the worthy poor; Mrs. H. L. B., West Pembroke, Me., in aid of a poor parsonage; Mrs. T. Jackson, Mich., in behalf of Rocky Beach Benevolent Society, of Lansing, Mich., and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, at Mont-Lawn; D. W. C., Jacksonville, Fla., in behalf of the Children's Home Society, of Florida; W. R. F., Central City, Neb., in behalf of literary and sociological pursuits; Miss G. S., Young Island, N. C., in behalf of Peniel Mission, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. G. C., Los Anmias, Colo., in behalf of M. E. Church of that place; Reader, Corning, Ia., for philanthropic work among tenement children; W. B. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., in behalf of the Boys' Rescue Work in that city; J. S. R., Cortland, N. Y., advises to spend the $5,000 for Bibles, to be distributed amongst American farmers; J. E. W., Jacksonville, Fla., in behalf of the Central City Mission, of the M. E. Church, South; C. R., West Salem, Ill., for a young student for the ministry; Mrs. R. J. J., Richmond, Va., to pay mortgage; W. R. W., Wriston-Salem, N. C., in behalf of Rutherford College, N. C.; Miss M. E. M., Worcester, Mass., in behalf of Industrial Orphan Home Work in India and Armenia; Mrs. R. H., Philadelphia, to build a cancer hospital in Philadelphia; R. E. C., Ottumwa, Ia., educate and consecrate one poor, deserving boy as a preacher of the Gospel; Reader, Duluth, Minn., in behalf of the Superior Street Mission, in Duluth; Mrs. E. B., Mont Alto, Pa., in behalf of a struggling church; G. W. S., Central City, Ia., in behalf of Parker College; Mrs. L. A., Ky., in behalf of American Bible Society and American Temperance Society; A. J. P., Grand Forks, N. D., for spelling reform; Miss E. B., West Somerville, Mass., to help poor widows; E. S. B., Utica, N. Y., general philanthropic work where most needed; E. C. B. H., Kenka Park, N. Y., in behalf of mission at Orissa, India; B. L. C., Verona, Pa., for the mothers and children of India; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. H., Mt. Pleasant, O., in behalf of aged ministers; M. C. J., Andover, Mass., for Humane Society work; L. T. R., Lagrange, N. C., in behalf of Home and Foreign Missions; Annie E. S., Mass, Pa., for India orphans; Miss S. A. S., Lansingburg, N. Y., for Bowery Mission, India orphans and home rescue work; Francis T., Eau Gallie, Fla., for rescue work among fallen men and women; Parker K., Zeonta, N. Y., for Home Missions; E. R. H., Chester, Vt., for a bureau for aiding elderly ladies; E. L. S., Utica, N. Y., for slum work; E. T. L., Englishtown, N. J., for famine relief; Tennie S., Bridgeport, Okla., for Francis Willard's Memorial, Chicago; L. B. C., New Brunswick, N. J., to aid country Sunday Schools; also from Mrs. A. P. S., New Dorchester, Mass.; O. McK., Thomastown, Ind.; M. A. H., Ravenna, O.; Mrs. S. J, Salem, N. C.; J. M. D., Brewton, Ala.; J. B. S., Harvard, Ills.; M. H. S., Kearney, Neb.; A. P. F., Chicago, Ills.; Reader, Minneapolis, Minn.; E. S., East Dowington, Pa.; Georgianna H., Hokes, Pa.; F. C. H., Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. D. W. C., Downsville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. C., Lewiston, Neb.; Eugenie C. M., Cody's, Va.; C. E. P., Auburn, Calif.; K. B., Newark, N. J.; Julia A. G., Swaledale, Ia.; Mrs. F. A. P., C. H. Subscriber; Mrs. P. J. Cordry, Concordia, Kans.; N. D. T., Diana, Tenn.; Mrs. W. A. S., Tacoma, Fla.; Mrs. N. J. P., Neff's Mills, Pa.; C. P. D., Buda, Ills.; L. M. P., Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. L., Meredith, Tex.; Subscriber, Galesburg, Ill.; J. P. Shannon, Kans.; Mrs. A. B. M., Kingston, N. J.; Mrs. H. H. S., Gulf, N. C.; A. E. D., Otterdale, Pa.; Every-day Toiler; W. J. P., Montreal, Que.; D. F., Salem Center, N. Y.; J. C. E., Brooklyn, Ia.; Mrs. S. R. J., O.; Mrs. J. R., Paterson, N. J.; W. F. R., Pa.; Mrs. J. A., Westerdahl, Minn.; A. W. D., Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. L. D., Bethlehem, Pa.; E. H. D., Ill.; Mrs. J. E. W., Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. H. E. B., Flattsburgh, N. Y.; C. H. W., Chicago, Ills.; E. J., Haley's Mill, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Brown, Canada; B. B. D., Ft. Spring, W. Va.; L. G. K., Cedar Mills, O.; Mrs. L. C., New Jersey; J. L. P., Pondville, Mass., L. C. B., Liberty Prairie, Ill.

Kishineff, After the Massacre

A BRESLAU journal publishes a letter from an American lady, Mrs. Richard Henry Savage, who has been to Kishineff on a visit to her daughter, who is married to the local Marshal of Nobility. The letter says that twenty-seven of the rioters have been condemned to terms of penal servitude ranging from two months to a year, and that forty-five are still awaiting their trial.

Mrs. Savage's daughter hid about forty fugitive Jews in the cellars of her residence, but the servants begged that the Jews might be turned adrift lest the mob should attack the house. No one in Kishineff doubts that the massacre was authorized. The massacre could easily have been prevented; one officer with three soldiers kept from thirty to forty rioters back. The general opinion in Kishineff is that the Government hopes by encouraging persecution of the Jews to divert the attention of the people from Nihilism and Socialism.

The report of the massacre sent to the Foreign Office by Mr. Bosanquet, the British Vice-Consul at Odessa, leads to the same conclusion, that the authorities were responsible for the massacres. The outrages ceased as soon as the Governor abandoned the passive attitude which he had assumed from the beginning. The continued toleration of articles in the local papers, which plainly incited the people of Kishineff to outrage upon the Jews, amounted to positive encouragement to violence. Neither the press censor, nor the editors of the local journals, appear to have been censured in any way for the events which ensued.

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Chinese Converts Baptized

Writing from Wuhu, China, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Missionary Z. C. Beals says:

Please accept my hearty thanks for the $10 just received from you. I will use this in the new district to spread the Gospel among those who have never heard it. I have just returned from Chao Hsien, the centre of this district. While there I baptized eleven persons—nine men and two women—in the Chao lake. To the outside natives it was a strange sight, indeed, as no one had ever been baptized in the lake before. This church, you will remember, was opened after the great flood a year and a half ago, but since then I have baptized there fifty-three people.

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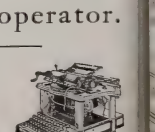

Found Christ in the Bowery Mission

A Memorable Service at the Old Mission — The Touching Story of the Conversion of J. E. Barrett

A MOST impressive service was held in the Bowery Mission, on a recent Sunday morning, in memory of one of the converts, Jabez Irwin Barrett, of London, England. The pathetic circumstances surrounding his departure from a life of struggle and suffering were well known on the Bowery, and a large crowd attended. A simple pillow of immortelles hung from the front of the organ bearing the inscription, "In Memoriam. J. E. B." The hymns sung were those

own to be favorites of the departed mrade, who was a musician of considera- skill, and who occasionally officiated as sistant organist. A solemn hush rested on the assembly, and many of the men re moved to tears. It was a sad and uching story that came out of the many ving testimonies, but brightened by the owledge that this prodigal—one of many ousands reclaimed through the instru- entality of this Mission—was now enjoy- g eternal freedom from sin, and safety m suffering in his Heavenly Father's me.

On May 11, 1902, Mr. Barrett yielded mself up to God in the Mission. He was reserved disposition, and seldom spoke iblicly, but lived a quietly useful life. r several months he stayed in the emorial House, and his love for Mr. rd, the Superintendent, and his associ- es there, was intense. In the spring of is year he found a position which neces- ated his leaving that home, and he was not seen in the Mission again. In June, the Superintendent of the Mission, Mr. Hallimond, on the day preceding his departure for England, received news that Mr. Barrett was lying in a hospital in Brooklyn, incurably consumptive. Mr. Hallimond hurried over the river, but the wrong address had been given, and he had to leave the country without seeing the dear, suffering boy. On arriving in London, Mr. Hallimond called immediately on the parents and acquainted them of the perilous condition of their son—their only child. At once arrangements were made for sending him home. A relative living in this country undertook to accompany him across the ocean. Meanwhile, fervent prayers ascended from the Bowery Mission that his life might be spared until he had seen his parents. The prayer was answered.

No sooner had the vessel swung up to the landing-stage at Liverpool, than the agonized father rushed up the gang-way and down into the state-room where they were preparing to carry the boy ashore. No words were spoken, except perhaps a gasping murmur from the father's trembling lips, "My poor boy!" There was an upward wistful look from the dying son's eyes; "a light never seen on land or sea" shone there, telling of an everlasting content and peace, that no sin or sorrow would disturb, and the soul had passed away.

At the Memorial Service, a letter was read from Mrs. Bird, telling of a visit she had paid Mr. Barrett in the hospital. "Almost the last words he said to me," wrote Mrs. Bird, "were, 'Tell Mr. Hallimond that I know my sins are all forgiven, and I am all ready to go. Tell him I owe it all to the Bowery Mission.'"

Some of the testimonies were very touching. One of his friends in the Memorial House, a doctor, told of Barrett's asking him on one occasion to make an examination of his lungs, and how, when the truth of his precarious state was revealed to him, he made the doctor promise not to tell any one, "especially his parents."

Mr. Card, the Superintendent of the Memorial Home, told of the utterly discouraged condition Barrett was in when he entered the Home, and what a great grief it was to him to realize how sadly he had disappointed his parents.

One after another, men rose to testify of some kindness they had received from this quiet and unostentatious man. One poor, sickly fellow, with a gaunt face and hollow cough, announced himself as a victim of the same fell disease that had carried off Mr. Barrett, and hearing of the service to be held, he had come for the purpose of relating how, just before going into the hospital, Barrett had secured for him the position he himself was leaving. "When I saw him last," the poor fellow said, "he shook me by the hand, and said, 'Good-bye, I'll never be able to work again, but I know I'm all right.'"

Mr. Hunt, one of the converts, rising to sing one of Mr. Barrett's solos, said, "Many a time, at his request, I've sung this hymn to him, when he would sob and cry like a child." No wonder. With a venomous disease gnawing at his heart, nervous and reticent by nature, shrinking from human society, and consequently much misunderstood, what wonder that his soul was stirred by the words his comrade sung.

He knows, He knows,
The storms that would my way oppose,
He knows, He knows,
And tempers every wind that blows.

After this, every one felt the sweet force of the extract from one of his letters that the Superintendent read.

"Although I am not often present at the meetings, and have but little to say, I am trying to live the life begun in the Mission on May 11th, 1902, and am not ashamed to be a Bowery Mission Convert."

Very touching indeed have been the letters received from the parents. The father has written the Superintendent: "How kind of you all to take up our burden, and what inexpressible comfort it brings to us to know that our dear boy was solaced by such love and sympathy. But for the knowledge of this, our broken hearts would be crushed."

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Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER VI.—Continued

"BUT do you know any temperance story that isn't harrowing?" asked Mr. Vernon. "In the nature of the case, anything the saloon has to do with is harrowing."

"But the saloon isn't in evidence yet, I suppose Douglas will see to that all right. Esther, I say you did finely. Your chapter is all right. But it most made me lose my appetite. How's yours, George?"

He needn't have asked, for George was giving account of two apple pies and the larger part of a yellow-legged chicken.

"It takes more than that to spoil my appetite, Mr. Edwards."

"I believe you, George. Fox's book of Martyrs wouldn't faze you any."

After lunch the audience, increased in numbers by some late arrivals, began to fill up the seats again. The theme of conversation was evidently the outcome of the story. When, after the singing and recitations, Mr. Sage announced, "Chapter two of the Temperance Story will be read by Mr. Frank Douglas, editor of the Colby *Beacon*," the vast crowd leaned forward, and there was a hush of expectancy on the part of every listener.

Douglas had risen and taken one step towards the front of the platform, when a sudden commotion began at his left, where the crowd had edged up so close to the platform that the young men were sitting on it with their feet dangling over.

A man struggled through the crowd, and getting up to the platform beckoned to Mr. Sage. He went over and leaned down to hear. Douglas waited. People began to stand up. A buzz of questions went over the audience.

Suddenly Mr. Sage stood straight up and exclaimed, "Jake Lawson is selling beer to the boys down on the creek. This is my farm, and Jake Lawson nor no other man is going to sell beer on my farm at this picnic if I know it. Stay right where you are. I don't need no help more than I've got. I'll be back in a few minutes. Let the children sing something. Don't read until I come back."

He jumped down from the platform and the crowd opened to let him through.

"Let's all go!" some one shouted.

"No!" Mr. Sage's voice rose like a wind storm. "Stay where you be! I can settle this alone!"

The crowd sat down again as the children began to sing.

Five minutes went by, and the chorus had started another piece, when suddenly there rang out, sharp and clear, two gunshots one quickly after another. The entire audience of over 4,000 people as one person rose to their feet, and in the tension of the momentary silence that followed another shot rang out.

CHAPTER VII

THE next five minutes in Sage's grove witnessed a scene that was not down on the programme, but it was the most thrilling of all the events of the day, as things "not on the programme" are very apt to be. Several hundred of the audience broke over the seats and rushed in an excited mob through the woods toward the sound of the gun-shots. The creek bank, which formed the natural amphitheatre on which Mr. Sage had placed his seats, rose up to a bare knoll of land which commanded a wide and unobstructed view of the farm in all directions, and before they knew just how they came to be impelled in that direction, Douglas, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Vernon, George, Quits, and a large crowd were climbing up to the top of the knoll. Some boy who had been sitting up in a tree before the shots were heard had yelled, "He's after him in a buggy! There they go!" pointing in the direction beyond the top of the knoll. The crowd had turned, and in the excitement the Colby party were swept up to the ridge of the bank with the rest.

Once there, the sight that met their eyes was, as George exclaimed, "worth more than a circus."

Across the prairie in full chase, Farmer Sage, in a buggy which he had pressed into service from a number down by the creek, was urging at the top of his speed an old white horse, and only a few rods in front Jake Lawson, of Jake's place in Colby, was lashing furiously a big black horse attached to a light wagon, in the rear of which the excited spectators could see several beer kegs bobbing about.

"It's white against black," Mr. Vernon remarked grimly.

"He's gaining on him! He's gaining!" Mr. Edwards exclaimed, in his excitement crushing Mrs. Edwards' hat into a shapeless mass between his hands. As the party had swept up the knoll, Mrs. Edwards' hat had fallen off and Mr. Edwards had picked it up. "It will get stepped on if you don't," he said when his wife told him not to stop for it.

"I don't believe he can catch him!" cried Douglas. "Ah!" the cry burst from a thousand people as they saw the saloonkeeper turn and deliberately aim a gun at his pursuer. There was a puff of smoke and a report rang over the prairie. Farmer Sage simply hit the old white horse with his lines (he had lost his whip at the start), and leaned forward a little more. His old felt hat fell off and dropped behind the buggy.

"He didn't hit anything!" said George, dancing up and down. "I wish I was inside that old plug of a horse. I'd make him move as if he had swallowed a barrel of red pepper!"

For the next half mile the race was nip and tuck. Pursuer and pursued were on the section road now, and there was no turning out. But at the end of a half mile Jake Lawson pulled his horse quickly over into a wide stretch of unfenced prairie, and lashing the animal into a gallop, started down a long swale, and for a few moments he was lost to view. Sage followed only a short distance behind, and he also disappeared from the sight of the crowd on the knoll.

Suddenly Lawson appeared on top of a swell of the prairie, still whipping his horse, and going at a hard gait. As he passed over the crest of the rise, the spectators saw one of the beer kegs bounce up into the air and out of the rear of the wagon. It struck the ground and began to roll down the swell. Farmer Sage appeared, but the white horse was winded, and had been reduced to a walk. The beer keg, gathering impetus as it rolled, struck the animal full on the shins, and down he went to inglorious defeat. The spectators on the knoll could see Farmer Sage jump from the buggy, and run to the head of the animal. He succeeded in getting him to his feet again, and then he picked up the beer keg and put it in the buggy, turned around, and slowly drove back. Jake Lawson was seen on top of the next rise, shaking his fist at the entire temperance picnic, before he disappeared in the direction of Colby.

The crowd rushed down the hill to meet Mr. Sage, who soon, drove up covered with dirt and perspiration but otherwise undisturbed. "I'll learn 'em to try to sell beer on my farm," he said as he lifted out the keg of beer and called for an ax. One was found in a buggy, and putting the keg down near the edge of the creek Mr. Sage smashed in the head, and the crowd cheered as the liquor ran down into the stream.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 870

"He didn't hit you any where did he?"

"Didn't come within two inches. He fired four times. If I couldn't shoot straighter than that I wouldn't carry a gun," said Farmer Sage contemptuously.

"There's a hole in your hat," said Mr. Edwards, winking at the crowd.

"What's another hole more or less? Come on now folks. Let's get back to the performance."

"Wonder what he calls what we've just been a gettin'," muttered George, who afterwards told Quits he hadn't had so much fun at a picnic since he couldn't remember when.

The crowd slowly recovered from the excitement and went back to the seats. In one sense the interruption was not a bad thing for Douglas. He had purposely made his chapter frankly local, and the appearance of Jake Lawson on the scene gave additional interest to the story of Andrew Miner and his Mother.

Mr. Sage started the chorus and had them sing for a few minutes until the audience had gathered. Then he introduced Douglas again, saying briefly, "I don't think we'll be interrupted again." Douglas opened his chapter with the scene in the lonely farmhouse, where Esther had left it.

* * * * * *

"Is Andy dead?—Don't tell me he is dead!" She put out her thin hands in a gesture of appeal towards her neighbor.

"No,—he ain't dead—" the man answered slowly. "But he—you know Jim Walker. Jim's been at Kelsey's now for two years. His father came in yesterday and told us he heard Jim had taken to drinking. And he was goin' in company with your boy. Bud Noble saw 'em both, in at Jake's place two weeks ago, playing billiards—"

"Is that all?" Asked Rod, after a pause. His mother was sitting bent over, her hands over her face and sobbing softly.

The neighbor shuffled his feet awkwardly.

"Noble said both boys had been drinking some. I thought you ought to know. 'Taint easy to bring bad news. I wish the whole liquor business was in perdition!" The man added with an energy that was unexpected, as his dull eyes glowed with the fire of some past experience in which the drink devil had had some part. And can you name a single family anywhere that has not at some time felt through relation, friend or acquaintance, the blasting touch of this world-wide pestilence?

"It seems to me the business is there already," replied Rod with bitterness. His mother still continued her sobbing, but she was not violent. The man rose to go.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Miner. Wish I could do something for you."

"You can't do nothing. You, nor God, nor nobody," she said in a muffled voice, without rising from her position.

The neighbor did not even say good night. He simply walked out, and Rod could hear his wagon rumble away across the prairie.

"Come, mother!" Rod spoke in a tone that sounded rough and hard. "You go to bed! It's no use to cry over Andy. He's chose his own course. Let him suffer for it. You nor I ain't to blame."

His mother raised her head. She put out her hand timidly and touched the boy on the arm.

"Rod, won't you go in town to-morrow and see Andy?"

"What good would that do?"

"But won't you, Rod? Tell him he's killing me. And he promised. Tell him about his father."

"He knows about father already."

"No, no he don't, Rod!" the mother spoke with shrill earnestness. "He thinks father was taken ill in Colby when we sent him in for the doctor. Remember, Rod, Andy was only nine years old then. Won't you go, Rod?"

"I'll go if you want me to just to please you. But I know now it won't do any good. Andy's got father's blood in him. Nothing that I can do now, nor you neither, can keep Andy from drinking."

"But may be God can," Mrs. Miner almost shrieked it.

"I doubt it," answered Rod bitterly. "I don't believe God cares. If he does, why don't he strike Jake Lawson dead?"

"Rod, you must not talk so. God is love. If he ain't love, we might as well all die and be done with it."

Rod did not answer. His moody spirit, crushed down under the stress of the lonesome life of hard toil he had known since a small child on that prairie farm, had little faith in a Power which seemed to his narrow and bitter experience to be more relentless force than Fatherly compassion. When he went to bed that night he had promised his mother again that he would go into Colby on the morrow, but he had no faith whatever that he could influence his brother or prevail on him to break the habit of drinking now that he had begun it.

Since Andrew had left home, Rod had slept downstairs next to his mother's room. This night he awoke and lay there wondering as he heard the clock in the sitting-room strike twelve. He was a sound sleeper and his waking was not natural. As he tried to sleep again, a voice in his mother's room startled him. It was deep and strong, unwavering and hard in its metallic rhythm. It set his senses at once on the alert and a fear tugged at his heart as he listened.

"O God, do you care anything for your children like me? If so, why have you made this wide lonesome prairie and made me live on it? If you love me, why have you killed my husband and my three pretty little ones? It must be cold and dark for them out there in the grove, nights. But, O God, if you really care, why don't you save my boy Andy? He is my baby, now the others are gone. I would save him if I could, but I'm not able. Won't you save him? He's young yet. Isn't he worth saving? Nobody don't care for him but me, but they ain't nursed him and cared for him after hard days' work the way I have. If you want to love anything the best way is to suffer for it. And I've suffered for that boy. I've sat up nights by his crib when I was so tired I couldn't keep awake without burning my arm with a knitting needle heated over the lamp. O God, why do you let your children suffer so? We must be pretty wicked all these years to get all this punishment. But it seems to me sometimes as if the wrong people are punished. Why don't you punish Jake Lawson some? He's making money and he seems happy. Why should my three little ones die because their father—— O God, don't let Andy go to hell! Save him from hell, O God! Send me there in his place! Only I want to see my little ones again. They are with you, hain't they. They hain't in the ground, are they? Tell me, God, they hain't in the ground. They were just beginning to play. They were such good company for me when their father and the boys were at work. And our nearest neighbor four miles away. O, God, I'm lonesome! I've no one to play with. And now you're going to send Andy to hell! And it seems only last night I heard him say:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

Dear Lord, if you keep track of all the prayers that's said won't you look the number of times he said that prayer, and if he goes bad now won't you credit him with his baby prayers, so much in his favor! O God save his soul, O God."

As in Andrews' case, Rod could bear no more. He threw a blanket around him and went out into the sitting room and knocked at his mother's door.

"Mother! mother! are you ill? Do you want anything?"

The voice instantly ceased, and after a moment Rod opend the door and went in.

"Are you ill, mother?"

"No," his mother spoke in her natural tone, but she was sobbing softly.

TO BE CONTINUED

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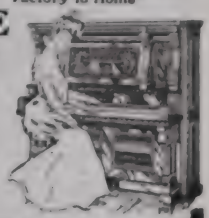

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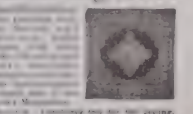

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CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS*

The Duty of the Christian Citizen of Insisting on the Integrity and Morality of Candidates.

WHILE civilization has changed the character of our social life, and while our circumstances and relations with one another and with the State have become more complicated with the passage of centuries, the fundamental principles of government remain the same as in the earliest ages. Moses had to insist as we have to-day, on impartiality in our courts and the strict administration of justice. There is no surer indication of the decline of a nation than the corruption of its judges. When men lose confidence in the courts the disintegration of society has begun. It is so in all departments of the government. Nothing breeds discontent and lawlessness more surely and more quickly than the realization in a community that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, or that the rights of the poor and the weak will not be protected by the government against the assaults of the rich and powerful.

At this season of the year, when the elections are approaching, this fundamental principle needs to be remembered. Our system of government affords peculiar opportunities for ignoring it. While our system is undoubtedly the best ever organized, it demands, as our political orators often tell us, constant vigilance. The political parties have debts to pay and obligations to fulfil, and they are liable to fulfil them by nominating for office men unfit for their duties. The shrewd lawyer, whose brilliant speeches have time and again helped to win victory for his party, must be compensated, and though his character may be bad, he is liable to be nominated for some responsible office, in which he has at his mercy the property and interests of his fellow-citizens. Every man feels reluctant to sever his connection with his political party. Only urgent need will induce him to do so. But when an unfit man is nominated, when a man of bad character is on the party ticket, the duty of scratching his name is imperative. It is the only way, though it is often painful. But if it is done firmly, the parties learn the lesson and take better care in future in making nominations. Already one such lesson has been taught, but it needs to be repeated in every State and city in order that it may be well learned.

*Topic of the Epworth League for October 25. Deut. 1:17; II. Sam. 23:3; Ps. 2:10.

A Missionary Family

THE influence of heredity has an interesting illustration in the family of the Humes, two eminent members of which have, as our readers will remember, rendered conspicuous and valuable service in administering the funds sent through this journal for the relief of the famine-sufferers in India. Rev. E. S. Hume, of Bombay, and his brother, Dr. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, are both eminent missionaries, and are not only preaching the Gospel to large numbers of the natives of India, but are at the head of institutions which are educating children and young people for Christian life among their people. It is an arduous duty, and one demanding self-sacrifice in no common degree. It involves expatriation, and absence from friends and tender associations and from all that makes life pleasant and enjoyable. None know that better than the families of the missionaries, yet the spirit that prompted the fathers to undertake the work and sustains them in it has developed in the children, so that the law of heredity, the effects of which criminologists so deeply deplore, has its beneficent side, and the church is reaping the benefit of it.

We learn from a recent letter, that the eldest son of Rev. E. S. Hume is now preparing for medical missionary work in India, and that three of Dr. R. A. Hume's family are also preparing to tread in their father's steps. His eldest son, who graduated at Yale with the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, is now in his senior year in Union Theological Seminary, preparing for missionary work. His eldest sister, Miss Ruth P. Hume, who holds the diploma of Doctor of Medicine, is to leave America next month to take charge of a Woman's Hospital at Ahmednagar. Her sister, Miss Hannah Hume, is a graduate of Wellesley, and president of her class. She is about to marry Rev. T. S. Lee, who is going to India as a missionary and will herself take active part in missionary work. We heartily congratulate the representatives of both generations, and are glad that a name so honored in missionary annals will have new life and multiplied representation in the service of Christ in future years.

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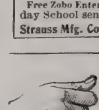

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The Spiritual Mountain-Tops

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 866

Shenir, or the mountain of light. The word Shenir means a lantern or a light, and it fitly represents the higher light which comes, not merely from the Scriptures, but from the Spirit who inspired them, and who still comes to us to illumine them. Like the two silver trumpets of the wilderness, the Word and the Spirit always go together in the revelation of the will of God to his people. Let this mountain side be dedicated to the Holy Ghost, where he shall ever be recognized, honored, and welcomed. Then shall we dwell on high, and in his light look out out over all earth's darkness, and sorrow, and walk in the light of his coming, and in some little measure shall be fulfilled to us even here the glorious prophecy that yet waits a larger fulfilment. "It shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established upon the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and people shall flow unto it. Oh, the house of Jacob, come ye and let us walk in the house of the Lord."

Hermon or the mount of Transfiguration. Midway in the Master's life, just a little before the garden and the cross, he was taken up to the heights of Hermon and thence looked out over the dark valley just before him and went down into its toils and trials in the glorious light of that hour of rapture, and that entered hope of which it is a foretaste. He needed that transfiguration to prepare him for the dark journey before him, and they needed it to prepare them for the trials which were to come to them through his death and departure. And so along life's way there are places where we need to go up into an exceeding high mountain, and by the power of his glory and the power of his coming enter into the spirit of that millennial vision. We are going out from this place to trials and testings, and we shall need the transfiguration hour. Let us enter into it and let us look from it over all the rest of the way. He is saying to some of us this morning, "Come with me from Hermon."

Oh, how little seems life's sorrow
In the light of heaven's to-morrow
While we are looking over.
Over all life's finished story,
Over to the coming glory
I am looking over.

The lions' dens and the mountains of the leopards, or the heights of victory over difficulty and trial. This is the climax of the vision to look from the place where the devil threatened to devour us and the adversary seemed for a while to triumph; but standing with God on the neck of conquered difficulties and looking over the heads of the obstacles that have obstructed our way, we can say with Samson, "Out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness," and "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree and instead of the brier the myrtle," and our very trials shall be to the Lord for a name and to us for an everlasting sign of the all-sufficiency of his grace. God give us these mountain heights, the heights of conquered lions and captive leopards—difficulties that have turned to blessings, and stumbling stones that have become Ebenezers of praise!

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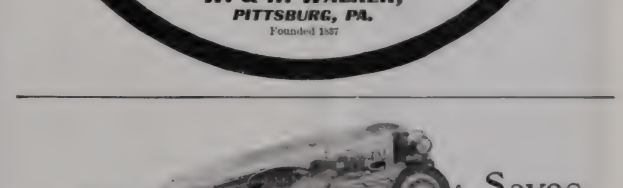

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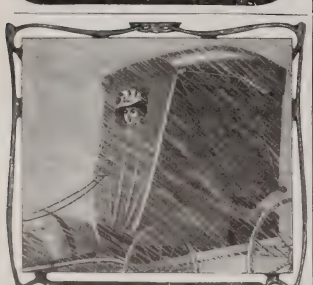

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SIN FORGIVEN

How Christ's Suffering Atones for Sin Long Past

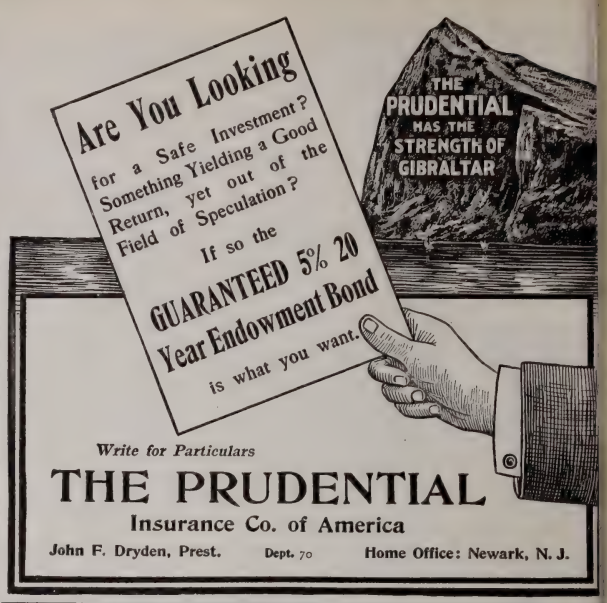
By Mrs. M. Baxter

OUR Lord said to the Jews (John 8: 56): "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day and he saw it, and was glad." Did not David also see the day of Christ? Paul says of him (Rom. 4: 6, R. V.): "David also pronounceth blessing upon the man unto whom God reckoneth righteousness apart from works, saying, 'Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.'" How could David have been willing to escape the penalty of death which was his due for the sins of adultery and murder, if he had not understood how, in the sacrifice of the coming Messiah, God could "be just and the justifier of him that believeth"? He could have been no true king who would enforce the penalty of the law on others and presume on his own position as king to escape it himself. But God, who gave the sixth and seventh Commandments, had himself decided, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die" (II. Sam. 12: 13).

But how did God put it away? David, the grievous sinner, writes: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile" (Ps. 32: 1, 2). "Unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." How can it be possible that God can see sin committed, his own holy law broken, and yet fail to impute that sin to the sinner? This is the great, wondrous secret of the Gospel. On the great day of atonement, Aaron must take of the congregation of the children of Israel two kids of the goats for a sin-offering. Both of them must be presented before the Lord, and then lots must be cast upon them, one for the Lord, which must be slain for a sin-offering, the blood of which must be brought within the veil, and be sprinkled before the mercyseat, and upon the mercyseat, and then upon the altar of burnt-offering to cleanse it. And then "Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions, in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by a fit man into the wilderness. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited. And he shall let go the goat into the wilderness" (Lev. 16: 5-22).

But could God really transfer the actual sins of his people, which were committed against him, to this innocent animal? Scripture answers: "In those sacrifices there is a remembrance again made of sins every year. For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins" (Heb. 10: 3, 4). The law was but a shadow of good things to come (Heb. 10: 1), but Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, can and does "purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God" (Heb. 9: 14). David had learned the great lesson that he was born in sin, and that in his own nature was no good thing. He must have the reality of that of which the scapegoat, on the day of atonement, was but the shadow. He believed God when he said through Nathan, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin"—not forgiven thy sin, as though to make David an exception to the law which, as king, he must enforce with others. God did not ignore his sin, and David all his life long had to suffer its consequences.

But that did not in any measure put away his sin. It was imputed, righteously and justly imputed, to another, who undertook to be responsible for it. In some way David must have understood what we are taught in Rom. 3: 4. He must have understood how, by works of laws (Rom. 3: 20, R.V., marg.), shall no flesh be justified in God's sight. How "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," and how the only way left for guilty man is to be "justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." The scapegoat was a picture, but only a picture of a tremendous reality. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him" —whom he hath set forth to be a propitiation—"the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53: 6).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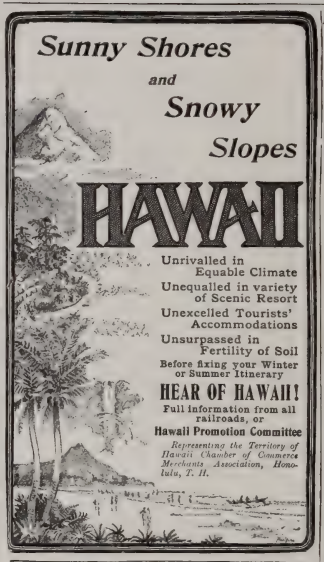
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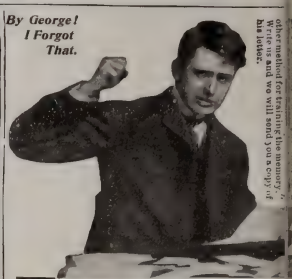

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The Apostle enjoined giving as a duty. Those who have the Gospel and are indebted to it for their greatest happiness, ought to furnish the means of sending it to others. "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" is a question the minister has a right to put to every member of his flock. Some owe to him deliverance from a sinful life, from degradation, from sorrow and shame. How much do such owe? All Christians owe him their cheer in trial, their comfort in bereavement, and their hope of heaven. How much is all that worth? We cannot show our gratitude to him personally, as could those who entertained him while on earth; but he has left us representatives of himself, and has explicitly told us that every service rendered to them will be counted by him as services rendered to himself. We, therefore, acknowledge our indebtedness and know how it can be liquidated.

But the Apostle does not leave the appeal on the basis of duty alone. He promises reward. The promise is abundantly fulfilled. It is a well-known fact which anyone can verify by surveying the list of his own friends, that those who give most freely and generously are those who prosper most. God sees that they can be trusted with wealth, and he gives it to them. The liberal soul in our day, as in those early times, is made fat. He who gives freely and cheerfully is blessed in his own soul, he is a blessing to others, and God honors him by increasing his power and means of giving.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 25. II. Cor. 7:6-11; 8:23, 24.

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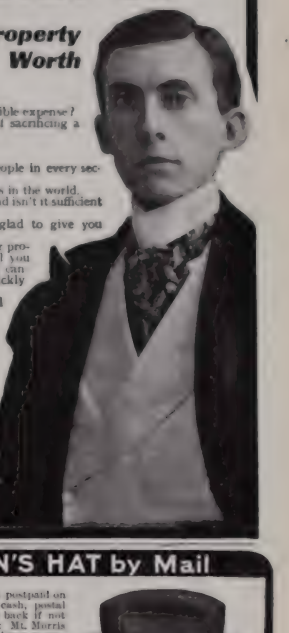

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I WISH I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to induce every woman who sees this advertisement to at least write me. After twelve years of personal experience in teaching physical culture, and a little over one year of teaching by mail, I can truthfully say that I have had as good results from mail instructions as from personal work; my mail pupil learns self-reliance and thus gets a mental as well as a physical response.

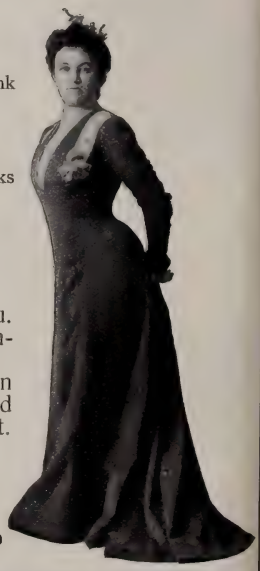
My work is not merely physical *exercise*. We women do not want large muscle—we want perfect strength of every vital organ of the body and that vibrant life, born of a healthful spirit, which Emerson calls "The ecstasy of life," as well as symmetrical outlines, perfect proportions, and an easy, graceful, dignified bearing which bespeaks culture and refinement.

The knowledge of the help that my pupils have received, as shown by their daily letters, is a perfect delight to me. I have never trusted a pupil to an assistant, and it is to this personal attention that I attribute my success. It takes a woman to understand a woman.

If your vitality is at a low ebb, if you are troubled with any of the so-called chronic ailments—if you are nervous, sleepless, or your system is not eliminating all impurities; if your circulation is at a low ebb; if you need to learn to breathe; if you are *overly large* and wish to be *reduced* (and increase your vitality in reducing); if you are *thin* and want to put on flesh—you can do so by no better means than a course in scientific *culture*. The experience of hundreds of my pupils would bear me out in this.

My pupils speak more definitely and more strongly for my work than I can myself. I receive extracts like the following daily:

"I weigh 40¼ lbs. less, and I cannot begin to tell you how much stronger I am."
"The quivering, fluttering sensation in my **heart** is gone and the **neuralgia** greatly decreased."
"My **kidneys** are much better."
"I wish that women would **wake up** and see what can be done for them."
"This week I have not been troubled with **biliousness.** I am beginning to think that the age of miracles has not passed."
"My **stomach** does not trouble me at all now; I can **eat anything.**"
"My entire body feels so comfortable after all these years of utter weakness."
"Just think of it! to be relieved from constipation! Entirely free after having it for thirty years."
"You have benefited me greatly, noticeably in the straightening of the lateral **curvature** in my **spine.**"
"The **rheumatism** has disappeared and I **sleep** such a **restful sleep.**"
"I have grown from a nervous wreck into a state of **good, quiet** nerves."
"My **mind** is much clearer and my **memory** is much better."
"I feel so well and my **color** is so good."
"My **eyes** are stronger and I have taken off my glasses."
"The pain in the **top** and **back** of my **head** is entirely gone, and just think that it had been there almost all the time for three years."
"My weight has increased thirty pounds."
"My **bust** has **increased 2 inches** in the past three months."
"I am delighted with the effect of the exercises upon my **catarrh.**"
"I have tried your treatment for **colds** a couple of times and find it works like a charm."
"My **circulation** is good and I sleep well."
"The **improvement in my figure** is very gratifying to me."
"I can never thank you enough for opening a **higher aim of life** for me."
"I now feel **cheerful,** happy, and so refreshed every morning."



If you will tell me your difficulties, I will tell you frankly whether I can help you. I have no wish to take pupils whom I cannot help. Were it not that pupils are finishing their courses daily, I could take no new ones.

If you wish, I will furnish you with names and addresses of women who have been helped and who have given me permission to use their names. For ten cents I will send you a little booklet, showing you the correct outlines of the body in poise and movement.

SUSANNA COCROFT,

DEPARTMENT 251 **57 Washington St., Chicago**

NOTE.—Miss Cocroft is President of the Extension work in physical culture. This position has given her a wide experience in personal work.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 42. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

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PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENT W. F. MORGAN (1) AND SECRETARY H. D. DICKSON (2)

SEE PAGE 801

The Splendid New Building of the Young Men's Christian Association, New York

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Many additional letters to "Donor" have been received. These have been forwarded, and will, doubtless, be read with interest. We desire to thank the very large number of friends who have expressed in these letters on this subject, the kindest thoughts of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its work.

I. H. P., Troy, N. Y. In THE MAIL BAG for September 23 the question is asked: "Is a person ever justified in telling a falsehood?" The answer is in the negative, I have the impression that you may be mistaken. I would call your attention to two instances, viz.: 1. A spy in time of war endeavoring to find out the strength and plans of the enemy. 2. A detective endeavoring to ferret out crime and arrest criminals.

The purport of the above letter is, that in certain circumstances, which may arise in anyone's experience, falsehood or dissimulation or deception, is justifiable, and indispensable to success. We do not believe this to be true. Success in the worldly sense is often failure, when judged by spiritual standards. If we are living and moving on a high spiritual plane, falsehood will be intolerable and wholly needless. Our aims and purposes will then be pure and good, and it is clearly illogical to suppose that to obtain good results it could ever be necessary to resort to evil. God is truth, and we should all strive and pray to be like him in whom there is no falsehood or shadow of turning (see Col. 3:9; Titus 1:2; Rev. 21:8, and many similar passages).

Subscriber, Philadelphia, Pa. If a man and woman truly love each other, and if enemies, through envy and jealousy, defame the man's character, should not such an attack make them more persistent and true to each other?

If the attack be, as you say, groundless and merely malicious, yes; lest, however, it should have some foundation, it might be wise to investigate.

I. C., Earlville, Ia. What were the gains in membership last year in this country in the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational bodies?

The Presbyterians added 30,000 to their membership in the United States. This includes Northern, Southern and Reformed. The Methodist Episcopal gain in the United States was 35,384, and in the world about 50,000. The total gains in the United States of the whole Methodist family of seventeen branches, including African, Primitive, Wesleyan, etc., was 98,184. The Baptists thirteen branches, 48,654. The Congregationalists gained 13,330. The Methodists are at the head of the Protestant denominations in this country in point of numbers, with 6,084,755 communicants. The Baptists come next with 4,629,487.

Mrs. L. McC., Ethel, La. Will you kindly inform me what is the object of the Mormons traveling by foot all over the universe?

It is their method of making propaganda and of winning new adherents to their church and creed. The Mormon church sends out many hundreds of its emissaries for this purpose every year.

Reader, Oakville, Ont., Can. 1. What parts of the world have not as yet been entered by Christian missionaries? 2. In what parts are missionaries most needed? 3. What kind—preachers or physicians?

1. Tibet, and probably some remote parts of Africa, are about the only large unevangelized territories. 2. In the parts named, also in China, Korea, Japan and Central Asia. 3. Both preachers and medical missionaries. The latter find easier entrance.

Citizen, St. Paul, Minn. How many immigrants have reached our shores within the last twelve months? What nationalities preponderate?

In the year ending June, 1903, there were 921,315 arrivals, or 275,000 more than in the preceding year. Italy sent nearly one-fourth, or 230,000: Austro-Hungary, 206,000, and Russia, 136,000.

A. L. S., Fayetteville, Tenn. Is one who is a professing Christian, justified in hauling or selling to distillery, apples to be made into intoxicating drinks, when there is no other market for the fruit that is shed from the trees before gathering season?

We take the broad view that the whole liquor traffic is vile, uncivilized, degrading, crime-producing, and totally unfit for any respectable law-abiding person to be connected with, however remotely. A conscientious Christian would no more devote his orchard to the traffic than he would devote his wheat or corn or his bank account.

H. B. A., Hempstead, N. Y. Where can I find the quotation, "The land where it is always afternoon?"

You will find it in Tennyson's poem, "The Lotos-Eaters."

Here is a bright and novel suggestion from Mrs. L. G. H., Shingle House, Pa.:

How would your readers like to form a "Penny-a-day Missionary Club?" I began, on my last birthday, to save one cent each day to give directly to missionary work, and more when I had any special calls. That would be $3.65 per year at least, which is more than many people give annually, because they have no established rule. I believe many Sunday School children would join the club. They could often save a penny a day from the confectionery store.

Chaplain Munro, of the New York City Prison, desires us to acknowledge receipt of $2 from a Christian lady of California toward the purchase of an organ for services in Ludlow street jail. The organ will cost about $30. Any help from other readers will be gratefully appreciated.

J. M., Nashville. How did the flood of October 8, 9, in the Eastern States, compare with our Mississippi river floods? Give us the figures.

During the great rain-storm of October 8, the total rainfall in New York City was 10.04 inches, equal to a weight (estimated) of 240,595,668 tons. All railroads within a radius of 100 miles were blocked by washouts, and business in the cities was partially suspended. Much property was destroyed, and at least eight persons are known to have perished. There is no basis for comparison with the Mississippi floods, which affect a far more widely extended territory with a comparatively sparse population.

In the matter of Sunday School attendance, the record of J. A. Medoger, Jacobs Creek, Pa., is a unique one:

I have gone to Sunday School 456 Sundays without missing a Sunday, and have walked over 2,150 miles. I went 350 Sundays that I had to walk nearly five miles, and 106 four and a-half miles, and I expect to continue. If God favors me in the future as he has in the past, I expect to double the number without a break. I have also read the Bible over 3,000 days and only missed one day, and expect to read it every day as long as I live. I have given away quite a sum in presents, but I believe THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its premiums is the best I ever gave to any one for a present. I have some valuable CHRISTIAN HERALD presents and expect to add another one this winter

A PASTOR SUPERINTENDING THE BUILDING OF HIS OWN CHURCH

Not many pastors would have spent their summer vacation as the Rev. R. H Fife, of Kansas City, Mo., did this year. Pastor Fife is the spiritual shepherd of the Westport Church, in the residential part of the city. As the slow progress made on the new church building did not satisfy Mr. Fife, he decided to supervise the work personally. Accordingly he donned overalls, and, trowel in hand, took active part in the work for several months. It is said that nearly every stone in the edifice was either placed in position by the pastor's own hands or under his order. He worked as hard as any of the craftsmen about him, and his two sons were among his active helpers. Our photograph shows the pastor (X) standing, trowel in hand on the roof of his new church.

May God ever bless the Editor, Dr. Klopsch, for what he has done for our nation, by giving us such a paper as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Rev. M. B. Sheppard, of the struggling A. M. E. Church, Kingston, N. Y., mention of which was recently made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes: "Our work is advancing slowly for lack of means." This little congregation is making a heroic effort to build itself a church home and outside help will be appreciated.

P. A. S., Chicago, Ill. 1. Was Saint Peter married, and is there any positive information in the Bible or elsewhere on this point? 2. Also, where was the first church established?

1. Yes, he was married. See Matt. 8:14-17 and parallel passages. It is generally believed that he was married in early life to Perpetua, who accompanied him on his apostolic journeys. Ancient traditions, mentioned by Clement, of Alexandria, and some other early writers, state that Perpetua bore Peter a daughter, and perhaps other children, and that she suffered martyrdom. 2. Although the first meetings were held by the disciples and their following in Jerusalem, the first Christian church, so-called, was established in Antioch.

Wm. A. D., Denver, Col. Does it not seem, in view of what is now taking place throughout the world, that the human race is getting farther and farther away from God, and harking back to barbarism? Civilization, so-called, doesn't help it a bit. Look at Russia killing and torturing Jews and whipping Armenians to baptism, "in the name of God." Look at the Turk triumphing over the combined Powers, and butchering the Macedonians until he has made their land a shambles. Look at generally well-behaved Wales, now indulging in Jew-baiting. See how France has brutally thrust out its religious Orders. See Christian Germany upholding and applauding the bastly Turk. See England planning to smash Tibet, and grab that ancient territory which has been interfering with nobody. Look at ourselves, given over to gambling, lynching, bribes and the oppression of the poor. Where does Christianity come in? In what sense can you say that the world is growing better? To me it seems to be going to the dogs.

The situation is undoubtedly discouraging, but we may be quite sure that God rules, and that in the end the wisdom of his rule will be justified. We wonder that he does not interfere and summarily put an end to such outrages as those you enumerate, but that has never been his way. The Governments have to learn by painful experience that they cannot commit injustice or oppression without suffering for it. Witness Turkey, whose fairest provinces have been snatched away from it. empire. They are slow to learn, but learn they will in the end. It is God's way to let men learn by their own suffering the evil of sin. There is "a remnant" as the ancient prophets called it, of good men in every age working for righteousness. That remnant is steadily increasing in numbers, and in the end will attain control. You must have patience, as God has patience, and never lose faith in the promise that the time is coming when Christ shall rule the world in righteousness, and all nations will serve him.

Emma L., Passaic, N. J. Is there any foundation for the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, so familiar to our childhood?

Verstegan, in a volume entitled, "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" (1634), relates that Hulberstadt, in Germany, was infested with rats, which a certain musician "called from his garments the Pyed Piper," agreed for payment to destroy. He did so; payment was refused, and he attracted all the children to the hill of Hamelen, near-by, where they were swallowed up. Many believed the story, and it was even affirmed that the event took place on July 22, 1376. If there ever was any foundation for it, however, it has probably been greatly exaggerated, so that its present form may be regarded as largely mythical, like "Blue Beard," and Whittington's cat.

Jessie L., Harlem N., Y. What King, while wooing a princess, threw her in the mud?

The incident referred to, is probably the wooing by William the Conqueror of Princess Matilda, as described in the *Chronicle of Ingerbe*—a somewhat dubious authority. The writer declares that William waylaid Matilda in the Bruges streets, "seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her gown, struck her, and then rode off at full speed." This apparently convinced Matilda of the sincerity of his attachment, suggests the chronicler, for she consented to become his wife. Another historian intimates that she accepted him, because she was probably afraid of a second encounter like the first.

Miscellaneous Questions

Reader, Forestville, N. Y. New York City is sufficient address.

J. S. B., Lititz, Pa. Write to Librarian of Congress for all information.

Mrs. E. L. P., Duluth, Minn. Address M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York.

R. J. McL., Hartford, S. D. We know of no concern that is buying cancelled postage stamps.

John Humble, Ohio. We sympathize with you in your affliction. Seek the source of all consolation and comfort.

Subscriber. We have already expressed our views on such amusements in recent issues of this journal.

Any poor mission church in need of a cottage organ, write to W. S. Bishop, 566 Quincy street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. L. M. L., Iona, Mich. The population of Melbourne, Australia, is about 493,956, according to the last census.

Reader, Thayer, Kan. It is doubtless with him a matter of conscience, and if so, he is quite right in acting up to his best convictions.

J. H. G., Reading, Pa. You will learn from the simplest text-books all you wish to know concerning the movements of the earth around the sun.

Subscriber, Monroe City, Mo. It is not true, as far as New York is concerned, and we believe it is exceedingly rare anywhere in the Northern States.

Subscriber, Worcester Co., Mass. An account of the Nile dam was published in the London *Graphic* and London *Illustrated News*, recently. Write for them.

Missionary L. Clemann, of the A. S. S. U., wishes to thank many readers of this journal for gifts of good reading matter in connection with his missionary work.

Mrs. Olive, A. M., New York. The Western flood sufferers have taken courage and begun the battle anew. Their own States did nobly in their behalf, their own immediate neighborhoods best of all, in their time of need.

J. P., Thamesford, Ont., Can. 1. Write to Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., with full description. 2. Dewey sailed past the mines in Manila bay in the night, and when the Spaniards were unprepared. They did explode some mines, but our vessels were fortunately unharmed.

Jas. H. T., Baird, Tex. Write to the American Temperance Society, New York, for accurate information, as to intoxicants, etc. The winding sheet picture, or photographic impression of Christ, to which you refer, is one of the many so-called miraculous relics of the Roman Church

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

WARSAW'S BEAUTIFUL PALACE — THE OLD PALACE GROUNDS — DECORATED GOVERNMENT BUILDING, ARCHANGEL

A Voyage to the Lapps, Finns and Russians

Across the Great White Sea

...By...
FREDERICK A. NORTH

ARCHANGEL, Aug. 4, 1903.

TO the distant reader, the terms: Frigid Zone, North Cape, Arctic Ocean, Lapland, White Sea, Archangel and Dwina River, convey to the mind substantially the same ideas as the words; cold, blizzard, winter, snow, frozen, ice and sledge. Yet, to-day, here on the streets of Archangel, upon the banks of the Dwina, and close under the Arctic Circle, the heat has been nearly as great as I ever experienced in New York. At three o'clock this afternoon, a black thunder-shower came up from the forests of the southwest, in the regular American style, and broke in fury over the rich delta lands of the Dwina, drenching the elaborate decorations displayed in the city, in celebration of the Czarina's birthday. Archangel's summers are short and hot, but her winters are long and very cold.

From Vardo, the extreme northeast town of Norway, far above the Arctic Circle, where I wrote my former letter, to Archangel, stopping in Lapland, Finland, and several other places on the shores of the Arctic Ocean and White Sea, my voyage was full of interest. At low twelve, just as the last midnight sun of 1903 faintly gleamed a half-disc good-by across the dark waves of the Polar Sea, I took passage with many strange dwellers in the far north, on the large new Russian White Sea steamer *Emperor Nicholas II.* During the long chilly day of half rain and half fog that followed, I visited the ports of Petsenga and Vaidguba, and saw the native little Lapps dressed in reindeer furs, wearing square-cornered caps, seal-skin moccasins with long-pointed upturned toes, fur mittens and high collars. Lapland is an ethnological, rather than a geographical term. Occupying the most northern portion of continental Europe, the Lapps number 21,000 in Norway, 7,000 in Sweden, and 2,000 in Russia. They were crowded out and driven to their present position by the Finns. Fish and reindeer furnish the Lapps their chief means of living. Their ceremony of marriage still contains the form of primitive abduction, wherein the bride feigns to cry and struggle, but the father remits all to the husband for money consideration. The Lapps were originally nomadic, but now most of them live in villages and rude huts.

Steaming several miles up the wide and deep river Kola, we came to the lumbering settlement and great steam sawmill of Kola, the most northern town of European Russia. Vast quantities of logs are rafted down the river from the interior and are here sawn into boards. Both banks of the river at this point are covered with dwarf white birches. The captain told me that a British man-of war burned the town in the year 1854, but it had been rebuilt.

Our next point visited was Alexandrovsk, a new experiment station and Russian naval headquarters. It is the intention of the government to find out, by scientific demonstration, whether settlements for the pursuit of agriculture, or fishing, or for commercial or naval purposes, can be maintained so far north in the Frigid Zone. Everything here is new. The magnificent Greek church, with blue and gold dome, standing on the granite heights; the half dozen general stores, the schoolhouse, the excellent steamboat wharf, the horse railroad for freight, the hundred comfortable new dwelling houses, the wide board-walks, the post-office, the naval hotel, the tower to determine wind, rain, temperature and amount of sunlight—all have been recently constructed. These provisions show Russia's foresight and her determination to continue mistress of the Northern Seas. This is a good harbor, large and deep enough for a whole fleet of warships, and it should be remembered that while all White Sea ports are ice-bound nine months annually, Alexandrovsk remains free from ice the year round. What real use can Russia have for such a naval station in the Arctic Ocean?

As we were about to leave port, a Lapp came on board, who with his well-dressed and interesting family—handsome, chubby, little wife, two bright boys, and a baby carried by the mother as an Indian papoose in a decorated seal-skin cradle—was on his way to fetch some reindeer which I saw pasturing on a large grassy island near the village of Malo-Oleny. This family, according to the custom of those who move about, took along all their household effects and camping necessaries. The man also had a gun, a pair of antlers, an accordeon, and a whiskey bottle. The dainty little woman took care of baggage and children, while her easy-going husband went below to enjoy himself gossiping, drinking and playing the accordeon with the boatmen—Russians, Lapps, Finns, Swedes and Norsemen. As soon as the steamer had come well out from the land the sea grew rough, and wife, boys, baby and dog became distressingly seasick.

A FAMILY OF LAPLANDERS AND THEIR SUMMER TENT

As soon as we dropped anchor before the little fishing town of Malo-Oleny, about fifty cable boats filled with Russian fishermen surrounded our steamer, and all at once the men, with shouts, coming up stairs, ladders and ropes, like pirates, or like the Arabs at Jaffa and Beirut, quickly crowded the deck. Some wanted passage, some desired to take passengers ashore, some sought prices, others bought custom-house stamps of the purser, and some inquired for information and advice. These Russian fishermen are very religious, but they are also fond of ardent spirits. Nevertheless the people along this coast are very good to fish-

A RUSSIAN RAILWAY

A RAILROAD STATION AGENT'S HOME

CONTINUED ON PAGE 890

The American Pulpit

:: Sermon by ::

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Plague of Gambling

TEXT — Gen. 3: 19: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"

SOME years ago, I was walking in beautiful Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, with my father. He suddenly turned and said to me, "Frank, next week I am going to write a sermon upon the question, 'Is life worth living?' I am going to show that the solution of that question is conditional. Whether life is or is not worth living depends upon how you live it. If a man lives in this world, with the idea that he is only to receive and not to give; if he is cursed with the enervating conviction that he must be carried around on a litter, and if he does not want to be a worker, a laborer, a doer for mankind, then life is not worth living. The sooner that man is dead the better. But if a man goes through this world realizing the glorious opportunities of Christian usefulness, and if he is willing to spend and be spent for others, then life is worth living. Then the longer we live on earth the happier we shall be, and the more we shall make others happy."

But though at the Edenic expulsion, the divine command was given: "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," yet from time immemorial there have been thousands upon thousands of men and women who have tried to shirk the obligations of labor which God has placed at every hearthstone. They have been seeking a means whereby, through the opened door of the Roman Temple erected to Fortuna, the Goddess of Chance, they could possess a fortune without working for it, or of contributing anything to the world in return for it. They would be

Wreckers, Pure and Simple

They would become vampires upon the social organism, sucking out the life's blood of others, as the Australian bats fasten themselves upon the backs of the horses, cattle and sheep, until they have drunk their fill, or as the European cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, or as a parasitical plant, which absorbs the nourishment of other plants. They would drink, yet never themselves become fountains of water at whose sparkling springs others might quench their thirst.

In every age there have been thousands upon thousands of devotees at Fortuna's shrine. They are blind worshipers of a blind goddess. The ancient Romans showed their wisdom in picturing her with eyes shut and large wings on her feet. She sees nothing of the sacrifices of her worshipers, and she cares nothing for the heart-break of those who have given her their all. She cares not whose fortune she snatches away. When she gathers up the gold in her arms, those wings on her feet can make her and her treasured burden disappear as quickly as a roulette wheel can whirl, as quickly as a man's deed for his house can change hands at the turning of a card, as quickly as a race-horse can travel about the track of a Derby. The Goddess of Chance can fly away so quickly that in an instant a man can be ruined for time and for eternity.

My theme is defiant gambling. Defiant, yea! The gambler defies God, and in utter recklessness stakes his fortune in this world and his hopes of the next. This accursed evil is a violation of God's laws as well as man's. Defiant because when the winnings and losings of a gambler's lifetime are balanced, it will inevitably be found that the Demon Fortuna has robbed her victim both of his soul and his pocketbook. The smile of this evil genius is more to be dreaded than her frown. The smile allures, but it hides the scowl which might warn the devotee of the ruthlessness with which she intends completely and eternally to destroy him. The hangman's suavities do not make the rope's grip less fatal; neither did the politeness and deference with which the Parisian executioner welcomed Louis XVI. to the guillotine blunt the edge of the descending knife.

Waste and Robbery

Gambling is robbery. It takes wealth and gives nothing in return. It puts not one copper into the world's treasury. It plants no seed; it digs no gold from the mine; it grows no wool upon the sheep's back; it builds no steamship lines; it manufactures no goods, and it retails no finished products. It does nothing for national or social development. It had no more to do with the marvelous development of the twentieth century than the vast riches of the piratical buccaneers of old had to do with creating the wealth of the fourteenth and the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Its mission is always ruinous. Ever does it raise a black flag of death and never the white flag, which should always be carried by the "Heroes of Peace."

Gambling cannot even lay claim to the indirect advantages which a legitimate business provides for the community. Every legitimate business is a benefit to mankind. When a man like old Commodore Vanderbilt started out to make a success in this world, not even his most intimate friends could charge him with being an intentional philanthropist. Any one who had any financial dealings with old Cornelius always knew that he was looking out first and last for himself, and for himself alone. But when Cornelius Vanderbilt, in the legitimate role of railroad developer, served himself, he was also serving mankind. His railroads gave employment to thousands and tens of thousands of men, and supported those men's families. His iron roads developed whole regions in the West, which would never have been opened by any other pioneer than the cyclopean eye of the locomotive's headlight. When old Cornelius Vanderbilt made millions of dollars for himself, he also made millions for his employees, and hundreds of millions for his country.

Phenomenal Losses

But what benefit either in progress or in increase of capital did the world receive, when in 1861, a man by the name of Garcia, at the Hamburg gambling resort, won in one night 1,750,000 francs; or when about the same time, in Wiesbaden, two Frenchmen lost 3,000,000 francs; or when, a few years ago, Khalil Bey lost at the gaming table $2,000,000 which he had inherited from his father; or when the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, won in a single sitting from the Duchess of Portsmouth $40,000; or Lady Castlemaine, of Charles the Second's court, lost in one night over $125,000. Did all these transactions increase the world's wealth by the value of one five-cent loaf of bread? Did they help, in one instance, to feed the hungry, or give employment to the poor?

When, under the evil manipulations of the Wall Street gamblers, the railroad stock of a large corporation is "watered," and its price made to jump up and fall as the thermometer's quicksilver drops at the touch of the October frosts, and thousands upon thousands of small gamblers, who have bought their railroad stock upon "margins," and not as a true investment, are frozen out, does such Wall Street gambling build one freight car, or span one river with a new bridge, or erect one new depot, or upholster one Pullman sleeper? The Puritans used to call a pack of cards the "Devil's prayer book." Did you ever hear of the "Devil's prayer book" teaching the gamester how he could be a producer and not a destroyer? No, my friends, no, no, no! Anything but that. The gambling habit never created one farthing for the welfare of any community.

Debauchers of Society

Thus, my brother, I congratulate you if you have never been a gambler, or in league with gamblers. I congratulate you if you are one of those men unwilling to be a parasite, a vampire, or absorbent of other men's industries. I congratulate you, even though you may never have amassed the illegitimate fortune of a Baron Blanc, whose international gambling crimes have created a Monte Carlo, or of a Benazet, or a Devaux, who used to run the gambling casinos of a Spa, an Aix-la-Chapelle, or a Baden-Baden, before the German Parliament, in 1872, bid them begone; or the illegitimate fortunes of the evil owners of a Louisiana Lottery, who, year after year, flagrantly bribed a State Legislature, until, at last, the outraged Christian people of that commonwealth, with the aid of the United States Postmaster-General, rose in their might, and destroyed this accursed and debauching infamy. Never have any dealings in any way with defiant gambling. The man who wrote under the *nom de plume* of M. Rouge-et-Noir, in his remarkable book called *The Gambling World*, declared that when Greece was in the height of her glory, a Lacedæmonian ambassador was sent to Corinth with a commission to enter into a treaty of friendship and alliance. But when the foreign noble saw that the senators and the leading statesmen of Corinth thought more of their dice than they did of their national honor, he returned home without concluding a treaty; "for," said he, "I will not sully the glory of the Spartans by having it said that they made a league with gamesters." So, my brother, I congratulate you if, like the Lacedæmonian ambassador, you have refused to be a denizen of the gambling world, or in league with gamesters.

Demoralized Character

The gambling passion not only robs men of their fortunes, but demoralizes their minds. It unfits its victims for the common duties of ordinary life. It over-stimulates the brain and the imagination, until, after awhile, work—honest, hard, practical work—has for the gambler's diseased mind, the same kind of repulsion that a glass of rich dairy milk has for the inflamed throat of a chronic drunkard, or the sight of a clear cool stream of water for the bloodshot eye of a mad dog, whose tongue and mouth are covered with the white foam of fatal hydrophobia.

The healthful desire for work and the gambler's passion do not nest in the same heart. They belong not to the same brood of children. They are never nourished by the same mother. When the young man, fresh from a Christian home, first hears the rattle of a dice-box and is led into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the baccarat seance, all his noblest sensibilities are intensely shocked. But as his astonished eyes see great piles of coin and greenbacks being passed across the table, after awhile fascination drives away fear. Then the warnings and restraints of a rebuking conscience are shaken off with such questions as these: "What is the use of my working hard every day of the week, except Sunday, and only receiving six or ten dollars a week on pay night, when I might earn ten times that sum in a quiet game? So the gambler's cupidity begins to work. The young man's brain becomes befuddled. He shirks his daily tasks. As a poor, diseased, mental incompetent who is striving to solve the impossible mathematical problem of perpetual motion, he tries to work out a system of "How to break the bank." He studies "chance books." He hunts up his guiding star, or the star which shone brightest on the night upon which he was born. Then, at last, with all reasoning powers gone and blinded to all the duties of ordinary life, the crazed enthusiast will haunt the gaming table, as he once gladly sought his study desk, or the store-room counter.

Robbed of Property and Liberty

Young men, I solemnly appeal to you. Some of you have already heard the sound of the clicking roulette wheel. Are you going to throw your life away at the altar of chance? Are you going to unfit yourselves for the duties of life by the gambler's craze? I assure you that, without bravely and faithfully fulfilling the ordinary daily tasks, you will never succeed in anything. The evil demon called Fortuna will beggar you and enslave you. If you frequent her shrine, you will sacrifice your liberty as surely as did that free negro upon the Mississippi steamboat before the war. He first wagered his money and lost. Then, at last, he placed his "papers of freedom" upon the centre of the table, and gambled his black skin back into the Alabama cotton fields, and into the Louisiana rice swamps. An old Spanish proverb says: "The free man, who deliberately sells himself into voluntary servitude, is a fool." The Goddess of Chance strips a man of what he has saved, and she also robs him of the position by which he can earn honestly his daily bread.

I charge upon this gambling mania a direct robbery of the Christian world, in that by besoiling legitimate recreations with its foul touch, it has made it impossible for decent men to enjoy certain healthful relaxations. It is gradually stealing from us the privilege of enjoying outdoor sports and indoor games, by identifying them with betting and speculation. Whenever the leprous hand of the gambler is placed upon a game, that sport must be forever eschewed by the good.

Without the damning influence of the crowd of bookmakers, the race-horse would not attract enough people to-day as a money investment to pay for his oats and his blankets. On account of the gambling evil, even the bowling alley to-day, the public billiard table, the yachtsman's white sail, and college athletics are under condemnation. In view of the immense amount of money which changes hands at every football game, it is a very grave question whether it would not be better for the different college faculties to cast their influence against every sport which would take students away from the home campus.

Leads to Defalcation

But there is another reason why I denounced defiant gambling. This evil mania leads its victims to squander other people's money, as well as their own. Now I am not alluding to the poor, half-crazed clerk, who will steal from his employer in order to bet on the races. I am not alluding to the poor servant-girl, who opens her mistress's pocketbook in order to take out a fifty-cent piece to squander it in a policy shop; or to the bank president, who as trustee of an estate, criminally sinks in wild-cat speculations the money entrusted to his care. They are criminals, and they know it. But I am alluding to those who think they are wagering only that money which is theirs by right.

Young man, you say that you own your own money and have a right to do with it as you will? No, you have not. Where did you get that money? "Oh," you say, "Father left it to me in his will." For what did he leave it to you? Did he not leave it as a trust? Did he not leave it to you, in order that you, with it could continue to spread abroad his Christian influence? Money is a representative word. Do you tell me, O man,

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NEW YORK'S ITALIAN COLONY ✻

Rev. A. Dassori's Missionary Labors Among the Immigrants

ONE of the most interesting varieties of Christian work in the densely populated sections of New York City, is that carried on among the Italian immigrants by Rev. Agostino Dassori and his wife. It is a combination of the characteristic features of an International Church, a Gospel Settlement, and a Mission. The conductors have evidently studied closely the habits and conditions of the people, whose moral and spiritual welfare they are trying to promote, and have used without any hesitation the best measures for effecting their object. The result is a deep and rapidly growing interest in the Italian colony in religion, and an increasing disposition to listen to the Gospel teaching of the workers.

Mr. Dassori is an Italian, and has consequently the inestimable advantage of familiarity with the language of the Italian quarter. Soon after his conversion, in 1882, he experienced an intense concern for the conversion of his fellow-countrymen, of whom more than 200,000 have settled in lower New York. Like the great apostle of the Gentiles, he felt especially called to labor among his "kindred according to the flesh." His first effort was as a Sunday School teacher, in Mariners' Temple, in which he was, himself, brought into the light. He also spoke frequently at the Italian mission quarters in Crosby street. The news of his addresses in the Italian language, quickly spread. The attendance increased, and so much good was being done, that eventually the mission was put under Mr. Dassori's charge, and the Baptist City Mission assumed the financial support of the work. There were only some ten Italians in attendance at the beginning, but in a short time there were about 140 as a regular audience, and among those, many who were converted.

In spite of warnings from the priests, and though social influences were brought to bear, the number of Italians attending the mission services steadily increased. It was uphill work, for there were defects of education to overcome, old associations to eradicate, and all the pomp and ceremony of the Roman Catholic services to compete with. It is a proof of the encouraging and sustaining power of Christ, that Mr. and Mrs. Dassori should have continued their work in the face of so much to depress them. They were rewarded by witnessing some very remarkable conversions, and in 1896 it became necessary to organize a church. There are now 133 members and the enquirers among the congregation are multiplying. Already the church has borne mission fruit, in a family who went from among the converts to South America, and in their new home have begun Gospel work.

Among the plans adopted to reach the members of the colony, is a mothers' meeting, held in the church on Wednesday afternoons, at which sewing and the cutting out of garments are taught, and a Bible reading is given. Many women, conscious of their own deficiencies in the use of the needle, have attended, and have learned the Gospel message, in addition to their other education. They are also visited in their homes by a devoted worker, who uses her opportunities of cheering and helping them. On Thursday afternoons the girls have their good time. The Little Mothers' Club, composed of 125 children, who have the care of their baby brothers and sisters while their mothers are at work, is entertained with games and are taught Bible lessons.

Other agencies are the young men's club, for boys of fourteen to twenty years of age, and a boys' club of younger members, who appreciate the privileges of a weekly meeting. There is also a sewing school for girls, and a housekeeping class for working girls. One of the fruits of these various agencies, is a direct promise of future usefulness. Miss Eleonora Vaccaneo, the daughter of believing parents, has now gone to Northfield to be trained for mission work among her people. Among the active members of the church are two girls, who, with their aunt, were first attracted to the church by the open-air preaching, which Mr. Dassori practises all through the summer in the parks and squares of the Italian quarter. The Sunday school has now 95 children on its rolls, and is divided into three grades—primary, junior and advanced. Mrs. Dassori gives this her special attention, and teaches the international lesson, with the black board, from the platform. Many adults are always present.

Considering how enormous is the Italian immigration, and how many new denizens are added every year to the Italian colony in the city, the value of such a work as the Dassoris are doing, is obvious. They need all the help and encouragement that can be given to them, for they are serving the country, as well as the church, by winning for Christ men, women and children who came here ignorant of all that tends to spiritual and moral development.

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE ITALIAN BAPTIST CHURCH

The Plague of Gambling ❋

A Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.— Continued

that at the gambling-table, you have a right to squander your mother's and father's substance like that?

"But," some one else says, "the money I have is mine. Why? I did not inherit it, or have it given to me. I made it. Therefore I have a right to do with it as I please." Oh, no, my brother, you have not. That money which you made is not yours. It belongs to your children. When your little children came into the world, they brought to you certain moral obligations. You had no right to become a father, unless you were ready, to the best of your ability, to look after your babies. That money which you squander at the gambling-table means more than money. It means your children's clothes, your children's schooling, your children's proper start in life.

"But," says some one again, "It is not certain that I should lose. If I win at the gambling-table, I am guiltless of the wrongs against parents and children that you are denouncing." Well, my brother, with a gambling tendency, you have no right to suppose any such case. All gamblers—shall I say, all, yes, practically all—ultimately lose every cent they ever win at Fortuna's altar. There are practically no exceptions to this rule. Fortuna's Temple was built for the Goddess of Chance, but in gambling there is no chance, the devotee practically loses all. If this statement is not true, how can you account for the fact that every year the annual expenditures to run Monte Carlo are $5,000,000, and yet each year the shareholders of that evil resort divide nearly $3,000,000 profits? Over every gambling den of the world you can write the words, "Only the deluded enter here." Over every gambling-table you can see the trembling hands of dying men lifted, not to take money, but ultimately to leave their all.

All "systems" which have ever been devised to break the "Bank of Chance" were failures, and they are always sure to be failures. In a Chinese temple I have seen the poor invalids before a hideous idol of wood make a prayer to their "God of Health," and then select at random an arrow out of a wampun, with a certain medicine marked upon it, and expect that that medicine would cure them of their disease. So I have seen poor dupes in Monte Carlo, in the same foolish way, trying to work out a "system" by which the God of Chance would give to them unlimited wealth. As all such "systems" are failures and will always be failures, I would to-day give you a "system," which, if worked out, will bring a competency and eternal happiness, if not unlimited gold. This is my system. Never in your life try to possess a dollar, unless you are ready to give an equivalent in labor and sweat and toil. Never spend a dollar, unless you have first earned it, and have it in your possession. Never run into debt. Never, by speculation, or by progressive euchre parties, or by "prizes" at church fair, or by "raffle," contribute in any way the development of the gambling spirit in others. Draw beside from one Bank only, and that the great Bank of Divine Grace. Circulate in every way as bank-notes of kindness and forgiveness and sympathy. Let your one great purpose be, not "How can I make others serve me," but "How can I serve others." Let your faith, hope and peace be centred in Christ the Saviour of men, and make him the Guide and King of your life. Such a "system" as I have marked out is a sure system. It is Christ's system. It will never bankrupt you this side of the grave, except of your own meanness. And it is sure to bring you perfect peace beyond the grave, and give to you all the limitless wealth of the Treasure City of God.

AVENIDA OLEMEDO, GUAYAQUIL MISSIONARY POLK'S SUNDAY SCHOOL NATIVE HUTS AMONG THE PALMS

Doors Opening for the Gospel

Ecuador's Religious Revolution

Weary of Saint and Tithes

THERE is much in the history of Ecuador which is common to all the South American republics. There is the story of discovery, followed by the cruel treatment and final subjugation of the aboriginal tribes; her colonial existence, when, for nearly three centuries, as a part of New Granada (now Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador), she suffered under the tyrannical hand of the mother country. Then followed her struggle for independence, followed by long years of internal warfare between factions led by ambitious men, and finally, her successful struggle for religious liberty, which has been the one great event in her history.

The year 1896 marked the close of the conservative, anti-progressive and inquisitorial rule, and the beginning of a new era of reform along all lines, religious as well as secular. Prior to this, the celebration of any form of worship other than that of the Roman Catholic faith, which was the religion of State, was punishable by a term of years in the penitentiary, followed by banishment for another term of years. No Protestant Bible could pass the custom-house, and the circulation of all evangelical literature was forbidden. Mr. Penzotti, an agent of the American Bible Society, laboring in Spanish America, told the writer of an attempt he had once made at holding some meetings in a native's house; but he was soon aware of being watched by the authorities, and had to abandon them.

And in other countries, clericalism brought about its own downfall by the tyrannical and intolerant spirit which it manifested; but the clericals were in power, and the struggle for their dislodgement was a long and bitter one. There were a few men whose writings and utterances had long been educating the public mind in the way of religious freedom. Notably among these was Juan Montalos, who, some years ago, died in exile, and whose writings are at the present time being edited for publication at government expense.

The "Away from Rome" movement was not, however, prompted by any positive religious conviction on the part of those foremost in it. On the contrary, many of the leading liberals pride themselves on being "free thinkers." Brought up to look upon the Church of Rome as the repository of the true faith on the earth, and being utterly ignorant of evangelical beliefs, when they lost faith in the religion of the fathers they lost faith in Christianity itself. But men were weary of the tithe system, which was a source of income to the Church, and of the many other exactions, and, above all, of the way in which political power was exercised by the clergy for their own pecuniary gain and for the impoverishment of the masses. So it was that when the opportunity for a revolution presented itself, the educated classes were in great measure prepared for the change to a liberal government. And whatever the motives behind the movement, as concerns those engaged in it, this is but another instance that shows how, in these times, God is opening doors and removing barriers, that the Gospel of his Son might be preached among all nations.

* * *

The term "Mariolatry" might not unfittingly be applied to the religion prevailing in South America. A whole month of the year is devoted to her service. Her image occupies a foremost place in the religious processions, and the most prominent position in all the churches. The other saints, however, come in for their share of attention. Every town is dedicated to some saint. Every child must be baptized in the name of a saint, and the anniversary he thereafter celebrates as his birthday is the day which the Church observes in honor of the particular saint whose name he bears. For instance, every one bearing the name of Anthony, celebrates as his birthday the regular feast-day held in honor of St. Anthony; all bearing the name of Mary, the regular feast-day of St. Mary, etc. When our child was born, the nurse, after consulting the calendar, informed us that he should be called Gabriel, as it seems he was born on the day dedicated to this saint, who, according to native beliefs, would undertake to look after the child in after years.

* * *

It was in October, 1896, that the writer, in company with another missionary, first landed in Guayaquil, the principal port of the country. Our first work was the study of Spanish, which is different from that spoken in Spain only in the matter of pronunciation. After acquiring sufficient knowledge of the language to make ourselves understood in ordinary conversation, we found a very useful occupation in selling Bibles and distributing Gospel tracts among the people. This not only gave us practice in what we had learned in the text-book but laid the foundation for more thorough work in the future.

We soon gained some knowledge of the ways of the people, and learned something of what we must encounter in the way of prejudice and superstition in the future of the work. These were people who claimed to be Christians, and yet were often ignorant of the very existence of the Bible. We found them very much prejudiced against Protestants and Protestantism, and yet entirely ignorant of our beliefs and practices. Among the masses, the idea prevailed that Protestants were atheists, infidels, not believing in God, and despising Mary and the saints.

When not intoxicated, or influenced by some evil intentioned persons of the upper class, the people are naturally docile, and disinclined to acts of violence. Like their Spanish forefathers, they are very polite and hospitable, and the politeness, although somewhat superficial, extends to all classes and conditions of society. We have often been touched, while moving among the lower classes, by seeing their expression of gratitude for some small favor shown them. Very often when giving some poor woman a small booklet or tracts, she has responded by offering us something in return—as an egg, or something to eat.

From lack of good example on the part of their spiritual leaders, immorality abounds among all classes, and children are often taught to lie and steal. Yet they have so many good traits that one may soon learn to like them, and long and pray for their salvation. The great need of the country at present is the Gospel. The poor have no conception of a living Christ, who may abide in the heart of men and transform their lives. Their religion is a joyless religion—an endless doing of penances and performance of ceremonies, wherein the heart finds no peace.

There are many towns and villages—even cities—still without a missionary, where one would be welcomed by a good percentage of the population, and conditions would be favorable for an ingathering of precious spiritual fruit. We would that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might remember this needy field in prayer.

* * *

The present government, like the preceding one, encourages evangelistic work, if not actively, at least by affording protection to the missionary. And one of the proofs of the progressive tendencies of the present government has been the passage of the Civil Marriage Law, which legalizes marriages solemnized outside the Church of Rome, thus removing a great embarrassment to the growth of the evangelical cause in the republic.

C. M. POLK.

MARKET-PLACE AND RIVER FRONT AT GUAYAQUIL

The Government Building stands to the right—The men on the docks are peons, or laborers—The boats are loaded with fruit and vegetables

AN IDEAL HOME FOR YOUNG MEN

One of the Finest and Most Attractive Y. M. C. A. Buildings in America Nearing Completion

BY HARRY STEELE MORRISON

"WHEN I was tired and hungry I would look for a chop-house, dine, and then walk slowly home to my lodgings, taking a cup of coffee at a coffee-house on the way. . . . I ought to have stayed at home in the evening and worked, but Featherstone Buildings is a very quiet place. In the evening the place was absolutely silent; the silence sometimes helped me in my work; sometimes it got on my nerves and became intolerable. I would then go out and wander about the streets for the sake of animation, the crowds, and the lights; or I would go half-price—a shilling—to the pit of a theatre, or I would drop into a casino and sit in a corner and look on at the dancing. . . . The thing was risky, but I came to no harm. To this day I cannot think of those lonely evenings in my London lodging without a touch of the old terror. I see myself sitting at a table, books spread out before me. I get to work. Presently I sit up and look around. The silence is too much for me. I take my hat and go out. There are thousands of young fellows to-day who find, as I found every evening, the silence and loneliness intolerable."

The above is an extract from the autobiography of Sir Walter Besant, and vividly describes the loneliness of thousands of young men who are beginning life in the great cities of the world. Living in solitary lodgings, away from family and friends, it is not strange that so many of them seek distraction in the streets and places of amusement, where they are influenced by evil companions and doubtful pleasures.

New York is full of young men. They flock to the metropolis from every part of America, some to begin a business career, and others to enter the art and professional schools. Arriving in the city, alone and friendless, they face the problem of living. The best of city boarding-houses are cheerless places, and few find them attractive on a long winter evening. It is more interesting in the streets and at the theatre, and the strange youth finds himself more and more inclined to spend his evenings out.

There is now nearing completion in New York, a building which will prove a happy home for lonely men. It is the new structure of the Twenty-third street branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, which has been in course of erection for nearly two years. Although called a branch, the Twenty-third street organization is the parent association of the kind in New York, and it has occupied its old building, at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, for more than thirty-three years. It was the first to provide educational, physical and social, as well as religious privileges for young men, and its gymnasium was the first to be conducted under Association management. During all these years, it has served as a resort where young men could spend their spare time with pleasure and profit. The new building will accommodate many more members, and the influence of the Association will be consequently extended. All its lines of work, except the physical department, are being vigorously carried on in temporary quarters, so the Association will not lose ground during the building operations.

This new structure is on the north side of Twenty-third street, about 200 feet west of Seventh avenue, and runs through to Twenty-fourth street. It is 74 feet wide, and will contain 9 stories, its height from the sidewalk being 120 feet. A statement of its cost shows that the site required $170,000; building, $585,000; furnishings, $45,000; interest, taxes and other expenses, $60,000, making a total of $860,000. The proceeds of the sale of the old building being $700,000, the Association still has $160,000 to raise, $104,000 of which has already been pledged.

The new building will differ from many erected by the Young Men's Christian Association, in the fact that there will be no stores or studios, to wit, the entire structure being devoted to the Association purposes. There will be nothing lacking to make the place attractive and helpful to young men. The architecture of both fronts is an adaptation of the Italian renaissance.

In the basement, which is uncommonly high, the windows being level with the sidewalk, there will be a members' restaurant, a barber shop, bathrooms, bicycle storage, and a very fine engine and boiler-room. The Twenty-third street entrance to the first floor leads into a "social room," 27 x 52 feet, which will be the centre of the life of the building. From this room, electric elevators will run to the educational class rooms, the library and the gymnasium. Opening out of it will be rooms for the business offices of the Association, and for the Employment Bureau, which last year obtained 1,222 positions for men and boys. The work of this bureau will be very much enlarged in the new building.

ALFRED E. MARLING
Chairman, Twenty-third Street Branch

HENRY M. ORME
General Secretary, New York Y. M. C. A.

WM. FELLOWES MORGAN
President, New York Y. M. C. A.

HENRY D. JACKSON
Secretary, Twenty-third Street Branch

EDMUND W. BOOTH
Associate General Secretary, New York Y. M. C. A.

The first story will be so constructed, with sliding and folding doors, that, at large receptions, the whole floor can be thrown into practically one great room, extending from one street to the other. Ordinarily, the reception room, 27 x 28 feet, will be used for games, such as chess, ping-pong, and shuffleboard.

In the rear of the main social room will be two rooms, which can be used alternately for Bible classes, lectures, and receptions, or other social affairs. The walls of the social room will be decorated with stags' heads and similar objects, of which the Association has already quite a number. It has also received as gifts, many valuable pictures. An effort will be made to decorate and furnish the entire building in a homelike manner, so that it will seem like a club-house for young men, rather than an institution.

THE BEAUTIFUL NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING IN NEW YORK

It is expected that floral friends of the poor will furnish parts of the building as memorials. The gifts of the kind have already been made. One floor is to be for the boys' gymnasium, as necessary as a schoolroom in south, the other is a floor for the boys' classes of the Institute's patronage.

One of the most successful features of the Association work in Twenty-third street has been the educational classes, and these will be greatly increased in the new building. All of the second floor except the part occupied by the gallery of Association Hall, will be devoted to the educational class rooms, the largest of which, for the book keeping classes will accommodate one hundred men, seated at desks. The third floor will provide rooms for social and educational clubs, such as the Camera Club, now formed, and other clubs to be organized.

An especially valuable feature of the new building will be the library and reading room, which will occupy nearly one-half of the fourth floor. The Association now has over 11,000 volumes of miscellaneous literature, carefully selected, and it will provide stack room for 10,000 more, which it hopes to secure through gifts. The best papers and periodicals of all descriptions will be supplied in the reading-room, which is especially fortunate in light and ventilation.

One of the principal objects of the Young Men's Christian Association is to provide for the care and development of the body. For thirty-three years the Twenty-third street Department has been offering to young men in New York the opportunity of gaining and maintaining strong, healthy bodies, and thousands of them have found in the Association gymnasium that recreation and healthful exercise which have proved the antidote to the nervous strain of metropolitan life. Thousands more are sure to be attracted by the accommodations offered in the new building. The gymnasium will occupy the entire seventh floor, running through to the eighth, and having light from four sides and from two skylights. It is to be entirely lined with buff-colored brick. In it will be a running track, twenty laps to the mile, and a spectators' gallery. Opening out of it will be rooms for private exercise and those of the Physical Director. The fifth and sixth stories will contain four bowling alleys, and the locker rooms for the men's gymnasium. For the latter, there will be 1,200 lockers, and for the boys' gymnasium, 400. In the sixth story will be a large bathroom, containing twenty-one shower baths, and a swimming pool 25 x 58 feet. It is very unusual for a plunge bath to be located in an upper story of a building, and this one in Twenty-third street will be unique.

The electric elevators will run from the first floor to the roof, where there will be a spacious garden, commanding a view of New York and the surrounding districts. This is expected to be a popular resort on summer nights. In the Twenty-third street end of the building will be a suite of rooms for the boys' department, with capacity for a membership of 500. The boys, from twelve to sixteen years, will have a reception room, reading room, lecture room, Bible class room, and a separate roof garden, large enough for the playing of basket ball and other games.

The upper six stories at the Twenty-third street end will be devoted to dormitories for members of the Association, divided into rooms of various sizes, to be used either singly or en suite. These rooms will be rented for from $2.50 to $8.00 a week, and already there are more applications for them than can be filled. Good lodgings at reasonable prices are not easily found in New York, and young men will appreciate the advantages of those in the new building.

The vast scope of the work done by the Young Men's Christian Association in New York can be realized when it is stated that there are 10,000 members in all, and a well-equipped building for their use. The Twenty-third street branch alone has more than 2,000 members, of whom 735 use the gymnasium in one, and nearly 600 were in the educational classes. The attendance at socials and entertainments was over 24,000, and at religious meetings and Bible classes, over 16,000. The average daily attendance at the old Twenty-third street Building last year was 1,150.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Hopeful Augury

AS a sign of the trend of international relations, the news cabled here last week of the negotiation of a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and France, is decidedly encouraging. The terms of the treaty have not yet been fully disclosed, but sufficient is known of them to make it clear that war between those nations in the future is now made more improbable. It is also gratifying to learn that the new treaty was modelled on that negotiated by Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote on behalf of our Government and that of England, which failed of confirmation by the Senate. It is a distinct tribute to our State Department, that the document should have served the useful purpose of bringing into harmonious relations these two historic foes. Though it failed of the purpose for which it was designed, its indirect benefit to others must be a great pleasure to the great statesman at the head of our State Department.

It appears that the new treaty does not bind the two contracting parties to resort to arbitration in any dispute that may arise, but it does provide a method by which disputes susceptible of a peaceful settlement may be adjusted. That is a distinct gain, because in the heat of resentment engendered by an international quarrel, it is not so easy to settle a means of amicable arrangement, as it is in a period of good feeling. We may be quite sure that the two nations, realizing fully how terrible a war between them would be to both, will not now lightly exclude from the sphere of arbitration any question, unless it involves the national honor of one or both.

Perhaps the good work may extend still further. Other European nations have as much reason as these to shrink from the horrors of war. The example now set, may be useful to them. If it came to be generally recognized that all disputes of a certain category might be settled by arbitration, that category might gradually extend, until all governments realized that there was no need of the enormous armies which are now being maintained at the cost of peaceful citizens.

A Little Music

WE have grown so critical and so fastidious, not to say so exacting, in these latter days, that one of the old-time delights is on the wane. True, there is still a piano in almost every home, not invariably in tune, or there is a mandolin, a cabinet organ, a banjo, or a violin; but if you want a little music, you find it an article almost as extinct as a pre-historic species. If there is a young girl in the family who has taken piano lessons for some years, and spent hours upon hours when she might have been out of doors in the sunshine, or in the kitchen helping her mother, in tedious practicing of scales and variations, her father naturally fancies that she might occasionally play for him. In the evening, when he is tired and has his slippers on, and has finished reading the paper, or when friends come in, and he innocently wishes to display her accomplishment. But Molly always has an excuse ready, and the finer artist she is, the swifter comes her apology and the profounder and politer is her regret. It would really seem that the most musical people are those who are least likely, so to speak, to have any music in stock. They scorn the little, simple, merry tunes, the sentimental things that clutch at the heart-strings of the unsophisticated, and the deep, solemn, beautiful, lovable music that they adore, is beyond their presentation unless they are spending their lives at the keyboard, or at exhausting study of some sort. Plain, hard-working fathers and mothers who have paid large bills for their children's musical training, wonder where the money has gone, but they seldom say much about it.

Once upon a time, when Belinda's mother was a girl, she took piano lessons. They did not cost much, and they were perhaps rather superficial. But she went through an exercise book, and proudly took pieces at the same time. "Mocking-Bird," and "Silver Chimes," and "Monastery Bells," and "Home, Sweet Home," were among the jingling melodies she learned to play, her slender fingers flashing over the keys, the "four and twenty black slaves," and the "four and twenty white," responsive to her touch. She pounded, no doubt, and she used the pedal, and thought the muffled thunder *fortissimo* effect singularly fine, and it was all crude and inartistic and amateurish, but it gave a lot of real homey satisfaction, of real, downright, every-day pleasure. Then, without any particular teaching, she used to sing ever so many ballads, and lyrics, and love-songs that the whole family joined in, father always contributing a deep, rumbling bass.

A little music, truly, but what a happy ending it made possible for many a weary day. Is it not just within the bounds of fancy, that a little ordinary music is better than none, and that something quite precious and quite charming has gone away from us, in this day of greater knowledge and broader culture?

We plead for a little music in the home, the kind of music that unmusical folk can understand and enjoy. If it is eluding us, let us summon it back.

The Folded Hands

FOR those who have met with disappointment, who have not climbed as far up the hill as they had hoped to climb, who have been "laid aside," or "shut in," or who have never been summoned to great deeds —there is a sweet consolation in this story of the "folded hands."

In the biography of Albrecht Durer, the most famous of the old German painters, it is related that Durer had a very dear and lifetime friend, Franz Kingstein. From boyhood they had aspired and studied and worked together. Durer's genius early became manifest, but his friend was a failure as an artist, though for many years he plodded on in hope. One day, when they had both reached middle life, they planned together to make a drawing of our Lord's crucifixion. When they came to show each other what they had accomplished, the p ture of Franz was cold and lifeless, while that Albrecht was full of beauty. Franz himself saw then, and now, in middle life, he knew at last that he h so far failed. Only for one passionate moment buried his face in his hands. Then he said in brok tones:

"Albrecht, the good Lord gave me no such gift this. But he has something yet for me to do. So homely work shall be found for me."

"O Franz, be quiet; do not move for one instant exclaimed Albrecht. And a quick rush was made the paper before him on the table. Only a few lin with a pencil. Franz thought he was adding anoth stroke to his drawing, and waited patiently, leaning ov the mantel, with his fingers twined and clasped.

"Why, these are only my hands," said Fran "where did you get them?" And there was hardly ne of answer; "I took them yesterday, as you stood ma ing the sad surrender of your life, so very, very brave And I murmured to myself, 'Those hands, that ma never paint a picture, may now make one.' I ha faith in those folded hands, my brother-friend; the will go to men hearts in the years to come."

And the prophecy was true, for over the whole arti tic world has gone the tale. And "The Folde Hands," by Albrecht Durer, are but the hands of Fra Kingstein, once folded in brave, sweet resignation, whe he gave up his dearest wish, and yet believed that th good Lord had some lowly duty for him to do that w worth the doing.

So the Lord may thwart your purpose, even whe your very life seems bound up in it; then accept h will submissively, bravely, and you shall be blesse And what matters all the disappointment to us, if onl God gets the glory.

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA

OUR Missionaries in Macedonia, even amid the personal perils, and dangers of the revolution now in progress, are not forgetful of the sufferings endured by the non-combatants. They sympathize deeply with the Christian population there, who are enduring many hardships for the faith—hardships which could be averted by a single profession of Mohammedanism.

It is to the eternal glory of those simple Macedonian peasants, that they give up home, possessions, friends, children and life itself, rather than turn traitors to Christ and his Gospel. Of the thousands who have died in the massacres, or perished from hunger and exposure in the mountains, it is not recorded that a single Macedonian, man or woman, sought to save life or possessions by apostatizing. They met death with the spirit and fortitude of the martyrs.

A petition, from the American missionaries in Macedonia, sets forth the terrible situation in language which cannot be misunderstood. After referring to the state of insurrection in European Turkey, the petition continues:

"In such a conflict great suffering is almost certain to be entailed upon the inhabitants of the districts which are the seat of war. We, the undersigned, know, on absolutely unimpeachable authority, that the suffering among the disturbed districts of European Turkey is already widespread and acute, and is sure to become more so as time passes and winter comes on. Without a canvass of the districts in question, we do not care to make any estimate of the number of people who are houseless, or suffering from lack of food, clothing, medical attendance, etc. We are morally certain, however, that the number *runs up into the thousands*. In some places they are living on roots and grass, now at the close of harvest. What will they do later? We have the testimony of eye-witnesses that in some places the wounded are lying without medical attendance, and with no remedies or palliatives within reach of their friends.

"Regardless of the question where the responsibility lies, and regardless of the creed or nationality of the sufferers, it seems to us that the condition is one which must compel the sympathy of every humane person—the more so in view of the fact that the greater part of the sufferers are *women and little children*.

"Hence, we humbly and urgently petition the governments of Great Britain and the United States to take active measures to bring relief to the above mentioned stricken districts, and also to encourage the opening of pupular subscriptions for this object. The Ottoman Government should welcome the offer of such relief for its suffering subjects. The thought of whole districts weltering in blood, without a single doctor or trained nurse to relieve the suffering, is too brutally revolting to be tolerated in this twentieth century."

The appeal is signed by members of the Bnlgarian an Macedonia mission of the American Board of Missions.

Mr. Bond, American Missionary at Monastir, estimate that 9,688 houses have been burned in that vilayet alone rendering 48,400 persons homeless. Many of those person he believes, have been killed; others are scattered, som have fled to Bulgaria. The same is true of Adrinople vilaye Mr. Bond estimates that there are *not less than 100,000 per sons* in Macedonia without shelter for the winter—absolut beggars, having lost everything they possess.

A letter, which comes to us from a native Christian pas tor in Yambol, Bulgaria, affords a glimpse of the terrible con dition of affairs just across the border, in Macedonia:

"YAMBOL, Bulgaria, Sept. 22.

"*The Editor of The Christian Herald:*

"DEAR SIR:—Knowing the Christian philanthropy don by you through your paper, I appeal to the Christian peopl of America, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in behalf o more than *ten thousand Christian refugees* from the district of Lozengrad and Malke Tirnovo, Adrianople vilayet, Tur key, whose homes have been turned into ashes and whos dear ones are slain by the Turk. *I saw about seven thousan of them* on the Bulgarian frontier, south of Bourgas. Oh what misery! No shelter, no bread, no medical help! We Bulgarians are helping them; but our aid is only a drop, com pared with the sea of misery and need.

"A. HRISTOFF, Pastor."

This pathetic letter from one who has been among the suf ferers, and consequently knows whereof he speaks, should surely not pass unheeded. What Pastor Hristoff states is amply corroborated by reports from many other sources. One cable dispatch says, "The villagers in the Okhrida district are without food, except roots and bark. A party of muleteers, who have arrived at Monastir, report that they found skeletons of children, with grass in their mouths." On the roads leading to Monastir are many bodies of men, women and children, some victims of massacre, but many more of hunger and exposure.

It is hoped that, through the combined influence of Russia and Austria, order may soon be restored, and an end put to this horrible campaign of massacre and devastation. But what shall be done with the thousands of Christian refugees of Macedonia, like those mentioned in the missionaries appeal, and by Mr. Bond, and in Pastor Hristoff's letter? Shall they be allowed to perish while the granaries in free Christian lands are bursting with fullness?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has decided to do what it can in the hope that, by God's blessing and with the co-operation of its readers, it may save some of the unfortunate exiles who are now thronging the Bulgarian border. We have forwarded to Dr. Clarke, American Missionary at Samokov, all contributions sent to us by our readers for this specially urgent work of mercy, with the request that he apply the money toward the relief of the Macedonian refugees.

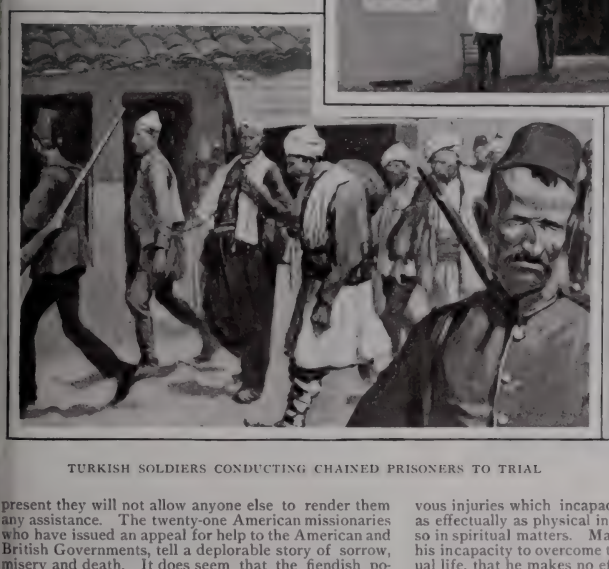
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Macedonian Misery

RUMORS are current that the Macedonian Committee has decided to suspend military operations until spring. The reason assigned is, the hope that Turkey will now cease its process of extermination and will proceed with the reforms it has promised to Austria and Russia. The real reason, however, probably is, that the snowfall on the mountains renders the movement of troops almost impossible. The decision, whatever may have been its motive, has apparently had no influence on Turkey. The work of pillage and murder goes on without ceasing. The Macedonian charge, that in the Monastir district ninety-eight villages had been destroyed, was declared by the friends of Turkey to be a gross exaggeration; but the correspondent of an English journal gives a list of ninety-three such villages, and says that, taking the figures for all Macedonia, the number must be fully one hundred and fifty. It is appalling to read of the suffering of the villagers who succeeded in making their escape. The refugees are eating grass and roots to keep themselves alive; they are suffering intensely also from the cold, and those who were wounded have had no medical attention. The Turks, of course, will do nothing for them, and at present they will not allow anyone else to render them any assistance. The twenty-one American missionaries who have issued an appeal for help to the American and British Governments, tell a deplorable story of sorrow, misery and death. It does seem that the fiendish potentate who is responsible for the outrages, might be compelled by the pressure of other Powers to wage war, if he must wage it, according to modern usage. No one can blame him for killing an insurgent taken with arms in his hands, but when women are subjected to outrageous brutalities, and old men and children and inoffensive citizens are mercilessly massacred, it is time for the Powers to interfere in the name of humanity. There is evidently no relief to be expected from the Sultan's promise of reform. The commission he has appointed in compliance with the demand of the Powers, is composed of men whose record proves them to be utterly unworthy of confidence. The Turk is evidently incorrigible. The measure of his iniquity is fast filling up, and we may be assured that although for reasons of their own, the other European Powers permit him to go on slaying and pillaging, there is One that will eventually inflict on him a rigorous punishment.

Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this (Jer. 5:29).

THE COURT HOUSE IN MONASTIR, WHERE MACEDONIANS ARE TRIED



TURKISH SOLDIERS CONDUCTING CHAINED PRISONERS TO TRIAL

TURKISH TROOPS FIRING ON UNARMED VILLAGERS

Railway Spine

Some legal medical experts have given the name of "railway spine" to an affection, for which a litigant in the Supreme Court of Louisiana is claiming damages. He was in a collision on the railroad, and contends that he was so severely hurt that he is unable to move. The company's experts, who have had to do with other cases in which similar claims were made, and in which the plaintiff suddenly and completely recovered after damages had been awarded and paid over, denounced his claim as one of "railway spine," implying that the man had not been injured, but was merely trying to make money by pretense. They said that the plaintiff's troubles were all imaginary, and that he was, in fact, afflicted with no physical ailment. The court, however, gave the plaintiff credit for sincerity, and rather pointedly disposed of this theory as follows: "As it does not appear that he is any more likely to get well in the one case than in the other, and as in neither case is he responsible for his condition, it is not clear that it would make any difference for the purposes of the present claim, whether he is really paralyzed, or is merely laboring under a fixed belief to that effect." The court, it would appear, recognizes the fact that there are nervous injuries which incapacitate a man for movement as effectually as physical injuries. We know that it is so in spiritual matters. Many a man is so convinced of his incapacity to overcome temptation and lead a spiritual life, that he makes no effort to do so, though God's promise to him is sure if he would only avail himself of it.

He giveth power to the faint: and to them that have no might he increaseth strength (Isa. 40:29).

An Electrical Pasture

A strange report has been sent to the State Geologist of Indiana, by a scientific traveler, which he is now investigating. The report, which is corroborated from several independent sources, refers to a certain pasture on a farm near Silver Lake, in Kosciusko county. It lies high and dry, and does not differ in external appearance from other fields on the same farm. But when the hand is laid on the surface a peculiar pulsation is felt, and if it is thrust into the soil a sensation is produced like a mild shock from a galvanic battery. When the soil is struck by a stick or stone, there is a peculiar cracking noise resembling that of the breaking of ice, followed by a sputtering which can be heard several rods away, like the noise that is made when salt is thrown on a hot stove. The pasture affected is about two acres in extent, but the phenomena are less perceptible in some parts of it than in others. The geological solution of these strange phenomena will be awaited with keen interest. They seem to indicate that there must be in some soils a susceptibility to the mysterious electrical force that appears to pervade the whole world. It is so with the divine influence, which to a still greater degree animates the universe. There are some souls that respond to it and reproduce it more readily than others.

The spirit of truth whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you (John 14:17).

An Heir's Dilemma

A young German citizen, who for some months past has been employed as a waiter in a restaurant at Duluth, Minn., has fallen heir to a large estate near Frankenberg, Saxony. He belongs to a noble family, but is practically an outlaw. About three years ago he was an officer in the army, but was noted rather for his jovial qualities than for attention to his duties. His friends, however, had sufficient influence to extricate him from the consequences of his escapades, until one evening after mess, at which he had indulged freely in wine, he committed an indiscretion personally offensive to the Emperor. It was quite certain that nothing he could do, or could be done for him by his friends could avert the imperial wrath, and he realized that an indeterminate term of imprisonment was impending. He accordingly deserted, and succeeded in making his way to America. His flight disgraced his family as much as his origi-

nal offence, and he was left to his own resources. Having had no business training, he was unable to obtain employment, and at last drifted down to his present occupation as a waiter. The estate, which is now his by inheritance, can be secured only by his going to Germany and fulfilling the legal formalities, but he fears that if he was again on German soil, he would be called to account for his offense, which has been aggravated by desertion. He is therefore in the dilemma of continuing in poverty or of facing severe punishment. How bitterly he must regret his offence and the desertion which it involved. It will probably deprive him of his inheritance. The time is coming when millions will be in like case. The heavenly inheritance that might have been theirs, has been forfeited by the sins which have brought them nothing but misery.

Lest there be any profane as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected (Heb. 12:16).

BRIEF NOTES

Christian Endeavor Societies in New York and the adjacent [illegible] to be interested in the story Captain Zeno [illegible] work being done by the Seamen's Institute [illegible] Society in the Island and expressed a desire to [illegible] interesting account to give. Any Society desiring [illegible] with him at his office.

We are glad to know that friends of the mission in Paris conducted by Mr and Mrs Rochat [illegible] to see [illegible] to the present control [illegible] and [illegible] This is a hopeful beginning [illegible] and [illegible] of workers. They [illegible] and converts. Persecution has [illegible] his servants and protection [illegible]

Prayer Meeting in Deadtown

By Rev. C. H. Yatman.

CHAPTER I.

THE regular weekly prayer meeting in the First Church of Deadtown was altogether a dry affair. "Stale pudding and dried beef," the young men would say on the corner, after the service, when they met to get a whiff of fresh air and iron out the sanctimonious wrinkles from their faces. The church has a membership of 463. The usual attendance on Wednesday nights was about sixty. If rainy, from sixteen to twenty would turn out "to support the Dominie," as they said. It was hard to tell just where the fault lay. Some said the minister was to blame, others declared it was the people.

One day they had a funeral. This was nothing new to Deadtown, but it was new to the First Church folk. Their pastor was very properly laid away to rest. There were tears and flowers and comments, and other things peculiar to Deadtown society. Then came the question of a new clergyman. At last he came. Tall, over six feet, black eyes, brown hair, big ears and feet, angular, good.

The third Wednesday night Mr. Lightheart(that was the minister's name) said: "My friends, I am informed by certain parties that your city takes its name from the condition of spiritual affairs here. I believe they are right, but things must change. I have a notion that the first two letters of Deadtown could find better substitutes for themselves, and will, if we do our part. Elder Brown sitting there tells me there are seven bad things about these social meetings:

"Bad management, bad air, bad light, bad people, bad prayers, bad singing, bad results.

"We are going to have another funeral, to bury either these seven stinking corpses,the church,or me. I am not sure which it will be.

"Mr. Smith, if you please, open the window there by you.

"Mr. Sexton, kindly light every gas-jet in the room.

"While we rise and sing four verses of 282, will those young men favor me by moving the last five rows of chairs to the closet yonder? Those now occupying them will find others here in front. Now, let us all rise and sing."

Some people went home, some went up front; one woman developed a consumptive cough in three minutes from the fresh air. The wife of the president of the gas company took the front chair in the centre aisle. They sang the first verse of the hymn twice to get the right tune, and then sang the rest with melody and joy. Mr. Long was asked to pray briefly. He was directly at the preacher's side. He usually covered every want, sometimes from Adam down, sometimes from Abraham down, sometimes from Christ down to the coming century. He had just got nicely started when his coat was pulled, and a voice whispered "Say amen!" and he said it.

"HE ASKED FAITHFUL WILLIAMS TO LEAD IN PRAYER"

Mr. Wrong came to speak, as was his custom, but before he could get the words out the preacher was ahead of him. "There are certain matters in our city, well known to all citizens, that savor of anything but honesty and truth. Till these things are straightened I wish that no one connected in any way with them shall either speak or pray publicly in these meetings. Let us sing, 'A Charge to Keep I Have.'" They made the room ring.

"It is our intention," said the minister, "to have a point and purpose to these Wednesday night meetings, which, if rightly managed, have in them a greater element of drawing power than the Sabbath preaching services.

"I expect," continued the preacher, "to see the church too small to hold all who desire to come to these gatherings, and I now announce that next week we will have a purpose meeting, the week after a praise service, then a promise meeting, then a zeal service, followed by a testimony meeting, an old folks' service, a children's gathering, a sowers' service, and then a reapers' meeting. After these nine are held I will announce further. Let us have a moment's silent prayer before the benediction."

As the members passed out each one was presented with a little card on which was neatly printed a description and subject of the "Purpose Meeting." Evidently this was the seed sowing for next week's harvest, by one who purposed saving Deadtown from any further spiritual disgrace.

HIS COAT WAS PULLED . . . AND A VOICE WHISPERED, "SAY AMEN"

CHAPTER II.

THE lecture-room of Deadtown's First Church never looked so clean as on the night when they held their wonderful "Purpose Meeting." Evidently the "big" minister, as they now began to call him, had no sympathy with dirt in any form, for soap, brushes, broom and duster had brightened things up till they shone, as one woman said, like a new pin. The big high desk had disappeared; where it had gone not even the sexton knew, though the parsonage girl told Mrs. Hay's cook that the minister had taken to wood chopping for exercise early Thursday morning.

By actual count there were out to prayer meeting 137, counting babies, boys, and all; 125 chairs were in the room, well arranged. When the service opened fifteen more were added.

Everybody wondered how the "Purpose Meeting" would go. Well, it went. I must tell you about it. To begin with, Sally Brown played the piano—that was new. After the opening hymn, when everybody expected the long prayers, Will Smith, with three of his companions from the Choral Union, gathered about the piano and sang a solo and chorus—"Dare to be a Daniel." Then we all read aloud together the Convert's Chapter of the Bible. Each chair had a Bible. The preacher asked us so naturally and nicely, "Please all read," that, before I knew it, I read with the rest. The next thing startled the whole company.

He asked Faithful Williams to lead in prayer. Sl to pray! The modest, quiet, best little woman in t whole parish! Well, she did. I asked her this mor how it came about. She said: "the minister asked n on Sabbath what 'purposes' I had made, and I told hi it was to be 'willing and obedient,' from Isaiah 1: 1 Upon the strength of that, I suppose with some futu intentions, he said: 'You ought always to pray and n to faint,' and I said: 'Yes, of course,' so I had to do it. After her prayer there was another surprise. Eld Crane, who had trouble with the Widow Sayles in son property matters, deliberately got up and said he b lieved he had done a great injustice to one of the flocl who should have received sympathy instead of sourne at his hands, and wanted then and there to ask forgiv ness from all concerned. Mrs. Sayles sobbed aloud and, of course, many cried for joy with her. A te minute song service followed. My, such singing! Th Choral Union men gave the righ pitch and time, and God blesse the music to many hard heart Mr. Lightheart rose, and with a much power and plainness tol of Daniel's purpose not to drin wine, of Paul's purpose to preac the Gospel, of the Prodigal's pu pose to return home, of God' purpose to save all who woul believe, and then modestly name the purposes of his own heart— oh, they were so good!—bearin largely on a shepherd's purpos to feed and care for his flock Then came the open meeting There was but a moment's pause when Will Smith said he pur posed hereafter to use his voic for Jesus, and sitting down at th piano, he sang "Building fo Eternity." That purpose mus have been born of God for a double reason. If Will Smith could do that, everybody could do something, and they did More than thirty spoke. One pur posed to take part in the meet ings; another to live nearer the Cross; a little boy said he was going to read his Bible; Mrs. Johnson, who had never united with the church, said she was going to, at the next commu nion; then a young lady pur posed to teach in the Sunday School; to this purpose the pas tor got six others to join; it made them laugh when Mr. Long said he purposed last week never to make long public prayers.

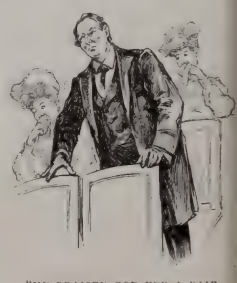
. . .

When Mr. Hunt arose and said he purposed giving up swearing, and asked them to pray for him,there was a thrill over the house. Mr. Lightheart said: "Maybe there are some who will purpose to repent of sin and turn to God this night; if there are such, will they rise and say, 'I will'?" There were five; one an elder's son, two sisters, an old man and a boy. It was nine o'clock, and the meeting closed. The pastor announced there would be two hundred chairs in the room a week hence, hoping they would be full. Again, as they passed out, the little printed card was handed each person, announcing the Praise Service and what it would be.

CHAPTER III.

"GRACIOUS me, the chairs are all taken!" said Mrs. Sims, as she entered the lecture-room of Deadtown Church on the night of the Praise Meeting; and she was ten minutes ahead of time.

The sexton found it necessary to bring out every chair he had, two hundred and sixty-



"HE PRAISED GOD FOR A PAIR OF TWINS"

Prayer Meeting in Deadtown

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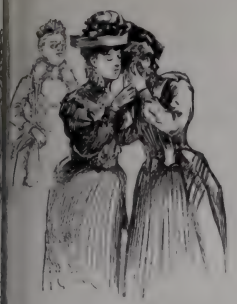


"BROKEN-HEARTED WITH GRIEF FOR HER SINS"

four, with four stools additional. It looked queer to see Elder Bond sitting on one of those backless things, way in the rear of the room, but that was all there was left for him, as he came late.

. . .

When Mr. Lightheart, the minister, came in, there was a perceptible look of expectancy on every countenance. His face shone, there was a glad look in his eyes; he had been alone with God. As he spoke his voice trembled, the words came burning hot from his lips. You could see he was more than full. The one hundredth Psalm gave expression to the feelings of his soul. The whole company was set ablaze, and the sons of Scotland never sang that Psalm with more expression than did they.

Together they repeated the Lord's prayer, standing. As they took their seats, the minister's little daughter, led by her mother to the piano, began to sing, "Can Jesus save a little child like me?" and when the chorus came, they both sang, "Oh, yes, yes, yes, He loves me tenderly; He died to save a little child like me"; both voices were perfect in sweetness.

We all felt the presence of Him who loved the children. We became like little children. A stranger asked her to sing the last verse once more. She did. I supposed prayer would then be offered, but 'twas not so.

Mr. Lightheart stepped down to a chair where sat a little ragamuffin, with no shoes, pants out at the knees, face only clean. "Deadtown," said he, as he brought the little child out where all could see, "has hundreds of these who know nothing but want and all of sin. It may be that cause for praise will rise in your minds. Let us give our thanks a golden ring. Search your purses for good-sized pieces, as this little fellow, a half orphan, has seven others like him in the home where his mother barely keeps the wolves of want from the door.

"If she gets the means to clothe them decently, they will all be sent to day and Sabbath-school."

Gold, and silver, and bills, and pennies were tied in a handkerchief, and Faithful Williams, with boy and money, was dispatched to his house.

One thing I liked: there was no counting of the collection. All there was in the alabaster box of ointment broke over the head of "one of the least of these."

As the two went out the door, some one over by the window began to sing, "Cast thy bread upon the waters." All joined in the singing, and among them there were many eyes filled with tears.

"MR. HUNT PURPOSED GIVING UP SWEARING"

"A praise service should have something more than lip power," said Mr. Lightheart, as he thanked them, for their offerings to the poor. "Now let us offer our prayers of thanksgiving for mercies to us. Brother George, let your prayer be for spiritual blessings; Mr. Littell, yours for temporal gifts; Mrs. Gibson, you follow with praise for the gift of Christ and his Gospel, then let there be a moment's silent prayer of praise for special providences, and the Holy Ghost."

There was a goodly number of the Choral Union present, and they sang with a volume and power that all could hear, the words of a most beautiful anthem, Will Smith leading.

"Now," said the pastor, as he rose again to address his audience, "we will hear the praises; but first let those speak who are not here. I have a message in my hand from sister Noble, who has not left her room for thirteen years. She says: 'Tell them I am so glad to be shut in with God, where pain is easy to bear. And she quotes these beautiful lines:

'Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,
With Patience and Grace all pain to meet;
With Faith that can suffer, and stand, and wait
And lean on the promises strong and great.'

"Then I have a letter from Brother Task, who was called to the city. He says: 'Praise God for grace to give thirty-six inches to the yard, sixteen ounces to the pound, and not lie about calico washing.' He little thought I would read it here.

"A mother, whose babe keeps her at home, told me to say she was glad God could make a tired and weary woman patient and full of peace.

"Now let us all sing the Doxology, then speak." There were forty-two who spoke. Even Mr. Clarkson, the mill-owner, testified of the greatness of God, as

"MR. LIGHTHEART LED FORWARD THE LITTLE RAGAMUFFIN"

well as Judge Gardner. Who would have dreamed it? There were praises for salvation, for comforts and health. A ripple went over the audience as John Taylor said he praised God for unexpected blessings — the doctor left a pair of twins that came to his house a fortnight ago.

One fellow praised God for a wide-awake minister, which made the big ears of Mr. Lightheart show more than ever—he is such a modest man. I seems that out of the purpose meeting there came three converts, all of whom testified their praise to God for that meeting. It was a noticeable thing how the minister, in such a nice, easy way, got those to speak who never before took any part. He made it quite natural for them to do it.

Mrs. Tudor spoke last. She had just buried her babe, and amidst tears she thanked God that her first-born was safe with Jesus. The official brethren were asked to remain to see about buying more chairs. The "Promise Meeting" was announced for next week. Then, with silent prayer, the minister dismissed them.

But although service was over, the people lingered, loath to leave the hallowed spot. All at once there was a sobbing voice heard over by the door. Faithful Williams, who had returned, was talking to a young lady whose heart had broken under the influence of the service, and grief for her sins. The minister came down, asked them all to be quiet, and they would have prayer. Before he prayed he asked if there were others who would like to give up sin and serve God.

"THE FARMER HAD GOTS TO CHOPPING WOOD"

Two young men said Yes. Then he prayed. All three were converted.

CHAPTER IV.

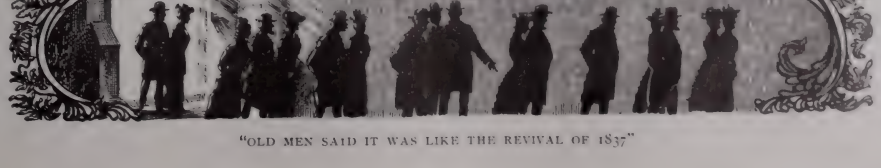
SINCE we last wrote, Deadtown has been shaken to its moral centre. The new building of the Young Men's Christian Association has been dedicated, and the stream of young men who go in and out remind one of the ebb and flow of tides. The Christian young men, full of grace and truth, which gives them a charm because of their hopeful, happy natures, have given the swing of success to the organization, and it's "the thing" to go there. So say the boys, and they know. As a result of this, many of the young men who never before went to church have turned their faces that way. Mr. Lightheart, pastor of the First Church, came in to one of the Gospel meetings and gave a talk. Well, everybody laughed and everybody cried; it was as wholesome as meat for men and milk for babies. He said he wanted to grip every young man's hand, and he did. There was more Gospel in the grasp of his hand than in all the scientific essays ever delivered from the pulpits of America. No wonder that his prayer meetings had to adjourn from the lecture-room to the main audience-room, and then many of the official men had to sit in and around the pulpit.

The night of which we write saw fully eight hundred crowded in the church: two-thirds were young people under thirty. The singing was such as to touch the heart of a Pagan. The Spirit of God took the music and melody, and convinced many of their need of heaven, where they sing forever. Hell has no music; Heaven has it all.

There were, however, no long prayers: the day for them had passed. There were no long faces; even the wrinkles on the brow of weary pilgrims seemed to be ironed out by the permeating joy and peace. Scripture, abundance of it, but given in such a way as to make one relish every verse and want more. Men back by the door arose and spoke with as much freedom as those near the leader. A homelike feeling got hold of everybody, and reminded one of a scene in a large farmhouse where, on a cold winter's night, they all gather around the big open fire.

Mr. Lightheart took the last twenty minutes to tell of Christ and heaven for the saved, Satan and Hell for the lost. Such plain preaching: such grand things for the good; such awful things for the wicked. When he closed, there was a hush like that which often precedes a tempest. Then the storm broke. It was a hurricane of repentance. Men and women, and even children, wept tears of sorrow for their sin.

Nearly one hundred that night stood up and asked that they might be saved. Old men said it was like the revivals of 1837 and 1857. Mr. Lightheart and his faithful workers were calm and earnest. One by one the seekers were led to the Cross, where their load of sin rolled off into a bottomless sepulchre. The hour was late when a circle was formed in the lecture-room by a few who remained to kneel in prayer to thank God for his great salvation. As they passed out I heard one of the town officials, a godly man, say to Mr. Lightheart: "I think, pastor, we had better change the name of our city to Gladtown." There are a thousand cities where Mr. Lightheart is needed, and whom God is ready to do what has already been done in Deadtown.



"OLD MEN SAID IT WAS LIKE THE REVIVAL OF 1837"

[This is the first of a series of articles by Lieutenant Hunt, of the Volunteers of America, who has been conducting Prayer Meetings in the principal cities of the United States. The next will appear in an early issue.]

The Curse of Unreined Ambition

DAVID AND ABSALOM

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR NOV. 1
SAMUEL 15: 1-12

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT
"HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER, THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG UPON THE LAND WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH THEE." EX. 20: 12

A STRANGER from the far East, came as a visitor to Jerusalem in this year 984, B. C. The fame of King David had reached our country when he was called the greatest king of our time. He had been reigning thirty-two years, when it occurred to me to journey to Jerusalem, his capital city, and discover, if I could, the secret of his greatness. I persuaded a friend to accompany me. He was learned in astrology, and I had given much attention to literature. We were many weeks on the way with our caravan of camels. We were recognized as strangers when we rode into Jerusalem, but the public eye did not rest long upon us, for it was caught by a gay cavalcade coming up the street, moving toward the Damascus gate. There were fifty heralds, dressed in white and gold, running before what seemed to us to be the equipage of the king. The heralds had gold wands in their hands, and they cried out, "Make way, make way," as they brandished their batons, thus clearing the streets for a golden chariot drawn by several spirited steeds.

We looked for King David in this blaze of glory, but a young man occupied the golden chariot, about thirty years of age, with flowing, wavy, auburn hair, powdered with gold. We knew by report that King David was a man nearly seventy years of age, with snow white hair. "What can this mean?" we asked. "Is not King David still alive?" Our first thought was that he must have died since we left our land, and that we had seen his successor riding in state. "He is not dead," the bystander replied. "But who is this man that puts on such kingly airs?" we asked. "He is the man who wants to be king." "But how impertinent," we replied, "that even while King David lives and reigns, he should make such a show as this. Who is he?" "He is Absalom, the king's son." "A son in name," was my reply, "but an enemy in fact."

After the procession had passed, we wended our way to the inn. As we moved about among the people, we heard opinions expressed on all sides about Absalom's conduct. Many were highly pleased with his grand appearance, and were quite open in their expression of desire that he might be made king in the room of his father, David. The wiser few shook their heads in contempt of a young man who could be so brazen. After a night's rest, we rose early in the morning, and went down to the gate of the city, where we had been told it was King David's wont to go that he might listen to the appeals of people coming to him for counsel from all parts of his kingdom. We thought that perhaps in this custom must lie his strength as king. But what was our surprise to find Absalom at the gate, while David was absent. We watched Absalom's mode of procedure. He fawned upon every one who came, even taking them by the hand and kissing them. We moved nearer that we might hear his words of greeting. He asked first, "Of what city art thou?" And then he desired to know what their difficulties might be, and told each and every one that he had a good case, but that King David had not cared enough about his people to come himself or send anybody to be their judge. "If I were made a judge in this land," said Absalom, "I would see that you had justice."

DAVID RESTRAINS ABISHAI FROM PUNISHING THE ASPERSER

We could plainly see that the king's son was stealing the hearts of the people. And we wondered whether or not King David knew that his enemies were those of his own household. We turned sadly away, remarking how strangely and how suddenly the fame of a great man was becoming dimmed. Our desire to learn the secret of King David's greatness gave way to a desire to learn the cause of his weakness. How could King David have such a son, and why did he not restrain him? We asked these questions of a thoughtful looking man, and were told that the mother of Absalom was the daughter of a heathen king, and that he had been brought up by his mother to fear neither man nor God.

Illustration and Application

A father's sin, though forgiven, reappears in his children. Ambition kills rivals, even though brother and father.

He "loves not wisely but too well" who forgives an unrepentant child.

While honoring parents has the promise of long life, those who dishonor parents hasten their own death, as did Absalom.

The beginning of Absalom's story is a powerful lesson in heredity, and a warning to those who think it a small thing to sin because God is merciful. David's adultery and murder were forgiven; but he was not therefore rid of the consequences of his crimes. His eldest son, Ammon, repeated his father's sin, and that gave Absalom an excuse to murder the only brother that stood between him and the throne. Forgiveness cannot stop the sinful word or deed that our sin has sent out on its deadly errand. Probably one chief reason why David did not deal more severely with Ammon and Absalom, was that his conscience reminded him that they were but repeating his own sins. David never ceased to suffer in his family the consequences of his wrongdoing. Having married a heathen wife it was to be expected she would bear him such a heathen child as Absalom proved to be. Marius was a cutler by trade, and one of the Thirty Tyrants during the reign of Gallienus. He was chosen emperor one day, and reigned the next, and the third was slain by one of his soldiers, who, striking him, said, "This is with a sword which was made by thyself." David was smitten by his own sins in the hands of his sons.

The first blood on Absalom's ambition was that of a brother. As in Absalom's later plots, this act was mixed with deep hypocrisy. He seemed to be an avenger of the dishonor of his sister Tamar by his brother Ammon, but the real reason for this taking the law into his own hands was that Ammon was the only brother older than himself, and he thought by killing him to clear his own path to the throne. Two years Absalom had plotted this fratricide. It was a crime like Macbeth's, the murder of a kinsman and a guest, to secure a crown. As envy killed righteous Abel, ambition killed wicked Ammon.

. . .

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever.

The poet, N. P. Willis, thus speaks of Parrhasius, who racked a slave to death that he might paint such a death with realistic awfulness and so achieve fame for himself at whatever cost. Absalom was willing to sacrifice first his brother, and later his father, to his own ambition.

I'd kill thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

And "ten thousand" Absalom was at last willing to make it by a civil war rather than miss the throne.

. . .

To return to the story, Absalom having lynched Ammon, ran away to his heathen father-in-law in Geshur to escape punishment for the murder. David, in his great love for his beautiful but wayward son, consented to allow him to come back unpunished and unrepentant, only he must not come to the king's palace to be treated as a prince. For two years this half exile continued. Then Absalom forced a change. What a glimpse we get of Absalom in the light of Joab's burning barley! Absalom had several times sent for Joab, David's commanding general, and he had not come. Then Absalom "telegraphed" him by setting his barley field on fire. Joab came post-haste and at once secured from David permission for Absalom to come to the palace and receive the kiss of forgiveness. According to Jewish law he should have been killed instead. At once the ingrate son went to slandering his father and stealing the people's hearts as already described, that he might dethrone his father (II. Sam. 15: 2-6). It is a curious illustration of the success of shallow political tricks that the people should have believed Ab lom's words, even when his deeds told an opposite sto Think of an unpunished murderer successfully nomin ing himself as a judge! Fine qualification for a jud ship indeed to decide a case when only one side had be heard! God gives us two ears to hear both sides of eve question. Absalom's hypocritical heart seemed to t people full of

HUMILITY JUSTICE GOODNESS	But as God saw it, it was filled with	AMBITION INGRATITUDE REBELLION

. . .

For youth, the one pre-eminent warning of this lesson, suggested by the golden text, is against violation of the co mandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." One of t best illustrations of this "commandment with promise," the story of George Washington in young manhood, wh about to leave home, for what he conceived to be a roman "life on the ocean," but which his mother knew to be life of deadly moral perils. She pleaded with him to give his plan. At last he yielded to his mother's tears, and she claimed, in substance: "One who so honors his parents, G will surely honor." But for that yielding to his mothe wish and wisdom, the history of this continent might have be different, and his illustrious name might have been unknow

"Charley," said Mrs. Perki "please bring some wood Charley uttered an exclamati of disgust, stamped out of t room, brought back the wo and threw it noisily into the b That illustrates how one may ob his parents, and yet not hon them. One must do both to real keep the fifth commandment. T promise: "That thy days may long upon the land which the Lo thy God giveth thee." Paul e pands into a promise for oth lands than Palestine, and of oth blessings than long life: "That may be well with thee and th thou mayest live long upon t earth" (Eph. 6: 2). Those wh obey and honor their paren make their lives happier a longer by avoiding the sins th shorten life, which are the ve things that are forbidden by t parental commands; and besid this God gives them special ble ings. Absalom pictures the oth side of the picture—the woe o brings to himself and others h dishonoring his parents.

. . .

Charles Lamb, the writer a poet, said: "What would I n give to call my mother back earth for one day, to ask her pa don upon my knees for all tho acts by which I gave her gent spirit pain."

. . .

That great giant of intellect, D Johnson, years after his father death, went and stood bareheade for hours in the market-place his native town, because he remem bered that he had refused to obe his father when he sent him the on some errand.

A young man in the north England, joined a gang of hous breakers, helped them to rob h own father's house. Convicte and imprisoned for a term of year when he came out he went to loo for his old home. Strangers we in the house. His father had died of a broken heart. His moth was in a mad-house. "Mother," he said, when he found he "don't you know me? I am your son." But she slapped hi in the face, shrieking, "You are not!" then raving again, ar tearing her hair. He left the building, more dead than aliv and died of utter woe in a few months.

O that youth might realize that in every thought an word and deed they are shaping their characters an destinies. In place of Absalom's selfish ambition, let ou young people cherish high ideals, and then carve them int character.

. . .

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught the angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our soul uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives that angel-vision

BISHOP G. W. DOANE.

The Art of Telling a Story

LOVE of a good story is universal. The child at the mother's knee, or cuddling in the father's lap, pleads for a story. Many people proudly claim to care for profound works of philosophy or history, and sometimes they seem a little ashamed of the interest they take in what is merely entertaining fiction, but they are not to blame if their fancy is captivated by a story of life and manners. Nothing is more natural, more inwrought in the tissue of the race.

The art of telling a story, whether to please a child, delight a group of friends around the fire on a winter's night, amuse an after-dinner circle, or fill a three volume novel, is practically the same. A story must have a point. The teller must keep the point in view. A story must have fitness for the occasion. It must suit the people who listen to it, otherwise it might as well not be told. If brought in to illustrate something in a sermon, it must have a manifest relation to the preacher's argument. The successful story-teller, born with a gift, will always far surpass the other who, so to speak, is made by his own effort, for story-telling of the highest order partakes of the creative faculty and is a rarely fine endowment from God.

. . .

The successful story-teller does not burden his narrative with too many cumbersome details. He beware of being either too expansive or too exact, and has the merit of omitting superfluous matter. He aims for the climax, and he stops when he gets there.

Socially no one is more popular than he or she who can tell a good story, who remembers the stories that fit the hour, and who is never at a loss when conversation lags, for something bright, witty and pleasant that will help the laggard moment by. Certain clever after-dinner humorists have been, with some reason, suspected of learning their stories by heart, and carrying a stock with them in the mental portfolio, very much as one packs a grip for a journey. There can be no objection to this if anybody does it with the art that conceals art, and if the stories have an air of freshness and spontaneity, and serve the teller's need by evoking the smile or the tear that they are meant to summon.

One has only to note the clumsy, elephantine movement of the story-teller who does not know how, and who is ponderous and heavy as compared with the vivacity and grace of one who knows just when to relate anecdote, incident, or dramatic episode at the appropriate season. Among social accomplishments few surpass this in charm, grace, and the sort of pleasure that lingers agreeably in memory.

. . .

And now for a word of caution. In the family circle there is almost always to be found the over-zealous critic who sets the story-teller right in some unimportant or important detail, if the story is told in a different way from the listener's recollection of it. No social awkwardness is more to be deprecated than this. It should be part of the duty felt by every one in the home, as well as in company, to make those around feel at ease and happy. The person who insists upon absolute accuracy as to the time and place of some past and gone episode, which may be of very slight importance, is a person who wraps a wet blanket around the social order. What earthly difference does it make whether Cousin Jane arrived last month by stage or by train? What matter whether Lucinda's gown on a certain occasion was blue or green? Yet the stickler for absolute accuracy invariably breaks in upon a story with some such trifle as this, throwing the story-teller off the track and disturbing the listeners. The cardinal point of good manners is never to interrupt, seldom to furnish a missing word, and never in any instance to make a comment or criticism, or offer a remark which can even by inference make any one present uncomfortable.

When the story-teller has the floor, let others keep silence. One at a time, please. Your story can wait until your friend has finished. Never mind if it must wait until another day. Good stories keep.

. . .

Branching out from the familiar talk of the household or of society into the writing of books, everybody knows that there are people who possess the inestimable gift of writing graphic stories. The world welcomes them with joy, loves them, sits at their feet, buys their books, and in one way or another shows how adoringly it cherishes those who have the art of whiling away the time that else must drag.

. . .

From Homer to the last new writer whose stories please the public, the story-teller is king among reading folk. Poetry has its magic spell, history has an enchantment of its own; but the tale woven by imagination, diversified by fancy, and with an underlying note of truth to real life, surpasses every form of literary effort.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER

We have shared the spring and summer;—
Now the mellow autumn comes.
And we share life's joys together,
Heeding not though wintry weather,
Sound its soft advancing drums.
We are going home some day
In our Father's house to stay.

—M. E. S.

About Correspondence

LETTER writing forms a very large part of our social intercourse at present. The use of the typewriter has become so common, that business letters are frequently written with the help of the convenient little machine. This is right for business letters only. Even if one has a typewriter at hand in one's home, and knows how to use it, the old fashioned method of writing with pen and ink in one's own hand, is a better one for letters of friendship and for correspondence of ceremony. For instance, a letter of sympathy to one in bereavement should not be written upon a typewriter, nor should an invitation to a wedding, or any letter of simple private concern, be thus written.

Typewritten letters signify haste, accuracy and dispatch. An air of leisure should pervade a letter of friendship whatever be its occasion. The same objection appears in many cases to the use of the postal card. It is convenient for purposes of business, but should not be used where one has anything to say which is at all of a private nature. Though no one may read it except the recipient, there is something rather public in a written message which has not the protection of an envelope.

. . .

The best time to answer a letter is while its contents are fresh in one's mind. It then assumes the manner of a personal touch, and a great deal of one's own individuality unconsciously affects it. Postponing the reply to a letter for a week or two is not a good plan, because in the interval one's interest lessens, and there is little to say, and the letter carries, perhaps, not so much the nature of an answer, as of a task.

Some of the most charming letter writers are women who have no especial literary gift, but who do tell the little homely things of every day life that the absent one desires to hear. When one is away from home there is no slight thing happening there that is too trivial to be told about. A letter should not be stilted nor couched in high flown terms. The more simple, direct, and colloquial it is, the better it answers its purpose.

One should be careful in writing letters, if they are inspired by any extra stress of feeling, not to say what one might repent of in a calmer moment. A letter written under the influence of anger or consternation, should usually be kept by the writer at least twenty four hours, so that if sent, it may go as the expression of a calm, judicial mood, and not as the outcome of wounded feeling. As a rule, angry letters would better never be sent. They may act as escape valves for their writers, but should be destroyed, lest they do harm.

Love letters are supposed to be entirely confidential, yet even in them it is wise to guard against banality or foolish terms of endearment. The lover does not strengthen his epistle to his mistress by too much protestation, and in the lady, an elusive reticence is always an adorable quality, never more so than when she writes a letter to her sweetheart.

. . .

The question sometimes arises, whether husbands and wives have a right to open each other's letters. This they must, of course, decide for themselves, but if there is a right which belongs to anyone, it is the right to open and read one's personal letters before any other eye rests upon them, and this rule should be sacredly guarded. I have known families in which letters were not in the least treated as private property, so that any member of a family coming in after an absence, might find the letter lying there and read and commented on by half a dozen persons, before she saw it herself. This shows a beautiful degree of confidence, but all the same it is not quite fair. Everyone, from the grandparent to the little child, should have the pleasure and privilege, as well as the right, to open a personal letter before anyone else sees it.

Ceremonious invitations are usually in the third person. Of this another paper will treat.

The First Start to School

Kindergarten it is, of course, in these days. And the chubby little tot trots off to it very contentedly. Everything in kindergarten is lovely, the games, the songs, the little chairs and tables, the sweetness of "Teacher," the politeness of the little mates. A school where play somehow teaches many good lessons, where little fingers grow deft, and little heads absorb learning unawares, and eyes learn how to see and ears to hear. How fortunate is the child whose first start to school is in the beautiful kindergarten, who is not allowed to grow tired, and who never hears a cross word!

But the mother whose baby has gone to school for the first time, feels a pang. Baby days are over now. From this hour the great world claims her child. Primary school, grammar school, high school, college, business, profession, a career, the climbing steps will lead up and away from home and her.

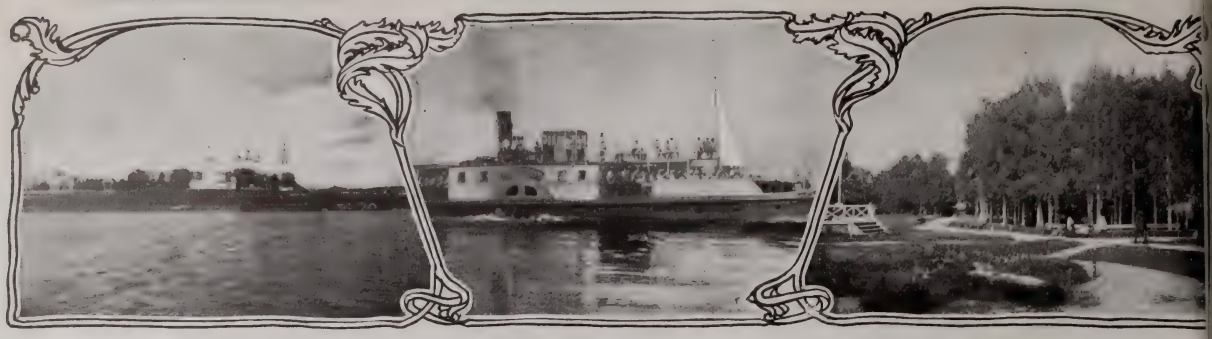
Yet if she have the secret of real motherhood, she will keep in touch with her boy, and when he is a man he will still keep close to her. The width of seas may separate them, but the mother's boy, when he becomes a man in the midst of the world's battle will still turn, true as the needle to the pole, to the mother who stood in her door and waved her hand at him when he first started off to school.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

WILLIAM. "Uncle's tea water, then shall we [illegible] of Rosier of old. Conquer your temptation to [illegible] it will be your sum.

—JAMES. Trained nurses have [illegible] language coming out of use, but your knack of [illegible] makes you a good assistant to an overburdened mother.

ARCHANGEL, FROM THE RIVER DWINA. A RUSSIAN TROOPSHIP ON THE DWINA. PUBLIC PARK IN ARCHANGEL.



ACROSS THE GREAT WHITE SEA ✳

Continued from page 879

ing. They come here about the last of May, remain in their huts and tents fishing during the summer, and about the middle of September go back to Archangel and other towns in northern Russia, to stay during the long, cold winter. The women passengers, here as in Norway, spend most of their time knitting. The men play cards, gamble, play the accordeon, sing, and drink the vodka, wherever you travel in Russia. Everybody drinks tea.

Among the other places we visited, were Teriberka, Gavrilova, Schelpina, Triachina, Rinda, Karlovka, Litza and Ponoi, nearly all on the stern red granite coast of Finland.

The White Sea (in Russian, *Bieloi More*), is some 40,000 square miles in extent. It receives the fresh waters of several large rivers. I found the water less salt than that of the Atlantic Ocean, doubtless on account of the slow evaporation and the great quantity of fresh water continually pouring into it. It has a coast line of 1,000 miles and a depth of 1,133 feet. The climate is so cold that ice begins forming on the shore about the last of August and is not entirely melted until the first of the next July. There are, however, some places where ice and frozen ground are never thawed out. Forty million herring and 75,000 seals are annually taken from White Sea waters. Some there are who still believe the superstitious stories of Holy Point Whirlpool, and also hold to Kircher's theory of a subterranean tunnel, connecting the White Sea whirlpool with the Maelstrom on the coast of Norway, thus accounting for these ship-engulfing wonders of nature, most dangerous at every alternate swinging of the tides, and which have furnished themes for thrilling stories for a thousand years.

* * *

Finland is one of the most interesting countries I ever visited. It has an area of 144,000 square miles, only three per cent. of which is arable, and a population of 2,000,000, most of whom live in the southern part. There are no fossils nor coal. Winters are very cold, and my own observation leads me to conclude that crops fail for lack of summer heat. Then comes famine, such as they experienced a year ago. The relief for famine-stricken Finland sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last winter, and Dr. Klopsch's visit, are enthusiastically and gratefully mentioned everywhere I go, especially when the people know I am an American. Extremes of temperature vary 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and sixty per cent. of the days are cloudy. Notwithstanding unfavorable conditions, Finland is healthful. Ninety-eight per cent. of the people are Lutheran, and

A BUSY RUSSIAN MARKET-PLACE.

two per cent. are of the Russo-Greek Catholic Church.

Archangel, the oldest port in Russia, was founded by Ivan the Terrible in 1583, and now the metropolis of the White Sea country and Northern Russia, is one of the greatest lumbering headquarters in the world. It extends seven miles along the east bank of the Dwina River. The magnificent cathedral, great bazaar, marine hospital, soldiers' barracks, house of Peter the Great, government buildings, ten miles of logs and saw mills, are objects of particular interest. Archangel's annual September fair does a business of 16,000,000 rubl From July to September, while the port is open, abou thousand vessels—chiefly British, German, Norweg and Russian—carry on a thriving trade with Archang Railroads, rivers and canals furnish traffic communi tions with Moscow, St. Petersburg, and especially t Volga country. When Moscow was the great c mercial metropolis of Russia, caravans of merchand from the far Orient came to that city, whence they w forwarded by land and river to Archangel, and ther by ship to London. This was one h dred and fifty years before St. Pete burg was founded.

In winter this is the coldest strip of la on earth. A few days of summer are h and mosquitoes are plentiful. The p ple of these Arctic regions—Russia Finns, Lapps, and Norsemen—seem be at work the entire twenty-four hou When do they sleep? Just as the bea of these forests store up fat during summer for hibernation, so these m seem to store up enough sleep duri the winter of night to last them throu the summer of continuous day. In the respects man is only following natu phenomena. Vegetation here, in perp ual sunlight, grows faster than it does New York. Birds fly about, and sing midnight. Flowers whose petals close darkness remain open here. The soci moral, and bodily condition of the peo also improves with the advent of the v nal season. This is well, for during t period of frozen water, the average nati up here is so prone to forget that "clea liness is next to godliness."

Every time I visit Russia, I am more and mo impressed with her boundless resources of timber, fis ries, cattle and grain; her inexhaustible wealth of fo tile land, rich mines, busy factories and increasing co merce; her supreme power of 1,000,000 soldiers, 13 000,000 industrious people and a boundless expanse territory.

I shall return to New York via Moscow, St. Pete burg, Wilna, Warsaw, Berlin and London.

FREDERICK A. NORTH.

SOULS WON BY SACRED SONG ✳

The Wondrous Power of Gospel Music, as Illustrated at the Bowery Missio

PROBABLY there is no religious institution in the world in which sacred song is more directly instrumental in saving souls than the Bowery Mission. Every night, some forlorn and weary-hearted passerby is attracted within the walls of the Mission by the sound of the great pipe organ, played so effectively by Prof. Victor H. Benke, a Bowery Mission convert of nine years' standing.

Twelve months ago, Ira D. Sankey, the blind evangelist and singer, presented the Mission with several hundred copies of the Big Iow & Main new song book, which contains many of Mr. Benke's compositions, and nothing is more inspiring than to hear the big crowd of men singing these hymns. The Mission Male Quartette, composed of four converts, possessing well-trained voices, sings at the Mission every night when not employed at some church meeting. It is not an uncommon thing to see strong men bow their heads and weep like children, as such plaintive songs as "Home, Sweet Home," or "Where is My Wandering Boy" are sung.

A young man who had left his wife and little one in Nova Scotia, and had become a drunkard and a thief on the Bowery, had his heart touched by the singing of "Lord, I'm Coming Home." He became converted, and in the course of a few weeks was happily restored to his home.

A great giant of a man, made furious by drink, and hovering on the borders of delirium tremens, entered the Mission one night, wild-eyed and desperate, and stood near the door as though transfixed, whilst a lady sang a simple gospel song. "It reminded me of my own daughter," he said, when in the after-meeting he had become partially sobered, and the workers gathered around him and prayed for him.

* * *

"Just as I am," sung by Mr. Hunt, one of the Quartette, to Mr. Benke's music, is one of the favorites. A well-known Bowery man, a frequent attendant at the meetings, presented the singer with a cane one morning, and with tears in his eyes, said: "Keep on singing that hymn; I believe it will be my Salvation."

One of the most welcome visitors to the Bowery Mission is Miss Grace Hildebrand, the Gospel Soloist. Several months ago, a lady reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in Illinois, noticing an account of this talented young singer's life and work, wrote to her, asking, on behalf of her invalid's son, who had recently become converted, and who had written a song for Bowery men, whether she would sing the song at the Bowery Mission. This Miss Hildebrand undertook to do. The Rev. Dr. MacArthur was the preacher on the evening on which the song was first sung. It produced a remarkable effect, and the next day Dr. MacArthur received a letter from one of the men who heard it, in which he said that the Doctor "had preached like an apostle and Miss Hildebrand had sung like an angel." The song is entitled "Shall Mother's Prayer Be Heard?" and the author is Mr. W. Carroll Radebaugh, of Mason City, Ill.

SHALL MOTHER'S PRAYER BE HEARD?

Have you wandered far from home and mother's care,
Thankless for her patient toil, and heeding not her pray'r?
Shall the labor and the love bestowed upon her boy
Lie buried in your heart and perish there?

Safe within that city her pure soul has gone to dwell,
Of her radiant beauty, mortal tongue can never tell;
Could it be your wayward life can mar her rest and peace?
Return to God, return, and all is well.

Shall her oft-repeated prayer at last a bles ing prove?
Does your heart respond to mother's a the Saviour's love? [to-nigh
Come believing, come repenting; Oh be sav
And meet your mother in her home abo

Mrs. Bird says of Miss Hildebrand's singin that "she sings as one whose very soul is fire to lift humanity where it may come touch with the Divine."

Work of the Tent "Evangel"

A very large audience greeted Rev. P. Henson, D.D., as he preached the closi sermon on October 1, in the Tent "Evange movement in New York. The number public meetings in the tent during the summ was 100; the number of open-air preachi services, 146; total attendance, 80,000. Hu dreds of requests for prayer were receive There were many conversions. Personal visit 900. The subscriptions from individuals a collections in the tent were $2,590. The to expenses were $3,311.75, leaving a deficit $721.75. It is hoped that this deficit will b secured in the near future.

The tent work has commended itself t large audiences, and great good has bee accomplished. At the closing service, th audience arose *en masse*, requesting that th work be carried on next season. Rev. G. W McPherson will lead a still larger tent wor during the summer of 1904.

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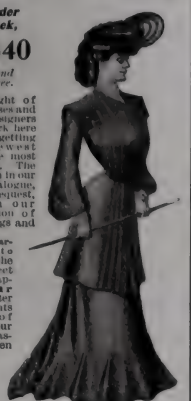

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Stylish Jackets,	**$8.00 to $35.00**

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We guarantee to fit and please you. If we don't, return the garment promptly and *we will refund your money.*

Write us fully; your letters will be answered by women of taste and experience in matters of dress, who will tell you the latest and most stylish styles and materials. When you send us an order, they will look after it while it is in the cutter's and tailor's hands, and will give it the same care and attention that it would have if it were made under your personal supervision by your own dressmaker.

Catalogue and a large assortment of the newest samples will be sent *free* by return mail. Ask for new **WINTER CATALOGUE No. 50.** Mention whether you wish samples for Suits or Cloaks, and about the colors you desire and we will send a full line of exactly what you wish.

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MISSIONARY PROGRESS*

A Survey of the Work in Many Fields During the Past Century

FAR as the heathen world is from what it should have been nineteen centuries after Christ commanded that his Gospel should be preached to all nations, we have reason to rejoice in the progress that has been made during the past century and in the prospects of still greater triumphs. There are now 10,685 missionaries preaching Christ to the heathen, and there are more than 50,000 native converts who are engaged in missionary work among their respective peoples. The number of actual communicants in heathen lands is now fully a million, besides a still larger number who have declared for Christ and are preparing to join the churches. For all this we are devoutly thankful, and still more for the fact that the period of organization and pioneer work is so nearly completed, and there is therefore reason to hope that the rate of progress will now be accelerated. Besides this, there is now a feeling of comradeship and a desire for co-operation among missionaries of different denominations, which augurs well for the work and will prevent duplication of effort and will promote extension in new fields.

The contrast between the situation at the present time and that at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was vividly pointed out by Mr. Eugene Stock at the great New York Conference. He said that in 1800 the work in India was in its infancy; Carey, the pioneer, had only just begun his labors. China was practically closed. Japan had no missionary at all. Africa had been barely touched at the coast, and the whole interior was unexplored. The islands of the South Seas had received a small band of missionaries, who were patiently waiting amid strong hostility and ominous threatening for an opportunity to proclaim the Gospel. The first quarter of the century was one of disappointment for the home churches, which looked eagerly for news of Gospel triumph, but received none. During the second quarter, a clearer idea of the difficulties and obstacles prevailed, and the need of patience was realized. Cheering news came from Moffatt in South Africa, from Duff in India, and John Williams in the South Seas. In the third quarter of the century, China's gates were forced open by war, and the missionaries entered; a footing was made in Japan, and Livingstone had penetrated to the interior of Africa. Seventy-five years of waiting and hard work, and then came the great advance which marked the close of the century.

*Topic of the Epworth League for November 1: Matt. 28: 18-20.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Virginia. "In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me. I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications, therefore, will I call upon him as long as I live."

Young Reader, Perry Co., Pa. "Many times I have been in dangers and perils, but, by God's guidance, have been spared. He has answered many prayers for me."

Reader, Washington, O. "I know that God does answer prayers. He has answered mine many times."

M. V. J., Slate Mills, Va. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of our Heavenly Father, in answering prayer. He heard and answered me, as he has done many times. I thank him, and am ever ready to go to him with my anxieties and trials, knowing he will hear his trusting children. All praise to his name."

A. C., Charlotte, N. C. "The answered prayer column fills my soul with delight. Perhaps you may understand me better when I tell you that I am an invalid and have to stay in bed all the time and am perfectly helpless. I am trying to look on the bright side. Although my way seems dark and my burden heavy yet I know God's way is the best."

Subscriber, Fairhaven, Vt. "God has answered many prayers for me, and relieved me when in great trouble and sorrow. He will always relieve us if we come to him in faith believing. Trust always in him."

C. V. S. "It has been a help to me to have read the Answered Prayers. In a great trial we earnestly prayed to God and the answer came. May we all take courage and fervently pray, and should we not always get just what we ask for, may we have faith to believe that He is with us to bless whatever he sees best to give."

Reader, Mystic, Que., Can. "Many times, when the way has looked dark, I have taken my troubles to God, and he has heard me, and I am very thankful."

Mrs. E. L. E., Waterbury, Conn. "I want to add my testimony. Through great tribulations I have learned to trust the Lord completely. He has answered my prayers many times, both for temporal needs and in the conversion of loved ones."

Reader, Oskaloosa, Ia. "A brother going in bad company. I prayed that he might choose better companions. God heard my humble petitions. Praise his name."

F. S. Harbor, N. Y. "I thank the Lord for granting my prayer of years. I was go on praying and wait for the rest. I thank him for every answer and more thankfully than we expect. I am praising the Lord every day, for goodness and mercy follow me."

Subscriber, White Oaks, N. Mex. "Many times my prayers have been answered. All glory and praise be to His Holy Name."

C. S., Springfield, Va. "In so many ways, both direct and indirect, I have received answers to prayers, so great as well as small, besides. I have truly felt our loving Father never caring for us, unworthy as we are."

Reader, Oswego, Kan. "I believe and know that God does hear and answer prayers. I prayed for a certain thing. My prayer was answered in his own good time. Another time I prayed that the conversion of my oldest son. He was converted while I was praying. Many other times have I had direct answer to my prayers."

Mrs. J. McH., Port Royal, Ky. "In intense suffering, I prayed to the Lord, and he helped me. He is my only refuge and an ever-ready help in the time of need."

M. D. C., Bethel, O. "I have had many answers to my prayers. The Lord is an ever-present help in time of need."

Reader, Penn Yan, N. Y. "The Lord has answered many prayers for me. I had a great trouble for a long time. I prayed for strength to bear it. He gave me strength and removed my trouble."

Mrs. S. R. E., Grandin, Fla. "I wish to acknowledge 'Answered Prayers.' I know that He heard my prayers, and I thank Him for it."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayers have also been received from E. R. M., Hanover, Ind.; C. A. W., Mantmeal, Pa.; Reader, Longmeadow, Ont.; H. M. S., Wm., Philadelphia, Pa.; Reader, Zanesville, O.; Believer, Knoxville, Tenn.; E. W. O., Patchogue, N. Y.; S. H., East Orange, N. J.

A Life-boat for a Pulpit

The photograph shows a unique pulpit in the Mariner's Church, San Francisco, Calif. The church, being attended principally by sailors, it seems fitting that the pulpit should

ODDEST PULPIT IN AMERICA

be made from an old life-boat, which, having served its time in breasting the waves of the Pacific Ocean, has now found a resting place in this quaint house of God, with its friends the sailor-boys. Some of its former crew attend in this church for Sunday service.

Anthony Comstock Assaulted

Mr. Anthony Comstock, agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, while attempting to arrest a man in New Haven, who had been charged with flagrant violation of the law in sending improper literature through the mails, was assaulted by the accused and severely beaten. Several of Mr. Comstock's ribs were broken, and he will be confined to his home for weeks, in consequence of his injuries. The following letter has been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the Treasurer of the Society:

Dear Sir.—As Mr. Comstock is ill at home, and confined to his bed from the results of an attack made upon him by a party in New Haven whom he had arrested and who was trying to escape, I beg to acknowledge receipt of your check for $25.25, amount contributed towards the work of this Society, with the request that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD print it. Mr. Comstock is unable to do anything at the present time, and will probably be confined to his home for several weeks, as he has fractured one or two of his ribs, and is suffering intense pain.

Astonished at Our Premiums

A short time since I sent you two dollars for subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the Bible offered as a premium. The Bible has just come to hand, and it surprises me that you would give such a premium. The Bible alone looks as though it would be cheap at two dollars. I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a number of years, and I am unable to understand how you can afford to send such premiums with as good a paper.

St. Joseph, Mo. T. D. FRAZER.

A New Potato Receipt

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

The success of many vegetable dishes depends largely upon the sauce in which these articles are served. A smooth and delicate white sauce will make the plainest of vegetable dishes worthy of interest.

A fine, white sauce is obtained when Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is used. This brand guarantees a pure and wholesome starch and perfect results when rightly used. Fifty-five years' use has proven its superiority.

The average cook considers a sauce done when it is smooth and thick, but several minutes of actual boiling are necessary for perfection.

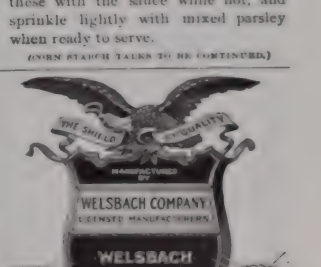
For variety in serving potatoes the receipt here given is well worthy of trial, but remember that for the best results it is essential that Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch be used.

POTATOES FINNEGAN.

Make a white sauce by melting two rounding tablespoons of butter, add one rounding tablespoon of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, and when smooth and frothy pour in a scant pint of rich milk. Let this boil several minutes, stirring constantly, and season with salt, pepper and a little onion juice.

Have in readiness a quart of cooked potatoes cut into dice and a cupful of young carrots coarsely chopped; mix these with the sauce while hot, and sprinkle lightly with mixed parsley when ready to serve.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)



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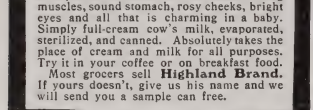

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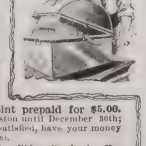

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THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.
Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place "with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters the bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them being Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Mr. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he firmly declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper, which creates sensation, and brings to its side many new friends.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty local school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and pressman. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic.

One evening, while he was looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, on the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reform are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to carry on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas. The great audience sits spell-bound, as the story of a ruined family and a broken-hearted mother is graphically told.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued

"THERE, don't cry, mother. I'll go into town in the morning and I'm sure Andy will straighten out. He's probably learned a lesson by this time."

"Do you think he will? Do you, Rod?"

"Yes, mother. Don't worry. Go to sleep now."

"Did I wake you, Rod? I sometimes talk in my sleep."

"Well! well! mother," Rod replied evasively. Don't worry. Go to sleep and forget all about Andy."

"I can't forget about him even in my sleep. I dreamt about him to-night. O Rod, do you think he's in danger?" she asked it, trembling all over as she sat up. Rod could see by the dim light her strained face, ghost-like, appealing to him. The sight irritated him, because it stirred a memory of the past he wanted to forget.

"No, mother," he answered roughly. "Lie down and sleep. I tell you I'll go in and see Andy in the morning."

Mrs. Miner lay back submissively and Rod started to go out. At the door he turned, and said with a show of kindness:

"If you feel afraid or ill, call me, mother. I'll leave the door open. Good night."

"Good night, Rod," she said, quietly enough, but the boy thought he could hear her sobbing again as he went back into his room.

In the morning he said nothing about the event of the night, and about ten o'clock he harnessed up and started for Colby.

"Don't worry, mother," he said as he drove away.

"I'll try not to, Rod. But you'll be sure to tell Andy I love him, won't you? Don't be harsh with him, will you, Rod?"

Rod did not answer. He wished afterwards that he had, as at a turn in the section road he saw his mother standing in the doorway still looking at him.

Half way to Colby a part of his harness broke, and it was afternoon before he had succeeded in mending it so as to start on. When within five miles of town he overtook a neighbor, who was stuck in a slough with a load of hay. By the time he had helped him out and had hitched into his own wagon again it was nearly five o'clock. He reached Colby about six, and drove at once to the store where Andy had been employed.

"Is Andrew Miner here?" he asked one of the clerks who was near the door.

"Miner, Miner? Oh, you mean Andy. He hain't been working here for two weeks. The old man fired him because —" the clerk made a movement as if drinking out of a bottle. Rod asked him if he knew where Andy boarded.

"No, I don't. Might try Mrs. Wycoffs."

Rod drove up to Mrs. Wycoffs, but she knew nothing of Andy Miner.

By this time it was getting dark, and Rod drove the horses to a livery stable, foreseeing a possible night in Colby. After getting supper at a restaurant, he started out to find his brother.

It was after seven o'clock, and Rod went at once into Jake's place. There were only a few men in the bar-room, and he passed through into the rear room, where the card tables were. The minute he pushed open the swinging door he saw his brother and Jim Walker playing cards at a table in one corner. He walked over at once and put his hand on Andy's shoulder. The boy looked up, and at the first glance Rod saw that even that early in the evening Andy had been drinking.

"Hello, Rod. Where'd you come from?" he said showing a little confusion.

"Mother sent me," Rod answered briefly. "Come out of here! I want to talk with you."

"Let's finish the game first. We've only just begun. Your deal, Jim."

"No, you don't," Rod said roughly, and he leaned over and put his big hand down on the cards. "You come right out. I want to talk with you, and I don't want to wait. Mother will be anxious about my return. I've got a four hours' drive."

"You leave us alone!" Andrew exclaimed angrily, trying to pull the cards out from under Rod's hand.

Rod's dark face grew darker.

"Andy, you drop that and come out of here, or I'll drag you out by the hair. Jim Walker, I call you a miserable cur for getting my brother into this hole. If it wasn't for Andy on my hands, I'd give you another smashing, same's you got when I caught you trying to brand some of our calves down by Major's creek. No, you don't!" Rod anticipated Walker's movement to get his gun, and with a lightning grasp that did not seem possible in one so ordinarily slow, he seized Walker's wrist and twisted it in a vice-like grip. Half a dozen men entered the room at that moment. Rod let go of Walker and turned to Andy.

"Come out," he said savagely, and Andy did not dare disobey. He rose and went out with Rod, who backed toward the door with his eyes on the wrathful face of Jim Walker.

Out on the street Rod said abruptly: "Have you got a room anywhere?"

"Yes," Andy said, sullenly.

"We'll go to it," Rod said, briefly.

When they were inside the dingy little room in a cheap boarding-house, Rod sat

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 892

down and faced his brother, who was almost sober now, and whose face showed a mingling of fear, shame and anger.

"Mother and I got word of your drinking last night. Mother lay awake half the night over it. You've lost your job in the store. What are you doing? Anything?"

"I've got a job in the hotel," Andy said, sullenly.

"Must be a fine job," Rod said with contempt. "You seem to be in Jake Lawson's employ most of the time. How much does he give you?"

"You go——," Andrew swore. Even Rod was startled at the oath. He had never known Andy on the farm to swear, even under great provocation.

He looked more carefully at his brother's face. How swiftly the devil brands his cattle! The boy's face showed already the unmistakable signs of dissipation, the coarsening and roughening of fibre and tissue.

"You are killing mother, Andy," said Rod, in a low tone.

He related in a few words the experience of the night. Andrew seemed moved by it.

"I think mother's mind is affected by all the trouble she has had, Andy." Rod spoke more softly. "She prayed as if she were another woman. The tones of her voice were hard and unfeeling. It made me creep to listen to her. I've had to get her into the house three times from the graves since you went away."

"Mother has never got over that time," Andy spoke thoughtfully.

"No, and do you know, Andy, what makes that such a dreadful experience for mother? It's not only the loss of the children mother grieves over. You were only a little fellow at the time, and we never told you. But as soon as Elizabeth came down, mother feared diphtheria and sent father right into town for a doctor. He never came back until the day after, and then it was too late. The doctor couldn't save them then. And do you know where father was all that time, Andy?" Rod got up, and his rough face twitched nervously under the stress of his passion. "He was in Jake Lawson's place drinking and gambling, while our little sisters were choking to death on the farm and mother was going wild over it. Is it any wonder mother's mind is weak after all that. And the constant loneliness and lack of neighbors and variety to take her thought off the death of the babies and father. And now you go and tug at mother's heart as if you didn't care, and help to make Jake Lawson rich by buying his beer and whisky—the man who sold the stuff that killed father and the children and——"

"Don't! Don't, Rod! I didn't know! I'll quit and behave myself," cried Andy, breaking down and putting his face in his hands, while Rod walked up and down like some wild beast.

"I haven't any faith in you, Andy, and might as well say so." Rod spoke with bitterness as he walked up and down past his brother. "You've got father's blood in you. You'd drink and gamble if you knew mother was going to die the next minute. She told me to tell you that she loved you. You know she does well enough. But you don't love her any. If you did, you wouldn't do as you have been doing."

"I do love her, Rod! I'll quit drinking and playing and behave myself."

"You say you will. Undress and get into bed. I've got to go home to-night or mother will go wild. But I've no faith in your promises. The minute I start for home you'll make a bee line for Jake's place," continued Rod.

"I won't; I tell you I won't," replied Andrew, but he spoke quietly, and immediately obeyed his brother and went to bed. Rod walked moodily up and down.

"I'll tell mother how I found you, and your promise. If you break it, I hope father and the babies will haunt your dreams as long as you live."

He turned to go out, and Andrew said feebly, "Won't you tell mother I am sorry, Rod?"

"I will, if you act sorry for a month," replied Rod. He blew out the light, and went away without any further good night, and immediately hitched up and started for home.

He had been gone about half an hour when Andrew heard a pebble strike his window. He drew the clothes up over his head, and kept still. Another pebble struck the window a little harder. Then a shower of small stones. Still he made no answer. After a moment he heard a step coming up stairs. He remembered the door was not locked, and started up in bed to lock it, but before he could do so it opened, and some one came in.

"Is that you Jim?" he asked.

"Came up to see how you were." Walker struck a match, lighted the lamp and sat down.

"I'm all right," said Andrew, sullenly. "Why can't you let me alone?"

"You left me in the middle of the game. I don't call that square."

"We can finish——"

"To-night," said Walker, coolly. "But it's too cold here. Get up and let's go over to Jake's and have it out. You owe me a game. It's mean to quit when I was losing."

"I can't. It's too late. I've promised Rod—I've promised——"

"Oh, well. You don't need to play more than one game."

"No, I won't do it, Jim. Go away and leave me alone."

In reply, Jim Walker took a whisky bottle out of his pocket, and going over to the little washstand took up a tumbler and poured out a drink. He came back to the table, which was near the bed, and set the glass down. The smell of the liquor began to pervade the little room. Andy's eyes began to glow with an unearthly lustre, and he sat up in bed. Jim tossed off the whisky and poured out some more.

"What makes you keep your room so cold? Have a nip, just to warm you up."

"No," said Andy, but he eyed the liquor greedily.

Walker drank again, and again filled up the glass.

"It was a mean trick to cheat me out of the game, Andy. After all the times I've stood by you, to leave me in the lurch was a mean, dirty trick." He swore, and drank again, setting the glass down on the edge of the table nearest the bed. Then he suddenly got up and walked over to the window and looked out.

"It's a cold night. Looks as if a storm was coming up."

He stood with his back to Andy, but he knew what was happening. Andy had reached out his arm, taken a hasty drink of the whisky, and set the glass down again.

Jim turned around and walked back to the table.

"Andy, do you think it was just the thing to cheat me out of that game?"

"I never cheated!"

"You did. You left before it was through. It would only be fair for you to finish. You needn't play any more if you don't care. If you'll come over to Jake's, I'll set up the drinks."

"We'll just finish the game?" Andy said feebly.

"Yes, that's all. It's not late. Only nine o'clock. Come on, that's a good fellow. Remember how I've pulled you out of a hole many a time."

Andy got up and dressed, and in twenty minutes was seated with Jim Walker at one of the tables in the wine room at Jake's place, his brain reeling, his nerves on fire with whisky, which he had begun to drink recklessly as soon as the cards were served.

The drunkard's luck at chance seemed to favor him. Game after game saw him winner. The stake was not large, but before eleven o'clock Walker had lost all his own money and several small sums he had borrowed of acquaintances.

At last in a spasm of intruding conscience, Andy threw down the cards and declared he would play no more. He swept up his earnings and poured them in his coat pocket, staggering to his feet as he did so. Walker rose with an oath and tried to detain him.

"Play it out! You've no right to quit now!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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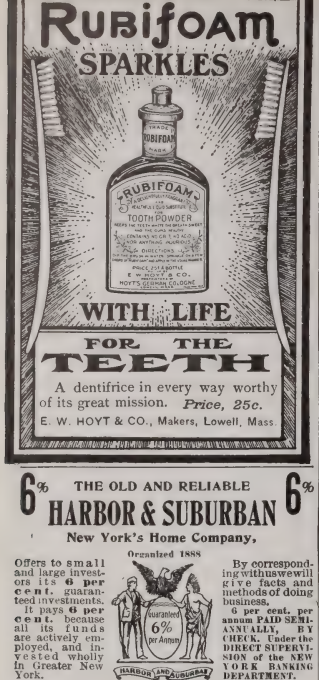

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A LITTLE OLD MAN*

The Story of a Child, by Pierre Loti, is in truth the story of a little old man. One is reading the thoughts of a philosopher, when suddenly Pierre Loti exclaims: "At this time I was five years old!" There is always an effort to remember that it is a child of whom one reads. A certain wonder takes the place of sympathy. The child, however, is very affectionate, and the author's references to his mother are full of sweetness. There is, for instance, the following passage:

My mother alone is the only person in the world of whom I have the feeling that death cannot separate me. With other human beings, those whom I have loved with all my heart and soul, I have tried to imagine an hereafter, a to-morrow in which there shall be no to-morrow; but no, I cannot. Because of my mother alone have I been able to keep intact the faith of my early days. It still seems to me that when I have finished playing my poor part in life, when I no longer run in the overgrown paths that lead to the unattainable, when I am through amusing humanity with my conceits and my sorrows, I will go there where my mother, who has gone before me, is, and she will receive me; and the smile of serenity that she now wears in my memory will have become one of triumphant realization.

One evening, when not yet twelve years old, little Pierre hears the tolling of a bell; it is the church bell in the village announcing the evening service, and the impression it makes upon him he describes in one of the most beautiful sentences that adorn his book:

Oh! the vesper bell of Echillais, heard in that beautiful garden long ago! Oh! the sound of that bell, a little cracked but still silvery, like the once beautiful voices of very old people, which still retain something of their sweetness. What charm of past times, and half sad meditations of peaceful death were awakened by that music, which spread itself into the limpid darkness of the surrounding country! And we heard the bell chiming for a long time, but its sound reached us fitfully; once while it seemed to be near, and then again it seemed far away, as it obeyed the will of the soft night wind that was stirring. I bethought me of all those who, on their lonely farms, were listening to it; I bethought me, too, of all the unpeopled places round about where it would be heard by no one, and a shudder passed through me at the thought of the near-by forest, where the sweet vibrations of the bell would die.

**The Story of a Child*, translated from the French of Pierre Loti, by Caroline F. Smith, C. C. Buchard & Co., Boston.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Sunday Afternoons with a Congregation of Children, by Charles A. G. Thomas; helpful to teachers, preachers, laymen and others; pp. 97, paper covers. Capital Printing Co., Raleigh, N. C., publishers.

Isaac Pitman's Shorthand Instructor (20th Century Edition), the very latest and best exposition of the Pitman System of Phonography, now standard all over the world; pp. 276, cloth. Isaac Pitman & Son, New York, publishers.

The School in the Home, a Study of the Debt Parents Owe their Children, by Rev. N. D. Hillis. An excellent little volume of hints and instruction for the religious education of the young; pp. 126, cloth. Price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

The Monarch Billionaire, by Morrison L. Swift. A remarkable story of a "self-made" successful man, his broad-minded and noble-hearted daughter and his professional son-in-law. The story reviews the entire field in the strife between Labor and Capital and is well worth reading; pp. 317, cloth covers. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., 57 Rose street, New York, publishers.

Greater than Cæsar, a Story of the First Century, by Emma Bates Harvey. The incidents related occur in the time of Christ, and the author's close study of the manners and customs of that day, give to the book a vivid and realistic interest. It is a beautiful story, well told; pp. 196; cloth. Price $1. J. H. Earle & Co., Boston, publishers.

The Untilled Field, by George Moore. These are sketches of a visit to Ireland, in which there is a pleasant mingling of story, anecdote and folklore. Mr. Moore has the power of accurate and truthful description in a high degree. His native characters are admirably drawn and never overdrawn. A book well worth reading; pp. 381; cloth covers. Price $1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Stories of Great Artists (a fascinating book in the series of Eclectic School Reading), by Olive B. Horne and Katherine L. Scobey, deserves to be very widely read by the young for whom it is intended. *La Petit Robinson de Paris* by Mme. Eugenie Foa, is a little book which has long been a classic in France, and which is soon to be popular here. *Primary Arithmetic*, by Prof. W. J. Milne, a little manual designed to provide a thorough and rational course in arithmetic for the first three years of a pupil's attendance at school. These three books are just issued by the American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers. All three are excellent typographically, and as to illustrations and subject matter.

The Jones Readers (First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth) are the most recent noteworthy publications of an educational character. These books are the work of President L. H. Jones of the Michigan State Normal College, formerly Superintendent of City Schools in Indianapolis, and later in Cleveland. The *Readers* are exceedingly attractive in binding, quality of illustrations and typographical appearance, and are skilfully graded with a view to the careful development of the student's vocabulary. They are calculated to inspire the youthful mind with heroism, patriotic feeling, manliness, kindness, and every moral sentiment that plays a part in the upbuilding of a lovable character. Grim & Co., Boston, New York, Chicago and London are the publishers.

THE POET KING*

David, a Man of Strong Passions, Noble in His Kingly Qualities, and an Example of Pardon on Contrition

ONE of the strongest, most vigorous of all the Bible characters, is the man who, as soldier, poet and king, won the intense affection of the whole Hebrew people. Long after he was dead the tender love and veneration for their great ruler manifested itself, and kept half the nation faithful to his unworthy successors, simply because they were his descendants. Perfectly frank are his biographers in recounting his faults as well as his virtues, and as a result, we have a life-like portrait of the man, sublime in his piety, grand in his magnanimity, but despicable in his fall. It needs, however, in taking account of his character, not to lose sight of the background of his times, and the peculiar temptations of his position. There have been many in modern times who have made his crimes an excuse for their own. That is always one of the worst consequences of a good man's wrong doing. Those who are ready to follow his example in his sin, are not willing to follow his example in repentance and reformation. But even the evil so unreservedly told in all its repulsive details has served a useful purpose, in encouraging heinous sinners who, but for his history, might have despaired of forgiveness, to go in humiliation and sorrow to seek mercy of Him who forgave David.

Our first introduction to him is as the modest shepherd lad, who had been so free from self-assertion that even his own father overlooked him when the great prophet came to his house. If any distinctions were to be conferred, the elder brothers were deemed most worthy of them, and the ruddy youth, who tended the sheep, was passed over. It needed the prophet eye directed by God himself to recognize the greatness in the youth. Yet when the crisis came, in which the most valiant of Israel quailed, the despised boy alone staked his life on his faith in God's protection. Again he showed his manly intrepidity in his service to the maniac king in spite of the murderous javelin hurled at him. Great, too, in his magnanimous refusal to injure his sleeping enemy. How few of the men who cast reproach on him for his crimes, would have had the self-control to spare the man whose treachery had been so often exhibited, and whose vindictiveness had been so unprovoked! His greatness of character was seen also in his preparations for the building of the Temple. Many men desiring so to honor God and being refused permission, would have shown resentment, but he was above such littleness, and spent time and treasure in rendering his son's task easy. In spite of his faults, he was a man to be admired.

**Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 1. I. Sam. 16: 11-13; Ps. 19; John 7: 42.*

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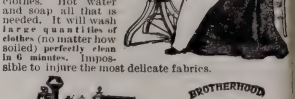

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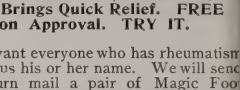

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Filial Retribution

Evil out of his own House Falls Upon David

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE terrible sentence pronounced by God against David, after he had been convicted of his sin through Nathan's message, was: "I will rise up evil against thee out of thine own house" (II. Sam. 12: 11). And the execution of this sentence was not long delayed. First there was Ammon's abominable sin, by which two lives of David's children were ruined, and then came the murder of Ammon, by the hand of his brother Absalom. It was for the penitent David an awful reminder of his own sin. How we can understand those words, "My sin is ever before me!" (Ps. 51: 3). Three of his family had come under the power of sin and death, and utterly did this man of God experience that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Absalom had committed murder, and Ammon incest: on two indictments they ought, according to the law, to have suffered death (Deut. 22: 25: 19: 11, 12). But how should David, who was also guilty, execute the law upon his guilty son? Heart and conscience forbade it, equity forbade it; and yet the law of God remained unchanged. Oh, how heavy must this burden have been in the heart of God's servant. No resource could extricate him from the net in which he had become entangled; but he could look up with faith and say: "Mine eyes are ever unto the Lord, and he shall pluck my feet out of the net" (Psalm 25: 15).

David banished Absalom from his presence, but his heart yearned for him. The thought was probably much upon his heart, that if he had never sinned as he had done, Absalom might never have fallen thus. Perhaps he might justify himself in taking the law into his own hands against Ammon, who had broken the law. Joab perceived that the king's heart was towards Absalom, and he contrived to enlist the help of a clever woman so to work upon David that he sent for Absalom to return; and yet he would not see his son, until Absalom compelled Joab to procure for him a meeting with the king, and the king kissed Absalom (II. Sam. 14: 33). In this reconciliation God had no part. David did not enquire of the Lord, but yielded to his own heart's desire to see his son, and to the strong influence of Joab. It was a wrong step, and the consequences were most grievous.

Absalom had never repented of his sin as David had of his: and probably he may have justified himself and regarded himself as being more zealous of the law than was David. David had given occasion to his son to despise him; and it was after his father had sent for him, and he was no longer under his displeasure, that he fomented a revolution against David. "Evil out of thine own house"—it seemed to be always at work.

One sin unrepented of leads to another. Absalom's heart was not broken by his father's kiss, as David's heart had been broken. He at once took upon him the position of a prince of the blood, and assumed a royal bodyguard. Then he began to poison the people against his father, intercepting those who came to the gate of the city—the place of judgment — with their different cases for trial, and told them that their cases were just, but slandered David by saying that there was no man deputed of the king to hear them.

Oh the grief which must have overwhelmed David, when he found that his consideration for his son had opened the door for that ungrateful young man to stir up to rebellion his own people against him! He, when tempted in the time of Saul, would not lift up his hand against the Lord's anointed, and now his own son incited his people to join him in dethroning God's anointed! "Evil out of thine own house!" O how it followed him!

"And the king went forth, and all his household, and with him the Cherethites and the Pelethites," which had followed him from the Philistines; and Ittai the Gittite, who had attached himself to David, and who could not be persuaded to leave him. And all the country wept with a loud voice, and as he went up the Mount of Olives, the king wept, and all the people that were with him "covered every man his head, and they went up weeping as they went" (II Sam 15: 23-30).

The Steele Orphanage

An interesting case came up before the courts in Chattanooga, Tenn., lately. A white girl, named Lilian Jennings, aged twelve, was brought to Chattanooga by church workers, on the order of the County Court of Knox county, and was sent to the orphanage of Mrs. Almira S. Steele in Chattanooga. Mrs. Steele's noble work among the needy children of the South is already known to many readers of this journal. In the present case the child was sent to the Home without solicitation on Mrs. Steele's part, and was taken in by her out of simple charity. Lilian was an adopted child, and, it is alleged, had been so badly treated that the Y. M. C. A. of Knoxville interfered and took her away, with the Court's approval, as already stated. After remaining for a brief period at the Steele orphanage, Lilian was placed with a respectable family in Chattanooga, where she has a good Christian home. Meanwhile, legal measures were taken by interested parties against Mrs. Steele, and for the purpose of restoring the girl Lilian to her former keepers. It was shown, in the evidence produced, that Mrs. Steele's Home was "for needy children—none rejected on account of color," as her pamphlets announce. The result of the proceedings has been the complete vindication of Mrs. Steele. During the trial, many of the leading people of Chattanooga, who have known personally of the excellent work of the orphanage, came out publicly in her behalf.

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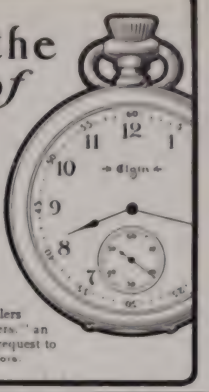

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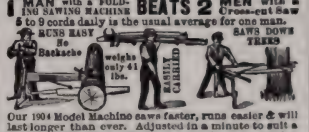

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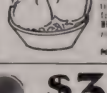

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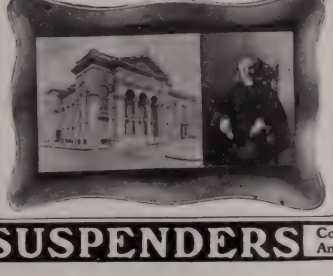

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

WOMEN AND GIRLS ON MOUNT CARMEL SETTING OUT FOR THEIR DAILY LABOR

Home Life in Palestine To-day

QUAINT ceremonies, varied in different lands, but all showing a common origin, mark the Feast which has just been celebrated by the Jews. It is Succoth, or the Feast of Tabernacles, which serves the double purpose of a harvest thanksgiving and a commemoration of the desert experience of their forefathers. The directions for the celebration are found in Exodus 23: 16, and in Leviticus 23: 39-44. There are elaborate rules given for the public service, which, in these days, can have but a symbolical observance in the various synagogues. The peculiar feature of the feast, however, is that which relates to the home life. The Jew was required to erect a booth of the branches of trees, in which he and his family were to partake of the feast, and in which he was to live and sleep. Like other ceremonies this has been modified by the modern Jew to suit the conditions of his present life. There is, however, enough in the observances of orthodox Jews in all lands to indicate the special character and intent of the survival. The central picture of this page is a photograph of a Jewish family observing the feast amid the strange surroundings of Bokhara, in Central Asia.

JEWS CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

Though dwelling among people utterly alien to them in manners and customs and religion, the Jew has set up a leafy shelter, as directed in his ancient law, and there surrounded by his family, the feast is eaten and the period commemorated when, led by Moses, the people encamped in the desert. Thus, though nearly 4,000 years have elapsed since the command was given, the pious Jew tells his children that they are living in this strange shelter because God had said: "Ye shall dwell in booths seven days, that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt."

The Christian also cherishes hallowed associations with this feast. When the Temple still stood, the two most impressive ceremonies in connection with the feast were, the sudden illumination of the Temple Courts by the great candelabra, and the drawing of water from Siloam to pour on the altar. Both were ceremonies of great pomp. It was, as he witnessed the former, that Jesus said: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8: 12), and when he saw the water drawn and poured out, "on the last day, that great day of the feast, he stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

The photograph at the head of this page is of a scene that may be witnessed any morning in the neighborhood of Mount Carmel, the mountain memorable as the scene of Elijah's sacrifice and the failure of the prophets of Baal. The sides of the mountain are singularly fertile. A recent visitor says that "there is still on the mountain a wonderful profusion of flowering and perfumed shrubs—bay, storax, linden, arbutus, and innumerable others, wafting their fragrance in volumes through the air, while the open glades, with flowers of every hue, orchis, cyclamen, tulip, lily are like the garden of Eden run wild. No wonder that to an Israelite it seemed the park of his country; that the tresses of the bride's head should be compared to its woods (Cant. 7: 5); that its verdure should be regarded as the type of national beauty." Once it was covered with olive yards and vineyards, but now the groves are chiefly wild, with coppices of great trees, except near the villages, where there is more cultivation. Most of the work is done by women and girls, who go out to their labor at sunrise and return later with produce in the evening. That this is no new custom but one of antiquity, may be seen by the references in Scripture (see Isa. 27: 11 and Ezek. 29: 6, 8).

Below are three illustrations which show how primitive are the agricultural customs still prevailing in Palestine. The traveler may still see men ploughing with oxen as Elisah saw Elisha when he called him to be his successor (1 Kings 19: 19). Women are still sent to the wells to fill their vessels with water, as Rebekah was sent when Abraham's servant saw her (Gen. 24: 15). Here, too, is a photograph taken recently of a purchase of corn, which recalls our Saviour's words (Luke 6: 38) "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." In all parts of Palestine the traveler sees spectacles which show how true to life are the allusions of the sacred writers.

PLOUGHING WITH OXEN

WOMEN AT THE WELL

A FULL MEASURE OF CORN

The American Pulpit

SIN—Its Nature, Fruits and Remedy

A Sermon by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

CENTRAL CHURCH, TOPEKA, KANS.

TEXT: ISAIAH 1: 18: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith Jehovah, Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool"

REV. CHAS. M. SHELDON

THE nature of sin: In the first part of the first chapter of Isaiah, the prophet states one of the most fundamental facts concerning the nature of sin. It is something, according to his view, which blights the whole being. It is not like a speck in an apple; it is an evil which extends throughout all the parts. "The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head is no soundness in it." The figure he uses is that of a thoroughly corrupted life. This view of sin is always the Biblical view. In other words, the Bible always treats of sin as a most terrible condition. God is always pictured as having a perfect horror of sin. Man is always pictured as under the dominion of sin—a most frightful condition. In other words, no matter what our modern views of sin may be, softened down as they sometimes are by cynicism, by a neglect of the Biblical conceptions of God, or by a silly and superficial concept of God's great purity and holiness, the Bible view, both Old and New Testament, concerning sin, is the view of one who regards it as the worst enemy of the soul.

It would be difficult to find in any modern writings a more thorough denunciation of sin than can be found in some of the Psalms. Probably no human language has ever been used concerning transgression which approached for a moment the sublimity and awfulness of Isaiah. God speaks in the first chapter to a whole nation gone astray. The denunciation is complete. The overwhelming nature of sin is pictured without any sentimental weakness, without any excuses. The nation is to blame, and wholly so. The ox knows its owner, but Israel does not know Jehovah, and yet Jehovah and his righteousness have been put before the nation all these years. There is, therefore, no excuse for their not knowing, and they have deliberately walked away from God, they have deliberately broken his commandments. They have wilfully substituted for the true worship ceremonies and forms which are hateful to a God who loves justice and righteousness before he loves incense. The picture, therefore, is complete in its view of the devastation of sin on the life of the nation. It is altogether corrupt, diseased, rotten. There is no health in it.

Sin Identical in All Ages

It is not such a far cry from Isaiah and Israel to the United States. Say what we will concerning the progress of the race, and boast as we will concerning the modern or scientific methods, deceive ourselves as we may sometimes concerning the march of human thought, it nevertheless remains true that sin in its nature is identically the same to-day as in the times of Isaiah. It blights and destroys, it corrupts and digs deep the grave of nations and of individuals. It might well be worth asking the question whether if Isaiah were to reappear he might not see as just cause for uttering his denunciation of sin to our nation as to his own. When we read the accounts of the corrupt, debauched municipal life of great cities like Washington, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, New York—the greatest centres we have of human energy—and read the indictment uttered against them by those who are familiar with the political dishonesty and misrule, we might truly wonder whether anything less terrible or incisive should be uttered against such conditions, especially after two thousand years of Jesus Christ and his teaching; and the one little word which tells the story of national corruption, of greed, of graft, dishonesty, mismanagement, national and commercial selfishness, is this little word sin, and its nature has been unchanged by all the passing of the centuries, by all the growth in science and knowledge. Sometimes it seems as if all that could be said of our beloved country was, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."

Disobedience to God is the greatest of all crimes. We send men to jail; we shut them up in penitentiaries; we punish them by depriving them of their liberty, separating them from their families, for what we call crimes against statute law. But every day men and women disobey the commandments of God, they try to thwart his will, they break his day of rest, they tramp up and down his courts playing the hypocrite—things which do not consign them to any walls of brick or steel, but which pillory them in the sight of an offended majestic holiness as greater sinners than many of those who are apprehended by human law and punished according to human statute. The best thing that could happen to this generation would be to feel not simply the stern theological denunciation of one hundred years ago, but to feel burned into the consciousness with soul reality the definition of sin as given by the Bible prophets and by Christ himself. The most dangerous condition which confronts this nation to-day, especially in the unholy and selfish war which is now being carried on between capital and labor, is a condition where neither party realizes to any extent the enormity, the terrible gravity, and mighty seriousness of offending God.

The United States, if it is not already in the condition pictured by Isaiah in the first part of this chapter which we have read, will be in such a condition before long if it does not begin to realize the fact that it is under the dominion of a terrible power which is not satisfied until the whole life is blighted by it. God is a just and righteous being. It is impossible for a soul made in his image to depart wilfully from his commandments in the full blaze of the light of two thousand years of Christ and not lie under the weight of his condemnation. If there is any one thing taught plainly by Isaiah in this terrific chapter, it is the fact that the nation which he so terribly condems is responsible, and sin has wrought out its complete corruption through the wilful and determined disobedience of the people, who could have done better, who knew the truth but did not act upon it.

Worse Than Physical Ill

Let us grow up, and teach our children to grow up, with an awe of sin, with a frightful fear of it, with an abhorrence for it, with a hatred for it. Let us learn to shudder more at the thought of an impure idea or a wrong word or an evil deed, than we would shudder at the approach of a devastating plague or a hostile army or a great physical calamity like the bursting of a volcano or the destruction of a cyclone. It will not hurt our children to train them to fear the devastation of evil. Sin is an enormous thing in its effects, and to minimize it, to laugh over it, to jest about it, to say it makes little difference, is to deny the plain statements of God's word and set up our own little standard or definition of one of the great and unchangeable laws of God's universe.

II. The Fruits of Sin.—The most distinguishing mark of sin in a life is the lack of consciousness on the part of the sinner of his transgression. It would be easy to enumerate the long list of what we call sins. The exaltation of the physical over the spiritual is seen in everyday life in the unmistakable eagerness with which men spend time, money and energy in the pursuit of the things which perish. Very few men of the world consider the spiritual kingdom long enough to give it any place in their daily programme. The sinner regards the man who is giving the larger portion of his time, his money or his strength to the building up of the kingdom of God as a curiosity, or at least as a being living in another world, impracticable or visionary. The gross departures from obedience to physical law are part of the fruit of sin, which grows out of the exaltation of the physical forces in comparison with those of the spiritual. The vast amount of vices, of the coarse yielding to the appetite, all are fruits of sin. The long catalogue of crimes with which we are only too sadly familiar, as recorded in the daily page of the world's tragedy, the endless diversities of falsehood and dishonesty and lack of common honor, the sins of ingratitude and irreverence, of lying, of failure to appreciate goodness, of cynicism and of cruel criticism—all these are the fruits of sin.

Its Benumbing Influence

But over and above all else which marks sin as a terrible thing in its inroads on the soul is what we first mentioned, viz., the indifference with which the very sin itself is finally regarded. This indifference is in almost every case a matter of growth, but it becomes in time the most terrible mark that sin leaves on the character. In time the sinner grows callous to his transgression. Things which once would have caused him the repulsion of horror finally become easy of performance. What once would have caused the cheek to blanch, and the heart to beat, and the blood to mount with shame, is afterwards done not only with indifference, but with a boast or with a sneer.

The sad thing in the picture that Isaiah draws is the fact that Israel does not know her Lord, even in comparison with the ox that does know his master's crib. Israel does not know, does not consider; the nation is unsound and corrupt from head to foot, but in its own mind it is sound and well. Rome was never so proud, never so haughty, never thought so well of herself as just before the Goths and Huns and Vandals swept down upon her to her destruction. The danger point in our own Republic's life to-day lies not so much in the fact that its cities are festering with corruption, and many of its politicians doing things that dishonor the name of our fathers, who gave themselves heart and fortune to the building of this Republic; but the danger point with this nation is the fact that it does not know how wick[ed] some of these things are, does not consider how terrib[le] they are in the sight of God. Any man here to-d[ay] who is complacent in the face of his own wrongdoing[s] living in the most dangerous condition that he will ev[er] know. There is hope for a man when he begins to r[e]alize the enormity of sin, when he is afflicted wi[th] remorse, when he is agonizing over his disobedienc[e] The people who were caught in flagrant sins a[nd] brought to Jesus, did not provoke from his lips an[y] thing like the castigation that fell from his tongue li[ke] scorpion whips on the faces of the astonished and a[g]gered moral class that was oblivious of its wickedne[ss]

Fatal Indifference

It is a dangerous time for a nation when legislator[s] as in many of our States to-day, openly boast of bri[b]ing; when men and women justify their social custo[m] of gambling as it exists in many wealthy circles, notab[ly] in New York, to-day, where men and women play f[or] high stakes, and encourage their children and friends gamble the money which has been in many cases di[s]honestly gotten in the first place, and with all this tre[at] the matter lightly as if it made little difference. Wha[t] ever else sin has wrought among poor wilful humanit[y] this is its greatest work, the deadening and numbin[g] sense which it leaves in time on its victims. It is sai[d] of one who was tortured once upon the wheel by a despo[t] that after the wheel had turned and broken near[ly] every bone in his body he began to laugh, and when h[is] tormenter questioned him concerning his strange co[n]duct, he said, I am laughing because it is out of yo[ur] power to torture me any further. You have broke[n] down my entire nervous system, and I am incapabl[e] any longer of pain. Do your worst, and I shall n[ot] feel it." Something like this poor wretch is the ma[n] who has sinned away his feeling and has come to th[e] point where the fruits of his trangression are repr[e]sented by an appalling indifference to the very cond[i]tion in which he is found. He has no fear in God, th[e] judgment, eternity, or even death, and exists simply fo[r] his own selfish gratification.

This may seem like a terrible picture of any human being's condition here on the earth; yet, this is th[e] work of sin, and its fruits are too manifest to be denied It is well to hear the voice of God speaking to the chi[l]dren of men in agonized entreaty, saying unto them, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel? Arise, and be hold your condition, that it is altogether debased and corrupted." Sin is no trifle in its last analysis. There is something which goes deeper than despair, and sin knows what that is and deals it as its final blow—indif[f]erence, lack of knowledge of itself, the blindness o[f] the one who has

Lost the Vision of Life,

and is truly without God and without hope. This i[s] the final and culminating result of all sin. The out[-]ward effects which we sometimes see, are of very smal[l] moment by the side of the inward result which is lef[t] in the person. I commit an act of transgression, I dis[-]obey some of the plain commands of my Heavenly Father, I wrong some brother man. The act has gone out from me and cannot be recalled. The injury has been dealt, it has caused anger and trouble elsewhere but I myself who have committed the wrong, who have flung my brand in the face of God and my brother, I am the greatest sufferer of all. There are three parties always concerned in every sin: first God, who is outraged by the disobedience of his children; second, some other human being who is touched by the act of transgression, for no sin was ever committed that did not harm some other besides the one who committed it; but third, and greatest of all, the man who sins hurts himself more than he hurts God or his neighbor. For the stroke which he has imparted to the injury of either God or man, may be swiftly healed; but the injury he has done himself, in his own soul, is of longer continuance than the evil he has wrought to God or his neighbor. Let us not fear to emphasize this fruit of sin. The transgression has dulled and deadened the man's own perception of righteousness, and every additional sin committed without repentance adds to the unconsciousness, until, like Israel, he does not know, he does not consider.

III. The Remedy for Sin.—The Bible always gives two views of sin whenever speaking of the remedy. First is man's part, second is God's. Bible teaching is plainly that man must repent, go the other way, sin no more—as Isaiah puts it, "Cease to do evil, learn to do well, judge the fatherless, relieve the oppressed." On the other hand, the remedy for sin is always described as an act of free grace beyond the power of any purchasing relief on the part of the sinner. There is no contradiction between the necessity of action on the part

CONTINUED ON PAGE 901

A GOSPEL YACHT'S MISSION

FOR many years past, the "Floating Church" at the foot of Pike street, East River, New York, has been a landmark well known to seamen. Many thousands have visited the church and heard the Gospel preached there, and its influence upon the lives of those "wanderers of the deep" has been a most beneficent one. This is, however, only a part of the great work which the Episcopal Church conducts among the sailors and canal boatmen in the port of New York.

In order to make the work more effective, it was decided recently to employ as an auxiliary a steam yacht, which should carry the workers out and in among the vessels arriving in port, and among the canallers and others along the water-front. A neat 73-foot steam yacht, *The Sentinel*, has been purchased for this service, and is now in commission and doing active duty. *The Sentinel* is under the immediate control of the Floating Church, of which the Rev. A. R. Mansfield is chaplain. Captain Daniels is the yacht's commander, and with Engineer Carl Olsen and a working crew of two or three men, *The Sentinel*, twice a week, and on Sundays, makes the round of the harbor shipping, distributing books, magazines, periodicals and other good literature among the Jack Tars and canal-boat men wherever it is most needed. Chaplain Mansfield or Mr. Wood, his lay assistant, is in charge of this part of the work on these harbor trips. Big liners and other vessels are hailed through a megaphone, and, if permission be granted, the vessel is boarded, and the chaplain goes among the men, distributing reading matter, and dropping "a word in season" as opportunity arises. If any of the crew happens to be sick, *The Sentinel* will take the sufferer to some city hospital. Besides, *The Sentinel* brings mail for the young sea apprentices on some of the foreign ships, and her visits are all the more welcome for that reason. On Sundays, the trips of the yacht are made for the purpose of taking sailors and sea-apprentices to the Floating Church, and back again to their ships. Bishop Potter will shortly dedicate the yacht.

THE GOSPEL BOAT "SENTINEL," AND THE FLOATING CHURCH

The Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen has as well as stations in New York, viz.: the Floating Church already mentioned; mission and reading room, Pike street; Sailors Haven, Market street; mission and reading room, Counties Slip; Church of the Holy Comforter, foot of W. Houston street; and reading rooms, State street. All these are in the care of active and zealous chaplains and superintendents, who work with a consecrated enthusiasm for the best interests, material and spiritual, for the poor sailors. Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York, is the president of the society, and among its officers are many of the most distinguished names in the Episcopal Church of America, while its lay managers include many men prominent in the business world. J. H. Morrison, 76½ Pine Street, N. Y., is treasurer.

In a recent address before a meeting held in New York under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society for Seamen, Ex-United States Consul J. A. Johnson made this very effective presentation of the debt which the Christian Church owes to the toilers of the sea. He said:

"What we do for the three million of seafaring of our day must be done quickly. Our time for giving and helping is short. They are at port for a week or two at most, their messages have passage but twelve hours, of hardship, suffering and dangers, until death comes to them generally at sea.

"And when the sea is called to give up its dead, its millions of sailors, who have lost their lives in the service of mankind, and we are enquired of as to what we have done to save them, will it be enough to say in answer: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' or shall we not say, rather, 'we have done what we could?'"

In its last annual report, the Church Missionary Society for Seamen gives the following record of work accomplished in the Port Missions of the Society:

Total number of services, 491; total attendance at services, 26,162; baptisms, 44; communicants, 63; burials, 37; marriages, 20; visits at the reading rooms, 215,256; letters written by sailors and seamen in the reading rooms, and received in care of the missions, 16,820; Bibles, Testaments and denominational books distributed, 5,147; visits to ships, boats and boarding houses, 6,050; men shipped, 1,677.

Sin; its Nature, Fruits and Remedy ❋ Sermon by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.—Continued

of the man and the absolute forgiving power of God. We wish to cross the ocean; the ship is waiting to carry us, it is fully provided and furnished with the power to do so. This power we did not furnish, and it is absolutely impossible for us to cross the ocean unless we go on some vessel that has already been made. But in order to avail ourselves of this provision, we must do certain things ourselves—purchase our tickets, step on board, act in some way in order to make the means of salvation available so far as we are concerned. The first cry of John the Baptist as we find him preaching in the wilderness is "Repent." The first cry we hear from the first sermon of Jesus as he begins his ministry is this same word "Repent."

The exhortation to repent carries with it a teaching that it is within the power of men to do so. The indifference to sin, which is its largest and most deadly fruit, may be swept away, and in the place of it there may exist a full understanding of the greatness of the transgression. But repentance, meaning by that the turning away from the evil and going in the other direction towards the good, is an act which is coincident with the forgiveness of God. The sinner does not save himself in that sense any more than he crosses the ocean himself. He goes by the way which has been already provided for him, and he is powerless to go in any other way.

A Complete Remedy

There is also this teaching in the Bible concerning the remedy of sin: it is as complete as the effects of sin itself are complete in their devastation. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The contrast could not be sharper. There is no qualification. There is no limit fixed to the relief afforded by the remedy. It is significant of all Christ's miracles of healing that the people healed of disease were wholly healed, and in his command to the sinner, he would say, "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole." Nothing half way about God's dealings with men. If sin tears down and makes a ruin so that it may be called complete, forgiveness, on the other hand, builds up a complete structure. The old man becomes the new man.

The days and years which a man has spent in a sinful career are gone from his life; but the moment he repents, his future is saved for him. It is a dreadful thing for a human being to lose even one day out of what otherwise might be a period of companionship with the Divine. To live for any moment of time, even for one hour, in the service of sin is a dreadful condition, and when one thinks of whole days, weeks, months, one is appalled at the thought of the wasted influence, the prodigally spent energy, which all belonged to God, given to self. The man who sins by separating himself from a loving Father in Heaven cannot call back that past by the act of repentance. Even the overwhelming forgiveness of God cannot wipe out the fact that the past has been lived. That is not the meaning of sin's remedy; but this much is true, the past is not treasured in God's memory and need not be in the sinner's. It is a thing of the past, and will never be recalled by any act or admonition of the Divine being, and the forgiven sinner has no more right to live remorsefully in that forgiven past than he has to live over that past indeed again. But the exultation of the remedy of sin lies in the fact that what is left of a man's

Life is a Clean Page.

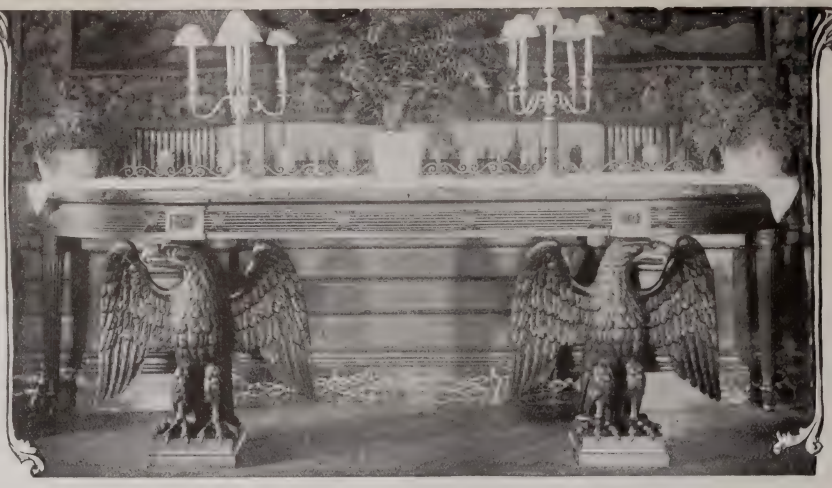
an unobstructed path of glory, an absolute and undeniable friendship, fellowship and companionship with the Divine being. Though he has sinned through the whole catalogue of all the sins we have to-day mentioned, they shall be as white as snow. Though he has walked away from God and despised his commandments, and given no heed to the voice of his entreaty, though he be red as crimson, his soul shall be white like the redeemed saints. Here is no excuse for sin, here is no place where a man can say, "I will sin all I please because God's grace is all-sufficient." Rather it is the place for the soul to walk humbly and with deep reverence and awe in the presence of him whom to disobey is to grieve, considering the wasted hours of a sinful life and the absolute impossibility of making that past other than it has been. But when we turn our faces towards the future, all that is full of the smiling grace of an infinite forgiveness.

What a wonderful thing it would be if this great Republic could be made to listen for a moment to this cry of the ages: "Cease from evil, learn to do well; repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand:" to be aroused from its indescribable indifference, from its dulled, lethargic, political stupor, which counts out God with an irreverent insolence, which marks sin at its highest with the nation's palpable greed stamped on its commercial life, with the sign of the dollar reared up to cover the sign of the cross, tempting the young and flaunting its so-called advantages before the gray temples of old age. Would that the prophets of this century might proclaim so that the nation might hear, this mighty word, "Repent, turn and live!" Well might it be for this nation to listen to this cry of the prophet uttered many centuries ago, which fits in many ways with the conditions that are true of this very moment. With all our boasted wealth and culture and independence and progress as a nation, we are guilty of so many transgressions, sin has so far blinded us and stupefied us as a Republic, that we do well to heed that old cry, which is the cry of God, always being uttered to a people that is proud and afar off.

A Reasonable Offer

And for any of you here who may have tasted first the bitterness and afterwards the indifference of this thing called sin, this is only one more appeal out of those countless ones made to your life every day to turn from evil and do well, and cast yourselves upon the everlasting mercy of Him who does not reckon up the past, and who will make for you a future full of promise and radiant with eternal hope. "Come now and let us reason together." Over and above all things else thy Divine is reasonable. It is we who have been so foolish that we would not reason with our Father. The sinner is a fool, and he is a fool because he will not reason. But "Come now," saith the Lord, "let us reason together. Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." What more could God do? What more could you ask? "To-day if you hear his voice harden not your heart." "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." It is close by you, my brother, at this moment, if you will only see the great white cross, blackened at the time by the blood of Him who gave his life a ransom for many, but washed by that blood as white as snow, until over all the sinful nations of the world, and in front of every sinning soul of man that ever came into the world, this white cross stands emblem of Divine redemption. "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is every one that trusteth in him." Your part, the part which a man who sins always must do, and leave to God the rest, that which God alone can do. Accept the free salvation he offers. Set your face towards the future; leave the past behind and—even by God himself will do the moment you turn to him—and carry with you in this week's struggle these words which come direct from the heart of a living Redeemer: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

THE WHITE HOUSE DINING-ROOMS



THE MAGNIFICENT SIDEBOARD IN THE STATE DINING-ROOM
It is a Very Unique Piece of Workmanship, Strong and Decidedly Patriotic in its General Effect

THE vast majority of persons who have visited the White House at Washington, since its recent reconstruction, are quite agreed that, from an artistic standpoint, the remodeled dining-rooms are the most attractive apartments in the Presidential mansion.

There are two of these dining-rooms. Occupying the northwest corner of the building, and looking out upon Pennsylvania Avenue, is the private dining-room, which is used regularly, and upon all ordinary occasions by the Chief Magistrate and his family, and any house guests who may be visiting the Presidential family. In the southwest corner, looking out upon the Potomac River, is what is known as the State Dining-room, which is the scene of the state dinners given at the White House each winter to the members of the Diplomatic corps, the Justices of the Supreme Court, etc., as well as of the complimentary banquets tendered to distinguished visitors, as, for instance, the banquet in honor of Prince Henry of Germany, during his recent visit to this country.

In the recent remodeling of the White House, the State Dining-Room underwent a more extensive reconstruction than any other apartment, and it is virtually a new room, in every particular. The present room is at least two-thirds larger than the former State Dining-Room, which our Presidents long ago had to discard as the scene of their formal banquets, for the reason that it could not accommodate more than fifty persons, whereas, at present the average banquet party at the White House numbers from seventy to ninety guests. In its new guise, the State Dining-Room is a reproduction of an old Saxon hall, with the walls quartered and paneled to the ceiling, in dark oak. The floor is of marqueterie, and there is an immense mantel of light freestone, richly carved. Antique Flemish tapestries decorate the walls, and ranged on the cornice of the room are mounted game heads—trophies of wild animals, which the President has shot.

Fifty-six chairs, upholstered in green tapestry, are provided in this room, with high-backed chairs of more ornamental design for the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The dining-table is of oak, and ten feet by six feet in size. Of course, this is used only for the less formal dinner parties, for on the occasion of a state banquet, there is constructed a special table, in the form of a crescent or a hollow square.

A feature of the furnishings of the room is found in the serving-tables, which are of mahogany, with the tops supported by American eagles with outstretched wings. These tables, three in number, were made especially for the places they now occupy, in accordance with designs suggested by Mrs. Roosevelt herself.

The private dining-room, in contrast to the State Dining-room, is the least changed of any of the rooms on the main floor of the White House. However, a dome ceiling has replaced the former flat one, and there has been a renewal of the decorations, which are in white. The entire scheme of the room, in furniture and decorations, is Colonial, and lovers of antiques invariably grow enthusiastic over the rare old mahogany pieces with which the apartment is furnished exclusively. In this room hangs the oil portrait of the President, in Rough Rider uniform, by Encke, a German artist. This likeness was placed in the private dining-room, because it is the personal property of the President, and does not belong to the government, as do most of the other portraits in the house.

With the reconstruction of the dining-rooms, and the enlargement of the kitchens, and pantries, and china closets, have come important additions to the White House tableware. The Mistress of the White House now has at her disposal a more complete equipment of table appointments than any of her predecessors. The most important of these new acquisitions is the new china service ordered by Mrs. Roosevelt and only recently completed at the Wedgwood potteries, in England.

There has, of course, been a great accumulation of china at the White House heretofore, since each "First Lady of the Land" has the privilege of ordering a complete new service, should she desire it, and this becomes the property of the government and is not removed from the Executive Mansion at the departure of the incumbent.

The china ordered by the earlier mistresses of the White House has, for the most part, gone the way of all frail treasures; but there yet remain in the capacious china closets goodly portions of the services ordered by Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Hayes, and Mrs. Harrison, as well as many odd pieces selected by Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. McKinley, neither of whom availed themselves of the opportunity to order a full new service. However, when the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, during the first year of their occupancy of the White House, sought to entertain dinner parties of eighty or ninety persons, it was found necessary to use the remnants of several different china services, and it was therefore determined that the difficulty had best be solved by ordering a new service, of proportions ample for all demands for some years to come.

The choice of the new White House china was made from seventy-eight different and exclusive designs, which were submitted to Mrs. Roosevelt. The one selected is a Colonial pattern, and the entire ornamentation is in gold, save the enameling in color of the Great Seal of the United States on every piece, as the distinctive decorative feature. The new service consists of 1,320 pieces—one hundred and ten dozen.

In order to convey an idea of the proportions of the ornamental design, it may be noted that in the case of the new plates the encircling ornament of white and gold is almost two inches wide. The Great Seal embraces the colors red, white, blue, brown, and yellow.

Although the new china service is of such generous size, many of the famous heirlooms among the historic White House china continue in use. Among these are the quaint fruit baskets ordered by Mrs. Lincoln, and the cake baskets of the "flower set," ornamented in yellow, which was Mrs. Grant's contribution to the White House tableware. Likewise use is still made of the plates ornamented in gold and blue, which were one of Mrs. Cleveland's chief purchases, and the Haviland plates, cups and

IN THE STATE DINING-ROOM
A Noble Chamber of Fine Proportions and Massive Appointments

SILVER CAKE AND FRUIT BASKETS
These are part of the Grant and Lincoln Services

THE BEAUTIFUL CUT-GLASS SERVICE

PART OF THE WHITE HOUSE SILVER SERVICE
These also belong to a Regime of many years ago

CHINA CUPS AND SAUCER

They belong to the new Roosevelt China Service

TABLE ORNAMENTS

These are part of the White House Gold Service

LARGE SILVER PIECES

These Pieces are part of the White House Service

aucers, delicately decorated in pink, which were cho-en by Mrs. McKinley.

Unique among the White House china is the set of almond and olive dishes, each bearing the representation, in color, of the flag of some nation. These novelties were originally procured for use at the dinners tendered to the members of the Diplomatic Corps, and each envoy present on such an occasion found at his plate a ceramic reproduction of his nation's flag.

The cut glass service, in use at the White House, numbers six hundred separate pieces, and was specially ordered by the Government for the White House. On every piece, from the mammoth bowls to the tiny saltcellars, is engraved the coat-of-arms of the United States. The original service cost $6,000, and many additions have been made to it from time to time.

The gold and silver plate at the White House, embracing as it does contributions by almost every Administration during the career of the Republic, is much varied in style and design. Some of the pieces have been worn very thin. Almost every piece of plate bears the inscription "President's House." Few of any of the pieces, bear a representation of the Great Seal, such as appears on the china and cut glass, but many of them have the American eagle prominently included in the ornamentation. Among the pieces so adorned are the immense soup tureens, which were rescued from the attic by Mrs. Harrison. These were, by her orders, renovated and repaired, and have since been in constant use at the Executive Mansion. The forks and spoons in use are of very conventional design, but the knives are unique, and one set has gold blades and pearl handles.

WALDON FAWCETT.

THE DESTRUCTIVE OCTOBER FLOODS

THE great and almost unprecedented rainfall which occurred in the first half of October in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and several other Eastern States, produced disastrous floods in many localities. Damage to property will reach far into the millions, and includes loss to railroad bridges and culverts, dams swept away, dwellings undermined and ruined and live stock drowned. Passaic and Paterson, N. J., were probably the severest sufferers by the floods. Nearly one-third of Paterson was under water. Bridges collapsed and all railways and trolleys were stopped. The water reached up to the first stories of hundreds of buildings. Factories were silent, being hopelessly flooded. People navigated the streets in boats. The Court House and other public buildings were flooded from leaks in the roofs. Hospitals were emptied, the patients being taken out to avoid the inrush of the rain through roofs, walls and windows. The Passaic river extended far beyond its banks on either side and flooded all the lowlands. At the town of Passaic, the river caused widespread damage. Bridges were swept away; mills were stopped, thousands were made to quit work; schools were closed. The total damage in Passaic alone is estimated at $2,000,000. Nine bridges along the Delaware river, each costing from $50,000 to $100,000, were carried away, and the country for miles was strewn with wreckage of farmhouses, barns and orchards.

This is Paterson's third disastrous visitation within a short period. It has been swept successively before by fire, tornado and flood. By the latest flood 5,000 were temporarily rendered homeless, and the city authorities had to feed and shelter 1,500 persons in public halls and schoolhouses. Mayor Hinchcliffe, of Paterson, declined all offers of help. The loss to property in the city was over $2,000,000. Fortunately, there was comparatively little loss of life by the October inundations, not more than ten, or possibly twelve persons having been reported as victims.

One of the results of the flood and the stoppage of railroads by washouts and broken bridges was a temporary milk famine in New York. Milk being so scarce, owing to the impossibility of transportation, rose to twenty cents a quart. This condition, however, was short lived, for within a few hours after regular travel was resumed on the suburban roads there was an abundant supply of milk in the markets at regular prices.

DRIVEN BY FLOODS TO THE ROOF, PATERSON, N. J.

THE INUNDATED RAILROAD DEPOT AT PATERSON

MAIN STREET, PATERSON, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOOD

CROWDS MADE TEMPORARILY HOMELESS SPENDING THE NIGHT ON THE HILLSIDES

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Reform in Sacred Song

LOVERS of good music—and especially of good hymn music—will welcome the growing movement to bring about a very decided and greatly needed reform in our modern hymnology. There has been a tendency, of late years, to deterioration in the quality of the music that is composed for popular singing in our churches, which is greatly to be regretted. It lacks the dignity, the purity, the sweetness of cadence and grace of movement that characterized the old-time hymns. This musical deterioration has reacted upon the hymn-writers, and as a result, many of the literary compositions that are now set to music are far below the standard, and lack that spiritual quality which ought to be the hall-mark of every good hymn. Some of them verge closely upon doggerel.

We were pleased, therefore, to observe that at a recent gathering of the representatives of one of our leading Protestant denominations, the subject of our decadent hymnology was discussed with the utmost candor. It was the opinion of the speakers as a whole, that reform could not come too soon. Some of the most beautiful of our modern hymns—productions that are full of spiritual power and helpful inspiration—have been utterly ruined by being allied to tunes that befitted the dance-hall rather than God's holy temple. Others were wedded to airs that possessed as little solemnity as a "two-step" or a "breakdown." God's praises were set to the seductive and meretricious measures of the concert hall and the cafe, and not to the pure, wholesome strains that uplift and refresh the wearied spirit, and that express harmoniously and reverently the feelings of the Christian heart.

There is no more excuse for introducing the cheap, clap-trap musical effects of the vaudeville hall into our congregational singing, than there would be for interjecting some glaring irrelevancy in the middle of a sermon. Let us have only the best music and no other, for our houses of worship and our Sunday Schools. As we consecrate to God all that is best and noblest in our lives, so let us render to Him, in our songs of praise, only those strains that are sweet and noble, and that suggest the holiest and loftiest themes. These are the only hymns that can move the soul, and give it a foretaste of angelic harmonies and the glorious music of the redeemed.

The Missionary Spirit

FROM a missionary in far Labrador, there comes to us a letter which carries with it a lesson that might furnish the theme for an eloquent sermon. "Here, hanging on to our anchors," writes Missionary Wilfred T. Grenfell, on the mission steamer, "your letter was delivered to me. On this coast, at every time of year, there is an absolute necessity of having a sure hold on reliable holding ground. Like those of the spiritual life, many of our dangers are hidden. The bad charts are utterly unreliable on the greater portion of the coast, and on the hidden reefs, rather than in the stormy seas, most of our losses occur. Oh, for a reliable chart! And yet how few really value, study and steer by the chart of life. Only two days ago I was called to tow off the rocks a poor wreck. The fault had been her own weak hold, for her chains had been broken and she had parted from her anchor. In her case the holding-ground had been good. It was a very sad affair, it always is, to see so fine a vessel, with all her capacities, lying a dreary wreck. Yet we see them on life's ocean quite unmoved. And many will stretch out no hand to save them. But what a pleasure it was to come alongside in the little mission steamer and be able to shout to them, 'Take hold on that line. We have a power that you have not got. By its assistance we can pull off your ship and take her into safety, though we are only feeble men like yourselves.' The power, we have delegated to us, enables us to do this. And that power we get from coal, the product of wood, the direct storage of past showers of sunshine that come to us straight from heaven.

"A while ago, I was asked to tow a schooner out of a harbor in a gale of wind. We did our best; and the harbor being narrow, we had to make a flying start, and pick up the schooner's line as we passed her. Alas! we had no sooner taken her well in tow, and were going ahead merrily, when her anchor, which she was hastily hoisting, caught some obstruction and brought us both up. We at once fell off before the gale, and had to cut the schooner adrift to save ourselves from a lea shore. We had the mortification of seeing her drive astern, and strike, and then get fast. It was a question of not being able. But we know whom we have trusted, and are persuaded that He is able. Twice I have been able to tow off reefs, vessels that had been wrecked on purpose. Think of it. Think of the man that, for money or for pleasure, would actually doom a fine vessel to destruction. Think of the kind of joy such gains would offer. The few dollars, robbed at the expense of honor, self-respect, at least in one case at the expense of freedom. Compare it with the joy of saving a soul alive.

"Then learn not to pity the missionary. Learn to envy him. And if it involves the loss of king's houses and of fine raiment, why learn what the Master means when he offers us a peace that passes all understanding, which we are well assured that the world can never give, no, nor ever take away."

That is the true missionary spirit! Whether at the poles or the equator, on land or sea, the Christian who is working earnestly and spending himself for Christ is the happiest of men.

Careless in Peril

IS there anything more strange among all the irrationalities of men than their way of blinding themselves to unwelcome certainties and probabilities?

A description of the Philippine Islands tells us that the whole group is of volcanic origin; that one of the greatest active volcanoes in the world is within sight of Manila; that earthquakes are frequent, and so terrible that men's bones are said to shake—they overturn mountains, they fill up valleys, they desolate plains, they open passages from the sea into the interior, and from the lakes into the sea. The earthquakes of Japan are gentle tremors in comparison. Yet the people of these islands are pleasure-loving and easy-going to the last degree. Every village has its band, and at the first scrape of the violin all hands gather in the plaza to dance, only rushing away to witness a cocking-main, for which every town has its pit, and the poorest native of Luzon manages to keep his fighting bird.

In the same spirit of indifference to impending danger the peasants of Italy build their houses and plant their vineyards on the slopes of Vesuvius, and live light-heartedly, ignoring the threatening future, though in the day a thin column of ominous smoke whitens a strip of blue sky, and in the night the dull red of the lava tinges the side of the cone. Some day there must be, any day there may be, an outburst, and gray ashes will cover the vines, and earthquake crack the walls of the houses, and ruin and probably death will fall upon the careless tenants.

What multitudes are just as thoughtless and indifferent in regard to far greater perils—perils more certain to assail us and more disastrous in their destructiveness. Partly because we ignore that which is unwelcome, partly because our sight is mercifully short, partly because we cheat ourselves into believing that we can cope with disaster when it comes, we go on comfortably enough, and seldom think of the "sudden destruction" which any day or any hour may burst upon us.

Alas for those who are "at rest and dwell confidently," unless they can say, "The Lord is my defence, because the Holy One of Israel is my King."

* * *

OUR readers will doubtless notice, that in the present number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we are carrying a large amount of advertising. They will also observe that we have added twelve pages to the number for which we stand pledged from week to week. No matter how much advertising THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contains, it never infringes upon the rights of its subscribers. As is the case in this issue, when the advertising is so large as to warrant an addition to the usual number of pages, the quantity of reading matter is increased in proportion.

Religious Cowards

THERE are some few things in my life that I will never quite forgive myself for.

So, with the disciples of Christ, I should think, if their eyesight is long enough to look down from heaven to earth every time they saw a Bible printed, they would like to take out the type where it says, "They all forsook him and fled."

Nice record that! Fine reading for folk who were "chosen." It was bad enough for Thomas to be a doubter for Peter to deny him and Judas to betray him; but for a John and a James and all the rest to turn to and run, oh the shame of it! Religious Cowards!

England was that when she let the Turk murder the Christians and when she left Gordon to perish in Khartoum.

America is all that when she lets the sweat-shops exist and pulls a few gambling houses; when the Monte Carlo of our country, "Wall Street," is permitted to flout and flaunt its "watered stock" and "margin" game to the death of conscience in multitudes.

Religious men in politics are cringing cowards when "party and policy" lead the way in their doings, above deity and truth.

So are rich men who, clothed in the purple and fine linen of to-day's spinning, are single-eyed in their home and private matters, but play the double to the full in their corporations and rob right and left, until an oil lamp, a steel billet, a lump of sugar or a book out of a library makes, by memory and suggestion, the chills creep over one till the soul grows sick.

Preachers who see, week after week, the wicked in their pews and know their lives, but who never preach repentance, nor dream of doing so.

Ah me! We need a revival of religion that will grow moral heroes and civic leaders, who will demand and fight for the life and liberties that belong to a Christian civilization.

My opinion is that we are on the edge of such a God-given work.

Thank heaven we have some men too big and true for trusts and politicians to handle; some who are above and beyond the intrigues of schemers in high places. We have had some who, by the grace of God, grew so fast as to astonish their day and generation till in their death they accomplished more than most men alive.

All of these and hundreds more shame the weaklings. I feel ashamed myself. But Peter had his Pentecost and the runaways with him, and then they never fled. Oh, for his mighty power to come on—not one hundred and twenty, but one million and twenty.

C. H. YATMAN.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, in their recent revival work at Fairbury, Ill., had a total of over 3,200 "seekers" during the entire series of services.

—EVANGELIST B. P. STOUT, of Philadelphia, has lately held a series of very successful meetings at Providence, under the auspices of the Rhode Island Baptist State Convention. Many made confession of saving faith.

—FOR NEARLY twenty-two years W. H. Collinson has conducted evangelistic work in and around New York. For the past three years he has done excellent service with the Gospel car, "Salem," and the Gospel tent, "Good News."

—DURING THE past twelve months, the "Star of Hope Mission" in Duluth has held 42 Sunday afternoon meetings; attendance, 20,776; average nightly attendance, 55; confessed Christ publicly, 555. Mr. and Mrs. Callahan, the conductors, raised in the same period $2,451.07 for expenses.

—G. W. EICHELBERGER, Evangelist, Baltimore, Md., is now conducting a four weeks' meeting at Fort Smith, Ark. During a two weeks' union meeting at Whitewright, Tex., the first week gave over 600 professions of faith and 71 accessions to the churches. At Sullivan, I. T., the meeting closed with 180 professions.

—SUPERINTENDENT S. H. HADLEY, of the Water Street Mission, writes: "I take pleasure in thanking the patrons and readers of your paper for their help in our work down here in Water Street. Ever since I came here—now near eighteen years ago—the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have always remembered the old Jerry McAuley Mission."

—PROF. R. A. TORREY and Singing Evangelist Alexander, in their parting message before setting out on their tour in Great Britain and Ireland, ask the continuous prayers of all God's people for the spiritual success of their work. Their itinerary includes Liverpool, Dundee, Manchester, Birmingham, Dublin, Bristol, and a number of smaller towns, returning to Chicago in June next.

—MISSIONARY J. H. SOBEY writes from San Jose, Costa Rica: "For six months I have been engaged in mission work in Colombia, at Bocas del Toro, where thousands of men are employed on the banana plantations. Our visits were greatly blessed. Held twenty-one services among the men working on the Canal at Culebra. Some professed conversion and some wanderers returned to God."

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The International Lawsuit

SIX judges, sitting as a court in the Foreign Office in London, have been engaged during the past five weeks in hearing arguments as to the ownership of a tract of 10,000 square miles of land. It is claimed by England, on behalf of Canada, and by the United States, under its deed of purchase of Alaska from Russia. Since 1872 the rival claims have been in contention, and it was finally left to the decision of the court, which has now given judgment in favor of the United States on nearly all the important points at issue. The six judges composing the court were Lord Alverstone, representing Great Britain; Sir Louis Jette and Mr. E. B. Aylsworth, K. C., representing Canada; and Hon. Elihu Root, Mr. Cabot Lodge, and Hon. George Turner, representing the United States. Eminent counsel on both sides were retained, and made elaborate arguments for the contentions of the respective litigants. The illustration on this page shows the scene in court during the hearing of the case. The whole question turned on the definition of the word coast, in the original treaty, which was negotiated between Great Britain and Russia in 1825. By this treaty the coast line south of Alaska, for a distance of about 500 miles, was declared to belong to Russia. The width of this strip is the question in dispute. It was roughly stated in the treaty as the space west of the summit of the mountains running parallel with the coast, and except in cases where the mountains were more than ten leagues from the coast. The contention of Great Britain is that the ten leagues should be measured from the general trend of the coast; while our claim is that the line from which they are measured should be actual coast. There are so many indentations and deep inlets that the difference is important. So long as Alaska belonged to Russia, the question did not arise, but when, in 1867, the United States purchased Alaska, the extent of the purchase became a serious question. It became more serious when gold was discovered in the Klondike, which proved that the strip was more valuable than either Great Britain or Russia supposed it was when the treaty was drawn. Time has been, when the discovery of its wealth would have involved war. That it is now submitted to the decision of a court is a proof that we have entered on a more enlightened era. It is significant that the pioneers in this course are the most prominent Christian nations of the world. They are helping to bring about the time when all such disputes will be so decided, and that by infallible wisdom, as the prophet predicted:

Out of Zion shall go forth the law and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem, and he shall judge among many nations, and shall rebuke many people (Isa. 2:3).

A SESSION OF THE COURT TO DECIDE THE ALASKA BOUNDARY QUESTION

Water on Fire

Firemen summoned to fight a fire which broke out in a warehouse in Jersey City, N. J., a few days ago, were embarrassed by a difficulty which seldom occurs at a fire. The water, which a fireman instinctively uses to put out a fire, was precisely the element to feed those peculiar flames. The warehouse was used by the Union Carbide Company us a place of storage. In it were fifteen hundred steel drums, each containing one hundred pounds of calcium carbide. When the fire broke out the firemen were quickly on the scene, but the workmen cautioned them against throwing water on the drums, because if it came in contact with the carbide it would produce acetylene gas. The first firemen who arrived could not understand why they were not allowed to throw water on the fire, but they soon realized the danger of combining water and calcium carbide. The meadows surrounding the warehouse were flooded. As the floor burned away and the drums dropped into the flood, the water boiled furiously and flames shot up from the seething, bubbling mass. The smoke was dense and the air was stifling. There was no resource but to let the fire burn itself out, and the firemen confined their efforts to prevent it spreading to other buildings. We can easily understand the surprise of the firemen, who are accustomed to regard water as the sure extinguisher of fire, at finding that, in dealing with this substance, water actually produced fire. Such anomalies exist in the spiritual world. Some natures are made worse by the Gospel which redeems others.

To the one we are the savor of death unto death; and to the other the savor of life unto life (II. Cor. 2:16).

The Cost of Disobedience

A serious disaster in the tunnel in course of construction, under the North River, between Jersey City and New York, occurred last week, in which one man lost his life and eight others were in imminent danger. It was thus explained by the President of the company of contractors in charge of the work: "In subaqueous tunnel building there is several times a day one special moment of danger. That is when the shield which cuts the tunnel's way through the silt ahead is being forced forward for the foot or so which constitutes a stage of progress, and the doors of the shield are open to let in the half liquid mud which the cutting edges of the shield displace. So long as these doors are open there is danger. At other times the workers in the compressed air chamber at the tunnel's end are protected by a wall of steel, in which there is no break. It is a strict rule in this tunnel, as it is in others of the same character, that the moment the shield has made its way the shield doors shall be slammed shut. It all seems so secure, though, after many days without accident, that the tunnel workers grow careless in the face of danger. That was the case in this instance. The man whose duty it was to close the doors on the instant forgot or neglected to do so." The North River, only twelve feet above the bore, was running swift in flood. Before the men could do anything, there came a rush of mud and water through the six open doors of the shield. One man was thrown down by it and buried. His body is still in there. The eight others barely reached the air-lock in time to save their lives. It was only momentary negligence, but it wrought loss of life and property that could never be undone. People who argue against eternal punishment on the ground that the sins of life are out of proportion to it, forget that the consequences of sin are not measured by the acts of the moment.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! (James 3:5).

Rescued by a Dog

Among the accidents by the recent floods was one at Bloomfield, N. J., which came near proving fatal to a son of one of the citizens. The boy in trying to cross a lake, which is usually shallow, slipped and fell in. He did not realize until he found himself struggling in the water, how deep it had become. He could swim a little, and kept himself afloat for a time while he shouted for help. A vagrant yellow dog, said to be a chicken thief, that farmers in the vicinity have been trying to get rid of for a long time, heard the boy and leaped into the water. When the dog got alongside, the boy was almost exhausted. The dog seized his coat-sleeve in its teeth. The boy wrenched his arm loose and then rested it on the dog's back, just enough to keep him afloat. The dog apparently understood perfectly what was wanted of him, as he turned and swam to the shore with the boy. Overjoyed at his rescue, he took the dog home with him and told his story. For the first time in his life the dog received a warm welcome on the farm, and will be adopted as a pet of the family. How glad the boy's parents must be that the efforts to destroy the dog did not succeed. They little thought that they would ever owe their son's life to him. Similar mistakes have been made about the character of men. Those who have been regarded as pests may, by the grace of God, become useful members of society.

He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; who was before a blasphemer and a persecutor and injurious (I. Timothy 1:12).

A Tiger-Tamer's Lost Power

Indulgence in intoxicating liquor is responsible for many losses and misfortunes, but it is not generally known that it is liable to impart a man's influence over wild beasts. Mr. Frank Bostock, who is an authority in matters of this nature, relates an example of the fact. He says: "My best trained was an Irishman who had served in a British regiment in India, and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the arena than I have ever seen done by any other tigers. I have seen him, sitting down between two of them at rest-time during rehearsals, and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat, knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity, but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that half in playfulness. One day the old fellow got very drunk—the first time in his life, to my knowledge. Before he was noticed, he had got into the cage with the tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor. The other keepers made several attempts to take him out of the cage, but it was at once apparent that to do so meant a bitter and serious fight with the tigers. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. But the next time he put the tigers to work they balked, and he could neither drive nor persuade them. They had ceased to trust him, and his power over them was at an end for ever." He must have felt humiliated at seeing the animals, who had formerly respected and obeyed him, so changed in their behavior. It was a serious loss to him, because after his ascendency was gone he was useless in the menagerie. That is the consequence of evil doing in other ways. It wrongs the evil-doer himself by destroying his influence in the world.

He that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul (Prov. 8:36).

BRIEF NOTES

We regret to hear of the death of the widow of Mr. D. L. Moody, which occurred on October 11. The sincere sympathy of the whole world will go out to the bereaved family.

We are asked to announce that the conference of the Presbyterian Committee on Evangelistic Work has been changed from Winona Lake, Ind., to 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Young Women's Christian Association has now an official representative in China. Miss Marion Lawrence has gone there to labor among the girls employed in the cotton factories of Shanghai.

The Bible Teacher's Training School in New York begins its fourth year October 14. Its courses of instruction cover two years of graded work, and are divided into (1) Department of the English Bible; (2) Department of the English Bible; (3) Church History and Sociology; (4) Teacher Training; (5) Church History; Comparative Religions and Missions; (6) Elementary Hebrew; (7) Original Biblical Languages. All information should be addressed to Dr. Wilbur W. White, 33 East Forty-first street, New York City.

DOWIE'S HOST INVADES NEW YORK

THREE THOUSAND STRONG, THEY CAMP IN THE BIG METROPOLIS, AND CROWD MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

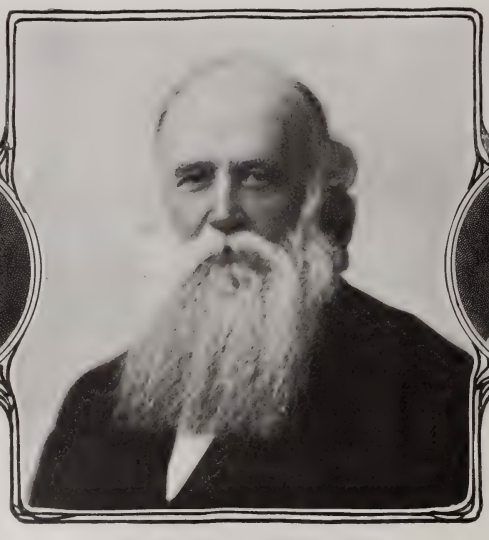
REV John Alexander Dowie, with upwards of three thousand five hundred of his Restoration Host from Zion City, Ill., descended upon New York on October 16, coming in eight trains by several lines of railroad. For many months past, the invasion of the wicked metropolis has been in contemplation by the Zion City Restoration Army. The undertaking was a large one. The General Overseer, as Dr. Dowie is styled, came on the last train, attended by several secretaries. With him were Mrs. Dowie, their son, Alexander Gladstone Dowie, Chief of Police Stern, of Zion City, and Mrs. Stern, Overseers Speicher and Excell, and other leaders. A crowd of 10,000 watched their arrival at the Grand Central Depot. Deacon Francis W. Colton and Evangelist W. B. Kindle, who preceded the main body, had made all necessary arrangements for the reception of the host, and every member was assigned to quarters within easy reach of the Garden; some at hotels and others in furnished lodgings. Dowie, with his family and personal staff, was quartered at the Plaza Hotel. It had been arranged that the host should eat their meals in the Garden twice a day; 1,500 sitting down at each meal, and 300 men and women serving the tables.

ARRIVAL OF A SECTION OF THE "RESTORATION HOST" AT GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, NEW YORK

They came on eight trains, 3,500 strong. The photograph shows the smart uniform of the Zion City Guards. It also shows some of the Zion women who formed part of the invading army of "The Catholic Church of Zion," as Dowie's organization styles itself. The "Visitation" to New York cost the Zionites $250,000. General Overseer Dowie purposes extending the crusade to other lands at a probable cost of $50,000,000.

At the hotel, Dowie was besieged by visitors. To the reporters he made a brief statement concerning his New York crusade. He came, he said, in obedience to a Divine command, and it was his purpose to do good, and to carry out his plans, heedless of ridicule. He believed in the Bible from cover to cover. He spoke of his long battle in Chicago, and his frequent arrests. He had been arrested, he supposed, a hundred times. But at the last, he had succeeded in establishing the principle he fought for. He spoke in defence of his peculiar doctrines, and announced himself a friend of law and order at all times. Many of the stories that had been circulated broadcast concerning his work and himself, he stamped as fabrications.

DR. A. J. GLADSTONE DOWIE



THE REV. JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE
From His Latest Photograph.

OVERSEER JANE DOWIE
Wife of the Founder.

John Alexander Dowie is venerable in appearance. He possesses a native dignity and force in address, and has undoubtedly a certain magnetism which tells with his audiences. His manner is frank and open. His patriarchal beard gives him an aspect of age, which is contradicted by the fresh, ruddy complexion, and the kindly face, lighted up by eyes that twinkle with good humor, or flash with indignation as he talks. He is a native of Scotland, about fifty-six years of age, and in the prime of an active life. Vital force is expressed in his every movement, and he has a rugged and tempestuous, yet earnest style of speech, that is not wholly inharmonious nor unattractive. His genius for organization and administration has been remarkably demonstrated in the success that has attended his Zion City enterprise. His methods have been attacked, his doctrines assailed, and his orthodoxy repeatedly challenged; he has been called both mountebank and charlatan; but amidst all, he has clung to his peculiar creed, and his following has continued to multiply apace.

In the story of Zion City—the centre of the religious movement founded by Mr. Dowie—there is much that reads like a romance. What only a few years ago was little more than a wilderness, is now a really beautiful and populous town, with graded streets and wide boulevards and avenues, fine public parks, a college costing $150,000, Shiloh Tabernacle (in process of building) worth $500,000 and with a seating capacity of 16,000, a mammoth lace factory, and a number of other buildings devoted to various industries. There are hundreds of well-built houses, a doctorless hospital, numerous stores, a group of imposing public buildings, schoolhouses and a bank. All the buildings are substantial. Zion City is, above all else, a clean town. Liquor, tobacco, theatres, gambling dens are unknown. The "social evil" has no foothold.

Immediately after the arrival of Dowie and his host in New York, their active campaign began. Two days were devoted to a literary propaganda, and the first public meeting was held the following Sunday in Madison Square Garden. In the programme for his New York crusade, Dr. Dowie's official announcement was as follows:

Visitation of Elijah the Restorer to the City of New York, from Lord's Day, October 18, 1903, to Lord's Day, November 8, 1903, viz.: Madison Square Garden Auditorium, from Lord's Day, October 18, to Lord's Day, November 1. Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, November 3. Wednesday, November 4, Friday, November 6, and Lord's Day, November 8.

On Sundays, three meetings were on the programme, on Saturdays two, and on all other days of the week three meetings. The evening meetings were devoted to a series of "Restoration Messages." Among the picturesque features of the services, were the white-robed Zion City Choir, the Zion City Band, Zion Guard, Bugle and Drum Corps.

Some of the announced topics of addresses were, "The Risen Christ Knocking at the Door of New York's Millions;" "Repentance;" "The Sin of Idolatry;" "Divine Healing;" "Blaspheming the Name of God." A special address was devoted to an expose of Christian Science, and another to the history of Zion City.

Regarded as a whole, the invasion of the Zion City hosts, the bold and aggressive methods of their leader, the vigorous house-to-house canvass, the great gatherings in the Garden and Carnegie Hall, the 1,800 street-corner meetings, in half a score of languages, and finally the picturesque uniform of the Guards and the thunderous music of the band of some sixty odd pieces and the rattle of the thirty drummers —these have all combined to give to the metropolis a decidedly novel experience. The crusade has attracted widespread attention and given rise to much criticism. Even if it should be productive of nothing else, Dowie's visit will have given our churches a valuable object-lesson in active, energetic personal work that should not be overlooked.

DEACON R. H. HARPER | DEACON FRANK W. COTTON | DEACON H. W. JUDD | EVANGELIST W. B. KINDLE | DEACON CHAS. J. BARNARD | DEACON JAMES F. PETERS

Our Magnificent Premiums for 1903-04

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this year in the matter of Premiums, surpasses all its phenomenal records in the past. As for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD itself, our readers know that during the coming year it will be as far ahead **of 1903** as in this year it excels 1902. Progress is our watchword, and present arrangements promise far better for advancement than ever before in the history of this enterprising paper. But we reserve the rehearsal of all the literary and artistic attractions for the coming year for a future issue, and in this we will content ourselves with calling attention to the remarkable Premiums we are now prepared to offer our subscribers.

1. The Red Letter Bible

First of all, we make mention of our New Edition of the **Red Letter Bible,** the only Bible of its kind in the world. As many of our readers already know, this exceptional Bible, of which over **100,000** have been printed in less than two years, is the **Authorized** Version of the Holy Scriptures, printed in black, with the following notable exceptions. In the **OLD** Testament, every incident or passage quoted or alluded to by our Lord during his earthly ministry, is printed in red. All the references to our Lord's words are printed in Red, and Every verse accepted as pointing to our Lord as the Coming Messiah, is distinguished by a **Red Star.** In the **NEW** Testament, all the words spoken by our Lord and Saviour are printed in Red. This beautiful Bible also contains a Synopsis of all the Books of the Bible, enabling the reader in fifteen minutes to acquaint himself with the General Contents of the Holy Scriptures. In addition to this, there are many hundreds of Important Changes by the Revision, the Teachers' Helps, Accurate and beautifully colored Maps, according to Major Condor, and a unique Movable Celluloid Book-Mark, invented and patented by Dr. Klopsch, showing, in alphabetical arrangement, the page at which every Book of the Bible begins.

The Red Letter Bible is set in very large type, is superbly bound in American Levant, Divinity Circuit, soft and flexible, with overlapping ends, Red under Gold edges, and is sent, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for **only $3.00.**

2. The Red Letter Testament

Second in Order comes our exquisite and unequaled Red Letter New Testament, with all the words of our Lord printed in Red. This fine specimen of Bookmaking is printed in type unusually large for a Testament, bound in Divinity Circuit, flexible and soft, overlapping edges, Red under Gold, and is sent prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at only $1.85.

3. The Crown Encyclopedia

Third in Order comes our Crown Encyclopedia, in **Five Volumes,** containing 3,000 pages, 96 Colored Maps and 500 Illustrations. **THE WONDER OF WONDERS AMONG PREMIUMS.** Nothing like it has ever before been published at less than $10. **Read this description! Five volumes, the set measuring 7¼ inches in height, 8 inches in width, and weighing 7 pounds. Type large and clear. Every word set from new type since September 1, A.D., 1903. Revised up to the hour of going to press, October 15, 1903. All new and fresh. No doctoring of old plates or of old statistics. Prepared specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The only Encyclopedia in the world that is absolutely up to date, and the only one which excels all others in freshness, legibility and price. It contains 65,000 References, and is superbly bound in vellum de luxe cloth, with genuine Gold Stamp that will not tarnish in a century.**

The whole set of five volumes, 3,000 pages, sent free (we prepay full postage or expressage, amounting to sixty cents), together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, on receipt of (**MARK THE PRICE**) only **$3.**

N.B.—If you want this premium you should order it at once. We feel sure that not a set can be had after Dec. 1st, and probably not after Nov. 15th. Do not delay. This is the **Greatest Premium of the year** and we want every subscriber to take it, and take it now.

4. Mr. Morrison's Great Book

Fourth in Order, we mention one of the most charmingly romantic, inspiring, and instructive books of travel ever published. It is Mr. Harry Steele Morrison's latest work, **"How I Worked My Way Around the World."** Mr. Morrison, when a mere boy, only **sixteen years of age,** undertook to circle the globe. Of money he had but little—but, determined to live up to his ambition, he engaged as a **pantry-boy** on one of the great Transatlantic steamers, crossed the sea, and traveled over **50,000 miles,** literally working his way around the world. His dauntless pluck secured for him audiences with **Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria, King Leopold, Pope Leo XIII., Paul Krueger** and other notabilities, and finally landed him, a first-cabin passenger, back in the country of his birth, rich in experience and in financial results.

He is now only twenty-two, and in this, his latest book, he tells the **complete story of his travels** from inception to finish. It is full of anecdote and adventure and finely illustrated. Many a winter evening may be very delightfully spent in its perusal.

"How I Worked My Way Around the World" is superbly printed, beautifully **illustrated** and exceptionally well bound in rich **Vellum de Luxe;** with emblematic and very ornamental decoration.

It contains **408 large pages,** set from new type in the most modern typographical style, and measures when open **9 x 15 inches. Russell Sage** has written the introduction to this remarkably interesting volume.

It is sent, all charges prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the queen of American weeklies, for one year, at only **Two Dollars.** Please bear in mind that your money will be refunded if you are not delighted with your purchase, or if your order is received after the supply is exhausted.

5. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

Fifth in Order, we offer an unequaled **presentation edition** of John Bunyan's **Pilgrim's Progress, exquisitely illustrated** and superbly printed on **428 large pages,** with a **Red Line** around each page. The delight of the lowly, this wonderful book has exerted a fascinating power over the most cultured and gifted minds.

This is the **most beautiful allegory of human life** ever written. It is a triumphant work and not one of gloom and sadness. It is **merry** and **full of sunshine** and **good cheer.** It warms the heart and cheers the soul, and it will be relished as keenly by the aged as by the young. A nobler masterpiece than **Pilgrim's Progress** was never penned by mortal man.

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, in his eloquent introduction to this superb edition of **Pilgrim's Progress,** says:

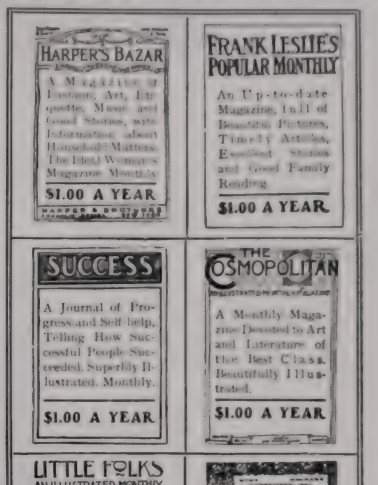
The first book I can remember next to the Bible, is **Pilgrim's Progress.** It was read aloud to me by my mother on Sunday afternoons, when I was eight years old. The vivid impression made on my mind by that reading, will never be effaced. The characters of the story were as real to me as my own schoolmates. My own father was not more clearly an actual being than Christian, or Faithful. This reality of the allegory has been an abiding one, and it is safe to say that this is one of the characteristics of the story which make it immortal. The characters, the incidents, the outcome, are real in the story, because they are real in actual life. Based, as it is, on Bible teaching and human experience together, **Pilgrim's Progress** is immortal, as indeed all things are immortal which are true. * * * * *

If this edition of **Pilgrim's Progress** shall go into the homes of America to be read there, it will not be possible to measure the results on the next generation. A revival of its reading would result in a much-needed revival of the vivid conception of the Christian life, and it is with a prayer that such a revival may result from this special publication of the vision of John Bunyan, that I humbly write these few words and bid the volume Godspeed. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Very handsomely bound in rich Vellum de Luxe, with emblematic designs and unequaled gold effect, this unusually attractive book makes one of the most **Charming Holiday Gifts** of the year. The volume measures when open **9 x 15 inches.** It weighs nearly **three pounds,** and is sent, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, on receipt of only **$2.00.**

6. Magazines at Reduced Prices

The tendency of the times is toward up in all greater directions, and the means of current publications to keep abreast of what is going on in this great world of ours. Hence, many Literary now require more than one periodical. To meet the demand we have entered a number of very Choice Magazine Combinations, which enable our subscribers to enjoy two or more of the following magazines at about the price of one: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1904-1905 Drop-Leaf Butterfly Calendar **Free**

We will send free to **every subscriber** of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD whose subscription or renewal is promptly received, one of our superb, two-year, Drop-Leaf Butterfly Calendars. This Calendar covers both 1904 and 1905. It measures 11 by 29 inches, is beautifully lithographed in fifteen brilliant colors, and makes the prettiest and most unique wall decoration that we have seen in many a day. It cannot be duplicated elsewhere, as the design is absolutely new and original. It represents, in superbly artistic reproduction, a series of tropical and semi-tropical butterflies in all their variegated, rich and exquisite coloring.

By all means secure one of these Calendars, and give it a prominent place in your home. It will contribute to make the year 1904 brighter, and it will serve you for still another year, as it runs from January, 1904, through December, 1905. In Calendars, as in other good things, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD always gives Gospel measure "pressed down and shaken together and running over."

AS A PERSONAL FAVOR WE ASK YOU TO READ THIS:

We cannot impress too strongly on our subscribers the desirability of sending in their renewals very early during the month of November. It happens, alas, too frequently, that those who delay sending their subscriptions until the Christmas month meet with disappointment. While it is always our first endeavor to meet the requirements of our present subscribers, who are naturally entitled to preference, we know that this year our premiums are so exceedingly attractive that the demand is sure to be pressing and enormous, and beyond our ability to supply. We want to make as many friends as possible, but we would rather retain an old one than gain a new one, and therefore we urge upon subscribers to make sure of getting their premiums before the rush of new subscriptions exhausts the supply. We always refund the money if the purchase does not give entire satisfaction, and by ordering early you have an opportunity to inspect the goods, and return them if not fully pleased. Oblige us and yourself by ordering promptly.

TEN YEARS' AFTER

THE years had gone very swiftly by since Elmore and Grace were married. They had left their home in the East and gone at once to Elmore's field of labor in South Dakota. The bride took with her to the remote village where her husband's lot was cast an immense fund of enthusiasm and energy, good health, gay spirits and sincere consecration to Christ and his work. She was deeply in love with Elmore Caruthers, and had renounced ease and luxury, and given up a very inviting career that she might become his wife. On his side, the equipment for usefulness was fine. He had been an honor-man at college, and a foot-ball captain as well, carrying off laurels in the class-room and in athletics. There were not a few who declared Elmore Caruthers too good for home missionary work, and who deplored his loss to some conspicuous city pulpit, while they also lamented his carrying so lovely a girl as Grace Deane away from the society she adorned.

The two young people were not disposed to pity themselves when they faced with unflinching courage the discomforts of poverty and the loneliness of a new settlement. Heroes are never self-conscious or self-compassionate. Heroism does not know itself by that name. That one had been a Princeton man, and the other a Vassar woman, helped them when the only books for some square miles were those in their little house, and the only educated man they met was the rough-spoken doctor, who sometimes spent an hour by their fire at night. The discipline of a college training tells for strength and sweetness all through life and its various vicissitudes. And there is wonderful power to sustain when love is reciprocal, and husband and wife are true Christians.

. . .

That first Dakota winter, cold, bleak, long, tempestuous, with snow sifting in through the chinks of the frame house, and the nights sometimes so cold that Elmore had to sit up to keep the fire fed with fuel, that burned out like tow in the fierce, windy atmosphere, was full of unprecedented hardships. Letters from home seemed to Grace like messages from another world. She could hardly realize that once, not very long ago, she had belonged to the merry circle in which her girl friends and her sisters moved, that teas, dinners and receptions had been in her ordinary experience, and that she had cared about the cut of a gown and the feathers in a hat. It seemed ages since she had left it all behind her. There was plenty for her to do, it being impossible to secure any help in the housework, and Mrs. Caruthers doing it herself, as other women in the place did. She taught the little Sunday School, aided in her husband's prayer-meetings and in church, where she led the singing, and was in every way his helpmate till spring. One May day, the baby came, and then the little Dakota parsonage was hardly big enough to contain the overflowing joy of the two happy hearts.

. . .

Another year and baby's sister arrived. Two little ones, a twelvemonth apart, kept the mother busy. Ten years after the wedding day, the Caruthers had five children. They were struggling along on a very small salary, and Grace suddenly realized that she was tired out, tired mentally, spiritually and physically.

"Elmore," she said, "I'm going home. It seems mean to leave you, even for three months, but I'm starving, and I must save some of my power of assimilation, or you'll have no wife, and the children no mother."

"I ought not to have brought you to such a lot, Grace."

"Nonsense. It has been all sweetness; I love the people and the place, and you know I love you. But I must go for awhile, nevertheless. I wish you could. Mother has sent me enough, and a box from home will be here before long."

"Not a church box?"

"Oh, no; a mother-box, Elmore. There'll be all I need to make the children fit to appear at church in Connecticut."

When the box arrived, Grace's expectations were justified. Her mother had forgotten nothing. The children were equipped with most comfortable clothing, the mother had a traveling dress and a black silk gown, and for Mr. Caruthers there was a thick overcoat, and what he prized more, a package of the newest books.

Ten years had made so little difference to those at home, that Grace felt as if the clock of time had been standing still. Her unmarried sister did not look a day older. The women whom she had left girls were comely, graceful matrons. Everywhere she saw tokens of plenty, of the greatest homely comfort.

She revelled in it all. She went to everything, concerts, lectures, whatever there was that was by way of recreation. Every luncheon and dinner was a delight to her, and she grew young before their eyes, in her vivid enjoyment. When her mother suggested her leaving the two elder children to attend school in the East, her eager assent showed that she appreciated at once the advantage a home training in the old haunts would be to them.

But the three months slipped away. One morning Grace went home. Rested, refreshed, joyous in renewed health, she took up the old life, and was again her husband's helpful comrade.

Every one has not Grace Caruthers' home to return to. But most of us, if resolute, can find some place, perhaps only a few miles away, where for a little while we may draw a free breath, and forget our cares.

BABY IN THE CRADLE

Baby in the cradle,
Sleeping, oh! so sweetly,
Little hands and little feet,
Formed, oh! completely.

Mother's joy and comfort,
Little cradle king,
Never was another child
Half so fair a thing.

LONELY DAYS

A FEW days ago, a very aged man stood in a home fro whence a friend of his youth had just passed into th heavenly land. With a faltering voice, he said: "M last friend has gone." I wonder if younger people apprecia how lonely the world grows to the old as their contemporarie one by one, pass away, and they are left standing in the fro rank, with the billows of eternity breaking on the shore at the feet? Perhaps we would be more patient and considerate old people if it ever occurred to us that once they were youn that they once stood in the thick of life's conflict with amb tions, interests and occupations as absorbing as our own; th once friends and kindred surrounded the closely, and that life before them beckone with as bright and eager a face as li beckons to their juniors now. It is n wonder that the old resent the pushin and sometimes indelicate haste of tho who are younger to snatch at the dutie which their hands still hold. It is all we meant, the kindness of younger peopl but it is often very futile and a great mi take. The grandparents are jealous giving up the tasks which they have a ways carried on, and all the more so, th around them are so few of those who b gan life's journey when they did. Th days grow lonely. Very many once her have passed away, and none have take their places. Age does well to gathe about it youth and young people. So d ing it may wave defiance in the face desolation, even as the red leaves of th autumn shake their colors bravely in th face of the on-coming winter.

So long as they can, old people shoul hold fast to their own sceptre. It i usually a mistake for the mother, thoug feeble, to resign her housekeeping care entirely into the hands of a daughter, no is it wise for the father to retire fro business too soon, leaving affairs in th management of his sons. The days ma be lonely, but they will be less so to th occupied than to the idle, and so long a strength lasts, it is well to keep occupied.

Happy is the man or the woman wh dies in harness. Yet death itself hesitate to attack one whom life is claiming in thousand useful activities. This is no made as an arbitrary statement, for every one knows that men are carried off in th midst of their years, when this is God's will. But people do live longer and are much more contented who continue in their accustomed routine. No one is quite so much like a fish out of water as the man who, retiring from business in late middle life, suddenly invests himself with a panoply of old age. Such a man either meddles with the housekeeping till his wife is half distracted, or becomes atrophied and prematurely old. Lonely days must be deferred by all who wish to do for God a full day's work and hear His "well done" at last.

A Useful Life

A paragraph in a Wilmington, Delaware, paper, the other day, epitomized in a few sentences a long and useful life. Miss Anna H. Maxwell had taught fifty-seven consecutive years, fifty-two of them in the Middletown public schools. Three generations of Delawareans stood around her coffin and honored her memory. No words can fitly tell how much good was accomplished by that quiet, sincere, unobtrusive woman, impressing herself, from youth to age, on the minds of her pupils. She was a Christian woman, and her influence for good on the community cannot be overestimated. More than a half century spent in the school-room! Think of it, and praise God for a good woman's splendid record.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JANIE. Don't undertake tasks beyond your strength. At least don't do so knowingly.

—MADGE. Except in large cities, where wealthy people live, there is little call for a visiting housekeeper's services.

—CHARLOTTE. Praying for one's absent friends is the best way to help them, for it asks God, who is able, to have them in his care.

—ELLEN. Crossness in the morning at breakfast is no more excusable than crossness later in the day. It is rather worse indeed. It starts the day badly.

—MARY. Why do you go to expense that you cannot afford about your wedding announcements? A line or two in the daily papers will sufficiently notify your friends.

Tragic Scenes in Chinese Relief Work

SSUING RICE IN LARGE QUANTITIES TO SUFFERERS

40,000 Hungry Chinese Clamor for Relief—Twenty-three Persons Crushed to Death in the Crowd —The Famine Now Ended : :

METHOD OF ISSUING RICE IN SMALL QUANTITIES

FROM the province of Kwang-si, China, comes the news that the great famine is at an end. Many thousands of lives were saved by the three relief expeditions from Canton, organized by U. . Consul General McWade, and which conveyed large argoes of food to the starving Chinese. These carloes were largely supplied by the relief fund contributed y the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. By the ame mail comes the intelligence of a sad disaster at Kwai-peng, in the heart of the famine districts. A great ultitude of starving natives, estimated at 40,000, assembled at the distribution, and formed a monster crowd hat could not be controlled. In the jam twenty-three ersons were crushed to death, five of them being inants carried by their mothers. This deplorable occurence is recorded with sorrow by the missionaries, who, owever, were powerless to avoid it.

U. S. Consul-General McWade, writing from Canton, China, August 24, to Francis B. Loomis, Assistant ecretary of State, Washington, D. C., concerning the amine, encloses reports from the Rev. Dr. Shumaker, f the United Brethren in Christ Mission; the Rev. ohn E. Fee, of the Christian Missionary Alliance, and rofessor Clancey M. Lewis, of the Christian College f Macao. Dr. Shumaker's report is a supplemental ne, and covers his excellent work during the second merican Relief xpedition. Photoraphs accompany is report, some of hich are reproduced in this issue f THE CHRISTIAN ERALD. Rev. Mr. ee's report is a ummary of the ork done by him nd his colleagues n Wuchow and its icinity.

"Professor Lews' report," writes onsul-General cWade, "tells the tory of the third merican Expedion. The photoraphs show the argo junks loaded ith rice, and ready o start from Canon on the last merican Relief xpedition."

Mr. Shumaker's eport says:

I am able to state he number of towns benefited by famine relief work from hese centres: Tseung-Tsun, 15 towns; Ping-Nam, 35 towns, nd Kwai-Peng, 133 towns. The 6,000 piculs of rice comrising the second expedition reached suffering ones in nearly hree hundred towns, and it must ever remain a source of atisfaction that so much misery has been alleviated.

Rev. Mr. Fee writes from Wuchow:

The Kwang-si famine is now over. Towards spring of his year, as few had seed grain, there was no help for them ut in disposing of cattle, bedding, clothing, household articles and utensils, farm implements, and even the titles of he roofs and then the bricks from the walls. But those who bought would not give much for these things, so there was little realized from the sales. Though not first to be sold, the little children, and especially girls, were soon brought out into the market towns and to the streets of the cities and offered for sale. Sometimes whole rows of women and children were seen lined up for inspection and awaiting the highest bidder. Not only did parents sell children and husbands wives, but some women, whose husbands were unable to provide food for them and were not willing to sell them, ran away and offered themselves for sale, or even gave themselves away to save their own lives. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that the province has been in a disturbed condition, and that outsiders who know not the real facts, should speak of rebellion. What was needed was not soldiers to slay and butcher, but rice, and had this been done and more generally provided, there would have been little, or at least much less, to say about rebels.

Early in March we began giving relief in a quiet way, but little realizing that the need was so great or the famine so severe. Once a little was given the news soon spread, and before long hundreds of starving people—some mere skeletons, others with limbs and faces swollen from starvation—were gathered around us waiting for food. From tens, the numbers increased to hundreds, from hundreds to thousands and even to tens of thousands before the work became heavier; and there were so few to help, we gave only two days out of three and later only one day in three, allowing about five ounces of rice per day for each person, but to the more needy, larger portions were given, if we had sufficient rice provided. The distribution was made at first from private funds, but as the people came in larger numbers, this could not last long, so friends in our mission, and a little later of other missions, and the foreign residents of Wuchow, Tak-Hing, Canton, Hongkong and Amoy began to send contributions. We thank you for the gifts sent at this time and the interest shown.

When H. E., the Governor of Hongkong, formed a committee and took such prompt action and sent relief as soon as the matter was brought to his notice, and later your Honor had a reply from the homeland [THE CHRISTIAN HERALD], sending aid to the perishing people, not only was relief given to tens of thousands of people around Kwai-Peng, but other relief centres were opened from Ping-Nam to Nanning. As a result of these efforts **tens of thousands of lives have been saved,** many saved from the pangs of hunger, and a more kindly spirit toward the foreigners has been fostered, especially those who have helped them. No doubt missionary interests will be helped, and we trust the results may be far-reaching.

Prof. Clancey M. Lewis, of the Macao College, writes Consul General McWade, giving a full account of the Third Relief Expedition. After reviewing the work he says:

There were eight rice boats, conveying 6,000 piculs of rice, and each boat was towed by a launch or government gunboat. Each launch and each rice boat carried banners, which displayed in Chinese characters something to this effect, "The Great Republic of America sends Relief to the Poor," and besides these banners, there were two large United States flags, flying from the mast-heads of two rice boats.

. . .

We arrived at Kwai-Peng, Saturday noon, July 25. The Committee reported at once to Mr. J. P. Cunningham, who had taken over Mr. Shumaker's work. Mr. Cunningham had secured for us an ancestral temple, where we were conveniently housed.

Professor Lewis thus describes what is called the "general distribution" methods:

This is usually employed at the beginning of the famine when it is generally conceded that all are in need of help. The work of the committee then consists in getting out indiscriminately five or ten "catties" of rice to all who have secured tickets at the door. This is, perhaps, the easiest method for the foreigner but it is always accompanied by great crowds, which sometimes become riotous, noisy and dangerous to themselves. They push, jam and crush the weak and starving who are injured and sometimes killed. Women are as much in danger as men. Recently, here in Kwai-Peng, was "woman's day" at Kwai-Peng. It is estimated that 40,000 came in with their babies and children in arms. The crowd could not be controlled, and in the jam twenty-three were killed, of whom five were babies crushed to death on their mother's backs.

The second method is a general distribution through "The Gentry." In this case the object is to reach the village elders, who are either seen in their own villages or called into the distributing centre. They furnish the committee with a list of names which they say includes all the needy in the village. The names are counted and a certain number of catties, say ten, is allowed each person. The elders are then given a ticket for the total amount, which they arrange to take delivery of upon the next day of distribution or upon the same day, if rice is being distributed. The crowds are about the same as in the "general distribution," and consequently accompanied with fatalities which should be avoided if possible.

The third method is "house to house visitation." It is the hardest work, but gives the most satisfactory results.

By "house to house visitation" one is almost able to ferret out the suffering families in a village, but he is able also to determine which sections of the district need further help. Again, by this method the distribution of rice can be carried on simultaneously with the giving out of tickets. To do this the best scouts among Christian natives, women preferred, are sent up to the Yamen registrar's to weigh out the rice as the people call for it with their tickets. As the people usually went upon receipt of their tickets to the rice distributing hall for the large crowds were avoided.

Every method as the workers found out, had its drawbacks, but on the whole, the work was accomplished satisfactorily. Professor Lewis concludes his report with these words:

It was fortunate for the poor people that they received a generous measure, pressed tight, shaken down and running over."

Thus does the great Kwang-si famine, and its accompanying horrors pass into history. It will long be remembered in Southern China, and the one bright part of the long dark chapter will be that which tells of the generous-hearted people of the West, who filled with Christ-like sympathy for the sufferers, sent those three fleets of relief ships, filled with food, and rescued the perishing peasants from death by starvation. And to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD it will be ever a cause for thankfulness that they were privileged to be the leaders in this life-saving mission, and that their gifts and prayers were the means of fighting back the famine in Kwang-si.

OUR THIRD AND LAST RELIEF EXPEDITION UP THE WEST RIVER TO KWANG-SI

A Find in a Mosque

PROFESSOR HARNACK, the celebrated theologian, in a report recently submitted to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, described some very valuable and interesting documents which were lately unearthed in the famous mosque known as the *Kubbet el Chazne*, in Damascus. It was learned that there were three vaults in the mosque that contained very ancient Christian documents. These were examined, and were found to be of the time of the Crusades. There are Latin writings, a considerable number of prayers and psalms, with notes of different systems. A mysterious thing is the existence in the mosque treasury of a considerable number of Hebrew fragments of literature. These writings consist of secular documents, synagogue liturgies and Old Testament fragments. The fragments in Samaritanic language and writing will claim the greatest interest.

IS THE YOUNG MAN SAFE? ❋ DAVID'S GRIEF OVER ABSALOM

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR NOV. 8
II. SAMUEL 18 : 24-33

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--PROV. 17 : 25 :
"A FOOLISH SON IS A GRIEF TO HIS FATHER"

IT is the day of battle between King David's forces and the followers of Absalom. King David sits at the gate of Mahanaim, his temporary capital, which is a day's journey distant from the scene of the battle in the Wood of Ephraim. How did he come to be at Mahanaim? He had fled from Jerusalem when he learned of Absalom's approach, because he did not wish to make the Holy City the scene of bloodshed. Sad though it was, King David's retreat from Jerusalem had been an imposing spectacle. The procession was headed by a body-guard of Philistines, a strange escort for a King of the Jews, for they had been bitter enemies. David had won them to himself by a year and four months' residence in one of their cities, when he sought their protection against King Saul. The vanguard of the procession was the 600 followers who had bravely accompanied and defended David when Saul sought his life. Between the friendly Philistines and the brave defenders, marched the king himself and the high officers of his court.

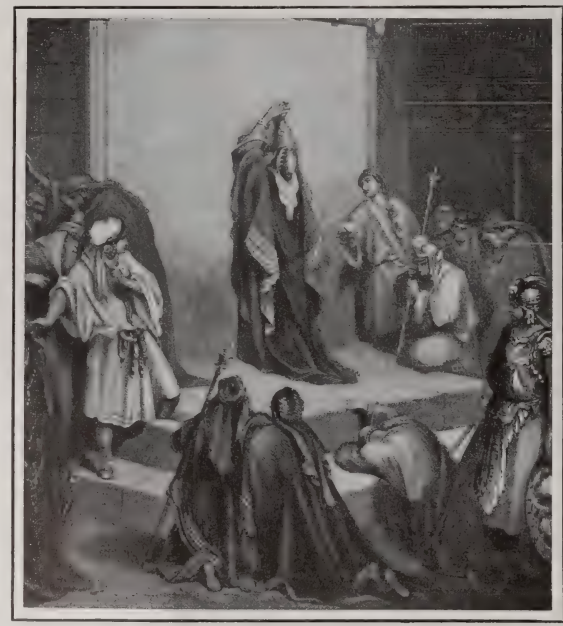
ABSALOM'S TOMB

Coming out of Jerusalem by the eastern gate, and crossing the brook Kedron, the procession had wended its way up the slopes of Mt. Olivet and down on the other side, where it was joined by another procession, the high priests and the Levites bringing the Ark of the Covenant, as if to insure God's presence with David. It was a mistaken kindness, and David ordered that the ark should be returned to its accustomed place in the Tabernacle on Mt. Zion. He felt that God's presence with him was not dependent upon the Ark. He then proceeded on to Mahanaim. His onward march had not been without incidents, some pleasant, as when provisions were brought him by those who sympathized with him; and some exasperating, as when he had been cursed by Shimei, who also threw dust upon King David and his party. One night he had camped by the way beyond the fords of the Jordan. He had laid him down and slept, for the Lord sustained him (Psalm 4). It is from his trustful song-prayer of that night that we get the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." David trusted God's care, and slept as a child falls asleep, without fear, when mother is watching over him. David arose in the morning with gladness, for the Lord had made him dwell in safety (Psalm 3). Upon his arrival at Mahanaim three native chiefs had shown their sympathy for him by sending him provisions. He found also an organized force of Israelites ready for his defence.

King David sits at the gate, awaiting news from the battle, which he had arranged with Joab his general-in-chief, should be sent to him. King David's eyes are dimmed with age and with tears, but there are watchmen with him who have eagle's eyes. Presently one of them spies a runner, and he shouts the fact to the king. Now the watchman spies a second runner, and announces it to the king. These runners were the messenger service of the Orient, they were fleet of foot, and ran from sixty to seventy five miles a day. The first runner comes up, and is recognized as Ahimaaz. He bows to the earth before the king, and announces that he had seen a great tumult, out of which had come victory for the king. The second runner arrives. It is Cushi, the Ethiopian slave. He also announces victory for the king. When he is asked by David, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" he answers that he wishes all of the king's enemies might be as this young man now is.

The king has the heart of a father in him and is stricken with grief, even though his son has been false to him, aye worse than false, rebellious, and has sought to undermine his authority in the nation. The king goes up to a chamber over the gate, wailing as he goes, "O my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee." So great is King David's grief for his son that the day of victory is turned into a day of mourning among all the people, as they listen to the loud wailing of their king. He is at last silenced by General Joab, who returns from the battle, goes in before the king who is his uncle, and chides him for disgracing himself and all his family by his unseemly grief. King David ceases his wailing and returns to the gate, and speaks in words of high praise for those who have won the battle.

In yonder wood, the Wood of Ephraim is a heap of stones, and under it lies the body of Absalom. Twenty thousand slain are scattered all about him, but only Absalom is covered with stones. His was an ignominious death, first hung by his hair, which had been his pride, and slain by Joab, who thrust three darts through his heart, and then taken down and cast into the pit by ten of Joab's warriors, who afterwards laid a very great heap of stones upon him. God had commanded that when a son should prove stubborn and rebellious, all of the men of his city should stone him with stones until he died (Deut. 21 : 21). Even to-day it is the custom in the Orient to throw stones upon the graves of those who have dishonored their parents. The so-called monument of Absalom is much disfigured in this way.



"WOULD GOD I HAD DIED FOR THEE, O ABSALOM, MY SON, MY SON!"

Illustration and Application

Less than five per cent. of the young men of the United States are connected religiously with its young people's Christian associations and churches—that is the blackboard on which we write the great question that this lesson brings to parents, pastors, teachers and Christian young people: "Is the young man safe?" The problem of imperilled youth, of wandering boys especially, is the one to the solution of which, in a variety of ways, this lesson should be devoted. The teacher of the "Bible Class" of parents will not forget David's mistakes in family training, while the teacher of boys will have less to say of David's leniency and more of Absalom's ingratitude and fatal ambition; but how to save the boys and young men from making such a failure of life and such an entrance in the other world as Absalom did, that is for all classes the question of this lesson and "the question of the day." The young women have their great perils, too, but in this lesson it is enough to show how they may increase or lessen the perils of young men.

Let us consider (1) The young man's perils; (2) The young man's safety. The peril that wrecked Absalom we call ambition, which in its essence was a desire to be popular. Many a young man who has too little ambition is in peril from a desire to be popular with those about him. He finds that to be virtuous in his set is to be unpopular. He will be better liked, he thinks, if he does not refuse a cigar, and if he will treat and be treated. To rebuke an oath will bring a sneer and perhaps a snub. To decline an invitation to the theatre, even when the play is one no gentleman should allow himself to see, will get him the nickname of "the Puritan," while acceptance will make men of lower ethics call him "liberal." And so a desire to please men, rather than God, has brought many a young man to early defeat and death of body or soul or both. Yielding to the desire to please in respectable forms of wrong-doing, one is soon led lower and lower among the perils of young men. For the sake of being called a "good fellow" he becomes a good-for-nothing. One of the supreme mistakes of some good people is to excuse the sins of youth lightly as a "sowing of wild oats" that is to be expected and is of no great consequence. As Ruskin says: "I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work and nothing can be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of the future fortune hangs on your decision. A youth thoughtless! When all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! When the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! When his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now." It is not a trifle to sow "wild oats," for whatsoever man soweth he shall reap and his children after him. Forgiveness even cannot recall the seed we have sown, nor prevent its awful harvest. When Israel's sin enabled its foes to capture their capital and carry from the temple the shields of gold, they were never recovered, and shields of brass had to be put in their place. Purity is gold, reform is but brass. A life once robbed of its virtue can never be as golden again.

"Wild Oats"

ABSALOM'S FLIGHT

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, draws the moral from the story of the way in which Napier captured the fortress of Cutchee. The Sixty-fourth had lost its colors in disgrace, and Napier addressed the regiment, ordered them to capture the fort, telling them, "Your colors are on yonder height."

Old is the tale, but read anew
In every warring human heart.
What rebel hours, what coward shame,
Upon the aching memory start!
To find the ordeal forfeited—
What tears can teach the holy art?

Thou great Commander! leading on
Through weakest darkness to strong light!
By any anguish, give us back
Our life's young standard pure and bright.
O fair lost colors of the soul!
For your sake storm we any height.

Here is the only piece of advice that Robert Burns is known to have given young men, an unfinished note in his diary: "If ever any young men in the vestibule of the world chance to throw his eyes over these pages, let him pay a warm attention to the following observations, as I assure him they are the fruit of my dear-bought experience. I have, literally, like that great poet, and great gallant, and by consequence great fool, Solomon, turned my eyes to behold madness and folly; nay, I have with all the ardor of a lively, fanciful and whimsical imagination, shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. In the first place let my pupil, as he values his own peace, keep up a regular and warm intercourse with the Deity." This is but Solomon's message in a new form, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

The Young Man's Safety

That is the first step to be taken by a young man who would insure his safety and true success. Here is a decalogue of manly qualities, which, together, form an invulnerable shield: 1. Loyalty to Christ. 2. Spirituality. 3. Reverence. 4. Repose. 5. Kindness. 6. Self-command. 7. Purity. 8. Honest industry. 9. Sincerity and Truth. 10. Unselfishness. The "displacing power of a new affection" has been eloquently described. The displacing power of a noble ideal or purpose is really but another form of the same fact.

The very best story of this lesson may have been told on this page before, but is in any case so apropos that it should go with this lesson.

A youthful traveler reined up his horse where from the highway two paths led in almost parallel lines into a forest. "Which of these roads leads to the city?" he inquired of an old man working by the roadside. "Both," he answered, "but the right-hand road is safest." "But the other is broader—more beaten, and of course more traveled; it looks pleasanter, too, and I'll risk its safety!" So, lightly touching the side of his horse, he galloped on. The old man looked up from his spade, and called out in a loud voice, "You'd better take the safe road, young man!" But he called in vain. The young man dashed heedlessly on till coming suddenly in the dim twilight to the swollen river, he plunged in and was lost. The application is self-evident. "YOU'D BETTER TAKE THE SAFE ROAD, YOUNG MAN." No one is safe until he is saved.

A REGIMENT OF COLOMBIAN SOLDIERS. STEAM DREDGE ON THE CANAL. NEGRO TROOPS IN COLOMBIA

The Failure of Negotiations with Colombia

Isthmian Canal Difficulties

...For the Construction of the Panama Canal

NEW difficulties appear to have developed in the situation at Panama. Though President Marroquin was authorized by the Colombian Congress to negotiate a new treaty with the United States, he does not appear to have been allowed much discretion. It was stipulated that the treaty should be upon the lines indicated by the Congress, and also that when made, it should be submitted to the Senate for confirmation. These stipulations are a bad omen for any treaty. The concessions made by Mr. Hay in the treaty he negotiated with Mr. Herran were the utmost that our country would approve. Indeed, it was generally considered that better terms had been granted to Colombia than the circumstances warranted. It seems, therefore, certain, that if the Colombian Congress was not satisfied with them, as its rejection of the treaty implied, it will get no better. Our Senate would be little likely to ratify a treaty which gave Colombia any other advantages. The probability, therefore, is that until Colombia has a new President and a new Senate there will be no further step toward the construction of this much-needed work.

A curious discusssion has arisen in the Colombian Senate, which gives a clue to the motive for the delays and obstacles placed by Colombian statesmen in the way of the negotiations. It is claimed that the extension of time granted to the new Panama Company for the completion of the canal was unconstitutional. This extension gave the company until 1910 for the completion of the work, or for making arrangements for its completion by others. If that extension proves to be not valid according to Colombian law, the little republic may seize the uncompleted canal and annul the concession. It would then be in a position to receive from the United States the forty million dollars which we have agreed to pay the French Company for the partly finished work.

It is a significant illustration of Colombian ideas of honor that the Senate should suppose that the United States would become a party to any such scheme of robbery. If the work already done on the canal, and the privileges of the concession are worth $40,000,000, the money certainly belongs to the people who performed the work, and not to the Colombian Government, even though it held possession of it, under confiscation. Our Government, in dealing with the Panama Company, recognized its rights, and would not recognize a transfer of those rights to any other power, especially if the transfer had been forced by sharp practice. It is an ominous fact that from beginning to end the Panama scheme has been associated with fraud, and is discredited both in France and Colombia. Our own Government, however, has kept its hands clean, and is sufficiently shrewd to see that the money it is prepared to pay, goes to the people who are entitled to receive it.

President Roosevelt is now at liberty to negotiate with Nicaragua, for the construction of a canal by that route, if he deems the failure of the negotiations with Colombia final. That the Nicaraguan route is feasible, many eminent engineers have averred. Indeed, it has advantages in climate and in natural facilities, which the Panama route, though more direct, does not possess. Nature has already done much of the work by providing a large lake and navigable rivers which would thus reduce the cost of constructing a canal. It would, it is true, require the use of locks which would delay the passage of a ship through the canal, but that is the question of only a few hours, and is not to be compared with the present delay of three months in sailing around the Horn. It is very certain that a canal across the Isthmus is urgently needed and must be speedily constructed; if, therefore, Colombia is stubborn in resisting our offer, we have a right to turn to Nicaragua.

The possibility of our Government abandoning the Panama route and taking up that of Nicaragua may bring the Colombian Government to its senses. Only about one-third of the canal across the Isthmus has been cut, and there is little probability of the work being completed unless the United States undertakes the task. Our Government, in the treaty rejected by the Colombian Senate offered to pay a bonus of $10,000,000 for the privilege of finishing the canal and an annual rental of a quarter of a million dollars. So good an offer is not likely to be made by any other power, and if it is finally rejected, the Colombian government will have on its hands nothing but a long ditch and a quantity of rotting machinery. It is said that the people of the republic realize the folly of their leaders and are indignant at their lack of patriotic enterprise. A Presidential election is now impending, which will give them an opportunity of expressing their wishes, and it is for the change of rulers which may then occur that President Roosevelt is urged to wait before definitely closing negotiations.

RAILROAD DEPOT AT COLON, THE ATLANTIC TERMINUS OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

The distance across the isthmus at the place selected, is forty miles, but as it is necessary to follow the line of the valleys, the canal would be forty-six miles long, having the port of Colon on the Atlantic side and Panama on the Pacific side as the termini. It has to cross the range of mountains which stand in its way. The pass through which the canal will go is 1,360 feet above sea level and if a lock is not made, the cutting through the pass will be twelve miles in length. Another difficulty that has perplexed the engineers, is the Chagres River, which in its windings crosses the route of the canal six times. Though the river in the dry seasons is only about three feet deep, it becomes in the wet seasons a raging torrent thirty feet deep. The engineering problem, however, can be overcome, if the political obstacles were surmounted, and it is estimated that not more than one hundred million dollars would be needed for the whole work, a small sum in comparison with the advantages which the canal would give. For the accompanying illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of *Collier's Weekly*.

A SCENE ON THE PANAMA CANAL

THE EXCAVATION AT THE MOUNTAIN PASS

THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place "with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters the bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them being Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Mr. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he firmly declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper, which creates sensation, and brings to its side many new friends.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty local school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and pressman. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic.

One evening, while he was looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, on the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reform are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to carry on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4,000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas. The great audience sits spell-bound, as the story of a ruined family and a broken-hearted mother is graphically told.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued

"RIGHT to quit any time. Wrong not to quit," Andy said, and before Walker could stop him he had gone around another table and out of the side door.

Walker followed, still swearing. "I'll even up with you for that brother of yours," he said, following Andy up the street.

Andy turned and shook his fist at him. They were both in the middle of the street, and both continued to stagger along cursing each other. As they came opposite the Methodist church, Andy stopped and waited for Walker to come up.

"Leave following me!" he exclaimed.

"I won't! You've got my money, you—you cheated!"

"I didn't. You lie!" Andy replied, in a drunken rage. He stooped over to pick up a stone in the street, and Walker fired at him three times in succession. Andy reeled, took one step toward Walker, and fell, face downwards, in the dirt. Walker threw his revolver into the gutter, and then turned and ran back in the direction of the saloon. Andy lay still in the place where he had fallen, and one more crime was added to the thousands upon thousands that drink and the saloon have helped to produce, since alcohol was first brewed by man out of God's bread-stuff.

It was nearly midnight when Rod reached home. He had driven as fast as he dared, thinking all the while of the brother he had left, and his mother who was waiting for him.

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She came to the door as he drove up, and before he had stopped the horses, she called out:

"Tell me, Rod, is Andy all right! Is he safe?"

"Yes, yes, mother. I left him in bed in his room. He promised to give up the drink and the cards and—"

Rod drove out to the barn, put up the team and came back to the house, where he finished telling his mother the story of the evening.

Mrs. Miner, who had spent the long day and evening in a fever of apprehension, was quieted by his narrative.

"Then you do think he will grow up to be a good man, don't you, Rod? He will learn a lesson from it, won't he?"

"I hope so." Rod spoke slowly. He did not tell his mother what he had said to Andy.

Mrs. Miner went to bed and to sleep. In the morning, Rod heard her singing as she was washing the breakfast dishes. She had not done that for months. The boy went up to her and kissed her, a very unusual thing for him to do.

"I'm glad you feel so well, mother," he said.

"It's on account of Andy," she said. "He is my baby, you know. But you're both good boys to me."

"I'm going to work at the fence down in the two mile swale, this morning, mother. So I may not get back at noon. But I'll come between twelve and one some time."

"All right, Rod. Don't break your back over those heavy posts. You don't ever have any rest."

"I don't need any, mother. One of these days when we get the farm paid for I mean to see that you have a rest for the remainder of your days."

His mother smiled at him, and noticed his sturdy figure as he drove the team out of the barn yard.

"I've got two good boys. Andy's going to be all right, I'm sure," she said, as she continued to sing at her work.

About eleven o'clock, a man in a buggy drove up to the little farmhouse and got down slowly. The horse was covered with lather and stood panting with exhaustion.

Mrs. Miner came to the door.

"Are you Mrs. Miner?" the man asked.

"Yes."

"I've a letter for you;" the man handed it to her, and avoided her look.

It was from the Methodist minister, and it contained news of an accident to Andy. She was asked to go with the messenger back to Colby at once.

Mrs. Miner read the letter slowly, and raised her eyes to the man.

"Tell me the truth about this accident," she exclaimed, with a calmness that astonished him.

"He was shot," the man said after a silence, and again he looked down.

"And killed?" she asked, taking a step towards him.

The man looked up at her.

"He was killed, wasn't he?" she said gently.

The man choked down something.

"Yes, ma'am, he was. I'm awful sorry. It must be a dreadful blow to——"

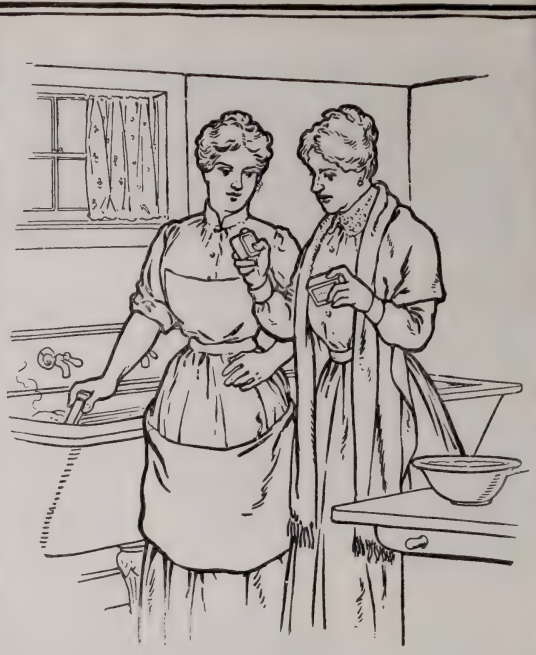
"Three of my little ones gone, and now Andy! He was safe—" she began to reel on her feet, and the man hastily took hold of her and helped her into the house, and upon the couch.

"Where's your other son?" he asked. "You need him now."

She told him quite coherently, and immediately began to talk about her three pretty little ones. The man hesitated, but finally went out and drove as fast as his horses could go, down to the two mile swale. He found Rod there, and at once told him the news of Andy's death, and the way his mother had taken it.

Rod got into the buggy at once, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 914



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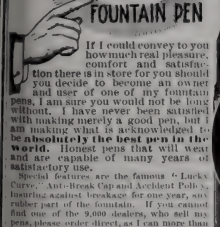

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Special features are the famous "Lucky Curve," Anti-Break Cap and Accident Policy, insuring against breakage for one year, and rubber part of the fountain. If you cannot find one of the 9,000 dealers, who sell my pens, please order direct, as I can supply them promptly.

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These latter pens are indeed magnificent tools of large size. I also sell a dollar pen, the Palmer without the Lucky Curve, an excellent pen for the money.

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Please do not forget that a Parker Pen makes a splendid Christmas present. Some people have bought as many as a dozen for presents.

Kindly write me today.

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We can bear the roughest climbing,
We can walk the thorniest ways,
In the blissful contemplation
Of the peace of coming days.
We can bear the friendship broken,
With the smile of love withdrawn,
We can bear the darkest night-time
In the thought of coming dawn.

We can bear the separation
From the things for which we yearn,
Sure of sweetest compensation
In the truth we need to learn
We can bear the bitter heartache
Past the cure of earthly balm,
For there comes a golden morrow
Freighted with unmeasured calm.

We can bear life's saddest parting,
Know life's sweetest music o'er,
Sure of harmonies eternal,
When we clasp our own once more.
For the plans that were defeated,
For the hopes that slowly died,
For life's countless disappointings,
Hearts shall yet be satisfied.

All the dreams so dear—so tender—
That were smitten to the dust,
They shall rise again in splendor,
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Sure as there is food for hunger—
Sound and sight for ear and eye,
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Love at last, will satisfy.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

CONSISTENCY IN LIFE*

The Injury Done to the Cause of Christ by Inconsistent Professors

ONE of the most convincing proofs of the Divine origin of the Bible and of our faith, is that after the lapse of so many centuries, and after so many changes of social condition, the principles of conduct laid down for our guidance are still applicable to our lives. Nothing could be further, for example, from the problems with which we have to deal, than the question, which was so vital to the Christians of the first century, of eating food which had been consecrated to idols. No one now would give a thought to the question, but when the apostle deals with it, he gives us principles which touch our conduct in our own difficulties. He teaches that the question of whether we shall do, or not do, a certain thing, is not completely settled for us, when we have decided that the thing is not wrong in itself. An act which may be innocent, may have an injurious effect on others. We are bound to consider the welfare of our brethren. One man may indulge in an amusement which does him no harm, while another man indulging in the same amusement, may be enmeshed in evil and brought to ruin. The strong man ought therefore to take into account the effect of his example on his weaker brother.

It is also important to consider the effect of our conduct on the world. It is a sad fact that men often say that they do not see that religion makes much difference to the lives of those who profess it. As a worldly man said, recently, referring to a Christian who is prominent in a certain church: "You would never guess from his life that he is a Christian. In his business, in society, and in his amusements, he is just the same as we are. His religion has no effect upon him and I doubt if it has upon any one." It was a lame inference to draw, but it is drawn every day. Men judge of religion by its effect on the lives they see, and so the cause of Christ suffers by every act inconsistent with our profession. If the Christian finds his pleasure in the same places and ways that the world finds it, worldly people are not slow to believe that religion does not change the nature to the extent that it is said to do, and therefore that it is not worth having.

*Topic of the Epworth League for November 8: Neh. 5:9; Rom. 14:22.

A Good Use for Premiums.

Dear Editor:—I have just been thinking you might be interested to know what your readers do with the premiums you so kindly give them. I have mounted four of them on a tin plate—a sheet 22x28. First I put on this plate a sheet of cream-colored paper, leaving one inch and a half of the tin sheet as a border. Then I put the "Two Families" on the top left-hand corner, and the "Sheep in a Storm" on the top right-hand corner, with the "Horse Fair" under it, and the "Arab Chief" under the "Two Families." Then I put all under a frame two and a half inches deep, leaving an inch of the tin as a border round the cream-colored paper. The combination makes a fine picture. I admire a good picture, and have often been very much pleased with illustrations in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Sharon, Pa. JAMES LLOYD.

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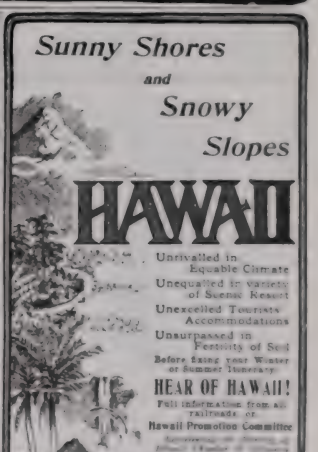

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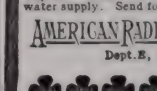

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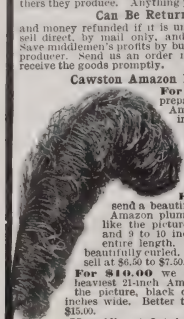

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 912

came back to the house. His mother was not there. He ran out of the house and over to the cottonwood grove where the four graves were.

He found his mother seated on his father's grave, with her back to the other three, making some lines on the ground. As Rod laid his hand on her shoulder, she said with a smile—"Yes, there is room for another right here. I have been measuring. See, Rod! One, two, three, four, five, six feet this way, and one, two, three feet this way. Only it's cold here, when it storms. Couldn't we—Rod, take 'em into the house when it rains? It's so cold out here."

"Come, mother," Rod spoke between his clenched teeth, to shut down fierce sobs, "come, you are not well. Come into the house!"

"No, I will not come! I am going to stay here until they bring him to me. I am going to dig his grave! There is no one else can dig his grave like me. I made all his baby clothes!"

She leaned over and began to dig into the ground with the cottonwood stake she had in her hand. When Rod attempted to lead her away, she turned upon him fiercely and struck at him. He put his powerful arms about her and carried her into the house, and she shrieked and bit him on the cheek, so that the blood ran down his face as he laid her on the bed.

The man went back to Colby alone, and that evening a doctor came out. Rod had never left his mother's side. The doctor gave no hope. That trembling reason which had faltered and fallen on the side of madness, during those moments when the stricken mother prayed her crazy prayers had now altogether left the throne, and what was left was a dangerous maniacal power that called for incessant watchfulness. As soon as the legal steps could be taken, Rod had placed his mother in the State Asylum, and gone back to the lonely farm, a brooding, bitter, hard young life, known among the scattered neighbors in that township as uncompanionable and silent, the tragedy of drink branded into what might otherwise have been one of the stalwart, useful children of men.

In the State Asylum, there is a woman who every night in a padded cell is heard to pray for her baby Andy. It is the same prayer of accusation and petition. The attendants know it by heart, and pay no more attention to it than to any other of the ravings of their patients. The Methodist minister who once heard it on a visit to the asylum, did not recover from the effect for weeks, and says it was the most pitiable thing he ever listened to.

Jake Lawson is getting rich. He drives one of the best turnouts in Colby. He is putting a large addition to his house this summer. Jim Walker got off on a plea of self-defense, and is one of Lawson's best customers. And the prayers of widows and mothers all over the world still go up to God. Is God dead that he does not hear? And are men dead to all love and justice, that they still license and support the only institution in the world which has centuries to its record of producing crime, insanity, pauperism, broken hearts and ruined lives? What of this mother's prayers? Are they wasted? Make answer, brothers and sisters. For the blood of these little ones and these crushed ones, cries out to us from the ground.

* * *

When Douglas finished and walked back to his seat, for a moment there was the most intense silence all over the audience. Then a faint hand-clapping began. It grew in volume until it swept over the audience. It grew in volume until it swept up over the rows of seats like a wind among the leaves. Again it was taken up, and Douglas had to rise and bow. But the audience kept on applauding, and Mr. Vernon turned to Esther.

"They want you to go forward with Douglas."

Esther blushed, but Mr. Sage settled the matter by getting up, and taking Esther by one hand and Douglas by the other, he led them up to the front of the platform, when the crowd cheered again.

"Your chapter was better than mine, Frank," Esther said, as they took their seats.

"You were my inspiration," he replied. "But I don't agree with your statement."

Mr. Sage introduced Mr. Vernon as the last speaker on the programme, and Mr. Vernon went forward. The minister had watched the crowd during the story-reading, and saw his opportunity.

"I'm not going to make any speech," he said. "I'm going to let you make it. The best way to close this most remarkable picnic in the history of Payson Township is for all of us to go on record against the saloon and the drink and all they represent. So I propose that every body here sign the pledge, and promise Almighty God to do everything in our power from this day, by votes and prayers and daily lives, to annihilate the liquor business around the world."

There was a moment's silence. Then the crowd applauded again. Evidently the minister had rightly interpreted the spirit of the audience, and the impression made upon it by the reading of the story. Douglas had not followed the real facts in the case of Mrs. Lane's boy with literal exactness, but he had retained the main facts as they had actually occurred. Every farmer in Payson township was familiar with the tragedy. The use of Jake Lawson's name, and the appearance of that individual in the grove that day, had helped to give the reading of Douglas' chapter intense interest to all present. So Mr. Vernon reckoned quite truly that a good time had struck for pressing home the truth in a practical way.

Before that memorable day closed, over three thousand persons in Sage's grove had signed the pledge, and had also thereby practically gone on record to act politically against the saloon. Out of the three thousand names signed there were over 700 men, old and young. It was a surprise to the local politicians present, and furnished material for conversation during the entire drive back to Colby.

"Well, this has been a big day for Anderson County, Douglas," said Mr. Vernon, when the Colby party was on the road home after a hearty farewell from Mr. Sage and a promise to be present at the next picnic. "I regard to-day's work as specially significant. It will have its effect on the whole State."

"The whole thing was just a bursting success," Mr. Edwards exclaimed. "Esther and Douglas simply covered themselves with glory. I declare I felt so sorry for that Mrs. Miner that I would have signed the pledge a hundred times if it would make her happy."

"I hope you feel sorry for me, too, James," said Mrs. Edwards, who was riding back home with a scarf thrown over her head in place of her hat, which had been left behind, a hopeless ruin.

"I'll buy you six hats, and bake you six pies, Julia, first thing in the morning. My! But we have had a glorious day. Have you enjoyed it, George?"

"Yes, sir. That hoss race was the finest thing I've seen this summer."

"Wasn't it!" Mr. Edwards chuckled. "Farmer Sage leaning over the dashboard, slapping that old plug with the lines, paying no more attention to Jake Lawson's pop, pop, pop, than if they were so many flies. And the beer kegs bobbing up and down and that one hitting the old horse on the shins! It will be a long time before we see anything like it again."

TO BE CONTINUED

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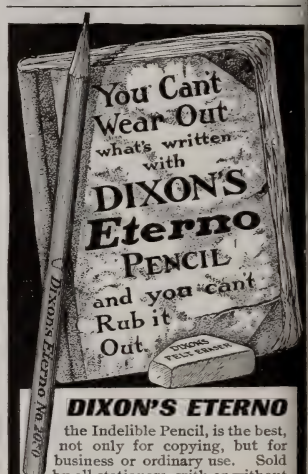
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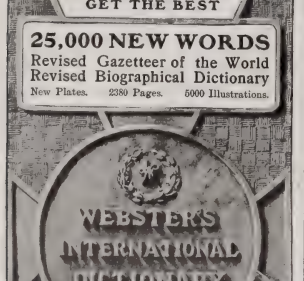

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LESSON VIII.

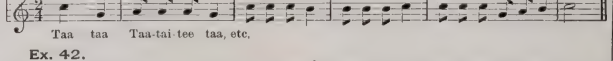
Triplets.—In the preceding lesson we learned to divide the time of a pulse into half pulses, quarter pulses, and combinations of halves and quarters. Continuing the topic of divided pulses, we are next to learn to divide the pulse into thirds.

Illustration.—With the aid of the metronome and tapping, sing a succession of whole pulse tones, to Taa, and when the movement goes steadily begin singing to each swing or each tap a word of three syllables, such as "mer-ri-ly," "cheer-i-ly," "read-i-ly," "stead-i-ly," pronouncing the three syllables in equal time, with the accent on the first. In doing this you will be singing three tones to the pulse, dividing the pulse into thirds. The effect is precisely like three-pulse measure sung quickly. Try the exercise again, singing "Taa-tai-tee" instead of merrily, etc., and again, singing "la-la-la," to each swing or tap.

16.—A pulse divided into thirds is called a Triplet. A triplet is represented by the figure 3 in connection with a group of notes.

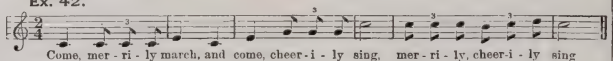
Study the next two exercises first as straight time exercises, on a single pitch, to the time-names "Taa," "Taa-tai-tee," etc., then to *la*, and then the tune to the syllables and to *la*.

Ex. 41. A triplet (♪³♪) is a group of three notes performed in the time of two of the same denomination.



Taa taa Taa-tai-tee taa, etc.

Ex. 42.



Come, mer - ri - ly march, and come, cheer - i - ly sing, mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly sing

Varieties of Measure.—Before taking up this topic it would be well for the pupil to review what has been taught in the previous lessons concerning time, accent and measure. This will show him that thus far in our studies the quarter note, mainly, has been used to represent the time of a pulse.

17.—Any note may be taken to represent the time of a pulse. The notes commonly used as pulse notes are the quarter, the half and the eighth note.

With the half note as the pulse-note, one pulse tones are represented by half notes, two pulse tones by whole notes, half pulse tones by quarter notes, and so on. With the eighth note as the pulse-note, that note would then represent a one pulse tone, the quarter note a two pulse tone, half pulse tones would be represented by sixteenth notes, and so on.

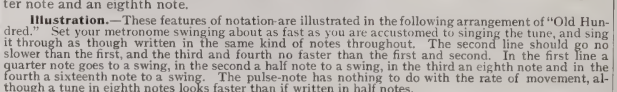
18.—The use of different notes for pulse-notes causes what is called Varieties of Measure. The *kind* of measure is determined by the number of its pulses; the *variety* is shown by the kind of note taken as the pulse-note.

19.—The different kinds and varieties of measure are indicated by figures in the form of a fraction, the upper figure denoting the number of pulses in the measure, and the lower figure the kind of note that goes to a pulse.

The lower figures, 2, 4, and 8, in a measure sign indicate, respectively, a half note, a quarter note and an eighth note.

Illustration.—These features of notation are illustrated in the following arrangement of "Old Hundred." Set your metronome swinging about as fast as you are accustomed to singing the tune, and sing it through as though written in the same kind of notes throughout. The second line should go no slower than the first, and the third and fourth no faster than the first and second. In the first line a quarter note goes to a swing, in the second a half note to a swing, in the third an eighth note and in the fourth a sixteenth note to a swing. The pulse-note has nothing to do with the rate of movement, although a tune in eighth notes looks faster than if written in half notes.

Ex. 43.



Ex. 44. As a test exercise, copy the following in notes in Key C, treble staff, four-pulse measure, quarter note to the pulse. Supply the clef, the measure sign and the bars. The figures over the letters indicate the time-values to be written in notes; 1 means one pulse, 2 means two pulses, ½ means half pulse, and so on. Sing it from the written copy. Again, copy it in Key D, half note to the pulse.

1	½	½	1	½	½	1	¾	¼	2	1	½	½	2	1	¾	¼	2
m	d	r	m	m	f	s	l	l	s	s	l	t	d'	t	l	t	d'

Look through your singing-school book and church tune book for pieces in the several varieties of measure for practice. Send in copies of Exercise 44 for examination. Address the writer care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

Believer in prayer. "In my extremity, I asked the Lord, in Christ's name, to avert an impending danger. He answered—not in the way I expected, but a better way and one that has taught me a great lesson concerning our Father's wisdom."

E. D. M., Grand Blanc, Mich. "I wish to acknowledge answer to prayers many times, especially lately, when in trials and tribulations. Praise his holy name, he heard and answered."

C. B. M. E., New Britain, Ct. "A great trouble came to me, which I prayed I might be delivered from. My prayer has been answered. To his holy name be all the praise."

Reader, Granville, N. Y. "I must praise God for answering many of my prayers, and I expect an answer very soon to my prayer, that my husband may be saved from strong drink, which is fast becoming his ruin."

Friend, Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God for answering many of my prayers in my past life. I have been praying for one object for over a year, and my prayers have been answered in a way and at a time that I thought not."

Mrs. C. B. D. "I know that God hears and answers prayer. He has heard and answered mine more than I deserved."

Reader, Hinton, W. Va. "I know God hears and answers prayer, for I have received answers to my prayers. I will ever trust him."

Interested, Savannah, N. Y. "I prayed the Lord to remove a trouble that seemed insurmountable, from a human standpoint. He granted my prayer. Many times have I had answer to prayer. I have implicit faith in prayer, not only in the great, but also in the trivial affairs of life."

E. S., Star Lime Works, Ky. "I had two very ungodly brothers. In answer to prayer, one was converted, and became a useful minister of the gospel, after about five years' petitioning on my part, and died in the triumph of faith twenty years ago. The other resisted for thirty years, but all that time my faith never wavered. I had the sad pleasure of seeing him pass over the dark river a year ago with the brightest hope. All of our children are saved, in answer to unremitting prayer, began as soon as they were born. My now sainted mother taught me to pray early in life, and the habit of praying, with the expectation of being answered, has grown as I advance in life; and now, at the age of fifty-two, I sometimes feel that there is nothing else to do but ask and receive."

F. W. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. "God has greatly answered a number of prayers for me."

L. A. B., Auburn Four Corners, Pa. "I have been greatly strengthened by reading the letters of so many people whom God has blessed, and I now wish to acknowledge his great goodness to me. A great burden was resting on my life, which I prayed might be removed. God answered my prayers, and I believe he will answer all our prayers if we only trust and believe him."

J. M. S., Newport, R. I. "It is very delightful to look back over an experience of forty years, and remember the unmistakable answers to prayer. Many times I have prayed that my Father in heaven would bless me in the ways of my own appointment, and the answers would come in his own, and better ways. Such an answer has come very recently."

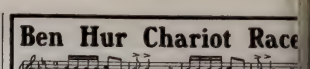
E. H. W., Tyler, Pa. "I wish to add my testimony to those who have received answers to prayers. Surely God hears us when we come to him in faith, as I have proved from experience."

May M. E. "Years ago I sent a request for prayer to your paper. It was that a brother and brother-in-law might be delivered from drunkenness. The prayer has been answered."

Alice, Lewisburg, O. "I was in great trouble and cried unto the Lord, and the answer came. I thank him for his goodness and mercy."

Letters acknowledging answered prayers have also been received from N. J. B., Riverside, Va.; Constant Reader, Oakville, Ind.; Reader, Colville, Wash.; Reader, Berkshire, N. Y.; Mrs. M. S. E., Fredericksburg, Ia., and many others.

Ben Hur Chariot Race



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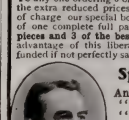

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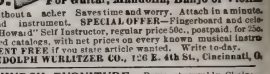

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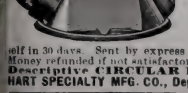

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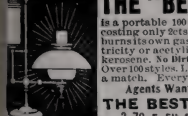

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THE BRAVE PROPHET*

Elijah, the Reprover of King and Queen, the Godly Man in a Degenerate Time

PEOPLE living under republican institutions cannot fully realize the grand courage of a prophet like Elijah. The kingly office, especially when that king is an autocrat, commands a reverence almost religious. The very style of address as we read it in the Bible and other ancient books, shows with what awe and humility the ordinary citizen came into the presence of royalty. What then must have been the intrepidity of Elijah, when he suddenly stood before wicked King Ahab and denounced him! It was an evil time. Queen Jezebel was worse than her husband, and more vindictive than he. She, it would seem, was mainly responsible for the lapse of Israel into the foul worship of the detestable Baal. As we have seen recently in China, a woman on the throne, when she is wholly bad, is more unscrupulous and relentless than a man. But Elijah softened none of his asperity in dealing with her. Like John Knox in Scotland, Elijah faced the cruel queen and warned her of her doom. When such men are called of God to reprove kings, neither ingrained reverence for royal persons, nor fears for their own safety can bridle their tongues.

Elijah was a model of faith as well as of courage. James, in his epistle, holds him up as an example of the power of prayer. The incident which impressed James was the prayers for drought and for rain. Still more remarkable than those prayers was the impressive spectacle on Mount Carmel. How devoutly and firmly he must have believed in God, to have proposed that test of the heavenly fire! It is one of the most heroic scenes in Biblical history. That one man holding fast his faith in God while all that was most powerful in the nation opposed him. He was not as really alone as he thought, but he was alone in that controversy. He stood forth valiantly as the solitary representative of Jehovah, and staked his life and liberty on the issue.

Yet, as James reminds us, he was simply a man, and one of like passions with other men. There came a time when he, like the modern Christian, became weary of life and longed for death. His had been a stormy life, and we cannot wonder at his despair. Like him, too, the modern Christian, has had the strange revelation of God. Not in terrifying judgments, not in thunder or whirlwind, but in the still small voice does God speak to his servant.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 8. II. Kings 2: 1-12; Matt. 11: 14; James 5: 17, 18.

Ceylon's Edenic Legend

CEYLON, according to a native legend, holds the site of Eden. Travelers there are shown Adam's Peak and Adam's Bridge, the chain of rocks and islet which the maps show stretching across from Ceylon to the coast of India. Eve, or Heba, as the Ceylonese legend calls her, was satisfied with her lot in the Garden of Ceylon; but Atami, manlike, showed a disposition to rove, or, as we might now say, emigrate. One day, while wandering on the west coast, he met a strange man, who, in the course of conversation, held before him a fascinating panorama of the lovely country across the waters. Atami had seen nothing like it in Ceylon. He had always been trying to coax Heba into emigration without success; but now his mind was made up, and he went home to the shades of Adam's Peak and ordered her to pack up and make ready for a start. Heba pleaded in vain, but Atami was persistent, and led the way across "Adam's Bridge" to India, where he found, to his dismay, a dreary and forbidding wilderness. The stranger, says the legend, had deceived Atami, and the disappointed wanderer fell into despair. Then it was that the angel messenger came, and gave the disobedient Atami orders to go on into the desert and wild places, and suffer the punishment that was his due. Atami's nobility of spirit showed itself here, for he begged the angel to intercede, that his own punishment might be doubled and Heba permitted to return to the Garden of Eden and be given a fresh mate and a fresh start!

Gifts of Clothing for Mont-Lawn

Contributions of clothing for our tenement waifs at Mont-Lawn have been received from Miss E. A. Dean, Delhi; H. L. Reed, Mansfield; Miss H. Glarner, Baraboo; Mrs. Angle, Dallas; Sailor suit from Horace Trimble, Indiana; a package of clothing from Mrs. Spinney, Mt. Morris, and another from The King's Daughters Circle, Lebanon Springs.

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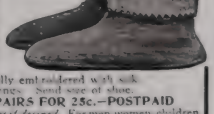

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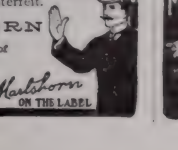

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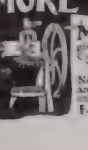

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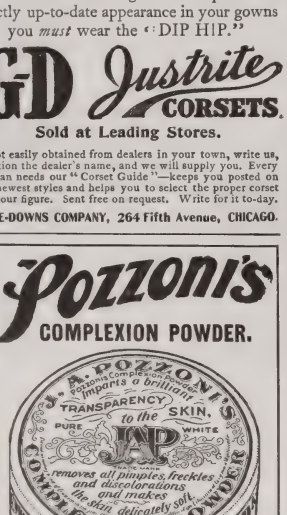

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Mrs. Bird's Welcome Home.

FOR the first time for many years, Mrs. Bird has taken a vacation from her work at the Gospel Settlement and the Bowery Mission. The position this devoted woman has come to occupy in the lives of hundreds of the homeless men of the metropolis is a very touching one. Many a poor fellow who has never made any profession of religion would readily give his life for "Mother" Bird. The respect for her is such that when policemen, tradesmen, newsboys, hucksters, or even saloon-keepers, see the kindly-faced lady, clad in mourning dress, approaching, they immediately raise their hats.

Often, on a stormy night, as she leaves the Mission, where she has been busily at work for three or four hours in her meeting, some unfortunate man, who is looking forward to a long night's weary tramp, will start out of the shadows, and with a courtesy that tells of better circumstances in the past, will say "Mother Bird, may I see you home?" And off they go together, through the slush and storm of Canal street, to the heart of New York's great Ghetto, where she lives.

For several weeks this summer, Mrs. Bird's chair on the Bowery Mission platform was vacant. Then at last the question became very frequent and very eager, "When is she coming back?" Her friends, knowing how much pure country air meant to one of her age and abundant labors, kept her first at the seashore, and afterwards up in the mountains, as long as they could. But the happy evening that restored her to her "boys" came at last, and a wonderful scene was witnessed. The Mission hall was so crowded that hundreds of men could not even get near the door. Inside, however, everything was charged with the electricity of happy excitement. Hung up on the front of the organ was the motto "Welcome to our Mother." Flowers and palms decorated the platform. A welcome hymn had been composed by the Superintendent, and put to music by the Organist. One or two rehearsals had enabled the crowd to master the chorus, and when Mr. Hunt, the baritone of the Mission, rose to sing the solo, every man rose with him, and loudly and lustily was the chorus sung. One of the verses of the Welcome song goes thus:

"Oft in the summer days,
Soft as the falling dew,
Sung by the seas, borne on the breeze,
Our thoughts have flown to you.
To you who, ceaseless, share
Our sorrows and our joys,
Whose tender love leads us above,
Oh, Mother of the Boys!"

If THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers who have helped the Mission could have seen and heard, they would have felt amply repaid for all their gifts. To know that such an interest has been created in the hearts of this great mass of once hopeless men, is in itself a foretaste of that great reward that is assuredly promised to those who, in Christ's name, "turn many to righteousness."

CALLED HIGHER.

Edward L. Trumbull, an aged Christian, died in Albany, N. Y., recently. He was born March 19, 1832, at Lassellville, N. Y. In 1863 he married Mary P. Drake. Mr. Trumbull was for thirty years a faithful member of the M. E. Church, and acted as choir and class leader, and Sunday School Superintendent. He was a well-known school teacher, and many of his pupils are now physicians, ministers, lawyers, teachers and business men, who remember his kindly Christian example.

Jacob Wolf, who passed away on Sept. 18, at his home in Batavia, O., was born in Birkweiler, Germany, in 1826. From childhood he was a faithful and conscientious Christian, and at the time of his death was a member of the U. B. Church, and held the position of class leader for many years.

C. R. Shroy, of Sterling, Va., passed away lately after a short illness. He was twenty-four years old, and had never taken a drink of intoxicants in his life. He was a stanch Christian, and was converted about five years ago.

A Shut-In's High Appreciation

Dear "Christian Herald":—I want to express through the columns of your excellent paper, the comfort and pleasure it has been to me during the year it has come to brighten my life. I have received *The Art of Home-Making*; the beautiful *Two-Century Calendar*; the lovely *Art Portfolio* and *Art Gallery* (I has sent to each subscriber the last two years); *The Speaking Oak* and the nice Minion Teachers' Bible, beside the Red Letter Testament. All these came in perfect order, as they were so carefully done up. I am a "Shut-In" from rheumatism. HATTIE R. SAFFROD.

Natchitoches, La., Sept. 18.

Essence of the Corn

drawn from the strength-giving portion of the kernel, and refined to absolute purity, is a brief idea of the goodness of

Karo

CORN SYRUP

The Great Spread for Daily Bread.

A food article and table delicacy that pleases all tastes. Appetizing, nutritious; *makes you eat.* A pre-digested food ready for use by the blood independent of digestive function. Agreeable to weakest stomach.

Sold in airtight, friction-top tins. 10c., 25c., 50c., at grocers

CORN PRODUCTS CO., New York and Chicago.

This is not a Fairy Stor

If your hair is dry, harsh and brittle; is uneve is splitting or falling out; is varied in color a lustreless, try for awhile **Seven Sutherlan Sisters** Scalp Cleaner and Hair Grower. T results will be astonishingly gratifying.

The **"Scalp Cleaner"** is a fine powde which, when dissolved in warm water, makes delightful creamy lathering fluid that cleanses t hair thoroughly and removes dandruff and a other hindrances to healthy hair growth.

The **"Hair Grower"** is a soothin health-giving tonic that renews life and vig to non-growing hair; that makes and kee the hair soft and lustrous, and that positive brings forth new hair where a particle of li exists in the hair roots.

By the faithful use of these preparation premature gray hairs, baldness, dandruff an microbes cannot exist. They contain nothin but what is beneficial to the hair and scal For nearly a quarter century the **Seve Sutherland Sisters** Scalp Cleaner an Hair Grower have been considered the stan ard of hair preparations. They are sold b nearly all dealers in all sections of the U. Should your dealer be temporarily out of stoc address Seven Sutherland Sisters, 18 Desbrosse Street, New York City, and we will see th you are supplied. Once more let us remind yo

It's the Hair-not the Ha

That makes a woman attractive

$25.00 Puts This PIANO

In your home on 30 days' trial. If yo don't think it worth much more than w are asking, we will refund the money an freight charges and you can return the P ano at our expense. If you are satisfie you can pay the balance in easy payments **ORGANS $10.00** cash, balance sma payments weekly or monthly. We hav the **Greatest Bargains** ever offered.

Write us today for our large catalogu of Pianos or Organs. Mention which yo wish. **Factory to Home** at first cost Save from $100.00 to $200.00.

BEETHOVEN P. & O. CO.,
741 Romaine Bldg. Paterson, New Jersey

$11.98 Modern Gem SIX HOLE Range

Less Reservoir and High Closet. **$17.98** with Reservoir and High Closet High grade Range direct from factory at less half the price your dealer asks for similar Range

Ten Days Free Trial We make over 200 different styles and sizes of up-to-date Cooks, Ranges and Heaters. Don't buy until you have seen our catalogue. Our bargains the greatest. Any stove unsatisfactory returned at our expense.

MODERN STOVE MFG. CO., 238 Teutonic Bldg., Chicago.

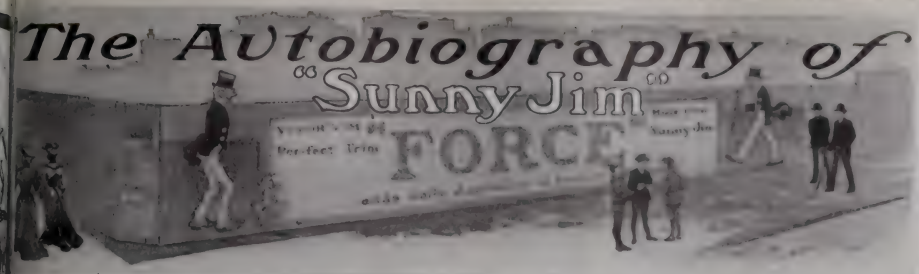
FACTORY TO HOME $10 PREMIUMS GIVEN WITH $10 ORDERS

Of Laundry and Fine Toilet **SOAPS** and Perfumes. Premiums consist of Couche Morris Chairs, Beds, Tables, Desks, Stove Musical Instruments, Incubators, Silverware, etc. In fact, through the **LOCKWOOD WAY** you can furnish your entire home **FREE.** Send your name and address once for beautifully Illustrated Premium Catalogue and full information regarding our thirty days' **FREE TRIAL ORDER.** Address

1 of 100 Premiums **LOCKWOOD SOAP CO., Dept. 26. KANSAS CITY, MO**

A fair face cannot atone for an untidy house," Use **SAPOLIO**

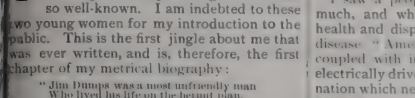
The Autobiography of "Sunny Jim"



IT was a girl who wrote the first, now famous, jingle of "Sunny Jim," and it was her girl chum who made the first drawing of the quaint figure which is so well-known. I am indebted to these two young women for my introduction to the public. This is the first jingle about me that was ever written, and is, therefore, the first chapter of my metrical biography:

"Jim Dumps was a most unfriendly man
Who lived his life on the hermit plan.
He'd never stop for a friendly smile,
But trudged along in his moody style.
'Till 'Force' one day was served to him—
Since then they call him 'Sunny Jim.'"

And this is the way it was served up to the public, who soon saw it in their newspapers, in the street cars, and on the walls and fences from New York to San Francisco.



It was through this verse and others like it, telling of the transformation of myself from Jim Dumps into "Sunny Jim," that the world became familiar with me and, as a consequence, with the food that made me sunny.

Almost as soon as I appeared thus as an apostle of the gospel of sunshine, came the demand for more verses and pictures dealing with my experiences.

It became necessary to call in the aid of other writers and illustrators—and soon nearly all of the popular contributors of verse and pictures whose names fill the contents tables of the magazines were engaged in furnishing chapters from my eventful life.

In Everybody's Mouth

NOR was the general public behind in its zeal; suggestions poured in from every State in the Union—every mail brought its versions of my wonderful recovery from gloom to sunniness.

Often the ideas suggested by people who ate "Force" and believed in it were as good as, or better than, those submitted by the best minor poets of the country and the trained writers of advertising literature.

I have been drawn by many artists (and many others), but all who have ventured to depict me have so carefully reproduced my perhaps familiar features and my favorite style of dress that I now believe I have a bowing acquaintance with nearly every man, woman and child in the country.

And the thing about this that pleases me most is that wherever I am known a little more of sunniness comes than used to.

I don't think the people took me seriously at first, but they tried the food I recommended and liked it—began to eat it regularly and to thrive upon it—began to "be sunny" themselves, so that now, when I meet them in the pages of their favorite magazines, or upon the streets, they give me a pleasant, almost unanimous smile of recognition that no mortal ever receives.

How this came about seems simple enough to me. The best thing that ever happened to me was realizing that what I ate had more to do with my life's happiness than anything else I did.

Early in my investigation of the relations between food and feeling—between what you eat and the way you live—I found that about the pleasantest quality in the world was sunniness and that no one thing depends so much on food as does the sunny nature.

I said to myself: "I will make a food that will produce more sunshine in the world than any other food that has ever been made and I will teach the people to eat it by telling them the reason why."

I looked over the world and saw that there was one thing that everybody ate, and that was wheat.

I saw a people who ate too fast and too much, and who were ruining the national health and disposition by the great national disease "Americanitis"—which is hurry coupled with indigestion; a great complex, electrically driven, steam-heated, concentrated nation which needed a food simple enough for a child and nourishing enough for a strong man.

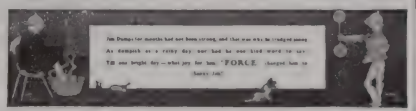
So I took the finest of wheat—the universal food since the world began—and the best of barley-malt and some salt, and with these three properly blended and cooked I made the food called "Force."

If you could come with me to Buffalo we would see the great mills where "Force" is prepared at the rate of one hundred thousand packages a day. You would watch the process that is changing a nation's habit of eating and at the same time changing its habit of thinking thereby.

How "Force" is Made

I USE only the finest wheat that can be grown; I see to it that it is made perfectly clean to begin with, and that it is kept clean all the time it is being made. When a boy washes his hands they are theoretically clean—but when a doctor washes his hands they are absolutely clean. "Force" is absolutely clean. Nowhere during its process from grain to package is it touched by anybody's hands.

There is some dirt in it when it comes to my mills—no real dirt—but just sand and dust from the fields. I take all this out by means of wonderful brushes and fans, by which the grains are freed not only from every speck of dirt, but from all dust as well. The old saying that one must eat his peck of dust during a lifetime may be true, but I have made up my mind that you shall get none of it from "Force."

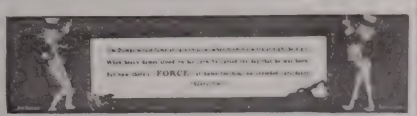


An extract of barley-malt is then prepared in which the wheat is soaked for from five to six hours. Some of the malt is absorbed by the wheat. Besides giving it a delicious flavor this does certain things to it which only a chemist can explain, but which means that it is partly digested.

After this malting it is cooked—very carefully and exactly—better than the cook at home could do it, for the heat is regulated by thermometers and clocks so that it will not cook too quickly, too much, or too little.

The wheat, when it leaves the cookers, is flavored with table salt.

It next travels mechanically to the polished steel rollers, where it is "flaked." The flaking changes each grainlet into a thin disc, in which form it passes to the "toasters," where it takes on the crispy form and delicate toast-brown appearance with which you are familiar.



From the toasters it passes through shutes which operate like the old-fashioned powder flasks, opening automatically and depositing in the waiting packages just enough of the dainty flakes to fill without crushing. These packages or cartons are quickly sealed in such a manner as to render them absolutely dust-proof, and then are packed, thirty-six at a time, in the wooden boxes which your grocer can hardly get fast enough.

These grocers have helped me a good deal in spreading the news of the new food. I guess there are about a quarter of a million of them in this country who supply their customers with the package that has my picture on it. This morning about two million people began the day right by having "Force" for breakfast, and felt superior because of it. Two million is a good many to cook for, but your own cook will tell you what a pleasure it is to have the folks fond of her cooking.

Fame and Its Defamers

THIS success of mine first excited envy and later strenuous competition from other makers of foods—nearly all of which are palpable imitations of "Force," imitations which, while they bear a general outer resemblance, are not "Force" or anything like it.

The sales of "Force" steadily increased until in every city in the United States they led over those of all other foods. Then the ordinary competition of advertising and good salesmanship gave way to an underhand method of attack, and one that was very hard to meet.

A rumor was circulated that "Force" contained some harmful ingredient. Foolish and preposterous as was this rumor, it gained ground, evidently because some people made it their duty to see that it was circulated.

I first tried to meet this malicious report quietly by the publication of analyses by chemists of the highest standing. Then I decided that the only way to kill a rumor was to fight it in the open.

I spent fifty thousand dollars in advertising throughout the whole country my offer of a reward of $5,000.00 each to any man, woman or child, to any professional chemist or private citizen, to any grocer or his customer, who could prove that there was anything in any package of "Force" bought in the open market but wheat, barley-malt and salt.

This offer has been published in nearly every newspaper in the United States. I will keep on publishing it until every one knows what I know—that "Force" is synonymous with absolute purity.

The point is that we are not simply offering proof that there is no harmful substance in "Force." We are proving that there is no substance in it *that ought not to be there.*

Some New "Force" Dishes

A book of dainty recipes, illustrated in many colors, describing dishes in which "Force" is a delicious ingredient, will be mailed to all who will send me a two-cent stamp with request. The list of "Force" dishes is being added to every day and *I am always glad to receive recipes from housewives in order that I may include them in these "Force" books and pass them on to appreciative appetites everywhere.*

The World's New Motto

The two words, "Be Sunny," shall be my text hereafter. I am going to show you that sunniness is more "worth while" than anything else; that just as soon as the body is freed from unnecessary drags upon it one begins to feel better—and so does everyone else in the neighborhood, that most of us are bowed down by bad or wrongly chosen foods, and that "Force" is the best food for everybody, every day—but particularly for you *if you are not sunny.*

Be Sunny.

Sunny Jim

"Force-Thoughts"

By SUNNY JIM

THE WORLD'S wise thinks right, lives right, and no woman thinks right who eats wrong.

The food you eat is either a help or a hindrance, and most people begin to fail when they begin to stumble over their own breakfast.

It's not a matter of food altogether. It is somewhat a matter of feeling, but you must have the food about which you can begin to think right, and that food is "Force."

A flake of "Force" is very small, but it has in it just the right things to carry a busy school teacher through a long day's work. From it that rosy-cheeked school-girl gets her joy of living. It puts the joyous note in the boy's whistle. To it you can trace that ring in the voice of the sophomore and the spring in the step of the senator.

It is just Power, in good form.

As you ate your dish of "Force" this morning, two million people ate with you, and the sunshine of the world was increased to that extent thereby.

"FORCE"

is the material expression of the world's new motto: "Be Sunny."

I'd like to send every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a copy of my new book.

It treats of two subjects: how to serve "Force" in many ways, and how to be sunny—always.

It is one of the most successful books of the year, for I've had to publish one million copies to supply the demand.

It contains a good many full page color plates showing how to prepare new dishes that tempt, and nourish, and taste good.

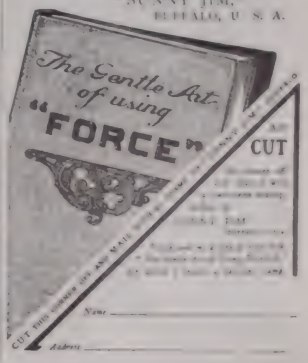
It's not *all* about "Force."

It contains a recipe for being happy that is meant for everyone who isn't as happy as she would like to be—a recipe so practical that everyone can use it perfectly. No, it's not just to "use 'Force'"—that only helps.

I mean really to *be* happy.

Lithographed in six colors, and mailed on request, for one 2c stamp. Use the coupon below and address

"SUNNY JIM,"
BUFFALO, U. S. A.



THE "1900" FAMILY WASHER FREE.

Greatest Invention of the Age. Labor and Expense of Washing Clothes Cut in Two.

No More Stooping, Rubbing or Boiling of Clothes.

Every Household Needs One.

THE "1900" BALL-BEARING FAMILY WASHER SENT FREE

to anyone answering this advertisement, without deposit or advance payment of any kind, express prepaid in New York and suburbs, and freight prepaid both ways to any other point in the U. S. on 30 days' trial. The 1900 Ball-Bearing Washer is unquestionably the greatest labor-saving machine ever invented for family use. **Entirely new principle.** It is simplicity itself. There are no wheels, paddles, rockers, cranks or complicated machinery. It revolves on **bicycle ball-bearings,** making it by far the easiest running washer on the market. No strength required, a child can operate it.

No more stooping, rubbing, or boiling of clothes. Hot water and soap all that is needed. It will wash **large quantities of clothes** (no matter how soiled) **perfectly clean in 6 minutes.** Impossible to injure the most delicate fabric. As the Supt. of the Savannah Yacht Club says:

"It is a wonder. Our washing is very large and we have always had two women on Monday and one on Tuesday. Our cook and the yard boy **now do** *the washing in 4 hours much better than before."*

129 James Street, Newark, N. J.
May 11th, 1903.

I have been in the hand laundry business for twenty years, and have used all makes of Washers. Washing that used to take me six hours I can get through and have on the line in one hour and a half by using your **"1900 Washer."** I would not sell my washer for $75.00, without I could get another of the same kind.
MRS. HENRY BRANNON.

Perryville, Md., March 10, 1903.

Please find enclosed Money Order to pay you for the **Washer, which has given us great satisfaction,** and I assure you we would not part with it, as it is a fine machine and does everything you can claim for it. It surely **makes wash day a pleasure instead of the usual drag;** the work is so very easy, that it can't help but save women's lives, and I assure you, we will take great pleasure in recommending your valuable machine to all our friends.
CHAS. P. RUTLEDGE,
Passenger Conductor.

Write at once for full particulars to

"1900" WASHER CO.,
33 W. State Street, BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

References: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

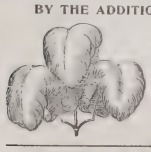
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century

PREPARED BY

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

Old Ostrich Feathers MADE NEW

BY THE ADDITION OF NEW TOPS



A specialty made of dyeing, cleansing and curling Ostrich Feathers. Send for our catalogue and price-list, and learn how easily and quickly all such work can be done, no matter in what part of the United States you may reside.

H. METHOT
Ostrich Feather Co.
53 D Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

ADDICTED TO THE DRUG HABIT?

If so, you can be relieved. Our Sanatorium was established in 1875, for the treatment of **Drug and Alcoholic Addictions. Relief Guaranteed.**

HOME TREATMENT IF DESIRED.

We have relieved thousands that have failed elsewhere. The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. R 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

U. F., Albany, N. Y. 1. Is equivocation or prevarication ever justifiable? 2. Which is the most immoral, a bold lie, equivocation, or prevarication?

1. Judged in the strictest spiritual sense, nothing that deviates from the straight line of truth is really justifiable. Equivocation and prevarication are simply degrees of untruth. Evasion or silence might be the better refuge. We know that the world judges certain grades of untruth to be mild or harmless, but they are untruths notwithstanding. 2. It would depend altogether upon the circumstances of the case.

Subscriber, New York. Believing that God, in his infinite love and wisdom, grants only those petitions that are for our highest good, how can we have faith to believe that "whatsoever" things we ask for in prayer, believing we shall receive, since our very heart's desire might, if granted, be the worst thing which could happen to us?

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." In our prayers, we must not ask amiss—that is, ask for needless gifts, which are not essential to our happiness and which would be antagonistic to our spiritual growth. To pray for great wealth, or luxurious surroundings, or selfish indulgences would be out of harmony with the true spirit of prayer, and not in accord with the Divine will and purpose; but in all things that are necessary and proper we have the privilege of petition. We can take all our cares and anxieties, our privations, our sufferings and sorrows, to the great Hearer of prayer, with confidence that he will not only listen to our petitions, but will answer in the way that is best for us. (See Matt. 6: 31-34 and parallel passages).

Emma L., Bayonne, N. J. Do you receive gifts of money for Fresh-Air Fund?

Yes; $3 gives a child a ten-days' outing. You can endow a bed for the season for $21.

R. D., Newburg, N. Y. Human agency and human declarations will never set the world right. But the non-resistance doctrine is not new; it is at least as old as the Quakers. The same sect also declines to recognize the claims of princes and people of rank to superiority. The Shakers, too, are non-resistants. The strongest of all protests against kingly assumption is that contained in our own Declaration of Independence. We quite agree with you that the monarchical powers of the present day show little of the spirit of Christ, also that all war is sin, and that standing armies are a grievous burden on the people; but while human nature remains as it is, the same old offences against God will continue to arise. Nothing short of Omnipotence will effect the regeneration of the world. There is, we believe, a very large religious sect in Russia which is non-resistant. So, also, are the Mennonites, the Stundists, and others.

G. F. P., Scranton, Pa. Is it not impossible for two men to love the same woman, all being professing Christians?

Not impossible, certainly; indeed, it is very frequently the case. The lady may have several suitors; but as soon as she indicates her preference, the others, if they are honorable men, withdraw from the contest.

Teacher, Chicago, Ill. Where can I find all necessary information concerning the World's Sunday School Convention, next year, at Jerusalem?

Write to E. K. Warren, Chairman, Three Oaks, Mich., or to W. N. Hartshorn, Boston, Mass.

Rosina, Germantown, Pa. Yes; it is possible to be too severe in your rules for the children with respect to early rising. We imagine very few healthy boys spring out of bed the moment they awake. An authority gives these suggestions:

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. While you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping the blood suddenly. Notice how a baby wakes. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns and wakes up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. A good yawn and a stretch are better than a cold bath.

Mrs. D. R., Belleville, N. J. What progress has been made in the movement against U. S. Senator Smoot? We have heard very little about it lately.

The National W. C. T. U. has sent to all its local Unions a remonstrance against allowing the Senator to retain his seat. This particular campaign has been wholly taken charge of by the W. C. T. U., and will probably be heard from during the coming winter.

Mrs. F. L. De F., Troy, N. Y. Who is the author of the expression—"Books are the windows from which the soul looks out?"

The nearest approach to it that we can find is in Dryden's essay on Dramatic Poetry, wherein he speaks of "The spectacles of books." Possibly some reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can supply the author's name.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The Easy Way

of furnishing your home is to buy your Soaps, Toilet and Laundry Supplies, Teas, Coffees and Flavoring Extracts, on The Walker Plan. By this method you save all the profit you have been paying your grocer, and receive instead, a beautiful premium equal in value to the goods you buy. For example, when you buy $10.00 worth of necessities on

The Walker Plan
of Home Economy

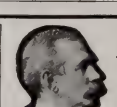
OUR PREMIUMS ARE OUR SALESMEN

TRADE MARK

you receive as a premium the beautiful Morris Chair shown above. There are over 200 of these premiums described in our Book which also contains many special offers. It will pay you to send for BOOK E **Free.**

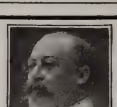
W. & H. WALKER,
PITTSBURG, PA.
Founded 1837.

Bishop Vincent

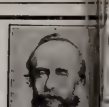


Dr. Clark

ALL THESE PERSONS ENDORSE



Edward VII.



Lyman Abbott, L

Self Filling
Self Cleaning
Simplicity

SIX CARDINAL POINTS of the POST FOUNTAIN PEN

THE OLD FOUNTAIN PEN IS A THING OF THE PAST

Advanced mechanism places the "POST" Pen as the foremost one of the world.

"IT'S THE PEN OF ALL PENS,"

and is receiving more favorable comments to-day than all other makes on the market. It's the only pen awarded a gold medal and diploma at the Academic Parisienne Inventeurs Industriels et Exposants, Paris.

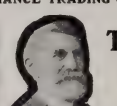
We Take Y
Old Pen in Exch
OUR UNIQUE PLAN

As a special inducement to introduce "POST" we have decided to supply a li number of them in EXCHANGE for other m at a merely nominal cash difference. Our offer enables you to rid yourself of your old pen and have the BEST. The "POST" has been endorsed by General Lew Wallace, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Sankey, H. M. Edward VII., King of Great Britain; Com'd'r Booth Tucker and hundreds of others, also recommended by over 200 of America's foremost magazines. Write us.

Reliability
No Leaking
Durability

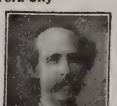
RELIANCE TRADING CO., 134 W. 14th St., New York City

Gen'l Lew Wallace



Dr. Josiah Strong

THE POST FOUNTAIN PEN



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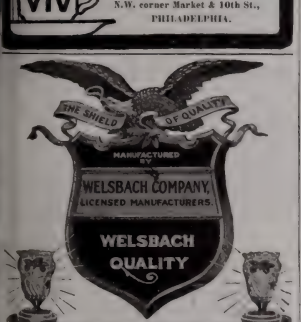

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OUR MAIL-BAG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 920

Reader, York, Neb. Can you explain a passage that has puzzled me exceedingly? Does God send out evil spirits, as the writer of Samuel says (I. Samuel 16: 14) he sent to Saul?

Allowance must be made for the prevalence of ideas which the writer of the book had probably adopted from the philosophers of his time. There is, however, a sense in which such a phrase may be understood. Good may be changed to evil by the perversity of man, or by what we call accidents. We find electricity exceedingly useful in carrying our messages, giving us light and power; yet electricity will kill. Fire is a blessing in increasing our comfort, but it may burn the house. So God gives genius—one of his choicest gifts; yet it became a curse to such men as Byron and Voltaire. You would surely acknowledge that the genius came from God, but the men turned it to evil. Saul's affliction was the result of his envy, pride and jealousy. God has provided that those passions shall bring their own punishment. In that sense, probably, the writer intended his words to be understood.

Subscriber, Mill Creek, Pa. Where can I get one of the concert roller organs? I would like to have one. What is the price?

The price is $10 cash, or $12 by instalments. You can procure these organs of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Emma B., Lincoln, Neb. Am I right in stating that Charles Wesley was the author of the long metre doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow?"

No. The author was Thomas Ken (1637–1711), who wrote a "Morning and Evening Hymn," in which the four universally-known lines occur.

A. H. C., Charleston, Ill. Your letter, containing some twenty questions, received. We regard it as altogether unreasonable for any one to foolishly sit down and multiply questions in this fashion. Many of them have already been answered in THE MAIL BAG from time to time; others are put apparently for the purpose of quibbling.

M. M., Baltimore, Md. 1. What are the relative sizes of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans? 2. What is the weight of a gallon of water?

1. The Pacific is three times the larger, and contains (estimated) 200,000,000,000,000 gallons. 2. A gallon of water weighs ten pounds.

Reader, Ridgewood, N. J. Of whom is it recorded truthfully that he broke all the commandments in one day?

The question is a "catch," and refers doubtless to Moses (see Exodus 32: 19), who broke the tables of the Law.

A. W., Springfield, O. How did the children of Israel obtain in the wilderness the gold and silver and other costly materials, which were given to Moses for the construction of the Tabernacle?

There would be, doubtless, opportunities even in their state of servitude in Egypt of accumulating property, which a Hebrew would be sure to improve, and it would naturally be turned into portable form. Besides this, and probably the chief source of the materials, would be the gifts of the Egyptians, on that night of panic, when they were almost driven out of Egypt. The Bible account is that the Egyptians "were urgent upon the people," being afraid that, unless they left quickly they would all be dead men. Our authorized version says that the Hebrews "borrowed" jewels of gold and silver and raiment, but the revised version renders it more correctly, "asked," probably as unpaid wages. Both versions agree that "they spoiled the Egyptians," implying that they obtained a considerable amount (See EX. 12: 32–36).

Inquirer, New York City. Yes; the question whether or not a clergyman can officiate at his own marriage was decided in the affirmative, in the case of Beamish *vs.* Beamish, in the Court of Queens Bench, Dublin, on Nov. 16, 1855.

Student, Alameda, Cal. In a recent issue you referred to the origin of the Rip Van Winkle myth. What was its origin?

Nearly every nation has a tradition of some sleeper, who, after a long period, will awake to accomplish some great deed. Thus, the seven sleepers of Ephesus slumbered 250 years on Mount Celion; and Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarosa, Olaf Trygvason, King Arthur and several others, are the subjects of similar legends. Irving simply applied the idea to the subject at hand.

Herman L., Newark, O., writes:

We read in the papers of the "great bags" made by Emperors William and Franz Joseph and King Edward. They are insignificant, however, compared with the record of the King of Naples (1798), who was reported in the German papers of that day to have killed in Austria, Bohemia and Moravia: 5 bears, 1,200 boars, 1,008 stags, 13 wolves, 354 foxes, 15,320 pheasants, 1,121 rabbits, 16,354 hares, 1,625 roebucks, and 12,435 partridges. What sort of a heart could this royal slaughterer have had?

Mrs. C. W. D., Proctor, Vt. Robert Burns wrote the poem in question.

Subscriber, Belleville, Kan. Write to the author of the book. We have not the information.

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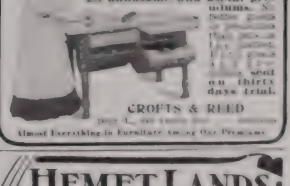

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PATERNAL RETRIBUTION

David's Sins Bear Fruit in Absalom's Death

By Mrs. M. Baxter

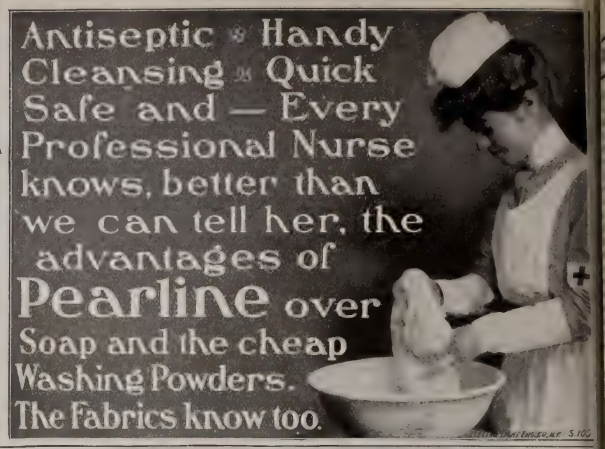
TWO messengers carried tidings to the king of the death of Absalom: Ahimaaz, by his own desire; Cushi, as the man selected by Joab. It is easy to see why Joab did not send Ahimaaz. He had not courage to tell the whole truth. His first word was the usual salutation, "Peace," and then he said, "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that have lifted up their hand against my lord the King." But not a word about Absalom. When Cushi came, and the king put the same question to him, he answered, "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is." And David knew his son was dead. Joab's object was gained.

David was no longer young; and the shock was a terrible one to him. All hope for Absalom's repentance was cut off, and he must realize that there was no hope. His own sin must have come up with overwhelming force, and no doubt the enemy drove him nearly to despair. His sin had made it easier for Absalom to sin. If he had not been disloyal to God, probably Absalom would not have been disloyal to him. Remorse of the most bitter kind would bring back to him his sad mistake in recalling from his banishment and reinstating Absalom in his favor, contrary to the law of God; and the enemy would lash him with one indictment after another, until the darkness became overwhelming. O how Satan can use against parents their many mistakes, and bring them in guilty of the sins of their children! How he can probe old wounds in the hearts of parents, and put on them a yoke of hopeless repentance and sorrow, which leads only to weakness, unless the Lord comes in with his light and life.

David was unbalanced; the blow had touched him in the weakest spot—his family. We must learn to take things in their right order.

It is one of the greatest hindrances to the conversion of our children when we let their claims upon us take precedence of the claims of God. We need, in order to really help our children, to have God on our side, and in order to this we need to stand on his side. Our children are blood-bought; God's claim on them is higher and more just than ours. How many parents have acted as though they must lay themselves out to please or to help their children—with money, with time, with love—without first knowing from the Lord in what way, with how much time, or how much money, they should help them.

It was a bitter cry, that cry of David. One who did not know the Lord as David knew him could not have understood the poignancy of his grief. "Evil out of thine own house." Was this deserved judgment never to cease? Was his sin to be ever before him? Was he to see soul and body of child after child fall under the curse of his sin, and die without hope? For the time it seemed as though every other consideration must give way—the grief was more than he could bear. It was a critical moment for Israel; but under the shock of Absalom's death, David seemed to be unconscious of it; and he ran the risk of losing the kingdom as well as his son. Things were coming to a crisis. The victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people, for the people heard say that day how the king was grieved for his son. They had fought loyally and well; there had been great loss of life; but the king did not come out to welcome them—they had no word of encouragement: they might as well have joined Absalom, some might have thought. "they came into the city by stealth, as people being ashamed when they flee in battle"; and they ran the risk of becoming demoralized when the king took no notice of them, and from the room over the gate they heard only the loud, bitter cry, "O my son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!"



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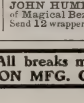

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FRUIT AND NUTS AS FOOD

OR some time past the Department of Agriculture at Washington has been conducting a series of experiments to determine the dietary value of different foods. The experiments were conducted during the space of two years by Prof. Jaffa, of the University of California. Nine dietary studies and thirty-one digestion experiments were carried on. In the majority of the dietary studies, and all but one of the digestion experiments, fruit and nuts constituted all or almost all of the diet. The results of the investigation emphasize the fact that both fruit and nuts should be considered as true foods rather than food accessories. The subjects were two women, three children, two elderly men, and two university students. The men all did hard manual labor during a part of the time, the students working to support themselves while pursuing their studies.

The fare given in these experiments was in every case one that would appeal to any normal appetite. It embraced honey, potatoes, apples, bananas, cantaloupe, grapes, Cherdal, cornichon, tokay, muscat, scarlet haws, pears, pomegranates, persimmons, oranges, strawberries, watermelons, figs, almonds, and peanut butter. The only animal foods allowed were cottage cheese and eggs, and these in limited quantities. The cost of such a diet varied from 15 to 18 cents a day. Comparative experiments were carried along in which animal foods were employed under the usual conditions of living, and in these the daily cost ran from 26 to 30 cents. It was found that the food eaten supplied about 60 per cent. of the protein usually secured by the average meat diet, while health and strength continued the same, if not improved, and in two or three cases there was a slight gain in flesh and weight.

One of the chief objects of the series of experiments was to furnish data as to the value of nuts as food. Fruits contain little protein, and nuts are relied on in the fruitarian plan of eating to balance the ration. Fruits are rich in carbo-hydrates and nuts in fat. A pound of peanuts, which cost 7 cents, furnishes 1,000 calories of energy at a cost of 3½ cents, and protein at a cost of 36 cents a pound. A porterhouse steak costs for the same result, respectively, 22½ cents and $1.31, when the steak can be bought for 25 cents a pound. The average price per pound of the protein of nuts ranges higher than the corresponding average of meats, but the cost per pound of peanut protein is lower than for meats, fish, eggs, milk, dairy products, and prepared cereals. The only foods which furnish protein at a less cost than peanuts are flour and dried beans. According to Prof. Jaffa's experiments, nuts are the cheapest source of energy for the fruitarian, the peanut ranging far ahead of any other variety.

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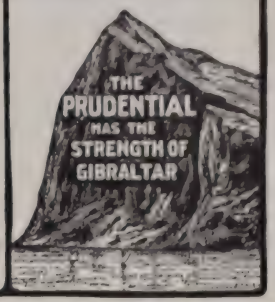

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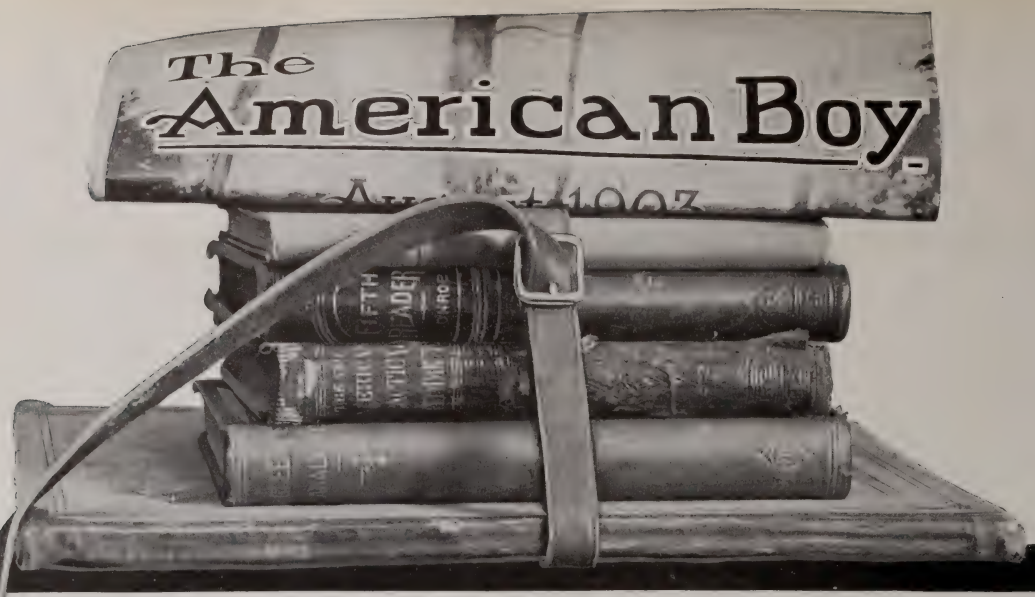
SEE PAGE 691

WITH PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, on a Missionary Tour in Lapland



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The best magazine in the world for boys is THE AMERICAN BOY. A year's issues contain 400 large pages, with over 1000 high-grade illustrations. It touches boy life at every angle, feeds a boy's expanding mind with digestible facts and healthy fiction, makes study more attractive and play more interesting. Boys say it is "good all through."

As an indication of the good things in store for readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, glance at this list of a few of its well-known contributors: Harriet Prescott Spofford, Hezekiah Butterworth, Kirk Munroe, General Charles King, Edward S. Ellis, W. Murray Graydon, J. L. Harbour, Gabrielle E. Jackson, Will H. Lisenbee, J. Oliver Curwood, Mattie M. Boteler, Frank H. Sweet, Crittenden Marriott, L. R. Gignilliat, Joseph Blethen, Waldon Fawcett, Joel Chandler Harris, J. C. Beard, Julia K. Hildreth, James Buckham, William Pendleton Chipman, D.D.; Fred Myron Colby, Robert N. Reeves.

Beginning with December, THE AMERICAN BOY will publish a continued story by Kirk Munroe, for which $1000 has been paid. Six months later another story by the same favorite author will begin, the price of which was likewise $1000. These are stories of travel, the materials for which were gathered by Mr. Monroe on his recent trip around the world.

The managing editor of THE AMERICAN BOY has just returned from Europe with a host of new ideas which he will work out to interest the boy readers of his paper. Many foreign story writers for boys have been engaged, and many pictures have been taken of interesting things in Europe for the entertainment of American boys.

THE AMERICAN BOY has partially completed arrangements for a system of international correspondence between boys in all parts of the world. Readers of THE AMERICAN BOY have a treat in store for them as a result of the editor's trip abroad during the past summer.

THE AMERICAN BOY is the organ of the Order of the American Boy, a non-secret organization with an immense fellowship all over the country, devoted to social life among boys and the development of manliness in muscle, mind and morals. It is likewise the organ of the Lyceum League of America.

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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., No. 328 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 4, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT
Photographed in Porto Rico

A PORTO RICAN WOMAN

THE Americanization of Porto Rico

Causes that Retard its Progress — What it Needs to Become Happy and Prosperous

OUR little Island possession of Porto Rico is passing through an interesting experience. What with a railroad being built across the island, which will connect San Juan and Ponce; the arrival of Secretary Hartzell and Dr. Lindsay as delegates of the coffee-growers; the liberal investing of capital by Americans in lands and other enterprises, and last, but not least, the work of the missionaries and schools, Porto Rico may yet get out of the rut it has fallen into, and in the near future enjoy a degree of prosperity.

The island's resources are entirely agricultural, and as its products far exceed what is necessary for home consumption, the surplus must find a market, which naturally, should be the United States. To bring crops from Cayey to the shipping point, San Juan, takes not less than sixty hours, for the road is extremely hilly, and the only motive power a slow "bull team." The proposed railroad across the island will tap the richest soil. A franchise to build the railroad has been granted by the Executive Council of Porto to Americans, and the latter have deposited $200,000 in bonds to guarantee the completion of the road. It will run from San Juan to Rio Piedras, Caguas, Cayey, Guayama, Coamo, Ponce, and Ponce Playa. Along this route are rich coffee estates, sugar properties and fruit groves.

In the building of this road great engineering difficulties present themselves. There are steep hillsides to be crossed—many with grades of sixty degrees. Torrential rains wash away the work and involve much rebuilding. The construction of this railroad will cost about $3,000,000. The total length of the road is about ninety miles. It is being built by American engineers, though a few Porto Ricans, too, are employed. The manual labor is entirely native. The motive power will be electricity, which will be generated at Comeria Falls. It will be a trolley road. This new line, however, will not be the only one in the island, for there is a narrow guage steam road owned by the American Railroad Company (a French corporation) between San Juan and Ponce, skirting the sea-coast, and touching the principal cities on the north and west shores.

Porto Rican coffee growers have formed an association, to regulate the sale and handling of coffee, so that it will conform to the American requirements, and also to find markets. When Spain ruled the island, it was a big buyer of Porto Rican coffee; but after the close of the war it withdrew its patronage. This loss was a heavy one, as the United States did not buy coffee as liberally as the Spanish had done. In 1901–1902, the shipments of coffee to the United States were $29,188, and to foreign countries, $3,168,662. Porto Rico formerly shipped nearly $11,000,000 worth of coffee annually. The average yield approximates 26,000 tons annually. Before American occupation, this coffee commanded a price of about fifteen cents a pound. To-day Porto Rican coffee goes begging in the American market at seven or eight cents, and Europe, formerly a heavy buyer, takes but a small percentage of its former purchases. European countries have tariffs, which discriminate against American products, and Porto Rican coffee suffers accordingly. The planters have requested Secretary Hartzell, and Dr. Lindsay, the Commissioner of Education of Porto Rico, to present their case at Washington, and secure for them such relief as is necessary.

Five years of American occupation have done little to alter the essentially Spanish proclivities of Porto Rico's inhabitants. When a people, day after day, for four hundred years, do the same things, think the same things, and see the same things, a mere change of government cannot quickly upset traditions which have been so long a-making.

Spain, so most people believe, governed its dependencies tyrannically. It is not the purpose of the writer to question that belief: he has simply to deal with results. A retrospective view of the condition of the Porto Rican people will show, that if they were cruelly or harshly dealt with, they were nevertheless contented—at least, not dissatisfied. The officials who represented the Court of Castile in the island committed great wrongs; they stole money, and made themselves rich at the expense of the people. Their pilferings were so divided that the burden did not fall too heavily on specific individuals; the Insular Treasury was the sufferer. True, there were cases of rich men made poor overnight to satisfy the greed of some individual; but these cases, on the other hand, did not affect all the people. All things considered, Spain's rule of Porto Rico did not work a too great hardship on the island, and the people, as a whole, were more or less content. And this content spread itself over the four hundred years that the Spanish ruled Porto Rico.

Spanish colonists, filled with the glowing reports of this "Paradise of the Antilhes," came to the island, settled there, and married Porto Rican women. They introduced Spanish thought and ideas. The poorer class took up the native habits, lived in thatch houses and became dirty and indolent. This intermarrying bore its fruit—a race of half-Spanish, half-Indian people, whose language was Spanish, whose customs were Spanish, whose thought was Spanish, and whose religion was Catholic—the Church of Spain.

This union of Spaniard and Porto Rican created a type whose chief characteristic was laziness. Whether this laziness has a genealogical or climatic foundation matters not. It exists, and therein is to be found the reason that the Americanization of the island has hardly begun.

The planter has little knowledge of modern methods of cultivation. He does not irrigate, he does not drain, he does not replenish the soil, he does not conserve the water. He uses implements so ancient that our "oldest settlers" could not remember them. A cannery which would put up pineapples, guava jelly and other tropical fruits, would reap a rich harvest. Cotton will grow in Porto Rico, but there are no mills. Sugar is the only line in which any manufacturing has been attempted; yet nothing was done till Americans took hold of the industry. Now the manufacture of sugar is entirely in American hands.

Haste is abhorrent to a Porto Rican. No matter how urgent a business matter may be, he will not be hurried. It takes hours to close a trade which, with us, would take only minutes. A friend of the writer went into a large saw-mill in San Juan one day just before noon. He wanted to place a large order for lumber. He was told: "Venga pues mas tarde. Voy a comer ahora." (Come a little later. I am going to eat now); and though in a hurry for the lumber the Porto Rican dealer would not do any business until he had eaten.

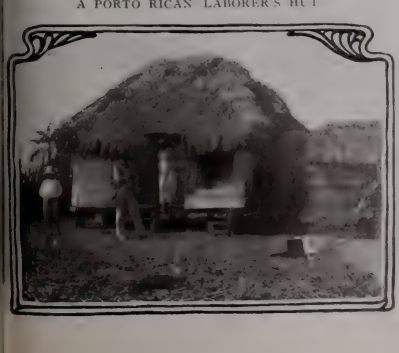
Go into a cafe. A slovenly waiter will come to you sneaking, and ask you for your order. He will return with your coffee and cake in five minutes, maybe in half an hour. So it is in everything. The people take their time and are never in a hurry. *Mananna* (to-morrow) is time enough to do everything, why do it to-day?

Since the American occupation, San Juan, Mayaquez, Ponce, and Arecibo have made great strides in sanitation. All of these cities now have sewers and water-works. Guayama, Humacao and other towns are preparing to follow their example. In education, too, the Americans have done much for the island. Every city, town and hamlet now has its schoolhouse, where American teachers train the native youth. A few short years must witness a remarkable change as the result of this training. At the present time the island is spending $800,000 annually on education. It has laid the foundations for the University of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 929

A WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS AT SAN JUAN
Conducted by Miss Emma Brill, of Hazleton, Pa.

A PORTO RICAN LABORER'S HUT



AMERICANS PICKING FRUIT IN THE MOUNTAINS

The American Pulpit

:: Sermon by ::

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Rich Widow

TEXT—LUKE 7: 12:

"AND SHE WAS A WIDOW"

THE Rich Widow! Who ever heard of such a title for a sermon on this text? Better call her "The Poor Widow," "The Friendless Widow," "The Hopeless Widow," "The Dying Widow"—anything, but "The Rich Widow." This funeral procession winding its way out of the Syrian city, is one of the most pathetic spectacles of the Gospel history. How much heart-break is contained in those three phrases: "A dead man; the only son of his mother; and she was a widow!" In Arizona is a mountain aptly named "Starvation Peak." There the Indians, many decades ago, drove the Spaniards and hemmed them in, and kept them, until, for the want of food, the little band of living men were changed into a band of decomposing corpses. So this text is one of the "Starvation Peaks" among the Gospel Hills. It is the place where a wife first lost her husband, her bread-winner. Then it is the place where, during the struggle of widowhood, the mother had raised her boy so that he could be her support in her declining years. And now a wife without her husband, and a mother with only a cold body for her son, is slowly wending her way to the cemetery. She was a wife and a mother only of the grave. "The Rich Widow?" Nonsense! Change the title. Call the caption "The Poor Widow of Starvation Peak."

No, my brother, I want to keep the title I have chosen. I want to show how even a woman so desolate as the one in the text may find consolation in life; and in the performance of her duty and in the sympathy of humanity, and more than all in the resources of Divine power, her life may become rich for herself and for others. I have seen too many adjectives hitched to this heroic and conquering nominative. I believe thousands and tens of thousands of mothers who have been bereft of the companion who once stood with them at the marriage altar, have attained

True and Abiding Wealth

They have been rich in all that makes life truly happy, great and good. Rich in their opportunities to do a double service in life. To their children, they have become father as well as mother. Rich in their inspiring examples of duties well done. Rich in the faith with which their trials led them to test the goodness and greatness of God. Rich in the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of their love. And, above all, rich in eternal as well as temporal rewards. It is in order to gather a few "blue-bells" from off the graves of the dead husbands and fathers that I preach this sermon. I would ring these floral trophies in a great pæan of praise that the widows, the numberless widows of the present day, who are facing the battle of life alone, might renew their strength, and go on winning victory after victory for themselves, their little ones, and for Christ.

The widow is rich in her opportunities of maternal usefulness; rich, because all the physical, mental and spiritual resources of her nature are developed in the struggle which her loneliness involves. Rich, because for her children every word she speaks, and every thought she thinks, and every deed she performs shall bring forth their maximum of results for good or evil. For her offspring, every mountain which she has to climb can become a gold mine, and every thicket into which she has to plunge, a bank of roses; and every shower of tears can return as a tossing, tumbling fountain, and every land for her can become a harvest-field of yellow grain, or of white-cheeked, sweet-scented clover tops. Literally, by taking away a wife's husband, God makes it possible for a widow with children to make more out of her life, in a maternal sense, than in any other way. At once, by the mere fact of widowhood, she becomes the father, the mother, the bread-winner, the guide, and the all-in-all for her offspring.

Now, everyone should want to make the most out of their lives. Therefore, oh! widow, ought you not feel honored because God has singled you out as one of his favorite daughters for great and vital work. We stand upon Little Round Top, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and look with pride at the monument erected there to the memory of Major-General Gouverneur Warren. At that critical point he saved the Federal lines from being cut in twain by the Confederate forces. With the keen eye of a military engineer, he saw that Little Round Top was the one spot about which the mortal struggle of Lee and Meade must be finally decided. And so, upon his own authority, he entrenched those heights, and perhaps then and there saved the unity of our Republic, which now stretches from sea to sea. Shall you not feel to-day, oh! widow, that as General Warren was chosen to stand on Little Round Top and save the Federal government, so God has placed you on the Little Round Top of your husband's grave to save your home? A few years ago, the United States—North, East, South and West—united its many voices in praising the greatest of American jurists, John Marshall, who, year after year, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, rendered the decisions which made it possible for the United States Government at Washington to be what it is to-day. Shall you, oh! widow, not feel honored, in the same way, as we honor John Marshall, since God has placed you in a position where your children and your children's children, may be moulded and started forth into Christian usefulness by the consecration and faithfulness of your life? You who have gone out to weep over your husband's grave, I beg and plead with you not to consider your life a poverty-stricken one. In the glorious opportunities which have come to you in reference to your children, you are rich! You are magnificently and gloriously rich. God has made you sole guardian of your little ones.

Double Opportunity

Oh, the paternal, as well as the maternal opportunities which are offered to the consecrated Christian widowhood of the present century! Some time ago, a beautiful faced lady was going through one of the great department stores in Columbus, O. She saw there a large-eyed, wistful-looking cash boy, who was watching her and her son. "My child," said she, "would you like to go home and be my little boy? There you could have money and playthings, and horses and carriages to make your life happy, as my little boy's life is happy?" "I do not know, mum, whether I would like those things or not," he answered. "Has your little boy a papa? If I go with you, will his papa be my papa? I want a papa. Because, mum, before my papa died, I had all those things, and now that my papa is dead, I have nothing." Ah, yes, there was pathos, unfathomable pathos in the answer of the little cash boy. But that answer is not true in reference to all fatherless children. When their fathers died, they did not all lose everything. Their mothers, not only remained their mothers, but they became their fathers also. O, woman, who art a widow, I sympathize with you in your sorrow and your hard lot; but let me congratulate you, too, on the opportunity God has placed within your reach of honorably and heroically performing a double duty. In a paternal as well as in a maternal sense, you are accomplishing much for the temporal and the eternal lives of your children.

The consecrated widow is rich in the kindnesses and sympathies which are shown to her by her friends and neighbors. Rich, because the chalice of sorrow which is placed at the lip is not entirely filled with acidities and bitternesses and unsavory *nux vomicas*; but it is also saccharined and nectared with the helpful sympathy of her friends which mingles in her cup of woe.

The Kindnesses of the Street

It is amazing how many kindnesses there are in this world, if only one stops to catalogue them. You can see those kindnesses manifested everywhere. A few years ago, a man was caught in the crowd that surged into the cars of the Brooklyn Bridge. He was jammed this way and that. His hat was battered and crushed. The more he vehemently denounced the people as savages, the more he was hustled and pushed along. When he was at last seated and was still complaining, a gentleman next to him turned and said: "My friend, I am afraid that you have got into the condition of only looking upon the bad side of human nature. Now, I have schooled myself to look upon the good side. And to help me in my task of looking upon the bright side, every day I carry a notebook and jot down every good thing I see people do to other people. For instance, to-day, on my way to the bridge, my hat blew off. I chased it; but before I could get it, three other men whom I had never seen before ran after that hat. One of them caught it and brought it back to me. Now, that action was certainly unselfish. And yet you can see the same unselfish act performed on any windy day.

"As I was crossing City Hall Park," he continued, "a woman in front of me lost her glove. Two newsboys saw it and ran to get it for her. That certainly was unselfish. On my way down Broadway, a truckman's horse fell. Immediately the drivers of three other trucks stopped their horses to help the man who was in difficulty. That also was unselfish. These are but little things; but everywhere you will see men and women doing just such kind things to their neighbors. When this car stops, you will see four or five gentlemen take their papers and give them to the newsboys for them to sell them over again. All these facts certainly sh that the human race is not a collection of savag My friend, you had better look upon the bright si of human nature, and not dwell upon the dark side."

The sermon which the Christian gentleman preach in the cable car of the Brooklyn Bridge is certainly tr Everywhere one can see many kindnesses manifest towards those who are in distress, if those people distress are worthy of human kindness. And so, wide though you may have had your bumps and knocks, that indignant passenger had who was trying to g into the train; though you may have had injustic practiced upon you, for thieves and murderers fr time immemorial have always felt that widows a orphans were their legitimate prey, you have also h many kindnesses shown you and yours. In old Engli folk-lore, there was supposed to be in Alderley Edge great cavern. And in this cavern was concealed, sa the legend, nine hundred and ninety and nine horseme equipped and ready to come forth and fight for a leader who would blow for them the right bugle-ca No sooner did your husband die, and the cemetery b had tolled the knell when his body was carried to l last resting-place, than that bell seemed to call for hundreds of helpers to your side, from recesses as da as the caverns of Alderley Edge. Every true and fait ful widow always gathers around her faithful friends.

Love Born of Sacrifice

The consecrated widow is rich in the heights ar depths and intensities of the love she bears towar those who are dependent upon her. It is one of th inevitable laws of this world that we generally value a article just in proportion to what it is worth to us. If costs nothing, we care for it but little. If it costs muc we value it much. I enter your home. You show m the results of your travels. You say, "This is a rug bought in Damascus. Here is a beautiful piece o ivory I found in India. Here is a boomerang of Au tralia. Yonder is a trinket I picked up in Pompei But this picture is my treasure. It was painted by Spanish master, and was placed upon the walls of Mexican cathedral. One night, that picture was c out of its frame and carried away, as "Dolly" Madiso ordered George Washington's picture to be cut out o its frame, when the English invaded the National Cap tol in 1812. That picture must be worth at least $20,00 I paid $10,000 for it. Yes, I value that picture abov all my other possessions. It cost me so much money.

But though the value of some articles may be judge by the criterion of silver and gold, others are some times judged by the higher standard of flesh and bloo If, in order to save your country, you had to sacrific upon the field of battle an arm, or a leg, or an eye, woul you not, on account of, that sacrifice, love your countr more than if, like John Jacob Astor, you merely made t it the gift of an artillery battery, or like old Corneliu Vanderbilt, you fitted out for it a man-of-war? If i order to save your child who had been gripped with th poisonous bite of a dangerous serpent, you had placed your mouth against the bleeding lips of the wound an sucked that poison into your own system, would yo not love that child more for whom you were willing t imperil your life, than if you had given to her a mer offering of silver and gold? Yes! Yes! Of course yo would. The law is universal. The greater the sacri fices we make for our loved ones, the greater become our love for them.

An Amputated Arm

This premise is granted. Where then can you find richer, deeper, truer sacrifices, and therefore richer love, than that exhibited by a widowed mother towards her helpless children? Tenderly as you and I love our children, does our love glow with such fervent heat as does that of the widowed mother who has toiled and contrived, and denied herself for their welfare? In order to raise them, she has to pay for their education and food with the price of blood. Does not that young girl's graduation day address mean more to her mother, who, perhaps, had to scrub for it, as well as sew together the white dress in which it was delivered? During the Civil War, a soldier boy's arm was amputated. After the lad came out from under the influence of the anæsthetic, he asked the surgeon if he might see his arm. The nurse handed it to him. The boy looked the arm over very carefully, as he said: "Good-bye, old arm. You have been a good friend to me. Those fingers have worked for me very hard." Then turning, he said to the surgeon: "Doctor, do not think I am a coward, or that I regret the sacrifice. If necessary, I would cut off my other arm to save my country. I never

CONTINUED ON PAGE 929

COURTYARD FOUNTAIN

VIEW OF SAN JUAN FROM THE SEA

THE AMERICANIZATION OF PORTO RICO

Continued from Page 927

Porto Rico. A fine normal school is now operated under the University Trustees, from which are to be graduated the future teachers of the Porto Rican children.

Our missionaries are contributing their full share toward the enlightenment of the people. The recently opened church at Catano, a suburb of San Juan, has a large native membership, and every Sunday is crowded. Rev. Dr. Richards is the pastor. Bishop Van Buren is busy with the erection of an Episcopal Home in Rio Piedras, the funds for which were collected in the United States. All the American ministers preach sermons to the natives in their own tongue, and do a great deal of good both in a spiritual and in a philanthropic way.

A study of the vital statistics of the island reveals the fact, that of 60,000 deaths, anemia was the direct cause in 18,500 cases. These figures were for the two years from June 1, 1900, to June 30, 1902. The health report of February, 1903—an average month—show that of a total of 1,894 deaths, 486 were due to anemia—lack of nourishment, or, in plainer words, slow starvation. People all over the island are starving. The natives have no work, because farms are idle; and these are idle because Porto Rican products have no markets. The general health of the island, however, is good, the death rate being about 23.2 per thousand. Consumption and pneumonia are responsible for many deaths in Porto Rico. These are induced by the carelessness of the laborers, who, after working in the fields all day under the tropical sun, and when covered with perspiration, seek the shade of some tree or house to cool off. The colds thus caught in this way are the foundation of lung troubles. These three diseases—anemia, consumption and pneumonia—account for nine-tenths of the deaths in Porto Rico. There is no small-pox or yellow fever, and little leprosy. It can be truthfully said, that under proper conditions, there is no more healthy place in the world than Porto Rico.

As an agricultural country the island is simply wonderful, its soil being the richest in the world. "Porto Rico," is the Spanish for rich port, and the island fully justifies the name given it by its discoverers. Coffee, sugar, tobacco, cotton and tropical fruits abound. If the planters had money enough to cultivate their farms, there would be no starvation in Porto Rico. The planters lost all in the hurricane of 1899, and they have never quite recovered from their loss. Then, in addition to this, Porto Rican products have no market, for the United States does not buy the coffee or other things the island raises. That is the chief reason for the lack of prosperity in Porto Rico. With a change for the better in the matter of trade market facilities, the people would quickly become prosperous and happy.

ARTHUR LITTLE.

WHERE OUR NEW NAVAL STATION IS TO BE BUILT AT SAN JUAN

THE RICH WIDOW

❋ A SERMON BY REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Continued

knew what it truly meant to love my flag, until I bespattered it with my own blood." So, O widow, by your very sacrifices, I see with what intensity you love your children, because of the self-denial and the toil you have given them. By the very sacrifices which you have made for their physical, intellectual and spiritual development, I congratulate you upon the heights and depths and intensities of your maternal affections. It is one joy to plant a garden within a stone wall inclosure for your own eyes to see. It is a greater and a holier happiness to plant a flower garden that others may enjoy also.

The consecrated widow is rich, because she has been able, by personal experience, to prove the certainty and faithfulness of God's promises. A life-boat is sometimes used as a pleasure craft along the shores of Massachusetts and Long Island. You can see the fishermen take and rig in it a small sail, and go spinning over the waters, while they laugh and joke as they draw in the bluefish, or the shad. So people sometimes use the Gospel life-boat merely for a pleasure craft. When the sky is clear and the sea smooth, they set sail for a frolic. But oh, my friends, the life-boat is a far different craft when, on a stormy night, the life-saving men launch it into the surf, to fight their way out to the ship aground in the offing, where it is being shattered to pieces by the ceaseless bombardments of the mighty seas. And the promises of God, out of which the Gospel life-boat is made, mean far more to a widowed mariner sailing the seas of life alone than they do to the young daughter, who has always been shielded from every storm. And yet, mother, I would ask you a pertinent question, which I know you will answer well. Though you may have buried your husband many years ago, was there ever a time when, if you trusted in God, his love and protection and care failed you? Was there ever a time when Christ was not willing to stand by the cradle of your living child, as in olden times he once stood by the bier of one who was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow?

Oh, the blessed enjoyment of having had the opportunity of fully testing the love and care and the gentleness of a protecting God! Many years ago, at a large infidel meeting in England, at which Charles Bradlaugh, the noted English agnostic, was speaking, an old, gray-haired woman arose. As she looked about her, she slowly said to the speaker, "Sir, it is very easy for you to attack the Best Friend I ever had. You do not know Him as I know Him. He came into my life many years ago. I once knew Him merely as an acquaintance; but after my husband died, He was more to me than an acquaintance, He was a friend, a Bloodfriend. Sir, that Friend helped me to feed and clothe my babies. That Friend gave me physical strength to go on when I thought I must die. That Friend, sir, is my dear Saviour. That is what my Christ has done for me. Now, sir, what has your infidelity been able to do for you?" O, mother, bereft of your husband, it has been a blessed opportunity for you to test the greatness and goodness of God. Do not tell me you are poor. You are rich. Rich hemispherically, and celestially rich. Rich, as God is rich.

But though in a divine sense the consecrated widow is rich, yet she shall be far richer in the next world. Woman, whom have you loved of all human beings the best on earth? "Well," you say, "that is a hard question to answer. I loved my mother and father in one way, and my children in another way, and my sisters and brothers in another way, and my school friends in another way. But, taking it all in all, I think I loved my husband best, truly best. We were one in thought, one in life, and one in everything. My one ambition in life was to please him." Yes, I think your answer is correct. The relations between a husband and a wife are so close that you were one, and your one desire was to live for him and to please him. Now, my sister bereft of her husband, when you reach heaven and meet the long separated father of your babies, do you not feel he will be pleased to know how you have worked and slaved for his flesh and blood? When you reach heaven, will you not be rich in the knowledge that he appreciates all you have done for your children and his? When one of my aunts—a widow—was dying, she looked up at those gathered about her bedside and said: "Now, I hope your father, Steven, will be satisfied with what I have done for his children." Yes, yes woman, your husband will truly be satisfied. You have done your task well. It has been a hard journey to travel alone. But at the end of the journey you will be rich in his blessing, as well as that of your Saviour.

Most of us know what the rapture of an earthly reunion means; but such a welcome will pale into insignificance before the heavenly embrace of a risen father and a long separated wife. After the famous battle of Five Forks, General George E. Pickett at Gettysburg fame was reported to have been killed. Day after day, his wife sat with her baby in her arms in the silence of despair. But one day, there rode up the lane of the Virginia home a familiar figure. He reined in his horse, "Whoa, Lucy! Whoa!" With that the mother, with a wild cry of joy, arose and said, "George! George! Is that you?" "I do not know how to describe it," wrote Mrs. Pickett, "the peace, the bliss of that moment! It was too deep, and too sacred to be translated into words." And so, my widowed friend, when in the heavenly reunion, you shall greet your dear one, carrying with you your children and his, the sacredness of that moment will be too deep and holy to be translated into words.

Thus, widows of Nain, and widows of Europe and America, and widows wherever you may be, I call you rich. Go about bravely and truly, tackling the battles that are before you. Christ shall be your partner in this world. Your rewards for duties well done await you in the next. The truest way for you to be true to your dead husband is for you to be true to the world's tasks God has given to you to do here. Remember that Christ knows all about a widow's troubles. He sympathized with the sorrowing widow of Nain. In his great heart there is sympathy for all who struggle and suffer, and the Divine help and consolation are found more generously bestowed than upon those who lose that truest of human bereavements—motherhood. His love, and all the blessings it brings, will make you rich indeed.

COLONISTS STACKING ALFALFA HAY

THE BUFFALO CANAL, AMITY

A BUNCH OF LIVE STOCK AT AMITY

THE COLONIZATION OF THE WEST

BY COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER

OUT of a population of 76,000,000 less than 10,000,000 occupy the vast and fertile territory west of Kansas City. A great impetus has been given to the colonization of these Western States by the personal interest taken by President Roosevelt in the question of immigration. His intimate knowledge of the history and requirements of the West, his residence there and frequent visits, have enabled him to speak with an authority which has commanded the attention of the entire nation. Through the weight of his influence important legislation, which would ordinarily have occupied years for consideration, has been railroaded through Congress at express speed.

IN THE AMITY SHOPPING DISTRICT

Some 2,500 engineers are already at work elaborating plans for the scientific subjugation of Arid America. It is calculated that in due course 100,000,000 acres of rich irrigated lands will be brought into cultivation, capable of supporting a population of not less than 30,000,000 persons from an agricultural point of view, apart altogether from industrial pursuits.

To secure, however, the complete success of this noble enterprise, it is essential that systematic colonization should go hand-in-hand with irrigation. The usual automatic processes will not be found suitable in the present case.

IN THE CHERRY-TREE HOME

Systematic colonization, like systematic irrigation, will, it is true, involve the expenditure of large sums of money. But it is difficult to imagine a safer or more profitable investment, from any standpoint.

The average value per acre of these western lands, so soon as water can be applied, and before they have been otherwise improved, is not less than twenty dollars. When families have been settled on the same in fifty-acre farms, with cottage, barn, live-stock, and other equipment, the minimum value is at least fifty dollars per acre. Thus a forty-acre farm occupied will be worth at least $2,000.

A COLONIST'S HOME

Now, to select and locate a suitable family would cost on an average about $500, apart from the value of the land, and this would include the above equipment. The security for the outlay would be ample, in the rapid increase of land values.

It may be asked, however, why the land should not be left open to colonists and settlers of the ordinary type? The answer is:

1. The man without money would thereby be excluded, though he forms, if carefully selected, the most desirable settler.

2. The land would be largely occupied either by speculators, who would hold it for future rise, or by dummy homesteaders, who would transfer it to large corporations.

3. At best, the haphazard system of automatic colonization is slow, and the land is not settled with the rapidity which is necessary to meet the heavy expenses of irrigation. Thus the working expenses of a canal that watered 100,000 acres would be comparatively light if the entire area could be simultaneously occupied; but the burden would become intolerable if only 10,000 acres should be taken up, or if the area should be occupied by speculators and dummies who had no intention of making the place their permanent home.

Now, by means of systematic colonization, the settlers could be carefully organized, drilled, and marched with strategic precision to the various districts, which had been previously prepared for their advent by the labors of the irrigation engineer. Thus the congestion of our cities could be relieved, thousands of families could be turned into happy home owners, tax-creators could be turned into tax-producers, a home-market could be provided for the consumption of our manufactures, the tide of immigration could be diverted from city to country, our beautiful Western States could be populated, and our abandoned farms in the East could again be systematically brought into cultivation. With such enormous advantages to be gained, is it too much to expect that our Government should itself take up this question and provide the necessary funds? It may be argued that colonization is a proper subject for private enterprise. But up to the present time, private enterprise has resolutely refused to touch the landless man and place him upon the manless land. It has confined itself entirely to the man with money, and refused to give the moneyless but worthy family a chance. Hence, if the Government does not undertake the work, it will be left undone, or will be confined to small and desultory efforts, which do not count for much. Moreover, such Governmental action would undoubtedly afford a great impetus to private enterprise and philanthropy.

THE COLONY DRY-GOODS STORE

Again, it may be objected that such action would savor of paternalism. But would not the same argument be equally applicable to education? If we insist on supplementing private enterprise and philanthropy in a realm where these are prepared to spend millions upon millions of dollars annually, why should we neglect the equally important question of colonization?

A COLONIST'S COTTAGE AND ORCHARD

Again, what is the palpable effect of our non-paternalism? To deliver over this magnificent patrimony to those who are, comparatively-speaking, well-to-do, while those who need it most are excluded! Why should ten million dollars be yearly spent from the national revenues in creating a valuable estate for those who are already well fixed, or for a horde of speculators, land-grabbers and their dummies, when the expenditure of a portion of this money will insure the occupation of the land by those who would live on it and cultivate it?

COL. HOLLAND'S HOUSE

In common justice, it would seem that the least that should be done is to form reservations, which shall be exclusively colonized with worthy but poor families. The reservation system has been adopted by us as a part of our national policy to prevent the extinction of the 250,000 Indians. How much more should this principle be applied, when the patrimony is endangered of sixty millions of our population, who are in the best sense wards of the nation, because they are unable to find capital for establishing their rights and claiming their inheritance.

The sight of hundreds of thousands of families marched in armies, like Israel of old, from the Egypt of poverty to the Canaan of prosperity, is surely one which is calculated to send a thrill of joyful hope through the hearts of the working classes of the world, while it is a practical philanthropy which may well engage the attention of our wisest statesmen, and secure the united and whole-hearted co-operation of every patriot and Christian.

THE ORPHANAGE AT AMITY

WORKERS AT THE CHERRY-TREE HOME

IN FRONT OF AMITY PUBLIC SCHOOL

A LAPLANDER

A ROYAL MISSION WORKER

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, of Sweden, an Earnest Preacher

ONE of the most interesting and romantic figures in the gallery of European royalties, is that of Prince Bernadotte, the second son of the wise and learned King of Sweden. Two traits of character combine to render him unique among princes. One is that he is an earnest and devoted Christian, ready at all times to testify for Christ in the palaces of nobles, or to give a Gospel address in a mission hall or a barn. ...he other trait, which the citizens of a republic, and ...pecially women, will appreciate, is his heroic love ...r his wife. So ardent was his affection for her that ...hen he learned that, in order to marry her, he must ...crifice his rank and his right of succession to the ...rone, he cheerfully made the sacrifice, renouncing the ...les and station so dear to the European heart, for ...r sake. A more fascinating personality than a prince ...pable of such conduct it would be difficult to find. ...r. Klopsch had the pleasure of a long interview with ...m when, during his tour of famine relief in Finland, ...is year, he stayed at the Swedish capital. He found ...e Prince exceedingly intelligent, and ...rmly sympathetic with the relief work ...hich had taken him to Europe. He ...as unstinted in his expressions of grati...de to the Christian people of America ...r their benevolence to his father's ...flicted subjects. He made many in...iries about Christian work in America ...d was especially interested in the cir...lation of the Scriptures in this country. ...he plan of the Red Letter Bible he ...artily commended, and expressed a ...ish to possess a copy for use in his ...ork. His wish was complied with, to ...s evident gratification.

Prince Bernadotte is in his forty-fourth ...ear. By his own desire, and with the cor...al approval of the King, his father, he ...ecame a sailor in early life, and for many ...ears was seldom seen at court. The ...ing gave strict injunctions that on ship...oard he should be treated exactly as ...e other officers, and accordingly the ...oung man was inured to hardship and ...ompelled to study strenuously. He ...assed his examinations with honor, and ...on his way to a command in the Swed...h navy by sheer merit. In 1887, he was ...t Stockholm on a furlough, after a two ...ears' voyage around the world. Among ...e ladies in attendance at court, he ...ade the acquaintance of Miss Ebba ...unck, the daughter of a distinguished ...fficer. She was attached to the house...old of the wife of his elder brother, ...id was a general favorite with the royal ...mily. The young sailor prince was won by her modest ...race, her beauty, and her charms of character, and he ...ucceeded in gaining her affection. When she learned, ...owever, that a marriage with him would involve him in the loss of a royal rank and forever bar him from the possibility of succession to the throne, she refused to permit him to make the sacrifice.

In order to escape his pleading and to prove to him that she was resolute in her determination, Miss Munck quitted the Court and disappeared from the circle of aristocratic resorts. The Prince, however, showed manly persistence. He sought her everywhere, and at last found her in a nurse's uniform doing duty in a hospital. He renewed his suit, but with no better success. The only concession he could obtain was the promise that she would accept him if he had the cordial approval of his parents to the union. The Queen, his mother, already knew Miss Munck and loved her, and it was by her pleading that King Oscar's consent was finally won. Under the Swedish constitution the Prince was required to renounce his right of succession to the throne, he was no longer to be addressed as a Royal Highness, and had to leave the splendid mansion he occupied as a prince of the blood. He was allowed to retain his naval rank, which he had honestly won, and with a small private fortune he began his married life. In order to avoid difficulties of Court etiquette, the marriage was solemnized in England, and it has proved an exceedingly happy one.

One common interest drew the young couple into closer union. Miss Munck was an earnest Christian, and she found that her sailor prince had also given his heart to Christ. He told her how, during a tour in Palestine, he had meditated deeply on our Lord's life and teaching: and amid the scenes hallowed by his footsteps during his earthly life, he had consecrated his life to Christ's service. Miss Munck loved him all the more for this resolve, and has loyally and earnestly served with him in every good work. The young couple gave themselves heartily to the cause, and scarcely a week passed without the princess being heard in some mission, or in some social gathering, pleading with sinners to seek Christ. Later, in deference to his father's wish, these public addresses were discontinued, but the royal preacher devoted himself all the more earnestly to the work of the Y. M. C. A. and to other services that the King did not oppose.

A SWEDISH MAID

One sphere of labor to which Prince Bernadotte has taken a deep and active interest is missionary effort among the inhabitants of Lapland. These Lapps differ in race from the Swedes as much as our Indians differ from us and are very much in the same relation. It is believed that they are of Mongolian stock, and they are wedded to a nomadic life. Even in winter, with the thermometer forty degrees below zero, they live and sleep in tents, which, often being made of nothing better than old sacks, are a poor protection from the intense cold. They dress in reindeer skin, and have the roughest manners. The kind of life they led precluded all knowledge of civilization, and in all religious matters they were ignorant and indifferent. But in 1894 one Lapp woman was led to Christ, and she gave so shocking a description of the mental and moral condition of her people that the Woman's Missionary Society sent a missionary to them.

The effort to evangelize the Lapps was laughed to scorn by people familiar with their condition. More than one intimated that a mission to dogs or cattle would not be more futile. For two years there was no result at all, but in 1897 a beginning of the harvest appeared. A young man named Lars Pulsson was converted, and he immediately took active part in spreading the Gospel among his people. He had a singularly beautiful voice, and his singing of Gospel hymns had a thrilling effect in the services. All this time Prince Bernadotte had been directing and encouraging the workers, and now he and the princess traveled northwards, and in spite of the hardships and repulsive conditions, spent some months in active missionary work. His high position, his evident sincerity, and his warm sympathies displayed in the people won their hearts, and the cause of Christ made marked progress. The prince and princess penetrated far into the winter, distributing Christian literature, visiting the people in their tents, and speaking at meetings wherever the people could be collected together.

PRINCE OSCAR BERNADOTTE AND HIS LAPP HELPERS STUDYING THE MAP

A USEFUL LIFE CLOSED

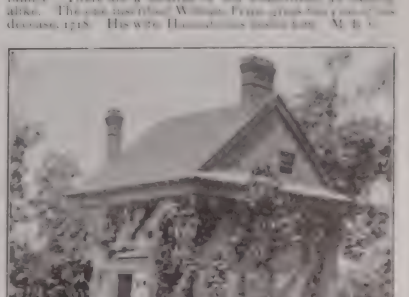
Mrs. Spurgeon, the Widow of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, Passes Away

THE LATE MRS. C. H. SPURGEON

AFTER more than eleven years of widowhood, the beloved wife of the eminent Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the mother of the present pastor, has been called to her reward. To one who loved so intensely as she did, and who was beloved by her devoted husband so tenderly, his death must have been a crushing blow. Thirty seven ...ears she had been his companion, sharing his most intimate ...houghts, counselling him, cheering him and helping him; ...hile all the time an invalid, herself suffering severely and ...nable to leave her home. His occasional references to her ...n his sermons and speeches, showed how close was the tie ...etween them. Yet, after his death, she wasted no time in unavailing sorrow, but sought more extended usefulness. She made plans for enriching the libraries of poor ministers, and in other ways continuing the charitable work in which he had been so active. Her life was busier than before, and one hopes that in her work she found consolation in her sad bereavement. An intimation is given in the brief cable message announcing her death, that it was in part precipitated, if not directly caused, by exposure in an effort to promote one of the Tabernacle undertakings, in which she took a deep interest. It is very probable, for she was a most unselfish woman. Her late husband said that it was at her suggestion, that the $20,000 which his church gave the couple on their silver wedding celebration was not kept for themselves, but divided between the Pastor's College, the Orphanages, and other institutions that Mr. Spurgeon had organized. She will be sorely missed by thousands of people whose wants she had supplied, but as it was with the Apostle, for herself "it is far better."

The Home of William Penn

ONE of the pleasing reminiscences of a tour through England, is a day spent at Jordan's, the burial place of William Penn, Founder of Pennsylvania. A drive in a coach and four-in-hand, through the most charming woodland lanes in the outskirts of London, brings us to this historic spot. Many Americans make this detour, by way of Chalfont Avon at last reach what looks like an ordinary red brick cottage, but on closer inspection it proves to be an old Quaker meeting-house, very much restored on the exterior. The gallery inside was so constructed, that by pushing forward a certain portion of the woodwork, it was made part of the private house, and looked like an ordinary room. Tradition states that in times of persecution the Quaker women assembled in this gallery, and when the place was visited by soldiers the woodwork was closed up, and only the most ordinary worshiping below were subject to arrest. The Quakers had no two galleries, or two meetings, as Sunday. Suffering this old meeting house, is the quaint little place of the Penn family. There are a number of old monuments of course alike. The one to Wm. Penn states that he died ... decease, 1718. His wife, Hannah Penn, died ... M.D.



FIRST HOUSE BUILT BY [illegible]

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Defective Preaching

SOME of the daily newspapers are discussing, with the aid of letters from their readers, the cause of the prevalent agnosticism and scepticism. The opinion of the majority, both of the correspondents and the editors, appears to be that the chief cause is the absence of religious teaching in our public schools. If the question under discussion had been one of morality, this opinion would have been more relevant than it is; but we doubt if any kind of teaching in the public schools would avail to check scepticism. The utmost that could be expected of the teachers, in view of the fact that Jews, as well as all denominations of Christians, are represented among the pupils, is the law of God as the basis of a moral life. All doctrine, and all theology are necessarily excluded because of the attitude of the parents, who would resent their child being taught doctrines which they regard as erroneous.

The real reason for the agnosticism and scepticism, which, by the way, are not so prevalent as some of the writers believe, is much more likely to be the one to which Dr. Patton recently called attention in his inaugural as President of Princeton Theological Seminary. It is the absence from the preaching most popular in our day, of emphasis on the doctrine of the Incarnation. Without directly denying the divinity of Jesus, there is a tendency in the pulpit to dwell chiefly on the human side of his nature, and to hold him up as a philosopher, or a great teacher, rather than as Deity incarnate, as One who had a right to speak with authority. This is doubtless a rebound from the teaching of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries, which, to some extent, ignored the human aspect and kept the Divine prominent. The wide popularity of Prof. Seeley's *Ecce Homo* started the movement, the effect of which is still felt, and which has been accelerated by the Higher Criticism. The result, as President Patton observes, is to eliminate the very essence of Christianity, and to transform it from a religion to a philosophy. The Incarnation is the basis for the doctrine of the Atonement, and preachers are incurring a grave responsibility if they fail to make that fact clear. When a man ceases to regard Christ's suffering as vicarious; when he no longer thinks of him as "God manifest in the flesh," he has lost the power which radiates from the Cross, and is liable to drift into scepticism and agnosticism. If ministers are responsible for many of their hearers traveling that arid road, the sooner they change their course the better for the church.

Euthanasia

MISSIONARIES and other writers, who have traveled much and have come into contact with strange peoples and customs, tell us that in some of the islands of the South Pacific, before the natives became Christianized, it was customary to put aged men and women to death, when they had become a burden to their relatives. In one island, a certain cliff had become famous as the place from which a large number of those aged incapables had been flung headlong to their death on the rocks below. Among the lowest types of savages in Africa, it is asserted, members of a tribe who had reached an age when bodily infirmities prevented them from fighting or hunting, met a somewhat similar fate. But even among savages, this frightful and unnatural crime seems to have been rare. Ties of blood and natural affection are so strong, even among the lowest races, that the suggestion of the murder of helpless kindred is viewed with inconceivable horror and aversion.

If the civilized and Christianized Maori shudders with shame and sorrow at the recollection of those days when his savage progenitors slew their old men and women, what would he think, were he told that the proposition to put to death the helpless aged and the incurably sick had been made by a Christian minister, before an enlightened assemblage, in a land which boasts of its civilization and its humanity? How would the converted heathen in Africa, India, Arabia, or among our own red men, regard it? Yet it was only the other day that a clergyman of the Unitarian church in New York, appeared before the State Medical Association and, in all seriousness, advocated "euthanasia"—an easy means of putting incurables to death—as a merciful and "scientific" method of disposing of the helpless and the hopelessly invalid. He would have the consent of the relatives, of course, he explained, and of the patient as well; and eminent physicians and clergymen should superintend the act. Such a course, he urged, "would be a step forward in civilization."

It would be charitable to conclude that a suggestion at once so un-Christian, so diabolic and so barbarous, emanated from a disordered brain. Such seems to have been the impression of the auditors present at the meeting, for the gospel of scientific murder met with instant rebuke, as might have been expected. It is the glory of the medical fraternity to-day, that its skill has been widely blessed as a means of alleviating pain, curing disease and prolonging life. In ancient times, certain of the heathen cities provided facilities where persons who had made failure of life and were resolved to die, could resort to euthanasia—the painless death—avoiding all publicity. Those were the days of spiritual darkness and of a rude, Christless, inhuman civilization. Let us thank God that we are living in better and kindlier times.

It is written, "Thou shalt not kill," and "All that a man hath will he give for his life." "All the days of my appointed time," said Job, when he was urged to do self-murder, "will I wait, until my change come." Only the fool rushes rashly into the presence of his Maker, and only a madman could have advocated euthanasia, voluntary or involuntary, in a Twentieth Century assembly, and in the name of science. Old or young, sick or well, it is ours to await the Divine pleasure as to the moment when our spirit shall quit its mortal tenement forever.

The Unpopular Neighbor

THERE are few villages or towns which have not somebody within their circuit who is unpopular. The man pays his rent or his taxes, and goes regularly to business. So far as can be discovered, he is a good husband and a kind father, and as a citizen he is irreproachable. Yet, poor fellow, he is a sort of social misfit. On the train he stays by himself. At the station he is on the edge, not in the middle, of the pleasant drifting, neighborly talk, that is so genial and spontaneous. Looking at him, with his gloomy, reticent face, his cynical manner, you feel sure that he keeps a cross dog chained in his back yard, and you think the dog may be allowed freedom to prowl about the moment dusk gathers over the streets, so that you prefer to go round the block rather than to pass the man's guarded door.

Unpopularity is often caused by the reserve, or the moodiness, or the discouragement of a man or woman who fails to get in touch with the world. The ability to keep step is wanting. On the march, the comrades easily hold the pace; but the odd and alien nature, which does not comprehend comradeship, is on the outside, lags behind, is apt to misunderstand others and to be misunderstood. Pathetically forlorn is the situation when a man yearns for sympathy, when a woman envies those who receive and give it, and yet lacks the secret that wins and retains humanity's liking.

Were one, aware of unpopularity, honestly to seek an improvement and a mitigation of its hampering circumstances, the first essential would be self-forgetfulness. To put self wholly into the background and keep it there, would be most helpful toward the end desired. Next, the obvious course would be to become deeply interested in others, so deeply that their comfort and well-being would be an object of very earnest solicitude. Finally, a measure of common sense would indicate the propriety of ignoring manifest unpopularity and behaving as if one were the reverse, were desired, and appreciated and beloved. People take us largely at our own valuation. More ground is lost by drawing into one's shell and brooding over one's deficiencies, than can be made up in the brief span of earthly life. As a rule, we should "look forward and not back, look up and not down, look out and not in, and lend a hand." Following these aphorisms of wisdom, and making them the chart of our progress, we shall need no danger signals against the reefs of unpopularity.

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A Marvelous Premium Offe

EVERY home should own an up-to-date encyclope dia. Hardly a day passes but some subjec some town, or some person is mentioned, that require "looking up." Wives and husbands ask each othe questions, and children ask parents questions, whic cannot be intelligently answered offhand. At suc times an encyclopedia must be consulted, and it mus be an up-to-date work in order to give satisfaction. W live in a wide-awake age; conditions change quickly and only Twentieth Century information can mee Twentieth Century requirements.

About five years ago Queen Victoria, Gladstone Salisbury, Bismarck, McKinley and Pope Leo wer prominently in the public eye—to-day they have al passed from the scene, and others have come to th front. Twenty years ago the telephone and electri light were in their infancy; the X-ray, trolley, auto mobile, acetylene, color photography, and wireles telegraphy had not been heard of; while the Cuban War the Boer War, Boxers, Dowieism, the Panama Cana Purchase, the Hague Tribunal and the Alaska Bound ary Decision, were one and all unknown even a few years ago; yet who can to-day claim to be reasonably well in formed without an intelligent acquaintance with these im portant phases in national and international development

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Tombs of Ancient Kings

IN a European journal, the announcement is made of the discovery of two important tombs in Persia. One of these is the tomb of Cyrus, who gave the Hebrews permission, after the seventy years captivity, to return and rebuild Jerusalem. The tomb was known in Persia as that of the mother of Solomon. Inscriptions, however, discovered by two travelers, prove it to have been the veritable tomb of Cyrus. It stands on seven courses of white limestone, composed of enormous blocks. The walls and ceiling consist of similar blocks, beautifully fitted together. It was originally surrounded by a colonnade, the bases of the columns of which, are still visible. The second discovery was made near Puzeh, where four tombs were found. One of them is undoubtedly that of Darius, the patron of Daniel. Its date is said to be about 485 B.C. An inscription in three languages was found, which clearly identifies the tomb as that of the king who was outwitted by the princes, and induced to sign the decree which sent Daniel to the den of lions, where he was miraculously preserved. All four tombs are cut out of the solid rock; the others are believed to be those of Xerxes, Artaxerxes and Darius II. They are not so elaborate as the tomb of Darius, and there are no inscriptions to indicate for whom they were constructed, but there is a strong presumption that they were for the above mentioned potentates. All the tombs, including that of Cyrus, have been broken open, and their contents carried away. It is, however, something to have seen the stone receptacles of the bodies of kings so celebrated in secular as well as in Biblical history. It is now twenty-three centuries since the latest of those kings was laid in the sepulchre now identified; but though empires have risen and fallen, and powerful dynasties have passed away since then, the words he uttered in solemn proclamation to his people still remain the watchword of history, true in all past time, and true through all eternity.

He is the living God, steadfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end (Daniel 6: 26).

A Crew Saved

The steamer *Verona*, which has arrived at New York from Japan, brought in a picturesque group of men who had been taken off a sinking vessel in mid ocean. They belonged to the bark *Talavera*, which sailed from Uruguay for Spain with a cargo of lumber. There were fifteen of them in all, including the captain of the bark. They say that they had been several days out and were making a prosperous voyage, when suddenly they ran into a hurricane, which broke the masts short at the deck. The vessel was so strained by the shock and the bombardment of the high seas, that she sprang a leak and began to settle. They tried to stop the leak, but in the storm nothing could be done. They were all busy baling day and night to keep afloat, until they were completely worn out. Their boats were carried away by the waves, and even had they remained they could not have lived in the storm. The forward part of the vessel was under water and the crew huddled aft, exhausted by labor and exposure, waiting for the death that seemed inevitable. Two days and nights of suspense thus passed, and on the morning of the third day the *Verona* hove in sight. She lowered two boats, which were manned by volunteers, and took all the crew off safely and brought them to New York. The poor men on the sinking bark needed no persuasion to induce them to quit the wretched hulk, in which all they had was contained. They gladly left it when safety was offered them. If men to whom the offer of the Gospel is made, only knew how similar to theirs is their own condition, they, too, would lose no time, and need no pulpit appeals, before they sought safety in Christ:

Let us therefore fear lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it (Heb. 4: 1).

Lost Hidden Wealth

An aged man sits moaning and shedding tears in the house of his son in New York, over the loss of his savings. He was in business for more than fifty years, in a house which was recently condemned, and is now being pulled down. Early in his business career he deposited his savings in a bank. The bank failed, and nearly all his deposit was lost. He declared that he would never trust another bank. He then hid his money in hiding-places he made in the walls and under the flooring of the rooms. Being of an extremely secretive disposition, he would never tell even his own sons the location of these hiding-places. They did not worry over it, as their father had an excellent memory, and, when he needed money in business, always produced it without any difficulty. As he grew older, however, his memory failed him, and sometimes there was a time of searching before he could find his hoard. The difficulty increased during the past year or two. Finally, when the house was condemned and he received notice to vacate, he became anxious. He collected the hoards from every hiding-place he could remember, but suspected that there must be some he had forgotten. He had to leave, at last, and he has plenty of money to live upon, and besides, his son is able and willing to care for him, but that does not console him for his loss, which he estimates at $3,000. So far, the contractor declares that no money has been found; but the old man insists that he is being robbed, and seems likely to worry himself into his grave. Happily, there is no fear of his loss causing him to want the necessaries of life in his old age. His distress is due to the very precautions he took to avoid it. Long ago the Preacher witnessed such cases, and uttered the warning which men still refuse to heed.

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt (Eccles. 5: 13).

Preventing Consumption

The Medical Congress at Cassel, Germany, listened recently with intense interest to a paper by Prof. Von Behring, on the prevention of consumption. The eminence of the Professor, his known conservatism, and the success he has had in the treatment of diphtheria, combined to impress his audience with the possibility of his having discovered a cure for the dread scourge of consumption. The Professor said that his experiments were not yet sufficiently complete to warrant his announcing success, but that he had the highest hopes. His theory is that the seeds of tuberculosis are received in infancy, and that while in many instances they do not take effect, owing to the vigor of the child's constitution, in others, owing to weakness, over-exertion, improper or inadequate food they develop after several years and do their fatal work. He believes that an antidote to the germs exists in the milk of animals which have been rendered immune by the administration of tuberculous virus. He would employ the active principle of the virus, together with the antidote, and thus, as in small-pox and other diseases render the patient practically immune, if the treatment if applied before the development of the germs. Whether the professor's theory is right, time alone can show. We know that to be

THE LARGEST CARGO STEAMER IN THE WORLD

spiritual world the principle could not be successfully applied. The only cure for the dread scourge of sin, which is more to be dreaded than consumption, can come alone from Him who knew no sin.

He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him (II Cor. 5: 21).

A Novel Cargo Steamer

An enormous vessel has just been added to the Dutch mercantile fleet, which is said to surpass in carrying capacity the largest vessels afloat. Its name is the Conveyor, which has been given it because of its identification with the Conveyor district of that name in Sweden. It is capable of carrying a cargo of 14,500 tons. It is 450 feet long, and 58 feet in beam, and has a draught of 25 feet. Its novel feature is in its having no cargo masts, in each of which two derricks are attached, with steam winches. The engineers say that these new appliances will insure the whole cargo of the enormous vessel being discharged in thirty-five hours. It was built at Sunderland, England, for its present owners, Messrs. William Muller & Co., for the transport of iron ore from Oxelosund, Sweden, to Rotterdam. It is only another illustration of the characteristics of our times, which is seen in the adaptation of means to ends regardless of grace or beauty of form. One could wish that some of our preachers, who are more careful about their style and eloquence than about the effect of their sermons in the salvation of souls, would adopt this principle. The rule adopted by the Apostle which was effectual in his day, would have that result now.

We ought never to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith (Rom. 12: 3).

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED TOMB OF CYRUS

TOMBS OF DARIUS AND HIS ROYAL SUCCESSORS

BRIEF NOTES

The Christian Missionary Society of the Church of the Disciples has appointed Charles G. Hill, M.A., of Ireland, into the field now in charge of Prof. Thos. Van Ess, A.M., D.D. and Dr. S. C. Kennedy, of Canada.

Dr. George E. Dawson has just returned from the Philippines after a visit of six months to the missionary fields in those islands. Last Sunday he spoke at the Second Presbyterian church, Brooklyn.

A report of the past season in South Russia, the country that during the summer has been overrun by a terrible famine, says that the harvest is the worst in the history of the country. A large number of cattle have died, and the people are in a deplorable condition.

Dr. Lorimer Fison, the missionary pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of New York, has completed his studies for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He has been pastor of the church for three years, and has also been pastor of the Asbury church, Brooklyn.

A witness in a recent trial held in connection with the Rev. Thomas Dixon's sermon in the Grand Opera House, New York, against the theatre, testified that Edward Rice, the actor, had been a total abstainer for a long time, owing to the influence of Dr. Dixon.

WHY PASTOR SPURGEON NEVER VISITED AMERICA

He Dreaded the Feting and Feasting Ordeal

BY THE
REV. THOMAS SPURGEON

He was Afraid of Being "Killed with Kindness"

WHY did not C. H. Spurgeon visit America? Echo answers, "Why?" Nobody seems to know for certain. The question is propounded to me almost every Sunday during the summer months in my vestry at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and, although I think I know something of the matter, I have not found it easy to answer in a word or two. So I have been thinking upon and searching into the subject, and here are some of my musings and findings.

C. H. SPURGEON

It is not to be wondered at that there are people in both the Old World and the New who marvel that the great preacher never crossed the Atlantic. Most of the famous men of the United States have visited Britain, and not a few of England's leading teachers have journeyed to America and through the States. Moreover, such a welcome has been accorded to them that others might well have been tempted to do likewise.

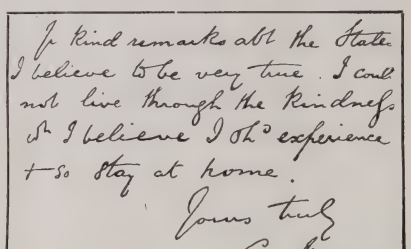
C. H. Spurgeon was popular in America almost from the first. Dr. Armitage said of him, "He carries the least amount of religion possible in the whites of his eyes, but a living well of it in the depth of his soul." The circulation of his sermons in the States was enormous as soon as they began to be published, and although it received a decided check at a certain stage, it soon recovered and continued very large. The prejudices which beset the young Nonconformist preacher in his own land could not exist in the freer atmosphere where Church and State were not joined together in unholy alliance, and where freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience was the happy heritage of all the people.

Of course, those who read his sermons with delight longed to hear his voice, the more so when they learned something of what a bell-like voice it was. So it came to pass that the hope was early cherished that his readers might become his hearers; that those who profited by the printed page might see him face to face. When an American journal said, "Mr. Spurgeon is as much an object of interest in the United States as in his native land, and there is an intense desire to see him," it voiced the general feeling of the country. That Americans were interested in his ministry was plainly proved by the crowds that flocked to hear him.

There was a sort of American quarter in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on the extreme left of the rostrum, in the lower gallery, with sprightly little Miss Bonser as attendant—the only feminine seat-steward that the Tabernacle has ever boasted. How alert and nimble she was! She was delighted with these visitors from afar, and, if I mistake not, they were pleased with her courtesy and attention. They would appreciate, too, the special and appropriate prayer of the pastor, Sunday by Sunday, for "our kin across the sea." Most felicitously, yet with manifest earnestness, he poured out his soul in supplication for our sister nation. Let me quote a specimen or two which have been preserved. "Remember in great mercy our beloved brethren from the United States, and let their churches prosper, and the kingdom of Christ come among them." "Lord bless our sister countries, where Christ is preached as here—preached in our own dear mother tongue. God bless them!"

The references as a rule were brief, but there was no mistaking the cordial feeling which prompted them. Strangers felt at home at once in a place where their own home was named in fervent prayer, and their hearts warmed towards the preacher who, in the multitude of his thoughts within him, could find space for a definite petition for those who came from a far country.

It has been thought by others that Mr. Spurgeon so dreaded the voyage that that in itself sufficed to keep him in Europe. True, he did not delight in voyaging, but I think it was rather in view of the confinement involved than because of fear of either danger or sickness. He crossed our choppy channel twice yearly, without hesitation, and when he has been yachting on the east coast of Scotland, he has not proved himself to be "a bad sailor." He used, I must confess, to quote to me, when I was setting sail for Australia, Dr. Johnson's famous saying, to the effect that making a voyage was like going to prison with a chance of being drowned; but I do not believe that either the prison or the peril, or both combined, would have prevented him, had he distinctly heard the call of God.



Facsimile reproduction from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's letter giving his reasons for not visiting America

But was he ever invited? Indeed he was. Lecture agents did their very best to secure him. The redoubtable Major Pond was most anxious to add him to his long and noteworthy list, but could not obtain so much as an interview. To all suggestions of the sort, accompanied by amazingly generous terms though they were, he turned an absolutely deaf ear. Moreover, it was abundantly evident that he said "Nay" to these proposals without the shadow of a regret. He would, I verily believe, have preferred not to be approached with such requests; and I am by no means sure but that, if there ever was any thought with him of visiting the States, it was quenched rather than kindled by these splendid offers.

They, perhaps, are nearer the mark who have concluded that he felt unable to leave his varied work. "I am chained to the oar," he himself often said to those who besought him to come their way. He might well say that. His college, his orphanage, his colportage association claimed constant attention. His own church numbered five thousand members, and the care of a multitude of other churches rested upon him. His sermons (carefully revised by himself), were issued weekly by week, and his magazine, *The Sword and the Trowel*, of which he was by no means the nominal editor, appeared every month. His literary work occupied all his leisure (?) time. At Mentone, whither he resorted every year, he continued to be in touch with his work. Further afield he would have been ill at ease about it. Personally, I believe that the real secret lay just here. He was wedded to his work and loved it too well to leave it. Allied to this devotion to the multifarious works, most of which he had called into being, was a decided shrinking, especially in later years, from the excitement consequent on the assembling together of very great crowds. Moreover, the very idea of "starring" was utterly abhorrent to him, and he objected to being lionized as much as Dr. Judson, "The Apostle of Burmah," did, of whom it is recorded that, during a visit to America, he disappointed certain of his audiences by not sufficiently emphasizing his adventures and achievements, and who confessed that the greatest favor he could ask of his Christian friends would be to permit him to return as soon as possible to his home on the banks of the Salwen. Feting and feasting were not at all to C. H. Spurgeon's mind, and interviewing he could not tolerate. Had he ventured on a tour, he would have felt obliged to accept invitations and to attend receptions, even though they were proving disasteful to his heart and injurious to his health, for he would have wished to avoid appearing discourteous to any, at all costs. He therefore deemed it wiser to refrain from visiting that country, which of all lands would certainly have given him the warmest possible welcome. So sure was he of the extreme interest and unbounded kindness of the Americans, that this very assurance helped to decide him not to run the risk of overtaxing his strength, and of possibly having to disappoint an expectant people after all. He declined many urgent requests to journey to Australia, where his reception would have been not less hearty than it would have proved in the United States, on similar grounds. Concerning that country, I remember that one of his admirers assured him that if he would but come to Melbourne the very kangaroos would come hopping into town from "the mallee scrub" up-country to hear him preach. And yet he kept away!

That he himself took the view of the matter which I have emphasized is pretty plainly proved by a characteristic word of his own which forms the postscript of a private letter to a correspondent who had evidently broached the subject. The letter itself is on quite another theme. I give the laconic sentence as it stands in the letter, after the well known signature. It constitutes at once a tribute to the American people, and the great preacher's own answer to the question, "Why did not C. H. Spurgeon visit America?"

AID FOR THE MACEDONIANS

Miss Ellen Stone, the Famous Missionary, Appeals in their Behalf

IF ever there was an illustration of returning good for evil, and thus heaping "coals of fire" upon the heads of those who have done wrong, it is to be found in the letter from Miss Ellen M. Stone, the famous missionary, which we print below. The story of Miss Stone's abduction by Macedonian brigands, some two years ago, her imprisonment in the mountains, with Mme. Tsilka as her companion in suffering, and her final release, after a heavy ransom had been exacted by her abductors, is still fresh in the minds of our readers. Since then, the terrible outbreak of war in Macedonia has decimated the population of Monastir vilayet, where Miss Stone was made prisoner, and the district where she suffered so much is now a scene of bloodshed and incendiarism. Thousands of the people are homeless and starving. Putting aside all resentment, and without even referring to her own perilous experience, Miss Stone appeals to the sympathy of the American people in behalf of the Macedonians, who are now fighting for freedom from Turkish rule. Here is her letter:

"9 CRESCENT AVENUE,
"CHELSEA, MASS., October 20, 1903.

"*To the Editor of The Christian Herald:*

"It gives me pleasure to forward to you the enclosed appeal, from the Bulgarian Evangelical Society. The names signed are all names of well-known pastors and business men of standing in the churches and communities where they reside.

"God grant that this appeal on behalf of the Christians who have so long suffered under their Moslem rulers, and whose situation is now indescribably terrible, may reach hearts tender to pity them, and resolute to intercede for them with an insistence which takes no denials.

"Very truly yours, ELLEN M. STONE."

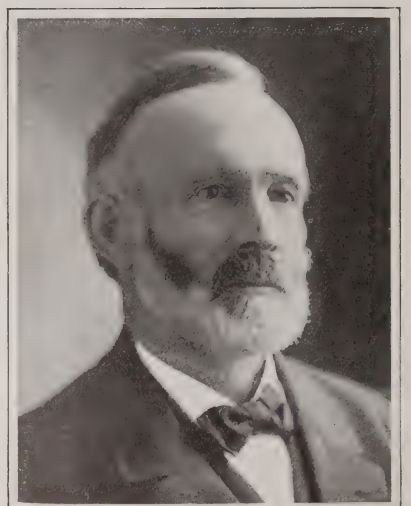
The appeal enclosed in Miss Stone's letter recites the condition of affairs in Macedonia, and says:

The present assassination of thousands of Christians, and the destruction of hundreds of villages with their Christian church buildings, is a triumph of Mohammedan fanaticism over the Christianity and Christian civilization of the twentieth century. Shall our Christian faith be trodden under foot by Mohammedanism? Will God's people all over the Christian world remain silent and irresponsive to the bitter cries of the dying ones in Macedonia?

Dearly beloved in Christ, through the native Bulgarian Evangelical Society, which for twenty-eight years has been a power for good among the European provinces of Turkey, the Protestant churches in Bulgaria, together with their auxilliaries—the Sunday Schools, the Christian Endeavor Societies, and other Christian organizations, pray you most earnestly to raise your united voices, and ask your Governments to take such timely measures, with the Christian states of Europe, as shall put a stop to the horrible atrocities and the rapid extermination of the Christian population in Macedonia.

The signers are J. J. Sefchanoff, president of the Bulgarian Evangelical Society and pastor of the Protestant Church, Philippopolis, Bulgaria; A. S. Tsanoff, vice-president, and editor of the paper *Zornitsa*; Vulko J. Shopoff, general manager of the Society; M. N. Popoff, treasurer of the Society, and pastor of the Protestant Church, Sophia; Dimiter N. Furnajieff, secretary, and pastor of the Protestant Community in Kustendil, and J. M. Tsakoff, pastor of the Protestant Church in Haskovo.

Contributions in aid of the refugees, sent to this journal, will be forwarded to Dr. J. F. Clarke, the well-known American missionary in Samokov, Bulgaria. Dr. Clarke's portrait appears on this page.



REV. J. F. CLARKE, SAMOKOV, BULGARIA

To whom contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the relief of Macedonian refugees have been forwarded.

"The White Door"

Miss Harriet Irwin, Head Worker of "The White Door," the Gospel Settlement at No. 211 Clinton street, New York, writes in acknowledgment of the contributions received in aid of the work. She adds:

"We have an attendance of 848 a week, from the children of three years in the kindergarten, up through kitchen garden, sewing, basketry classes and art, city history, parliamentary law, Happy Hour Clubs, of girls and boys and young women, to grandmothers of sixty and seventy in the Mothers' Club, and we need equipment. Such happy classes and clubs! If you could see where your generous gifts have been placed, I am quite sure you would be satisfied."

Drawing-Room Talks

By MARGARET BOTTOME

Character Building in Children

CURRENT events are not in themselves of as much importance as what we get out of them. In our daily papers, the current is swift and the events are not always pleasing; but what they mean is of the utmost importance to us.

I was at the ocean during the recent stormy weather, and through it all was learning very important lessons. I noticed my hostess took comfort, all through the hours of the fierce gale in the fact that the house was well built. To be sure, the shutters were blown off and the windows broken; but even when the house shook a little, she said, "I am sure of the good foundation of this house." It stood the storm. It was well built, with no gingerbread adorning.

I do not know what storms and hurricanes are for but to make somebody stronger, and to my mind the one thing that needs to be strengthened is God-like character—a character that will stand the strain that life puts upon it. Our house of character must be well built. The foundation must be sure. There is no question about the storms that are ahead—storms of temptation, that will try character to the utmost.

In the storm I have mentioned, I thought of one cottage after another that I felt very doubtful about. I had sat on the porch of a house only a few hours before, and had said, "How this house has been neglected! It looks as if it has not had a fresh coat of paint in years." The woodwork looked rotten, and I said, "How can it stand a hurricane?" I afterward saw the woodwork lifted and strewn into slivers on the lawn.

But all such damage is very small; carpenters and painters will soon remedy it. But how about the devastation after a gale of passion? I see boys and girls who are not taken care of by fathers and mothers, and who receive no lessons of self-denial and no laying of foundation-stones. Never shall I forget the face of my mother when, looking at me with suffering eyes—for she suffered more than I did—she said I had told an untruth. "Now," she said, "I shall never know after this whether to believe you or not." She made the fact awful by her sadness. I said: "Oh, mother, do not say that! I will not do it again." But she did not smile. She looked at me, and I remembered what she had said. "I shall not know when to believe you." She laid a foundation-stone then. The memory of her and her words I have never forgotten.

Look out mothers—all the clubs, even mothers' clubs. All you hear or say is not to be compared in importance with the care of the moral character of your children. I have known of temperance women, so-called (who were not temperate), who made their boys hate the word "temperance," because it was associated with the absence of home comforts and the only nights without a mother's company. If others have a right to speak to mothers, I feel that I have such a right even more. I have lived a long life, have experienced much, and observed much, and have a right to speak a word of warning to the mothers of this generation. If you forget everything in the Bible, don't forget this: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If you sow neglect, you will reap neglect. If you sow to the spirit, you will reap spirit. If you have such a weak love (that is not worthy of the name of love), that it makes you feel you cannot deny your child anything—cannot teach it that self-denial is one of the most valuable in the school of life—do not be surprised in after days if it will not deny itself what it wants, even though it should belong to another. It has been used to have everything it wanted. Can you be surprised that the seed you sowed has brought forth fruit?

I am not pleading for unloving severity, but for loving severity. I once saw a child of only a few summers disciplined by a mother whom the child adored. He did something she told him not to do. It was not much, but he was disobedient: and when he came bounding in, hungry for his supper, and the delicious odor of the food made the child dance for joy, the mother met him in the hall and calmly said, "Go to your room. You know you ought not to do so and so, and yet you disobeyed me. I will send you up bread and water for your supper." The cry of that child I shall never forget. I did not feel that I could go in to supper. I looked at the mother when she did not see that I was studying her, and I saw how it had cost her to do her duty. The child was the very apple of her eye. He did not touch the supper. Never since I forget the look of that child when I went in to kiss him good night. The storm was over. He was eating his bread and water, and with such a hearty voice he said, "Oh, this is so good! I never tasted anything so good." I learned afterwards that when that mother punished both her children for quarreling, they climbed into her lap and kissed the tears from her face and asked for forgiveness for grieving her so. That woman may live to see them grow up, and she may not, but she is making their characters for time and eternity. She denied herself in denying them.

Some one has asked me, this week, to give my voice against this marrying for money or title. Ah, the flower is only the fruit of the tree! It is the real truth—"Whatsoever a man (or woman) soweth they shall reap." If the daughter has had it instilled in her that money or title is the one thing needful, how can you expect that such a daughter should not follow the teachings she has received?

Sometimes I like to turn Scripture around a little. St. Paul said, in writing to Timothy, "When I call to remembrance the faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and in thy mother Eunice, I am persuaded it is in thee also." You see it was heredity, and to-day it could be said of many: "When I call to remembrance the frivolity that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother and then in thy mother, I am persuaded is in thee also."

Frivolous mothers and frivolous grandmothers have done all the business.

STILL SOUL-WINNING UNDER CANVAS

ALTHOUGH the open-air evangelistic season in the Eastern and Middle States has practically closed, tent work is still going on in several localities. Gospel services are being held with great and deepening interest at Marietta, Pa., conducted by Evangelist Robert E. Johnston, of Chicago. He has an idea that smaller towns, as well as cities, can be reached with an open-air Gospel, and the past summer has been greatly blessed in meetings of earnest spirit. His tent was first pitched at Alvia, Tex., where two hundred and sixty conversions were reported. He uses a large brown khaki drill tent. It seats nine hundred, but has never been large enough. At Mount Joy, hundreds heard the Gospel through the canvas, who could not get inside for the crowd. On the October Communion Sabbath, many converts were taken into the six churches that had united in calling the evangelist. Mother Lehman, aged ninety-nine years, was an interested attendant at the tent meetings. The majority of the converts were men, some of them the leading business men of the town. There was an absence of all claptrap methods, and a fervent spirit pervading all the meetings.

SINGER J. R. HEMMINGER — EVANGELIST ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

A GOSPEL SERVICE AT THE GREAT KHAKI GOSPEL TENT AT MARIETTA, PA.

Mr. Johnston looks for practical results from his meetings. During the Mount Joy meetings, the Milk Dealers' Association advertised they would sell no milk on Sunday, but would deliver sufficient quantities Saturday nights. The butchers followed this example. Then the icemen and the bakers stopped selling and delivering on the Lord's day, and even the barbers fell in with the Sabbath observance idea. Four hundred and fifty persons went over in a body from the Mount Joy meetings to help start the meetings at Marietta, carrying with them the warmth and fervor of the revival that had stirred their own town.

The large tent now used at Marietta measures sixty by ninety feet. For the fall it is fairly warm, but the evangelist is planning for a large movable tabernacle for winter use, which will seat from fifteen hundred to two thousand people. There has become awakening to all the towns where the tent has been erected.

Mr. Johnston was born of Christian parents, at Keyser, W. Va. His mother was a saintly and consistent Christian, and it was the prayer of her life that her son might preach Jesus. He attended meetings held by Evangelist Fite, and later he and his wife were converted, and he began at once to carry God's message to others. He went as a student to Moody's Bible Institute, and traveled with Evangelist Fite as leader of singer. Later he entered upon the practice of work as evangelist. He has labored in many different States. His tent singer is Mr. J. R. Hemminger, formerly teacher and choir-leader in a wealthy Presbyterian Church. Mr. Hemminger has accompanied Mr. Johnston, and has sung the Gospel with blessing where sermons would not be listened to.

Mr. Johnston says his present tent was given to him in answer to prayer, and he believes he will get the larger tabernacle in the same way.

W. J. P.

OSCAR, THE RAGGED NEWSBOY

A Homeless Boys' Commonwealth

And How a Little, Wandering, Ragged Lad became its First Duly Elected President

OSCAR, THE COMMONWEALTH PRESIDENT

BELIEVING in the transforming power of love and kindness, a man who signs himself "A Friend of Boys" has personally undertaken the training of a band of homeless, neglected little lads, who might otherwise have drifted into lives of crime and degradation. He is teaching them the duties of citizenship and the dignity of self-help; giving them an opportunity for moral and mental expansion, and instructing them in truthfulness, honesty and cleanliness. Their little creed is "Always Do Right," and, considering the entire lack of training in early life, they are living up to it wonderfully well.

Mr. Hermon L. Swift, of Kalkaska, Mich., the "Friend of the Boys" in question, with only $18 capital, began his rescue work in 1897. Several years ago he founded Beulah Land Academy, at Charlevoix, Mich., acquiring for that purpose several large hotel buildings and 120 acres of land. "During the past year," said Mr. Swift, "we have received one hundred and forty homeless boys from the streets of our large cities, and given them every opportunity of growing into good Christian men. This seemed to me to be the most practical kind of missionary work."

Beulah Land Academy is really a Junior Co-operative Commonwealth, where every boy is a joint owner from the moment he sets foot upon the farm. It is a government of the boys, by the boys and for the boys. They select from their own number a president, a vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer, and every member goes to the Assembly, which makes the laws.

From the state of being an outcast boy of eleven years, whose sole wardrobe was a man's pair of trousers, cut off at the knees, lapped around the body, and held in place by a rope; no shirt; an apology for a coat, and a ragged cap—to that of being President of a Co-operative Commonwealth—may seem a long step, yet it has been taken by Oscar Weber in less than two years. He was unanimously chosen by the "fellow-citizens" of his Republic, as their first President. Another boy citizen, who has the Presidential bee "buzzing in his bonnet," is now running, under what, to a candidate, might be regarded as a serious handicap. He had even less worldly possessions than President Weber. He had no name, other than "Rusty," up to the time he joined the Junior Republic. Since that time he has acquired the name of Frank, by annexation. His chances of seeing his ambitions realized are good.

Even the finances of the little Commonwealth are conducted by the boys; and everything to be built, bought or sold, must be decided by consent of the Assembly. The financial system is decidedly original. A boy who does his very best, receives three credits per hour, in the pay of the Commonwealth. Ten credits make one merit, ten merits one share. On Thanksgiving Day, the stockholders ascertain the gross profits, from which they deduct the total expenses. The net profits are divided among the shareholders. The boy's money is put in bank, to be drawn only for his start in life when he begins to provide for himself, and goes out to become a citizen of our larger Republic.

Each boy is assigned a plot of about two acres, and all plots front on a lake, called by the boys "The Dead Sea," because it has no visible outlet. The owner is entitled to all that can be made by crops, or wood-cutting on his property, and there is a busy time during recreation hours and on Saturdays, when the boys are not tramping the woods with Mr. Swift, studying natural history.

During summer vacation, another source of added income is from weeding beets on the great beet-sugar farms. Mr. Swift took, at one time, as many as 200 boys to one of these great plantations. Each boy was to have from fifteen to twenty dollars, with a new suit of clothes added for good behavior. At the close of the time for which they were engaged, it was evident that another week's work was needed. The small laborers feared they were being imposed upon, and a "strike" was imminent.

Mr. Swift, however, wisely waited until he could engage their attention quietly. He then made an appeal, which was supplemented by a barrel of candy, a barrel of peanuts, a case of lemons and a big supply of fireworks, from the treasury of the sugar company. The day was won, the work completed and the suit of clothes clause duly fulfilled.

This year, for five weeks, the boys camped near the beet farms of the Charlevoix Sugar Company at Kalkaska, Mich., weeding beets, and made between twenty and thirty dollars apiece. Mr. E. W. Coulter, superintendent of agriculture, said: "The Beulah boys an those from other places, under the care of Mr. Hermon L Swift, have done most excellent work in thinning, weec ing and hoeing. It could not have been done better by men.

While each boy's money was put in bank to his credi they were permitted to contribute, as they felt disposed, t the little Cuban War o phans. They gave in al fifty dollars of their pr cious earnings. One litt fellow said to Mr. Swi that it was the first tim in his life he had ever ha a chance to do somethin for some one else and i just "made him feel goo all over."

Mr. Swift himself open ed his home, at Ba Springs, to four little Cu ban War orphans. Thes little lads had a receptio that fairly overwhelme them. Treasures an gifts had been saved fo weeks to shower upo their little Cubans.

Prof. H. E. Bell, super intendent of City School at Bay Springs, writes in high commendation o Mr. Swift's beneficen work in the Beulah Lan Home. He says the hand of the Lord is in this en terprise of rescuing the homeless waifs from lives of destitution and de pravity, and (under God's guidance) training them for lives of usefulness and Christian citizenship.

The Home is unsectarian, and the pastors of the different churches in Boyne City frequently hold services in the chapel. The wife of one of the wealthy and prominent citizens is in charge of the Junior League. The only requirement for admission is that the applicant shall be a homeless boy and in need of a friend. Every boy is welcome at Beulah Home, whatever his record. Mr. Swift says that he wishes that he could have the "very worst boy that exists in the world to-day and try what a few months of life in Beulah Land Commonwealth would do for him." He believes, from the experience of the last two years with his young charges, that the Beulah system would reform even the worst of boys.

The work, by virtue of its goodness, has gained many friends, but new ones are needed. It is not possible for a work of this character to become self-supporting. Any one who is interested in the work, and who communicates with Mr. Swift at Bay Springs, will be supplied with all necessary information.

A GATHERING OF BEULAH BOYS IN THEIR COMMONWEALTH HOME

THE HOMELESS BOYS AT BEULAH AS A BRIGADE OF FIELD AGRICULTURISTS

The Lutheran Church and the India Orphans

BALTIMORE, August 31, 1903.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, of the Evanglical Lutheran Church, I was directed to officially convey to you its hearty appreciation of your generous support of India Famine Orphans, now in the care of our mission at Guntur, India. In this expression of gratitude, the entire Church heartily unites with the Board. Under separate cover I send you a marked copy of the Biennial Report of the Board, which has just been published. This report was presented to the General Synod. at its recent meeting held in Baltimore, and contains the official action of the Board and the General Synod, on the subject above referred to.

On behalf of the Board,
MARION J. KLINE, *General Secty., B. F. M.*

China Missionaries Grateful

The following voluntary acknowledgment of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S effective relief work in the Kwang-si famine comes from the South China Missionary Conference of the C. and M. A., at Wuchow, and will be read with interest, especially by all those who have aided the relief movement:

"Wuchow, So. China, July 6, 1903.

"LOUIS KLOPSCH, ESQ., Editor THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City.

"*Dear Mr. Klopsch:*—The missionaries of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in South China, assembled in Conference at Wuchow, desire to express their deep appreciation of your prompt response to Consul-Gen. McWade's appeal for help on behalf of the Kwang-si famine sufferers.

"Many expressions of gratitude come to us from the lips of those whom, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S generosity, we have been enabled to relieve. We are sure that this relief work has done much to win for the missionary the confidence and respect of the people, and will afford us opportunities for preaching the Gospel, hitherto unknown.

"You will receive from us a brief account of the famine, which, we trust, will be of interest to yourself and the contributors. In behalf of the Conference,

(Signed) HENRY ZEHR,
BELLA G. FEE, *Committee.*"

People Who Succeed

SUCCESSFUL people must be, in certain aspects of their character, aggressive. The world is full of competitors who risk much to gain its prizes. Those who are contented to sit by the wayside, waiting for a coach to arrive and pick them up, may wait in vain, while the resolute and brave-hearted forge ahead on their own feet. Success is more or less a matter of stern and fearless determination to conquer fate against odds.

It is also a matter of equipment. The person of trained powers in any given field will achieve better results than the one whose skill is small, and whose knowledge is fragmentary. In war times the regulars furnish the better officers, and may be depended upon for seasoned endurance and sturdy opposition, though the volunteers soon catch their spirit and acquire their energy. Discipline is part of the equipment of soldier, athlete, explorer, sailor, diplomat, and business man. Without discipline an army is a mob, and a mob has no permanent success. Mob energy is destructive only. The individual who would succeed in life must have his faculties drilled, so that they serve him like an army, not like a mob.

And success, too, is largely an affair of personality. A winning manner is half the battle in many a man's experience. The man who is modest, confident, conciliatory, and charming, has an immense advantage over his fellow, who is blustering and brusque, or uncertain and vacillating. Granted, a fine equipment, native courage and decision, and an attractive manner, and success is almost assured to the one who is in downright earnest. The dilettante, the woman or the man who does not care, who is willing to drift, reluctant to take the initiative, and imperfectly prepared for the road, will never gain the race, where issues are so positive and odds so tremendous.

Mother and Teacher

"I always invite my children's teachers to dinner two or three times a term," said Mrs. Elwood, as she watched her trio of bright children scampering down the road.

"You do? Why?" Mrs. Redmond was lingering on the doorstep, a plate and a napkin in her hand. These neighbors had a fashion of exchanging delicacies, muffins, puffs, popovers and the like, or dainty moulds of blanc-mange, and lucent tumblers of jelly.

"I have found that the teachers take more interest when they know the homes from which their pupils come, and if I establish friendly relations with them, I can tell them where my children need special help, and guard them from misunderstanding. Little Mabel, who is truth incarnate, was accused of an evasion by the new teacher yesterday, and her feelings were deeply hurt. I would not have had this happen for any money I could have spared, but the trouble was that Miss Owen has been used to untruthful children, and she is young and inexperienced and not acquainted with Mabel. I shall have the teacher here on Saturday, treat her with distinction, and in a tactful way, let her learn my wishes about my little girl."

"Do you find fault with the teacher in the children's presence?"

"Certainly not. That would break down the teacher's authority and impair her influence. I am conscientious in sustaining the teacher, but privately I uphold my children, unless they are in the wrong."

"Well," said Mrs. Redmond, "my children are scrambling along without so much fuss. I have so many things to do that I don't bother about them, beyond seeing that they are washed and dressed, and that they say their prayers night and morning. I can't see where you get time to take notice of every little thing as you do."

"The children's education is the biggest thing I have on hand," said the lady, smiling. "All the rest must wait on that for the next ten years. This is my work, and I have it to do. And I want my children's teachers to have my help in the work they have to do."

"Good-by, dear," said the other mother, hurrying away.

Reading Aloud

To read aloud well is a charming accomplishment. Good reading is, first of all, interpretation. It is the exact conveyance to the mind of the listener of the meaning of the author. Every word should be clearly enunciated, crisp and clean cut as it leaves the reader's lips, but elocution is not needed, nor dramatic pauses and highly-colored effects; they in fact spoil the pleasure of reading for most people.

A wideawake young woman some years ago made a success of reading aloud to parlor audiences, afterward extending her field to halls and churches. She selected stories by popular writers and read them pleasingly without affectation or undue emphasis, studying the art of so managing her voice, that it carried well. She spoke so distinctly that even those who were somewhat deaf found no difficulty in hearing her, and she made a little money for herself in a womanly and refined way of her own choosing.

A young lady, consecrated to the service of her Master, looked about her for opportunities of quietly doing good. She was modest and retiring, and sought unobtrusive ministries. She found some of them in reading to old people whose eyes were dim, and in amusing little children who came to her on Saturday afternoons to hear her story-books that were their delight.

If one would learn to sing, she must pay almost a fortune for her technique, but one who wishes to become a thoroughly fine reader, may do so at the cost of inexpensive lessons; may almost teach herself.

The Children's Grace

Never partake of a meal without rendering thanks for it to God, and let some child in the family ask God's blessing, if the parents do not like to do it themselves. There is special fitness in having the little ones, who are nearest the kingdom of heaven, perform this service.

DUMB FRIENDS

SOME friends who serve and love us,
And at our bidding come,
Are sometimes what we foolishly
Describe as creatures dumb.

THEY speak not with our voices,
Their tongue is not like ours,
But they can love and trust us
And they serve us with their powers.

The Keeping of Accounts

NO thoughtful person can doubt the wisdom of keeping accounts, as well as of preparing them. [illegible] one can afford not to be possessed of [illegible] knowledge as to where the money goes. But to know not only where it goes, but also [illegible] tion of it goes to the various objects of [illegible] we need a special system of accounts. I have devised one so very simple and easy, and yet so satisfactory, that I venture to suggest it to others.

By means of this system I can tell at a glance on any day of the year, just what I have spent since the beginning of the year, on any one of the various kinds of expenditure that may have been required.

Illustration of course is necessary to make this clear, so I will say that taking a rather large blank book I give to several pages the headings, for instance clothing, [illegible] (which doubtless ought to receive a fifth, or more, on [illegible] keeping accounts for a family, one would need pages for food, for fuel, for furniture, etc.

For pages I rule two columns. In the first I put the [illegible] each separate item as the [illegible] the total of pages, thus preserving the additions with every page as I go along, instead of adding a long column at the foot of each page.

Of course this requires [illegible] extra adding and extra writing at the [illegible] which by some may be deemed a disadvantage. But this is slight compared with the satisfaction of knowing all the time just what one has spent and how one stands. I have to my credit at present some eighteen up to the present.

To make my description clearer, I give a specimen or two:

[illegible] PAID FOR FOOD.

July 7...Dr. [illegible] for the week ..... $ 50

July 14...For Fruit, Ice [illegible] ..... 1 [illegible] 25

Aug. ...By Mr. [illegible] ..... 2 [illegible] 50

CLOTHING.

Jan. 1...For CHRISTMAS [illegible] 1 50

Jan. 1...For [illegible] ..... 2 [illegible] 50

Feb. ...For [illegible] ..... 1 [illegible] 25

One can see at a glance what proportion one thing bears to another. The system is a sort of mental aid guide. Whenever one uses it one becomes strongly attached to it and desires to do it, it gives great satisfaction. A. E. H.

Our friend's plan is admirable. We thank her for sending it. Many of our readers would save money if they were to keep accounts of their expenditures. My Lady Our Assistant of LADY HELPFUL HOUSEKEEPING has published a system of household accounts in a very readable small volume, which is as handy pattern as any thing of the kind in existence.

A Word for the Shut-In

[illegible]

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

[illegible]

"THE PSALM MEN LOVE"

DAVID'S TRUST IN GOD

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR NOV. 15
PSALM 23

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--PSALM 23: 1:
"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT"

IN Old Testament times most men were shepherds. Cities were few, and even agriculture was but little developed. The common lot was to make a living from flocks and herds, which were led about over great stretches of unfenced land owned in common by the people of a whole tribe. A shepherd was often alone for days with his sheep, and in the absence of other companions, made friends of them. While the American stockman commonly thinks of his flocks and herds only as so much property, and must drive them when he would change their location, the Oriental shepherd gives to every one of his flock a pet name, and they follow like dogs wherever he leads. The writer has seen a shepherd call his own sheep out of a mixed multitude of many flocks on the hills of Bethlehem. "They know his voice"; but the same word spoken by a stranger would only prompt them to run away in alarm. The Oriental shepherd often has occasion to rescue his sheep from beasts, and robbers, and torrents, and thickets, and so his very rod and club become dear to them. All this came into David's boyhood. He could not fail to remember that the great men of his nation had been shepherds—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses—and then he would think of God, the "Shepherd of Israel," who had led his people like a flock. Of that flock he seemed a lonely lamb on the hills, but the Divine Shepherd, who counts his sheep and knows them by name, he was assured, would not forget him. All that he was to his sheep—leader, provider, defender—God would be to him. And so, harp in hand, he sang: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. I shall not want rest or food. He maketh me to lie down in pastures of tender grass. I shall not want drink. He leadeth beside the waters of rest. I shall not want forgiveness. He reviveth my soul. I shall not want guidance. He leadeth me in the paths of rightness for his name's sake. I shall not want companionship and courage. Yea, though I walk through the valley of deepest darkness, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. I shall not want comfort and defense. Thy rod and thy crook they comfort me. I shall not want victory. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. I shall not want joy. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. I shall not want anything in this world. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. I shall not want anything through all eternity. I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Dr. Fairburn thinks this a psalm of David's boyhood, while Dr. Parker is sure it is an old man's psalm. Both may be right. It would seem as if David must have sung it first in boyhood, but some of its deepest notes he may have added in age. It is in any case equally the favorite of youth and age to-day.

Illustration and Application

I shall not want. Long years after the United States of America had won their freedom, an aged Indian, half naked and famished, wandered into one of the western settlements of "pale faces," begging for food to keep him from starving. He was eagerly devouring the bread a kind hand had given him, when there was noticed round his neck a bright colored ribbon, from which hung a small, dirty pouch. The poor old redskin was questioned as to what it was, and he stated that it was a charm given to him in his young days after he had been fighting for the United States. The giver of the bread asked to see it, whereupon the old Indian handed it over. On opening the pouch there was a faded, greasy paper. And what was it? It was a regular discharge from the army, entitling the Indian to a pension for life, and signed by George Washington himself.

So, many a man is going about with a starving soul, lacking joy and peace and hope, to whom has been given promises that, if he would but claim them, would make him rich for time and eternity. They that trust in the Lord shall not lack any good thing.

The Good Shepherd

		Illustrations	
The good	**S**eeks	Ezekiel 34: 12	His sheep
	Helps	Isaiah 40: 11	
	Enfolds	Ezekiel 34: 14	
	Provides for	Psalm 23	
	Heals	Ezekiel 34: 16	
	Enumerates	Ezekiel 34: 11	
	Remembers	John 10: 14	
	Defends	Ezekiel 34: 22	

The rest of trust. He leadeth me by the waters of rest. Luther, in hours of anxiety about himself, and especially about his great cause, often found comfort from his caged bird, whose cheery notes seemed to say:

Luther, Luther, do not sorrow,
God provideth for to-morrow.

We need to learn the secret of strength, possessed by an old West African negress. She had a bad-tempered, heathen husband, and many difficulties in her Christian life. A missionary asked her if she was never tempted to deny the Lord.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I be. But den, you see, I be the Lord Jesus' property. So when temptation comes 'long, I just looks up quick, and says, 'Great Massa, this property of yours be in danger.' An den he comes and looks after his property his own self. That's why I don't deny him."

Yea, though I walk through the valley of deepest darkness. Such was the valley through which hundreds of Chinese Christians were called to walk during the recent Boxer massacres. The stories of brave martyrdoms from the days of Roman and Roman Catholic persecutions have been matched with equal triumphs of faith in China, as witness the following instances, particularly appropriate to illustrate this Psalm of trust in God's leading hand:

The hot summer sun was shining with great power over Yen Shan, in China, one morning during the late Boxer rising and persecution of native Christians. In the corner of a large field there stood, surrounded by a group of fierce looking men, a letter-carrier named Fan. A hole was hastily dug, and into it, standing upright, they thrust the poor Chinese postman. Then they filled it up with earth to his knees.

"Renounce the foreigners' God," they cried, "and we will spare you." "I cannot," replied Fan firmly. The hole was filled up to above his hips, then a similar offer was made, but it was again decidedly refused. More earth was quickly shoveled in, till only the Chinaman's head was visible. "Now," said the Boxers, "swear to give up your new God and we will let you out, and you shall return to your wife and child." But the Christian answered, "I cannot deny the Lord I love, and who loves me." "Your last chance is gone," said his enemies, as they proceeded to bury him alive. "One more got rid of," said they, when they had finished. "One more received into glory," say we, as we read of Fan's loyalty to his Lord.

Let me tell you of another who witnessed for his Saviour in far-away Yen Shan. He was a gate-keeper, old and odd-looking, but he was known to be a true Christian. He was seized by the Boxers, who bid him sing, saying with taunts that they longed to hear his juvenile voice. A quick glance at them, as they stood round him, armed with swords, then he began to sing brightly, the translation of "He Leadeth Me."

E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

The men applauded loudly and bid him to strike up again. With tuneful heart but cracked old voice, he sang, "Heaven is My Home," to our tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

Can you not picture the scene? The large Chinese city bathed in sunshine. Those angry men, who truly "knew not what they did," surrounding God's aged servant, as with confident faith, and calm, unmoved face, he sang:

There at my Saviour's side,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.

Firmly and joyfully he went through each verse, then, after a round of applause the Boxers fell upon him. But their sword thrusts only sent him into the presence of the King whom, having not seen, he loved.

The above are but two instances of the way in which Chinese Christians who "were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held," glorified their living Lord. Over 230 were killed in Yen Shan city and county alone, and each one was "faithful unto death," some of them through terrible tortures.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me. Many a shepherd has died in rescuing his sheep, type in this of the Good Shepherd who "gave his life for the sheep."

"HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD."

"HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."

In a typical spring evening towards the end of last Ap
had you been strolling along the banks of beautiful L
Naver, the finest sheet of water amid Sutherlandshir
most picturesque mountains, I am sure you would ha
admired a flock of sheep, some lying down so peacefully
the green pastures of a neighboring meadow, some clippi
the tenderest bits of the fresh grass-blades for supper, a
some just trotting about—you know how sheep do—with
occasional long, plaintive "Ba-a" to the sweet little lambs
merrily frisking round them. Doubtless, too, you wou
have specially observed their young shepherd, Alexan
Campbell, such a tall, bright, handsome lad. Though o
twenty-four, Campbell had done grand service with the S
forths in South Africa, and had, in fact, k
recently returned home. Like every tr
shepherd, Campbell knew his sheep indivic
ally. So, before leaving them for the nig
he thought he had better count them over

Were all there? All, except one. Do
into the Loch, this stupid, foolish ewe h
strayed; its poor, wee, frightened lamb ble
ing miserably upon the lonely bank.
course, it had not the sense to get itself out
the water. Perfectly helpless, it needed son
body to take it out. Instantly Campbe
trained, quick eye caught it. Another minu
and you could have seen him, knee-dee
wading through the rippling tide, seizing t
wanderer with strong, yet tender hand, a
turning it, dripping wet, back to *terra firm*

The sheep was saved! But the shepher
I grieve to tell you the most pathetic, tra
sequel. Only some fifteen yards from t
shore lay a hidden, ten-foot deep hole full
water. Quite unaware of it, Campbell su
denly sank, and ere a comrade, who h
watched him from a neighboring rock, cou
rush to the rescue, the heroic young feli
had been drowned. He had literally died
save his sheep.

Shepherded forever. And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. In the gard
of Elizabeth, the wife of Frederick the Gre
there worked a pious man. He had only o
child, and upon this child he had bestow
much care, particularly teaching her abo
Jesus Christ.

"Who is yonder child?" asked Que
Elizabeth, while walking one sunny day
the royal garden at Schonhausen.

"May it please your majesty," replied t
gardener, "that is my daughter."

"She is a bonny little child, and I shou
like to see her in the palace."

The father's heart sank, for palaces a
sometimes far from good places, and he fear
lest his little girl might grow up to forg
all that he had taught her about Jesus. B
the command of the Queen must be obeye
So he brought his little daughter to t
palace-gate, and a page conducted her in
the Queen's presence. Elizabeth was at di
ner, and the ladies of the Court sat with h
A chair was placed for the child close to t
Queen, who watched her with amusement
she stared at the gold and porcelain on t
tables, and at the costly dresses of the gues

"Do you go to school?" asked the Queen.

"No, ma'am, father teaches me."

"And what does your father teach you?"

"He teaches me songs, ma'am."

"Oh, that will amuse us all. We should like to hear so
of the songs your father has taught you."

All the ladies echoed the wish. They waited for the chi
to begin, but she seemed too shy until the Queen encourage
her. Then she folded her hands, and, to the astonishme
of all, she sang in a clear voice:

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Fearless with these pure garments on,
I'll view the splendors of thy throne.

A silence of some seconds followed the singing of th
verse. Tears, even, were to be seen in the eyes of some
the ladies present, and they were all much moved. "A
happy child!" exclaimed the Queen, "You have been we
taught."

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THE STANDARD OF ISRAEL

A NOVEL PRESENTATION OF THE INSIGNIA OF THE TWELVE TRIBES

REV. E. T. SANFORD, of Hackensack, N. J., who recently visited the Holy Land, used in his pulpit a few days ago a unique design, to illustrate the old and new ensign of Israel. In the second chapter of Numbers, it reads: "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house." The Jewish rabbins, who profess to be very particular in their descriptions of everything relating to the ancient customs of Israel, have given details of the standards used by the tribes. Dr. Louthenbourg has represented in a picture the shields of Israel piled together, with sword and spear laid aside, and the fruits of peace growing about them.

Mr. Sanford has arranged, in his design, the shields in the form of a cross. This is the ensign of spiritual Israel. The old story of Constantine and his vision of a cross, has influenced the world greatly in the adoption of a visible standard of the Christian faith. Maxentius, his enemy in Italy, had raised a revolt against Constantine, then in Britain. Constantine realized that, if he succeeded, he must appeal to the God of his mother-Helena, for Maxentius was an inveterate pagan, worshiping the Roman gods. While Constantine was praying in his tent, contemporary writers state, the whole army encamped on the plain of Piedmont, saw an effulgent cross in the heavens, and Latin words stating, "By this thou shalt conquer."

How appropriate the suggestion that, in the prophecy of Jacob dying, he gave also symbols, in his blessings upon his sons. "Joseph is a fruitful bough that hangeth over the wall," suggests a bunch of grapes for the standard of Ephraim, who, though a younger son of Joseph, yet received his blessing, and probably the right to use whatever belonged to Joseph, as one of Jacob's sons. "Benjamin shall raven as a wolf," makes the wolf an appropriate ensign of the tribe of Benjamin, which occupied a small section north of Jerusalem.

The tribe of Reuben has in the design a troubled sea. He was "unstable as water." Simeon and Levi had slain the people of Shechem, and a sword is an appropriate ensign for Simeon, as Levi is not numbered as the founder of one of the twelve tribes. Jacob, dying, said of them: "Instruments of cruelty are in their tents." Another shield of a son of Israel is in this design, and given the central place in the cross, for Christ is spoken of as "The lion of the tribe of Judah." Jacob said: "Judah is a lion's whelp." From Judah came the Christ.

"Issachar is an ass between two burdens." "Zebulun shall be a haven for ships." These two prophecies, concerning the younger children of Leah, by Jacob, have a significance, both in the naming of the children, and the land to be occupied by the tribe bearing the name.

Levi received no place as founder of a tribe, and it is appropriate, in his stead, to give Manasseh an ensign from the prophecy. "He shall become a fruitful people." What more fruitful than the date palm-tree that flourishes and bears much fruit? The children of Bilhah, the handmaid of Rachel, were Dan and Naphtali. Of these Jacob said in his blessing: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way;" "Naphtali is a hind let loose." These two ensigns, of serpent and deer, are accordingly placed upon the shields as an appropriate design for the tribes.

Ephraim—grapes	Zebulun—haven for ships
Benjamin—wolf	Manasseh—palm-tree
Reuben—sea	Dan—serpent
Simeon and Levi—sword	Naphtali—deer
Judah—lion	God—trees standard
Issachar—ass	Asher—royal dish

The two children of Zilpah, the handmaid of Leah, were Gad and Asher. Of Gad, Israel said: "A troop cometh." What more appropriate than that the ensign of such a troop should be a banner with stars upon it, for God had promised Abram that his seed should be as the stars for multitude, and he believed God, and "it was reckoned for righteousness." Of Asher, dying Israel said: "He shall yield royal dainties." On the side of the foot-hills of Lebanon, next to the great sea, Asher dwelt in peace, and doubtless contributed often to the comfort and pleasure of Solomon and other kings of Israel.

These shields, in the form of the Cross, make a standard about which every spiritual son of Abraham should rally.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Miss N., Aurora, Neb. "I have been helped and strengthened through reading of answered prayers. Now I write to acknowledge answer to prayer which God has given to me. This testimony, perhaps, may help others to pray."

C. M. L., Winslow, Wash. "God has so richly blest me in answering my prayer, I feel that I must confess his goodness before men. Each milepost in my life encourages me to travel on until I reach the next. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

O. E. St. J., Rock Creek, O. "I wish to acknowledge my love for the dear Lord, who has answered so many prayers for me. I believe in prayer, and shall follow it through life."

Mrs. C., New London, Mo. "I want to add my testimony to the answered prayer column. Many times have my prayers been answered. I believe in taking everything to God in prayer, and he in his own way and own time will answer."

Mrs. R. D. S., Stony Island, N. S. "I have been a believer in answered prayer for sixty-eight years. Thanks to God for hearing and answering."

C. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Answered prayers are so vividly on my mind that I cannot refrain from giving my testimony. Recently a dear daughter lay at the point of death in great suffering for four weeks. At the critical point earnest prayers were offered and the answer came. Such things have caused great thanksgiving and gratitude, and greatly strengthened our faith."

E. A. D., St. Mary's, O. "God has answered my prayers in the past. He has protected me in great danger. I will praise and trust in him while life lasts."

Subscriber, Corning, Kan. "I have had my prayers answered beyond my expectations, and delight in my earnest closet prayers."

Reader, Fort Collins, Colo. "I wish to acknowledge that God answered my prayer in time of trouble, and many other times also."

Reader, Wyoming, Del. "I prayed for a special blessing. God heard and answered, and for that I am still praising his holy name."

Subscriber, Silver Springs, N. Y. "What a help and comfort the 'Answered Prayers' must have to many. I think they are a good feature, and an interesting series. Both my friends and myself have had answer to prayers, and it helps one to see things concerning this life and the life to come."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from: F. W., Colorado; Mrs. M. G., Michigan; Subscriber, W. S., Nebraska; Mrs. Sadie Ann Sadler, Wisconsin; Mrs. L. J. I., New York; F. F., Lowell, Mass.; L. D. M. H. M., New Jersey; T. L., Muskegon; G. A. L., Pennsylvania; Friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Reader, Jericho, E. L. N., Missouri.

"Force-Thoughts"

By SUNNY JIM

THERE'S one thought that does me more good than all the others that ever came to me. It is this: there's only one thing to be done at a time!

¶Nothing new about this, but think what it means when things pile up ahead and one begins to think there's more to do than can be done and begins to worry, which is next to the worst thing in the world, and to worry, which *is* worst thing.

¶"One thing at a time" takes all the tangles out of a day's work, all the perplexity out of a day's thought, and put into the day's living that self-confidence that is worth everything else.

¶It properly begins when you get up in the morning and it keeps you from trying to solve seven of the day's difficulties while tying your cravat—which is a bad thing, for the seven remain unsolved and the cravat carries all day the same kink in it that mars your temper.

¶Begin with your breakfast—make it a "FORCE" breakfast and treat it with the respect due to the one thing you are doing *at that time*.

¶The rest of the day you'll find it easier to

"Be Sunny!"

¶In the meantime I think you'd enjoy reading my new book

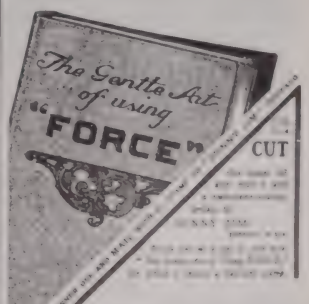
¶If you put your mind on the subject and tear off the coupon below NOW you'll not forget about it.

¶Enclose a 2-cent stamp, please.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim

(To be continued.)



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THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place "with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters the bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them being Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Mr. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he firmly declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper, which creates sensation, and brings to its side many new friends.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty local school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and pressman. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic.

One evening, while he was looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, on the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reforms are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to carry on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4,000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas. It is a really local experience, with the names only slightly veiled, and the facts easily recognizable. The great audience sits spellbound, as the story of a ruined family and a broken-hearted mother is graphically told. Over three thousand persons sign the pledge, as the result of the story. The picnic is declared a phenomenal success.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"WILL Sage do anything about Jake's firing at him?" asked Quits.

"No. But I don't believe Jake will ever come out to a temperance picnic again."

Mr. Edwards was mistaken.

Jake Lawson figured in more than one of farmer Sage's picnics. But he was allowed to go his way this time, for all Colby was soon roused over another event, which made vital history for the *Beacon* and changed the current of public sentiment to a very marked degree.

In the following week's issue of the *Beacon*, Douglas wrote up the day's experience at Sage's grove, and followed it up the week after, by urging a pledge-signing crusade all over the county. At the request of very many of Mr. Sage's neighbors, and especially of Mr. Sage himself, he printed the temperance story in the *Beacon*, making four instalments of it, retaining Jake Lawson's name, as it appeared in the reading. A copy of the paper was sent to Lawson, and Douglas heard through other sources that he was enraged at the quantity and style of advertising he was receiving.

Friday night of that week, Douglas went out of the office about ten o'clock in the evening, to go to his room for some proofs he had taken home with him. Of late he had been in the habit of staying down at the office Fridays, until nearly midnight.

He had just reached his room, which was at the Wycoff's, when he felt a tremendous explosion that jarred all the windows, and was followed by a duller sound like a falling wall.

He ran down stairs and out on the street. Already the sidewalks were lined with terrified, excited people.

"What is it?" Douglas asked the first man he ran into.

"I don't know."

"Down town," some one else said.

Douglas started to run down to the office.

As he ran, he heard some one say the explosion, or whatever it was, was in the vicinity of the *Beacon* office.

But when he reached the spot he was wholly unprepared for the sight that greeted him, and the large crowd gathered there.

The entire front of the *Beacon* office was blown out, as clean as if it had been removed a stick at a time by hand. Inside, the smoke and plaster dust were still so dense that little was plainly visible, but as the dust settled, the ruin looked ghastly. One small portion of the old press was sticking to a corner of the room where it had been blown, and the flooring of the room overhead, which had been used as a storage for furniture, had been torn away, letting piles of shattered furniture through gaping holes as large as a wagon. The entire office was wrecked completely, the press ruined, and the type, paper, and fixtures scattered across the street, and shattered against the adjoining building.

But the first thought that Douglas had was not concerning the building. His heart stood still as he thought of Quits and George. The next minute he had dashed into the wrecked office calling out their names, a great fear seizing him as he ran and called.

CHAPTER VIII

DOUGLAS had not taken half a dozen steps into the wrecked building before he stumbled over a pile of broken furniture and fell down. Before he could regain his feet some one had taken hold of him and was lifting him up. It was Mr. Edwards, who, with several men, had rushed into the building behind Douglas.

"Quits! George!" Douglas stammered. Mr. Edwards understood in a moment, and together he and Douglas climbed over a pile of rubbish and through a tangled heap of confused and ruined chairs, tables, and office fixtures.

At the extreme rear of the room near the back door, Douglas and Mr. Edwards found George, pinned down under a part of the old press, and evidently just beginning to regain consciousness. As they lifted off the weight from his body he opened his eyes, and said with a gleam of his old habits, "What hit me? The office towel?"

Douglas could not help smiling, even as he kneeled over the boy and wiped some blood and grime from his face.

"Are you hurt, George? It's a miracle you're alive. Where are you hurt?"

Douglas was feeling of him to see if any bones were broken. George sat up and opened his eyes wider, and Douglas heard him mutter, "The old press is a goner this time. It seemed to have a great attachment for me," he added, as he looked down and saw the fragment that had fallen upon him.

"Where is Quits?" Douglas asked, his fears for George quite dispelled, but his anticipation of a fatality to the pressman was keen and strong as he listened to Mr.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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How she raised the Mortgage

MRS. L. R. TRYON

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 940

Edwards and the rest searching for him in the ruins.

George grinned, and although his inky face, covered with blood and plaster was not particularly beautiful, Douglas thought at the time that it was unusually attractive.

"Quits isn't in it with me. He stepped out of the office five minutes before the ball opened, to go up to Jake's Place and persuade Joe Roberts to come out. You know he's been after Joe for some time. My! But ain't I glad he ain't killed with me!" George uttered the words with a smile, but the next moment he fell over and fainted away. When they carried him out, Mr. Edwards insisted on having him taken to his house. Once there it was found that he had sustained a fracture of one leg below the knee, besides numerous cuts about the head and body.

Quits came in a few moments later, while Douglas and Edwards and Vernon were together with the doctor at the Edwards' house.

He knew nothing of the explosion nor its cause. He had gone up to Jake's Place to find Joe Roberts, a young man in whom he had become interested at the boarding-house. He had stepped into Jake's Place, but had not found the boy there. Jake himself was behind the bar, and gave Quits a scowl as he passed out to search for Joe in one of the other saloons. Then came the explosion, and Quits had rushed with everybody else to the scene of it, but not before George had been taken out and carried up to the house.

Mrs. Edwards nursed George as if she had been his own mother. The next day, resting comfortably with his leg in a cast and various interesting bandages adding to the general picturesqueness of his head and countenance, the boy told all he knew about the accident.

"Just after Quits went out I went to the back of the office to use the trimmer. Something went wrong with the lever, and I was under the thing on my knees (not praying, Mr. Douglas, but sort of asking a blessing on the old machine), when it seemed to me as if a comet lit in the front end of the office and the room was as bright as glory. Then there was a fizzing sound like a soda water fountain, only different, and next minute, before I had time to get out from under the trimmer, the whole office seemed to lift right up under me and the comet seemed to be having a prize fight with a cyclone. Something hit me below the belt, and that's all I remember until Mr. Douglas was looking at me."

"It was a good thing for you, George, that you were under the old trimmer when the comet went off. The frame of the trimmer broke the fall of stuff over you and probably saved your life."

"The old trimmer owed me a good turn, Mr. Douglas. Many's the time I've doctored it when it was on its last legs from paralysis and heart failure. But what'll we do now? Even Quits can't mend up the press now, can he?"

"Hardly," said Quits gravely, with a smile of regard for George. "But we hope to mend you up all right. What do we care for the press when you are saved?"

"No! You could get plenty of boys if I had been pied for good," said George, pretending indifference. "But what'll the *Beacon* do now, Mr. Douglas? We can't get out even a meat-market edition now."

"I don't know yet what we'll do," Douglas replied soberly, "I'm so thankful that you and Quits were not killed that I haven't thought much about the future of the paper."

"It wouldn't be hard to guess where that 'comet' came from," Mr. Edwards said.

"We can't prove anything," Mr. Vernon added. "Our parsonage at Leander was partly wrecked one night by a bomb or something. It was almost a moral certainty that the whisky men were at the bottom of the outrage, as they have been proved to be in scores of such cases in this country, but we could never prove it. Quits himself is witness that Jake was in his saloon only a few minutes before, so he personally could not have had anything to do with the explosion. And it is just as certain, too, that Douglas has not been keeping a supply of comets and bombs lying around loose in the *Beacon* office."

"Whoever caused it, one thing is very certain, said Douglas, "the loss to the *Beacon* is complete. There isn't a dollar's worth of property left. Even our subscribers' lists are missing, and we have no duplicate or copy."

The men were silent. Esther came into the room. She had been with Douglas and Mr. Edwards to look at the ruin and had just returned in time to hear George's story.

"Are you going to give up?" she said to Douglas, as she had said that night after the election, when he had let her know his feeling towards her.

"No, not if I can get anything at all to print a paper with. But what can I do without a press or type, or a place to work? I cannot make bricks without clay and straw, too."

"I believe the way will open up for you," said Mr. Edwards, cheerfully. "I don't see how, myself; but I believe it will. There's that store-room of Clark's down by the depot. I'll see if you can't get that for temporary use anyhow."

"How much would a new press cost?" asked Esther.

Douglas looked at her and hesitated.

"I couldn't get anything worth while short of six hundred dollars."

Esther went out of the room, and Douglas looked embarrassed. She came back in a few moments, and going right up to Douglas put something into his hands. "There's one hundred dollars towards it," she said, with a smile.

Douglas turned red. Then he put the money back into Esther's hands, with a sudden gesture.

"I can't take your money, Esther. It isn't fair. The idea of a big grown-up man like me dependent on a girl for his business."

"But you have already established a precedent, sir," replied Esther, smiling at him, "by being dependent on this same girl before."

"I know I have," Douglas answered desperately. "But that's just it. I don't feel as if it was at all the thing to do." Douglas was in real distress over it, but Esther smiled and laid the money down on the table.

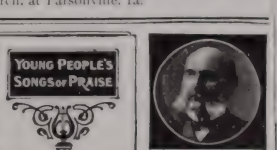
"I have offered it to you in good faith, and I don't see why it isn't just as good as if you had to borrow of somebody and pay high interest."

"I would feel different about it, it—if—" Douglas stammered.

TO BE CONTINUED

For the Kansas Flood Sufferers

Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, of the Central Church, Topeka, Kan., acknowledges the receipt of $10 for the Kansas flood sufferers from the Epworth League of the Methodist church, at Parsonville, Ia.



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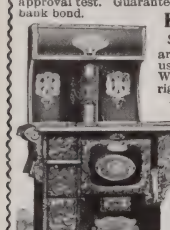

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

C. A. C., London, Ont. How long would the human family live if nothing grew after this date, or, in other words, how long would the human family live on the food already at hand? I heard an eminent divine say six weeks. I read sixteen months.

Any answer to the foregoing must be largely conjectural. It would seem reasonable, however, to conclude, as each season usually produces little more than is needed for consumption during the interval between crops, that the world's food supply on hand would be practically exhausted within a year, and that the race would then quickly perish of starvation. This is borne out by the experience in great famines, where the serious suffering and mortality begin with the total failure of a new crop.

Reader, Lake Geneva, Wis. 1. Can a woman be a Christian and paint her face? 2. Is it right for any one to uphold another that is lazy?

1. See Jer. 4: 30, Ezek. 23: 40. 2. See II. Thess. 3: 10. These hold equally good to-day.

H. W. H., Vassalboro, Me. In the event of one whose sins have been forgiven, falling again into grievous sin, and dying in impenitence, would he be required to answer to God for the sins committed before his conversion which had been blotted out?

We cannot look on the punishment for sin in the same light as we regard punishment by our courts for crime—so many years for embezzlement, so many years for burglary, etc. Sin involves exclusion from God's presence, from the society of the good, from the joys of heaven. Those who die unpardoned go to the place reserved for them, and though doubtless there are degrees of punishment, they are probably to a great extent affected by the remorse of the sufferer. In such a case as you mention, if it is possible, which many doubt, we could imagine that the remorse would be very terrible, as the man remembered how different his condition would have been, had he been faithful, and how stupendous is his guilt in sinning after having once been pardoned. Our Saviour's words about weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth would apply to his case. The only Scripture we remember, bearing exactly on the terms of your question, is the parable of the unmerciful servant (Matt. 18: 32-35).

W. R. G., Linkwood, Md., writes, apropos of the Macedonian massacres:

I have not the shadow of a doubt, that if all the Christians in the United States, or even all who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, were to earnestly pray to God ten minutes three times a day, with the earnestness of David, in a very short time he would put a hook in this Moslem monster's nose that would prevent him from continuing his bloody work.

W. M. H., Lidgewood, N. D. Do you think it right, or honest, to add to the Lord's prayer, "For thine is the kingdom, the power," etc., when Jesus did not add those words?

We are not sure that Jesus did not add those words. The revisers, taking the balance of probability, omit them, but they say in the margin, that "many authorities, some ancient, add them." They are so appropriate, and so thoroughly in harmony with Christ's teachings that it would not surprise us to learn that in the earliest authorities of all, if we had them, we should find them standing as a part of the prayer. Ministers, no doubt, use them from long habit, and may drop them as the Revised Version becomes more familiar, but we fail to see anything wrong or dishonest in their use, for they ascribe the kingdom, the power and the glory to Him to whom they rightfully belong.

H. A. S., North Bridgeton, Me. If one sets apart a life subscription of $10 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and it goes, as you have explained, to Mont-Lawn, is he entitled to count any part of it as the Lord's work, or should he consider it as an investment for his personal advantage, since he gets the full value of his money and the credit for his gift besides?

It is the Lord's work, since it all goes direct to Mont-Lawn, which is a Christian charity, conducted on spiritual lines, for the moral and physical well-being of the children of the tenements. It is, in a broad sense, a missionary work, in a most needy field. The gift of the paper is our contribution, in recognition of the donor's generosity to the children's work.

Reader, Detroit, Mich. Please tell me, if ministers are required to adhere to the standards of their churches, why are they not taken to task by the authorities when they openly advocate Sunday base-ball, Sunday golf, Sunday "smokers" for young men, and Sunday picnics and driving? Also, how are they allowed, unchallenged, to take on the characteristics of other churches, as Presbyterianism copying Episcopalianism, the former outdoing the latter in many cases, keeping Passion week, vespers, and Easter, with orchestral music?

Where there is a regularly organized church government in any denomination, it is possible to keep the pastors of that denomination well within the church standards, both as to the form of services and as to Christian life and conduct generally. There are, however, denominations where each church is practically independent of control by any governing body, and whose preachers are responsible to their congregations. Those ministers who are under denominational authority, and who offend in the manner indicated, should be called to account by their church boards, their bishops, etc., while those who are under no such authority should be held directly answerable by their congregations for all violations of the recognized standards of Christian conduct, whether such violations relate to Sabbath breaking or to the introduction of forms, customs and observances in worship that are opposed to the traditions of Protestantism.

F. T., Faugallie, Fla. How can a person get permanent victory over a propensity to sin? I am assailed by temptation, I resist for a time, but eventually fall. I pray and try again, only to be again overcome. Is there no remedy?

There is no patent remedy that can be taken like medicine to ensure your victory. You have to deal with your case with your ordinary common sense working with your faith. You are assured that God can and will give you all the strength you need for your conflict, but he expects you to use it. He expects you to resist, and promises that you shall have strength not your own; but if you do not continue to fight he does not help you. He does not lift you to the top of the mountain, but he will give you strength to climb to the top. Settle it well in your own mind that this strength is yours, and you will fight with a brave heart. Watch yourself. See what circumstances, or books, or pictures bring on an assault of the tempter and avoid those. See if any particular mode of life or kind of diet is followed by temptation, and avoid it. Do all you can as a sensible man to defeat the enemy and, above all, lay fast hold of the invincible power God promises you and you will surely overcome.

Christian Shingle House, Pa. How will God judge people of this age and all those of early times who have had no opportunity of learning the way of salvation?

He who is merciful as well as just, you may be sure, will do what is right in their case. God does not satisfy our curiosity about matters that do not concern us. He expects that we will trust him to act justly. Our duty is to make use of the light we have for ourselves, and to see to it that as far as our power goes, we will send the Gospel to those who have it not. For your consolation, if there is a personal reason for your concern, we may remind you of the Apostle Paul's statement (Rom. 2: 14-16) that men will be judged according to the light they had. Also our Lord's own words (Luke 12: 48) that "he that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few stripes."

Inquirer, Charlotteville, N. Y. Is it true that the signs of Christ's coming have all been fulfilled?

If you mean his coming to the earth to reign in millennial glory, they have not. We gather from his own words, there are two stages of his coming. In the first stage, he appears only to those who are looking for him and longing for him. Those will be withdrawn from the world (see Matt. 24: 37-44). Then will come the time of the Great Tribulation, when the vials spoken of in the Apocalypse will be poured out, and there will be a time of trouble such as the world has not seen. At the end of that time Christ will appear in glory and his reign will begin. Nothing remains to be fulfilled before the first stage of his coming, but much before the second.

Mrs. E. M. D., Massillon, O. I note by the papers that Dowie and his followers are to be in your city for a limited time. Can you not give your readers an unprejudiced and fair description of their doings, their religion, and the kind of people they are?

We did so in last week's issue, where the story of the invasion of New York by the Zion Church was given at considerable length, and without bias or prejudice. We believe that if Dowie's work is of God, it will prosper and endure; if not, it will disappear.

Reader, Rochester, N. Y. Is beer really a tonic, or does it possess nutriment, as some assert?

The ablest living authorities affirm that far from being a tonic, it destroys the appetite for food and nourishment, and produces cancer, and kidney and heart trouble, and degeneration of all the organs; that beer drinkers are incapable of resisting disease; and that it diminishes strength, instead of increasing it.

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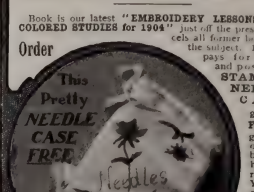

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One gallon of the common sweetened jelly.
Now, *two* packages of Knox's Gelatine will make
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More delicious and more wholesome than the others,
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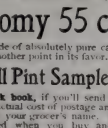

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The Story of Three Converts

LAST Friday evening there was present at the weekly devotional class meeting in the Bowery Mission a gentleman whom I had noticed several times in our evening congregations. I found he was a Christian of several years' standing, and had only recently arrived in New York City. The Bowery Mission was one of the first places he had visited, and the cause of his doing so was a remarkable testimony that he had heard during his recent stay in London, England. At a religious gathering in that city, a Bowery mission convert related how wonderfully God had delivered him from a life of sin in "the old lighthouse on the Bowery." This man spoke with such enthusiastic gratitude of the blessings he had received in the Mission, that he had come to be known as "Mr. Bowery." Said the gentleman, "I felt as though I must lose no time in seeing such a wonderful place."

. . .

A little group of Christian workers were holding an open-air meeting on the streets of San Francisco. The crowds surged past, careless and indifferent. The noise of traffic made it almost impossible to secure a hearing. The exhortations, the singing of the hymns, the prayers seemed to be wasted effort amid that din and Babel of noise. Just when it seemed impossible for the devoted little band to keep back the spirit of disappointment, a great, stalwart fellow, of six feet stature, stepped among them, and in a voice of tremendous power that could be heard above all the roar of the street, gave his testimony. He was a soldier, just landed from the Philippines, where, amid many vicissitudes and temptations, he had for the last two and a-half years faithfully witnessed for Christ. Three and a-half years ago he had entered New York City a homeless, desolate tramp. He had found his way, as so many do, to the Bowery; he had been drawn into the Mission, and in a state of utter wretchedness and want he had given himself to God. After twelve months spent in the city, during which he had become one of the most faithful and devoted workers at the Mission, he had enlisted and been despatched to the Philippines. And now, on his arrival again in the United States, one of his first acts was to testify on the streets of San Francisco of the fact of his glorious salvation.

. . .

One winter night, about three years ago, a party of half-intoxicated sailors came strolling up the Bowery. They were out for fun. They had visited several saloons, music halls, and shooting galleries, and had arrived at a condition of extremely hilarious frolicsomeness. Passing the door of the Mission, they were attracted by the lights, and through the windows saw the great crowd of men inside. They stopped, and as the door happened to open at the moment, they heard the sound of singing, and drew nearer to the glass swinging-doors. Mike Murphy, the one of the group nearest the door, was gazing as intently at the picture inside as his befuddled brain would allow him, when one of his comrades behind gave him a push, and through the door he went flying, and lay sprawling on the floor. On picking himself up, he took a seat and listened to the remainder of the hymn that was being sung, and enjoyed it so much that he stayed during the rest of the meeting. When his companions besought him to rejoin them he refused point-blank. That night he became converted. He spent the rest of his furlough at the Mission. When the time came for his ship to leave, he refused to join it. An active, able-bodied seaman, capable of earning good wages, he begged to be allowed, for a time, to work for nothing as one of the Mission helpers, in order that he might remain under Christian influence until he felt himself thoroughly established. Just at that time Dr. Klopsch had ordered heavy repairs to the Mission floor. Mike Murphy undertook to do the work. He did it well. Then, after several months, he left us to pursue his seafaring occupation. Whenever possible he has visited us, and he is always a welcome guest. His smiling face, his stentorian voice, his Irish brogue and Irish wit, his honest and genuine devotion to Christ and the Mission, have endeared him to us all.

. . .

This week a letter has been received from Bombay, telling us he had traveled 14,000 miles within the last few months, and that he expects to be home with us for Christmas. He promises to tell us of the Missions he has visited in different places, and concludes his letter by saying, "I am holding on to the Cross, and hope with God's blessing to remain a Christian and a member of the Bowery Mission Rescue League."

J. G. HALLIMOND, Supt.

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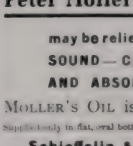

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THE LIFE OF TRUST

The Keynote of David's Career is Confidence in God

By Mrs. M. Baxter

It is very noticeable how often the word trust occurs in the Psalms. The second Psalm ends with the words, "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." Ps. 4: 5 says, "Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord." Ps. 5: 11: "Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice." Ps. 7: 1; 11: 1; 15: 1; 25: 2; 56: 11, etc.: "In thee do I put my trust." Ps. 9: 10: "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee." Ps. 13: 5: "I have trusted in thy mercy." Ps. 18: 2: "In him will I trust." Ps. 22: 4, 5, 8: "Our fathers trusted in thee; they trusted, and thou didst deliver them. . . . they trusted in thee, and were not confounded." And then the words prophetical of Christ upon the cross, when the chief priests quoted the words of David in mockery of their Messiah: "He trusted in the Lord that he would deliver him; let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him." And then the word which shows how our Lord, he of whom it is written, "When he cometh into the world he saith, . . . Lo, I am come . . . to do thy will, O God" (Heb. 10: 5, R.V.), says in this Psalm: "Thou didst make me trust when I was upon my mother's breasts" (Ps. 22: 9, R.V.). It would be worth while to go through the Psalms and find every place where trust is mentioned.

What was it which caused in David such a constant and such a deep trust in God? Here is the answer, "I sought the Lord, and he answered me, and delivered me from all my fears." "Everyone . . . that seeketh findeth," says our Lord (Matt. 7: 8). And when David found the Lord, he found him to be a Shepherd, who made himself as responsible for him as he was responsible for his father's sheep. Therefore he could look forward and say, "Because the Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; in time or in eternity; in spirit, soul, or body; in whatsoever circumstances I may be placed, in green pastures and by still waters, or in the valley of the shadow of death, he who has taken the responsibility of me will not and cannot fail me." This was his safety when he undertook the single combat, first in private with the lion and the bear, and then in public with the Philistine giant.

It was this confidence in his Shepherd which kept him under the many home trials which must have arisen through the jealousy of his elder brothers, who smarted under the fact that their natural strength and talents, and their priority of birth, was passed by, and that the God of Israel had chosen their youngest brother. The scene on the battlefield, when Eliab reproached David with such insulting words, lets us into the state of things in the family life of David at this time. He came, sent by his father, to carry a present to his soldier brothers; and when his heart burned with indignation that the Philistine giant should defy the armies of the living God, Eliab taunted him, and said, "Why art thou come down? And with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the haughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle" (I. Sam. 17: 28).

They were bitter words; but David could trust them over to his Shepherd, and be free from personal feeling to serve his God in this crisis of his people's history. If he had been in the habit of defending himself at home from the unjust charges and insinuations of his brethren, he would have been too pre-occupied with a wounded spirit now to be fully at the Lord's disposal for single combat with Goliath. David trusted; he knew that the Lord was his Shepherd, and that he should not want for power and skill to strike the blow which should deliver Israel at this moment. And his envious brothers must be witnesses of that courage and faith in their young brother, which proved that God's election of the incipient king was a just one.

In his relations with King Saul, who was still more jealous than his brothers had been, David trusted in and obeyed the Lord his Shepherd. Only once did he fail in his firm confidence that he should "not want" for safety, even when Saul ten times sought to slay him.

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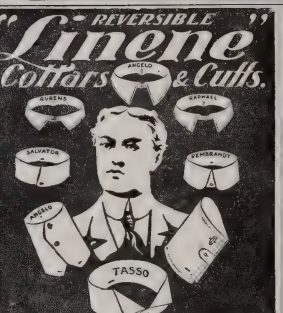

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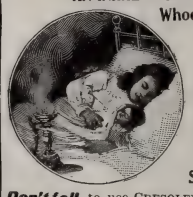

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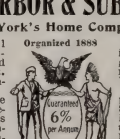

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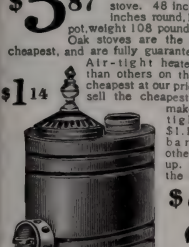

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PERSONAL TESTIMONY*

The Duty of Every Christian to Seek the Conversion of Souls

OUR Lord's direction to the man of Gadara, whom he had healed, and who wanted to follow him, was, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." It was very natural that the man should want to be with Jesus after being delivered. He would not only desire it through gratitude, but because he would feel safer when with him. "But Jesus suffered him not." Young converts are in the same position. It would be far more pleasant to attend meetings and enjoy the peace and rest of the church than to go out and tell their experience to unsympathetic ears; but that is not Christ's will for those whom he saves. He would have them testify for him. That is the way his kingdom has grown. The man who can declare that Jesus has saved him, that his own experience is a proof of Divine power, commands the confidence of his hearers. It is no theory that he presents, but actual facts. Like a man who has been cured by a certain physician, or by a certain medicine, he is the best of all witnesses to speak to people similarly afflicted.

There is a tendency, far too prevalent, to leave the propagation of the Gospel exclusively to the ministers. It is every Christian's duty to help in the work. Opportunities are continually occurring, which can be turned to account with greater effect than the minister can produce. In the factory, the office, and in society, are people with whom we come in contact who need deliverance. It is a kindness to them, as well as a duty to Christ, to tell them of the way. A word from a man whom they know, a man who has no interest of his own to serve, who is not a professional advocate, will have weight with them. The first convert won to Christ was won by his own brother. Andrew "first found his own brother Simon and brought him to Jesus." How thankful afterwards Peter must have been to Andrew for that service! It is a service that all can render. It does not need eloquence nor power; it simply requires earnestness of purpose. If every Christian would do it with one soul, the number of Christians would be immediately doubled; and there is scarcely a Christian anywhere who does not know of one unconverted soul whom he might reach. The result of his testimony he may leave to God, but the testimony ought to be given, whether men will listen or not.

*Topic of the Epworth League for November 15: John 1: 35-46; Acts 8: 26; Acts 10.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Eleanor Lee, a new story by Margaret E. Sangster, like all of that popular author's books, is exceedingly clever and well written. It is the story of a young woman who spends her life in the effort to redeem her husband, whom she loves devotedly and who, though he has many faults, also possesses some good points that make the attempt worth while. The gentle, high-bred wife hides her husband's shame through years of untold suffering. At last the battle is won and happiness returns to the distracted household. It is a story told with a strong dramatic force and realism, that must appeal to all who have ever witnessed the wreck of a home through drink and its evil train.

In her characters, Mrs. Sangster is singularly felicitous and enjoyable. Donald Waugh is a fine type of honorable manhood, with a high purpose keep steadily in view; and his sister Rachel, as the friend and counsellor of the suffering wife, has an important part to play. Kathleen, Aunt Polly, and several others move in the living picture of the plot to make it still more entertaining. Waugh, the rejected suitor of Eleanor, who has remained a steadfast friend amid all her troubles, becomes rich, and with his sister, who shares his ideals, begins a career of rare practical philanthropy. We might tell of his benevolent project of a "Hall of Rest" for the worthy poor, but we must let the readers find out these things and unravel the plot of this splendid story for themselves. *Eleanor Lee* is handsomely bound in cloth with gold stamp, 322 pages, with frontispiece. Price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, London and Chicago, publishers.

The Life of a Wooden Doll, by Lewis Saxby. This is one of the oddest and most amusing books for the young folks that has come to our notice in a long time. It presents the career of a wooden doll, with all its many laughable and absurd vicissitudes, and the interest is heightened by the fact that the illustrations—there are some thirty full page ones and many smaller—are all, so to speak, photographed "from the life," showing Miss Dolly and her wooden friends at housekeeping and at play, at a party, in her auto, at market, in the barnyard, the garden, camping and celebrating the "Glorious Fourth." A great book for the young folks and a sure mirth-provoker and innocent entertainer. The book is finely printed on heavy paper, and with stiff board covers. Price $1.25. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, publishers.

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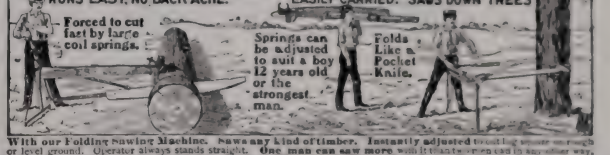
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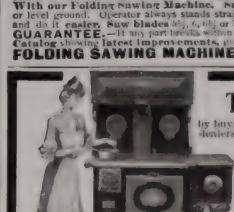

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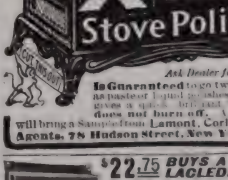

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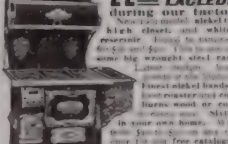

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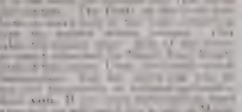

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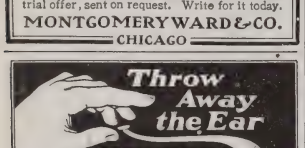

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removes corns, bunions and callouses. As easily applied as a piece of court-plaster. Stays on till the work is done; not so of salve or lintpl.

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ABOLITION OF THE SALOON*

How Young Christians May Aid in Making the Business Unprofitable

EVERY man has one sure means of fighting the saloon, in working to deprive it of its customers. The larger measure of getting rid of it altogether, requires organization and systematic work; but individuals can act singly and do effective service by persuading their friends and acquaintances to stop the drinking of intoxicating liquors. There would be no need to make any demonstration against a saloon, if every one in the community in which it is situated, would abstain. The saloon would then be starved out, and would abolish itself of its own accord.

One of the chief evils of the saloon, is that it encourages the practice of drinking by its attractiveness and its sociability. The workingman, with his week's wages in his pocket, on his way to his poor home, often close, dull and uncomfortable, finds it difficult to pass the saloon, brightly illuminated, resplendent with mirrors, its bar crowded with genial patrons. Many a man would reach home with his wages intact, if his way did not lie by the door of one of these places. It is in such contrast with his home, that even though he may not be thirsty, the pleasure of being in so splendid a place, in lively society, is a fascination often too strong to be resisted. We have a right to complain of this fascination, which directly tends to make drunkards of men who wish to be sober. It is bad enough that the man who does wish to drink, should find so many drinking places offering him facilities, but it is cruel to license houses which incite and appeal to the public. To stop their evil work, however, is a contract too large to be undertaken single-handed. It needs the firm and resolute effort of the whole community.

Members of our young people's societies may, however, diminish the number of saloons by setting the example of never entering one, under any pretext, and by earnestly striving to persuade others to follow their example. Every man won to the cause of total abstinence makes one prospective patron the less, and thus the double good is done of arming another against temptation, and to that extent reducing the number of the saloon's customers and cutting down its profits.

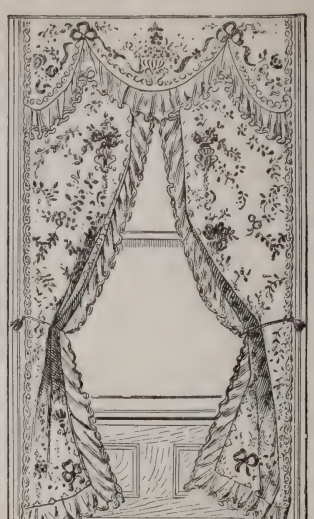
*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for November 15. Ephesians 6: 10-13.

The Christian League of Philadelphia

THE Christian League of Philadelphia for eight years has been successfully combating the forces of evil in that city. In a quiet, persistent, practical way marvelous changes have been effected. Old slum districts have been transformed; dangerous neighborhoods have become decent and orderly, and temptations are removed from the pathway of youth. These things are accomplished in co-operation with the authorities. The league represents all evangelical denominations, including, as president, Rev. George D. Baker, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church; as vice-presidents, Bishop O. W. Whitaker, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Bishop Cyrus D. Foss of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell of the Baptist Church; Rev. Edwin Heyl Delk, of the Lutheran Church; Major William H. Lambert, of the Congregational Church; and as directors, other representative clergymen and laymen of the Philadelphia evangelical churches. Mr. J. H. Converse, 500 N. Broad street, is treasurer. The league is sustained by voluntary contributions.

Mrs. Bird and the Bowery Waifs

Christian Endeavor Societies can aid Mrs. Bird's Christmas tree entertainment at the Bowery Mission for the poor children of the East Side very materially, by undertaking to provide some of the gifts which are handed to the children at the close of the entertainment. There are generally fifteen or sixteen hundred children crowded into the Mission hall, whilst between five and ten thousand unfortunate ones are left outside. Every child inside receives a gift of an orange, a bag of candy, and a book or toy suitable to the age, and then as far as possible the children outside are reached and made happy. This necessitates an enormous number of dolls, books, toys, games and useful articles, such as mittens, children's shawls, etc. Mrs. Bird, who can be addressed at 211 Clinton street, New York City, will be glad to receive promises of help, either in providing the above articles, or of cash donations for that purpose.



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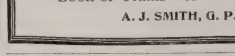

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You are wasting gas every day you are without a Block Light in your home. The leading Department Stores in the different cities have Block Light Departments. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will, as a special introductory offer, send a

Complete Block House Light for $1.50. Express Prepaid

BURNER, MANTLE, AND GLOBE, which you can readily attach to any gas jet in your home, and test it. Money refunded if you are not thoroughly satisfied. When ordering, please state character of gas you are using.

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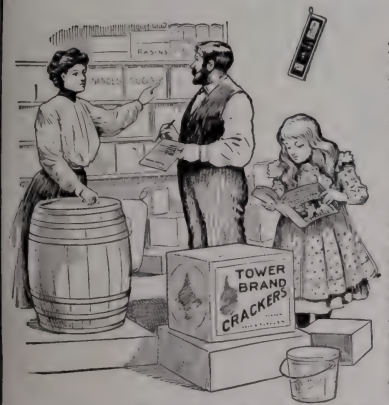

Have you ever stopped to think about the question of getting your household supplies to the best advantage? Are you perfectly satisfied with the way things are running—with the prices you pay, the quality of the goods, the range of selection and the general question of making both ends meet? Perhaps you buy your supplies from the cross-roads store, just because your grandfather did. Perhaps you are tied up to the general store because you can trade it your butter and eggs at a low price and take it out in trade at a high price. Possibly you have never thought about it one way or the other. It is time to think. You have got to live and support your family. Your income is limited to so many dollars per year, and you have got to figure out the expense account so that things will come out right at the end of the year. If you can make both ends meet nicely and lay aside a tidy sum for a rainy day, you are only doing what every head of a family should endeavor to do, and if you don't do it you are simply inviting misery for the next time the crop fails. If a dollar looks as big to you as we think it does, we want you to think over this question of modern merchandising and see just what it means. It means different things to different people. To some it means buying everything on credit, then mortgaging the farm when settlement day comes around. Others think it means the pathway to economy—the cheap, worthless trash that is advertised so brazenly at the lowest price on earth. Many people send off to the city and get a jack knife at a 25 cents saving, and then fall back into the old rut in buying the balance of their supplies. One broad problem merchandising is to supply all your wants—everything you eat, wear or use—for yourself, your family and the hired man at an average saving of 15 to 40 per cent, which means that if your yearly purchases amount to $200 you can save something like $75; if it takes you $400 a year to live. Are you so well off that $100 or even $50 does not interest you? Then give consider the advantages. Assurance of reliable merchandise of the very best quality, and an unlimited range of selection. New goods. Prompt service. Prices that show economy, and the certain knowledge that absolute satisfaction is the keynote to every transaction. To make trading with us possible we issue a mammoth catalogue of 1128 pages, in which almost everything imaginable, including Vehicles and Farm Implements, is illustrated, described and priced. This catalogue can be absolutely depended upon and enables you to select your entire bill of merchandise without leaving your home, and with the certainty that everything will be found exactly as described or you need not keep it. We ask you to get out of your present rut and give our methods a trial. We satisfy others and will satisfy you. There never was a better time than right now to begin, for we have just issued a new catalogue full of the things you will need to see you through this winter, and you can make no better investment than to fill out this coupon and send it to us now while the subject is in your mind. We ask 15 cents, merely as an evidence of your faith in your part. If you will risk 15 cents, we will risk sending you a catalogue that costs us over half a dollar to print and mail, so big that it requires 24 cents postage. It is our 76 cents against your 15 cents. Will you do it? Write today.

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1903

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SEE ALSO PAGE 956

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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A WOMAN PATRIOT

A LUTHERAN CHURCH IN ICELAND'S CAPITAL

AN ICELANDIC MAID

THIRTY DAYS IN THE SADDLE

A Woman's Ride Across Iceland

By Jessie Ackerman

FAR off the usual line of travel, with shores swept by the Gulf Stream in winter, and bathed in the glory of the midnight sun in summer, lies Iceland, an island, with 78,000 hospitable inhabitants, who are almost as familiar with the outside world and its doings as we are with our own country. Accepting a kindly extended invitation to visit these people in their island home, I left the north of Scotland, and after sixteen days of rough, stormy voyaging in circumnavigating the island, I finally landed in the southern capital. A committee had been appointed to go to the steamer and extend me a welcome. The gentlemen all spoke English, and one of them, noting my unusual size,* exclaimed:

"I did not expect to find you so long."

This was my introduction to the Icelandic people, for whom I entertain unbounded esteem and great appreciation.

Arrangements had been made and rooms secured at the only hotel in the city, and I was made comfortable in every particular. The following day the governor, his wife, and a number of leading citizens, called to "pay their respects," and personally bid me welcome.

How can one tell of this strange country!—treeless, barren, rocky, with mighty volcanoes, vast lava stretches, mountain ranges and ever-flowing streams, fed by the melting snows, that make beautiful the whole landscape.

These people fled from religious persecution in the early centuries—from "Eric the Red" of Norway—and settled upon the island in the hope of religious freedom. They established a form of national life, adopting an unusual cut of dress, evolving a language all their own, formulating a code of laws that were to be handed to posterity as a sacred heritage. After all the centuries, they are still primitive, but not crude. Many speak from three to ten languages, and, as a whole, they are probably the most highly educated people of any land. Their school system is free from political domination and is so planned as to extend educational advantages to the most remote child. Caring very little for wealth and never burdened with the problem of "stocks, bonds and investments," they have given much time to self-culture and inner development. There is probably not a man on the island worth $5,000; but there is no poverty, and none of the extremes that are met with in other lands.

So great was my interest in them, that, after a month at the capital city, I decided to cross the island on horseback, going by way of the great geysers, the *goldfass* (a waterfall), and through the "chasm of the people," to the old *Thingvalla*. There are neither hotels nor cities after leaving the coast. There are no roads of any description; conveyances would be worse than useless, and the only way of getting about is on horseback over bridle-trails. These are frequently lost in the heavy marsh; and when the sun streams from every angle at all times, it is difficult to keep one's bearings.

With a guide, an escort, and a small boy, I left the capital city. It was an unusual sight. For so long a journey—a thirty days' ride—it was necessary to take a large band of riding horses, seventeen in number. They are only two hands higher than the Shetland pony, and over the rough roads they must be changed every two hours.

Besides these, three pack-horses carried my provisions and belongings. It was my plan to sleep in churches or farm-houses, and manage as best I could without tents.

A very pretty custom obtains among the people of the capital, when a visitor comes who is more or less known. Upon departure from any place, the citizens form themselves into an escort, and ride some miles out of the city. A long train men and women, all mounted on fine ponies, rode fifteen miles toward the north to see me well on the way. It was a jolly, happy company, keeping time to the clatter of the hoofs in laughter and song, until the "reign of the sun" warned them that it was time to return.

After twelve hours in the saddle, we rode up to a farm-house, and asked the kind-hearted farmer to keep us for the night, which he cheerfully did, placing the very best room at my disposal. Every house, no matter how poor the farmer may be, has a guest-chamber. There was great difficulty in a number of places for the people are of small stature, and it took some calculation and experimenting in order to adjust myself to the limited sleeping quarters. I tried to fit in every possible way, but it was useless; not even "on the bias" could I manage it. When my feet were in bed, my head was out, and the labor of adjustment became burdensome.

The island is almost treeless. I saw two trees of the mountain ash family. One, over a hundred years old, was less than six feet high. Lumber for building is brought from Denmark, landed on the coast, and carried inland on pony-back, sometimes over mountain ranges and across rivers. A new church had just been erected at this point where I spent the first night. It required two hundred ponies to bring the lumber, and several months were consumed in the

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SEYDISFIORD, ON THE NORTHEAST COAST OF ICELAND

MAGNUS STEPHENSON
Governor of Iceland

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE AND SON

*Miss Ackerman is nearly, if not quite, six feet in height.

The American Pulpit

A FRATERNAL SOUL-WINNER

A Sermon by REV. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D.D.
CENTRAL CHURCH, CHICAGO

TEXT -- JOHN 1: 42: "And he brought him to Jesus"

THERE is a singular grandeur and yet a singular pathos in the scene in the midst of which we behold Simon of Capernaum as the disciple of John the Baptist. It is grand to hear with responses of heart and will the solemn command, "Repent! Repent!" Nothing on earth is more sublime than a man honest with his soul when the air quivers with such a trumpet tone. It is grander still to take a step—an outward, visible, irreversible step, which puts that obedience into the form of action, and, before men, draws the line between the soul's new hope and its unsatisfactory past.

There was, as I say, a deep pathos about Simon's response to the cry "Repent," and his baptism by John. For, compared with what Simon's soul needed in order to reach his broadest, noblest manhood, these all, and alone, could accomplish so little. He needed a power which would do something positive in him and for him. To repent was only to cut himself loose from his past; it was a negative work. The same Simon-soil remained upon which other weeds could grow, if these had been uprooted. Something more than repentance must he have. He needed a force within him that should consume the annoying and dead moralities of his spirit with the flame of a resistless religiousness, an energy which would rouse every latent strength of his spirit into manifest activity. To be baptized by John for the remission of sins was only to outwardly symbolize a negative purification. He must be more than pure, if he is to remain pure; he must be powerful. Some more interior and energetic baptism than that of John must he have, if he is to reach his best manhood.

Let us not underestimate the significance of the step Simon had already taken by becoming a disciple of John. He had obtained a sense of reality which had made it impossible for him to be satisfied with the unrealities of Pharisees and Scribes, and which had prepared him for confessing any divine reality to which he might be led, and he was full of the idea of the nearness of "the Messiah." On one of these days, through which were streaming the lights of hope which John the Baptist had let into Simon's soul, his brother Andrew came to him and broke the silence with the important news, "We have found the Messias."

A Day with Jesus

Where had Andrew been to obtain such information? Not far away. We need only have our spiritual eyes open to behold the Lamb of God walking on the very pathway of life which we thoughtlessly tread. Andrew says: "We have found the Messias." Who are "we?" Why, John had been with Andrew near the Jordan. How came these commonplace men to make such a matchless discovery? Well, by being in good company. By keeping close to the best truth-teller they knew of, they discovered a better, as men always do, until they find Jesus.

John's mind had been dealing in the solitudes, and in the face of vast audiences, with the profound and passionate cries of the human soul, and with the infinite and tender response of God, its Father, to its needs. Away below every other fact which had to do with the weakness or woe of humanity, his eye saw this one only —sin. Far above all other schemes for the changing of man's sorrows into joys, and his weakness into strength, John had a dim sense of the sin-bearing love of God; and he threw into his words the whole significance of these visions and hopes, along with the eloquent meanings of a past, which Andrew and John had partially understood when he pointed to Jesus and said: "Behold the Lamb of God." The day before, John had said as this same Jesus came in sight, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." I cannot think that these simple fishermen at all grasped the fine significance of these great words. The after-life of these who became disciples of Jesus, shows that not until after their Lord had lived his life on earth, did they have anything like a clear conception of the truth of the sin-bearing Lamb of God. It would be absurd to suppose these men to have seen in these words, the multitude of mutually exclusive ideas which differing commentators have there discovered. It was too great a saying for their thought and experience to take in. It bewildered, rather than illuminated.

Notice this, also, that while it does not seem that Andrew and John at all comprehended what the Baptist said, as Jesus came near, nor did they see that characteristic of Jesus which John the Baptizer saw when he said: "Behold, the Lamb of God!"—yet they, in their own way, got enough of the Christ-glory to be wrapped in its charm and follow on. What they talked about, how they asked questions, what Jesus said to these two men who went home with him, we would like to know full well. One thing we are sure of—he had the kind of men to deal with who are certain of finding the living kernel within every forbidding mystery. These men were not afraid to dwell with truth—"and they abode with him that day." They had a home view of Jesus; they saw truth where it is simplest and most hospitable. They came away, as all men do, with a masterful reverence and love for that kind of mysterious revelation which invites the human soul to its own home, which says to all honest and earnest souls: "Come and see."

"Behold, the Lamb of God"—with that impressive announcement in memory, these two men's minds had been listening to Jesus at home. They did not understand it. Should they lose Jesus entirely, because this idea of him was too great for them to get hold of? No! they can get enough truth concerning him to guarantee their coming sometime to the rest; they can get enough of him to make them feel for Simon, that they may draw him up within the genial radiance. We must be content to take hold of that side of divine reality which our minds may handle. Andrew tells Simon, not "We have found the Lamb of God," but, "We have found the Messias." Andrew is a soul-winner, not a great, penetrative theologian. He is narrow; and a man's narrowness often makes him intense. Andrew is a Jew; he must see the Jewish "Messias" in his "Lamb of God." He takes up the fact concerning him which fires his own heart, and which he knows will fire Simon's heart also. He does not attempt to win a soul with the Baptizer's conception of Jesus. Things are too serious with him to permit him to steal even better thunder than his own. He can do best with, because he is most interested in, his own thunderbolts of conviction and experience. Keep to your own truth, Andrew!

REV. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D.D.

You will get the rest in time. With what truth you have, not with what truth the Baptizer has, you must apprehend Jesus and be a soul-bringer.

Now, with our methods and habits of getting acquainted with truth and dealing with mysterious revelations; with our way of never going up to a mystery and listening, but rather lecturing about it; with our way of never following it home and staying patiently with it until daylight, but rather avoiding the effort, we are astonished that this man Andrew should ask himself just these questions: "Where is Simon, my brother! and how can I get him here?" Oh how such a brother as that puts our brotherliness to shame! Oh how such a vivid, commanding vision of Jesus as this, contrasts with our pale, vague views of Jesus, which have no power to send us to anybody, not even to our most distant relatives. Oh, how such a simple, incomplete message as this, shows us that we must have something in addition to our complex and long-drawn-out explanation of Jesus, to bring Simon to Christ. We may well stop with Andrew awhile, and study his method of bringing Simon to Jesus—for what biography of Peter would be complete without a study of this good, brotherly man, who brought the Simon-material to the Master-hand who transformed it? So, also, we may get some help for ourselves in Christian labor.

There are three stages in the process: (1) Finding. "He first findeth his own brother Simon" (verse 41). (2) Saying. "And saith unto him: 'We have found the Messias'" (verse 41). (3) Bringing. "And he brought him to Jesus" (verse 42).

I. Finding. Men have failed to observe this order. We have often been speaking to, or at our brother, before we knew where he was. Our words do not find men, when we have not found them. Men know whether our brotherliness knows where they are or not. Andrew first findeth him, before speaking at him, or about him—certainly before speaking to him.

What made Andrew such a successful finder of the soul he sought for? You say, it was his generous, intense brotherhood. That surely ought to make a man successful in finding a soul, a Simon. But it is not always so. When brotherhood has been debased and slain, the very gravitations pull the hearts asunder. It is a dreadful hour when Andrew cannot find Simon—when Andrew's haunts and loves and Simon's are far apart in reality as east from west, although the city directory says they live in the same block. It is a fact before whose presence men ought to shed tears of grateful joy that Andrew and Simon may easily and surely find each other.

A Brother's Embarrassment

Strange enough it is that men we meet can find each other so rarely, when they have to tell of Jesus. It seems hardest for those who are familiarly bound together. A brother superficially influenced by Jesus wants to hunt for somebody else's relatives. He can talk with his brother on every other topic, can warn him to avoid stormy weather, can beg him to keep out of the hot sun, can entreat him to escape the burning house and can force him to leap for his life; but when eternal destiny is to be decided and the hour is nearly gone, he is tongue-tied. He gropes in his talk. He seems blindfolded with embarrassment. He finds everybody else; he cannot find his brother. It is all but impossible for him to remember Simon—he is so happy. Oh, what a lie is all this! Wherever an Andrew really and deeply finds Jesus, as Christ, he first of all things after that findeth his own brother Simon. It is a superficial Christian experience which forgets the tenderest ties and the nearest heart-companions, and contents itself for the first month in hiring a sixth-story room and mailing tracts, or singing about the New Jerusalem. If you do not feel that you must tell somebody about Christ, it is because you have not much to tell.

I suppose Andrew was simple and old-fashioned enough to go where Simon could be found. We are too fashionable, or too decorous, or too churchly, or too cold-hearted and unchristian to do that. We establish ourselves within a great building of solemn look and dignified architecture, with pews numbered, and most of them for rent, with a theological test for every visitor who would remain, which we do not ourselves understand or profess to enforce—a sweet-voiced choir the while singing at us and for us the worship of God whose words we cannot catch, but whose phrasing and tones we admire, and having established our place of business, with such completeness and care, we say to our brother Simon, who does not know Jesus at all, "Now, you come in here and believe." I know this is a very bold way of stating it, but I meant you should see the dreadful contrast between the way in which Andrew finds Simon, and the way in which we do not find Simon, our brother. To find Simon, Andrew goes where he is; we too often tell him by advertisements in the paper to come to us, and get acquainted with us and our Lord if he is able. Our brotherliness is a very unfraternal affair. Oh Christ! speak to us so that we may want Simon; speak to us of such good things that we may not keep them as luxuries in our church establishment; speak to us, so that we shall see our brother Simon glow with a meaning and his life flash with a significance, such as will urge us to hunt for him until we find him.

Persistent Search

We must go where men are, touch them where they are, seek them for what they are, if we are to be soul-winners like Andrew. Andrew's Christian enthusiasm would have carried him over danger, through deep darkness, past vile places, across seas of disgusting infamy, up any height of difficulty, down into any depth of disgrace, if by any or all, he might have found Simon. Any man who finds the real Christ will, yea must find his brother. After he sees Jesus, he has new eyes for souls. No den of infamy is too horrible for his pious feet, if away there at the end of his path of duty, sparkles the gem of a soul. No distance, leading through by-ways of shame and up rough rocks of forbidding sharpness is too long or too severe, if such a soul knows that there is a human being who needs Christ at the end. The church must go where men are; it must find them, if it is to be Christian.

II. Saying.—Andrew findeth and then Andrew sayeth: many a man and many an institution have found men and they have not been brought to Jesus.

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Simon has remained the same Simon, without an intimation of ever being transformed into a Peter. Men are so ready to hear, so anxious for a tone of hope, so hungry for a crumb of inspiration, that it is not hard to find them if one wants to do them ever so little good. Every man has confessed by the earnestness with which any tiny ray of sunlight is caught up, that he is a plant whose nature pleads for the sun. Every soul is a prophet of the Christ. I care not what splendid names you put upon your societies, your clubs, your institutions and your churches, for that matter, if they do not somehow say to the souls who are attracted to them, "We have found the Messias," each of them is an Andrew who has found Simon, but who might as well be dumb. Simon very soon grows tired of such a mute brother, especially if he knows that he has made much of a pretense about finding him.

What Shall You Say?

What shall you say? If you ask that question, there is very little need of your saying anything. If there is anything but one thing which you can say, as you look at him, be silent. It will not touch him. You will feel like a dead man as you mumble it out. You have not been with Christ at his home. There was one thing, and one only, which Andrew might say: "We have found the Messias." How much more grandly one brother man can talk to another than that in heaven I do not know; one thing is sure, there never was loftier saying on earth than that, "We have found the Messias."

Notice, if you would be not only a soul-finder, but also a soul-bringer, that what the plain-minded and successful Andrew said, required no greater genius to utter than the weakest here possesses; for it was the shortest yet the clearest possible statement of a fact: "We have found the Messias." The whole of Christianity is fact. Jesus himself had made Andrew factual rather than speculative, when he said to him, just yesterday, at the very moment when he began to ask questions: "Come and see." In that atmosphere of fact, with the power of a fact behind him and in his voice, he went out to hunt up Simon. A speculation or a theory about this man Jesus would have kept him indoors. It would have driven him upstairs, beyond the reach of human voices and needs, where it has imprisoned many a conceited Andrew until Simon's funeral had to be attended to. "We have found the Messias. Simon, my brother, I have a fact for you."

Simon would have given no such response to anything but such a statement. He would probably have worsted Andrew in an argument. But Andrew had the advantage in that alone he had the fact. O, Andrew! never surrender that advantage when you go out to bring Simon. Never drop the weapon of your fact, to argue with your bird on the wing, but fire! Scepticism is like a bright lawyer with a poor case; it is better on argument than on facts. Evangelism true and thorough is not a debater, but a witness; it does not argue, it testifies. Our vision of Jesus is not like Andrew's; we do not see him at home; we do not take the trouble of going with truth as far as truth will take us, and getting acquainted with it, we do not abide with Jesus. We want to be saved from hell: we want the benefits, the earthly and heavenly perquisites of Christianity; but we do not want to know too much. We do not want to know enough to compel us to give up our fiddling business if it pays. We do not want to get absorbed in the Christ. We, therefore, never go far enough with him to get into the best and divinest parts of his grace. We get just enough Christianity to make us ashamed that we have not more; and it is no wonder that we get embarrassed, and fall to talking about ourselves and the minor and incidental joys of having found Jesus, instead of about the Messiah himself.

He sayeth: "We have found the Messias." Finding the Messias was first in order; then finding Simon. Mark the personal element in this history—in all Christian endeavor. Here is a person, who is speaking to a person, in order to lead him to a person. Andrew, Simon, Jesus—three persons and no abstractions. It is the Christ in our Christianity with which our own personal Christianity and personal helpfulness to others must begin and end. When we get to dealing with the impersonal and the abstract, it is because we have lost the personal Messias, have no sense of our own personalness, and have no interest in the personal Simon. Abstractions are sometimes but ghosts which indicate how many living Simons have been buried without a personal salvation.

And a man does not always see the whole Christ. He sees the side of Messias next to him. This thought of Messias – how it thrilled that patriot few. That was the small end of

The True Idea of the Christ of God

of course. It was the end Andrew got hold of; it was the end which he knew Simon could get hold of. Would that our preaching of Christ could touch the sentiment of world-wide patriotism. With Andrew and Simon, the fortunes of Israel were dear above all else; and the enemies which they desired to dethrone were Rome and the political methods which made them a race of slaves. Andrew and Simon's Messias is a political deliverer; so also is the Messias which the soul of the broadest man craves, a Saviour of humanity — that greater Israel—from all its dangers.

The Messias which Andrew saw was vastly greater than his conception of him. He had come to deliver men from sin, to bind them to the on-marching righteousness of God, and, in that way, to conquer all the Romes which might seek to oppress them. Every hope of man to-day runs forth to greet the preacher of this Christ. Besides this great hope at the heart of progress, every genuine feeling of the dreadful presence of sin, every desire to be rid of it; every noble movement of the unquenched good beneath the oppressive evil of life and every glimmer of desire to perpetuate it; every wandering dream of sometimes being true, amidst so many evidences of now being untrue, and every desire that that dream may be realized—all the man there is left rushes out to meet the evangelist of a real Messias. Go to thy brother. "He will not respect me," you say? No. It may be so; but he will respect the Christ you have; and not you but Christ must save him.

H. Bringing. The "finding" and the "seeing" of Andrew would have been altogether useless, however interesting they might have been, if they had not brought us the result of "bringing" Simon to Jesus. It would, I admit, have been altogether unwise to have pronounced Andrew's piety and Christianity complete if he could find immediate success in finding and bringing Simon. Simon might have been one of many others who might have refused deliberately as Judas; these would but have made Andrew a disheartened or reckless soul-winner. God has something to do with the "bringing," so also has the will upon which seed is sown. The one ought to be remembered by every humble and prayerful worker who looks to him for his "harvest." But the fact that he was a searcher for human souls, with Christ's spirit and a brother's love in his every soul, and the fact that when he found him he said to him the words which were sorest to ring in Simon's ears before and Christ's most certain blessings which should realize those hopes—these facts were

Very Powerful Forces

in making the bringing of Simon unto Jesus sure. Let us leave it to God, but let us not be hasty to say, or even reverently to say, "Thy will be done." Let us not put either our wills, our bigotry, or our indolence in God's way before we pray that prayer.

We have thus learned to know Andrew as the soul-finder, the soul-informer, the soul-bringer. In the presence of a Jesus, who had just come from the awful temptation in the wilderness, he could be no other than the Christ's missionary. In the presence of Simon Peter, whom he brought to Jesus, and Jesus himself, whose light discovers the value of souls, how great Andrew seems. He is great, because he did a great thing. Without empire, he annexed an empire to the kingdom of the King of kings. Without genius, he has influenced the world of history as no man who has genius alone has done. What a different world this is, what different pages are in its history, what a different future lies before it because Andrew brought him to Jesus. Andrew's hand is beneath the structure of our Christian civilization as is that of none of Israel's tyrants. He utters his voice through the trumpet notes of Simon Peter, and sends his influence along the larger movements of that impetuous, noble life. What a crisis it was in his own religious career, when he waited to take the first step toward his own brother Simon in the name of Jesus! His going to him at once settled his own place in history and to glory, and gave a new turn and stronger impulse to the stream of goodness and truth. The poor Methodist preacher whom Charles H. Spurgeon heard one night was as inferior soul to all but Jesus and history and humanity for whom he found this imperial man. The poorer monk of the mountain country, whose words roused Savonarola to become a Protestant out of season and a Republican before the time, had the same sort of real greatness. O, ye who start out to be the Andrews of the church and of the nation, know ye that the power to bring a greater soul unto the truth is a testimonial of the godlikeness of man.

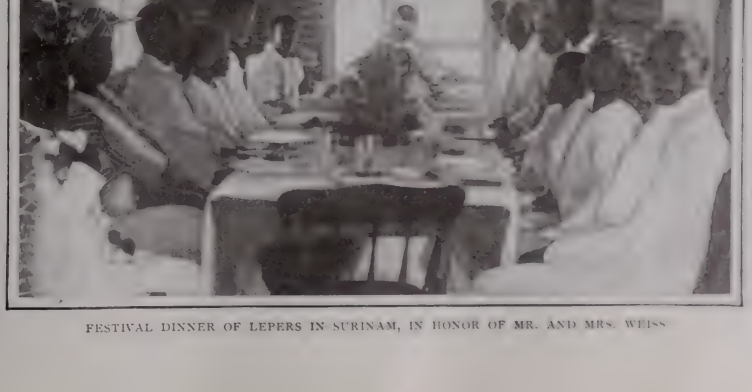
A LEPER FESTIVAL IN DUTCH GUIANA

FROM the leper colony of Bethesda, at Paramaribo, in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, comes a letter of grateful thanks to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the accompanying photograph, taken expressly for this journal. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss have arrived safely at the settlement, after their year's sojourn in the United States. Last July, an article describing their work and the object of their visit to this country, was published in these columns, which, as Mr. Weiss thankfully acknowledges, introduced them to Christian friends in many States and led to substantial help in their work. The good-will did not end with their departure, for Mr. Weiss says that one of the first letters he received after his arrival home was one from the proprietor of this journal, inclosing a check for gifts from our readers, which had been sent to this office for the benefit of the lepers.

The return of the two devoted Moravian missionaries was celebrated with genuine enthusiasm in the settlement. The day of the steamer's arrival had been long anticipated. The lepers had erected home-decorations on the bank of the river, and had obtained from friends in the town the loan of some flags to add to the splendor of the ovation. The whole population came to the landing when the steamer was sighted, to give local expression to the joy with which they welcomed their devoted friends. The poor sufferers forgot, for that day at least, their misery, in the pleasure of reunion. They had written often to their two friends while they were traveling in this country, and Mr. and Mrs. Weiss had sent regular letters to them, but the joy of seeing them once more in the flesh overcame many of them, and was manifested by all. Two of the sufferers had succumbed to the disease during the missionaries' absence, but three new patients had been received. Unhappily, there is never any lack of candidates for admission, for new victims are being continually added to the long list of sufferers from the disease. If Mr. Weiss had the means to erect cottages on the land appropriated to his work, they would be filled as soon as they were ready for occupancy. The care and sympathy and kindness bestowed on the poor afflicted creatures by the missionaries, and the deaconesses who are their helpers, are widely known, and it is the eagerly sought privilege of new victims to secure admission to the settlement.

The Dutch settlers at Paramaribo fully appreciate the services these devoted Moravian workers are rendering, and they claimed the privilege of joining in the welcome of their return. They sent to the settlement the materials for an excellent dinner for all the lepers, at which Mr. and Mrs. Weiss were personally welcomed. The first letter ever received at the settlement was read at the repast, and made the address of welcome. One of the most pathetic features of the entertainment was the disinclination among the child lepers of little parents from the missionaries had brought from the United States. Every one had been remembered, and their hearts and minds were heightened by the thought.

We are glad to know that this is neither to be the last time Mrs. Weiss has entertained the disease. We shall pray that God may long preserve them from the infection, that they may live to feed many more of those unhappy outcasts made in the Saviour.



FESTIVAL DINNER OF LEPERS IN SURINAM, IN HONOR OF MR. AND MRS. WEISS

Mrs. Booth-Tucker Passes Away

Her Last Words Were a Prayer

The Salvation Army's Great Sorrow

IN the prime of a glorious career of Christian usefulness, Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, Consul and joint head of the Salvation Army in the United States, was suddenly called from mortal life to the life everlasting, on October 29. She was traveling on a train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, from Kansas City eastward, to join her husband at Chicago, when the train plunged into an open switch near Dean Lake, Mo., while running at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. As the train left the rails, one of the cars crashed into a steel water-tank with a force so terrific that the great tank, with its weight of water, was moved five feet from its foundations. Sleeping-cars and day-coaches were instantly piled upon each other in the darkness, in a confused mass. Passengers were hurled from their berths, pinioned under the *debris*, and bruised and mangled by the broken timbers.

On the train with Mrs. Booth-Tucker, and in the same car, was Col. Thomas Holland, superintendent of the Salvation Army Colony at Amity, Col., which place the Consul had visited only a few days before. Both were made senseless by the shock, and lay bleeding and unconscious in the ruins of the demolished tourist car, of which they were the only occupants.

Some of the passengers in other coaches, who had escaped injury, quickly formed a relief party, and with the aid of the people of Dean Lake, began the work of rescue. Many were extricated from the wreck before the rescuers found Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who had been thrown from her berth, and lay terribly crushed under a section of the side of the car. Chopping away the timbers with axes, the rescuers tenderly bore their unconscious burden to the little station, where some kind-hearted women passengers did what they could for her. It was soon apparent, however, that she was beyond human aid. Her skull was fractured, and she had received internal injuries. Col. Holland was found to have sustained very serious injuries. Twenty-six other passengers on the ill-fated train were more or less dangerously hurt, two probably mortally.

Two relief trains soon arrived on the scene—one from Kansas City, the other from Marcelline—both with surgeons on board. All the injured were placed on the Marcelline train, which had only proceeded a few miles when a truck slipped from one of the cars, and the passengers were severely shaken up. A few moments after the train stopped, Mrs. Booth-Tucker died, passing away within two hours after she had received her injuries.

Miss Helen Dammes, Private Secretary of Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who accompanied the party on the train, gives this account of the accident and of the Consul's last moments:

Colonel Holland succeeded in securing Pullman berths, and all of our party had changed to the sleepers except Mrs. Booth-Tucker and Colonel Holland, who remained seated in the tourist car, deep in a discussion of the plans for the Amity Colony. I had left them about a minute, I think, when the terrific crash came. After the first great deafening noise, the cars went plunging and swaying, and finally brought up with another awful crash. This was because of their being thrown against the huge water tank. The horror of the situation at first came from the utter darkness into which the cars were plunged, and then from the moans and cries that arose from the maimed and wounded. I was thrown violently upon my face in the aisle of the car, but on recovering my senses and arising, I found that I was not hurt.

I made my way out of the car. Many berth sections had been smashed and the floor was littered with bedding and splinters, with the injured lying in the *debris*. I heard their cries of anguish. My immediate companions were safe, but I saw, to my horror, that the tourist car in which Mrs. Booth-Tucker and Colonel Holland had been, was reduced to a smashed and broken thing. A dozen men were wielding axes on it, working to save human life. At last the unconscious form of Mrs. Booth-Tucker was lifted out of the mass of *debris*. We followed as it was borne to the little Dean Lake station. There two mattresses were brought. Colonel Holland was laid upon one, the Consul upon the other. I took my place by her side. Dr. Hunter, of Pittsburg, Kan., gave her medical attention, but it was unavailing. Her skull had been fractured and her body had been otherwise most cruelly tortured in the wreck. Wondrously enough, she recovered consciousness. I bent closely to her, and it seemed that her eyes recognized me.

"My husband—my children." I heard her whisper, and then her lips moved. She was praying. She took splendid courage to pray then. The doctor told me that the pure, good woman was suffering terrible agony. But she tightened her lips and only moaned a little. Mercifully, insensibility came and ended further suffering. For an hour I watched her half-perceptible breathing. It was about midnight when she died, and I crossed the slender hands upon her breast.

THE LATE MRS. EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER
CONSUL OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE UNITED STATES

MR. AND MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER AND THEIR FAMILY

Mrs. Emma Moss Booth-Tucker, or the Consul, as she was universally called by the members of the Salvation Army, was one of the most remarkable women who has been identified with religious work in the last quarter of a century. Her life story reads like a romance, but it is a romance that carries with it a splendid lesson of inspiration and high spiritual achievement. She was the second daughter of General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, and Catherine Mumford, his wife, and she inherited in a large degree the remarkable energy and intensely spiritual nature of both parents. While still a mere girl, in short skirts and with her hair in braids, she began her work of love for the unsaved. Many touching stories are told of her labors among the children of the poor and wretched in London. Hardly more than a child herself she established, and successfully maintained, a home for the orphan children of Salvation Army officers; she led numerous crusades against the evil life of the British metropolis, and on the platform, the slim lithe, great-eyed, earnest girl, thrilled the hearts of listening audiences and was made instrumental in leading many to repentance and salvation.

As she grew to womanhood, she looked about for still wider fields of usefulness. As one of the younger officers of the Salvation Army, she had the oversight of the young men and women who came for training to the International Training Home in London, and hundreds of those who were then sent out to the field are now doing excellent work in different parts of the world.

In 1887 she married Frederick St. George de Latour Tucker, who was then engaged in the Salvation Army work in India, occupying a prominent position. After their marriage, the husband assumed the name of Booth-Tucker, and together they took charge of the Army's work in India. One who knew and loved Mrs. Booth-Tucker, has written the following tribute to the work of this noble Christian woman:

THE ARMY HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK

"With bare, often with bleeding feet, Consul Booth-Tucker has many a time walked the blistering sands and rocky ways of India. As Commissioner Raheeman (Mercy), she speedily became widely loved among the dark-skinned people amid whom she labored; and she inaugurated and conducted, with her husband, a spiritual and philanthropic work among the bitterly poor, sorrowful and downtrodden of the provinces, that has made her name a household word to this day."

In 1896, she came to the United States with her husband, since which time they have been jointly the central figures and leaders in all the American work of the Salvation Army. Commander and Consul, they have labored together loyally and successfully, and have built up the Army to the standard of a great national religious organization, with vast resources, and a far-reaching capacity for doing good. Mrs. Booth-Tucker was prominent, if not indeed foremost, in every new departure in the Army work; in the Rescue work; the Children's Homes; the Industrial Homes, the Colonies, and in a multitude of ways and means that were devised for aiding the poor and the fallen, and reclaiming the erring. Her magnetic and dramatic eloquence on the platform, her charm of manner and conversation socially, and her intense earnestness and high spiritual enthusiasm, made her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 965

MISSIONARY PIKE PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE WORSHIPERS OF JUGGERNAUT

AT THE GREAT JUGGERNAUT FESTIVAL

The Extraordinary Spectacle this Year Described by an Eye-witness — The Decline of Idolatry in India

ON the coast of the beautiful Bay of Bengal, in the holy land of Orissa, lies the holiest of all holy cities of India, Puri, the abode of Juggernaut (or Jagganath), the "prince or lord of the world. Behind an ideal beach of pure white sand, gradually arises the lovely city, lying among waving palms and trees of dark green, glossy verdure. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Overtopping all is the cone-shaped temple of India's popular god.

Annually the idol receives a bath, gets sick, so it is said, after two weeks recovers, and is then taken in state to his sylvan home, about one and one-half miles from the temple. His brother and sister accompany him on separate cars. Three new cars, about thirty-five feet square and fifty feet high, are built to carry the idols. Juggernaut rides in state in the largest car, having sixteen wheels, and his brother Bala-Rama (or Bala-Badhra) and his sister Subadhra, in the other two cars, each car having fourteen wheels; three ropes, five inches in diameter, are attached to each car. One of these ropes can be seen on the photograph I send. A strong police guard prevents any accidents or acts of self-immolation. Men and women roll on the ground behind the car, and kiss the dust, intoxicated with frenzy. All three cars are pulled by the thousands of pilgrims to the summer residence.

At times, two hundred thousand pilgrims are said to come to this festival, and ten thousand a year have died of cholera; but still this does not deter the crowds from coming, for whoever dies there (so the priests say), or within a radius of ten miles from the temple, is sure of heaven. To show how inconsistent the people are in their heathen faith, it is only necessary to state that about four or five miles from the temple is a place the Hindus call "the gate of hell."

This year, in spite of cheap travel by railway and the best of protection for life and property, there were only 50,000 pilgrims in Puri. The priests are sad, and so are the boarding-house keepers. As high as 200,000 people formerly came, it is said, and 150,000 were expected this year. This large falling off in the number of worshipers proves that idolatry is waning, and that India is joining the ranks of those who "hail the power of Jesus' name."

On the day of Juggernaut's alleged recovery from fever, the gates are opened to let the pilgrims in to see their god. Many thousands throng before the gates, and if there were not a very strong police guard at the gates many would be trampled to death. The police have split rattans, with which they hit the heads and shoulders of those pushing forward, and thus drive them back. The pilgrims are admitted in batches of about fifty. A mere glimpse of Juggernaut gives one forgiveness of all sins—so the people believe—hence the pilgrims push and perspire to get a glimpse of the idol.

It is hard to find a more putrid pond of water anywhere than the one in which the pilgrims of Juggernaut bathe. Government has forbidden the people taking this water home, but cannot prevent the bathing. Formerly the great outbreaks of cholera, by which thousands perished in Puri annually, were principally caused by the weak, weary pilgrims drinking the filthy water, full of cholera germs. Sanitation, and the quick and easy travel by railroads, has improved the health of all. Comparatively few pilgrims now fall victims of cholera.

Of all the hideous idols of India, Juggernaut is the most hideous. His features are distorted, and he is a poor caricature of a man; yet the worshipers, especially poor widows, are willing to pay large sums to get a glimpse of the idol.

From all parts of India princes and princesses and the nobility, as well as the meanest beggars such as lepers, the halt and lame and blind, also thieves and thugs, throng to see and do homage to their lord. It is sad to see the many, many women, most of them widows, who come here.

In the most prominent corner of Puri, where all the pilgrims must pass, Rev. J. G. Pike, a veteran missionary of the English Baptist Mission, has built a Gospel lighthouse. There a band of preachers and the missionaries, from dawn to dark, extend to all the invitation of Jesus, the only Lord of the world: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." This invitation falls on thousands of deaf ears; but here and there one comes to Jesus and is saved.

Mr. Pike secured, after some years of waiting, a site from the municipality, on which he was permitted to erect a Bible and Book Room. The site is at the corner of the old pilgrim road and the broad road to Juggernaut's summer residence. All pilgrims to Puri have to pass that book room, and unless they wilfully shut their ears they must hear the Gospel preachers. Juggernaut's worshipers have stopped at the book room while pulling the car, and have caused the Christians because there were so few of them and so many thousands of pilgrims. Everything in India is changing. Jesus is being enthroned and Juggernaut dethroned. A Christian policeman, whose duty called him to keep order in Juggernaut Puri said to me: "I have been in the temple three times. All I can say is that after you pass the Lion's Gate you are in hell."

Yes, in there is hell! One of our converts, however, became a Christian even in that hell. In order to find out whether Juggernaut could help or not, he went back of the idol and prayed: "Juggernaut, if you are alive, kill me, kill me!" Then taking a dagger he stabbed it three times into the Juggernaut, but the idol did not move. That convinced the man that all was a fraud. He came to Jesus and found him a Saviour indeed.

Barpatda, India. GEO. N. PIKE.

CROWDS AT THE GATE OF JUGGERNAUT'S TEMPLE

THE SACRED POND, WHERE THE JUGGERNAUT PILGRIMS BATHE

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Three Christian Heroines

IT is a remarkable coincidence that in the space of one short month, the world should have been bereft of three women, each of whom in her respective sphere, was a source of blessing to multitudes. Mrs. Moody had, throughout a long life, unostentatiously, but very effectively, contributed to the harmonious working of the many projects of usefulnes, initiated by her energetic and devoted husband. Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, in spite of her ill-health and personal suffering, had given thought and effort to the needs of impoverished workers, to the comfort and welfare of the widows and the orphans; and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, whose tragic death has only just occurred, was in the full tide of her beneficent work, not only proclaiming the Gospel herself, but taking a prominent part in the direction of a host of laborers in Christian work, and superintending the management of numerous enterprises for the relief of suffering and poverty. All three have gone to their reward, and have entered into the presence of Him whom they served so faithfully on earth. The world is the poorer for their going, but for them, how blessed must have been the greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord!"

Lives such as these three women lived, are an inspiration and a stimulus to others. "I am only a woman," some say, "What can I do?" To all such, the message of such lives is that which Martha brought to Mary: "The Master is come and calleth for *thee*." Jesus has work to be done in the world, that no hands can do so well as the tender, sympathetic hands of a woman. No voice so comforting, so cheering as hers, no ministry so sweet, so consolatory, so encouraging as that she can tender. Mr. Spurgeon often said, that, when worn out with physical pain, oppressed with burdens that lay very heavy on his shoulders, and depressed by sorrows and disappointments, he had only to visit the room in which his suffering wife was so patiently and cheerfully living her stricken life, to get new courage and stronger faith. If she had done no more than to help such a man to renewed effort, she would have done much, but, all over the country, ministers and Christian workers were sharing in the loving helpfulness and practical sympathy which emanated from that abode of pain and physical weariness. So it was with Mrs. Moody. Those nearest to her—her husband and children—knew how blessed it was to be in the companionship of one who was in such close touch with the infinite perfection of her Lord. But others in ever-widening circles were benefited, too, and the power and tenderness that she gained from on high, were passed on to them. Of Mrs. Booth-Tucker, too, so different in the character of her work, how many would give similar testimony. Her husband—may the Great Consoler, who alone can be his support in this hour of crushing bereavement, comfort and sustain him—found in her the best adviser, the most cheerful helper, and most loyal comrade in his exhausting work. What, too, must have been the effect of her influence on the men and women in distant cities who are preaching Christ to the poor and the degraded and the lost! They could never tell. It was beyond words.

We grieve over the loss of such women. Fain would we have kept them in this hard, pitiless world, where their loving, tender, compassionate spirit is so sadly needed. Their lives were a benediction and an inspiration. But God knows best. If we were not sure of that, life would be dark indeed. Let us thank Him that such women have lived, and that he has given us the privilege of seeing how his indwelling presence in them can make humanity so heavenly.

Feet in the Net

YOU have not gone far in life if you have not discovered that the way is full of nets into which our unwary, or perhaps our helpless, feet, sometimes, somehow, get thrust and tangled; nets of disappointment, or difficult circumstances, or failing health, or narrowing income, or loss of heart to cope with daily uncongenial duty, or innocent companionship changed to debasing thralldom, or some other hard or perilous condition, when one feels precisely as one does when his foot is caught, and it seems beyond his strength to pull it out.

One day at a railway station, where there were many interlacing tracks, a foreman stood directing some needed repairs to the rails. A long backing train approached, and he turned with his men to clear the way, when his heel was caught by a defective switch or frog, and held him fast as in a vice. With all the might of desperation he struggled to escape. His friends seized him and put forth their united strength to drag him away, or to break the terrible grip of the iron. All in vain. Every effort was made to stop the train; but though the speed was checked the deadly wheels rolled slowly on, and there for one awful moment the helpless victim stood, with his agonized gaze fixed upon the creeping monster, until it touched him, bore him down, went grinding over him, and left him a mangled corpse.

How many nets for spiritual feet all about this world are just as unsuspected, just as powerful, and just as deadly as those jaws of steel that gripped that poor man to his death!

God be thanked for this note of faith and courage, a note for all time and for every soul ensnared: "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord, for he shall pluck my feet from out the net."

Early Rising

EARLY rising is undoubtedly a virtue, but it is not the only virtue in the calendar. Millions of people have to rise early, irrespective of their like or dislike in the case. They are summoned by the relentless call of the day's work. Other people, who rise early because it is their preference, because they cannot sleep after a certain hour, often glorify this admirable habit of theirs as if it were in itself a patent of saintliness; and, not stopping here, they proceed to insist that everyone else shall imitate their example. They rap and call, and cease not their rapping and calling, till others in the family, who long for a morning drowse and the last luxurious nap that is the crown of the night's rest, are compelled to shake off their sleepiness and rise unwillingly. Old people seem to require less sleep than younger ones. If they do waken early, why should they not read their Bibles in the tranquil silence of the new day and let others in the house sleep on? Invalids and young folk should not be hurried in the morning.

Children, whenever it is at all possible, should be allowed to sleep until they wake. Breakfast, unless it is all important to have it finished and put aside, should be a movable feast, not placed on the table according to a hard and fast rule. Early rising should not be a fetich. It should simply be accepted as an obvious necessity for some people.

Intimacy With God.

NO one can read the Old Testament without receiving a new and deep impression of the familiarity with which the old Patriarchs and Prophets approached Jehovah. To them He was a silent partner in all their affairs; the Father whom they never hesitated to take into confidence about little things; the God whom they importuned, with reiterated and vehement earnestness, about the things which pressed upon their hearts. God was not to Abraham, or Jacob, or Joseph, or David, an abstraction. He was a real Person, who took an interest in what they were planning and doing, to whom they turned when most sorrowful for sin, sure that He would pardon them; with whom they pleaded that their friends might be forgiven, and who, in short, had something to do with their entire daily life.

The great loss and trouble of our life of to-day is that we keep God at a distance. He is indeed practically not much in the thoughts of many men and women. They arrange the details in their homes, their business and their life without reference to the Divine Being in whose hand are the issues of their life and breath, and who at any moment can put an arrest on these activities and call us to go to another world. It would seem as if the thing most to be desired by Christians of to-day were a child-like confidence in, and a friendly intimacy with our Father, who is revealed to us now, as He was in the old days, in the person of His Son.

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THE MONARCH OF ALL PREMIUMS

EVERY home should own an up-to-date encyclopedia. Hardly a day passes but some subject, some town, or some person is mentioned, that requires "looking up." Wives and husbands ask each other questions, and children ask parents questions, which cannot be intelligently answered offhand. At such times an encyclopedia must be consulted, and it must be up-to-date to give satisfaction. We live in a wide-awake age; conditions change quickly, and **only 20th Century Information can meet 20th Century Requirements.**

★ ★ ★ ★

About five years ago, Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Salisbury, Bismarck, McKinley, and Pope Leo were prominently in the public eye—to-day they have all passed from the scene, and others have come to the front. Twenty years ago the Telephone and Electric Light were in their infancy; the X-ray, Trolley, Automobile, Acetylene, Color Photography, and Wireless Telegraphy had not been heard of; while the Cuban War, the Boer War, Boxers, Dowieism, the Panama Canal Purchase, the Hague Tribunal and the Alaska Boundary Decision, were nearly all unknown even a few years ago: yet who to-day can claim to be reasonably well-informed without an intelligent acquaintance with these important phases in national and international development?

★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

War Clouds in the East

WAR between Russia and Japan still continues, unhappily, among the possibilities of the near future. The two principals are evidently fully alive to the fact, for, while professing an earnest desire for peace, both are straining every nerve to bring on the scene of probable conflict every ship and soldier that can be spared. Japan is naturally incensed, as are the European Powers, at the announcement by Russia, that the evacuation of Manchuria, to which she had pledged herself, has been indefinitely postponed. Russia makes the excuse that China is not yet prepared to take control of the province, and besides, has failed to give the pledges insuring Russia's preponderating influence that Russia demands. Mere pretexts for remaining in possession are, of course, easily found, and as a matter of fact, no one who is familiar with Russian policy expects that she will ever let go her hold on the province. Japan, while resenting this spoliation of China, would probably bear it with equanimity, were it not that Russia is using her position in Manchuria as a menace to Korea, where Japanese influence is paramount. Her armies are concentrated on the Manchurian side of the frontier of Korea, and a report is in circulation that she has seized a Korean port and is fortifying it, and mounting heavy guns. That Russia would like to absorb Korea is no secret. It is a helpless little kingdom, which might easily be conquered; but if it is to lose its independence, Japan considers herself the natural heir, and has given an unequivocal intimation to Russia that she is prepared to fight for it. The courage of Japan in threatening war with Russia cannot be doubted, but Japan is quite aware how terrible such a conflict would be, and naturally shrinks from it. Great Britain, also, who is now Japan's ally, is using all her influence to prevent the outbreak of hostilities. Negotiations are being conducted between the Japanese Commander, the Marquis Ito, and Admiral Alexieff, the Russian Viceroy, which it is hoped may satisfy Japan that no Russian aggression on Korea is contemplated; but all is in readiness on both sides for the conflict should it occur. The Japanese fleet is cruising in Korean waters, and the huge Russian warships are assembled at Port Arthur, within easy reach of Seoul, the Korean capital. One of the newspaper correspondents declares that Korea at the present time resembles a straw house, into which people are allowed to carry lighted candles. It is easy to see, therefore, how slight an act of imprudence on either side may bring about a conflagration. It may be hoped, however, that in gaining so huge an accession of territory as Manchuria, Russia will rest content for the time, and not precipitate a conflict with Japan by seizing the little country of Korea. The danger arises, as the Bible warns us that it would in all cases, from greed and rapacity:

From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts? Ye lust and have not: ye kill and desire to have (James 4: 1, 2).

ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF

THE MARQUIS ITO

An Ancient Clue

A cable message from London to the American press says, "Never, perhaps, has a modern expedition had in it more of the elements of romance than one which left London recently for Egypt under the auspices of a well-known firm of mining engineers. These twentieth century pleasure seekers are acting on information obtained from papyri in the British Museum written 4,000 years B. C. They are going to search for gold and precious stones in the western oasis of the Libyan Desert, a practically unexplored region of over 40,000 square miles, which was called by ancient writers the Valley of the Kings, and which is said to contain much evidence of workings for gold and precious stones. The secular press dwells on the curious significance of the clue to the riches of the region having been given nearly six thousand years ago. That it has not been followed before is due to the fact that the papyri had not been deciphered. Now that the clue has been given, no time is being lost in following it. If men were as eager to obtain spiritual riches, they would not neglect the direction, which also came down from ancient times.

Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth (Deut. 8: 18).

Out of Prison After 29 Years

A man, confused and embarrassed by the busy life of the city, came to New York last week. He had that day received his pardon from Governor Odell, after being in prison twenty-nine years. He was thirty-three years of age when, in a fit of ungovernable rage, he killed a man, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Account was taken of the provocation he received, and that probably saved him from being executed. During his imprisonment he has behaved in an exemplary manner, but he never expected to be released, and was astonished when his pardon was granted. A Roman Catholic clergyman, who had known him before the crime, and was aware how utterly friendless he was, had an opportunity of interceding with the Governor for him and took advantage of it. His long incarceration, his good behavior, and his old age were considered, and he was released. As he did not expect a pardon, he had taken no interest in events outside his prison, so that when he was free, the changes which had taken place amazed him. He was bewildered with the rush and hurry of the streets after being so long in seclusion. He grasped the arm of his friend, and looked this way and that, in dread of being run over, and begged to be taken into some quiet place till he could recover his nerve. "Most of my life is gone," he said to one who talked with him, "but I shall get work, and make the best of the time that is left to me." It is the best resolve open to him. No one can give him back the years he has lost. It is so that sin robs the life, even when the sinner escapes prison. He has reason to be thankful for even a late conversion, but he can never cease to grieve over the years lost beyond recall. Only in the promise of God of heavenly restoration has he hope.

I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten (Joel 2: 25).

An Anarchist Arrested

The anarchist groups in this country were stricken with consternation last week, when a guest from England was arrested at a public meeting in New York. He is said to be the most conspicuous anarchist in England, and his coming to this country to lecture had been anticipated with intense interest. He had just concluded his first speech at a meeting held in his honor, when an Inspector of Immigration called him to the side of the platform and told him that he must return to Ellis Island, where an order for his deportation was awaiting him. The order came from Secretary Cortelyou in Washington, and was peremptory. The authorities in New York were eager to give bail for him, and to employ the best lawyers to defend him, but they were informed that there would be no trial, and that he would simply be sent back to his own country as an undesirable immigrant. The friends of his friends claimed the protection of the law, and insisted that having committed no offense, his detention was an illegal outrage. They were told, however, that as an alien he was not entitled to the protection of our laws, and as he has avowed

MAP OF KOREA

In denouncing all law, he probably forgot that he might have occasion to appeal to the law.

As many as have sinned without law shall perish without law (Rom. 2: 12).

BRIEF NOTES

THE BAY OF SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA

TRIBUTES TO A MOTHER IN ISRAEL

Memorial Services in Honor of the Late Mrs. D. L. Moody

THOUGH a heavy rain was falling, a goodly-sized audience gathered in the Chicago Avenue Church, Chicago, on October 14, to do honor to the memory of the loved and lamented wife of the late Dwight L. Moody. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Jacoby, presided. The Moody Institute Quartette sang

THE LATE MRS. DWIGHT L. MOODY
From a photograph taken several years ago

several appropriate selections. Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn, assisted in the services.

Among the speakers was the Hon. John B. Farwell, who referred to Mrs. Moody's early life when she and her husband lived on opposite sides of the same street, and attended the same schools, where they first met. Mr. Farwell thought that not only had Mr. Moody had a transfiguration scene which forever charmed him with "Jesus Only," but that Mrs. Moody had also, or neither one would have spared the other to so often go apart, and be far separated. While Mr. Moody was first in Europe, he made two discoveries. One was a young girl, to whose devout prayers he was an answer, when he went to preach in her home church. The second was when, one night, he felt that his sermon had been a terrible failure, and he wanted to hide in humiliation. But when he asked sinners to come to the altar, five hundred rose. He thought he was misunderstood, and that they had risen in a body for some other reason. But more rose to his second invitation than to the first. Thus his faith was strengthened in the power of God through the weakness of human flesh.

* * *

Among those sent to Mr. Moody in England, continued Mr. Farwell, to help him, was a Manchester thief; but one who knew the Bible and loved it. Mr. Moody said he was only too willing to learn about the Bible from anyone, even from a thief. When Mr. Moody sailed for America, the converted thief took the next steamer, and presented himself before the evangelist in Chicago. The dilemma as to what to do with him was solved by Mrs. Moody. "Let him preach," she said, "we will see what is in him." His text was John 3:16. For seven nights thereafter, he preached each night a different sermon from the same text, to the glory of God.

Mr. Morton, an old friend of Mr. Moody's, said that before Moody was a public man, he was filled with the missionary spirit. He was simply a city missionary. Mrs. Moody was better educated than her husband, and it was well known that she was of very great assistance to him, and revised very many of his manuscripts. She was known to be a staunch supporter and a pillar to him in both public and private labor, and service for the Master.

* * *

Dr. Pierson said in part: "Few people have I known from whom I learned more holy lessons than from our sister, Mrs. Dwight L. Moody. In the early days of Mr. Moody, when I first knew him, and did not at that time know Mrs. Moody, he was like an uncut stone — rude, crude, with many excrescences that needed wearing off. He was impetuous. A wonderful change came over him. He became careful, considerate, measured in word and deed, kind, thoughtful, steady, sure. As I saw him after meeting Mrs. Moody, I was convinced that she was the companion whom God had chosen to be his helpful teacher and friend. The mystery was solved when I knew both Mr. Moody and his invaluable companion. She was unobtrusive, modest, quiet. She was his teacher. Mr. Moody, himself, so expressed his great indebtedness to his wife, whom he regarded as both his counterpart and his counterpoise. There was nothing apparently uncommon or uncommonly great about her; but, like all noble characters, she was not self-assertive. Yet her power lay in her apparent powerlessness. In Mrs. Moody there were no discrepancies; but all was in keeping with good judgment, self-restraint, unselfishness, modesty, devotion to Christ. She had the habit of thinking of others, content that others should shine, while she acted as the hidden, secret spring.

Dr. Pierson repeated the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Their works do follow them." Saying, "The Follow," from the original, meant, "Accompany."

The entire service was beautifully appropriate, and was a fitting tribute to the memory of a noble Christian woman.

Mrs. Moody lies beside her husband in the family plot on Round Top, East Northfield, Mass.

LILLA STONE PAVY.

ROUND TOP, EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.
Where the great Evangelist Dwight L. Moody and Mrs. Moody are buried

A WOMAN'S RIDE ACROSS ICELAND

Continued from page 951

process. The sides of the houses are of wood, the roofs turf, and the foundation stone. Sometimes there is a hard floor, but more frequently the earth is trodden down hard and smooth. From our point of view, the homes afford little comfort; but there is a sweet, charming relation between members of the family circle, which makes the atmosphere ideal. Cut off from all the world, each family is a society unto itself, and within itself must find everything that "makes life worth the while." And they succeed, too! The snow and darkness of the night make church-going impossible during the winter months, and thus the rural people are cut off from all means of grace, so far as assembling is concerned; a privilege greatly appreciated when weather permits. They are all Lutherans. A bishop, appointed by the King of Denmark, is at the head of the church, and has under his charge 284 congregations. Some of these have pastors, others are shepherdless.

At a minister's home (who was also a farmer), I spent a Sabbath day of rest. The congregation began to assemble early in the morning, planning time for a visit, before service, and remaining for another after they had been dismissed. Their form of salutation is a kiss on each cheek. The custom is carried out by men as well as by women throughout the island.

Next day brought me to the Mount of Laws—the *Thingvalla*—a spot almost sacred to the islander, for upon it was evolved the national code of laws. Eighty volcanic eruptions, within historic times, had produced the scenes of desolation through which we now traveled. No sign of life or habitation; even the crow had fled before the scene. A heavy rain set in, and finally took the form of mist. With chills creeping up and down my spinal column, drenched in every shred, we traveled on in silence. Our only thought was an abiding-place for the night, and this we finally reached just outside the *Thingvalla*.

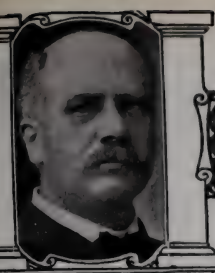
In the morning, we again mounted our sturdy ponies and started through the "chasm of the people." A great rent in the rock, caused by an earthquake, formed a natural pass, through which people had traveled for more than a thousand years to hear the laws read. Remarkable have been the scenes enacted upon this spot. When the present King of Denmark granted them the degree of liberty they now enjoy, and when he made a journey to Iceland, upon the occasion of the celebration of the thousandth year of settlement, he brought them a new constitution. There, upon the Mount of Laws, where the first code was formulated, the king delivered to the assembled multitude the right that has made them practically a self-governing people. The legislative body now meets in a fine stone house in the southern capital, every two years.

Besides fishing, the people are engaged in stock-raising. Sheep are numerous on the hillsides, where they subsist chiefly upon mountain moss. These pastures are rented from the government at a very small rate. The shorn wool is stored until the winter, when the spinning-wheel and hand loom are taken down, and the women enter upon their usual occupation for the period of darkness. There is a sufficient yield of grass in the valleys that affords hay for the stock during the winter months. This grass is scarcely more than six inches long; but the roots are twice as long as the blades, and intertwine so as to form a heavy weather-proof mass, which is taken up as sod and used for a covering for the hay, and also for the roofs of houses. For fuel, peat bogs are dug and turned up to the sun. These supply the sole fuel for the long months of cold and darkness. In all departments of work the women stand side by side with men. They hire out for field hands, peat-cutters, cattle-herders. They receive one-third less compensation than the men for the same hours and an equal amount of work. Added to this, they prepare the meals, keep the house in order, and care for the children. At all times of the year the women crowd more toil into the hours than do the men. Nowhere is it a greater truism that "women's work is never done." The large degree of physical strength of the entire race, makes it possible for the women to take part in the heaviest labor and not "give out nervously." Yet with all their activities, the women are educated and refined. Iceland is beautiful, restful and fascinating; well worth the time spent in a journey to this country and its people.

HALLGRIMUS SVEINSSON
Bishop of Iceland

RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF ICELAND

EINAR HJORLEIFSSON
A Young Poet of Iceland



THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.
Author of "In His Steps."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them Rev. Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he resolutely declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper, which creates sensation, and brings to its side many new friends.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty old school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and printer. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through his repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic.

One evening, while he was looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reform are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to try on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4,000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas. It is a really local experience, with the names only slightly veiled, and the facts easily recognizable. The great audience sits spellbound, as the story of a ruined family and a broken-hearted mother is graphically told. Over three thousand persons sign the pledge, as the result of the story. The picnic is declared a phenomenal success.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued

"If what?" Esther laughed, Douglas looked so troubled.

"If we were married," replied Douglas, and it was Esther's turn to show confusion.

"Well, I don't see anything to hinder," remarked Mr. Edwards. "Here is Mr. Vernon, and if he'll wait here ten minutes I'll get the license for you. It's a little hidden to provide all the cake and fixings that we can open a can of something, and there's a pie in the pantry or I'm mistaken; eh, George?"

"Am I invited?" asked George, in his excitement getting up on one elbow.

"To what?" asked Mr. Edwards.

"To the wedding."

"Oh! I thought may be you meant to the pie. Of course you're invited. Where's my hat, Julia?"

Douglas had led Esther to the other end of the room. They were having an animated talk together. Finally, they came back to the group near George's bed.

"Esther has promised to marry me—" began Douglas, and Mr. Edwards exclaimed, "Good for her!" and started towards the door, his wife laughingly pulling at his coat.

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"Promised to marry me as soon as the High School term is out next spring."

"It was the only way I could prevail on the foolish one to take the money!" cried Esther, blushing, but looking supremely happy.

"I don't see why you couldn't have it done right here and now," grumbled Edwards. "Esther will not look half so pretty nor healthy after she's slaved for several months over the bride's trousseau. Esther is so much given over to love of fine clothes."

"I have very little money to spend for dresses now?" Esther said merrily as she put the one hundred dollars into Douglas' hands again. He took it gravely, and not even Esther knew the depth of the vow he registered that day to prove worthy of her unbounded faith in him and the paper. It made him tremble to think that this unselfish, whole-hearted, buoyant spirit was joined to his life for better for worse. He felt deeply humble in the face of that human divine companionship, and thanked God for it, as for a gift beyond the possibility of purchase by earth's wealth, a gift of the Almighty to the children of men, to cheer and bless them as they journeyed together over the path of life.

"FARMER SAGE POURED OUT A GREAT HEAP OF SMALL COIN AND BILLS"

But neither Douglas nor Esther nor any of the friends of the *Beacon* realized the force of the sentiment that was created for the paper by the attempt made to wipe it out. There was no direct proof that the saloon element was guilty, but Anderson County and Colby jumped at the conclusion, and after-events demonstrated the accuracy of their conclusions. Mayor Bartlett at once offered Douglas the use of his office for the publication of the *Beacon*, and in a manly editorial in the *Sentinel*, denounced the outrage as an act of barbarism. Douglas felt again that in some ways the Mayor was not totally depraved, and gave him credit at least for newspaper courtesy of the orthodox sort. He did not, however, accept the Mayor's offer; not for personal reasons, but because the way unexpectedly opened for him to print the *Beacon* on his own press.

He was in Mr. Edwards' store three days after the explosion, talking over with him the facts about his mail, which had begun to increase with every delivery, and telling Mr. Edwards of the surprising contents of some of the letters he was receiving.

"Nearly a hundred dollars was sent in in small sums by subscribers all over the country. What do you think of that?"

"Think it's a sign of the times," Edwards replied promptly. "You'll have that press all right. Might as well open up your office in Clark's building. He told me this morning that you could have it if you wanted it. The location isn't bad, and the rent won't be as high as on the street."

Douglas went down to see the building that afternoon, and found it better than he had supposed. He at once moved into the building with some cheap office furniture. Two days later, while looking over his mail, with Quits looking over a case of type which had been collected from the ruins of the *Beacon* office, Farmer Sage walked in and greeted Douglas heartily.

"Brought you a few subscriptions," he said, after asking a few questions about the explosion.

He put his hands in his big overcoat pocket, and poured out on the desk in front of Douglas a great heap of small coin and bills.

"One hundred and seventy-five dollars, I make it," he said. "And here's a list of the subscribers." He handed the astonished editor a paper containing fifty names of farmers in Payson Township.

"Take Dawson never did a better day's work for the *Beacon* in all his life, if he was the man who had anything to do with that bomb. You'd be surprised if you knew how many friends that outrage has made for you. No thanks. It's no more than your due. Give us the best paper on earth and you'll find us all right. I've marked those who have paid for the paper, and all the rest is voluntary contributions. There'll be a little more and I'll send it in."

That afternoon, by Mr. Edwards' advice, Douglas wrote to a firm in Clinton for a press. He knew just what he wanted, and the Clinton firm promptly responded. Before the end of that week the new press was being set up in the new quarters, and the proudest man in all Colby was Quits, as he helped the Clinton man and Douglas to put it together.

They were at work at it when Mr. Edwards came in, and asked Douglas to stop a moment. Douglas sat down with his friend, and Edwards, with an astonishing wink of satisfaction, asked:

"How much are the contributions up to date?"

Douglas figured a moment.

"Five hundred and thirty-four dollars and fifty-three cents. Esther's contribution was $100. Mr. Sage brought in $175 and has sent in $23.78 since. And I've received by mail $235.75. I am simply overwhelmed, Mr. Edwards, by this. It is like a story."

"So are most things in real life. Thought maybe you might need a little something for type and paper, so I brought in this."

He took out a paper and laid it down in front of the astonished young editor.

It was a list of business men and church members, including a great many women, who had contributed to the fund for starting the paper again. Mr. Edwards had headed the list with $100, and had been circulating it himself quietly from the very day after the explosion. Douglas almost lost his breath when he read the total at the foot of the list. It summed up $417, and ensured the purchase not only of the new press, but type and paper and other necessary fixtures for the office.

He sat looking at his friend with his eyes dim and his heart full.

"How can I thank you, dear friend?"

"Don't try," said Mr. Edwards, huskily. "Give us the best paper going. The people are getting with you. That bomb was heard all over the State. And it wrecked more saloons than all the prayers of the churches or I'm a sinner. It was better for you than a fire on an old building covered with insurance. Good luck to you. No, I won't stop. It's your busy day. If you need any one to open your mail I'll send Banks over."

He went out, as he usually did, on the run, and Douglas, feeling as if the whole explosion was a dream, went over to help finish putting the new press in order.

It was no dream, however, and on the list the group of friends will see many times the event when, a few days later, the first numbers of the new *Beacon* in its fresh dress of type came off the new press. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Esther, Mr. Vernon and his wife, and half a dozen interested friends were present, including George, who was almost well, and hobbled down to the new office with the help of a pair of crutches.

"You must have been living on fat at the Edwards'," said Quits, as George stood by the press and smelled it as a horse might smell a favorite mare.

TO BE CONTINUED

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON ❋ THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR NOV. 22
PROV. 20: 1; 23: 20, 21, 29-35

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--PROV. 20: 1: "WINE IS A MOCKER"

WINE is a mocker. Centuries of deadly delusion are summed up in that saying. In Bible times wine was the most common intoxicating drink. Distillation, by which separate alcohol and distilled liquors were produced, was invented in the twelfth century. Wine proved a mocker, for it promised joy, but really brought sorrow. It promised strength, but really produced weakness. It was called the "social glass," but it turned friends into fighting foes. It was drunk as "health," but proved disease. Yet for ages men believed its false promises, and many of those reputed "wise," proved themselves not so, by being "deceived thereby." The Bible taught, in Proverbs and other passages, that wine is the chief cause of quarrels, the chief cause of poverty, the ally of lust and all other evils, and commanded us not even to "look" at it; but not until the nineteenth century did even the most advanced churches advocate abstinence from this deceiving destroyer; though there were a few individual advocates of abstinence at an earlier time. In 1836, American temperance societies and churches in convention assembled, gave up the fruitless "moderation" movements, and also the fallacy that alcohol taken in beer and wine, instead of brandy and whiskey, would do no harm. They worked hard to save drunkards by pledging them not to drink; but with open saloons inviting them to drink all along their path, most of them fell into their old habits again. All sorts of "restrictive" license laws failed to restrict, and so in 1850 the churches generally declared in favor of prohibitory laws, by which it should be made "as hard as possible to do wrong, and as easy as possible to do right." With the increase of immigration, of cities, and of prosperity, the consumption of liquors has increased in our country, until it is now at its highest tide, twenty gallons per capita, with corresponding increase of evil consequences in the home, in business, and in politics, all of which lose when the liquor habit gains.

ORIENTAL WINE CUP

This, in brief, is the history of the temperance movement, which we may appropriately recall on this annual world's temperance Sunday, especially because history is the best exposition of what is at once our golden text, and the lesson's opening verse. But alas, "wine is a mocker" still, in spite of all past exposures of its tricks. As confidence men use over and over again the trick of greeting a stranger as an old friend, and then lure him into some resort and get his money by some gambling trick or other robbery, so the same tricks with which wine fooled Noah, and Alexander the Great, are used successfully in our own land to-day. Still, in the name of friendship, men take that which has made many a man kill his best friend. The story is an old one, and in substance has been true of many a wrecked home, of the man who in drunken madness killed the wife he dearly loved. He knew nothing of his act nor of the imprisonment that followed till he awoke the next day, and inquired, "Where am I?" "In prison." "What for?" "For murder." "Does my wife know?" "You have murdered her." Then came madness indeed. And that is the stuff people have taken for centuries to manifest friendship! "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Wine is especially a mocker in that even when a man's neighbors all see he is a slave of drink, he commonly thinks himself in no danger. Let us challenge our drinking friends to let the drink alone for a whole week to see whether the liking for it has not already a stronger hold on them than they think. It is a good rule for even wider application, "I make myself no necessities." Here is an apropos story:

"This red flag is a signal of danger, Nannie," said the tall engineer, as he gave his daughter a little red flag. "A signal, father?" How Nannie's blue eyes were lifted toward her father in anxious inquiry. "Yes, it means danger. If anything is not just right, that red flag on the railroad track is a sign, and the engineer will stop his train." "Would you stop yours, father?" "I rather think so, Nannie Payson. If I didn't, there would be trouble. What I have given you is only a toy flag, but you may like to play with it." Nannie was an enthusiastic child. She eagerly seized the toy flag, and delightedly played with it. Her father had scarcely left the room to hurry off to his train, when she heard her mother sighing, "Oh, dear!" Then her mother cried. "Oh, I wouldn't cry!" urged Nannie, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. "Tell me what is the matter." The mother hated to say. "I know why it is." She went to a closet and opened the door. She pointed to a black bottle on a shelf. "That is it, mother." The mother nodded her head. "It is growing on him, Nannie. He does not think so, but he drinks more than he used to, and he drinks oftener. He will lose his place on the road the next thing." The fumes of the whisky the engineer had taken escaped from the closet into the room. "He thinks people don't know, but they can't help knowing. Just as the smell of it is coming out of the closet, the trouble gets out, and everybody knows it, Nannie. You can't hide it." What could Nannie do? She resolved to do one thing the next day, though she made up her mind with fear and trembling. When the engineer went to the closet the next morning, he saw the toy flag beside the bottle, red beside the black, the danger signal near the drink of death, and so the father was saved.

The Irish Temperance League Journal shows what a mocker wine is in the following list of excuses for using drink as a medicine, with the answers made by great doctors to their self-deceiving words:

Mr. A.—I must have a little wine because my blood is poor. Dr. Kerr—Alcohol injures the blood.

Mr. B.—I can't do without a little because I suffer from indigestion. Dr. Bowman—Alcohol retards digestion.

Mr. C.—I have brain fever and I need alcohol. Sir Henry Thompson—Of all the people who cannot stand alcohol it is the brain workers.

Mr. D.—I am rather nervous and, therefore, I take a little. Dr. Brunton—The effect of alcohol upon the nervous system is to paralyze it.

Mr. E.—I suffer with my liver, so I take a little occasionally. Dr. Norman Kerr—Alcohol hardens the liver.

Mr. F.—I am a victim to kidney disease, that is my reason for taking alcohol. Dr. Norman Kerr—Alcohol destroys the kidneys.

Mr. G.—I am weak and need something to strengthen my muscles. Sir B. Richardson—The action of alcohol is to lessen the muscular power.

Mr. H.—I have to work in a cold place, and must have some alcohol to warm me. Dr. John Rae—The greater the cold the more injurious is the use of alcohol.

Mr. I.—I don't get enough food, so I rely upon a little alcohol to supply extra food to nourish me. Dr. J. C. Reid—There is no support to the body in the use of alcohol.

Mr. J.—I have to undergo an operation and I must take a little. Dr. Bantock—I believe that all classes of operation are better without alcohol.

Mrs. K.—I have a little babe to nurse, and therefore I have to take stout. Dr. Heywood Smith—It is a popular mistake to think that the drinking of stout makes you better nurses.

Mr. L.—I feel low sometimes, so it is needful for me. Dr. Wilkes—Alcohol is a depresser, and people are under a delusion who think otherwise.

Mr. M.—I am rather "run down," and I have to take a little alcohol to build me up. *The Lancet*—As an agent for producing degeneration alcohol is unrivalled.

Mr. N.—I have a weak heart, that is my reason. Dr. Sims Woodhead—I never use brandy for heart; hot milk is better.

Mr. O.—I have a complication of complaints. I am forced to take it. Dr. Dickson, Canada—Alcohol is the most destructive agent to every organ and tissue of the body, either in a state of health or disease.

Another way in which wine has long been a successful mocker is in the plea so often made by men whose liberal education should have taught them better, that the desire for intoxicants is a universal human craving that will be satisfied in one way if not another, and therefore, we might as well stop our efforts whether for voluntary abstinence or enforced prohibition. World's Temperance Sunday is a good time to deal this ignorant plea a death blow, by making the cheering fact universally known, that half the world's population never tasted alcohol in any form nor their fathers nor grandfathers before them. Total abstinence is the one great virtue of the heathen religions, Hinduism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, which, together present about seven hundred millions of living refutations of the lazy plea that it is no use to work against the drink curse because all peoples are under its spell. White men are breaking down this one virtue in hundreds of heathen with whom they associate in military, civil and educational circles, but it is only hundreds among millions of these Oriental abstainers who have yet been corrupted, and World's Temperance Sunday ought to be so used as to stay the tide of rum and opium that is pouring into heathen lands from so-called "Christian lands," whose bad men do this hellish work under permission of "Christian governments," because "Christian citizens," who have the ability, and so the responsibility to stop it, are too busy with the mint, anise and cummin of religion to attend to this "weightier matter of the law." Just now the battle to which the teachers at least, in every American Sunday School, should furnish re-enforcement, is that which seeks to influence the President to adopt in the Philippines, Japan's successful policy of prohibiting opium sales except for medical prescriptions. We halted at a half victory when the proposed opium monopoly was defeated, but must rally again to put Japan's righteous plan in its place.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty. This old, old story of rum and rags becomes very near to a man when the drunkenness of some relative puts a whole family on him for support. The slums lead a few to rum—that is the quarter truth in Henry George's view that drunkenness is the result of poverty—but three-fourths of the dependents were made so by somebody's drinking, by which he first wasted his money, and then lost his chance to earn it. Here it is appropriate to set before the boys the tremendous argument for abstinence from the new policy of railroads, which have lost so much by accidents, due to drink, that they now generally require abstinence in their employees, as is seen in the following summary of replies made in 1901 by forty-nine railroads, to inquiries as to what their rules were as to hiring drinking men. "Total abstinence on or off duty is required by the rules of twenty of these roads; two declare they will not employ a man who drinks, if they know it; four declare total abstinence necessary to safety in operating the road, while nineteen give the preference to teetotallers in promotions, so that practically all of the railways of the country adhere to the total abstinence standard. Of the forty-nine replies, only two have rules merely against "intemperance." In these days, when it is often hard to find employment, no boy can afford to make his chances less by a habit which in more than half the industrial establishments of the United States, as the United Bureau of Labor has shown, will be counted against him.

"THEY THAT TARRY LONG AT THE WINE; THEY THAT GO TO SEEK MIXED WINE"

Who hath woe, sorrow, contentions, wounds? In the presence of this long array of sins due to intoxicating drink, it is appropriate to quote the words of Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler: "If there be an enormous evil that is producing fearful destruction of human bodies and souls, then Christianity is bound to furnish a salvation from that evil. No one disputes Mr. Gladstone's famous declaration that war, pestilence and famine are not so destructive as the curse of strong drink. God's Word tells us that drunkenness shuts heaven against its victims. The chief enemy of Bible religion and the welfare of society is the intoxicating cup; no other has desolated so many homes, wrought such corruption in civil affairs, destroyed so many lives, and ruined so many immortal souls. If Jesus Christ established his Church for the very purpose of saving human society from its sins, then the hugest sin should command the church's most serious attention. For the Christian church to ignore the drink evil is as absurd as for the West Point Military Academy to ignore the use of artillery, or for a medical college to ignore the treatment of fevers."

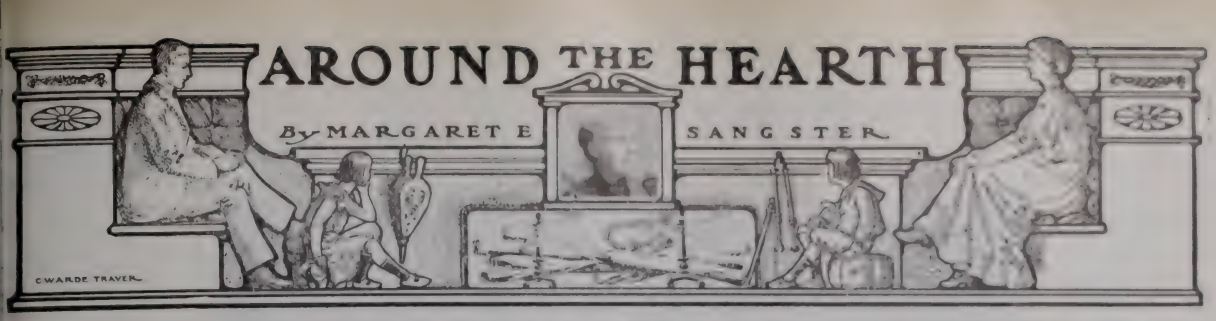
* * *

In a New Jersey town where there were not enough schoolhouses, a saloon-keeper offered his rear room for a school, and when chairs gave out the children sat on beer kegs. Let this remind us that every saloon is a school teaching old and young "contentions" and every other sin; teaching them also to compromise with sins that are hard to suppress.

* * *

Look not thou upon the wine. Here is a command to abstinence, stronger than any modern pledge. We are to keep not alone our lips but our very eyes from the wine. And this is well, for, as

There's life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is often death in a look that leads to lust or liquor. Sir Thomas Lipton, the persistent yachtsman, who is also a successful merchant, in giving advice to young men, said, in sailor phrase, "corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets ever saved."



TIRED MEN

TIRED women are objects of sympathy, as indeed they deserve to be, but do we not forget to have regard for the fagged out bodies and wearied nerves of tired men? The strain of his occupation on the nervous energies of a business man is excessive, and he often comes home at night utterly wearied, and goes away in the morning little refreshed. After weeks or months of incessant work and ceaseless worry, the man breaks down, perhaps has fever, or some other malady, and dies; or, his mind gives way. He is dragged down by sleeplessness and depression. The process is slow, but the result is sure. The man grows early old, loses his grip, is not able to keep the pace with others. In the household, the tired man is cross, easily fretted, very harsh with his boys, very irritable with his girls, and his wife loses patience with him, because he is so different from his former self and so unreasonable. If there is a remedy for the tired man, let it be found. He may be too far from his office, and the demand on his strength in going back and forth may be too great. The city, in its pleasant residential portions, is very expensive, and the home is often necessarily at a point remote from the store or shop.

. . .

Suburban localities offer a better background for the home and for the upbringing of children, and the man accepts the inevitable, and goes forth to his labor without a complaint. Everything in the home, in these circumstances, should minister to the husband, and serve his convenience and comfort; the nicest breakfast be his, on the table so promptly that he may eat in the morning without hurry, and the most appetizing dinner at night be ready, that he may recruit his wasted nerve tissue, and spend an evening of refreshment afterward. On the part of the man himself, and of the family, there should be a determined effort to be on time in the morning, so that the desperate, headlong rush to catch a train, which is enough to shorten many a life, need not have an excuse. Wherever it is possible, let the man live as near his business as is compatible with other obligations and duties.

. . .

Men grow tired, half to death and wholly to despair, because they cannot make money enough to support their families as they desire to. It is not merely a haste to be rich, that induces men to work early and late, and causes them to fret, and weighs them down with a load of melancholy; it is an urgent wish to keep the family credit up, to pay the bills, to meet the increasing and imperious demands of an age that is encumbered with artificial wants.

To men, more than to women, the breaking point comes in middle life. They keep on steadily, joyously, gallantly, until forty-four, or thence to fifty, and suddenly, the pressure of the years makes itself terribly felt. They give way, unexpectedly, as a fortress that is battered down at its weakest point. If, at this time, they may be strengthened, tided over the danger, reinforced in courage and vigor, rested from their weariness, there is a probability of their going on to old age without another period of peril.

Wives, sons, and daughters, and all who are kith and kin, should do their best to aid the tired out man, who cannot, as his wife can, take bits of rest through the day, and thus relieve the strain on aching muscles and fagged out brain.

A Wholesome Girl

"She is such a wholesome girl!"

The phrase lingered in memory. It is beautifully descriptive of a type of girlhood that we love; of the natural young girl, who puts on no silly airs and graces, who is full and cheery with other young people, who has no fussy self-consciousness when with boys, and who is an agreeable and pleasant companion in her home. Such a girl usually has good health, bright eyes, a clear skin, and a merry laugh. Her father is proud of her, and her mother leans on her for help and receives from her sympathy.

The wholesome girl is very patient and pleasant with little children. Wherever one finds her, she is an honest, straightforward, good natured girl, with a cool hand, and a steady head, and a heart in the right place. She fears God and keeps his commandments in the days of her youth. If she marries after a while she deserves the best of husbands, and if she remains single, she will be the idol of her circle.

Old Folks' Day

In some places they keep "Old Home Week," and the scattered children come from far and near to celebrate it. In other towns and villages, they have a beautiful rallying of the most venerable citizens, and this is called "Old Folks' Day."

Such a day was observed September 13 in Vineland, N. J., where, in the First Presbyterian Church, was a notable assembly. Fourteen years ago, Rev. Dr. David King, the pastor, began preaching a special sermon annually to the aged people of the flock. This year many old people attended, of whom fifty-nine present were over 70, twenty over 80, and three over 90 years. The oldest person present received a gift, a sort of reward of merit, in the shape of a very elegant copy of the Bible. Another Bible was given to the second oldest person in the congregation. The church was decorated with sheaves of wheat and bunches of golden rod.

Age, when it is found in the way of righteousness, is worthy of all honor and reverence. The "Old Folks' Day" might be introduced everywhere, and observed just as "Children's Day" is, with psalms and flowers and organ melody.

THE COWS

Brindle, and Bess, and Brownie,
Cush, and Kringle, and Krink;
The maidens take them to pasture,
And up to the river's brink.

They are friends to the little children,
These cows with their coats of silk,
And the dimpled darlings thrive upon
Their foamy, creamy milk.

The Chime of Golden Wedding Bells

And now it is Mr. and Mrs. Jacob J. Fingerstreet, whose golden wedding day came on September 8th. They were married in New Bedford, Ohio, and settled in Worthington, Indiana. Later they made their permanent home in Nebraska City. They must have been a handsome couple in their youth, for, after fifty years of life's wear and tear, they are still much finer looking than many of their juniors. The occasion of the golden anniversary was delightful to the throng of friends and kindred who were present, one son and his wife coming from England to give their congratulations. The presents were rich and numerous, the good wishes unstinted, in which, though after the event, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD unites.

The Middle Child

THE [illegible] and the youngest child in the family stand at their parents with curious resemblance and contrast. [illegible] dear as happiness and love and parents [illegible] the son or daughter [illegible] the joy of parents [illegible] the home and was a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A NOVEL SETTLEMENT FOR CHILDREN

IN one of his books, Charles Dickens has drawn a picture of a London street boy, who is also a true portrait of the New York tenement-house boy of to-day. "I am always a-moving on, sir," said poor Joe, the street waif. "I've always been a-moving on ever since I was born. Where can I move to now, sir, no more than I do move?" This pathetic question is asked to-day by thousands of tenement children in New York City, and the public has no answer. There is no place for the boy in the tenements; there is no room for him, no welcome. The public schools are a real blessing to this class of children. But the hard days come when they leave school, and are either out in the streets or working in dingy factories, where

Still all day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark.

THE "HAPPY THOUGHT CIRCLE" AT WORK

Certainly, there is no sadder sight in all the world than a repressed, neglected, lonely child. To these boys and girls a glimpse of real home life, where love and kindness reign, where the sun shines through the windows, is a foretaste of paradise itself.

In One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York, there has recently been established "The Neighborhood Home," in a little red brick two-story and basement house, which has a very homelike exterior. Within a few short months, this settlement has come to be the meeting-place of children of all ages, creeds and nationalities, eager to learn, enthusiastic and appreciative. There is nothing which so appeals to the child of the street as the idea of home. This seems to be inherent in the nature of children of all nationalities the world over. The little ones of the neglected classes do not know by actual experience what a home is like; but they have visions of what such a place should be, and they readily respond to the refining influences of a home atmosphere, as the flower turns to the sun, unfolding its beauty and pouring forth its fragrance, little by little, in the warmth of loving-kindness.

Jacob Riis has said that "it is the men, women and children who use the house, that make the settlement. Four things," he writes, "are necessary to constitute one, namely: a building fitted for educational and social work, continuous services in and flowing out from it, a body of workers, and a neighborhood in need of such ministrations." The managers of "The Neighborhood Home" believe that they have practically all of the essentials.

The house is so arranged that the caretakers may have a home in the basement, having their living rooms undisturbed by the crowds of boys and girls who throng the other floors. On the first floor are two assembly rooms, one serving for a library and reading room, and both as class-rooms. On the second floor there is a tiny kitchen, fitted up with the necessary utensils for a cooking-school. There is also a dining-room, where the little home-makers receive their first lessons in table setting and serving a meal, and a bed-room, which is used for the progressive lessons in housekeeping. When these classes are not in session, the rooms are used for the club meetings and for social and industrial work.

In the organization of clubs and classes the managers have tried to meet the needs of this special field. Mrs. L. J. P. Bishop, the Superintendent, believes in giving the children what they call for. She has encouraged

"GARDEN CLUB" OF "THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOME"

class organization, and when practicable, self-government. It is interesting to note that of their own accord the children have chosen industrial as well as social features. They have shown taste and good judgment in the selection of their officers, rewarding the quiet, unobtrusive one by electing them to the highest positions; emphatically denouncing all office-seekers, and absolutely refusing to exchange votes or to be unduly influenced by the self-seeking. Many of the names selected by the club members are unique. The basket-weaving classes are appropriately named for the Indian tribes. Some of the girls' clubs are named for the poets, while others bear such names as "The Pansy Circle," "The Happy Thought," etc. The boys' gymnastic classes are known by college names, the "Yale," "Princeton," and "Columbia." One club name which has been the subject of comment is the "Crystal Social Club." A glance into their room on Wednesday night will reveal a class of twelve boys from the ages of twelve to seventeen. They are greatly interested in clay modeling. Another group is known as the "Riverdale Club." They are proud of their name and their leaders, as well as of their occupation, which is chair-caning.

A number of young college women have been giving their time and services to the Home. There are nineteen volunteer workers altogether, and the staff is continually increasing. The Settlement is a young people's work, and it is a matter for congratulation that so many have responded to the appeal of the child, and are giving time and strength and money to the work of saving the children of the great New York East Side. While under the auspices of the New York City Baptist Mission Society, the work is interdenominational and non-sectarian. All extension work—such as educational classes, clubs, music courses, etc.,—is dependent upon voluntary gifts.

There is no longer any doubt that children may be won from the streets through such settlements as "The Neighborhood Home." The settlement does not in any way strive to displace the church; its mission is to supplement the work of the church. Dean Hodges says: "The settlement is not a church, but a religion itself may be expressed in revealing the beauty of the human life, to live the motto of our Lord, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Beneath the settlement's roof, he writes, "the blind begin to see, the lame begin to walk, the poor hear the good news of the Gospel, that blessed Gospel of the love of God, which is interpreted by the service of man." That is the keynote of the work at "The Neighborhood Home." The men and women who are giving their services, strive to hold up high ideals of Christian living, to develop the heart and conscience, as well as the intellect. They believe that the Bible teaches that the "Redeemed soul is also the Saviour of the body," and they believe in the graduated growth of righteousness, through the linking together of physical, mental, and spiritual culture.

"Who is my neighbor?" asked one of old, seeking to justify himself to the Master. "He who needs the help that thou canst give," recite the little children at "The Neighborhood Home," as the happy days go by, making up the years that will bring these boys and girls of to-day, to be the men and women of to-morrow.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. J. W., Spring Hill, Kan. "I desire to express through your paper my gratitude to God for answering prayer. I asked for counsel and guidance and he has answered in a remarkable manner."

C. W., Kansas. "Our dear Lord has answered my prayers in a time of serious sickness and trouble. Glory to his name."

M. A. H., Sutherland, Fla. "God does answer prayers. I prayed earnestly and the answer came immediately."

Reader, North Colebrook, Conn. "I have a great deal of faith in prayer, and have had many prayers answered. Recently, I had an answer to a prayer, when I was in great trouble. 'Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.'"

Reader, Virginia. "I was very much perplexed as to what I should do. I prayed earnestly to my Heavenly Father. He heard and answered. 'Blessed be his holy name.'"

Reader, Springfield, Mass. "I want to testify that God answers prayers. I believe sincerely that he answers what one prays for, if it is for the best."

Mrs. M., Mountain Home, Va. "Several months ago, I was in great trouble and distress. I prayed earnestly to my Heavenly Father for help and relief. He heard and released me, and I thank him for it all."

C. E. H., Chicago. "My prayers have been answered so many times, in fact I hardly remember a time when my prayers have not been answered. Pray to God for help in all things, as he is the greatest helper we can ever have."

P. W. C., Whistler, Ala. "God surely hears and answers the prayers of his children, whether they ask for physical, temporal, or spiritual blessings. He does not always give just what we ask, but time often proves that it was better not. God's answer 'No,' may bring far richer blessings than the answer 'Yes.' I have proved him many times, and it is my chief joy to feel that I have a loving Heavenly Father, who cares for me, and everything that concerns me."

Mrs. E. C. K., Kingstree, S. C. "I prayed the Lord to avert a great sorrow. He heard me. Many times has he sent me an answer when I have carried even my little troubles to him."

Teddie, Mass. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer. I called upon him in deep distress and he answered."

K., Lima, O. "I know God answers prayers, for in his own good time he answered my prayer and gave me far more than I asked for."

M. C. P., Denver, Col. "I take great pleasure in reading these answers to prayer in THE HERALD. Sometimes, almost before I was done praying, the answer has come to me."

Mrs. E. McK., Central Village, Conn. "I want to testify that God does answer prayers, as he has done so for me many times."

Subscriber, Cedar Mills, O. "I am glad to testify that God has answered prayers for me, not only once, but many times. In financial trouble and in sorrow he has heard and answered. Though he may not always answer in the way that seemeth best to us, yet 'he doeth all things well.'"

A Wife, Ottawa, Ill. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer. God heard and answered. Praise his holy name."

Reader, Rhode Island. "The Lord has answered prayer for me."

Mrs. J. D. L., Jefferson, Ill. "God has answered many prayers of mine. My dear mother also feels that her prayers are often answered."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from B. S., Shawono, Wis.; Mrs. F. I. McC., Sheridan, Mont.; M. C. Lexington, Neb.; R. R. R., Aimville, Pa.; Reader, Plainfield, N. J.; Reader, Jenners, Pa.; Reader, Elkton, Oreg., and many others.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Sleep and Insomnia*

IT is only the sleepless, the poets, and the medical journals who put the proper value upon sleep. Fortunately for the world, many millions of men never worry about going to sleep. All they seem to need is to find time; for even without a bed for sleep-seeking—sleep comes to them.

But to many the sleep problem is as important and as terrifying as that other overwhelming query—"how to digest."

It is worth while to help solve these problems; for the most useful work that is done in this world is work that uses up the nerves and fatigues the brain, causing sleeplessness, and the suffering that accompanies it.

The worn-out sufferer from insomnia, declaring himself ready to sacrifice his fortune for a few years of his allotted lifetime — Shakespeare, with his "sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," and the doctors, with their diatribes against the sleep-destroying modern life, are the ones who truly appreciate sleep, not those who have the power of sinking calmly and promptly to rest.

Unfortunately, modern conditions are rapidly putting all the world in the appreciative frame of mind of the sleepless. Nerve specialists say that there never before was a time when the people needed to sleep so uninterruptedly and so long, to repair the ravages of too tense and too noisy living as now; and there never was a time when they were so little able to sleep as they should, because of these very conditions which make abundant sleep necessary.

Sleep follows the diminution of blood in the cerebral vessels. The blood is squeezed out of the brain like water from a sponge, and it becomes in a measure bloodless. This bloodless condition is indispensable; without it sleep cannot be induced. Wakefulness means a full flow of blood through the brain. Whatever, then, tends to withdraw the blood from the brain tends to produce sleep.

In perfectly healthy persons, leading a perfectly normal life, this change is automatic. The blood ebbs away from the brain because it is time the brain had rest, and sleep slowly steals the senses. But there are not many perfectly healthy persons in these days, and the perfectly normal life is even rarer.

Mental activity requires just the opposite condition. Severe mental labor must be fed by means of an increased blood supply. We recognize this when we notice how red and congested becomes the face of any one who is making a mental exertion—a public speaker for example. All the blood vessels of the head are affected by this congestion. The mental energy exerted uses up force, which must be replaced at once. Nature, therefore, sends blood to these parts on a hurry call to re-supply the cells with vitality.

Anger and fits of passion use up more mental energy than physical labor, no matter how exhausting the work may be. Naturally irritable, nervous people are subject to insomnia. Repeated attacks of the brain congestion which accompany anger, weaken the walls of the blood vessels in the head, and cause a dangerous passive congestion which prevents natural sleep.

During mental exertion of any kind, the cerebral vessels become distended, owing to the increased volume of blood they contain, and they remain in this condition as long as the exertion is continued. If it be too intense, or if it be persevered in for too long a period, the vessels lose their contractibility, and remain in a permanently enlarged state. They are not able to contract, and wakefulness is the result; for when the blood vessels are unable to empty themselves, the power to sleep is gone. Just like the rubber bands often use around big packages, and

leave undisturbed for a long time, which we try to use again, only to find their elasticity gone.

We often hear thoughtless people say, "work never kills." I doubt if physical labor ever does, nor healthy, well arranged work, however exhausting. But I cannot paint too strongly, the evils of badly balanced mental overwork, or the disastrous consequences of that unvarying, or excessive work, which gradually irritates the nervous system to the snapping point; when the occasional disturbed sleep becomes that of utter sleeplessness.

Sound nervous structures properly nourished, adequately rested, and rightly exercised, are fundamental desiderata for good sleep; on the other hand, all circumstances interfering with the health, nutrition, repose, or the even placid working of the nervous textures, are decidedly detrimental to the function of sleep.

* From *The Witchery of Sleep*, by Willard Dyer, a clever, delightfully entertaining and instructive compilation, beautifully illustrated; pp. 224, and bound in cloth, is issued by Ostermoor & Co., New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Merchant of Venice, Revised Edition, with Notes, by Wm. J. Rolfe, formerly headmaster of High School, Cambridge, Mass. 256 pp., cloth. Price 56 cents. American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

The Gospel of Judas Iscariot, by Aaron Dwight Baldwin. This is a religious novel, with the personality of Judas and the betrayal of Christ as the centre around which the whole plot revolves. Pp. 449, cloth bound. Jamieson-Higgins Co., publishers, Chicago, Ill.

Medial Writing Books, by H. W. Shaylor and C. H. Shattuck. These are prepared for the use of young pupils and teach a style of penmanship that is marked by legibility and neatness of form, all unnecessary lines being omitted. Price 60 cents per dozen. Ginn & Co., New York, publishers.

The Cause, by C. H. James, a poetic work by a new American author, covers the entire field of human history from Creation till the birth of Christ, and shows, in striking verse, the story of man's disobedience and fall and the plan of redemption. Price 25c. Peninsular Book Co., Detroit, Mich., publishers.

The Story of the Conquest Flag, by Rev. S. M. Johnson, tells of the rise and spread of the movement for "Christian unity, conquest, nationality, patriotism and citizenship." A very useful book to all teachers, students, pastors, and those engaged in Christian work. 124 pages, illustrated. Winona Publishing Co., Chicago, publishers.

The Philippines, a Geographical Reader, by Samuel B. MacClintock, Principal of the Cebu Normal School; with maps and illustrations. Short, entertaining and instructive chapters on the principal islands, provinces and towns, all presented in a clear and simple style. 105 pages. Price 40 cents. American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

The Peril and the Preservation of the Home, by Jacob A. Riis. These are a series of lectures delivered in 1903, dealing with existing conditions in New York homes of poverty and the notable efforts that are now being made for their improvement and for the uplifting of the tenement dwellers. Pp. 190, illustrated, cloth covers. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

The Magic Forest, a Modern Fairy Story, by Stewart Edward White, is a book that will charm the young folks and transport them to enchanted ground. Surely no other boy, even with the most wonderful opportunities, ever had adventures quite so remarkable and alluring as those of little Jimmy Perris. Copiously illustrated, cloth binding, pp. 146. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

The Man in the Camlet Cloak, by Carlen Bateson; a historical romance of the time of Burr and Blennerhasset. It describes the wonderful adventures of Ezra Wilbur, a patriotic American, and he, with others, were instrumental in thwarting Burr's imperialistic ambitions. There is a delicate love story interwoven with the historical matter; pp. 320, illustrated, cloth. Price $1.50. Saalfield Publishing Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

Old Glory and the Gospel in the Philippines, by Alice Byram Condict, M.D. This very interesting book, which is altogether free from politics, shows the inner life of the Filipino people and the progress of Christian evangelical work in that country. Dr. Condict's letters from mission fields have frequently appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and our readers are familiar with her work, the latest phases of which are presented in this book. Pp. 124, illustrated, cloth binding. Price 75 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, pub lishers.

New York, Old and New: Its Story, Streets and Landmarks, by Rufus Rockwell Wilson, in two volumes, illustrated. The author has put in compact form and in a delightfully entertaining manner, the story of the metropolis from the earliest days up to the present time. While the style is that of the judicious and impartial historian, the work is crowded with reminiscences and anecdotes that give it a value and interest rarely found in books of this description. It is especially rich in what Mr. Wilson happily terms "the small talk of history"—those personal incidents and social passages that give color and character to the narrative as no mere historical record, however complete, could give. It is an excellent substitute for the more ponderous histories, whose very bulk and verbosity make them unavailable for the general reader. Price $3.50. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London, Publishers.

The ordinary yellow laundry soap may do well enough for scrubbing and for the coarser work in the laundry, but to get a clear snow white in the linens and muslins, to save the costly embroideries and the sheer and delicate fabrics, to avoid the unpleasant odor that is often too perceptible in the towels and bed linen, use Ivory Soap, a pure soap made of only the cleanest, best materials.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Reader, Middletown, Conn. What is the origin of the expression, going through fire and water?

It probably comes from the ancient custom of the ordeal. The Psalmist uses it (66: 12) in reference to his nation having been tried as silver is tried. In ancient times, a person charged with a crime was blindfolded and set to walk among red-hot ploughshares. If he could do so without touching them, he was declared innocent. A woman charged with being a witch was sometimes thrown into the water as an ordeal. If she sank, she was declared innocent; if she swam or floated, she was declared guilty.

S. J. M., Avanelle, Miss. We have a much controverted subject in our neighborhood—in regard to hypnotism. Some believe there is such a science; others believe there is no such thing. We have chosen you to give us an answer.

Hypnotism is not a science. It is a pseudo, or quack science, and is at the present time chiefly in the hands of humbugs and impostors, who deceive credulous people and make money out of them. Animal magnetism (which is the basis of so-called hypnotism) is as subtle and difficult to define as electricity. All persons possess it, in some degree, but none to such an extent that they are able to control at will the thoughts and actions of others, although humbugs will try to make people believe so. It is a comparatively easy matter for a sharp fellow, with the collusion of paid subjects, to hoodwink an average audience.

F. P., Detroit Harbor, Wis. How was it the Hebrews were allowed (as stated in Deut. 14; 21) to give or sell to an alien that which they were forbidden to eat themselves? Would it be right, on the same principle, for a Christian to give or sell liquor to persons who are not Christians?

The cases are not parallel. The permission related to food ceremonially unclean. The prohibition of certain kinds of food was not given to the foreigner but to the race whom God wished to separate from all others, making them a peculiar people. As the foreigner was not under the law he committed no offence in eating that which a Hebrew could not eat without disobedience. In the case of liquor, it is not a ceremonial but a very practical duty. As it is liable to injure the man, we are bound, by concern for his welfare, not to give it or sell it to him.

James L. C., Great Falls, Mont. In your MAIL-BAG for August 20, L. McD. asks for the origin of the myth of the phœnix bird. About 1854, Dr. Wm. D. Dorris, of Nashville, Tenn., in a lecture on the human soul, made a statement substantially as follows: "The ashes of any animal or plant, properly prepared, placed in a glass vessel, hermetically sealed and exposed to the rays of the sun and moon for two years, will, about the expiration of that time, show a transparent likeness of the animal or plant whose ashes were used." He believed a knowledge of this fact among the ancients originated the fable of the phœnix rising from its ashes. This statement of Dr. Dorris seems to give scientific basis for the spiritual body of I. Cor. 15: 44; also for the "Shadow Land" of Indian faith.

We have read the same statement many years ago, but considered it a scientific conceit, or the vision of an imaginative dreamer. There is no more reason to believe that the material eye can see or that the material senses perceive purely immaterial things in such a case, than to suppose that we could distinguish with our human vision, the "cloud of witnesses" spoken of by Paul. If a "transparent likeness" were visible under the glass, it would still be purely material, however attenuated.

F. B. H., Hyde Park, Mass. Did the Jews in the time of Christ forbid intermarriage with foreigners?

There has never been a time since the origin of the Hebrew nation when such marriages were not forbidden, and it is to this day contrary to their law. The marriages do take place, but they are always deplored by the friends of the Jewish partner, and the practice is rigorously discouraged. At the time of the return from Babylon, Nehemiah took a firm stand on the subject (Nehemiah 13: 23–27). The prohibition of such marriages is given in Deut. 7: 3, and other passages.

P. B. Knowles, Calif. What state of society would prevail if the Christian ideal or hope was realized; that is, if every one now living in the United States were to become true Christians? How would business be run and on what lines? Would there be any poor or rich? Would there be any use for money? Would every one have the same chance or opportunity to use nature's resources? Would any one ever have to go to bed hungry because they were unable to procure food?

In the ideal Christian commonwealth, there would be an end to trade competition of the sort which drives many to the wall, that a few may thrive. Employers would treat employees equitably and even generously, and the latter would return this treatment in faithful, intelligent service. There would be no corners, pools or combinations. No speculative market to rule the prices of crops, coal, and other commodities; no stock speculation in the Wall Street sense, and no vast fortunes would be possible, since each member of society would employ all his energies and resources for the uplift and improvement of the whole community. Interest and usury would be unknown. Taxes would be such only as were needed to administer the community's affairs, and do its actual work. Legitimate enterprise would develop the highest resources of nature for the benefit of all. Love would make each the servant of the whole, and the servant would be honored by all. Art, science, and a varied culture would flourish, and the general intellectual horizon would widen, as the hard struggle no longer engrossed man's time, strength and physical and mental energies. Leaders and followers there still would be, of course, but there could be neither a rich nor a poor class. Money might, and possibly would survive the change, but it would no longer be the magnet of mankind and the source of so much evil. And the love of Christ and his service would sweeten the new life to all who were participants in it.

R. J., Bremen, O. Why were the monks and nuns expelled from France by the present government?

No very clear statement of the situation has been given, so far as we have seen, but our understanding of the trouble is that the various Orders were required to register themselves and to submit to inspection. Only those were expelled who refused to comply with the law. The objection made, we believe, was that the monks regarded the law as an attempt to secularize the system of education.

Reader, St. Louis, Mo. Is it wrong to go to the theatre to see the play of Ben Hur?

As with games of cards, dancing, etc., we are obliged to consider the influence of an act on others beside the question whether it is right or wrong. Say that a Christian settles it in his mind conscientiously that it is not wrong to see such a play, and we can easily understand his doing so. He goes to the theatre and sees the play. Some young people seeing him there may conclude, without taking into account the character of the play, that as he attends the theatre, there is no harm in their doing so, and they do not discriminate on the character of the plays, but go to any that are put on the boards. Of course, they ought not to draw an inference from one attendance, but they are liable to do so, and thus a habit may be formed that will do mischief. The Apostle Paul laid down the rule that we should do nothing whereby another might be led to offend. The associations of the theatre as at present conducted are so evil, that it is a grave responsibility to even inadvertently set an example of attendance.

Reader, N. B. 1. If a family is too poor to afford even some of the necessaries of life, does that fact exempt it from the duty of giving one-tenth of its earnings to the Lord's work. 2. Is the United States ten-cent note extinct or still in circulation.

1. The case is an extreme one. A family that could not afford even the "necessaries" of life would soon perish. If, however, it can afford the necessaries, and if it be a Christian family, it will give the Lord his share, and will prosper all the more on that account. It is not expected that any one will do impossibilities, but everyone "according to his means" as God hath prospered him. 2. Not now in circulation.

C. N. A., Norwalk, Conn. To whom shall I remit my annual subscription to the Bowery Mission?

In reply to the foregoing, and many similar inquiries, we would say: A number of our readers have undertaken to contribute "one dollar a year, and no more and no less," for the support of the Christian work of the Bowery Mission, with the understanding that they would renew their contributions annually. The year is now up, and in response to many inquiries, we beg to say that one dollar may be remitted by check, money-order or registered letter, and addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Student, Woolwich, Me. I was taught that the world was less than six thousand years old, but learned geologists teach that it may be millions of years old. Do they not contradict Scripture?

Scientists do not agree as to the age of the earth. That it is much more than six thousand years old is admitted by all, but how much is not known. If the soils and rocks were formed by a process as slow as that now prevailing, the age may run into the millions, but the process may have been more rapid in early ages. As the Bible does not state the time of creation, but merely says, "In the beginning," scientists do not contradict it on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 965

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At the present price of silver the heaviest plate is the most economical. Triple-plate will wear three times as long as single. The additional cost of triple-plated ware over single is largely in the extra silver used. The present price of silver is so low that this is now only a small part of the manufacturing cost. "Oneida Community Quality" is made only in a plate heavier than triple (we call it "Triple-plus" and guarantee the wear for twenty-five years), and gives the consumer the full benefit of the reduction in the price of silver.

In other words, "Oneida Community Quality" "Triple-plus" plate is guaranteed for 25 years—a guarantee backed by our 26 years of practical experience in the manufacture of silverware—possesses the art and finish of the best "Sterling" and is sold for almost the price of ordinary plate.

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Even if you need only one spoon — one fork — or one knife to fill in a gap in your table service — let that one piece be Oneida Community Ware.

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Oneida, N. Y., November, 1903

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Our Mail-Bag

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

that point. Biblical scholars now believe the "days" of creation to have been not literal days, but long periods.

J. M. H. 1. What is the meaning of Christ's warning (Luke 11:24, 25) about the return of the evil spirit with seven companions to a man whose heart was swept and garnished? 2. What kind of sins are those described in I. Timothy 5: 24, 25 as going before and going after?

1 The corresponding passage Matt. 12:43-45, appears to indicate that primarily the meaning applied to the Jewish nation. It had repented or reformed under the preaching of the Baptist, "cleaned up," as the modern phrase has it, but had not gone on, as it should, to acceptance of Christ and righteousness toward God. The negative goodness was to be followed by a worse national condition in which the Lord would be crucified. It is as if a nation was led to forsake idols, but instead of becoming Christian, became atheistic. In the individual the reference is to a man weaned from some besetting sin, but not taking the grace of God into his heart, and replacing the love of sin with love of God and holiness, leaves the heart unoccupied, ready for a return of the sin he had quitted, or the fall into something still worse. 2. Paul was giving Timothy instructions for the government of the church. He was to be careful to appoint to office none but good men. But when he had reproved and reprimanded a member for open and manifest sin, which everyone would condemn, he must not think that all danger was past. There were other more subtle and secret sins, which would surely come to judgment though they were not known. Against these in himself and others Timothy was to be on his guard.

W. J. B., Horton, Kan. It is not necessary to sit in judgment on every one. If a man's work is of God, it will grow and prosper, despite all obstacles; if not, it will come to naught, no matter how ably it may be conducted. This is the way we regard the case in question. Remember the world is very apt to condemn whatsoever it does not understand.

L. G. H., Shingle House, Pa. What is the meaning of the word, "generation," in Matt. 24:34? Many generations have passed since Christ uttered those words, and yet the end has not come.

Two interpretations are suggested, either of which would explain the difficulty. One is that Christ had in his mind two horizons in this discourse—that of the destruction of Jerusalem and that of the end of the world. There may have been two discourses which the evangelist has combined. The words you quote evidently refer to the destruction of Jerusalem, as he distinctly said he did not know when the end of the world would be. The other suggestion is that the word "generation" should be translated, "nation." In that case, the survival of the Jewish peoples is a proof of the truth of his words. That nation will survive to the end of the world.

Subscriber, Albany, N. Y. 1. Absalom. 2. He was accounted the wisest of his day. 3. It is unusual for a single man to accompany a married lady to church, unless she is a relative; but it is not necessarily improper. To do so repeatedly would be apt to excite comment from people who are apt to be censorious.

C. J., Dows, Ia. I am always troubled with doubts of the future life. It may be wrong, but I cannot help it. I want to believe it implicitly, as I am getting an old man, and have buried many dear ones. Can you suggest any reading that would help my doubting nature?

We would advise you to procure a copy of the book: *Proofs of Life After Death*, by Prof. Robt. J. Thompson, 1604 Wellington Ave., Chicago; also *The Witness to Immortality*, by Geo. A. Gordon, published by Houghton Mifflin & Co.; *The Hope of Immortality*, by J. E. C. Welldon, published by Macmillan's; and *The Unseen World*, by John Fiske, published by Houghton Mifflin. Better than all these is the New Testament, which, throughout, assumes the fact of the future life as a certainty. It tells you that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is not the God of the dead, but of the living, and that whosoever believeth on Christ, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Mrs. M., Dayton, O. I was very much interested in your work among the Finns. Is there not some mission or evangelical work among the Finlanders in New York at the present time? I understand there are many there.

Yes. More than a year ago a group of about twenty-five Finlanders called Rev. Gustave Blomgren from Finland, to be their pastor in New York, and they are now worshiping here. The little flock has increased to about ninety faithful members. They are now endeavoring to raise money to build a mission chapel. One member, a servant girl, has offered all her savings ($300), and all the others are helping, but they are very poor. If you or any other reader wish to aid this little band of exiles to get a church home write to Pastor Blomgren, at No. 2137 Madison avenue, New York.

Her Last Words Were a Prayer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 954

widely worshiped and loved. She was many-sided and versatile, and her average day's work would have worn out most women. To the rank and file of the Salvation Army she was the "dear little mother," to whom all hearts turned for counsel and encouragement. Her great experience in religious work, embracing three continents, had given her a wide power and influence in all the affairs of the Army. In the truest sense, it may be said that she gave her life to the work. To it she sacrificed all other ambitions and desires. No task was too hard, no journey too perilous, no burden too heavy, if only there were hearts to be lightened, lives to be brightened, and immortal souls to be won. During the years of her wonderfully busy life, she succeeded in drawing multitudes to the foot of the Cross. Of her, it may truthfully be said, that she was one of those "that turn many to righteousness," and who shall shine "as the stars for ever and ever."

Seven children, in the Booth-Tucker home at Mount Vernon, N. Y., mourn the loss of the mother who was known as the "good angel" by all the poor of the little Westchester County village. Six of these are Frederick (aged 13), Katherine (12), Flora (9), Lincoln (6), John Myron (2), and Muriel (5 months), besides Eva, an adopted child, whom Mrs Booth took up during one of her Western trips. The sad event of their mother's death has prostrated the family with grief. To Commander Booth-Tucker, the loss of his beloved wife and comrade is the severest blow of his life.

Characteristic of Mrs. Booth-Tucker was this last message from her pen, which was telegraphed from Holly, Col., to the Army in New York, only two days before her untimely death:

"Yesterday was one of the most precious Sundays of my life. Eager crowds gathered; rapt attention was given. The Holy Spirit was marvellously outpoured; conviction evidenced on every hand. Sinners—men, women and children—flocked to Jesus' feet, numbering forty-six for the day. Colonel Holland to the front as a flame of fire. Young converts and Colony veterans fought like heroes. All the county-seat stirred. Commander loyally remembered. Enthusiasm immense; prospects glorious. To God be all the praise!"

CONSUL.

Commander Booth-Tucker, who was in Chicago when his beloved wife passed away in distant Kansas, has received hundreds of telegrams of condolence and sympathy from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe. To a message of sympathy from the Proprietor and Editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Commander sent the following reply:

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 30.

"*Dr. Louis Klopsch, Christian Herald, New York:*

"Deeply grateful for your sympathy. Overwhelmed with agony, but seeking to walk with Christ in this furnace, and to bow in utmost submission to his will. 'The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

"BOOTH-TUCKER."

On the arrival of the body at Chicago, it lay in state at Princess' Rink, West Madison street, where public services were held. It was then conveyed to New York.

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"Force-thoughts"

By SUNNY JIM

IT'S the mood you wake up in that colors your whole day.

And this wouldn't matter so much if it wasn't to be such a very important day. You see, it's the only day you'll ever have to-day!

¶I think it would be a good thing if we were more polite to ourselves when we meet in the looking-glass of a morning. If you're on speaking terms with the person you see reflected there, the respectful thing to do would be to look at *him* and not at the part in his hair—and to ask how he feels and then pay attention to his answer.

¶If he's not feeling fit, ask him why and then prescribe for him.

¶But *don't* let him finish dressing thinking that he's got to go through another day without help or notice because you're so busy.

¶There *are* two of you, you know—two of everybody; yourself and the one in the glass, which is as near as you can get to seeing your other, silent and better self.

¶It's the man who has the help of both "himselfs" that finds work only half as hard, or rather does twice as much work and has time left to say,

"Be Sunny!"

¶And he can't do this unless he eats the food that helps. There's no way in the world to underpay your stomach and still keep it from going on strike.

¶Perhaps my book would help you—it's about "Force" and something else.

I wrote it myself.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim

CUT this Corner OFF and Mail it to "Sunny Jim," Buffalo

CUT this corner off and mail it with a two-cent stamp, to

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BUFFALO, U.S.A.

Please send me a copy of your book, "The Gentle Art of Using FORCE," for which I enclose a two-cent stamp.

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OUR HOME MUSIC CLASS

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Prepared Especially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD By B. C. UNSELD

LESSON IX.

Pitch—Relative and Absolute.—In lesson IV. we learned something about the highness or lowness of tones, or pitch. We must now study a little more deeply into that subject. There are two kinds of pitch, or rather two ways in which the pitch of a tone must be considered—two ways in which it must be named and represented. It must be named from its *relation* to other tones, and also independent of any relation.

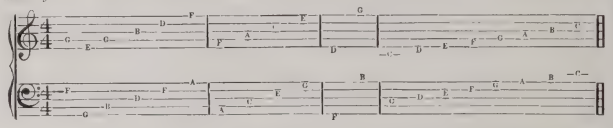
20.—The relationship of tones in respect to pitch is called Relative Pitch. The fixed or independent position of tones is called Absolute Pitch.

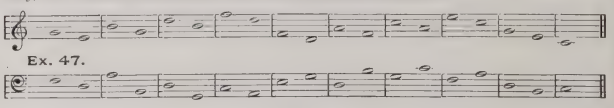
21.—The relative pitch of tones is named by the syllables *Do, Re, Mi,* etc., and by the numeral names *One, Two, Three,* etc. The absolute pitch of tones is named by the names of letters, C, D, E, etc.

Illustration.—In convenient words, we may say the relative pitch of a tone is its position in a scale; this is described or named by a syllable or numeral. Its absolute pitch is its fixed position as determined by an instrument; this is designated by a letter. For example, the tone known on the instrument as A is named *So* or *Five* in the key of D, it is *Mi* or *Three* in key F, *Do* or *One* in key A, *Re* or *Two* in key G, and so on, but all the time, whether used in a key or not, it is known as A.

Representation of Pitch.—The pitch of tones is represented by the degrees of the staff. The staff may be used to represent relative pitch only, as in lesson III., but as commonly used, it aims also to represent absolute pitch. This is done by applying the names of absolute pitch to the degrees of the staff, attaching the letters to the lines and spaces.

The position of the letters upon the staff is fixed by a letter called a clef. A clef is a corrupted form of the letter from which it is named. The G clef is commonly placed upon the second line; the F clef is usually found on the fourth line. The position of the letters as fixed by the clefs is shown in example 45.

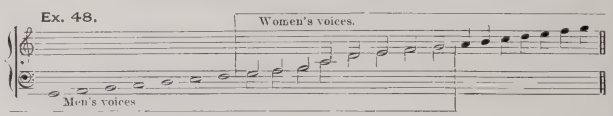
Ex. 45. Copy this example several times, looking at the printed copy; then try to copy it from memory.

Ex. 46. Read these two exercises by letter, they are not to be sung. Read them repeatedly, daily, until the letters can be named in any order, forwards and backwards.



Ex. 47.

Voices.—The entire compass of the human voice, men's and women's combined, is about three octaves, as shown in example 48. The lowest octave belongs to the male voice, the highest octave to the female voice, the middle octave being common to both voices. The middle tone of this compass is called Middle C. It is a high tone in a man's voice, a low tone in a woman's. It is represented by the added line between the bass and treble staffs.

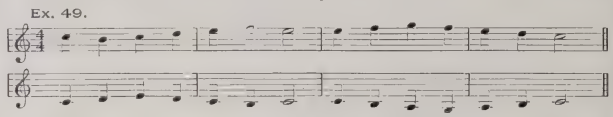
Ex. 48.



Voices are commonly divided into four classes, viz.: Bass, the low male voice; Tenor, the high male voice; Alto, low voice of women; Soprano, high voice of women.

You can tell by example 49 whether you can sing the higher or the lower tones more easily. If you can sing the higher range of tones easily you should sing soprano if a lady, and tenor if a gentleman. If your best tones are in the lower range you should sing alto, or bass, as the case may be.

Ex. 49.



Clefs and Voices.—You now can understand why the F clef is used for the bass voice, and the G clef for the soprano and alto voices. The F clef is also used for the tenor, as in church tune books, where the bass and tenor parts are written on the bass staff. When the tenor part is written on a separate staff, as in anthems, either the G clef or the C clef is used. The C or tenor clef is preferred in this country: it enables the tenor singer to find his part more readily, and it represents the real pitch of the voice. When a male voice sings from the G clef, the tones are an octave lower than written.

In your practice, you should study each part for practice in reading, but you should now give special attention to the part your voice is best suited for.

Copyright, 1903, by B. C. Unseld

Tent Campaign in California Closed

EVANGELISTS Holdridge and Dickson have closed their tent campaign in California, after a most successful spiritual experience. The meetings began at Los Angeles in July, in the tent "Glad Tidings." There were numerous conversions. On August 23 work was begun at Long Beach, a famous pleasure resort. There were converts from all parts of the country. At the Long Beach services, much attention was given to Bible study. Major Hilton gave a series every afternoon for a week, drawing and holding large audiences.

All the churches of Fullerton, Cal., next united in an invitation, and work opened there on August 15. The tent was from the beginning well filled, and there were manifest evidences of the presence of the Holy Spirit. Many heard the Gospel who had not been in attendance upon any church, and there have united with the church between forty and fifty persons. About an equal number came forward and expressed their determination to become Christians.

Holdridge and Dickson are now at Modesto, Cal.

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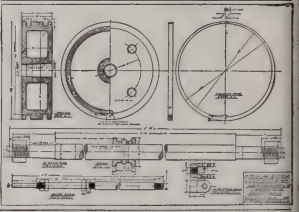

Drawn by Jos. Petritsch (student), American School of Correspondence.

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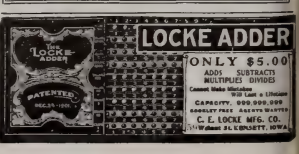

Boyhood Days of Famous Divines

No. VI.—CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

CHARLES SPURGEON, who was destined to become the most famous English preacher of his time, passed his boyhood in his grandfather's parsonage at Stambourne. It had eight windows in front, this parsonage, but four of them were plastered up and painted black, and then marked out in lines to imitate glass. The reason of this was that at that time there was a window-tax. So much was paid on every opening for the admission of light. The preacher's salary was so small that, out of economy, room after room of the parsonage was left in darkness, and came to be regarded by young Spurgeon's mind with reverent awe. Over other windows were put up boards, marked "dairy" or "cheese room," because by being labelled with these names, they would escape the tribute.

The hall floor of this parsonage was of brick, and carefully sprinkled with fresh sand. It was here that the future divine rode his rocking-horse. Many years later, when he was a famous preacher, and went back to Stambourne on a visit, an elderly man claimed to have rocked him on that hall floor when he was a boy. Spurgeon comments: "I remembered the horse, but not the man—so sadly do we forget the better and remember the baser." Then he musingly adds: "This is the only horse that I ever enjoyed riding. Living animals are too eccentric in their movements, and the law of gravitation usually draws me from my seat upon them to a lower level; therefore I am not an inveterate lover of horseback. I can, however, testify of my Stambourne steed, that it was a horse on which even a Member of Parliament might have retained his seat."

THE LATE CHARLES H. SPURGEON

Every Sunday morning the grandfather would sit in the best parlor and make his preparation for preaching. Charles was put in the same room with him, so as to make sure he would keep quiet. The *Evangelical Magazine* was given to him to help quiet him. It had one picture of a preacher on the front, and the picture of one mission station somewhere inside. The changing from one of these pictures to the other usually had the effect of making the boy sleepy. In any event, he did not dare to make a noise, because he was warned that if he did, grandpa would not be able to preach, and the poor people would not learn the way to heaven.

Spurgeon became very famous, in after years, for the daring with which he attempted anything which he thought he ought to do. In this the boy was father of the man. The story is told of one of the members of the church at Stambourne, named Roads, who was in the habit of frequenting the public-house, and spending the evening in drinking, greatly to the grief of his pastor, who often spoke in young Charles' hearing of his regret at the inconsistent conduct of this member of his church. Charles loved his grandfather very much, and became greatly exercised over the drunkenness of Mr. Roads. One day he suddenly exclaimed, in the hearing of the good old preacher, "I'll kill old Roads, that I will!" "Hush, hush! my dear," said the horrified grandsire, "you mustn't talk so; it's very wrong, you know, and you'll get taken up by the police if you do anything wrong." "I shall not do anything bad; but I'll kill him though, that I will." Well, the good grandfather was puzzled, but yet perfectly sure that the child would not do anything which he knew to be wrong, so he let it pass, merely muttering to himself that Charles was a strange child.

Not long after the boy's threat to kill Roads, Charles came into the family circle and astonished them all by saying, "I've killed old Roads; he'll never grieve my dear grandpa any more." "My dear child," said the old man, anxiously, "what have you done? Where have you been?" "I haven't been doing any harm, grandpa," said Charles, "I've been about the Lord's work, that's all."

Nothing more could be got out of the boy; but before long the mystery was cleared up. Mr. Roads called to see his pastor, and, with downcast looks and evident sorrow of heart, told the story of how he had been killed. "I am very sorry indeed, my dear pastor, to have caused you such grief and trouble. It was very wrong I know, but I always loved you, and wouldn't have done it, if I'd only thought." The old grandfather begged Roads to tell him what had brought about this repentance, and this was his story: "I was a-sitting in the public, just having my pipe and mug of beer, when that child comes in—to think an old man like me should be took to task, and reproved by a bit of a child like that! Well, he points at me with his finger, just so, and says, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' Sitting with the ungodly; and you a member of a church, and breaking your pastor's heart. I'm ashamed of you! I wouldn't break my pastor's heart, I am sure.' And then he walks away. Well, I did feel angry; but I knew it was all true, and I was guilty; so I put down my pipe, and did not touch my beer, but hurried away to a lonely spot and cast myself down before the Lord, confessing my sin and begging forgiveness. And I do know and believe the Lord in mercy pardoned me, and now I have come to ask you to forgive me, and I'll never grieve you any more, my dear pastor." We may be sure that this greatly raised the lad in his grandfather's estimation.

When Spurgeon was a small boy, and went to a woman's school, he wanted one day a stick of slate-pencil, and had no money to buy it with. He was afraid of being scolded for losing his pencil so often, and so did not wish to ask at home. There was a little shop where nuts and tops, and cakes and balls and other things were sold by an old lady. Charles had seen other boys and girls get trusted by her. He argued with himself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give him a penny then, and perhaps even a whole silver sixpence. He decided, therefore, to go into debt for a stick of slate-pencil, and promised to pay at Christmas. He did not feel easy about it, but at last he screwed his courage up, and went into the shop. One farthing was the amount, and as he had never owed anything before, and his credit was good, the pencil was handed over by the kind old woman, and he was in debt. It did not please him much, and he felt that he had done wrong, but he did not know yet how much he was to suffer from it. Soon his father found out about it, and he gave him a long lecture. His ears were made to tingle, and he was badly frightened. He was marched off to the shop, crying bitterly all down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed, because he thought everybody knew he was in debt. The farthing was paid, amid many solemn warnings, and the poor debtor was set free, like a bird let out of a cage.

In the year 1844, the Rev. Mr. Knill, who was the great evangelist and soul-winner of his day, stayed for a few days at the Stambourne parsonage. One night he said to Charles: "Where do you sleep? For I want to call you up in the morning." Charles showed him his little room, and Mr. Knill took good note of it. At six o'clock the next morning he called him up. There stood in his grandfather's garden two arbors made of yew trees, cut into sugar-loaf fashion. The boy and the man went into one of these arbors. Mr. Knill knelt down in that arbor, and prayed for the boy with his arms about his neck. In the presence of all the family, Mr. Knill took Charles on his knee, and said: "This child will one day preach the Gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes. I am persuaded that he will preach in the chapel of Rowland Hill, where I am now the minister." He spoke very solemnly, and called upon all present to witness what he said. Then he gave Charles a sixpence as a reward, if he would learn the hymn

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

The boy was made to promise that, when he preached in Rowland Hill's chapel, that hymn should be sung. The years passed by. Sometime after Spurgeon had begun to preach in London, he was invited to preach to the children in Rowland Hill's chapel, and Cowper's hymn was sung, as Mr. Knill had predicted.

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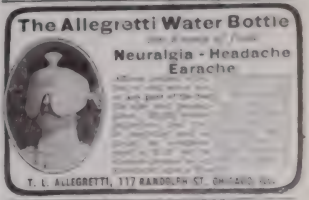

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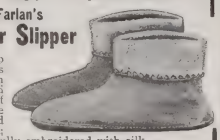

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Reasons for Thanksgiving*

Thanksgiving for Spiritual Attainment as Well as Temporal Prosperity

WHAT a testimony that is that Solomon gave at the dedication of the Temple! "Not one word hath failed," he said, "of all the good promise, which He promised by the hand of Moses, his servant." How many Christians at the end of life with a survey of more and better promises than Moses was commissioned to make, have borne the same testimony! Christians are not promised the temporal prosperity, which was assured to the Old Testament saints, who were faithful in their lives; but they have the better assurance that in their afflictions they will have the sustaining strength of their Lord, and that all things will work together for good to them that love God. They have been promoted to a higher level, on which they do not look for immediate and tangible reward, but with better intelligence and stronger faith trust God in the darkness of trial, and are convinced that he is choosing their lot for them in the highest wisdom and love.

Thanksgiving day, in some homes, would be but an empty form, if merely temporal prosperity were all for which thanks should be rendered. But there are higher and better benefits than that. If we could look into the hearts alike of the rich and poor, we should find more discontent amid luxury, more real happiness in poverty, than we have any idea of. Our real wealth is measured, not by our pecuniary resources, but by our disposition and our personal qualities. We have reason to be thankful for the light that makes us able to endure. He is a richer man who is able to maintain his cheerfulness in adversity, than he who would be gloomy and miserable if he was stripped of his personal property. The true riches are within him, and even in a prison or a poorhouse he is able to rejoice. These are the men who really keep Thanksgiving—men who have learned in whatsoever state they are, to be therewith content. They are willing enough to improve their condition, and indeed will work hard to do so, but it is on higher mental and moral and spiritual attainments that their desires are set, and for the rest are willing to let it be as God wills.

*Topic of the Epworth League for November 22: I. Kings 8:56; Isa. 63:7; I. Tim. 1:12.

The Star of Bethlehem

The "New light on the Star of Bethlehem," mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, should not be accepted seriously. Admitting that Kepler's mathematical demonstration is correct in every particular and that Aefele's findings are as reported, yet these things matter not, for "the wise men" of the time found that the star was west of their position at the time. If the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn would have taken place directly over Bethlehem, it would not have been possible for the wise men to determine if the stars were east, west, north or south of them, seeing the stars were so many millions of miles above their heads. The distance was too great to determine the angle. Later on—a few days, or a week, or more—when these planets were no more in conjunction, the wise men saw this star in another direction, even in the south. This time it moved toward the south, contrary to the direction that the planets take, for "it went," and "it came," and afterwards "it stood," showing that it moved for awhile and then became stationary.

Now when we note that this star "stood" over the very "house" where the babe was, how absurd the claim (of the scientists), that the Star of Bethlehem was but the maximum conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn is. Therefore there is no authority for saying "These details correspond closely with those of Matthew;" none for saying, "In fact, the agreement is surprising in its extent," for no two facts could well be more different. Hence our modern men of learning must admit that the Star of Bethlehem was a miraculous star, or they must prove the story a "myth."

Johnstown, Pa. JOHN HAMER.

Little School-maids in Brittany

THESE little Breton maidens were coming out of their provincial school in Finisterre when this little snapshot was taken by a traveling artist, into whose camera they looked with wondering, smiling eyes. They are used to the visits of strangers, who want to get their pictures on film or canvas. Very quaint and picturesque are the folk in Brittany, such odd bonnets they wear; and when they go to church Sunday, rain or shine, they carry an umbrella as badge of full dress—that is, Finisterre peasants do. In most little towns and villages, the public *lavoir*, or washing-place, where all the women bring the family wash on wash days, answers for a sort of social club. As they beat the clothes with paddles or swish them against stones, their tongues are quite as busy as their hands. The funeral that has been, the wedding or christening, furnish topics of converse; many a match is made there by managing mothers for little people not grown up, who may unmake all these plans when they come of age. At even, the Angelus rings—there are many mellow chimes in Brittanny—and the peasants, whether they be at work or play, stop, and bow their heads in prayer.

LITTLE SCHOOL-MAIDS IN BRITTANY

Her Dying Song of Triumph

HOW peaceful and consoling is the closing scene in the life of the true Christian. There is no fear, no apprehension, for no harm can befall one who is stepping across the river of death, upborne by the Saviour and clasping his hand all the way. Such a scene was that at the passing away of a young girl, Blanche Alice Starr.

Miss Starr was the daughter of Joseph W. and Mrs. Lettie Starr. She was born at Sigel, Jefferson county, Pa., December 31, 1882, and died at her home near Penfield, Pa., Sept. 29, 1903, at the age of 20.

Her religious experience was an unusual one. About seven years ago she was converted, and for some time enjoyed a wonderful experience. She made rapid progress in the spiritual life, and soon she felt called upon to minister to those who were in sin. Last March, her father was taken suddenly ill while at his brother's home in Woburn Run. Blanche, as a faithful daughter, came to assist in caring for him. She became very ill in consequence.

The closing hours of her life were luminous with happiness and victory. She knew that the end was near. Shortly before her death she called her friends to her side and bade them goodby, telling them not to weep, as she was going to be with Jesus. Then, in fullest joy and expectation, she sang the hymn:

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,

Then with a great peace shining in her face she passed away.

Her funeral took place at the mountain church on Toby, and was conducted by John Elder, evangelist, assisted by Wm. Kocher. The attendance was large and the services very impressive.

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Mrs. Carrie Nation at the Bowery Mission

MRS. CARRIE NATION visited the Bowery Mission on a recent Sunday evening. There was an immense congregation, made up of the men who regard the Mission as their regular place of worship, and are found there every Sunday evening. They are the better class, men who live in the hotels and lodging-houses nearby; bright, sober, eager, intelligent, well-dressed, wage-earning men.

Mrs. Nation's presence was, to most of them, quite unexpected. The members of the Rescue League had been apprised of her intended visit, and were present in large numbers in the early prayer-meeting in the kitchen. Very few in the congregation had ever seen or heard this noted woman, and considerable curiosity, not to

MRS. CARRIE NATION

say concern, was manifested about her. When, however, she rose to speak and had uttered a few sentences, it was evident that whoever criticised and condemned her methods of dealing with the liquor traffic, the men of the Bowery realized that they were in the presence of one who sympathized with them, who loved them, and who was brave enough to die for them, if need be.

The responsive reading for the evening service had been the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, "Ho every one that thirsteth, etc." This gave Mrs. Nation a text for a splendid Gospel talk—"God's Invitation *versus* the devil's Invitation," was her subject. On the one hand, everything is free, unfettered, unlimited; on the other, the devil says, "Come, but bring your money, your manhood, honor, family, and lay them at my feet."

Soon the subject of her special mission in life was reached—the liquor traffic. "A nameless horror," she called it. She had tried to find a name for it but could not. It was worse than anarchy, or treason, "for men," she said, "it is high treason against your mother, your wife and your little children. I have done smashing saloons now. I'm going after the cause. The man who sells rum is just as respectable as the man who votes for it. When an epidemic breaks out you don't blame the people who get it, you seek out the cause. Get right back to the voter. And I tell you, I feel I am a much better smasher than ever. Men, it is smash or be smashed. I am but a poor woman, the commonest of common women: but I have told God that I am willing to give up my life to him, if he will but use me in smashing this accursed thing. The Bible is full of stories about smashers. Moses, Gideon, Ehud, Samson, David, were all smashers. God uses insignificant people, and that's why he uses me."

And when this kindly, earnest, motherly woman finished speaking, there went up a shout of unanimous approval from the great crowd of Bowery men, nearly all of whom realized the truth of her assertion, "Men, I am fighting your battle."

Mrs. Nation stayed to the end of the after-meeting, speaking and praying with many poor drunkards, who will never forget her loving and encouraging words.

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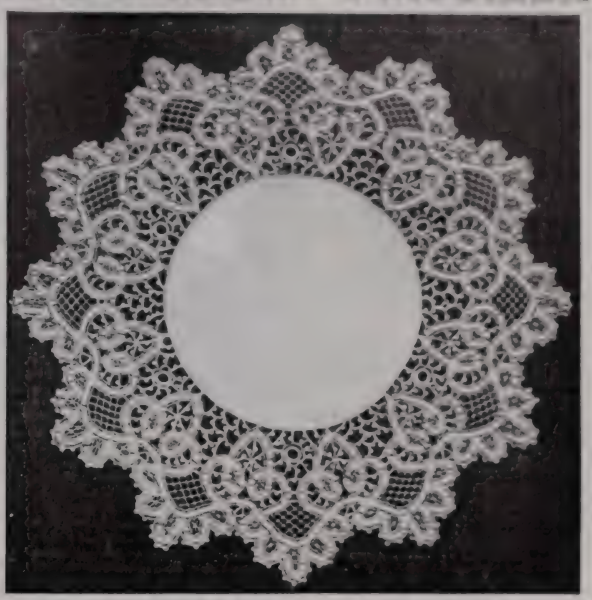

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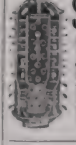

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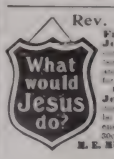

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THE DRUNKARD'S HOPE

Christ Offers Full Deliverance From the Power of Drink

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IT is an awful but certain truth that "God is not mocked; for what a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "For he that soweth unto his own flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap eternal life" (Gal. vi. 7, 8, R. V.). There is something unspeakably unrighteous in the policy of our so-called Christian Governments, which punish a man who is found in the streets "drunk and disorderly," and which nevertheless depends so largely upon the revenue which comes from intoxicating drinks, that the facilities to drink are everywhere close at hand to those who are easily tempted by them. The short-sightedness and utter unreasonableness of this policy is manifest in the fact that the enormous sums spent in making amends for this irreparable evil, in the building and upkeep of the prisons, lunatic asylums, and workhouses, which are thronged with the victims of drunkenness, must immensely deduct from the revenue obtained from drink. And when the amount of loss to the revenue, through the failure of their poor victims to pay the taxes, is added to the burden which they are upon the revenue, it may be found that without this revenue at all, and with only about a fourth of our poor-houses, lunatic asylums and prisons to maintain, our Protestant lands would be far more flourishing than they are now.

No reform can be made without sacrifice. If the poor drunkard turns from the drink, unless God especially comes to his aid, he will go through agonies with the terrible craving which comes upon him, and if, as Christian nations, we stand up to help our fallen brothers and sisters, we, too, must be ready to suffer loss. But did not Christ die for all for the very purpose that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again (II. Cor. 5: 15)? We cannot expect Governments, which, whether Protestant or Catholic, are Christian only in name, and not in principle or action, to act as they would do, if every member of the Government were guided by the Word of God.

From Governments, as they are at present, little help is to be expected for the poor lost enslaved drunkard. From himself he can have no expectation,—his temptation is stronger than he. It is easy to tell him that "wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging"; he knows it better than any other; he feels the chains which bind him. But either the devil lulls him into the manifest lie, that he can stop when he likes, and that he is fully master of himself, or, on the other hand, makes him believe that he has now gone too far, and there is no help for him: he has sown to the flesh, he has reaped corruption. "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty" has been fulfilled in his experience; the haggard looks of his wife, the pining of his children for bread, drive him to despair; the devil makes him angry with them, and he madly rushes to the place where he may again take the poison which, at least, makes him forget for a time his miserable existence and theirs.

Where, then, is the help for the drunkard? With Him who when on earth pleased not himself; the only man who never in thought, word, or deed sowed to the flesh: never did a single thing just for his own self-satisfaction. He and he alone can help the poor drunkard. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19: 10). Because he, who alone could do it, took the drunkard's place upon the cross and personated him, adopting his sin and shame; because He bore on Him the iniquity of us all, and has made the drunkard's sin no exception from other men's sins, the poor lost drunkard can be saved; and more, can become a man who no more sows to the flesh. There is power in Christ to recreate such a man after his image and make him a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Driven to his doom, in agony, and yet seeking again that which causes all the misery—how piteous it is! And what can Christians do to help? God be praised for all which is being done for the drunkards, and God bless those who have given their lives to reclaim them.

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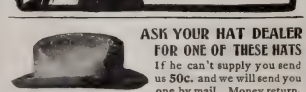

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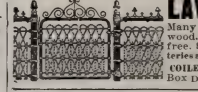

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The Law of Development*

A Reason for Thankfulness in the Wise Government of the World

REASONS for thankfulness there are in abundance, but it is not often that the one that the Psalmist dwells upon in the Psalm associated with the topic, is appreciated at its full value. He rejoices and calls upon his readers to rejoice that this is an ordered world, that it is not governed by caprice nor by a haphazard or unsympathetic method. There is more reason to be thankful for this than we always realize. We see good men suffering affliction, enduring poverty, unable to make their way in the world, thrown back by misfortune, and having to bear more than appears their share of the ills of life. On the other hand, bad men thrive, they succeed in their speculations, they escape misfortunes which fall upon their neighbors, and even in their evil designs which do mischief to the community, they often prosper. Seeing these things, the superficial observer doubts whether there is any wise and righteous power in control. The psalmist is convinced that there is, and having given his reasons for the conviction, he urges every one to be glad of it.

It would, indeed, be a weary, disappointing world, if there were nothing in it beyond what appears on the surface. But below all this confusion there is a law which will in the end make itself felt. "Our heart shall yet rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in his holy name." The time will come when we shall understand the wisdom of his plans, and see that in no other way could his ends have been achieved. In the meantime our duty is to trust Him and to wait patiently for the development of his plans. Like a boy at school, who would much rather play than study, who cannot understand why he should learn things that he does not expect to use, we are apt to become impatient under the process of education; but we know not yet what God's purposes for us are. The discipline and the training we are getting here are to fit us for those purposes, and when we are assured of that, we can bear them for the sake of the results. God will not waste the qualities which have been developed at the cost of our suffering.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for November 22, Psalm 33.

A Notable Florida Revival

Rev. Milford H. Lyon, the well-known evangelist, has been making an evangelical tour in the South this fall. Union meetings, that closed at West Palm Beach, Fla., are said to have been the most notable and fruitful revival ever seen on the Florida East coast. The membership of several of the churches will be nearly doubled. The revolution in public sentiment was so great that in the city elections just held the temperance forces gained an overwhelming victory. Mr. Lyon, with his singer Mr. Coultes, is now in union meetings at Daytona, Fla. They will return North soon, and begin a campaign at Downer's Grove, Ill.

CALLED HIGHER

William C. Parsons, a long-time reader of this journal, passed away, October 9, at the home of his daughter, near Willits, Calif., aged 97 years. He loved THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and was able to read it till a short time before his death. He had been a Christian since early youth, and was loved and esteemed by all who knew him. His aged wife survives him (she is 91). She feels that she cannot be very long before she rejoins him.

Mrs. Rebecca Carver, of Little Valley, N. Y. died at the home of her brother, D. H. Gibson, on Sunday, October 11, 1903. She was a thorough Christian, and for years past had taken much interest in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its good works. She was bedridden for over a year before she passed away.

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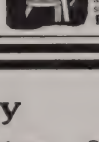
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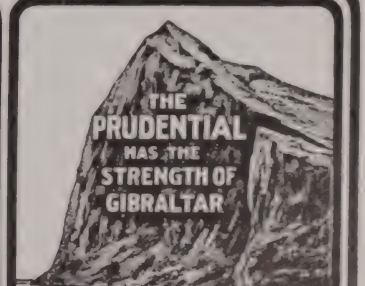

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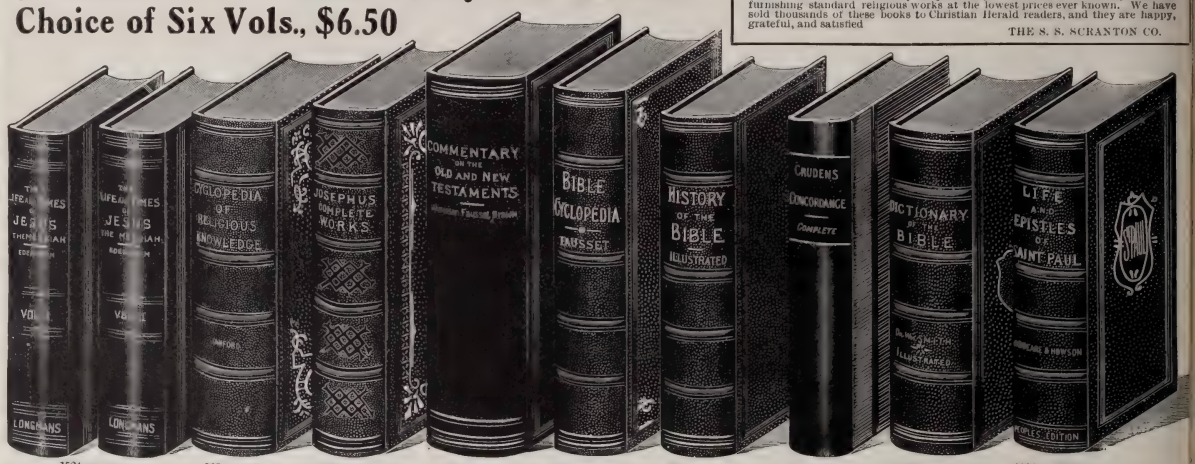

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The **S. S. SCRANTON CO., Publishers, HARTFORD, CONN.**

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1903

VOL. 26—NO. 46. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

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SEE PAGE 985

PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

The Noontime Gospel Half-Hour in the Railroad Car-Shops at Port Huron, Mich.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

B. P., Mayodan, N. C. Do you think it wrong to commit suicide?

Assuredly it is wrong. God puts us here for a purpose. Life is a school, in which we are to prepare for a higher life and broader activities hereafter. The lessons may be hard, but we have no right to shirk them. If we put our trust in Him, he will enable us to overcome, and will smooth away all our troubles. Remember Job's answer to those who urged him to take his life: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come." We must be content to wait God's good time. Any other course is sin, and will assuredly meet with deserved punishment.

Mary N., Romulus, Mich. Should Russia maintain her claims in the East or not?

On moral grounds—no, she should not. Her policy is to annex and overrun contiguous territory until she gets an extensive seaboard. This policy has disrupted China, and is now menacing Korea and Japan. To pursue such a policy is to aggrandize Russia at the expense of weaker nations.

Inquirer, Oil City, Pa. According to the Bible, would you understand that it was right, or a necessity, to keep open all day Sunday and Sunday night, a restaurant, and thus deprive oneself of the means of grace that day?

Under ordinary circumstances, to keep the business open Sunday would be unnecessary and wicked, since it would deprive a number of persons of religious privileges on that day, besides desecrating the Lord's day by devoting it to labor. As we have frequently explained, the only labor that is justifiable on the Sabbath is that involved in works of necessity or of mercy. People must be fed, animals must be cared for, and the sick must be tended, etc. If a restaurant happened to be the only source of supply for the meals of a number of people, who would otherwise have to go without food, its proprietor would be justified in supplying that demand as far as it was an actual necessity, and no more. To open shop and cater to the general public for Sunday trade is wicked Sabbath-breaking. Prosperity coming from such a source, or from any wrong source, will not endure.

C. M., Olympia, Wash. I have been told that the Finns were nearly all anarchists. Is it so? If that be the case, they would be a bad class of immigrants to come here.

We are not aware of a single case of the kind, though we have met hundreds of Finns lately. They are, to all appearance, quiet, orderly, moral, law-abiding people. These are national characteristics, we believe.

This is an interesting letter from a reader in Michigan:

We are the longest married couple I know of around here. We are both natives of New York State, my wife and I. The year of my birth was 1818; my wife is one year younger. We were married on August 27, 1840, and two years before this time we became members of the Congregational Church, and have remained members up to the present time. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I think is the best of all for me, and I believe it is the paper that the millions should subscribe for. As a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I find myself in the best of company, and in the best family of the land. One ought to be proud to belong to so large a party, which does not close its ear to the cry of the needy, but is ready to help at all times. I had three brothers, and not one of them ever used whisky or tobacco. Two of us are yet alive, a brother (83), and myself (85), and one other lived to see 84 years.

Mrs. Mary A. Thompson, Phœnix, Ariz., writes:

I put in a plea for a mission in Phœniz, Ariz., for the poor miners. May we become co-workers with Christ by reaching down into the depths for the precious pearls of humanity and seeking to bring them up into the sunshine of God's love.

Miss A. S. Sherburn, Minn. 1. Is a person who does not believe in the Bible allowed to become President of the U. S., or to hold any office? 2. Are not most of the professors of universities Christians? 3. Is there any offices an unbeliever can not hold, if so what are they? 4. Is there any State in the U. S. in which women can vote for presidential electors, if so, which?

1. No religious qualification is necessary to hold public office. 2. Unquestionably. Nearly all are orthodox believers. Some who were not so, were, in several instances, asked to resign, their teaching being considered objectionable. 3 Yes, the offices of Congressional, Army and Navy Chaplains. 4. Full suffrage has been granted to women in Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho and Utah.

L. J., Upper Tract, W. Va. 1. I have been reading of the Panama Canal in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To whom shall I write to secure information concerning the engineering work? 2. How is the climate for white men?

1. No work is being done on the canal at the present time, and months will probably elapse before work can be resumed. 2. The climate is deadly to whites. The country along the line of "the big ditch" is one of the unhealthiest in the world, on account of the malaria and fevers.

Subscriber, Dickens, Ia. 1. The lines are from *The Ancient Mariner*, by Coleridge. 2. Different stages of development and differences in soil and sunshine cause differences in the hues of the fruit. 3. No Chinese admitted except in such cases as are officially approved. 4. The Iowa Senators are Wm. B. Allison and Jonathan P. Dolliver. 5. Write to Hubert P. Main, 135 Fifth avenue, New York. 6. Fishes rest and presumably sleep. 7. Moral or spiritual literature is profitable for Sunday reading. We would not include romances in this category.

G. F., Broken Straw, N. Y. Six per cent, is the legal rate.

A. B. G., Bridgeport, Conn. *Meon* is the name of an herb. It was also the name of a plain (see Judges 9:37).

Louise M., Bordentown, N. J. We lose no opportunity of doing so. We regard the liquor traffic as the nation's curse, and believe it to be the duty of the Church, and of all Christian men and women, to fight it at all times.

Leo B., Jamestown, Pa. Bishop Hartzell's work in Africa includes the "redemption" of little native boys and girls, who are then trained at the mission stations under Christian auspices. For full information, write to Rev. E. H. Richards, Norwalk, O.

Interested Reader, Reno, O. The Pitman system is the clearest, the most easily read, and the most widely used in the business and professional world.

Will Warren L. Dull and John A. Dull (or Duhl) send their addresses to E. C. Dull, Winston, Salem, N. C.?

A. E. R., Trenton, N. J. They have one in New York. Address Secretary, Young Women's Christian Association, New York City.

A. D. S., Northfield, Minn. Football as played by college teams seems to us to be brutal. It is not an athletic contest, but a fierce and frequently a sanguinary riot.

Mrs. M. E. O., Fairhope, Ala. It is a matter for the individual conscience. Of itself, the game is innocent enough, but it might be played amid surroundings that make it harmful.

Reader, Fairbury, Ill. The figures were very likely a typographical error. Should probably have been 320. We do not for a moment believe any one purposely misstated the facts.

Young Subscriber, East Downington, Pa. The Rolfe editions are suitable for your purpose, being prepared expressly for schools and colleges. Write to American Book Company, New York.

CROWDS AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER, AT WOODLAWN, N. Y.

Seldom has a larger or more sympathetic audience been seen at a funeral service, than that which filled Carnegie Hall, New York, on Sunday, November 1, on the occasion of the memorial service in honor of the late Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who was killed in a railroad accident on the Santa Fe road. Five thousand persons packed the hall, while nearly ten thousand waited outside during the entire service, unable to obtain admission. The interment took place in the family plot at Woodlawn. The services at the grave were witnessed by an immense multitude, which joined reverently in the last tributes to the beloved Salvation Army leader.

A Story That Will Never Die

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS! Who can measure the length and breadth, the depth and height of the blessed influence which this great work of John Bunyan, the Bedford tinker, has exerted on Christian life, thought and activity? Once begun, it is so entrancing that it must be finished; and, once read, it is never forgotten. Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*, says in his introduction to this Presentation Edition:

"The first book I can remember, next the Bible, is **Pilgrim's Progress.** It was read aloud to me by my mother on Sunday afternoons, when I was eight years old. The vivid impression made on my mind by that reading will never be effaced. The characters of the story were as real to me as my own schoolmates. My own father was not more clearly an actual being than Christian or Faithful.

"The charm of this old religious classic is a charm that comparatively few of the youth of this generation know anything about. In the constantly increasing stream of publications, especially fiction, some of the few really immortal books of the world have been swept down into the current and lost to view."

The pictures in this Red Line Holiday Edition are simply unequaled. They follow the text, page by page, and bring to the eye, with never-to-be-forgotten pertinency, the characters depicted by Bunyan in his inimitable style. Of course, this is not a new work, but as the late Dr. Talmage often remarked, "a good old sermon is better than a poor new one;" so a good old book is better than a poor new one.

Pilgrim's Progress is imperishable. If you have not already read it, read it now. You never have read anything that will please you more. The best novels of our time cannot compare with it, in intensity of interest. You will be delighted, charmed and edified. And then it is so beautiful as a specimen of modern bookmaking. Every page of the text surrounded by a red line; every one of its hundred-and-one pictures specially drawn and engraved for it, while the binding is simply exquisite, in real **vellum de luxe** cloth, with genuine gold stamp. It contains 428 large pages, measures, when open, 9x15 inches, weighs nearly three pounds, and is sent, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at only $2. Never was better value given for the money.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A STREET IN GUANAJUATO — WOMEN ORE SORTERS IN GUANAJUATO — A FEMALE PENITENT — ASCENT OVER WHICH PILGRIMS

IN THE "HOLY CITY" OF AMECAMECA

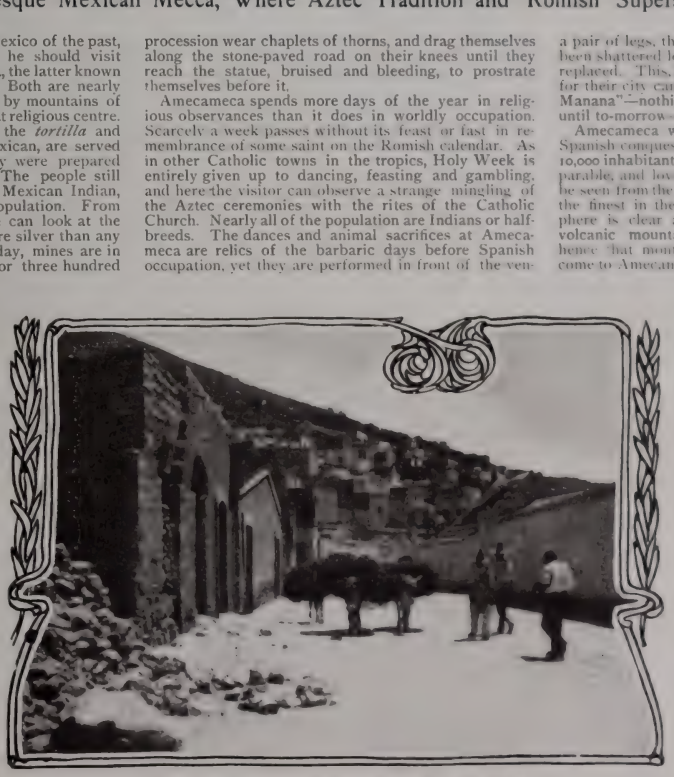
A Strange and Picturesque Mexican Mecca, Where Aztec Tradition and Romish Superstition Have Full Sway

F one would see a picture of the Mexico of the past, but little altered by centuries, he should visit either Guanajuato, or Amecameca, the latter known even to-day as the "Holy City." Both are nearly e centuries old. One is surrounded by mountains of ecious metal, while the other is a great religious centre. In the market-place of Guanajuato the *tortilla* and *ijole*, the national dishes of the Mexican, are served tourists in the way in which they were prepared the ancient Aztecs themselves. The people still ng to the picturesque garb of the Mexican Indian, d this race comprises most of the population. From e public square of Guanajuato, one can look at the ountain sides which have yielded more silver than any her portion of Mother Earth. To-day, mines are in istence which have been worked for three hundred ars, and are apparently inexhaustible.

Nearly every one in Guanajuato—even the humblest peon—ts his living from the depths the earth. Women as well men work in the valleys and nnels, some of which stretch ck miles into the mountains, d a common sight in the narw streets is the train of mules, rrying a pack-load worth a all fortune. Yet, in spite of e wealth surrounding it, the ty is one of the most povertyicken in appearance which e traveler can find. Few of e public buildings are worthy the name. The only strucres of note are the churches. uanajuato is truly an illustran of the fact that riches do t always bring comfort or ppiness, for the people themlves are among the most misable of the peon class.

Amecameca is not only the rine of one of the most noted ints in the Mexican calendar, t here is enacted yearly a Pason Play, which is as thrilling its realism as that of Obermmergau, although the actors ay not be as elaborately robed, d the scenery is confined to a ckground of rocks and trees. o one knows when or how the ay originated here, but there is no doubt that it has en carried on for centuries. Tradition has it that ray Martin, a Mexican padre, while living in a cave the "Sacre Monte," at the foot of the volcanic Popotepetl, devoted his life to good works and miraculusly averted an eruption of the volcano. Thousands superstitious townsfolk yearly climb the mountain ad which leads to the cave, near which stands the age of the padre. Some of the penitents in the procession wear chaplets of thorns, and drag themselves along the stone-paved road on their knees until they reach the statue, bruised and bleeding, to prostrate themselves before it.

Amecameca spends more days of the year in religious observances than it does in worldly occupation. Scarcely a week passes without its feast or fast in remembrance of some saint on the Romish calendar. As in other Catholic towns in the tropics, Holy Week is entirely given up to dancing, feasting and gambling, and here the visitor can observe a strange mingling of the Aztec ceremonies with the rites of the Catholic Church. Nearly all of the population are Indians or half-breeds. The dances and animal sacrifices at Amecameca are relics of the barbaric days before Spanish occupation, yet they are performed in front of the venerable church of St. Sebastian, by those who have just been blest by its priests at mass.



ON THE ROAD TO THE "HOLY CITY" OF AMECAMECA

It is doubtful if in any other part of Mexico the buildings are more dilapidated. Even the principal church, that of St. Sebastian, has been sadly neglected. Earthquakes have fissured its walls and roof, while the once rich decorations of the interior are frayed and faded. Above the main entrance was once a mammoth statue of Sebastian, but now the visitor sees only a pair of legs, the body from the knees upward having been shattered long ago by an earthquake and never replaced. This, however, is characteristic of the people, for their city can be called the capital of "the land of Manana"—nothing is done to-day which can be put off until to-morrow—if it is not a celebration of some sort.

Amecameca was a city of distinction before the Spanish conquest. It has at the present time less than 10,000 inhabitants. Its picturesque features are incomparable, and lovers of nature go here that the views to be seen from the terraces of the Sacre Monte are among the finest in the whole world. In January the atmosphere is clear and stimulating and the panorama of volcanic mountain-peaks is undiscovered by clouds; hence that month is the favored time for visitors to come to Amecameca. It is said that the body of Fray Martin (who died and was buried at Tlalmanalco) was secretly removed to the darkness in the cave on the Sacre Monte—a little hill covered with a thick growth of trees—and that he hopes still be there, undisturbed amid all the changes to which the land has been subjected. One of the curious superstitions, dating back almost to time immemorial, is for pilgrims to the "holy hill" to leave there some part of their possessions for "good luck." They usually tear a rag from their dress, or a few hairs from their head, and fasten these to the trees on the Sacre Monte.

Tourists and mountain climbers, who wish to venture upon the slopes of Popocatepetl, the great volcano, Amecameca usually choose as their starting point. Here they are supplied with guides, horses and mules for the journey. They find little difficulty in procuring a written permit for the purpose; this, however, is necessary, as the mountain is owned by the religious works. The guides make the ascent on horseback to the snow line and there proceed on foot. On reaching the crater, they descend into it by a basket and windlass used by the volcano gatherers. The whole journey and the return to Amecameca usually occupy two days. Warm clothing, including woolen gloves, comfortable swathings for the feet, thick hats or caps to protect from cold at night renders half-spectacles essential ground to save the eyes from the blinding glare of the snow and an abundance of nourishing food—these are the necessities for those who would make the ascent. It is a most exhausting experience, and the walk around through the snow is one that calls for sound heart and sturdy physique

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

SMALL ESSENTIALS

TEXT—ZECHARIAH 4: 10:

Who hath despised the day of small things?

THE world's favorite monocle is the telescope. We admire objects for many different reasons: One of the chief is their bigness. Every tourist wants to see Niagara Falls. It is the biggest of all Falls. And Mount Everest. It is the highest of all mountains. And Kilauea, because that volcano has the largest crater in the world. We would ascend the Eiffel Tower. It is higher than any other tower; and we would circle the Ferris Wheel, because it is larger than any of the other wheels. The human race, conscious that it is finite, aspires to explore the infinite. Its conception of the sublime is not the dwarf, but the giant.

But though tremendous bulk, or magnitude, or hugeness, or immensity, has for the human eye an awe-inspiring fascination, yet to-day I want to point out some seeming insignificances which are more essential for the world's peace and harmony than was the Colossus of Rhodes, or the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, or the Palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold, or any of the other Seven Wonders of the world. I find that though my watch has its large wheels, and bars, and regulating hand, and mainspring, and adamantine jewels, yet it has also its little screws, and little wheels, and little cogs, and little pegs, which the jeweler has to study under the clarifying eye of the magnifying glass. I also find that the absence, perhaps, of one of these little screws or cogs, might stop the whole machinery of my watch, as surely as if I should snap the mainspring.

Seeming insignificances may be vital essentials. Some years ago, when crossing the Atlantic Ocean, the companion with whom I was traveling, one day suddenly flung open my stateroom door and cried, "Come on deck. Something has happened to the ship." When I arrived on deck, I found scores and hundreds of passengers excitedly watching the strange movements of the ship's course. Instead of ploughing ahead, we were slowly moving around to the right in a perfect circle. Just then an officer passed me, and I asked, "What is the matter, Lieutenant? Is the rudder broken?" "Oh, no," said he. "We are merely testing a new compass. In order to find out whether it is perfect, we had to wait until we were far away from the magnetic effect of rocks and land. Those influences may not seem to be much, but they may entirely deflect the accuracy of the compass' needle." Many years ago, a large ship was wrecked, because a small piece of steel from the point of a knife was driven into the wood near its compass-box, and made the compass' finger a false guide.

Prolific Faults

Thus, my friends, I would take for my theme to-day, the "Small Essentials" of life. I would try to show you that many of the seeming insignificances, and the despised monads are pregnant with large broods of influences, every one of which will have large progenies. A cholera germ may be so small that it is not visible to the naked eye. If, however, it is let alone in its work of devastation, it can soon crowd the wards of the county hospital with invalids, and keep the undertakers' wagons busy by day, as well as the nurses busy by night. I ask the striking question which Zechariah put in times of old, "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

Small essential the first: Appropriateness and neatness of personal apparel. Appropriateness and neatness in reference to the coat a man wears upon his back, and to the shoes on his feet, and especially in reference to the cleanliness of the linen he wears about his neck, and to the modesty with which he is attired in public. God would never have condemned the "cauls and the chains, and the bracelets, and the ruffles and bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings and the nose-jewels, and the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples and the crisping pins, and the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods and the veils" of the haughty daughters of Zion, "who walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet," unless there was a direct connection between a man's inner character and his "*Sartor Resartus*," or "Philosophy of Clothes." Paul would never have commanded the women of the Corinthian church to veil themselves in public assemblage, if he had not been convinced that a woman's disregard of the social customs of the country and the time, implied a lack of modesty and purity. There is,—there must be, an unbreakable, spiritual link binding a man's personal apparel and his heart. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is a trenchant statement not found in Holy Writ; but the substance of its teachings is certainly found within the leaves of the Holy Bible. The elaborate directions which God gave to the Israelites for careful and frequent ablutions of the body and the clothes, show that he is not indifferent to the cleanliness of those who come into his presence. We have, therefore, a right to doubt whether a person who is in public chronically dirty in person, or slovenly or immodest in apparel, can offer acceptable worship.

Yet, to hear some slovens talk, one might suppose it was a sign of mental degeneracy for men and women to be careful of their personal appearance. They pretend to believe that a well groomed and neat man is essentially a weak man. Therefore they practically say that one of the signs of genius is a disregard of the decencies of life. They cite the example of the Greek mathematician whose appearance in *deshabille* on the streets shocked all the people who saw him, and the example of Napoleon, and Samuel Johnson, and Horace Greeley, all notorious for their indifference to ordinary neatness of attire; but such examples are not proofs of genius, but only of the power of genius to win its way in life, in spite of disgusting habits. The genius of Alexander Dumas triumphed in spite of the degradation of his birth, and Henry Fawcett became a statesman and successful administrator in spite of his blindness, so, personal

Uncleanliness and Slovenliness

may fail to defeat the true genius, but they can never help him to victory. And yet, deluded by this idea that slovenliness and uncleanliness are signs of true greatness, many a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant has ruined his financial chances in life because he would not dress as a gentleman should dress. There are more ways than one of interpreting that passage of Scripture which says in reference to the one-talent man: "And I was afraid and went and hid thy talent in the earth." Some of "the earth" in which many men hide their talents of life is to be found in the filthiness and in the unkempt conditions of their wardrobes.

If it is necessary to be clean and neat in personal apparel in temporal work, how much more is this neatness essential when we are consecrating our lives to the service of Jesus Christ? The dear Saviour wants us to go out and labor in his name, in the same way as he used to work. He was taunted with many reproaches during his earthly life, but those who hated him most never charged him with uncleanliness or slovenliness; and we may be sure that the Pharisee who invited him to his house, and the other hosts who entertained him, would never have welcomed him as a guest, if he had been careless about his person or his dress. The quality of his robe may have been poor, but we may be sure that there were no impurities upon it or upon him. So, Christian workers, if we go forth in Christ's name, some of us must be more careful about our personal appearance. Remember, O minister, when you ascend the pulpit, that your clothes may not be expensive, but they should be neat. Remember, O Sunday School teacher, that when you expound the Bible lesson, your scholars are learning from you what it is to be a Christian. They are learning with their eyes, as well as with their ears. Remember, O man of God, that wherever you go, your clean skin and pure linen, as well as your lips, preach in Christ's name.

Kindness and Courtesy

Small essential the next: The little kindnesses and courtesies which we should extend to those with whom we come in daily contact. The little acts of deference which we should show to ladies, such as taking off the hat when we stand with them in an elevator, or allowing them to precede us through an opened door. The "Thank you, sir," with which a lady should acknowledge a gentleman's action when he rises in a street car to offer her a seat. The little social calls by which we should welcome a new neighbor or her friends into our community. The little gifts of delicacies which should be sent to the invalid's room of our neighbor's house. All these little attentions and courtesies may not seem to be of much value at the time; but they are mighty in the development or the depletion of human character. They are mighty in deciding whether a man is to live a selfish or an unselfish life.

How a selfish life? Simply enough. Here, for instance, is a man who enters a railroad car. He places his satchel in one seat and his overcoat by his side. Then he stretches out his long legs, puts his feet upon the opposite seat and begins to read a newspaper. After awhile, the train fills up, but he does not remove his encumbrances. The man is an incarnation of selfishness. He cares only for his own comfort, and is oblivious of the rights of others. He has paid for but one sitting. He has a right to occupy only half a seat. Yet, he is monopolizing four sittings. When the poor old woman with a heavy bundle comes down the aisle, timidly looking for a place to rest and to deposit her load, he buries his face yet further in the newspaper and pretends not to see her. The old lady hesitates a little by his side, and then passes on. You say, "Th man is not a polite man! He is not a gentleman." say Christian courtesy means more than the two wor "mere politeness" imply. That man is laying t foundations of an evil future. For, if he is discourteo to his fellow men, if he is willing to crowd his fello passengers in a railroad train out of the seats whi rightfully belong to them, he is developing a dispositi which, if not checked, may lead him by-and-bye defraud his neighbor of the dollars and cents which right belong to him. When Paul said, "Be courteou he meant more than to be merely polite. He mea "be honest, be fair, be noble in the little duties a attentions which you should show to your fellow-me

Development of Character

Character is not born, it is developed. It springs n up in a night, as a Jonah's gourd. It grows gradual Lyman Beecher once said, "It took forty years," wh some one asked him the question: "How long did take to write that sermon?" By that, Mr. Beech meant that every year's work was a preparation for t following year's work. Every act of our present day dependent, in more ways than one, upon the actions our past. When a woman peeks out of her window see the furniture van unload her new neighbor's furn ture, and then refuses to call upon that neighbor, a extend to her the rightful social respect of the neig borhood, she is schooling herself to refuse to extend welcoming hand to her humble sister when she ente her church. When a man is willing to push his w through the crowds, blocking the aisles of a large dr goods store, forcing frail women to right and left, a shoving aside the little children, he is nurturing t spirit which is shown by a criminal chauffeur, wh drives his automobile at frightful velocity through th crowded streets of a large city. He drives it ahea caring not what horses he may frighten, or what perso he may strike, because he knows that like a full-speede Cunarder striking a fishing smack, it is the other perso who will be hurt and not himself. Christian courtesy of the tree of righteousness, and discourtesy is of t tree of sin. Let us beware how we ignore that apostol commandment, "Be courteous." (I. Peter 3: 8.)

Furthermore, my brother, remember that discourtes toward others almost invariably has a reactiona effect. The person who complains most about th rudeness of others is generally the one who himself rudest of all. Some time ago, I was riding in a Pitt burg street car. An aged colored man entered. H hair was as white as was that of Frederick Douglas just before his death. The car started ahead an nearly flung the old man upon his face. I rose an beckoned to him to come and take my seat. All th way down the aisle he kept grumbling and grumblin Even after he was seated, he kept on complainin about the people "not being willing to give an old ma a seat." At last I lost my patience. I leaned forwar and said: "Friend, these passengers may have don wrong in not arising to give you a seat. They ma have been impolite and discourteous. But did yo ever stop to think that you yourself were even more di courteous than they? When I rose to give you m seat, you were not enough of a gentleman to say 'Thank you' for it." So everywhere we can find th the people who most complain about the discourtes of others, are apt, like the old black man, to be jus as discourteous themselves. If there is this sin-breed ing mote of impoliteness in the eyes of our brother let us be sure that we have not the larger sinful bear in our own.

Influence of Example

Small essential the next: The abstinence from a appearance of evil. The taking care of your life's ac tions, so that they may never be false lights luring you neighbors and friends upon the fatal rocks of sin. Th refusal to eat meat, if by the eating you may caus your brother to offend. "All things may be lawful, bu all things are not expedient," was the substance of th Pauline injunction to the Corinthian church. "To seem may sometimes be almost as great a sin as "to be. Mark you this: No man can afford in any way to hav his influence cast upon the wrong side of any mora question. Nearly all our great religious teachers hav recognized this truth.

We must abstain from all appearance of evil o account of our influence over others. We must ab stain from all appearances of evil on account also o the reactionary evil influence upon ourselves. One o the greatest bulwarks against sin is the God-implante desire to be thought well of by your neighbors. A man, on account of principle, ought to be ready, i

CONTINUED ON PAGE 977

NOW SIX CHURCHES ON WHEELS

SEVERAL years ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD printed an account of the beginning of chapel car work by the American Baptist Society, the object of which was to carry the Gospel to obscure communities along new lines of rail. Since the first car sped on its mission of mercy — literally the first church on wheels—other cars have been added, until to-day there are six of these traveling tabernacles in various parts of the country, viz., the "Evangel," the "Emmanuel," the "Glad Tidings," "Good Will," "Messenger of Peace," and "Herald of Hope." They are all under the direction of the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia, one of the missionary organizations of the Baptist denomination.

The chapel car, with all of its appointments, combining chapel for worship, parsonage for the missionary and his assistant, organ, singing books, Bibles, etc., is the conception of the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia. Impressed with the need of missionary work, while riding with his brother, Mr. Colgate Hoyt, of New York, in his private car, through Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, Dr. Hoyt, the minister, remarked to his companion that the railroad men ought to be doing more for the country than they were doing.

"Just look at these towns through which we have been rolling all day," he went on. "Do you not see, in all these little places, from one to five saloons, and not a place of worship in scores of them? Why not build a missionary car of some kind to give these lonely and destitute communities an opportunity of hearing the Gospel message." This was the germ of the idea. The railroads give the chapel car free transportation, and are glad to have them stop and hold religious services along their lines. The "church on wheels" is side-tracked wherever the directors of the work in Philadelphia order it. The track chosen is usually one at a small town, where churches are almost unknown. The people are attracted at once, and invitations to attend services in the car are accepted by as many as can crowd in. If the church on wheels proves too small to hold the congregation, as it generally does, the platform is used as a pulpit, and the audience gathers around in the open space outside the track. When converts are made they are baptized on the spot. It is not possible to have a regular baptistry on the train; so if there is no river near by, the baptistry is improvised by some of the men of the town being set to work to dig a cistern just outside the car. When finished, it is filled with water, and the missionary baptizes the converts.

CHILDREN GATHERING FOR A SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL CAR

If the converts made by the railroad missionaries are sufficient in number to form a community of themselves, they are organized into a church, a building is secured, a missionary appointed for permanent work, and the church on wheels is hitched on to the end of the next train and travels to another centre leaving behind a settled society that in time will rise to the dignity of a church building and a special pastor of its own.

The workers live in the car. One of the missionaries described the experience in this way: "The car is seventy-five feet long and is church and parsonage all in one. The chapel is well furnished with Bibles, song books, maps, charts, tracts, and a splendid little organ, a blackboard, colored crayon for the illustrated talks, and all our tools for convenience. The chapel will seat about one hundred and twenty-five, but I have had as many as one hundred and fifty-eight children present at the children's meetings. Leaving the chapel and going through a swing-door near back of the pulpit and organ you come to our living rooms. We have a combination room, I suppose you might call it. There is an upper and lower berth, as on a palace sleeper, a nice library of books and a roller-top desk occupy another corner. Two large mirrors adorn the walls. There are books for hanging things. The dining table is put up in each room for each meal—a folding table, something like those used on rug plat sleepers. Going out of this room, say, two feet space, there is a hall through to the back door. On one side of this hall is a little room, a doll house you would think, but it is my kitchen. Just standing room, fitted up with an ice box, cupboard, and a good range, the missionaries cook and eat same as other folks do."

Such is life in the church on wheels. May they multiply and continue to do good work in the needed spiritual field where they are now serving. A hundred such churches on wheels could be used in churchless and neglected localities.

SMALL ESSENTIALS

A SERMON BY REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. Continued

necessary, to defy the scorn, and the sneer, and the opprobrium, and the persecution, and the misrepresentation, and the ridicule of the human race. But every man may desire that his neighbors and friends think well of him; that they should regard his name as the synonym of honesty, and truth, and probity, and rectitude. And when any man comes to the dangerous condition in which he does not care what his neighbors think about him; when he intentionally and recklessly stirs up a hornet's nest of needless criticism; when he cruntingly boasts that it does not matter what others may say, as long as he is not doing wrong, then that man's feet are treading the soft quicksands of temptation, and walking along the narrow edge of the precipice of death.

My sister, be careful about the character of your associates. My brother, you who are an officer or a member of the Christian church, I would not attend the theatre again. You may say you saw nothing wrong. You may say you need the relaxation. But you can find that relaxation in some other way. You cannot afford the risk. Young man, I would take down that semi-nude picture from your wall. You may say it causes no evil thought in your mind. You may argue that the nude in art is just as essential for true beauty as the nude in the dissecting room is essential for the development of surgery. But you cannot afford the risk. Abstain from all appearances of evil. Perhaps you think this my own personal thought. It is not. Read I. Thess. 5: 22: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." It is the apostolic command.

Small essential the last. The inexorable duty of keeping an engagement. The necessity of doing what you promise to do. If you say to a friend, "I will meet you at such and such a place, at such and such a time," you should be there. You should be there just as certainly as you would be down at the ship's dock on time when it is about to sail for Europe, and when you have purchased a $100 berth for the passage. If you cannot be on time, according to promise, for your engagement, then you should notify the person with whom you have the appointment. But the great trouble with many people is that they have no moral sense of the duty of keeping an engagement unless they wish to do so. They will promise anything, like a dishonest politician just before an election: and like the same dishonest politician after election they will forget all their promises, if it suits their convenience to forget. The result is that the man's character and religious life will be eaten out by these little failures and sins, just as one little worm can tunnel its way into the heart of a great oak and eat out its heart, until at last the monarch of the forest will have its backbone snapped by the onrushing winds.

It is the foxes, the little foxes, that most often spoil the tender vines—not the elephantine monsters. Once in a while, however, the heavy foot of an Eastern camel might crush them, or the paw of a leopard might rip them apart, when the midnight prowler, chased by the dogs, is rushing away after having robbed the sheepfold: but this is a rare occurrence. It is the little faults, the careless and thoughtless neglects, which do the most frequent mischief. It is the little words that destroy the gardens, and with their fairest flowers of thorns stab the flowers to death—not the mighty growths of the cedars of Lebanon or of the weeping willows. So it is inevitably the small sins, the despised sins, the ignored sins, the sins of insignificance. Our most frequently overthrown human structures are not the behemoth sins, not the monstrous sins as are the sins catalogued in the criminal codes of men and of nations.

Therefore, O man, I beg and plead with you that you take Christ into the smallest details of your life. Let the Christ be with you as much in the paying down of a borrowed five-cent piece as in the purchase of a note. Let him be with you as much in the fastenings of your wardrobe as in the cleanliness of your tongue. Let him help you in the Christian experience which you extend to your neighbors, as well as in the Christian ministrations you offer in your church. May you live and serve always be able to make the prayer, "Thou hast been in the little temptations, and thou I know that thou wilt make me able to bear the greater trials." Was such a lesson as this for consecration ever more timely than when there are those who will dare "to despise the day of small things?"

The Enlargement of Our National Forum

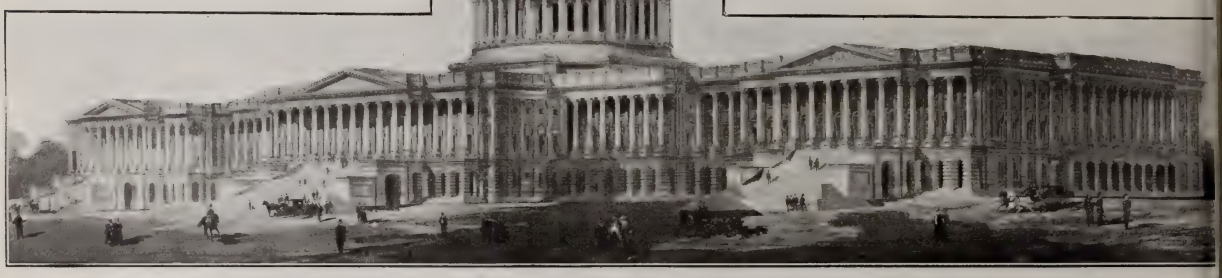
THE men who assemble at Washington each year to make the laws for the nation will shortly find at their disposal much more room than at present. To any person, who has visited that immense building, the United States Capitol, with its hundreds upon hundreds of rooms, it might appear improbable that any additional space should be needed in which to transact the business of the legislative branch of Uncle Sam's government; but for several years past Congress has been calling for larger quarters. This demand for larger working quarters is no new thing in our history, either. When the Capitol building at Washington was completed in 1830, in accordance with the ideas of George Washington, it was thought that it would meet all the future needs of the country, but twenty years had not rolled round ere additions were under way, and Congress has been adding to its home ever since.

However, the additions to be built during the first decade of this century will far surpass anything which preceded them. In the first place, work will shortly be commenced upon a $4,000,000 marble office-building, designed as an annex to the Capitol and connected with it by a great tunnel, in which will be operated a miniature electric railway for the benefit of Congressmen and their friends. In this new office-building, there will be a sufficient number of rooms to give every Representative in Congress a private office. At present, every Senator has a private office, but only a comparatively small proportion of the nearly four hundred Representatives are so provided.

While the new office-building will be depended upon to give the legislators the private offices for which they have long been clamoring, it will not relieve a state of congestion which exists in the Capitol proper. To accomplish this, the present Congress is to be asked to make an appropriation of $2,500,000 to enlarge the great white-domed building. In order to give the law-makers a definite idea of just what they will receive for this big sum of money, a force of workmen is engaged, under the direction of the most expert plaster modeller in the country, in preparing a miniature representation of the Capitol building as it will appear after the addition. Every window and door in the vast building is reproduced faithfully in this mass of plast several yards in length, and after the model (which is costing $7,000) has been exh ited as an object-lesson to the men who hold Uncle Sam's purse-strings, it will taken to the Exposition at St. Louis, in order that the people of the country m gain a conception of the improvement to be undertaken.

In the addition to be built there will be space for a magnificent vestibule, 108 f in length, and for sixty-six rooms, not one of which will be less than twenty-two thirty feet in size. The enlargement of the Capitol is to take the form of an extensi of the East front—that portion of the building facing the Library of Congress, a affording on its broad, front steps the site for the temporary stand which is erect once every four years for the exercises of inaugurating a President. This centr portion of the building is fully twenty feet narrower than the two great wings of t Capitol, which contain the halls of the Senate and House of Representatives, a which were, of course, built many years after the completion of the central portic which constituted the original building. Now the present plan to have this central section of the big structure extended to a li not merely flush with the wings, but fully fifteen feet beyo them. The architects claim that this broadening of the centr portion of the Capitol, far from being incongruous, will, by ding depth and compactness, improve the appearance of the ent building. Moreover, it will provide a larger, broader and mc imposing base for the massive dome.

The new portion of the Capitol will, in general appearance, identical with the old. The project will not involve any alterati of the principal walls of the old historic portion of the Capitol. T present front wall of the old building will remain as a rear wall an open court which will light the west side of the proposed ad tion. The extended front will be faced with a magnificent porti of fluted Corinthian columns, of proportions to dominate the p ticos of the wings. The wings of the Capitol are of white marb but the old or central portion of the building is of scaly sandstor and herein is found another reason why the enlargement will welcomed by all lovers of a beautiful and imposing Capitol. Wh the new portion of the building is erected, the outside will prese a uniform expanse of white marble. WALDON FAWCETT.



THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C., AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN ENLARGED

A Wonderful Book of Many Travels

"**How I Worked My Way Around the World**" is a volume full of interest, entertainment and inspiration. Probably never before in history did a sixteen-year-old boy undertake so ambitious a task as Harry Steele Morrison set for himself when he left his home at Mattoon, Ill., to see the world, literally working his way step by step, and crowning his enterprise with audiences with Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, Pope Leo, the President of France, the King of Belgium and with Paul Krueger; returning at last to his native land without debt and with money in pocket. Mr. Morrison is now twenty-two years of age. He has written several books on his various experiences, the first one containing a charming introduction of the red-haired young author by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

His present book, "**How I Worked My Way Around the World,**" tells of all his journeys, from inception to finish, and Russell Sage gives it a send-off in a most hearty and pertinent introduction.

Mr. Morrison, in simple language, without any useless flourishes, takes us from country to country; he pictures the habits and customs of the people, until we can almost imagine ourselves among them; with beautiful pictures, he brings to the very eyes of the reader the sights which he himself has witnessed, and tells us all he knows about them. It is a charmingly interesting volume, which, at the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he has prepared for our readers, and we consider ourselves fortunate that we can include so meritorious, instructive and entertaining a book among our premium propositions.

This excellent book, beautifully bound in red cloth with emblematic design, consisting of 408 large pages, illustrated with numerous half-tone reproductions of photographs, together with **The Christian Herald** for one year, at only $2.00. Many a winter's evening by the open fireplace and around the evening lamp, will be spent profitably and pleasantly by old and young, in the perusal of this book of many travels. It measures when open 9 x 15 inches, and is sent all charges prepaid.

Warning to Our Readers

THE Eighth Edition of the **Red Letter New Testament** is just out. Forty-five Thousand were printed of this edition, and it is hoped that the present supply will meet all the requirements for November and December. This edition of the **Red Letter New Testament** has been in preparation since last July, and never was this work more beautifully bound. The **Red Letter New Testament,** issued in both English and German (Swedish now in preparation) is bound in American Levant, with extra lining to edge. It is finished in red under gold, and while the Testament, as a rule, is printed in black, all the words recorded as having been uttered by our Lord appear in Red. The type is the same in both colors, but the moment you see a word in Red you may know that our Lord uttered it. The covers of this Testament overlap; the binding, while substantial, is soft and flexible; the paper is of extra quality; the printing of the best, and the alignment of the Red Words absolutely perfect. The words printed in color are in a dark easily leg ble red, and the entire work is the resu of infinite care and accurate workmanshi

The **Red Letter New Testament** the original device of Dr. Klopsch. Ther are many imitations, but, like all counte feits, they may be easily detected by th inferior workmanship, and by the nume ous errors which the proverbial careles ness of imitators is apt to produce. N **Red Letter New Testament** issue elsewhere is worthy of the name, and th fact that three English Bible Societie imitated it, and one of them is now tryin to find an American market for it spurious production, is the best indicatio of the value of this unique Testament.

We offer this superb volume, with **Th Christian Herald** for one year, for $1.8 while imitations, in smaller type and ir ferior presswork, with poor alignment an shabby binding, are offered, without **Th Christian Herald,** at $1.25.

Dr. Klopsch considers it his duty t warn our subscribers against the very ir ferior and altogether imperfect editio alluded to above, as it entirely misrepr sents his work and his idea of a genuin **Red Letter Testament.** If you wish copy of the genuine work, order it to-day

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A GROUP OF WORKERS THE COMPOUND OF THE COMET MINE PUPILS IN THE [illegible] REEF SCHOOL

THE GOSPEL IN AFRICAN COMPOUNDS

FROM the wonderful region of the Transvaal, familiar to our ears four years ago, with its associations of battle and bloodshed, comes a thrilling story of missionary labor and of victories won by the preaching of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. The work, like so much that has been done in Christ's name in various parts of the world, had its origin in the spectacle of urgent need, and of opportunities of winning souls, which were being lost because no one was specially assigned to the duty of using them. An earnest, consecrated man, who in his youth had been a carpenter, but had worked his way up by hard study to be a lawyer, saw the opportunity for service, and having given himself entirely to Christ, accepted the ordination from no human hands, but from God himself, to do the work that was being left undone. He was blessed in it, and now it is organized with many helpers, and has numerous trophies to show of the power of the Gospel.

One Sunday afternoon, in the year 1895, several hundred Kaffirs were assembled in an open space near Pretoria for a general merry-making. There were dances and athletic sports, and an abundance of beer was on hand to quicken the fun, if it should flag. It was a common spectacle, for wages were good at the mines, and the native workers had sufficient tribal pride to be anxious for competition in the games. Many tribes were represented in the group, and all were alike ignorant, reckless and degraded. Mr. A. W. Baker, the lawyer already referred to, had been teaching a class in the Wesleyan Sunday School, and was on his way home when he noticed the gathering. He stood and watched the native dancers, with a call from God ringing in his ears. What an opportunity this weekly assembly afforded for the preaching of the Gospel, was the idea that it suggested. Why was no one telling these pagans the story of the Cross? This was followed by the question why he should not do it himself. He could speak Dutch and Zulu, besides English. Perhaps he could do the work as well or better, than another. In any event, he resolved to give his testimony for Christ.

The following Sunday afternoon he was at the place of merry-making, with a few of his Sunday School boys who could sing. Mounting an empty bullock-wagon, he started a hymn and then another. The Kaffirs crowded around and, when he had a large audience, he began speaking to them about Jesus. They listened, and there were evidences of an impression having been made. Addresses were given every Sunday afternoon afterwards until the rainy season set in, when a stable was rented for the meetings. From the men with whom he talked, Mr. Baker learned that no spiritual work was being attempted in any of the compounds connected with the gold mines, which were scattered along a reef sixty miles long. In these compounds there were grouped mixed companies of natives, from eight hundred to three thousand in number. They included Batonga, Zulus, Batyopi, Shangaan, Amatonga, Amaswazi, besides Barotse and other tribes from the Northwest, and Basutos and Bechuanas from the South. These men herded together, became worse under the influence of the white man. As one of the superintendents said, "They come to us savages, and they leave us fiends." A visit to Johannesburg, where Mr. Baker visited several compounds, confirmed this statement. He stayed and held a few meetings, speaking in Zulu, which appeared to be generally understood. At one of them, several natives knelt down in the ring that had been formed around the preacher and prayed for salvation. One of them asked Mr. Baker why he, who could talk to them in their own tongue, did not go to other compounds and tell their brethren the same story. He had been asking himself the same question, when he saw the effects of his simple testimony. The answer his conscience gave was naturally met with objections. He had attained his legal practice only by hard effort, and that would have to be abandoned if he took up this work. There was no prospect of support in such a mission, and he was not sure that his duty called him to so great a sacrifice. He went home and consulted with his wife, and together they committed the question to God in prayer. One other visit to the compounds of Johannesburg, about two months later, appeared to give the answer to these problems. There was such evident need for work, the people were so thankful to hear the Gospel in their own language, and the Holy Spirit was so definitely dealing with the men, that the call seemed clear. Mr. Baker went back to Pretoria, disposed of his practice, sent his wife and children to relatives in Durban until he could make a new home for them, and returned to Johannesburg to begin his work. He writes that he has had to pass through some trying times since he made his decision, but never once has he doubted that his Lord called him to undertake it.

MR. A. W. BAKER——PREACHING TO THE NATIVES IN A MINING "COMPOUND"

The City and Suburban Gold Mining Company was the first to grant permission for Gospel services, and gave Mr. Baker a lease of a plot of land on which to build a cottage for his own home. Subsequently similar permission was obtained from eleven other companies, which gave a chain of stations from the extreme east to the extreme west of the Rand. It was discouraging at first. "Strong drink," he says, "reigned supreme, and drunken orgies and faction fights were the Saturday and Sunday diversions. My heart bled to see these poor benighted souls degraded by the white man's vices." Prayer and faith supported him, and after a time prohibition came to his aid, and many converts were won for Christ. In all 125 men made public profession of conversion and were baptized.

It was a practical Gospel that Mr. Baker preached, and it had practical effects. Many of the white men scoffed at the meetings, but they were silenced, when natives who had been converted under Mr. Baker's labors, came to them to clear their consciences by making restitution for past offences. Some brought stolen money, others hatchets, buckets and tools, that had mysteriously disappeared months before. The men simply explained that they had become Christians, and could no longer keep stolen things.

The outbreak of the war put an end to the good work, by closing the mines. Mr. Baker, knowing how many of his converts came from Delagoa Bay, Gazaland, and other Portuguese territories, undertook a journey of three hundred miles on foot into those regions to see them in their own villages. During that journey he was stricken down with malarial fever, and had a narrow escape of his life. Almost like a living skeleton he returned to his field, only to find it desolated by the war and with no opportunity of resuming his work. He had received invitations from Australia and New Zealand, from Christian people who had heard what he had achieved and were anxious to have him visit them. He had not been able then to accept them, but now that he was compelled to be idle, and his health being broken and in need of a sea voyage, he availed himself of the opportunity. The visit proved beneficial. Sympathies were aroused and praise [illegible] for his mission and to supply him with additional workers.

CONVERTS REPRESENTING SIX TRIBES, WITH ONE OF THE WORKERS

With the return of peace Mr. Baker has resumed his work, and has extended it into Natal and is preparing to enter Rhodesia. It has lost none of its power. Last year 151 native converts were baptized, and this year the number will be still larger. The schools are very popular with the men, and the converts manage to learn to read the New Testament in their own language. Thousands of pounds in the Transvaal are now accumulated, and with the native preacher and native converts to assist, and these fields are still at a low ebb, hitherto they have always been provided.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A New Temperance Movement

ONE of the most remarkable Temperance Manifestoes ever issued, has just appeared in Great Britain. It is signed by the most eminent men of all classes in the country. Religion is represented by eighteen Bishops of the Established Church and one Roman Catholic Archbishop. Politicians, leading physicians, heads of universities and prominent journalists have also signed it. In all, over two hundred signatures have been affixed, and they are all of men eminent in their own special field. The object of the manifesto is to inaugurate a new Temperance Reform with a definite programme. It insists that "the present expenditure on alcohol cannot be maintained, except at a cost to the community which imperils the progress and well-being of the nation." Certain measures of a radical character are suggested for the correction of the evil. That they are final, the signers would not claim, but they would undoubtedly effect an enormous improvement. The first of these measures is a large reduction in the number of saloons. To effect this reduction without wronging the saloon-keeper, who would thus be driven out of business, it is proposed to divert the money paid for licenses from the national treasury, and use it as a separate fund from which compensation should be given to saloon-keepers deprived of their licenses. It is also proposed to fix a date after which any license issued should be subject to withdrawal without compensation. A second measure is to grant to all communities the power of local option, by which the trade might be altogether suppressed in that section, or conducted by a municipality under conditions which would preclude private or public gain.

It is gratifying to see the leading men of a nation taking up this momentous question, and dealing with it in a patriotic spirit apart from politics. The scheme is ingenious, and should command the support of the moral part of the community, which has thus a clear and definite programme to work with.

The Isthmian Revolution

WITHOUT a battle, the tiny State of Panama, with her 300,000 population, has revolted from Colombia and taken her place among the sisterhood of American republics. This is a startling novelty, even in South American politics, which is full of surprises. Ever since the Isthmus of Panama, in 1821, having severed from Spain, cast in its fortunes with the new republic of Colombia, it has found plentiful cause for grievance. Under the selfish and short-sighted policy of the Bogota government, the Isthmus was denied an equal footing with the rest of the Colombian republic, its prosperity and future development were made the plaything of political mercenaries, and its many protests were allowed to pass unheeded. Finally, when the Bogota legislators, by a political "hold-up," for the purpose of extorting from the United States a fabulous sum for canal rights, destroyed the brightest hopes of the Isthmian population, the condition of affairs in Panama became intolerable. Colombia had killed the Treaty and all that pertained to it, and our Government was left free of treaty obligations. The people of the Isthmus were a unit in favor of the Canal. Secession was decided on, as a last resort for self-preservation, and the fateful step was taken with amazing promptness.

At this juncture, or a little earlier, according to the official explanations from our own State Department, we determined to participate in the little drama on the Isthmus—but purely as a peace-maker. Prompted by the desire to protect American interests, and also to avert a clash between the Colombian troops and the people of Panama, which would have inevitably occurred, we landed a sufficient force of marines to preserve order. We duly warned the rival forces that there must be no fighting. And when, accepting our advice, the Bogotan troops sailed away, and the Isthmians proclaimed the new Republic, we gave it informal recognition, and notified Colombia that the Republic of Panama, being peacefully organized by its own voluntary act, would be protected. Under our treaty with New Granada in 1846, which guaranteed that the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama, upon any modes of communication that might be constructed, should be forever free and open to the government and citizens of the United States, we have a right to take such action as is necessary to keep the Isthmus clear at all times for the transaction of the world's traffic. This is precisely what the Washington administration has done.

But here, a new dilemma arises. It is admitted on all sides that the revolution was precipitated by the hope of the Isthmians, that they would then become the beneficiaries under the Canal arrangement. But they are no nearer this than before. Under the Act of Congress of June 28, 1902, the President was empowered to "acquire from the Republic of Colombia" the control of the territory needed for canal purposes. He can deal with no other government until further legislation. Thus the whole matter, as far as the United States is concerned, must go back to Congress.

As for the opinion expressed in certain quarters, that we have established a "dangerous precedent," by interfering with the internal affairs of Colombia, and that if the latter decides to make trouble, we may find that we have touched a hornet's nest, in alienating, if not antagonizing, the Latin-American republics—we do not consider such criticism just or reasonable. The United States wants no rights or privileges on the Isthmus or anywhere else in South America, other than those that are already secured by honorable treaty. Our policy in that respect is well-known and definite. We are bound, as our State Department has explained, "not merely by treaty obligations, but by the interests of civilization, to see that the peaceable traffic of the world across the Isthmus of Panama shall no longer be disturbed by a constant succession of unnecessary and wasteful civil wars." This is excellent language, but it does not mean that we are to override any one's rights in carrying out our mission. We want the canal, but only by fair, honorable and upright measures, and not by coercive or aggrandizing methods. To take any step now that would lead to a coalition of Southern interests against us, would be gratuitous folly. Whatever others may do, let us continue to be known as a government that keeps good faith, and lives up to its professions of equal friendship for all the Western republics, from the smallest to the greatest.

What is Going on in the Sun?

ELSEWHERE in the present issue, we print the opinions of several well-known astronomers concerning the spots in the sun, which are just now attracting the attention of men of science throughout the world. There are various theories held by these scientists. Some hold that the sun-spots are eruptions; others, that they are evidence of "extra-rapid circulation within the sun's atmosphere"; and one, at least, ventures the assertion that the spots are simply openings or gaps in the luminous atmosphere which envelops the sun, and which disclose that orb, not as a luminary—as we have been accustomed to believe it—but as a "dark body." Another authority pronounces them to be "vast depressions in the solar surface, surrounded and overhung by masses and clouds of matter in the gaseous or vaporous state."

It is a very pronounced case of doctors differing. No two seem to agree as to the cause or character of the phenomenon, but all are singularly unanimous in stating what it is not. It is not a world, or star, or planet in process of creation, says science authoritatively; yet science knows nothing of the creative processes, which have studded the heaven with worlds unnumbered.

What, then, is going on in the sun, or in the sun's atmosphere? At best, the learned ones, with the advantage of all that human science teaches, can only answer in approximations and conjectures. Recently, a distinguished astronomer in England publicly declared that the sun, obeying a fundamental law, was growing smaller and colder—shrinking at the rate of nine inches daily, or 2,000 miles in 40,000 years. He did not reveal the basis of this remarkable calculation. More lately, another scientist suggested that the undiminished heat of the "orb of day" was possibly due to the presence of radium, and that it never would grow less!

There are invisible barriers in nature which human science is powerless to overcome. No telescope can ever be constructed that will reveal the ordinances of those heavens which God, by his wisdom, has founded and established. Our contemplation of these wonders should beget in us a deeper reverence for the Creator and a stronger sense of our own insignificance and our dependence upon His goodness. "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding."

To Every Friend of the Friendless

AN earnest appeal comes from the Bowery Mission to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in behalf of the homeless, hungry, and helpless men who throng that highway of sin and wickedness, because misery loves company and cannot find it so abundantly elsewhere in the world. These men and boys on the Bowery are not all bad—they are not all beyond reasonable hope of reclamation; but they are unfortunate, out of employment, and friendless in a great city, where all is at such high tension, that a sympathetic and kindly interest in prodigal sons from distant homes is stifled under the suffocating pressure of the intense activities of its throbbing life. If it were not for the Bowery Mission—the Gospel Lighthouse, that already has saved from absolute shipwreck many a hapless mariner on the sea of life—the life-line would never have been thrown out to these men and boys, and thousands who to-day are happily reunited with their families, or firmly established in good positions through its blessed influence, would have gone under, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

The men and boys of the Bowery are the ambitious sons of reputable parents, who started out with high hopes of making their future in the great city. The peaceful little country town was too slow for them, for at best it seemed to promise but a humdrum existence. Once out in the metropolis of the Western world, they hoped soon to send word to father and mother that success had attended their efforts, that they were on their way to a fortune, and in a position to contribute to the comfort of the old folks-at home. Unfortunately they did not realize their fond hopes, and now they are ashamed to write home; and while mother is singing "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" and father is praying for the return of the Prodigal, and sisters are anxiously awaiting his coming, the poor fellow is walking off the heels of his boots in vain search for employment, day by day becoming more and more shabby, until, having lost faith in himself, he is now ashamed to write, ashamed to return.

Thanksgiving Day is rapidly coming on; and the Bowery Mission plans to provide a thousand of these homeless boys and men with a Thanksgiving dinner, and five thousand of them with a breakfast. For the latter, the doors of the Mission will be open at three o'clock in the morning, so as to cut short, with "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," their nightly, comfortless tramp in the cold. A turkey dinner will be served to 500 boys on Thanksgiving Eve, and on Thanksgiving night to 500 men. Besides turkey, there will be bread and butter, cranberry sauce, apples and oranges, and all the hot coffee they care to drink.

The Bowery Mission appeals to every friend of the friendless, and to every home from which a boy is absent, out in the world, perhaps now on the Bowery, to send a mite to help this good and glorious work. We wish to raise $1,000—and if only one out of every two hundred subscribers will send us one dollar, we shall have the means to bring a ray of sunshine into 6,000 desolate hearts, and, better still, perhaps some of the boys, as is usually the case, will decide then and there that they will arise and return to their father's house, where the servants have enough to eat and bread to spare. God grant that they may.

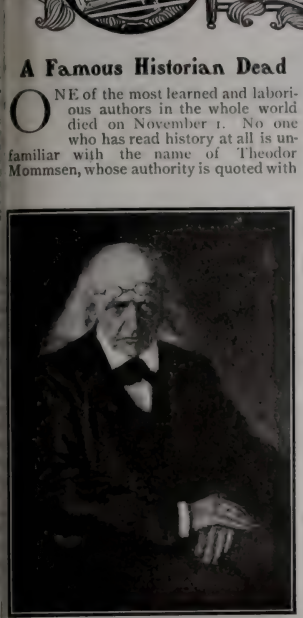
Let all who can, help this work; it is God's work; it is helping the helpless, it is saving the lost. Send one dollar for the homeless, friendless, destitute men and boys out in the Bowery—the far country of sin and despair.

Send your contribution to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Every remittance will be acknowledged by mail and in our columns. Later, acknowledgment will be made at the Judgment. Matt. 25: 40.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Famous Historian Dead

ONE of the most learned and laborious authors in the whole world died on November 1. No one who has read history at all is unfamiliar with the name of Theodor Mommsen, whose authority is quoted with



THE LATE THEODOR MOMMSEN

respect by all writers. He was in his eighty-sixth year, but was busy until October 30, when he was stricken with apoplexy. In the room adjoining the one in which he lay dying, was an unfinished work on which he was engaged at the time of his seizure. It was part of a series on the *Lives of the Roman Emperors*, and is said to prove that even at his advanced age, there was no sign in it of any decrease of mental power. He was the son of an evangelical pastor, and was educated at the University of Kiel, from which he graduated in 1843. He was a prominent journalist and Professor of Law at Leipsic, when the troubles of 1848 disturbed all Europe. Mommsen took an active part in them, which cost him his professorship. He turned his retirement to account, however, by researches which were a preparation for his work on Roman History, which brought him world-wide fame. He recovered his professorship, but was so unfortunate as to incur the hostility of Prince Bismarck. He was tried for slandering that statesman, but after a long litigation, carried from court to court, he was acquitted. During the whole time of his trouble his literary labors were continued. His historical works and his volumes on jurisprudence appeared in rapid succession. Over a hundred volumes in all he produced, and it is said that his pen must have written more than twenty-four million German words. "I did not know," the old man said when this calculation was repeated to him, "that I was so wretchedly verbose." But the world had no such charge to bring against him. Edition after edition of his works appeared in Germany, and they were translated into English, French, Italian, Russian and Spanish. His untiring patience, his persistence in seeking exact facts and dates were phenomenal, and gave his productions recognized value. Though he opposed the Emperor and said many hard things of him, his majesty heartily respected him, and expressed deep sorrow when he heard of his death. He has reason to mourn, for he has lost a faithful mentor, who had the courage of his convictions, and was never deterred by fear of the throne or the chancellor, from uttering them. A man who takes that course, even though sure he is right, has often to suffer from royal resentment. As Mommsen learned by painful experience, it is not every potentate who fulfils the wise king's assurance:

Righteous lips are the delight of kings, and they love him who speaketh right (Proverbs 16: 13).

Secession of Panama

A new complexion has been put on the canal project by the secession of the State of Panama from the United States of Colombia. The people of the State were exasperated by the conduct of the Colombian Congress, in rejecting the treaty with us. They have therefore seceded from the Union, and have declared Panama a sovereign State. Two Colombian generals, Tovar and Amaya, who represented at Panama the central Government, were seized and imprisoned, but were subsequently released on their agreeing to leave the Isthmus, and take their 450 soldiers with them. As there was a possibility of a conflict, and as a bombardment of Panama was begun by a gunboat, fifty marines were landed from our cruiser *Nashville*, to protect American lives and property. Our government immediately ordered other vessels to proceed to the Isthmus, and notified the Colombian government that the United States intended to preserve peace along the line of railroad, as required by treaty. Colombian troops, therefore, would not be allowed to land. If the Washington government adheres to this course, the success of the revolution is secured, as it is practically protection to the new State. This will end altogether Colombia's prospects of profit from our construction of the Isthmian Canal, as President Roosevelt will doubtless be empowered by Congress to deal with the new State of Panama. Thus by its greed, Colombia has lost territory, as well as a large sum of money.

He that is greedy of gain, troubleth his own house (Prov. 15: 27).

A House Stolen

Never were men more astonished than two clerks representing a New York Company, who paid a visit to Jersey City a few days ago. They were sent over by the Company to examine a house which it owned, and report what repairs were necessary to put it in condition for being rented. They easily found the site of the house, but no house stood there. Inquiries of the neighbors elicited the information that the house had been torn down several weeks before. A gang of men had arrived, who seemed accustomed to the work of demolishing buildings. They set to work systematically and made a complete destruction. Wagons were brought, in which the lumber, bricks and metal pipes were loaded, and were driven away. The neighbors supposed that the owners had ordered the demolition, so they did not intertere. The house was a two-story frame house, with brick foundations. No tenants were living in it. That fact rendered the theft so easy. It is so with those who are carried away by sin. The easy victims are they whose lives are unoccupied, who are idle and listless.

By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through (Eccles. 10: 18).

THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN THE CITY OF PANAMA

A Hidden Record

A dispute as to the ownership of certain valuable mining properties in Mariposa county, Calif., has been settled by a remarkable discovery. The property in dispute had been sold by one of the early settlers to a company, which had found upon it a rich ledge. The discovery was the subject of public comment, and the owners of the adjoining section declared that the ledge was on their land, and the settler had sold land which did not belong to him. Surveyors on both sides gave evidence and maps and public records were produced, but the court was undecided. The first government map of the county contained a reference to a blazed tree, which marked the dividing line between the two properties. Search was made for such a tree, but it could not be found. The court ordered another and closer inspection. Still no blazed tree could be found. Eventually, however, it was noticed that on a large oak there was a scar about six feet from the ground. Above and below the scar a deep cut was made and a slab pried off. The record was then clearly disclosed. The marking had been done with an axe in deeply cut letters and figures, but as the seasons passed, the bark had grown over the inscription, and new bark had filled in the marks, so that when the bark was removed it presented on its inner surface as exact an impression of the inscription as was given on a seal. The marks had been completely healed, but they remained on the tree and nothing

ENTRANCE TO THE PANAMA CANAL

the claim. Men sometimes forget that such an indelible record is made on them by their sin. Though it is covered over by a subsequent respectable life, it will yet appear against them if it has not been removed by the power of God.

If I sin, then thou markest me (Job 10: 14).

Reunion After Forty Years

A strange reunion took place recently in the Sawtelle Soldiers' Home in California. There are nearly four thousand veterans in the institution, and, of course, many are comparative strangers to others. Among them were two men, aged respectively sixty and seventy years. It appeared that although one had been in the Home nine years, and the other three, they had seldom been in one another's company, though they had met casually and passed as strangers. It happened early last month that one of the men heard the other addressed by his surname as he passed a group of veterans who were talking, and as the name was his own, he stayed to listen to his reply. There was something familiar in the tone and accent of the man's speech, so he accosted him and asked what part of the country he was from. The man told him, but said he had not been there since 1847. "Did you know any one of your name called Henry?" was the next question. "I had a little brother of that name," was the reply. "Well," said the other, "I am Henry." The two cordially shook hands and turned aside to have a brotherly talk, which was all the more interesting from the fact that though they had been so near together for three years, neither had suspected the fact. It would have made both lives happier had they recognized one another earlier. How many Christians there are who similarly miss the joys of companionship. They would be helped and strengthened if they recognized those near to them, who are brothers in Christ.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is no occasion of stumbling in him (1 John 2: 10).

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the famous Methodist [illegible]

Mr. Wm. Quarrier, the [illegible]

Bishop [illegible]

On the second page of last week's issue, by a typographical error, it was stated that the Red Letter Bible and The Christian Herald for one year would be sent to subscribers for $2. It should have read $3.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps,"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place "with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters the bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them being Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Mr. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he firmly declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty local school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and pressman. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic.

One evening, while he was looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, on the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reform are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to carry on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4,000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas. It is a really local experience, with the names only slightly veiled, and the facts easily recognizable. The great audience sits spellbound, as the story of a ruined family and a broken-hearted mother is graphically told. Over three thousand persons sign the pledge, as the result of the story. An explosion wrecks the *Beacon* office and press, and injures George. Douglas pluckily continues publication, with the aid of friends.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued

"I BELIEVE George is shamming about that fracture and is staying on at the Edwards' just for the free board," said Douglas, mischievously. "He is getting fat. The only fracture that he has, I believe, is the one connected with his stomach. That has a crack in it that an extra edition of pie couldn't fill."

George looked unusually disturbed and did not venture to reply. Mr. Edwards hastily came to his rescue.

"Don't let them guy you, George. As long as I have a crust of pie left you shall share with me."

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Edwards added, patting George on the head, affectionately. "It has done me good to see you eat. Mr. Edwards has had hard work to keep up with you."

Everybody laughed, and George muttered something about the office needing his attention now, and the papers began to come off the rack, and he was lost in admiration of the machine. The next day he insisted in coming down and sat around helping with the mail, and whatever else he could do that did not require walking or standing, holding high carnival of conversation with Quits over the marvelous good fortune of the *Beacon*, and predicting the election of Douglas to the position of State Printer by the next Legislature, to say nothing of future political and journalistic honors.

"Mr. Douglas may be Governor of the State some time," Quits ventured, in his slow, grave fashion.

"Governor!" George said with some contempt. "What is the use of being Governor when you can make governors? And that's what the press does. It makes governors and presidents. If it wasn't for the press, governors and presidents couldn't be elected. There wouldn't be any one to tell the common people who to vote for. They wouldn't know any more than so many cattle who to vote for if papers like the *Beacon* didn't give them directions."

"And papers like the *Sentinel*," said Quits, slyly.

"Huh! Who pays any attention to the editorials of the *Sentinel*? Do you suppose if their office got blown up the saloon men would put up contributions to buy it a new press? The *Sentinel* ain't in it with the *Beacon*."

"Bartlett has the county printing," said Quits, just to make George talk.

"He has now. But wait till the *Beacon* gets 5,000 subscribers. Then we'll show him. If we could only get blown up again in a year or two, it would probably double our subscription list. We've almost twice as many as we used to have."

"I don't think Mr. Douglas would care to increase his list by that process though, I should think you had had enough of getting blown up."

"I don't care for myself much, especially if I could get another go at Mrs. Edwards' pie," said George, as he hobbled over to the press and stood looking at it with admiring regard. "But I'd hate to have anything happen to this beauty."

With its new launching on the ocean of popularity, and the unexpected financial support, Douglas, during the months that followed, almost trembling at the success

"'FRANK WANTS TO BEGIN HOUSEKEEPING,' ESTHER SAID"

of the *Beacon*, lived in an atmosphere charged with high resolves and keen ambitions. He was obliged to add two more hands to the office force to assist Quits. George, at first, regarded the new-comers with distrust, but finding in a few days, that they were quiet, unassuming printers, he gradually received them into the circle and began to talk about the pressing need of typesetting machines to meet the growing demands of the *Beacon's* business. Douglas put a great deal of hard work into his editorial page, and viewed with pardonable satisfaction his surely growing subscription list, which now numbered over forty-seven hundred. It pleased him also to find in the exchanges out over the State, more and more complimentary comment on the *Beacon*, and quite frequent quotations from its editorials.

But even the inspiration attending all this success paled into common things before the event in June, when Esthe and Douglas were married. As the da drew near, there was a noticeable excite ment in the air of the *Beacon* office an at the Edwards', where the ceremony wa to take place.

"Father is willing to come over here He and aunt have moved into anothe house since mother's death, so it woul not seem like home to me there," Esthe had said.

"We are delighted," Mrs. Edwards had replied. "But Mr. Edwards and I can hardly forgive you and Frank for no rooming with us for a while."

"Frank wants to begin housekeeping," Esther said, referring to an arrangemen Douglas had made to rent a cottage about two blocks from the office.

"That's all right," Mr. Edwards com mented heartily. "Anything but a board ing-house or a hotel for young married people. I'd rather open a can of beans and eat 'em cold out of the can, sitting on the edge of the kitchen sink in my own little home, than sit down to a table d'hote dinner in the best boarding-house on earth. You show sense in beginning the way you do. That is what your mother did, and that's what Mrs. Edwards and I did. Remember, Julia, that first pie you baked after we were married?" Mrs. Edwards gave him a warning look, but he pretended not to see it. "The juice ran out and glued the pie-pan to the bottom of the stove oven and I had to cut it loose with a hatchet."

"Why, James Edwards! It was not a hatchet."

"It was a carving-knife or the poker, then. But when we got it loose from the oven we couldn't get it out of the pan, and we had to eat it with a spoon, all except the bottom crust, which was burned on to the pan like a porcelain glaze."

"Why, James Edwards! It was no such thing!" Mrs. Edwards said with some feeling, but the look that her husband gave her was so comical that she burst out laughing, and Esther and Douglas joined her merrily, for their hearts were jubilant over the future, and their honest faith in each other was, as Mrs. Edwards said, one of the finest things she had ever witnessed.

A few days before the wedding, George came to Douglas; and with more embarrassment than the editor of the *Beacon* had ever known him to exhibit, he said:

"Mr. Douglas, who—who—are you going to have write it up?"

"Write what up?"

"Why, your— your wedding."

"Write it up! Nobody, I hope!" Douglas replied almost angrily.

"I— I— didn't mean any offense, Mr. Douglas," George went on doggedly, and with such a solemn look that George softened all at once. "Only I thought,— I wondered, if you—if you would be willing to have me write up something for the Clinton *Mail*. Their correspondent here in Colby is a chump and don't know a demi-train from a point lace chiffon. I could give them the real facts. Besides, their correspondent—you know him, Clem Burroughs—parts his hair in the centre and uses cologne and works in a drug store; he won't be present, will he?"

"I should think not," replied Douglas, indignantly. "There will be no one present except the Edwards', the Vernons', Esther's father and aunt, and Quits and you."

"And yourself, I suppose," said George, soberly.

"Why, yes, I hope to be there."

"And Miss Harris will be present I suppose?"

"I suppose she will. But I did not know you wrote for publication, George."

"But I do," said George, flushing.

TO BE CONTINUED

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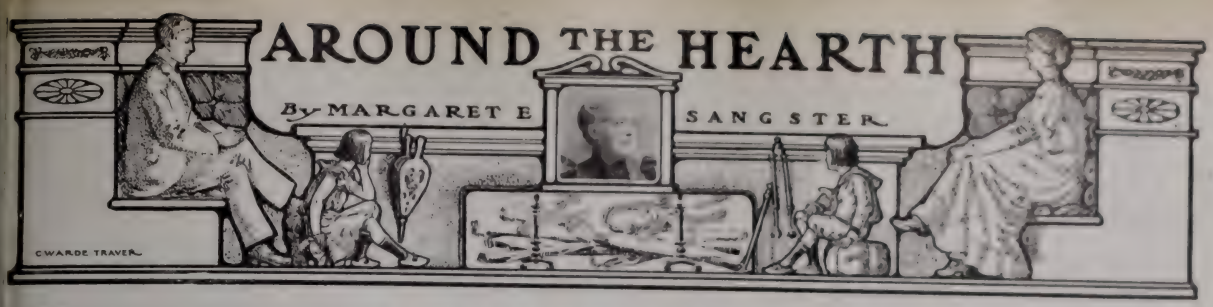

The Boy and the Latch-key

AT a certain stage in his progress the boy feels very sure that he is a man, and resents anything like surveillance, or the enforcement of a too strenuous authority. He chafes at too tight a rein, thinks himself the arbiter of his own actions, likes to spend his evenings where and as he chooses, and perhaps asks for a latch-key. "There is no use in my keeping anybody sitting up for me till midnight," he says grandly, and is frequently rather aggrieved when told that father or mother will always sit up until he comes in. Midnight, except when there is a special occasion to detain a young man, is too late an hour for him to linger with thoughtless comrades away from home. At a much earlier time he should be in his own room. If the lad goes to business, he needs sleep as well as recreation, and if still a student, his books should furnish him with congenial occupation. Temptation traps the heedless feet of the boy who is under no restraint, and who may spend his evenings as he will, his inexperience leading him into perils that, later, he will be sorry that he did not avoid.

We do everything in our power to keep our daughters safe and pure, to guard their innocence from stain, and to surround them with absolute protection of one kind or another from the evils that lurk in ambush in this world. Our sons should be as precious, and as lovingly and carefully guarded as their sisters. Nothing is finer than that a man should reach maturity spotless in character, with no past follies to regret, and with no lapses from chaste living to bring a blush to his cheek. Far better is it that parents should be lovingly vigilant than thoughtlessly indulgent, and that the freedom of the latch-key should be withheld till the manhood has come and the boyhood is over.

A boy should be contented to spend many evenings at home. A parent who is judicious will see that home is inviting, and, above all, the father will be companionable with his sons. Good men are sometimes so grumpy, so unreasonable, and so faultfinding in their behavior that they drive their sons out of the home; they not only forget that once they were boys, but they so conduct themselves that one fancies they must have been very disagreeable boys. A boy should be allowed to enjoy his friends' company in his own house, and his own room, and if he have a fad of any kind, a camera for example, or if he like wood-carving, let him carry out his own fancies undisturbed. Then he will not miss a latch-key.

Character Building

"If only I had his chance," said one boy to another, as they stood watching one about their own age board an outgoing train on his way to college. "Our chances were the same in the beginning, but he has left us to bring up the rear. I should like to know the secret of it all."

"And I can tell you," remarked a gentleman, who had been an unobserved listener to the entire conversation. "While you have been content to drift along, satisfied with a half measure of success, this friend of yours, whom you are disposed to envy, has been engaged in building up a character, strong, noble and beautiful, worthy of intelligent beings bearing the image of God."

"Indeed," continued the gentleman, "I have closely watched this same boy for a number of years, and have found with the keenest pleasure, that in building character he used the Bible as the great stay and guide of his life. Neither was he satisfied to stay forever in the primer of religious knowledge, as a late conversation with him led me to discover that he had thought deeply upon many spiritual truths. But there are still many glorious things beyond him, and these, I believe, he has gone on to learn."

As the gentlemen left, the two boys turned thoughtfully away, and their eyes met with a questioning look. "He spoke the truth every time," said one. "You could never persuade Russell to do a mean or cowardly act, and I have known him cheerfully to deny himself for the cause of truth and right. You remember at school, no bantering of the fellows would ever induce him to change his course of right living."

"You remember when Tom Lewis told him he was pinned to his mother's apron-string, he replied he hoped he might always remain there."

Then they separated, and went to their homes with more food for thought than had lately occupied them. They had thought themselves particularly manly in those days at school when they had sometimes engaged in questionable sports, but here was this fellow-student, whom they had sneered at, who had used the Bible in character building, and who now towered head and shoulders above them.

And the fruit of the pondering was, that the only true course in life is that of right living and right thinking.

S. V. Du Bois.

Self-Supporting College Students

Out great universities and our small colleges alike show great extremes in the worldly state of the students. At Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia, there are many sons of very wealthy fathers, young men with large allowances, who are surrounded by luxuries during their academic course. To speak of these young men as dissipated or reckless, would be unfair. Many of them are new students and use their opportunities well. It is never the mere accident of poverty or riches that makes a noble man. These universities have always their quota of poor men who work their way, of men who fearlessly economize because the home people are making sacrifices to give them a liberal education. As an exposed situation toughens the tree, and makes it strike firmer into the stubborn soil, so a tussle with poverty toughens the man, and brings his finer, his more indomitable qualities into relief. The self-supporting students in our co-educational colleges, especially, are worthy of all praise, and they will be heard from in days to come.

TURKISH WOMEN TAKING THE AIR

They live secluded in the harem, these women of Turkey, and seldom are permitted to go forth in freedom. When they venture abroad, they are veiled. The lives of Moslem women are dull, stupid, and flavorless, filled with childish gossip and foolish chatter. In early middle life they put on flesh, and then grow old fast

The Golden Shore

One of our readers who has had a vision of the sweet home beyond, "where our loved ones are," has written a poem from which our space permits only an extract. The poem is a father's tribute to the memory of three precious daughters who have "gone before" to the blessed place prepared for Christ's ransomed ones. Mr. N. S. Doty, of Kansas City, Mo., is the author:

They walked upon the golden streets
Where many a saint doth tread;
They saw the crystal fountain
And the resurrected dead.

In that city where the mansions
Are not built by human hand,
Where the architect is Christ himself
There in the Promised Land,
Where the atmosphere is pure delight
And storms are quite unknown,
Where evermore are hosts redeemed
Ministering 'round the Throne.

The Young People

IN our homes as well as in our church life and work the young people are very important. Not only because they are the hopes and promise of to-morrow, but apparent whose character and tendencies are matters to be anxiously ascertained, but because at the present time make or mar the many happiness and usefulness of our homes. A pastor who neglects young and eager to interest the young people is in the wrong field, as it is not adapted to twentieth century demands. A Sunday School superintendent, who sees the young men and women leaving the school as soon as they pass the limited line where childhood melts into the larger life of dawning maturity, has certainly written plain and clear upon his notebook. A homestead from which the young people fly, because it is dull and unattractive, nagged at, classed deprived of rights and privileges that belong to them, is an abortion and prison like place and is not, in the best sense of the word, a home.

Young people bring the enthusiasm and cheer of their abounding vitality into the arena, and if they are sometimes reckless, and at times boisterous, we must remember that this is natural at an age when movement is easy, and when the blood is hot and bright. How many of us would at an age when movement is easy, and when the blood is hot and bright, have managed to perform the magnificent feat which Richard Hakluyt mentions in his book, and carried through the administration of Admiral Cervera and the Spanish fleet, with orders from our government in the hands of their own officers! The man who followed Pizarro up the steps of San Juan accomplished a feat that could be done only by youth. The tremendous conflict of the Civil War was fought by young men, the flower of the land, North and South. Wherever we may hope to gain in refinement and Christian progress, we shall gain through consecrated youth, and its conquering ardor.

In our homes, our young people have the right to considerations. They should not be treated like little children, nor kept in subjection and restraint after they have reached an age of responsibility. In some parents the children never grow up, and they surround young men and women with fetters of parental authority which should long since been and loved with the ground.

The Cigarette Habit

I do not think mothers fight as they should the cigarette habit in growing boys. It is a bad habit in children and sooner is often ill, when it occasions to take much interest in study, and strikes the daily tasks the pupil's lazy is that he is being poisoned by nicotine. Boys fancy smoking to be a manly accomplishment, and they dread being laughed at by their companions if they do not smoke. The little package in many a boy's pocket is the token of his first step toward a confirmed and enervating appetite, of very doubtful advantages to any one, and, to sane persons, a decidedly abhorrent habit.

Patching and Mending

Such a beautiful table cloth as my friend Sally D. had on the supper board, when they were expecting the minister and his wife.

"Why, Sally," I said, "one does not often touch napery like this. It is as fine as silk."

"It's growing thin," sighed Sally, "and it's been darned so often that I'm afraid it won't last much longer."

Then she showed me the most pretty of needle and Darning by the thread darning so exquisite that it surpassed embroidery.

"We can't afford new things often," said Sally, "for we never have any money to spare, but we have good, and what we have. I know how to darn and patch, and I shall teach the children the same arts. I shall [illegible] beautifully."

Peggy, aged eleven, blushed. She was a busy, handy child, practical already in many and various ways of helping her mother.

Some years ago, an old lady was [illegible] possible in domestic arts, passed out of the line. She had a way of composed mien though, and what she had left to her friends in the quiet God's Acre, [illegible] with sorrow and regret.

"Aunt Lucy always helped us about the mending," [illegible] Lucy could twist and turn, and make old things look as good as new." It was an accomplishment to possess in a young woman.

Bessie L. Collin.

"KNOW THOU THE GOD OF THY FATHER" ❋ David's Charge to Solomon

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR NOV. 29
I. CHRONICLES 28: 1-10

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--PROV. 3: 5:
"TRUST IN THE LORD WITH ALL THINE HEART"

A WONDERFUL scene is being enacted in Jerusalem; an aged king is abdicating in favor of his young son. King David is seventy years old, and is older than his years, because of the hardships and anxieties of his early manhood. His son Solomon is eighteen. A vast multitude is assembled to witness the ceremony. All the princes in Israel, the priests also, and Levites and warriors, and thousands of the people. King David has come to the function from what was thought to be his dying-bed. The chill of death had crept over him, so that he could not be made warm by extra bedclothes piled upon him. But here he is before the people with so much strength that he is able to stand on his feet. Strength has come to him because a great exigency is upon him. We cannot doubt that he is strengthened of God, that his will may be done in the coronation of Solomon. There is need for quick and decisive action, for another son of King David, Adonijah, knowing of his father's near approach to death, has had himself proclaimed king, and even now he is holding a coronation feast almost in sound of King David's voice. At last, the voices of those who rejoice at King Solomon's elevation, reach Adonijah and those who are seated at his table, and cause great consternation. The guests suddenly cease eating and disperse. Adonijah flees to the altar of sacrifice, and takes hold upon its horns that he may claim mercy at the hands of King Solomon. King Solomon heeds his appeal and condones his offense, and promises that not a hair of his head shall fall to the ground, "if he will show himself a worthy man."

When Solomon appears with King David before the Assembly, he had already been anointed king. He has ridden upon the state mule through the streets of Jerusalem as a public declaration that he is the successor of King David. The huzzas of the people at that time were what had alarmed Adonijah and his guests.

The Assembly has met to ratify the selection of Solomon as their king. King David first delivers his charge to the people, telling them how God had named Solomon as his successor and the temple-builder, when it had been in his heart to build "a house of rest for the ark of the covenant of the Lord." And King David calls upon the people to "keep and seek all the commandments of the Lord," that they may hold the land that God has given them.

Then King David delivers his charge to Solomon, and urges him to serve God "with a perfect heart and a willing mind," and warns him that if he should forsake God, he will be cast off forever. Next follows the apportionment of gold and silver, which King David has gathered for the building of the temple, from the National Treasury, from his own fortune, and from the gifts of the princes and people. It was an immense sum, which would be large in our day and enormous in that early time. All calculations of the total based on the present value of gold are necessarily dubious.

King David gives out this treasure by weight, so much for the candlesticks of gold and for the lamps of gold, and so much gold for the tables of shew bread, and for the bowls, and cups and basins, just so much for each class of articles. And with the silver he does likewise. What an amount of energy was thus put forth by a man with one foot already in the grave! It is to be compared with the stirring up of embers, which thereby flash out a bright light. The enthusiasm is so great, that the people take off their rings with settings of precious stones, and gold chains studded with gems, and cast them down before King David, for the house of the Lord. King David, in a prayer of consecration, gives these things to God as offerings from willing hearts.

Now King David delivers to his son Solomon the pattern of the house that is to be built for the Lord, "the pattern that he had by the Spirit" (I. Chron. 28: 12), and charges him to build it, and also to build a temple of character in his own soul by serving God with a perfect heart.

King David calls upon the whole congregation to bow before God and their new king in token of loyalty. And they bow down.

Sacrifices of one thousand bullocks, one thousand lambs, and one thousand rams are offered to God. The people pray to have their sins forgiven in the sin offerings, consecrate themselves to God's service in the burnt offerings, and proclaim their friendship in the peace offerings. (Only a small part, the fat of the inwards, was really burned. The other parts were used as food for the priests and the people.)

King Solomon is a second time anointed king, this time in the presence of the Assembly. "Then Solomon sat on the throne of the Lord as king instead of David his father, and prospered; and all Israel obeyed him" (I. Chron. 29: 23).

Illustration and Application

Here in one lesson we have a lesson for the old on a Christian ending of life, and for the young on a Christian beginning. It is David's "Recessional," in which he appeals, like Kipling, amid the "pomp of power" to the best religious sentiments of his son and his people "lest they forget."

THE TRADITIONAL TOMB OF DAVID

He hath chosen. Here we have one of many illustrations that while man proposes, God disposes. David generously planned to build God a house as beautiful as his own. To spend more of our money in self-indulgence than in honoring God by doing good to men is a public denial of our Christian profession. David's motive was commendable. But God wished to put a check on war, and so bade David leave the temple building to a prince of peace, who should succeed him and stand as the antitype of the Peace-bringer that was to come. All through the story, like a chorus, come the words, "God hath chosen"—he hath chosen Judah, and out of Judah has "chosen me," but for the temple-builder has "chosen Solomon." God in history is here proclaimed, and it is a fitting truth for the anniversary season when the close relation of God to government is shown in Providential recollections. Thanksgiving is the annual hilltop, where Memory and Hope, like aged David and young Solomon, stand together, one looking back gratefully, the other forward trustfully.

"THEN DAVID GAVE TO SOLOMON THE PATTERN OF ALL THAT HE HAD BY THE SPIRIT"

Grave on thy heart each past "red letter" day!
Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee; answered prayers
And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted cares.
Grand promise—echoes! Thus thy life shall be
One record of his love and faithfulness to thee.
—FRANCES HAVERGAL.

General Miles, retired from military service, looking back on war, expresses sentiments very fitting to go with the Divine condemnation of war in this lesson, and needed to check the dangerous militarism of our time all over the world. An interview he accorded to Mr. Creelman, in the New York *World*, is worthy to take its place with the most noteworthy pleas of other famous soldiers: "The spirit of peace should be cultivated. We are not a meddlesome, warring nation. When war comes, the war spirit will respond, and the brave, patriotic American soldiers will make it effective. But the spirit of peace should be cultivated rather than the demon of carnage. There is no necessity to stir the passions of Americans in order to be sure that they will be patriotic. They love and appreciate their liberties and will maintain and defend them against all enemies."

What David said of God's rejection of his proposal to build the temple, being rejected by God because of his war was in the nature of a confession that his course in war h not always been wholly right. Frederick the Great was sa to have proved his greatness by saying frankly, instead blaming others, "I made a mistake." And here is a lik proof of Wellington's greatness. The Duke had rung h bell. No answer. A second ring; still no answer. A thir ditto. At length, after immense delay, the footman, quite his leisure, happened to appear. Wellington fired a perfe volley of indignant words. "Please, your Grace," stuttere the poor fellow, "the bell is broken." "Broken, is it? O I was not aware of that. I am really very sorry, William. beg your pardon." A little girl was present. She had ev dently been an eager little listener. "My dear," said th Duke beautifully—the Iron Duke loved children—"lear something, whenever you are in the wrong, own it!"

We read to-day of the King of Israel, whom the Proph Micaiah had frequently reproved, because God saw he ha been in the wrong; yet Ahab would on no consideration ow it. How differently Ahab acted from David! (II. Sam. 12 13). When we find people frankly owning faults, it is th sure sign of intellectual and moral greatness—nay, of spiritu greatness, by God's grace being at work in the heart. I short, as somebody has so well written: "It is the test qualit in Christian life, the invariable token of true nobility." Nex time, therefore, you discover you are in the wrong, remembe the hero of Waterloo begging his footman's pardon! Ther like the great Duke of Wellington, own it!

As we see aged David at death's door, we recall Hogarth picture of death. A few months before that ingenious artis Hogarth, was seized with the malady which deprived societ of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed t his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the "Tailpiece. The first idea of this is said to have been started in compan at his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth "shall be the end of all things. "If that is the case," replied on of his friends, "your busines will be finished; for there wi be an end to the painter. "That will be so," answere Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore, the sooner my worl is done the better." According ly he began the next day, an continued his design with a dili gence that seemed to indicat an apprehension (as the repor goes) he should not live till h had completed it. This, how ever, he did in the most inge nious manner, by grouping everything which could denot the end of all things: a broke bottle; an old broom worn t the stump; the butt end of a old firelock; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumble in pieces; towers in ruins; th sign-post of a tavern, called th World's End, tumbling; th moon in her wane; the map o the globe burning; a gibbe falling, the body gone, and th chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds; a vesse wrecked; Time, with his hour glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, th last whiff of smoke going out a play-book opened, with exeunt omnes stamped in th corner; an empty purse; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. "So far good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's palette broken —"Finis!" exclaimed Hogarth; "the deed is done, all is over." It is a very remarkable and well-known fact that he never again took the palette in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died about a year after he had finished this extraordinary "Tailpiece."

Bright ride of death. David's trust in God at death's door recalls Dr. John G. Paton's story of the old cannibal chief, who said as he lay dying: "My soul is growing tall with joy." Perronet, author of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," at the door of death, exclaimed, "Glory be to God in the height of his divinity; glory be to God in the depth of his humanity; glory be to God in his all-sufficiency, and into his hands I commit my spirit."

Let us review another life such as many a young man covets, and see how it looks from the death end. In Terre Haute, on one of the handsome streets, a palatial residence used to be pointed out as the home of Sam McDonald, or "Champagne Charley." The situation and beautiful natural surroundings had been made charming by the prodigal expenditure of money. The inscriptions on the globes of the gas lamps were "Welcome Rowdies," "Loafers' Retreat," and many such, which were sensational in the extreme. On a birthday he gave a party to a thousand of his friends; he had wine mains put in, so that he could have a hydrant for wine on every tree of his yard. He wasted in prodigality within less than five years, between two and three million of dollars. He finally killed a man, and his fortune was ruined to clear him. He soon died, and died poor.

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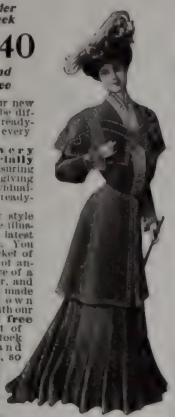

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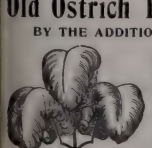

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BRINGING CHRIST INTO THE WORKSHOP

PORT HU'RON, Michigan, is a city of twenty thousand population, situated at the foot of the beautiful Lake Huron, on the St Clair River. Like many of the Michigan cities, its principal industry is manufacturing. Railway car and locomotive repair and erecting shops, ship yards, flour mill machinery, threshing machines, traction engines, saws, screws and bolts, injectors, malleable iron castings, wood fibre products, etc., are numbered among the industries, in all employing near five thousand men.

The population is cosmopolitan, being made up of Germans, French, Assyrians, Italians, Canadians, etc. The central churches are large and well-furnished, but, as in all other American communities, the absence of workingmen in the congregations is very noticeable.

Recently, Mr. J. E. Coulter, General Secretary of the Railway Young Men's Christian Association, made a careful study of the situation, and decided to introduce Gospel meetings in the various shops throughout the city. Associating with himself Rev. W. H. Sargent, who has had an evangelistic training and is eminently fitted for this kind of service, work was begun in the car and locomotive shops. Up to this time, over thirty meetings have been held, with an average attendance of over one hundred.

REV. W. H. SARGENT

At first the men seemed backward, and were not inclined to take much interest, always keeping within long range of the speaker. At times the company's watchman or policeman would have to quiet the men, so that the meeting could proceed. But a wonderful change has taken place (as shown by the picture on the first page), and now the men crowd as close to the organ as possible. At this particular meeting, the Rev. D. N. Mc Cammus, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, Sarnia, Ontario, was the speaker. A number of meetings have been held, which were equally as large.

In the car shops, the men have, of their own accord, organized a male quartet and chorus, to help in the meetings. They also make suggestions as to singers and speakers whom they would like to hear. Mr. John Hodgson, Master Car-Builder of these shops, frequently attends the meetings and assists in the services. He heartily endorses the movement, and in a letter to Mr. Coulter, he says, "I consider that the noon meetings are one of the best things that have taken place in our factory; and while I have not heard of any conversions thus far, I do know that the men have been brought closer together, and that there is a feeling throughout the shops that these meetings are beneficial. Nearly every man in the factory appreciates what has been done, and feels there is a sacredness about the place. Again, you may walk through our factory a dozen times and never hear an oath. Further, these meetings keep the men from spending their noon time talking about prize fights, horse-races, boxing contests, etc., and put their minds on better things. Since we started the male chorus, you would be surprised to know how many men have made application to join. The meetings are also making our employees more faithful and loyal to the company."

Encouraged by past results, plans have been made to hold eighty-four regular and a few special meetings this fall and winter. The meetings are under the supervision of the Railway Young Men's Christian Association, and the Secretary and his helper are also assisted by the various pastors of the city, who give their services gladly, as it brings them in touch with the workingmen. Denominational work would be impractical in any of the large shops or factories; but there is no objection to the Association taking up the work, as it is interdenominational, and each church is represented.

The work is not to be confined to religious effort, but will include lectures and practical talks on practical subjects. Since introducing this work in the car and locomotive shops, others have requested that the work be extended to them also.

The need of this kind of work is felt in almost every community. It is not the intention of the writer of this article to exalt Port Huron, but rather to stimulate other communities to join in the movement.

J. E. COULTER.

The Suffering in Macedonia

American Board Missionaries Appeal to "The Christian Herald" in Behalf of the Homeless Refugees

THE following cablegram from the American missionaries at Monastir, Macedonia, has been received:

"MONASTIR, Turkey, Nov. 5.

"*Dr. Louis Klopsch, 'Christian Herald,' N. Y.:*

"The missionaries of the American Board in Macedonia, beg you to appeal to your many thousand benevolent subscribers, to send speedy succor to the many thousand wretched sufferers in the Monastir vilayet.

"The 'Cry from Macedonia' is from ragged, roofless, hungry, wounded, sick men, women and children, utterly helpless and hopeless almost, except as they look westward to Christian England and America.

"The relief agency at Monastir, of which I am Treasurer, has received thus far from London £2,920. At a moderate estimate, we need at this central depot $1,000 a day, simply to keep people alive till spring. The distress is appalling. Rev. Mr. Haskell says of some specimen refugees at Ochrida that 'they seem to be pretty much everything but hung drawn and quartered.'

"Winter is anticipated with horrible forebodings. Immediate relief would be a godsend. Let England and America unite in this blessed work. We will gratefully act as your distributing agents if you so desire.

(Signed) "LEWIS BOND."

Dr. Bond is one of the missionaries of the American Board, and in appealing in behalf of the suffering Christians of Macedonia, he does so with a full personal knowledge of the conditions of the case. It would appear from the cablegram, that the difficulties in the way of relief have been removed. Dr. Bond, who has been many years in the Macedonian field as missionary, and who is possessed of ripe experience, has evidently awaited such an opportunity, deferring his appeal until the way was open for practical work, unhindered by the military operations of either the Turks or the insurrectionists. All contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Macedonian relief work will be forwarded to Dr. Bond, to be applied by the American missionaries at Monastir in aid of the sufferers.

"Force-thoughts"

BY SUNNY JIM

YOUR grocer pays more for "FORCE" than for the imitations—because quality and purity cost more.

¶ No wonder that he pushes other brands, if he is one of the sort that thinks more of to-day's penny than of to-morrow's dollar.

¶ This food of mine is for sale everywhere now, and there's no reason to go without it unless you are willing to try the Imitations.

¶ They can choose names that sound like "FORCE"—and make foods that look like "FORCE," but they're *not* "FORCE" by a long way. The fact that wheat and malt enter into their composition doesn't make them like "FORCE" any more than the stone and lumber in your house make it the same as the house across the way.

¶ "FORCE" forms the morning meal of two million clear-eyed, quick-nerved people—the members of "The 'FORCE' Society."

Their day's work is easier than other folks'.

They do not Hurry
Nor worry!
They say to the rest of the world each morning:
"Be Sunny!"

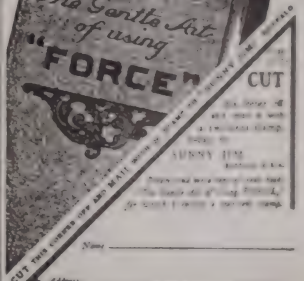
¶ If you think there's any other sort of food that is just as good *for you* buy a package to-day, and begin to-morrow with a "FORCE" breakfast.

In the meantime you'd like a copy of my new book—I think

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim

(J. F. be continued.)



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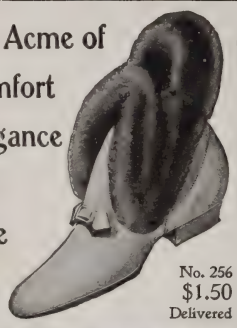

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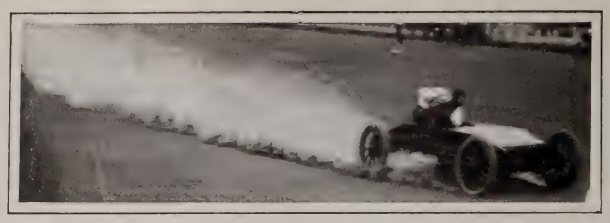
AN AUTO AT EXPRESS SPEED



Our photograph shows how an automobile appears when traveling at the rate of sixty miles per hour. The picture was taken lately at Columbus, O., when the car traveled a measured mile in 59 4-5 seconds. This rate of speed—over sixty miles an hour—was maintained for a distance of ten miles. The motor had an engine of forty horse-power. It passed the group of spectators like a flash, raising in its wake a long trailing cloud of dust, which obscured the roadway and filled the nostrils of those who stood near. This is the highest rate of locomotion ever attained by any machine other than a locomotive. A collision between a heavy auto traveling so swiftly, and any other machine or object of considerable weight, would have a frightful result. It is doubtful whether any one could, on either side, survive the shock of such a collision.

Christianity in India*

A General Survey of the Conditions of the Huge Field of Labor

HOW impossible it is in one evening to take a general view of India, may be realized when we remember that its area is half that of the United States, or as large as the whole of Europe, exclusive of Russia, and that its population is four times that of this country. Its races, too, as well as its languages, are as diverse as those of Europe. Only in subordination to the British crown, and the preponderating profession of Brahmanism or Hinduism is the union. Mohammedanism exists still as a relic of the old conquerors of the country, and Buddhism survives in some sections, but Hinduism is practically the religion of the whole country. This is not the Hinduism proclaimed here by the various "Swamis," who have come to us as missionaries, preaching a refined and expurgated system, but Hinduism in naked, revolting vice, a religion which makes immorality a rite, and encourages and promotes the degradation of its priests and followers.

It is a stupendous undertaking to attempt to convert India to Christ, and none realize it more keenly than the devoted men and women who have given their lives to the work. Of these, counting all denominations, there are now about three thousand, or one to every one hundred thousand of the people. Though little more than a century has elapsed since the first Christian missionaries landed in India, there were 1,148,259 persons, who, in the census of 1901, had the courage to register themselves as Protestant Christians. This, in spite of the fact, that such an avowal involved the enmity of relatives, and, frequently, disinheritance. Besides these, there are a large number who cannot be counted, who are Christians at heart, but cannot bear to break with their families. They say: "We shall remain Hindus, but our children will be Christian." They study the Bible, they love and reverence Christ, and are Christian in all but the name. The increase in the number of Christians during the past six years, has been much more rapid than in any previous period. The Christian benevolence in the two grievous famines of 1897 and 1900 has had much to do with this, for it removed prejudice previously existing. When the 5,500 orphans, now being educated at the expense of American Christians, under the auspices of this journal, go forth, leading Christian lives, among their people, a still more rapid increase may be expected.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for November 29. Zach. 8: 1-7.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. M. S. L., Indianapolis, Ind. "I want to thank you for printing the answered prayers. I had a great sorrow over one of my dear children. I went to a secret place and told all my troubles to the Lord. The answer came. Now I am taking all my joys and sorrows to the Lord, and he helps me every time."

Reader, Holton, Kan. "I have hesitated long about acknowledging publicly the many answers I receive to prayer, but now I wish to be one amongst the many to say that the Lord has answered my prayers many times. There are still blessings that I desire, but I have assurance that they will come in his own time and way."

Reader. "I wish to acknowledge the loving kindness of our Father in answering my prayers."

Reader, Chicago, Ill. "God has many times answered my petitions. I praise Him for his faithfulness, and find it sweet to rest in his Word."

Mrs. S. E. G., St. Joseph, Mo. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayer for two beloved brothers, who had acquired the drink habit. They are now sober, good citizens."

R., Zanesville, O. "I was in great distress. I prayed that the trouble, which would have been very disastrous to me, might be averted, and the answer came."

Mrs. J. S., Fort Tremont, S. C. "I have always been a firm believer in prayer. I believe my prayers are always heard, and take everything to God in prayer. I think the best thing one person can do for another in this world is to pray for him."

C. H., Toledo, O. "I promised the Lord if he would answer the one petition I was holding before him, I would publicly acknowledge it. The answer came sooner than I expected."

A. M. H., Clarington, O. "I have several times had my prayers in behalf of loved ones answered. A great affliction came to one dear to me. I said if the Lord would help I would tell it to the world. Praise his name, he did help."

L. T., Gray Horse, O. T. "What a comfort to know there is one to whom we can go with all our troubles. I know that God hears and answers all our prayers, for he so many times has answered mine."

Mrs. L. A. D., Olive Branch, Miss. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers when I was greatly burdened and felt that only my Heavenly Father could help me. I find it such a comfort to carry everything to God in prayer."

Mrs. M. B. C., Triune, Tenn. "I have had many answers. I am a strong believer in a prayer-answering God."

Reader, Canton, Ill. "I have been greatly helped by reading the letters of the Answered Prayer column. God has wonderfully answered my prayers many times, and now, while passing under a dark cloud, I can still pray and feel the assurance that he will hear me still and lift the burden from my heart."

A. F. I., Newton, N. H. "I know God hears and answers prayer. If we believe, we have what we ask."

Sister, Michigan. "I have had my prayer answered. Once my brother was in deep trouble. I prayed to God to help him and he heard and answered. I am trusting him and giving him all the praises."

L. L. S., Ellensburg, Wis. "The Lord has answered one of my prayers, for which I praise his name, and I hope and trust that many more may be answered. Where I live it is hard for one to keep in the path of duty; but by the help of God I will press onward."

Reader, Manchester, N. H. "I thank the Lord for answering what has been the great desire of my heart for years. I have had many blessings in answer to prayer."

M. F., Fairfax, Vt. "I have been an invalid for thirty years, and have found much comfort in prayer."

Reader, Belton, S. C. "I made a solemn promise before God that if my prayer was answered I would confess it publicly. My prayer was answered. I give God the glory."

Thankful One. "In great sorrow, I took my troubles to the Lord in Christ's name, and pleading the promise. The cloud lifted, and I knew that he is faithful that promised. This has many times been my experience. To him be all the glory."

Amy, Goldendale, Wash. "I wish to acknowledge my Heavenly Father's care for me, and the many times He has answered my prayers, not always in the way I had expected, but his was the better way."

The Old Camper

has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers and miners a daily comfort, "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea and chocolate.

DATE MUFFINS
For BREAKFAST

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

The breakfast which suits the average person need not be a hearty meal, but certain elements must be furnished to satisfy the appetite and prepare us for the day's labor. Heavy meats are neither required nor as a rule relished, but starch in some form must be used to give us energy and force. Many of the cereals in the market fail to do this, partly from their inferior properties and partly from insufficient cooking. Unless a cereal be very thoroughly cooked it is worse than none and we might better procure our starch in a more digestible form.

Nine people out of ten would prefer a crisp and delicate muffin to any prepared food.

A muffin made with Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch will be light and tender, with a fine crust and soft center. For sake of variety fruit may be added to the batter and the receipt given here will furnish muffins enjoyed alike by young and old.

DATE MUFFINS

Add two well beaten yolks of eggs to two rounding tablespoons of butter creamed with two of sugar. Sift one cup of flour and half a cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch with two teaspoons of baking powder and a little salt. Add this alternately with a scant cup of milk, beat well and stir in three quarters of a cup of dates cut into small pieces. Mix in gently the stiff whites of two eggs and bake in a moderately hot oven.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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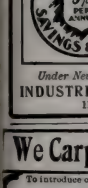

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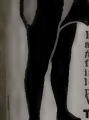

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ASTRONOMERS ON THE SUN-SPOTS

MANY theories have been advanced to account for the presence of the remarkable sun-spots which are a centre of attraction to the astronomical world at the present time One of the most surprising of these theories is that suggested by a reader of this paper, in Cortland, N. Y., who, in a recent letter, ventured the assertion that "the spots on the sun's disc are new worlds, and that they are composed of something that is indestructible by fire."

For the purpose of ascertaining, in behalf of its great circle of readers, the opinions of America's leading astronomers regarding the source and character of the phenomena now visible in the sun, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD addressed letters of inquiry to these men of science, and was favored with many interesting replies.

Prof. W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, Cal., writes:

"The sun-spots are the evidences of extra-rapid circulation within the sun's atmosphere."

Prof. Lewis Swift, F. R. A. S., writes from Marathon, N. Y.:

"The cause of sun-spots is another of the many mysteries in which astronomy deals so largely. Many more or less absurd theories have been advanced for their appearance once in about eleven and one-third years. The most reasonable, and the only one that can for a moment stand the test of long continued telescopic, spectroscopic and photographic observations is, that the sun is really a dark body surrounded with a self-luminous atmosphere, and that the spots are openings in it, revealing the dark sun rendered intensely black by contrast. They are sometimes of appalling magnitude. One of the present group was estimated to have been, when discovered, twelve times the entire surface of the earth, or more than 2,000,000,000 square miles, being the largest seen in recent times."

Professor Garrett P. Serviss, of New York, writes:

"The idea that the spots now visible on the disc of the sun are new worlds in process of creation is not entirely novel. The idea is, however, based on a complete misapprehension of the laws of physical science. Science finds certain laws of nature in operation, which it never sees violated, and these laws assure us that new worlds cannot be created in the sun and have their orbits enclosed within its body. If the sun could be blown to pieces, or if, through a rapid increase in its rotation, it could be disrupted by centrifugal force, new bodies might be formed from it. But neither of these things have happened, and from our present knowledge it is not conceivable that either of them will ever happen. It is not improbable that relatively small masses of matter are sometimes ejected from the sun with so great a velocity that they pass out into space, and, upon cooling and condensing, become meteors; but if such a body should plunge back into the sun it would be revaporized and destroyed.

"The present sun-spots do not differ in their nature and their general appearance from the sun-spots that astronomers have seen and studied since the days of Galileo. Exactly what causes them we do not know, but neither the telescope nor the spectroscope, when applied to them, gives the slightest countenance to the suggestion that they are new worlds or planets. On the contrary, they are plainly vast depressions in the solar surface, surrounded and overhung by masses and clouds of matter in the gaseous or vaporous state, and the nature of this matter is unmistakably revealed by the characteristic spectral lines to be seen in the light that emanates from it."

Prof. C. A. Young of the Princeton (N. J.) Observatory, Acting Chief H. F. Williams of the U. S. Weather Bureau, Washington, and F. W. Hodge, Assistant to Prof. Langly, of the Smithsonian Institute, all write to discredit the theory that the "sun-spots are new "worlds in creation."

Up to the present time the precise nature, as well as the cause of these sun-spots, remains a subject of uncertainty, even to the astronomers themselves.

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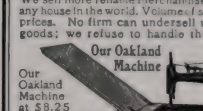

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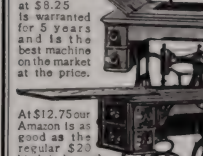

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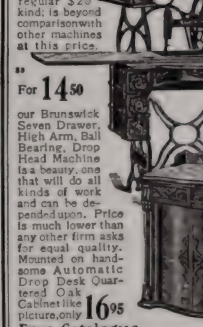

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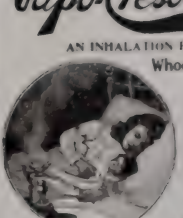

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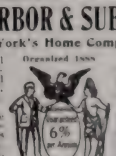

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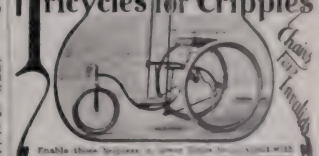

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

"Little Mother" of the Prisoners*

Mrs. Maude Ballington Booth Tells of Her Prison Reform Experiences

I FRANKLY confess we have had disappointments, (in our prison work), and over them bitter tears have been shed and painful heartaches endured. Some men have proved unworthy, but they have been the exceptions to the rule. Many thought we would have a majority that would prove unworthy, and but a small minority to remain faithful, but even had it been so, should we have a right to say that the work was not worth while? We have, however, to record that the many have proved worthy and faithful, and only the few have failed us. It is always a lamented fact that it is just the few who do go wrong, who arrive at public notice, while the multitude who do well are never heard of through the public press, but are hidden away in the quiet, commonplace, workaday world of those who tread the straight path of honesty. I can unhesitatingly say that the results have already shown such a return in homes made happy, lives redeemed, and wrong-doers changed into good law-abiding citizens, that we, who have made the largest investment, feel a thousandfold repaid. In my journeys hither and thither all over the country, I am constantly seeing the far-reaching results of the work, which, coming at unexpected times and unlooked-for places, are all the more welcome.

. . .

I had boarded a "sleeper" at one of our large terminal depots, and was bestowing my baggage beneath the berth in an already-darkened car. A man in the uniform of the road hurried by me, swinging his lantern. After he had passed me, I looked up, and the light must have fallen on my face, for he stopped with an exclamation, and looking quickly to right and left to see if his words might be overheard, he turned to me, and stretching out his hand, said, "Little Mother, I can't miss the chance of speaking to you. You don't know me, but you will be glad to hear that I am doing well, and have been living right ever since I left the place where I met you last. I have been making a good record now for nearly two years, and all is well."

. . .

I had changed cars in a Western city on a somewhat gloomy day, and while I was rechecking my baggage, a freight train pulled into the depot. One of the crew sprang down, making his way to me with a smiling face and an outstretched hand. "Why, I thought it was you, Little Mother," he said, as he held my hand in his, blackened and hardened with toil. "I am so glad to see you again, for I have only good news to tell. I went straight home to my people when I left Joliet, and they can testify to the change in me, and now I am leading a happy, steady life, and have proved that it is possible to do so, despite the past. I have worked nearly two years on this road now, and, best of all, I am keeping my promise to God and proving faithful to what I learned as a League member."

. . .

Arriving at one of the big Chicago stations I stood undecided on the crowded sidewalk as to which direction I should take. A voice hailed me, and I looked up to see a cabman waving his whip enthusiastically at me. Thinking that after the manner of his tribe, he was seeking a fare, I paid no attention. Leaving his cab, he hastened to me to greet me with outstretched hand and smiling face. "Yes," said the officer at my side, "he is one of your boys, paroled from Joliet, and lately he has received his full discharge."

. . .

I had been speaking in a crowded audience in one of the large churches in the far West. At the close of my address quite a number of friends came forward to speak to me. A gentleman grasped my hand, and as I looked into the handsome, intelligent face, I had a faint recollection of having met him before, or was it only a resemblance to some one I had known? As he greeted me, I caught the gleam of the little silver pin worn by members of the Defenders' League, an organization of the friends of the Volunteers. I said most cordially how glad I always was to meet our Defenders, but his hand did not loosen its grasp, and he was searching my face for a more personal recognition. "So you don't know me," he said at last. "No," I said, "I must confess I do not. Where have I met you before?" "It was in Charlestown, Little Mother," came the answer with that thrill of loving gratitude that has so often warmed my heart in the voices of many of my "boys." Could it be? Yes, truly it was a young man who had gone from our League in that Eastern prison years before, and here he was, a prosperous, successful business man. "I have brought my mother with me," he said, and my hand was laid in that of a sweet-faced gentlewoman, in whose eyes a wealth of love and pride shone through the moisture of tears. That was not all, for he then told me he had been recently married, and brought forward a beautiful young girl, whom he presented to me with the pride of a true affection. She made the last of the happy trio who lived in the pretty little home in the outskirts of that city, where flowers and birds and almost perpetual sunshine make the shadows of prison bars seem very far away. Those prison days to him are now but the nightmare of the dead years which, through God's grace, will come no more.

MRS. MAUDE BALLINGTON BOOTH

. . .

Sometimes it is a motorman who smiles me a greeting as I board his car, or a waiter in a restaurant who drops a word or two that have nothing to do with the bill of fare. Once a cook in white cap and apron ran out to greet me, regardless of the crowd of passers-by. Wherever it may be, there are always the glad smiles and the few earnest words that send me on my way saying, "It is all well worth while."

. . .

Some gentlemen in an office were discussing the possibility of the reformation of prisoners, and questions were exchanged concerning the stamp of men reached at Hope Hall and their sincerity. After the conversation had been carried on for some time, one of the gentlemen said, "Well, I am one of Mrs. Booth's 'boys.'"

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A GREAT COMMISSION

Solomon Solemnly Appointed as the Temple-Builder

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE last years of David were spent in making preparation for the building of the temple. He might not himself build it, but he would do his part, and out of the riches which had come to him by the spoils of the enemies of Israel he made extensive preparation for the work, and he instructed his son Solomon in private, before he gave him a public charge, to build the house of the Lord.

There is something very touching in the picture of this old man, whose strength was so fast failing, throwing himself into the work of the preparation for the temple building. And he commanded all the princes of Israel to help Solomon, his son, appealing to them on the ground that God had given them rest, and delivered the inhabitants of the land into the hand of David, and "the land was subdued before the Lord and before his people"; and therefore it was but due to him that they should do their best to serve him. It was about this time that David made Solomon, his son, king over Israel. This step was hastened by the rebellion of Adonijah, David's fourth son, who proclaimed himself king, as Absalom, his elder brother, had done before; and he drew away from their allegiance both Abiathar the priest and Joab, who both had hitherto stood faithfully by David. But Nathan the prophet stirred up Bathsheba to go in and tell the king, arranging that he would follow her into David's presence and confirm these tidings; and David, learning of Adonijah's assumption, was aroused, and instantly gave orders for the proclamation of Solomon as king (I. Kings 1).

But to the very last, as far as he was able, the aged king was preparing for the building of the temple, which, in his earthly life, he was never to see, and for the services in connection with it, which, in his earthly life, he was never to hear. The Levites, the singers, the doorkeepers of the coming temple, were all thought of and arranged for by David; and we are told of the appointment of officers for everything in connection with the temple (I. Chron. 16: 37-42; 23-26). It is worth while to read carefully through these chapters, and to compare them with the order given for the restitution of these services in Ezek. 40-46. David prepared the men to minister before the temple which should be built by his son Solomon. We have yet to learn whether the empty temple which Ezekiel saw, will be standing in the Holy Land before the "all righteous" people of Israel are brought back to possess their possessions (Ob. 17), and to offer sacrifices in righteousness (Mal. 3: 3).

Why did David thus throw his heart into the building and organization of the temple worship? This man after God's own heart, fully realized that the worship of God and his service was the real end of the existence of man—that God first, our fellow-creatures next, and ourselves last, is the truly Scriptural, and therefore Divine, order of things.

After having charged Solomon in private, David called together a representative assembly, that he might repeat the charge in the most solemn and public manner. The elders of his people must bear witness to and countenance the honor which should be done to the God of Israel in the sight of the nations. Thus, elders, warriors and business men must take part in this work which lay so near the heart of David, of honoring God; it must be a national matter, and not a private enterprise.

Let us notice here that God permitted the house to be built; but David, although so near to God, might not build it. God has a will about who shall build his sanctuary. If David might not build the temple, can those beautiful and tasteful cathedrals be pleasing in his eyes which have been built by some very sinful man in the past, to atone for the sin by which the money was obtained which was afterwards spent in the building? Has God signified his acceptance of them?

And again, let us notice that, in view of the building of the temple, the king's words to his elders was on the point of searching out all God's commandments to do them.

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ROGERS, JAMES H.
11,[illegible] Arise, Shine, for Thy Light is Come 12
SCHNECKER, P. A.
11,087. Shout, O Earth from Silence Waking. Soprano and Bass Solos 12
SHACKLEY, FREDERICK N.
11,086. Thou Did'st Leave Thy Throne. (Carol-Anthem) . .12
SPENCE, WILLIAM R.
11,083. Still is the Night in Bethlehem. Sop. and Bass Solos. .12

CAROLS
CLOUGH-LEIGHTER, H.
11,[illegible] *Blessed Morn . . . .
11,[illegible] *Prince of Peace . . . .
DRESSLER, LOUIS R.
11,[illegible] *The Birthday of the Lord .
NEVIN, GEORGE B.
11,[illegible] *Waken Christian Children .
SHACKLEY, FREDERICK N.
11,[illegible] While Shepherds Watched .

SONGS
BERWALD, W.
The Birth of Christ. [illegible]
DRESSLER, LOUIS R.
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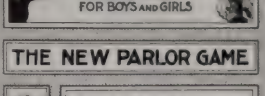

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A BEAUTIFUL LIFE ENDED

MISS LOUISE B. PIERSON, OF CALCUTTA, INDIA, CALLED TO HER REWARD . . . .

NEWS comes from India of a bereavement, which causes deep sorrow, not only to a large circle of personal friends, but to the Woman's Union Missionary Society, and many people who are interested in missionary work among the women and girls of India. It announces the death of Miss Louise B. Pierson, the beloved daughter of Dr. A. T. Pierson. Coming so soon after the death of Miss S. F. Gardner, of the same mission, whose friend and helper she was, the loss of Miss Pierson's beautiful personality is very severe. For her distinguished father, whose work in the cause of missions is known the world over, there must be deep sympathy and sincere prayer that the Lord, whom he has served so faithfully through a long life, may console him in his sorrow.

MISS LOUISE B. PIERSON

Miss Pierson was thirty-nine years of age. She was born at Waterford, N.Y., and was educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary and the Bible Institute. Her heart had long been drawn to the foreign field, and in 1901 the way was opened for her to give her life to the work. It was especially to the women and girls of India that her sympathies were attracted, and as the work of the Women's Union Missionary Society has been so well directed and so successful in that sphere, it was to that Society that she offered her services. They were gladly accepted, and on November 16, 1901, she sailed for Calcutta.

The conditions she encountered there, must have convinced her of the need of such help as she was specially fitted to give. "These first weeks in India," she wrote soon after her arrival, "have been full of the deepest interest and full of heartache too, for misery and degradation and sin abound on every side." She entered enthusiastically into the work, and as she was blessed with a singularly sweet voice and a good knowledge of music, she was able to enliven the services by Gospel song, even before she had sufficiently mastered the language to give addresses in the vernacular.

Miss Pierson's personality won its way with remarkable rapidity among the girls of India, who are, as a rule, far from impressible. They seemed to love her from the beginning, and to seek original ways of showing their affection. Their regard for her touched her deeply. "A few days ago," she wrote in one of her letters home, "after speaking and singing to a room full of girls, I suddenly felt some one touch me from behind, and then a little brown arm slipped around my waist, and a little dark head was laid against my arm, and a pair of brown eyes looked lovingly up into mine. Dear little cheerless ones, their days of happy childhood are few, and some have none at all!" When her meetings broke up, it was pathetic to witness the anxiety of the children to serve her in some slight way. The girls would struggle for the honor of carrying a book or a parasol for her, and as she went along the narrow street, she was attended like a princess by a long procession of ardent admirers. There was a tender magnetism about her that attracted the love of all. Perhaps the secret lay in the love that she gave to those needy ones, whose lives are so empty and whose lot is so sad.

Only two short years did she labor in her chosen field. They were years of bright usefulness, with the promise of still more beneficent service. But the promise was not fulfilled. Her Master called her, and she has gone to Him for nearer service in his presence. The loss is ours, and is felt most of all by the girls into whose life her presence brought sunshine and hope. We can but hope that her bright example and her Christian teaching, even in the short space of her earthly labor, may have left a permanent impression on those whom she loved and served.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HIS COMING

WHAT will you do if Jesus comes
Whilst you loiter along the way,
Will your heart be light and your eyes grow bright
As though working instead of play?

What will you do if he finds you sad
In the midst of your sun-crowned life,
Will your glad new song ring as clear and strong
As though braving the bitter strife?

What will you do if he comes when sin
Has been gaining a place in your heart,
Will your rapture then be as sweet as when
You were crushing each poisoned dart?

What will you do if he finds no soul
Has been helped by your care and love,
Will you miss a gem from your diadem
That will sweeten your joy above?

Make beautiful, then, the life he gave,
That his coming may prove it fair,
And the trust is yours till he claims his own
When he makes up his jewels there.

BELLE MCKINNEY SWOPE.

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They Appreciate "The Christian Herald"

The Y. M. C. A. of Warren, Pa., is noted far and wide for its range of activity, both locally and in the foreign field. The city is situated on the banks of a beautiful river, along which have been erected extensive works, making the town a great industrial centre. Hundreds of men are employed in these various enterprises, and the Y. M. C. A. has established noon meetings five days in the week among these sons of toil. The association subscribes for 400 copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These come to them weekly, and are given out to the men at the close of the meeting. After speaking at the Iron Foundry a few days ago, where about 200 men gathered to listen, there was a great rush in one direction, and as I looked for the cause of the sudden move I saw the secretary cut the rope on the great bundle of CHRISTIAN HERALDS, while scores of outstretched hands were eagerly trying to secure a copy of the popular paper. The men belong to the class of sturdy toilers who help to form the backbone of industrial life upon which the success of the nation depends. They are intelligent, honest, hardworking men. They need just what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives them, and I doubt if a more effective means of bringing the Gospel to the home and to the individual could be employed, than sending this messenger of truth to the men. Their great appreciation was evinced in their eagerness to secure a copy. God bless the effort. JESSIE ACKERMANN.

Warren, Oct. 17.

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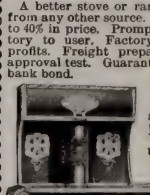

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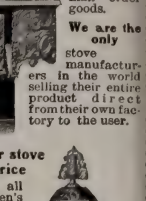
There isn't a better stove or range at any price and by eliminating all dealers' and middlemen's profits we save you easily 25% to 40%. Moreover we give you a 360 Days Approval Test. If your purchase is not satisfactory in every way, return the goods at our expense. We have a complete line of ranges, cook stoves and heaters for fuel of all kinds. All stoves blacked, polished and ready for business.



It will pay you to investigate.

Send for catalog No. 103 and prices, freight prepaid.

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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Is Guaranteed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. **X-RAY** gives a quick, brilliant lustre and **does not burn off.** A 2c. Stamp will bring a Sample from **Lamont, Corliss & Co., Agents, 78 Hudson Street, New York City**

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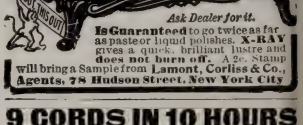

BY ONE MAN, with the **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE.** It saws down trees. Folds like a pocketknife. Saws any kind of timber on any kind of ground. One man can saw **MORE** lumber with it than 2 men in any other way, and do it **EASIER,** 239,000 in use. Send for **FREE** illustrated catalog, showing latest **IMPROVEMENTS** and testimonials from thousands. First order secures agency. Address **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 55-57-59 No. Jefferson St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

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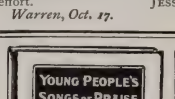

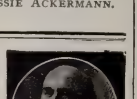

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THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York & Chicago.

USES OF PRAYER*

Four Suggestions to Earnest Seekers After Spiritual Progress

FOUR important matters in connection with prayer are cited in the texts associated with the Topic. One of these is the assurance that if we draw nigh to God, he will draw nigh to us; a second is that we may gain a knowledge of his will by prayer; a third, that by prayer we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need; and the fourth, that in answer to prayer, God will send laborers into his harvest field. So encouraged, there would seem no need to urge Christians to seek God. These are precisely the blessings the child of God needs, and in these passages he is taught how he may obtain them.

When we consider the extent of the universe, the number of worlds larger than our own, and the probability of many of them being inhabited; when we consider, too, the millions in our own world who are serving God and looking to him for the supply of their need, we might well doubt the possibility of our gaining the attention of the Most High. It is, therefore, well that we have the assurance that we draw nigh to him, he will draw nigh to us. We cannot always understand such condescension, but we accept the promise in all gratitude and avail ourselves of it.

That we may gain a knowledge of his will by prayer is a most important fact. There is much in the Bible to help us to such knowledge, but in every man's life difficulties arise, in which the path of duty, even in the light of the Scriptures, is by no means clear. We need light on our daily path, we need direction in unforeseen circumstances, we need to have the conscience instructed so that we may be able to discern clearly right from wrong, and know in what way we can most truly and successfully serve him in the world. Grace is needed, too, as well as mercy. We are, at the best, feeble instruments, unworthy servants, in frequent need of forgiveness for negligence, and even for disobedience, and for yielding to temptation. No employer would retain in his service employees who are so remiss as we are in God's service. Yet he is patient and forbearing, and we hope that he will forgive. We need to tell him that, and to ask him for that grace to do better which he is so willing to bestow.

Finally, for the maintenance and extension of his kingdom in the world we are anxious. Evil is rampant and subtle, and it sometimes seems as if it was getting the upper hand. What will the next generation be? Laborers, earnest, skilful, consecrated, will be sorely needed to take the place of those we are laying in the grave. We are taught to ask God for them. Surely these are all strong incentives to prayer.

*Topic of the Epworth League for November 1. Luke 10: 2; Heb. 4: 16; James 4: 8; Col. 1: 9.

It Cheered His Sick-room

MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK, President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who was recently attacked by a thug while arresting an offender against public morality, is still suffering from the effects of his injuries. From his sick-room at Summit, N. J., he writes as follows:

"Society for the Suppression of Vice,
New York, Oct. 30, 1903.

"*Dear Dr. Klopsch:* I want to thank you with all my heart for the beautiful Red Letter Testament, and to assure you that the benediction that accompanied it brought great cheer into my sick-room. I know of no finer gift to any person than one of these beautiful Testaments. What a centre for radiating sweet and holy and inspiring influences your office is! How manifold are your spheres of usefulness! How wonderfully has God's blessing followed your efforts for good, and how rich the results.

"Enclosed please find my check for $5.00, in payment of following subscriptions and premiums, to wit: 1. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Miss Florence Comstock, P. O. Box 274, Milford, Conn., for one year. 2. Renewal subscription to Anthony Comstock, 35 Beekman road, Summit, N. J., from January 1, 1904 (at which time present subscription expires) for one year thereafter till January 1, 1905.

"Please send to my office, Room 1,009, 149 and 142 Nassau street, the following premiums: $3, the *Crown Encyclopedia*; $5, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Drop-Leaf Butterfly Calendar 1904-1905. Please also send copy of Calendar to Miss Florence Comstock, as above.

"Wishing you every success in all your efforts for good, I remain, sincerely yours,

"ANTHONY COMSTOCK."

Poverty and Intemperance

Intemperance is the cause of poverty, I know; but there is another side to that: poverty is the cause of intemperance. Crowd a man with fourteen hours' work a day, and you crowd him down to a mere animal life. You will eclipse his aspirations, dull his tastes, stunt his intellect, and make him a mere tool, to work fourteen hours, and catch a thought in the interval; and, while one man in a hundred will rise to be a genius, ninety-nine will cower down under the circumstances.

Now I say, lift a man, give him life, let him work eight hours a day, give him the school, develop his taste for music, give him a garden, give him beautiful things to see, and good books to read, and you will starve out those lower appetites. Give a man a chance to earn a good living, and you may save his life.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

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$25.00 Puts This PIANO

In your home on 30 days' trial. If you don't think it worth much more than we are asking, we will refund the money and freight charges and you can return the piano at our expense. If you are satisfied, you can pay the balance in easy payments.

ORGANS $10.00 cash, balance small payments weekly or monthly. We have the Greatest Bargains ever offered.

Write us today for our large catalogue of Pianos or Organs. Mention which you wish. Factory to Home at first cost. Save from $100.00 to $200.00.

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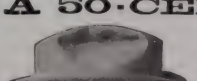
A 50-CENT HAT BY MAIL



MEN'S HAT No. 1.
In soft, rough finish. Colors: Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents in coin, postal note, check or Money Order. If not satisfactory, we refer to the First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are in business to make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines: If you send 50 cents and wear a hat in your town in the United States. Send for catalogue.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY,
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In smooth finish. Color: Black, Brown Mixed, Slate and Pearl.

CLEAN OUT CAKE TIN

FREE TO AGENTS

Outfit Free Exp. prepaid.

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N.Y.

LOOKING FOR SAFE INVESTMENTS

Will recommend you of the WILLIAM H. COMPTON 5 per cent. Mortgages. Recommended by financiers of national reputation. Send for

Address, No. 5 WARDELL BUILDING, MACON, MO.

Modern Merchandising

Laying in Supplies: Living from hand to mouth is one way of living, but why not get your supplies on a wholesale basis and avoid the petty annoyances of retail buying, to say nothing of making four dollars go as far as five dollars used to. That's the grocery list you see hanging on the wall. Supplied with loops to hang up with. A postal will bring it. Nothing like groceries for a foundation for a 100-lb. freight shipment.

Have you ever stopped to think about the question of getting your household supplies to the best advantage? Are you perfectly satisfied with the way things are running—with the prices you pay, the quality of the goods, the range of selection and the general question of making both ends meet? Perhaps you buy your supplies from the cross-roads store, just because your grandfather did. Perhaps you are tied up to the general store because you can trade in your butter and eggs at a low price and take it out in trade at a high price. Possibly you have never thought about it one way or the other. It is time to think. You have got to live and support your family. Your income is limited to so many dollars per year, and you have got to figure out the expense account so that things will come out right at the end of the year. If you can make both ends meet nicely and lay aside a tidy sum for a rainy day, you are only doing what every head of a family should endeavor to do, and if you don't do it you are simply inviting misery for the next time the crop fails. If a dollar looks as big to you as we think it does, we want you to think over this question of modern merchandising and see just what it means. It means different things to different people. To some it means buying everything on credit, then mortgaging the farm when settlement day comes around. Others think goods cheaper the further away in economy—the cheap, worthless trash that is advertised as heavenly at "the greatest price on earth." Many people send off to the city and get a jack knife at a 25 cents saving, and then fall back into the old rut in buying the balance of their supplies. Our idea of modern merchandising is to supply all your wants—everything you eat, wear or use—for yourself, your family and the hired man, at an average saving of 15 to 40 per cent, which means that if your yearly purchases amount to $200, you can save something like $30, or $40 if it runs $400 a year to live. Are you so well off that $100 or even $80 does not interest you? Then again consider the advantages. A commonly reliable merchandise of the very best quality and an unlimited range of selection. New goods. Prompt service. Prices that spell economy—and the certain knowledge that absolute satisfaction is the keynote to every transaction. To make trading with us possible we issue a catalogue of 128 pages, in which almost everything imaginable, including Vehicles and Farm Implements, is illustrated, described and priced. This catalogue can be absolutely depended upon and enables you to select your entire bill of merchandise without hurry or confusion and with the certainty that everything will be found exactly as described or you need not keep it. We ask you to get one of your nearest neighbors and give our methods a trial. We satisfy others and will satisfy you. There never was a better time than right now to begin, for we have just issued a new catalogue full of the things you will need to see you through this winter and you can make no better investment than to fill out this coupon and send it to us now while the subject is in your mind. We ask 15 cents, merely as an evidence of good faith on your part. If you will risk 15 cents, we will risk sending you a catalogue that costs us over half a dollar to print and is so big that it requires 26 cents postage. It is our 76 cents against your 15 cents. Will you do it? Write today.

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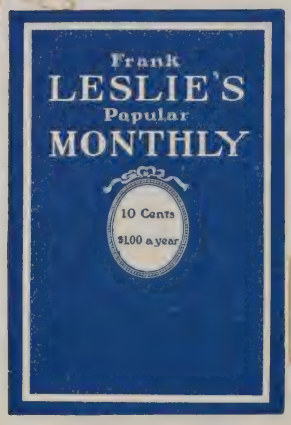
Thousands of readers of this paper noticed our advertisement last month and sent in their application for our Catalogue No. 72. A new edition is just off the press. Requests will be filled in order of their receipt. Do not delay.

37

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS Now packed in handsome individual boxes for Christmas. 50c and $1.00. Any shop or by mail. C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 209, Shirley, Mass.

A Great Offer by a Great Magazine



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After twenty-seven years of experience, **Leslie's Monthly** *for 1904 will distance every previous effort. It will be bigger, broader, timelier, more human than ever. We have never planned a better or more beautiful magazine.*

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THE IMPORTED AMERICAN.

Italy is the breeding ground of American immigration, and to study the human side of this great problem LESLIE'S MONTHLY has sent its well-known correspondent, **Mr. Broughton Brandenburg,** and his wife across the ocean to live with a poor Italian family, and to accompany them in the steerage to this country, learning in an intimate way their fears, their hopes and their ideas of America, and contrasting all this with the realization which comes with their settlement in the promised land. This series is incomparably the most important undertaking of any contemporary magazine.

UP FROM PRISON.

A woman's story of what she had accomplished among the inmates of American prisons. A very personal, touching and significant account of the noble work by **Maud Ballington Booth** of the "Volunteers" of America.

A WOMAN'S BREAD AND BUTTER.

The story of a girl's fight for life in a great city. Without friends or money she makes her way painfully upward from the "learner's wage" of $1.50 a week. Actual experience like her's make a story wonderfully interesting to practical women.

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The most ominous aspect of the Trust Question is the corrupt influence which our great corporations exercise upon legislation. The Lobby and the Trust "graft" upon each other, and this exposition of their mutual relations in a series of careful and authoritative articles constitute a genuine public service.

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JOHN LUTHER LONG, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, etc. HENRY A. SHUTE.

Leslie's HEROINE CALENDAR

These are the Artists:	The Heroines are from these novels:
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY	*"Alice of Old Vincennes,"* by M. Thompson. *"The Maid at Arms,"* by R. W. Chambers.
C. H. F. C. YOHN,	*"Audrey."* by Mary Johnston.
A. B. WENZELL,	*"Hearts Courageous,"* by Hallie E Rives.
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This Calendar, given FREE with every new yearly subscription, comprises pictures of three of these heroines—exquisite lithographs in 12 colors—on heavy pebbled art paper, 10x12 inches, tied with silk ribbon; sent postage prepaid by us. The Heroine Calendar, the Christmas Number and the twelve issues of LESLIE'S MONTHLY for 1904 all for $1.00.

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Enter my subscription to FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for the year 1904. Send me Leslie's Heroine Calendar and your special Christmas issue, as well as all the numbers for 1904, for which I enclose $1.00.

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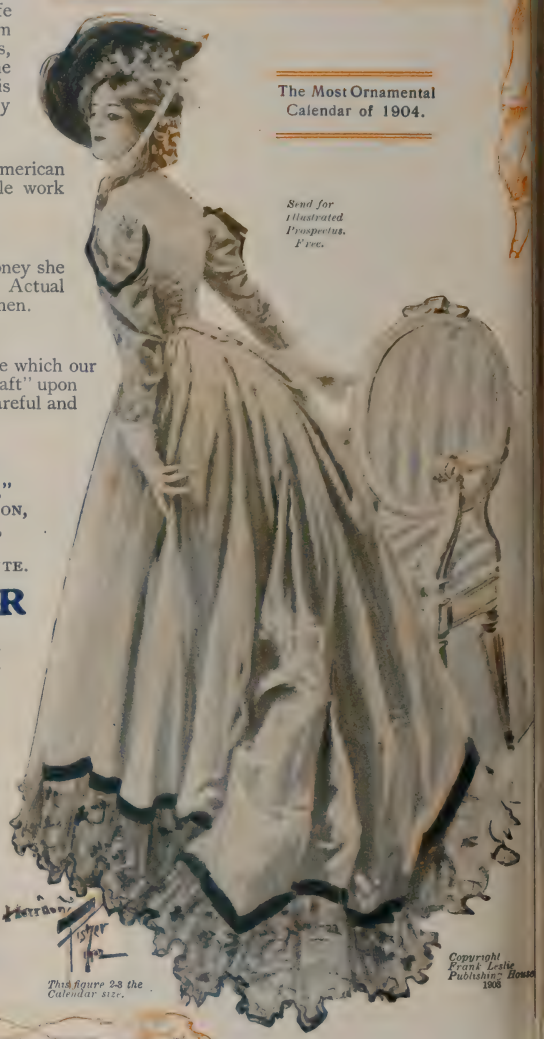
Send for Illustrated Prospectus. Free.



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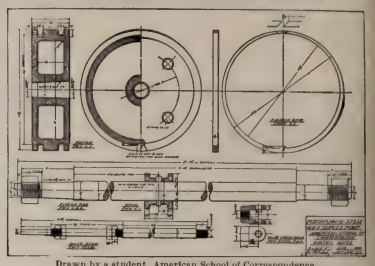
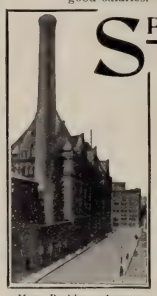


Drawn by a student, American School of Correspondence.



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Mention Christian Herald

How much is expressed in those two words—"I forgot!" Thousands of human lives and millions of dollars worth of property have been sacrificed to a faulty memory!

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SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINS THE NATURAL MEMORY. Requires only a few minutes time each day, and is so simple a child can understand it. It is hard to conceive of any man or woman in any profession, business, trade or calling who could not receive permanent benefit of almost inestimable value from a course of training under **THE PELMAN SYSTEM.** It will enable any person to remember figures, dates, names, appointments, addresses, speeches, business details, to learn languages, **TO AVOID MISTAKES.**

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W. T. STEAD—Editor of the London *Review of Reviews*: "The improvement that can be effected is so great that I consider Mr. Pelman one of the benefactors of the human race."

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FREE—Mr. Pelman has published two books:—

"Memory Training: Its Laws and Their Application to Practical Life," and

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If you are nervous, if your vitality is at a low ebb, if you wish to be relieved any of the so-called chronic ailments, write to me. I can strengthen your vital orga and nerves, bring your figure to symmetrical proportions by reducing prominent abdomens and hips, building up neck, chest, and bust, teach you to breathe, a I can give you a clear skin, a good color, and the delightful magnetism, easy grac and the dignified character which bespeaks at once cultured refinement. The pea will brighten your mind; the world will look sweeter to you, you sweeter to the worl

After twelve years of experience in teaching in person I felt I could reach more women by mail instructio and during the past eighteen months have helped 6,000 women to regain health and good figures. I study your condition and give you just the work adapted to your needs, no more. It is to my close personal attention to every pupil that I attribute my success. The happy, enthusiastic, and appreciative letters received from my pupils daily are a source of great delight and pride, and they speak more for me than I could myself.

The following are from reports taken from the day's mail:

"I will tell you what I have done so far: I have reduced weight 58 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 4 inches, hips 7 inches, arm 2 inches." [I will send you the name of this lady upon request.]

"Miss Cocroft, you would hardly know me. I have gained 28 pounds."

"The quivering, fluttering sensation in my **heart** is gone and the **neuralgia** greatly decreased."

"My **kidneys** are much better."

"I wish that women would **waken up** and see what can be done for them."

"This week I have not been troubled with **biliousness.** I am beginning to think that the age of miracles has not passed."

"My **stomach** does not trouble me at all now, I can **eat anything."**

"My entire body feels so comfortable after all these years of utter weakness."

"Just think of it!—to be relieved of **constipation!** Entirely free, after having it for 30 years."

"You have benefited me greatly—noticeably in the straightening of the lateral **curvature** in my **spine."**

"The **rheumatism** has disappeared and I **sleep** such a **restful sleep."**

"I have grown from a nervous wreck into a state of **good, quiet nerves."**

"My **mind** is much clearer and my **memory** is much better."

"I feel so well and my **color** is so good."

"My **eyes** are stronger and I have taken off my glasses."

"The pain in the **top** and **back** of my **head** is entirely gone, and just think that it had been there almost all the time for three years!"

"My **bust** has **increased 2 inches** in the past three months."

"I am delighted with the effect of the exercises upon my **catarrh."**

"I have tried your treatment for **colds** a couple of times and find it works like a charm."

"My **circulation** is good and I sleep well."

"The **improvement in my figure** is very gratifying to me."

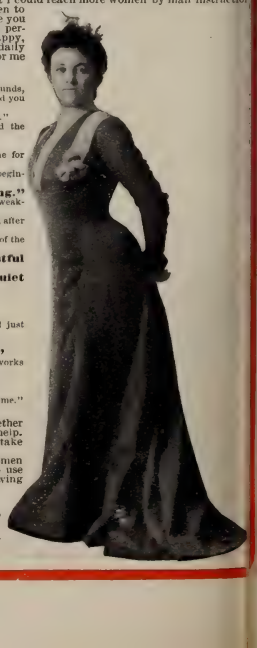
"I can never thank you enough for opening a **higher plan of life** for me."

"I now feel **cheerful,** happy, and so refreshed every morning."

If you will tell me your difficulties I will tell you frankly whether I can help you. I have no wish to take pupils whom I cannot help. Were it not that pupils are finishing their courses daily I could take no new ones.

If you wish I will furnish you with names and addresses of women who have been helped, and who have given me permission to use their names. For ten cents I will send you a little booklet, showing you the correct outlines of the body in poise and movement.

SUSANNA COCROFT,
Dept. 274, 57 Washington Street, Chicago.



NOTE.—Miss Cocroft is President of the Extension work in physical culture. This position has given her a wide experience in personal work.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A JAMAICA MARKETWOMAN

CARRYING BANANAS TO THE WHARF FOR SHIPMENT

LIKE A DESOLATED PARADISE

JAMAICA'S THOUSANDS OF RUINED HOMES — THANKSGIVING AMID AFFLICTION

AMID the joyous sounds of preparation for the Thanksgiving festival, which are heard on every side, there comes a note of sadness. It comes borne on the wind from the West Indies; not from Cuba or Porto Rico—where a considerable proportion of the people will, this year, celebrate somewhat after the American style—but from Jamaica, the beautiful "land of springs," which lies ninety miles to the north of Cuba. This island, justly famed for its natural beauties, is becoming widely known as a resort for those who seek a refuge from the rigors of Northern winters. It lies almost at our gates. Its condition to-day should awaken our sympathies, as we contrast the gloom and distress that prevail there, with the joyous experiences by which we are surrounded. Here we are rejoicing over our bounteous harvests; in Jamaica the people are bemoaning the desolation of their fields and crops, that but a few weeks ago were swept away by the devastating power of the tropical cyclone. Here, our families reunite in the old homes, and the completed circle lives again in the happy memories of the past; there, in the storm-swept island, ten thousand homes lie in ruins, and fifty thousand persons are scattered abroad to find a shelter as best they can. Here, all is gladness and feasting; there, it is sorrow and want.

Letters received within the last few days from different mission centres in Jamaica, show how widespread is the need for the very necessaries of life even at this time, which is usually a season of plenty. From August to February is generally in Jamaica a time for harvesting. Allspice, oranges, coffee, and provisions, follow each other, and in the times of ingathering, there is usually enough to supply present needs, and to lay by a little for coming months. But this year, along the storm-swept coast, the cry for food is already general, and there is no prospect of any relief until the next crops come round, except by the help that may come from more favored lands.

The following extracts from the letters of missionaries who are now in the midst of their distressed people, trying as best they can to answer the many cries for help by which they are surrounded, will give some idea of the state of Jamaica to-day:

"Many sorrowful ones keep coming for sympathy and help," says one writer, "and, so far as I am able, I do what I can, but I do wish that some of the Lord's people would entrust me with a little to meet such cases at this time, as it is not possible for me to help them all."

Another letter says: "The rains have become frequent now, and nature is rejoicing in the refreshing, and is putting on again her robes and covering her wounds and promising great things for the future. It will, however, be a distant future ere the people's help can come from trees or fields. O, the people are pinched and hungry!"

"People are coming all the day," says a third missionary correspondent, "and their needs are great. I can't tell you the number that have come to me to-day."

These missions, that are scattered thickly throughout the island, are the centres to which the whole population (whether members or not) turn for help in all their time of need, and seldom is their cry in vain. Nearly all the religious denominations are established in Jamaica, and among them a happy harmony prevails and a co-operation which is most cordial. All have suffered, and with wrecked churches and demolished mission homes, these brave men are themselves almost driven to despair by the ruins around them. The trouble that has fallen upon themselves and their families, has made them unable to cope with the sorrows of their people. The destruction of mission property by the storm was not less than $250,000, and

Christian work along the northern part of the island is totally disorganized until the destroyed churches and mission houses can be rebuilt.

Jamaica, or, as the early Spanish historians wrote it, "Xaymaca," lies in about 18 degrees 12 minutes north latitude, and in 76 degrees 45 minutes west longitude. The island measures 150 miles in length and 50 miles in width. It was discovered by Columbus during his second voyage to the new world, on May 3, 1494. On his last voyage to Hispaniola (Haiti), Columbus encountered such tempestuous weather off Cuba, as compelled him, on June 24, 1503, to seek shelter on the north side of Jamaica, in a harbor now called St. Ann's Bay, but which still retains the name of "Christopher's Cove." The novelty, variety, and beauty of its scenery, so delighted him, that on his return to Spain, when referring to the beauties of the island, he illustrates his description of its hills and valleys, by crumpling a piece of paper in his hand, and throwing it on the table said, "It is just like that." Further, he named this portion of the island the "Santa Gloria," so charmed was he with the beauty of this approach.

Hill, in his *Lights and Shadows of Jamaica History*, thus writes of this parish: "Earth has nothing more lovely than the pastures and pimento groves of St. Ann; nothing more enchanting than its lofts and vales, delicious in verdure, and redolent with the fragrance of spices. Embellished with wood and water from the deep forests, from whence the streams descend to the ocean in falls, the blue haze of the air blends and harmonizes all into beauty." At a moderate distance from the shore, numerous hills, distinctly separated from each other by romantic vales, appear. Most of the hills are rounded toward their tops with copious coppices, and crowned with groves of pimento, a tree that endures no rival near it, and which produces [illegible] the allspice indigenous only to Jamaica. [illegible]

A BANANA PLANTATION AT ST. CATHERINE

A JAMAICA CHURCH BEFORE THE CYCLONE

NATIVE WOMEN [illegible]

A COSMOPOLITAN MISSION

GOSPEL WORK AMONG THE CHINESE, HEBREWS AND ITALIANS OF NEW YORK

HOW cosmopolitan a city New York is, may be realized by a visit to the mission Miss Helen F. Clark is conducting in Mott street. As we have mentioned in former articles on the subject, Miss Clark has for several years taken a deep interest in the Chinese population, especially the women and children. The work has not been without its difficulties, and there have been some efforts on the part of people interested in the degradation of the Chinese to thwart her projects; but the work has survived and is still being prosecuted with encouraging results. Miss Clark is also laboring among the Italians and with similar effect. For a time the City Mission and Tract Society took the work under its auspices, but it is now again an independent mission, the support of which comes from people who know its character and the urgent need there is for such an effort.

THE CHINESE SCHOOL AT 21 MOTT STREET, NEW YORK

Gradually, a corps of helpers is being formed, as the work has extended, and it is now hoped that being more thoroughly systematized, still better results may be attained. Eight workers, besides Miss Clark herself, are now engaged. A Night School for Chinese is conducted by Miss Mary Banta; Sewing Classes for Women and Girls by Miss Bailey; Chinese work in the Home and in the Mission by Sene Wye and Mrs. Loo Lin, both converted Chinese. Miss Stuart and Miss Harwood conduct a Kindergarten; Mr. Savarese is laboring among the Italians, under the auspices of the mission, and Miss Gertrude Goldstein has organized a Hebrew Sewing School. As soon as the funds will admit of an extension, the Italian work will be separated from the Chinese, and will have headquarters of its own in Bayard street. Arrangements to effect this desirable improvement have already been begun, and suitable premises have been found, and the rent has been pledged by some Young People's Societies.

There are, it appears, fifty-six Chinese women in the city, and all these have been visited by Miss Clark and her helpers. They have found them open to Christian influence, and such hopes are entertained of bringing at least some of them into Christian churches. They willingly allow their children to attend the kindergarten, and seem to be grateful for the care bestowed upon them.

During the summer, open air services were held in neighborhoods frequented by Italians. The preaching was in Italian as well as English. The audiences were large and attentive, and many who were attracted by the sound of the native tongue, afterward attended the meetings at the mission. Altogether it is believed that not less than ten thousand Italians have heard the Gospel at these open-air services. This work is also of more important because of the anarchistic, and extreme socialistic doctrines which are now spreading among the Italian immigrants.

Miss Clark is now receiving sufficient support from individuals, Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies to meet the current expenses of the mission. She is, however, embarrassed by a debt of about $1,[illegible] which accumulated during an illness, from which she suffered some months ago, when it was impossible for her to give her attention to the raising of funds, and which is still unpaid. Contributions toward the liquidation of this incubus, or to the extension of the work, sent to this office, 92 Bible House, New York, will be forwarded to her.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF SOUL-WINNING

IT is now twenty-six years since Chicago's Pacific Garden Mission was founded and incorporated under the laws of Illinois. For many years it was entirely supported by its founders, Col. and Mrs. George R. Clarke. Col. Clarke has passed on to his reward, but Mrs. Clarke is still the Superintendent and the motive power of the Pacific Garden Mission. When first established, the Mission was flanked on each side by a saloon; both saloons were soon forced to close, and their musician being converted, became organist of the Mission.

GEORGE H. CLARKE

The Mission headquarters are at 100 East Van Buren street, where light, music, and cheering words are a counter-attraction to the saloons and dens of vice which abound in that part of the city. Here nightly, at half past seven o'clock, may be heard the little organ accompanying hearty voices in singing Gospel songs. As the sweet strains proclaiming the "Old, Old Story," are wafted to the street, one by one, passers-by are attracted and enter. Some come from curiosity, others from a desire to hear the music; some are won by the kindly hand-clasp and the cheery "Come in, brother"; a few unfortunates stagger to seats in the condition to which drink has reduced them. Thus, from various motives, they gather there; and as hymn after hymn is sung, interspersed with cheerful and encouraging addresses, the faces in the audience, as seen from the platform, are a study.

Solos and duets are sung, suitable portions of Scripture are read, and earnest Gospel addresses and prayer are followed by more singing. On Tuesday night, the Rev. Mr. Jones and his wife may be found blending their sweet voices in the Gospel invitation in song, while ears accustomed to blasphemy listen to the words:

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest.

Prayer is offered for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, then there is an address full of the Gospel call "Come!"

Respectable-looking men and women form a goodly sprinkling in these meetings; some are present to testify to what the mission has done to help them to become trusted employes, respected business men, or enthusiastic Christian workers. In many cases the speakers, in testifying, refer to the time when they looked out from behind prison bars, in stolid indifference or hopeless despair. Here and there are men with bloated faces and heavy eyes; yet showing in these defaced images of Divinity the battle that is being waged between an awakened conscience and the powers of evil; men weary of sin and of the misery that comes from it, hesitating to take the decisive step; and some with closed eyes still heavy with the effects of drink, to whose dulled ears are wafted echoes of a long ago, when, at some mother's knee, they sang redeeming love and lisped an evening prayer.

When testimonies are called for the interest is intensified. Personal experience comes with a directness most convincing. A man who has been in the clutches of delirium comes into the Mission hall and is, as it were, transfixed by the appeals made. He eagerly takes hold of the helping hand extended to him. A mere boy who for a year has persistently used cocaine, asks for prayer in his behalf. A man who has gambled away his all, and is ready to risk his very soul on a throw of the dice, is arrested in his desperate career, and as evidence takes the place of chance in his heart, all desire for the gaming-table or the ticker vanishes, nor does the fever ever return.

The most solemn feature of the evening service is the ingathering. As rapidly as hands indicate the desire for prayer, each penitent is invited to come forward to the platform, where helpful words are spoken, prayer is offered, and Testaments are distributed.

The sole object of this mission is to lead the sinner to Jesus, and let Him do the rest. Such a work can never be circumscribed, and it is not surprising that from Pacific Garden Mission have developed many noble Gospel agencies, including rescue missions throughout the Northwest, a free kindergarten, street preaching, and work among prisoners. Many have been soundly converted under the influence of its ministrations. The work includes the free distribution of tracts and Gospels, visitation of the sick, relief of the destitute, and the reclamation of drunkards and thieves.

Mr. Harry Monroe, Assistant Superintendent, is a great force in the meeting by his hearty leadership in the singing; and his cheery, happy face going far to encourage those whose hearts have been touched by the services, while the energy and enthusiasm which Mrs. Clarke brings to her self-imposed duties, inspires her associates in this soul-winning work.

AMELIA JOHNSON

PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE PRISONERS

Two Mary Smiths

AND

One Thanksgiving Dinner

BY

MRS. SUSAN M. GRIFFITH

IT was the breakfast table of Miss Mary Smith No. 1, and a very little breakfast table it was in every sense of the word. Little as to size, and exceedingly small as to the meal spread upon it. Also, Miss Mary Smith herself was a diminutive woman; so much so, that she was commonly known in the suburb of Riverdale, where she resided, as "Little Miss Smith."

Of course, Miss Smith was poor, or she would have had more for breakfast than a slice of baker's bread, a pat of butter you could cover with a good sized thimble, a tablespoonful of meat hash, and a very weak cup of coffee without sugar or milk; especially when she was hungry as she was that cold November morning, just three days before Thanksgiving.

Yes, the little gray-haired lady, fifty-five years old come Christmas, was much in want of a sufficiency of this world's goods, but her poverty was of a most genteel and respectable kind. It never was allowed to trouble anyone but herself. If her breakfast was meagre and unsatisfying, she ate more largely of the bread of Life, sang more blithely and walked more gaily with the young folks who passed her door. Indeed, she was as cheery as her own sweet songbird, the golden canary, who swung in his cage in the south window and poured forth a flood of melody all day long.

Little Miss Smith had lived in the beautiful suburb of Riverdale for many years: ever since her parents died, in fact. "It was quieter there than in the city," she said, and that was true; but it was cheaper, also, much cheaper, and little Miss Smith was obliged to bring her expenditures within the narrow compass of the hundred dollars a year allowed her by her only living relative, a well-to-do brother residing in a distant city. How she managed to exist on so small an annuity no one knew, though the question was often asked and pondered over. That she did live, and seemed to live well, was what the public, easily satisfied by a respectable outward appearance, said, and the decision of the public always settled everything; but perhaps the questioners might have understood the matter better had they seen the one small slice of baker's bread, the tablespoonful of hash, the tiny fire which was expected to heat both rooms—for Miss Smith used a small oil stove on which to cook her meals—and the carefully-preserved twelve-year-old brown.

Although Miss Smith's circumstances were not known, she was well-known and loved and respected, not only in the suburb of Riverdale, but in the city to which it belonged. She had many friendly acquaintances and some good acquaintances among the more wealthy families; to be sure they were a little inclined to be patronizing, but they remembered Miss Smith's father and mother when they occupied a very enviable social position, and when he was judge of a circuit court; and, remembering her as a part of their fallen fortunes, sometimes drove out in their shining carriages to see how she got along, and instead of seeing her poverty—which, indeed, was always hidden as far away as it could be—saw her two eminently respectable rooms, adorned by the excellent, old-fashioned furniture which had descended to her from the parental home, wearing rather an aristocratic air, and herself in her black dress, so carefully darned and sponged and pressed, with the neat linen collar and cuffs, and their verdict was that "Really Miss Mary was very nicely fixed indeed. So comfortable and cozy; and they understood that her brother sent her, regularly, a hundred dollars a year. Really very good of her brother; extremely considerate and generous."

At church, too, where she always worshiped each Sabbath, always in the same black silk dress she had worn for twelve successive years, the same bonnet with the velvet ribbon and purple violets, the same shawl folded in a triangle, they thought her very ancient in fashion and peculiar in manner, but quite well enough off to sign subscription papers, which of course she did, going without any breakfast at all, to pay them, oftentimes. If you had asked about her, almost anybody would have said: "Little Miss Smith? Why, no, she isn't poor. She is odd and old-fashioned, the queerest little body you ever saw. Everbody likes her though, she is so nice and kind." And that would have been the end of it.

After this lengthy introduction you ought to know little Miss Smith pretty well; and you will not be surprised to learn that, being of a social turn, and having few to talk to in the course of the day, she not only directed much conversation to her bird Fluff; but also talked much to herself, or, if you like it better, mused aloud. So it came to pass, that this morning, as she ate her slender breakfast, she gazed out of the window and kept up a pleasant chatter regarding her neighbors.

"Dear, dear, dear me!" she exclaimed, all of a flutter, "Parson's grocery wagon is stopping at Mrs Bascom's for the second time this morning, and there is Rogers going to Peterson's with a load. They must both be making very extensive preparations for Thanksgiving this year. My, my! what a monstrous turkey! It weighs from fifteen to twenty pounds, I'll venture, Fluff.

"What nonsense!" said old Mr. Montague. "Why have you dropped her, my dear?"

And there goes a bushel basket loaded to the top. There is a great deal of money in that basket, Fluff. I should like you to count it up if you could. A great deal of money to be eaten in one dinner. Ah!" with a tender little sigh, "I didn't use to think much of it myself, once, Fluff, in the good old days when I lived at home with my dear old father and mother. Before they died, and the property was found to be—well, not at all valuable—that is, you know, Fluff, quite involved. I'm not intending to complain, Fluff; not at all. I should be ashamed to do that when I think of all the blessings the dear Lord has given me; but I do confess that I would dearly love to taste one of those good old dinners once more. I do wonder if I can afford a chicken for Thanksgiving this year a very little chicken. A chicken and dressing and gravy would taste mighty good, together with a bunch of celery and a dish of cranberries. It may be a wild, extravagant thought, Fluff, but I have a mind to look in my pocket-book and see if I can afford it," and away she went to the upper bureau drawer and brought forth her terribly thin little purse.

Pouring out the few pieces of small change on the table, she carefully counted it over some half dozen times to make sure, then she gravely shook her head.

"I guess we can't do it this time, Fluff, dear. I guess we'd better not. I haven't quite as much money as I thought, and the rent is to be paid next week. You know I'll get a nickel soup-bone. Soup is nourishing and goes further than chicken, and I can make a very thankful dinner out it, very. And there will be the celery and cranberries. I really think, Fluff, I can manage them."

A knock at the door, causing little Miss Smith to spring out of her chair with a nervous little scream. But it was only the pleasant postman, who seldom brought her anything but her weekly religious paper and the semi-annual check from her brother in Chicago. He now held out a dainty envelope directed upon which was her name in the daintiest of hand-writing.

"Looks like a good one," said the cheery postman. "It's a good time to get letters now so near Thanksgiving. There's generally a big turkey always enclosed in 'em." And then he laughed cheerily as he ran down the steps and whistled for the next house.

In the flutter of seeing a real letter, Little Miss Smith took the letter into her inner apartment and opened it with the utmost care. Sure enough it was a formal invitation to the Montague's to dine with them on Thanksgiving dinner. The Montagues, old aristocratic acres and one time quite wealthy, pleased her greatly, but be mastered by the force of circumstances and the lapse of years. Dear, dear dear me! That they should think of her! She would write a grateful acceptance at once on some of the so-called paper she kept for very special occasions, in the very best style. What was a very good style by the way—and then she must look to her silk dress and bonnet. As she needed no Thanksgiving dinner now, she would buy a few little trifles to freshen up her old garb and help it to pass muster.

While she is doing this in such a glow of happiness as she had not experienced for many a year, we will introduce to you the second Miss Mary Smith of Riverdale for whom—and the invitation was really intended. This Mary Smith was a young lady, one of Fortune's favorites, an heiress in prospect, of more than a million, and a resident of Riverdale for only a few weeks as yet. Her father had recently purchased a fine property on the Heights, almost a mile from the centre of the village. The postman's route did not reach there and the mistake was made in this way. This Mary Smith, repudiating her name as old fashioned, spelled it sometimes Marie, and oftener Mae. Mrs Montague, not being well instructed upon this point, and very anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of the wealthy resident of Riverdale Heights, had written the address in what she considered the proper way. There was a discussion among the daughters when the note of acceptance arrived. There were two married daughters home for Thanksgiving, besides the two single ones, and they remarked upon the matter in special session.

"It doesn't look like Mae's writing one bit," said one of the single daughters. "It is neat enough, but so precise and——"

"The paper is handsome, but old," said another. "At least it looks so. How quaint!"

"It is strange there is no monogram on it," said another. "Miss Mae is always so particular about that. Mamma, you wrote the invitation; how did you address it?"

"Why, Miss Mary Smith, to be sure. Isn't that all right?"

"I don't know," said one of her married daughters. "I am much afraid it is all wrong. But there is no use to rectify mistakes now."

"It it should be that little Miss Smith, the queer of Riverdale, I should die," said Miss Isabel. "We used to know her, you know, at home, you remember, Oh, goodness! Such a little dowdy as she is. What would we do with her at dinner? There's Mrs. and Howards, and Professor Hudgens, [illegible]

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed Mr. Montague, a silver-haired old gentleman approaching [illegible]

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 1028

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Happy Thanksgiving

AT this season of universal rejoicing, when we prepare the Thanksgiving feast, let us not forget that our own joy will be made the more complete, if we can bring, by generous remembrances on that day, a gleam of sunshine and good cheer into some home of poverty and sadness.

There is no joy like the joy of doing good to others. Search out the poorest and neediest in your neighborhood—there are few neighborhoods without them—and as far as lies within your power, try to make the day to them one of real rejoicing. See to it that no one within your reach goes hungry on Thanksgiving Day.

Though your own circumstances may be far from affluent, remember that there are many much poorer, and your humble meal will be all the sweeter for being shared with others. If Providence has blessed you with an abundance of the good things of this life, your banquet will be the princelier and your heart the lighter, when you sit down with your guests, if you know that your bounty has replenished some poor man's table, or gladdened the heart of some humble mother, who will speak your name with a blessing, as her hungry children eat their Thanksgiving dinner.

Yours should be a feast, the pure enjoyment of which is heightened by the knowledge that your table is set not in your own comfortable house alone, but that it reaches out to the tenement and the hovel, and that guests unseen, but grateful, are banqueting with you.

On such a Thanksgiving feast the Divine blessing will descend in double measure. May that joy be experienced in every home into which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD comes.

We wish all of our friends—every member of the world-wide CHRISTIAN HERALD family — a Happy Thanksgiving.

The Next Revival

MANY Christian people, who have long been praying for a revival, which, like those of past years, should sweep through the country and reach to other lands, have been grievously disappointed that, as the months have passed, no tidings of its beginning have reached their ears. True, conversions are taking place in all the churches, the gifts of the people to Christian causes were never so large, and the average attendance on divine worship is maintained; but the great revival, such as Finney led, and which followed the early labors of Moody and Sankey, comes not. The question is now raised on the other side of the Atlantic, whether we are justified in looking for a movement of that kind.

In an address recently delivered to college students, the Rev. John Watson—better known as Ian Maclaren—suggests that the new awakening, when it does come, will prove to be something entirely different from the former movements, and, indeed, diverse from anything hitherto known. He points out that the religious movements of history have not been duplications; that the message which stirred the people under Moody, differed from that delivered by Wesley, and that again, from the Puritan movement, as that, in its turn, differed from the Reformation in the sixteenth century. Each was adapted to its own time, and was in accord with the spirit which was affecting men in other spheres. Are we then justified, he asks, in expecting a repetition of the "large meetings with the machinery of inquiry-rooms, penitent forms and open professions?" Will it not rather be in some new way that God will manifest himself, as the old way was itself new in its time?

Casting about for some clue that may guide our expectation, Dr. Watson cites the change in the movements of the present time from individualism to collectivism. The new awakening, he thinks, will be in the direction of social righteousness and will be directed to the social betterment of the people. He says:

The new Prophet will preach the Gospel of social deliverance; that the white female slaves who sew from morning till night, and half through the night, and hardly get the wherewithal to keep soul and body together, should be delivered from their bondage; that every laborer who is willing and temperate should have his living wage wherewith to keep himself and his family; that every citizen, however humble, should have his own little home wherein to live in peace and comfort; that the countryman should not be evicted from the land to make room for wild animals and rich men's sport; that the owners of insanitary property should be punished and not compensated; that temptations should not be placed at every street corner in the way of the poor and miserable, that every man should have free access to education, to the country, to health and just enjoyment, and that the burden of weariness and sickness and tyranny should be lifted from the shoulders of them who labor and are heavy laden.

Two classes will be benefited, Dr. Watson contends, by such a movement: the rich, who will be shaken out of their self-complacency and selfishness, and will discover that he who loses his life shall save it; and the poor, who now believe that the Church cares nothing for their condition, but will gladly listen, when the Church champions their cause and throws in her lot with the common people.

Very welcome would such a movement be, but does it cover the whole ground? Does it touch the vital spring of true religion? There must come, before all that outward manifestation, a revival of faith in God and in the Word. The evil of the present day is that men do not believe in God, in the efficacy of prayer, in the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, as did their fathers. In business, in politics and in daily life, there is an excession of religion, a tendency to keep that for Sunday and to forget or ignore the immanence of God and the nature of his requirements. Until there is a widespread and profound revival of faith and a realization of religion as a true and living force, we can expect no such awakening as Dr. Watson sketches.

It is for that revival that we must hope and pray.

Concerning Life Subscriptions

THE following appeal appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 19th and of September 9th.

A Blessed Opportunity

We are greatly in need of a new chapel at Mont-Lawn, the present one being altogether too small for our needs, and in such a rickety condition that only last year we found it necessary to brace the walls in order to prevent their falling.

While we have found our subscribers ever willing to contribute to the support of this glorious work—and how greatly we appreciate their generosity is more than we dare undertake to state—We do not think that they should be burdened with any share of the expenses incident to the raising of a new building—even though that building be a chapel dedicated to the service of our Master — and the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has devised a plan which, we believe, will furnish the necessary funds, without entailing any hardships too grievous to be conveniently borne.

As the Mont-Lawn work has fully established its claim to permanency, nothing less than a stone chapel will fill our requirements, and one large enough to accommodate not less than 400 auditors. Our children and the helpers, even at the present time, aggregate nearly 300—then there are the visitors and villagers, and finally, we must provide for natural growth with the course of time.

To erect such a spacious and substantial chapel, with all the necessary furnishings, together with administration quarters, and rooms for the entertainment of visiting friends, especially visiting CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers, would require not less than $20,000.

Fifteen Per Cent. Annuity

This money we propose to raise by selling **2,000 Life Subscriptions** to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (donated for that purpose by its proprietor), at $10 each. A Life Subscription causes your name, or the name of any one you may wish thus to favor, to be placed for life upon the subscription list of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Each ten dollar subscription thus pays to the fortunate subscriber every year an annual subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, worth $1.50 per annum, equal to a life annuity of 15 per cent. on the investment, and at the same time contributes $10 to the erection of a Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn. Finally, these two thousand Life Subscribers will have a share in the blessings daily prayed by the little ones down from heaven upon the hearts and the lives of those who had helped in the erection of this house of worship and of praise.

No other Life Subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have ever been accepted, and none will be accepted, as far as we can now tell, except such as come properly within the scope of the offer here published. If our readers will kindly remember this it will obviate much useless correspondence.

Let all who are interested, address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City, and place at the left hand lower corner of the envelope the words "For the Children's Temple."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ☆

In response to this appeal, a considerable number of life subscriptions have been received, and the following letter, which may be of interest to our readers, has just been sent out to such Life Subscribers.

OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

DEAR FRIEND:

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Final Appeal

If others wish to join our noble company of Life Subscri ers they still have an opportunity. Christmas is coming and no present could be more acceptable to Father, Moth Son or Daughter, Pastor, Sunday School Superintendent Teacher, or to some dear friend, than a Life Subscription THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. While thus making some he inexpressibly happy, you, at the same time, help to bu the Children"s Temple at Mont-Lawn, thus contributing an influence the full beneficent power of which cannot known until a blissful eternity dawns upon our raptur souls.

In order that all may have abundant time for mature co sideration of this proposition, we will not close the off until December 20, 1903, and we hope by that time to ha enrolled the full two thousand. Will your name be amo them? Address your letter "Life Subscription" T CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

In Wildest Africa

ONE of the most thrilling stories of exploration and adventure of modern times is that told by Major Powell-Cotton, who has st returned from a journey of twenty onths in the wildest parts of Africa. He d previously traveled extensively in ashmir and other parts of India, had netrated to the great wall of China, and e frontiers of Thibet, besides making ng tours in Egypt, Arabia and Japan. arting early last year, he reached Mom- sa. With a company of the Swahili be, he turned his steps inland, desiring reach Mount Kenia. On the way he ent a few days in the Kikuyu country, rchasing food and necessaries for his rney. The men there, he says, were ry friendly, though presenting a sav- e appearance. They daub themselves th curious patterns in white clay, d decorate their heads with tufts of rich feathers. The entrance to their lages is through a strong stockade, a low arched passage, that can be eaded only on the hands and knees. making his way to Mumias, he stayed storey huts, the upper storey being reached by a rude ladder, consisting of the trunk of a tree, from which project the remains of branches, which serve as steps. On the march homeward to Gondokoro, the Major had a trying experience in crossing streams where there were no bridges. In some instances only the tallest men could wade across with the burdens. The shorter men were dragged through the water with ropes, and some of them were almost drowned in crossing. The whole journey was full of adventure, and in some of the places the Major visited, no white man had ever been seen before. His chief object, besides exploration, was to hunt elephants, lions, and other large game. As he reports that everywhere ignorance and superstition prevail, it may be hoped that erelong other men will visit those regions, to give the people the glad tidings of salvation. Experience has proved that no people are too degraded to

THE TRAVELER ATTACKED BY THE DODINGA — MAJOR POWELL-COTTON, THE EXPLORER — BEARERS FORDING AN AFRICAN RIVER

Mount Elgon, where he had his first ht of cave-dwellers. They told him caves were natural, but on examiion, he noted the marks of tools, owing the caves had been excavated by ne race that has now disappeared. ch cave is divided by partitions, into ellings for separate families. The ennce to one of the caves, inhabited by a ole tribe, is effectually concealed by a h waterfall of singular beauty. Tra- ing northward, the explorer fell in with Dodinga tribe, one of the few tribes t showed hostility to him. They bbed him of several valuable packages, d showed a disposition to kill him and party, and seize their possessions. ey climbed a hill opposite to the place ere he and his party were resting, and ew spears at them. Happily they fell rt, and finally, after many narrow es- pes, the Major and his followers suc- eded in getting away without harm. nother remarkable tribe, whose villages visited, were the Tepethians, who live ong the Karamoja. The latter far number the Tepethians, but do not lest them, because of a superstitious lief that the Tepethians have the power exercising a spell which causes the ath of the cattle of any one who does m harm. The Tepethians, alone, ong the savage tribes, live in two- be beyond reach of the Gospel, and there is, besides, the explicit promise:

Behold thou shall call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that know not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God (Isa. 55 : 5)

Panama a Nation

The separation of the State of Panama from Colombia appears now to be an accomplished fact. Being physically separated from it, and still more widely separated by its interests and its grievances, there seems little probability of its being persuaded or coerced into a return to the Colombian union Relying on a treaty with the United States, which was negotiated more than fifty years ago, the new State sees no reason to take measures to defend itself against an attack by Colombia. It expects us to fulfil our obligation to keep the Isthmus open for traffic and the transportation of merchandise, and in order to do so to prevent any hostilities there. President Roosevelt evidently accepts that view of the situation, and orders have been sent to the United States warships, of which there are three at Colon and four at Panama, to prevent the landing of troops on either side of the Isthmus. Instructions were also sent to our consul at Panama to enter into relations with the government as soon as one should be formed that was "without substantial opposition from its own people." This act was followed on November 13, by the formal reception at the White House of Mr. Bunau Varilla, whom the new government of Panama had appointed its Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. Thus the little Republic was welcomed into the family of independent nations, and its sovereignty recognized by the Power whose friendship and help are most essential to its existence. It is expected that this will be followed by the recognition of France, whose interests are involved in the completion of the canal project, which this separation is expected to achieve. Other nations will probably take the same course, as every one will perceive the advantage to all maritime interests of the construction of the canal. There is no apprehension, thus far, of hostility from any Power except Colombia, and measures are being taken, in the dispatch of United States troops, to ward off danger from that source. It is not known to what extent our Government is prepared to go in protecting the new nation, but it is obvious that if our protection is assured, it need have no fear of any enemy. Its own weakness need not be considered if its protector is mighty. Many a nation, like many an individual, has proved that fact, when it has put its trust in God.

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side . . . then they had swallowed us up quick when their wrath was kindled against us (Ps. 124 : 1, 3).

The Emperor's Illness

No little apprehension has been caused in Germany by the news that it has been found necessary to perform a surgical operation on the throat of the Emperor William. It had been noticed for some days, that his Majesty was becoming very hoarse. His surgeons having examined his throat, said that a polypus had formed on the vocal chords, which must be removed. The operation was performed on November 7, and was pronounced completely successful. The growth has been examined under the microscope, and is declared to have been benignant. It consisted of a very soft web-like membrane The wound is reported to be healing favorably, but as a precaution, the Emperor was ordered to refrain from talking for several days. The illness caused since the operation are of a reassuring character, but the German people cannot forget that the first symptoms of the disease which killed the Emperor's father, Frederick the Noble, were of exactly the same tenor. His mother also died of cancer, so that grave fears are entertained on his account. It is said that he was seriously alarmed, but at present his general health has not been affected. We may be sure that both the Emperor and his physicians, remembering how his father died, will adopt every precautionary measure known to science to save him from the same fate. Men do not act in such matters as they do in moral questions regarding inherited propensities which often find victims in succeeding generations.

Let not your hearts be troubled . . . And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it. Brethren, pray for us. Greet all the brethren with an holy kiss. I charge you by the Lord that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen. (1 Thess. 5 : 23-28).

A Wild Rush for Land

An extraordinary scene is described in a despatch from Crookston, Minn., to the daily press. It was that of a fierce struggle of excited men and women to obtain part of sixteen acres of land which have been allotted at the Government Office in the Red Lake Indian Reservation. The excitement was more intense than any ever known before in the Northwest, and the number of entries was larger than on any previous day. The prize chosen fell to a girl from Minneapolis, who got a quarter section of valuable agricultural land south of Red Lake, and about sixty miles north of the Great Northern Railroad. She was much envied by her competitors, but she declares she would not undergo the experience again for a claim worth twice the value. She was more saved from fainting. A dressed hare was carried unconscious and lost its claim. Several persons were carried out of the crowd, and scores of others barked out rather than squeeze through. Accounts came in with hats lost, coats torn off and clothes wet with perspiration. One woman fainted, and fell through the door as it opened, and it was several minutes before she could answer the necessary questions. All the men showed signs of the terrific struggle in which they had been engaged. It was very easy to see how to obtain a possession in heaven which God offers freely to all who seek it, and how hard it is to obtain the things which would be destructive.

The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force (Matt. 11 : 12).

THANKSGIVING COMFORT

By MARGARET BOTTOME

BE thankful! Why? Be thankful that the Lord is good. Start on this high note on Thanksgiving Day, because all are counted in. I cannot feel as if I had reached the top, till I return thanks for something that is the property of all.

MARGARET BOTTOME

Now some can be thankful that they have plenty of money. Well, it may give them a merry, comfortable feeling; but they would feel still better if they particularly help those who wished they had even a little. No, we must get up higher; and I do not know of a better place to start from than where the Psalmist started: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good."

Do you know what a change it would make in many people if they really believed that? I don't believe many people actually believe that God is good. You say he is (at least a few do), and they say it and all that; but it is a tremendous thing to believe it. Why, it would make such a transformation in people, if they really believed it, that I think it would soon change their circumstances, for faith is a wonderful power.

I was imagining only to-day, Suppose some one who did not know anything at all about God—had only just heard there was a God, but had no idea what he was like—should go to some one they had heard had acquaintance with him, and should say, "I have just heard there is really a God. Can you tell me what he is like?" And if the one to whom this question was put should really know him, that one would say, "Oh, yes, I can tell you what he is like. He is like a mother." "A mother? Do you mean it?" "Yes, I do. It is in a Book that tells about God, and it says that God himself said, 'As a mother comforteth so will I comfort you.'" "Comfort! Comfort me as my mother used to do? Why, I remember if I hurt my little finger she would kiss the place to make it well. Do you mean to tell me God is like that?" "I do. He is just like that; but oh, his love is 'everlasting love,' his arms are 'everlasting arms.' No matter what your hurt may be, he will kiss your spirit and whisper, 'It will not be long, my child. Your earthly home may not be what you wished; but the Father's house is not far off. You are coming to the place where there are no more tears, neither sorrow nor sighing.' Isn't this kissing the place to make it well?"

No one knows better than I do, what it is to miss the loved ones on Thanksgiving Day. There are no Thanksgiving dinners for many people at this time. In some cases, nearly all the family are on the other side. But don't forget that the whole family are to meet again soon, and don't forget, either, that they will not be perfectly satisfied till we all get there. I am so glad they miss us. We, maybe, have thought "how we miss them," but we have done them injustice by thinking that their surroundings were so wonderful that they would not think of us. Would that be like them? They are just the same.

Some Christians must look out, or they will not have a Thanksgiving day "within" them, and it is the "within" that tells. The trouble is, with many of us, we do not know God as He is. Maybe from our very childhood we have had wrong thoughts about God. An error in the mind is a very serious thing. Maybe our mothers told us, if we were good, God would love us, leaving the error in the mind that if we were bad, he would not love us. Ah me! I thought so once, and it stayed and grew with me. I would say, "if I was very good, God would love me; but I am not good, and so he cannot love me." I believed a lie! Did you ever s a mother who did not love her bad bo If she did not, she was not a real moth —a good mother.

I received a letter yesterday from friend of mine who has an only child, beautiful little girl. She saw that child b hind a runaway horse; she saw the coac man unable to hold the animal, and one was in the carriage but this only chil She wrote me that in that moment, the first time, she knew something of t agony of God for his runaway childre I read sometime ago that God's love for all is so great, that he holds each one of as if we were the only child he had. H only child. Think of it! Ah, my frien maybe you are a runaway, and mayb you think God doesn't care. Did not th mother call for her child who was behi that runaway horse? And can an earth mother care, and the God that made mother-love not care? It is not true th He doesn't care. It's a libel on God.

I have a memory of a boy that h gone astray, and his father was so indi nant that he said, "I will not have him the house. I will send him to sea." A I can see a little mother put her litt hand on the arm of that father, and in low voice, with unutterable pain in it, sa "Don't send him away, father." God as a mother.

HEROES OF FAITH*

The Faith Required by the Gospel Active from the Beginning of History

FAITH is the keynote by which the heroes of Old Testament times are grouped together by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. His object appears to have been to show that although the old dispensation had been superseded by the new, the same principles survived. The Hebrew, in accepting Christianity, gained a better temple, a better priest, a permanent sacrifice not needing to be repeated, and a complete possession of all that was symbolized in his former system.

How close was the connection, the writer shows by this list of heroes. The faith by which the Christian obtains the blessing was not a new principle. The men whom the Jews most venerated were animated, sustained and guided by the same principle. Abel showed his faith by the character of his sacrifice; Enoch could not have walked with God without faith; Noah would not have built the ark if he had not trusted in God's assurance; Abram proved his faith by leaving home and family and going out into a strange land, and later by his obedience to the command to offer his son; the lives of Jacob and Joseph are inexplicable without the recognition of their faith. Lastly, Moses, himself, the lawgiver and leader, was a conspicuous example of the cardinal principle of the new religion. Would he, the writer asks in effect, have given up his high position in the royal favor and have cast in his lot with the people of God, if he had not had strong faith? Thus the faith that the convert from Judaism was invited to exercise, was the identical principle which had been the basis of the characters he had been accustomed to hold in highest esteem.

The Christian more readily perceives the drift of the argument than did the Jew. The lives of these heroes are examples of the effect of faith. To believe in God, to be sure that all he promises he will surely perform, to be so certain that God is, and that his word cannot fail, inspires men with dauntless courage, gives them power to resist all evil, and even sustains them in martyrdom. This faith by which men are saved is the foundation of heroism.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for December 6. Heb. 11.

A Thanksgiving Song

I.

A LITTLE sparrow, on its branch,
One chill November day,
Upraised its little feathered head,
And sang its feeble lay.
The cold breeze roughed its dingy coat;
The branch was bare and gray;
Chill winds had damped its cheery home,
Now moldering in decay;
Yet it tried to sing its thanks to God
With praise, in its feeble way.

II.

A little, thoughtless, wind-tossed child
Came trudging by that way,
And stopped to listen to the bird,
As it sang, that chilly day.
And a winsome smile broke o'er her face,
Sweet as a sunbeam's ray.
She caught the spirit of the song,
And raised her eyes of blue,
And in her tender little way
She tried to thank God, too.

III.

A widow, heavy-hearted, sad,
With step both tired and slow,
Paused as she passed, her drooping head
With sorrow bending low.
She saw the little ruffled bird
That sang upon the spray,
And, lifting up her eyes to heaven,
She softly tried to pray.

IV.

We, like the sparrow, may do good,
E'en in a humble way;
What, though the chill rains sometimes fall
And clouds o'ercast the day?
The sun will soon shine forth again,
With many a pleasant ray;
Then Let us thank God all we can,
And do good while we may.

V.

With thankful heart and cheerful hand
Let's sing upon our way;
And let our thoughts e'er heavenward rise
To seek His guide and stay.
A lesson well we all may learn
From little things each day,
From a humble sparrow's song
Upon a leafless spray.

MRS. MARTHA E. BALES.

Willoughby, O.

POWER TO OVERCOME*

Humanity Lost and Helpless Without the Guidance and Strength of Christ

LIFE, and more abundant life, is th promise Jesus makes to all wh come to him in faith. This, abov all things, is the need of humanity We need to know, but more than tha we need the power to act on what w know. All the symbols that Christ used t indicate our condition, point to two chara teristics: bewilderment and weakness. H is the remedy for both. He offers hin self as our guide and our invigorator.

Our own experience affords ampl proof of our inacapacity to attain spiritua ascendency without him. No man wh has tried to gain control over his ow propensities, to keep the animal natur within him from usurping authority ove the spiritual nature, is ignorant of his ow need of divine help. The poor drunkar who resolves to be sober, who knows tha his health and moral character and hi very life are imperilled by his yielding t his desire for intoxicating liquor, yet wh in spite of resolutions, falls again and agai under its power, is only a type of me who have to battle with other temptations We cannot do the things that we would The lower nature is so strong, so insistent so imperious, that reluctantly we yiel obedience to it. Even with men so happil constituted, through the blessing of here dity, that the enemy is weak, other lure exercise a power that involves struggle The love of fame, of power, of riche draws them aside, and prevents thei reaching the ideals of their youth. On of the most prominent philosophers of thi generation, confessed that dearly as he prized his freedom, he would willingly become a human machine to be wound up and regulated like a clock, if only in tha way he could be assured of always think ing right and doing right.

To a man thus helpless, thus incapable of maintaining the higher order of his being, Christ offers divine power. In some way—how we know not—he imparts to us his strength. The spiritual nature finds in him an omnipotent ally. As he struggles, he receives the hidden manna, which enables him to overcome. It is life, the real spiritual life which he gives, and in that strength the weakest may triumph.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Dec. 6, John 12:37-43; Heb. 3:12.

SANTO DOMINGO AGAIN IN REVOLUTION

ULYSSES HEUREAUX called himself "El Pacificador de la Patria," and clung to the presidential chair of the Republic of Santo Domingo, through sheer cruelty and deceit, for thirteen years. He was assassinated at Mocha on July 26, 1899, and since that time the Republic of Santo Domingo has been, without intermission, the theatre of vile conspiracies and sanguinary fights. Within the last few years, in rapid succession, Jimenez was ousted, through treachery, by Vasquez, Vasquez by W. Y. Gil, and now Gil is on the point of being ousted by Morales, in the interest of Jimenez.

Revolutions are nothing new in the Spanish republic, but the present trouble becomes highly interesting, because the active interference of foreign powers—the United States and Germany thus far—stamps it as an international event. Men-of-war of both nations have actively interfered for the protection of their commercial interests and the lives of their citizens. Diplomatic relations between the United States and Santo Domingo have been very rigid for some time past, because a great number of American claims have remained unsettled for an extended period. The pending litigations are mostly of a material character. Among the most important ones stands the claim of the Santo Domingo Improvement Company of New York. This company acquired, in 1893, the rights and concessions of the firm of Westendorp & Co., of Amsterdam and New York, to which the Government of Santo Domingo had made over all the custom receipts of the country against various loans. This contract was cancelled by the Republic and monthly payments substituted; but these payments have not been made, and now the company demands $4,500,000, and asks that other claims should be adjusted by arbitration.

There is also a claim by the Clyde Line, founded on certain losses occasioned by the change of the harbor regulations in Santo Domingo. Formerly, all vessels coming from foreign harbors had to pay tonnage dues, except the steamers of the Clyde Line. The change consisted of the cancellation of the tonnage dues, and now the Clyde Line declares it has sustained a serious loss through competition. Another serious claim is that of Sala, a Frenchman, who had formerly furnished to President Heureaux money and ammunition to the extent of $215,000. Sala is now dead, and his claim has been inherited by his widow, an American lady. Furthermore, Mr. Salvador Ross, an American citizen, claims, through the State Department, a considerable amount of money from Santo Domingo for various public improvements, which the Government of that Republic refused to accept, although the country has benefited by them since 1900.

These are the principal material claims, which are in litigation between the United States and Santo Domingo. The negotiations were very tedious. Each new government in the Island Republic raised new difficulties; but finally the American Minister, Mr. Powell, succeeded in arranging for the payment of certain claims, and secured the consent of the Dominican government to have other claims submitted to arbitration.

Then the Government of Santo Domingo submitted to the Congress of the Republic, a project to declare neutral certain harbors and to create certain free harbors. At the same time the possibility was discussed of ceding or leasing some Dominican territory to an European power. The United States, of course, protested in the most energetic way. Consequently the questionable project fell through, but the relations remained unimproved and are yet "icy." To-day Santo Domingo is somewhat apprehensive of some act of precipitation by the United States, notwithstanding the declaration of our minister, Mr. Powell, in November, 1902, that neither President Roosevelt nor the United States intended to "approach" the autonomy of the little Republic.

The present revolution in Santo Domingo is a direct consequence of the faithless way in which President Gil has handled the finances of the country, giving every possible advantage to certain people to the detriment of the treasury and the inhabitants. Should the revolution win, it will be Jimenez's interest not to accept the presidency. He will probably favor Thomas Ureña, a man of sixty years, with great experience in public affairs. The head of the revolutionary movement, General Carlos Morales will also receive an important place. Jimenez himself might return to the country as Executive agent of Santo Domingo—a position he occupied after he had recognized Gil's impracticable policies. If certain guarantees on shore, for instance, of a lease of the Bay of Samana, should be offered, the speedy adjustment of the finances of the Republic would be possible here.

ARTHUR SCHULER.

ISIDRO JIMENEZ

HORACIO VASQUEZ

ALFANDRO WOS Y GIL

ENTRANCE TO THE BARRACKS, SAN DOMINGO CITY

Cable dispatches from Santo Domingo state, that in the middle of November the revolution was in full swing. The insurgent forces had several times both attacked the capital, with shells and small arms, but had been repulsed. The city government rejected the repeated demand for surrender. Comparatively little damage was done by the shelling, although there was loss of life in some of the assaults by the insurgents, which involved fighting at close quarters. The foreign representatives were notified by the insurgents before the shelling, but declined to accept the warning to leave. Most of the insurgent shells failed to explode. Several sorties were attempted by the government forces, but were ineffective. There were repeated rumors of the city's capitulation and of the proclamation of General Jimenez as President, but these reports lacked confirmation.

The revolutionists addressed a letter to United States Minister Powell, informing him that engagements entered into with the United States by the government presided over by General Wos y Gil would not be recognized by them. The letter requested that Minister Powell recognize the revolutionists, but the Minister refused to hold communication with them.

An unconfirmed dispatch received in Paris from Cape Haytien reported that after three days' fighting President Wos y Gil took refuge in the German Consulate in Santo Domingo.

The ports of Monte Puerto Plata, Sanchez and Samana have been under blockade. Germany has two warships, *Panther* and *Gazelle*, in Dominican waters, to protect German interests. The gunboat went into the inner harbor of Monte Cristi, and Santo Domingo City to look after American interests. There has been some fear existing as to the treatment of the insurgents and Dominican troops, but without decisive result.

MERCEDES ST., SAN DOMINGO CITY

IDOLS OF THE ABORIGINES

DAVID'S SONS IN CONTRAST

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR DECEMBER 6. I. KINGS 3: 4-15

...By...
Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT:
"THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM"
PROVERBS 9: 10

"SO SOLOMON BUILT THE HOUSE AND FINISHED IT"

THE wisdom of Solomon's choice may be seen by setting it in contrast with Absalom's wicked and foolish choice in our previous lesson. When Solomon was a child of five years, his brother Absalom murdered an elder brother, because he stood between him and the throne of his father, pretending he was only revenging a sister's wrong. Then he plotted treasonably to add to his crimes the death or dethroning of his father in order to wear the crown himself. To accomplish this he played the part of a lying politician and a religious hypocrite (II. Sam. 15: 1-12). He even went to battle against his own father, only to find in place of giory, death and infamy, his monument being subsequently heaped with stones thrown in scorn by every passer-by. He chose to get wealth and honor by infamous means, and lost everything for both worlds, as most men do who seek honor by dishonorable means.

Let us turn now to Absalom's brother, Solomon, who got power and wealth and kept them long, not by directly seeking them, but by seeking wisdom from God, to which all really good things are always added.

David being old and about to die, God had told him that he had chosen from among his many sons not the eldest but the wisest, Solomon, to be his successor. David had made his solemn farewell charge to the people and to Solomon, at a great national assembly of princes and captains and officers. Solomon, in the spirit of Kipling's "Recessional," to which we have had repeated occasion to refer, went from that inaugural scene of pomp to the place of prayer, the Tabernacle at Gibeon, and there God came to him in a dream, and bade the young prince choose what he would have from God. He was but nineteen, and if he had been like most young men would have chosen a round of sport, with money and power as means of self-indulgence. But he showed he was already wise beyond his years—his going to the place of prayer in that great hour of need had already shown that—by asking wisdom to govern wisely his great kingdom. He was, no doubt, well educated in the learning of the schools, and became the most learned man of his time, but he knew that learning and wisdom were very different things. As Tennyson says:

Learning comes, but wisdom lingers.

Learning can be had from books, but "if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." So Solomon thought, and so he prayed. God gave him not only wisdom above any man of his age, as his Proverbs show, but also riches unequalled up to that time, so that silver was as stones in the streets of Jerusalem, and God gave him also the greatest kingdom of his time, the Land of Promise becoming under his wisely peaceful sway for the first time the land possessed. He illustrates the promise: Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all other good things shall be added.

Illustration and Application

God came in a dream to Joseph as a boy of seventeen, picturing his future glory as a righteous ruler by a full-orbed sun, to which the moon and stars, representing his father and brothers, made obeisance. And the New Testament Joseph was sent by a dream to Egypt, bearing a greater Prince. The wise men, too, were guided by a dream to disregard Herod's plotting request, and go back from the cradle of the Christ King by another route. And God spoke by a dream to Gideon of his coming victory over the Midianites, and to Daniel of Christ's conquest of the world. To Paul, in his hours of persecution, Christ came in visions, and lifted him for strength to the very heavens. Nor should we forget how God spoke to the child Samuel at night, not in a dream, but awakening him to duty. But dreams, like miracles, are no longer needed as revelations of God's will, since we have the more sure Word in our complete Bible. It is foolish to be led by dreams to-day, which are chiefly the work of disordered stomachs and nerves out of joint, "To the law and to the testimony."

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT GIBEON, THE SCENE OF SOLOMON'S VISION

Material things have no power of choice, especially in the mineral kingdom and the vegetable kingdom. The stone split by the frost from the mountain side has no choice whether it will fall or fly. It must go down, even though it crush a cottage and little children in its path. We do not blame the rock, for it had no choice. The mountain stream is not censured for taking a harmful rather than a helpful course, for it must follow the line of least resistance and obey the law of gravity. The thorn is not blamed for being a thorn instead of a fruitful vine. The poison plant has no sense of guilt in itself, and awakens no censure in us, for it has no choice and so no responsibility. Even the wolf we do not blame for being wolfish, nor the butcher bird for slaughtering its weaker neighbors. There does seem to be some sense of guilt in some domestic animals, which may be only a fear of punishment. A dog who has relapsed into wolfish habits by killing sheep, or a cat who has eaten the canary, looks guilty, or at least afraid; but we do not seriously blame even these animals for acting according to nature. But when a man, endowed with the power of choice, and having in his mind what Daniel Webster called the greatest thought that ever passed through a human brain, the sense of his individual responsibility to God—when such a creature is as heartless in evil doing as a stone; as prone to find the line of least resistance and go downward to his own harm and the ruin of others as a stream; when he makes himself like a thorn instead of a cluster of fruit; when he acts like a beast, though created as a man, then we blame him, and he blames himself, with an instinctive judgment, which no modern theories attributing crime to heredity and the measure of the bones can wholly silence, albeit all such attempts to belittle the sense of responsibility, furnish harmful excuses for knaves to use with fools at a time when justice is too much smothered with bouquets for criminals.

What is it Like in Nature?

Has God ever said to any boy of our time, "Ask what I shall give thee?" Certainly not in any such direct way as he did to the young King of Israel. And yet there is a very deep sense in which God makes this same offer to all men. More really than we think, are our own destinies in our own hands. As illustrating this, even in temporal affairs, a man when he was young had $600 saved up. A lot in New York was offered him for just that sum of money. At that time, however, he was living a somewhat fast life, and took great pleasure in buggy riding. So he decided not to buy but to spend his money having a "good time." Five years ago that same lot sold for nearly $1,000,000. At that same time that same man was being helped to pay his rent in a tenement house. Now, is it not true that, at the time the lot was offered him God really gave him his choice between a wise and a foolish use of his money? There were no difficulties in the case; for any one would say that it was wiser to invest in real estate than in horseflesh. So there are to-day thousands of young men to whom God silently offers a large range of choices. Many are living in our Sunday Schools who might be rich some day, or well educated some day, if they really chose. A right use of their present facilities (money, time, talent) would give them large returns. Yet these same young folk are destined to be neither rich nor wise in their latter end. The young man prefers to spend his money in the pool-room; that money which, saved, might some day turn the scale of his fortune. The young girl prefers to waste her time in frivolous amusements; that time, whose right employment would go far to secure her an education. These things are stubborn facts, which any one of experience can corroborate out of his own observation. More largely than we think does God give us the same offer that was made to Solomon, "Ask what I shall give thee."

What is it Like in Common Life?

When school days are over—often too early in youth, because commercialism has invaded even childhood, and many a child is allowed to turn aside from school to money making when there is no need of it—choosing an occupation becomes a serious business, on which health and happiness and holiness very largely depend. Let boys be taught that it is a great wrong to God and their own bodies and souls to choose any occupation that requires work on Sunday other than works of great necessity and mercy. And when even such work will cut one off from the fountains of noble character, the church service and Sabbath School, a boy had better take something else even at less wages, since character is more than property. Ruskin wisely charges his workmen friends to refuse to engage in making anything shameful at any price. One ought not to be content, except in temporary emergencies, to make anything that is not of real service to the world. We revolt at the idea of putting even prisoners at unproductive labor, turning grindstones or breaking stones, when nothing is to come of it. How much worse for a free man to work in making anything harmful or even useless. A man should choose a work in which he feels he is ministering to the world's need no less, though in a different way, than the preacher. Choosing a residence should also be a conscientious act. Only when missionary work calls for it should one "pitch his tent at Sodom," lest Lot's fate may come to him in character. Choosing a chum or partner, most of all choosing a wife or husband, should be a serious act, settled, like Solomon's choice, at the place of prayer.

How many choose to "make money" as a means of pleasure or honor or usefulness, only to find they have chosen a master instead of a servant, and misery in miserliness, in place of joy in usefulness!

A story is told of an English minister, who, being called to pray by the bedside of a dying man, sought to take him by the hand, in token of their agreement in offering united prayer. The sick man withheld his hand, keeping it under the bedclothes, and the minister prayed without it. Presently the man died, and then as his hand was uncovered the mystery was explained—he was holding in his hand, with the grasp of death, a key—the key of the safe where his money was kept. The Lewiston *Journal* tells of a similar case in Durham, Maine, a man who on his deathbed kept his right hand closely clutched. As he drew his last breath he tightened his hold. Everbody knew what he held in that hand. It was the key to the chest in which he kept his gold. As his nerveless hands unclosed, the key dropped from them, and clattered against the bedside. As if to hold it even after he was dead, the miser had tied the key about his wrist by a strong cord. They buried him with the key to his money chest tied about his wrist. "And what became of the gold?" "Oh, the heirs have taken care of that just the same! They split open the chest with an ax and divided the gold, and let the miser keep the key."

A THANKSGIVING STORY

THE CABIN ON THE HILL

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"THAT'S JEST LIKE A WOMAN, EVADIN' THE P'INT"

"IT'S no use talkin' about it, Hannah Jane. Them women's got to come to it some time, an' it might's well be fust ez last. The taown'll hev 'em sick on its hands, if they stay up on Beech Hill this winter. It might better hev 'em well before winter comes."

The farmer set his square jaw and looked sternly at the little woman who was watching the progress of a boiled dinner that gave out a goodly smell, savory and tempting.

She answered irrelevantly.

"Couldn't you hitch up this afternoon, father, and take the Paisley girls some of our dinner. There'll be plenty left."

"Hannah Jane," said her old husband, shaking his grizzled head. "That's jest like a woman, evadin' the p'int. Yes, I'll carry them some dinner, sooner'n hev it go to waste. You pervide too much, Hannah Jane."

The wee cabin high up on the bleak hillside was a cheerless place, but it was very dear to Mary and Susie Paisley, for it was their home. They did not mind being cold there, or hungry there, so long as they were independent there. Until recently, they had made enough money for their simple wants by sewing and doing odd jobs to assist the frugal housekeepers in Essex, but Miss Mary's eyes had given out, and she could not sew, and Miss Susie had a lame knee, owing to a fall. And so it had come to pass, that here and there about the township there were hints and whispers that the Paisley girls would soon have to go to the poorhouse.

Fortunately, these hints had not yet reached their ears. They would scarcely have believed it had they known that Obadiah Jessop, and Hiram Van Duyer, and Otis Beardslee, and Zekiel Pitts were discussing the question whether or not two ladies, rather helpless, ought to be allowed to live in want in their own house, when the town had a comfortable free hotel, of a sort, to offer them.

Hannah Jane Pitts, Zekiel's wife, had heard the men talk, and had made up her mind to prevent an action that would break the hearts of her two proud old friends. But she was a wise woman, and did not provoke opposition. Instead, she made Ezekiel her messenger, with a well-filled basket, in which the "biled dish" was only one of several appetizing and useful articles. When he reached the cabin, he carried in her basket, saying gruffly:

"Good afternoon, girls. My wife's sent ye up some of her cookin'. She thought ye might enjoy it. Seein's I'm here, I'll bring in your wood for you an' fix ye up a bit."

The Paisley girls were almost seventy, but the neighbors would call them girls to the end of their lives.

Meanwhile Hannah Jane put on bonnet and cloak and went out to make calls. She had an errand at each house, that she attended to at once. Then, incidentally, she managed to leave a seed which should flower bye and bye in a kind deed for Mary and Susie Paisley. By the time she reached home, the Beardslees were determining that they would see that the old ladies had some Thanksgiving, the Jessops had decided to have their expelled with sausages and buckwheats, and the Van Duyers had pondered themselves to turkey and fowl. All was to be done incognito. "It wouldn't seem so," said Mrs. Pitts, "to let them know that they were objects of charity."

On her part, she had planned out so many good dishes a week for them, and had discovered that she was in the greatest need of having carpet rags attended to together. It took so very little cyanight for carpet rags.

When Obadiah Jessop ventures to suggest the almshouse to his wife as the Paisley girls' proper refuge she turned on him suddenly that he never did the same.

"I'm ashamed of you, Obadiah. Such a thing was never heard of. The Paisleys went to school with me."

Mrs. Jessop said "Me" as if she were a reigning sovereign, as indeed she was.

When Thanksgiving arrived, the good matrons were divided in opinion as to whether the Paisleys would most enjoy having dinner at home, or being treated out. From a chance word dropped by Mary, the consensus of opinion was that they would prefer the former. So Mrs. Pitts sent a turkey, done to a turn, and Mrs. Jessop provided a mince pie, and other friends added to the feast, and Mrs. Beardslee, coming in at dusk the night before, slipped a crisp five-dollar bill into Susie's hand.

"There was a psalm, Mary," said Susie, "we used to say when we were little:

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes.
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

"Yes; it does," answered Mary. "I'll confess to you, Susie, that early in the season I began to be very distressful of the dear Lord. I did not see how we were to be taken care of. But the Lord has been wonderful."

"So have been our friends."

"Yes, they have been his angels."

The two old women, sitting by their crackling stove, where there was plenty of wood burning briskly, sang together in their quavering voices:

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I've come,
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.

So slipped away their happy Thanksgiving. And the whole township was gladder in their gladness.

Traveling Mercies

"GRANT these friends traveling mercies," was the petition offered by a host at morning prayers, when guests were leaving to take a long journey. The words lingered like music all the day, while the travelers sped swiftly by hillside and riverbank, to their destination.

What are traveling mercies? Safety is one, of course. Perils of many kinds beset our rapid wayfaring, hurried along by steam and electricity, and depending as we do on the fidelity and skill of the average man. The conductor and engineer may be most competent and careful, but a bridge may break, a train jump the rails, a fog obscure the signals. Safety is, indeed, a mercy prized by travelers.

Comfort is another. How the old hardships have vanished, and in what ease and luxury we flit from point to point, across great continents. Freedom from illness is a third. When one steps from a train or a steamer, alert, fresh, buoyant, is not that a cause for gratitude?

Pleasant happenings by the way count up in the column where we foot the sum of our mercies. And when we think about it, the total of our traveling mercies is very great, whether we take the road for a long stretch, or simply go to and fro, between home and office, about our usual business.

A Pattern Worth Copying

A lady the other day was speaking of Jewish family life. She said, "Our Hebrew neighbors teach their young children and their boys and girls to be considerate of their elders and very deferential to their parents and the aged. They pay great attention to the infirm and are kind to the poor, and they remember the scriptural injunction, "thou shalt rise up at the hoary head."

Might not Christians with profit, imitate the copy set them by their Hebrew friends, so far as reverence is concerned, for the old and for those in positions of authority?

A Prayer of the Early Church

"Almighty and everlasting God, who, in the abundance of thy goodness, dost exceed the deserts as well as the desires of thy suppliants, pour forth upon us thy mercy, that thou mayest forgive those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and add unto us those things which our prayer dareth not to ask, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A THANKSGIVING PASTORAL

THERE'S never a leaf on the tree, Love, the boughs wave naked aloft,
There's only dry stubble and brown, Love, in the bleak and wintry croft,
But the sky is as blue above us, as ever the sky in June,
And the song in our heart is as quick to start, and it trips to the summer's tune.

The corn is all in the bin, Love, the beasts are safe in the byre,
The children sleep in their beds, Love, and you are my soul's desire,
And the flames leap up on the hearthstone, the house is snug and warm,
And the world's outside, and we twain abide, close hid from the coming storm.

What boot that the wild winds blow, Love, what boots that the chill winds blow,
Who cares that the dead leaves toss, Love, in the dust-clouds to and fro?
There is snow in the hand of the mother, the mother who folds us all;
Let her drop its peace like a white wool fleece, wherever the snowflakes fall.

Ah, summer is good in its time, Love, and God send summer again,
And autumn is good in its prime, Love, and the silver slant of the rain.
But we lift to God above us our thankful eyes and say,
While we stay together, let hap what weather, 'twill ever be God's best day.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Don't be Worried By Trifles

WHEN you think of it, the things that worry you, and make you lose your temper, are absurdly trifling, are they not? Somebody tracks mud on the clean wetwash on the kitchen floor. It is annoying, but to remove the spots by a mop or a damp cloth will be easier than hard scolding and lose less time. Somebody is late at breakfast. Why fuss and fret about that? Just pass it over pleasantly and trust that it won't happen again. Somebody drops a cup and saucer and the cherished objects are turned to kindling wood. Broken china. Well, grown people who tell children that they must not grieve over little disappointments, how be ashamed over fractured toys, are childishly sorry themselves when one pairs go wrong. In the great crises we are calm and composed, bearing the pain or the trouble with magnificent courage, victorious from the battle that was against us, but the petty brush with the enemy puts our self-control to proof and makes us retire in confusion. Ah, remember to the Lord always come to worry. "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication make your requests known unto God."

Serviceable Hints

Before starting on an extended trip—to California for instance—make a bag of paper, inscribe it with name of destination, and run tape through the top. Put your hat in here in this and it can swing from the lower hooks at the side of the car near the top. This will dispense of the hat, and it will be free from dust and the possibility of being crushed by the articles on the seats.

It can be interesting on a shopping tour and have your check-ers at the foot of the bath of sugar, a piece of hominy, a yard and a half long, will be found very useful to secure your articles that can be folded. This will prevent the dust, which will settle on them when the windows are raised.

When a number of women agree to be together for a week-end or weeks or holidays at your own home. Have with you a dark Kimono or black dressing gown and soft bed shoes, and wear them all night and put your clothes on comfortably in the morning.

Make a basket of all household things which will conveniently go into it, and have one of any one which will conveniently go into it, and have one of any one which will conveniently go into it, and have one of any one

AN EAST SIDE THANKSGIVING AT THE BOWERY MISSION

by Mary Sargent Hopkins.

ALREADY a note is in the air, telling of the Thanksgiving dinner to be given at the Bowery Mission, for the men who tramp that famous thoroughfare. Here, for many years, these homeless and hungry men have been bidden to a feast such as many of them have never seen before, much less enjoyed. Turkey and all the "fixings," hot coffee, fruit, and big slices of bread in abundance, serve to fill empty stomachs, while words of cheer from the good men and women who have their hearts in this mission work, fall like dew upon the parched hearts before them.

55 Bowery! How much those words mean to hundreds and thousands of men, was demonstrated to me one Sunday in the Thanksgiving season, when I spent the whole day and evening at the Mission. Arriving at 10.30 A.M., I found a great crowd of men of all ages and many nationalities, waiting for the doors to be opened. Putting aside the desire to linger and study the crowd a bit, I asked a passing policeman if he would kindly tell me how to gain an entrance to the Mission, thinking, perhaps, there might be a side door through which I could pass in advance of the waiting throng. A word, and the crowd made way, a tap, and the door opened; I slipped in, and my day at the Bowery Mission had begun.

A pleasant-faced man told me of a meeting in progress in the kitchen. Passing down the broad aisle, glancing as I went at the very judicious admixture of hymn-books and coffee cups which lay upon the seats, and were stowed in the corners thereof, and by the beautiful organ, occupying nearly the whole width of the hall, I found myself in a narrow passage leading to the kitchen. Here a prayer-meeting was just coming to a close. Only a handful of men were there; but they seemed earnest and happy, each one testifying to the uplift and help that he had found at this Mission.

A tall, broad-shouldered, genial-faced man entered just as the meeting was closing, and said a few words—a very few words; his clothing was of better quality than was that of the other men, and his coat fitted his fine proportions with greater nicety; his voice and accent proclaimed the educated man; but so humble and unassuming was his manner, so brotherly was the concern and interest shown, so convincingly did he speak of what the good Lord had done for him, and would do for all who trusted him, that I may be pardoned for a little start of surprise when, at the meeting's close, the speaker was introduced as Mr. John Hallimond, Superintendent of the Mission, a man who, from his youth up, has spent his strength and substance in laboring for the salvation of his fellowmen.

In the few moments before the meeting began in the hall, Mr. Hallimond told in the most interesting manner, with his heart in the telling, so many things, that I scarcely know where to begin my story, and, having begun, know still less where to stop.

"You must see Mother Bird," he said. I must meet the quartette, and be introduced to the organist, whose advent into Christian life and work was so like the story of *The Volunteer Organist*, that he might have been the original of that pathetic tale. In that ten-minute talk with John Hallimond, the tragedy, the pitiful waste of years, in a dozen different lives was told, years now buried in the dead past, never to be revived, only as a warning memory. Out from the darkness of degradation which waits upon dissolute lives, these men had emerged, to walk on the King's Highway; and the first ray which had shown the way to paths of uprightness and peace, had beamed forth from the Bowery Mission.

As these men were introduced, they, one by one, gave me a cordial hand-grasp. I saw in their faces that indefinable something which speaks of the soul of music within—a saving grace; for it does not seem as if its possessor could ever be wholly lost to good. Life may be jangled and out of tune, but in the discord of sin and its inevitable results, there is an undertone of heaven-born melody, needing but the touch of the Master's hand to produce the harmony which pervades the lives of those at peace with their Maker, who strives not only for their own salvation, but reaches out a helping hand to those who are mistakingly swelling Satan's ribald chorus.

"BIG CUPS OF HOT COFFEE AND THICK SANDWICHES"

After the kitchen prayer-meeting came the morning service in the big hall. Here, on a platform facing hundreds of men, I sat with dear Mrs. Bird, who is known as the "Mother of the Bowery Boys," and who conducted the meeting. The one dominant note was love, heard through prayer; reading of the Scriptures, singing, preaching; no—talking, for John Hallimond does not preach; he speaks straight from his heart. I was impressed as never before with the common-sense of religion, and the advantages of a godly life over that led by those who say in their hearts, "there is no God," and go on their way, transgressing every law of nature and their God-given knowledge of good and evil, until, in suffering, disease and death, they are paid the wages they have earned.

There they sat, hundreds of them, these men of the Bowery, a story written on each face; many telling of a tragic ending not so very far off, unless a helping hand was stretched forth to save.

As the speaker told of what even the most hopeless man before him could claim as his own, if he would but accept—if he would but forsake his ways and give the Lord a chance to bless him—the light of a faint hope seemed to dawn upon some of the countenances before me. Men's faces, sodden and brutalized by drink and every imaginable degradation, are not to be made to shine in an hour; but as the wee spark kindles the flame, so this glimmer of hope may expand, until by its light the good is found.

The speaker dwelt not upon the consequences of crime, and the dark and devious ways in which it leads its victims. The men before him knew these things only too well. These men were not all "Hoboes," "Bowery bums," "Panhandlers," or "Tramps." What little self-respect might be left in their breasts was not crushed by any "Stand aside, I am holier than thou" methods; but they were spoken to as brothers, unfortunate, sick, sore and hungry; for diseases was offered the healing of the great Physician, and for their soul-hunger, the bread of life.

Just here comes in the practical part of the Bowery Mission. A hungry man cannot be expected to listen very patiently to religious teaching or to advice, be it ever so good; he wants something to eat, and he gets it here—a big cup of hot coffee and a sandwich, so thick that a Bowery "barker" could hardly open his jaws wide enough to accommodate it, until the slices were separated. How many come just for the coffee and sandwich, it would be hard to tell; but that a world of good has been done by this Mission and a multitude of men saved from destruction is a matter of simple fact. How much the hot coffee may have to do with the preliminary work of salvation among these poor wayfarers, it matters not, so that they are comforted sufficiently to even think one straight, wholesome thought.

The rule of governing these meetings, confining the audience to men, precluded my watching the speaker's face; but even his back was eloquent, and as he stepped from the platform down among the men, every eye was fastened upon him. More than one weary, sin-sick soul carried away the message of love this good man gave, pleading with them to brace up and pray to God to help them to leave all this woe and sin behind, and be at peace.

"O men! Won't you accept? Won't you accept?" and the words were freighted with pity and yearning. Then followed a short prayer, and many a head was bowed, some almost unconsciously; stiffnecked and hardened old men, and hollow-eyed, sneering youths, old in everything but years and goodness, were touched by this honest interest in them. The meeting, and also the evening service, was marked by an utter absence of that emotional disturbance too often mistaken for religious conviction, and which is so evanescent that it hardly lasts a man until he reaches the sidewalk. Perfect quiet reigned throughout the meeting; close and respectful attention was given to all the exercises; there was no shouting in frenzy, no groanings over sin-weighted spirits; no hallelujahs over sinners saved, but an intensity of earnestness and sincerity permeated the whole assembly.

The "testimonies" given by those who had been saved by the Mission's help being extended to them when they had not a friend upon earth, must have made a deep impression upon the men to whom they were talking. The members of the quartette and others told their stories, differing only in detail. They were drunken and miserable, forsaken by their friends, who stuck by them while a penny was left to treat with, but dropped them when all was spent. Reduced to the last extremity, sick, hungry and cold, they had wandered up and down the Bowery. Discouraged, defiant and hard of heart, they

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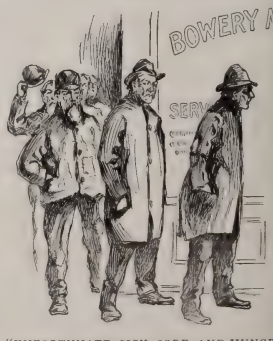

"UNFORTUNATE SICK, SORE, AND HUNGRY"

AN EAST SIDE THANKSGIVING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1006

had drifted into the Mission. These men stood up and told their stories so simply that their words carried conviction; yet one could not help a feeling of wonder, for some of them showed in voice, manner and general bearing that they were not strangers to the refinements of life. Could it be possible that these have been "Men of the Bowery," men shivering with cold, half dead from dissipation and exposure, hungry, penniless and friendless; men who by mad persistence in their downward career, had worn out the patience of those who had helped them to their feet, again and again. Is it possible these men are telling their own stories? Yes, but only the merest outline, and in the fewest words, for they are not proud of their past nor fond of exploiting it; but they want others to find help where they found over that assemblage. Many of the men had faces showing as good traits and as much intelligence as one meets with in every-day life. Many had fallen from the "high estate" of good family, fine education and position in society, through drink, who in time may regain all that they have thrown away.

In supporting this Mission, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing a mighty work, the ramifications of which will only be known on the hereafter. The men of the Bowery are worth saving. The men in that crowd, which I spent so many hours studying and hoping for, are worth saving; and they will be saved to themselves, to their families, to the world, and their future is secure in Him in whom they put their trust.

All praise to the Bowery Mission! May its supporters grow rich in happy contemplation of the good they have been inspired to do, and may those who wish to work for the good of suffering humanity, withhold

SENDING OUT THANKSGIVING DINNERS AT THE BOWERY MISSION (1902)

it, the chance to lead respectable lives where they found it, the hope that made them alive again where they found it, and the peace that passeth all understanding where they found it. So they tell their sad experience, which, as one of them said, "had left scars never to be effaced, and of which he was ashamed."

The joy in Heaven over one sinner repenting must be augmented many fold by the work of the Bowery Mission, for not only are many brought to repentance, but they are helped to lead decent, honest lives. Employment is found for those who cannot find it for themselves, and they are assisted in many ways, beginning with the coffee and the sandwich.

There was much to hearten one, in looking

THE SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFAST LINE

not their hand from giving to this practical and efficient charity.

It takes money to run the Bowery Mission; coffee, bread and meat must be bought and paid for; a shelter must be provided temporarily for those without work or money. The men who give all their time to superintending and carrying on this work must be paid. To what greater or better charity could anyone subscribe than to this? If anyone should have but little faith in this kind of mission work, arguing that many of these men only attend for what they can get in the way of creature comfort, let him attend some of these meetings, and listen to the testimonies of those who have been saved through the ministrations of this Mission. Let those whose hearts have become hardened through sad experience—in helping those who have proved unworthy, and who are wont to turn a deaf ear to the cry from the depths—let them go down to this place, and keeping eyes and ears open, let them watch the men who come into the Mission—hopeless, hungry and ragged—bankrupt in everything which makes life worth living. Watch the ray of hope that slowly steals over some faces as the men listen to the music, to the testimonies of those who have found themselves and their God, and to the loving words of the Superintendent, who pleads with them to heed the call of their Heavenly Father, who offers a refuge from all their griefs, and rest for their sin-tossed souls.

Go down to the Bowery Mission, O lukewarm and indifferent Christian, and have your heart warmed, your right hand strengthened, and see what a mighty work is being done.

A dollar will go a long way, and will give a Thanksgiving dinner to a number of these poor men, who, perhaps, need but this to give them strength to break the chains which sin and misery have forged around them. A very little money will bring a Thanksgiving to some of these men, and the gift will make a happier Thanksgiving for the donor. M. S. H.

For shaving Ivory Soap is preferred by many. Its lather is profuse. Hot water instantly softens the surface but does not melt the cake to waste in the cup. Ivory Soap is aseptic and odorless and rinses away entirely, leaving the face smooth and absolutely clean. It costs about one-fifth as much as most of the so-called shaving soaps.

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ABOUT HANDS AND FEET

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"I REMEMBER in my early childhood," said the minister's wife, as she finished folding up the last package of garments for the missionary barrel, "seeing a lady who had been born without hands. She was a pretty, animated person, with black eyes and a clever tongue, and her people made a good deal of money out of her misfortune, as they carried her about for exhibition. Her feet, which I fancy she seldom used to walk upon, served her instead of hands. Very dexterously she could hold the pen or the scissors between her toes, and she not only wrote a very beautiful script, but cut out of paper many curious and pretty pictures, including profiles of her visitors in black paper. Poor woman! could any calamity be greater than never to have any hands to use?"

"Well," replied Aunt Betsy, looking whimsically at her own hands, roughened and knotted by the labors of many years, "I am not so sure. My hands have always had to toil so steadily, that I am doubtful whether I will be able to fold them when I get to heaven."

"Is it your idea, Aunt Betsy," said a young girl in the circle, "that in heaven people sit forever with their hands folded in utter idleness? That is not my thought of it at all. I believe we shall be as busy there as here, only we shall never have to do anything that we do not enjoy."

Aunt Betsy shook her gray head, "You are young, my child," she said, "and you have never known what it is to be all tuckered out. I shall rest if I can for at least a hundred years before I so much as touch a golden harp, or walk around among the angels, or do the least thing except get rested, when I am once safely home in my Father's house. I often tell Reuben that things are queer, for he and I have had more than our share of hard work and hard knocks, and we both of us know what it is to be tired all to pieces."

"Now, Aunt Betsy," said the minister's wife, looking up cheerily, "you put down that sewing and sit right still in your chair, until I bring you a nice, hot cup of tea. You shall not do a blessed thing this whole afternoon, and we who are younger will wait on you hand and foot."

So Aunt Betsy had an afternoon of real peace. After she and the rest had gone home, the minister's wife and I sat down by the fire, in the twilight, for a bit of such chat as we used to have when we were girls together, and went to school half a lifetime ago. Instead of drifting into sentiment, we began to talk in a most practical fashion on the subject of hands and feet. The latter were ever pressing topics of interest in the parsonage, because there were six children, and they wore out shoes faster than the minister found it easy to provide new ones. The older children were reaching the age when they had ideas of their own about their dress.

"Cynthia," said the minister's wife, "is a good deal worried because I will not let her wear a tight shoe. Her feet, and her hands, too, are at the stage when they look a little large in proportion to the rest of her body, and she does not understand that they will not keep on growing, but will soon reach their fullest development, while she herself will stretch up and fill out, until she makes a fine, tall girl."

"You are very wise," I said, "to insist on a shoe for Cynthia, and for the others as well, that fits the foot comfortably, and is just a little bit longer than the child would prefer it to be. An infant's foot is the most beautiful thing in the world, but the foot of a young maiden, or a young man is seldom so perfect. People cram their feet from childhood, into shoes too tight for them, or force them into footgear too short, with the result that corns and bunions produce untold misery. I knew a bride, who squeezed her feet on her wedding day into shoes so absurdly small that she never afterward was able to get them on. How she managed in the first instance was a marvel. I have seen women who were shocked at Chinese foot-binding, and thought it barbarous, yet they compressed their feet into boots which were so uncomfortable that they could not walk with grace, but merely hobbled about like cripples. Fashionable girls to-day are so silly as to put on slippers with high heels, set like pivots, almost in the middle of the sole, and the sum total of the whole wretched business is that hundreds of women go about enduring agonies worthy of the Inquisition. Whatever the children say, you, as their mother, are right in insisting that they shall wear shoes that fit comfortably and that are a trifle too long. Not loose shoes, though. They are as bad as tight ones."

"The shoes cost a small fortune," said the mother, wearily. "That is true enough," I said, "yet it is better to spend money on shoes than on almost any other part of children's dress. Growing boys and girls need stout, serviceable clothes, warranted to wear, but they do not require very many changes. There is no wit in elaboration of any kind on their garments. Cheap stuffs do well enough for them. Tell the dear home people who send you trunks full of things for your bonny flock, now and then, to give you money that you may be helped out on the shoe question, and say that you will gladly do without some of the other things they lavishly send."

I have been thinking about it since that day, and have reached the conclusion that the secret of appearing well dressed is to have hands and feet properly equipped. A nice glove and a nice shoe give a woman a well-dressed look, even if the rest of her attire be very plain. As for hands, they are servants of the body, just as feet are. From the hour we begin to walk alone, hands and feet are servants of the brain, quickly obeying its behest. It is a sign that a little child has a good brain if it is naturally deft and sure in the use of its hands. A weak, shambling gait is most lamentable in man or woman, and is a token of indecision of character.

Speaking of hands, the most beautiful hands in the world are those that most generously and ungrudgingly toil for others. Who does not love to remember the mother's hands, that in the old farmhouse were unremitting in their care, that made, and mended, and saved, and planned, that kneaded bread, and tucked the bedclothes around the children at night, and were always working, not for mother's self, but for mother's dear ones? Heaven bless the mother's hands that we remember.

I sometimes think that we are not quite fair to our feet. They carry us all our days. Longfellow's poem comes to mind.

Oh little feet, that such long years,
Must wander on through toil and tears.

Think of the laboring feet that go forth morning after morning to factories and shops; millions of feet treading the way to business in the morning, and joyfully treading it back to the home at night.

Think of the children's feet, pattering here and there through the house, little feet that make such music, as the children run to and fro, and think then of the slowly moving feet of old age, feet that must go more and more slowly until they cease any more to journey up and down the ways of the world.

Then, going back, let us be fair to our own faithful feet. Let us be content to stand upon them and not to lean upon somebody else. Let us treat them as well as we can, dress them as comfortably as we can, and never suffer from them any torture which is of our own devising.

A PEARL

DEEP in the silent bosom of the sea
A grain of sand entered a breathing shell.
A pang! a pain!—but nature, dealing well,
Sought then the little sufferer to free.
She covered the rough sand so perfectly,
That when into the hand of man it fell,
No word could all its worth or beauty tell—
A pearl—a pearl! that pang had come to be.
List, weary sufferer, 'tis message thine:
Without the pang, the pearl had never been.
O, 'tis when Love divine encrusts the woe,
With heaven's enamel, that the pang will shine,
Illuming all the heart with joy within,
The spirit swept by peace in overflow.

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"As soon as I finished the course, I accepted a position that you gave me. I went to work with a great deal of nervousness. After the first day this passed away, because I quickly found out that the practical hints which you taught me enabled me to take hold at once, and by the second week I had charge of a set of books which would stagger many experienced bookkeepers. The fact that my employer has raised my salary twice within the past three months is the best proof that my work has been satisfactory. I advise any one who anticipates taking a course in bookkeeping to take your course. It would be impossible for any one to attend a business college and get the same attention that you give your students, I have learned that if one attends a business college he is filled full of a lot of fancy theories that amount to nothing when he begins practical work. Your course covers the entire field. When I accepted this position I seemed to have just exactly the knowledge I required.

"The advantage in taking a course by correspondence is that when you wish to refer to it, you always have it handy, while in taking a personal course you must depend upon memory. During the first few days, I was compelled to refer to the course. After I did this a few times, I had no trouble.

"I inclose an express money order to pay my tuition. Your offer is certainly a fair one. I should like to know the business college that will allow its students to pay their tuition after the college places them in a position. They do not do this.

"You must pardon me if I appear too enthusiastic, but several of my friends treated this matter as a joke when I decided to take it up, and the joke is now on them. Had I gone to a business college I would not be through yet, and would have spent a great deal. As it now stands, I have a nice position, and did not have to pay a cent for instruction until you placed me in a position.

"Again thanking you for what you have done for me, I am, very gratefully yours,

"ROSE R. VALENTE."

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THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place "with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters the bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them being Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Mr. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he firmly declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty local school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and pressman. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic.

One evening, while he was looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, on the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reform are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to carry on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4,000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas. It is a really local experience, with the names only slightly veiled, and the facts easily recognizable. The great audience sits spellbound, as the story of a ruined family and a broken-hearted mother is graphically told. Over three thousand persons sign the pledge, as the result of the story. An explosion wrecks the *Beacon* office and press, and injures George. Douglas pluckily continues publication, with the aid of friends. Hopes brighten, and the outlook for the revived *Beacon*, and the cause it represents, gradually improves. The little temperance group at Colby hears of the approaching wedding of Esther and Douglas.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued

HE took out of a pocket-book that contained a miscellaneous collection of bric-a-brac, some folded newspaper clippings, and handed them over to Douglas

They were from the *Clinton Mail*, and under the caption of "Thinklets." Some of them were so preposterously funny, that as Douglas glanced through them he roared. George regarded him with unusual solemnity.

"What does the *Mail* give you for these?" Douglas asked, looking at George with some added respect.

George hesitated. "They don't give me much of anything."

"I'll give you two dollars a week for them."

"You will! But I don't think I can furnish them every week. They don't come to me only now and then."

"Well, I'll give you two dollars for an instalment now and then."

"May I use a *nom de plume?*"

"As many as you like. Does the editor of the *Mail* know who you are?"

"I don't think so," George replied with a grin. "I suspect he thinks may be you are the author."

"I! How so?"

"Why, my *nom de plume* is 'Dug-Out.' These Thinklets are not easy to get. They come hard. I think the editor of the *Mail* sees in the 'Dug' the first syllable of your name."

Douglas laughed until he cried. George stood looking at him in the same solemn manner.

"But you have not told me about the write-up for the *Mail*. Honest, Mr. Douglas, I'll do my best with it. You can read it over to see if it's all right. We can't very well have a write up in the *Beacon*, can we?"

"Hardly. But—well. I don't care. Yes, you can write for the *Mail*, if you let me see it before it is sent."

"All right, Mr. Douglas. I couldn't bear to think of that Burroughs handling the matter. He wouldn't have no more sense of the affair than if it was just an ordinary prescription of quinine or some old drug."

When the happy day came it proved to be one of the most perfect June days the two lovers had ever seen. It was before the era of "showers" for the bride, but in the library-room was a small display of gifts sent by Esther's friends. Mr. Edwards, who was nothing if not practical, gave a handsome dining-room table; Mrs. Edwards, a full set of table linen. The Vernons contributed some silverware. Esther's father presented them with a set of furniture, and the aunt with a dozen standard authors. Quits' gift was a tasteful picture for the parlor, and George sent a box of highly-colored and especially highly-scented toilet soap, together with half a dozen towels, accompanied with some original verses set up by himself and run off on the galley. The whole gift convulsed Douglas and Esther, and the sight of George himself that night, dressed in a new suit, and in tortures over a high collar and a white tie, nearly upset Douglas during the ceremony.

After it was over, and they were all seated at the banquet table, there was quite a solemn pause after Mr. Vernon had asked grace. Mr. Edwards broke the ice by getting up and going into the other room. He came back bearing two packages.

He set the first one down in front of the bride and groom, winking at the company.

Esther opened the package, and found a large blank book with a cover, which was a *fac-simile* of the first number of the *Beacon*, and a page of directions explaining the purpose of the volume.

"It's nothing but a newspaper scrap-book, Esther," Mr. Edwards explained. "You're a school ma'am no longer. You're an editor's wife. But you'll see from the directions that you can use the book to paste in cuttings that bear on the temperance question in the State. There is nothing more interesting in the country at present."

The other package Mr. Edwards took out of a bag and set it down in front of the embarrassed George. It was an apple-pie of unusual size, ornamented on top with the boy's initials in red lozenges.

"I thought, maybe, George would feel lonesome if he didn't have something to occupy his mind," Mr. Edwards said. "And so I had Wallace, the baker, make this to order. If you can lift your mouth over the edge of your collar, George, you will find that pie all right."

This effectually broke up all the ice that was left, and the banquet was proceeding merrily when Douglas exclaimed:

"I declare, I forgot my gift to the bride."

"Didn't you kiss her? If you forgot it, I'll do it for you with pleasure," said Edwards.

Douglas took out a letter and handed it to Esther.

"With the compliments of the editor, Mrs. Douglas," he said.

Esther colored beautifully and opened

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1019

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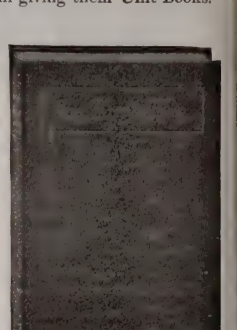
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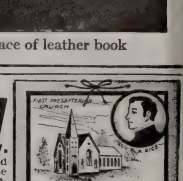

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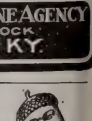

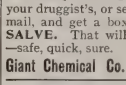

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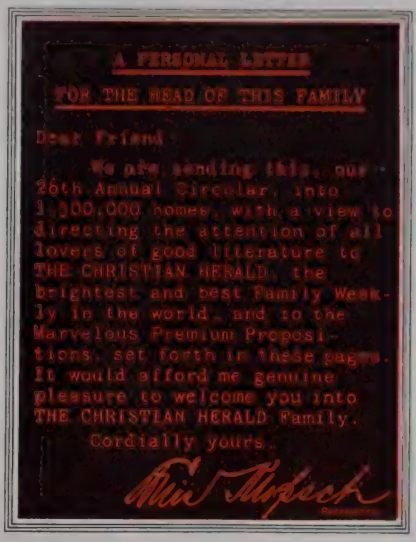
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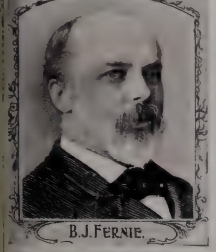

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Isaiah 55 — Israel assured of God's unchanging l

[s] he shall prolong *his* days, and [t] the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand. ★

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, *and* shall be satisfied: [u] by his knowledge shall [x] my righteous [y] servant [z] justify many; [a] for he shall bear their iniquities. ★

12 [b] Therefore will I divide him *a portion* with the great, [c] and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was [d] numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and [e] made intercession for the transgressors. ★

B. C. 712.

s Rom. 6. 9.
t Eph. 1. 5, 9. 2 Thess. 1. 11.
u John 17. 3. 2 Pet. 1. 3.
x 1 John 2. 1.
y ch. 42. 1; 49. 3.
z Rom. 5. 18, 19.
a ver. 4, 5.
b Ps. 2. 8. Phil. 2. 9.
c Col. 2. 15.
d Mark 15. 28. Luke 22. 37.
e Luke 23. 34. Rom. 8. 34. Heb. 7. 25; 9. 24. 1 John 2. 1.

Chapter 54

1 *The prophet, for the comfort of the Gentiles, prophesieth the amplitude of their church, 6 their certain deliverance out of affliction, 15 and their sure preservation.*

[a] SING, O bar
not bear;
ing, and cry
not travail wit
the children o
children of th
the LORD.
2 [c] Enlarge th
let them stret
thine habitati
thy cords, an
3 For thou s
right hand a
seed shall in
make the des
ited.
4 Fear not
ashamed: ne
ed; for tho
shame: for
shame of th
remember t
owhood any
5 [e] For thy
the [f] LORD o
thy Redeem
ra-el; [g] The
shall he be
6 For the
as a woma
in spirit, a
thou wast r
7 [i] For a s
saken thee
will I gath
8 In a li
from thee

everlasting kindness will I h
mercy on thee, saith the LORD
Redeemer.
9 For this *is as* the waters of [l] N
unto me: for *as* I have sworn t
the waters of Nō'ah should no m
go over the earth; so have I sw
that I would not be wroth with t
nor rebuke thee.
10 For [m] the mountains shall dep
and the hills be removed; [n] but
kindness shall not depart from t
neither shall the covenant of
peace be removed, saith the Lo
that hath mercy on thee.
11 ¶ O thou afflicted, tossed w
tempest, *and* not comforted, beho
I will lay thy stones with [o] fair
ours, and lay thy foundations w
sapphires.

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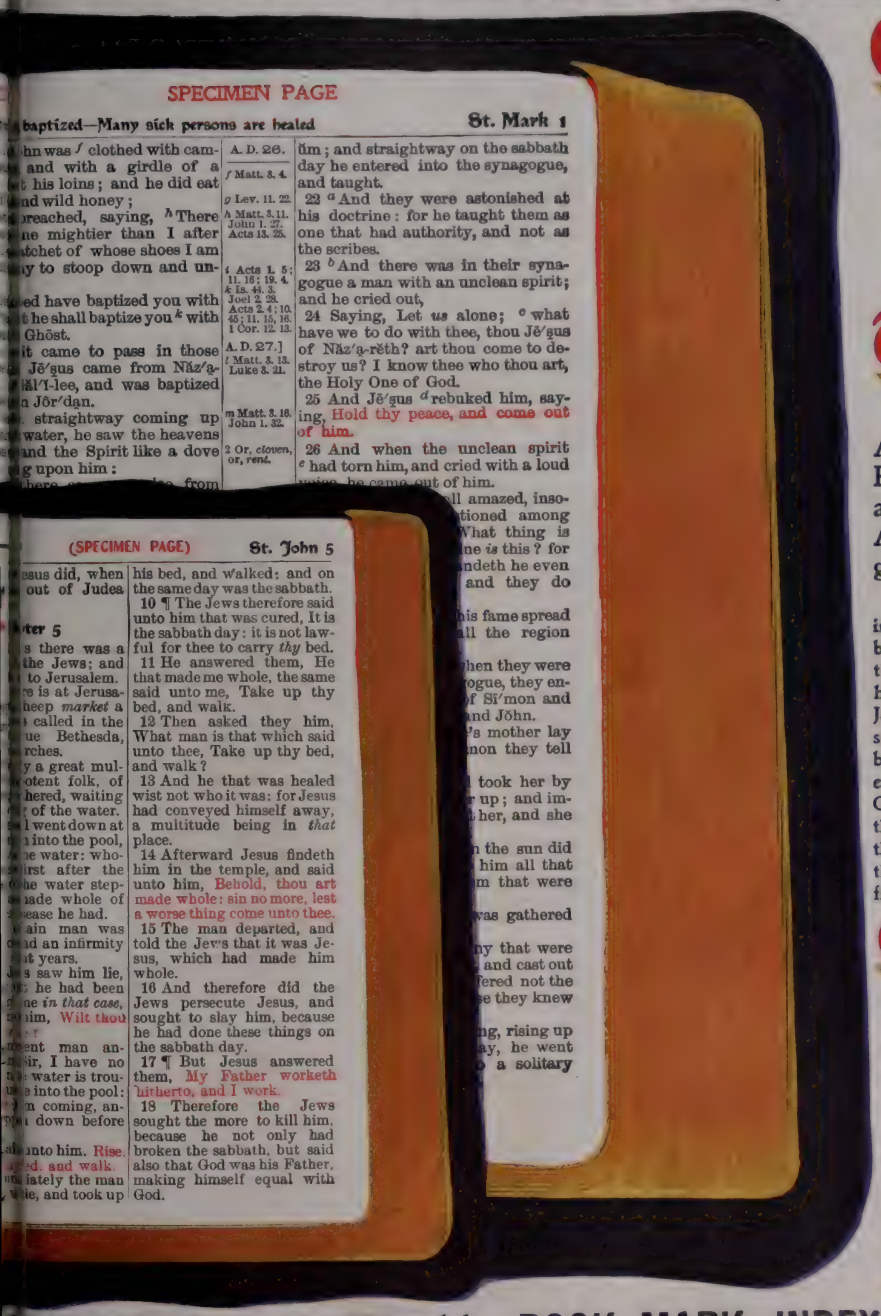
SPECIMEN PAGE

baptized—Many sick persons are healed St. Mark 1

hn was *f* clothed with cam-
and with a girdle of a
t his loins; and he did eat
nd wild honey;
preached, saying, *h* There
ne mightier than I after
tchet of whose shoes I am
y to stoop down and un-

ed have baptized you with
t he shall baptize you *k* with
Ghost.
it came to pass in those
Jĕ'sus came from Năz'a-
rĕth, and was baptized
n Jor'dan.
straightway coming up
water, he saw the heavens
and the Spirit like a dove
g upon him:

A. D. 26.

f Matt. 3. 4.

g Lev. 11. 22.
h Matt. 3. 11. John 1. 27. Acts 13. 25.

i Acts 1. 5; 11. 16; 19. 4. *k* Is. 44. 3. Joel 2. 28. Acts 2. 4; 10. 45; 11. 15, 16. 1 Cor. 12. 13.

A. D. 27.
l Matt. 3. 13. Luke 3. 21.

m Matt. 3. 16. John 1. 32.

2 Or, *cloven*, or, *rent*.

ŭm; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.

22 *a* And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

23 *b* And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out,

24 Saying, Let *us* alone; *c* what have we to do with thee, thou Jĕ'sus of Năz'a-rĕth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.

25 And Jĕ'sus *d* rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him.

26 And when the unclean spirit *e* had torn him, and cried with a loud
ll amazed, inso-
tioned among
What thing is
ne *is* this? for
ndeth he even
and they do

his fame spread
ll the region

hen they were
ogue, they en-
f Sī'mon and
nd Jōhn.
's mother lay
non they tell

took her by
up; and im-
her, and she

n the sun did
him all that
m that were

was gathered

ny that were
and cast out
fered not the
e they knew

ng, rising up
ay, he went
a solitary

(SPECIMEN PAGE) St. John 5

esus did, when
out of Judea

ter 5
s there was a
the Jews; and
to Jerusalem.
e is at Jerusa-
heep *market* a
called in the
ue Bethesda,
rches.
y a great mul-
otent folk, of
hered, waiting
of the water.
I went down at
into the pool,
e water: who-
irst after the
ne water step-
made whole of
ease he had.
ain man was
d an infirmity
t years.
s saw him lie,
he had been
ne *in that case*,
him, Wilt thou
?
ent man an-
ir, I have no
water is trou-
into the pool:
n coming, an-
down before

nto him. Rise.
d, and walk.
iately the man
e, and took up

his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the sabbath.

10 ¶ The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the sabbath day: it is not lawful for thee to carry *thy* bed.

11 He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk.

12 Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed, and walk?

13 And he that was healed wist not who it was: for Jesus had conveyed himself away, a multitude being in *that* place.

14 Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.

15 The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole.

16 And therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay him, because he had done these things on the sabbath day.

17 ¶ But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.

18 Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God.

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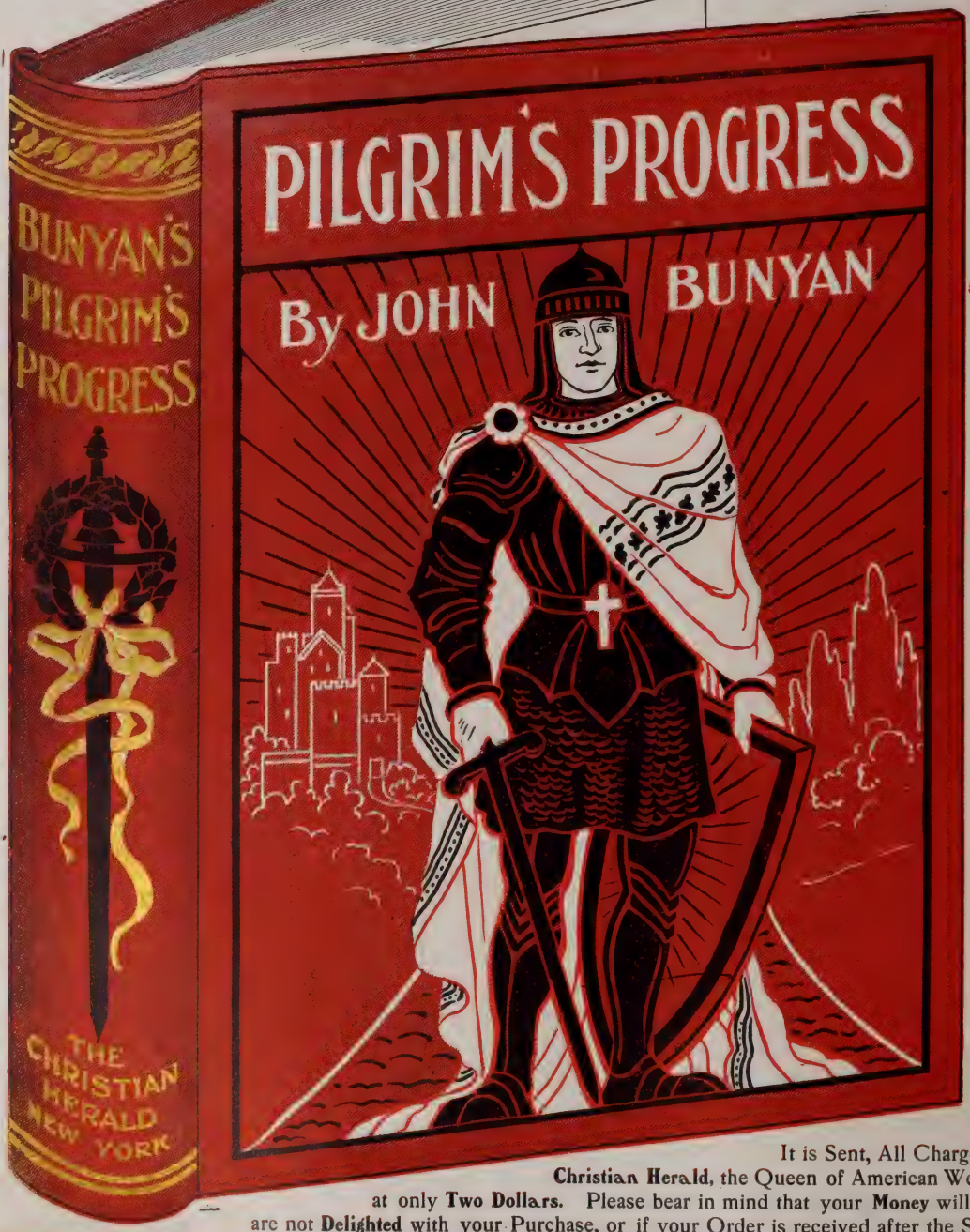

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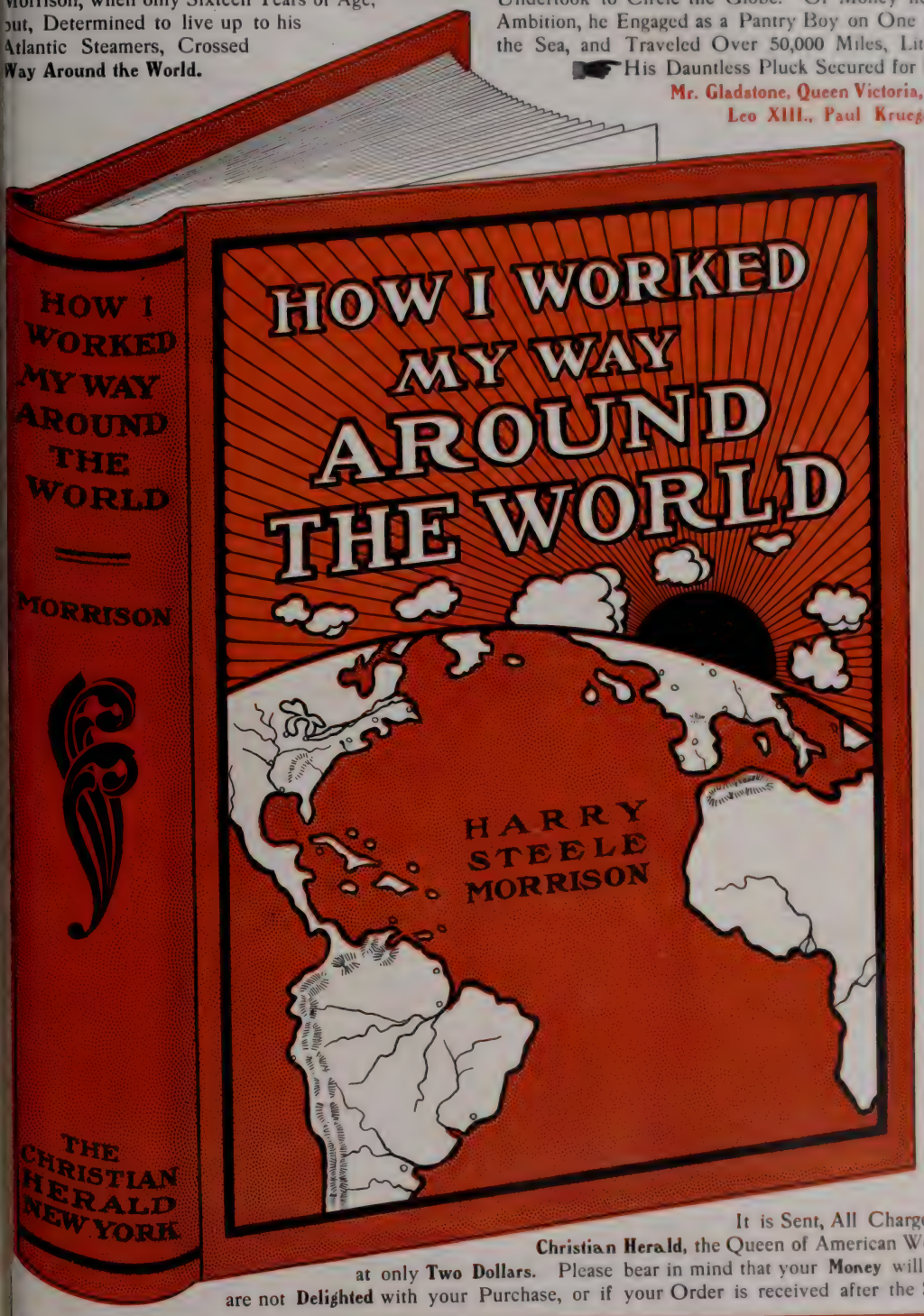
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'Force-thoughts"

By SUNNY JIM

I BELIEVE that the man of to-day has what might be called a light-running, indoor stomach.

¶A few centuries ago we were all out-door dwellers — Robber Barons, Cannibal Kings, Doughty Knights and such historical novel characters. We ate great meals of half-cooked meats, washed them down with gallons of mead and ale, and got along splendidly. Because we lived out-doors and had out-door-stomachs.

¶There was little machinery in those days and we did more muscle work. Cities like London were next door to the country; to-day it's all different.

¶It's time diet changed to suit the times.

If machinery does most of the muscle work nowadays, it must also help us with our digestion. "Force" is the furthest advance towards an ideal food for the stomach of to-day. Just now we want as much nutrition as we did when we were Robber Barons, but only half as much work for these light-running, indoor stomachs of ours.

¶"Force" forms the morning meal of two million clear-eyed, quiet-nerved people—the members of "The 'Force' Society."

Their day's work is easier than other folks'.

They do not Hurry.
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They say to the rest of the world each morning,
Be Sunny.

¶Which reminds me that I've written a book—my first.

It treats of two subjects: how to serve "Force" in many ways, and how to be sunny—always. It's worth so much I can't charge for it—except a two-cent stamp, which, if you'll send with the coupon below, will entitle you to one copy.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim

(*To be continued*)

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

V. W. O., Clearwater, Fla. What is meant by the case of the house swept and garnished (Matt. 12:44), to which the demon returned?

It is a warning to nations and individuals against stopping short in reformation. There had been a movement in the direction of righteousness under the preaching of John the Baptist, but it had halted with the negative renunciation of certain sins, and did not go on to active and positive righteousness. That the last state of that generation was worse than the first, was proved when it crucified Christ. A modern illustration is that which threatens Japan, of abandoning Buddhism to become infidel, instead of going on to Christianity. In the case of an individual we have seen a reformation of conduct, under terror of future punishment; but instead of accepting Christ and going on to active service, there was a period of good behavior distracted by desire for the sins given up, followed by a return to those sins, and a condition of hardened indifference, in which other and worse sins were committed.

Mrs. Kingsley, Chandler's Valley, Pa., would like some reader to send her a copy of the verses:

Who'll care for me when I am old,
And withered grown and gray.

"Poor Weak Sinner," ——. 1. Is there any hope of forgiveness for one who, after having made profession of conversion, has fallen into grievous sin? 2. What is meant by "the second death" referred to in Rev. 2: 11?

1. There is not only hope, but certainty, of forgiveness when the sinner sincerely repents, quits the sin, and pleads for pardon through Christ. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin" (see I. John 1: 7). The backslider is encouraged to return to God and is promised welcome and restoration. The essential thing is that he shall be sincerely sorry for his sin, and resolved in Christ's strength never to repeat it. David, whose sin was very vile (see II. Sam. 11), was forgiven. 2. It is an expressive phrase, describing the punishment of those who die impenitent. It emphasizes the contrast between their condition and that of those who inherit eternal life. Such phrases as "dead in trespasses and sins," show that the second death does not necessarily imply the annihilation of the wicked dead.

Bible Student, Oakland, Kans. Is there not a discrepancy between Paul's own account (in Gal. 1: 17) of his proceedings, and the account given in the Acts? In the one case he is represented as going to Arabia for three years and in the other as beginning to preach immediately after his conversion and going to Jerusalem.

It is difficult to construct a consistent chronology of Paul's life, because Luke concerns himself less with personal details than with the progress of the churches. Paul's journey to Arabia, if Luke had mentioned it, would probably have been placed after Acts 9: 25. There is evidently a hiatus between that verse and the next. Many things that Paul mentions as having occurred to him, Luke does not record (see II. Cor. 11: 25). As the three years were probably years of study and retirement, Luke, if he knew of them, perhaps passed them over to relate matters of more stirring import concerning the work of planting churches.

Mrs. M. A. Corvallis, Oreg., sends us an account of the fanatical "zealot worshipers" of that section. Claiming to believe the end of the world to be at hand, they have destroyed their furniture, clothing and a number of domestic animals. The leaders were arrested, examined and ordered to leave the county.

Subscriber, Madison Co., N. Y. 1. Is it possible for a man who has committed deliberate murder ever to be saved? 2. How many soldiers were employed as guard at Christ's tomb? 3. Was Nathanael ever an apostle?

1. Assuredly he will be, if he seeks forgiveness and salvation through Christ. The assurance is given that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin (I. John 1: 7). There was no exception to Christ's promise that none who came to him should be cast out (John 6: 37). The statement (I. John 3: 15) that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him, would appear to refer to him at the time of his committing the crime. It must be very hard for a man so wicked to turn to Christ sincerely for salvation, and we doubt if many of those who profess to have done so, before being executed, did so in reality; but we have no doubt that all cases of genuine repentance and faith were accepted of God. 2. We are not told. Some commentators who have studied Roman customs say four, others larger numbers. Barnes thinks there were sixty. 3. His name is not mentioned among the twelve, but in all the lists given by the evangelists Philip's name is associated with Bartholomew, which suggests the possibility of Nathanael being identical with Bartholomew. The latter name simply means the son of Tholomew, which Nathanael may have been.

Reader. What are the surface indications of the presence of oil?

We have submitted this letter to the United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., and Chief Clerk H. C. Kizer kindly furnishes the following answer:

No categorical answer can be given which covers all cases. Oil is found in rocks of very different ages, from the Lower Silurian to the latest Tertiary, and at greatly varying depths, from 1,000 to 2,000, to as many hundred feet. The character of the surface indications depends upon many factors, such as the character of the oil itself, the character of the rocks in which it is contained, its depth below the surface, and the character of the overlying rocks. Where the oil is at a considerable depth, and is overlain by compact impervious beds, as is the case in most of the Ohio and Pennsylvania fields, it affords no surface indication of its presence. Occasionally, even where it occurs at great depths, and in old and thoroughly consolidated rocks, its presence is indicated by gas and oil springs. Such springs on Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, and Seneca Creek, New York, gave the first clue to the presence of the Appalachian oil fields. Where the oil is contained in unconsolidated beds, as in Texas and California, it is much more apt to afford surface indications, and these consist usually of tar or asphalt springs, such as are very common in California. In Texas, the oil is usually associated with large bodies of native sulphur, and the most common surface indications of its presence are sulphur and gas springs. Any one prospecting for oil should study thoroughly the geology of the region which he is prospecting, and especially the character and structure of the underlying rocks. With the information thus obtained he will be able to determine the probable depth and character of the oil, if oil is present, and with these data he may then determine the character of the surface indications which will most likely be afforded by the oil.

Isaac S., Tyler, Minn. Where did the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's" originate?

It is said to have originated in the phrase, "Mind your p's (pieds, feet), and q's (queues, wigs)," which was common in the days of Louis XIV. of France, when great formality was observed at court in walking and bowing, and the wig was apt to become disarranged. There are other explanations, but the foregoing seems to be the most reasonable.

F. A. F., Kingston, Ja., B. W., writes:

If L. J. B., Hemlock, Mich. (in Mail Bag, Christian Herald, Oct. 14, 1903), who asks: "Do not the theories of how the world came into existence show the account in Genesis to be absurd?" will read a book entitled *Work Days of God, or Science and the Bible*, written by Herbert W. Morris, A.M., D.D.; and supplement his reading with *Earth's Earliest Ages*, by G. H. Pember, M.A., he can then read Romans 9, 20 with profit. The Bible does not deal with theories.

Curious, Baltimore, Md. Among the mass of immigrants who come here, which nationality is the most provident and brings the best provision for a start in the new world?

This question is most satisfactorily answered in the report of the Commissioner General of Immigration for the twelve months preceding October last He says:

As showing the comparative thrift of the races, attention is directed to the fact that the 71,782 Germans brought $2,480,634, while 106,117 South Italians brought only $2,159,017, and 28,451 English $1,405,365, and the same number of Magyars showed only $341,401, and 32,607 Croatians and Slavs only $407,117.

You can readily figure out for yourself the per capita financial standing of the different nationalities.

W., Idaho Falls, Idaho. In your Question and Answer column, you remark, in substance, on Dowieism, that it will "prosper or decay according to whether or not it be of God." What about Mormonism?

You might with equal justice ask the same question concerning any other "ism." If in God's eye a thousand years are as but a day, it is evident that the duration, even of the longest-lived system of error, is not so remarkable after all.

M. S., Shepherdsville, Ky. We saw among the Scotch-Irish of the Kentucky mountains a brother of the prospective bride, and two attendants, going over the mountain with a white banner and blue streamer, to the home of the prospective groom, to conduct him back to the home of the bride, for a "high noon" wedding. Have they precedent for this in the old customs of the clans or peasantry?

In some parts of Scotland, we believe, it is the custom for the "best man" and his friends to escort the bridegroom to the house of the bride, immediately before the ceremony. The banner and streamer accompaniment is probably a local idea. It certainly is not tribal, as far as we can ascertain.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Our Mail-Bag

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

urious, Minneapolis, Minn. **Is it warmer at any** time north of the equator than south of it?
Physical maps show that the regions of reatest heat are found north of the equator, o that the average heat of the northern mmer is about 8 degrees higher than that outh of the equator, while the northern win- r is correspondingly colder. The reason is ie predominance of land in the northern emisphere, which is a good conductor of eat, absorbing and losing it with equal rapidy. Water is a poor conductor; hence the ceanic climate is more equable.

ary McA., Denver, Colo. Why is the Goddess of Liberty pictured with a cap of a peculiar fashion?
The statue in Rome shows her holding in r hand a cap which is the symbol of free- om. When the ancient Romans liberated a ave, they placed a *piltus*, a small red cap, on s head. He was then *libertinus* (a freed- an) and his name was registered. When turninus, in A.D. 263, seized the capital he oisted a cap on his spear, indicating that all e slaves who were minded to join his army ould be freed. After Cæsar's murder, the nspirators elevated a cap on a spear in token liberty.

, Troy, N.Y. What was the origin of the coat-of arms?
It was originally a surcoat, or overcoat, m by 'knights above their armor and corated with devices by which heralds or ers described the wearer. These were the t heraldic devices, so-called.

C. A. M. D., Mortonsville, Ky., writes: Who was the writer of the following lines:

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase."

Possibly some reader of this journal can pply the information.

essie M. T., Pittsfield, Ill., writes: "Henry rd Beecher wrote: 'Books are the win- vs through which the soul looks out.' This in answer to a recent unanswered question THE MAIL-BAG.

Annie Wilson McLane, Greensboro, N. C., s:
an you not call attention to the great need re is in our land for more effort for Christ in be- f of the prisoners, especially those who are not he state prisons, but in county jails and convict mps? The state prisons are more apt to be re- mbered, but oh, the hundreds of prisoners in the nties, needing so pitifully the touch of His d; needing to be furnished with Bibles; need- to be pointed to Jesus Christ! Then, too, in ry county, there are the lonely inmates of the shouse, so often forgotten, so often hungry for ds about Him. They seem to form two dis- t classes right at our doors, both often lected. Won't you please plead for them, for sake, who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not ... ld it not to me"?
The suggestion is one that deserves the erous consideration of Christian people. the "convict camps" are many hundreds risoners, white and black, practically with- the Gospel. Lately the chaplains of prisons in two Southern States called at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office in New York, and made personal appeal for the prisoners in their care. One of these chaplains had, besides the prison proper, several convict camps. The other had, in addition to his other work, some half a dozen Sunday Schools. With practically no allowance for carrying on their religious work, these good men were delighted to receive from the proprietor of this journal a package of Testaments and a box of good books. There are many prison chaplains, especially in the South, whom some of our readers may wish to help in the same way.

Subscriber, Woburn, Mass. 1. Is it honorable for a Christian business man to deal in trading stamps? 2. Is the system lawful in every State?

1. There is nothing dishonorable about it. It is an expedient which has been devised to increase trade and to attract custom. 2. Don't know of any State where it has been prohibited by law.

Ella R., Chillicothe, O. To my mind, the word "person" seems to be often misapplied. How should it be used?

It is from the Latin, *persona*, a mask, or *personatus*, a mask-wearer or actor. It does not mean the individual, but the character, as when we see in an actor merely the character he represents and not the man himself. Gradually, however, it has come to be practically synonymous with the individual.

Reader, Annapolis, Md. The line: "The light that never was on sea or land" is from a poem by William Wordsworth, suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm. It is very frequently misquoted and miscredited.

Miscellaneous Questions

H. G. S., Trumbull, Neb. 1. Faith-healing. 2. We have no means of knowing.

Reader, Otoka, Mo. All the letters are pronounced as written, except the "c," which is silent.

Reader, Watervliet, N. Y. The poem is by Tennyson, and can be found in any complete copy of his works.

Alfred M., Cincinnati, O. Emperor Nicholas of Russia, was the first man to apply the term "sick man" to Turkey, as an empire that was declining.

L. E. R., Mt. Forest, Can. *The Narrow Gate* may appear in book form after its publication has been concluded in serial form in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

W. H. Standley, of the Watertown, N. Y., Gospel Mission, acknowledges the receipt from CHRISTIAN HERALD readers of a large amount of printed matter for his mission.

A. A. R. The engagement ring is worn on the second finger of the left hand; marriage ring on the third; if worn on the little finger, it means that the wearer has no wish to marry.

* * * * * * * * *

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Personal Request from Dr. Klopsch

AGAIN I appeal to the good readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—to whom I never appeal in vain—to help me in a matter which each and every year at this season gives me serious concern.

For the next thirty days mail and express facilities will be taxed to congestion, and unless we can attend to much of our shipping now, or very early in December, we fear that considerable disappointment must result all along the line from delay in deliveries.

This year particularly the problem assumes unusually large proportions, because our Crown Encyclopedia, of which probably 50,000 sets will be ordered in time for Christmas gifts, not to mention the tens of thousands of volumes of our other premiums. To handle all this material requires an enormous force. Many of the hands are new and inexperienced; all their work must be covered and checked before shipment, and this requires much time and imposes great managerial responsibility.

Then the many thousands of letters which we receive daily must be carefully and intelligently handled, without rush or confusion, if satisfactory service is to result.

Now, what can the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD do to help me in this matter? They can so arrange as to give me four weeks to do quietly, carefully, intelligently and satisfactorily, what otherwise might have to be rushed through amid hubbub and confusion in half the time, resulting in numerous mistakes, disappointments, complaints and dissatisfaction. The way they can aid me best is to send their renewals as soon as possible. They suffer no disadvantage, as the term is always advanced from the present date of expiry, while they greatly help me to give them good and prompt service.

Will you not kindly favor me by co-operating with me to the extent above mentioned, and thus help relieve my mind of much anxiety?

Wm. Klopsch

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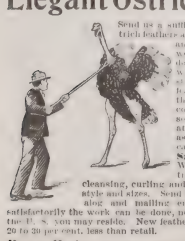

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Be Sure You Come Home for Thanksgiving

A BOWERY MISSION INCIDENT

HARRY M. was a "waster." There was not a doubt about it. His hang-dog look, his slouchy, shuffling gait, his misfit, threadbare clothes, all betokened the confirmed and helpless tramp. And yet there were in him, as there are in nearly every man of his class when you can get down through the grim external and find them, wonderfully sweet, redeeming features.

He could never beg. That, to him, was something unspeakably low and horrible. So a feeling of pride, born of his better days, often caused him to almost die of hunger rather than ask for aid. Then he would steal into one of the city missions and sit, with a set white face, until kindly Christian workers, through persistent questioning, discovered the fact that he was on the verge of starvation, and succored him.

Another star that shone undimmed through the black darkness which had overtaken this wanderer, was his love for two baby girls he had left behind him, in a city up the State, ten long years ago. It was very strange, but very beautiful, that as the years passed by, instead of diminishing, this love for his children seemed to increase. Often, as he crept into some lumber pile or empty truck for his night's rest, or dreamily dozed on a park bench, or when, more fortunate, enjoyed the luxury of a lodging-house bed, he would murmur the words, "My children, my children," before falling into that deep sleep that only tramps and innocent children secure. And often, when some light-hearted child, of apparently the same age as one of his own, would pass him in the street, he would turn and look, and sometimes follow, with the same words trembling on his lips, "My children!"

But neither his pride, nor his love for his children, were sufficient to lift him from the depths into which he had fallen. It had not been a sudden fall, but a ten years' gradual gravitation, gaining increased momentum every year, until now it seemed as though he could neither fall nor slide much lower.

In the happy days of his young manhood, his prospects had been exceedingly bright. He was intelligent and businesslike beyond most men. He was cheerful and genial in disposition. He occupied a lucrative position in one of the largest commercial houses in his native city. He was happily married to a congenial wife. Then the serpent found an entry into the domestic Eden. Just about the time the second baby girl came to the home, the father became a frequenter of the hotel cafe. The habit grew upon him with frightful rapidity, and it knew no respite. In a few months, he became utterly incapacitated for business, and lost his position. Thinking a change of scene might help him, he came to New York City. Here he readily found an opening, for he was still young and active, and his splendid business ability was quickly discerned. But the old enemy dogged his footsteps. The temptations of the city were too strong for him. Again and again he went down. One employer after another tried him, appreciated him, then doubted, and finally discarded him.

When, nearly three years ago, he entered the Bowery Mission on that never-to-be-forgotten night, there was, as we have said, no doubt about it, he was a "waster."

He sat through the meeting white-faced and despairing. Not a glimmering of hope was there in his deep-set eyes. It was long since he had heard from home. His friends knew nothing of his whereabouts. Even his long-suffering wife had given him up. His well-to-do relatives had come almost to hope that he were dead. He knew all this. He felt himself alone—oh, so terribly alone in the world.

Many a time he had attended mission meetings, but merely that he might get his poor, tired body rested. The hymns, the testimonies, the addresses had no meaning for him. He had sunk into that dull, dead apathy, which is the awful characteristic of the "rounder," the "dead-beat."

Suddenly, however, he found himself listening to some one—he never knew who it was—telling a simple story of a child's love—a child, who had loved a drunken father, when everyone else condemned and hated. He could scarcely believe it, but found that tears were silently coming from his eyes; eyes that had never known a tear since childhood. When the simple story finished with the declaration that the child's love had saved the father, he found his soul all aglow with a new hope. Was it possible that he too might, through God's grace, see his children again? His mind was made up. He came forward for prayers in the after-meeting, surrendered himself to God, and then, oh, as he looks back upon it now, how wonderfully easy it all seems to have been, as soon as God took a hand in it!

No one doubted his sincerity as he started out that night to do the right. It was a terrific struggle for the first twelve months; but never once did he yield to the tempter. After several months of thoroughly disheartening experience in seeking employment, he at last obtained a position in one of the large dry-goods establishments. With his sober and regular life all his old business faculties returned, and he eventually became one of the most trusted and valued employes of the house.

Then, with twelve months of consistent Christian life behind him, he set out with great trepidation to seek his lost ones. He feared that he would find all doors closed against him. Years ago his relatives had uttered this decree. It was ten years since he had seen his wife and babies; what had become of them he did not know, but he felt it was now his duty to set out to seek them.

It was a memorable morning, that on which he knelt with the Superintendent in prayer, and then started out on his mission. The next day he returned with a beaming face, and eyes swimming with tears of joy. He had found them. They were all alive. They were happy to have him back.

He went on with his work, and every night was to be found at the Mission doing effective work. One day he received a letter from his eldest child, a girl of twelve, and he felt he must read it to the meeting. When he came to one sentence his voice became tremulous; something like a sob escaped him and he sat down overcome. The Superintendent took the letter from his hands and read the words that had unmanned him. What wonder he had broken down! It was ten long years since he had spent a Thanksgiving Day at home; and what terrible experience he had passed through since then! Oh how many Thanksgiving Days had he wandered up and down the streets a homeless tramp! The words of his child were, "Be sure and come home for Thanksgiving."

And he did. Whilst the Bowery Mission gathering celebrated Thanksgiving Day in its usual festive way, he was home with his dear ones for the first time in ten sad, weary years. He was not forgotten that day by his Mission brethren. The Superintendent, Mr. Hallimond, had written this song; Mr. Benke, the Organist, had put it to beautiful music, and it was sung by Mrs. Hallimond:

Be Sure You Come Home for Thanksgiving

Be sure you come home for Thanksgiving,
You've been such a long time away;
We've felt all so lonely without you,
And we've watched for you night and day.
Dear father, the sad tears are falling,
From mother's sweet, pitiful eyes,
But her smile will come back when she sees you,
Like sunrays that brighten the skies.

Be sure you come home for Thanksgiving,
We yearn for the sight of your face;
We long to be clasped to your bosom,
In a loving and tender embrace.
Dear father, the shadows will vanish,
The clouds pass for ever away,
When you're home to partake and to heighten,
The joys of Thanksgiving Day.

Be sure you come home for Thanksgiving,
We'll count every moment till then;
For we'll be the merriest of children,
And you'll be the happiest of men.
We'll make it a real Thanksgiving,
Our praise like sweet music shall swell,
To Him who has brought back the wanderer,
To the Father who does all things well.

For the last year Harry M. has occupied a position with his old employers in his native city and is doing well. He occasionally visits the Bowery Mission, but never without one of his two little daughters, his love for whom was the means of his salvation.

The Very Best of Encyclopedias

The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia arrived Saturday, in perfect condition. To say that I am pleased only partly expresses it. The volumes are more than one-third larger than I had expected, and the pages are full and complete, with excellent illustrations. Your advertisement of the Encyclopedia in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not give one-half the good things to be found in it. In fact it is the best Encyclopedia I have ever seen. I would not take $30 for the set and have to do without it. (REV.) M. C. LUNSFORD, JR.

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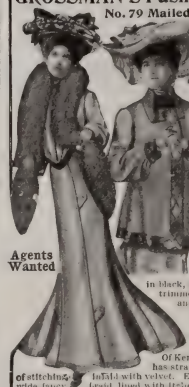

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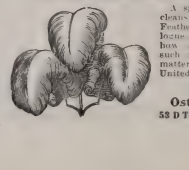

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PILGRIMS AT AN ARMENIAN SHRINE IN KHOI

Persian Superstitions

Charms to Avert the Anger of the "Jins" or Spirits

MRS. HANNAH YOSEPH JACOBS, in a letter from Urmi, Persia, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, gives an interesting scription of some of the familiar superions that prevail in the homes of the st. She writes:

his morning, an old Armenian lady, ose beauty seventy-five cold Karadak ters had not marred yet, came in, and :

How is your health, Hakim Hanim? heart has been yearning to come and you. Being a little lame, I could very well manage it earlier."

Thank you, Mayrick" ("mother" in menian), I said. "I am quite well."

Have you any children?" she asked, etly.

Well, no," I said.

You remember," she went on, "I you last year to go to that Sayid Mohammedan, from the line of the phet), and have him write you a talisn to keep your children from being ured by the unsun, the 'jins' (fairies). ı see, my child, I am so much older n you are, and know so much more n you do. I will tell you what you e done without knowing—you have red water upon hot coals, or you have red some hot water upon earth, and e burnt and killed 'jin's' children."

Mayrick" (mother), I said, "we Protest- do not believe in such superstitions.

God, like a father, watches over us, and Satan has no power to injure us without his knowledge."

"My child, God does now allow; but, you see, you have killed the 'jin's' children, and they are taking revenge upon you. I give you advice. After this, whenever you pour water upon fire, you repeat these words, 'In the name of God.' The unsun will never dare to harm you and yours. But for your mistakes in the past you will have to atone. Go with a gift to that Sayid and he will give you a talisman, and you shall never regret it. You have received an injury from the unsun, and your remedy is a talisman from a Sayid, or a Jew, or a Kashish (Armenian priest). You will be fortunate if you find your right talisman soon, because sometimes it takes years to find the right person and place to get your talisman. Do not put it off," she went on. "Go and visit that Sayid. He knows much more than any one I have heard of."

I could not help laughing at her earnestness.

"Oh, do not laugh," she said very seriously. "I have seen it in my own cousin, who lost her children, until we got her a talisman from a man in Karadak, who was full of wisdom, and whose talismans never failed to do good. My cousin has three sons, who are like three golden rods. That man is dead now—God give rest to his bones!"

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econd in Order, we offer an unaled **presentation edition** of John yan's **Pilgrim's Progress, exquisy illustrated** and superbly printed **428 large pages,** with a **Red Line** und each page. The delight of the y, this wonderful book has exerted a inating power over the most cultured ds.

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r. Chas. M. Sheldon, in his elont introduction to this superb edition **Pilgrim's Progress,** says:

this edition of **Pilgrim's Progress** shall nto the homes of America to be read e, it will not be possible to measure the lts on the next generation. A revival of eading would result in a much-needed val of the vivid conception of the Chris- life, and it is with a prayer that such a val may result from this special publica- of the vision of John Bunyan, that I bly write these few words and bid the me Godspeed. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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ery handsomely bound in rich Vel- de Luxe, with emblematic designs unequaled gold effect, this unusually active book makes one of the most rming **Holiday Gifts** of the year. volume measures when open **9x15 hes.** It weighs **three pounds,** and ist, all charges prepaid, with THE ISTIAN HERALD for one year, on re- of only **$2.**

The Dwarfs of New Guinea

THE report of the ex-administrator of British New Guinea, Sir Francis Winter (says the London *Daily Chronicle*), gives to the world details concerning the curious marsh dwellers, the dwarf Ahgaiambo tribe. This remarkable race was found in an extensive tract of fen country near the Musa River. Sir Francis writes:

"Emerging from the forest, we came out on a flat covered with reeds and rank grass, and after walking a couple of hundred yards through this we arrived at the margin of an extensive sheet of shallow water. On the side of this mere, and close to a bed of reeds and flags, was a little village of the dwarf Ahgai-ambo tribe. After much shouting a man and a woman came across to us. Each came in a small canoe, which, standing up in, they propelled with a long pole. The Ahgaiambo have for a period that extends back beyond native tradition lived in this swamp. They never leave their morass, and the Barugi assured us that they are not able to walk properly on hard ground, and that their feet soon bleed if they try to do so. The man that came on shore was, for a native, middle-aged. His feet were short and broad, and very thin and flat, with, for a native, weak looking toes. This last feature was still more noticeable in the woman, whose toes were long and slight, and stood out rigidly from the foot, as if they possessed no joints. The feet of both the man and the woman seemed to rest on the ground as wooden feet would do. The skin above the knees of the man was in loose folds, and the sinewss and muscles around the knee were not well developed. I had a good view of our visitor while he was standing sideways toward me, and in figure and carriage he looked to be more ape-like than any human being that I have seen."

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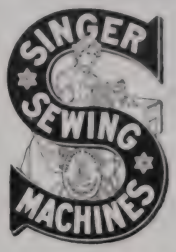

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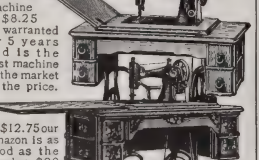

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IN A MOROCCAN SLAVE MART

.....ONE OF THE FEW CORNERS OF THE EARTH WHERE SLAVERY STILL LINGERS

TO flatter Europe's susceptibilities (says S. L. Bensusan, in *Black and White*) there is no overt slave dealing in the Moroccan coast towns. Now slaves are bought and sold by the Atlantic seaboard, but always under the rose; and the necessity for secrecy sends the price up high.

In Mazagan, Casablanca and Mogador, slaves are sold only by private auction. Inland, at Mequinez, Marrakesh and Fez, the traffic flourishes unrebuked.

In to the slave market, at Marrakesh, where the wealthy Moors congregate towards the hour of sun-setting and the auctioneers assemble for preliminary prayer before they exhibit their human chattels to intending purchasers. There are some old men and old women, many middle-aged or in the prime of life, and plenty of children. One and all are distressed by their surroundings, the degree of their distress being regulated by the part of the world from which they come. Slaves from the Soudan show least emotion, and home-reared slaves the most; but the physical condition of all classes leaves nothing to be desired. They are well nourished and in good health; they have the strength and vitality of any score of the emaciated beggars who hide from the sun in the shadow of the city walls.

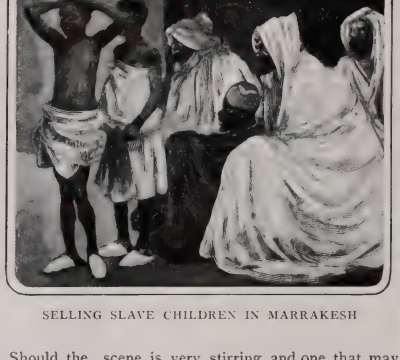
It is an unpleasant sight to see the intending purchaser examining a suitable slave. The bidder examines the teeth of the human chattel brought to him by the auctioneer, feels the biceps, and asks certain questions relating to past history and present health. Should the slave not prove to be as he or she is guaranteed, the sale is void, and the auctioneer's commission is forfeited.

A Moor may not enslave a Moor—a brother of the "True Faith." Very rich "True Believers" like to surround themselves with slaves, who serve the same purpose as flunkeys do in England. They buy little boy and girl slaves to be companions to their own children, and such slave children often rise to eminence. The father of the late Grand Wazeer Sid Ahmed bin Musa was a slave, and many of the country Kaids in the districts approaching the Sus exhibit unmistakable evidence of the negro blood in their veins.

Few slaves reach Morocco to-day from the South by the old caravan routes. In times gone by the camels used to leave the Maghreb with rock-salt, which was freely exchanged for captives by the tribes living on the edges of the desert. These unfortunates, if too young to walk, were packed in panniers on the camels and taken out once a day to be fed. Large numbers died.

The terrors of the Southern road are happily forgotten to-day. French occupation of the oasis of Tuat has cut off slave caravans in one direction, and the occupation of Timbuctoo has stopped supplies from the other quarter, with the result that the price of slaves from the interior has gone up considerably, and Moors possessing any, are careful to treat them well, and keep them in such condition as will enable them to fetch a good price.

Europeans are not readily admitted to the slave-market in any Moorish city The



SELLING SLAVE CHILDREN IN MARRAKESH

scene is very stirring and one that may not be forgotten. Perhaps the most striking feature of the procedure is the dignity with which it is conducted. The auctioneers march round and round the market, followed by the slaves they have to sell; the buyers, who are all men, sit round. The auctioneer proclaims the last price that has been offered for his wares, and when the buyer raises the price of any one, thanks Allah, who sends custom. Clad in bright clothes, the property of the auctioneer, the slaves soon recover the spirits that seemed lost when the sale began; if they speak Arabic they listen with some interest to the prices put upon themselves, and are obviously proud of their fine clothes. Tragedy and comedy stalk through the market hand in hand.

Saloon Smashing.

Citizens of Gainesville, Ga., have adopted the methods of Carrie Nation to purify their county. Since the decision at the polls, that the county should be dry, various resorts have been opened for the accommodation of people who want to drink. "Blind Tigers," as they are called, have supplied liquor contrary to law. Crimes have been committed in several places, which, it is believed, can be traced to the effects of the liquor thus sold, and the temperance people became exasperated at the bold evasion of the law. On November 11 the fire-bell was rung, and, as previously arranged, about 400 persons came together at the signal, at the City Hall. They were armed with axes, and they went through the city destroying all resorts in which the law was violated. After the work of demolition was completed, the leaders served notice on the proprietors of the liquor joints and other resorts that they must leave the county in ten days, and that no attempt to reopen their places will be tolerated.

The committee of citizens was comprised of the best people of the city, and was headed by the Rev. J. W. Wynne, pastor of the First Baptist Church. A mass meeting was held in the evening, at which a large sum was raised, to be used in the prosecution of any person who shall attempt to reopen one of the closed resorts.

Helping the Mountain Whites

The Woman's Home Mission Society has recently undertaken to establish an Industrial School for the poor white girls at Brevard, Transylvania County, in the very heart of the mountains of Western North Carolina. The school opened on Oct. 21, with fifty-two pupils, and others are being added. Some of them have been known to part with their spinning-wheels and other household belongings in order to procure books for their children. When the school opened, one girl walked ten miles to reach a train in order to be present. The Woman's Board of the M. E. Church South is embarrassed for funds to carry on this school, and would gratefully appreciate any help. Miss Belle Bennett, Richmond, Ky., is President of the Board.

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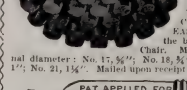

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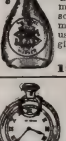

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Boyhood Days of Famous Divines

No. VII.—THEODORE L. CUYLER

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER was born in the beautiful village of Aurora, on the shores of Cuyuga Lake, Western New York. His father was a brilliant young lawyer, who died in the early age of twenty-eight, when Theodore was only four and a-half years old. The only recollection he has of his father is of his leading him to school in the morning, and that he once punished him for using a profane word that he had heard from some rough boys. Dr. Cuyler, in his *Recollections of a Long Life*, declares that that wholesome bit of discipline, administered at so early an age, kept him forever from forming the habit of swearing.

After the death of his father, he was left entirely in the care of his mother, who was a most devout woman, and who was, to use the good Doctor's own words, more to him than school, pastor or church, or all combined." The mother soon gave up her own house, and went to live with her father, Mr. Charles Horton Morrell, on the banks of the lake, a few miles south of Aurora. Like nearly all boys brought up in the country, Dr. Cuyler is thankful that the next seven or eight years of his happy childhood were spent on his grandfather's beautiful farm. He had the free, pure air of "God's outdoors." The simple pleasures of the farmhouse, and the woods were his. Out-of-school hours he drove the cows to the pasture, rode the horses when he got a chance, in the hayfield, and carried in the stock of firewood on winter afternoons. His closest friends were the house dog, the chickens, the kittens, and the pet sheep in his grandfather's flock. He grew up strong and hardy, with all the strength of the woods and of the hills. Dr. Cuyler has given this picturesque description of the country Sabbath of his boyhood:

"My Sabbaths in that rural home were like the good old Puritan Sabbaths, serene and sacred, with neither work nor play. Our church (Presbyterian) was three miles away, and in the winter our family often fought its way through deep mud, or through snowdrifts piled as high as the fences. I was the only child among grown-up uncles and aunts, and the first Sunday School I ever attended had only one scholar, and my good mother was the superintendent. See gave me several verses of the Bible to commit thoroughly to memory, and explained them to me. I also studied the Westminster Catechism. I was expected to study God's Book for myself, and not to sit and be crammed by a teacher, after the fashion of too many Sunday Schools in these days, where the scholars swallow down what the teacher brings to them, as young birds open their mouths and swallow what the old bird brings to the nest."

* * *

While still a small boy, Theodore acquired the thirst for reading. The books he had to feast on in the long winter evenings were such as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Sanford and Merton*, *The Pilgrim's Progress* and the few volumes in his grandfather's library that were within the mental grasp of a child eight or ten years old. He wept over *Paul and Virginia* and laughed over *John Gilpin*, the scene of whose memorable ride he, later in life, took much interest in visiting at the "Bell of Edmonton."

Cuyler's boyhood came at a time when intemperance and drunkenness were spreading terrible havoc. Liquor was used in the country almost as freely as in the town or city, and at log-rollings, house-raisings, and all sorts of public gatherings, vast quantities of strong drink were distributed. Especially was liquor considered absolutely essential in harvest-time. Theodore's grandfather was one of the first citizens of Cuyuga County to banish intoxicants from his farm, and Theodore himself signed a pledge of total abstinence when he was only ten or eleven years old. He enjoys relating, in these later days, how, even previous to his signing the temperance pledge, he had a taste of "Prohibition" that made a lasting impression on him. One day he discovered some "cherry-bounce" in a wine-glass on his grandfather's sideboard, and he ventured to swallow the tempting liquor. When his vigilant mother discovered what he had done, she took the rod to him, and administered a dose of Solomon's medicine in a way that made him "bounce" most cheerily. Cuyler declares that that made him a "teetotaller" for life.

* * *

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the first address young Cuyler ever delivered, and while still in his buoyant boyhood, was in the city of Glasgow, at one of Father Matthew's great meetings. Dr. Cuyler's description of that occasion is of striking interest:

"When I made my first visit to Edinburgh, in 1842, I learned that a temperance society in that city was about to go over to Glasgow to meet the celebrated Father Theobald Matthew, who was making his first visit to Scotland. I joined my Edinburgh friends, and on arriving in Glasgow, we found a multitude of over fifty thousand people assembled on the green. In an open barouche, drawn by four horses, stood a short, stout Irishman, with a handsome, benevolent countenance, and attired in a long, black coat, with a silver medal hanging upon his breast. After the procession, headed by his carriage, had forced its way through the densely thronged street, it halted in a small, open square. Father Matthew dismounted, and began to administer the pledge of abstinence to those who were willing to receive it. They kneeled on the ground in platoons; the pledge was read aloud to them; Father Matthew laid his hands upon them, and pronounced a benediction. From the necks of many a small medal attached to a cord, was suspended. In this rapid manner, the pledge was administered to many hundreds of persons within an hour, and fresh crowds continually came forward.

"When I was introduced to the good man, he spoke a few kind words, and gave me an 'apostolic kiss' on my cheek. As I was about to make the first public speech of my life, I suppose I may regard that act of the great Irish Apostle as a sort of ordination to the ministry of preaching the Gospel of Total Abstinence."

In the days of Theodore Cuyler's childhood, the march of modern improvements had scarcely begun, especially in the interior sections. There was a small steamboat plying on the Cuyuga Lake, but there was not a single railway in the whole State. When Theodore went away to school in New Jersey, at the age of thirteen, the tedious journey by stage coach required three days and two nights; every letter from home cost eighteen cents for postage; and the youngsters pored over Webster's Spelling Book and Morse's Geography by tallow-dip candles. Gas lamps had not been even dreamed of in that day, and electricity was still farther away in the depths of the unknown. The wood fires were covered, in most houses, by nine o'clock on winter evenings.

Theodore Cuyler's preparation for college was largely under the private tutorship of a good old Dutch Dominie, named Garrit Mandeville. He obtained still farther light along the path of knowledge at the "Hill-Top School" at Mendam, New Jersey. The light was sufficient, and he was fitted to enter Princeton College at sixteen years of age and graduated at nineteen. During his infancy, his devout Christian mother had dedicated her only child to the Lord, in very much the same spirit as that in which Hannah dedicated her son Samuel. While he was still a child, his paternal grandfather, who was a lawyer, offered to bequeath his law library to Theodore; but his mother declined the tempting offer, and said to him: "I fully expect that my little boy will yet be a minister." This was her constant aim and perpetual prayer, and God graciously answered her prayer of faith in his own good time and way. A few years ago, Dr. Cuyler placed in Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church Brooklyn (of which he was the founder and pastor for thirty years), a beautiful memorial window to his mother, representing Hannah and her child Samuel, and the fitting inscription: "As long as he liveth I have lent him to the Lord."

♦

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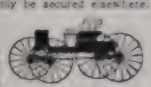

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How London's Poor Live*

THE Carter, with his clean-cut face, chin beard and shaved upper lip, I should have taken in the United States for anything from a master workman to a well-to-do farmer. The Carpenter—well, I should have taken him for a carpenter. He looked it, lean and wiry, with shrewd, observant eyes, and hands that had grown twisted to the handles of tools through forty-seven years' work at the trade. The chief difficulty with these men was that they were old, and that their children, instead of growing up to take care of them, had died. Their years had told on them, and they had been forced out of the whirl of industry by the younger and stronger competitors who had taken their places.

These two men, turned away from the casual ward of Whitechapel Workhouse, were bound with me for Poplar Workhouse. Not much of a show, they thought, but to chance it was all that remained to us. It was Poplar, or the streets and night. Both men were anxious for a bed, for they were "about gone," as they phrased it. The Carter, fifty-eight years of age, had spent the last three nights without shelter or sleep, while the Carpenter, sixty-five years of age, had been out five nights.

But, O dear, soft people, full of meat and blood, with white beds and airy rooms waiting you each night, how can I make you know what it is to suffer, as you would suffer, if you spent a weary night on London's streets. Believe me, you would think a thousand centuries had come and gone, before the East paled into dawn; you would shiver until you were ready to cry aloud with the pain of each aching muscle; and you would marvel that you could endure so much and live. Should you rest upon a bench, and your tired eyes close, depend upon it, the policeman would rouse you and gruffly order you to "move on." You may rest upon the bench, and benches are few and far between; but if rest means sleep, on you must go, dragging your tired body through the endless streets. Should you, in desperate slyness, seek some forlorn alley or dark passageway and lie down, the omnipresent policeman will rout you out just the same. It is his business to rout you out. It is a law of the powers that be, that you shall be routed out.

But when the dawn came, the nightmare over, you would hale your home to refresh yourself, and until you died you would tell the story of your adventure to groups of admiring friends. It would grow into a mighty story. Your little eight-hour night would become an Odyssey, and you a Homer.

Not so with these homeless ones who walked to Poplar Workhouse with me. And there are thirty-five thousand of them, men and women, in London town this night. Please don't remember it as you go to bed; if you are as soft as you ought to be, you may not rest so well as usual. But for old men of sixty, seventy, and eighty, ill-fed, with neither meat nor blood, to greet the dawn unrefreshed, and to stagger through the day in mad search for crusts, with relentless night rushing down upon them again, and to do this five nights and days. O, dear, soft people, full of meat and blood, how can you ever understand?

Mile-End Road is a wide thoroughfare, cutting the heart of East London, and there were tens of thousands of people abroad on it. I tell you this that you may fully appreciate what I shall describe in the next paragraph.

The Carter was hard put to keep the pace at which we walked (he told me that he had eaten nothing that day), but the Carpenter, lean and hungry, his gray and ragged overcoat flapping mournfully in the breeze, swung on in a long and tireless stride, which reminded me strongly of the plains coyote. Both kept their eyes upon the pavement as they walked and talked, and every now and then one or the other would stoop and pick something up, never missing the stride the while. I thought it was cigar and cigarette stumps they were collecting, and for some time took no notice. Then I did notice.

From the slimy sidewalk they were picking up bits of orange-peel, apple-skin, and grape-stems, and they were eating them. The pits of green gage plums they cracked between their teeth for the kernels inside. They picked up stray crumbs of bread the size of peas, apple cores so black and dirty one would not take them to be apple cores, and these things these two men took into their mouths, and chewed them, and swallowed them; and this, between six and seven o'clock in the evening of August 20, year of our Lord 1902, in the heart of the greatest, wealthiest and most powerful empire the world has ever seen.

*From *The People of the Abyss*, by Jack London. A volume in which the author relates his experience in the "underworld" of London in 1902, where he explored and lived among the very poor and the hosts of the unemployed and the hungry. A strange, weird book, written in the strong, graphic style which has already made this young author famous. Illustrated with many photographs. Pp. 319, cloth binding. Price $2. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

A Fight for the City

MR. HODDER'S book, *A Fight for the City*, is a brief account of the municipal campaign in New York, in 1901. The book is cleverly made up by putting together selected speeches of Judge Jerome, who was the citizens' candidate for District Attorney. There is, therefore, not much of Mr. Hodder in the book, but a great deal of Judge Jerome. The selections are made with good judgment; there is very little repetition, and the arrangement of topics is such, as, in a sense, to make the book a connected argument from beginning to end in behalf of an improved municipal government. Judge Jerome's appearance in the canvass was marked from the start by great boldness of statement, and the direct and specific attack made by him on different forms of vice, proved to be the best method of attracting the attention of voters. The attractive personality of the speaker is very clearly brought out by the quotations from his addresses; and the very indiscretion of many of his utterances, and the obvious fact that many things he said were said on the impulse of the moment, had great effect upon his audiences, and add greatly to the readable and interesting character of the book. The book is one which the reader will not lay down until he has finished it, and which throws a vivid light upon the conditions of life among the poor, which prevailed in some parts of the city of New York. The price of the book is $1.50. Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Pitman's Shorthand Dictionary, containing the phonographic forms of 55,000 words and 5,000 proper names and a great variety of other practical aids to the phonographer. Pp. 312. Twentieth Century Edition. Isaac Pitman & Sons, New York, publishers.

Pa Gaddon, the Story of a Common Man, by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. A story with a delightful mingling of the serious and the humorous; full of bright sunshine and uplifting sentiment. Well worth the reading. Illustrated, 350 pp. Price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

The Care of a House, a volume of practical hints and suggestions for housekeepers, landlords and tenants for the economical and efficient care of dwellings, by T. M. Clark, member of the American Institute of Architects, etc. A really practical and sensible book, which cannot fail to interest householders and home-keepers. Pp. 283, illustrated, cloth covers. Price $1.50. Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

Æsop's Fables in Rhyme, for Children, by Richardson D. White and Margaret D. Longley. A complete copy of the famous Fables in the most beautiful and attractive form in which they have ever been presented. Pictorially the book is a treasure, which cannot fail to interest the young folks and the grown-ups as well. In all respects the book is beautifully gotten up, and the extremely artistic style in which it is presented does credit to the publishers. Illuminated covers. Price $1.25. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant, by Frances Trego Montgomery, is one of the most entertaining juveniles that has appeared in many years. Not only the young but the grown-ups will sit spellbound over the adventures of Harold and his magic elephant, which traverses with equal facility the land, the air, the sea, and of Harold's pretty child companion. But we will not spoil the story by telling it. To know it you must read the book itself. Pp. 253, cloth covers. Price $1.50. Saalfield Co., Akron, O., publishers.

The American Almanac, Year-Book, Cyclopedia and Atlas for 1903 (second edition), a comprehensive and valuable book of reference for popular use. It is distinctly up-to-date, and contains a mass of information on every conceivable subject, and in a thousand different lines of human activity: business, politics, sports, crops, invention and discovery, legislation, geography, current world-history etc. Copiously illustrated with photographs and maps; 918 pages, cloth binding. Price 50 cents. Published by the *American and Journal*, New York, *The American*, Chicago, and *The Examiner*, San Francisco.

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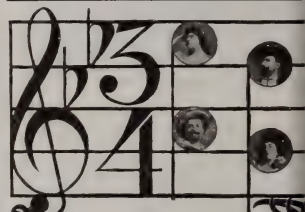

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LESSON X.

Formation of Keys.—Up to this point we have been learning to sing in different keys and becoming familiar with their representation on the staff, but with no fuller explanation of them than the bare statement that with a certain signature the staff represents a certain key and that *Do* is on a certain degree. We may now learn some of the reasons for these things.

In the course of our lessons we have learned that the scale is a series of eight tones, that each tone differs from the others in pitch, also in character or mental effect. Going further, we may now learn that the most important tone of the scale, the central or chief tone, is called the Keytone or Keynote. The tones of a scale are also called a key, but a distinction is made between a key and a scale. A key is a family of tones consisting of a keytone and six related tones, together with all their octaves above and below. A scale is simply the tones of a key arranged in successive order, ascending or descending, beginning with the keytone and ending with its octave.

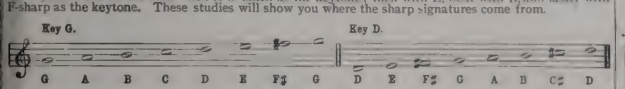
We already know that the scale has no fixed place in pitch; any point in pitch may be taken as the keytone or starting point of the scale. Thus we may begin the scale with the pitch D, or F, or A, or at any other point. A key or scale is named from the name of the pitch taken as the keytone. From among the various keys there is one that is taken as the central key of the whole system—as the standard from which all the others are to be reckoned. This particular scale is the one that begins with C, the one that is produced by playing the white keys of the piano or organ. When any other pitch than C is taken as the keytone the voice will naturally sing certain new pitches in place of certain old ones, and the degrees of the staff that represent these old pitches must be changed and made to represent the new ones.

Illustration.—Play, or get a friend to play for you, the white keys of the organ or piano, beginning with C and ending with its octave. This you will recognize as the scale of C. It corresponds with the scale produced by your voice when you take the pitch C as *Do*. It consists of the pitches C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C. These pitches are represented by the natural degrees of the staff, with a clef. See example 45, in Lesson IX.

Next, take G as the starting point and play the scale, and you will notice that instead of the white key F, you must play the black key next above it, known as F-sharp, in order to make the scale sound right, to make it correspond to the scale as you would sing it. This will show you that the scale of G consists of the pitches G, A, B, C, D, E, F-sharp, G. Now, in order to make the staff represent the pitches of the scale of G, the degree that represents F must be made to represent F-sharp. This is done by putting a sharp upon it. See example Key G.

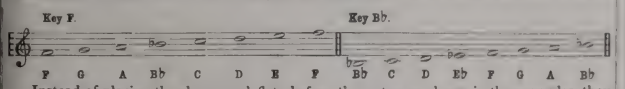
Again, taking D as the keytone, you will observe that to make the scale sound as you would naturally sing it, you must skip the white keys F and C, and play instead the black keys F-sharp and C-sharp. To represent the scale of D on the staff you must change the degrees that represent F and C and make them represent F-sharp and C-sharp. See example Key D.

Now, from the above illustrations you ought to be able to find out what changes are to be made on the keyboard and on the staff when A is taken as the keytone; then with E, next with B, and lastly with F-sharp as the keytone. These studies will show you where the sharp signatures come from.



Let us next find out the origin of the flat signatures. First, we must know that the black keys of the instrument are called both "sharp" and "flat." When a black key takes the place of the white one next *below* it is called "sharp;" when it takes the place of the white one next *above* it is called "flat." Taking F as the starting point of the scale, you will find that instead of the white key B, you must play the black key next below, B-flat, in order to make the scale sound as you would sing it. To represent the scale of F on staff you must put a flat on the degree that represents B and make it represent B-flat. See example Key F. The key next in succession begins on B-flat. You will find that instead of E you must play E-flat to make the scale correct, and to represent it on the staff you must put flats on the degrees that represent B and E and make them represent B-flat and E-flat. See example Key B-flat.

Now, proceed to find out the changes that are necessary on the keyboard and on the staff with E-flat as the keytone; then with A-flat; next with D-flat, and finally with G-flat as the starting point of the scale. These studies will show you where the flat signatures come from.



Instead of placing the sharps and flats before the notes, as shown in the examples, they are gathered into a group at one point and thus become the "sign of the key" or signatures as we already know. According to common usage, a sharp or flat in a signature affects not only the degree on which it is placed, but also all its octaves on the same staff.

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The Mormon Senator

Several hundred petitions have been presented to the United States Senate against the admission of the Mormon "Apostle" Reed Smoot, who has been elected Senator from Utah. Some of them come from organized societies, and others are signed by individuals in all parts of the country. They have been referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, which will decide whether there is anything in Mr. Smoot's record that would operate as a legal bar against his admission to the Senate. Senator Hoar, in presenting some of these petitions on November 11, said that he did so as a matter of courtesy, and the petitions would not have the effect the signers hoped. The question whether a man was entitled to a seat in the Senate, he pointed out, was a purely judicial one, which would be determined by the Senate under the Constitution and laws of the United States. It, therefore, seemed to him as much out of place to present such petitions in the Senate, as it would be to petition the Supreme Court to take up out of order some certain case on its docket, or to decide that case in some particular way.

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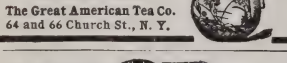

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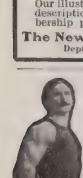

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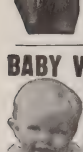

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TWO MARY SMITHS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 999

ty-eight years of age; "what nonsense! I knew the Smiths in their palmy days, and let me tell you there are very few young ladies of the present day who can at all compare with Mary Smith. Why have you dropped her, my dear?" turning to his wife, who was nearly eighteen years his junior, "she ought to be invited. Nothing would suit me better. The Howards remember her very well, and so do the Sharps. Judge Sharp was speaking of her just the other day. If you have made a mistake of this kind, I say it is a good one—one of the mistakes that Providence has a hand in."

This was a great deal for Mr. Montague to say, and it gave a thoughtful turn to the discussion. If papa considered little Miss Smith all right, of course she was, and one and all agreed that, on no account, must she ever be allowed to know there had ever been a mistake; but should their surmises be correct, she was to be treated as an old friend, and with special consideration.

I presume Fluff must have whispered it abroad, being the only little bird in the secret, but before Thanksgiving Day dawned, almost every one in Riverdale knew that little Miss Smith had been invited out to dinner to the Montagues in the city, and treated her with a new kind of respect. And in what a glorious state of excitement she was, to be sure, when she took the Oak Street car into the city Thursday morning. She had the air of a well-dressed lady, too, if her silk gown was a dozen years old, for she wore the gold watch that had been her mother's wedding present, and the pair of lilac kid gloves that she kept for great occasions.

She was received with distinguished courtesy, especially by old Mr. Montague, who had many reminiscences of the old days, when he and her father, the Judge, were well acquainted, to talk over, and as she was recognized and remembered by this one and that one of the company, the sparkle returned to her eye, the music to her voice, and her tongue was loosened, pouring forth a continual stream of wit and intelligence, for which she had once been greatly noted. Judge Sharp, a cotemporary of her father's, engaged her in an animated conversation, and, remembering her once rare accomplishments, would have her sit at the piano, and revive the songs of long ago. In fact, it was a merry, jovial, genial day with all; little Miss Smith enjoyed it no more than the rest. Indeed, Judge Sharp was so delighted over the revival of this old acquaintance, that he, then and there, without consulting his wife, invited her to eat Christmas dinner with them. I suppose Riverdale never had a more thankful heart than little Miss Smith's that night. She was so happy that she kept breaking out in hymns to that extent as to surprise Fluff into an ecstacy.

A few days after, as Isabel Montague and her father stood by the window of their residence, the splendid coach from Riverdale Heights rolled by. In it was a single occupant, a rather plain girl, wearing a spoiled air of pride and luxury.

"There, papa," said Isabel, "is the Miss Mary Smith we really invited to our Thanksgiving dinner. They say she is heiress to more than a million."

The old gentleman looked at her as she passed, then putting up his glasses, he said emphatically, "I wouldn't give our Mary Smith for a dozen of her. What if she is worth a million? Our Mary is worth her weight in gold; and, what is more to the purpose, she has for her Father the King of Glory, too."

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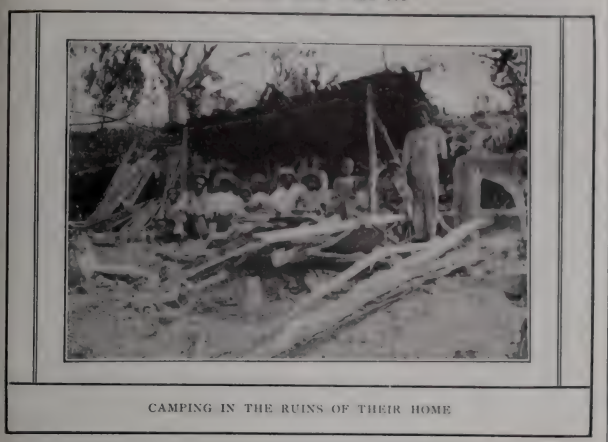

CAMPING IN THE RUINS OF THEIR HOME

It was here, near the sea-coast, that Don Juan d'Esquival, the first Spanish Governor of Jamaica, founded the first capital of the island, Seville Nueva, or Seville d'Oro, as it was afterwards called, he having been sent over and commissioned by Diego Columbus (Christopher's son) to establish a colony there. Seville Nueva contained many buildings worthy of note, amongst which were a monastery and cathedral. The pavement of the latter extended to a distance of two miles. There were also many palaces. As the island is extremely mountainous, a great diversity of climate is obtainable, from a tropical temperature of 85 or 90 at the seacoast, down to 75 at a medium altitude, and on the tops of the highest mountains as low as 50 degrees. Dryness of atmosphere renders the climate of Jamaica particularly delightful and suitable to the most delicate constitutions. At night the air becomes cool, insomuch that precautions are necessary in the matter of clothing, in making excursions from the atmosphere below, to the salutary climate of the hills. Another advantage which Jamaica derives from its peculiar inequality of surface is the nocturnal land wind. As soon as the breeze, blowing from the east, dies away in the evening, the hot air of the plains ascends towards the summits of the mountains, and is there condensed by the cold; which, making it specifically heavier than it was before, it descends back to the plains on both sides of the ridge, keeping the nights cool and pleasant.

REV. GEORGE HOUSE

Approaching the southern shore the predominant features are more bold and beautiful. There the traveler is first struck by the stupendous and soaring ridges of the Blue Mountains, showing abrupt precipices or inaccessible cliffs; but on a nearer approach these rugged appearances seem improved by an interposition of cultivated spots, where the hand of diligence has awakened life and fertility. Beneath are the savannahs, extensively covered with cultivations—cane fields, bananas, and an abundance of other products.

In the terrific cyclone which swept the island on August 11, tremendous damage was done. Pastor George House, of St. Ann's Bay, who is now in this country, is one of the many missionaries who has suffered through the hurricane. The losses of the various religious denominations in buildings destroyed by the cyclone were as follows: Baptists $75,000, Episcopalians $75,000, Wesleyans $65,000, Presbyterians $25,000, Congregationalists $7,500, smaller bodies $5,000; a total of $252,500. Besides these, 170 schoolhouses were destroyed, and about 10,000 dwellings and other buildings. These churches mentioned above are now homeless. The people are without a place in which to worship. This aggravates the general suffering. The cyclone has temporarily ruined the country. Towns and villages were strewn with *debris* and the peasantry are in fearful circumstances. Thousands of people have been left homeless, their houses transformed into a heap of refuse, and before them stand destroyed plantations, which once formed their means of livelihood. The destruction of plantations, great and small, cuts off for many months the means of living.

In our Thanksgiving let us remember these fellow Christians in their distress. Even a little gift to aid the poor and the hungry would be greatly appreciated. It may be said of Jamaica to-day, that it is a land without a "thanksgiving"—that is, they have no thanksgiving for matured crops, for just as the harvests of spice, coffee, and bananas were to be gathered in, they were snatched ruthlessly away by the tempest. Yet the prevailing note heard on all sides is one of thankfulness, for lives that have been saved in the midst of many dangers.

Readers of this journal, who are disposed to aid the suffering Jamaicans, can forward their gifts of money to the Nova Scotia Bank, Sears' Building, Washington street, Boston, Mass., to the credit of Rev. D. McKillop, Treasurer of the Mandeville (Keswick) Convention, Jamaica, West Indies, which represents the interests of all the churches. Such contributions will be distributed by the Convention Council, in proportion to the needs of the districts. Donations of light summer clothing, suitable for wear in the West Indies, may be sent to the Baptist City Mission, 102 Second avenue, New York City, and they will be forwarded to Jamaica. Many of the people are absolutely in need, and such clothing will be very welcome. All gifts will be duly acknowledged.

Any further information, respecting Jamaica and its needs, may be obtained from Pastors Geo. House, G. E. Henderson, or G. H. Lea, who may be addressed at the Medical Missionary Institute, No. 288 Lexington avenue, New York City.

Hearty Acknowledgment

I have received *The Speaking Oak*. I think it has its right name. It is nice for all the family to read and it has a good influence.

The "Art Gallery" is beautiful. Each one of the presents is a gem. I hope I will always be able to take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is the best Christian paper I know of. MRS. WM. FRY.

"Oneida Community Quality"

FOR GIFTS.

The silver-plated ware that looks like sterling silver is marked

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Look for this mark and protect yourself.

It is like sterling silver in that the patterns are clear and sharp, with fine line detail, and high ornaments.

It is finished like sterling ware either in the bright or in the rich French Gray effect, which brings out to best advantage the workmanship of these beautiful designs.

Like sterling ware, it is sold and passed in family wants from one generation to another.

It is next to sterling silver in its wearing qualities, and is the equal in appearance of any sterling silver plate. It is the first time the genuine value in the piece of silver is recognized by a manufacturer. We manufacture at the present low price at which we could afford to put it on to plated ware having—that we could put on enough to make it wear for generations a fair time, and that keeps the price down to bear the shipping charge of the finished article to your home. This is what we mean by "Triple plate." All our silverware has a "triple plate" and is guaranteed for 25 years.

In other words, "Oneida Community Quality" means triple plate, pieces guaranteed for 25 years, and a finish of the best that is guaranteed for 100 years and is sold at the price of ordinary plate.

"Oneida Community Quality"

Set 6 Tea Spoons	$2.00
" 6 Table Spoons or Forks	4.00
" 6 Dessert Spoons or Forks	3.50
" 6 each Medium Knives and Forks	12.00
" 6 Orange Spoons, gilt	3.75
" 6 Soup Spoons	4.00
" 12 A. D. Coffee Spoons, gilt	6.50
" 6 Bouillon Spoons	3.50
" 6 Individual Butter Knives	3.75
" 6 Individual Salad Forks	4.50
Set 6 Individual Salad Forks, gilt	$5.25
" 1 Child's Knife, Fork Spoon	2.00
" 1 Baby Spoon	.50
Name, gilt	.25
" 1 Gravy Ladle, gilt	2.00
" 1 Berry Spoon, gilt	2.50
" 1 Butter Knife and Sugar Spoon, gilt	1.65
" 1 Salad Fork and Spoon, gilt	3.00
88-piece Family Assortment Set	27.00
72 " Wedding Chest	80.00

Somewhere in your town, in a store you pass every day, is some one who is hoping for a chance to show you this "ONEIDA COMMUNITY QUALITY" Silver-plated ware. You will find that store very easily. If not, write to us.

To show the range of prices we have illustrated and listed above a few items. These prices include express charges from the factory and cost of special packing. Ask your dealer for his prices.

We publish a little book giving the history of the Oneida Community, which we will be glad to mail free. Send for book to-day.

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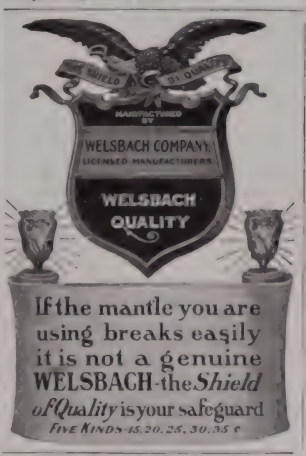
Oneida, N. Y., December 1903



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Subscribers Make $10 to $15 Weekly at odd spells at home.

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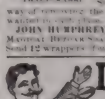

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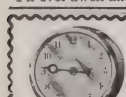
MY SHEPHERD

MY Shepherd is the Lord, the King,
I cannot want the smallest thing;
He gives me rest in pastures green,
Where pure and limpid brooks are seen.
He leadeth me, and doth restore
My soul when faint from trials sore;
In righteous paths he leads me on,
For his own sake, till heaven is won.

In death's dark shade I will not fear,
Jesus, my Friend, will then be near;
His rod and staff my stay shall be,
Till morn shall break and shadows flee.
A bounteous feast he doth provide,
'Mid enemies on every side;
My cup he fills from heaven's own font,
O'erflowing; filling every want.

His goodness and his mercy, too,
Shall follow all my journey thro';
Assured I am he'll ne'er forsake,
Till in his presence I awake
In his own likeness—satisfied.
And while eternal ages glide,
Within my Father's house above
I'll ever dwell and share his love.



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A better stove or range than you can get from any other source. A saving of from 25% to 40% in price. Prompt shipment from factory to user. Factory prices—no dealers' profits. Freight prepaid by us. 360 days approval test. Guarantee backed by $20,000 bank bond.

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Stoves and Ranges
are manufactured by us in our own factory. We know they are all right "clear through." Don't confuse them with cheap mail order goods.

We are the only stove manufacturers in the world selling their entire product direct from their own factory to the user.

There isn't a better stove or range at any price and by eliminating all dealers' and middlemen's profits we save you easily 25% to 40%. Moreover we give you a 360 Days Approval Test. If your purchase is not satisfactory in every way, return the goods at our expense. We have a complete line of ranges, cook stoves and heaters for fuel of all kinds. All stoves blacked, polished and ready for business.

It will pay you to investigate.
Send for catalog No. 103 and prices, freight prepaid.
THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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Cost No More than Plain Ones in

White Bronze

Marble is entirely out of date.
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White Bronze is strictly everlasting. It cannot crumble with the action of frost. Moss-growth is an impossibility. It is more artistic than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been adopted for more than a hundred public monuments and by thousands of delighted customers in all parts of the country. Many granite dealers have used White Bronze in preference to granite for their own burial plots. We have designs from $4.00 to $4,000.00. Write at once for free designs and information, stating about what expense you anticipate. It puts you under no obligations. We deal direct and deliver everywhere.

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A Chinese Heathen Feast

THE Feast of Devils was elaborately celebrated in Penang lately, says *The Penang Herald*. Numerous tables were to be seen in the street, and upon these were rows of platters and deep bowls of food, also family idols and incense burners. Smouldering joss sticks protruded from each dainty dish, groaning with cakes, fruits and meat. There were only three kinds of meat proper, goat's flesh, mutton and pork. "Devils cannot eat flesh bulls." Noticeable were large quantities of dried prawns and various kinds of salt fish. Thousands of ducks and chickens must have been boiled whole—the combs of the cocks were red with cochineal, and their beaks open as if crowing! The hen's heads were in easy attitudes, as if sitting on nests. Fine geese, white and tender, were much in evidence. Countless cakes of every color under heaven, save only white and blue (white is deep mourning and blue secondary mourning), were heaped up everywhere. Sunset yellow and "nigger red" predominated. Thirty-five kinds of fruit figured in all. There were watermelons, turkey red and pitifully wilted. They and some green (ripe) apples hailed from Australia; China furnished pears, ly-chees and yellow rind oranges; also pumpkins and large and rosy persimmons. Tampines, cat's eyes, "birway" and "buah salak" represented the Malay Peninsula. "Tampine" is about the size of a small turnip and brown as a nut. "Cat's eyes" are a tropical variety of ly-chee. "Birway" is a fruit with white pulp. The seed is unique; it is covered with what might be called a sort of "forked excelsior." Salak means "wicked."

The traditional belief is that thousands of unfortunate Chinese who die destitute, and who have been huddled to their graves with barely any covering on them, return at this season of the year in the shape of spirits, and seek to take vengeance on their fellow creatures who had treated their remains with such scant respect. And woe betide the unfortunate wretches who dare to look askance at these spirits, or who neglect the paramount duty, which is incumbent upon them, of making atonement for their neglect in the past.

The Benefit of Revivals

The following impressive testimony to the permanent result of revivals, in supplying the church not only with converts but with earnest workers, was given recently by Dr. R. E. Torrey: "Everywhere we have gone in our tour around the world, very many of the most successful workers that we have met, both in foreign mission fields and in the home churches, told me that they were converted under D. L. Moody. If we should take out of the church and philanthropic life of Great Britain and Ireland all who were converted in the Moody and Sankey revival meetings, what a tremendous gap would be left! The minister who holds aloof from a true evangelistic movement in a city or town will do so to the great detriment of his own spiritual life, and to the great harm of the church over which he presides."

Do You Wish This Beautiful Calendar?

Rarely, if ever, has a calendar been issued that can compare with our **Superb Drop-Leaf Butterfly Calendar for 1904 and 1905.** The best artists known were engaged to reproduce in all their Natural Brilliancy and Richness of Coloring a series of Tropical and Semi-Tropical Butterflies, and **The Forbes Lithograph Company** had the original butterflies continually at hand, to enable them, step by step, to compare their work with nature's product.

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They have marvelously succeeded in accurately reproducing all the delicate tracings, and never was more perfect work issued from any lithographic press. **Four Lovely Children's Faces** lend additional grace and beauty to this Art Production, which covers a space, when unfolded, of 10½ by 29 inches, or over 300 Square Inches, and supplies the calendar for **Two Whole Years.** This Artistic Gem will beautify many a home during the coming two years.

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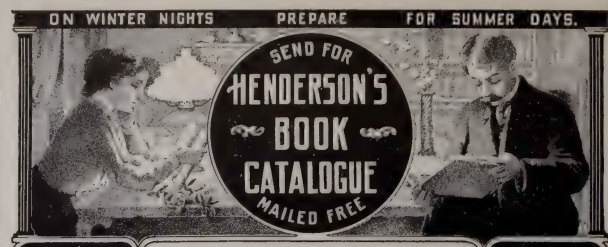
Fifteen Printings were required to bring the work to the high standard which **The Christian Herald** always demands, and on which its enviable reputation for superior work has been established. This Calendar goes **Free,** postage prepaid, with **every** subscription.

You can help us to give you the best and promptest service by sending your renewal NOW. The term is extended not from the day your renewal is received, but from the present date of expiry. You lose nothing, but greatly aid us.

ON WINTER NIGHTS PREPARE FOR SUMMER DAYS.



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A NEW INVENTION! Big Money Maker

$200 PER MONTH Write for Special offer to Men and Women, at home or traveling, for **HARRISON'S BLUE FLAME WICKLESS OIL-GAS STOVES,** with or without **Radiator** attachment for heating. Wonderful invention. Just out. Nothing else like it. **SPLENDID FOR COOKING AND HEATING.** A Great Seller. Beautiful Blue Gas Flame. Hottest fire. Quick meals. We want Agents, Salesmen, and Managers in every State. Biggest money maker ever offered. Enormous demand year round, in every city, town, village and among farmers. Customers delighted. Write for catalogue—Most wonderful stove ever invented.

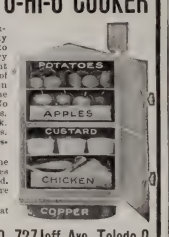
A SPOONFUL OF OIL MAKES A HOGSHEAD OF FUEL GAS
Generates its own Oil-Gas Fuel from kerosene or common coal oil. No wick, dirt, kindling, ashes. Splendid for baking. Makes fine **Heating Stove** for rooms, stores, offices, with **Radiator** attachment. Over 32,000 generators already sold. Sales last month enormous. Factory rushed. **CHEAPEST-CLEANEST-SAFEST FUEL**

10c to 20c a week should furnish oil gas fuel for small family for cooking. A gallon of kerosene oil costing 8c to 10c will furnish oil gas fuel for a constant blue gas flame, hottest fire, for about eighteen hours.

NO MORE BIG COAL BILLS Expensive, dirty coal and wood stoves, smoky oil wick stoves, dangerous gasoline stoves, etc. Our stoves are a delight—absolutely safe—will not explode. Simple, easily operated. Handsomely made of sheet steel, finely finished—last for years. All sizes. **PRICES, $2.00 UP.** Write today for **Catalogue FREE. ALSO FOR SPECIAL OFFER. NEW PLAN, ETC.** Address,
WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 5636 World Building, CINCINNATI, O.

Send $1.00 For O-HI-O COOKER

Subject to examination at express office. Sold on **Thirty days' trial.** Guaranteed to save time, fuel, labor, grocery and meat bills nothing burnt or dried up, no evaporation of meats. Saves doctor bills. An entire meal cooked over one burner on any style stove. No mingling of odors or tastes. It's a Kitchen Savings Bank. $1.00 Cook Book FREE, 5 cts. postage. **Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue FREE.**



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FREE Large illustrated pamphlet giving reliable information about the best irrigable lands in California, in tracts to suit. Easy payments and perfect title.

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Is the best Finish made for **FLOORS**

Interior Woodwork and Furniture

Not brittle. Will neither scratch nor deface like shellac or varnish. Is not soft and sticky like beeswax. Perfectly transparent, preserving the natural color and beauty of the wood. Without doubt the MOST ECONOMICAL AND SATISFACTORY POLISH known for hardwood floors.

For Sale by Dealers in Paints, Hardware and Housefurnishings.

Send for FREE BOOKLET telling of the many advantages of BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH.

THE BUTCHER POLISH CO.,
Our No. 3 Resiver is a Superior Finish for Kitchen and Piazza Floors. **356 Atlantic Ave., BOSTON, MASS.**

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are banished Warm feet induce sleep The most comfortable thing you ever put foot into is

McFarlan's Slumber Slipper

Will keep the ankles warm. Worn in bed and out. Made of a handsome fleece - lined knit fabric; tops beautifully embroidered with silk. Dainty colorings. Send size of shoe.

TWO PAIRS FOR 25c.—POSTPAID
Different sizes if desired. For men, women, children
McFARLAN MILLS, 40 Harvey Av. Amsterdam, N.Y.

AN EGG MAKER

Nothing equals green cut bone for hens. Any one can cut it with

Mann's Latest Model Bone Gutter.

Open hopper. Automatic feed. **10 Days' Free Trial.** No pay until you're satisfied. If you don't like it, return at our expense. Isn't this better for you than to pay for a machine you never tried? Cat'l g free.

F. W. MANN CO., Box 29, Milford, Mass.

Every genuine Hartshorn shade roller has the autograph signature of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Ask your dealer for the

IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.

No tacks required to attach shade.

WOOD ROLLERS. TIN ROLLERS.

CHURCH FURNITURE. Pews, Assembly Chairs, Pulpits, S. S. Seating. Largest Line. Latest Styles. Free Catalogue. Mfd. at **GRAND RAPIDS SCHOOL FURNITURE WORKS,** Salesroom, 22 West 19th Street, New York.

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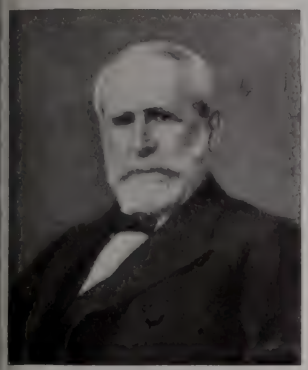
HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia.

"Father of Greater New York"

The Late Andrew H. Green and His Remarkable Public Career

ALL classes of people in New York City and throughout the State were shocked by the news of the death of the Hon. Andrew Haswell Green, who was



ANDREW H. GREEN

shot down by an insane negro, on the steps of his residence at No. 91 Park avenue, on November 13. Mr. Green had long been a well-known and greatly-respected citizen of the metropolis, where he had held many positions of honor and high responsibility.

Mr. Green came of an old New England family, and was born at Green Hill, Worcester, Mass., in 1820. On reaching manhood, and after a period of travel, he entered the law office of Samuel J. Tilden, and afterwards became Mr. Tilden's partner. His public career began when he became a school trustee in 1854, and from that time forward, his peculiar aptitude for large public undertakings seems to have become pronounced and recognized. In 1856 he was appointed a Commissioner of Central Park, and it may be said in brief that to his foresight, his broad and intelligent comprehension of New York's needs, and his tireless industry is due very largely the development of Central Park and of other parks throughout the State as well. He assisted materially in the movement for the purchase of Niagara Park by the State as a public reservation, saving it from destruction by vandals. His was the leading influence in the organization of the Astor-Lennox-Tilden public library. He was the city's Comptroller during the stormy years that followed the municipal revolution of 1872, and the citizens had such a warm appreciation of his sterling character that they dubbed him "the watchdog of the treasury."

In 1896, he projected the great and far-reaching scheme which won him the distinguished title of "Father of Greater New York." It was his far-seeing and active brain which first suggested the desirability of uniting the metropolis and its outlying suburbs in one grand municipality. He was made President of the Greater New York Commission, and advocated the project ceaselessly thereafter, until it became an accomplished fact. Had he so wished, he might have been the first mayor of the greater city; but he had no desire for personal glorification, and resisted all temptations to enter the tempestuous sea of local politics. In 1898, a special gold medal was struck and presented to Mr. Green, commemorating the consolidation of the municipalities, and expressing the esteem of the people of the metropolis for "the Father of Greater New York."

Mr. Green's activities were not confined to his pet project, however. He was identified with almost every movement for the welfare and advancement of the city and its population, and especially during the last two decades. He had no taste for practical politics, but he never hesitated to spend his time and his energies where there was a possibility of helping his fellowmen to cleaner, brighter and happier lives. He was a member of nearly a score of historical, philanthropic, botanical, patriotic, geographical and other societies, to each of which he gave scrupulous attention in the interest of public service.

Privately, he was a man of many charities and had a host of pensioners dependent upon his bounty. He was also warmly interested in religious work, and took an active and practical share in the support of domestic and foreign missions. Indeed, it can be truthfully said that he left no opportunity unimproved to do good to his fellows. He was an ideal Christian citizen, and for nearly half of his long and busy lifetime, he has lived for others almost wholly, planning and working for the general good and employing body and brain ceaselessly for that purpose.

New York City and the State unite in mourning the loss of one who has done so much to win the love and esteem of the people, and whose distinguished services to the commonwealth have placed his fellowmen under obligations that cannot be repaid by imposing demonstrations, eloquent tributes or monuments of stone. His name has become imperishably known as that of the good citizen who during his whole career strove, under Divine guidance, to lead men into purer, better and nobler lives.

A Mammoth Issue

Our readers will observe that the present issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD consists of 44 pages. It contains more reading matter of general interest (wholly apart from advertisements), than any issue of the paper ever before published.

DRAWN BY LOVE DIVINE

MRS. CARRIE T. MOORE, Superintendent of the Florence Crittenton Home, Minneapolis, Minn., has sent this beautiful incident to Dr. Klopsch for publication:

"The sheriff of a town in Minnesota wrote me asking if I would take a girl from there who had been in jail for the death of her illegitimate child. She was not guilty, and was acquitted. I took her into our Home. She was very unhappy, thinking of her child, whom she declared she loved and would have worked for. After a time, I got her a place to work; first acquainting the lady with the facts. She took the girl, and the latter came to our Home on Sundays to meeting. She left her place after a time and got other work.

"One day she came to the Home and told me she was helping in a Swedish mission, visiting the poor and taking food to the hungry. From her talk, I found she was doing a good work. She had bought a new hat, and afterwards she felt sorry, as the money, she said, would have done someone good.

"I asked her what made so great a change in her, for she looked so bright and happy. She replied, 'One Sunday afternoon I came to the Home to meeting, and brought my employer's little boy with me. Mrs. A did not know I was going so far. Going back, I took a car going the wrong way, so that I did not get home until late. They were worried about the child, and they scolded me so that I cried. I felt so bad that I went to my room, and there I picked up a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Looking at it, I read the words, 'God so loved the world,' and I thought, Well, if he loves the world, then he loves me. I got right down upon my knees and prayed. I got up so happy and I have been so happy ever since. I do not get angry any more, no matter what anyone says to me. I am happy all the time.'

"This is the story of a simple girl, who found salvation through the Gospel message in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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A bank president wheeled in his chair the other day and said, "Make me out one of those RELIANCE policies for $100,000." He was a wise banker. We like to deal with bankers. They know so much about capital and surplus and wise management and enter into an insurance transaction with what might be termed "the judicial spirit." We also like to deal with sensible people who are *not* bankers. Would you not like to get in touch with us by mail? If we cannot be of service to you, we promise to change our plans or strike our flag.

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Let every person who needs this at once send to the company for its 190 page book, which you can have free. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains many bonafide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from people in every station in life—clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc. and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from the use of this wonderful little device; you will find among them the names of people in your own town or state, and you are at liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure their opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear drums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Etter, Va. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in hearing and answering prayers."

B. B., Ironton, O. "I prayed to God for a certain thing. Thank God, my prayers were answered."

Reader, Philadelphia. "I was in great trouble. I went to God in prayer. He heard and answered. Praise his Holy name."

A. R. K., Washington, D. C. "Many times have my prayers been answered. The Lord is an ever present help in time of need."

Mrs. J. R. C., Eckford, Mich. "I know God hears and answers our prayers, if we come to him in an acceptable way."

In His Name, Martinsburg, Pa. "Have faith in God. He has wonderfully blessed me in answer to prayer. Praise his Holy name."

E. A., Rutherford, N. J. "I feel constrained to thankfully acknowledge God's many answers to my prayers in time of trouble."

J. M., East Poultney, Vt. "I wish to add my name to the list of those who believe in special answer to prayer."

Miss B. L., Gainesville, Fla. "In times of great distress, God heard my prayers and answered them. I will ever love and praise him."

Mrs. M. B., McVille, N. Y. "I want to acknowledge God's power in answering prayer for me in many ways."

Reader, Dak. "I am very thankful for answered prayers. I was in great trouble and sought the Lord in earnest prayer. He was my deliverer."

N. J. A., Philadelphia, Pa. "I am now sixty-five years old and have been trusting in God for twenty years. He has never failed to answer my prayers. Bless his holy name!"

A Friend, Wilmington, Ohio. "I have been for the last forty years of my life abundantly blessed in answer to prayer. I feel that I want to pray without ceasing, and in all things give thanks."

A Believer in Prayer, Cooksville, Ill. "I wish to acknowledge God's mercy in answering my prayer. He has answered many prayers for me. I praise his holy name."

Reader, Minneapolis, Minn. "I was in great sorrow and trouble, and took it all to God, and he answered my prayers in a way I little thought of. I thank him for it."

Reader, Tifton, Ga. "Many times God has answered my prayers. I know that when I pray, I am to receive what I ask for, because Christ said, 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.'"

W. J. K., Collinston, Utah. "I desire to add my testimony to those who are witnessing to the faithfulness of our Heavenly Father in answering the prayers of his children."

Believer in Prayer, Kansas. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it to the world. He has heard. Praise his name."

D. M. J., Iowa. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering prayer. He has done so in many wonderful ways, sometimes quite unexpectedly, and I feel that I shall never doubt him again."

F. E., Cal. "I praise God that he many times has answered my prayers. Often when I was cast down he comforted me. Prayers for the salvation of others have been answered in his own way."

Reader, Troy, D. C. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of our Heavenly Father in answering prayer. He has relieved me when in great trouble and sorrow. He will always relieve us if we come to him in faith believing."

Reader, Sparland, Ill. "I have been greatly strengthened by reading of so many that have such faith in God. I know that God has answered my prayers, and know that he will answer prayer if we only trust him."

Miss L. H., New York. "I have been reading the Answered Prayers, and I feel that I must write and say that I know God does hear and answer prayer. He has heard and answered me a great many times. I want to thank him for all he has done for me."

Constant Reader, Ashland, Pa. "Mother wishes to join me in acknowledging the goodness of our heavenly Father in answering prayer. God has answered our prayer many times—yea, every time—both in regard to our temporal and spiritual welfare. When the way seems so dark 'a little talk with Jesus makes it right.'"

Hopeful, Weaubleau, Mo. "Through a misunderstanding, my dearest friend became my bitter enemy. After doing everything in my power to make it right, and only making matters worse, I began praying. One day, while lying on my bed grieving over it, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was brought in, and my eye fell on the Answered Prayers. It gave me faith, and in tears I begged God to melt her heart toward me, and before night she sent me a kind letter of reconciliation. Was it not God's answer?"

A Reader, New York. "I have long been in the habit of trying to pray as best I could for the members of my Bible Class, for my fellow Christians in the little church that I attend, and for many dear friends and kinsfolk. I name them at the mercy seat one by one, though not always all in one day, and crave for them the same blessings of guardianship, comfort and guidance, that I am wont to ask for myself. As I see their lives, many of them at least, brightening more and more with blessings, temporal and spiritual, I ask myself in solemn wonder, 'Is this due in the least to my poor prayers?' I dare believe that in some degree at least it is, and I write this in hope of encouraging others to persevere in the ministry of intercession."

An "Old Pilgrim's" Choice

Mrs. C. A. B., Bone Gap, Ill., writes: "I send in my renewal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I want the Morrison book for the children to read nights. I am old, and nearly blind, but the children can read to me most of the paper, and as a premium, you may send *How I Worked my Way Around the World*. You may put me down as one of the old pilgrims. I was born in 1817, have been living a Christian life since my early teens, and am not tired of that kind of life yet. I was eighty-six the tenth of last May."

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ENGLAND'S AMBASSADOR

HOW much greater importance than formerly is attached to diplomatic relations with the United States by the British Government, is seen in the selection of a representative to succeed the late Sir Michael Herbert. For the first time, a trained diplomatist of the highest rank is chosen for the position. He is Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, now British Ambassador at the court of Spain. He is fifty-three years of age, and has held many important offices. Following

SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND

the example of his father, Major-General Durand, he entered the India service, about thirty years ago. He served under Lord Roberts as Political Secretary during the Afghan troubles of 1879, and on his return was appointed to a responsible office in the India Government. When the Marquis of Dufferin went to Cabul to negotiate with the Ameer, Sir Mortimer Durand accompanied him, and again in 1893 he conducted a difficult business with the Afghans, which won him high commendation from the British Government. In the following year he was appointed British Minister at the Persian court, where he remained until 1900, when he was appointed Ambassador to Madrid. The change to Washington is announced as a promotion, and there is no doubt that it will call for higher qualities than were required at the Spanish court. The cordial relations now happily existing between the two governments will, however, render the position a pleasant one. Those who know Sir Mortimer predict that he will be popular in Washington society. He is the author of two books which have had a large circulation in England, and has edited his father's history of the Afghan war.

Hearts Touched in Cuba

FROM the founder of El Faro Christiano (the Gospel Lighthouse) Mission in Juraco, Cuba, we have received the following letter, which speaks most encouragingly of the Mission's work:

"*My Dear Mr. Klopsch*:—Accept our grateful thanks for the kind donation which we have just received through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We are praying to extend our work in Cuba. There are many towns without the Gospel, when each one should have some exponent here. But we quietly wait God's good time in all things, both as to workers and funds. We could now profitably take one dozen new workers to learn the language and the customs of the people.

"A good evangelistic friend of mine in England once said that if God did not give him converts, he always left the place and went to another. We feel a good deal the same way about it, but we can praise the name of the Lord that we have been able to preach the Gospel in some fifty towns, and we thank him that he has not kept us waiting for years to see the tokens of his love, but has turned many to himself during our brief occupation of this part of Cuba. Hundreds of urgent calls have been put forth, and who can tell how deep the messages have sunk into the hearts of many who to us may appear shallow? When we remember the expectation and the actual results amongst the Chinese, we may well withhold judgment, and work on in quiet confidence in God.

"In one little Cuba home, about a year ago, the three occupants—a dear old lady and her two blind daughters—gladly accepted the Gospel when first presented to them. They have been *El Faro Christianos* (Christian Lighthouses) in their neighborhood ever since. The mother is over eighty. Her prayers and ours have been that her daughters might have sight before she left them to be seen of men no more. A few days ago we received the intelligence that one of the sisters is now so much improved that she can see to pick up a pin from the floor. The old mother is intensely happy and triumphant.

"J. B. W."

Delighted with Red Letter Bible

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I have received the Red Letter Bible, and to say I was surprised to receive such a beautiful book does not half express it. It surpasses my highest expectation. It is simply immense. The wonder is how you can give so much for so little money. Many of my friends have seen the book, and feel, as I do, that it is wonderful. I can read the print so easily that I read eighteen chapters without stopping, the very first thing after I received it. I thank you most sincerely for the book, and hope you may live many years in which to continue your good work. MRS. ADDIE R. CATHCART.

Buchanan, Mich.

WONDERFUL UNDERWEAR.

A New Method of Knitting That Cuts the Price of Underwear in Two.

A new style of underwear, made by a new process, is now noticeable in the stores. It is called Utica Ribbed Fleece, because of the peculiar formation of its fabric, and is having a widespread sale by reason of its surprising comfort and economy.

A slight examination of a suit of Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear—which sells for fifty cents a garment—will show that it is equal in every respect to a suit of underwear that formerly cost a much larger sum.

This remarkable benefit is due to the invention of a wonderful knitting machine, which knits automatically a fabric, one side of which is composed of elastic ribs and the other side of downy fleece. Hence the name, Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear.

The elasticity of this peculiar weave is so perfect that the garment can be stretched to nearly twice its usual size. This causes it to fit the form closely, and especially adapts it for women's wear, while active men find that they are able to move much more easily in a Utica Ribbed Fleece garment.

The soft fléece will also retain its downy softness, and will not mat nor rumple. This is one of the remarkable features of the invention. In fact, the process is so complete that rough washing—so dangerous to underwear—will not shrink the fabric or change its shape.

The women's garments are close fitting, handsome, serviceable—a delight to the eye and sense of any woman. The men's wear is well made and comfortable. The price of both men's and women's garments is fifty cents.

For children, Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear is made in separate vests and pants, and also in union suits. The price per separate garment is twenty-five cents. The union suits are fifty cents each.

Utica Ribbed Fleece, the trade mark of the Utica Knitting Company, is sewed on every garment and marks it genuine.

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A portion of each number is edited with reference to the women of the world, another to the woman of the home, another to interest youth, and still another for the man of affairs—treating equally the clerk just starting in life and the captain of industry.

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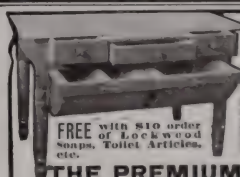

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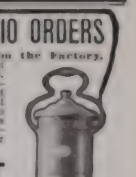

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Christmas Gifts

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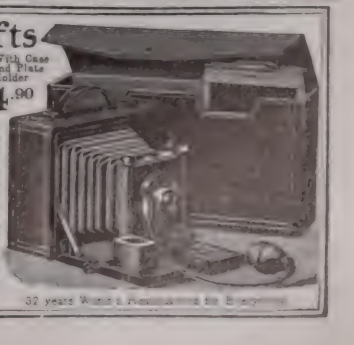

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REV. J. W. HENDERSON, Weston, La., testifies that it relieved his son, 13 years old, of **dropsy** in two weeks after **doctors had given him up to die.** So terribly afflicted, could not walk.

RT. REV. BISHOP J. C. HARTZELL, Bishop of Africa, REV. G. A. REGAN, LL.D., of Chicago, REV. CHAS. B. MITCHELL, of Minneapolis, recommend them highly, as also does EX-GOVERNOR ATKINSON of W. Virginia, Congressman JOHN J. LENTZ, and hundreds of others.

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Solomon in His Greatness and in His Fall

By Mrs. M. Baxter

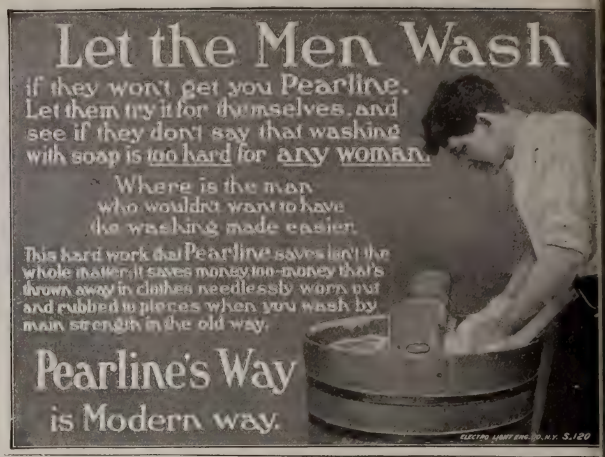
PROBABLY no king who ever reigned has occupied a position so open to temptation as that of Solomon. From the truest point of view he was the greatest king that ever yet has reigned on earth, and he is the one type of Christ as King in his millennial glory (Ps. 72.) The Word of God has never said of any other king than Solomon that he "exceeded all the kings of the earth in riches and in wisdom." "And all the earth sought the presence of Solomon to hear his wisdom which God put in his heart" (I. Kings 10: 23, 24, R. V.). Such a position was enough to turn the head of any man; especially one who came to the throne so young, and stepped into such a position without having worked his way up to it as David had done. David was always, from first to last, conscious of his dependence upon God; Solomon began his reign in the same spirit, but did not continue, as his father had done, steadfast to the end. The results of the two lives shows how much more difficult is prosperity to a man of God than adversity.

Solomon began well, he lived in communion with God, and was not ashamed to confess before his people his allegiance to God. He was "strengthened in his kingdom, and the Lord his God was with him and magnified him exceedingly," and he on his part gathered together the representatives of his people to a solemn act of worship at Gibeon, about six or seven miles from Jerusalem, where the tabernacle which Moses made was standing (although the ark was then in Jerusalem), and there, upon the brazen altar of burnt-offering, the king offered "a thousand burnt-offerings" (II. Chron. 1: 1-6). It was an act of national homage and consecration, and God met his servant, for in that night did God appear unto Solomon, and said unto him, "Ask what I shall give thee." And Soloman said, "Give thy servant an understanding heart to judge this thy great people."

If Solomon had remained but a little child, he would never have departed from his God, as he did in his later years; and it was just this position of dependence which made it possible for God to put Solomon into such a unique position. The words of the young king pleased the Lord. How often God is obliged to refuse selfish prayers! And Solomon was equipped for service; he had God's word for it that wisdom was given him for the rule which was entrusted to him. Probably he felt no wiser than before, but he knew God was true, and that when occasion called for it the wisdom needed was there, made sure by the unfailing word of the living God.

Solomon's name means "peace." His reign was one of peace, and the temple worship prepared by David, and established by Solomon, was the figure and foundation of the worship which will be offered in Ezekiel's temple during the millennium (Ezek. 40: 46), when the glory which left the temple because of the people's sin (Ezek. 10: 4, 18, 19; 11: 22) shall return and make the very earth shine (Ezek. 43: 1-7). Then "the Prince of Peace" will reign; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isa. 2: 4).

The wisdom which God gave Solomon was of an exceptional character. His discernment in the case of the disputed maternity of the child, by which he discovered the true mother deeply impressed his people. All Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged, and they feared the king; for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him to do judgment (ver. 28). But God gave him also an unprecedented intelligence in every branch of learning. "God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart. And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country and all the wisdom of Egypt. For he was wiser than all men" (I. Kings 4: 29-31). And this was not the result of excessive study. Even before his father died, Solomon reigned, and the multiplicity of things which have to be attended to at court, must have passed through his hands and precluded much study.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All the rest were laughing or screaming, I couldn't tell which. They stood or flew about the unfortunate, but never a hand did they lend. I lifted the bird, washed him, gave him advice, kissed him and opened my hand. Next morning he sat down in the same bowl. Again I attended to his needs, and he remembered. Another spring he will fly away to Alaska and sing all night to his sweetheart all about his "courage in hours of danger," and how he had "two narrow escapes from a tragic death," all on account of outwitting the enemy. But he will never whisper to her that his said enemy kissed him twice and let him go.—*Elizabeth Grinnell in Sunset Magazine for November.*

A Patriotic Souvenir

I received, as a gift of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a copy of The Declaration of Independence, when my patriotic blood was stirred by the near approach of the Fourth of July. To say that I was delighted is putting it mildly. Though at a late day, I thank you from my heart for this souvenir.

I consider the HERALD one of the best religious papers. I read it with edification and spiritual profit. May the Lord bless your labors of love.

J. B. JONES,
Pastor of St. Luke's M. P. Church.
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SKETCHED FROM LIFE FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

SEE PAGE 44

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A GROUP OF MACEDONIAN REFUGEES AT SAMOKOV

MACEDONIA AND ITS PEOPLE

By the REV. D. N. FURNAJIEFF, a Native of Macedonia

MACEDONIA is to-day so much before the public eye, that I gladly accept the invitation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to write some facts on the subject for the benefit of its readers. Not a little has been said and written, either from lack of proper information or from a desire to throw the whole question overboard, and escape every annoyance from it.

Macedonia has suffered this year much more than the public knows, and while it is not the purpose of the present article to point out the guilty parties, I can safely state that all the people, of whatever nationality, living in that unfortunate country, are tired of the present suspense and distressing condition, and desire that the Powers should bring about some changes which will be satisfactory, for the majority at least. Even Turks have said to us, "Well, if Allah has decreed a change, and the change is for the best, the sooner this uncertainty and anxiety end the better."

We must keep in mind the fact that Macedonia has been for many years "the bone of contention," both for the small and large countries around, but the question of a Macedonian autonomy—equality of rights to all alike—under a Christian Governor-general, who will be responsible directly before the European Powers, is the most satisfactory solution of the problem for all the subjects of the Sultan concerned. Whether his Majesty the Sultan can, consistently with the faith he defends, peacefully consent to put Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans on equal footing or not is another question; but it is a fact that we can never hope for the pacification of the country before such rights are guaranteed to the natives; and, to our mind, this is the best thing for the peace, the purse and the reign of the Sultan himself.

As to the outward appearance of the native Macedonians I need not speak, for the present pictures will serve both to illustrate that and also to correct some past misimpressions. Ethnically, Macedonia cannot be claimed exclusively by any one of her neighboring nations. Exact statistics in Turkey are difficult to obtain, for the object of the government statistics is mainly to give the Turks, and no Turks, it being immaterial to the Sultan whether his rayas (subjects) are Servian, Bulgarian, Greek or any other. However, even this question is not so hopeless. By far the largest majority of the population is Bulgarian, who number more than 1,250,000, *i.e.*, nearly one half of the entire population. This is according to English and German writers on the subject. The Greeks often astonish us with statistics that put their number first, but impartial and disinterested judges declare that the present descendants of the ancient philosophers err in the matter. It is not fair to count men and women Greeks because they adhere to the Greek Church, any more than it would be fair to call the Russians Greeks, because their national church is the Greek Church, or to call all the American Catholics Italians, because they adhere to the church of Rome. Nationality and religious persuasion are not mutually inclusive; and therefore it becomes necessary to make a distinction.

A BULGARIAN DOCTOR AND WIFE

MACEDONIAN INSURGENT

A MACEDONIAN TEACHER

It is true also that the insurrection in Macedonia this year is not a local affair, which could easily have been suppressed; but the whole country, from one end to the other, has risen up, demanding rights, while it is well known that the Greeks have opposed most secret Macedonian aspirations, and even the government of Greece astounded the world and put to shame her liberators from the Turkish rule, by its open success efforts to help Turkey to put down the revolution which effort, however, the Sultan declined. Let us, therefore, remember that the largest element ethnically is Bulgarian, and that is why the revolution is called Bulgarian.

Before giving some of the traits of character of the Macedonian Bulgarians, let me make it clear that these Bulgarians are by blood and by religious belief the same with the Bulgarians of Bulgaria, with this difference only, that the latter are under an independent constitutional government of their own.

The call of Macedonia to evangelical Christians. The Rev. Dr. J. H. Hoose of Constantinople, who is at present on the homeward journey, tells us that some parts are entirely [illegible] small [illegible] the ground and [illegible] the land is [illegible] being [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The American Pulpit

THE NEW LIKENESS

Sermon Preached by DR. O. P. GIFFORD

in Delaware Avenue Baptist Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

TEXT—COL. 3: 9-11—"YE HAVE PUT OFF THE OLD MAN WITH HIS DEEDS, AND HAVE PUT ON THE NEW MAN, WHICH IS RENEWED IN KNOWLEDGE AFTER THE IMAGE OF HIM THAT CREATED HIM"

THE written page cannot change its message. What is written, is written. If this were not true, there could be no recorded history, no literature, no published philosophy. If the manuscript could change its message as men change their minds, there might be no past recorded for us to study. The great manuscripts in the British Museum, and in the libraries of Paris and St. Petersburg, carry the message of the Gospel as written on them centuries ago. There can be no change on the written page except a man make it.

The vegetable world is God's manuscript. On it he has written his thoughts. The world of nature has no power to change itself, otherwise we could have no agriculture. If the sown seeds could change their minds, we could never count upon the harvest. A tree set up in its place gives a type of fruit, and brings forth a verdure in keeping with its kind; and as the years press upon it the sunshine, and the rain, and the soil, the answer is always the same—the leaves, the flowers, the fruit, do not change. A man may travel the wide world over, he may change his mind a thousand times, but he knows, when he reaches home, the same tree will be bearing the same kind of apples he learned to love when a boy.

There is no power in animal nature to change itself. Each brings forth after its kind. If change is wrought, it is wrought by the will of the Creator. But when we struggle up to the level of man, we find a being who can change himself—a being endowed with will and power of choice—one who can put off the old man with his deeds. Habit is used in two senses. It means the clothes we wear and the manner of doing the things we do. A woman wears a riding habit because she has the habit of riding, and when she changes the habit of riding, she changes the riding habit. She can change both. A man adapts his habits to the habits of his profession or business. He can change both. We can put off the old and put on the new from the heart out.

Incomplete Changes

One of the most interesting studies in nature is given to us by Huxley in the study of the cray-fish, an English fresh water lobster. It is seven or eight inches long, and dwells alongside English streams. Its shell can never be enlarged, but its body continues to grow. When the live body has outgrown the shell, the little cray-fish withdraws from its fellows, and begins to rub its limbs against each other and against the shell. Then it throws itself on its back, draws in the tail, forces up the breast, draws in the head, and with a mighty struggle, bursts out of its shell. For two or three days it is very timid, for it has no protection. Then it expands to the utmost of its body, and forms a new shell; but it is just like the old one. It has changed the outer habit without changing the inner habit. It is another expression of the same life. So the trees weave leaves and flowers, then toss them aside, and the next year weave new ones; but the new are just like the old. So is it with some men I have seen. They go through a tremendous struggle to change their personal habits, and then reform them on the old lines. They take the pledge the first of January, and go without drinking a month; then drink enough for the month; and the shell hardens.

Paul is writing to men who have changed not only the external but also the internal habit of life—have put off the old man and put on the new man—have a new heart, a new mode of life, new methods of thought, new purposes. Man is at bottom a will. He has mental faculties, affections, imagination: he is a will. He can put his mental faculties where he pleases, can change his imaginations, can shift his centre—can reorganize his life by successive acts of the will. Great icebergs at times seem to move against the tide and current, because, fathoms deep, there are great currents that are moving in the opposite direction, and the bulk of the iceberg is in the underlying current. The underlying current of a man's soul is the will. He can carry his affections, thoughts, and purposes dead against the social currents and the political movements of the age in which he lives.

Paul is writing to men who have been doing this. They have put off the old man and have put on the new. A man can change his national life. Born and bred in Germany until middle life, for good and sufficient reasons he becomes an American. By an act of the will he compares the two civilizations, the two forms of government, the two sets of opportunities. He puts his property on the market, and embarks by successive acts of the will. He takes out citizenship papers under the American Republic. He wears American-made clothes, eats American-cooked food, changes his literature and reads American history, changes his loyalty and swears loyalty to the American flag. You will find him, if need be, in the forefront of the American army even in opposition to the German Empire. He has changed himself—laid off the old Germany and put on the new America.

A man can change his professional life. Trained for the practice of medicine for years, the conviction comes to him that he ought to become a preacher. Such a thing happened in the case of Dr. Boughton. He left a practice which brought him $4,000 a year, and went to preaching on a salary which brought him a bare living. He sold his office and instruments. He sold his library and bought books on theology, and began to preach. By successive acts of the will he reorganized his whole mental life. Instead of being an authority on the cure of the body, he became an authority on the cure of souls.

A man can change his religious life. Born and bred a Jew, looking for salvation to the law, he can, by an act of the will, pass out of Judaism into Christianity, looking to Jesus Christ for salvation through faith. Forgetting the things that are behind, he can know but one thing in the world—Jesus Christ and Him crucified. There is nothing that requires such a stupendous act of the will as to change the deep, underlying currents of a man's religious life. Abraham, born in Ur of the Chaldees, worshiped strange Gods. A ray of light from the white throne fell upon his soul, and he became

REV. O. P. GIFFORD D.D.

a pilgrim in a strange land. He went out not knowing where he went, and sought a city whose builder and maker was God. He became the pioneer of millions who have traveled from earth to heaven. Moses, bred in a palace, chose to suffer affliction with the people of God, enduring as seeing him who is invisible. He gave forty years to the desert and forty years to the wilderness, and was buried in an unmarked grave.

Next to the will of God, the will of man is the one omnipotent power in the universe. When Christ would sum up God, he said, "Thy will be done." And man is made in the image and likeness of God. A man can turn the old tenants out of his mental life, and can rehang new pictures on the walls of imagery. He can change the tidal movements of his affections by an act of the will; else our social and political organizations are at fault, for we hold men responsible for what they do. If man cannot do as he will, he is not responsible for what he does.

Paul is writing to men who have put off the old and have put on the new, and when they have put off the old and have put on the new, straightway they begin to be moulded into conformity with the new. He shall be moulded or recreated into the likeness of the image of the Son of God. He changes his mind. We enter into the knowledge of a new Being, whom we have chosen deliberately to be our ideal. He makes over his knowledge to us. I look into the faces of boys who are in our high schools. All the knowledge of the teachers becomes yours. All that is bound up in the printed book is filtered into your mind. In a year or two more you will have graduated from the high school and entered on the university life. You will come into contact then with new men, new methods, new books. The old high school has given you all it can. You have outgrown its text-books and professors. You have changed into another world. These new professors will give you their knowledge of astronomy and biology, and culture and history. They will transfer their minds, until their knowledge becomes a part of your mental furniture. The great truths and principles of the books pass into your inner life, until you find you are moulded into the likeness of the teachers. You have taken the impress of the books, and bear the inspiration of the university, and wherever you go, you bear with you the result of that college life.

The Transformed Life

A man puts on the new man, Jesus Christ, and he is moulded into the image and likeness of that new man. And the knowledge that Christ has becomes my knowledge, and the inspiration of Christ becomes my inspiration, and the will of Christ becomes my will, until life is transfigured and transformed into the image and likeness of the Great Teacher—the Son of God. The old man gave me knowledge of sin, iniquity, suffering, death. The new man gives me knowledge of God, duty, eternal life, destiny beyond the stars.

You go to Washington, and while the city sleeps, seek the Naval Observatory. There you find a man who has studied the stars—observed the worlds above. You enter the Naval Observatory, and close the door. You put yourself, as it were, into his hands, and say, "I want to know what you have mastered and see what you have seen." He tells you that it will take you years. You answer, "I don't care if it takes a life-time. Here I am. Give me what you know." You shut the world away. The busy world that struggles by daylight is nothing to you. The starry world that swims in the night is all to you. You have put off the old—the day of light, and have put on the new—the night of darkness. In the night hour you know much of many worlds. He adjusts the telescope. You watch him. The large lens points to a distant world. You are many feet below the little end. You cannot climb. He smiles and touches a spring, and slowly the floor rises with you on it, and lifts you until you are on a level with the lower end of the telescope. Then the great new world bursts upon your vision. You put on the new world.

So a soul puts off its studies in the flesh, and comes to Jesus Christ with his knowledge of God, truth and life, and says, "I want to be a Christian man—to know what you know and live what you live and be what you are. He looks into your face and says, "It will take you years, nay, eternity." But you say, "I care not for that. I want this, thy knowledge, thy power, thy purity." He begins with you. The beginning of every new form of life is hard. The text of the new book swims before you. The problems are a puzzle beneath your eyes. The new form of discipline strains the muscles in a new way. The new way of life in the new community hurts. So, when a man begins religious life, it means so much and yet so little. But you give yourself into the keeping of the new man, and he trains the telescope on the very face of God; and through His Word comes the smile of the Infinite. Through the wire he has stretched comes the voice of the Infinite. Slowly he lifts the whole level of your life, until your life becomes one with his truth and one with God. You have put off the old man. You have put on the new man with his deeds.

The Act of Surrender

It is hard at first. It is done by an act of surrender, by an act of acceptance, by repeated acts of acceptance as new truth comes. By and by you find it is easier to think as Christ thinks, than to think as the world thinks: easier to pray to God than to talk to men; easier to read the Bible than the morning paper; better to go to prayer meeting than the theatre. The whole sweep of a man's life has changed, when he comes to think Christ's thoughts—to share God's life by the simple act of the will—by the taking of one's soul in the hands of one's will, as it were, and putting it into the keeping of Jesus Christ. You have put off the old, you have put on the new. You are being conformed to the image of the new man—coming up to the level of his knowledge. You are mastering his philosophy, science and art of life.

What then? Where there is neither Jew nor Greek, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. There was no greater gulf between nations in the time of Christ and Paul than that between the Jew and the Greek. The Jew sought for signs, the Greek sought for wisdom. The Jew could not be convinced of the truth until the truth manifested itself in a visible way through miracles. The Greek could not be convinced unless the truth was self-con-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1041

OUR NEW CANAL TREATY WITH PANAMA

EVENTS have followed each other in rapid succession in regard to our relations with the new Republic of Panama. Not only has the Republic been recognized by this Government, but a new convention or treaty, providing for the construction of the canal by the United States, has been signed by Secretary Hay and Philippe Bunau Varilla, the Minister of the new Republic. This important act took place in Secretary Hay's study in Washington on November 18. The treaty, it is authoritatively explained, contains these provisions:

Panama cedes to the United States whatever land or lands throughout the Republic of Panama this Government shall find desirable in connection with the building or the operation and maintenance of the canal. In addition, it gives to the United States absolute sovereignty over the canal strip, which comprises between eight and ten miles on each side of the canal. Within this zone the power of the United States is absolute.

ENVOYS FROM THE NEW REPUBLIC

1. Dr. Manuel E. Amador 2. Carlos Arosemena 3. Frederico Boyd 4. Pablo Arosemena

The new treaty contains many of the provisions of the failed Hay-Herran treaty, but it follows not only the spirit, but the letter of the Spooner act. Thus, instead of the lease for a fixed period of the canal strip, this new treaty provides for a perpetual grant of the right of way to the United States, and instead of a complicated provision for courts of mixed composition—half American and half Colombian—to administer justice over the canal strip, the new treaty permits this Government to exercise complete jurisdiction. Permission also is given to the United States to fortify the line and the terminals, and police it with troops. The cities of Panama and Colon retain their municipal autonomy under the Republic of Panama, as long as they maintain public order and sanitary conditions to the satisfaction of the United States. Failure to do this gives the United States, according to the treaty, the right to force strict compliance with the wishes of this Government in this direction.

The money consideration is the same in the new treaty as in the Hay-Herran convention, with the exception that the $10,000,000 go to Panama instead of to Colombia. The treaty provides that the canal is to be neutral, and open to all nations on even terms.

It is expected that the new Republic will ratify the treaty with due promptness.

There are two embassies now visiting this country in connection with Panama affairs. One is from the Panama Republic, and consists of two Commissioners: Dr. Manuel E. Amador and Frederico Boyd, with Carlos Arosemena, Secretary. This party has arrived in Washington as a special commission empowered to treat with our Government concerning affairs relative to the new Republic not already definitely adjusted. The other embassy is from Colombia, and includes Dr. Antonio R. Blanco, Domenico Jimenez and Julio C. Zuniga. They were appointed by President Marroquin to visit the United States and request this Government in general to accept propositions not favorable, and they were also authorized to open negotiations for a new canal treaty between Colombia and the United States. Their mission will probably be futile, the new treaty with Panama having already been acted upon by our Government.

Dispatches from Bogota, the Colombian Capital, indicate that an alarming condition of affairs prevails there. U. S. Minister Beaupre, who, in all probability, have to leave as he is thought to be in actual peril, owing to the open hostility of the Colombians towards Americans. The Marroquin government professed to understand the position of this country in the Panama matter and Secretary Hay cabled to Minister Beaupre directions to inform the Colombian Government in the kindliest way, that, in the interest of humanity and for the good of the world at large, the United States had recognized the Panama Republic and would therefore to permit Colombian troops to land on the Isthmus, as their presence there could only cause bloodshed and disorder, which this Government was bound by treaty obligation to prevent." Mr Beaupre was instructed also to offer the good offices of the United States to bring about an adjustment on an amicable basis of the relations between the governments of Colombia and Panama. It is highly probable that the Colombian government may break off relations with the United States.

THE PROPOSED ROUTE OF THE CANAL

Apparently it is making preparation for sending an armed force by land to the Isthmus, to subdue the revolted states. Colombia has appealed to the South American Republics in addition to making a protest to the American Government against our recent course with regard to Panama. Meanwhile there are indications of serious internal disturbances in that country, which may materially affect its attitude. The states of Cauca and Antioquia, have indicated a desire to join Panama in seceding from Colombia. Should Marroquin's government find itself facing a new revolt in that quarter, it is not unlikely that Brazil or Venezuela, or both, might invade Colombia, and practically its complete dismemberment. Cauca and Antioquia are two of the largest revenue producing states of the Republic, and they have long standing grievances against the politicians of Bogota, who have disregarded their best interests. Besides, Cauca would benefit greatly by the construction of the isthmian canal.

According to the latest news from Colon, Gen. Reyes and the Colombian commissioners, having failed to induce Panama to return to its allegiance, will report to the government at Bogota in favor of war measures for the subjugation of the Isthmus. Gen. Reyes says one hundred thousand Colombians would invade Panama, if necessary.

THE NEW LIKENESS

A SERMON BY DR. O. P. GIFFORD

Continued from preceding page

sistent, and the circle of truth was complete, and the ends joined. The Jew was convinced through his sense of the truth of the statement; the Greek by the self-consistency of the statement in itself. Can you imagine two moods of mind further apart than these? The one would know Jesus Christ came from God because of the signs; the other, because of the consistency of the truth. One looked for the proof from without; the other, from within. They could not see eye to eye. And yet, when the Jew became a Christian, and the Greek became a Christian, there was no distinction, neither Jew nor Greek, they were both fused in the common fire.

New England was settled by a class of people from England called Puritans; New York, by people from Holland; Virginia, by a class of people from England called Cavaliers. They could not see eye to eye. The years went by, and the colonies grew. By and by Great Britain reached across to throttle the new life of the colonies. Then the Puritan and the Dutchman and the Cavalier were united. There was no Yankee, no Dutchman, no Cavalier: all were American citizens. There was no East, no West, no Massachusetts, no Illinois. If a great federal principle—passion for one's country—can break down these distinctions, joining our common lives in Christ Jesus breaks down the middle wall of partition, and makes a new man of the twain.

The North and the South had been glaring at each other for years. There came the Spanish struggle: and men from New England and the West and the South—and—Roosevelt from New York, Joe Wheeler from Virginia—struggled side by side up San Juan hill. The fierce fires of the war had melted the men together. If the fierce fires of war can melt men together, shall not the flaming fire of the new life break down the middle wall of partition between Jew and Greek?

Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision. Circumcision was the badge of religion. The Jew boasted in it. But when the uncircumcised and the circumcised knelt together by the Cross, circumcision was nothing and uncircumcision was nothing, but a new man in Christ Jesus. Two nothings always equal each other. If circumcision and uncircumcision are both nothing, you have the sign of equality between the two. The two have lost their meaning in the new and larger life.

Neither Barbarian nor Scythian, neither bond nor free. Here is the master. Here is the slave. The master, Philemon, accepts Christ. The slave Onesimus, accepts Christ; and they meet as brothers—neither bond nor free.

When a man in a balloon begins to rise above the busy earth, he finds the little fences made by men fade away. Drifting into the upper silence, he loses the strife of the times. There are no lines, no sounds, when a man looks down upon the footstool of God. When a man is lifted high enough in Jesus Christ, the Jew is his brother, the Greek is his brother, the Scythian, the Barbarian, the circumcised, the uncircumcised, the bond and the free, all are his brothers.

Come to the shore. The tide has gone out, and the sand is hollowed into a thousand little pools, long and short, large and small. And each little pool boasts that it is the sea, saying, "Come to me by day; I reflect the sun. Come to me by night, and I will show you the stars." What is the ripple of the waves, as the passing wind tosses the sound to me? "Come to me; I am the sea." And alongside, beyond the sand ledge, is another pool, making its boast—a wild chorus of a thousand voices, each claiming to be the sea. The tide is coming in: and now there will be no sand differences, no pools. The sea is all and in all. Whenever we put on the new man, in whom there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but Jesus Christ is all and in all, how the little sand bars flatten, how the little pools widen into lakes, enlarging until the boom of the great sea drowns the thousand voices of the petty chorus that cries each for itself.

Come with me along the side of the continent. Here is the St. Lawrence River. It tells the story of its birth in the Northwest and of the miracle it has wrought in building great cities and bearing the commerce of the continent. The Connecticut River will tell of its birthplace among the New England hills, and of giving birth to great city after great city. The lordly Hudson tells the story of the Empire State. The mighty Mississippi tells the story of the commerce of a great continent. As I stand by the mouth of each and hear its story, I believe with each in turn that it is the mightiest watercourse of the world. Come with me in a yacht. We will go a mile out from the shore. Where is the St. Lawrence? Where is the Connecticut? Where is the great Hudson? Where is the mighty Mississippi? They have merged their life in the larger ocean—taken to themselves the saving power of the salt water—sharing with its mighty tidal movements—and they smile when we try to recall the glamor of the St. Lawrence, the claim of the Connecticut, the boast of the Hudson, the bravo of the Mississippi. The sea is all and in all. They have put on the new life—have lost their petty distinctions and happier to live except in the wind from the palms of God. Ye have put on the new man, in whom there is neither Jew nor Greek, Englishman nor American, African nor Chinaman, bond nor free, but the Son of Man. Filled with the righteousness of God, obedient to the movements of the Divine Will, enthroned on the circle of the earth, you have been moved to put him on and to cast off those miserable barriers and distinctions—manmade, but which have no meaning with God.

Go to a globe, and you will find lines of latitude and longitude; but they are in the mind of man. You do not know when you cross them on land or sea. They are simply the measure of man's limitations. They have no reality. When you rise near enough to God you get above the latitude and longitude that measure man's limitations.

Come along the streets of the city by night. Here is an electric lamp. Here is a gas lamp. Here is a home is an oil lamp, each emitting its light in the city. Go through the city at night and you will and in all. The earth has put on the new and true have gone out by themselves. So it is with those in any real and genuine way; they put on the new the new man. The varieties of [illegible] riers of ritual and social distinctions have Jesus Christ is all and in all.

Have you put on the new man? How [illegible] point of view? Do you share [illegible] manity?

MRS. SPURGEON'S BEAUTIFUL LIFE

She was the Special Friend and Benefactress of Poor Pastors, and a Good Angel to Many Others

PASSING away, twelve years after the death of her husband, the "home-going" of Mrs. Charles H. Spurgeon, widow of the famous London preacher, was an event which awakened, in the hearts of those who knew her and her long life of good deeds, a feeling of genuine sorrow. Testimony abounds to show that the life of that home in which her influence was paramount, was a most beautiful one.

Mrs. Susannah Spurgeon was the daughter of Mr. Robert Thompson, of London, and became acquainted with her future husband through being invited to attend New Park Street Chapel on the evening when he, described as "the young man from Waterbeach," preached his first sermon there. His pulpit gifts did not then make a deep impression on her, but she was much attracted by his earnestness. When he accepted the pastorate, she at once cast in her lot with the cause of God there, and from the outset of her connection was an enthusiastic worker.

Occasionally Miss Thompson and Mr. Spurgeon met at the house of friends, but it was some time before their acquaintance warmed into friendship and their friendship into love. Of this period, Mrs. Spurgeon wrote:

No bright dream of the future flashed distinctly before my eyes till the day of the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, on June 10, 1854. A large party of our friends, including Mr. Spurgeon, were present at the inauguration, and we occupied some raised seats at the end of the Palace. As we sat there talking, laughing and amusing ourselves as best we could, while waiting for the procession to pass by, Mr. Spurgeon handed me a book, into which he had been occasionally dipping, and, pointing to some particular lines, said, "What do you think of the poet's suggestion in those verses?" The volume was Martin Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, then recently published. The pointing finger guided my eyes to the chapter on "Marriage," of which the opening sentences ran thus:

Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of his providence;
If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;
Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal.

"Do you pray for him who is to be your husband?" said a soft, low voice in my ear, so soft that no one else heard.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Spurgeon invited her to walk round the Palace with him, and the Palace, after their engagement, which shortly followed, was their favorite trysting-place.

The marriage ceremony was performed in 1856, and the joint life then begun was ideally happy. In after days (says her biographer in the London *Christian*) she told how in the beginning of their wedded life Mr. Spurgeon was frequently obliged to be absent from home fulfilling preaching engagements, and she felt these separations as a heavy burden on her heart, though anxious never to be a hindrance to him in his work for God. One day her husband turned to her and said, "Wife, do you think that when any of the children of Israel brought a lamb to the Lord's altar, as an offering to him, they stood and wept over it?" "Why, no," she replied, "certainly not; the Lord would not be pleased with a sacrifice grudgingly given." "Well," said he, "you are giving me to God, by letting me go to preach the Gospel to poor sinners; and do you think he likes to see you cry over your sacrifice?" And so she learned her lesson.

One evening, when she was living at Brighton for her health, Mr. Spurgeon arrived from London with a large package, which, when uncovered, proved to be a cage containing a lovely piping bullfinch. In her weakness she had been longing to possess such a bird, but without either of them making the wish known. Mr. Spurgeon had gone to visit a friend whose husband was seriously ill, and who asked him to take it to cheer Mrs. Spurgeon

THE LATE MRS. C. H. SPURGEON

in her loneliness. His remark to her that evening was, "I think you are one of your Heavenly Father's spoiled children, and he gives you whatever you ask for."

Ministers, missionaries, and other Christian workers in every part of the world think and speak with gratitude of the Book Fund, with which Mrs. Spurgeon's name has been identified. This effort had a very simple beginning. She tells herself, how that in the summer of 1875, when reading the proofs of the first volume of her husband's *Lectures to My Students*, her answer to the question, "How do you like it?" was, "I wish I could place it in the hands of every minister in England." "Then," was the ready response, "why not do so? how much will you give?" The arrow went home, and the Book Fund was unconsciously started with a sum she had laid aside, and which proved just sufficient to pa for one hundred copies. The organization took defini shape in a few weeks, and the making known of th need led to a response so hearty that in the course the following winter, grants were made of *The Treasu of David*, and the *Sermons*. In twelve months th amount received was £500, which paid for 3,058 volume The only shadow on the movement was the revelatio of the great need of so many country pastors, who, o almost incredibly small incomes, and surrounded difficulties of many kinds, were faithfully holding fort the Word of Life to the poor.

The benefits of the Fund were not limited to Baptis or Nonconformists, and at the end of ten years it w found that over 12,000 ministers of all denominatio had been supplied with books. While at first, only M Spurgeon's own books were aimed at, this limitatio was soon swept aside. In 1886, Mr. Spurgeon declare that the work was outgrowing his wife's physic powers, and that she could not possibly continue lon to labor all day long, as she had been doing, at corr spondence and bookkeeping. The gratitude of the r cipients was more than sufficient reward for the toil.

On January 31, 1892, came the great sorrow of Mr Spurgeon's life, in the death of her husband. Descril ing their joint pilgrimage she wrote—

At last they came to a place on the road where two way met; and here, amidst the terrors of a storm such as they ha never before encountered, they parted company—the one b ing caught up to the invisible glory—the other, battered an bruised by the awful tempest, henceforth toiling along th road—alone.

But the brave spirit took up the additional burde and carried it. Round the main Fund there grew up on for the translation of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons into fo eign tongues and other purposes, called for "Genera Use in the Name of the Lord." Another, which is pe haps too little known, is the "Pastors' Aid Fund," th woes and wants of poor ministers pressing heavily o this sympathetic heart

Quietly and steadily she went forward in her ministr of love. In many a ministerial home life was brighte because of her help; and the service done for the Lor was full of testimony to His grace, because a "cup c water" had been supplied in time of need, and woul not be forgotten.

Mrs. Spurgeon has done more than circulate th works of others. Her own three little books—*A Cari lon of Bells*, *A Cluster of Camphire*, and *A Basket o Summer Fruit*—have been a means of blessing to many

The portrait of Mrs. Spurgeon, which appears on thi page, is from a comparatively recent photograph. Th portrait in a late issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was not a likeness of Mrs. Spurgeon, but of a Mis Bouser, who was long connected with the Tabernacl work. Furthermore, we are assured that the statemen that Mrs. Spurgeon's death "was precipitated by expo sure in an effort to promote one of the Tabernacle u dertakings"—which originally appeared in one of th London weeklies—is unfounded. She had been unabl to leave her residence or take any active part, perso ally, in church work of the character indicated, fo several years past.

Temperance in France

THE notable manifesto on the liquor question, to which reference was made in this journal recently as having been issued in England, has been followed by a similar movement in France. A prominent European journal says: "The French legislature is arousing itself to action with regard to the ravages of alcoholism in the country. The first step taken is in an 'interpellation' relating to the liquor traffic. At the same time the National Congress against alcoholism meets in Paris, and its sessions are being held during this week. The leading men of France are behind this Congress, and its decisions will be fateful for the liquor business. Scientists have proved that the alarming decrease in population, and the equally alarming increase in lunacy, are due to this same cause. In certain parts of Normandy the consumption of spirits averages nearly a quart a day to every male adult, while among women especially, spirit drinking has assumed frightful proportions."

An Important Correction

The Red Letter Bible is set in very large type, is superbly bound in American Levant, Divinity Circuit, soft and flexible, with overlapping ends, Red under Gold edges, and is sent, all charges prepaid, together with "The Christian Herald" for one year, for only $3.00.

In a recent issue, by a typographical error, it was stated that the Red Letter Bible and "The Christian Herald" for one year would be sent to subscribers for $2. It should have read $3.

What Do You Think of This?

HAS it ever occurred to you that the best, most acceptable, and most economical Christmas gifts are those offered by **The Christian Herald?** Say, for instance, that you wish to make **five hearts happy** for a whole year with an investment of **only $3.00.** Can you do it? Certainly; and this is the way it is done:

You subscribe to **The Christian Herald** (with the **15-Color Drop-Leaf Butterfly Calendar for 1904 and 1905, Free**) and to any **three** of the following **Magazines,** altogether for only **$3.00.** You send **The Christian Herald** to one friend, one magazine to another, another magazine to a third, and still another magazine to a fourth, and our marvelous **15-Color Drop-Leaf Butterfly Calendar** to the fifth. **Five superb gifts for only $3.00.** And these gifts differ from others in that, the whole year round, they remind your friends of your tender thoughtfulness.

The magazines which we offer in this combination of **$3.00** for **The Christian Herald** and **Our Beautiful Calendar** and **three Magazines,** are as follows:

	Regular Price		Regular Price
Harper's Bazar	$1.00 a year	For the King's Daughters: Silver Cross	$1.00 a year
Success	1.00 a year	Watchword and Truth	1.00 a year
The Cosmopolitan	1.00 a year	Little Folks	1.00 a year
Frank Leslie's	1.00 a year	Record of Christian Work	1.00 a year
Woman's Home Companion	1.00 a year	Current Anecdotes For Pastors:	1.50 a year
Pearson's	1.00 a year	Our Butterfly Calendar FREE with every Subscription	

Thus you have an opportunity of making five hearts happy with an outlay of only $3.00, and a liberal selection of presents to choose from. Can you do better or as well elsewhere? Remember **Harper's** (Ladies') **Bazar** when making your selection.

An Ideal Club for Boys

New York's latest acquisition to Settle ment work—the Gordon House in Wes Seventeenth street, near Ninth avenue, i rapidly approaching completion, and wi be formally opened early in January. On of its departments is already in operatio The building cost $100,000, and is a me morial to the late Dr. Theodore G. White of Columbia University, erected by rela tives. Gordon House is named after th famous Christian soldier, traveler an philanthropist, Chinese Gordon, who, dur ing his busy life-time, took a great interes in boys. W. A. Clark, formerly directo of the Lincoln House, Boston, will be i charge. The various departments includ carving, wood working, clay modeling printing, weaving, iron work, lecture halls music, gymnasium, etc. The instructio in manual training, while it will posses some of the features covered by th classes in the public and trade schools is unlike either of these in that they oc cupy a middle ground. The especial pur pose of these classes in the Gordon Hous is the inculcation of good habits. It i expected that the classes will ultimatel develop into a strong department of art and crafts.

Renewing subscribers will confer a grea favor on the management of "The Chris tian Herald" if, when renewing, they stat that their subscription is a RENEWAL, o attach, if convenient, the yellow date tal to their letter.

When premiums are ordered, please giv both Post Office and Express addresses.

EAGLE ELK (DAKOTAH) PRINCESS ELLIE (DAKOTAH) LITTLE EMMA [illegible]

THE RED MEN COMING INTO THE LIGHT

THE INDIANS OF THE CATTARAUGUS RESERVATION DESCRIBED BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM

THIS Cattaraugus Indian Reservation, located thirty-five miles south of Buffalo, N. Y., has a territory twelve miles in length, by four in breadth. Its dwellings are mostly small but cosy cabins, each surrounded by a patch of cultivated ground. Tepees are no longer used as abiding places. The Indians of the reservation number 1,600 souls, in two communities, Christian and Pagan.

At "Pagantown," until a very recent date, the sacrifice of a dog annually, for the propitiation of the Great Spirit, with other rites, was the great event of the year. At such times, the members of the community were accustomed to assemble from every nook and corner of the reservation with great demonstration and solemnity. Even now, these people cling to some of their old superstitions, and offer sacrifices in a modified form.

A party of Indians was bivouacking in a hill-side cave. Lighting their pipes, they were appalled at the sudden bursting forth of a flame of fire. They had ignited a natural gas flow, and they took this phenomenon to be a flash of anger from the Great Spirit, as the penalty of some former misdeeds. Instantly they turned to the "Medicine Man," and implored him to intercede in their behalf. But such superstitious fears soon disappeared before the light of Christianity, and the people grew in knowledge. The Christian section is now occupied by religious bodies of different denominations, and these are fairly prosperous. The people are honest, peaceable, and reverent, and attending well to their religious duties.

Fillmore Jackson, a full-blooded Indian, is one of the most noted characters among the evangelized. Though Christianized, he retains his original stolidity and secretiveness. A question receives no reply until it is pondered for several minutes, when the answer will be given with great deliberation and caution. This is characteristic of almost every one of the tribe. Many of the Indian youths are students of the school at Carlisle, Pa. They learn quickly, and apply their education readily.

In the centre of the Cattaraugus Reservation is a mound, where may be found stone arrow-heads, hatchets, pipes and pots, and many implements of former savage warfare. This mound, which was probably connected with the sacrificial rites of the past, is an object of fascinating interest to the visitor.

The Tuscarora Reservation is located eight miles from Niagara Falls, to which its members make frequent pilgrimages. The Tuscaroras have attained a higher degree of civilization and religious comprehension than their Cattaraugus brethren. They are industrious, and provident, and cultivate their lands with skill, many acquiring a comfortable competency. The women are proficient workers, and carry to the Falls for sale a profusion of beautiful trinkets and useful articles. The reservation contains a number of churches, one of which has 230 communicants, all in active fellowship. Its pastor, Rev. Frank M. Pleasant, has been in charge for twenty-seven years. He is a man of education and imposing physique, a good theologian and an earnest speaker. There is connected with this church a flourishing Sunday School, of which a bright young Indian, W. H. Jack, is the superintendent. A most attractive feature of this church is its choir of four stately Indian men, with deep, resonant voices.

The writer has had much association with the Dacotahs, also, and has sat in their tepees and conversed by the aid of their sign language and a few acquired phrases. Stricken with illness at one time, some of their number called upon the "Medicine Man," as they style a preacher. Meeting him, they stood with a woe-begone expression of face, then turning without a word, they took their departure. A few days later, meeting them, they cried out, "Ugh! How? How 'Medicine Man?' Me glad." The sick had recovered.

Some of these Dacotahs were in the councils of Sitting Bull, the great chief, some being for war, others for peace. A few, it is said, were present when Custer fell at the battle of Little Big Horn, in 1876. American Horse, Rocky Bear, Eagle Elk and others were among these. When Sitting Bull died in 1890, it was said by some, "Well, the troubler is gone at last." "But," comes the response, "What made him a troubler? The reply is, "Wrongs, injustice, outrage." They remember the story of the Indian, and Joe and the log. The Indian gave Joe a shove, and said, "Move along, Joe." This continued till Joe was moved off the log. "What did you do that for?" angrily asked Joe. "Joe, he like Indian," they explain, "white man push Indian into Pacific sea."

The religious training of these Indians on these reservations named, is due to the Episcopal church, which sent as its missionary rector, the Rev. Mr Brown. His influence has been greatly blessed, and numbers have been brought from the darkness of superstition into the light of the Gospel. Missionary Brown was once present at a meeting held in the church of which the writer was pastor, in company with about one hundred of his proteges, who had been brought east for a conference with the "Great Father" at Washington. These Indians, being located for a season near the church of the writer, continued to worship there. They were always regarded and reverential giving close attention to the sermon. They were an "example" to many "more enlightened" ones, as they complacently regard themselves. On one Sunday the rite of baptism was administered. A astonishment was depicted upon every Indian countenance. Later, one of them said demurely, but reverently, "Big heap wash!" They travel wearisome distances to attend religious meetings, and they are deeply concerned for the spiritual well-being of their kinsmen, regardless of tribal relations. When awakened to the importance of the subject, they become deeply engrossed with missionary and evangelistic enterprises. Among the most zealous is Deacon "Long Wolf," who is, in his way, an efficient soul-winner among his people, and seems to succeed to impart the light he himself has received. Eagle Elk found it hard to divorce himself entirely from the old ideas.

One night, near the church, we heard a mournful, distressful voice, and found that it was Eagle Elk imploring the "Medicine Man," the Great Spirit to keep him "good," that he might not miss the "happy hunting grounds at last."

A young Pawnee boy is an interesting character. He has also been transformed by the influence of divine truth. Ellie (called the princess) is an attractive Dacotah girl, and now the wife of an Indian interpreter. Though these people have assumed the American garb, they on occasion return to their native costume, especially at "State receptions." The writer is personally acquainted with all whose pictures appear in this sketch.

There is more to be feared for these people from the encroachment upon their domains of the whisky traffic than from any other source. Whether the civilized races may or may not be protected from this cruel scourge, it is not too much to affirm that these wards of the nation ought to be fully protected. The possibilities of the missionaries are increased ten-fold, emanating from this sinister source. But, despite all obstacles, it is a cause of rejoicing that "the power of God unto salvation" is able to reach these, and is reaching them as they "believing unto righteousness," and to the "confession of the mouth unto salvation."

FAITH

By Evangelist C. H. Yatman

HAVE faith in God. Have faith in humanity. Have faith in yourself.

A wee bit of this mustard-seed kind will remove mountains.

Dynamite has less power than pure soul belief in God, his personality and his providences.

Let the believer believe—believe with a trust that is born of absolute confidence—and things will come to pass in spite of doubt or devil.

Weak faith is like weeds; distrust and distress are walking companions.

The materialistic age has wrought havoc amongst folk who once believed that the Eleventh of Hebrews—the "Faith Chapter" of the Bible—was really true. Now they hesitate, doubt, question: "It may be history—possibly, but it's not for our day and generation"; but the fact is, it is. I know it, for I have proven it true.

Doubt and get nothing, believe and get something; aye, often all things. One can take his choice.

For myself, I take "the substance of things hoped for." Many a Jericho wall have I seen go down. Red Seas and Jordans I have crossed with as dry feet as any Israelite. I have wandered about in a sheepskin of love amongst wolves, and I have been "sawn asunder" by the crossest saw of hate, envy and false friends; but here I am, happier than a king with the knowledge that "all things work together for good," for Jesus is mine, and he is God! What gets twisted out of shape or turned out of order he will take hold of and bend to the blessing of my life for my good here and hereafter.

My faith is not based on what he does, for often I cannot understand that. I would surely go wrong if I tried to interpret his doings. My little brain and short sight are not equal to his infinite plan and stretch. No, I base my belief not on what he does but on what he is.

God never makes a mistake. So, you see, I can trust him where I can neither understand nor trace him. I don't try, I just trust. If it had not been best—best for my loved ones and best for all—why, it would not have been that way.

I wish they had never locked John Bunyan up in Bedford Jail—a mighty mean thing! If I had run things that would not have happened. But then, neither would *Pilgrim's Progress* have been written. So I keep my hands off. He runs this old world and all other worlds, and I ask only to fit in his plans, not he in mine. I trust absolutely him.

Among the Workers

—Dr Smiley, Evangelist, and Professor J. McKinney, Gospel singer, have lately been conducting a series of evangelistic services at Grand Haven, Mich. They are now sojourning at Holly, Mich.

—Miss Mattie A. Smiley, who for many years has been an unpaid volunteer missionary on Staten Island, New York, is just recovering from a severe illness that caused a cessation of work. Her address is 111 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn.

—The Spurgeon Orphanage continues maintained by the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, and still carried on by his sons. At the recent anniversary celebration a lady laid down a check for five thousand dollars on the collection plate.

—A Christian Scientist of Toronto, Canada, has been convicted of manslaughter, for having neglected to employ medical help for his child, who died of appendicitis. The Court of Appeals has confirmed the verdict.

—Bishop Potter, of New York, recently dedicated the harbor mission boat *Seamen's Church Institute*, which the Episcopal Church Mission Aid Society has provided for the spiritual care among the vessels in the port of New York. A description of the *Seamen* was published recently in The Christian Herald.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

"Many Mansions"

THAT our little earth is the only inhabited world amid the myriads of planets around us, is a new and interesting theory which Dr. Wallace, a British astronomer, has lately propounded. He holds that our globe is the centre of things; that man's place in the universe is here, and here alone; and he has flung down the gage to the astronomers of every land, challenging disproof or refutation.

His declaration has naturally created a flutter among the scientists. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Ramsay, Prof. Turner, Prof. Wells, and others of distinction, have each answered in a way which shows that they regard the startling proposition as absurd from a scientific standpoint. They point out that among the countless multitude of planets in the starry heavens, it would not be difficult to conceive of some that are approximately similar to our own, in general conditions and fitness for human habitation, and that it is a wild supposition to conclude that ours is the only one inhabited by intelligent, sentient beings. Spectroscopic examinations have revealed the presence on some of these planets of those elements and compounds that are conditioned to the existence of a moist atmosphere, with oxygen and water, and it is a reasonable scientific presumption that they can support organisms more or less like those we have on this earth. Further, science holds that even with differing elements, it is not improper to conceive of conscious and intelligent beings greatly different from ourselves, yet adapted to their surroundings, some lower, others higher than our world dwellers in the scale of existence.

All such controversies, though inconclusive, are interesting and not unprofitable. We are like children in the dark, even the wisest among us; and as we look upward at the vast, illimitable squadrons of the stars, we are impressed with the majesty of the Omnipotent Creator and stand mute in wonder and in worship. They are all the handiwork of the great Architect who set them upon invisible pillars and swung them out in space, each kept in its place by those Divine laws that govern the whole—laws which telescope and spectroscope may not fathom. Why may not some of those glittering abodes, that shine like palaces in the distant heavens, be the dwelling-place of a higher race of beings? Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." He knew more about them than all the wisdom of the astronomers.

Religion In New York

DRY as the study of statistics usually is, there are exceptions to the rule, and one of these exceptions is to be found in a perusal of the article on Religion in New York City, which has just been issued by the Federation of Churches. An immense amount of labor must have been given to its production, and the result is a collection of tables, which, as the writers say, show that "there is abundant opportunity for the churches to become fishers of men." The figures are all the more useful because they have been very intelligently classified, and where numbers are recorded which occasion astonishment, an explanation is given that accounts for their extraordinary character. Thus, the fact that a denomination has sustained during the past year, in one section of the city, a heavy loss in the number of its communicants, and has made a large gain during the same period in another section of the city, does not indicate a difference of activity, but is due merely to the fact that a large church is removed from the one section to the other. There is throughout the article a spirit of fairness and impartiality.

Estimating the population of the entire city, including all five boroughs, at 3,818,730 the religious classification based on returns from the churches is, that the Roman Catholics number 1,250,000; the Protestants 1,893,730, and the Jews 675,000. These figures do not, however, represent the actual membership of the churches. There are many persons who call themselves Protestant or Catholic, who seldom enter a church of either denomination, but characterize themselves according to heredity, sympathy or association. Thus the Roman Catholic Church, which includes in its membership, not only actual communicants, but also the entire families of which those communicants are members, claims 984,800 of the 1,250,000 credited to that church, thus showing that 265,200 of the nominal Catholic population are not in church relationship. The proportion of churchless Protestants is still larger. The actual church membership is placed at 331,754. On the assumption, which is found by experience to be generally correct, that the congregation, or persons in connection with a church, or generally attending it, are three and a half times as many as those on the church rolls, we have a total of 1,152,650, which indicates that of the 1,893,730 who are classed as Protestants, 741,080 have no church relationship. The gain during the year in the number of Protestant communicants was 12,818. Reckoning on the same ratio as above, we may assume that about 43,445 persons have been added to the city's Protestant population.

There are forty-three denominations in the Protestant group, and of these, thirty-one report an increase of membership. The largest is the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has added 3,616; next is the Lutheran, with 2,257; next the Methodist Episcopal, with 1,205; and the Congregationalist a close fourth, with 1,202. A notable fact disclosed by the tables, is that the aristocratic section of the city receives more attention from the Protestants than do the poorer sections. In the Fifth avenue district, with a population of 241,422, there are ninety churches, while the East Side, with more than four times the population, has only 114 churches. This fact is probably due to the population of the East Side being largely Jewish and Roman Catholic. We hope it does not indicate that the Protestant churches are forgetting the boast of the early church, that "to the poor the Gospel is preached."

PERSONAL REQUEST FROM DR. KLOPSCH

AGAIN I appeal to the good readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—to whom I never appeal in vain—to help me in a matter which each and every year at this season gives me serious concern.

For the next thirty days mail and express facilities will be taxed to congestion, and unless we can attend to much of our shipping very early in December, we fear that considerable disappointment must result all along the line from delay in deliveries.

This year particularly the problem assumes unusually large proportions, because of our Crown Encyclopedia, of which probably 50,000 sets will be ordered in time for Christmas gifts, not to mention the tens of thousands of volumes of our other premiums. To handle all this material requires an enormous force. Many of the hands are new and inexperienced; all their work must be compared and checked before shipment, and this requires much time and imposes great managerial responsibility.

Then the many thousands of letters which we receive daily must be carefully and intelligently handled, without rush or confusion, if satisfactory service is to result.

Now, what can the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD do to help me in this matter? They can so arrange as to give me four weeks to do quietly, carefully, intelligently and satisfactorily, what otherwise might have to be rushed through amid hubbub and confusion in half the time, resulting in numerous mistakes, disappointments, complaints and dissatisfaction. The way they can aid me best is to send their renewals as soon as possible. They suffer no disadvantage, as the term is always advanced from the present date of expiry, while they greatly help me to give them good and prompt service.

Will you not kindly favor me by co-operating with me to the extent above mentioned, and thus help relieve my mind of much anxiety?

Wm. Klopsch

PROPRIETOR.

The ominous feature of the whole showing for the city, is the extremely slow growth of the churches. The population of the city is growing rapidly, but the numbers added to the membership of the churches are comparatively small. There is clearly need for more earnestness and effort, and prayer, that souls may be won, and the kingdom of Christ be extended.

Bread Upon the Waters

(See picture on first page cover)

THE cover upon this week's CHRISTIAN HERALD represents a nightly occurrence and yet an unfamiliar one, except in the case of some few large baking establishments. The random poor, vagrant and unfortunate workers, are shown emerging into the light that shines from the back door of a bakery. The baker is supplying them, free of charge, with "left over" loaves of bread. The charity is voluntary and impromptu, and varies with the baker's supply, and sometimes with his mood; but it is a form of charity well founded in his trade.

There is a difference between this form of charity and such externally similar ones as the Sunday Breakfast Associations, Soup Kitchens, Dispensaries of Ice Coal, or Pasteurized Milk. Bakeries being of nightly operation, it has, if nothing more, a picturesqueness that other daily benefactions lack. But this nocturnal feature has an important significance. Because of this fact, the bakery ministers to another class, a more transient (possibly more vagrant) yet unquestionably a more honest and deserving class of the very poor. Under the cover of darkness the poverty-stricken but self-respecting needy ones crawl from sweatshop or basement; the chilled "cabby" descends from his cheerless perch, and the neighboring cripple hobbles from his tenement to the dispensing doorway. The bakery discriminates not in its generosity, and many a sensitive poor soul—who would shrink from the idea of ostentatious assistance as a wound to pride, however much it might be of a solace to the body—comes hither where charity makes no record, and while giving with the right hand of fellowship neglects to inform the left.

Though no one would readily attempt a defense of unorganized charity as opposed to well systematized effort, guided by forethought and maintained with constancy, and though perhaps the active kindliness of the bakeries of our cities would be credited to the score of lax benefaction, yet no one who appreciates generous impulse, and kindly contact, at first hand with the unfortunate, will have anything but sympathy for these unassuming "helpers by the way."

In observing phases of this peculiar charity, which first obtruded itself upon the artist's notice in the town of Wilmington, Delaware, he found that it was being endlessly repeated during the watches of the night with varying degrees of picturesqueness and interest both in other parts of that town and in its neighboring metropolis, Philadelphia. Upon inquiry, he found that the custom of dispensing the surplus product has been of long standing and is quite a tenet of the trade. As regards certain well-known firms whose benefactions in this way have been so long established as almost to come under the category of regular charities, this was not news. The "bread line" has been known in New York for years, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already described its operation on Tenth street, near Broadway. But the artist, having an admiration for such work, seems to have felt enthusiasm to a degree for its imitators on a small scale. It seems to corroborate our faith in general altruism, that sometimes needs buttressing, to find these small houses extending a charity that almost partakes of the nature of hospitality, as if the humble proprietor were offering his royal board, not the crumbs, to his humbler friends. For there is a friendliness about it that refreshes and recalls our ideals of Oriental hospitality, where no journeyman is turned from the Khan and bread and salt are the seal of amity.

An Important Correction

The Red Letter **Bible** is set in very large type, is superbly bound in **American** Levant, Divinity Circuit, soft and flexible, with overlapping ends, Red under Gold edges, and is sent, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for **only $3.00.**

In a recent issue, **by a** typographical error, it was stated that the Red Letter Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year would be sent to subscribers for $2. It should have read $3.

When premiums are ordered, please give both Post Office and Express addresses.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Thibet to be Invaded

THE seclusion so long enjoyed by Thibet, and so jealously guarded, appears to be nearing an end. A British force is reported to be ow preparing to enter the country from ndia. The invasion is said to have been recipitated by an act of discourtesy on ie part of the Dalai Lama, who is the ıler of Thibet. The British side of the ory is, that an arrangement had been ade for a conference between the Lama nd Colonel Younghusband, with a view negotiating a treaty of commerce, for ie exchange of the products of India for ose of Thibet. The British emissary arted for Lhassa, the capital of Thibet, ccompanied by an escort of Indian troops. When the party had reached Khamba ong, a place thirty miles within Thibetan erritory, it was met by a subordinate fficer of the Lama, who curtly announced hat his master would not receive any missary who was accompanied by a mili- ary escort. He might come on alone and end his escort back, but the escort must ot proceed farther. Colonel Younghus- and fortified his camp, and leaving the

LHASSA, THE CAPITAL OF THIBET

THE DALAI LAMA ON HIS THRONE

WORSHIPERS IN A THIBETAN TEMPLE

escort to defend itself in case of attack, eturned to India to consult with the Viceroy. It is now announced that Colonel Macdonald, a famous British General, has been ordered to organize an expedition, which will advance to Cyanztse, which is ninety miles beyond the place now occu- pied, and is only one hundred and fifty miles from Lhassa. It is reported that the Lama has determined to resist the advance, and that Russia has promised him assistance. Russian generals are said to have been drilling the Thibetan troops, directing the construction of forti- fications and making plans for a military campaign. People familiar with the di- plomacy of Central Asia, aver that it was knowledge of the friendly relations of Russia with Thibet which precipitated the British movement. Thibet lies be- tween British and Russian territory, and Great Britain, fearing that Russia was about to seize Thibet as it has Manchuria, determined to assure itself of the attitude of Thibet, by proposing the commercial treaty which has led to the difficulty. Thibet appears to have been playing a dangerous game. While professing to be absolutely neutral and isolated, she seems to have secretly yielded to Russian influ- ence. The fate which has befallen Man- churia will doubtless be hers, if she does not accept British protection. Many men try to take the same attitude in spiritual matters. They cannot be placed. People who do not know whether they belong to God or to Satan. But the time always comes when they have to declare themselves.

No man can serve two masters . . . ye cannot serve God and mammon (Matt. 6:24).

$5,000 for an Ear

An advertisement appeared in a New York journal a few days ago offering $5,000 to any one who, being in good health and having ears of a particular size, was willing to part with one of them. The advertiser was a physician, who, when questioned about his advertisement, explained that he had a patient who had lost an ear in a mining explosion and desired to replace it. The patient had accumulated a fortune, and was willing to pay $5,000 to any one who would allow his ear to be transferred to his person. The doctor said that the operation could easily be performed and it would not cause the man who parted with his ear to become deaf. He had no doubt, from his knowledge of the poor, that there were many people who would be glad to accept the offer. His prediction proved correct. A large number of applicants besieged his doors and pleaded to be allowed to undergo the operation. Some of them were rejected because their ears were of the wrong size and others on other grounds. Finally, a man was examined who met all requirements. A bargain was made with him and the operation of transferring the ear has been begun. It is surprising that so many people were eager to part with an ear for money. We ought not, however, to be astonished at it, when we see so many cases around us of men selling not one member only, but their very souls, for riches. Few remember the problem Christ submitted to the people of his time:

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Mark 8:36).

A Clue to a Thief

The police of London have just made an arrest of a notorious thief by means of a remarkable clue. The store of a jeweler in an aristocratic quarter of the city was recently broken into by burglars, and goods to the value of $60,000 were carried off. The burglary was done so successfully that no one saw the thieves entering or departing, and the lost property could not be traced. The burglars did not leave, as they sometimes do, any tools or garments which afforded a clue to their identity. One clue, however, there was. One of them, whose hands were dirty, had grasped a candle which had been left behind, and the prints of his fingers were clearly marked on the wax. These were photographed, and the reproduction was sent to the detective headquarters, where for some time past all criminals have been compelled to make an imprint on paper of their finger-tips. The photograph was found to be identical with the imprint of the finger-tips of a man who had served a term for burglary. He was traced, and it was found that he and three companions had recently been in possession of a large sum of money. They were all promptly arrested, and a portion of the jewelry was found upon them, proving that they were the men who had robbed the store. How chagrined the burglar must feel at having left behind so excellent a clue to his identity, when he can apply the art himself.

To Prevent Shipwreck

An ingenious device to prevent a ship foundering has been adopted on the *Deutschland* of the Hamburg American Line. Many ships which were fitted with watertight bulkheads have sunk, because there was not time for the crew to get to them and close them when an emergency came. An inventor, considering this difficulty, set himself to devise a plan by which it would not be necessary to close the bulkheads by hand. The result has been the application of a double precaution which is now in use on the *Deutschland*, and is to be introduced on other vessels of the same line. It consists of a main running the whole length of the ship, which is in communication with four steam hydraulic accumulators that give a pressure of seven hundred pounds to the square inch. The main is so placed that the sliding doors of the bulkheads can be forced down whenever the power is applied. This can be done from the bridge by the turn of a lever, as the engineer of a

after taking so many precautions to avoid detection. It is so with sinners, who think that their iniquities are done so secretly that they will never be exposed. As the patriarch knew long centuries ago, God has means of fixing the guilt on the wrongdoer.

Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet (Job 13:27).

THE PROPOSED BEAUTIFICATION OF CHAUTAUQUA

THE plans for the future Chautauqua, now for the first time made public, show that the three master-minds by which the scheme of reconstruction has been evolved, have surpassed all expectations. Herbert Kelsey, the Philadelphia architect, has had associated with him in the preparation of the plan for a reconstructed Chautauqua, J. Massy Rhind, the sculptor, and Warren H. Manning, the landscape architect and designer of the entrance to the Yellowstone Park, recently dedicated These three artists have succeeded in making Chautauqua what it is intended to be—a model for a city beautiful.

The pilgrim to the Chautauqua of the future, will land in a gray stone building in the Italian Renaissance style, in the ornamental tower of which there will be a splendid chime of bells, and a perforated disk, from which will shine out at night the seal of the society, in electric lights. From this building the visitor will pass to Miller Park, a magnificent approach to the centre of the grounds. On either side will be groups of statuary, and in front the grand staircase, six flights of stairs, the risers of which will be cut with appropriate quotations, the whole one hundred feet wide.

From this point a view can be had of the entire glories of the place. The pilgrim will see before him a grand plaza, flanked by an arcade and market place, and an amphitheatre capable of seating 7,000 persons in comfort. In the distance will be the "Hall of Christ" and the "Chapel of the Good Shepherd." To the left of "The Round Table," a circular place named for t course familiar to every Chautauquan, will be the n "Hall of Philosophy," an open, pillared building in t Doric style, which from a broad avenue will lead to t water-gate, designed, like the Pier House, in the Itali Renaissance style.

These are some of the most striking features of t reconstructed Chautauqua, but the "Arts and Cra Building" is not the least of the interesting structures be raised. It is complete in itself, an exact reprod tion of a little mediæval village, making a red-gabl quadrangle, that includes a museum for the instructi of students; shops, places for the teaching of benc iron and brass work, pottery, wood-carving, book-bindi and a great variety of other useful old handicraf

THE WESTWARD TIDE OF IMMIGRATION

WHILE the Italian and Jewish immigrants now arriving in this country are, for the most part, settling in New York and the near-by cities, the great agricultural plains and ranches of the West are the goal to which the Russian, Swedes and Germans are journeying. Trains arriving in the southwest are crowded with these nationalities. It is estimated by land agents making a specialty of homeseeker traffic, that 55,000 have settled in the territory surrounding Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Iowa in the past six months. Missouri is also included in the account, but a majority of the foreigners are making for the great ranches and places where land is cheaper than in Missouri.

St. Louis receives, it is estimated, 65,000 to 75,000 immigrants every month. Many of these are *en route* to the Pacific coast. Some are bound for the southland, but a majority are going into the great wheat belt of the southwest. In Kansas, they are receiving a cordial welcome, inasmuch as the colonies of foreigners already located there have accomplished much toward the conquering of the prairie sod and the upbuilding of the State's resources. In sections of Kansas, there are communities containing as many as fifty thousand Russians, while the Swedish colony at Lidsborg, Kansas, is well known throughout the country for its cultivated members and the wealth of the people as a class.

A RUSSIAN IMMIGRANT HOME IN KANSAS

Russians who settle on the plains of the southwe are living almost the same life they would live at hom They are very poor and live economically. Sod house as a rule, serve until at least one crop has been raise when they erect a small wooden shack, and as the yea go by and wealth increases, the surrounding comfor also increase. The Swedes a money-makers in the whe belt, ploughing the ground dee and always gathering a goo crop. They are considered th best class of farmers in Kansa

The wealth of the foreign el ment in Arkansas, Kansas, Mi souri, Iowa, the Indian Ter tory, Oklahoma, and Nebrask is given at forty per cent. Thi of course, includes the foreig born, some of whom have bee in the United States a quart of a century. The immigran are always poor when the reach the new land, some them having barely enough buy a home; but comfort not long in finding them ou They live cheaply, work har and save money. The sout west has never had cause fo complaint against the imm grants, no matter how unrul they may become in large cities. W. R. D.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Waddington, N. Y. "Some time ago I wanted a certain thing very badly. God has graciously granted it."

S. O. E., Monroe County, Pa. "The Lord has answered a prayer of mine in a wonderful way, and I thank him from the depths of my heart."

Edna W., Terre Haute, Ind "God has so wonderfully helped and blessed me, that I must acknowledge his answer to prayer."

"Satisfied One." "The Answered Prayers inspired me to 'keep on praying' for a certain purpose. He has answered."

R. G. Butler, Ill. "The Lord does hear and answer prayer. He answers the little things as well as the great."

J. S. C., Washington, D. C. "I have had many wonderful answers to prayer; the Father never fails those who trust him."

Mrs. J. H. W., Titusville, Pa. "The Lord converted my husband in answer to prayer."

S. C. S., N.Y. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God to me in answering prayer, particularly one for wisdom and courage to speak on a cause I love."

W. H. C., New Dorchester, Mass. "I believe the Word of God to mean just what it says. Christ says: 'all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, ye shall receive.' It is now about seven years since this promise has been verified to me. I believe I have had other answers to prayer but none so marked."

J. H., Earlysville, Va. "I add my testimony as to the efficacy of earnest, faithful prayer."

C. L. S., Mt. Rose, N. S. "God truly answers prayer. I was in deep trouble. I asked that I might find peace. With his chastening hand he subdued my stubborn will and brought me to trust him. Thank his name."

Friend, N. J. "The 'Answered Prayers' have been a great help to me. Many of my prayers have been answered. I prayed for several years that a dear one would have strength and help to overcome the drink habit."

Friend, Sherburne, N. Y. "God answers prayers. He has answered mine in every-day life."

L. J., Charleston, Ont. "I desire to return thanks that the Lord wonderfully answered two prayers lately, when the cases seemed past hope."

E. B., Bixler, Pa. "I had been praying earnestly, and my answer came almost as I had asked for it. God surely answers prayer."

J. M., Ont. "I asked the Lord to bring a loved one through her trouble. God has answered my prayer. I can trust him though I cannot trace him."

C. B., Mich. "God surely answers prayer. He answered a prayer of mine."

E. B., Gansevoort, N. Y. "The Lord always answers prayer, if we pray right, and it is best. He has answered many prayers for me."

Mrs. C. E., Washington, Ind. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answered prayers. Some answers were so plain from the hand of a divine power that they could not be mistaken."

J. M. R., New Haven, Conn. "I want to acknowledge the answers to prayer I have received; and for one of late I have reason for special thanksgiving."

Reader, New York City. "I have prayed constantly to either see or hear, in some way, from a very dear loved one. God has answered my prayer."

S. A. H., Stuyvesant, N. Y. "I acknowledge a blessing in answered prayer. Was much afraid of losing my eyesight. The answer has come. I give God all the praise."

Mrs. E. H., Ballston, N. Y. "I have been praying for a son out of work. God has graciously answered."

Mrs. R., Snelling, Cal. "I can truly say that God has both heard and answered my petition."

Mrs. B., Griffin, Calif. "We were greatly in need of rain for our crop. All we could do was to cry to the blessed Holy Comforter to intercede for us. Old settlers said, no use looking for moisture after June 1st. But, thanks to God, we have had a abundant rain."

E. E. P., Kewanee, Ill. "I was sick and unable t obtain the help of a physician. I prayed and Go helped me. To him be all the glory."

Mrs. C. T. M., Newark, N. J. "We have ha another answer to prayer, and I wish I might te the whole world about it. His way is always best.

N. B. N., Kansas City, Mo. "God has delivere us from our trouble and bestowed great blessing upon us. Blessed are they who put their trust i the Lord."

Subscriber, Silver Lake, Ind. "When almo ready to give up, the Lord answered. Christ is ready and willing helper in time of need."

M. D., Faulkton. "God has answered m prayer many times. A few months ago I thoug sure my family was going to be broken up. I too my trouble to the Lord, and he answered in an u expected way."

"Beyond Expectation"

The premium, *The Hall of Fame*, receive Although my expectations were great, it surpasse them. The collection of art pictures is a beautif present. SUSAN KING.

Baldwin, Kan.

WANTED—A REFORM IN SACRED SONG

Composers, Publishers and others Give their Views

Irreverence in our Hymnology Condemned

• • •

WHEN Pandora, in the fable, opened the box, there was a sudden flutter of wings, and such a host of troubles flew out that she was momentarily dismayed at the result of her act. But at the bottom she found Hope, the best of the winged array. So THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in its endeavor to awaken public interest to the need of a reform in our modern sacred music, has suddenly uncovered a bevy of sharp, but good-natured critics; but the best of them, fortunately, have the right kind of whirr and hum. The preponderance of these opinions is strongly in support of the reform.

Our readers will recall that, in a recent issue, we invited the views of experts concerning the need of reform in our church music, on the ground that there "has been a tendency, of late years, to deterioration in the quality of the music that is composed for popular singing in the churches, and that many of the literary compositions that are now set to music are far below the standard, and lack that spiritual quality which ought to be the hall-mark of every good hymn. Some of them verge very closely upon doggerel." It was also stated that "at a recent gathering of the representatives of one of our leading Protestant denominations, the subject of our decadent hymnology was discussed with the utmost candor. It was the opinion of the speakers as a whole, that reform could not come too soon."

In response to our invitation, the following letters on the subject have been received:

The "Danger Line" of Secularism

I have read with much interest your article on "Reform in Sacred Song," recognizing as I do the need of reform along the lines of both hymns and music—the need of hymns that are true to the spirit and teachings of the Word of God, and that will be owned and blest of him in the worship of the sanctuary and the work of the church. The power to write music suitable to express and enforce the spiritual meaning of the hymns is one of those gifts to be earnestly coveted by those whose privilege it is to serve in this important department of the Master's work.

Only a few years ago, the metrical version of the Psalms as used by the Psalm-singing churches, was regarded by some as too heavy for popular use in a Gospel hymn book; but to-day, such a book is hardly considered well balanced without some selections from these grand "Songs of the Ages." I look forward with hope and expectation to the not distant future, when the weak and unworthy among the hymns shall more and more give place to the strong, spiritual and Scriptural, which shall abide.

About the music, that is suitable for all the various departments, from the sanctuary to the mission hall, it is not so easy to write. That in the secular character of the music, the danger line is too often crossed, can not be denied. Reform is urgent, and will be appreciated by Christian people generally. This should be a stimulus to the best efforts on the part of those who have any share in the exalted privilege of preparing hymns or music for any department of church work or worship. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Kinsman, O.

A Sweeping Reform Desirable

If THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can only succeed in arousing public interest to the necessity of a real reform in our hymnology, it will have rendered valuable public service. I have often been surprised, not to say shocked, at the irreverence of adapting to the praises of God such tunes as "Suwannee River," "Annie Laurie," "Sweet Marie," "Die Wacht am Rhine," "Robin Adair," and "Auld Lang Syne." Yet it is a positive fact—and a pitiful one, too—that these tunes, and others of the same sort, are actually to be found in some of our so-called "Sacred Song Books," and are sung by people who, I really believe, are ashamed of such "worship," and would rather have something truly reverential instead. The fault lies with the composers, "adapters" and publishers. In the recent church conference mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, such hymns as "Shall We Gather at the River," "A Little Talk with Jesus," "God Be With You," etc., were mentioned. If anyone wishes to know the true movement of these tunes, let him try them to quick time, and note the difference. I recall at least one march, which might very well be played in a ball room, that was widely sung at summer conventions lately, and its "boom' boom' boom' boom' boom de-dooden-day" was the reverse of inspirational.

You may safely set it down as a fact that the people do n't go to church or meeting to sing marches or slowed-up dance-tunes, or to persuade themselves that the injection of social songs that were worn threadbare over the drinking-cups in bygone days, is a desirable adjunct to the worship of God.

Keep up the good work until all the opera bouffe is thrown out of our hymn books.

New York. H.

Reform Needed—But How?

I am in favor of improvement in our hymnology, and am doing what I can in that interest. But improvement must be a matter of growth. One cannot say to another, "The hymn and tune that you are singing is bad; you must stop using it." Or, on the other hand, "This hymn and tune is good; you should use it." The other may properly answer, "This I like best; it helps me more than the one you recommend; this is a free country; and more than that, Christ has made me free to worship him according to my taste in such matters."

While I see and hear a good deal of music that is too empty, or even silly, for me, yet I see an extreme on the other hand that is away beyond the abilities of the people. They cannot and will not use the high class music that is printed in what are called the finer hymnals. Neither do I see a remedy for our deplorable state, musically, in the resolutions of synods or in editorials that set forth the extremes that exist. The people must be taught. If those who want the music of our churches reformed will devise a plan for sending music teachers among the churches as missionaries of the "better music," the work will be speedily done. J. H. FILLMORE.

Cincinnati, O.

A "Two-Step" and a "Break Down"

I have carefully read your article, entitled, "Reform in Sacred Song," and agree that there are some valuable points discussed therein, though we are at a loss to know just what you mean by doggerel music. However, in regard to the "two-step" and "break down," it all depends on how you apply this. Recently, the writer sang a song in a large gathering, the chorus of which was "two step" music, and after singing two verses, the request was given for any who wished to do so, to join in the chorus after the third verse, and a great many ladies did so and only a few gentlemen. The remark was made, "It is wonderful how readily ladies will catch on to a two-step." Some of the gentlemen in this gathering seemed to be slow in doing so. Of course it created laughter. Then the remark was made, that it was a blessed thing to catch on to the "two-step," as salvation depended on that; namely one out of several other tunes. Christ came off the winning side, the other on to the scaffold. I also overhear the other night the following: That the request was made, How many men were on the ladies in a "two step" and sing that chorus with them? Many hands went up and when the invitation was given, some forty persons came forward for prayer and there was a regular "break down" among those who came forward as singers. And, mark God, many took the "two step," going out of the meetings, saved by faith in Christ, having made the step of unbelief into the step of faith. BILHORN BROTHERS.

Chicago, Ill.

Irreverent Music Out of Place

The field of hymnology stands in need of a thorough weeding, and I am in cordial sympathy with this movement. Many of the so-called hymns of the day, both in words and music, are more calculated to cast ridicule upon things sacred than to lead the mind to devotion. Waltz-time is much in vogue, and we may expect rag time next, if it has not cropped out already. I know of a pol-ished Te Deum that is most irreverential, because of its lilting jauntiness, and I have frequently heard the well known hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea" sung to the tune of the "Wedding March" from *Lohengrin*. These are but samples; many more could be given.

Jersey City Heights. GEORGE COOPER.

Against "Ragtime" and Doggerel

I am in hearty accord with your movement for reform in our "present hymnology." I am opposed to the use of "ragtime" or any other doggerel or irreverent music to sacred words. H. P. DAKES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Test of a Good Hymn

I am in most cordial sympathy with the effort being made to raise the standard of modern hymnology. I have no sympathy with those who are forever decrying the character of the more popular Gospel hymns of a generation ago. They were the outgrowth of a popular demand for the time, and the very fact of their popularity was in itself a protest against a certain class of church music which lacks in vigor and inspiration. At the same time, I believe that this class of music has served its day and generation, and that the whole tendency of the last fifteen years has been to raise the standard of Gospel hymns.

The value of a hymn, it seems to me, is not to be found in its possibilities for vocal gymnastics, but in its power to express the deepest emotions of human souls. It must combine a quality which I know of no other word to express than that of "singing-ableness." But at the same time, its music must conserve the Spirit of the words and should merely be a means to convey the words, whether they be in praise or prayer, worship or thanksgiving. W. R. MOODY.

East Northfield, Mass.

The Quartette Choir the Church's Bane

With regard to "Reform in Sacred Song," I would say, speaking as a musician and as one who appreciates the highest in the art, that I am not wishing to censure that church music, as a whole, is quite as bad to-day as it is represented to be. I would not say that there is no room and no need for improvement, no one would make such an absurd claim as that. But, why is it that the wonderful improvement that has been made in the last half century, especially in the last thirty years in church music, is not recognized by some of our writers and speakers? [illegible] A comprehensive knowledge of the history of [illegible] is necessary to the [illegible] of the present [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

TEMPLES VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE

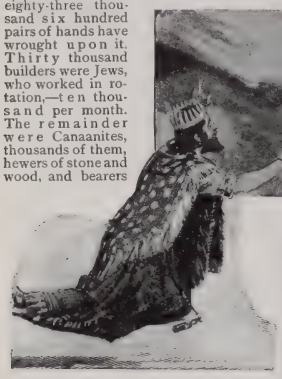
❋ The Dedication of Solomon's Temple

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR DEC 13
I. KINGS 8: 1-11, 62, 63

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--PSALM. 122: 1: "I WAS GLAD WHEN THEY SAID UNTO ME, LET US GO INTO THE HOUSE OF THE LORD"

"GRACE, grace unto it." It is completed; the marvelous Temple, which had its inception in the loyal, loving heart of King David, the pattern of which was given him by the Spirit, the erection of which was committed to King Solomon by the express word of the Lord. One hundred and eighty-three thousand six hundred pairs of hands have wrought upon it. Thirty thousand builders were Jews, who worked in rotation,—ten thousand per month. The remainder were Canaanites, thousands of them, hewers of stone and wood, and bearers of burdens. Three thousand, six hundred of the builders were overseers, some of them Canaanites, the others Israelites. For seven and a half years this vast company of men had worked side by side. They have done their work in reverent silence. The sound of a hammer, axe, or any tool of iron has not been heard (I. Kings 6: 7). They have also built the temple in a short space of time compared with the time occupied in the erection of other renowned houses of worship, for example, the Cathedral of Cologne, which was more than five hundred years in building, and St. Peter's at Rome, whose erection stretched over three hundred years, and the Duomo at Florence, which grew for four hundred years.



"SPREAD FORTH HIS HANDS TOWARD HEAVEN"

It has been less than forty years since King David, through the prophet Nathan, expressed his wish to God to build this Temple. It has been only eleven and a half years since the commission was given to Solomon to build it. He did not begin the building until four years after his coronation, because he wanted to thoroughly establish his kingdom and unify his people for this supreme effort.

Let us walk around about the Temple and examine it. We choose the day of its dedication, in October, 1004 B.C. The Temple has been completed about one year, but the dedication has been deferred, so that it may occur during the Feast of Tabernacles, when people from every part of the land would be gathered in Jerusalem. We find ourselves on the vast Temple platform, which has an area of twelve acres, on the top of Mount Moriah. We have entered from the east, through a gate in the wall of stone and cedar which surrounds the outer court. We walk through a cloister on the east side of the court, which is free to all people, and here we find the crowd dense. We see before us another court, which we may not enter, but as the partition wall is low we can discern that the court is filled with white-robed priests. We see the great brazen laver and the large brazen altar, and near it a high platform, on which we are told King Solomon is to stand. Within this court rises the Temple, a dream in marble, with a roof of shining gold, crowning its snowy whiteness. We note the two great shining pillars of brass that strengthen and adorn the portico. And yet with all its magnificence, the Temple seems small to us, only one hundred and twenty feet long, by sixty feet wide, and forty-five feet high, the portico rising much higher as a facade. But we are impressed with the fact that size does not make greatness.

We hear music in the distance, harps and lutes and cymbals and voices, and as we move toward the west side of the court we see a procession of four thousand musicians and singers, all coming through the Tyropean valley, arrayed in white, singing the praises of the God, whose "mercy endureth forever." They are accompanied by priests and Levites, also dressed in white, who are carrying the golden candlestick, the table of shewbread, the golden altar of incense, and something wound with a blue cloth, which we are told is the precious Ark of the Covenant. Others are carrying the golden boards, and the hangings which made up the ancient Tabernacle constructed by Moses. We are told that these precious relics are to be sacredly kept in the new Temple. At the door the procession halts, until the Ark can be carried in, and placed in the Holy of Holies. We were told that the priests who carried it there would not be permitted to see it again, for only the High Priest could enter there, and he only once a year. God's presence came with the Ark, for immediately the whole Temple was filled and enveloped in a cloud, as when God had moved before his people in a cloud by day when they were marching through the wilderness to the Promised Land. King Solomon, on his high platform, in sight of all the people, looking toward the most Holy Place, blessed God for his manifest presence. Then he turned and faced the people, and called upon them to bless God for all the way in which he had led them, and the people stood and praised God. Then, in the words of a never-to-be-forgotten prayer, kneeling low with his hands spread toward heaven, King Solomon prays to God, beseeching him to accept as his own house the Temple which they had built.

At the conclusion of his prayer, almost in a moment, the Temple glows as with fire. It is the shining presence of the Lord, who had come to take possession of his own. Awe falls upon the whole congregation, and the stillness is awful, followed by a tumultuous burst of praise to God from all throats. A few closing words spoken by King Solomon, and then the offering of sacrifices to God begins, which are to last a week. Not the whole animals are to be burned, but only the fat upon the inwards for a peace offering, the other parts furnishing food for the people, who thus ate with God in restored friendship, is completed at-one-ment. This is the very soul of Temple and Church alike, restored fellowship with God, and any "meeting house" where man does not really meet God, is but the tomb of a dead church. Better real fellowship with God and with his people without a building, than the most elegant church building without this soul of divine fellowship.

Illustration and Application

The Bible presents a progression of five kinds of temples, four of them types and promises of the fifth: First, the temple of nature, in which Abel's and Abraham's altars were raised; second, the temple of stone, built by Solomon, rebuilt by Zerubbabel and Herod; third, the temple of Christ's body, in which the divine presence was again manifest; fourth, the temple of the individual Christian's body, to be "filled with the Spirit;" fifth, the spiritual temple of the Church, in which every true Christian is "a living stone," while Christ is the corner stone.

"SOLOMON STOOD BEFORE THE ALTAR OF THE LORD"

In all these temples, the story of this lesson reminds us: (1) God's law is to be in the Holy of Holies as his revelation of love; (2) The sacrifice of prayer is to open man's way to God; (3) The Spirit of God is to be manifested to man.

Speaking of the primitive temple of nature, we recall the devout words of the celebrated French chemist, Louis Pasteur: "Posterity will one day laugh at the foolishness of the modern materialistic philosophers. The more I study nature, the more I stand amazed at the works of the Creator. I pray while I am engaged in my work in the laboratory."

"Nature, the kind old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee
And said, this is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee."

What a rebuke and correction to our common thought and feeling about God's law there is in the fact that it was the only thing put in the Ark of the Covenant in the Most Holy Place! This accords with what we have often said of the Law as the greatest revelation of God's love, excepting only the Cross, by which we are recovered from the sin of disobeying that Law. With such loving awe as the Jew thought of the Most Holy Place as the very throne-room of God, should we think of God's law as the embodiment of his love and wisdom and power.

An idiot boy was frequently badly treated by other boys and ridiculed by older people, and being utterly unable to defend himself, he would simply say, "Ah! God looked at that." It made such an impression on a young lady that she says, in all her later years of life she has never seen any injustice done, but there would come to her mind again the lad and his graphic sermon, "God looked at that."

God's love forbids us nothing that would harm us. A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent. The fruit is beautiful, and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it, but it is poisonous.

There is this much of real truth in this living parable that only poison fruit is "forbidden fruit," He who made all the delicious fruits of the earth is no ascetic, and would cut off no real joy from his children. His laws are but guide-boards to joy. The reverence with which we should connect God with the moral law is beautifully illustrated in an incident we have used before, but which is so timely here that it may well be recalled—the African native called before Stanley charged with stealing a gun belonging to his expedition. The frightened savage could only exclaim, "I am a son of God; I would not steal." And so it proved. He was a missionary convert, and had found the gun where it had been dropped. What a watchword this child of nature gives us for interpreting the Decalogue reverently and effectively. I am a son of God, I would not worship idols. I am a son of God, I would not profane his name. I am a son of God, I would not profane his day. And so through it all. He surely kept the Decalogue in his Holy of Holies.

One day a little child was slowly making its way up the stairs and the mother down below said, "Come here, baby; mamma wants you." And baby replied, "I wants myself," and went right on. So when God wants us for some unselfish service, the sinful heart replies, "I want myself. I want to be my own master, to have my own way, to do my own will." Absalom wanted himself, in disobedience to his earthly and heavenly father, and came to failure for both worlds, as is usual with those who set their own wills above God's will. If we are to build a beautiful life, God's law must be reverently, joyously enshrined in our heart of hearts. Dr. Merrill E. Gates gives to young men this message: "Only by doing hard things heartily can we gain power." "To do the thing you know you ought to do at the time when you know you ought to do it, whether you feel like it or not—this will insure you success."

In the ancient temple there were five kinds of offerings or sacrifices, of which only the form has changed, the substance remaining to this day. First, sinful man needs the sin offering, a substitute who dies in his stead, that he may be forgiven. Second, the trespass offering makes special confession of unconscious sins. Third, the whole burnt offering expresses complete consecration, unreserved devotion to God's service in life and death. Fourth, the peace offering pictures restored fellowship with God by eating with him at his altar table. Fifth, the thank-offering expresses gratitude for blessings, temporal and spiritual, and devotion of property to God's service. Worship to-day should include all these elements.

. . .

This lesson on the first temple might well be devoted to the uses and abuses of worship. Worship is here exalted as important, in that fourteen days are devoted to it by a whole nation, the dedication beginning seven days before the Feast of Tabernacles and continuing through it. It is related that some converted Africans finding no privacy for prayer in their small, crowded huts, betook themselves to secluded places in the forest nearby. In the course of time paths became worn from each man's hut to his prayer-place. The spiritual condition could often be told by the condition of the path leading to any individual's place of retirement. Occasionally, one of these native Christians would become lukewarm, and not travel his path so much as in other days. Then his companions would sometimes remind him with the words, "Brother, the grass grows in your path."

Mother's Moulding Hand

CHARACTER is not formed in a day. The mother beginning her work, when her babies are in the cradle, impresses her personality upon her sons and daughters, little by little, with unceasing, yet often, with unconscious effort. A mother who is deeply pious, and whose spiritual life is fed by constant communion with God, will impress her children with the reality of the Christian's hope. What the Scriptures call the "walk and conversation" of a consistent disciple, has a lasting effect on the young people in a home, seeing daily through successive years, the sweet humility and steadfast strength that are the marks of true Christian living. "My mother," said an eminent minister of the Gospel, "brought us all into the Kingdom, one by one, simply by the fidelity with which she followed her Saviour."

We would not underrate the power and influence of a father in his family. But the world claims the father, while the mother remains in the shelter of the home. Business demands his presence and attention. He must go forth and labor, while his wife abides by the "stuff," and trains the children.

Said the daughter of a world-renowned evangelist, a man in whose crown must blaze whole galaxies of stars: "It was mother who brought us up, while father was converting sinners on both sides of the sea." It is mother always who brings up the children. She trains them in the little courtesies, and in the practice of great principles. As she is gracious, considerate, broad-minded, and lovable, so are they. As she is reverential and full of faith, so are they.

The mother need not be disheartened by apparent failure, nor by the slow growth of the plants of righteousness in the home garden. She is responsible only for daily endeavor, not for immediate success. Her moulding touches are so soft, so gentle, so delicate, that only God and the angels know what they cost her. Into the lives of her children she is pouring her own life. Long after she has gone to the home where the flowers never fade, and the joys are never shadowed, her children will remember how her face shone when she came from the closet where she knelt and prayed, and how her Bible opened of its own accord to the chapters she had read so often that she knew them by heart.

"Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

AGE AND YOUTH

Age, with wisdom brought by years,
Age, with knowledge bought by tears,
Sitteth down in calm content;
Youth, uplifting thoughts of cheer,
Sweet and smiling, draweth near,
Like some gentle angel sent,
Bringing gift and bringing grace,
Here behold them face to face.

A Housemaids' Union

The woman who does her own work, and is therefore independent of hired help, is likely to be on the winning side in times that are looming large on the horizon.

We are told that in Holyoke, Mass., and in New Haven, Conn., and probably in other places, the domestics who perform household labor are organizing, as the laborers of the other sex do, with a view to regulating their hours of work, securing more privileges, and obtaining higher wages. In most autocratic fashion, the sapient leaders of this new movement decree that a maid's hours shall be from 6 A.M. to 1 P.M., and from 5 P.M. to 7 P.M. That work in hours beyond this allotment shall be paid for at fifteen or twenty cents an hour, and if at night, at double this price. A cook is to do nothing but cook. Laundry work must be sent out, or paid for at an extra rate. The family are to accommodate their comings and goings to the discretion of their hired help, and housekeepers will be in a fair way to understand why Solomon predicted woe to the land when a servant reigned over it.

The counter current of course, will sweep employers into unions of their own, to resist the tyranny of those who condescend to be employed. A system of fines will doubtless correspond to the system of extra fees. Guests will cease to bestow tips, for it is not to be supposed that the lofty personages who drop dish cloth and pudding stick at precisely the stroke of one o'clock, will so far demean themselves as to accept a gratuity. Ladies will exact expert service, and blunders in cooking or waiting will no longer be amiably condoned. Also, they will keep a strict and rigid account of breakages and leakages, and demand restitution in money for these, when wages are paid.

The old pleasant relation of mistress and maid, which has existed, and still exists in many a household, will go by the board, if the Housemaid's Union inaugurates a successful new departure. For housework, except in very large establishments, cannot be done during fixed hours. It is unlike factory work, and unlike work at the typewriter, or behind the counter. That employers are sometimes thoughtless and unreasonable must be admitted, just as we admit the fact that servants are often incompetent and irresponsible. But looking over the wide field, the agitation of this subject, from the standpoint of the labor union is unwholesome, and will breed contention and ill feeling. It can do little good, if any. The relation, though a business one, must be founded upon friendliness, and there must be reciprocal concessions. In the meantime, blessed are those capable mothers and daughters who do their own work, have tidy kitchens, and unmutilated china, bread that is fit for a man's eating, and hours of tranquil resting when their work is done.

HONEY

Just a bit of honey on the daily bread,
Just a waft of perfume on the path we tread.
Just a taste of sweetness in the bitter brew,
That is dashed too deeply with the poignant rue.
Just a winning patience when the day is long,
Just a cheerer lifting of the pilgrim's song.
Just a thought of heaven; earth will soon be o'er,
Oh, the fadeless flowers on that other shore!
Just a bit of honey, in the cup we take,
Just a little sweetness in the bread we break.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Weekly Mending

"SISTER, I haven't a pair of stockings in my bureau drawers! What becomes of my stockings?"

Sister, half asleep, scrambles out of bed in a hurry, and, opening her door on a crack, cries: "Here, Joe!" In her hand is a pair of socks, neatly darned.

"I meant to have put those in your room last night," she says in a tone of apology.

"But I don't understand," continues the aggrieved voice of the brother, "why I always have to wake you before I can get a pair of socks. There ought to be a pile in my room. I'm sure I have stockings enough."

"Oh, don't argue, Joe. Just dress yourself and be happy. I'll mend up the rest of your wardrobe today."

Going back into her room, sister's eye falls upon her mending basket. It is a sight! Heaped up, pressed down, and running over with garments that need a stitch, or a patch, or a little renovation. And how she dislikes mending! Loathes it, she exclaims after the exaggerated manner of girls. Poor sister! If she would be systematic, and never let this work's work slop over into next week, there would be an end of her annoyance, and of the reiterated family protests because of their inconvenience and her delay. Mending is not as delightful as reading, but if any one assumes it as a weekly task, the better plan is to do it at once. Fine mending is a rare accomplishment, rarer than one thinks for the women who succeed in needlecraft are in the minority. When one sees the beautiful darning done by nuns in convents and taught to their pupils, when one looks at the neatness with which the grandmother takes up her stitches, and makes as good as new the old stocking or the worn garment, one sees that in this art, as in others, there is a chance to show patience and skill, and a talent for finishing what one begins.

If boys are taught to do their own simple mending, and provided with needles, thread, and the rest of the sewing outfit, a good deal of domestic squabbling is prevented. A mother who has tried this scheme, and turned it to work to a charm, recommends it to other mothers and housekeepers.

Counting our Blessings

"The pipes broke in the middle of the night, and when we came downstairs we found the sitting room flooded. It was awfully vexatious," said the girl, who was not at all the most picturesque adverb one could think of. "But what do you think mother said? 'Any water on the library?'"

"I cannot imagine," answered the listener.

"In the midst of the flood, when we were busy with buckets and sponges, she suddenly looked up, beaming, and said, 'girls, count your blessings.'"

"It must have surprised you," the friend remarked.

"Yes, in any one but mother. She always has to say something to the last straw, and some good thing, she is sure that something is in it."

Blessed little mother. She was always the biggest success in the home, with her optimism and courage.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—Martha Rook. Many [illegible]

—Dearie. The expenses of a wedding and [illegible]

—Mother, [illegible]

—Dearie. A pair of [illegible]

—Brook [illegible]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Anxious, Hartford, Conn. If my business partner does such things that he may be regarded as a crazy man, or if he gets himself involved personally in money matters (not the firm, remember) can I be held responsible for his acts?

You should get legal advice on the matter, as it may prove highly important. The insanity of a partner is usually considered sufficient to justify a decree of dissolution, but only after the person has been adjudged insane. As long as you carry on business together and continue to divide the profits, you will very likely be compelled to bear a share of any losses that may arise through his eccentricities. If he becomes a bankrupt, and goes through the courts, that, of course, would have the effect of dissolving the partnership.

Rev. J. S., Sparta, Okla. A man by the name of Rogers (John, I believe) was burned at the stake in the reign of Queen Mary, on account of his belief. He wrote a long poem, and exhorted his wife and children to be faithful. I would like to know—1. What he believed, that caused his death? 2. Who condemned and who executed him? 3. Are any of his family known to live now, and where?

John Rogers, the martyr, the associate of Tyndale and Coverdale, was a well-known pastor in London. On Sunday, August 6, 1553, three days after the entry of Queen Mary into London, he denounced Roman Catholicism from the pulpit. He was arrested and imprisoned in his own house; was afterwards removed to Newgate, was tried and condemned before Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and was finally burned at Smithfield, February 4, 1555, for his sturdy adherence to the Protestant faith. It is possible that his descendants may still be found in England.

Reader, Abbeville, Ala. Why is it that all persons do not dream? I have heard of several Jews, who claim that they never had a dream in their lives, and the subject has created some comment, so I write to get your solution of the matter.

Dreams are common to the entire human race, savage or civilized. There may be exceptional cases of abnormal minds that do not dream in sleep, but we never heard of them. Certainly all normal minds dream at times. Even the lower animals dream, if the assurances of authorities on the subject are to be accepted.

A Reader, Wisconsin. Is it becoming for a Christian to wear silk apparel (not gaudy) if means afford such?

We do not consider the wearing of a silk gown wicked, if you can afford it, and provided that in purchasing it you do not permit any really worthy object to suffer. A sensible person will draw the line between dressing for mere vanity and dressing agreeably with your means and position in life.

Reader, Clifton Springs, N. Y. A husband obtained by wicked means a divorce from his wife, but she would not stoop to obtain divorce from him, and let it go by default. She has a small property and no children, and wishes to know if the husband, now married to another wife, can legally claim any portion of the property. The divorce was given in Michigan in 1896.

Lawyer G. H. Crawford, of 32 Liberty street, New York, to whom this was submitted, replies as follows: "Though the facts are not fully stated, my opinion is that if the divorced woman referred to lives in this State, and her property is here, her former husband has, and can acquire no rights in her property. What might happen if she went to Michigan with her property, must be determined by a Michigan lawyer. My very strong impression is that the former husband would have no rights in the property even there."

Miss M. H., Wellsburg, W. Va. Please tell me something about the Blarney Stone?

In the wall of Blarney Castle, near Cork, Ireland, is a stone, difficult of access. It is said that any one who kisses that stone becomes endowed with the gift of persuasive language, or, in the colloquial phraseology, "gets the gift of blarney." Visitors go to great pains to kiss the stone, which is set in the face of the wall, and considerably beyond the reach of a person unassisted.

"Sorrowing One," Germantown, Pa. Why does not God answer prayer for power to overcome a besetting sin? I have prayed to be delivered, but get no help.

Are you sure that it is help that you are looking for? Is it not rather the working of a kind of miracle by which you will be relieved of all further struggle? Even that kind of prayer is sometimes answered, but not often. More frequently God grants power for a man to use, if he will do so. We have no right to expect God to work a miracle on our behalf. But when he sees a tempted man—whether the temptation comes from within or without—making a sincere and determined effort to overcome, he hears that man's prayer for help and extends it to him. If you prove your sincerity by your own struggle God will help you to victory and you will be morally stronger for having fought.

P. D. L., Topeka, Kan. Is it right for an active Christian to go a-boating on the Sabbath day as a pleasure?

The question is absurd upon its face. No active Christian, not even the poorest kind of Christian, would hold himself guiltless if he so desecrated the Sabbath.

M. B., Trenton, N. J. Do you not think we acted overhastily, as a government, in recognizing Panama and in sustaining the new republic against Colombia?

It is an interesting question. Colombia had been clearly led to understand that the Hay-Herran treaty—which was an eminently fair and liberal one—was the very limit of our liberality; yet the Colombian legislators ignored the warning and determined to exact from us a price beyond all reason and justice. They deliberately killed the treaty. They left us free to act, and when the Isthmus seceded and declared its independenc we had a perfect right to accord it recognition. The worl needs the canal, and it was a fortunate thing, as it now turn out, that Colombia did so overreach itself as to reject th treaty, since it enables us to build the canal on better terms an without delay. Haste was necessary, as it always is in in portant emergencies. Those who are now criticising our Gov ernment for acting as it did, will no doubt see the matter in d.fferent light as all the facts come out. It must be remem bered, too, that under the treaty of 1846, we have the right t act as peace-officer on the Isthmus, and to forbid Panamanians Colombians, or any other people, from indulging in armed con flict in that territory.

Mrs. M. S. T., Basic City, Va. Your idea is an excellen one. You can purchase one dozen copies of *Earl's House keeping* at agents' rates, 15 cents each. The book is not onl specially adapted to the requirements of housekeepers to whor you wish to make Christmas presents, but is now enterin largely into the studies of young girls, and should be equall welcome to all women, married or single. The office is a 1223 Bible House.

W. F. M., Colchester, Ill. 1. How much money do we as a natio spend in a year for liquor? 2. How many drunkards die in a year

1. The drink bill of the United States for the year endin June 30, 1902, was estimated at $1,674,663,406. 2. It is est mated, roughly, that 100,000 die every year, the victims o strong drink.

Subscriber, Robertsville, Conn. 1. Is it right to teach children to be lieve in Santa Claus? 2. How may a young lady with a goo common school education, a good voice for singing, and a fai knowledge of music, fit herself to become a teacher of music i schools? Would it be wise for her to aim for such a position, no being a graduate of high school?

1. They can be told the legend of Santa in the same way i which you would tell them of Æsop's Fables, and for the same purpose, *i. e.*, for the sake of the lesson it teaches. 2. In New York, and doubtless in other States also, a high-school diplo ma is considered essential.

Susan C., Aguilar, Colo. Would Christ have come into the world i man had not sinned?

Who can tell? Though there would not have been the same reason for his coming, yet it is not inconceivable that he might have come for other reasons. These speculations are fruitless, as the finite cannot comprehend the infinite.

Jennie L., Allegheny City. By what rule or method may one deter mine, in the case of doubt, whether an amusement or recreation i legitimate for one who professes to lead a Christian life?

There can be no absolute rule in the matter, though the test of certain principles may very well be applied in such cases Ask yourself: 1. Is this proposed amusement physically o intellectually clean, wholesome, recreative, or is it baneful and dissipating? 2. Is it in harmony with and conducive to my desire for spiritual development or will it retard that develop ment? 3. Does conscience approve it and would Christ have approved it? 4. Even admitting that it will not harm me per sonally, will it exert an injurious or pernicious influence on others who may follow my example? But, probably best of all, when you have an honest doubt about any amusement, you may set it down as wisdom to leave it alone without further questioning.

Inquirer, Scranton, Pa. Is the conscience always right? If not, what guide have we as to conduct?

The conscience must be educated. It is often warped by ignorance, or misled by heredity and association, or stifled by our own interests. The study of the Word of God, with earnest prayer for light, will aid in bringing conscience into a right state. A man ought to act according to his conscience, but always with a mind open to conviction.

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Miscellaneous Questions

Robert G. R. Hillyard, Wash. Address them simply, New York City

Mrs. J. Glenn, Oregon. Write to H. P. Main, 135 Fifth avenue, New York.

Inquirer, Germantown, Pa. For the Manual of Prayer for all occasions, address Munson, publisher, Bible House, New York.

William Andrew J. Wightman, or any one who knows his address, communicate with his sister, Mrs. Kate Davis, Alva, Fla.

Inquirer, Milwaukee, Wis. Special rates will undoubtedly be announced in due season for the benefit of all who wish to go to the World's Fair.

Subscriber, Chick Springs, S.C. 1. We have sent your letter to the "Door of Hope." 2. The teacher in question was the victim of a quack. Her husband's view is right.

A. B. S., Mukuonago, Wis. "Chain" letters, save in very exceptional cases, and where vouched for by well-known people, are an impertinence, and are now almost universally treated as such.

H. M. H., Pine Grove, Miss. Many writers add to a minimum of fact a vast amount of imagination. We cannot tell whether, as a whole, the book you mention is accurate in its statement or not.

Reader, Passaic, N.J. No; the word Fenian is probably derived from Froini (the hunter-chief). The Fenians were once a widely-distributed Celtic race extending over Ireland, Scotland, Germany and the shores of Scandinavia.

Woodville, Ont., Canada. The Monroes came to America from Scotland as early as the latter part of the sixteenth century, thirty years before the landing of the Pilgrim fathers. James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States (1817-1825), who was born in 1758, descended from a Scotch Cavalier family, who had settled in Virginia the previous century. Since then Monroe families settled in Central New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and Buffalo, N. Y.

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How a Poor Boy Became a Philanthropist

The Life Story of William Quarrier, the Friend of Thousands of Homeless Lads

STARVING with cold, pinched with hunger, and with little prospect of a change of condition before him, a boy, William Quarrier, stood on the High Street of Glasgow, one day, some sixty years ago. As the crowds of well-dressed and well-fed people passed by him, with not a thought of the little ragged boy, Quarrier at that moment made a vow, that if ever he was as these people were with money in their pockets to spend as they liked, he would spend it in helping those who could not help themselves.

That vow has been nobly kept. The boy had not only a kind heart to prompt the thought, but a fund of grit and business ability behind his humble exterior, that enabled him to carry his vow into effect. Through his sole efforts 13,000 children have been rescued from the neglect, and worse than neglect, of the slums, and have been put in the way of making an honest living.

All through his life, William Quarrier was a determined man, some have even said a headstrong man. But it is well for his charges that he was that kind of man. A man of another stamp would have faltered under the magnitude of his undertaking, and under the apathy or hostility of various sections of the public. In his later life, all the superabundant energies were needed in the organization and execution of his schemes. In his boyhood they found an outlet in physical channels. He worked very hard at his apprenticeships in Paisley; and even out of his long hours was ever on the move. At five years of age the young boy was assisting his mother and eldest sister to do "fine sewing," by which they made a precarious livelihood. At six he had started in life as a hand in a pin factory. It was an age innocent of factory legislation, and the boy worked between sixty and seventy hours a week for the handsome sum of one shilling. A year later he became apprenticed to a shoemaker, and this was his calling until his philanthropic tasks demanded his full attendance.

THE LATE WILLIAM QUARRIER

Mr. Quarrier had made the resolve which directed the line of his life work when he was still a boy. The resolution was made in an instant; but it was as firm as if it had taken him a year to make up his mind. It was again an incident of a few moments' duration that finally started him upon the work he had set before himself. He had begun business on his own account in Glasgow, and the days of his own poverty were over. When he had shut up shop one evening and was making for his home, he was arrested by the crying of a poor lad. He stopped, questioned the boy, and elicited the story that he was a match-seller, and that a strange boy had, by a ruse, succeeded in stealing from him his stock-in-trade.

Mr. Quarrier gave the boy sufficient to renew his supply of matches and passed on. But the incident had kindled afresh the resolve to do something for the lives of poor and outcast boys.

He wrote to the *Glasgow Herald* a letter above the pseudonym of "Shoeblack," proposing the starting in Glasgow of a "Shoeblacks' Brigade" such as already existed in London, offering to give both of his time and his money if a committee were gotten together in the cause. His letter brought kindly answers and proved the beginning of his philanthropic work.

Mr. Quarrier was a strong believer in the efficacy of prayer, and believed himself directly guided by Providence in his philanthropic labors. He was fond of quoting a particular instance of where his needs were met in a remarkable manner. When he began sending children to Canada he needed ten pounds to pay for each. There were seven children on one occasion whom he was anxious to send out. The time of the boat's sailing was near at hand, but no money had been forthcoming for their passage.

Mr. Quarrier held a special prayer-meeting on the subject, on a Monday evening. On the Wednesday a gentleman called upon him at his place of business.

"Are you Mr. Quarrier?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Quarrier.

"I understand that you are interested in the Orphan Homes?"

Mr. Quarrier said that he was. The stranger then handed him fifty pounds, as an anonymous contribution from "Two Friends," and would not give his own name. On the next day twenty other pounds were received as a special donation, and the seventy pounds required was thus made up. Mr. Quarrier, in fact, acknowledged that he made no effort to get money for his schemes. He never made a formal application to the public for money. He simply found that he never had any trouble in the matter, for money came in from donors, known and anonymous, just when it was wanted, and, as Mr. Quarrier firmly believed, in direct answer to prayer.

The philanthropist's scheme of establishing "Homes" for his boys in the country was a wonderful conception.

The Homes at Bridge of Weir comprise sixty-two buildings, and contain a population of the respectable dimensions of 1,400. Mr. Quarrier's long, laborious, and fruitful life is now ended. He passed away at Bridge of Weir three weeks ago, greatly mourned by all who knew him.

Composer H. P. Danks Dead

HART PEASE DANKS, a noted writer of ballads and sacred music, died in Philadelphia, Nov. 19th, in his seventieth year. He was born, April 6, 1834, at New Haven, Conn. His parents removed to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in 1842. Here he first studied music and sang soprano in the Methodist Church. His teacher was Dr. Whiting, a noted physician and musician. His first musical composition was a simple hymn-tune, called "Lake Street," published in Bradbury's *Jubilee* in 1854. His first songs were published in 1859. He removed to New York in 1865, and was connected with the sheet music house of Wm. Hall & Son, and has resided in New York mostly since that year. In 1866 he wrote the song, "Don't be angry with me, Darling," which was a great success and was sung everywhere. In 1871-2 he wrote "Sweet Sounds among the gold," which it is said has had the largest sale of any copyright song ever published in the United States. His sacred songs have had a very extensive sale and are found in many works up to the present time. Of his later sacred songs "No night there," and "Will there be light for me," (the latter of which was composed for and first published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD) have been most popular. He was the author of an operetta, several anthem collections, and about 1,500 songs and services in sheet form. He was well known as a concert basso, singing with such artists as Anna Bishop, Maria Brainard and others of equal note, as well as a choir leader, conductor of musical societies, etc. His death was sudden and unexpected. He leaves a wife, two daughters and a son to mourn his loss.

H. P. MAIN.

"Force-thoughts"

By "SUNNY JIM"

DO you know that you get a new skin every month or six weeks—from four to twelve new skins for every gown or new suit of clothes you buy?

Do you know that your finger-nails are completely renewed every six months, and your toe-nails once a year, and that your eyelashes last about a hundred days?

¶I grew up with the popular notion that one's body was completely renewed every seven years; in reality, the change takes place within about thirty months; and the only part that undergoes but little transformation is the enamel of your teeth.

No wonder, then, that the food you eat is the all-important thing. From it was made all you are to-day—and to-morrow's breakfast has a mighty big bearing on the way you'll decide an important matter two months from now!

¶And you know it's not the amount of nutriment in the food but the amount that is available that counts. "Force" as a food containing the highest percentage of nutriment so far as materials are concerned, and the scientific cooking process renders all this nutriment ready for immediate transformation into brain and muscle.

It's because it is so easily digested that it helps us to

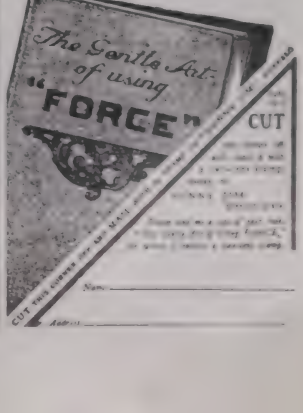
Be Sunny.

¶Perhaps my book would help you—it's about "Force" and something else. I wrote it myself.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim

(Trade mark.)



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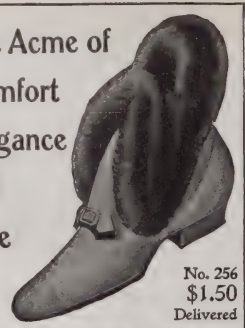

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Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place "with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters the bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them being Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Mr. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he firmly declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty local school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and pressman. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic.

One evening, while he was looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, on the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reform are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to carry on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4,000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas. It is a really local experience, with the names only slightly veiled, and the facts easily recognizable. The great audience sits spellbound, as the story of a ruined family and a broken-hearted mother is graphically told. Over three thousand persons sign the pledge, as the result of the story. An explosion wrecks the *Beacon* office and press, and injures George. Douglas pluckily continues publication, with the aid of friends. Hopes brighten, and the outlook for the revived *Beacon*, and the cause it represents, gradually improves. The little temperance group at Colby hears of the approaching wedding of Esther and Douglas, which is shortly afterward celebrated very quietly. The women of Colby begin a vigorous temperance crusade.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued

"I WOULD want you to do anything that in your judgment was best," she answered quickly. There had never been a minute in Esther's life since she gave her heart to Douglas when she had not had the most implicit confidence in him, and the most calm and unquestioned faith in his career. She would have thought just the same of him if the *Beacon* had failed instead of prospering as it had.

After another pause, Esther spoke again.

"Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Vernon want me to join the League. Are you willing?"

"Why, yes. Of course."

"We are going to hold sidewalk prayer-meetings in front of the saloons next week."

"Do you think that will do any good?" Douglas asked gently.

"Why not? We women cannot vote. What is left for us but to pray, and pray, and teach our children, and then trust God."

"I don't object," Douglas answered in a low tone. "But I don't believe it will do much good."

Esther did not answer, but when Douglas had gone down to the office on some special errand a little later that evening, she dropped her work on the table and went into the other room to kneel down by the child and pour out her strong mother-heart to God.

It was Tuesday of the following week that Colby witnessed a sight new to it then, but duplicated afterwards in hundreds of towns all over the State.

About twenty women, nearly all of them mothers, and most of them from the older group of church women, met at the Methodist Church for an afternoon prayer-meeting, and then, under the leadership of Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Edwards, they went out together and walked down the sidewalk to the Wayside Inn, singing as they went:

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross—

Down in front of the saloon they all stopped and kneeled down. Douglas and Quits, standing in the door of the *Beacon* office, which had been moved back near its former location, looking up the street together with every merchant whose store was on the street, saw the proprietor of the saloon come to the door and stand there looking at the women. They saw Mrs. Vernon rise and begin to talk to him. He went back into the building and shut the door. After another hymn the little company moved down to Jake Lawson's. Douglas could distinguish Esther's face among the elderly women, and his heart went out towards her in a silent prayer for her and their boy.

Jake Lawson came to the door and motioned to the women to move on. They still kneeled, however, and Mrs. Edwards was praying, Esther kneeling beside her, when a thing happened that sent Douglas and Quits up the street as if driven by a great cry for help. A devil of anger was pounding at Douglas' heart, and as he ran he was beside himself with rage, and the primitive man leaped red-handed to the front and swept on to do its worst.

CHAPTER IX.

BEFORE Douglas and Quits had ran over half the distance between the *Beacon* office and Jake's place, they were joined by scores of men, who had been watching the women, and had seen the same sight that had filled Douglas with fury.

After telling the women to move on, Jake Lawson had gone back into his saloon, while the women continued to kneel and pray on the sidewalk. He suddenly appeared again at the door, and deliberately threw a pailful of water over the kneeling women. The insult was one that under other circumstances might not have provoked any great degree of indignation. Among the women themselves it did not. They rose quietly enough, and started to go on down the walk to the next saloon. Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Edwards and Esther had been nearest the door, and had received the greater part of the drenching. They did not appear to be much disturbed by it, and Mrs. Vernon had begun singing another hymn to cheer on the other women, who began to feel a little frightened, when they all noted the rush of men from all sides towards them.

But Douglas and Quits were not the only men in Colby that day who viewed that insult to the women with a white-heated anger. There were dozens of old soldiers there who had known and reverenced Mother Vernon and Mrs. Edwards, as wives of comrades who had ministered to them personally on the field, and by the hospital, and moved in and out of the community in Colby honored and beloved by all the citizens. The sight of one of the most degraded and useless members of society treating these honored women with an insult so plain and unprovoked, stirred every man who saw it with passion. There were two other young married women who had gone with Esther.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1053

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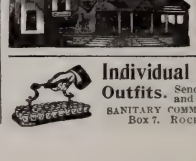

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1052

Their husbands were clerks in Mr. Edwards' store, and they were standing with Mr. Edwards in the doorway when Lawson threw his pail of water, but young as they were, and stirred with the same indignation that roused Douglas at the sight, they could not out-distance the old soldier, who was as gallant a lover as if he had been married yesterday. He raced up the street like a war horse, and arrived in front of the saloon just as Douglas and Quits, with a dozen others, came up, panting and furious.

Jake Lawson saw the mob coming, and hastily retreated, locking the door just in time to prevent Douglas from pushing it open with his shoulder. Douglas, panting and trembling from his furious run, could hear the saloon-keeper barricading the door with some furniture dragged out of the bar-room. Half a dozen men, with Douglas, had now crowded up against the door, and were battering it with their fists.

"Open up or we'll tear the whole front off your place!" yelled Mr. Edwards, who was one of the men next to Douglas.

"The first man to break in here will get a dose of cold lead," Jake shouted back, as he continued to fortify his position.

"Here, Mr. Edwards," some one yelled. "Here! Smash it in with this."

A heavy plank, torn from an advertising board near by, was thrust forward and a dozen pair of eager hands seized it. Douglas was mad with hate. The older men in the mob had scores to settle with Jake Lawson for various injuries inflicted on children or relatives in his business. And another tragedy might have been added that day to the heavy list already due to the saloon, when a woman's voice was heard above the angry cries of the men. Douglas drew back and his hands let go their hold on the plank. It was Esther who was speaking.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop. This is not the way to fight the saloon. You will do more harm than good."

"It's what we want to do, right now," yelled a man next to Edwards.

"Frank! Frank!" Esther appealed to him as he stood wedged in among the others who had paused instinctively as Esther's clear strong voice rose, striking in among all the rougher notes like some sweet-toned instrument. "Tell them that it is a mistake. We were not hurt, Mr. Edwards! Tell them to stop! What are a few drops of water! Frank, you know you are doing a thing for which you will have to be sorry. It is not the way."

"Go on!" shouted one of the men behind Mr. Edwards. "Go on! Are we going to have our women insulted by Jake Lawson and do nothing about it? I say let's tear his old shebang down!"

"That's right. Smash in his windows!" some one back on the sidewalk shouted.

"Hold on! Hold on! boys," Mr. Edwards called out in his old style, that more than one man remembered hearing in places when bullets were the main argument. "Mrs. Douglas isn't far wrong. We're doing a thing that won't aid the cause. We're bound to think of that!"

"I don't know that we are," muttered one of the men who had hold of the plank.

"James Edwards!" called out his wife, "You know this won't help any. Smashing Jake Lawson's saloon won't drive him out. He can build another. And you'll have it to pay for. What you men want to do is to vote Jake Lawson out of business. If we women could do it we'd a done it long ago."

Several of the men said, "That's so!" And another man let go of the plank. Mrs. Vernon and several other of the women added their plea to Esther's. She finally succeeded in getting near enough to Douglas to put her hand on his arm.

"Come, Frank," she said, with her old-time smile, that he could never resist. "Come! The little insult to us is nothing. But if you do violence here to-day it will help to defeat what we are giving our lives for. Let Jake Lawson alone. His pail of water will win us more converts than a year's campaign speeches, if you do not strike back."

Douglas bowed his head, and right there, on Jake Lawson's premises, he fought out another fight. Through the Narrow Gate. He knew his wife had wisdom on her side, and he wondered even there at her remarkable self-restraint and foresight. He had occasion more than once during the next five years to thank God for the gift of one of the truest natures as helpmeet in his life, but perhaps never at any time more than this.

He swiftly yielded to her judgment, and as swiftly acted upon it. He raised his arm and shouted:

"Three cheers for the brave women of Colby!"

Mr. Edwards led off with a rousing three times three.

"And I say Mrs. Edwards is right," Douglas went on after a pause that followed. "What can we gain by breaking up Jake Lawson's saloon? I was just as eager for it as any of you a few moments ago, but I am fortunate in having a wife that has more sense. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose by letting the saloon alone. But let's go back to our business and help roll up a stack of votes against the saloon as an institution that will batter it into everlasting oblivion."

"That's right! That's sense!" different ones cried. The women all urged the wisdom of Douglas' remarks. He and Edwards walked away from the door, and the few men who now had hold of the plank hesitated a moment and then threw it down on the walk.

"I'd given a good deal, though," said Edwards with a sigh, "if I could have got hold of Jake Lawson's hide for one minute. I expect God will make him more uncomfortable than I could."

The men began slowly to scatter. The women formed again, and Mrs. Vernon said something about going on to the next saloon.

Mr. Edwards spoke decidedly. "Now then, ladies, you don't go to any more saloons. Not with my consent. Julia, we have listened to your reason as we should. But I say it is simply casting pearls before swine to go praying for these whisky men. Go and have your prayer meeting in the churches. Am I right, Douglas?"

"I don't want Esther to go any more." Douglas answered: "I question the value of it. I believe it's a matter of pearls before swine all right in Jake Lawson's case and probably all the other saloon-keepers. They know well enough they are engaged in a godless business. There isn't one of them who does not know just as well as we that the whole liquor business creates hell on earth. With that full knowledge they deliberately choose to engage in it, because of the enormous profits compared with the brains and ability to run it. I don't object to the women praying for all of these men. They need it. But I do object to their being exposed to needless insult from them."

"And yet, Mr. Douglas, can you blame us women if we feel driven to resort to any and every means in our power to remove this awful evil from our town and State?" asked an elderly woman, whom Douglas recognized as one of the wives in Colby whose husband was steadily becoming a common drunkard. "You men will not permit us women the right of suffrage in State affairs. What is there for us to do but pray and wait?"

TO BE CONTINUED

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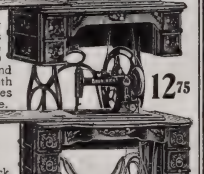

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BANEFUL AMUSEMENTS*

IT is related that during the reign of the bluff King Hal, there lived a knight named Sir John Giffard, of Chillington, who possessed a beautiful leopard. One day the animal escaped from its cage, and Sir John and his son at once gave chase, for they knew that the leopard would spare no human being it might meet. At the top of a hill, a mile from his house, the worthy knight saw the animal about to attack a woman and child. Sir John was armed with a bow and arrow, and rather breathless through running; his son, fearing his shot might be too weak, shouted, "Take aim, draw strong!" Never was surer aim taken, for Sir John pierced the leopard's heart, and saved the woman and her babe. In consideration of this brave and skilful deed, the Giffards of Chillington adopted as their crest a leopard's head and an archer with a bent bow, with the motto, "Take aim, draw strong."

This is what many good and great men have done in regard to some amusements, the influences of which have proved destructive to character. To enjoy one-self is a Divine right, provided such enjoyment does not injure health, weaken morals or lead others to place a false estimate on living.

* * *

Amusement is not an end, but a means of refreshing the mind and replenishing the strength of the body, that the work of life may be easier and better done. When it begins to be the principal thing for which one lives, or when in pursuing it, the mental powers are enfeebled, and health impaired, it then falls under just condemnation.

Amusements that consume the hours of the night which were intended for rest and sleep, thus making one nervous, besides increasing one's love for romance and adventure, are wrong. Amusements which call one away from study or duty are pernicious, just to the extent they cause negligence or unfaithfulness. Amusements that rouse or stimulate morbid appetites, suggest wrong things, cause one to be discontented, lead into bad company or expenditure beyond one's means, should always be avoided, for their tendency is downward rather than upward.

Care must be taken in choosing amusements. Those should be chosen which have some advantage beyond merely supplying a pleasant pastime, and those avoided which lead to bad company, drinking, horse racing, gambling, or any place where so many are allured to destruction. Multitudes of boys have gone down morally, socially, financially and spiritually under their blasting influences, never to rise again. There are few amusements so harmless, but what they may be carried into low association and made an instrument of evil, hence every boy should look to himself that no dishonesty, betting or over-exertion be allowed.

* * *

Don't play cards. "Is it possible there is harm in cards?" you ask. "Is it wrong to shuffle a few pieces of pictured and spotted papers in the parlor?" No, my boy. But it is the harm which comes from them, with no known excuse to palliate its pernicious consequences. Card-playing has a fascination connected with it. It seems as innocent a game as swinging the mallet on a croquet lawn, but it is as dangerous as a revolver in the hands of a child. It has dealt out death and destruction by the wholesale. "It has made," as Dr. Withrow said, "so many noble lives base, upright people dishonest, rich people poor, poor people painfully impoverished, and altogether it has a dark indictment against it in the court of heaven."

* * *

Don't go to the dance. "Why, the Bible itself defends this amusement," is frequently said. "Did not the Hebrews dance when they emerged from the Red Sea? Did not David dance before the ark? Was not Socrates taught it by Aspasia, and was it not held in veneration by Plato and other philosophers?" Yes, but dancing, my boy, was much different in Bible times that it is today. It was because of deliverances from, or a victory over an enemy. No case but one is found in the Bible where promiscuous dancing was indulged in, and that is called "the wicked dance." Ever since the daughter of Herodias danced off the head of John the Baptist, it has degenerated; and as Cicero addressed a grave reproach to Consul Gabinus for having danced, so would the writer sound the danger trumpet with the words, "Beware! Beware!"

When Moscow was burning, the historian tells us, a party was dancing in the palace right over a gunpowder magazine, of which they were ignorant. The flames came on, and Carnot said, "Let us have one dance more," and they shouted all through the palace, "One dance more!" The music played, the feet bounded, the laughter rang. But suddenly, through the smoke and fire and thunder of the explosion, death and eternity broke in. "One dance more" has been the ruin of many a young man, the deathblow of many a good reputation, the cause of many a jealousy which ended in crime, and the murderer of many a virtue which bid fair to distinguish the noble youth.

* From *Stepping Stones to Manhood*, by Wm. A. Pearce. 352 pages, cloth covers. Price $1.50. Harper & Bros., Philadelphia, publishers.

"Everyman"

VERY quaint, carrying the reader far back into the pre-Reformation times, is the text of *Everyman*, now issued by Fox, Duffield & Co., of New York. It represents, in allegory, a man who is notified that he must soon die, and he shrinks in terror from the unknown journey he must take beyond the grave. Who will go with him? To whom can he apply for solace and comfort? He thinks of his kindred, but they make excuse. Beauty, Strength, Discretion, etc., all personified, who make so much of his present life, also fail him in the emergency. Good Deeds, which, according to the ideas prevalent in those days, might have helped him, lies weak and powerless, as she has received no sustenance from him for a long time. At last, helped by Knowledge and the hope inspired by religion, as exemplified in Catholic practices, he dies in peace. It is the Pilgrim's Progress of an early age, before the light of the truth preached by Luther and Wycliffe dawned on the world.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Key of Paradise, by Sidney Pickering. A beautiful Italian story, which holds the reader's interest to the end. 308 pages, cloth. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York, publishers.

The Young Man Entering Business, by Orison Swett Marden. This latest book by Dr. Marden is one that specially appeals to those who stand upon the threshold of their career—at a point where wise and experienced counsel is most needed, to aid the beginner in choosing the path that leads to honor and success and in avoiding the pitfalls that have tripped up so many of his predecessors. No one—young man or young woman—can read this book without feeling a moral and mental uplift and strengthening in every page. Cloth covers, pp. 379. Price $1.25. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, publishers.

Wisdom vs. Foolishness, by Prof. H. D. Perky, President of the Oread Institute, Worcester, Mass., is a little book which should be welcomed by all who take a personal interest in questions that relate to proper food and general physical health. It might save a great many subsequent regrets, if parents, teachers and young people were to study this little volume, which presents, in popular, condensed form, much valuable practical information as to dieting, care of mouth and teeth and general health. Pp. 100, illustrated. Price 55 cents. Perky Publishing Co., Worcester, Mass., Publishers.

The Golden Fetich, by Eden Phillpotts. A story of the Rider Haggard type, being the narrative of an expedition to Central Africa for a vast hidden treasure. There is plenty of action and exciting adventure and sanguinary encounters with the natives; there is also a mysterious and beautiful white queen, who wears on her forehead a golden fetich or tribal talisman, which has a mysterious power over the savages. But the reader must find out in the book who the lady is and what happens to the hero. The descriptions of African tribal life and customs are exceedingly interesting. Pp. 362, cloth covers. Price $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

The Marble Faun, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, is No. 1 of the "Unit Book Series," issued by Howard Wilford Bell, 259 Fifth avenue, New York. The "Unit Books" are a monthly issue of the standard literary works of all lands, presented to American readers in the best obtainable English versions. This plan will secure to the readers a collection of the most famous books in the classic field—history, fiction, science, education, etc. All the books are well printed and bound. Under the unit system, the purchaser of these books pays one cent for every twenty-five pages of printed matter. The books are bound in paper, cloth or leather. One hundred titles are now in preparation. Price of *The Marble Faun* is—paper, 21 cents; cloth, 51 cents; leather, 71 cents. Address H. Wilford Bell, 259 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company will Issue Clerical Orders for 1904.

Pursuant to its usual custom, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will issue clerical orders for the year 1904 to ordained clergymen having regular charge of churches located on or near its lines. Clergymen desiring such orders should make individual application for same on blanks furnished by the Company through its Agents. Applications should be sent to the General Office of the Company as soon as possible, in no case later than December 19, so that orders may be mailed by December 31 to all clergymen entitled to receive them.

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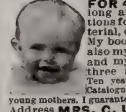

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...Wanted... A Reform in Sacred Song

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1047

tolerated. Let the critics weed out, prune and clarify, unsparingly and thoroughly; but let them do it impartially on old and new hymnology alike.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BELCK.

Jingling Tunes and Doggerel Verse

I am very glad that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is calling public attention to a matter which needs reform. The deterioration in church music concerns every person who desires to have praise the chief element in the song service of a worshiping assembly. Mere jingling tunes and doggerel verse lower the tone of praise and are unworthy the house of God. Undoubtedly there are fine melodies, set to the lilting music that stirs the heart in a camp meeting or a crowded tent, which have their place and power, but the old stately measures, and the noble psalms and hymns that are hallowed by long association, surpass these in their inspirational influence. In the singing of great congregations, what can be finer than, "Balerma," "Dennis," "Dundee," and "Maitland," with the words wedded to these familiar tunes, and not to be rudely separated from them?

My own feeling is that as we raise the standard of taste in church music, we raise also the standard of devotion, and I sympathize with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S crusade in this important field.

New York. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Churches Should Begin the Work

Reform in sacred song has been going on continually. Sometimes it has been in the direction of classic forms of music; at other times in the direction of ballad music; at other times in paths of original styles. The hymn tunes in vogue twenty-five years ago are now seldom used; others have taken their places. What style of music will prevail twenty years hence, it is impossible to predict. Safe to say, its elevation will depend far more upon general musical education than upon any other factor. Hence I believe a church or other organization desiring to improve its hymn music should begin with an effort to elevate the individual taste by musical education.

Philadelphia, Pa. JOHN J. HOOD.

No Tendency Towards Deterioration

I think a great deal of the matter written on this subject has little foundation in fact. I do not believe that there has been any tendency in late years toward deterioration in the quality of music used in church and Sunday School. On the other hand, I contend that the tendency of the times is upward.

New York City. I. H. MEREDITH.

National W. C. T. U. Convention

THE Ninth Street Baptist Church of Cincinnati, O., was appropriately chosen as the meeting place of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union this year. Thirty years ago, after the beginning of the great movement which has now become world-wide, the founders of the W. C. T. U. assembled in this church to perfect their organization. How much work has been done, how eventful the period since that memorable day in 1873!

Five hundred delegates and a large number of visitors were present on November 13, when the President, Mrs L. M. N. Stevens, called the assembly to order. In her opening address, she spoke of the work being done in Germany, France, Russia, Ireland and England. In the last-named country an effort is being made to induce Parliament to abolish barmaids, 80,000 of whom are employed in Great Britain. Mrs. Susanna M. Fry, the Corresponding Secretary, announced the organization of 332 Unions, with 9,547 members. The net gain in membership for the year was 6,954. The treasurer's report showed receipts $26,177, and expenditure $25,399, leaving a balance to be carried forward of $778. Mrs. Helen L. Bullock, speaking for the Purity Department, said that curfew laws were now in force in about three thousand cities. During the year free literature, comprising 275,000 pages, had been distributed.

Sunday was a banner day at the Convention. It demonstrated the Organization's title to the religious qualification in its name. In nearly fifty churches the chief speaker was a member of the W. C. T. U., and the audiences were such as the regular preachers are seldom able to gather. Mrs Katherine Lente Stevenson, of the Massachusetts Union, had the place of honor as preacher at the Convention Church. One of the most interesting debates at the Convention was that on the proposal to add to the pledge against intoxicating liquor, the words "and tobacco in all its forms." Several speakers protested against the addition, on the ground that it would alienate the sympathy of men now working with the Organization who used tobacco. The opposition carried the day, and the proposal was laid on the table. The chief officers of the Union were re-elected.

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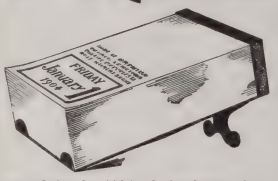

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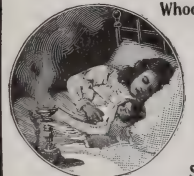

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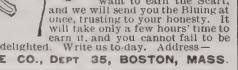

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Macedonia and Its People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1039

able and ready to convert the rich soil into practical wealth, if they only knew how. So what is fitly said of Greece that she "does not need more culture, but more agriculture," is in a large sense applicable to Macedonia. Also the frugality of our people is of a high order—a very hopeful sign as to the good use to which they can put the more abundant reward of their labor. Economy is an innate characteristic of the Bulgarian peasant, and when he is taught how to live and how best to employ his income, with a due regard for the Christian doctrine that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," he will do his share, and the Lord's work will consequently prosper. We have men and women thoroughly devoted to the Gospel, and naturally fitted for personal work "in season and out of season," provided, of course, that they were safe from the charges of political spies, who are a large and well-organized force in Macedonia. So with some, as liberal contributors of means; and others, as untiring pastors, preachers, evangelists, Bible women, etc., I believe that the present feeble evangelical churches have a great future before them.

That there are now in Macedonia more than 200,000 people who are absolutely without shelter or food, for the coming six months at least, and as many as 25,000 have fled to Bulgaria in utter destitution and distress, all of them depending upon charity and philanthropy for the very sustenance of life and for their clothing, is only another demonstration of the fact that Jesus does not yet "reign where'er the sun does his successive journeys run," and that the cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," is about as urgent to us as itwas to St. Paul in the vision.

Our Drop-Leaf Calendar

We have received many letters from subscribers whose subscriptions do not expire until after the beginning of the new year, inquiring how they can get possession of our Butterfly Drop-Leaf Calendar and other premiums, in time to use them for the Christmas holidays. In response to these inquiries, we would say that subscriptions expiring during the year 1904, may be renewed at the present time without any loss to the subscriber, as the date is extended for a full year from the date on which the subscription expires. On receipt of such renewal, we will immediately forward the selected premiums.

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The late Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, Consul of Salvation Army in the United States.

WE wonder why thus she was taken,
A leader so brave in the strife,
So broad was the field of her service,
So grand was her purpose of life.
Though swift from heroic endeavor
She passed to the peace and the rest,
We leave it with Thee, oh our Father,
Well knowing thy way is the best.

Commander and children remaining,
Oh, broken and grief-stricken band,
God help you to lift up the standard
Of righteousness over the land.
That dear, aged father, God bless him!
How brave in his sorrow is he,
We waft him the tenderest greeting
Of Christians this side of the sea,

But what of the poor and the lowly?
Who'll list to their heartrending call
And carry the work like the Consul—
On whom will her bright mantle fall?
Who'll bear them the dear, loving message
And give the warm clasp of the hand,
Who'll tell of a Saviour that's longing
To gather them into his band?

We pray thee, oh Lord of the harvest,
Send another as faithful and true,
With manner as winning, persuasive,
With spirit as eager to do.
Oh grant that the mind of our sister,
The spirit her life-work has shown,
Live on in the hearts of her comrades,
Her life be lived out in their own.

M. B. W.

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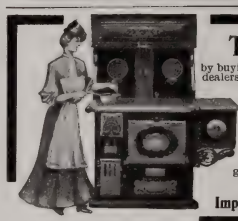

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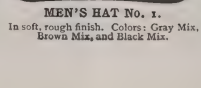

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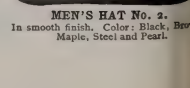

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Man Excluded by His Sin from Participation in Christ's Redemption

THE crowning glory of Christ, that renders him so dear to the world, is the love he bears to the wrecks of humanity. Good men, like Nicodemus and Nathanael and Paul, whose lives were without reproach, were attracted to him and loved him; but it was the sinful Mary, the despised Zaccheus and the poor lost souls of his time, that brought to him the passionate adoration of their hearts. He, to whom much is forgiven, loveth much. There is something very wonderful in the fact that One so pure and holy, should voluntarily seek out the first among men for his ministry. To be sure, it is they who are most in need, but the general tendency is to pass them by, as contemptible, and expend effort on those who are good but may be made better. Christ was reproached for association with sinners, but his reply was typical. It was sinners whom he came to call. As a famous preacher says, "he was attending to his business." To the ordinary man the sight of a horrible ulcer is repulsive, but the physician looks at it with interest. It is to him a beautiful case. Why? Because he is going to cure it. He will begin at Jerusalem," he said to his disciples at the last. That was the city in which were the men who had cried "Crucify him." The worst crime ever committed was perpetrated there. That was the place to begin the redeeming process. What comfort that brings to sinful men! When a man is sunk so low in his own esteem that he despairs of ever being other than a complete moral wreck, he is eligible as a patient for Christ. The very worst man on earth, whose life is so very much worse than any one knows, whose conscience tells him how unspeakably vile he is, has only to put himself in Christ's hands, and he will be delivered. He has only to approach Christ with a confession of his guilt, and a sincere desire to be saved, and Christ will save him. Take a man in prison for a capital offense, who is also suffering from a loathsome disease, he goes to Christ and receives pardon for his past crime, and healing for his corrupt nature. The only requisite is an intense, heartfelt wish to be healed. All else Christ supplies. Repentance, faith, holiness, all come under his treatment. To honestly seek salvation, and to believe that it can be had in Christ, is the beginning of all blessing.

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With the Antidote of Present Distress and Apprehension about the Future

PEACE of mind is a blessing which to the vast majority of the world is the most desirable of all that could be bestowed. So few of us have the lot we would wish, so few have the assurance of our desires for the future being fulfilled, that it seems almost impossible to avoid worry. This and the other calamities are impending; if the blow falls, how will we bear it? Even men of wealth, who are the envy of the multitude, are not as they from peace. They know that crises may come, that sickness may come, that death certainly will, and then they must bear their burden like other men. Even with people who have overcome the propensity to meet future troubles and to bear them in anticipation, there are the worries of daily life. In blunder, we fall into sin, we are disgusted by the wrongdoing of those we love, we meet with losses, vexations, and disappointments. It is a worrying life for the great majority. Toil and trouble rest on our every hour. Into all this nothing disturbance comes the calm, inviting voice from on high, "Let not your heart be troubled . . . believe in me." Our faith has richer comforts to give than many of us have ever laid hold of. If we fully believed, as we profess to believe, worry would disappear out of our lives. If we believe that our whole lives are in the hands of One who loves us and is concerned for our welfare, is to have a weapon that should slay all worry. Does trouble come? We may bear it manfully if we are sure it is not an accident, but a discipline. It may be that the side of our character which this particular trouble calls into exercise, needs to be developed. Does some catastrophe seem to be impending? The God who has supported us hitherto, can give the strength we shall need to bear it, if it does fall upon us. We know we shall never be left alone, but that always, even in the valley of the shadow of death, the hand that has led us on will still be with us. In the dark unknown, whither we all go, we shall have the companionship of Him who liveth and was dead and is now alive for evermore. Into his hand we may commit all our cares and apprehensions.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Dec. 13, Acts 5; Matt. 1:21.

† Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Christ Young People's Union for December 13. Phil. 4:14.

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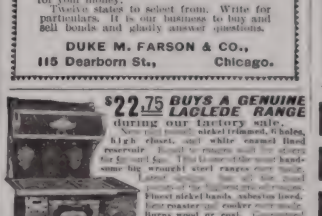

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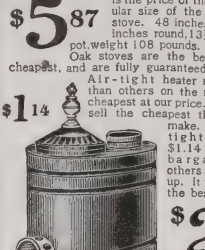

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God in His Temple

A Type of the Indwelling Spirit

By Mrs. M. Baxter

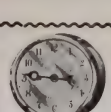
SOLOMON was to be in his life a foreshadowing of Him who, coming as the lineal descendant of David, should sit upon David's throne (Luke 2: 32), and reign in righteousness as Prophet, Priest, and King. He carried out the pattern of all that God had showed David of his will concerning the building and furnishing of the temple, which will again be rebuilt, and in which Christ, as King-priest will be worshiped in the millennium. After all was finished, Solomon "assembled the elders of Israel, and all the heads of the tribes, the chief of the fathers of the children of Israel"—of course, twelve in number—"that they might bring up the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord out of the city of David, which is Zion." It was the time of the feast of tabernacles. And all the men of Israel assembled themselves unto king Solomon.

From this time the tabernacle, so long disused, except when Solomon had offered a thousand burnt-offerings at the door of it, on the brazen altar (II. Chron. 1: 6) was to be replaced by the newly-built temple. The king and the people were before the ark, sacrificing sheep and oxen, which could not be told nor numbered for multitude. It was an expression of loyal homage to Him whom they worshiped: it meant a full surrender of all to Him. How easy this seems when everyone is doing the same thing! How different when we stand entirely alone, when no one is near to encourage, and we realize our utter powerlessness! And yet this is just the time when God prizes the surrender, and signs his name to it, and sets his seal upon it. Abraham's response, when God called him out from country, house, and kindred, was very precious in the eyes of God—"I called Abraham alone,"—and also his response when called upon to offer up the son of promise. The man of faith stood alone on both occasions, the worthy pattern of all them that believe.

The ark contained only the tables of stone; "the testimony." The rod of Aaron which budded, and the pot of manna, were there no longer: probably the Philistine must have taken them. But the presence of the God-written law is most significant. It was the very innermost thing in the whole temple, the very ark over which the glory of the Lord came, contained the Word of God within it, and it was the innermost point of the most holy place. How vain, then, is it to build gorgeous and beautiful buildings, ostensibly to worship God, where the very means he has provided for our real contact and communion with him is given a second place, and music, vestments, ceremonial, incense, and such things are given pre-eminence over the Word of God!

The same pillar of cloud which had led their forefathers through the wilderness, was now visibly returned to dwell in their midst. No wonder the priests could not minister. The presence of the Lord brings intense silence and awe into a heart which is bowed down before him: we have but to think of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, the apostle John, to know how such a presence brings all which is of man down to the earth in silent worship before him. "The Lord is in his holy temple; be silent all the earth before him" (Hab. 2: 20). The Lord had drawn near and had taken possession. What a moment!

And now Solomon, who was unconsciously a type of the greater than Solomon, takes the place of priest. He does not call the high priest to come and bless the people; "the king turned his face about," which had been towards the glory of the Lord, and blessed all the congregation of Israel," and then addressed them in few words (I Kings 8, 14-21). And then he stood before the altar of the Lord in the temple court, in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands towards heaven, and the king prayed a prayer of intercession for his people—again as a type of Christ our Intercessor. After his intercession, Solomon a second time blessed the people, and for eight days held a feast to the Lord. Solomon was in the zenith of his power and glory at this time. While the temple was building he was fully occupied, and all his heart and soul were in the work which God had given him to do.



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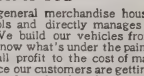

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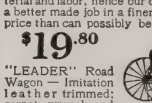

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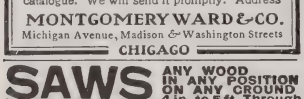

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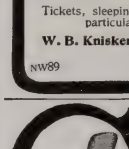

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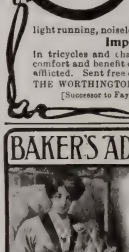

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More New Sayings of Christ Found

BIBLICAL scholars eagerly await the arrival of the full text of the papyrus, recently discovered in a mound El-Hibeh, Egypt, the description of hich comes by cable from London. The scoverers are Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, ho, in 1897, found in a mound at Oxyrncus, the papyri containing eight sayngs attributed to Christ, three of which ere not given in any of our Gospels. he papyrus now found is not in so good condition as the former, the ends of the nes being obliterated. It purports to be memorandum of sayings addressed by r Lord to Thomas and another disci-e. As in the other papyri, each saying gins with the words, "Jesus saith."

In the somewhat confused cable reort, four sayings are mentioned as being the papyrus. Whether there are more doubtful. One of these is evidently e same as that in Luke 11 : 52, which in r version reads: "Woe unto you lawers! for ye have taken away the key of owledge; ye entered not in yourselves d them that were entering in ye hinered." On the new papyrus it reads: 'e have hidden the key of knowledge; entered not in yourselves and to them at were entering in ye did not open." nother of the sayings contains the words und in Luke 17 : 21, "The kingdom of od is within you." According to our ospel they were uttered in reply to the harisees, who asked when the kingdom God should come. In the new papys the same words are used, but in reply a question of the disciples who asked, How shall we fast? How shall we pray? ow shall we give alms?" A third saying entirely new, though something similar s contained in an apocryphal Gospel, own as "The Gospel according to the ebrews." It reads, "Let not him that seekn cease from his search until he find; and hen he finds, he shall wonder; wondering shall reach the kingdom; and when he aches the kingdom he shall have rest." nother version of this saying is, "He that anders shall reign, and he that reigns shall st." The fourth saying is enigmatical, d perhaps is one of those, part of which obliterated. According to the cable reort, it is an answer to the question of when Christ's kingdom would be realized. The actual words of the saying are not given, but they are said to resemble an expression found in another apocryphal Gospel, which is known as the Gospel according to the Egyptians. In that Gospel the reply is given as: "When ye shall trample on the garment of shame; when the two shall be one and the male as the female, neither male nor female." The terms of this saying were understood to refer to the putting off the body at death; but the words used in the new papyrus appear to indicate a reference to the state of innocence existing before the Fall.

From the character of these sayings, as of those previously found, it would appear that the words are not an authoritative utterance. They read as if they were a memorandum, made by some one who had listened to an address by Thomas or some other Apostle, and had made notes.

The papyrus on which the sayings were inscribed was found in a mound at El-Hibeh, about one hundred miles south of Cairo. The mound, like that at Oxyrhyncus, in which the former papyri were found, contained a quantity of other literature, all believed to have been written before the year 300 A.D. The documents were of classical and theological character. The mounds were examined to a level with the surrounding country, and every document was carefully removed. The explorers did not dig lower, because they were convinced that even if papyri were found, the writing upon them would be illegible, because of the damp.

It is marvelous that the writing on those already found should be legible after nearly seventeen hundred years. Even in a climate so dry as that of Egypt, one would have expected the ink to fade in so long a period. It is surprising, too, that the papyrus has not decayed. It is not now certain how it was made. The general impression gathered from an account of Pliny, is that it consisted of strips cut from the stem of the papyrus plant, which were placed side by side and bound together. These were soaked in water from the Nile and dried in the sun. A smooth surface was obtained by rubbing it with an ivory knife or a shell.

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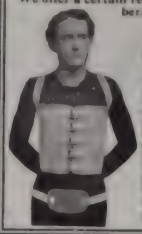

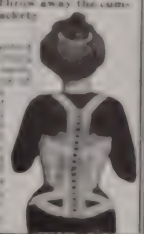

It does not confine the body like a vise, but a system of [illegible] of movement. It [illegible] weight [illegible]. It [illegible] and [illegible] cases and [illegible]. It [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

REFUGEES COMING DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS ON THEIR WAY TO JANINA

200,000 COLD, HOMELESS AND STARVING

Macedonia's Black Christmas

MISS ELLEN STONE APPEALS for the REFUGEES

NEVER was so sad a Christmas-tide known in Macedonia as the present, which will pass into history as the "Black Christmas." Among the bleak hills, now fast whitening with snow, and in the burned and blackened valleys, there are thousands of refugees still fighting a desperate battle—not now with Turks and bashi-bazouks, but with starvation. Two hundred thousand homeless Christian men, women, and children, and winter at hand! Such is the theme of the appeal from the pen of Miss Ellen M. Stone, which we print below, and in which she pleads with the Christians of America, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to unite in an effort to save the Macedonians. This is her appeal, and we commend it to our readers, and to all who have in their hearts the love of Christ, and sympathy for human suffering:

"Although the daily dispatches of encounters between Turkish troops, or bashi-bazouks, with insurgent bands, and of the subsequent sacking of Christian villages and towns, with all its attendant horrors, have become more infrequent of late, the agonized cry from Macedonia still continues, and must be heard.

"It is the cry from the twenty-five thousand refugees who have contrived to make their escape over the mountains, into free Bulgaria. They have found sympathizing hearts in their fellow-countrymen there, whose twenty-five years of freedom has not yet effaced the memories of their own affliction and their misery, before freedom was won for them. Here men and women of all ranks of society have welcomed them, with tears for their heartrending suffering, and destitution, and efforts for their relief. From Prince Ferdinand upon his throne, with his private gift of thousands of francs, and his five-year old daughter, the Princess Evdokia, who is patroness of the children's ward in the Alexander Hospital at Sophia, with her gift of hundreds of francs, through all branches of the government, national and municipal, and circles of society, the same deep thrill of truest sympathy is felt. Various associations and clubs are raising funds by giving entertainments, the proceeds of which swell relief funds. From Slavic Bohemia comes help, while Mrs. Baklymetieff, the American wife of Russia's diplomatic agent at Sophia, continues her noble work, begun fully a year ago, of dispensing aid, largely from Russian sources, to the terror-stricken refugees. Nor does she keep back her own property, as a recent gift of five thousand dollars from her proves.

"During these latest months, the exigencies of relief work have become so imperative that the American missionaries have added to their ever abounding service this one also, of receiving funds sent them from Britain, America, or elsewhere in the world, that they and their native co-workers may turn to account their thorough knowledge of the country and its people—to help diminish the terrible suffering

"Most pathetic is it to see that even those pitifully suffering ones at all times—the professional beggars—in mute token of their sympathy, and desire to help these newly impoverished ones, give the foremost places in the line of suppliants at the church-doors after every service, to these, while they take places lower down in the line, and, consequently, take the diminished chance of any para remaining in any charitable hand, for their own desperate needs. God grant that we Christians in prosperous America be not put to shame by the practical sympathy and helpfulness of even the beggars of Bulgaria!

"But if twenty-five thousand refugees have made their way to safe, because free, Bulgaria, what shall be said of the two hundred thousand and more who remain in Macedonia? Their condition beggars description. British correspondents, consular reports, and private advices agree in their statements of little children found dead, while the grass and buds of bark still to their mouths told the terrible story of their starvation, sometimes in the mountains with their mothers, who had fled with them from their burning homes. These same sources tell us of multitudes of starving children who flee not to whom an Englishman can give a piece of bread, a month since. He was amazed to see the famished people as it is here burnt and grass is not killing for even hours, but as an animal might have devoured a corpse. And this is true in these days, to a portion of Europe close to more centres of wealth and luxury than

EXHAUSTED REFUGEES RESTING IN A MOUNTAIN RETREAT

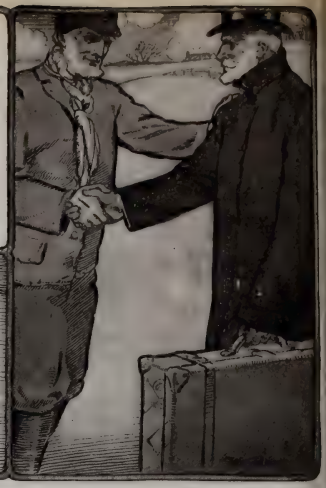
grandparent, also; and the Almighty only knows not a single family is there that has not had to interpret these cries of starving infants, which no mother can understand these sufferings [illegible]

PAGE 1[illegible]

CHRISTMAS RECONCILIATIONS

A Sermon by Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

TEXT—Luke 2: 14: "On earth peace, good-will toward men"



CHRISTMAS Day has the Manger for its gem, with the Home for a setting. From time immemorial the commemoration of the birth of Christ has had its true and real celebration, not so much in public festivity and church ceremonial, as in the family gathering around the domestic fireside. Other customs may change; new movements may transform our social life, but the Christmas family gathering maintains its hold on society. The other day a convict was liberated from Sing Sing Penitentiary. He had been imprisoned there for nearly thirty years. He was pardoned, a white-haired old man of sixty-four years. He went in a strong-limbed young man of thirty-five. Up to 1903, he had never ridden on an electric car; he had never seen the wonderful development of the telephone; he had never seen an automobile, or the marvelous development of doing business through the typewriter. He said that he was coming into a strange and a new world—not the world he left, but another he had never seen. But though many customs may change within a quarter of a century, the customs of Christmas Day neither change in a generation, nor a century. Christmas Day always has been, and we hope always will be, a family day. It is well that at least once a year the children and the grandchildren, the brothers and the sisters, and the nephews and the nieces, as well as the fathers and mothers and grandparents, should be gathered within the four walls of the old homestead, and it is appropriate that the season for such reunions should be that at which we celebrate the advent of our Lord.

Family Skeletons

But though God "setteth the solitary in families"; though on Christmas Day, above all other days, he would have us worship him in communion with our kith and kin; though we should delight to prove that blood is thicker than water; yet the startling fact remains uncontroverted, that the grinning skeleton, which rattles its bones and clatters its teeth almost every Christmas Eve, in almost every family closet, is the hideous skeleton of domestic strife. By this statement we do not mean that the father and mother, and the little children living within the four walls of a house are necessarily unhappy, or that most homes are not peaceful and loving. We do mean, however, that the family name, taken in its larger relation, is not always a loving and harmonious name. We do mean by this statement, that after the father and mother have been carried out to their last resting place, to sleep the sleep of death under a coverlid of snow, estrangements often arise between the married children. We do mean that all over the United States, brothers can be found at variance with brothers, sisters with sisters, and cousins with cousins.

This nation is struck through and through with family strife. The Appalachian Mountains, where Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia meet, have aptly been called "the Land of the Feud." There families have battled with each other for generations. There the wounded John Philipotts shot dead the four Griffins, and he himself was found lying unconscious among his slain. But though the Appalachians can be called "the Land of the Feud," the whole United States can truthfully be termed, "the Land of Family Strife." If I were to enter your family homes and learn the inner secrets of those homes, in all probability there would be found not one family which, among its larger connections, is not cursed with internal strife.

Christmas day is essentially a family day. Would it not be possible, in the weeks before its dawn, for you to arrange your family differences, so that on that day the old quarrel may be settled, and all the hard thoughts and hard words it has engendered may be forgiven and forgotten? I would suggest to you to-day, some reasons why such reconciliation may be and should be effected. I would try, in the name of Jesus Christ, to have over the Manger, brother clasp hands with brother, sister with sister, parent with child, and child with parent. I would try to do this because when the Christmas bells are ringing their carol, no man, no woman, can so truly honor the New Born Child, called the Christ, as by doing his or her part to fulfil the angel message of, "Peace on earth and good-will toward men."

Paternal and Filial Faults

Family dissensions should cease, and immediately cease. Why? They have nearly all, aye practically all, been caused by faults committed on both sides. They have been caused by the pot calling the kettle black, the kettle retaliating by calling the pot black. And at the same time, both are so blinded by the hot fires of domestic dissensions that they cannot see that each is black. It may not be clear who started the family trouble. It is enough to show that if both parties had not erred, there would not have been continued domestic disturbance.

Take, for illustration, the trouble between a father and his son. Every little while, we hear of the son of some prominent man being at variance with his father. An inkling of the trouble may get into the newspaper, or be gossiped about the neighborhood. Some of us side with the parent. We say, "No matter what the father may have done, the son has no right to turn his back upon his sire. On the other hand, some of us side with the son instead of the father. We say that some fathers are mean and selfish, and grasping. They never want to give their sons their rights. It is told of old Emperor William I. of Germany, that when the court artist painted a picture of the German court, with Crown Prince Frederick's foot upon the lowest step of the throne, King William called the artist to him and said, "Take that boy's foot off that throne step. As long as I am king, I want to have the throne for myself." But, in all probability, if you can get to the inside facts of that quarrel between the father and the son, they can all be traced to a disposition in the father which has been inherited by the son. The father may have been a high-strung, impetuous man. The son may have inherited the same fiery disposition. It is a scientific fact that opposites conjoin, not similarities. The positive and the negative poles work together in harmony, not the electric wires carrying the same current. The reason the wife is able to live harmoniously with the husband is that her nature is entirely different from his, and is its natural complement. The father and the son were continually irritating each other. One night there was a domestic explosion. The father ordered the son from the house. The boy never came back. He went to live in another city. He plunged into a life of dissipation. The father blamed the son. The son blamed the father. But are there not grievous faults on both sides?

Contributory Negligence

Take, for illustration, that difficulty which exists between the daughter and her parents. There are faults there just the same. Faults are on both sides. The daughter may have grown up to be the pride of the parental heart. She was the idol of her father and mother. They sent her to school, and gave her every educational advantage that money could procure; but while they were giving money, and, seemingly, every advantage, those parents were not careful about the acquaintances their daughter was forming. The result of this parental negligence was, that the daughter formed an affection for a young man who was not regarded favorably by the parents. They did everything in their power to prevent the marriage; but the trouble was that the parents awoke to the danger too late. The young girl was obstinate; she married against their will. After the daughter left home, she felt that her husband and children were not wanted back in the place where the wife and mother was born, therefore she does not visit where they are not welcomed. The parents, in an unguarded moment, may have said that all their children wanted of them was their money. The daughter is poor, but very proud. How much happiness it would give on all hands if a reconciliation could be effected, and, if the parents, remembering that their negligence contributed to the trouble, and, the daughter, remembering that hard words, spoken in a moment of irritation, should not weigh against long years of love and parental kindness, should come together again and agree to forget the faults on both sides!

Brothers at Variance

What is true of the difficulties between parents and children, is also true of the difficulties between brothers and brothers, sisters and sisters. Inevitably faults are to be found on both sides. Therefore, what is the practical conclusion of all this trend of thought? You, O man, and you, O woman, have no right to complain about the injustices which others have done against you, unless you, at the same time, have done all in your power to atone for the sins which you have, intentionally or unintentionally, done against your brother! If you will go and honestly ask your brother to forgive you the wrong you have done him, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that brother will ask you to forgive the injustices he has done you. Then, as you both are ready to atone for the evils you have done each other, there will be no further cause for domestic strife. Try to smother the flames of family trouble, by asking your brother to forgive you the wrongs you have done him. Try it, my friend. Try it. Try it before the coming Christmas festivities.

Family dissensions should cease, and immediately cease. Why? Because nearly all family troubles are caused by one member of a family misjudging the motives and position of other members of the family. Because it is almost impossible for people in one sphere of life to properly appreciate the difficulties, and the trials, and the worries, and the disappointments, and the heartaches which are continually nagging and sapping the lives of people in other spheres of life. Because every pair of family glasses, as a rule, has a different lens, and a different focus.

Sources of Misunderstanding

Just study for a moment the different ways the country brother and the city brother look at the matter of family expenses. They can rarely appreciate one another's positions. The brother living in the country hears that his city brother has a yearly income of $5,000. He wants to borrow a few hundred dollars to help stock the farm. The city brother may write back that he cannot afford to lend any money. The country brother cannot believe that a relative having $5,000 income could not lend him a few paltry hundred dollars. But the city brother, who receives a salary of $5,000, may be having just as hard a time to make ends meet as his country brother. Sometime ago, I asked a brother minister of a large city church how he liked his present field. "Well," he said, "of course I ought to be happy on account of its opportunities for usefulness, but to tell the truth, I liked my country field far better, and I think I had there a larger net income. My present church gives me $5,000 a year. With it I have to live in a fine house, dress well, and have my family dress well. When the year rolls around I have practically nothing. But in the country, though I had only a small salary, I also had very small expenses. Besides, I had my garden, my horse and carriage, my cow and chickens. I had fun with them all, and at the end of the year I was able to save $300. I tell you, the country minister thinks the city minister is rich; but the city minister knows the country minister is rich." The man in one sphere of life can rarely appreciate the financial conditions of one in another sphere of life.

Study the misunderstandings between the professional man and his sister, who is living a quiet domestic life. Such a lady says, "My brother never answers my letters now, as he used to do. He never shows me those little courtesies of love I have a right to expect. The last time I wrote him he sent me back a very sharp reply." Yes, my sister, perhaps that is all true. But the reason you are angry with your brother is, you, as a domestic woman, cannot understand the nervous exhaustion under which your professional brother is struggling. Perhaps the reason he does not answer

his sister's letters as he used to do is because he is a clergyman, a lawyer, or a newspaper man. Day after day he sits and writes, and writes, and writes. The pen is always in his hand, until the very sight of ink and paper has for him a repulsion. Perhaps the reason the brother does not visit the sister, is because he has been unable to take a vacation for the last ten years. Your difficulties with your brother are chiefly, my sister, because you cannot put yourself in his place.

Every Man Burdened

Oh, that this coming Christmas, we would one and all try to focus our eyes to our brother's spectacles! Then a great many of the family troubles would forever vanish from our darkened horizons. The man who travels about this planet with such a Christian spirit and goes from house to house—from the palace of the rich to the hovel of the poor, from the sumptuous private office of the merchant prince to the counters of the small-salaried clerk—soon discovers that this world is not altogether a mean world, a selfish world, a heartless world, but it is a tired world, a discouraged world, a misunderstood world. If every member of a family who has bitter troubles and trials could realize that his brothers and sisters along the great highways of life are struggling under burdens quite as heavy as his own—although their burdens may be made up in different kinds of packs and have silken cords around them instead of hempen rope—he would be more patient in his criticism of others, as he may hope that others will judge him more charitably. Most of the seeming insults by relatives to relatives are entirely unintentional. As every man hopes for mercy and pardon in the day of Judgment, so there should be forgiveness for one who offends another through inadvertence and not through intention. The fancied injustices between relatives exist for the most part in the distorted imaginations of those who have no right to indulge in unchristian and merciless judgments of relatives who really want to be friends.

Family dissensions should cease, and immediately cease. Why? Because Christmas opportunities of future family reconciliations may be very few. They may never come again. We are intensely shocked at the sudden departures of our great men and women. When Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, was killed on October 29, in a railroad accident, the news was telegraphed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We commented upon the beautiful coffin plate which we saw, and read thus: "Born June 8, 1860, Consul Emma Booth Tucker; Promoted to glory, October 28, 1903." We were intensely shocked when King Humbert was shot, and when President Carnot was assassinated with a knife thrust. But why should we be so shocked at the sudden death of this man or that, as with the tremendous emigration of a vast host each year from earth into the realm beyond the grave? This is not a platitude, a purposeless saying. It is a statement which ought to be pregnant with the most tremendous import to us all. Can any here, be sure that before another Christmas rolls around, the Death Angel's wing will not have fluttered over our beds?

O my friends, if we are ever going to have Christmas reconciliations, we had better have them now. Human life at the longest is short. When children have grown and scattered, how soon they die! A family may exist intact for ten, twenty, thirty years, but after the Death Angel calls one child, he is very apt to come back soon for another and another, until all are gone. When the family plot is once selected, and a couple of graves dug therein, the hearse gets into the habit of traveling in the same direction, and the black horses to stopping at the same gate: then the sad truth is, that when death does come, regrets may be piled in flowers mountains high upon the casket; brothers may weep over the dead brother; the hands may be pressed and the lips pressed, and the forehead stroked, but the dead will hear not one word. O regrets, regrets! How often have we wept our regrets over the coffin-lids! How often that word might have been chiseled as epitaph upon the tombstone of the dead! Regrets, bitter, heartrending, but useless regrets! Regrets, burning regrets in reference to our kith and kin who are gone.

Win the Children

Family dissensions should cease. Dare any one, old or young, gainsay this immanent truth? But if this warning comes with mighty force to brothers and sisters, how much more should it come to the fathers and mothers who are angry or indifferent with their children? Many people are apt to judge the children harshly when domestic troubles arise between parents and their offspring. But as men and women grow older and have children of their own, they are more willing to blame the parent for the estrangement than they are to blame the child. Have you, parents, ever tried to win back the affections of your children? Did you ever try to recall that cruel remark you once made to your obstinate boy? Have you, oh parent, since that second marriage, which so trampled upon the love of your children, gone regularly to visit your children, as you used to do before their mother's death? Do you send to them the warm, cordial invitations to come home, and insist that they come with their families? Do you, the parents, try to instil into your children the thought that their father and their mother are absolutely equivalent for enjoyment upon their hearthstone and [illegible]

Parents, or one of you, [illegible] ing your children [illegible] about they have [illegible] ought to [illegible] ought to be unfeignedly [illegible] relationships are restored? Oughn't you take this [illegible] the very [illegible] who have been [illegible] who have not been a member of the church more than five years? Ought not the father and the mother to go [illegible] children, [illegible] those children were only so [illegible] the prayer you have been [illegible] at your mother's knee? [illegible] we forgive those that [illegible] means "Pardon us, O God, as we are willing to forgive our debtors."

An End of Opportunity

Cannot the parents who are estranged from their children, realize that the years are few in which it is possible for them to have Christmas reconciliations? When a child receives a parent dying at least the child must realize the most awful agonies that can ever come to a human being this side of the grave. Fear, forlornness, forgive, and be forgiven are the words that earth pleases, good will toward men. Before the next Christmas comes around it will be impossible for some to forgive or to be forgiven. The [illegible] maker is even now manufacturing a coffin. The grave-digger is even now sharpening his pick and spade. The undertaker is even now ready to toll a knell. Brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, kith and kin, step and stone, your reconciliations to the notes of the Christmas song.

Christmas days have not always heard the angels sing the song, "On earth peace, good will to men." In 1066, William the Conqueror, to complete the triumph over England, decreed that all the country should be devastated between York and Durham. In all that region every city, town, or village was razed to the ground, and so literally was the order executed that a famine ensued in which countless men, women and children perished. So many Christmases since must have witnessed their slaughters of thousands upon thousands. Not the slaughter of life alone, but the slaughter of heart loves, and heart affections between brothers and sisters and parents and children. May the Christmas of 1903 not be a Christmas of domestic tragedy, but of family reunions. May it be the time when the very angels in heaven shall again be compelled to sing for joy that all relatives at the Manger have become reconciled.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS TURKEY

PRESIDENT Theodore Roosevelt will this Christmas receive, as one of his holiday gifts, the thirtieth turkey which has been presented to successive Presidents on similar occasions by one man. Every Yule-tide season finds a number of persons in all parts of the country contributing to the Christmas feast at the White House. Frequently there are donations of cranberries from CapeCod and New Jersey; oysters from Chesapeake Bay; and delicacies from many a nook and corner of Uncle Sam's domain. Among the good things sent to the Chief Magistrate for the Christmas repast there are invariably a number of turkeys. Among the fowls that come to the White House kitchen at Christmas time, one bird invariably enjoys especial prominence. This is sent by Horace Vose of Rhode Island. Mr. Vose's turkey is entitled to special distinction because it is usually the largest of the feathered array. Mr. Vose has been making these donations for nearly a third of a century, and the cooks in the President's kitchen await the arrival of the pet prize of his flock with confidence that they will not be disappointed.

Mr. Vose is now over sixty years of age. He is not a farmer, nor yet a poultry dealer, yet he is known in his own State as the "Turkey King." He controls the turkey industry in a fifteen-mile section of his State. Acting as a middleman, he buys up all the fowls raised by the poultry raisers, and ships them to market, principally in New York, Boston and other large cities. For weeks and months before Christmas, as he rides up and down the turkey-raising belt, he keeps a sharp look-out for promising gobblers who are likely to later become candidates for the place of honor on the President's dinner table. It was during President's Grant's administration that Mr. Vose hit upon the idea of sending a turkey to his neighbor in the White House in Washington. He selected a thirty-six pound bird and shipped it. Soon there arrived at the post-office at Westerly, R. I., a letter, telling how much President Grant enjoyed that big turkey. Mr. Vose has been getting similar notes at the close of every year for thirty years past. Sometimes after a Presidential election he has sent a turkey to the defeated candidate, as well as to the President elect.

MR. VOSE AND THE PRESIDENTIAL TURKEY

The President's turkey is cooked in the heated range of the White House kitchen. It is roasted on the bone for from twelve to fifteen minutes to the pound. The dressing ingredients are a quart [illegible] softened very fine, two cupfuls of fine bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped herbs [illegible] thyme or sweet marjoram—and a sparing amount of salt and pepper.

WALLACE [illegible]

THE HAPPY HOME

(See colored illustration on cover page)

O HAPPY house! whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in faith and prayer,—
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guards them with more than mother's care.
O happy house! where little voices
Their Christmas anthems love to raise,
And childhood's infant tongue rejoices
To bring new songs of love and praise.

O happy house! and happy servitude!
Where all alike one Master own;
Where daily duty, in Thy strength pursued,
Is never hard nor toilsome known;
O happy house! where Thou art not forgot
When joy is flowing full and free;
O happy house! where every wound is brought,
Our Christ and Comforter, to Thee.

YOU MAY DO AS WELL

SOME of the most successful leaders in every profession and every industry lacked the advantages of early training. Read the lives of such men as President Lincoln, Vice-President Wilson, President Johnson, Peter Cooper, and President McKinley, and learn from them for your encouragement, that he who will may turn even such a disadvantage into a stepping stone for high and honorable achievement. Take advantage of this exceptional opportunity to secure the Crown Encyclopedia, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for only $3; utilize it for careful and intelligent study, and soon you will need fear no comparison with the product of expensive university training. The brightest minds of this and of all ages are represented in the Crown Encyclopedia, and a world of knowledge is at your disposal from which to pluck the jewels you most admire to set in your own crown of intellectual acquirement. The Crown Encyclopedia consists of five volumes, containing 3,000 pages of large print, 500 illustrations, 20 colored up-to-date maps, and all its information right up to November, 1903

AS A LITTLE CHILD

"[illegible]"

QUIET Lord, my [illegible]
[illegible]
Upward, simple, [illegible]
Make me as a [illegible]
From distrust and [illegible]
Encased with [illegible]
What Thou shalt [illegible]
Let me as a [illegible]
Weary to [illegible]
Calmly to Thy [illegible]
"Unless [illegible]
Why should I [illegible]
As a little [illegible]
[illegible]
Being [illegible]
Father, [illegible]
Let me [illegible]
As [illegible]

MACEDONIA'S "BLACK CHRISTMAS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1063

keenness, which is impossible to those who have never known such horrors.

"They can also plead, importunately, with the nation which ransomed them by its prayers and by its money, to be lavish, also, at this blessed Thanksgiving time, with its gifts of prayers and money, to lighten the unspeakable burdens under which groan to-day our Christian neighbors—men, women and children, in modern Macedonia.

"The snows of winter already cover those lofty mountain peaks, and have concealed the berries and leaves upon which the starving refugees were striving to subsist. Shelters must be provided for them somehow, and they be gathered, where at least a small quantity of flour may be doled out to them, and a blanket to help them endure these wintry nights, if their lives are to be preserved. No wonder that the pitying hearts of the relief distributors long for great stores of army blankets, and for thousands and thousands of dollars, to purchase supplies of food and clothing. Let us hasten with our gifts, through the willing channel of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, or of the banking firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co., 115 Devonshire street, Boston, that our Christmas song shall be made even more full of rejoicing than usual, because 'the blessing of Him that was ready to perish,' has fallen upon us.

"We give to the poor at our own doors, through our churches and charitable societies and the Salvation Army. We do well. But, surely, we shall not refuse the bread and 'cup of cold water,' in our Master's name, to those whose piteous cry of need will not leave us at our ease.

'Pity them, pity them, Christians at home,
Haste with the bread of life, hasten, and come!

ELLEN M. STONE."

Chelsea, Mass., NOV. 21, 1903.

Members of a Committee of Native Pastors also Appeal to Christian America.

THE following appeal has been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by the Revs. D. N. Furnajieff and M. N. Popoff, members of a Committee of Macedonian pastors, who are now in this country, having come here to awaken public interest in the relief movement:

The civilized world has been shocked by the awful crimes and cruelties perpetrated upon innocent women and children, and old men in Macedonia, during the past summer. Whatever we may say of the revolutionary movement in that most unfortunate land, there is no question that the outrages of the Turks in suppressing it by burning villages, ravishing women and slaughtering old men and children—outrages which surpass description and belief, are a sad blot upon the European civilization.

In consequence of the insurgent activity which the Turkish army of two hundred and fifty thousand could not suppress, the soldiers and bashi-bazouks attacked the towns and villages to revenge themselves on the innocent and defenseless population. So that about one hundred and fifty villages have been pillaged and destroyed, some sixty thousand persons have been killed, two hundred and fifty thousand, having fled to the mountains for their lives, are left shelterless and with no provision for the winter, while not less than twenty-five thousand have fled over to Bulgaria, in almost utter dependence upon charity for the very maintenance of their lives. The need, therefore, for relief is most imperative. Not only must the hungry be fed, the naked clothed, the homeless ones sheltered and warmed, but means must be provided for these Christian people to enable them to begin life over again. The demand for relief, in contrast with the native lack of means for supplying it is most appalling.

ELLEN M. STONE

REV. M. N. POPOFF REV. D. N. FURNAJIEFF

REFUGEES WHO HAVE JUST CROSSED INTO BULGARIA

Macedonia, which called Paul to come over with the Gospel of salvation, peace, and progress, has been in the past the means of blessings upon all the Western world, and now she stretches forth her hands to all the Christians and philanthropists to whom God has given more of the earthly blessings of life, to come over and help her in these times of dire distress.

America has always responded very liberally to similar calls, and we, the undersigned natives of Macedonia, do earnestly hope that with the approaching Christmas joys and festivities, Christian people will remember generously these Macedonian sufferers, on whose behalf we have come to plead for aid. [Signed]

Pastor D. N. FURNAJIEFF,
Pastor M. N. POPOFF.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF THE MACEDONIAN REFUGEES RECEIVED BY "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

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					L N Morreson..... 50	L N Morreson..... 50	J J Rukenbrod 2 00

Address all Contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City

A HOME FOR FOUR-FOOTED WAIFS

THE "BIDE-A-WEE HOME" AND ITS HUMANITARIAN WORK AMONG THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS

WHEN we see our home pet animals, comfortable and cosy, lying on the rug, before a cheerful, glowing fire, let us remember their wretched brothers and sisters without food, shelter, and without a master, or even a bone. A beginning has been made in the work of caring for homeless animals in New York and its suburbs by a society of benevolent ladies, who have opened the "Bide-a-Wee Home for Animals." Their crest is a heart, with an animal group in bas-relief, and these words engraved on either side, "Justice," "Compassion." They hope soon to include a Rest for horses, with a field for pasturage.

Mrs. Harry Ulysses Kibbe is the originator of the plan, her idea being to succor domestic pets in distress. She was prompted to this good work by losing her pet fox-terrier. A policeman picked him up and carried him to the pound, where she found him a few hours afterward. This experience decided her to befriend all stray dogs. The object of this Home is to provide a place, where stray, sick and wounded animals will be kept till claimed, and where they will receive medical and surgical treatment free of charge, if the owners are not able to pay. Good homes will be provided for them if not claimed by their owners.

The "Bide-a-Wee Home" is the first of its kind in New York. In Boston, there is the Gifford Sheltering Home, and there are Homes for Friendless Animals in Chicago and Washington. The Hackbridge Home, Surrey, England, is doing a good work in this department of suffering, also the Baroness Herpent Refuge in Paris. New York State has passed a law, that all animal waifs and strays seized shall be destroyed, if not claimed in twenty-four hours. The police are allowed to shoot them on the street or take them to the pound, to be drowned or asphyxiated, if no owner appears. Mrs. Kibbe does not believe in killing an animal simply because it is suffering or astray, unless it is hopelessly afflicted or incurably injured.

The "Bide a Wee Home" is situated on an elevation about one and a-half miles from Tuckahoe and two miles north of Yonkers Plains. The dog kennels are kept scrupulously clean. A cat hospital is in preparation. When the home was opened recently forty-six dogs and cats were entered upon the official list. All the animals are sent first to a veterinarian to be examined, and if not suffering with a contagious disease they are transferred to the convalescent hospital. The aim of this home is to spread the gospel of humanity toward dumb creatures by practical example. The "Bide a Wee Society" will endeavor to alleviate the miseries of every lone, neglected, or deserted dog, cat or horse on Manhattan Island and its vicinity.

Miss A. F. Gette, the manager of the Home, is an enthusiastic lover of animals, and she can call them all by their names — "Queen," "Beau," "Yellow Kid," "Runaway," "Scamp" all come in for her favor. Mr. H. K. Miller is the home veterinarian.

A well-known author said: "Every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby. It is the plaything and crony of all the house. It keeps them all young. All unite on the dog. He tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never comes down late for breakfast, or comes in too late to bed, is always ready for a bit of fun, and lies in wait for it." It is hoped to permanently establish the "Bide-a-Wee Home." It has been decided to make the annual membership fee $5.00 for active members, and $1.00 for associate members. Inquiries sent to Miss Harriet Bingham, 65 Morningside avenue, New York, will be promptly answered.

M. B. C.

DEBORAH'S BEN

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON

"THERE, girls, not another step! Now run back to mother as fast as ever you can," said Ben as he stopped with his two sisters, Nell and Bertha, in the shelter of the great tree beside the schoolhouse.

"Oh, Ben! Mother said half way, and this isn't anywhere near half," said Nell, hanging her head with a disappointed air.

"I don't mind the snow one bit," chirped Bertha, who had drawn her little woollen shawl over her curls and looked as comfortable as a snowbird.

"But I must mind for you," said Ben, straightening himself and putting his head on one side and his hands in his pockets. He tried to look very brave, but his lips trembled as he added, "It was only a squall when we started, and now it is a storm. If it kept on blowing like this you would not be able to find the road home."

"Yes, I suppose we must go back; but oh, Ben!"—Bertha's voice broke.

"Never mind, dear. I shall be home for the holidays, and I shall have two weeks' pay then, so I'll bring you something pretty," he said, turning to kiss Nell, who clung to his neck and felt something like melting snowflakes falling upon her cheeks. If they were tears he kept his head down and pretended to give his trousers an extra tuck above his knees before trudging his way through the storm. Back the girls went, hand-in-hand, to the little house where mother was waiting for them. Forward went the boy, toward the town, where he had been promised work in a large grocery store, work by which he could keep the little family together in their childhood's home.

"To keep the family together," that had been the one longing of the Widow Judson's heart and the object of her ceaseless toil ever since her husband died, when the three children were very small. And she had done it until now, by her sewing, or nursing of the sick. Brave little helpers the children had been. Ben did the work on the few stony fields, and made the soil of the little garden yield much of their food; he raised poultry, and sold the eggs and chickens; bought wood standing in the lot, and cut it himself; worked out the taxes on the roads, and, in his mother's night-nursing, was as fatherly to the young girls as if his young shoulders had supported an older head. In all his efforts, Nell was equally a comfort and a help, while the frolicsome little Bertha was the pet of both.

But with all her own and the children's efforts, a winter of scarlet fever for the little girls, and another of rheumatism for Mrs. Judson, had driven her to extremities and put that cruel thing, a mortgage, upon their little home. It was this which, combined with his mother's failing health, had driven Ben away.

"There will be one less to feed," he thought, as he remembered the piece of bread he had seen his mother put into his bag that very morning, the piece she had pretended not to want at breakfast.

Full of brave purposes for the future, with which he tried to stifle the pain of this first parting, Ben pushed on his way, sometimes almost blinded by the whirling snow. It had been snowing at intervals for two days, but when he started the weather seemed to be in a clearing squall; it proved, however, but a renewal of the storm. The highway from Enfield to his home, to the town of Norwood, was kept open by constant travel, but the snowy drifts were piled high against the hedges and stone walls. Though he made the best progress possible, it was nightfall, and, but for the snow, would have been dark long before he reached the town. As he neared the suburbs, he noticed how the snow had drifted against the picket fence that surrounded a low stone house, completely hiding the gate and the path to the door. The house looked half buried and desolate, and yet from one chimney, a faint thread of smoke seemed struggling. Ben had nearly passed, when a low cry brought him to a sudden halt. It was repeated, and this time the boy made his slow way to the rear of the house, where he found a door open, and, between the stone step and the well, the prostrate figure of a gray-haired woman.

It took but a moment to lift her in his young, strong arms, and, with many a groan and sign on her part, to help her over the threshold to a couch by the smouldering fire; then he chafed her cold hands and rubbed her forehead with a handful of snow, as her pale lips showed she was fainting.

Ben had arrived, fortunately, at the time of the accident. The overturned pitcher showed that she had started to get water from the well, and had slipped and fallen. Though quickly recovering from the faint, she seemed in great suffering. In spite of resolutely closing her lips, every breath was a stifled moan of pain. John read a question in her eyes.

"I am Ben Judson," said he. "I was going to Norwood when I heard your call. I want to run now for the doctor."

"BEN LIFTED HER IN HIS STRONG, YOUNG ARMS"

"No, no, don't leave me," cried the woman, but quickly added, "Yes, go for the doctor, and hurry. I cannot move my arm." Ben started down the main street as fast as the snow would let him, and soon found the nearest physician, and hurried back with him to the little stone house.

"First house beyond the village on the Enfield turnpike?" said the doctor. "Why, that's old Deborah Elkins' house! Wonder she let you in at all. She don't believe much in boys."

"Why not?" asked Ben. "She didn't seem afraid of me."

"Well, it's a long story," said the doctor. "She's a nice woman, is Deborah, and she was very fond of a brother, who died and left her his son, whose mother had died long before. She just gave herself, her time and her money to that boy. She was proud of him, and wanted him to be educated. But he took to drink and bad company, and she had to pay his debts over and over again, until at last"—and the doctor hesitated.

"What became of him?" asked Ben quickly.

"Well, at last he stole all of her money that he could lay his hands on, ran away to sea, and was drowned. Took the money, they admit, and was flying west as fast as he could go when he died. Anyhow, he never came back or returned. That last blow was too much for Miss Deborah. She shut up her house and herself, and has lived alone ever since. If there is one thing she hates, you'll go around the corner to avoid it's a boy."

"I fear is the house," said Ben.

"Yes, I know it," answered the doctor as he hastened within, leaving Ben, to go to the stable. Before this was done, the physician hurried back to the door.

"Here, my boy, drive back to town as quickly as you can and get me assistance. Tell him to bring the other, and be lively; we have a broken collarbone to deal with."

Ben had to return with the other man without the assistant, who had been called away. The doctor grumbled and growled, but it ended in his calling upon the boy to help him, and Ben proved so skillful that he asked him where he learned to care for the sick.

"I never learned," replied the boy, "but sometimes in mother's hard times I've watched at night and helped her litt the patients."

"And where is your mother?"

"At home in Enfield," said Ben, "but she is not strong enough for such work now, or she would take beautiful care of this lady."

"I don't know where to look to-night," said the doctor, "and yet she must have care. Can you stay while I go and try to find some one?"

"Yes, but I ought to go on to Mr. Brown's, the grocer's, sometime this evening. If I don't I may lose the place."

"Your place is here, my boy," said the doctor authoritatively. "I know Brown. I'll see him on my way home," and before Ben realized his position he was left to care for the suffering woman. She lay with her eyes closed and silent for a while. At last she said abruptly:

"So your name is Ben? I never speak that name. Have you no other?"

"My full name is Benjamin Willis Judson," replied the lad. "Willis was my mother's family name."

Another long silence and then the sound of sleigh bells drew near. In a moment the doctor entered with a woman well wrapped up, but in whom Ben at once recognized his mother.

"Why, mother, you are not strong enough for this," he cried anxiously, but the doctor looked on in triumph.

"She will be strong enough for you are to help her," he said. "She can tell you what to do, and I must stay to put Miss Elkins through."

"But my girls," said Ben.

"Nell is coming to help tend the sick room," said his mother, "and the doctor will have to find Bertha [illegible] make him a cook."

So it was all settled, and there followed a fortnight of such a [illegible] as poor old Deborah had never known in all her lonely years. Nell came, and little Bertha was carried up to be petted in the doctor's house, while Ben, or Willis as Miss Deborah called him, became so indispensable to her that the greatest regret to her when the fortnight was over, she could [illegible] Supposing that she wished to see no reading glasses to her, he came, bringing his book.

"No, put away the book," she said. "I want to talk to you" and she looked at him with more than [illegible]

"I ought to have had a boy like you, Willis," she said in a kind and [illegible] I took you as I would have taken my own, and [illegible] and then added abruptly, "That boy is dead. I have no relatives. I have some property, enough to educate and start you well in life. Will you [illegible]

For a moment the lad was [illegible] he remembered how he had hoped against hope for [illegible]

CONCLUDED ON PAGE

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Miss Stone's Appeal

IN the whole range of Christian effort, it would be difficult to find a brighter and nobler exemplification of the true missionary spirit than that which characterizes and dignifies the beautiful appeal from the pen of Miss Ellen M. Stone, which appears in another part of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Miss Stone has spent the greater part of her life as a Christian teacher among the villages of Macedonia. Forgetting all that she endured two years ago, during her strange and perilous captivity, she has turned, with a heart overflowing with sympathy and compassion, toward that ancient people, and she has given voice and expression to their cry for help, as she would plead for her own sisters and brothers were they suffering. It is a touching story, and her pen invests it with a pathos that none may resist.

We urge all who have the cause of human suffering and the advancement of Christ's Kingdom at heart, to read Miss Stone's letter. Coming at this season, as Christmas draws near, the "Macedonian cry" should not pass unheeded. Let us answer it by generously and promptly sending in our mites to aid the relief work which has already begun under the personal direction of the missionaries in the field. We have already forwarded a few contributions, but these are merely a drop in the bucket. All the missionaries unite in supplementing Miss Stone's appeal on behalf of the 200,000 refugees, who are liable to perish unless aid arrives quickly. These unfortunates are Christians—members of the same great household of faith as ourselves, and our spiritual kith and kin. Let our Christmas gift to our suffering brothers and sisters in Macedonia be a strong, loving and helping hand, reached out quickly to save. Your individual gift to the relief fund, however small, may be blessed to the saving of a precious life. Could there be a nobler or more Christlike way of celebrating Christmas than this?

The Saloon in a New Light

IT has been estimated that 100,000 human beings are slain by strong drink every year in the United States. This frightful annual tragedy lies at the door of the saloon-keeper, though he would be powerless, if the people themselves were minded to do away with the evil. But facts that have recently come to light regarding the traffic in certain towns in New Jersey show that the rum-seller is not content with this horrible harvest of death. It is not big enough to suit him; he yearns for victims on a vaster scale. As the old-time priests of Juggernaut encouraged the fanatical Hindus to fling themselves to be ground under the idol's car-wheels, so the saloon-keeper has devised new ways of persuading the devotees of rum to hasten their own destruction. And the methods by which this was accomplished and put on "a paying business basis" for the rumseller, reveal a depth of depravity that is well-nigh unimaginable.

In one city, a number of saloon-keepers originated the first venture, "strictly in the line of business." They insured the lives of those of their customers who were the hardest drinkers, taking out the policies themselves and paying the premiums, the customers not even knowing that they were insured. But in every instance, the insured was a marked man. He would drink at the bar, the liquor-seller serving him gleefully, urging him to more liberal potations, and paying the premium on his life with the profits. Then, when the poor drunkard closed his career in the hospital or the river, the saloon-keeper would collect the insurance and look around for the next victim.

This grim gambling with death has been found to exist in certain localities to a startling extent. One saloon-keeper held nearly a hundred policies on the lives of frequenters of his dive, and cleared $18,000 by the speculation. He declared that the profits on this abominable traffic in death policies was one of the principal attractions that kept him in the business. Remorselessly he planned to kill both the soul and the body of his poor victims, making them wretched and miserable in this life, and hopeless for the life to come. Some of the insured men, who did not die fast enough, seem to have been helped out of the way by hired thugs and the skilful application of bludgeons; but, of course, the virtuous saloon-keepers were quite above suspicion in such cases.

Let it be known everywhere, that the poor, besotted drinker, dead or alive, is a profit to the saloon-keeper, and his most valuable asset. What a shudder would convulse the crowds in the average barroom, if they knew that many who were drinking there were being carried secretly by the whisky seller on "groggery policies," and that the holder was intensely interested in their early demise. Such a revelation would be dynamic in its results; it would be more startling than a score of temperance sermons.

Christmas Thoughts

From the Writings of the Late DR. TALMAGE

WHAT a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver-haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you!

BRIGHT Christmas morning of my soul's delight. Chime all the bells. Wreath all the garlands. Rouse all the anthems. Shake hands in all the congratulations. Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger and lay him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to him as costly a present as the Magi brought, but we bring to his feet, and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the pearls of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship. Down at his feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down all worlds at his feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

THROUGH the revelation of Christmas night I find that religion is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin, and sick beds, and sepulchres, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you who are trusting on Christ shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. It is not a cynic, it is not a shrew, it chokes no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church.

IT was a winter month that God chose for his Son's nativity. Had he been born in the month of May—that is the season of blossoms; had he been born in the month of June—that is the season of roses; had he been born in the month of July—that is the season of great harvest; had he been born in the month of September—that is the season of ripe orchards; had he been born in the month of October—that is the season of upholstered forests. But he was born in the month of December, when there are no flowers blooming out-of-doors, and when all the harvests that have not been gathered up have perished, and when there are no fruits ripening on the hill, and when the leaves are drifted over earth. In was in closing December that he was born to show that this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero, for people snowed under. That is the reason he is so often found among the destitute.

JESUS started an influence that will go on until the last desert will grow roses, and the last weak lung make full inhalation, and the last case of paresis take healthful brain, and the last illness become rubicund of cheek and robust of chest and bounding of foot, and the last pauper will get his palace, and the last sinner taken unto the warm bosom of a pardoning God! Where did all these start? In that cradle within sound of bleating sheep and bellowing cattle, and amid rough bantering of herdsmen and camel-drivers. What a low place to start for such great heights! O artists! turn your camera obscura on that village of Bethlehem. Take it all in—the wintry skies lowering, the flocks shivering in the chill air, Mary, the pale mother, and Jesus the child. No wonder that Paul Veronese, and Cuyp, and Rubens, and Tintoretto, and Correggio, and Perugino, and Ghirlandajo, and Raphael put their best pencils in that scene. Lord God! by thy Spirit, fix that Madonna in all our souls! So these thoughts come in upon us at this gladdest part of the year!

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The New Bridge

GOOD news for many thousands of people was given in the announcement that the new bridge, connecting Brooklyn with New York, was completed, and would be formally accepted by the municipality on Dec. 19. The statement was as welcome to people who will not use it, as to those who will. At present more than 150,000 persons make the trip over the bridge now in use, every morning and return in the evening. The crowding, especially in the evening, is terrific. Bridge cars and surface cars are filled to their utmost capacity, and the struggle to get on board either is fierce and exhausting. The hope of those who will continue to use the present bridge, after the new one is formally opened, is that so many thousands will use the new bridge that the crush at the old one will be relieved. The formal opening of the new structure will not, however, give immediate relief. The rails are not yet laid either for trolley cars or for bridge cars, so that the only way to get across it is either to walk or drive. That was the situation at first, with the present structure; but it was soon improved, and the precedent will doubtless be followed in this case. As it now stands, the new bridge is one of the finest in the world. It crosses the river at a place about a mile north of the present bridge, from which it differs in many respects, the most noticeable being that the towers, which support the cables, are of steel instead of masonry. The length of the main span is 1,600 feet, which, with the approaches, makes the entire length of the bridge 7,200 feet. Its width is 118 feet, which is thirty-three feet wider than the other bridge. This is used to accommodate two elevated tracks, four surface-car tracks, two roadways for wagons, two cycle paths and roadway for pedestrians. The construction was begun on Oct. 28, 1896, and so far it has cost $8,582,220. The formal opening on Dec. 19 is to be a public festivity. The Board of Aldermen has appropriated $20,000 to pay the cost of the celebration. Several companies of soldiers belonging to New York and Brooklyn regiments will form an escort, and three thousand distinguished guests are invited. The mayor and aldermen and guests will proceed to the middle of the span, where the ceremony takes place. At night there will be a pyrotechnic display. On Monday, Dec. 21, the general public will be admitted to the bridge. Pedestrians, however, will have to use the roadway for some weeks, as the footpath will not be completed until spring. When the rails are laid and the cars running, many thousands will cross it daily, to go to their labor in the morning and to rest in the evening, and will be glad that their journey in both cases is shortened by its facilities. The time must come for every one when those journeys end. Well will it be then, for those who have put their trust in Him, who "dedicated for us a new and living way through the veil," for they will find, as they approach the dark river of death, that their crossing has been made easy for them unto eternal rest.

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace (Luke i. 79).

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, TO BE OPENED DECEMBER 19

A New Electric Light

An invention by a son of the late Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, which was regarded at its first appearance as a mere scientific toy, turns out to have uses of considerable value. It is an electric lamp, the principle of which is very simple. The electric currents flow into a sealed tube, in which there is a mercurial vapor. At either end of the tube are electrodes, positive and negative. When a high current is turned on, the resistance is broken down by the presence of the vapor and the tube is filled with light. The light has a violet tinge, which shades into a pale greenish hue. It has no red rays and therefore is somewhat ghastly. Its advantage is that a very high voltage, which ordinarily would give a blinding light, can be used without hurting the eyes. It would be of no use where colors have to be matched, but where men work with drills or other tools, or need strong light, as they bend at night over compositors' cases, it is invaluable. A light which is powerful and yet restful to the eyes has long been sought, and this is precisely the light the new lamp gives. But as it transforms colors, it is obvious that there are places in which it would be worse than useless. In the moral world such a light would be mischievous. Men are now only too ready, when personal gain is involved, to look so longingly on a black act, as to regard it as gray, and eventually as pure white.

If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! (Matt. vi. 23).

Eliminating a Father

An application by a father for permission to see his seven-year-old son has been brought before the Supreme Court in New York, and judgment was given in an exhaustive report by Justice Leventritt, a few days ago. The applicant's wife had sued for a decree of separation previously, and it had been granted. The custody of the son of the couple had been awarded to the mother, with alimony to the extent of about one-third of the man's income. He had called on his wife to see his son, but she had refused, and he thereupon applied to the courts for an order compelling his wife to allow him to see the child. This was opposed, and finally the case was carried to the Supreme Court, which has now rejected the application. In pronouncing judgment, Justice Leventritt said that the man had been "guilty of refined cruelty, which would have justified the wife in obtaining a divorce instead of separation. His moral tenets were of a character that, if sanctioned and adhered to, would shake every basic principle on which our social order is founded. Looking beyond the parties to the suit, and considering solely the interests of the child, his future welfare demands the elimination of the father as a possible influence in the development of his character." Unhappily, there are many fathers, the elimination of whom would be good for their children; but the courts do not interfere unless an appeal is made to them, and not then, unless the influence is unmistakably evil. God, however, will surely exact retribution of all those parents who set their children an evil example.

Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock? What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee? (Jer. xiii. 20).

Mothers Confused

A photographer at Monongahela, Pa., has a difficulty to solve that recalls the famous case submitted to Solomon. The proud mother of a six-months-old baby brought her child to be photographed. She approved the negative when the photographer showed it to her, and ordered half a dozen prints, which she promised to call for. The next day another mother from a nearby village came with a baby of about the age of the one photographed the day before, and she ordered a dozen copies. When the first caller came for her prints she seized those prepared for the other woman, and declared that they were pictures of her baby. The second mother produced the pictures which the photographer insisted were those of her own child, and refused to take them. She was so positive about it that the photographer concluded that he had mixed the negatives. He, therefore, offered the half dozen he had prepared for the second customer when she came for the portraits, but she too, refused to accept them, and insisted that it was explained to her that the photographer was right in his original opinion. That was unsatisfactory to her, and the other woman was certainly mistaken. The photographer was puzzled, but advised her to take the remainder of the pictures he had originally prepared for her, and printed another half dozen to replace those taken by the other mother. Since then he has received a letter from the woman whom he believes to be mistaken, saying that all her friends consider the portrait of the child an excellent one, and ordering more copies of it. So he has at least a negative which each mother regards as a portrait of her special baby, and one negative which neither can recognize. Perhaps, in a year or two, there will be no chance of such confusion. Each child will have developed so that a portrait of one would not be mistaken for that of the other. The spiritual features will change more as the years pass. Even among the grown-up children of God there is less resemblance of character than there would be if all were conformed to Christ's image.

Concluded on page 1071.

BRIEF NOTES

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE ON THE ISTHMUS

Captured as a Colombian Spy and Held Prisoner for Eight Days By the Insurgents—The New Republic's Birth-throes

By ANNABEL LEE

ISTHMUS SOLDIERS ON PARADE

NATIVE WATER-CARRIERS FOR THE ISTHMUS TROOPS

PANAMANIANS ON THE MARCH

A NEW republic has been launched in the events of the universe, and Tuesday, the third of November, will be celebrated hereafter as Panama's national day. It was not my good fortune to be present at the birth of the new republic, but I witnessed some of the expiring struggles of the old.

During the revolution of 1901 and 1902, I was on the isthmus. The insurgent army at that time was encamped at Chorrera, about thirty miles north of Panama, in the heart of the Andes Mountains. For three years this body of troops had lived in the wilderness, upon what fate and perseverance gave them from the sea and land. This military force was recruited by Colombian Indians and Jamaicans, and was commanded by General Domingo Diaz, the present commander-in-chief of the new republic. I determined upon a visit to the revolutionary camp. I asked United States Consul-General Gudger's advice upon the feasibility of the trip, and he assured me that when I once reached camp, I would have no difficulty; that he knew the commander-in-chief, who was a personal friend, and he would give me a letter of credentials to carry to him.

GENERAL JESUS LUGO

(X) GEN. DOMINGO DIAZ, NOW CIVIL AND MILITARY COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT PANAMA

GENERAL BARRERA

There remained but one thing to do. I needed a horse and a guide to pilot me there. I did not acquaint the Governor of Panama with my determination. A woman required no passport; and, besides, a passport from the Government would be of little value in a revolutionary camp. So I thought it best to go without his Excellency's knowledge. The next morning at an early hour I arrived at Empire, a station on the Panama railroad line. Here I was delayed some five hours, arranging for my transportation.

One must be acquainted with the social customs of these Spanish colonies, to realize what my going meant to a people whose women lead such exclusive lives.

Advice was freely given by the strangers who had gathered to witness our departure for the region of guerrilla warfare; but I was still resolved, and at noon we left the station. All through the village we were hailed by words of warning shouted in the liquid language of their nativity, and three hours later we were halted by a rebel scout with a Remington rifle. We had been expecting him, but were surprised to find him so near the railroad line, and my most vivid impression was one of joy. My guide did not share my feeling. Anyone who has visited a tropical jungle, and who knows, too, the condition of the mountain trails during the wet season, will not wonder at my good spirits in being arrested. There had been seventeen inches of rainfall that week, and any release from the uncertainty of what was to come, I welcomed as a deliverance. Besides, I felt secure in the possession of the letter given me by Gen. Gudger and depended upon its reception to instal me in the friendship of my new hosts.

The revolutionary forces were camped in three divisions, and to Camp Arado I was taken on the first night. I was suffering from the bites of insects; my arms bled from contact with the bushes, and my bedraggled appearance did not inspire Commanding General Barrera with confidence. Word of my presence in camp was immediately sent to headquarters, and an order came forthwith to bring the American and Colombian spies to to Chorrera for court martial. Our military procession, consisting of seven prisoners and double that number of guards arrived in Chorrera on the following evening, and half an hour later I stood before the military tribunal. My letter from Consul Gudger, with the U. S. seal, was the open sesame to my welcome in camp; but I was cross-questioned severely before the court, and finally admitted as a guest to the military realm. Here I was entertained for eight days by the insurgent band.

By day I was taken for horseback rides through mountain fastnessess and through bamboo forests, and at night I listened to the thrilling tales told by my adventurous knights. One story that had peculiar interest for me—one that shows the daring of these founders of the new republic—was the capture of the steam yacht *Darien*, in Chorrera Bay. The Colombian Government always kept a vigilant armed vessel near the rebel port, to protect the smaller sea craft from falling into insurgent hands. One day, the captain of the *Darien* had not reckoned on the falling tide (which rises seventeen feet on the Pacific side), and to his dismay, the *Darien* was grounded. The revolutionists at once saw the situation, and nine armed men, under command of General Lugo, flanked and waded out to the yacht through mud and ooze, waist deep, firing at intervals, until a white flag appeared above the gunwale. The officers made no resistance, and when the revolutionists came aboard they found them all under the bunkers. The men were made prisoners, and when the tide came in the *Darien* was floated, and in six hours the yacht, controlled by the enemy, was on its way to a Colombian port. The prisoners were compelled to write to the commander of this port to come to the vessel for an important conference. The Colombian commander, still thinking that the *Darien* was in control of the Government, obeyed. He, too,

TYPES OF THE COLOMBIAN AMAZONS WHO FIGHT IN THE RANKS IN ISTHMIAN WARS

NATIVES WATCHING OUR MARINES PARADE

AMERICAN BLUEJACKETS GUARDING THE RAILROAD

was made prisoner, and compelled to write ashore for ammunition and arms.

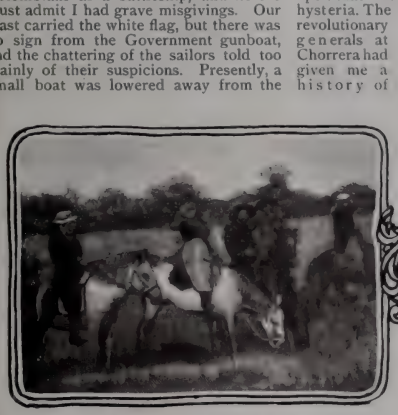
They did not encourage my desire to explore among their fortifications; but the tingle of great events was in the air, and they volunteered the information, when I left them eight days later, that something would occur in forty-eight hours. I came out under a flag of truce to a Government dredger, used by the Colombians as a battleship, and here I must admit I had grave misgivings. Our mast carried the white flag, but there was no sign from the Government gunboat, and the chattering of the sailors told too plainly of their suspicions. Presently, a small boat was lowered away from the dredger and a soiled Turkish towel floated on the air. That, then, was the sign that all was well. I was left aboard the dredger to be transferred to the *Boyaca*, a Colombian battleship, later on. The *Boyaca* was long overdue; a tropical storm had for ten hours swept the unsheltered deck of the dredger; in fact the only sheltered spot about the boat was a row of shelves used by the men for bunks. At midnight, the commander informed me that the *Boyaca* would not arrive before morning, and entreated me to try a blanket and a bunk until the ship hove in sight. I was nervous and tired. I had worn rubber boots throughout the day, and my clothes were damp; but the engineer offered to dry them in the room below, and I lay down upon that shelf in a state bordering on hysteria. The revolutionary generals at Chorrera had given me a history of their battles for three years, their privations of the past and hopes for the future. This information I had written out, and I carried the manuscript in a package, under my luxuriant coil of hair. There was nothing incriminating in this information; it was merely history, from their point of view; but it was a thing I treasured and to me a possession. At three o'clock A.M. I was awakened by a terrible din. Whistles were blowing and the men aboard were shouting ear-splitting orders to the *Boyaca*. My hair had fallen about my shoulders, and the carefully concealed letter lay exposed to view: but of this no one took notice. I spent my time in replacing this letter and had no opportunity to dress. I was hurried into a small boat, to be carried to the battleship, and managed to put on my boots before I reached the gangway.

The Governor of Panama was aboard, but he was too concerned about coming events to give me a cross-examination, and the next day, at noon, I was put aboard the United States ship *Iowa*.

At Panama, I was beset on all sides to tell what I knew of the revolution, and my unequivocal answers that I knew nothing, were received with suspicion. I was threatened by the government, and Captain Perry, of the *Iowa*, asked me to do no traveling without a United States marine guard. Frequently the State Department at Washington was notified by Colombian officers that I was a menace to the peaceful relations of the government, and a careful watch was kept upon my movements. Two days after my return from the interior the revolutionists seized Colon. It was the same army with which I had spent eight days. It had been arranged to make a simultaneous attack upon Panama, but part of the troops were lost in the jungle that night and another division was lost in the marsh, and did not find its way out until a week later—too late to be of assistance to their friends—and so Colon capitulated.

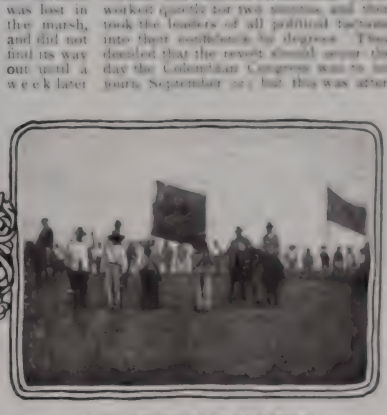
While the revolutionists held Colon they commanded the sympathy and respect of every naval officer in port. At one time there were seven foreign battleships in the bay. Their earnestness and fairness won the admiration of all. They were opposed to the centralization of power assumed by Colombia's dictatorial president. The president appointed the governor of Panama, a man from the interior. The governor in turn appointed all subordinate officers, and these were men from the interior. No Panamanian was allowed to hold office; yet Panama revenues were confiscated by the powers at Bogota. The Isthmus has furnished millions upon millions of dollars, since Panama united with Colombia in 1821, but Bogota took all and gave only unkept promises.

As soon as the canal treaty ratified no chance of interference from the men who had flown their wives in secret but were united with the other factions on the isthmus and all planned secrecy the result which has just astonished the world. At first there were but four interested actors, Colonel Dosser, editor of the Panama *Star and Herald*, Professor Tracy, Dr. Manuel Amador and Amador Arrocemena. These worked quietly for two months and then took the leaders of all political factions into their confidence to degrees. They decided that the revolt should occur the day the Colombian Congress was to adjourn, September 25; but this was after



OUR CORRESPONDENT UNDER ESCORT

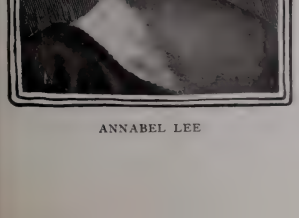
THE REVOLUTIONISTS' FIELD FLAG



REVOLUTIONISTS IN THE FIELD

ward postponed until November 3.

The attitude of the United States was well understood by the Panamanians as exemplified by previous occurrences, so they felt secure that if once they were in possession of the isthmus Colombia would not be permitted to fight over the railroad. The actual change of possession took place at half past five in the evening. It was a complete surprise. The movement was opposed by no one on the isthmus. The Colombian generals and their staffs were made prisoners; then all united in the festal celebration. Panama was free.



ANNABEL LEE

THE RAILROAD [illegible] AT COLON

"A GREATER THAN SOLOMON IS HERE"

❋ The Queen of Sheba Visits Solomon

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR DEC 20 I KINGS 10: 1-10

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--PSALM. 29: 2: "WHEN THE RIGHTEOUS ARE IN AUTHORITY THE PEOPLE REJOICE"

A LETTER from Zaida, a young girl of Shechem, visiting Jerusalem at the time of the visit of the Queen of Sheba:

"My Dear Parents: How highly favored I am to be in Jerusalem at this time. Almost beyond the power of words to describe is the everyday grandeur of this city, made so by the genius and wealth of King Solomon; but it is surpassingly grand in its holiday attire to welcome the Queen of South Arabia, who is to be the honored guest of King Solomon. We are told of wonderful preparations over there in the palace. It is said that the king has had a glass floor put over a pond in which gold fish are swimming. It is supposed that when the queen is conducted over this she will think she is to walk through the water, and that it will then be discovered whether or not she is cloven-footed, as has been reported. The gossips also say that the queen has been preceded by a company who have tested King Solomon's wisdom, and carried back word to their queen to assure her that it is quite worth her while to come and see for herself. It is said that these forerunners brought a letter from the queen to the king, and that he told them the contents of it before they presented it; that she also sent a casket containing an unperforated pearl, a diamond intricately pierced, and a crystal goblet, with the request that he should perforate the pearl, thread the diamond, and fill the goblet with water that had neither dropped from the clouds, nor gushed forth from the earth. It is said that our king laughed at these problems, that he perforated the pearl with a stone known only to himself; that he threaded the diamond by inserting a small worm which spun a silken thread and drew it through; and that he filled the goblet with the perspiration of a horse which he had caused to be rapidly driven. I do not know that these things are so, but I rather think the stories were started by the presence of a company of people from South Arabia being in the city a few days several weeks ago. Since beginning this letter I have heard that the great queen is approaching the city, that her camel train has been discerned by the watchmen in the towers of the city walls. I will now lay down my pen to take it up again when I can tell you what my eyes have seen.

"A number of days have come and gone since I stopped in the writing of this letter, and I have now so much to tell you that it seems impossible that a letter can contain it all. The great queen has come and gone! You will be glad for me when I tell you that I was one of a company of maidens invited by the king to form an inner circle in front of the guard on the day of the queen's presentation. I saw her hesitate for a moment as she advanced to that crystal pavement. Her dainty feet were plainly to be seen as her attendants gathered up her robes to prevent them from getting wet! But I must not forget to tell you that I saw her camel train threading its way over Mount Olivet as she approached the city. It looked like a ribbon of variegated colors stretched across the mountain, so gay and so many were the trappings of the camels. The movement of the camels gave the effect of the ribbon fluttering in the wind.

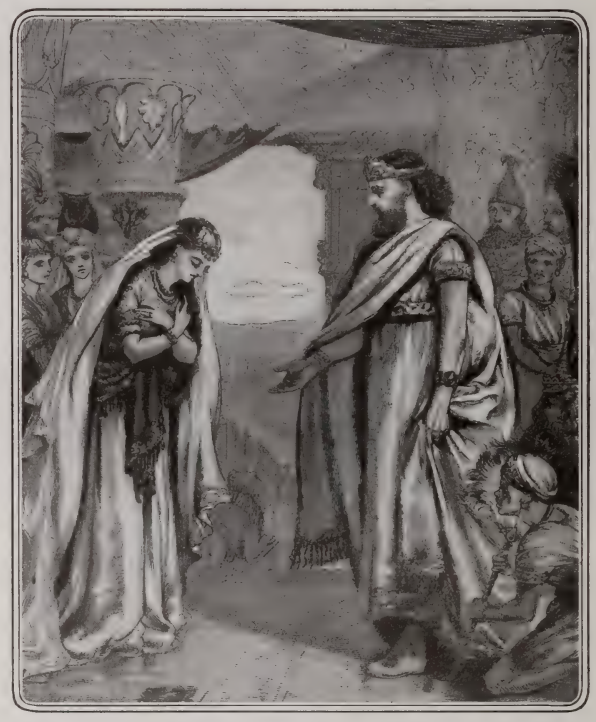
"But how shall I describe to you the company I saw on the day that King Solomon took the queen to view the city of Jerusalem, and particularly to show her the House of God. The king had all his chariots in line, one thousand four hundred in all, and all of his horses, twenty-two thousand in number. The riders of these horses were dressed in Tyrian purple, and their long hair was sprinkled with gold dust, so that 'their heads sparkled with the reflection of the sunbeams from the gold' as I heard one man say. The king himself rode in a chariot dressed in dazzling white, in the midst of these horsemen, while his queen guest rode upon her camel, which was bedecked with chains of gold studded with gems, and caparisoned with rich cloths that looked like mosaics of precious stones. The road just behind the king's chariot was dazzling to look upon.

"I have been told that the queen was greatly impressed by the wisdom of King Solomon, because he was able to answer all of the hard questions she had to ask him, and which no one in her own country could answer. I understand that she was amazed at the magnificence with which Solomon was surrounded; his palace of cedar, his ivory throne, the costly furniture of his table, the delicacy and abundance of food, the large retinue of servants, that she had almost fainted, and she afterwards said that 'the half had not been told her.'"

Illustration and Application

On this Sunday before Christmas, the most appropriate text for this lesson is the one (Matt. 12: 42), in which Jesus himself repeats this story: "The Queen of the South shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for she came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here." That means, they are greatest sinners who reject the greatest light. Surely then the Queen of Sheba shall condemn yet more than the Pharisees who rejected Christ when he was upon earth; those who rejected him when Christmas recalls his wonderful works in nineteen Christian centuries.

An old legend tells that Saint Macarius of Alexandra, who dwelt among the tombs, one day took up a skull, and looked at it, and said to it: "Who are you?" The skull took a voice and replied: "I am a Pagan." Again the saint looked at it, and asked a further question: "Where are you?" Came the reply: "In hell." "How deep is hell?" went on the saint. "Deeper than earth is from heaven." "Are there any deeper in hell than you?" "Yes," said the skull, "the Jews are deeper in hell than I am." "Are there any deeper in hell than the Jews?" "Yes," said the skull; "there is a deeper depth yet. There are those that listened to the Gospel and obeyed it not."



"AND KING SOLOMON GAVE UNTO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA ALL HER DESIRE"

* * *

What is it like in the Bible?

The coming of the magi to Christ is a suggestive parallel, but the closest parallel to this story in the Bible is in Acts 8th, the treasurer of Candace, who had heard in Ethiopia of the true worship at Jerusalem and came to see the temple and worship in it, but found "One greater than the Temple" in Isaiah 53d, as interpreted by Philip in that wayside sermon. That public official, accustomed to handle treasure, found the supreme treasure, the "Greater than Solomon" and carried back in his glad soul greater gifts than those borne by the great train of the Queen of Sheba.

* * *

What is it like in Nature?

When we enter the kingdom of nature, we find all about us evidence of a wise King, who has made the world a palace of combined utility and beauty.

Some of you have heard the story of the portrait of Dante, painted on one of the walls of the Bargello, in Florence. At one time it was only a tradition that such a painting existed, as the years had seemingly utterly effaced it. The very room, hallowed by the sacred memory of the great Florentine, had been converted into a storehouse for various sorts of rubbish. One day an artist entered the place. He gave orders to remove the rubbish and clean the walls. Then, with infinite patience, he scraped away the outer covering. Under his hand, the outline of a face gradually shaped itself forth; colors, long hidden by the rude plastering, began to appear; one by one, every line and distinction of feature stood out, until finally, men came from the ends of the earth to look with mute admiration upon the pictured face of the great Dante. So, as we delve in nature, we find a face, a mind of intelligence back of it all, which Colossians and Hebrews and John tell us is the mind of Christ, by whom God made the world. The greatest of living scientists, Lord Kelvin, has recently declared the old argument from design, though sometimes marred by fanciful claims, is still valid. "Overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us."

* * *

What is it like in History?

Incidents of Queen Victoria's devout adoration of the Greater than Solomon, may fitly illustrate the higher typical meanings of the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon.

At the conclusion of her coronation, Handel's "Messiah" was sung. All others rose, but she had been told it would be improper and undignified for her to do so. But when the grand finale was reached: "King of kings and Lord of lords," she could sit no longer. She rose, and meekly bowed her crowned head and folded her hands across her breast, in token of submission to the Divine King.

* * *

Another more familiar story of like significance is told by Archdeacon Farrar, one of her chaplains. After hearing one of her chaplains preach, at Windsor, on the second advent of Christ, she spoke to him saying, "Oh, how I wish that the Lord might come during my lifetime." "Why," asked the preacher, "does your Majesty feel this very earnest desire?" With a countenance lighted by deep emotion, the Queen replied, "I should so love to lay my crown at his feet."

It is fitting here to introduce the story of a lowly woman, whose brave service to her country made her one of the "uncrowned queens," a rank to which every faithful woman shall come before God. Amid the beautiful hills of France, surrounded by sunny vineyards, lies the little village of Domremy, the only village of its kind in the world. It pays no taxes. Four centuries ago King Charles decreed this, declaring that when it gave to France Joan of Arc, it completed for all time its tale of service.

Not mine to mount to courts where seraphs sing,
Or glad archangels soar on outstretched wing;
Not mine in unison with celestial choirs
To sound heaven's trump, or strike the gentler wires;
Not mine to stand enrolled at crystal gates,
Where Michael thunders or where Uriel waits.
But lesser worlds a Father's kindness know;
Be mine some simple service here below—
To weep with those who weep, their joys to share,
Their pain to solace, or their burdens bear;
Some widow in her agony to meet;
Some exile in his new-found home to greet;
To serve some child of thine, and so serve thee—
Lo, here am I! To such a work send me.

—E. E. Hale.

The Queen of Sheba made a journey of months to get to Solomon, but we can very quickly get to the "Greater than Solomon," for He is "here." We must, however, go to Him in the right way, and what that is an old Indian learned in a dream.

"Bishop, I had a dream last night. May I tell it to you?" said an old Indian of North America. "Yes, if you have the strength," replied the bishop, who had called to see one of his members, who was ill. "I climbed up the stairs to heaven, all so weary and out of breath, but I reached it and knocked at the door. It opened at once. I stepped inside, and then an angel said, 'You are not rightly clad for this place. Did they not tell you below? Your garments are stained and worn.' What could I answer? I saw the golden steps and the golden crowns, and I heard the beautiful music; and as I looked round I did feel as if I had no business there. I said to him, 'I have come to see my son.' 'He is over there,' said the angel. As I looked, I saw Jesus, and at once strove to get to him, but I could not get on at all. The angel seeing me struggling, said, 'Paul, what are you trying to do?' 'I am trying to get to Jesus.' 'You cannot get there like that—we never do.' 'How then shall I go? Tell me, and I will do it.' 'Go on your knees,' replied the angel. I fell on my knees in a moment, and before I could attempt to go forward, I felt that Jesus stood beside me, and as I looked up I saw nothing else in heaven." We can get to Jesus very quickly if we go on our knees.

* * *

There is another dream that reminds us that the lowliest of earth may have the palaces in heaven if they love God and man, and show it in life and deed, while the selfish and unfaithful that have palaces here may have the smallest places there. A woman who lived in a lordly castle dreamed that she died, and was escorted by an angel to heaven where she saw homes prepared large and small. Pointing to a castle of beauty, such as she had occupied on earth, she asked the angels, "Whose abode is that?" "Your gardener's, who was so full of kindly deeds," said the angel. "I had hoped it was mine," the woman replied. "He lived in a very small cottage on earth." At last, having passed many houses, the angel pointed to a very small cottage and said to the woman, "That is yours." "Indeed," she answered, "I could never be happy in that after living in so great a castle below." The angel replied, "We have done the very best we could with the materials you sent up." We shall lay up treasures in heaven, material for our own mansions if we go to the Christ at this Christmas to get more of his spirit, and then go down from our heights of wealth and culture and privilege to illuminate as he did, the darkness of poverty. We may well close with the words of an uncrowned queen of literature, George Eliot:

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence—live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

Christmas at Grace Church

BY MRS. SUSAN M. GRIFFITH

"WHAT shall we do for Christmas this year?" asked the superintendent of Grace Church Sunday School of his officers and teachers, gathered together in counsel.

"Oh, the same old thing, I suppose," observed Mr. Smith, the secretary. "There is nothing but a tree will satisfy the children."

"That is exactly where you are right, Mr. Smith," said Miss Lansing, teacher of the primary department. "A tree, and a big tree—two are better—is about the only thing that fills the bill at Christmas, as far as the children are concerned. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction last year, you remember, because we ventured a ship instead of a tree. My tots grumbled a whole lot about it."

"A tree is so much trouble. I wish we might be able to dispense with it," said Mrs. Burroughs, who had a class of half-grown boys and did not know what to do with them. "We always have such a time to get a suitable one, in the first place, and then the decorating and hanging the gifts, and the dreadful cleaning up afterward. I dread to see one come into the church."

"Well, so do I," said Arthur Pratt, who was librarian, and substitute for half the classes in the Sunday School; "but not to have a tree is going to break the hearts of 150 children."

"I do not think so," said Mr. Harper, the superintendent, thoughtfully. "The fact is, you can make children almost anything you want them to be, provided you go at it right. They are really little men and women, and they love to be treated as such. Now, I have been thinking seriously over this thing, and I believe a change in the Christmas programme would be most acceptable to all, and would prove a benefit and pleasure also, if managed properly. The truth is, friends, we are too selfish entirely in our observance of Christ's birthday. Instead of regarding it as a day holy unto the Lord, and a day to bring gifts unto him, we treat it as our feast day, and look for gifts of loving remembrance ourselves. Now, I do not want you to misunderstand me. I consider it a beautiful custom and all right to give to each other, but, in doing so, we ought not to forget Christ, the author of all this peace and good-will. We monopolize the day, and we ought not to do it; and it is my opinion that we are wronging the children in doing it; we are making them selfish and forgetful of the very spirit of Christmas. Of course Christ is not with us personally to receive the gifts which we would, probably, bestow upon him were that possible; but his poor are always with us, and you know what he said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me.'"

"Well, what is your idea?" asked young Pratt, busily sharpening a pencil. "Don't leave us to suffer these painful forebodings; give us the benefit of your weekly meditation about the matter. If there is any way of climbing out of a tree I am going to vote for it."

"My idea is simply this," said Mr. Harper, smiling on the little group; "suppose we put aside Christmas trees, ships, chimneys, and everything of the kind this year, and for once make a down-right good donation to the poor. Every one of us give, every child, no matter how small. Let them feel and understand that they are giving to Jesus. Children are generous little things, and, my word for it, they will be more than satisfied with this way of celebrating Christmas."

"Why, I believe they will, too," said Mrs. Snyder, who had a house full of little ones at home, and who certainly knew a good deal about childish manners and customs. "I know we can get them interested, and even very pleasantly excited over it; and we can arrange a nice entertainment of some kind, and I am sure they will enjoy it. Beside, the children, generally, do not care for the inexpensive gifts and sacks of cheap candy which we hang on the tree for them. My children do not care to eat theirs at all. It is money thrown away to buy them."

"I am exactly of your mind, Mrs. Snyder," said Mrs. Burroughs; "the children have such a superabundance at their homes, they do not know how to appreciate what we can afford to place on the Christmas tree for them."

A little further discussion of the matter resulted in the plan being unanimously adopted. Then came the delicate business of presenting it tactfully to the different classes. Miss Lansing was doubtful about it, but there was not a class in the Grace Church Sunday School more eager to launch out in this benevolent enterprise than the forty little tots composing the primary department. In fact, the new idea was well received generally, and preparations were at once begun to carry it out in the most approved manner.

"THE YOUNG LADIES CAME FORWARD WITH PIES, DOUGHNUTS, ETC."

The church was beautifully decorated in bunting and holly, and the walls ornamented with Scripture texts in green and gold. A great silver star, lit with a score of candles, was fastened up behind the platform, and the platform itself banked with ferns and palms and flowering plants from the different homes. When the crowd began to arrive as early as half past six on Christmas Eve, there was no longer any question about there being a decided interest in the plan.

An admission fee of a potato was charged at the door, and there was a great deal of fun because some had forgotten, or had not understood, and were obliged to make a call on the corner grocery in order to obtain their "tickets," as nothing but a potato was accepted. There were almost two barrels full when the church was filled—aisles, galleries and all.

Amid the merry jingling of bells Santa Claus appeared, red and rosy with his tussle with the north wind, dressed in snow besprinkled garments, and full of fun and good cheer. Stepping to the front of the platform, he delivered himself of the following, which was called "Santa Claus' Surprise":

I declare to you, children, on my honor and word,
That I never was so surprised when I heard
Of the glorious, splendid, and beautiful way
In which you are keeping this festal day.

It makes me so glad, and so joyous, and proud,
That, had I the breath, I would shout right out
For it has made my heart ache every year,
you must know,
That I've had so little on the poor to bestow.

So when Mr. Harper asked me to preside,
I made up my mind to let everything slide.
And I hurried so fast to get here in time,
That I'm clean out of breath, and that out of rhyme.

A little bell rang, and Class No. 1, comprising the tots belonging to the primary department, marched to the rostrum and deposited over one hundred toys and oranges. As they marched they sang, their childish voices sending a thrill through the immense congregation:

Here we oranges and toys,
For poor little girls and boys;
Jesus says forgive to-day,
Is like giving gifts to Him.

Again the little bell, and a class of small boys and girls came forward, carrying eighteen pounds of candy and a basket, on which was printed in gilt letters, "In His Name." Class 3, numbering twelve good sized bows dressed as millers, and accompanied by their teacher, Mrs. Burroughs, smiling and happy. They carried [illegible] sacks of meal, which they presented [illegible]

Worked so hard I [illegible]
And my mother asked to stay a
We only took an apple [illegible]
So that all might have a [illegible]
To Santa Claus responded with a
sad heart;
This will make my load heavy, but my work
is right.
I could plead and cheer and sing all night.
It's a kind of a load I have not
For [illegible] Christ is in my heart.

Then came a class with a dozen cans of fruit, followed by a box of little girls bearing pickles and catsup, on which was printed, together with two, three and so on up to fifteen. Of course they were "returns," and Santa received them with a jovial laugh and the words:

"To be continued; our story is sweet.
We promise a thousand fold more
We know that the answer's goodness will
meet [illegible] Jesus' love."

With a most hearty greeting, he announced Class No. 4 was [illegible] by a recitation on "The Happy Dozen," and then the twelve girls came forward bringing, each, a large basket of potatoes and a dozen bananas. They followed themselves, S. S. and all, with cheers, rather [illegible] tea, and boxes, pails of lard and [illegible] packed full to overflowing with pickles, jams and fruit. Class 5, with twelve ladies, dressed as farmers, came in with [illegible] potatoes, turnips, cabbage, and onions. Santa grew excited and stepped about the stage, singing at the top of a very strong voice, suspiciously like Mr. Smith's:

Merry, merrily on your tongues
Who can say—[illegible]
Where will end these [illegible]

A class of young ladies then presented a large waiter of pies, doughnuts, cookies, and cakes. Then came a lot of young men with sacks of flour on their shoulders, at sight of which Santa again broke forth:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Blessings on them, [illegible]
Oh, what comfort in that flour,
Oh, the mighty, mighty power
There is in bread to [illegible]

The Bible class then made offerings of groceries, rolls of cloth, ready-made garments and money, and one gentleman attired as a miner, with a miner's candle in his cap, trundled on a barrow of coal, which was to represent three tons donated by the miners and toolboys. This ended the presentation part of the programme, but there followed a splendid concert of song, an admirable address to the scholars, and a stereopticon picture of the Saviour's life, beginning with the worship of the Wise Men of the East, and ending with his triumphant ascension from the top of Mount Olivet. This was followed by Santa Claus as his treat for the children, and most thoroughly did they appreciate it.

Christmas morning the gifts were distributed among a multitude of needy families, and never were there a happier band of children than those at Grace Church Sunday School. They had never had so beautiful a time. As for interest in regard to the good Pilgrim Papa was troubled he was never to be present at the Social. The children all felt that they had been keeping Jesus' birthday.

Most Encyclopedias are Revised by Patching or "Doctoring" the Plates. [illegible] Encyclopedia is found now [illegible] A.D. every [illegible] requires, on [illegible] Price [illegible] and [illegible] must [illegible] that will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

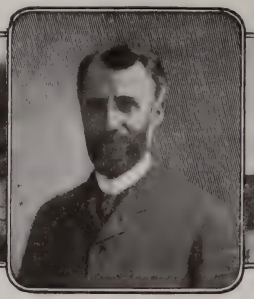
THE RUSH FOR UNCLE SAM'S FARMS

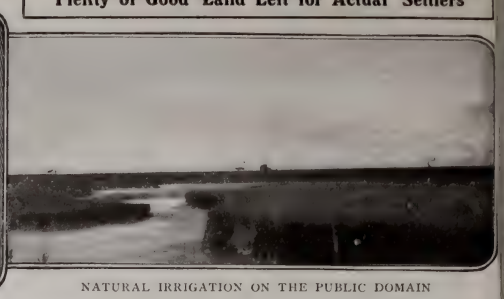
630,000,000 Fertile Acres Open to Home-seekers

Tunis Bixby, Land Commissioner in Indian Terr.

Plenty of Good Land Left for Actual Settlers

HOMESEEKERS LOOKING FOR A SITE





NATURAL IRRIGATION ON THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

BEFORE another generation has passed away it is not improbable that the farming area of the United States will have been almost doubled. With improved methods of increasing the growth of wheat, corn, and other products per acre, it is also a thing to be happily considered—the doubling of the yield of the United States.

When it is stated that the farming area of the United States to-day comprises 841,000,000 acres—an area which would embrace England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Japan, and the Transvaal—the enlargment of the farming area, it would seem, might envelop the whole civilized world, or, at least, that portion of it suitable for agricultural purposes.

The earnings of the five and two-thirds million farms of the United States, amounted, in 1903, to almost six billions of dollars—an enormous sum, when it is considered that the total capital of these farm owners is but twenty billions of dollars.

An official report of the United States Geological Survey states that there is still vacant, and open to settlement, an area comprising 630,000,000 acres of good land, or one-third of the entire area of the whole United States. All of this land is either suitable now for agricultural purposes, or can be readily made so by irrigation. Recently, sixteen million dollars was made available by the Government for the immediate reclamation of this property, or a portion of it. Other forces are also moving toward the irrigation of the public lands.

A CAMP OF HOME-SEEKING SQUATTERS WAITING FOR A LAND OPENING

This vacant land is not wholly unutilized, a great portion of it being used for cattle and sheep grazing. In Texas alone, only twenty million of the two hundred and eighty million acres of that vast empire are used for cotton and wheat and truck-farming, the remainder being either vacant or used for the herds. Several ranches of two million acres in extent may be found in the Lone Star State; but these ranches are being cut into smaller tracts and sold. The cattle business, on a large scale, has ceased to pay as it did formerly.

Vacant lands that are used by the sheep and cattle men of the Southwest, are owned by the Government, and the herders use these holdings as free range. The numerous fights that have occurred between cowboys and sheep-herders arose from disputes as to prior possession of this land, although neither had any right to the same. The holders have for years placed a barricade so strong around the free range country in New Mexico, Oklahoma, Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, and elsewhere in the West as to keep away honest settlers—those who would develop the resources of the country; but the Government, with its announced policy of using every available portion of the United States for farming purposes, has declared war upon these sheep and cattle-herders, and is offering every inducement to the legitimate farmer.

There are a number of classes of public domain in the United States, but much of it is not and never will be open to settlement, either free or for consideration. The relative extent of the public domain, as set forth in a recent report of the Government, is as follows:

Vacant public lands,	627,415,680 acres.
Indian reservations,	84,280,960 "
Forest reservations,	19,484,800 "
Lands already disposed of,	708,508,160 "
Area of public domain in Texas owned by the State,	167,865,600 "

The irrigation fund of the United States now made available, will be used in the development of such of these lands as need water, and with the energetic efforts being made by the railroad companies to draw people out of the big cities to the farms, it is probable that in the next few years, settlement of the public domain will be very rapid. Within five years, one-half of this uninhabited domain in New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, etc., will probably be tilled by hardy working men and women.

The rate of disposal of these public lands has not averaged over two per cent. per annum, with the exception of Oklahoma, where there have been frequent land openings and, a great rush of immigrants. But within the past year, the rush to the Southwest has been so great that the rate of settlement has increased twenty per cent. or even more. This is especially true of Oklahoma and the State lands of Texas. More than 600,000,000 acres, or over three-fifths of the entire area of Western vacant land, consists of open, treeless country. Although there is not sufficient moisture to support or encourage the growth of trees upon a greater portion of this area, yet almost everywhere herbage of one kind or another has succeeded in obtaining a foothold, and during a portion of the year it furnishes excellent grazing. The water supply is being brought from inland lakes and creeks to the portions far removed, by means of irrigation ditches.

The desert lands of the United States at present cover over 70,000,000 acres, which, during a portion of the year, can sustain some sort of vegetation, and which may be reclaimed for farming purposes. Great land companies, backed by millions of dollars, are now working upon the construction of irrigation dams, and are arranging for the settlement of millions of acres in Arizona, Nevada, Utah and Wyoming. Of the entire land area, of a number of Western States, an average of only twenty-eight per cent. of the public free land has been settled upon. It is, therefore, readily seen that in almost every State and territory there exist many opportunities for homeseekers. The farmer will find his golden harvest in the public domain of the West and South.

W. R. D.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mr. L., Topeka, Kans. "I was in great trouble and He heard me. Glory to his name."

Mrs. J. D. L., Park, Ill. "I prayed until my prayers were answered and a load of sin was taken off my back, such as I never want to bear again. My prayers were answered fully and truly, and I want to take this way of saying to any one in need, that God is a hearer and answerer of prayer."

Reader, Wis. "I believe our Father is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. I have tried him and found that he does answer. During the past eight months I have been praying for a much-desired thing, and now I have the promise of it, which is just as good as the thing itself."

E. T., Tupperville, N. S. Canada. "We enjoy the answers to prayer. I have had numerous instances of answers to prayer, sometimes almost immediately. I am trusting the Lord for all future blessings. Blessed be his holy name."

S., Carson, Iowa. "God has answered many prayers for me, and I believe and know that he does hear and answer prayer. I have been praying a long time about a great trouble, and now God has answered."

Reader, Conneaut Lake, Pa. "I desire to express my gratitude to God for answering my prayers many, many times in the past. A short time ago, I asked for something very dear to me, to keep as long as my life should last. He has heard me in his loving-kindness."

Reader, Tennessee. "The Lord has answered many prayers for me. I was in great trouble and prayed earnestly for months; he heard and answered, not in the way I was expecting, but, perhaps, in the best way for me. He has answered many other prayers for me. Let all who doubt pray in hope."

Mrs. A. L. E., Sterling, Ill. "I know that God answers prayers. Many times I have had trouble; but I always take it to God in prayer, and my prayers are answered. We must pray for help and He will surely help us."

Frank L., Gilman, Ill. "God has answered my prayers several times. 'Take it to the Lord in prayer'—he will answer."

E. H., Oregon. "I wish to acknowledge the answer to a special prayer not long ago. I do this that others may have faith to ask and receive."

Reader. "I feel that I have so much to be grateful for that I must write, with others, in acknowledging God's goodness. My prayers have been answered many times. It is a sweet privilege to take everything to the Lord in prayer."

M. L. R., Colfax, Iowa. 'Three times my prayers have been so directly answered that I feel in gratitude to my Heavenly Father that my acknowledgment of his goodness ought to be expressed, to help those in doubt of a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. Go to him as a child to its father."

Mrs. S. L. R., Guthrie Center, Iowa. "God has wonderfully answered many prayers for me. A great shadow is over our home, which I am now praying may pass off."

F. M., Pasadena, Cal. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God for answering many of my prayers in my past life. My Christian mother taught me to pray early in life, and the habit of praying with the expectation of being answered, has grown as I have advanced in life. Now, at the age of seventy-seven years, I sometimes feel there is nothing else to do but to ask God and receive the blessing."

Mrs. J. A. E., Eastport, Me. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God to me. He has answered my prayers many times. I will always trust him."

N., New York. "God has answered many prayers of mine. One, recently answered in behalf of a dear daughter, was a cause of much consolation and comfort. Praise his name!"

T. M. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering prayer. I was subjected to a severe trial, but he brought me safely through it in answer to prayer."

A New Departure

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Finer than Represented

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—We are more than pleased with the beautiful copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*. It is even finer than you represent, and we thank you for it.

Ossining, N. Y. JOHN H. LEE.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"I HAVE never forgotten the day father brought home the Christmas baby."

"Tell us about it, Cousin Ruth."

It was a winter evening, and we were getting ready for Christmas. We Hoberts make a great deal of Christmas, and always garland the house with evergreen, twining ropes of verdure around balusters, and wreathing the chandeliers and pictures, as well as having a big Christmas tree in the front drawing-room. You see, the Hobert connection is very large, and at the holidays we have a real gathering of the clans from far and near. The kith and kin begin to rally about a week before Christmas, and the days that lead up to the best one of all are full of mirth and jollity.

Cousin Ruth Hollister was a dear, elderly, gentlewoman of our blood, but several degrees removed from close relationship. But we adored her, and when, once in a while, she came from Alabama, and joined our holiday circle, our joy was overflowing. Her presence beaded the sparkling cup with delicious foam. She was simply the most entertaining person to have in one's company, vivacious, charming and unaffected, filling the gaps in conversation, and making old and young alike at ease. One never saw her idle. She sat erect in her chair, her hands engaged with fleecy wool work. She was usually knitting white shawls for somebody, and when one was finished she began another immediately. She loved to talk and knit at the same time. It was great luck to have her with us at Christmas.

What would the world do with out the gracious presence of the winsome women, known as old maids? Women sufficiently detached from home cares to be at leisure for other people. Women with rare comprehension and genuine sympathy! To their band belonged Miss Ruth Hollister!

She was never at a loss for a story, and we depended on her for one, not in vain, as we went on, busily weaving and tying our wreathes.

At our urgency, she began her tale, speaking in a low, clear voice that made one think of a brook flowing on softly.

"There were eleven children in the house, for mother had nine of her own; no, Edith, you need not pity her; she was young with her children, and enjoyed them, and the two extra ones were orphan nephews of father's. We had a big rambling house, and plenty to eat and wear, but no frills, no superfluities; we were comfortable and respectable, and never dreamed that we had few luxuries. All of us helped in the work, and the little negroes, of whom there were perhaps eleven more, helped Black Sally and Dinah Gray, their mothers, as cheerfully as we helped our sweet mother. She was queen of the whole domain, house, plantation, and wide estate.

"Father came in one wild, wet Christmas Eve after a long ride. The rain-drops clung to his beard, and glistened on his coat. He was booted and spurred, and he did not, as usual, at once lay off his things and get into slippers, but stood around, hat in hand, as if he were going out again.

"'John, dear, supper's most ready,' said mother. 'You are not too tired to enjoy it, I hope?' she asked, anxiously. 'Did anything go wrong in town. Must there be worry ahead? What ails you, John?'

"'Not a thing, sweetheart. I sold what I took to market and the price is in my pocket. I'm only worrying over a baby I saw down below. I bought all you told me to. I've a hamper full of things.'

"'A baby?' said mother, disregarding the last speech.

"'Yes, sweetheart. The forlornest bit of a baby you ever saw. Its parents were going West. The father was struck with fever, and died last week; and the mother, a fragile little creature, all worn out by hardship and travel and sorrow, passed away this morning. Unless they can find some folks who want that child, he'll have to go to the poor farm. He's a little waif, sure enough, not three months old.'

"'John!' said my mother, severely, 'why did you not bring that child directly to me?'

"'Your hands are overfull, Ellen. There are eleven here now, and the youngest is only four.'

"'What do you know about it, John? I haven't complained. I am raising the whole family pretty well, I think. Where will you find a nicer, prettier, better behaved, more obedient set of children than ours? We're perishing for a baby, and that's the truth. Go straight away to-morrow morning, John, and bring that baby here. I'll feed him, and clothe him, and kiss him, and cuddle him, and spank him when the time comes, exactly as if he were my own. And if nobody claims him, he'll round out our dozen for us, John.'

"Father just shook the rain off his coat, and laughed one of his big hearty laughs. He put his arms around mother and gave her a tremendous hug.

"'You sweetness!' he said. 'You darling! I knew what you'd say. I've got that baby with me. He's in the barn this minute.'

"'In the barn! This cold night! For pity's sake, John, bring him to me.'

"Well," Cousin Ruth, went on, "when mother saw that desolate baby, she cried and cried and cried. He was such a mite, so poor in flesh, like a little old man, with a wizened, three-cornered face, that looked as if it had seen the miseries of a century. Dinah Gray, whose black skin hid the whitest nature that ever a woman had, bathed the 'lile pickaninny' and nursed it at her breast, for she happened to have a baby of her own, and, would you believe it, that child grew into a perfect picture of beauty. Strong and straight and fearless, a sturdy boy on his legs, and the pride and pet of the whole household. We named him Christopher. It seemed a good name for our Christmas child."

JOHN BRINGS IN THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS WAIF

"We had the jolliest Christmas you can imagine that year. Presents for everybody—not one left out—and all of us having just what we wanted most; but the very finest gift of gifts was the baby. From the hour he came things took a turn with us for prosperity. Mother would never say she loved him just as she loved her own, for she was the soul of truth, and her conscience made fine distinctions. But one day she said to me, when she and I were occupied together over some domestic task, 'I wouldn't wonder, Ruth, if I loved Christie a wee bit more than I do the rest of you, for I mix him up in my thought with the Babe who came one night in Judea; the Christ-Child loves my poor Christopher best, I am sure.' Mother was a good woman," added Cousin Ruth.

"She was that," said our mother.

"Did you ever learn anything about his parentage?" inquired Edith.

"Not for some time," said Cousin Ruth. "Chris grew up amongst us, one of our very own, went to school and to college, as my brothers did, and worked on the farm in vacation just as they did. Father and mother treated him like their own flesh and blood. One

A complete encyclopedia of universal knowledge.

How the Browns Spent Saturday Evening

Perhaps it's a good way for you

SATURDAY night had come, and they were just finishing supper, when twenty-one-year-old Emily said, with a groan, "I've had it hanging over me all the week, and I'm not a bit readier for it than I was last Monday. I suppose I ought to have started earlier, but I don't believe it would have made much difference."

"What under the sun is the child talking about?" asked Mrs. Brown, in amazement. "Have you got to have a tooth pulled on Monday, dear?"

"How absurd, mother!" was the answer. "No, it's a good deal worse than a tooth. I've got to teach the Twenty-third Psalm to-morrow in Sunday-school, to a class of sixteen-year-old girls. *The Twenty-third Psalm!* Just imagine! They all know it by heart—the superintendent has drilled us on it till we could say it backwards."

"Emily! How *can* you be so irreverent?"

"Oh! I don't intend to, mother dear; but you know what I mean. I honestly think I

"Father Brown looked at his incensed and despairing son and daughter."

ought to give my class up. I don't know enough about the Bible, in the first place, and when it comes to a lesson like this, that is so old and worn out that there's absolutely nothing new I can say to them, what can I do?"

"She's right, Mater," spoke up Rob, "I don't blame you a bit, Sis. If you'll tell me how I'm going to teach that psalm to my class of rowdies, you can have anything *I* own."

Father Brown laid down the evening paper, and looked amusedly over his spectacles at his incensed and despairing son and daughter. "Have you looked at The Sunday School Times this week?" he threw out tentatively.

"YES, sir, I have," said Emily, "and there's no special help in it that I can use. What I need is some one to give me ideas on how to teach a lesson to *my* class. There's really no sense in your paying for two copies of the Times, father."

Mr. Brown opened The Sunday School Times and turned its pages. He said nothing, and in a few minutes he closed the paper and joined the rest as they moved out from the dining-room into the library, where they settled down with books and embroidery for the evening.

. . . . . .

"Emily," said Mr. Brown, an hour later, "what should you say is one of the greatest causes of anxiety in this world?"

"Having a Sunday-school class you can't teach."

"Oh, let up on that class, Sis!" interrupted Rob. "I believe fear is one of the worst things to make people anxious, sir," he said to his father.

"That's certainly true of Carrie Smith, in my Sunday-school class," broke in Emily. "She's afraid of *everything*. If a dog passes her across the street she almost faints. She is afraid of the rest of the girls in the class, and she is afraid in the dark. Really, if the child doesn't overcome it, I don't know what she'll grow into."

"I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," said Mr. Brown, quietly.

"O dad! you're teaching us the Sunday-school lesson," cried Emily, springing up and coming across the room to seat herself on the arm of his chair. "Well, I wish you *would* teach it to us. There's one good point, anyway, for Carrie Smith, and I certainly never thought of her before in connection with the Twenty-third Psalm."

"YES, sir, I hope you will," said Rob. "I can use that point, too. I've got two youngsters in my class that need it. One of 'em is a little coward physically; the other is so over-conscientious he is always borrowing trouble for to-morrow, and afraid that he's going to yield to some awful sin. If he'd stop 'fearing evil' and trust the Lord a little, he'd accomplish a heap more."

"Well, do you think of any other cause of anxiety in the world?" said Father Brown, slipping his arm around the waist of the big daughter at his side.

"Want," said Emily promptly. "There is a positive bitterness in some of my girls toward the whole world because they are in more or less want a good deal of the time."

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,'" quoted Mr. Brown again.

"Why, it's there—isn't it?" said Emily delightedly. "And those very girls are members of the church, too. I don't believe they ever stopped to realize that it is positively *wrong* for them to be embittered and anxious because they don't have all they would like. I know they never thought of it in connection with the Twenty-third Psalm they repeat so glibly. Father, do go on. I really believe I can teach that lesson."

"I wonder if your girls realize that even if they had all they want they wouldn't be contented without the spirit of the beautiful old Shepherd Psalm," said Mr. Brown. "Turn to the second chapter of Ecclesiastes, and read from the fourth to the eleventh verse, Emily."

"What a crushing climax!" said Emily after a moment, when she had read the passage to herself.

"Let's see it," said Rob, reaching for the Bible.

"And it's just what Sadie Henderson needs, too," Emily went on. "If there ever was a pampered 'lap-of-luxury' girl, it's Sadie. But she's awfully discontented. She needs a dose of Ecclesiastes followed by the Twenty-third Psalm."

"If you want a contrast, Emily, look at Paul's experience as he tells about it in 2 Corinthians, from the twenty-third to the twenty-seventh verse of the eleventh chapter. In spite of those terrible persecutions, Paul had a secret that kept him absolutely content. He confided it to the Philippians, when he wrote them, and you'll find it in the eleventh verse of the last chapter of that letter. Years before, David had the same secret: 'The Lord is my shepherd.' Isn't it beautiful?"

"Beautiful? Why, father, I never knew that psalm was so interesting before, and that it had so much to do with the rest of the Bible. But I believe you know the whole Bible by heart. I wish I could turn to all the interesting places the way you can."

MR. BROWN smiled across at Mrs. Brown. "There's an interesting story told of a remarkable ruler who lived in Northern Syria during the first half of the nineteenth century, Prince B'Sheer," he went on, "that throws a little light on the old familiar verse: 'Yea,

"How much would a dinner like that cost?"

though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' One of the officers of Prince B'Sheer once unexpectedly met a woman traveling alone in the 'Valley of the Horn,' a proverbial robbers' haunt. The astonished officer asked the woman, 'Where is thy escort?' 'My escort,' she replied, 'is in Beit ed-Deen [the residence of B'Sheer, a hundred miles away]. His rod protects me, even in Wady el-Karn.' And she was as safe as though she had had an armed troop accompanying her."

"I can use that in my class," said Rob interestedly. "Tell us some more, father."

"I wonder if the boys and girls in your classes realize how many good things in life God has all ready and waiting for them, if they will only trust him and accept them," said the father. "If they don't, try this illustration:

"'A man had engaged passage on a coasting steamer bound for Florida. He was in straitened circumstances, and had but a small sum left when his ticket was paid for. Part of this he invested in crackers and cheese, thinking the cabin fare much too expensive for his limited means. After a while his crackers tasted flat and stale, and his cheese became hard and mouldy. To aggravate matters, he was obliged, three times a day, to inhale the odors from the cook's galleys, and the delicious aromas drove him almost frantic. Finally, when within a day's sail from the port of destination, he grew desperate. Seeing the steward bearing a huge platter with a turkey and fixings, he waylaid him at the entrance of the dining-saloon, and said: 'See here! I haven't much money, but I have stood this thing as long as I can. How much will a dinner like that cost?' 'Cost!' exclaimed the steward, 'why, man, it don't cost you anything! it's all paid for in your passage.'"

"That's a mighty good illustration," said Rob, as his father finished; "you're a genius at finding or remembering that sort of thing, sir. I've got no knack at it at all."

"Don't let your boys forget one thing though, Rob," said his father. "The 'I shall not want' does not belong to the 'I will not work.'"

Rob had out his note-book by this time.

"Does any one know when the Twenty-third Psalm was written?" Emily asked.

"Not absolutely," her father said. "If we assume that David wrote it, we must assign it to a time in his life when his enemies were strong, and after he had become especially interested in the 'house of Jehovah.' In this case, perhaps 1023 Before Christ, or 972 Before Christ, by the Assyrian chronology as now commonly understood, would be the time of its writing."

"JUST see how many teaching points there are in the Psalm," went on Mr. Brown. "Take these half-dozen, for instance, and see how easily you can work them up, and apply them to your two classes. There's the life of faith, the life of peace, the life of God's guidance, the life of comfort in trial, the life of triumph (that's one for your boys, Rob), and the promise of a life with God forever."

"Why, father, that's the lesson in a nutshell," burst out Emily admiringly. "If only I could do it! You always make a lesson seem so easy. Now, if The Sunday School Times had anything in it like what you've given us to-night, I'd gladly pay five dollars a year for it, instead of the dollar that it costs."

Father Brown's eyes began to twinkle. He looked across the library table at Mother Brown, who was smiling, then he threw back his head and gave a hearty laugh.

"Father, you're making fun of us," said Emily, "What is the joke?"

"There's no joke, Emily dear," said Father Brown, seriously again; "but there's a secret. Where do you suppose I got all these facts and points and dates and references and illustrations I've been giving you?"

"Why, out of your head and memory, sir," said Rob.

"No; out of a little treasure-box I've got behind me." And Mr. Brown reached back of his chair and lifted up the copy of the Sunday School Times that he had tossed there.

"FATHER BROWN, I just don't believe you," said Emily, snatching the paper out of his hand.

"Do you remember I asked you at supper whether you had studied the Times on this lesson, Emily?"

"Yes, sir"—a little sheepishly. "But I didn't know it had *that* sort of help in it."

"Had you read Doctor Dunning's hints for the 'Intermediate Teacher?'" asked her father.

"That's under the 'Graded Helps'—isn't it? No, our school isn't graded, you know, and, besides, my class wouldn't be in the intermediate department if it were."

"But didn't you know that the 'Graded Helps' in the Times are just as valuable for classes in an ungraded school as in a graded school? And Doctor Dunning's article is one of the best all-round teaching helps I know of," said her father. "Teachers of scholars running from ten to twenty years of age can find lots of practical help in it. Probably that's why the editors have changed the title of the article, as I see by this issue, to 'The Young Folks' Class.'"

"What made you think of asking us what causes anxiety, sir?" said Rob. "It's such a

"Afraid he's going to yield to some awful sin."

good way of opening up the lesson that I think I'll begin that way to-morrow."

"Look at the first sentence of Doctor Dunning's article," answered his father.

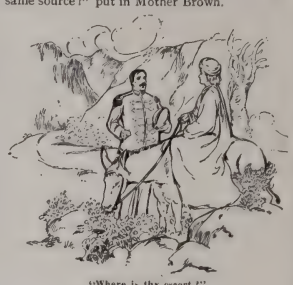
"AND where did you get those tremendously apt references from Ecclesiastes and Paul's letters?" asked Emily.

"Look at Doctor Dunning," said Mr. Brown with a smile. "But I used only about one-fifth of his article. If you like the sample, why not try more of it yourselves next time?

"Well, sir, how about that rattling good illustration of the fellow starving himself on shipboard?" Rob asked.

"Oh! that's from Doctor Banks's column of illustrations, of course. I've somehow got into the habit of turning to him first of all when I open the paper. I'm pretty sure to find one or two that just 'hit' me, and a good illustration is often a whole lesson in itself."

"Was the story of the Syrian prince from the same source?" put in Mother Brown.



"Where is thy escort?"

"No, dear; that was from Mrs. Howie's 'Oriental Lesson-Lights.' I always feel as if I'd had a little visit to the Holy Land when I read her. She lives on Mt. Lebanon, you know, and sends her articles fresh from Syria."

"WHAT made you think of that clever thing I'm going to tell my boys to paste in their hats, father?"

"What do you mean?" asked his father curiously.

"Why,"—and Rob pulled out his note-book—"'The *I shall not want* does not belong to the *I will not work*.'"

"Did you never notice those little italic sentences interjected between the longer lesson articles, Rob? 'Epigrams,' I call them."

"I never stopped to read them, sir. But if that's what they're like, I'll keep a sharp eye on them. I believe I could get a motto a week from them for my boys."

"And when you asked me when the Twenty-third Psalm was written, Emily, I quoted Professor Beecher. Beecher on the Old Testament, and Riddle on the New, tell you all you want to know about time and place and persons, and clear up puzzling passages in the text," Mr. Brown said.

"Why didn't I know it was all there before?" said Emily. "Why, father dear, I'm fairly impatient to get to my class. I'm positively enthusiastic. Do you think I could study next week's lesson myself out of The Sunday School Times, and get anything like as much out of it?"

"INDEED you can, Emily, and a great deal more. I only touched on a very few points to-night. For downright practical applications of the lesson to your boys and girls, and to grown folks, too, I don't know of anything that compares with Doctor Goss's 'Lesson in Everyday Life.' Those six points that you said gave the lesson in a nutshell, were Doctor Hurlbut's 'Lesson Outline.' If I were a superintendent, I should load up with the bright suggestions of Doctor Schauffler in his 'Hints for the Superintendent.' Mother was scheduled to teach the Primary Union this afternoon, and I suppose that's why I found Mrs. Bryner's 'Primary Teacher' article so well thumbed and marked."

"What writer do you like best of all, father?" asked Rob.

"I could no more decide between them than I could between you and Emily," came the smiling answer. "But, whoever else I study, I always come back to the grand old preacher, McLaren of Manchester, for the precious truths of the lesson put so beautifully, so clearly, and so strongly, that it's like listening to a sermon in Westminster Abbey. And now, children, you must excuse me, for I've got to put some finishing touches on my study of Dean Sanders' Senior Bible Class article for my adult class to-morrow. I've been at it all the week, but I'm not through yet. The class has doubled since I got them all to take the Times and study his outlines themselves, and as for interest—well, they simply all want to talk at once."

"All right, father dear, but where's that other copy of this wonderful old paper? Rob and I can use it together to-night; but—Say, dad, I think you'd better order four copies after this."

"Why not make it five, Sis, and get the seventy-five cent club rate, instead of the dollar? We can give our extra copy to the minister." And Rob was at his desk addressing an envelope to The Sunday School Times Co., Walnut and Eleventh Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

THERE was silence after the question. It was broken by Mrs. Vernon, who turned and faced the women.

"We do not need to give up praying for these men, even if we do not pray here on the walk in front of their places. Is God restricted in his Almighty power to answer whether we pray in one place or another? Let us pray at home and in our churches and at our daily work. God is not dead. He will hear and answer our righteous prayers."

"That's right," Mrs. Edwards vigorously seconded Mrs. Vernon. "Let's go home and do our praying as we work."

The women went home that afternoon, but it was a long time before Colby forgot that stirring afternoon in front of Jake Lawson's. If a saloon-keeper can lose caste, he lost it from that date. Even the men who continued to frequent his bar had a contempt for him, and showed it in many ways.

But there was one man in Colby who brooded over the event of the afternoon until it finally led to one of the strangest acts in the history of the temperance movement in Anderson. The man was Quits, and he broke a long silence one afternoon about two weeks after the affair with Jake Lawson, by saying to George:

"The thing that makes me mad is the fact that Jake Lawson never heard the prayers of the women. He didn't dare listen to them. That's the case with all the saloon men and brewers. They never hear any prayers. And they don't dare to listen. I don't believe any living man could listen to Mother Vernon's prayers or to Mrs. Edwards or Mrs. Douglas, and then go right on selling liquor."

"You're wrong there, Quits. I don't believe anything could have any effect on Lawson."

"I'd like to try him and see," replied Quits, in a strange tone.

"What do you mean?" asked George, in astonishment.

"If I work out my idea will you help?" asked Quits, looking at George doubtfully.

"Of course I will," replied George promptly. George had shot up during the last three years to a somewhat awkward but quite stout and well-developed youth, and Quits had good reasons for wanting to keep friendly with him and retain his influence and intimacy, up to this time unimpaired.

"I'll tell you when I'm ready," Quits said briefly, and George forgot all about it the next day.

A week later, Quits invited George to supper with him, and after the meal he told of his plan and asked George's help. There was no work to do at the *Beacon* office that night, and the evening was before them.

George listened to the plan proposed by Quits, and when he was through, the boy stared at him with amazement.

"You're crazy, Quits!"

"No, I'm not," replied Quits, doggedly. "It can be done and the risk is not very great. I've taken bigger ones many times riding on the bogies of the through express. If you don't want to go into it, I'll try it alone."

"No, I'll go with you. But what if he gets the drop on us?"

"He won't," Quits said shortly. "I've known Jake Lawson longer than you have. He's one of the biggest cowards in Anderson county. There's no danger to us."

When Quits and George started out from the boarding-house it was nearly eight o'clock. The night was warm, and the Methodist Church bell was ringing for the special prayer-meeting which the temperance women of Colby had established for Wednesday night every week since their attempt to hold their service in front of the saloons.

Quits carried on his arm a blanket, and he gave to George a coil of small rope. They walked along one of the streets parallel to the main street, until they were a block above Jake's place, then crossed over the main thoroughfare into the alley that ran past the rear of the saloon. Half a block from the rear of the saloon Quits stopped and listened. The rumble of a heavy wagon at the farther end of the alley seemed to assure him.

"He'll be out in a minute," he muttered, and motioned George to come along. Together they went down the alley until they were standing in the shadow of the short platform at the rear of the saloon, where Jake put out his empty kegs for the beer wagon to collect.

Evidently Quits had studied the entire detail of his plan with a nicety and precision that George could not help admiring, although his young heart was beating a tattoo on his ribs, and if truth were told he would have run away if Quits had not laid a heavy hand on his arm.

For three weeks there had been a strike among the teamsters in Colby and Clinton. The Clinton men had combined against the saloon men in Colby for less night work. The Colby saloon men had fought the demand and pressed into service every team they could get. There was, however, great irregularity of delivery. Quits must have noticed, with a strategist's keenness for minute detail the time that elapsed between the entrance of the delivery beer wagon into the alley four blocks away, where the first saloon was located, and the time it generally took to reach Jake's place. At any rate, he reasoned that the chances were good that at some time during the early evening Jake would come out of the rear door of the saloon upon the platform to roll out empty kegs or listen for the approach of the wagon, since that was the regular time for receiving a fresh supply of liquor from Clinton.

He climbed quietly upon the platform, and stood close by the door with his back against the building, and motioned to George to come up and stand beside him. There was just room for them both. The door was partly open, and they could hear the clinking of glasses at the bar and the sound of voices.

"Do you want the rope now?" whispered George, his teeth chattering a little.

"No, but have it ready. Do just as I told you. Keep still. He's coming."

There was a step along the passageway and the door was opened. Jake came out, and, glancing up the alley, muttered an oath at the striking teamsters and the late delivery.

The next instant Quits had thrown his blanket over the saloon-keeper's head, twisted the ends of the blanket tightly around the back of his neck, and thrown his long, powerful arms about his body.

Lawson was not a very large man, and by the side of Quits he was hardly a match even for George. But after the first shock of surprise he tried to cry out through the folds of the blanket, and began to kick at Quits vigorously.

Quits lifted him off his feet, dropped him over the edge of the platform and threw him down at full length, kneeling on Lawson's legs, and then, before the saloon-keeper could recover from his second shock, he raised his body up from the ground and pinioned his arms to his sides with the help of George, who, now that the first fright was over, entered into the spirit of Quit's strange adventure with the delight of a rapidly awakening desire for excitement of the unusual sort.

"Take hold of his legs now, George," said Quits, as he lifted Lawson's body,

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 1078

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1076

and together they carried him up the alley for a block and a half, and then laid him down again.

Lawson seemed stunned into silence during the time he was being carried, but as soon as Quits and George laid him down he made an effort to get up, and struggled furiously to loosen his arms, which were pinned close to his body with the rope. Quits pushed him back, and, kneeling close to him, he spoke in a low, but distinct voice.

"Jake Lawson, do you know me?"

The saloon-keeper made no answer, and Quits bent closer and spoke a name that George could not hear. Jake Lawson heard, however, and the few words that Quits added to the name evidently had an astonishing effect in quieting him. Out of what dark past the once reckless, dissipated printer had drawn some Christ-forgiven wrong with which Quits and Lawson were intimate, and for his share of which Quits felt pardon, George never knew. Apparently the saloon-keeper regarded Quits now with apprehension. Nothing short of some deep-seated dread of a past, he thought unshared by others, could account for what now took place. "Get up," Quits said briefly, and as he rose, he helped Lawson to his feet.

For a moment the three stood together, George and Quits each side of Lawson. Then Quits said, "Will you go along quietly without making any trouble now?"

After a second's hesitation, the saloon-keeper nodded his head. Quits took off the blanket and said, "Come along, then."

They went up the alley another block, and then turned and came out on the main street close by the Methodist Church. As they crossed over and went into the entrance that led by the chapel of the church, George, looking carefully at Lawson's face, will never forget the curious mingling of fear, apprehension, and hatred that convulsed his features.

The prayer-meeting had begun, and the women were singing a hymn as Quits motioned George to guide the saloon-keeper on his side around the chapel, until they came out at the rear of the building. The night was warm and a window at the corner was open. Quits halted near this window, and with a remarkable smile on his homely face, he pulled Jake Lawson up close to the building. Lawson's face was a study, as he dimly began to have some sense of Quits' motive.

The hymn ceased, and there was a period of intense stillness. It was suddenly broken by a voice praying. At first, the words were not audible to the listeners outside; but soon the sentences came clear and distinct.

"Dear Lord, have mercy upon the boys in this town. Many of them are going down to ruin. What can we do, O Lord, but pray and beseech thee to hear us, not for ourselves, but for those who are being lost. So many years, Lord Jesus! O Lord, we, thy children, have pleaded with thee to save our boys. O God!" The voice broke with a sob, and a trembling voice said "Amen! O Lord, hear us!" Then the prayer went on: "And we pray also, dear Father, for the men in Colby who are breaking the laws, and are engaged in the rum business for gain. O God, especially we pray thee send thy convicting spirit upon Jake Lawson, and break his heart of stone. Save his soul, O God, for the sake of Christ!" (All over the room were cries of "Amen! Yes, Lord! O hear us!") "He has sinned deeply these many years. But thy grace is sufficient for any one. O we beg of thee, move with thy power upon all the saloon-keepers in this town, and convict them of sin and save them! The politicians care not for the welfare of our homes, and our boys are going down to death, and no one but thyself to save. O God, hear us. We believe in thee. Thou art the hope of our souls. O save us from despair, and shine upon us with the light of thy redemptive countenance. For the sake of Jesus Christ, who died on the shameful Cross, have mercy upon us and grant us deliverance. Convict sinners of sin and deliver us from evil. For thine is the Kingdom forever. In Jesus' name. Amen."

Jake Lawson made a movement as if to get away. Quits laid his long, heavy hand on the man's shoulder, and he stopped. But Quits felt him trembling.

There were two more prayers, in each of which Lawson's name was mentioned specially. Then a quavering voice began, "Rescue the perishing!" Sobs and cries broke into the singing, and the minute it was finished the prayers began again. Some of them were almost hysterical in their despairing energy. Most of them were spoken by wives and mothers who had felt the iron enter their own souls, in home desolations that could not be revealed to any one but God. All of them, without exception, pleaded for the conversion of the saloon-keepers of Colby, and for Jake Lawson in particular. As the prayer meeting drew to a close, Quits' face expressed a grim satisfaction. When the leader gave out the closing hymn, Quits drew Lawson around the other corner of the chapel and cut the rope that had bound him.

"You've heard some prayers for once in your life, Jake Lawson, and I hope they may do you good. Before you go, I want you to know that I don't have any hatred towards you. You did me a great wrong once, that time——" Quits' face worked strangely. "But you didn't know I was in it. I've forgiven you, and I don't bear any grudge. But you need to get on your knees, Jake, and cry aloud. A man that's had so many prayers offered for him as you have ought to be saved. You know you're a sinner, Jake Lawson. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, my brother, and he will save you, as he has saved me. Will you?"

TO BE CONTINUED

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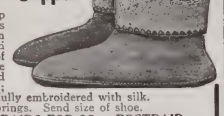

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

CHRISTMAS IN THE TENEMENTS*

IN a hundred places all over the city, when Christmas comes, as many open-air fairs spring suddenly into life. A kind of Gentile Feast of Tabernacles possesses the tenement districts especially. Green-embowered booths stand in rows at the curb, and the voice of the tin trumpet is heard in the land. The common source of all the show is down by the North River, in the district known as "the Farm." Down there Santa Claus establishes headquarters early in December and until past New Year. The broad quay looks then more like a clearing in a pine forest than a busy section of the metropolis. The steamers discharge their loads of fir trees at the piers until they stand stacked mountain-high, with foot-hills of holly and ground-ivy trailing off toward the land side. An army train of wagons is engaged in carting them away from early morning till late at night; but the green forest grows, in spite of it all, until in places it shuts the shipping out of sight altogether. The air is redolent with the smell of balsam and pine.

Into the ugliest tenement street Christmas brings something of picturesqueness, of cheer. Its message was ever to the poor and the heavy-laden, and by them it is understood with an instinctive yearning to do it honor. In the stiff dignity of the brownstone streets up-town there may be scarce a hint of it. In the homes of the poor it blossoms on stoop and fire-escape, looks out of the front window, and makes the unsightly barber-pole to sprout overnight like an Aaron's-rod. Poor indeed is the home that has not its sign of peace over the hearth, be it but a single sprig of green. A little color creeps with it even into rabbinical Hester street, and shows in the shop-windows and in the children's faces. The very feather dusters in the pedler's stock take on brighter hues for the occasion, and the big knives in the cutler's shop gleam with a lively anticipation of the impending goose "with fixins"—a concession, perhaps, to the commercial rather than the religious holiday; business comes then, if ever. A crowd of ragamuffins camp out at a window where Santa Claus and his wife stand in state, embodiment of the domestic ideal that has not yet gone out of fashion in these tenements, gazing hungrily at the announcement that "A silver present will be given to every purchaser by a real Santa Claus—M. Levitsky."

Farthest down town, where the island narrows toward the Battery, and warehouses crowd the few remaining tenements, the sombre-hued colony of Syrians is astir with preparation for the holiday. How comes it that in the only settlement of the real Christmas people in New York the corner saloon appropriates to itself all the outward signs of it? Even the floral cross that is nailed over the door of the Orthodox church is long withered and dead; it has been there since Easter, and it is yet twelve days to Christmas by the belated reckoning of the Greek Church. But if the houses show no sign of the holiday, within there is nothing lacking. The whole colony is gone a-visiting. There are enough of the unorthodox to set the fashion, and the rest follow the custom of the country. The men go from house to house, laugh, shake hands, and kiss one another on both cheeks, with the salutation, "Kol am va antom Salimoon." "Every year and you are safe," the Syrian guide renders it into English; and a non-professional interpreter amends it: "May you grow happier year by year."

The bells in old Trinity chime the midnight hour. . . . . Outside the snow is falling. It sifts silently into each nook and corner, softens all the hard and ugly lines, and throws the spotless mantle of charity over the blemishes, the shortcomings. Christmas morning will dawn pure and white.

*From *Children of the Tenements*, by Jacob A. Riis, illustrated, pp. 287. Price $2. Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers. A realistic picture of life on the East Side of New York.

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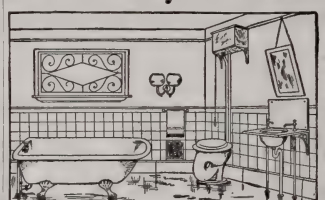

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LUCKY CURVE

A Christmas Suggestion

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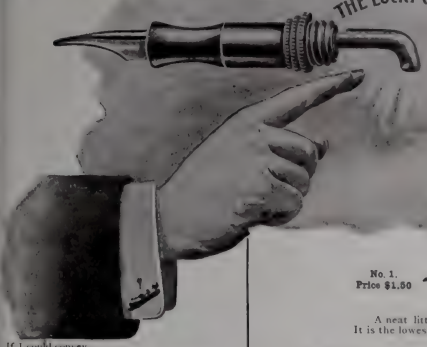
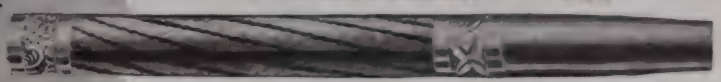




A Christmas Suggestion

Are you perplexed and bothered to know what to select for a Christmas present for some dear friend, for gentleman, lady or girl, for a young lady or young gentleman, for mother, father, sister, or brother? There is no present of moderate price which you can buy that will give anything like such pleasure and satisfaction as will a Parker Pen. It is a useful article, which will last a lifetime and be a constant pleasure to the owner. For your convenience, I will illustrate a few of the most popular numbers My catalogue, however, shows many additional styles.

No. 1. Price $1.50

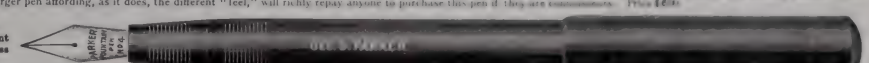
No. 1. Plain Barrel Parker Lucky Curve. Price $1.50.

A neat little pen. Has the "Lucky Curve" Screw Joint. Does not have the Anti-Break Cap. Either over or under Feed. A very good pen and guaranteed. It is the lowest in price of any Parker "Lucky Curve" made.

No. 20. Screw Joint or Jointless $3.00

This is a splendid pen for the money, and it is just the thing for the school boy or school girl. It is a good, solid, serviceable pen, and will stand lots of hard usage. If you want to send a thrill of pleasure through "that boy" or "that girl," you can do it with a Parker No. 20. Not quite so large as the next one, but a good and fully warranted.

No. 23. This number can be supplied when so desired, with practically same size barrel as No. 20, but the pen is a full size larger than the preceding number. The larger pen affording, as it does, the different "feel," will richly repay anyone to purchase this pen if they are conservative. Price $4.00.



No. 24. Screw Joint or Jointless $4.00

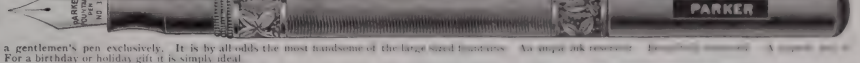
No. 24. Price $4.00. This pen is much larger than the general run of pens, and they are purchased by those who know and who they want and can afford to pay the higher price necessary for the larger and better pen. If you feel like spending $4.00 for a fountain pen, and purchase this pen, we feel safe in saying you can choose $10.00 around and not find a better pen if another could not be purchased. It has a "feel," too, all its own. We can recommend it as one of the finest pens ever made. (This pen fitted for shorthand, bookkeeping or Bookkeeping when so ordered.)

No. 25. Screw Joint or Jointless $5.00

No. 25. Price $5.00. If you enjoy writing with a large fountain and pen, you should own a No. 25. It will tell the story of what real luxury is possible to be afforded by a fountain pen. The entire fountain is large, but you forget all about that, as the large, smooth shining pen glides swiftly over the paper.

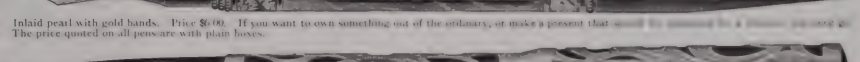
No. 6. Price $3.00

This is a very handsome pen. Has beautifully chased barrel in a great variety of patterns, fitted with gold bands. It is made [illegible] in engraving, the other, ladies' size, considerably smaller.



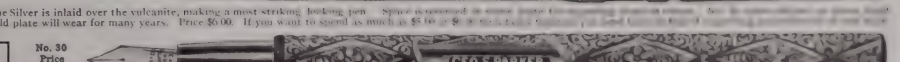
No. 9. Price $4.00

This is a gentlemen's pen exclusively. It is by all odds the most handsome of the large sized fountains. An ample ink reservoir, beautifully ornamented. A superb pen in every way. For a birthday or holiday gift it is simply ideal.

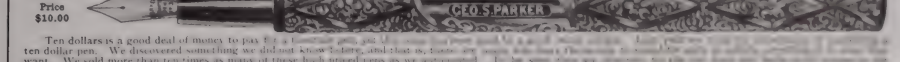


No. 12. Price $6.00

No. 12. Inlaid pearl with gold bands. Price $6.00. If you want to own something out of the ordinary, or make a present that [illegible] no further. The price quoted on all pens are with plain boxes.



No. 14. Price $5.00



No. 16. Price $6.00

The Silver is inlaid over the vulcanite, making a most striking looking pen. Spoon is covered in some [illegible] 18K gold plate will wear for many years. Price $6.00. If you want to spend as much as $5 to $[illegible]

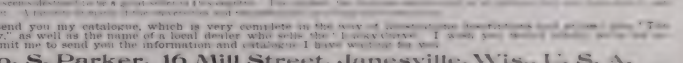
No. 30 Price $10.00

Ten dollars is a good deal of money to pay for a fountain pen, but if [illegible] ten dollar pen. We discovered something we did not know before, and that is, [illegible] want. We sold more than ten times as many of these high priced pens as we [illegible] rich-looking, gold-covered No. 30. If you want to make some dear friend [illegible] will fill the bill. For presentation purposes to some office or [illegible] barrel in place provided to engrave name, [illegible]

No. 40. Price $20.00

No. 40. Price $20.00.

We do not expect this pen will ever come into [illegible] of a society, it would make a lasting reminder of the donor. It is difficult [illegible] representation of it. The flowers, leaves, vines, etc., stand out in relief as the hand of the engraver has left them. The delicate beauty and richness of this pen must be seen to be appreciated. Sample pen will be sent a push mailer, post with at address and charge.



Bulldog Special. Price $4.00

This is a new thing in fountain pens. It [illegible] vantage of never getting lost, always at hand, and [illegible] two years and seems destined to be a great success [illegible] charmed circles. A specimen pen [illegible]

Let me send you my catalogue, which is very complete in the way of [illegible] Reason Why," as well as the name of a local dealer who sells the "Lucky Curve." I want you [illegible] day and permit me to send you the information and catalogue I have waiting for you.

Geo. S. Parker, 16 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis., U. S. A.

P. S. If you will state in your letter that you are an INTENDING PURCHASER of a Parker Pen, I will send you complimentary a 6-inch Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter, on receipt of stamp; to others, 12 cents.

Absolutely the Best Pen in the World

Honest pens that will wear, and capable of many years of satisfactory use. In fact, I issue an Accident Policy with each pen, which not only guarantees each pen to be entirely satisfactory, but it **Insures Against Breakage for One Year Cap, Barrel, Feeder, Nozzle, and, in fact, any part except the Gold Pen.**

Such vital and necessary patented improvements as the famous "Lucky Curve" feed, the Anti-Break Cap, Spring Lock, etc., are some reasons for its great superiority, and without which they could not be claimed to be

Perfect Parker Pens.

To those who have never owned a Fountain Pen, the Parker is a delight. To those who have tried others, it is perfection. First right in principle, then skillfully made to avoid the weak points found in other makes. Parker Pens seem to go alone, so smooth and easy is their movement.

Many thousands of the best dealers sell my pens and carry fine assortments. If, however, you cannot purchase a Parker Pen in your city, please do not purchase another make simply to accommodate the dealer, by enabling him to make a larger profit than he could by selling you a "Lucky Curve," but in such an instance kindly order direct.

Remember, in purchasing the Parker you are buying a pen not merely for to-day or to-morrow, but one that will last many years, consequently you cannot afford to be annoyed by the use of an inferior pen.

May I ask, in event I have the pleasure of numbering you among the users of the Parker Pen, and you find I have given you better value than I promised, will you kindly speak a good word in its behalf to your friends? If you do, I will appreciate it as a personal favor.

For Booklovers. — Pencil notes will blur. A "Parker Pen" will make them indelible.

For Statesmen. — Keep talon on your opponent's speech. A "Parker Pen" is ready on the instant.

For Students. Ever find your pencil notes blurred? Use a "Parker Pen" and avoid this annoyance.

For the Foreman and Superintendent. — A practical pen for practical men. The "Parker Pen" uses any color ink — writes neatly — does not stick or splutter.

For Cashier. — Twice as many checks can be signed — if you use a "Parker Pen" — ready without a shake.

For Physicians. — Use it for writing prescriptions, making original and duplicate copies, one for patient, the other for files.

For Stenographers. — The stenographers third-hand, lectures and sermons always readable when you get home.

For Travelers. — Useful as time tables. A traveler can write out his orders on the double-quick with a "Parker Pen."

For Bill Clerk. — Saves one man's work in invoicing. Can make original copy for customers, carbon copy for file, all done with one writing — with a "Parker Pen."

For Reporters. — The Reporter's Side Arm. — The "Parker Pen" is always ready to make notes.

For Ministers. — Do not attempt to hold those fleeting thoughts in your head. A "Parker Pen" will transfer them to paper at your command.

For Social or Business Correspondence. — Indispensable.

Who sells them? More than 9000 of the best dealers!

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.

If you live in any of these cities, please call and see representative line of my pens in the stock of any of the following dealers from whom you will receive cordial reception. Just say that I asked you to call. Benj. F. Spink, 2 W. 14th St., New York City. The Dreka Company, 1121 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Geo. E. Marshall & Co., 144 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.; H. T. Thomas, 14 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.; S. G. Adams, 114 North Sixth St., St. Louis, Mo.

Physician's Thermometer Fountain Pen (Special)

This will interest every busy, successful practicing physician. It is a complete Parker "Lucky Curve" Fountain Pen. In the end opposite the gold pen, inserted in an ingenious way, is a Clinical Thermometer, ready for instant use. Price $5.00, which includes thermometer, which is accompanied by a certified certificate showing correct readings of the thermometer.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS.

May we send you our new catalogue and explain our method for supplying purchasers with our pianos easily, safely, and to their advantage wherever they may live? If we have no dealer in your vicinity we will, at your request, ship any style of upright or grand piano that we make, to be tried in your home before you decide to purchase, not to be retained unless entirely satisfactory, we paying all railway freights if it fails to please you in any way.

EASY PAYMENTS.

We sell on easy payments in the most remote city or village of the United States as conveniently as in Boston, requiring but a small cash payment, balance in 12, 24 or 36 equal monthly payments, practically renting the piano till it is paid for. Ivers & Pond Pianos are of but one grade, the highest, and excel in tone quality, durability and tune-staying properties. Old pianos taken in exchange. Your name and valuable information will be sent free. We may save you $50 or $100 in the purchase of a piano. We can certainly save you all chances of getting an inferior instrument.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Subscriber, Pulaski, N. Y. If a husband obtains divorce from his wife, and she has no bill of divorcement from him, can he legally come in possession of any portion of her property? Are the laws of all States alike in this?

If a husband obtains an absolute divorce from his wife in the State of New York, his marital rights in his wife's property cease. This is the general rule, but the laws of the different States vary so much, that an opinion from a local lawyer would be necessary to settle the question as to a particular State.

W. M. H., Lidgerwood, N. D. Is there not a discrepancy between the accounts of Mark and John about the time of the crucifixion? Mark puts it at the third hour; John says it was about the sixth.

There is some dispute as to the harmonizing of the two accounts. The most probable explanation is that John reckoned the hours from midnight as we do, while Mark reckoned according to the Jewish custom from six o'clock, which would make it nine when the crucifixion took place. John's reckoning, you will observe, was of the time that Jesus was before Pilate, and the subsequent proceedings and the procession to Calvary might easily fill three hours.

DR. KLOPSCH—*Dear Sir:* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S premium, *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, received in good condition, and all right, for which I wish to thank you. I am more than pleased; I am delighted with it; especially with the clear type and the pretty binding. The book is better than I expected, containing more reading and the nice illustrations. I never have seen a copy like it. Again I heartily thank you.
Waltham, Mass. ABBIE A. SMITH.

Ruth C. H., Chicago. It was said to me the other day, that persons who drink live longer than those who do not. Can you give statistics to the contrary?

The statement cannot be maintained. All the evidence goes to prove indisputably that the drinker is the shorter lived. Dr. A. Baer, of the Imperial Health Board of Germany, Berlin's chief physician, says the drinker dies sooner than the non-drinker. The greater mortality of drinkers as compared with non-drinkers is shown in these figures of the British United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Association: For the whole period from 1866 to 1887, inclusive, the comparative death-rate was—abstainers 2,798, as against drinkers 5,984. In the Total Abstainers division, 71 per cent. of the "expected deaths" occurred and in the non-abstainers 97 per cent. of the "expected deaths," proving the disease-resisting power of the abstainer. Our American actuaries place the death-rate among even moderate drinkers 33 per cent. higher than among non-drinkers.

Miss Lina Ljungberg, of Wingaker, Sweden, sends us some very pretty verses in commemoration of the relief work in that country and in Finland and Lapland. One of these is as follows:

Heartfelt thanks, CHRISTIAN HERALD,
For the Christ-like display
Of love for the Northland,
Round the Bothnian Bay.

Miss Ljungberg's poem is one of many evidences proving that the people of the Northland remember with gratitude our readers' generosity.

F. T., Baltic, Mich. Explain the meaning of the following passage: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" Does this passage refer to the marriage state?

It may be accepted as referring to marriage, to business, or any other close relationship. It is really self-explanatory. The Christian can have little in common with the sceptic or the infidel, or even with those of an antagonistic faith; and he is wise therefore to keep clear of entanglements with such persons; otherwise the association may shake his own faith and wreck his happiness here and hereafter.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I wish to thank you for the beautiful premium of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the marvelous Butterfly Calendar. It is indeed perfect in its colorings. I am a great friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and praise it whenever I have a chance, and I know that many take it, and think as well of it as I do, as the result of my recommending it to them and showing them my beautiful premiums.
MRS. C. VAN BLANKENSTEYN.
Brooklyn, Nov. 24.

Gip, O. T. Do the phenomena of the mind reveal the immortality of the soul?

There is much in mental phenomena that science is unable to explain, but it cannot be asserted that such phenomena reveal the fact of immortality. The awakening of spiritual life is distinct from what we term mental phenomena, and not until we feel this awakening do we begin to realize the truth of immortality.

M. C. L., Belford, N. J. A brown substance was found on the shore here. No one here knows what it is. Can you tell where its name and worth can be determined?

Send it to a mineralogist in some college. It may have fallen in rain, as substances oc-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1083

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These machines are now being sold at lower prices, quality considered, than any other. Whether you propose the purchase of a machine or not there is much to interest most women at any Singer Store —— and all are cordially invited.

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For $5.00 we send prepaid our beautiful Comtesse Plume, exactly like the picture, shows the quill for the entire length, or an Amazon Plume which does not show the quill, 17 in. long, black or white. Better than is sold in stores at $6.50.

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For $1.00 we send prepaid a 9-inch black, white, pink or blue Ostrich Feather Fan with decorated enameled sticks to match. The same Fan in 11-inch size prepaid for $1.50.

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Let us send any intending purchaser our only salesman—the Cornish Souvenir Album—50 styles of beautiful pianos and organs to select from; and to give an exact idea as to the appearance of our latest styles we have prepared embossed Miniatures Pianos and Organs which reproduce in facsimile the actual instrument. Color of wood, trimmings, etc., are accurately shown. Catalogue and miniatures free on request.

To every purchaser we present free a beautiful musical outfit, containing 40 of the latest successes in vocal and instrumental music; full size; bound.

The Most Liberal Offer Yet.

To every purchaser of a Cornish instrument we will give in addition two full years' tuition in one of the greatest music schools in America. The lessons will be sent by mail to your home by the best professors and teachers of music in the country. There will not be a cent to pay for this. It is given absolutely without cost or price.

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The Album contains the most astonishing price offerings ever heard of and the most liberal offers ever made. Write for them to-day and you will receive descriptions of 50 different styles to select from, all at wonderful prices.

We can show you instruments of ours—in use from 1 to 25 years—in your own town in most cases.

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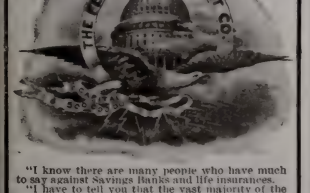

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"THE CITY OF BANKS"

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

casionally do after a storm (the particles having been caught up from the ground by the wind), or it may have been washed up from the sea. If it should prove to be an aerolite, a mineralogist can determine its character.

Reader, Orange, N. J. Can a man be a true Christian and use a whip on a horse?

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast," says the proverb. The whip has its uses, but it should not be used to excess, and it should never be handled by a quick-tempered man. Properly used, there can be no reasonable objection. Some horses never need it; others would be of little use without it.

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH.—I have this morning received my *Pilgrim's Progress*. It does not half express it when I say I am more than delighted. It is fine, both the clear print and the illustrations. I shall show it to all my friends. I thank you many, many times. It will be to me a treasure.
N. Y. City. MRS. D. S. STEPHENSON.

G. W. U., Pawling, N. Y. Where can a young man learn watch-making most quickly? Can one buy text-books that will tell him how?

We do not believe you can learn watch-making by reading and studying text-books, unless you have a special aptitude for that branch of mechanics. We advise you to begin in the regular way, by learning the business, from the rudiments up, in a practical establishment.

F. C. R., Canton, O. It is hard to make religion appeal to those whose employment is of a confining nature. Sunday is looked forward to by them as a breathing spell, when they can retire to the parks and out-door resorts, and there seek variety and change. Let us have Sunday as a day of worship, and Monday as a day of recreation.

The writer is probably a young man who has not yet taken up the tasks of life seriously. Age and experience will convince him that the proposition of devoting Monday to recreation would not pass muster here. In Russia and some other countries of Eastern Europe, and in certain parts of Asia, there are nearly as many holidays as working days in the year.

Reader, Bedford, Nova Scotia. What part of the United States would you consider best for an invalid of many years' suffering from bronchitis and other ailments, who feels the dampness very much, as well as the cold? As she is unable to take much exercise, her circulation is consequently bad. Her age is sixty years.

1. It is really a matter for a physician to decide. Colorado, Southern California, the vicinity of Asheville, N. C., or the Adirondacks, N. Y., are all excellent climates for bronchial affections. 2. We don't know the verses mentioned in your letter.

The Calendar came this evening. It is a beauty, so I hasten to thank you for it, The dear little faces! I wish I was able to put your valuable paper in every home as my dear Uncle Goodnow does in mine; then the sweet faces would shine from the Calendar and warm all hearts. ADDIE M. BAGG.
Waterloo, N. Y.

P. W. Reader, New York. Is it absolutely necessary to take a college course before becoming a missionary to heathen lands?

We think that the missionary societies would be willing to send out a man who had proved his fitness for the work, even if he had not been to college. A college course, however, would be a decided advantage to him; and probably between the two, the societies would choose a college man in preference to one who had no college training. In many heathen lands, especially India and China, the missionary needs to be well equipped in order to succeed.

I received the Butterfly Calendar. It is lovely. Have put it up where everyone can see it that calls. With many thanks, I remain true to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
Saginaw, Mich MRS. A. R. DODGE.

S. S., Winchester, Va. 1. Was the Roman Catholic Church the church established by Christ? 2. If she erred, as Protestants contend, must not we conclude that the promise of the Holy Spirit to guide it into all truth was not fulfilled?

1. We have no record in the Gospels of Christ establishing any church, in the sense of organizing one. The churches which sprang up under the teaching of the apostles after his death and ascension had very little in common with the Roman Catholic Church of the sixteenth century. Read the Acts and Paul's epistles and you will find they had no Mariolatry, no Popes, no sale of indulgences. There were abuses in them, as you will see by reading the second and third chapters of Revelation. Other abuses sprang up and increased, The Reformation was, as its name implies, a cleansing and purging of the church. It brought the church back to Christ's own teaching. 2. No, that promise is not warranted. Men do not always yield to the Holy Spirit. If the church had listened and been willing to submit to his guidance the Reformation would not have been needed.

M. E. W., Elgin, Neb. [illegible] in I Samuel 10:9 that God gave Saul another heart, imply regeneration? How then did he fall away?

It is doubtful if the expression carries so much meaning. It indicated a change in his character, but it was not permanent. He was disobedient and cruel afterwards. The statement is made later on (16:14) that the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, which would account for his rapid declension afterwards. He must have resisted the Spirit. His conduct from his accession onward shows his strong wilful nature, which had never been wholly subdued.

DEAR SIRS:—Received my premium, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, yesterday, and am very much pleased with it. This morning I received the beautiful *Butterfly Calendar*, for which I am very thankful. It is beautiful. I am so glad you have children's faces on it, for I am a lover of children. *Brooklyn, N. Y.* CATHERINE M. HUNT.

MRS. J. M., Topeka, Kans. Will the books of today live like those of fifty years ago?

Yes, but probably not in the same proportion. It is reasonable to expect that with the vastly increased literary output more books will survive; but the percentage of survivals will be smaller. Cheap printing has made authorship comparatively easy of attainment. The market is glutted with books, probably not one in a hundred of which will be read or even heard of five years from now.

Inquisitive, Altoona, Pa. Is it right for a boy of thirteen to "tip" his hat to a girl of thirteen?

Why not? It proves that he is a little gentleman and has been properly trained.

C. L. Paul, Java, N. Y., writes:

I saw the account of the longest married couple in Michigan. We are the longest married couple in this place. We were married on September 13, 1840. We are natives of New York State. I was eighty-four years old last June, my wife was eighty years last March. We raised eight children, and the first break in the circle was September 17, last, when our son, fifty-six years old, passed on before us. My wife was a member of the Congregational Church before we were married, and I joined soon after. At our sixtieth anniversary, we sat down at table with our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

W. Hatch, Farley, Iowa, writes:

We are the longest married couple in this State—my wife and I was born December 6, 1815, and Miss Ann Whitting, my wife, was born January 1, 1817. We were married April 17, 1838, and became members of the Baptist church in 1844. I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD over twenty-five years.

I received your beautiful Drop-Leaf Butterfly Calendar, and I think it cannot be made up in a more neat and artistic style than you have made it. I do not see how you can give so much away for the mere subscription price of your paper. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD alone is worth much more than your subscription price.
Pittsburg, Pa. ALF. E. GEISLER.

C. C. O., Kennedale, Tex. Was the baptism of John the Baptist Christian baptism?

No, it was introductory to Christian baptism. It was a baptism of repentance. There is no doubt, from the description of it by Matthew 3:5-12, that he baptized many who did not accept Christ and did not know anything about Christ when they were baptized. John's ministry was a call to reformation and righteousness, and he frankly acknowledged that it was only a preparation for a more radical and important work.

All Latin, Greek and other foreign terms are rigidly excluded from the Crown Encyclopedia. Of what use is it to the average reader to know that the root of a word is *θεός*, since not one in a thousand could read that word? Get the Crown Encyclopedia, five volumes, cloth, and genuine gold that will not tarnish in a century, 3,000 pages, large print, 500 illustrations, 50 colored maps, right up to November, 1903—all charges prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, at only $3. Money cheerfully refunded if not pleased—the greatest bargain ever offered to subscribers. Act to-day. Our beautiful Butterfly Drop-Leaf Calendar for 1904-1905, 320 square inches, goes Free with every subscription.

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TO USERS OF
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The best Extract of the best beef for all Christmas Cooking. Try it with your Soups, Gravies, and Roast Tea. If you don't like Beef extract it's because you have not had

ARMOUR'S
See Offer Below

FREE
A Silver-Plated Measuring Spoon
(One only to an address)

A new and novel means of accurately measuring Fluids and Solids for all household purposes. Its use insures economy and satisfactory results. A spoon will be sent postpaid on receipt of metal cap from a can of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. Sold by all druggists and grocers.

NOTICE

This offer was first made in April, but the demand was so great that we exhausted our supply of spoons. We have secured a new lot and renew the offer in response to many requests. If you have already ordered a spoon and have not received it, please write us. Address AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook.

ARMOUR & COMPANY
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Emergency Bread Receipt

Corn Starch Talk

By Mrs. Helen Armstrong.

The use of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch in bread is not nearly so general as it might be if the advantages were known. A lightness and delicacy are assured by sifting a small proportion with a good bread flour, and the color is very attractive. If Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch be relied upon, success is certain, and we need have no fear of adulteration or unwholesomeness.

WHITE BREAD—QUICK METHOD.

ONE LOAF.

Soften one cake of compressed yeast with three tablespoons of lukewarm water. (A smaller quantity of yeast may be used with equally good results, simply taking more time for raising.) Sift into a bowl one and one-half cups of best patent flour, half a cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and a teaspoon of salt. Pour into this gradually one cup of warm milk, the softened yeast cake, and beat the batter hard for five minutes. Cover closely and set aside to raise. When full of bubbles and almost doubled in bulk, beat the mixture again and work in about a cup and a half of flour, or enough to make a firm dough easily handled on the board without extra flour. When sufficiently kneaded, the dough will be even and smooth without any dry flour on the surface; it may then be shaped into a loaf (long and narrow preferred) and put into a well-buttered pan. Cover again, raise and brush over with soft butter when ready to bake. Have oven hot enough to brown the loaf lightly in ten minutes, then decrease the heat and finish baking, allowing about forty minutes in all. Remove from the pan immediately when it is done and place to cool where the air may circulate about it.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

Book of new and original cooking receipts sent free, by The Oswego Starch Factory, Oswego, N. Y.

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SIZES & PRICES	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
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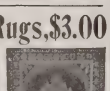

Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking. ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 687 S Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia.

CONTRASTED LIVES*

The Parable of Dives and Lazarus a Lesson of the Result of Chosen Ideals

FROM the comments sometimes made on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, it might be inferred that the one was punished simply because he was rich and the other was blessed and made happy simply as compensation for the misery he endured in this life. Such an understanding of the parable would be so contrary to Christ's general teaching, that it cannot be entertained for a moment. We may be sure that the poor man who is not in the kingdom in this world, will not be admitted into felicity beyond the grave, even though he suffered all and more than all the misery that Lazarus did. Neither will the rich man be condemned, though he had the largest fortune on earth, if in this life he has made his peace with God, through Christ. Far other than mere questions of station and possessions, are the causes which decide eternal destiny.

Where, then, are we to look for the lesson of the parable? The circumstances which called it forth furnish us with the clue. The avaricious and selfish Pharisees were in Christ's mind when he uttered the parable. The use they made of their wealth was an indication of character, and it is character which determines eternal destiny. "No man can serve two masters," Christ tells them. If they elect to serve God they must love the godly life; if they choose to serve Mammon, that is to devote all their thoughts and efforts to the acquisition of riches and to their selfish use, then they must take the consequences. The rich man spent his money on his dress and his table. He could not go out of his house without seeing Lazarus at his gate. Did it not occur to him that some of his abundance beyond the leavings from his table might have alleviated the beggar's hard lot? The fact that it did not, shows how hard, how cold, how unbrotherly was the man. He cared not that another was suffering. Even his dogs had more compassion than he. What else could become of such a man, when he came into the presence of God, than the repudiation that Christ describes? They that have not the spirit of Christ are none of his. The choice has to be made in this world whether we will follow him, lead his life and obey his precepts, or whether we will live for ourselves and for selfish gratification.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Dec. 20, Luke 16: 19-31.

Moravian Missions.

A recent report shows that the Moravian Brethren have no fewer than 402 foreign missionaries with 98,599 people under their charge; 19,917 scholars in the Sunday Schools, and 24,198 in the day schools. In addition they have 26 ordained native ministers and 1,803 native helpers. Last year, it is stated, there was a net increase of 1,794 in the baptized membership of the native congregations. Commenting upon these soul-stirring statistics, the Moravian body being comparatively a small one, Rev. John Stewart, of Madras, has remarked: "If the other Churches of Christendom sent forth their missionaries in the same proportion as the Moravian Church there would be on the field 400,000 instead of 14,000." It is a fact far from creditable to the Church of Christ, that at present the missionaries are in touch with "less than a two-hundreth part of those for whom Jesus died."

Charmed with "Pilgrim's Progress"

Pilgrim's Progress received. It is a beautiful book. Every new convert should read it.

God bless your continued good work.

Washington, D. C. H. D. GORDON.

The *Encyclopedia Britannica* gives only the biographies of the notable dead; the Crown Enclycopedia furnishes the living as well. Five volumes, cloth, and genuine gold that will not tarnish in a century, 3,000 pages, large print, 500 illustrations, 96 colored maps, right up to November, 1903—all charges prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, at only $3. Money cheerfully refunded if not pleased—the greatest bargain ever offered to subscribers. Act to-day. Our beautiful Butterfly Drop-Leaf Calendar for 1904-1905, 300 square inches, goes Free with every subscription.

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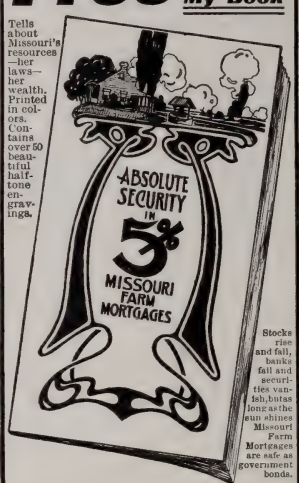

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on unquestionable security, write for my book. I have loaned three millions on Missouri farms—and have never lost a dollar. My book tells why. Write for it to-day.

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The Pan-American Souvenir Coffee Spoons, made to order for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, make appropriate and very pleasing holiday gifts for children or grown folks, either as sets or singly. They are of the best material, finely finished and fully guaranteed; will last for years. Sent postpaid, in satin-lined box, to any address at above low price.

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When you travel do not forget the Lake Shore's fine through train service between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston. For information about travel over Lake Shore write A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

Illustrations of spoons about ⅓ actual size.

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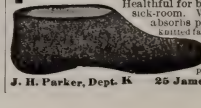

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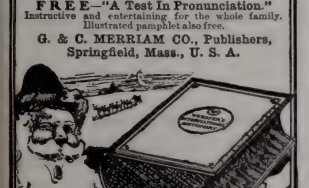

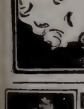

Baby Wardrobe Patterns.

A nurse of long experience will send her complete set of **36** patterns for babies' long clothes, with full directions for making, material to be used, etc., for **25 cents**, or 25 patterns of first short clothes, with directions, etc., **25 cents.** Will send an illustrated booklet on baby things and helps and hints to expectant mothers **free** with order.

MRS. ELLA JAMES, 1318 Mitchell St., Petoskey, Mich.

The Bowery Mission's Thanksgiving

NEVER has a Thanksgiving season been more enthusiastically celebrated at the old Bowery Mission than this year. Day before Thanksgiving Dr. Klopsch made a thorough inspection of the premises, provisions and arrangements for feeding the large crowd that was expected. On Thanksgiving morning he was on hand bright and early, with inquiries respecting the distribution of baskets to families, and in the evening meeting he was also present.

The festivities commenced with an early morning breakfast, of hot coffee and rolls, for the homeless men. What a pathetic sight it was, that long line of ill-clad, shivering men, reaching as far down as Chatham square, waiting for the opening of the Mission doors! The great majority had been walking the streets all night in a bitter and piercing air.

The breakfast commenced punctually at three o'clock, and went on as long as there were any rolls or coffee left. In all about 5,000 men were fed. Baskets containing a Thanksgiving dinner for a family were distributed immediately after breakfast. Names and addresses had been carefully gathered, and the baskets were all neatly packed and labeled before the distribution began.

The Thanksgiving dinner was admirably arranged. Many of the Mission workers had been present all day, carving and packing single dinners in neat cardboard boxes. These boxes contained turkey, ham and chicken sandwiches, a piece of pie, two crullers and an apple. The doors were opened at seven o'clock. It did not take five minutes to fill every seat in the hall. The crowd remaining outside were then formed into line and received tickets entitling them to a dinner. As soon as the meeting commenced upstairs, in the main hall, the doors of the basement were opened, and the ticket holders marched in, where each man received his box and a cup of coffee, and passed out into the street through another door. Meantime the meeting, under the presidency of Mrs. Bird, went on with wonderful interest. At the conclusion the men marched out in quiet orderly fashion through to the basement hall, where each man received his box and cup of coffee like the others.

What a meeting it was! Mrs. Bird for several years past has always taken charge of this Thanksgiving service, and has made every man feel that it was a family gathering, and has introduced such sweet thoughts of home and dear ones as to compensate, in some measure, these poor wanderers for the home blessings they have lost. Mr. Benke, the organist, for half an hour before the meeting began, regaled the audience with some of his choicest organ music. Just as the opening prayer was about to be offered, Dr. Klopsch with his wife and son entered, and then everybody felt the family circle was complete. The Bowery Mission Male Quartette took charge of the music. Song seems to have extra power over the hearts of the men on Thanksgiving night, and this was increased by such songs as, "Do they think of me at home," sung by Mrs. Hallimond; "Be sure and come home for Thanksgiving," sung by Mr. Hunt; and "Home, sweet home," sung by Mr. Smyth.

Dr. Klopsch addressed the men, who listened with breathless attention, feeling that they were being spoken to by one who had their deepest interest at heart. He said that, though bereft of many of the legitimate pleasures of life, yet every man had abundant cause for gratitude. One thing they should never fail to thank God for, that he had given them another chance of salvation. "True, you have fallen, men," he said, "but you remember the boy who was once asked how he learned to skate, and who replied, 'by getting up every time that I fall'; so if you have fallen fifty times, get up again." Then came some wonderfully appropriate illustrations of men who have failed, and failed again, yet ultimately succeeded. Peter Cooper, Patrick Henry, Stephen Douglas, John G. Woolley were all instanced. Then came some stirring and emphatic words: "Men, if you only WILL, you CAN! The secret of the prodigal's successful restoration is to be found in three words, 'And he arose.' If you wish to succeed in life, and be men again, let that be your determination this Thanksgiving night, ARISE!" The final word of admonition was one of observing gratitude to God. Said the Doctor, "While it might be well for you to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Bowery Mission, and Mrs. Bird, do not forget that these are only instruments. Let your thoughts rise higher and thank Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift."

Our readers who have contributed to the Thanksgiving fund, may be assured that they have been the means in God's hands this year of supplying, not only the material needs of many a poor, helpless man, but of conveying to many hearts that powerful message of Divine Love which can only be imparted by Christlike deeds done in a Christlike spirit.

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Club Points and Privileges.

1st. The Club literature fights shy of "statistics" and technicalities and makes the insurance proposition plain and interesting to every body.

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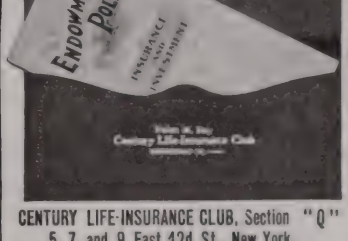
3d. The use of the Club rooms, which are beautifully furnished and located right in the heart of New York, is free to all members, resident and non-resident. It is quite a nice thing, if you are visiting the metropolis, to be able to feel "at home" as soon as you strike town.

In short, this is just about the surest way to save money SAFELY that has ever been placed within your reach. And besides, if you SHOULD be unexpectedly called away, the friends who are left behind have a substantial token of your unselfishness and regard.

How to Join.

On request, the Secretary will send you *by mail* full particulars with a blank application for membership. However, he *cannot* do this satisfactorily unless you **answer the two following questions in your first letter:**

1st. What is your occupation? **2d. What is the exact date of your birth?**



Gratitude, Confidence, Regret.

"I am grateful for having the opportunity to become a member of the Club. I have been pleased by the information and courtesy so far shown me, and am glad that I am a member. I feel that the Club is a good thing, and I am willing to do all I can to help it along. I am glad that I joined when I did, and regret that I did not do so sooner. I feel that I have got my money's worth already, and that I have got a good thing. I am glad that I joined, and

A Nutritious Food-Drink for All Ages

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

TRADE M. M. MARK

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, THE AGED AND TRAVELERS

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Your money refunded after six months' trial if

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is not 50 per cent. better than others. My superior location on Lake Erie, where iron, steel, coal, freights and skilled labor are cheaper and best, enables me to furnish a TOP NOTCH Steel Range at a clean saving of $10 to $20. Send for free catalogues of all styles and sizes, with or without reservoir, for city, town or country use.

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Fully Guaranteed. Write for booklet on heating homes

MAGI IN ADORATION

The First Homage Christ Received

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IT was but consistent that at the birth of One who was come to fulfil the long line of prophecies, wise men, or magi, should come to do him homage. The evangelist Luke, who gives his portrait as Son of Man, omits this, and his birth is announced to shepherds as a Saviour: "Unto you is born . . . a Saviour which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2). It is when the heir to a throne is born that distinguished personages come or send their congratulations, and thus it was when the magi arrived in Jerusalem with their question, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him." Where is he? Jerusalem—which should have been in eager expectation of such an event, if her scribes had read the Scriptures in simple dependence upon God for light, and had not "made the commandment of God of none effect by their traditions" (Mark 7: 13)—knew nothing of the birth of her King!

The magi were sure of their guidance; the ignorance and indifference of Jerusalem might astonish them, but it should not rob them of the purpose of their long and tedious journey. They had been guided from above, and they knew they were in the right way. So little was the population of Jerusalem in expectation of the advent of the Messiah, that the coming of the magi was a trouble to them! They had settled down as a Roman province; they were contented with the rule of Herod; why bring in a disturbing element? So speak the heathen about their idolatry; so speak unconverted professors in our churches; so speak the worldlings around us. Men do not relish being reminded of the claims of God and do not welcome a message from the upper world. The introduction of God as the living God, who claims attention now, who is going to judge man according to his response to those claims, is looked upon by many as an affront. Men harden one another by mutual indifference; and yet every day is one day nearer to the time when God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing; whether it be good or whether it be evil.

But in his position as king, Herod could not ignore the mission of the magi. It might be very unpleasant, but he must give some answer; so, being ignorant of the Scriptures himself, he gathered together all the chief priests and scribes of the people and inquired of them where the Christ should be born. They were ready with their answer, for they did search the Scriptures (John 5: 39 R.V.), and yet with such blinded eyes, through their traditional theology, that they could not see Christ in them. They answered, "In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet (Micah 5: 2, 3): And thou Bethlehem, land of Judah, art in no wise least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a Governor which shall be Shepherd of my people Israel." But so little power had this word of God upon them, that neither king, nor priests, nor scribes took the trouble to go to Bethlehem and see for themselves! How must such indifferrence have struck the magi? Thus it came to pass that the magi went unaccompanied to Bethlehem. Herod called them; inquired carefully when the star appeared, and in his hypocrisy, with quite other intentions in his heart, he said to them "Go and search out carefully concerning the young Child, and when ye have found him, bring me word that I also may come and worship him" (Matt. 2: 3-8).

Once out of the atmosphere of Herod's court, the magi found again the guiding star, which they had followed from their distant home. All the discouragement, perhaps even doubt, which the attitude of Herod and Jerusalem to the birth of the King-Messiah had brought them into was gone; they had to do with God and heaven again; and "when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding joy" (v. 9). Such as have been sorely disappointed in Christians and religious teachers will be able to understand and enter into the exceeding joy of these men when they knew, with absolute certainty, that they were on the right track. The heavenly guidance that had led them so far had not deserted them.

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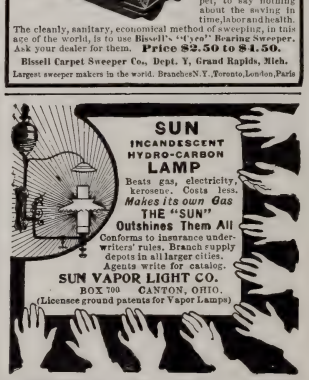

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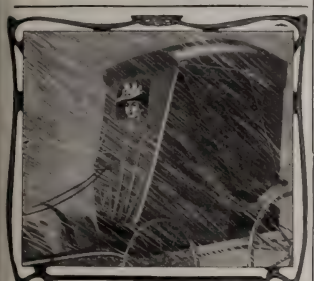

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THE VISION OF PEACE*

Conflict Among the Nations, Individuals and Animals to Eventually Cease

HOW far the world still is from the ideal condition that the prophet saw in spiritual vision! His pictures, not only men living in peace and amity, but such a transformed world as Paul looked forward to (Rom. 8:22), when the whole creation, now groaning and travailing in pain, would be renovated and restored. How this will come we know not, but we are assured that it will come through Christ, and that the way to the golden age lies in humanity coming into accord with him and being permeated with his spirit. Who can tell what would be the effect of the presence of that Wonderful Being on the earth, if men, instead of despising and persecuting him, gave themselves to learn of him and to do his will? His power over nature seemed to be unlimited, and we may be sure that when he comes to reign, it will be exercised for the benefit of the world. The competition, the fierce struggle to wrest the prizes of life from other hands and to seize and hold them for our own use, is the same in principle as the lion and the tiger display. As James said, wars come from lusts, and the lust of territory in a nation is of the same nature as lust of money in an individual and as the lust of prey in a beast. When Christ puts forth his power, this prolific source of conflict will be taken away and peace will ensue.

Though war is continually threatened, and even now hangs like a dark cloud over the far East, where Japan and Russia confront one another in menace; and though any one of a dozen unsettled questions might precipitate war among the nations, there are distinct signs of improvement. Statesmen now shrink from war as they never did before. There is an increasing preponderance of peace-loving men in all Christian lands. It is realized everywhere that war is an evil, a detriment, which some would avoid from policy, and others on principle. This spirit, which must increase, can never give peace to the world, but it may prepare the way for it. The real hope for world-wide peace lies in the world's submission to Christ. It may come before he returns, in submission to his will; it will certainly come when he returns, for his will will then be supreme, and his commands will be obeyed by all the potentates of the world.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for December 20. Isa. 11:6-9; 9:6.

DEBORAH'S BEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1067

came around, and now the chance had come! In his delight he forgot, for a moment, his mother and her struggle to care for him, and the need that he should work for her. But it was only a moment.

"Oh, it would be so good, so wonderful, to go to school," he said. "I wish I might, but I must not. Mother is not strong any more, and I am old enough to earn money for her and the girls."

"I knew he would say that," broke in his mother, showing her happy face at the door. "I knew he would say that, but you don't need to, my son. Miss Deborah has bought our place for the home of the man who carries on her farm, and it brings me money enough to take care of the girls. For myself, I shall not leave her. I am to stay just here, and help her to get well and help her after she is well," and she turned away to hide the happy tears.

And so the better days began, born of a brave lad's purpose to bear his mother's burden.

New York's Finnish Mission

Pastor G. Blomgren, of the Finnish Mission in New York City has received the following contributions for his work, in answer to the appeal published in these columns:

Mrs. T. W. Palmer, Larchmont, N. Y., $100; Y. M. C. A. Bible Class, Allentown, Pa., through Mr. Robert R. Fritsch, $5; Marvin A. Curtis, Washington, D. C., $5; A Friend in Glens Falls, N. Y., $1; Friend in Boston, Mass., $2; A Friend, $2; Unknown Friend, $1.

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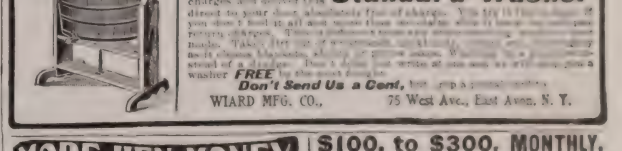

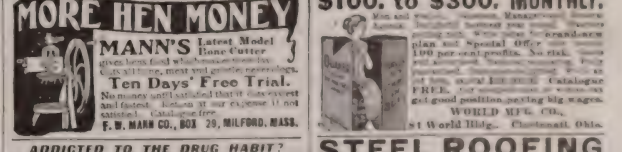
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THE SWEET OLD SONG

She sat in the window, singing in her clear, sweet, girlish voice—
Whose lute-like echoes, ringing, made my sad old heart rejoice;
And there seemed to drift from a distant shore some far-off psalm of praise;
For she sang as her mother used to sing, in the dear old golden days.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Subscriber, Shelter Island, N. Y. 1. Is there any authority in the Bible for secret societies? 2. Who wrote the eighty-fourth psalm?

1. None that we know of. Freemasonry claims to have originated with King Solomon, but there is no authority in the Bible for the claim. 2. We do not know, nor does any one else. Even the date of it is unknown, but it is generally supposed to have been written after the exile.

W. W. L., Shenandoah, Ia. Is there a life subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? If so, what is it?

It is simply this: On contributing $10 towards the erection of a Children's Temple at our Mont-Lawn Home, you receive a life subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—The *Butterfly Calendar* has reached me this morning, many thanks. I think it very lovely, and the beautiful child faces brighten the large window in my sitting-room ever so much. I am a great admirer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and speak of it in such terms to my friends.
Plainwell, Mich. ELIZABETH ANDERSON.

M. J. P., New Brunswick, Can. (1) What period is intended in the seven times of Daniel 4:25? (2) What would be the best way of spending Sunday, if there is no church accessible? (3) Is it customary among modern Jews to allow the beard to grow? (4) Where can a copy of the Apocrypha be procured?

1. A time in the prophetic books is always supposed to be a year. 2. If there is a family in that condition, by all means gather them together once if not twice in the day, and hold a service. Read the Bible and pray, and, if possible, sing a hymn or two. The sermon, published every week in this journal might be read aloud. This is actually done, as we are glad to know, in many isolated farmhouses, with very gratifying results. If you are alone, there should always be a season of reading and prayer, so that the day shall serve the purpose for which it was instituted of bringing the soul into communion with God. 3. Orthodox Jews allow it to grow. They trim it, but do not shave. Reformed Jews follow their own inclinations. 4. Macmillans, in New York, publish a handy edition in small volumes, edited by Dr. Moulton. Many old editions of the Bible contain the Apocrypha.

H. R. S., Menomonee Falls, Wis. Is it right to operate a telephone switchboard on the Sabbath day, and what do you think of professing Christians who take advantage of exchange and long distance service on the Sabbath?

We have many times stated that the only work that can be rigidly justified on the Lord's Day is a work of absolute necessity or of mercy. Business, as such, is not justifiable.

F. E. L., Orwell, Pa., sends these appreciative lines on receiving his premiums:

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Such gifts as these, sent far and near,
Will surely prove a blessing dear.

H. C. De R., N. Baltimore, O. What is the difference between the Kingdom of Heaven and the Kingdom of God?

The terms are practically synonymous.

Miss Fannie T., New Richmond, Ind. What are some of the things a church society may justifiably do to earn money?

We invite the views of THE MAIL BAG'S readers on this question. In answering, we would suggest that the matter of propriety be kept in view. The discussion will prove mutually helpful.

W. W. R., Marion, Kans. Does the Bible command to put the convicted murderer to death apply to this age and nation?

It has been contended by the advocates of capital punishment that, as the command (Gen. 9:6) antedated the Mosaic code, it was intended to survive it. That inference, however, is rather a doubtful and insubstantial ground for so important a matter. It seems probable that if God had intended the practice to continue as a permanent obligation, throughout all time, that some more definite and explicit intimation of that permanency would have been given. Whether it is advisable to continue the penalty is a larger question, and there are many weighty reasons for and against it. We ought, however, to have some surer and better reason for putting the murderer to death than that at that early age of the world God ordered it to be done. If, therefore, any State or nation arrived at the conclusion that the interests of the community might be better served by punishing a murderer in some other way, we think it need not be deterred by the ancient command from making the experiment.

Dear Sir:—The book, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, and the *Calendar*, both arrived to-day. The *Calendar* is beautiful, with a capital "B," and the book very interesting. The book alone is worth the price of both book and paper.
Rochester, N. Y. A. HUBREGTSE.

S. E. Y., Fordtown, E. Tenn. The domestic labor problem is in a tangle, and just so long as writers persist in speaking of the employer of domestic labor as "mistress" of her domestic help, the problem will remain unsolved, and there will be enmity between the mistress and her domestic help. And just so long as writers continue to speak of domestic workers as "servants," they will fail to prove that there is nothing degrading in domestic labor as a profession for our free American girls. Where is the law of justice to impose the name "servant" on the domestic and not on other laborers? Are they not working and receiving wages just as the stenographer, clerk, or any other who works for wages? Then why in the name of American liberty must the domestic alone wear the name "servant"?—the one and only degrading thing about domestic labor. If this is not true, and the domestic laborer is indeed a servant in America, then let us as American people put on a more noble national pride and raise the banner higher, and let the breeze of liberty sweep out that dusty fold that would refuse to cover the domestic laborer. I should like to hear from others on this subject.

L. A. T., Westminster, S. C. 1. Is it right for Christians to eat the flesh of swine? 2. Is sanctification a second blessing, a cleansing of the soul subsequent to conversion? 3. Are young people's societies a benefit to the church?

1. The decision of the apostles recorded in Acts 15:5-29, shows that the dietary laws, with a few exceptions, were not held to be binding on the Gentile converts. There is, therefore, so far as we can see, no religious prohibition against that food, although there may be objections to it on sanitary grounds. 2. Sanctification begins at conversion. When the soul yields to Christ, the man is justified, so that conversion is synonymous with justification. Then the process of sanctification begins and is continued through life. It is more than cleansing; it includes power to lead a holy life and engage in Christian service. Justification may be compared to the pardon of a criminal, sanctification to his being trained to lead an honest life; only that sanctification is far above and beyond any human training. 3. Experience has proved their usefulness. The charge you mention, that is made against them, only shows, if it is true, how a good thing may be abused.

Subscriber, Erie, Pa., writes:

IF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 25, C. A. M. D., Mortonsville, Ky., asks who was the author of the lines:

"Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As days and months increase."

Isaac Watts was the author, it can be found in any old Methodist hymn book. In one edition it is in Hymn 1058, commencing:

"Thee we adore eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee."

I received THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Calendar* in good shape, and am well pleased with it. Accept my thanks for so fine a premium. I can cheerfully recommend THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as a bright and cheerful up-to-date paper, and always full of good things for its readers. S. O. BERKEYBIL.
Altoona, Pa.

L. C., Boston, Mass. Did Christ really make it a condition of discipleship that a man should hate his near relatives, as is stated in Luke 14:26?

Christ's life and teaching show that he could have meant nothing of the kind. His spirit was one of love, not of hate. The expression is one used elsewhere in the Bible, and was common in Jewish talk, indicating comparison. Deut. 21:15 is a case in point. The question there is undoubtedly between one loved and one less loved. The context in Luke shows that Christ demanded the supreme love of the heart, and that should any occasion arise when the claims of kindred, or even of life itself, were antagonistic to those of Christ, they must, any or all of them, be sacrificed for his sake. A man who was not prepared to do this was not worthy to be his disciple. Luke 16:13 puts the same principle in another form.

We are pleased to have this endorsement from a distinguished authority of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S movement for an improved hymnology.

DECEMBER 3, 1903.
To the Editor of the Christian Herald:
Permit me to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the effort it is making to bring about a reform and a betterment in the class of hymns used in many of our Protestant churches. The so-called "Gospel Song," in the past few years, has deteriorated to meaningless words, set to movements that suggest the ball-room and the beer concert-halls. The makers of these melodies have appealed more to the "sole" than to the "soul," the whole purpose seeming to be to secure a peculiar and catcy rhythm, rather than good, solid harmony.

The objection is often made, that the average congregation cannot sing the good music found in most of the church hymnals, and that easy, catchy music begets better singing. Let the objectors pay a visit to the great Auditorium at Ocean Grove, and hear, Sunday after Sunday during the summer months, congregations of ten thousand people singing "Abide With Me," like a well-trained chorus, as to time and expression. Then listen to the martial strains of "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," and music of that nature—then they will be convinced that congregations can sing and sing well, the best of music.

Of course, as long as professional quartettes are permitted to do the singing of the congregation, congregational singing is impossible. I see no reason why, on Sunday evenings, fifteen to thirty minutes could not be properly and profitably devoted to a congregational rehearsal under the direction of a good precentor, and learn good hymns. Once mastered, the jingle songs would never again take place in church worship.

TALI ESEN MORGAN,
Director of Music at Ocean Grove.

Subscriber, Jersey City, N. J. Do you think the church should provide amusements and clubs? Is it not its duty to preach the Gospel and save souls?

The church should do everything in its power to elevate the people, and alleviate the awful suffering that poverty entails. Its first duty, as you say, is to preach the Gospel and save souls, but those duties need not be neglected in attending to the other. In fact, by brightening the lives of the poor, they are better prepared for listening to the Gospel. Christ fed the multitude, and he healed diseases, though his mission to the world was a much higher one than that. There is a prejudice among the poor against the church, because the impression has grown up that the church does not sympathize with their hard lot. If that prejudice can be removed by doing them kindly service, there is a better prospect of souls being saved.

THE "CHRISTIAN HERALD" GOSPEL HALL IN INDIA

OUR readers will be pleased to see the above picture, showing the improvements which have been made in the building which serves as mission station, preaching hall, and school for orphans, at Bapatla, India. A picture of the front of this edifice has already been published in this journal. This is a rear view, from which an idea can be gained of the additions which have been made. All the greater interest attaches to the Institution because it is a permanent recognition of the services rendered to India by the readers of this journal. It is named "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD GOSPEL HALL," thus becoming a memorial of the magnificent benefaction which our readers sent to the people of that afflicted land in their time of trouble. All the denominations sent sincere and hearty thanks, and the Government of India officially acknowledged the benefits conferred, but this naming of an institution to commemorate the service was a graceful and gratifying act, done spontaneously without any suggestion from us, and is therefore all the more pleasing. Dr. George N. Thomssen, who is personally known to many of our readers, is in charge of the Institution and is doing exceedingly valuable work. Among the orphans being educated there, are seventy-three who are supported by CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. Dr. Thomssen writes most encouraging reports of their progress. Not only are they gaining knowledge, but are beco ming Christians. Ten of them have given such clear proofs of conversion, that Dr. Thomssen administered to them the rite of baptism by immersion.

Miscellaneous Questions

E. A. E., Lawrence, Mass. Not yet published in book form.

Reader, Jenners, Pa. The price of the Red Letter Testament is $1.

John D. J., Montana. We are not at liberty to give names, under such circumstances.

Ignorance, Mo. The author of the theory referred to is dead many years ago.

Subscriber, Delaware. Regarding premium on rare half-dollar pieces, write to the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

H. H. C., Philadelphia, Pa. "Story" is a tale or narrative; "storey" is the floor of a building. This variant is sanctioned by many dictionaries.

A. J. W., Macedon, N. Y. Cancelled stamps are sometimes used for purposes of decoration, on plates, etc. We know of no regular business in them for any legitimate purpose.

J. V. S., Galveston, Tex. On the contrary, we are always glad to give the news of any Christian work in the Southern States, and never lose an opportunity of doing so. Every year we give a number of such articles.

"The Calendar is a Beauty"

The *Calendar* is received. It's a beauty. We highly appreciate it. I am so much pleased with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that I have forwarded the amount for two yearly subscriptions for two of my friends, who are not able to pay for it themselves, making four copies I now pay for. S. BIRDSALL.
Susquehanna, Pa.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 16, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A SIDEWALK SANTA CLAUS

HOLIDAY CROWDS IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICT, NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Rich and Poor Looking Forward to Christmas

Holiday Scenes in New York

The Markets a Forest of Evergreens, Toys and Tinsel

THERE are few more attractive sights than the busy thoroughfares of New York, during the week preceding Christmas. Crowds of gay shoppers, rich and poor together, throng the sidewalks, and look in at the attractive displays in the windows. Children, fascinated by the toys which the itinerant sidewalk venders display, stand in open-mouthed wonder, and watch the funny evolutions of the mechanical novelties on the curb. Even the grown-ups cannot resist the infectious spirit of the holiday season, and laugh quite as heartily as the youngsters.

Our photographer, in the illustrations in this issue, has pictured some scenes that are familiar to New Yorkers in holiday week—the markets, with their forests of evergreens; the sidewalks, with their endless lines of attractions for the little folks; the store windows, full of Christmas novelties that win the hearts and open the purses of the shoppers. Those spruces and pines and cedars that now lie piled so closely together, were frosted with snow atop of some hill in Maine or Vermont, only a week ago. A week hence, each will stand in its own proper place in some American home, as a beautiful Christmas tree, loaded with pretty gifts, that reflect themselves dazzlingly in blown glass, paste, tinsel, and spangles. Then will come that critical moment after "candle-lighting time," when the tree stands revealed in all its illuminated glory, each fronded and cotton-flecked branch bending under its load of gifts, and when the children leap and dance around it in Christmas frolic, or stand and "gaze their fill" in silent admiration. Poor, indeed, must be the home that has no Christmas tree; sad the childhood that never felt the thrill that comes with the first vision of the wonderful gift-bearer.

It is not so very long ago since Christmas trees were almost unknown in American homes. While every German family, no matter how poor, had its fir boughs strung with gilded nuts and kuchen, and while the children of France and England danced around their brilliantly lighted and decorated Christmas trees, all that young America knew of the beautiful tree was learned from pictures and stories. Occasionally one might find a family making merry around a tree, but these were few and far between. Up in Pennsylvania, however, where the German emigrants have a large colony, and among the German woodcutters in the Catskills in New York, people kept up the customs of the Vaterland, and the fir and pine branches flourished in great glory at Christmas.

Finally, a New York mountain woodcutter, Mark Carr, decided to teach the people how to really enjoy the great holiday; so one year, as it drew near to the 25th of December, he said to his wife, "My dear, I am going to cut some cedar boughs and take them down to New York to sell." The good woman laughed at him. But Mark Carr was a sturdy fellow, set in his way, and he remembered the Germans who had come up in the mountains year after year to get the greens, and he recalled their delight at the sight of them.

"I believe," he said, "that I can sell these green boughs in New York, and I am going to try it."

When Mark Carr appeared in the metropolis with his load of Christmas trees he was looked upon as a curiosity and hailed with delight. His truckful was sold inside of an hour, at prices ranging from one dollar to five dollars per tree, according to size, and when he took the train home at night he carried with him the happiest heart that ever beat beneath a woodsman's jacket. The next two days he was busy felling trees, and on the third day he started again for the station, his wagon piled high with the young firs, which he speedily sold. The following year he took a great many more to market, but he found competitors and the prices fell. Meanwhile the Jerseymen began to get their loads of greens into the Philadelphia market. The custom of gathering and selling greens and trees from the American forests at Christmas was soon in full swing.

Today the Christmas tree traffic has grown to enormous proportions. Maine for a time furnished ninety per cent. of the trees which were hauled into cars and sent West and South. All the northern states now deal regularly in Christmas trees. The woods that furnish spruce and fir are sold on contract, and the jobber visits them in October to size them up. He offers so much apiece for each tree "as they run"—usually about three dollars a hundred—and the money is made payable on delivery of the trees at the nearest railroad station.

In the city, the jobber sells them to the wholesaler, getting about seven dollars a hundred, after which the wholesaler sells them at the retailer at a good profit, and the retailer, in turn, does his best to get big prices from the housewife and the head of the family. Boughs sell for little, the largest price, because of their scarcity, being for pines and spruces. After these comes the cedar tree and cedar, but when they are crowned with gorgeous tinsel and brilliant baubles and strung with pearls, ropes, rings and presents, one does not see much of the form of the tree itself.

For months before the Christmas holidays, Santa Claus' workshops have been busy, and the number of dolls and toys turned out in a season to be sold in stores would be amazing. In New York City there are many toy warehouses—toy factories, they are called—where the deft fingers of clever young men and women fashion and produce countless thousands of dolls of all sorts, sizes, conditions and prices, and where the ingenious minds of men are employed to conjure the most novel of Toyland, from jointed dolls that can stand upright to make a Lilliputian home or vast dimensional dream. Here pets, the animals and a score of more smaller Christmas presents are forming the subject of the most fascinating study to the children of the land. Bewildering displays of tinsel, paste and glass, and the countless yards of many hues that compose the evergreen glory of the Christmas tree. From these workshops also comes a great variety of mechanical toys that delight the juvenile heart. Jacks-in-the-box, toy pianos, all sorts of conditions of soldiers, drums and guns, which are sold early in the season at one dollar a dozen, and which are kept busy by June, July, August, and September.

In the joy of Christmas preparations and Christmas cheer in our own homes let us not forget those who are needy within our gates. At this season of generosity and

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 1264

CHRISTMAS EXPECTATIONS—AN EAST SIDE GROUP AT THE BOWERY MISSION

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

TRUE FRIENDS

TEXT — III. JOHN 14

"GREET THE FRIENDS BY NAME"

ETYMOLOGY is the historian of language. It is the huge wardrobe in which are hung up the verbal garments, ancient and modern, with which Thought has been, and is accustomed to clothe herself. It is the international and inter-racial laboratory, in which one alphabet is seen, to a more or less extent, to be in harmony with all other alphabets, the same as the study of biology proves that the physical structures of all living creatures, both animal and vegetable, have been evolved primarily from the same plan. Thus we find that as social styles in dress change, so the verbal garments for one thought are sometimes discarded, and new thoughts are found to be wearing the cast-off verbal clothes of other thoughts.

The ancient word, "barbarian," had an entirely different significance from its meaning in the present day. When I say to you, "he is a barbarian," you immediately picture a savage, a brutal cannibal, a black-skinned roamer of the African forest, or a Malay murderer, who would as willingly cut out your heart as a hawk might plunge his crooked beak into the vitals of a dove, or a helpless fawn. But when Paul wrote in his Epistle to the Romans, "I am a debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians," he meant he was a debtor to those who were not living under Cæsar's jurisdiction. He used the word "barbarian" in the same sense as the Chinese now use it. "Among the Chinese," writes the lexicographer, "one who is not a Chinaman, and especially a European, or an American, is commonly spoken of as a 'Western barbarian.'" The ancient word, "wit," was originally derived from the old Saxon verb "witan," which meant "to know." In ancient language, a "wit" meant a "knower," one versed in knowledge, an erudite man. The modern word "wit," signifies a humorous entertainer, a "funny" man. The ancient word "heathen," meant one who lived outside the intellectual cities. The modern word "heathen," is now applied to a person ignorant of the Gospel. The Spanish word "caballero," originally meant "a man who traveled on horseback." The modern word "cabaliero" means "a gentleman." The Spanish word "peon," originally meant "one who goes on foot." The modern word "peon," means "a peasant." Now, the simple fact is, in modern Spain many a gentleman goes on foot, and many a peasant rides.

Characteristics of a Friend

Thus, we also find that the word "friends," of my text, has an entirely different meaning from what the casual reader might at first suppose. The modern word "friend," in popular discourse, means an acquaintance, one with whom we can socially pass a pleasant hour, one who is upon our calling list, one who invites us to his home, as we may invite him to our daughter's wedding-party for his company. But in ancient times the Biblical word "friend," had a deeper, holier meaning. It meant one who, in the truest and purest sense, had his life wrapped up in our life. As John Wesley gave the definition: "It meant one who was bound to us by self-sacrifice, and the blood relation of the atoning cross." It meant a Christian brother.

The modern definition of the word "friend" is as different from the Biblical, as a wolf traveling around in sheep's clothing is at heart different from a lamb! "The friendship of most men in these days," wrote John Spencer, "is like some plants in the water, which have broad leaves on the surface of the water, but scarce any root at all; like drums and trumpets and ensigns in battle, which make a noise and a show, but act nothing." Therefore, O man and woman, in this sermon I would try to describe for you who are your true friends, and also show you whether you are true friends to others. From among the scores and hundreds of your acquaintances I would single out a few noble spirits, whose love you ought to cultivate, and whose affections you should treasure in the "holy of holies" of your innermost heart.

The true friend, in the first place, is always the one who loves the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind, before he tries to love his brother as himself. He is the one who would translate into his own life, in a spiritual sense, the oft-quoted advice which Polonius gave to his departing son, Laertes, "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." He is as brave and noble in his relation to his Divine Friend, first of all, as was the late Christian gentleman, Senator and Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish. One night he was dining out with a Senatorial colleague, who made an irreverent remark in reference to Jesus Christ. At first Mr. Fish looked surprised, and then pained, at the blasphemous laughter of his political associate. Then he turned, and quietly but firmly said, "Senator, you must pardon me for what I am about to say, but I must request you to desist from repeating any such remarks in my presence. I firmly believe in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. Of his church I am a member, in my house I have tried to honor Him, and in His faith I expect to die. If you care longer to claim me as your friend, then in my presence, at least, you must make no slurring remarks against One whom I look upon as my best of all friends."

A true earthly friend must, in the first place, be a true friend to his Heavenly Friend, as was Isaac Newton. He so impressed everyone with whom he came in contact with his noble loyalty to his Divine Master, that when his friend, the great philosopher, Gottfried Leibnitz, was dying, he cried out again and again in his last sickness, "O, thou God of Isaac Newton, have mercy upon me!" And yet, strange to say, there are scores of us who seem to think that our true friends can be true to us while being untrue to their better selves. If they drink with us because we get drunk, and gamble with us because we gamble, and sinfully fritter away their lives because we, as spendthrifts, are squandering ours, we call them friends, true friends. As Lord Melbourne, the British Prime Minister, once brutally expressed this sentiment, "I do not call a man a friend who merely stands by me when I am right. But I want a friend who is willing to stand by me and uphold me in political life, even when he knows that I am wrong."

Friends of God

A true friend, in the Biblical sense, is never untrue to his God or to his better self. "Well," says some one, "how am I to know whether a friend is first true to God before he is true to me?" Oh, my brother, you need never have put that question to me. You know intuitively those among your associates who are always true to God without my telling you. A prominent Eastern newspaper man, who for years was detailed as the Albany correspondent of a great New York daily, told me that every year the lobbyists divided the New York legislators into three distinct classes: First, there were those who, like Cæsar's wife, were above suspicion. They were honest through and through. No man would dare approach them with the idea of offering them a bribe. They would not dare to approach them with a dishonorable proposal any more than they would dare ask the President of the United States to appoint a Minister Plenipotentiary to England for the consideration of a $5,000 check, or they would dare ask King Edward to create William Waldorf Astor a member of the House of Lords for a bribe of $1,000,000. The second class at Albany were the "doubtful legislators." They might be bribed, if the money offered was big enough, and they thought they would not be found out. The third class were the men who were there to sell their votes to the highest bidders, no matter who those bribers might be, or how much the iniquitous railroad corporation might desire to defraud the common people, whose interests those legislators had taken a solemn oath to protect. Likewise in every-day life, each man comes in contact with three distinct classes of associates. First, there are those men and women who, like Cæsar's wife, are above suspicion. They are true men. True to themselves, and true to their God. You would no more dare tell a vile story before them than you would dare tell such a filthy story to your Christian mother. Next, there are the "doubtful friends." They might, or might not, be open to a wrong proposition. Then there is the third class of men; those whom you know to be what they ought not to be, and who make a boast of their sins.

The Warnings of Friendship

Practical advice for this classification: From the bad men, turn away your face with firm resolve. You cannot associate with scoundrels without you yourself becoming a party to their infamies. With the "doubtful class" of associates be very chary of your friendship. Never allow any one to enter the inner chambers of your heart until he has proved his virtue and nobility beyond all doubt.

> The man who hails you, Tom or Jack,
> And proves by thumps upon your back
> How he esteems your merit,
> Is such a friend, that one had need,
> Be very much his friend indeed,
> To pardon, or to bear it.

The third class of your acquaintances represent God's noblemen. These can be numbered among the blessed few who are spiritually trying to make the most out of their lives. These seek; these trust; these bind to you by the unbreakable ties of affection. These cherish all through life, up to the brink of the grave. These are the kind of Biblical friends to whom the Apostle John sent his Gospel salutation. The true friend corrects his brother's faults, as well as commends his virtues. He warns him of a moral danger, as he would warn his friend of a physical danger if, on a winter's day, he saw him skating too near an air-hole in the ice; or if, while boating upon the river, he saw him rowing too near the dangerous dam; or if he saw him bathing too near the "sea puss," towards which the treacherous undertow was trying to drag him. The Ten Commandments of Mount Sinai which God, with his finger for a pen, wrote upon leaves of stone, are filled with, "Thou shalt nots." Therefore, one of the great missions of true friendship is, as Paul described it, to "reprove, rebuke," as well as to "exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine."

Tactful Correction

"No, no," says some one, "I do not agree with you at all. I believe it is an enemy whose mission is to point out faults. The true mission of a friend is to encourage and commend virtues. Alas! by bitter experience I have found out the truth of this statement. Some years ago, three of my friends and I entered into an agreement. They were at that time my dearest friends. We decided that we would meet at least once a week, and for mutual benefit we would tell each other all the criticisable things we had seen or heard about each other. We entered into this agreement purely for the purpose of correcting each other's faults. We had just two such proposed meetings, and then broke up in a big row. We have never been the same to each other since. No talking to me about a friend's faults. If my friends have faults, they must be told about them by some one else." Oh, my brother, you are wrong. You are entirely wrong. A friend, a true friend, should be able to come to a brother, as a loving mother could to her wayward child, and tell him of the moral mistakes he is making. This does not mean, as some people suppose, that the true mission of friendship is to gather up all the mean and contemptible sayings which have been spoken about one, and then re-tell them to his brother. No bouquet of fragrant beauties can be collected from among the stinging nettles and the poisonous ivies growing knee-deep in the stenchful swamps. I once had one of those so-called friends, who thought the chief mission of his life was to fling at me all the criticisms and the hyper-criticisms he ever heard spoken against me and my work. He kept me in hot water all the time. Until I stopped associating with him, he made me doubt whether I did have anyone who ever loved me or my family.

Faithful in Prosperity

But though the mission of true friendship consists not in peddling evil reports, it does have a mission in lovingly and tenderly correcting the wrong-doings of our dear ones. Johann Goethe, the most famous poet and dramatist of German literature, once expressed this beautiful thought: "When we are young, we think we shall build palaces for the gods; but at last we are glad if we have dug away some of the rubbish at our feet." Ah, that statement is true. When we are young, we have an ambition to reform the whole universe. But when we grow older, we have narrowed down the hope of our life to this simple desire: We hope that we may live right ourselves. We hope that we may be able to remove from our friends' paths some of the impediments over which we ourselves have stumbled. We hope to do the same as Forbes Mitchell did during the awful siege of Lucknow. After he was nearly blown to pieces by a powder magazine, concealed within the residency by the Sepoys, he immediately warned his English friends, lest they might heedlessly run into the same danger. And my brother, mark this: If you are not gratefully willing to be corrected in a moral fault by a true friend, then you are not fit to have any Christian man for a close associate.

The true friend is one who rejoices with us in our successes, as well as sympathizes with us in our failures. "Oh," you say, "that is a universal, self-evident desire. There is no danger of any friend not rejoicing with us when we succeed in life. The only danger is that these friends will turn their backs upon us when we are defeated." Steady, brother, steady. I am surprised at your answer. I am amazed, first, that you have not found out the error of your belief by personal experience.

Ready are you to grant that enemies rejoice at our overthrow, and are sorry at our triumphs. But in one sense, many of our acquaintances are actuated by the same motives. When tripped up in the race of life, many of our friends are ready to say: "Poor fellow! Is it not too bad that my friend So-and-So failed in business? Is it not too bad that John lost all the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

HOLIDAY SCENES IN NEW YORK

Continued from page 1091

CHRISTMAS WREATHS AND DECORATIONS

SELLING CHRISTMAS TREES ON WEST STREET, NEW YORK

good feeling. In every city and every town there are poor, to whom we can at least give one cheerful day by remembering them at this season. Let none go hungry at Christmas time, if you can reach them with a gift and a blessing. It will be returned to you tenfold.

Few cities in the world—certainly no others in our own land—have such an army of homeless and destitute, as that which finds its way every winter to New York. This year, the Bowery Mission is making a special effort to help these forlorn and unemployed crowds of men and boys during Christmas week—to give them a cordial welcome, a word of Christian cheer and a wholesome meal. If it be possible, we hope, with the aid of our readers, to let no boy or man suffer during Christmas week from hunger. In another part of this issue, there is printed an appeal in their behalf, to which we trust our readers will make a hearty and generous response.

East Side Waifs' Christmas

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery Boys," sends us this appeal in behalf of the poor children of the East Side, for whom she is now preparing her annual Christmas tree:

TO THE READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—DEAR FRIENDS:—No sooner is Thanksgiving, with its cheer for the old folks passed and gone, than the frosty air seems to throb with a new spirit peculiar to childhood. Christmas is coming, and hope and expectancy are written on the faces of all our little folks for this is a veritable children's quarter. Unlike the children of wealth, who, it [illegible]

SORTING CHRISTMAS MAIL IN A NEW YORK CITY POST-OFFICE STATION

[illegible]

TRUE FRIENDS

Sermon by REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. — Continued

money he inherited from his father?" But they often sympathize with us in the self-complacent way which, translated in the ordinary language of life, means: "It is too bad; but if John had only been as smart as I am he would never have lost his money. Now he is just as poor as the rest of us, and he can no longer live in a fine house, or have his daughter taking music lessons, or his son go to college." But let a man make a success; let him strike a big profit in a real estate investment; let him have a $5,000 income, when we only have a $1,000, and it will take a mighty onslaught of Christian grace in our hearts to throttle the demon of envy gnawing within our breasts. Jonathan was a true friend to David. He loved the poet-statesman, the shepherd-boy warrior, in spite of the fact that David, and not he, the natural heir, was to sit upon Saul's throne. Many a poor man ceases to love his brother merely because that brother can now ride, while he himself is compelled to walk. Why do I state this truth? Because, my hearer, I want you to realize the reason you dislike some of the friends of your youth. It is not because they are untrue to you, but you are untrue to them. It is not because you have made a failure that they refuse to have anything to do with you. It is because they have made a success that you refuse to have anything to do with them. Oh, the poisonous fangs of satanic envy! It is a fiendish enemy, which does its deadly work in the poor man's hut as well as in the rich man's palace.

The true friend is never "out of sight, out of mind." His love can be likened to the trembling movements of the magnetic needle. No matter which way the ship turns, that needle always turns towards the North Pole. No matter which way the true friend goes, his heart's needle always points towards his absent brother. It can be likened to the echoing voice of the phonograph. Some years ago, when one of the Arctic exploration parties set sail from its home harbor, the captain of the ship carried in his cabin a phonograph, into which his wife and little children had spoken loving messages. Thus, when the captain had reached the home of the whale and the polar bear, had reached the "Land of the Midnight Sun," "Land of the midnoon darkness," he heard there the voices of his dear ones, speaking as they were accustomed to do in his own sitting-room. The phonograph of the heart should have a faultless memory. No matter what we do, or how we should be absent from our friends, we should still be able to hear the old voices, and, as in a family album, be able to see the dear, loving lips, just ready to speak.

But, oh how easy it is to forget our absent friends. How easy to get careless about sending the tender salutations of affection which St. John sent to his beloved Gaius, when he wrote, "Greet the friends by name." How easy, when sickness comes, or death comes into the home, to neglect the written words of sympathy! When we are afar off, how easy, amid pressing cares, not to send the letter of encouragement and advice and warning, which would help keep that young man from turning to the left, into the path of sin, when he should keep straight in the narrow path of virtue. My brother, are you doing your duty, your Christian duty, to that absent friend? You know you had a mighty influence for good when you were by his side. Shall you drop that influence for good merely because you cannot touch his hand, or appeal to him except through the influence of the written page?

True friendship is proof, also, not only against absence, but survives death itself. The widow of your friend and his fatherless children, his brother and sister, and all whom he loved, will, if you are a true friend, have claims on you which you will recognize. When David became King of Israel, one of the first things he did was to send messengers through the length and breadth of his kingdom to see if there were any of Saul's family living, to whom he could show kindness, for his friend Jonathan's sake. One was found, a son of his dead friend. He was a cripple, and David took him and made provision for him in his palace. He did this for the sake of his dead friend. O brother, is there in your life a friendship that death has snatched? Was there some Jonathan who loved you, and whom you loved? Was there one who helped you when you were starting in business or who stood by you in your trouble? Perhaps that friend has left a wife who needs help; a son, who is struggling with the world; a daughter, who needs protection. Let your love go out to them in loving service. You can do nothing for them than, dead, but for those whom he loves better than his life, you may do much. How better can you prove yourself a true friend than by helping them for his sake? He may be awaiting them arrived in the land of blessed reunion, but there go there to tell him how your love for him brightened their lives.

[illegible]

Thus, the "Love After" is not to be a disregarded law. We should love the Lord our God with all our strength, and our neighbor as ourselves. But that does not mean all the members of the human family should receive the same sacred closeness in our hearts. Christ came to save a world, but Christ spent and spoke a thousand his way out of Jerusalem over the Judean hills to [illegible] Bethany with Mary and Martha and Lazarus, who were his true friends. Again, [illegible] he was when he entered on the "Last Supper," he [illegible] about him the twelve, even though he knew one of those was a traitor. These are intended hints [illegible] friends and friend. You should have [illegible] as Paul had those to whom he [illegible] them. We should have those [illegible] as with all on earth, however [illegible] friends with whom we can [illegible] and pray. [illegible] their presence and [illegible] cooler and wilder places we can [illegible] friends with are true to us, [illegible] Christ. Thus, I find [illegible] Gaius. Greet the [illegible] lectively. Hold fast to them as [illegible]

JAPANESE TEA-GARDENS, SAN FRANCISCO

CONSUL-GENERAL UCHIDA, NEW YORK

A PRETTY JAPANESE GATEWAY, SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK'S JAPANESE COLONY

By REV. CLAUDE M. SEVERANCE, M.A.

"MODERN war is so expensive that even victory doesn't pay. We want victory without fighting." This was the significant statement made to the writer at the Japanese Consulate, 99 Nassau street, New York, by Consul-General Sadatsuchi Uchida. To the question, "Will Japan go to war with Russia?" Mr. Uchida replied, "It is difficult to answer. Japan is prepared for war. The Japanese like to fight. The Japanese will not take the initiative; but they are ready to defend their rights at all times and in all places. They hold Formosa as the United States holds the Philippines; but they do not care for territorial expansion."

The New York Consulate was established some thirty years ago, and Mr. Uchida has been at this post for seven years. He has a wife and one child with him in New York. He is accessible and affable, the picture of health, with a vein of humor to modify his natural dignity and urbanity. At annual celebrations, by our Japanese residents, of the Mikado's birthday (November 3), his words as host are always well chosen and worthy the representative of an emperor, now fifty-one years old, who has ruled 40,000,000 of affectionate subjects successfully for thirty-six years. Mr. Uchida was made Consul-General in January, 1902. Up to 1895 there were only two consulates in the United States, but at present consulates are located at Honolulu, San Francisco, Seattle (with a branch at Tacoma), Chicago and New York. At Philadelphia, New Orleans and Galveston there are honorary consulates. It is estimated that there are 70,000 Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands, and 35,000 in the United States, from 1,500 to 2,000 being in Greater New York, making more than 100,000 under the United States flag. One of the most distinguished Japanese in the metropolis is Dr. Jokichi Takamine, the discoverer of "Taka-diastase," and president of the Hinode Club of New York City. Mr. S. Hirose is the vice-president, Mr. T. Takahashi secretary, Mr. T. Morioka treasurer, and Dr. Ugai, Mr. Ikeda, and T. Hirose are trustees. This club originally started as a bicycle club, but three years ago it became simply the Sunrise Club. Monthly meetings are held at a private Japanese boarding-house conducted by Mr. Kurata. It is expected that many visitors who will come from Japan to the Exposition at St. Louis will come on to New York. With this thought in mind, the club has appointed a committee to suggest a site on the west side of New York for a permanent Japanese club-house.

There are at present in New York forty-nine members of the wealthier class of Japanese. It is believed that a club-house, where Japanese may meet their fellow-countrymen, will tend to keep young Japanese from the sins of the city.

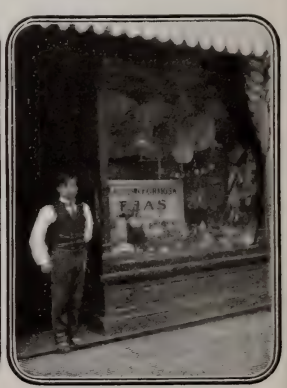
A JAPANESE NEW YEAR'S GATHERING IN BROOKLYN SEVERAL AMERICANS PRESENT

At No. 111 Nassau street, there is a Japanese General Agency, managed by Mr. Goroku Ikeda, editor of the first newspaper east of the Rocky Mountains in which movable Japanese type were used. According to his statement, there are eleven Japanese newspapers printed in the United States: In San Francisco, *The New World* (an eight-page daily), established in 1894, and *The Japanese and American* (another eight-page daily); in Seattle, Wash., *The Peace* (four-page daily), *The North American Times* (daily), *The New Japanese* (a weekly), and *The Northwestern News* (a weekly); *Los Angeles News* (a weekly); in Oregon, *The Portland News* (a weekly); and in New York, *The Japanese-American Commercial Weekly*, *Japan and America* (a monthly), and *The New York Japanese Weekly*.

The Japanese-American Commercial Weekly claims this distinction, that it "has a staff of nine thoroughly educated young Japanese, who act as interpreters and guides to business men from Japan who visit this country"; it "has a bureau of information for the purpose of furnishing information of Japan to Americans, and of America to the Japanese"; and its purpose is "to give the Japanese live information concerning American markets and trade." Mr. Fukutomi, the editor, has a wife and son in Japan. He was editor of the Asahi *Shimbun* from 1890 to 1894. From 1894 to 1897 he was the business manager of the *Nichi-*

AMERICANIZED JAPANESE CHILDREN

MR. SEVERANCE AND A CLASS OF JAPANESE AT HIROSHIMA



A JAPANESE TEA-SHOP IN NEW YORK

Nichi (Times), at Tokyo. He is a Buddhist, and says he knows nothing of Christianity.

There are in New York a number of notable Japanese business firms dealing in art objects, raw silk, cotton, carpets, rugs, etc. One of the unique callings is tattooing. A "Tattooing parlor" has been opened in the metropolis, where experts, who have lived in Hongkong and Manila, do beautiful work. At the New York School of Art, one Japanese artist is a competitor with the American students. There are twelve or more restaurants and boarding-houses where Japanese food is served in part or exclusively. Boarders come and go constantly, lingering only long enough to make friends and secure employment. Some of them become despondent and reckless, spending their Sundays playing cards, smoking, shaking dice, and drinking *sake*, while others are converted, coming under elevating and Christian influences, and become models of good conduct and successful men of affairs.

In one of the Japanese clubhouses in New York, where some sixty Japanese congregate occasionally, there is a master of sword-dancing and fencing, Mr. Tenmaru Uchimura. There one can get a glimpse of real Japan.

Only in Sands street, Brooklyn Borough, can one think of the Japanese as forming a colony. About 500 make their home in that vicinity. The rest are scattered far and wide.

A good many Japanese marry American wives, but few of the latter ever go to Japan for permanent residence.

The Japanese welcome their fellow-countrymen with pleasant receptions, and cheer them at their departure with farewell words and generous gifts, in special assemblies, called *sobetsukwai*. At such gatherings, short solos are sung by the young men. The sword-dance, with a heartrending song and frightful posturing, enlivens such events. *Sembei* (a kind of cracknell or rice wafer), grapes, apples, bananas, cake and ice cream, as well as *o cha* (honorable tea), are enjoyed and used by all.

The city apartment, or house, seems more difficult to keep tidy than the low-roomed homes of Japan, which are swept and dusted daily; but even high ceilings and unmatted floors yield to the athletic and æsthetic housekeeper, and she converts a massive house into a place of stately simplicity and taste. The "little darlings" in a Japanese domestic circle are put early to bed, and tucked into their own little iron cribs—a boy in one room near his father's bed, and a girl in an adjoining room beside the mother, as the case may be. Japanese children go to the public kindergartens and their parents encourage them to master English, secretly planning to take them back to Japan at a suitable age, for a thorough education in Japanese.

A Japanese lady receives more consideration here among her fellow-countrymen than in Japan. If she has been in America for years and has had college advantages, or rare privileges of another nature, and marries a Japanese less familiar with our country and our customs, she receives a respect and deference from him, public and private, akin to that shown the average American lady. Americans who have known such ladies have found them sometimes model Christian women, exemplary in every regard. They lose their shuffling gait, become graceful in Western costume, and have a self-respect that is wholly new to new Japan.

JAPANESE STUDENTS AT YALE'S 200TH ANNIVERSARY

Mr. Moto, an Americanized Japanese, in reply to various questions, said: "Before the Chino-Japanese war the majority of the Japanese came to America for education, but since that war, many come here to make money. Many are now sending money back to Japan."

At No. 17 Concord Street, Brooklyn, there is a Japanese Christian Home, which has been the scene of many conversions. Mr. J. H. Tsutsumi, a Japanese business man, piloted this enterprise successfully several years, raising funds from Japanese for the work. For years the Rev. A. C. Dixon and members of his church gave liberally of time and money for its support, but the Home has now passed under the control of the Methodist Church. A weekly prayer meeting is held on Thursday evenings. On Sunday, at 2 o'clock, there is a Sunday School, and in the evening a preaching service. The evangelist in charge, Mr. Ishikawa, goes every week to New York to conduct a service at 61 East 23d street, the home of Mr. Higashi, an importer. There is another Christian Japanese Home in Greater New York, where religious services are conducted. This is at 69 East 24th Street. Mr. Hosoi is the Missionary in charge.

Our Navy affords employment to a considerable number of Japanese, as stewards and in other capacities, especially on ships visiting Japanese ports. In the Brooklyn Navy Yard, there is one Japanese Christian, and twelve or more others in training, employed. An excellent religious work was done on behalf of Japanese sailors by the New York Port Society, under the superintendence of Rev. Samuel Ryde. In this Mr. Yoshio rendered useful service in the interpretation of the Gospel, starting a class of Japanese for instruction in English. Mr. Yoshio's name and address in this city for several years, until it was transferred to London. A notable service done for the Japanese in New York is that by Miss S. L. Crawford, who, fifteen years ago, opened a school for Chinese and Japanese on Fulton street, Brooklyn. More than one hundred students whom she has helped have been baptized, and many others she took as far only lacked baptism. Some have gone back to Japan, one graduating with distinction from our best institutions.

Mr. K. Miyagi, a lawyer and orator and evangelist, who has labored in Formosa, Hawaii, and America as well as Japan, and who is now in New York, addressed his countrymen one evening lately in these words: "Japan's greatest need is regeneration. Japan needs evangelization. To be Christian is more than to be rich. The present is a time of waiting in Japan. Young men preach Christ wherever you go! I come to this country and find that in all the great cities religious bodies are contesting as to means for saving the people. Up to 1885, there were not more than 200 Japanese in Hawaii. Today there are 75,000. They talk of the money they are saving. It is more necessary that they should talk of evangelization."

Considering the fact that there are about 1,000 Japanese in Greater New York who might be approached by Christians, very little is being done for them. Though they are courteous and teachable and have ample time for Christian instruction, they are not sought out individually and helped spiritually to any great extent. Many of them carry solemn impressions received from missionaries in Japan and they are wondering why there are not more real Christians in the United States to present the inspiration to holy living.

A PERILOUS MISSIONARY TOUR

*

1,500 Miles in the Saddle, through the Brazilian Wilderness, to Win Souls to Christ

REV. MR. AND MRS. YOUNG AND SON

FROM the Rev. R. J. Young and wife, American missionaries in Brazil, we have received this letter, giving encouraging reports of the progress of their labors in that country:

S. PAULO, Brazil, Oct. 30, 1903.

Dear Dr. Klopsch: We are very grateful indeed for the two remittances received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of $30, Sept. 10, and $10 Sept. 30, and wish you would express our hearty thanks to the friends who contributed.

God is blessing our labors here, and increasing the number of converts, as well as the number of churches. Our third year is now completed, and beginning our fourth with faith in the Lord, and anxious to obey his commission, we can now record to his glory, that we number about 350 truly converted persons, grouped in four different States. We have seven churches, all in good condition, and cared for by native pastors, all of whom have been brought to a knowledge of Jesus.

Several of these brethren have literally left business and houses, and lands, and all earthly ambitions, in order to preach the Gospel. Two have recently started out on an evangelistic trip to the capital of Matto Grosso—the largest State in the Union, and one absolutely without missionaries. These brethren—Sr. Camillo, and Sr. Theodora—are now journeying on horseback through wild forests, and over rushing rivers, and they hope, in about two months, to reach Cuyaba, the afore-mentioned capital. They will have ridden 1,500 miles in the saddle by the time they reach their destination.

On one stretch of country, they ride a hundred miles between houses, and they are obliged to carry enough provisions for themselves and animals, to last six weeks, while they pass through an uninhabited country.

By the time you receive this they will be in the midst of their dangerous pilgrimage, and we ask you to pray that God will protect them, and bring them safely and duly to the city of Cuyaba.

The enclosed photograph gives an idea of our missionary caravans, at a halting-place, where they are unloading the animals, and preparing a wilderness supper over the little camp fire.

A MISSIONARY PARTY ON THE WAY TO MATTO GROSSO

We also have workers in the hitherto unevangelized State of Ceara, the people of which listen gladly to the Gospel. We hope to send you good reports from the regions beyond as we go forward with the message of Salvation.

RICHARD J. YOUNG,
KATE H. YOUNG.

Every Topic is Presented in the Crown Encyclopedia in plain, direct language, as seen in a little nugget of truth a ton of ore, a column, plain and genuine gold, that will not tarnish in a century. Some pages large prize for illustrations, or colored maps right up to November 1st, all charges prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, at only $3. Money cheerfully refunded if not pleased—the greatest bargain ever offered in encyclopedias. Art prints, the beautiful Butterfly Bird of Colombia for ten cents, no square inches, goes free with every subscription.

A Gospel House-Boat in China

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Christmas Opportunity

CHRISTMAS-TIDE, full of sentiment and tender home memories, is drawing nigh, and the Bowery Mission, the Lighthouse for homeless, friendless and unfortunate men, is making gigantic preparations to bring a ray of sunshine and good cheer into the lives of the many thousands who, during the last week of the waning year, will put its open-hearted, open-handed hospitality to a severe test.

Depending upon the generous contributions of our readers, who have so liberally supported the Bowery Mission during the past ten years, we are arranging to serve daily a bountiful supper to 1,000 men and boys, commencing with Christmas eve and continuing until New Year's day. While the supper is in progress the Bowery Mission Quartette will sing, and Mr. Hallimond, our beloved Superintendent, and Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery," who has given up her palatial home at Montclair, and taken up her residence on the East Side, in order that she may more entirely devote herself to the salvation of the hapless and homeless, will both speak words of comfort and good cheer.

On Christmas day the usual Christmas breakfast will be given to 5,000 men and boys, for whom the doors of the Mission will open at three o'clock in the morning, and remain open until all have been served.

During these nine days over 15,000 meals will be served, and we plead for 1,000 contributions of $1 each, in order that the vastly increased expenditures incurred thereby may not fall as a weight upon the Mission and hamper its usefulness.

Never was a more deserving cause presented to our readers, and we confidently appeal to them for help on this occasion.

If God has prospered you, give a mite to this grand work. It is very near my heart. I pray daily for the men and the boys at the Bowery Mission, and for the thousands of donors, unknown to them, to whom they are indebted. God knows the generous hearts which respond to these appeals for His wandering sheep, and He will surely bless and prosper them. May you and your dear ones be numbered among them.

Pleasant Times Before Us

WHEN the chilly winds of winter blow around the house, and the windows rattle, and the dead leaves go scurrying before the blast, there is a peculiar satisfaction in gathering around an open fire, or sitting cosily beside the table where shines the evening lamp. The cheer of a fire that one can see far surpasses that of warmth shut up in a stove, or coming in hot waves through a hole in the floor, or the wall. Later on, after snow and sleet come, when winter sets its iron grip on fields and roads, and the biting cold steals in through every crevice, we are glad enough to have the furnace in the cellar, its yawning mouth filled with anthracite, or own a big base burner that makes the house comfortably tropical.

The season brings renewed activity to church life, and to every social function and oppportunity in which friends meet and mingle, or Christian workers attack the forces of evil. Among the pleasant times ahead are sociables, in which young people will combine; fairs and bazaars are coming to stimulate good women to exertion, and afford a great deal of incidental enjoyment, and there will be concerts and lecture course, and many another chance for the improvement of the mind and the innocent amusement of evening hours. Besides these, there may just now be some domestic planning which will eventuate in agreeable affairs later on.

Young women, living in a place remote from a large library, may profitably organize little book clubs of their own. The method of doing this is very simple. Suppose that six or eight friends club together, each putting in a small sum towards buying the first books. Once a fortnight, or once a week, books may be exchanged. No officer is needed except a secretary and treasurer, who may be combined in one young lady. A small monthly due will go to the purchase of new books, and at the close of six months the books on hand, having been the rounds, may be auctioned off, thus giving a fund for the purchase of books next year.

Another pleasant thing is a reading class, which does not necessitate the purchase of new books. It may take up current events and assembling once a week, to a member may be assigned the duty of reading a paper, written by herself, on what is going on in the nation and the world. The others can discuss it informally, and the meeting may end with a cup of tea.

A historical class is intellectually very profitable, but to make it successful, someone must be found who will take the part of leader, map out the work and be responsible for the success of the class during the winter. Where there are several young people of musical tastes in the village, they may form a little musical club, and with mandolin, violin, piano, or banjo, or with singing, pass some pleasant evenings.

Still another charming thing is to have, now and then, a story-telling evening around the fire. This need not be confined to young people, since older people often have good stories to tell. With lights turned low, let the company gather around a bright fire, and one by one relate tales of adventure, or fairy lore, or some remembered anecdote, or incident of childhood.

With a view to keeping the boys out of mischief, and interested in safe and legitimate pursuits, the young women may devise evenings in which they can join. The ideal pleasant time must always include both sexes, just as the ideal club, if it is ever formed, will be a club for husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, men and women, with common tastes and sympathies.

An Encouraging Thought

IF any work is of the Lord, and if it is in the hands of those who are laboring, not for self-glorification or emolument, but with a single eye to God's glory and the betterment of mankind, that work will inevitably prosper.

It may encounter reverses, and at times it may seem as though it would be totally submerged by the waves of misfortune; but if it be of the Lord, it will surmount all difficulties, and will triumph in the end.

No human agency can permanently thwart a work if it is of God. He will acknowledge it before the world and will establish it on foundations that cannot be moved. Moreover, he will supply it with all needed resources. But His ways are not as our ways, and He may not do this after the manner we are naturally led to expect; but do it He will, nevertheless. At the last, it will shine gloriously before men, divinely acknowledged and blessed, to the confusion of its enemies.

Any needed work which is begun for the glory of God and the furtherance of his kingdom, and without a trace of selfishness on the part of the founders, will realize this blessing. To those who are laboring in the great Gospel field, or in any field of Christian philanthropy, either at home or abroad, and especially to those who have thus far seen little results from their efforts, this reflection comes as a grand spiritual consolation: the work is the Lord's; He will not let it utterly fail. When the time is ripe for Him to own it, it will broaden and deepen, and produce a bountiful harvest.

Nothing, therefore, should make the founders of such a work ashamed. Let them persevere in faith and confidence, waiting upon God, for the blessing is sure in the end.

God Training Our Faith

GOD often deals with you very much as you do with the baby on your knee, when you lift above his head the thing he wants, and hold it for a while out of reach of his hand, not to tantalize him, but to train his eye, and to teach him the use of his hands and to exercise his limbs.

There is nothing which delights our Heavenly Father more than such faith in his goodness and love and power as will persist in its demands, and even increase its demands as difficulties and obstacles rise in the way. Did you never sit in your chamber and smile with love and pleasure as you listened to your little child, creeping on hands and knees up the stairs to see you, panting with the effort yet undismayed by the difficulty, and even crowing with delight, knowing well that the moment of triumph and joyous welcome was sure to come?

So, be sure, our Father in heaven smiles, amid the clouds and darkness which sometimes are around about him, to hear the feet of faith coming steadily up the hill of Difficulty, never slacking their pace, but strong and exultant in the knowledge that there is light above the clouds.

To Save Other Feet from Stumbling

WE have the spirit of Christ only so far as we stop to consider whether what we do or leave undone, will affect for good or for evil some other soul, will tend to lift up, or to drag down some one else, for whom Christ died. If we cannot prove our relationship to Christ in any other way, we can do it by taking up the stumbling stones, the things that would hurt and destroy, out of the way of others.

A poor woman, crossing one of the public parks, suddenly stopped and picked up something which she concealed in her apron. A policeman saw the act and followed her. She was ragged, and her furtive manner convinced him that she was making off with some article of value, such as is frequently dropped by accident in public places. He called to her roughly:

"Here, what have you got in your apron?"

His threatening official tone frightened her, and she made no answer. Feeling sure that she had hidden a pocket-book or a jewel, he ordered her to show what she was trying to carry away, or he would arrest her. Then the poor woman timidly unrolled her apron, and revealed a handful of broken glass. The policeman stared at it a moment, and muttered:

"What in the world do you want with that rubbish?"

"I just thought I'd take it out of the way of the children's feet," she said meekly.

Whether she knew it or not, that woman put a gospel of love into her humble deed. She obeyed in spirit the Divine command to the ancient prophet, "Take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people." It was the very same love which only takes a higher range when it gives itself concern for the deeper, the spiritual, the eternal welfare of our fellow-creatures.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELISTS DAVIS and Depfer have just closed a successful work at Wyalusing, Pa., all the churches co-operating.

—REV. J. J. RINGER, with his singer, Mr. J. Owen Long, has just closed a successful Gospel meeting at Lacey Spring, Va. A number have been added to the churches.

—REV. EDWIN S. STUCKER, of the Baptist Church and Academy at Owatonna, Minn., lately conducted union evangelistic services with the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches of Grand Forks, N. D.

—REV. J. R. CULPEPPER and his son, Rev. O. B. Culpepper, lately closed a series of three weeks' services in Columbus. A number of conversions are reported, and there were many accessions to the various churches.

—THE PRESBYTERY of Ouachita has been engaged in special evangelistic work in the mountains of Southwest Arkansas, and sent Evangelist J. D. Fleming with a tent on a mountain campaign. Conversions are reported. A Presbyterian church was organized at Kirby, a town without any church building at all, and a lot has been obtained on which to erect a house of worship.

Who Will be Their Santa Claus?

Dear Mother Bird, of the Bowery Mission, intends to gladden the hearts of 1,000 East Side children, to whom Santa Claus will bring no toys on Christmas day, and she asks for $250, or twenty-five cents for each child, to help her carry out her very commendable intentions. Surely, the tens of thousands of our readers who have learned to love "Mother" Bird for her life of self-sacrifice, will stand by her in this effort to bring light and sunshine into these young lives, and with no misgivings as to the outcome, we boldly appeal in her behalf.

Send your contribution for Mrs. Bird's Christmas Tree in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Every contribution will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged in our columns.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

A Historic Building Burned

FIRE has removed from the city of Brooklyn one of its most famous structures, which had many historic associations. On Nov. 30, workmen were busy in the Academy of Music preparing the interior for a grand political dinner, when an electric fuse blew out. Almost immediately the drapery over the stage blazed up. The workmen did their utmost to extinguish the flames, but they soon realized that the attempt was hopeless, and that if their lives were to be saved they must run. There was a general exodus from the burning building and an alarm was turned in. As generally happens when fire surrounds a large open space like the auditorium of the Academy, there was no hope from the beginning. The fire department worked gallantly, but its efforts were directed chiefly to preventing the fire spreading to adjoining buildings. In a very short time the roof collapsed, sending up a large eruption of sparks, which alarmed the occupants of the office-buildings on both sides of the street. Happily the firemen were able to save those houses, as well as several private residences in the rear. Only one life was lost, and that not in the Academy itself, but in a neighboring restaurant. It was that of a man who was struck down by a burning fragment, while he was helping to remove furniture and valuables. In less than two hours a heap of smoking debris and a few swaying walls were all that was left of the famous structure. It has had an eventful history. It was opened in January, 1861. At one of the assemblies, the attack on Fort Sumter was first announced to the public from its stage. During the years that followed, many patriotic meetings were held within its walls. A huge fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission was held there in 1864, which netted $300,000 for the soldiers. Later, Henry M. Stanley was welcomed there, after his famous journey in search of Dr. Livingstone. Henry Ward Beecher was a familiar figure on its platform, and it was there that the great celebration of his seventieth birthday took place. After the burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, in 1889, Dr. Talmage preached there to audiences which filled the huge auditorium to the roof. The building cost $150,000, and as it was not insured, the loss falls on the shareholders. It had been the practice of the directors to insure, but two years ago, the insurance companies, recognizing the insecurity of the risk, asked so large a premium, that the directors refused to continue insuring. It is expected that it will not be rebuilt. The site is very valuable, and will probably be sold for a sum large enough to reimburse the shareholders for their loss. It was a providential thing that the fire took place at the time it did. Had it occurred on one of the many occasions when the building was crowded, a large loss of life could not have been averted. It is natural to feel regret for the loss of a building identified with the labors of so many great and good men, but after all, the real memory of them is enshrined, not in an edifice, but in those who have known and loved them. It is so with the reverence Christ desires in his people. His real temple in which he desires to dwell, is not a visible church, but the hearts of his followers.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the highways to Zion (Psalm 84:5 R.V.)

THE BURNING ACADEMY OF MUSIC OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Victims of Newyorkitis

The case of a Russian woman who came to America recently, and occupied a room fronting on Second avenue, New York, has evoked from physicians an expression of opinion on the effect of city noises on certain constitutions. The woman, who had spent all her previous life in a country district in Russia, became highly nervous here, and complained of the distressing effect of the continual noises that she heard day and night. Her trouble increased, until she became demented. One of the physicians consulted, said that her complaint was similar to that from which boiler-makers sometimes suffer after working for a period inside a boiler in which rivets are being hammered. It was a distinct disease, to which he gave the name of Newyorkitis. A person accustomed to quietness, coming to New York, is startled and shocked by sudden and unexpected noises. The shouting of teamsters, the clang of automobile gongs, the ringing of the bells of trolley-cars and bicyles, and the continuous rush overhead of the elevated cars, combine to produce distraction and a complete breakdown of the nervous system, which, in sensitive temperaments, is liable to end in acute mania. Such cases were increasing in number with alarming rapidity. So, too, are the cases in which the harass and worry are not physical but mental, and these are even more numerous than the others. The penalties we pay for the highly-civilized life we are living are becoming daily heavier, and so few of us avail ourselves of the inner peace which would be the most effectual remedy.

When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble (Job 34:29).

A Burmese Festival

The accompanying picture of the sacred bird known as the Garuda, was taken recently for *The Sphere*, when, at the annual celebration, it was carried in procession to the Buddhist temple at Kyaukse, near Mandalay, in Upper Burmah. The temple stands on the summit of a high hill which the people reach by a winding path. Steps are cut in the steepest parts out of the solid rock. Nearly the whole population, attired in their most brilliant garments, ascends on the day of the celebration to the pagoda. Even the aged and infirm make the painful journey, as they believe they acquire merit by worshiping there on that special day. The procession has almost a childish aspect, owing to the sacred objects it carries. These are chiefly symbolical. They are elephants and other animals made of bamboo and colored paper. When the procession reaches the pagoda, all the objects it has carried are reverently destroyed. The Garuda is a species of eagle, which, according to Buddhist tradition, is the principle of good perpetually at war with the principle of evil, typified by a snake. It is surrounded by musicians and dancers and is the chief spectacle in the procession. It is sad that, recognizing as the Burmese do, under the emblem of the bird's conflict with the snake, the struggle between good and evil, they do not know of Him who won the victory and gives his people power to win it, too.

THE SACRED BIRD OF BURMAH

5,000 Degrees of Heat

An extraordinary demonstration was given a few days ago before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers by Prof. Goldschmidt, of Essen, Germany. By combining oxygen with [illegible] he produced a heat so intense that it could not be registered by any thermometer. [illegible] was proved to be more than five thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The tools of the professor [illegible] a mixture so much that [illegible] he had a certain quantity on boiling point as cast steel. Almost instantly it burnt a hole completely through the plate. The industrial applications of electric arcs, of which were demonstrated on the platform, were extremely interesting. Balls and pipes were melted very quickly, and the results were as good. Judging from samples which had been placed, on the body of the metal. The fusing of masses of iron by thermit might be more appropriately carried [illegible]. It was a matter of curiosity that the operator, after pouring from a ladle the molten metal, took in his naked hands the vessel in which this metal had just been effected and turned its glowing mouth to the audience to show the [illegible] interior. This is another of the discoveries which show what immense resources there are in nature unsuspected before, by which such universal destruction as we have described may be brought about.

The American Bible Society has made a special note and the announcement that there will be no year out, no date, no and the books that are thereto issued be issued up (1) letter 5 cts.

Profit From Death

An extraordinary traffic has been discovered at Bayonne, N. J. A man who had been drinking in a saloon in that town, had a quarrel with another man soon after leaving the saloon. It ended in a fight, in which he was killed. It was then found that the keeper of the saloon held a policy on the life of the man who was killed. The publicity given to the case led the insurance companies to make an investigation, from which it was found that a large number of policies on the lives of drinking men were held by saloon-keepers. One saloon-keeper had insured the lives of nearly a hundred of his customers, and had collected payments in claims on the deaths of some of them. In most of the cases the men insured were aware that a policy had been issued on his life, and that the beneficiary he patronized would derive benefit by his drinking himself to death. The problem the insurance companies are trying to unravel is how a man could be insured without making an application and undergoing a medical examination. That problem concerns them, and they ought not to have much difficulty in solving it. The significant feature of the affair, to the certainty the saloon-keeper has of the early death of the victims. He betrays his consciousness of the fatal nature of his trade. A drinking man is liable to be killed in a quarrel, or to die by a fall, or, at the worst, to be killed by alcoholism. It is an outrage that a man knowing this should be allowed to go on destroying men and [illegible] to derive profit from the result of his pernicious work. As the good Book says, the victims have less sense than the birds.

Search in vain is the one spread in the nets in any bird's sight.

BRIEF NOTE

[illegible]

The · Macedonian · Refugees, · as · I · Saw · Them

By REV. M. N. POPOFF

A CROWD OF MACEDONIAN REFUGEES AT THE RILO MONASTERY

ABOUT the middle of last August Macedonian Bulgarians began to cross over the mountains in large numbers into free Bulgaria, as refugees. They kept coming over to Bulgaria until, in the latter part of October, their number reached twenty-five thousand. Advices received from Bulgaria recently, state that the number of refugees is daily augmented.

Being in Sofia during the latter part of October, and having been urged by my friends to come to America to solicit aid for these unfortunate sufferers, I decided to go and see personally about twenty-five hundred of them at Rilo Monastery. Knowing the severity of the climate in the mountains in October, I provided myself with a winter overcoat and wraps, and, indeed, I was not mistaken in making such a provision.

I saw the first refugees as I was about to enter the city of Dubnitza. It was about sunset. The air was chilly; but there being no place for them in Dubnitza, they had gone out of the city, to pass the night in the open air. In the city, I learned that next day they were to be taken and distributed among the villages along the road leading to Samokov.

The city of Dubnitza was crowded with refugees. Everywhere on the street were groups of these poor Razlog villagers. I stopped by a group who had just arrived. One, an old woman, told me, "This is the second time that I came to Dubnitza as a refugee. The first time was in 1879, after the Russo-Turkish war."

(The writer of this, as a boy, was himself a refugee at that time in Dubnitza.)

"Then," she added, "our home was not destroyed and we returned; but now all our earthly possessions are destroyed."

My heart ached when I saw these people, exhausted, hungry and thinly clothed, strangers among strangers. The next day others began to arrive. It was a pitiful procession. A woman had on her back a bundle of wool which she had prepared for winter clothing. Very wisely had she taken that as the most necessary article for a cold climate. Some had succeeded in taking with them a home-made blanket and a few other domestic articles; but the majority barely escaped with their lives. I saw men who had lived comfortably at home, so far as there can be comfort in Turkey, but who now were reduced to beggary. On the inquiry, whether they would like to return to Turkey in case the Sultan should restore their burned homes, the answer of some was that they would by no means go back so long as their country remained under the same tyranny; others replied that they would gladly return, for they were not accustomed to be beggars.

On resuming my journey in the afternoon, I met over five hundred more refugees. Many women had traveled all the way from the monastery, about fifty miles, barefooted, and carrying burdens on their backs and babies in their arms. Among them was a priest. I approached him to learn the cause of the flight. He said, "I fled from Turkey just a year ago, having been suspected as a dangerous man for the empire, and now I have come out to meet my family. We are ruined."

Mr. Gligor Wrukoff, another refugee, had similarly gone out to meet his family, but to learn, to his great regret, that his two eldest sons were killed in Mehomia, while nobody could tell him where the remaining seven children and his wife were, or whether they were alive or dead.

In the monastery itself I found over fifteen hundred refugees. Aside from the refugees, about eight hundred Bulgarian soldiers were quartered there. In a large room outside of the monastery, built for a saloon and restaurant, over thirty families of refugees were quartered. In a small church were quartered about fifty families from one village.

As I wanted to photograph the refugees, I requested a policeman to get them together. He told me that I must go first to the bivouac. This was a settlement of about forty families of refugees in the open air, not far from the monastery. It was a heartrending scene: children crying from cold and hunger; mothers bathing their children and washing the only change of clothing; men groaning and lamenting over lost property, etc. A number of women were delivered of children during their flight on the mountains, where they had nothing with which to wrap the newly born babes. Many bore signs of the pursuing enemies, in the shape of a wound or a bullet-hole.

If these people are not taken care of this winter, they very likely will die before spring of hunger and cold, which sometimes is even worse than death by the yataghan.

M. N. POPOFF.

Revs. M. N. Popoff and D. N. Furnajieff will be ready to address meetings in churches and halls if invited. As personal witnesses of the sufferings of the Macedonians they can tell a thrilling story. Churches or societies wishing to hear them, may address them at Room 106, Bible House, New York. They are operating under the auspices of an American Committee for Macedonian Relief, which consists of the following well-known gentlemen: Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D.; John S. Kennedy, Esq.; John P. Peters, D.D.; Bishop Edward G. Andrews, D.D., LL.D.; Hon. Seth Low, LL.D.; William H. Ward, D.D.; Henry O. Dwight, LL.D.; Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.; D. J. Burrell, D.D.; J. Ross Stevenson, D.D., and the Rev. Robert Stewart MacArthur, D.D.

HOW YOU CAN HELP US

AT this season of the year, many families are considering what papers to read during the coming twelve months. You who know THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and would like to see it more generally introduced, can help us to increase our circulation this very week, by handing the Premium Supplement, consisting of the following eight pages, to some friend not now a subscriber, and speaking a good word in behalf of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Will you be one to aid us to that extent?

THE PANAMA TREATY SIGNED

NEWS that the treaty between the United States and the Republic of Panama, had been signed by the Government of Panama, was received at Washington on Dec. 2. It now requires only the confirmation by the United States Senate to complete ratification. So far, events have moved rapidly, and the prospect of a canal being constructed across the isthmus is bright. The mission of General Reyes, who was sent by the Colombian Government to protest against our recognition of the independence of Panama, is evidently a failure. It is reported that he has declared that the whole Colombian people would fight to retain Panama, and that our interference would involve us in a struggle as terrible to us as the Boer war was to Great Britain. That threat, however, we can afford to despise. If the United States were considering a plan to conquer and annex Colombia, the threat might be relevant, but since we are proposing only to prevent Colombia coercing Panama, the problem is simplified, and is much easier of execution. Panama may have to discuss the claim that she should assume some portion of the Colombian debt, but that is not our affair. It will have to be a peaceable discussion, however, for all violence or invasion is forbidden, and Panama is secure under our protection. It is probable that the Colombian claims for money, or its equivalent, will not be recognized by Panama, since that State has already contributed for many years more than its share of the federal income, without receiving the benefit and consideration to which it was justly entitled.

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UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL GUDGER

It is satisfactory to learn that Germany has recognized the new Republic. Minister Bunau-Varilla, who represents Panama at Washington, received formal notice of the fact, and has acknowledged it by a visit to the German Embassy. Though a Frenchman, he has thoroughly identified himself with the interests of Panama, and he more than any other man has popularized that route for the canal in this country. He is an engineer as well as a diplomat, and has been associated with the isthmian enterprise for twenty years. Early in his career, he was employed by the French Government on its works for the development of Algeria and Tunis, planning and superintending harbor improvements and the construction of railroads. Later, he performed some difficult engineering feats in the Congo State. During his connection with the Panama canal enterprise, Mr. Bunau-Varilla has made important changes in the original plans, which tend to expedite the work. His marvelous skill, and the determination with which he sets himself to the solution of problems which have been declared insoluble, have won for him the soubriquet of the Napoleonic engineer. He is thoroughly convinced of the practicability of the canal, and his opinion is shared by every one who listens to his explanations. Panama is exceedingly fortunate in having a man so eminent, both as an engineer and a diplomat, for its representative in this crisis.

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M. BUNAU-VARILLA, MINISTER FROM PANAMA

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In Panama, the interests of the United States are in the hands of Consul-General Gudger, who sympathizes thoroughly with the revolution, and has kept our Government fully informed of the situation.

Training Native African Girls

...MRS. SHARPE'S 20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN INDUSTRIAL WORK AMONG THE LIBERIAN TRIBES

MRS. SHARPE AND TWO LITTLE AFRICAN PROTEGÉES

These children are native African princesses

AFTER twenty years of earnest work in Liberia, West Africa, Mrs. J. E. D. Sharpe has returned to this country for the purpose of interesting our people in her work of training the young girls of that land. Mrs. Sharpe is a woman of color, born and educated in the United States. She is a graduate of the Boston High School, and possesses much of that force of character and practical common sense that are so valuable in mission work. Few women know so well the needs of Africa, and the best means of helping its people. She was sent out to Liberia by the American Board of Missions, and while in Monrovia, the capital, she taught with success in the Liberian College. Many of her pupils, among them the president's daughters, are now wives and mothers of the leading families of Liberia. After her marriage to Mr. Sharpe, a leading sugar manufacturer of Liberia, she continued her earnest and active interest in the girls, and used her personal means for the education and uplifting of African womanhood.

Mrs Sharpe, after several years in Monrovia moved into the "bush," housing herself in a little thatched structure. Then she set about learning the customs, modes of thought, style of expression, religious observances and superstitions of that interesting tribe, the Golahs. So well did she succeed in reaching the heart of these people, as well as of the adjoining tribes, that she was perfectly safe in her work among them even during the tribal wars of the last four years. The native African she found to be extremely hospitable, dividing his last spoonful of rice with the stranger, and really carrying out the Gospel command about entertaining strangers." In her home in the "bush," Mrs. Sharpe hopes to establish a school for the industrial training of the girls of these tribes, where they can develop industrial skill, their possession of which is shown by the skill with which they now work with crude tools of their own fashioning. They do fine leather-work, weaving in designs with slender thongs of the leather in colors, making ornamental pocket-sheaths for knives, and many other articles. They weave by hand the fine cotton growing in the country, making strong cloth, for the coloring of which they use dyes from the native plants. Palms and grasses are also woven into articles for use.

Although agriculture is in its infancy in Liberia, Mrs Sharpe feels that the native girls could be taught truck culture and poultry raising, the preserving of pine-apples (which grow wild in great abundance), and of the mango plum. By these various means, the girls would be enabled to provide for themselves and to have suitable clothing, lack of which, especially during chilly rains, is the cause of great mortality among women.

Mrs. Sharpe now has a plantation of 650 acres, called Mount Coffee, but no suitable buildings. Her thirty little native girls had to be scattered because she had no house fit for them; but they are to be again gathered up, and their training resumed upon their return. Much of her hope of what may be done by industrial training, is based upon the respect the native African has for any one who can do good work. An instance of this is seen in the standing among the people of a famous Golah blacksmith. He had great skill in working iron, even with his crude tools, and he became in consequence, a great leader. To him the members of the tribe carried their "palaver" (the settling of their disputes), and he became the great man of his tribe. When he died, he was buried on a much frequented path—one of those picturesque little, zigzag paths found everywhere in Africa. A large lamp was brought and placed on his grave, which, to his people meant: "Here is a great light that has gone out!" Every passer-by places a stone on this grave.

Liberian children are very precocious, and learn English rapidly. This they use in their study and work; but at play, Mrs. Sharpe encourages them to speak in their native tongue, believing that it weakens a people to take their own language from them. These little ones are much loved by their parents, the maternal instinct being very strong in the native African woman. Young girls are carefully protected in most tribes.

"I feel convinced that the women must have more attention paid to their training, before any material advancement will be made," said Mrs Sharpe, to the writer. "That Africa, so far, has not produced anything that the world really needs, is not caused by lack of talents or skill, if rightly directed. I am trying to start a school where industries may be started, that will give some material support. There is nothing for the women to do, and to see them go through the rain with so little clothing, is pitiful. If industries can be started, the women will have clothing and food.

"I had a house full of little native girls, but I had to put them in Liberian families, because the house was quite unfit for occupation. We cooked in the shed outdoors, and studied verdants. The house was leaking badly. The rooms were large enough for women to crawl through before the girls could sleep. They lived in the most primitive way; but I was pained with the curious long strength to realize that they possessed possibilities for higher development. And just think the women of many of the tribes have not come in contact with civilization. They are ready for My Sword. I do not believe that women are ever considered.

"I never knew what prejudice was," continued Mrs. Sharpe, "until I went to Africa. I think that last conference phase of this question of the negro is the fact that we do not know enough about our ancestors. Pride of descent has played an important part in the development of the races. I have seen more in Africa than I have ever seen about it, except those in the great cities, such as the Mohammedans, Hottentots, Zulus and others. In the cultured race in America only those

EXAMPLES OF HAND WORK OF LIBERIAN NATIVES

These include leather pouches, grass mats, pottery, native cloth, etc.

their African antecedents, instead of regarding themselves as being descended from savages or slaves that would have more self-respect, and would be encouraged to higher effort. My work is altogether for girls.

"Some of the directors, and those interested in my work, are, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. James Smith, of the American Board, Miss Caroline Hazard, of Wellesley College, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Sawyer, Mrs. Laura Tilden George, Mr. Edward H. Clement, Rev. George M. Adams, D.D., Treasurer, Auburndale, Mass., Daniel F. Addison, 1939, Mrs. Frank Wood, Mrs. Charles H. Stone, Miss Elizabeth C. Farrell, Miss Susan Scott, C. H. Adams and Mrs. J. E. D. Sharpe."

Mrs. Sharpe hopes to soon return to her work, living with her as assistant, Miss Addie Combs, a graduate of the Hampton Institute. Miss Combs has been trained several years for the advancement of the girls' training movement in Africa. Any one interested in knowing more of Mrs. Sharpe's work, may write to Rev. George M. Adams, Auburndale, Mass.

To Our Friends

WHEN renewing, please use the subscription blanks opposite. If you have already renewed, kindly hand the colored insert, consisting of the preceding eight pages, to some friend not now a subscriber.

Our Children's Temple

The erection of a Children's Temple on the grounds of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y., is now positively assured. Ground will be broken very early in the spring, and the Children's Temple will be ready for dedication in June, 1904.

The enrolment as Life Subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of friends who contribute $10 towards this Children's Temple, will be positively limited to only such applications as are mailed on or before Monday, the 21st day of this month. Please do not mail Life Subscriptions later than that date.

Far Beyond Expectation

The *Butterfly Calendar*, which I received, is far beyond my expectations. I thank you for it. I will show it to my friends.

Philadelphia, Pa. A. PENICK.

All the Neighbors Admire It

The *Butterfly Calendar* premium just received, and admire it very much, as do also many of the neighbors who call and see it.

Prentiss Vale, Pa. W. A. PRENTISS.

ZION CITY'S RECEIVERSHIP

ON the application of creditors, made before Federal Judge Kohlsaat, of Chicago, Ill., Frederick M. Blount and Albert D. Currier, were appointed on Dec. 11, as receivers in bankruptcy for all the property of John Alexander Dowie, in Zion City, Ill. The receivers at once took charge of the property. They were instructed by the court to continue all the Zion industries and enterprises, except the bank, and to report their condition to the court. They were also directed to take such measures as were best calculated to avert distress among the laboring class, whose available means are tied up in these enterprises, and whose money is represented almost wholly by the Zion Bank scrip. It was believed by the attorneys who represented the receivers, that the creditors would ultimately receive one hundred cents on the dollar.

The liabilities are estimated as follows:

Lawsuits (approximately), $64,000; salaries of Zion, $40,000; payments on C. O. D goods, $10,000; mortgages, due on Jan. 1, $120,000; dividends on lace company stock, due on Jan. 1, $20,000; dividends on candy factory stock, due on Jan. 1, $20,000; dividends on general store stock, due on Jan. 1, $20,000; dividends on Builders' Association stock, due on Jan. 1, $20,000. Total, $355,000. Assets are estimated at $25,000,000.

The recent crusade in New York, including transportation and all expenses, cost, as estimated, $200,000, of which the General Overseer personally paid at least $25,000 from his own resources.

Concerning the receivership and the present situation, Mr. Dowie makes the statement:

"The principal suits against me in the courts of Lake County, without any merit whatever, involve a part of a [illegible] to produce a ruinous condition [illegible] business especially by [illegible] and [illegible] called all over the world, [illegible] weakness and [illegible] of Dowie [illegible] of [illegible] entered [illegible] [illegible] What [illegible] is [illegible] Dowie [illegible] ing in Zion [illegible] the rate of $[illegible] a year for [illegible] a year for stores and [illegible] [illegible] $[illegible] a year for [illegible] a month [illegible] see the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SON OF DAVID AND SON OF GOD ❋ CHRISTMAS LESSON

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR DEC 27
MATTHEW 2: 1-12

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—JOHN 3: 16: "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON"

MATTHEW begins his life of Christ with his birth, setting in the foreground that picture of His Kinghness—the coming of the wise and great of far-off lands to greet him as the World's King—"of the Jews"—defining his origin, not his kingdom. Mark begins his life of Christ with his baptism, the inauguration of his public ministry. There is no Christmas in his brief Gospel.

Luke begins his life of Christ before his birth, with the Annunciation, putting into the foreground in his picture the humanness and humaneness of Christ by emphasizing his swaddling bands, and his lowliest of cradles, and the coming to him of the lowliest of toilers, the shepherds. There is no abiding solution of the problems of poverty except upon the pattern that was set at Bethlehem, the coming down of the lofty to the lowly, to lift them up by personal fellowship, by lending a hand, and by the proclamation of the good tidings, the Gospel, to the poor.

John's life of Christ begins much farther back than Luke's. He notes the fact that John the Baptist, who was born six months before Christ, once said of his Divine Cousin, "He was before me," and that Christ himself said, "Before Abraham was, I am." John opens his memorabilia of Christ not with Bethlehem but with the beginning, and emphasizes, not his birth into this world, but his coming from heaven. John is not alone in proclaiming that Christ was in heaven before he was in Bethlehem.

Matthew calls Him "Immanuel," that is, God with us, and the star in the sky proclaims whence he came. So the song in the air in Luke's nativity proclaims him Lord of the angels. Mark's opening chapter pictures him as the Son of God.

"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST"

Peter, in his first epistle (1, 20: 21), says that Christ was "foreknown before the foundation of the world, but manifested at the end of the times for your sake, who, through Him, are believers in God." Paul proclaims as the faithful saying that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" that "He was manifested in the flesh" (I. Tim., 3: 15, 16); that "Since the children are sharers in flesh and blood, He also in like manner partook of the same" (Heb. 2: 14–17), and in Philippians 2: 5–7 we have the picture of the same front steps to the palace of heaven that Jacob saw, only instead of angels ascending and descending between Jacob asleep on the pillow of stone and the front door of the palace of heaven, it is Christ whom we see descending, disrobed of his glory, to the stone manger of a lowly infancy, and as we look more carefully, we behold a step lower still, the rock of Calvary's cross, and instead of angels ascending, we behold Christ returning up those steps leading back to heaven a countless host, for whose rescue he came down to the manger and the cross. There is an ancient Persian legend, which tells us that for many years the Magi had twelve men stationed on a mountain watching for the star that would herald the birth of the Great One. At last it appeared; in it was the form of a child; over it a cross.

"God so *loved* the world that he *gave* his only begotten son." Thus Christmas began in heaven with *loving and giving*, which are on earth also its very heart and soul. Heaven celebrated that first Christmas by sending down the Son of God to carry joy and peace to sad and sinful men. When the vanguard of Christmas reached the earth, as the angel suddenly stood beside the astonished shepherds of Bethlehem, his message was, "Behold, I bring a Saviour, joy, peace." The revision sheds new light on the gift which the angels proclaimed in song: "Glory to God in the highest, *and on earth peace among men, in whom he is well pleased.*"

For a man to celebrate Christmas with songs and decorations who is not in loyal submission to the law of Christ, is as absurd as for a man in revolt against our government to decorate his house with national flags and sing The Star Spangled Banner on the Fourth of July. Think of the absurdity of a Christmas dinner with no grace or doxology before it—a Christmas dinner with Christ left out! What right has the inn that had no room for the infant Christ to celebrate his birth? Or the heart that has no room for the royal Christ? Only to hearts that are mangers to receive him do the angels bring true Christmas joy and peace.

Will you not, at this Christmas season, by submission to the Christ-King, receive the peace he brings to men in whom he is well pleased, nay, more, the Prince of Peace Himself?

"O plodding life! crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care!
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain! by night and day
Working, with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss or gain,
Thinking till thought becomes a pain—
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart! so quick to feel
In others' woes a share;
Yet human loves each power enthrall,
And sordid treasures fill it all—
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful heart! thus to debase
The being God doth spare!
Blood-bought thou art! no more thine own;
Heart, brain, life, all are his alone—
No room for Jesus there.

Lest soon the bitter day shall come
When vain will be thy prayer
To find in Jesus' heart a place;
Forever closed the door of grace,
Thou'lt gain no entrance there."

Christmas reminds us that the eternal life Christ brings is a gift, not an attainment to boast of, but an *ob*tainment for which to praise God. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." A beautiful answer was once given by a little girl in one of the London Homes for the Destitute. The question was asked why Jesus is called an "unspeakable gift." There was silence for a while, and then, with trembling voice, this dear child said, "Because He is *so* precious that no one can tell *all* His preciousness." "He that spared not His own Son but freely gave him for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" (Rom. 8: 32). No good gift can be had without Christ, and no gift is good without him. The angel song has already suggested that true joy and peace come to men only with a Saviour. How can a man have "peace" while at war with God? But when Christ becomes a king whom we enthrone instead of resisting, then comes peace that passeth all understanding—a sense of security unspeakable under his sceptre of love and wisdom, and power. And the joy of having such a kingdom in the soul is the greatest that can be known on earth—a joy that includes God's approval, and the rare joy of self-respect, God-trust, and heavenly hope. The man who has the peace of those in whom God is well pleased will not lose it, because in seeking to please God he has displeased men.

The millionaire of stars became poor, born in a cave-stable at Bethlehem, reared in a cave-dwelling at Nazareth, and later than that having not even so much as a cave-home.

There is a legend that cattle kneel in stalls at Christmas. Well they may, for the Christ-spirit in men has wonderfully lessened cruelty to animals. In Norway and Sweden, sheaves of wheat are always specially preserved for the birds at Christmas, and this humane custom is still followed in some Yorkshire villages, where, on Christmas eve, a sheaf is suspended above the porch, while in Hertfordshire the first act of many a farmer on Christmas morn is to give good feed of hay to every one of his cattle. The Germans teach that every good gift comes with Christ, by representing Christmas gifts as coming from the Christ-child, which is true in a sense that children will grow to understand. They have a beautiful legend that on Christmas morning the Child that was born in a manger revisits the earth to look after all the other little ones; that from the little prince in his royal cradle, to the baby sleeping like Himself in straw none are left unvisited. The legend is but another form of the truth that Bethlehem has brought Christ forever near to the child-heart.

Those who are getting the largest Christmas joy in advance are those who are thinking, not what they are to get, but what they are to give, and giving cannot be well done without much thinking. "I am going to keep all my pennies," said little Kate to her sister; "I have fifteen in my bank and by and by I can buy a diamond cross for mamma. She will look so pretty with it on her black dress." "Mamma doesn't care for such things," said Emma. "But how do you know?" "Because the other day, when I asked her if she would not like to have a ring like that of Mrs. H., so beautiful and shining, she kissed me a great many times and said the only diamonds she wished for were those she saw in our eyes when good and happy." "Well, then, I will buy her some other presents," added Kate, "for I love her so much." "I think," said Emma, "that mamma does not care for presents; she would rather see us good. If we love her we must try to obey her always, and quick; this is what I mean to do."

It is related of one of the oldest and most respected professors of the University of Gottingen that he was at one time, not many years ago, presented during the Christmas holidays with a very beautiful and costly piece of silverware. The gift came from a rich American student, who no doubt, expected that it would give his master much pleasure. Such being the case, he was naturally much surprised to see his present returned. Greatly annoyed, and as he thought justly indignant, he asked for an explanation. This the old teacher gave in about these words: "I returned the piece of silverware very much as I would have returned its equivalent in money had you sent it to me. I did this without for a moment thinking the less of your kind intentions. Still I was obliged to do it in order to live up to one of my rules—that is, never to accept 'bought presents.' If you had made for me something with your own hands, I should have prized it highly; but I could not accept a gift in which there was embodied neither feeling nor sentiment, and which represented nothing but an extravagant outlay of money."

"THEY SAW THE YOUNG CHILD WITH MARY"

"FOUND MARY, AND JOSEPH, AND THE BABE"

"THE CHILD GREW AND WAXED STRONG"

The Sunday Home Group

ROBERT BURNS, in an immortal lyric, has given us the picture of a devout Scottish cotter's home on Saturday night. The home group with us is often scattered on that last evening of the week. But the Sabbath, when its hours are drawing to a close, should gather the dear ones into a pleasant circle, and there should be song and cheerful talk, and the atmosphere of a feast and intimate fellowship, and finally a prayer, before the household separates for the night.

Our friends in Canada have their Sabbath evening services at seven, closing at quarter past eight o'clock. This affords a delightful opportunity for a home evening, after church is over. It would be well, if, in the United States, we could imitate this good example. The hour thus gained for the home would be very precious.

. . .

If possible, the home supper-table on the Sabbath should be set with an extra plate for any guest who may come, preferably for a guest who lives in a boarding house, and is far from her home, or from his. Many young girls and young men, at work in cities especially, are very lonely on the Sabbath, missing then, more than at any other time, the father and mother, and brothers and sisters, whom they so seldom see. To draw them into the glowing warmth of a real home on the Lord's day evening, is to bring them nearer the loving Jesus, and to give them a glimpse of his sympathy and friendship. The Sunday evening supper need not be elaborate, nor sumptuous. It is better to be simple, and mostly prepared on Saturday; but the delicate bread-and-butter, the thinly sliced ham, the golden cake, the amber preserves, fruit in lucent syrup, or jam with the flavor of peach or apple or plum, with hot tea or coffee, are a banquet, if served with gayety and kindness. Away with the thought that there is necessarily anything sacred in a long face and grave demeanor, touched with moroseness. The Lord's Day should be the beautiful day of the week, a day of rest and gladness not only, but a day of joy and mirth in the dwelling of the righteous.

. . .

The children should sit up later than usual, as a treat, on Sunday evening. Around the piano, all joining in the songs, should be a happy group, father, mother, the young people, the little ones, singing favorite hymns; secular music is for week evenings, and there is a wide range of choice in sacred songs to suit every voice and every taste.

After the singing, read aloud, of course, a chapter from the Book, without which the evening would be incomplete. Then let there be a half hour of happy conversation, and then, last, the good-night prayer.

. . .

Such a Sunday night at home starts the week well. All will rise on Monday in better heart for the strenuous labor of the week, after the benediction of so sweet a Sabbath day, thus rounded out with prayer and praise.

TIRED OUT

Tired out with watching,
Just a moment's rest,
And for nurse and patient
Sleep is surely best.

Health is coming swiftly
As the tide flows in,
Soon for nurse and patient
Good days will begin.

Our Never-Ending Battle

Dear fellow housekeeper, your never-ending battle and mine are waged with the persistent dust and dirt that sift in through crannies and lodge in corners; that come in the house on the feet of the family and friends; that are not to be exorcised when every time the furnace is shaken, the ashes fly in clouds of dust, that assail our patience and wear out our strength.

Do we worry over the dust more than we ought? Are we not over-scrupulous? Is a little mud on the doorstep on a slushy day a disgrace or only a slight misfortune? Are windows not quite brightly shining, a blemish in good housekeeping in stormy weather? May we not work too hard in the mere endeavor to have our homes perfect in every small detail?

The lazy and the shiftless allow dirt to get the better of them; but the energetic and the resourceful will always be somewhere on the winning side of the incessant warfare. Periodical cleaning, if thorough, will keep any home neat. Having attended to this, why be distressed because a little superficial dust floats in to remind you that you are mortal?

The Story of a Junior League

The brave Junior League who have this story to tell, belongs to Raton, New Mexico, and by hard work and faithful endeavor, they raised $158.41 for missions in ten months starting out to raise $100 and exceeding their aim by more than one half.

The young people held a monthly social meeting, and at this they turned in their earnings. At each social there was an entertaining programme, and prizes were given in the shape of small books to those earning a dollar or more. A gold medal and two silver medals were offered to those who raised the largest amount for the Lord's treasury by Oct. 1st, 1903. The good work began in the previous November. To the one who raised the largest amount of all was offered a gold watch.

One clever and persevering little girl won nearly all the prizes, as she earned $21.80. This went to the Children's Home at Council Bluffs, Iowa, by her special request.

All honor to the young people of Raton, New Mexico, and many congratulations to their earnest pastor.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JESSICA. Favoritism in a family makes no end of trouble. You may be blaming your mother unjustly. She may not mean to show partiality to your brother.

—A READER. There is a limited field for artistic progress for embroidery. But one who succeeds in supporting herself — she only must have regular work and a connection with some business firm.

—MAY. Mrs. Booth-Tucker, though she devoted herself to the Lord's work in the Salvation Army, never neglected her home or her children. She was a noble wife and mother as well as a grand woman.

The Finest of Premiums

Miss Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa., has received her *Cyclopedia* and the premium, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*. The *Cyclopedia* compares favorably with dear high-priced ones, and the book is vastly interesting as well as instructive.

That Headache

A WOMAN somewhat over sixty, observed the other day to a friend that she had never had a headache in her life. "Do you dream," said the friend, "that you are more fortunate than many a queen, that you have something for which to give special thanks every day?" The almost universal burden borne by women, growing out of and impressed by the word "headache." If it doesn't mean one of numerous varieties. There is the dull ache that comes with an iron band. There is pressure over the eyes, or a stabbing at the base of the brain, and sometimes the whole head is sick, and the whole heart heavy, while the shooting pains and the throbbing, growing and bursting torture, to which the sufferer is a victim.

A woman who endured pain for many years from the loss of supreme agony, and that her constant headache took a day to come on, a day to [illegible] and a day to depart, leaving her at the end of [illegible] a week. If she has a headache frequently, there must be some cause for it, which ought to be sought. It may be that it springs from the stomach and that improper diet or [illegible] are responsible. It may come from unequal rigor of the head, and a visit to an oculist to correct the astigmatism, may do away with the nervous headache.

From time immemorial, a headache has been a convenient social excuse with women of somewhat easy conscience, which there has been a tendency that they wanted to shirk. One finds out [illegible] sympathy with [illegible] aches, but for the real thing man's compassion is profound. The part of wisdom is to look for the cause, and get right down to it, if it be possible. A sufferer from headache, should secure plenty of sleep in a room where there is a free circulation of fresh air. She should [illegible] over heated rooms in the daytime, take all the exercise that is possible, eat no [illegible] and [illegible] digestible food, as fruit, [illegible] and sweets are better left [illegible] people who have [illegible] power of assimilation.

Our Young Folk in College

In Normal Schools, colleges and universities, at this time, many young people are beginning a course of study, which is to be the work of their lives. In the [illegible] to-day many careful [illegible] large [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps,"

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

HOW much it cost Quits to say those words, "my brother," no one but God will ever know. For a single instant Jake Lawson hesitated. What was going on in his dark soul after that strange experience who can ever tell? Quits waited, praying that the miracle of the ages might be repeated in the man, but the moments passed, and then he turned, without a word, and went around the corner and out upon the street. Quits and George followed a moment later and saw, by the light of the street lamp, the saloon-keeper go in at the front door of his place. Then they went each to his own room, but George slept little that night, and more than once Quits waked to mutter the words, "Oh, God, save Jake Lawson! Save him by the power of the Cross!"

This event in Colby's history did not become public until months afterwards. Lawson had good reasons for keeping still about it, and gave explanations to his assistant for his sudden disappearance that night, saying he had gone down to the depot to see about his teamster. Quits never mentioned the matter until after events drew it out of him in a talk with Mr. Vernon. George promised Quits never to reveal the story of that night, and kept his word, although in other respects he was daily growing more and more unreliable.

What spirit of evil was at work upon the boy, Douglas despaired in his soul as he asked. Going home one night after a trying experience in the office, Douglas said to Esther—

"I'm afraid I'll have to discharge George. He is getting more and more unbearable."

"What! Discharge him! Oh, you can't do that, Frank! Think how much that would mean to him. You can't let him go!" There were tears in Esther's eyes as she spoke.

"But what can I do, Esther?" Frank spoke in desperation. "I have pleaded with him to let cigarettes alone. He's as nervous and irritable as a spoiled child. and there is no question now of his drinking. He came into the office one night last week under the influence of liquor, and spoiled several dollars' worth of job work for us before Quits discovered the errors. I can't afford to keep him with me."

"Are you patient with him?" Esther asked timidly. She did not know what else to say.

"I try to be. But what good does it do? I'm terribly disappointed in the boy. He has had a good chance in the office to make something of himself. He is smart, but he knows it too well! He is ambitious, but he hasn't sense enough to let either tobacco or beer alone; and it is a terrible humiliation to think that a boy who has been with the *Beacon* as long as he has, should go to the bad as fast as George seems to be going. If it had been some one in the *Sentinel* office it would not surprise me. But to have it happen in our office—why—it simply bewilders me, and, to tell the truth, it makes me feel bitter towards George."

Esther did not speak for a minute.

"Have you ever intimated to him that you might discharge him if he did not give up these habits?"

"No. I think he believes his place in the *Beacon* office is as secure as mine or Quits. He has grown to have the notion that he is indispensable; that we could not get along without his services."

"It does seem as if the boy had been helped a good deal," Esther said with a sigh, recalling the efforts Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Vernon had made, together with herself, to invite George out to the church and to social gatherings with young people of attractive and helpful personalities, George always accepted the invitations, in fact he seemed to take them as a matter of course, but he had made no particular friends among these young people, and his preferences seemed to be with a doubtful crowd that frequented the hotel billiard hall and spent their Sunday afternoons riding over to Clinton, or loafing around the railroad depot.

Two weeks after this talk with Esther, Douglas came down to the office one night just as the papers were going to press, and found George with his hat on the back of his head, smoking a cigarette, and sitting on the office table, talking in a loud voice to one of the pressmen, who was at a case near the office door. He got down off the table as Douglas came in, but Douglas saw at once that he had been drinking. He did not stop smoking, and without any regard for Douglas except to nod and say good evening, he continued to talk boisterously to the pressman.

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"It's Too Late," Said Douglas, "You've Broken Your Promises Too Often"

A good many things had happened that day to irritate Douglas. We all have had such days, when the world seems full of ingratitude, and our little ship's crew of life have all mutinied and put the good captain in irons and the devil at the helm.

Douglas said coldly, "When you have finished that job on Edwards' dodgers I want to see you a few moments."

The way in which he spoke made George look at him hard, and he slowly took out his cigarette and threw it down on the floor. He went over to his case and finished his work and then came into the office.

"Here I am, Mr. Douglas," he said cheerfully, as he sat down.

There was not the remotest suspicion in the boy's mind, evidently, as to what Douglas wanted to see him for. And as Douglas looked at him and noted the handsome, attractive face (for the awkward, ungainly boy had developed into a promise of an unusually attractive young manhood), he hesitated to speak. When he did, it was with a softened tone, and he spoke slowly, as if to guard against yielding to anger.

"George, have you any complaint to make of your treatment in the *Beacon* office?"

"No, Mr. Douglas," George answered, in astonishment.

"Have you any complaint to make of Mrs. Douglas, or of me, or your friends here in Colby, who are anxious to see you succeed?"

"No, Mr. Douglas, of course not," the boy replied, in growing surprise.

"Do you think we have not done enough for you, to help you get on?"

"No sir, of course not. Nobody could have done more." The tears came into the boy's eyes as he replied.

"Yet you deliberately choose to do the very things that pain all these friends the most. You know there is nothing that all of us are working or praying for so much as for the temperance cause. We are trying in this office to fight the saloon out of existence. And you, in spite of all the friends who have, as you confess, done all they could for you, you go and add your share to the saloon as a patron of it; it is a common sneer in the *Sentinel* office. I am told, that you are so primed half the time that you don't know a galley proof from a case of sorts. What makes you do this, George; have you any reason?"

"Well, Mr. Douglas, the Sunday school and prayer meeting and church socials ain't in it with the other thing. They lack tang."

It was a very unfortunate attempt on George's part to exhibit his smartness. It had so often provoked a laugh in the *Beacon* office that he had grown to be vain of his tongue and the applause of the laugh.

Douglas shut his lips tight together and picked up a blue pencil on the desk, drawing meaningless lines with it on the blotter. Then he lifted his head and looked at George steadily.

"I'm sorry to say it, George, but the *Beacon* has no further use for your services. You may leave at the end of the week."

There was a long silence. George's face turned deathly white. Then he stammered out——

"Leave—leave—the *Beacon?*"

"It pains me to say it, but you have brought it on yourself. You have repeatedly promised me that you would give up the drink, and you have always broken your promises. We have all helped you in every way we can and you are altogether ungrateful. If you cared—"

"Oh Mr. Douglas, don't turn me out of the *Beacon!* I'll do any thing you say! I'll let you keep my wages and put them in the savings bank! I'll do any thing!"

"It's too late. You've broken your promises too often. I'll help you in any way I can to get something to do outside, but I cannot keep you on the *Beacon* any longer. So that's settled." Douglas turned to his desk, and George, still pale and trembling, stood irresolutely for a moment and then walked in a dazed fashion out into the press-room.

Before noon everybody in the office knew that the "old man" had given George his walking papers. He was the object of some commiseration from the force, but of more guying. He had made enemies through his foolish display of pertness and false pride, and the new galley-boy especially, did not disguise his pleasure.

Just before noon, Quits came into the office.

"Can I speak to you a moment, Mr. Douglas?"

"Yes, certainly," Douglas replied, knowing what he was going to say.

"It's about George. Clark says he heard you give George his walking papers. Is that so?"

"It is," replied Douglas, for the first time in his life losing his temper with Quits. But it seemed to him that Quits was assuming to question his right to discharge the boy.

"I wish you would give him one more chance, Mr. Douglas. If he goes out now, he will go right to the bad, I know."

"What's he been doing all the time?"

"I know he's done wrong. But what would we do if God did not forgive us seventy times seven?"

"I'm not God, and I've forgiven him enough it seems to me," Douglas said curtly.

Quits went back into the press-room without any more words, and Douglas went home feeling wretched over the whole affair, but not accusing himself any. It seemed to him that he had done the only thing he could do, and yet he was ready, if possible, to help George get another position.

About the middle of the afternoon George had finished some work and asked the foreman for an hour's absence. It was granted and without a word to any one he walked out, was gone just an hour, and returned to his case and quietly began again.

When Douglas entered his home that evening Esther met him with the exclamation, "Oh, Frank, George has been here this afternoon and told me all about it. He pleaded with me to ask you to keep him in the office. Can't you do it? Give him another chance. I'm sure he's penitent. It will simply ruin him to go out now."

TO BE CONTINUED

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SOCIAL LIFE IN MOROCCO

Missionary Weiss Describes the Quaint Marriage Customs of the the Moors

FAR away in the matter of distance from the home-land, the missionary often feels that he is still more widely separated by the contrast between the social customs surrounding him and those to which he has all his previous life been accustomed. This is pecuniarly so in Morocco, where, in spite of the proclivity of its ruler to foreign ideas, the people adhere tenaciously to their old habits and reverence the social traditions of their forefathers. It would, perhaps, interest your readers to know something of the home and family life of the Moors who are our neighbors here.

Children that are born in Morocco are more or less fondly and carefully nursed by their mothers. They are very seldom sent out to nurse. Only the motherless babies are fed with goats' or sheep's milk. The boy's education begins when he is four or five years old, and consists in his attending school, where a Foki undertakes to teach him to recite verses from the Koran, and does not shrink from stimulating his mental faculties with corporal punishment.

The boy's education over, his next business is that of marriage, which usually takes place when he reaches the age of twelve or fifteen years. The bridegroom-elect is not supposed to see his bride before the wedding, but he has means of becoming acquainted with the fact of there being a girl of marriageable age in some neighbor's family, and perhaps knows something of her appearance and character. The approach is made by the would-be husband despatching a friend to the father of the girl, who announces that a friend of his wishes to marry the daughter. The father then informs his wife of the offer, who, in turn, asks the girl, and she very seldom refuses. The father then asks the ambassador how much his friend will give, which depends very much on the circumstances of the two parties to the negotiation, some men paying twenty dollars or less, and some two hundred.

These preliminaries arranged, a month or so elapses before the marriage takes place. Seven days before the wedding day, the two principal characters in the approaching ceremony begin to entertain, the bridegroom inviting the male friends to drink tea and listen to music at his house, while the bride's mother entertains all the ladies of her acquaintance in her residence. Day and night, tea drinking is carried on, till the seventh day arrives. Then the bride, decked in fine raiment, is placed on the back of a mule or donkey, herself completely covered by a box, or frame, draped with rich silks and embroideries. In this she is conveyed, with music and lanterns, to the house of her husband. Here the procession breaks up, the girl entering with her female friends and relatives. She then proceeds to a room where her clothes are carefully arranged for her after her presents are in the box. She is seated on a divan, and tea is then served, after which the ladies retire, leaving the wife alone. Solitary she sits for some hours till midnight, when her husband, after being escorted around town on a horse, also with music and lanterns, arrives. The girl is seated, veiled, veiled, but on her husband entering, unveils herself.

Each time a man marries, this ceremony is gone through, though it is usually on a much finer scale at the first marriage than at his subsequent marriages. A man is allowed by the Koran four wives, but the number of slaves is not limited, and some richer Moors keep enormous harems. The rule, however, amongst the middle classes is one wife and no slaves.

There are a great many diseases in Morocco, and all sorts of incantations are used to effect a cure. A few charms, principally papers scrawled over with meaningless characters, or bags of salt and alum, are the sole means of curing and preventing disease. When a man dies he is wrapped in white linen and laid on a bier and borne by his friends and paid mourners, who go before and after the bier, singing. No coffins are used by the Moors.

The missionaries have done wonders in relieving the natives from pain and suffering by making journeys into the interior of the country, where they find people who are suffering from diseases that can be cured by simple remedies. The journey is made on the back of a mule, the animal chiefly used in traveling. On arriving a village the missionary pitches his tent, and the people come around to look at the stranger. He takes the opportunity of preaching the Gospel, and explaining to his hearers the principles of Christianity. Afterwards he talks with the people, and if any of them are afflicted with complaints for which he is able to prescribe, he gives them medicine. In this way he wins their confidence, and prepares the way for future missionaries.

May I ask the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this distracted country, and for the missionaries who are trying to tell the people of Christ. It is a difficult task, for prejudice is strong, and the country is so disturbed by the conflict which still rages in the interior, that but little missionary preaching can be done. Your brother in Christ,

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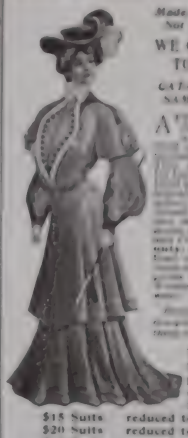

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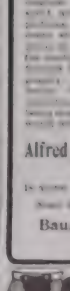

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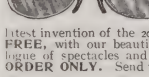

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Doctrine of "Blood Atonement" *

THE following story has in it all the elements of a tragedy:

A young Mormon missionary, seeking converts in England, meets and falls in love with a high-bred and very beautiful girl, who, full of enthusiasm for the new religion, consents to become his wife and to go with him to join the Mormon colony then being founded in Utah, by Brigham Young. It is not until they reach New York, that the missionary learns that polygamy has at last been declared a blessed practice among the new sect. He dares not reveal the truth to his wife. Together they journey with the other immigrants Westward, and it is only when their destination is reached that the blighting fact becomes known to the poor girl, that plural marriage was to be a basic principle of the Church. It is too late now for her to return; a little child has been born; the winter snows have imprisoned her in the midst of a life she loathes. The development of the story is absorbingly interesting; and both in his theme and his skill as a narrator, Mr. Alfred H. Henry is to be congratulated on his book, *By Order of the Prophet.* It is true to history; it is founded on actual incident, and presents a dramatic picture among the Mormons during the early days of their settlement. Talking of the power wielded by Brigham Young, the author says:

"To disobey was apostasy, and there was no epithet in all the vocabulary of the Saints more terrible than that of apostate. It meant excommunication, eternal banishment, social ostracism, ruin in temporal affairs, persecution, and often death. The doctrine of 'Blood Atonement' was no stage thunder in these days. It meant what it said—death to the apostate. In one part of the story the President openly threatens a man with death, 'with the air,' says the author, of a man who knew he could make good his word."

* *By Order of the Prophet.* Published by Fleming H Revell Co., New York. Price $1.50.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln. (The Unit Book Series). 389 pp. (16 units). Price 46 cents. Howard Wilford Bell, 259 Fifth avenue, New York, publisher.

Aunt Jimmy's Will, by Mabel Osgood Wright, illustrated, a delightful story, holding the interest to the end. Pp 272, cloth. Price $1.50. Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

George Washington Jones: a Christmas Gift that went a-Begging, by Ruth McEnery Stuart; illustrated. This is a remarkably clever and amusing Christmas story, which all will appreciate, especially the younger folks. Pp. 147, cloth covers. Price $1. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

The One Woman, a story, by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Mr. Dixon has already made a name in literature and this latest book is one which has attracted much attention and encountered sharp criticism. Clever, realistic, and strongly dramatic. Price $1.50. 350 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, publishers.

Bethsaida, a tale of the time of the Cæsars, by Malcolm Dearborn. The tale deals with the period of the trial and death of Christ, and the Saviour appears in two of the scenes. Cloth binding, 301 pp. Price $1.50. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, publishers.

World's Fair Fruits, an illustrated book, showing the various fruits from the extensive nurseries and orchards of the Stark Bros' Co., of Louisiana, Mo. The perfection of horticulture is here shown in a way to interest the reader and to awaken the enthusiasm of the fruit raiser. The Stark nurseries and orchards have branches in five States, headquarters being at Louisiana, Mo.

Corn Products and Their Purity, an address by Dr. T. B. Wagner before the National Association of State Food and Dairy Departments at St. Paul, Minn. Contains much information on the food question that is valuable to the consumer, and shows what an important position corn occupies as "the life and strength for all the nations."

The Religion of an Educated Man, by Prof. Francis Greenwood Peabody, of Harvard. Three lectures to the students of Haverford College, pointing out the message of Christ to the scholar. Pp. 80, cloth covers. Price $1. Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

Songs and Stories of Mother, Childhood and Home, by Peter Philip Bilhorn. This collection contains all the old musical favorites in song and hymn, and many that are new—altogether a unique musical budget of "Home and Mother Songs." 80 pages. Price 75 cents. Bilhorn Bros., 53 Fifth avenue, Chicago, publishers.

The City of the King; What the Child Jesus Saw and Heard, by Mrs. Lew Wallace; illustrated: Jerusalem is an ever-attractive theme, and in these pages Mrs. Wallace has given us some very charming descriptions of that city, and also of Nazareth and Bethlehem. 97 pages, cloth covers; Bobs Merrill Co., Indianapolis, publishers.

The Interior of the Kingdom, by David Vaughan Gwilym. The heavenly kingdom is here meant, and this book, in the words of the author, describes "the internal riches and grace of the kingdom and their practical application to daily life." Spiritual and refreshing. 132 pages, cloth binding. Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York, publisher.

Problems of Living, by J. Brierly, B.A. "In these pages," says the author in his preface, "I have treated the human problem, both in its individual and social aspects, as essentially a transcendental one." And this, we take it, furnishes the key to the book. 356 pp., cloth. Price $1.40. Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York, publisher.

A Little Brother to the Bear, by Wm. J. Long. A delightful volume of nature study, with observations and sketches drawn from an experience of thirty years among the wild folk. One of the most attractively-illustrated books of its class. 400 pages, decorative cover design, cloth, $1.50. Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers.

Poems of Tennyson, edited by Henry Van Dyke and D. Laurance Chambers, A. M. One cannot wish for a better guide to the beauties of the famous English poet than Dr. Van Dyke. No critic is so well able as he, to discriminate between true poetry and mere tinsel, which is a capacity needed in a study of Tennyson. That he is a worshiper is true, but he is not a blind worshiper. His introduction is a fair and reasonable characterization, and after reading it, a true estimate of the poet's genius and a clearer appreciation of his work will be formed. The selections from the mass of his poems has been made with judicious skill, and enables the reader to see the various stages of the poet's literary development. Two editions of the book have been prepared. One of them, a library edition with uncut edges elegantly bound, containing the Introduction and one hundred and thirty-six selections. Price $2.50 net. The other, bound in cloth, and intended for the use of students, contains, in addition to the Introduction and Poems, a summary of the leading characteristics of the poems, a classification of metres and copious notes. Price $1. Published by Ginn & Company, New York and Boston.

The Deeper Teachings of Plant Life, by Hugh Macmillan, D.D., F.R.S.E., etc. One of the most charming books we have seen on the wonders of plants. It is not a botanical work, describing in scientific language the classification of trees and flowers, but a popular treatise, dealing with facts in relation to them of the deepest interest, and not generally known. The author chooses the phenomena which are best adapted to teach moral lessons, but these all come so naturally and so pointedly that the delightful information imparted serves its didactic purpose simply and gracefully. The marriages of plants, the poetry of plants, and the cruelty and selfishness of plants, are among the traits described. The chapter on the Brazil nut is especially striking. It is a valuable book to place in the hands of young people, though no thinking person is too old to enjoy it. Pp. 386. Price $1.20. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

The Evolution of the Japanese, by Sidney L. Gulick. A long residence in Japan has qualified Mr. Gulick to speak authoritatively on the present condition of Japanese society. He has been an acute and careful observer, and in this work tells us precisely the traits and characteristics most interesting to American Christians. He is impartial, too, and is not slow to recognize merit in Japanese character and customs. Among the subjects treated are: The Problem of Progress; Sensitiveness to Environment; Love for Children; Marital Love; Æsthetic Characteristics; Philosophical Ability; Moral Ideals; Religious Phenomena; Conceptions and Practices; The Buddhist World-View; Communal and Individual Elements in the Evolution of Religious Life; and The Essential Characteristics of the Orient. From all these, and others of equal interest, we gather a conception clearer than we have ever gained from any other work, of the forces which have developed the new from the old Japan, and a logical forecast of the effect of those forces in the further evolution of this wonderful people. Pp. 457. Price $2. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.

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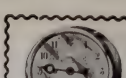

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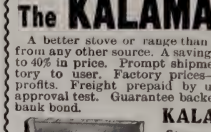

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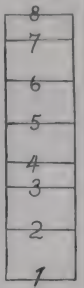
LESSON XI.

Intervals.—We have learned that the tones of the scale differ in pitch. We now learn that the difference in pitch between any two tones is called an in al. There are two kinds of intervals in the scale; the larger are called steps, the ller, half steps. The half steps occur between *Mi* and *Fa*, and *Ti Do*.

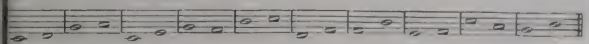
Illustration.—The term "scale" comes from a Latin word that means ladder; the therefore, may be represented by a picture of a ladder. The rounds represent the and the spaces between the rounds represent the interv als between the tones. No- at the spaces between the third and fourth and seventh and eighth rounds are only s large as those at other points. The smaller spaces represent the half steps, the spaces the whole steps. You should draw the diagram several times, looking at the d copy, then draw it from memory. This practice will fix in your mind the order intervals as they occur in the scale.



Besides the names steps and half steps, intervals are also called sec- , thirds, fourths, and so on. The interval from any tone to the next ale succession is called a second. From any tone to the third tone third; to the fourth tone, a fourth, and so on. Intervals are further ed as to their size and musical effect as major and minor. A sec- that is equal to a whole step is called a major second; a second is equal to a half step is a minor second. A major third is equal o steps; a minor third to a step and a half. A major interval ex- ses brightness, joyousness; a minor interval is sad, plaintive.

For practice, point out on the scale ladder seconds and thirds, major and minor, g them as you pick them out at random. Read the following exercise by interval, s name the interval represented by the two notes in each measure

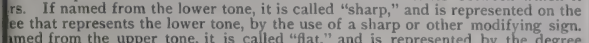
Ex. 50.



Chromatic Scale.—Between any two tones of the scale that form the interval step there may be introduced an intermediate tone. An intermediate tone is ed and represented in connection with either of the two tones between which it rs. If named from the lower tone, it is called "sharp," and is represented on the ee that represents the lower tone, by the use of a sharp or other modifying sign. amed from the upper tone, it is called "flat," and is represented by the degree represents the upper tone, by the use of a flat or sign of similar meaning. Re- , in the last lesson, what was said about the naming and representation of the k keys of the piano or organ.

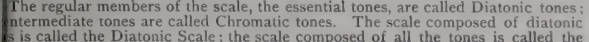
The regular members of the scale, the essential tones, are called Diatonic tones; ntermediate tones are called Chromatic tones. The scale composed of diatonic s is called the Diatonic Scale; the scale composed of all the tones is called the omatic Scale.

Ex. 51. Chromatic Scale ascending. Pronounce "i" as "ee" in "see."



do di re ri mi fa fi so si la li ti do
1 ♯1 2 ♯2 3 4 ♯4 5 ♯5 6 ♯6 7 8

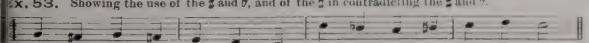
Ex. 52. Chromatic Scale descending. Pronounce "e" as "a" in "say." "Ra" is pronounced



do ti te la le so se fa mi me re ra do
8 7 ♭7 6 ♭6 5 ♭5 4 3 ♭3 2 ♭2 1

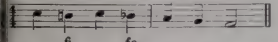
The sharps, flats and similar modifying signs, when used out of the signature e, are called Accidentals. There are seven of these characters, viz., the sharp, natural, double sharp, double flat, natural-sharp, natural-flat. Each of them, nonly, affects a degree of the staff a half step higher or lower. Thus a sharp s a tone a half step higher; a flat, a tone a half step lower. The natural con- cts the effect of a sharp or flat. Following a sharp, it means a half step lower; a flat, it means a half step higher. The double sharp is commonly used on a ee that is already sharped in the signature, and simply means a half step higher. effect is contradicted by the combined character of natural and sharp. The le flat is used on a degree already flatted, and simply means a half step lower. contradicted by the natural and flat combined. The effect of an accidental inues to the end of the measure in which it occurs.

Ex. 53. Showing the use of the ♯ and ♭, and of the ♮ in contradicting the ♯ and ♭.



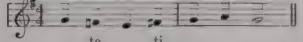
fi fa te ti

Ex. 54. Showing the ♮ used as a ♯



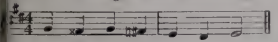
fi fa

Ex. 55. Showing the ♮ used as ♭.



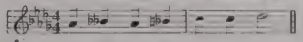
te ti

Ex. 56. Showing the use of the x and ♯♯



ri re

Ex. 57. Showing the use of the ♭♭ and ♮♭.



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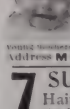

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MR. EDWARD CHAMBERS is one of the Bowery Mission leaders. He is foreman in a large factory in New York City, having many "hands" under him. Four years ago he was a tramp. No one would think it to look at him now, as he stands upon the Mission platform, leading the meeting. Tall, sprightly, intelligent, gentlemanly-looking, a fluent speaker, his whole being throbbing with earnestness, there is no trace visible of his old life of restless "hoboism."

It was one of the largest crowds that ever attended an anniversary meeting that was present on a recent Monday night, when Mr. Chambers celebrated the completion of his fourth year in the Christian life. He is perhaps better known on the Bowery than any of the Mission workers, for he is unfailing in his attention to the Mission services.

When the poor, tired men leave the Mission, after the evening service, Mr. Chambers' hand is generally the last one they grasp, for he always stands at the door, trying to have a last word with them. The men in the lodging-houses know him, because he has been so often seen there, either in the old days, when he himself was one of the lodgers, or since his conversion, when he has been in search of some wanderer. The crowd that filled the building, therefore, on the evening of his anniversary was largely his personal friends. Standing on the piano was one of the most beautiful bouquets that has ever been seen in the Mission. It bore the words, "We wish you a happy anniversary."

MR. EDWARD CHAMBERS

Seldom has there been a more jubilant meeting within the old Mission walls. Mrs. Bird was present, and spoke with great tenderness of her love for "her boy," and of her gratitude to God for raising up such a loyal and devoted worker in the Mission.

Mr. Chambers' address was intensely interesting. His mother had died when he was so young, that he had no remembrance of her whatever. Her place had been filled by an aged grandmother, who tried to give him a Christian training, but early in life he had given way to dissipation, which resulted at last in his becoming a confirmed tramp. Few people have any idea of the deadly fascination such a life has when once it dominates a man. This young man spent several years in ceaseless wandering in all parts of the States. A little over four years ago, he had made a journey on the freight cars from Texas, and, arriving in New York City, spent some weeks sleeping in the parks, and wherever he could find a quiet corner at night.

At last he was attracted to the Bowery Mission, and attended one of Mrs. Bird's Thursday-night meetings. He was so impressed by what he heard, that, getting some notepaper from one of the lodging-houses, he sat down in Battery Park and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Bird, to which she immediately replied, and the result was that on coming to the Mission the next time, he gave himself up to God, with the prayer, "God help me and give me some work to do!" The prayer was quickly answered, and a position as dish-washer in a down-town restaurant was secured for him. After seven months spent in this menial position, he obtained another as an elevator runner, which he held for over two years. He now holds a responsible position in the same building.

At the anniversary meeting, many of the workers testified to the immense value of his services in the Mission work. He never gets discouraged over the failings of men. He always lives and works in hope. When everybody else, even the most patient and forbearing, has given a man up, because of his repeated backslidings, Brother Chambers sticks to him to the last. He never leaves a meeting until almost everybody else has gone, lest there should be some poor, weary-hearted man left in some corner, that needs help and comfort. For the past year, Mr. Chambers has been the Sunday evening leader of the Mission, and, it is on this occasion, that one of the largest crowds of the week assemblies. J. G. HALLIMOND, *Sup't.*

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE GLORIOUS OUTLOOK*

The Certainty of Ultimate Triumph, the Cheer of Every Christian Worker

FAR away, in uncongenial surroundings, often exposed to hostile attack, separated from native country and beloved friends, the missionary needs encouragement. If he was seeking wealth, or power, or fame, his reward might come in his lifetime; but the work he is doing, will not, as he knows, come to fruition so soon. He labors, and another will enter into his labors, and far on in the distance, some one will see the glorious harvest. It is something to know that, and to a man so unselfish as he who gives himself to missionary labor, it is all that he needs. If he can only be assured that the cause will ultimately triumph, he is content to remain unnoticed and unknown. The joy that filled the heart of the prophet, as he saw in vision, the future glory of his people, is the joy that sustains and encourages the missionary, as he reads the promise, that in the end, the whole world shall bow to his Lord. It is no imperial supremacy of his race that he expects, he is not charmed by the idea of kings bringing their tribute to any worldly capital; but his highest hopes will be fulfilled when every heart is a throne for his Lord, and in all the world Christ's rule shall be acknowledged.

How long that glorious era has been in coming. Generation after generation has lived and struggled, and sinned and suffered and passed away. We must believe that God knows and plans wisely, but to us sometimes, it seems as if it was not worth the doing. Out of all this misery and sorrow there must come some end, that will justify all the sad past. We have the promise, and it now does seem nearer fulfilment than ever before. During the past century the church has bestirred herself as in no century since Apostolic times. The pioneer work has been done in nearly every heathen land, and the prospects of harvest are brighter. True, in professedly Christian lands, there is coldness and scepticism, and formality; but, how soon and how surely could the Holy Spirit bring the dry bones to life. The time is certainly coming, when the whole world shall lay aside its wickedness, its selfishness and its rebellion, and hail the supremacy of the Prince of Peace. There ought to be no depression in any Christian heart. The word of the Lord is sure.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for December 27. Isa. 60: 1-5.

The Family's Verdict

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DAVID'S CHARACTER

Great as Poet, Musician, Warrior and King

By Mrs. M. Baxter

DURING the whole reign of Saul, the ark of God remained on one side in the house of Abinadab. God had ordained in the wilderness that the ark should be always in the midst of the people, their recognized centre; and it manifested how far the heart of the people of Israel had departed from their God, even before they rejected him as their King, that they should never have brought back the ark of God into the tabernacle, which was at Shiloh.

But David, the man after God's own heart, was of another spirit, and he brought up the ark to Jerusalem to be in the centre of the people; and then his heart was set upon building the temple. All must give way until God has his place. This is the spirit which God would have to actuate every child of God. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness" (Matt. 6:33).

He carried this burden to the Lord, and graciously the Lord met him; and before he accepted the purpose of David's heart to build him a house, he declared to his servant that he would make him a house (II. Sam. 7:11). As we see from this precious portion of God's Word, David was now at his zenith; beloved of God and beloved of his people; at rest from his enemies, and in possession of promises for himself and his posterity, which were to endure forever. David was overcome with the grace and favor of his God; his heart was full, and he could only say, "And what can David say more unto thee?" But it is in such moments, and not in the time of perplexity and trouble, that we are the most open to temptation. Just because David had reached such a point in communion with his God, just because God's grace was so manifested to him, he must be put to the proof as few others have been.

Some might think it would have been better to stop the history of David at II. Sam. 10, and to leave out the record of his grievous fall, which is such a stumbling-block to those who look for goodness in man himself. But the whole of the Old Testament is a photograph of man as he is; not the ideal of man, but the fact of man as a fallen being. And God, in order to show men the exceeding riches of his grace, which is the only way of saving man from sin, must let the sin which is within come to the surface. Man must know the plague of his own heart (I. Kings 8:38) before he will appreciate the grace which saves and cleanses the utterly unworthy by Christ's poured out life. David said to God, "Who am I, and what is mine house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?" (II. Sam. 7:18). God would answer his question, and show him who and what he really was. God allowed Satan to tempt his servant, and this man of God fell. He need not have fallen. Probably, after his wonderful intercourse with God, there was a reaction, and he was not vigilant. Thus the enemy found an entrance, and the servant of the Lord sinned grievously.

Some would say, "There is no excuse for such a man falling into such a sin." Why? Because he knew God so well. But is there any excuse for you and me falling into any sin? Do not we, too, know God? "But I am not David," you will say; "I have not his gifts and his advantages." Yet David's God is your God, if you are a child of God. Let us not judge either David or anyone else, but only thank God, with a very humble heart, if we have been kept from any sin to which we have been tempted. Only God's grace has kept us. The broken confessions, the absence of any excuse, the light from God upon the utter corruption of his own nature, show us the real brokenness of David's heart. His real abhorrence of sin: how utterly he takes the blame upon himself and justifies God, reveals to us the state of a heart really possessed by God.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY*

The Duty of Aiding in the Propagation of the Gospel, Either by Personal Effort or by Gifts

WHEN Christ gave his final injunctions to his followers before his ascension, he did not separate one class from another, but left the work to be done by whosoever of them would take it up. The glad news was to be disseminated—that was his wish—and we must assume that he expected all to have a share in it. There must have been some to whom preaching would be impossible, but that fact did not relieve them from responsibility in the matter. There were other ways, as there still are, in which they can share in it. All cannot be missionaries now, but every one can help in the great task by making missionary work possible. The missionary societies are obliged to economize, either by reducing salaries, or by refraining from sending out new missionaries. What better service can any one render than by helping to relieve them of the necessity? To raise funds, so that new fields may be occupied, or existing fields better manned, is as truly missionary work as the missionary himself might do. It is to take a share in the service, and if it is less heroic and less direct, it is the more unselfish. As to the need for that kind of work there is no doubt.

Besides this work, there is a service that is sorely needed. It is a shame to us that, when the observant native of India, China or Japan comes here, he is astonished to find how little the Christians that he meets, resemble the missionaries whom he knew in his own country. How many members of churches does he meet, whose connection with Christianity is altogether comprised in attending church once on the Lord's Day? They are not teaching in the Sunday School, nor doing anything to extend Christ's Kingdom. It must astonish him to learn, that while missionaries have been sent to his own people, ten thousand miles away, there are in our great cities multitudes entirely ignorant of the Gospel. The inference he naturally draws from the fact, is that religion is not so important a part of our lives as his study of the missionary's life had led him to suppose. This is a question of responsibility for every Christian. Those who stay at home may render essential service, either by helping to support the missionary, or by spreading the Gospel at home.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Dec. 27.

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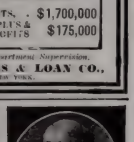

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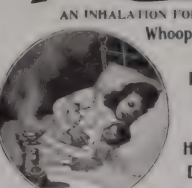

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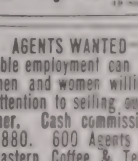

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OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

J. R., Plainfield, N. J. What is the derivation or meaning of the word "Panama"?

The National Geographic Magazine, Washington, D.C., gives this explanation: "It is supposed by some that Panama derived its name from the native word for butterfly. Explorers of the interior tell of swarms of butterflies which at times rise on the slopes of the mountains in dense clouds, darkening the sunshine. Others maintain that the name is from an Indian word meaning 'abounding in fish.'"

Subscriber, Troy, N. Y. 1. What constitutes a Sunday School? Can a number of Christian women, gathering the children together on Sunday in a private house, or schoolhouse, forming them into classes, and with prayer, singing, and teaching them the Word of God, yet without any formal organization, be properly called a Sunday School, or must there be a regular organization with a superintendent and all the officers, to constitute a Sunday School? 2. When Robert Raikes gathered the children together on Sunday, and hired teachers to teach them, could that properly be called a Sunday School?

1. Yes, that would be a Sunday School, and it might be a very good one, too. There are hundreds of the kind in different parts of the country, which are wholly undenominational. There must, of course, be some sort of organization, such as the forming of classes, choice of teachers, selection of topics, and, to some extent, the order of study, rotation of exercises, etc. It is, however, advisable to have all the available aids in Sunday School work. Write to American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, Pa. 2. Yes, though of course it was very different from the Sunday Schools of our own day.

Many thanks for the beautiful *Calendar* I received to-day. It is like all of your premiums—so much prettier than we expect. With best wishes for you and the best of papers.
HATTIE COATH.
Baltimore, Md.

B. S., East Orange, N. J. Is not the word "parabola" used mostly in geometry, and is it ever used in philosophy?

It is a geometrical expression. The word "parabole," a rhetorical expression—meaning a comparison, a simile, a parable—may have been confounded with parabola.

Scott Clark, Cambridge, Ill What do you call vainglory?

Vainglory is idle boasting, vanity in one's own achievements, pride, station, pomp, self-gratulation. The word is from the Latin *vana*, empty; *gloria*, glory, and it is used in contrast with the right kind of spirit, which attributes to God all the glory for high achievements, benefits and blessings.

Gentlemen: I want to thank you for the beautiful copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*, which was received by me a few days ago. It is splendidly gotten up and might well grace any library. All the gifts from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are certainly well worth having, they are always of the best. I shall take pleasure in showing it to my friends.
Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. W. Q.

Here is a little pleasant rhyme, by a young reader, apropos of the receipt of our *Butterfly Calendar*:

Thanks, Mr. Editor, seem very tame,
For the Calendar, which speedily came.
Work so artistic; I gaze and I gaze
On butterflies. I am lost in amaze.
By thousands, and thousands, are now *en route*.
In many States they are now flying about.
In far away lands, more will soon soar away.
Homes ever ready for them all to stay.
In all places where the butterflies rest,
May you ever be as welcome a guest.
Mechanicsville, N. Y. LAURA M. G.

Reader, Elco, Ill. Is it right for a young man, who is trying to live a Christian life, to work on the railroad or at anything else where he will be compelled to work on Sunday? Is it possible for him to remain a Christian and do such work?

Yes, we believe he can do so and still be a Christian, although he will be sorely tried. We have repeatedly stated that the only way out for one who finds that his regular calling encroaches on his Sunday rest and religious privileges, is to make a change as speedily as possible. We do not urge any one to give up a situation and face idleness; but if his conscience tells him he is doing wrong in continuing as at present, then a change is the only resource.

Dear Christian Herald:—Many thanks for the beautiful *Pilgrim's Progress*, which arrived safely. The *Calendar*, too, is beautiful. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in one sense a miraculous paper. I am sure it must receive divine help and direction.
Binghamton, N. Y. MISS J. C. BUSH.

A reader, Cedar Rapids, Ia., writes:

I am glad to see you are agitating the subject of reform in church music. It needs it badly. I have known of some of the sweetest devotional hymns, written by request of these song-book makers, returned because they were not available for "ragtime music." There is one tune in use in our Sunday Schools and prayer-meetings which I never hear without a shudder. It is set to the words, "There is a fountain filled with blood." And the refrain is, "Filled with blood," "Filled with blood." Our children have little enough reverence for sacred things; we need not give them occasion for less. And what kind of religion a man has—if he has any at all—that could put so sacred and solemn a theme to a jig tune I cannot imagine.

A SKI AND TOBOGGAN PARTY AT STOCKHOLM.

One of the most interesting sports in Norway, and which has grown popular in Canada and some parts of our own land, among both old and young, is *ski* running or tobogganing. The *ski* is the toboggan in Canada. Journeys of many miles are taken on it. Strange to say, it can be used more easily on soft snow than where there is a hard crust, and for this reason people can make journeys far out into the country upon *skis*. Experts sometimes attain a speed of six or seven miles an hour without difficulty. Jumping and running contests are among the most popular sports at holiday time, both in Norway and Sweden. Courses are arranged on hillsides accessible to some of the large cities, and prizes are given to those who can make the longest jump. Some of these leaps are really wonderful, the jumper covering a distance of over a hundred feet, throwing himself from the brink of elevations from thirty to forty feet in height, and landing on the snow beneath. If he is an expert, there is no real danger in this feat; skilful ones seldom fall except on their feet. One of the best *skeeing* courses in the world has been arranged near Stockholm.

We are constantly receiving letters in a tone similar to the foregoing. The reform movement is gaining ground.

John Van H., Grand Haven, Mich. What does character mean in the English language? Does it mean simply reputation, or does it mean more than that?

Reputation is what a man is reputed to be—what the world believes him to be. Character is what he really is, irrespective of the world's judgment. A man may have a very good reputation, yet be a very poor character in reality.

Mrs. N. L. G., Miskimon, Va. In what month of the year were Edgar A. Poe, Sir Walter Raleigh and Mary Queen of Scots born?

Poe, Feb. 19, 1809; Raleigh, 1552 (month not stated); Mary, Dec. 8, 1542.

Rev. E. O. Guerrant, of the Soul Winners' Society, writes us from Wilmore, Ky.:

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Your favor, enclosing $132.10 for our mountain missions, from your generous readers, came during my absence from home, and I hasten to thank you and them for your timely help. God will reward you, as he only can. I am glad to say he continues graciously to bless our missions and multiply their number and efficiency. We have had over eighty missionaries in the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina and Virginia this year, and they have labored most faithfully and successfully. I know of no missions anywhere that have accomplished such large results with the same means at their disposal.

Mother, Alameda, Calif. I observed a reference in a local paper here to the fact that the Czar of Russia, like Emperor William, was somewhat of a poet. Can THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which somehow seems to be able to find out everything, tell me where I can find any poem from the imperial Czarish pen?

One of the London publications quite lately printed several verses over the signature "Olof," with the statement that they were really written by the Czar. Translated, the second and third stanzas are as follows:

"My happiness was born at night and succored in the gloom,
My pleasures have dissolved in flight, heart-stricken at my doom.
My soul strives blindly for relief, chilled as by drifting snow,
By doubts which scoff at the belief of finding peace below."

The poem, as a whole, is said to be expressed in high poetical language, which is much finer in the original than when translated.

Wm. A. J., St. Louis, Mich. Who is Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, with Moses and Christ?

Elijah.

Miscellaneous Questions

R. R. D., Cortland, Ind. They were doubtless purely imaginary characters.

J. H. C., Guilford, N. Y. We have never before heard of it, but the object is certainly a good one.

M. E. D., Melrose, N. Y. The saying that the sun never sets on American soil can now be said truthfully, since our occupation of the Philippines, but hardly before.

Reader, Illinois. Dyeing the hair is vanity, of course, yet it may be regarded as pardonable in certain cases. To one who lives aright, gray hairs should be a crown of honor and not a thing to be ashamed of.

J. B. R., Millville, N. J. There is no actual evidence thus far that the Washington Government did foment the Isthmian revolution, although it has been so charged. In being fair to other governments, let us not be unjust to our own.

Mrs. E. P. D., Senio, Tex. 1. We place no confidence in clairvoyants and consequently cannot advise. 2. His works and the doctrine he teaches will stand or fall as God wills. Nothing that is taught in error can succeed permanently.

The Boy in the Manger

HERE is a touching little story from real life—a story which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has investigated, and knows to be true, and one which it specially commends to those who may entertain a doubt that such things actually happen nowadays:

A Brooklyn policeman, a few days ago, found a little boy asleep in a manger, in a stable on Vermont avenue, in that city. The kind-hearted stableman had allowed him to sleep there for several nights. He was cold and hungry, and the officer took him to the Children's Court, in Brooklyn, where he was held until his case could be investigated. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children cared for him. The child's story as told by himself, would bring tears to any eyes. He is a refined, delicate-looking lad of twelve.

"Mother is dead," he said, "and father was very sick and had to go to the hospital. When he came out he could not get work, and our home was taken from us. Then father went away. He was always good to me; but he was sick and poor, and nobody came to give us anything. After that I was fond of going to a stable near us, and the stableman, Louis, did not put me out. Dewey, the horse, had his stall there, and soon we were friends. I was asleep in the manger, when the policeman came and took me away. Dewey, the horse, did not want me to leave him, and he fought for me. I always shared my breakfast with Dewey, which was two rolls that the stableman gave me. I cried when I had to leave Dewey. I loved him, and he was fond of me. I wish I could see Dewey, now."

Then the tear-drops rolled down the child's face, and he wiped them away with the sleeve of his poor, torn shirt.

"Do you know that God, your Father above, is watching over you," he was asked, "and will take care of you if you are a good boy?"

"Yes, but I want to find my father! He was kind to me, and took care good until he got sick. I wish he would come back again."

The pathetic, appealing little face, pale and emaciated from lack of nourishing food, told his story of struggle with poverty and sickness, and made one pray that the Christ-child might find room in many hearts this Christmastide, and that hands might be stretched out everywhere to relieve distress and lift up the desolate and homeless. The saddest life may be filled with sunshine, if we make the Christmastide a season of help to those less fortunate than ourselves. It is not always dissipation and sin that bring people to these great extremities, but misfortune, illness and lack of courage.

Christ came to save the wanderers and to protect the little boy asleep in a manger.

"Christ was born in Bethlehem
And in a manger laid."

Where his head has lain, a poor, wandering boy may find rest. Sweet Charity goes out to find the lone, neglected, homeless children. What a beautiful face she has! What a soft voice! How kind! Yes, Charity, you are always welcome.

A merry Christmas to you
And a happy New Year!—M. B. C.

A book weighing a pound and a half is more easily handled than a five-pound volume, therefore the Crown Encyclopedia is the most popular Encyclopedia published. Five volumes, cloth, and genuine gold that will not tarnish in a century, 3,000 pages, large print, 500 illustrations, 96 colored maps, right up to November, 1903—all charges prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one whole year, at only $3. Money cheerfully refunded if not pleased—the greatest bargain ever offered to subscribers. Act to-day. Our beautiful Butterfly Drop-Leaf Calendar for 1904-1905, 300 square inches, goes Free with every subscription.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

STEP BY STEP, THEY LEARN THE STORY OF THEIR NEW COUNTRY'S FOUNDATION AND CONSTITUTION

A PIONEER SCHOOL FOR IMMIGRANTS

It is Crowded by Old and Young of Many Different Nationalities, Studying our Language and Constitution

LEAVING to others the verbal war over the advantages or disadvantages of permitting Europe's surplus population to descend on our shores, a little band of earnest patriots has established the first of a number of schools soon to be opened, where immigrants may learn to become good Americans through a series of blackboard lessons. There would seem to be no more earnest seeker after this kind of knowledge than the immigrant, for the school, opened at 218 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, has already scores more pupils than can be accommodated.

The immigrants, chiefly Russians, with their sons and daughters, come to the school hungering for knowledge. Hundreds have been enrolled, and the rooms are nightly crowded. The teachers—volunteers from the city's educational staff, assisted by a few earnest workers who wish to see the ignorant immigrant lifted to a higher plane—give their services free. All are accomplished linguists, for it was found necessary to permit only those to undertake the work of teaching who could speak several languages. Several tongues are spoken by the men, women, boys and girls who attend the school, few of them have been in the country longer than six months, and scarcely any know more than enough English to make themselves understood in that language.

As for reading or writing the language of their adopted country, that was not for a moment to be expected. It was therefore necessary to begin the work of teaching these aliens the Constitution of their new country by making them familiar with the alphabet; then progressing to simple words of one syllable, and so on to the higher heights of learning, where it would be made possible for them to understand the meaning of the written law of the land.

This pioneer school has been divided into three classes. In one room, about a hundred grown-up men and women, with a sprinkling of boys and girls, can be found each night wrestling with the mysteries of orthography. It is strange to see these elderly scholars knitting their brows over such problems as the spelling of the word "girl," the correct pronunciation of "d-o-g," or the proper sound to give to the first letter of the personal pronoun "we." In the second room, the scholars who can spell correctly simple words of one syllable, are gathered for easy reading lessons. Grown men, with the untidy beard of the typical immigrant, sit side by side with bright-eyed boys and girls, all so ignorant that almost any American child could teach them, but all in deadly earnest and determined to learn. In the third room are the advanced scholars, to whom it is found possible to teach the Constitution of the United States, a word at a time. Among the immigrants who have been attracted to the school are some who had more educational advantages in the Old Country than the majority.

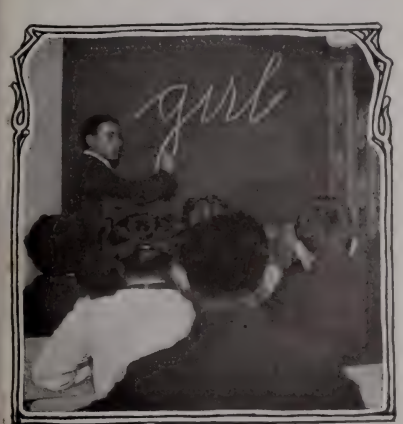
Some, it was found, when the eager pupils were classified at the opening of the school, could read and write English a little. These are in a class by themselves. With the clauses of the Constitution written on the blackboard, these advanced scholars are able to commit it to memory, a line at a time, the teacher carefully and patiently explaining the full meaning of each word, until they know the history and meaning of this framework of national liberty.

The teachers are enthusiastic over their work. It is almost a new experience to those who have taught in American public schools to find such whole-hearted reaching after knowledge as these immigrant scholars display. There is no frivolity. The middle-aged man who pores over his first reader, is as anxious to solve the mystery of the printed pages as any learned scholar delving into the hidden secrets of musty manuscripts, for light on the problems of history. It may seem comical to the well-educated onlooker, to listen to a youthful teacher leading an elderly woman—who probably has sons older than he—through the mazy labyrinths of the alphabet. But the scholars fail to see any humorous side to it. They are there to learn how to speak, and read, and write English, to the end that they may be fitted to master the language of the land of their adoption.

When the teachers have taken a sufficient number of scholars through the school course, it is intended to open other schools, placing some of the graduates from the central school to teach their countrymen what they have learned.

In this systematic way the work will be spread, and in time, when similar schools have been established in other cities, as is intended, the plague of ignorance will be removed from the immigrant, and it will be no longer necessary to wait for the second generation before a family from the Old World will become true Americans.

H. D. Jones.



KNITTING BROWS OVER THE SPELLING OF A WORD

SOME OF THE MORE ADVANCED SCHOLARS

The American Pulpit

THE MAGI AND THE CHRIST

Sermon Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, Sunday Morning, December 20th, by the Pastor

REV. ROBERT STUART MAC ARTHUR, D.D.

TEXT:—"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem," etc.—Matt. 2: 1, 2.

THE sublimest and divinest joy ever known on earth was born at Bethlehem. Christ in the heart, means a song in the mouth. Christ born in the world makes the world melodious with music. A songless world is a sunless world. Christianity has made all the harps of heaven and earth tuneful with joy. The very air was tremulous with song when Christ was born. Thus it comes to pass that we have the Magnificat of Mary, the Benedictus of Zechariah, the Gloria in Excelsis of the angels, and the Nunc Dimittis of Simeon. Angelic choirs chanted the only song of heaven ever heard by human ears, and a star marked a new pathway in the heavens to honor the birth of the "holy child, Jesus." Let us, with the wise men from the East, bend over the manger-cradle of the infant Redeemer and learn the lessons suggested by the text of the morning.

The inquiry of the Magi instantly attracts our attention, excites our curiosity, and evokes our approval. The example of the Magi is worthy of commendation and imitation. There is no "ism" in relation to Jesus Christ so dangerous as indifferentism. Herod asked no questions regarding the birth of Jesus until he was troubled by the questions of the Magi. The priests and the scribes seemed to have been ignorant of the wondrous birth until Herod called them together demanding information. The people in the streets of Jerusalem passed to and fro in utter ignorance of the birth of the true King of the Jews, of the advent of a new era in the history of humanity, and of a new epiphany of the God of heaven and earth. Neither the birth nor the death, the cradle nor the cross of Jesus is an object of the slightest interest to tens of thousands today. As there was no room for Christ in the inn, so there is no room for Christ today because political ambitions, business ventures, and social aspirations fill the hearts of tens of thousands all over the land. There is hope for men when they begin to ask after Christ. The Magi, in their seeking for Jesus, set us a worthy example.

"BEHOLD, THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST TO JERUSALEM"

They certainly knew the fact of our Lord's wondrous birth. This is the greatest fact in human history, or in divine revelation. It is the fulfilment of prophecy and the realization of the wistful hopes of humanity. The incarnation of the Son of God is the centre of the history of the race. All great events which preceded the incarnation converged toward it. All great events which succeed it, diverge from it. It is the pivotal point around which, in smaller or larger circles, all events revolve. Even though there were no future life, the incarnation would be an event of supreme importance. It is the great and joyous feast of the church in family life; it is the grand jubilee of children in the homes of Christendom; and it is prophetic of the true golden age of blessing, peace and joy, for the entire race. It has given a new glory to life, a new trend to eternity, and a new radiancy to heaven.

The Magi had approximately accurate knowledge of the time of our Lord's birth. The exact date of that birth we do not know, and never shall know. Neither the day, nor the year can be ascertained with certainty. Fabricius gives a catalogue of one hundred and thirty different opinions concerning the year of Christ's birth; and the day of his birth has been placed by various sects and scholars in every month of the year. The twentieth of May, the twentieth of April, the sixth of January, have been favorite dates with some sections of the church. Dionysius the Little, in the year 526 A.D., placed the birth of Christ in the 754th year of Rome; but it has long been admitted that this was an error of at least four years. We know positively that Jesus was born before the death of Herod the Great; and we know by an eclipse of the moon, which occurred a little before his death, that he died in the 750th year of Rome. Instead of dating this year 1903, we ought, therefore, to make it 1907.

If God had designed that Christ's birthday should be a time of religious observance, he certainly would have revealed the exact date. We are to know Christ spiritually rather than after the flesh. There is not the slightest doubt but that December 25 was chosen, because at that time great heathen festivals were observed in Rome; and the early Christians desired to make the birth-festival of Christ a substitute for, or a transformation of these heathen festivals. Many early Christians also saw that the birth of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness and the Light of the world, placed on December 25, symbolized the birth-festival of the natural sun, which on that date lengthens the days, decreases the darkness, and begins anew his heroic career. Not until the fourth century was this date observed with any degree of uniformity as the date of our Lord's birth. Let us gladly accept the fact of that birth without undue inquiry concerning the exact date.

The Magi had some knowledge also of the place of our Lord's birth. Our text distinctly locates this Bethlehem as being in Judea, because there was another Bethlehem in the tribe of Zebulun, near the sea of Galilee. It is most beautiful that in Bethlehem, meaning "house of bread," the Christ, who is the Bread of heaven, should be born. The name Bethlehem is now a household word around the globe. Prophecy pointed to Bethlehem as the place of the wondrous birth. Marvelous are the providences by which God fulfilled those ancient prophecies. We might have expected that the birth would take place in Nazareth, but ancient prophecy must be fulfilled, and God will use the wisdom and ambition of men to accomplish his Divine purposes. Yonder sits the mighty Augustus on the throne of the world, and Judea was a dependency of his vast empire. His empire reached from the Euphrates to the Atlantic. Over this great domain he was sole ruler. Partly for purposes of taxation, partly for more general statistics, and partly to know the warlike resources of the land, Augustus ordered a general census. Doubtless he wished to reduce Judea to the state of a Roman province, but he permits King Herod to take the census according to the Jewish usage by a division of tribes. Both Joseph and Mary, although their fortunes were now fallen, belonged to the tribe of Judah and the family of David. Bethlehem was the seat of that family and the native place of the royal David; to Bethlehem, therefore, they must go.

Think of the long journey from Nazareth, and especially in the trying circumstances in which Joseph and Mary were placed! Think of them as they passed town after town made famous in Israel's history. See them as they approach the town of Bethlehem.

Immortal Bethlehem! Great is thy glory and undying thy fame among the towns of the world! Here, a thousand years before, David was born; here the events connected with Ruth, Naomi and Boaz occurred, and near here the beloved wife of Jacob departed this life. Around no town in the world's history is there such a cluster of suggestive names of women as around Bethlehem—Rachael, Naomi, Ruth, Mary. The heart of the traveler beats with unusual emotion to this day as he passes the Well of the Magi, and the Tomb of Rachael, and then gets his first glimpses of immortal Bethlehem. Yonder is the town standing on the summit of a narrow ridge, while beneath the village are the terraced slopes clothed with olives, vines and fig trees, and sweeping in graceful curves around the ridge. The journey of the reverent Magi becomes marvelously real to the traveler who goes even to-day from Jerusalem to Bethlehem.

Who were the Magi? To this question many answers have been given. It seems possible in our day to answer it with authority. It is true that the East whence they came, may mean either Arabia, Persia, Chaldæa or Parthia, with the adjacent provinces. When we have in mind the prophecy in Numbers 24: 17, concerning "a Star out of Jacob," we can see how the expectation of some great king arising in Judea might be found among Eastern astrologers. We know also from Suetonius and Tacitus that such an opinion prevailed extensively at that time; we know also from the prophecy of the seventy weeks in Daniel, that a remarkable celestial appearance was expected at this time. Without doubt the Magi were a priestly tribe or caste among the Medes, and afterwards the Medo-Persians. They were the recognized teachers of religion and science. These Magi were men of vast influence and power. They were students of astrology, medicine, divination, and incantation. In those early days they maintained a high position and possessed an elevated character. Simon Magus represents the utmost degeneracy of the ancient and noble Magi, just as our words magic and magician stand for the degradation of this ancient and noble art. It is almost certain that the Magi went from Persia or Babylonia to pay their homage to the infant Messiah. The tradition that they were kings grew out of the prophecy in Psalms 72: 10, "The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts," and Isaiah 60: 6 "they shall bring gold and incense." Longfellow and others have written poems on these supposed three kings, and the tradition of the three kings is one of the most general and popular fancies of the Old World; but there is absolutely no authority for affirming that the Magi were kings; indeed, it is almost certain that they were not. Neither are the traditional names, Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, of any authority or importance, except as connected with modern poetry and art. We do not know that there were but three of these men; the number three is apparently suggested by the number of gifts which they offered.

These Magi say that they had seen "his star in the East." What are we to understand by "his star?" Have we here a miracle in the narrative? Are they right who say that we have only a natural appearance used by God to guide the Magi to the place of Christ's birth? Non-supernatural explanations of this star have been offered. The first was suggested by the astronomer Kepler, in 1630. He shows that in the year 747 of Rome, there were three conjunctions of the planets Jupiter and Saturn in May, October and November. It is said that if the Magi started after the May conjunction, they would see in Jerusalem the October or November conjunction. This is an interesting line of inquiry. It may have in it elements of truth. It is, of course, simpler to introduce miraculous agency and believe in a star specially created to perform this service; but we ought still to remember that God can use a natural conjunction of stars for a special purpose in his providence. There is this difficulty in believing that the conjunction of stars was "his star," because the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

One Brave American Girl's Work in China

NINETEEN years ago, Miss Mary Fulton, equipped with a fine medical and surgical education, filled with a spirit of self-sacrifice and a consuming desire to help humanity, left her home in Indianapolis for Canton, China. To-day, as a result of her energy, she is at the head of the David Gregg Hospital, the Pierson Dispensary, the Woman's Medical College, and the Nurses' Training School, all in one compound in that heathen city.

The raising of the funds and the erection of the build-

DR. FULTON'S TRAINING CLASS OF GIRLS

ings are due to her efforts. She planned and equipped them, and now she personally supervises the entire work of each. Not only this, but, after mastering the language herself, she translated into Chinese all the books used in the medical college, and we know that textbooks of this character demand absolute accuracy.

This medical college is the first established for Chinese women. The building was the gift of one man, at Winona Lake, Ind., who, in the summer of 1900, sent Dr. Fulton $4,000 in gold (which brought $8,000 in Chinese money), instructing her to withhold his name from the public. The house was formally opened in December, 1902, by the United States Consul, and so great was the interest of the people that native officials, from the Viceroy down, attended, and a special guard of five hundred soldiers was sent by the government to grace the occasion.

The work of instruction had already begun, and thirteen young women have since been graduated and are now practicing physicians. They are held in great esteem by their countrymen, who feel that a woman conforms to the highest ideas of Chinese propriety in becoming a doctor or nurse. Besides, the cures wrought in the hospital seem miraculous to the superstitious, and command intense admiration from all classes. Hence Dr. Fulton is constantly besieged with applications from families of the highest caste, and, having practically her choice, she selects girls of the finest intellect and physique for her students. As physicians, she declares they cannot be excelled, and they have the long patience and quiet dignity too often lacking in our professional women.

The hospital was dedicated in April, 1902, and has been overfull ever since. All of these buildings are strictly modern and American throughout. Everything in and about them is considered beautiful by the Chinese, so beautiful, that patients plead to be allowed to spend the rest of their lives there. It is a haven of health to them in body and soul.

Both the hospital and the Medical College are entirely self-supporting, although many free beds are maintained by Dr. Fulton's loving friends in this country, and the convalescing ward of the woman's department is supported by a band of young ladies in the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, called the "Mary Fulton Society." For fifteen years this society has never failed to send the money pledged for the work. The patchwork quilts upon the hospital cots are made of Indianapolis scraps. In return, the society is constantly receiving letters and curios from Canton that keep the members in close touch with the cause they love. Among their treasures are several idols that have been worshiped by many generations, but are now discarded for the God of the Bible, possessed millions held in perpetual terror in China, and many another book interesting and pathetic. These good women do their missionary work in earnest, and the contributions for the present maintenance and the general development of the Singling School.

Large as is Dr. Fulton's field, the hardest and most trying personal work is not all, nor even the largest part. Souls are touched as well as bodies. In this connection point are the Thursday Gospel Church and the Sabbath

THE FIRST HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN IN CHINA

for Chinese girls, both of which are the special care of her brother, Rev. A. A. Fulton.

Last May, Dr. Mary Fulton came to America for her second vacation, having had but one year's rest previously during her nineteen years.

Surely we have some Americans who are "ministering angels," whether at home or abroad, and to them much of the progress of Christianity in heathendom is due.

LEE MCCRAE.

The Magi and the Christ

Sermon by Rev. Robert Stuart Mac Arthur, D.D. Continued

Greek word is *aster*, star, and not *astron*, which would be the natural Greek word for a group of stars; but this difficulty ought not to be pressed unduly.

But be the facts as they may, regarding the nature of the star, it is profoundly interesting that God used the astrological knowledge of these men to guide them to the cradle of the world's Redeemer. God takes men on the basis whereon they stand, and sanctifies their scientific knowledge to guide them to higher truth. The studies of the Magi stimulated their inherent craving for eternal life. The study of astronomy in the case of men naturally devout, is stimulative of religion. In the beautiful nights and cloudless skies of Persia, men found

Suggestions of Infinity and Worship

The science of these men was but another name for religion. Their study of the stars led them to Him who is the Sun of Righteousness. All true science kneels before Christ. Christ is King to-day in the whole realm of truth; and truth, in philosophy and science, reverently worships at his feet. Perhaps science never was so humble, docile, and reverent as it is to-day. The agnostic science of a generation ago has largely given place to a science which loyally and lovingly owns Christ as King in Truth's boundless realm. Both scientists and religionists have been narrow, jealous and bigoted; but the time is coming when, hand-in-hand, they shall joyously march to the music of Christ's name, and then humbly bow in lowliest reverence at his pierced feet. O men of the West learn from the wise men of the East! The day may come when these Magi will rise up in judgment against us at the throne of God.

They came to Jerusalem to find the King of the Jews that they might render him homage. Naturally they went to the capital of the nation to receive intelligence regarding the new-born king. We can well imagine their solicitude as they passed through the gates of the ancient city. To the guards whom they first meet, they present their inquiry, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" With a look of mingled pity and contempt, these guards make reply, "We know no king but Herod." Meeting next members of the Sanhedrin, they repeat their inquiry, and receive but an evasive reply. They next ask a trader, and he replies, "What know or care I regarding a king? If you want to buy or to sell, I am your man." They still press their inquiry, and Herod finally calls the chief priests and scribes, and the answer is secured regarding the place of the King's birth, "In Bethlehem of Judea."

Now the Magi hasten to the town of Bethlehem. For a time the star, which had so long guided their steps, disappeared. Tradition tells us that the Magi, being in doubt as to the direction which they should take, and being weary with their journey, stopped to draw water from the well, since called, "The well of the Magi," and, to their surprise and joy, they saw the star reflected in the water. With fresh courage and complete assurance, they now followed the star "until it stood over where the young child was." To-day it is not surprising that pilgrims kneel in reverence beside the silver star set in the pavement, indicating, according to popular belief, the exact place of our Lord's birth. Around the star is this inscription, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*" Above this star sixteen silver lamps continually burn. Of these, six belong to the Greek Church, five to the Latin, and five to the Armenian. Here, or near this spot, the Magi "saw the young child with Mary his mother." It is not a little remarkable that in this entire narrative, as seen in verses 13, 14, 20 and 21, a subordinate place is always given to the mother of Jesus. The holy child is mentioned first, and the honored mother last. It is always the child with Mary, in the inspired narrative, and never the Madonna and her child, or "the blessed Virgin with her child," as the Roman Church idolatrously represents the relation between the child and the mother.

The Manger Throne

The Magi showed their faith, not only by starting on their journey, but by their diligent inquiry in Jerusalem, and by their hastening from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. They are now abundantly rewarded for their faith and toil. They see the "holy child Jesus"; they gaze on the King of Glory in his earthly humiliation. The manger-cradle is mightier than the throne of the Cæsars. Little knew, and less cared, the mighty Augustus about the birth in Bethlehem; but the throne of the Cæsars has perished, and the empire of Jesus, the empire of Divine love, rules the world to-day, and with constantly increasing power. The child of Bethlehem is the King of the universe to-day. He is pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan, and he is irresistibly marching to universal, beneficent and glorious conquest among the nations.

Immediately on seeing the Divine child, the Magi fell down and worshiped him. Perhaps the only reverence they expected to pay him was homage as the King of the Jews; perhaps the word translated worship, ordinarily means nothing more than appropriate respect paid to a superior. But one cannot help feeling that the Magi had new conceptions of this Child-King when they saw him in Bethlehem. We cannot but believe that God, who guided them to his feet gave them insight into his spiritual character and Divine power. We are warranted in believing that they gave him religious homage, genuine adoration. We, surely, are unpardonably guilty if we do not fall at his feet and pay him divine honors. There are those who are willing to honor Christ as the noblest of men, but they refuse him worship as God. They affirm that he was good, but not God. We are warranted in saying that if he were not God, he was not good. He claimed to be divine, and received worship as God. O men and women, fall down before him and give him divine homage! If we fail thus to honor him, the pious men from the East will rise up in the judgment to condemn us.

Significant Offerings

The Magi next poured out their treasures at the feet of the Child-King. It was then, and is now, the custom in the Orient, that one must never come to a superior, especially a king, without some gift. Nothing could be more appropriate than the costly spices and the gold which they poured out as expressions of their homage. It has been suggested that these valuable gifts probably gave to Joseph and Mary the means of support on their journey to Egypt. Perhaps it is too fanciful to give a symbolic interpretation to the threefold gift, making the myrrh indicate the prophet, the incense the high priest, and the gold the splendor of the king. But whether or not we see all this in these gifts, the fact remains that this holy child was the world's Prophet, Priest and King.

Great lessons are suggested as we stand with the Magi beside the cradle of our Lord. We learn the lesson of the glory of motherhood, the sacredness of childhood, the dominancy of pure purpose, self-sacrificing love, and also the right use of the wealth of position and wealth. We are to pour the treasures of wealth now on the altar of service for Jesus Christ. Our gold is never so sanctified as when consecrated to our Divine Lord. Learning from its noblest service when giving homage at his feet. The human spirit of our own day are worshipers of Jesus the Christ. As one after another, successively and serially, we approach with adoring homage at each journey in our life of Christ, saying with Thomas "My Lord and my God." Let us with the Magi seek in the little we have, seeking Christ, as we wish they ask for Father Light, and as we find Christ thus granted, so shall more would find Christ as we seek. Finding him we shall know even as we are known, and have ever-increasing fellowship of heaven's unspeakable joy, where we shall see Christ face to face, and be forever with and like him.

Macedonian Relief Work Now Begun

More Money Sent to Dr. Clark on the Bulgarian Border, and Mr. Bond at Monastir—Sad Pictures of Sufferin

MACEDONIAN REFUGEES FROM GODLEVO RESTING IN THE MEADOWS NEAR DUBINTZA

RELIEF work among the Macedonian refugees on the Bulgarian border, and among the homeless and helpless thousands at Monastir, has already begun. Kind hearts in our own and other lands are helping the little band of missionaries and native pastors in their heroic effort to save the lives of the refugees. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S readers, foremost in every good work, are represented in the Christ-like benevolence, and their contributions are enabling the workers at Samokov, Monastir and elsewhere, to save precious lives and avert much human suffering. Two more remittances were sent last week from our relief fund: **$1,000** to the Rev. Lewis Bond, at Monastir, and **$150** to Dr. F. J. Clark, at Samokov, to be applied in aid of the sufferers.

Letters from the field, which we print below, afford a graphic picture of the situation. The first one is from Dr. J. F. Clark, of Samokov, to whom our first remittance was cabled some time ago. He writes:

"*Dear Dr. Klopsch:*—Your kind letter of October 31, came duly to hand. Thanks. The check you enclosed is now giving warmth and comfort to many to whom bed-covering, straw beds and shoes have already been sent. The larger part of those from Bulgaria who are aiding the insurgents, are refugees.

"Words to describe the conditions in Macedonia are hardly possible, and the facts scarcely to be believed; but I have them from reports weekly received from missionaries and consuls, who were in the best of circumstances to secure facts in Macedonia. I now write these lines while on a two days' journey among those in the region of the Black Sea and Adrianople, who have fled from their burning homes and from the sword.

"Some weeks ago, the definite data from Monastir were: 110 villages destroyed, 50,000 people refugees, a large part of them in the mountains, exposed to the weather day and night. What this means few can imagine. A muleteer saw a dead child with grass in its mouth—its last attempt to prolong life. Many must have had only roots and leaves to eat, and it seems certain that thousands have died of hunger and exposure. In other parts of Macedonia there must be thousands more in like circumstances. In the region of the Black Sea, northeast of Adrianople, the same devastation has taken place. Some 3,000, foreseeing the storm, secretly brought over into Bulgaria their cattle, and all their goods. But near 12,000 (some who ought to know have put it more than double this number), have fled for their lives, with naught for covering day or night except the clothes they wore when the onslaught came. In the past few days, I have seen many of these suffering ones gathered together in shelters of wicker-work, partly plastered with mud; roofs thatched with straw, but with many openings under the eaves and elsewhere, for the winter cold to enter, and with only the damp ground for a bed. Their clothing is hardly enough for warm weather. What will it do for them when the bleak winds from the Black Sea shall beat upon them during the coming months.

	Refugees
Reckoning for region of Monastir..	50,000
For other parts of Macedonia.....	10,000
For the district near the Black Sea	20,000
For those who have come into Samokov and vicinity.....	5,000
It gives a total of sufferers ..	85,000

"If only a half of these still need aid, 42,500 are in need of all things—for food, clothing and shelter, aside from what may be needed in the spring to secure harvests for another year.

"In four places south of Bourgas, where I have been with the delegate from the Central Relief Committee, I have seen and heard his statistics verified. Taking his statistics so far as complete, and making careful estimate of the other places, there must be about 25,000 refugees in Bulgaria. Mr. Vecheff reckons that about half the refugees have need of food, and the Bulgarian Government is now supplying the half in this region with bread or flour. Aside from this there is need of clothing and bedding for the immediate supply of at least 16,000. This gives only a passable supply to only a fourth of the refugees. Taking these datas for all Macedonia, and including the above, there is now at once needed:

For bedding and clothing	$54,400
In Macedonia, if food be given to one-half of the 60,000 sufferers, at $1.50 per month, it amounts to	90,000
If in the spring to each fifty persons a pair of oxen be given, at the price I paid in 1877, of $40 a pair, it would cost	33,000
And if $10 for each ten persons to help to build a home, making	85,000
A total of	$262,400

This is but a meagre estimate.

"The central committee is a union of different organizations in Sofia, which at first acted independently. The Macedonian Committee are also raising a special fund for the refugees, and noted among all is Madame Bahmetieff, a warm-hearted American lady, the wife of the Russian Consul-General at Sofia, who has repeatedly been among the first to meet fugitives with helpful donations from Russia and the cheer of her own personal sympathy. Bourgas and the surrounding region is specially favored by representatives from the Society of Friends in England. Mrs. M. A. Marriage Allen, who spent months in helping the Armenian refugees in 1896, giving also freely from her own means, having then gained the full sympathy of the ladies of the city, they have now cordially gathered around her to help prepare work for the Macedonian refugee women. She has as associate another lady, Mrs. G. King Lewis, who has had much experience in the segregation camps in South Africa. By their request the writer is aiding them, having joined them in Sofia.

"The greatest need by far is in Macedonia, where the people are unable to flee to a friendly region. There circumstances are such as to lead to despair. I wonder that they are not crushed by all they have endured.

"In many places in Macedonia a house can be built of common wicker-work, plastered inside and out, and covered with a straw roof, at little expense. If a pair of cattle for draught were available (costing in many places from $40 to $100), the only need would be to buy nails and pay skilled workmen from $5 to $10 for each house. The pair of cattle would do for a dozen families. The buildings would be permanent—not palaces, but just such homes as the people now live in. This would give each house one room 15x20 feet. In 1876, I, through agents and others employed, put up possibly 1,000 houses in Oc tober and Noven ber.

"Last night Mrs Allen gave th women listed her as needy each pair of shoes. Th thirty-five pair cos about $20. Th delegate gave ski sandals to thirty one men at a cos of $7. I think shall send them some carded wool one-half pound each, at a cost o perhaps $20. Thi I regard as one o the very best way of giving help, fo it gives work i spinning and knit ting. J. F. CLARKE," "*Bourgas, Bulgaria, Nov. 24.*

Rev. Lewis Bond, writing from Monastir, Nov. 4, says:

"Mr Haskell writes of a hospital for the wounded at Och rida, 'when the schools were not in session the lady teacher acted as nurses. Their yesterday's supply of food from th Bishop was ten para's worth of bread each. Most of the pa tients are badly wounded women. They had no fires, n kerosene for lights at night, and the government doctor wa dressing their wounds once in three or four days.'

"In another letter Mr. Haskell says, 'By Mr. Brailsford request I am to start Thursday to visit the fourteen Deburtsa villages, and he is going to Malesia. Mrs. Brailsford wi stay here and oversee the hospital or visit near villages There are 968 refugees in the city whom the bishop esti mates to be very needy, People come in rags and tears t beg for food who he says can get along for the present.

"It has been a hard day's work, giving flour to 1,000 peo ple—the hardest part being to refuse the 400 or 500 wh clamored for it and had to be denied. L. BOND."

Describing the relief work at Resna, Mr. Haskell writes:

"The head man of four burned villages gave me a written list of the names of households and number of souls in each family. All houses in each village were burned. The firs sixty-seven houses, 304 people refugees; sixty houses, 35 refugees; seven houses, sixty-nine refugees; eighty-five houses 429 refugees. Most of these refugees are scattered in six o the neighboring cities and villages.

"A great crowd of women, with some children and some men, were waiting outside the inn. But the carts with relie provisions did not arrive till 3 p.m., and by the time ther were unloaded, the carters paid, etc., it was too late to begi distribution. But it seemed to me a case where our Saviou certainly would not delay for the Sabbath, so I invited th people to come next day, Sunday morning.

"On Sunday morning a solid mass of people banke against the closed shops opposite, awaiting us. We begar our relief work with villagers from Podmochani, the hea man calling them up. We had a tin measure for flour, hold ing about five pounds. For present need we gave one mea ure to two people. We gave out two of our bales o goat's hair and woolen bed-rugs to twenty-three families, and then were compelled to reserve the others for other villages Roughly, the number of families supplied with bedding wa as follows: Podmochani 23; Ebla 12; Doupeni 6; Lavtsi 3 Volkodereh 1. Total 45. One or two may have got of unrecorded. The kind doctor appeared and made sure o covering for the three wounded women and one man whom he is treating. Twenty-five bags of flour were given t twelve villages—1,382 people. Even after the bedding wa all gone, people kept pleading for it. I think I never did s much good in seven hours in my life as to-day; nor did ever refuse so many desperately needy people."

In a later letter (November 29) Mr. Bond writes:

"The British Ambassador at Con stantinople agrees to the proposition of Hilmi Pasha, that a Turkish office be present at all our distributing de pots, and in attendance on distributin agents when visiting the villages.

"The loudest cry at present is fo bed-covering. We are buying in sev eral places, but can't keep up with th demand. We hope 3,000 or 4,00 second-hand army blankets fro London will be here within a week.

"I hope more funds will come speed ily, as the amount in hand will vanis quickly. I enclose statistics of sev en teen villages of Deburtsa, visited b Mr. Haskell, calling for over 2,00 blankets, large and small. Mrs. Brail ford telegraphs for 400 sacks of flou and all the blankets we have, and $5 cash. In this work there is no relie to the pain of refusing."

Every contribution made throug THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for th work of Macedonian relief, will b acknowledged in these column and forwarded by cable to the mis sionaries in the field. Our reader are asked to remember the urgenc of the appeal, and to act promptl to save life and avert suffering All contributions should be plainl addressed

Macedonia Relief Work
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

THE BULGARIAN ARMY GOING INTO WINTER QUARTERS

After its long virgil on the border, during the Macedonian crises, the Bulgarian army has now gone into winter quarters. It will be summoned to active duty again in the spring, unless Turkey assumes a more conciliatory attitude on the Macedonian question.

MOTHER BIRD'S NESTLINGS

By MARY SARGENT HOPKINS

DEAR Mother Bird, will you tell me something of your nestlings; some story of one whom you have saved, or been instrumental in saving, from the dreary life of misery in which you found her?"

This I asked of the sweet-faced, white-haired woman who presides over the "White Door," the Gospel settlement on the East Side of New York City, as we sat together one quiet Sunday evening, in her room. From visiting the Bowery Mission and the "Settlement" I had become intensely interested in the work of redemption going on there; but I wanted to individualize, to carry away with me one or two pictures like a clear-cut cameo, standing out in pure relief against the dark background of the dismal, wretched life all about us. I have said we were sitting together on a quiet Sunday evening. Yes, it was quiet where we were, for the windows were closed; but outside on the streets there was the same never-ceasing activity, the same murmur of restless humanity which marks the "Ghetto." Down stairs some of the devoted settlement workers were joining in a song service with the children gathered in from the street, and in the pauses of the music we could hear the happy voices and laughter of unrestrained childhood, something there is not room for in their crowded tenement-house homes.

MRS. SARAH J. BIRD

As the merry sounds floated up the stairway, Mother Bird spoke in answer to my request.

"Yes," she said, "I will try and tell you of some instances where a lifetime of effort would have been repaid with the happy results. Do you hear the particularly insistent tone of one of those girls? The sound reminds me of the answer one of the children made when I once asked the class what they had done to try and be better children—to encourage their teachers in helping and caring for them—one girl answered, 'I got glad on a girl I was mad on.' That seemed quite satisfactory to me, for I knew and realized what it meant for that girl to quell her temper and oust the demon of anger, so that she could get 'glad.' If one would look into the dark, ill-smelling tenements where these children sleep—it cannot be said that they live there—one would wonder how even in their short lives all the bright-eyed vivacity of childhood had not been crushed and killed, leaving them dull of eye and inferior in intellect. Not so, however. Most of these children are preternaturally bright, and some of them are almost phenomenally quick of comprehension. Their mental equipment seems to be much better than their moral—it is easier for them to comprehend a subject that perhaps has never been brought to their attention before than it is to discriminate between right and wrong, for while they may know the right, such has their home training been, that they will always choose the wrong if it is to their interest to do so."

But, you may ask, does this discourage Mother Bird in her protecting care of these nestlings? Not a bit, for she is sure that the constant dropping of kindness will wear away the stoniest obstacles in the path of right-living for these little ones.

They have so much to contend against, heredity, environment, and the nurture and admonition of the streets: but with all these conditions to fight, dear Mother Bird never loses courage or faith, although as she said, with a patient little sigh, "They do not all turn out good, and sometimes when we have followed up a young girl who is traveling Satan's highway, sick and sore of heart, the despair in her heart showing through all the paint and powder with which she has striven to hide the ravages of drink and disease: sometimes when we have won her apparently from all this degradation, and helped and healed her, hoping that she will cling to the new, clean life, she will suddenly disappear, and we never hear from her again. Lost in the depths."

A LITTLE GROUP OF THE NESTLINGS

"But," I said, "there must be many a girl whom you have rescued who has never returned to the old life?" "Oh yes," Mrs. Bird answered; "but" (and here the real mother's heart spoke), "I must be very guarded in telling those stories, they are as sacred to me as would be the histories of my own children, had I ever been a mother."

Then she told me of some young women who had emerged from the darkness of sinful lives, who are now happy matrons, living in homes of their own

One very interesting story Mrs. Bird told with honest pride, and this was of a young Jewish girl who had attended the "White Door" Settlement classes some years ago. She was only a child when she first came (and it is among the children, the nestlings, that Mother Bird finds hope and encouragement) she was one of many children of Jewish parents, who all lived huddled together in a typical East Side tenement. Rachel was the eldest child, and from the time when she made her first appearance at the "White Door," her ability to absorb lessons in the new way of living was remarkable, and would put to shame many a girl born and bred amid most whole some surroundings. Nothing escaped Rachel's eye, and nothing seemed beyond her immediate comprehension. Her lessons were not only learned, but were put into practical use. Her family must have been astonished beyond measure at the new ideas of living which she had imbibed at the Settlement, and which she put into practical working as far as she could. She soon became a leader among the girls in her own neighborhood. She combined the force and ability of two or three ordinary girls. She began to speak at the different meetings and to write little articles for the press. One of the latter in particular Mrs. Bird said was really remarkable. The subject was the Twentieth Century Woman of the East Side. The writer had only to draw from life as she saw it all around her. Women gossiping around the neighborhood, while their numerous children made the streets their playground, returning only to their noisome dwellings to huddle down in some dark corner to sleep. Other women who went out to earn a pittance, while their husbands drank here and passed away their days and nights in gambling and dissipation, which ran riot in the crazy East Side tenements. Truly Rachel knew whereof she spoke and could testify of what she had seen.

In looking over a number of these contributions, the astonishing fact of children at the settlement of wee stock by the unmistakable signs of intelligence far beyond their years which shone from the faces of these little ones. They are very masterful, these East Side boys and girls, with a clearly defined idea that they are born to rule and although they seldom resort to force as a ready running and decent are weapons which they never hesitate to use to gain their ends until they have learned the lessons of trade. A little story illustrates this fact and the children's consciousness of it. A teacher in a mission school near the "White Door," which is situated upon a Bible lesson, pauses and vast swarms of flies descended on the face and crawled into the corners of the eyes and mouths of the children and covered their tables and all their food, but (impossible) there were no flies on the children at Israel."

Small boy—"Please, teacher, there ain't none now either."

These children of the Ghetto, these nestlings that are nurtured out of their nests before their wings are feathered, are patterned in by their having been mothers—and how they succeeded her!

Once a little pathetic voice asked: "Why can't I love my mother as I do you?" Poor little mite, she could not understand that kindness and love begat love, and in the crowded, unwholesome, ill-ventilated rooms where those poor people live, where the very air reeks with broken, distorted, diseased humanity, there is small chance for even the flower of maternal love to survive the wretched surroundings.

The happy hours spent with gentle Mother Bird and her faithful assistants of the Kitchen Garden, and other classes, the music and the atmosphere of love which pervades the whole establishment, are making impressions upon the child mind which will color their whole after lives.

Would there were more Mother Birds, to whom nameless, sinful, neglected nestlings might fly for love and protection.

PORTO RICO'S QUEER SANTA CLAUS

HE IS DRESSED IN DUCK, AND DRAWN BY FIRE FLIES INSTEAD OF THE TRADITIONAL REINDEER

THE jury system, American government, financial institutions and American ideas are not the only things Uncle Sam has given to Porto Rico. Among the other notable things he has given that little island is the Christmas tree. Six years ago, the Christmas tree was only known to Porto Rico by the medium of pictures. They were never used before that time. The Christmas tree, as an annual institution, first saw light of day when Mr. B. R. Dix, Assistant Treasurer of the island, brought one there as a surprise to his little boy, Justin, lighting its candles on the night of December 24, 1898. Mr. Dix gave a large party in honor of the occasion, a number of the leading American officials and some Porto Rican neighbors taking part in the celebration.

The idea at once took hold of the impressionable Porto Ricans, and they forthwith declared their intention of having trees for their next Christmas. Of course, with the Christmas tree came the traditional story of Santa Claus. Imagine, if you can, a picture of Santa, minus fur robes and sled drawn by reindeers over a blanket of snow, and put him instead in a garb of white duck, drawn through the air on pretty fire-flies, and coming through an open window instead of a fireplace. Like our Santa Claus of the North, he comes loaded with toys; but because little Porto Rico is so poor, his load as yet is not a very heavy one.

With the introduction of the Christmas tree, there came a change in the old Porto Rican holiday. What is known as "Three Kings' Day" falls between the 6th and 10th of January. On this day, all enmities are buried, friendships are wreathed in smiles, and hearts are full of joy. Husbands and wives, sisters and brothers, and sweethearts interchange little tokens of esteem and love. "Three Kings' Day" is now celebrated only by the orthodox Spanish, who absolutely refuse to accept American innovations. the great majority of the Porto Rican people having rallied around December 25, lending all their enthusiasm to making Christmas Day the happiest of the year. Every steamer going to Porto Rico just before Christmas, now carries large quantities of our pretty pines to grace the parlors of the Porto Ricans.

The custom of giving presents on Christmas Day has opened up an entirely new field in the Porto Rican social conditions. Previous to the American occupation, a native young lady would not have given or received a gift from a young man; but now this is all changed, and presents are freely given and received. More fans are given as presents than anything else. A young lady's social position can be gauged by the number and quality of the fans she possesses. Every kind of a fan imaginable, from the Japanese paper fan to the most costly lace-covered and hand-painted kind, is used in Ponce.

Faces that Bring Pleasure

Dear Dr. Krauch:—Many thanks for the beautiful *Butterfly Calendar*. The sweet little faces are a source of pleasure, also constant reminder of your generosity.

Keene, Mass. MRS. JOHN ASHMAN

"A Beautiful and Delightful Book"

I take great pleasure in the receipt of HERALD, with premium, *How I Found Livingstone*. It is a beautiful book, and I am greatly pleased with it.

Worcester, Mass. ALONZO A. WHITE.

"Pilgrim's Progress" a Fine Book

Hanover, Mass.

"A Marvelous Premium"

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Christmas

ONCE more Christmas is with us, bringing joy and gladness into the home and into hearts young and old. It is good to make it a happy time, and to have the children associate it with pleasures and new acquisitions of toys and childhood's treasures. They ought to learn as early as possible how much the event we celebrate means to us. They soon understand that the reason we are trying to make them happy, is that we ourselves have special cause for happiness, and they should know what it is.

The world could not afford to let the year pass, without one day being set apart for the commemoration of the sublimest fact in its history. He came into the world, God manifest in the flesh. How much it means to all mankind! Take from our present civilization all that has its origin in that fact, and how poor this world would be! The eternal life that He came to impart, is the transcendent fact; but the present life, too, has gained beyond conception by his coming. The kindness, the charity, the compassion, the sense of brotherhood which are slowly and feebly coming to fruition, were born in that Bethlehem manger. And how those influences survive! Even now, after nineteen centuries, their power is mighty, and they are becoming more potent year by year. Every generation has understood better than its predecessor the grandeur and beauty of that wonderful life, the beginning of which we celebrate at Christmas. What it was in the previous time, of which John writes in the first chapter of his Gospel, is beyond the grasp of our minds, but when it began in human form, it came near to us, and showed us what our nature was capable of when it enshrined the divine. From that time we have had an ideal by which to estimate men. Since then the world has applauded many unworthy characters; but those whose names live, and whose memory is cherished, are those who have been most like Him.

Since that first Christmas the world has been no longer an orphan world. His coming taught us that the Everlasting Father takes an interest in it and yearns for its development. The angel song that the shepherds heard, was a message of paternal affection; the star that guided the wise men to the manger was a celestial envoy to lead the steps of our race to the source of all light. Into the cold and the darkness of the Far-country where humanity had wandered, came that proclamation of amnesty, inviting us back to the Father's House of many mansions, and by supreme condescension He appeared, who as the way, the truth, and the life, gives us access to the supernal glory. Yes, we do well to celebrate Christmas; it was the birthday not of Christ alone, but of the new and perfect manhood to which the ages are slowly and painfully climbing.

In our celebration, let Christ have his place. Pleasure and business and social engagements fill our lives; but we have not now the excuse of the inn that there is no room for Him. He is the one guest for whom we will make room; for every heart into which He is born is transformed into the presence chamber of the King of kings, and where He dwells there are pleasures for evermore.

Let Christ be the Centre

OUR thoughts are not random and elusive as we often suppose them to be. They fall under the law of cause and effect, as truly as the blossom on the bough and the fruit on the tree. Or, to use a more correct figure, we may say our thoughts have centres and orbits, and they move in courses determined by the law of spiritual gravitation.

Among the curious records of recent astronomy, there is one concerning a strange star of the second magnitude which has been called the Demon star, because of the unaccountable variations in its brilliancy. It appeared to be an outlaw in the firmament, submitting to no control. But at last its eccentricities have been explained, and have resolved themselves into a starry order. Astronomers have discovered that Algol revolves around a centre which they cannot see, and that all its movements are regulated by this invisible, and hitherto unsuspected centre.

So we may be sure all our thoughts have a centre. Find that, and you find the secret of any man's life. Let Christ be the centre, the real centre of our being and doing in this world—the true sun and pivot of our life—and then it cannot be but that our every thought will be brought into captivity to him; judgment, imagination, will, desire, purpose; all the streams of action will be sanctified, and others will take knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus.

A Golden Barrier

A CORRESPONDENT writes to inquire why—almost all the religious effort that is put forth by the various denominational bodies, and by the undenominational as well, is aimed at the "lower classes?" I know that the poor are not what they ought to be, religiously speaking; but, on the other hand, cannot the same thing be said, and probably, with still greater force, of the rich? In a word, if the rich were made to understand and appreciate their privileges, and persuaded to perform their duties as Christian men and women, would it not greatly simplify the task of evangelizing the poor? And this argument receives added force, when we consider the fact that the rich are directly responsible to a large extent, for the pinching poverty and hard lives of the poor, and must, therefore, bear the blame for much of the unrighteousness, that seems to find a fruitful soil in wretched and discouraging surroundings. Let the churches and the evangelists try for a season, the effect of a religious movement for the conversion of the rich.

This letter, though it might be regarded by some as the product of a mind warped by envy and discontent, yet contains one wholesome truth. To convert any considerable proportion of the rich and influential members of a community would be a long step toward ameliorating the condition of the poor in that community. Awakened Christian sympathy would result in such an improvement as would quickly make itself felt. There are, fortunately, instances on every hand of rich men and women making a noble use of the wealth they have honorably acquired. They recognize their trusteeship and employ their means largely in benevolence and philanthropy, in aiding the less fortunate to self-support, and in giving employment to large numbers. Such men are a blessing to a community. They are not to be confounded with the mere money-getters, those whose faculty of acquiring wealth has been developed to an extent that becomes a menace to all with whom they come in contact—whose hearts seem to have grown hard and dead in the process of building up colossal fortunes. How difficult it is to kindle such hearts into spiritual life, the Saviour himself acknowledged. Their gold stands between them and the Kingdom, like an insurmountable barrier, and it would often seem that the only time to reach them is when some great, towering breaker of misfortune has dashed down the barrier and swept their riches suddenly away. When panic comes, and men sustain severe financial losses; when their wealth takes wings and they find themselves reduced to the common level of poverty and dependence, their hearts grow tender, and they more readily yield to Gospel influences.

There are always more poor than rich, and always will be. To-day, as in Christ's day, the Gospel is proclaimed most largely to the humble, because now, as then, "the common people" hear it gladly, and give it most cordial welcome. Jesus cast his lot with the poor, and his servants rightly follow his example. They give the Gospel the widest proclamation, among all sorts and conditions of men, without distinction, neglecting no class; and if they find that their most fruitful spiritual field is among the common people, they do not complain. They often have the joy of seeing the barriers of wealth and position broken down by the power of the Holy Spirit, and the hearts of the rich melted and made as tender as that of a little child.

Among the Workers

—FOUR THOUSAND persons, according to the local newspapers, attend the extra service for men each Sabbath afternoon in the Bijou Theatre, Pittsburgh, conducted by Pastor S. Edward Young, of the Second Presbyterian Church. Hundreds of hands are raised for prayer at the end of the service.

—FOR ABOUT a year, nothing has been heard from Rev. Lewis P. Clinton (Somayou), the African Prince, who established a mission in Forteville, Grand Bassa, West Africa; but a letter was lately received, saying the work was "going on finely," and asking that school-books be sent for use in his school.

LEST WE FORGET

THE following are the Premium propositions in connection with annual subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the season of 1903-1904:

1. The Red Letter Bible, Authorized Version, in large, clear print, with all the words spoken by our Lord and every reference made by Him to the Old Testament, printed in Red, and every Messianic Prophecy emphasized by a Red Star, with Helps and Maps, bound in American Levant, Overlapping Edges, Lined to Edge, Red under Gold, and patented Movable Book-Mark, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at **$3.**

★ ★ ★ ★

2. The International Teachers' Bible, in Long Primer type, with Helps and Maps, **Leather Lined,** Red under Gold, Thumb Indexed, Revised or Authorized Version (when ordering **state which**), with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at **$3.**

★ ★ ★ ★

3. The International Teachers' Bible, same as No. 2, but **without** Leather Lining or Thumb Index, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at **$2,**

★ ★ ★ ★

4. The **Red Letter New Testament,** with all the words spoken by our Lord printed in Red, beautifully bound in Divinity Circuit, soft and flexible, Overlapping Edges, Red under Gold, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for $1.85.

★ ★ ★ ★

5. The **Crown Encyclopedia,** five substantial volumes, 3,008 pages, large type, 500 illustrations, 96 Colored Maps—everything up to November, 1903—bound in Vellum de Luxe cloth, with genuine Gold Stamp (will never tarnish), boxed and delivered, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at $3.

★ ★ ★ ★

6. How I Worked My Way Around the World, by Harry Steele Morrison, 408 large pages, when open 9 x 15 inches, Beautifully Illustrated, richly Bound in Cloth with Emblematic Stamp, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, at $2.

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7. Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan, Red Line Edition, splendid for presentation, Profusely Illustrated, Superbly Bound and exquisitely printed in two colors, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at $2.

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8. The Speaking Oak, by Dr. F. C. Iglehart, containing 301 Tales of Life, Love and Achievement, same size as Nos. 6 and 7 (30,000 copies already sold), Elegantly Bound, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, $2.

★ ★ ★ ★

9. Magazine Combinations—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with any one of the following dollar magazines at $2; with any two at $2.50, and with any three at $3. Look over the list and make your choice: **Harper's Bazar, Leslie's Popular Monthly, Pearson's, Success, Cosmopolitan, Woman's Home Companion, Silver Cross,** for the King's Daughters, **Little Folks, Watchword and Truth, Record of Christian Work, or Current Anecdotes,** for Pastors.

★ ★ ★ ★

Extra copies of the **Red Letter Bible, $2;** of the **Leather-Lined International Bibles, $2;** of the **Red Letter New Testament, $1;** of **Pilgrim's Progress,** or **How I Worked My Way Around the World,** or **The Speaking Oak, $1 each.** Extra magazines, **50 cents each.**

★ ★ ★ ★

A subscriber may take **as many premiums,** whether **books** or **magazines, as he pleases.**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be sent to one address, and **each premium** or magazine to a **different address, without extra charge.** THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and magazines, if sent to a foreign country require extra postage.

All premiums are sent all charges prepaid. Our beautiful 15-color **Butterfly Calendar** for **1904** and **1905** goes free with every subscription. Address to-day THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Death of Two Notable Men

ON the same day, the United States and Great Britain each lost from among its citizens, a man eminent in his respective sphere, who, throughout a long life had made a profound impression on contemporary thought. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, the editor of the *Sunday School Times* for nearly thirty years, and the author of many well-known works on the practical working of the Sunday School, and on scenes in the Holy Land, had laid Christian workers under a tremendous obligation. Scarcely a Sunday School teacher in the land has not been indebted to him for the enterprise with which he sought the best light available on the lessons, procuring from America and Europe, the utterances of the men best qualified to speak on special Biblical topics, while he showed how those utterances might be used in teaching. It was a great work, intensely practical, and its effect on the children who benefited by it in the beginning, and becoming themselves teachers afterwards, were benefited by his later labors, was prodigious. Not in criticism, not in speculation, was his work done; but in getting from every available source, light on the sacred pages, and advising and instructing teachers in their work. No slight part of the potent influence of the Sunday School on the life of our time is owing to Dr. Trumbull, who, at the age of seventy-three, has now ended his service.

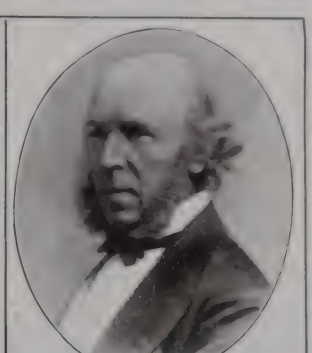
Great Britain's loss is of another kind. Herbert Spencer, the most eminent philosopher she has yet produced, whose works were and even in Germany, commanded respect, died on December 8, at the age of eighty-three. No less than forty-three years ago, Mr. Spencer, already well-known to students and philosophers as a man of remarkable powers, sketched out a plan of philosophical work, which astonished every one by its scope and variety. He was then, as he had been all his life, an invalid, and it was his own dread, that he would not live to cover the immense field he had mapped out. One department only was dropped from his original scheme, owing to advanced age and the decline of his health. All the remainder was carefully and most elaborately executed. He called it Synthetic Philosophy, and the name was well chosen. He was not an original observer; but utilizing the discoveries and observations of other men, he undertook to show how all were consistent with his theory, and to build up, out of the materials supplied by specialists in their respective fields, a system of philosophy. The scheme embraced not only biology, but the development of man in his psychological, moral and sociological relations. Evolution, in Spencer's opinion, was the key to the whole, and his effort was to show how men and animals and institutions had come to their present condition through the same law. Outside this realm of visible phenomena, he recognized the existence of some mighty force, but of this force he declared that men knew and could know nothing. Thus he rejected or ignored revelation, and was therefore emphatically an agnostic. There is no basis for comparison between the two men: but there is an immense contrast in the effects of their teaching. From Mr. Spencer, the philosophic world heard that the very existence of God is "unknown and unknowable": while from Dr. Trumbull, we heard the message that Paul gave to the philosophers at Athens:

> Whom, therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you, . . . that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us (Acts. 17:23, 27).

Britain and Thibet

The accompanying picture is reproduced by the London *Graphic*, from a photograph taken by an officer in the British Thibetan expedition. It shows the arrival of the messengers of the Lama, forbidding the nearer approach of the armed escort of the British envoys to Lhasa. The messengers were received with every token of respect, but their message was evidently a disappointment to the British Commander. It is now officially announced that the expedition which is being prepared will not attempt at present to penetrate to Lhasa, but will proceed as far as Gyangtse, which is about one hundred and fifty miles from the capital. The Thibetan Government has been assured that the British occupation of that town will not be permanent, but will continue until the treaty, which has been negotiated, is duly signed. A letter, it is stated, has been sent to the Lama by the ruler of the native State of Nepaul, who is on the most friendly terms with the Lama. He advises the Lama to make friends with the British, and assures him that great advantages have accrued to Nepaul through British relations. All that has been disclosed indicates that the expedition which is to be sent is not the result of the British desire to annex Thibet, but of a suspicion that Russia is about to get control of it and so approach India. The British Government is said to prefer that Thibet should maintain its independence, but is determined that it shall not fall into Russian hands, as Manchuria has done. Thus Thibet will probably have to surrender her long-cherished seclusion, either peaceably by a commercial treaty, or by force set in motion by British doubts of its complicity in the designs of her historic enemy for territorial aggrandizement. Whether British suspicions are justified or not it trouble ensues Thibet is likely to suffer through the envy and jealousy of its two powerful neighbors.

THE LATE DR. H. CLAY TRUMBULL



THE LATE MR. HERBERT SPENCER

THIBETAN MESSENGERS FORBIDDING THE BRITISH ADVANCE

Good Money Rejected

A singular spectacle was witnessed on Broadway, New York, a few days ago. It was that of a man offering money to people who refused it. Some months ago a hard-working man who gets his living by attending to furnaces became somewhat eccentric, but his whims were regarded as harmless. He conceived the idea of giving the children of the streets a treat. He asked his employers to save for him all the bright pennies they had. He said he meant to distribute them to the boys at Christmas. The idea took hold of him, and he talked a good deal about the fun he would have, and the delight the boys would have in scrambling for them. He dwelt on the notion until it took a wilder shape. He resolved to give all his savings away, and he could not wait for Christmas. Going up to Broadway he took a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket and offered it to a well-dressed man whom he met. The man brushed him aside, as did another to whom he offered it. Irritated by the rebuffs he tried several others, but no one would take it. "It is good money," he shouted, "take it. I don't want it. It is a real joke and I want no fun." People laughed at him, and a crowd of boys jeered him. The man grew more and more excited. "If you will not take it as a gift," he said, "sell me five for $1." He offered good silver bills for a specified number, but no one would have his money. At the police station he told his story, and asked to be locked up. He was released, and made to understand that in this day, when money is so passionately desired, a man could not get people to accept it as a free gift. It is impossible to say what the right way of explaining it is that chose to refuse so good a proposal. It could not be because it is too common. The rarer should keep its many times greater blessing. The free offer of salvation is inconceivable to them, and they die to save it.

Queen Alexandra's Peril

People on this side the Atlantic, who know the character of the public and press in this country, will not wonder that the women who is now Queen of Great Britain, will feel with British sentiment in regarding that her Majesty escaped the great peril to which she was recently exposed. On the night of December 10 she was sleeping at her home at Sandringham, where she lived for so many years as Princess of Wales. Her secretary, Miss Knollys, who occupied a room in the adjoining suite that of the Queen, was awakened in the early morning by the smell of fire and the confusing sensation of a smoke-filled room. She was alarmed by seeing flames creeping along the ceiling. She realized the danger of the Queen and hurried upstairs to her Majesty's room. She found her servants sound asleep and the smoke in that room growing dense. The two ladies hurriedly dressed and gave the alarm to the other inmates of the mansion. The servants formed a fire-brigade, and after some hours' work extinguished the flames, but not until the floor of the Queen's room had collapsed and the bed in which she had been sleeping had fallen into the floor below. It is considered that a crossed electric wire had set a beam on fire, which had smouldered for some time before breaking into a flame. The general opinion is that a fatal catastrophe was averted, is an evidence that the Queen's popularity is not all gone due to Lady Isabella's action, but to the fact that she fills the Sceptre and heart of the good woman, in at least one respect.

BRIEF NOTES

"THE BOY OF BOYS" ❋ BOYHOOD OF JESUS

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JAN. 3
LUKE 2: 40-52

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--LUKE 2: 52: "JESUS INCREASED IN WISDOM AND IN STATURE AND IN FAVOR WITH GOD AND MAN."

WHEN Jesus was born, wise men in the East saw his star, and sought him out that they might worship him. When Jesus had grown to be twelve years of age, other wise men—the doctors of divinity of Jerusalem—conversing with Jesus, as he sat in their midst on the Temple terrace leading to the Court of Israel, "both hearing them and asking them questions," "wondered at his understanding and answers." He had probably not been seen in the Temple since he was carried there in the arms of his mother when he was forty days old. At that time the aged Simeon had spoken of him to God as he held him in his arms, as "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people, Israel." The occasion of this second visit to the Temple was that he might become "a son of the law," by a ceremony incumbent upon all Jewish boys at twelve years of age, after which they entered into all religious duties with their elders. Such a relation is to be compared with what in our day is called "joining the church." Doubtless other boys of that age had come from Nazareth for the same ceremony.

It will be interesting to recall the religious training of the boy Jesus. He was the Son of God, but his divinity was so wrapped up in his humanity, that, in the days of his boyhood, there were no manifestations of his divine power. Many foolish legends have been invented, for example, that he moulded little birds out of clay in his play, and then gave them life and made them fly. But in fact "he played as little children play the pleasant games of youth." Following the custom of all faithful Jewish mothers, Mary must have begun teaching him the law of God when he was five years of age. At ten years of age he undoubtedly began to study the Mishna in some synagogue school. Through such teaching he "grew in favor with God and man." He was doubtless an extremely earnest pupil, and probably astonished his teacher long before he did the doctors in the Temple.

Nazareth, where he was brought up, was a favorable location for a boy desiring to know of the world, for it was on the highway of nations. The town itself nestled among the hills, through which were laid out great roads that were thronged with travelers; the road to Jerusalem, crowded often with pilgrims; the road from Egypt, with its merchant caravans; the highway between Acre and Damascus, "along which legions marched, and princes swept with their retinues." As a boy, Jesus undoubtedly saw many of these travelers, and asked questions, and so learned much. From the tops of those hills the history of the Jewish nation was spread out before him as a living map. The different historic localities must often have been pointed out to him by Mary and Joseph.

There were also political struggles in the land during his boyhood. A man named Judas led an insurrection against King Herod. Jewish youths were urged by Judas to pull down all those works which the king had erected, contrary to the law of their fathers. The boy Jesus had no doubt heard how they had actually pulled down and broken in pieces a golden Roman eagle which King Herod had caused to be placed over the gate of the Temple. The place where the detested thing had been only two years before, was no doubt pointed out to him when he went up to Jerusalem at twelve years of age.

When it was shown him by his mother and Joseph that it was his duty to return to Nazareth with them, he promptly obeyed. He had not disobeyed them by remaining behind in Jerusalem, but was in that obedient to a Higher Power, and about his "Father's business." The journey homeward to Nazareth was less momentous than the journey out had been, for that had been made in company with pilgrims. But the panorama through which they journeyed was the same: the Holy City, with gilded roof and marble colonnades towering over all; Bethel, where Jacob had his dream, the little town of Gibeah, where Saul lived when he was made king; the fertile valley between Ebai and Gerizim, the historic mountains of blessing and cursing; Jacob's well, where they doubtless stopped to refresh themselves; Samaria, glorious in the beauty of vines, forming its "crown of pride;" the ancient town of Engannim; the sandy plain of Esdraelon, famous for its historic battles; Jezreel, which recalled incidents in the life of Elisha; Mount Tabor, where Deborah prayed while Barak descended to fight; and the ancient river Kishon, where God had discomfited Sisera. They came at last to their own beautiful Nazareth valley, in top of the hills, carpeted as with a High Priest's robe of blue, purple and scarlet, with innumerable flowers. They had traveled eighty miles between Jerusalem and Nazareth, and Jesus was at home again to spend eighteen years in the work of a carpenter, all the while growing in favor with God and man. Then he would take up his "Father's business" as his sole occupation.

Illustration and Application

The learned Erasmus once wrote a speech in Latin for a boy to speak, beginning, "We boys commemorate the boy of boys—our Master, Jesus, the chief ideal of all, but particularly the chief of us, that is, of boys." That may well be the central thought of this lesson, which, from another point of view, is also a lesson for parents. Having traversed the facts of the lesson story, let us consider,

First: Right and wrong views of the mother of Jesus;
Second: Right and wrong views of the boyhood of Jesus.

Mary "blessed" but not to be worshiped

I. We should not worship Mary, but honor her as a "blessed" example of motherhood. Two recent incidents are suggestive. One is the published prayer of the new Pope to Mary: "Most Holy Virgin, who pleased our Lord, and became his mother, immaculate in body and soul, in faith and love, this solemn jubilee of the proclamation of the Dogma, which announced thee to the universal world as conceived without sin, mayest regard those miserable ones who implore thy potent patronage! The malevolent Serpent, against which was hurled the first curse, continues, unfortunately, to combat and insinuate itself among the suffering children of Eve; mayest thou, O our blessed Mother, our Queen and Advocate, who since the first instant of thy conception, crushed the head of the enemy, gather thy prayers, which, united with thee in only one heart, we implore thee to present at the throne of God, that we may never yield to the insinuations which assail us, so that we shall all arrive at the harbors of everlasting life, and, in the midst of many dangers, the Church and Christian society, shall sing once more the hymn of liberation, victory and peace. Amen."

Surely Mary cannot be pleased to have such worship offered to her in place of her Divine Son and Lord, but would approve rather the act of that Protestant preacher who, on a recent Sunday, stopped his thoughtless choir when they struck up the idolatrous "Ave Maria," often sung without rebuke in Protestant churches. One day, when Jesus was busy with his Divine miracles and teaching, and some one interrupted him to say, "Thy mother and thy brethren stand without seeking thee." Jesus gave a reply that put every faithful Christian in his list of Madonnas: "He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my mother and sister and brother." There is not a word in Scripture to support the Roman Catholic theory that Mary herself was of "immaculate conception," that is, divinely born like her Son. She was wholly human. But let not the undue honors put on her prevent us from giving her due honor as a model mother, under whose wise oversight Jesus, a real human boy, though divine, grew symmetrically, in body, mind and spirit. It is said that "parents advertise themselves in their children." In the familiarity with the Bible that Jesus showed even in his boyhood, as he sat among the doctors in the Temple, in his prompt obedience to his parents, in his interest in great truths above holiday scenes, he showed how faithfully his mother had taught and trained him in his lowly home. She had given him what was better than wealth, high ideals and right habits. As in other homes that have raised men that blessed the world, it was a case of "plain living and high thinking."

A good mother's influence often extends to her children's children. It is said that no one had so much religious influence in the development of Francois Millet, painter of the "Angelus," as his grandmother. She was an old country woman of intense religious faith, living in God, seeing everything in God, seeing God in everything, and mingling God in every scene of nature and every act of life. One of Millet's earliest recollections was of his grandmother waking him when he was quite a small child, and saying to him: "Up, my little Francois! If you only knew what a long time the birds have been singing the glory of God!" When he had to leave home to go to Paris, his grandmother said: "I would rather see you dead than unfaithful to God's commands." At a later time, when he had begun to make his way in Paris, she reminded him again: "Remember, my Francois, that you were a Christian before you were a painter. Paint for eternity, and think that the trump which will call to Judgment is on the eve of sounding."

"AND HE WENT DOWN WITH THEM"

"THEY FOUND HIM IN THE TEMPLE SITTING AMONG THE DOCTORS"

If parents were as ready to make any needed sacrifice to save their children from moral perils as they are to save them from physical dangers, few children would go wrong. A farmer in North Carolina once drove with two high-mettled horses into town. Stopping in front of one of the stores, he was about to enter when his horses took fright. He sprang in front of them, and heroically seized the reins. Maddened by strange noises, the horses dashed down the street, the man still clinging to the bridles. On they rushed until the horses, wild with frenzy, rose on their haunches, and leaping upon the man, all came with a crash to the earth. When people came and rescued the bleeding body of the man, and found him in death's last agony, a friend, bending tenderly over him, asked, "Why did you sacrifice your life for horses and wagon?" He gasped with his breath, as his spirit departed, "Go and look in the wagon." They turned, and there, asleep in the straw, lay his little boy. As they laid the mangled form of the hero in his grave, no one said, "The sacrifice was too great."

Jesus a Real Boy

II. Jesus was a real boy, with nothing in his life that other boys cannot and should not copy. The Bible tells us he had "emptied himself" of his divineness for a time. The legends of miracles done by him in boyhood, as has been shown, were wholly false to his plan, to live a real human life that would show other boys and men what a human life might be. We talk about "making a living," but in his presence let us think of making a life.

First of all, he had a body unscarred by any evil habit. Artists who picture Jesus as physically thin and weak, have no warrant in Scripture for doing so. Think of the strength and beauty of a body never marred by sin! And his mind, too, though his schooling was meagre, was wise and alert because his uncorrupted body and his lofty soul both helped it to clear thinking. In encaustic tiles at the entrance to what was Tennyson's home in the Isle of Wight are the words, "Truth against the world." Such was the mental attitude of him who said, "I am the truth." At the completion of one of the Amherst College buildings, when President Hitchcock first assembled his geology class in a new recitation room with sky windows, this was his introduction to one of his best lectures: "Young gentlemen, all the light we have here comes from above." Students who are too much devoted to the study of things earthly, such as stones and bugs, and know so little of the Bible that they cannot understand references to it in Browning and Tennyson, should ponder that profound motto. Though Christ missed much of the earthly learning of his day, his mind was fearlessly open to the light from above. He proved that it is not necessary to be learned in order to be wise. But Jesus kept "spirit" above both "mind" and "body." An ancestral Japanese statue, now in this country, represents the soul by a pear-shaped, self-luminous jewel, flame-tipped, which is held in the hand as an object of devout contemplation. It is the soul that constitutes character, the chief element of a noble life.

THE NARROW GATE

by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place "with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters the bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them being Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Mr. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he firmly declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty local school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and pressman. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic.

One evening, while he was looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, on the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reform are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to carry on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4,000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas. It is a really local experience, with the names only slightly veiled, and the facts easily recognizable. The great audience sits spell-bound, as the story of a ruined family and a broken-hearted mother is graphically told. Over three thousand persons sign the pledge, as the result of the story. An explosion wrecks the *Beacon* office and press, and injures George. Douglas pluckily continues publication, with the aid of friends. Hopes brighten, and the outlook for the revived *Beacon*, and the cause it represents, gradually improves. The little temperance group at Colby hears of the approaching wedding of Esther and Douglas, which is shortly afterward celebrated very quietly. The women of Colby begin a vigorous temperance crusade. George becomes a cause of sorrow and anxiety by yielding to the temptation to drink. Douglas discharges him and the boy appeals to Esther.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

DOUGLAS stood facing Esther, and for one moment he was tempted to a feeling of anger towards her. That soon passed away, and the feeling was transferred to George.

"What business had he to come to you with it?"

"Oh, but he is simply wretched over it. Give him another try, Frank. You cannot regret doing the uttermost to save him. For the sake of our boy, who may sometime need a friend, give George the benefit of the doubt. And he has no father or mother. His home life has been against him. Won't you, Frank?"

Douglas could not resist his young wife. He felt as if his judgment did not go with his feelings in yielding, but he finally did yield, and promised to let George stay on and see if he would respond to renewed friendship and forgiveness.

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So, the following evening Douglas asked George up to the house, and in the sacred and hospitable quiet of the little home circle he and Esther pledged the boy their help and sympathy, and made him feel that there were no grudges or things kept back. Douglas went a step farther, and promised the boy a rise in position at the end of the quarter, advancing him to a place in the office where he was in need of special help, with an increased correspondence brought about by the fast rising tide of temperance feeling that now promised to rise in a great flood and sweep the next legislature towards a prohibitory enactment.

For the next two weeks, George proved as model a young man as Douglas ever knew. He seemed transformed by the confidence reposed in him. Douglas did him the honor never to watch him. He was made to feel that the past was past, and not a word was ever said about it.

But at the end of the two weeks a change was noticed in him. He seemed to grow irritable, and several times flew into a passion with the galley-boy. He avoided Quits, and Quits at once reported his suspicion to Douglas, anxious to do what he could with Douglas to save him.

But Douglas was overwhelmed at that particular time with the pressure of work, and told Quits that George was on his good behavior, and he had not noticed anything out of the way with him.

Two nights after this talk with Quits, Douglas was going past Jake's place on his way home from the office. It was after ten o'clock, and the day after the regular issue of the *Beacon*. The pressmen were not all required to be down in the evening. George had been absent during the afternoon, and when he went away at noon, Douglas had not noted anything special about him.

But when he was opposite the swinging doors that opened in and out close by the sidewalk, a group of young men came out laughing and singing boisterously. In the midst of them was George, his face flushed and his legs reeling.

The smell of the beer, warm and nauseating to Douglas, was wafted out of the saloon as the crowd poured out on the sidewalk, and Douglas was hastening to go on, when a familiar laugh quickly stopped him.

The next minute he looked up and saw George. George recognized him at the same time, and a look of terror went into his face.

Without a word Douglas turned around and walked back towards the office. As he walked along he heard, behind, steps running towards him.

CHAPTER X.

DOUGLAS walked rapidly back to the office without turning around to see who it was that was following him. Before he reached the *Beacon* building, the sound of the steps had ceased. He went at once into the office room, shut the door, and sat down at the desk to fight out another battle along the narrow way of life.

The impulse that had turned him back from his way home at the sight of George, was not yet very clear to him. As he sat there for a few moments alone, however, it began to grow plainer. The sudden knowledge of the boy's lapse into his old habits came to him altogether as a shock, and, at first, his feeling was one of anger

"GEORGE FLUNG HIMSELF DOWN AT THE END OF THE DESK

certainty after some sort of discussion he came close and pressed the key. He got up at once from the chair where he was sitting, came over to George and kneeled down by him, putting his arm over the boy's shoulder. After some repeated use on knees for him, preparing the boy's own instinctive seeking for himself.

After the first few sentences George ceased his cries and Douglas went on praying with earnest faith. When he had finished there was a moment of silence. Then George said:

"George, you must ask for yourself. It is not enough for me to pray. If you are saved from this curse, you must go to God direct yourself for help."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Douglas. I'll pray. I'll pray," George cried, and he began to make strange appeals, calling on God to save him.

He was not spoken a dozen words before Douglas realized with startling distinctness that the boy was not yet sober. The realization of this fact was so disconcerting to him that at first he had almost let go and withdrawn his arm from the boy's shoulder. That upon came to him with a flash of remembrance, what he had heard the President of the college say more than once from experience of all the missionary workers at Five Points, New York where hundreds of men have come and crowded down at the platform in a moment's mad while in a state of intoxication, and had been saved the next day. "Shall I dare to doubt the saving grace of the power of God?" questioned Douglas to an awful whisper in his own soul, and he instantly got down by George again.

"Don't go away, Mr. Douglas, will you?" George asked, grasping his arm as Douglas made some movement.

"No, no, George. I won't leave you. God will save you. Put your faith in him."

George prayed on again, and it took all the faith that Douglas possessed to believe that the answer to redemption could or would be among such surroundings. But a new sense came over him, a sense of something that was not himself, and he realized that the Father knows the heart of his children.

He helped George to his feet and very gently led him to the door. George had ceased to moan and still mumbled incoherently as he sat looking at Douglas, trembling as a whipped dog looks at his master.

Douglas picked up his hat.

"I want you to go home with me to-night, George," he said, controlling his voice.

"Home, Mr. Douglas?" George gasped, as if the word had not been used to him for years. "Do you think I can go home, Mr. Douglas?"

"Yes, I am sure he will," replied Douglas, as he grasped George and led him to the door, and keeping hold of him as they passed out.

Esther met them in the hall. She had heard George's voice, and realized the situation at once.

"You have brought Frank home, George?" she asked, and smiled through her tears.

"Yes, Douglas brought him to me with his own hands," George answered, gazing fondly at Esther, as if she were the incarnation of goodness.

Oh, what a blessing motherhood has sparkle in the eyes of a woman!

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Art of Giving Christmas Presents

FOR weeks past a foremost thought in the minds of a good many home-keeping women has been, "What shall I give my dear ones for Christmas?" Not, be it noticed, what shall I receive? Few spend much time and thought in wondering what enrichment of their personal treasures will come to them in the holiday season, but we are all disposed to do what we can to fill Christmas stockings, and help to load with presents the Christmas mails. Therefore, some words of counsel are timely now.

First of all we might, without violating the spirit of the hour, give a little thought to the people who are most likely to be neglected, who have few to love and care for them, and whose Christmas is often a very desolate time of the year. Take, for example, a most unfortunate group of people who keep timidly in the background and do not parade their grief in the eyes of the world. We have much sympathy when Christmas comes for prisoners, shut within the walls of gloomy fortresses, where, in order to pay their debts to society and undergo the penalty awarded for crime, they must spend weary years. Some of us annually write letters to cheer the prisoners, men we do not know, in the vague hope that our words may bring them a faint ray of light and consolation. But the prisoners are, after all, less to be pitied than their families, from whom the bread-winner has generally been taken by a fate more cruel than death. Disgrace cuts deeper and gives more pain than bereavement, and, little children who go to school, knowing that their fathers are in the penitentiary, must feel a shrinking from their fellows, whose fathers come honorably home every night, and go honorably forth to business every morning. There is no real Christmas possible for the wife and child of the convict, unless some good angel, like Mrs. Ballington Booth, or some of her kindly Volunteers, carry it to them. A bit of Christmas holly, tied upon a bag of flour or a ham; a ton of coal, sent on a cold morning; a warm garment, any bit of human kindness despatched to such a home, is the best kind of Christmas gift—a gift that God approves.

* * *

The little children of the very poor should be borne in mind at Christmas, and some cheer planned for them; some fun, as well as something useful sent to their homes.

One day, in Cherry street, New York, a little girl was seen crooning over a doll, which she had made of an empty bottle, around which she had tied the fragment of an old gray shawl. This was the only doll the little maiden had, but her imagination glorified it, and she made believe that it was the right thing. What joy a real doll could carry to such a little child as this! Especially if there were with it a change of clothing, a dress to put on and take off!

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Sleep well, my dear ones, safe and free;
The holy angels are with thee,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber, nights nor days.

Your bed is soft in every way;
The Saviour lay in straw and hay;
Your chamber is far better drest
Than the hard crib where He did rest.

None dare disturb your quiet ease;
He had a thousand enemies.
You live in sweet security;
But He was punished, and for thee.

Adapted from the German of John Christian Jacobi.

Among the beneficiaries, whom I hope we have not forgotten, are the children in far-away India, China and Japan, in our missionary schools, and the little Indian children in Oklahoma and Dakota, and elsewhere on our great Western frontier. Christmas gifts for foreign shores should have gone to their destination some weeks ago. Nothing comes amiss to these distant children, who are made very happy by Christmas cards, books and toys, which have served their turn here in America. The great temptation at Christmas is to spend more than we can afford. If our list of friends is a large one, we are very apt to have a good many acquaintances beyond the pale of our kindred, to whom we love to send some token of affection in the joyous Christmastide. Though we spend only a trifle on each, the sum total aggregates largely, and we are likely to find ourselves somewhat circumscribed as to spending money later on, if we gratify our desire to be liberal at this time. The pity of it is that so often the gifts are merely looked at, laid aside and forgotten, giving only a momentary pleasure. A great many gifts are misfits. They do not at all carry with them the measure of utility which would complete them. A little thought would have made each gift appropriate to the need of the recipient. To aged eyes, for instance, it is foolish to send a Bible or other book in very fine print. To a person untrained in art, the picture which would carry delight to a girl who has been well trained in technique and color, may seem like rubbish. For instance, a woman whose ideas of art were very crude, remarked one day, "Anything in a frame that fills up a space on my wall is all that I want in the way of a picture." Fancy the horror of one who knows good pictures at such a statement as this!

* * *

Linen is always a delight to the heart of the housekeeper, and something for her table or her bedroom will be more than welcome to the average matron. China, laces, books, carvings, brasses in the shape of platters, or candlesticks, photograph frames, hand mirrors, fans and pretty things in general make pleasing presents to women. They like nearly everything.

Men are a little more limited, but even for them there are suitable Christmas gifts, in the shape of military brushes, leather bags, handkerchiefs, cushions, books, shaving sets, and opera glasses, and many other articles which they may use, or with which they may adorn their dens.

* * *

The element of fitness must enter a gift, or it is sure to be a disappointment. Apart from this, one should never feel a sense of obligation when giving a thing to a friend, or give because she thinks it will be expected, or send something as a return, or in any way with a thought of value received. The commercial touch utterly ruins a gift. Christmas should bring with it an overflowing heart of joy and good-will, and here the spirit is always more than the tangible token.

Something one may make herself with her own fingers, has more sentiment about it than a costlier article bought over the counter. Study a friend's taste as well as his or her needs, before sending forth your holiday gift. M. E. S.

* *

ANSWERED PRAYERS

F. M. B., Great Falls, Mont. "I wish to express my thankfulness to God for answered prayers."

Reader, Schenectady, N.Y. "I desire to acknowledge God's saving power to restore both body and spirit."

Reader, San Jose, Calif. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering my prayers in a wonderful manner."

Old Subscriber, S Dak. "I have received many answers to my prayers all through a long life of over seventy years."

B. P., Newark, N. J. "I want to tell you of the great help the 'Answered Prayers' have been to me. Recently the days seemed dark (I teach music, and am dependent upon that for my livelihood), and I earnestly prayed to God asking him to send me the help I so much needed. His answer came almost immediately. And in so many ways has he helped me, that I feel I must tell the world, and perhaps my experience may be helpful in encouraging some one else to take all to God in prayer."

Reader, Lowville, N. Y. "I have read the Answered Prayer column in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and would like to add my testimony to that of the many others who have publicly acknowledged that their prayers have been answered. Only this summer, when a great grief seemed to threaten me, I took the matter to God in prayer, and the trouble was removed. I know he does hear and answer prayer."

Mrs. E. B., Acona, Miss. "I have many times had answers to prayer. I promised the Lord that I would tell it to the world. I thank God for his goodness to me."

S. B., W. Va. "I know that God answers prayer. I was in deep trouble and went to the Lord in prayer when I was almost in despair, and he answered, as he always will answer a faithful plea. All honor and glory be unto his name."

Reader. "God surely hears and answers our prayers. We were in great trouble some time ago and we prayed to our Heavenly Father, and he answered and helped us wonderfully. Praise his holy name."

Reader, Inka, Ill. "I want to acknowledge publicly God's goodness in answering my prayers. Praise his name."

Mrs. A. M. S., Berkeley, Calif. "I wish to acknowledge publicly the many answers to my prayers. I am a firm believer in prayer, and I know that our Heavenly Father hears and answers prayer, if we put our trust in him."

Mrs. C. M., Wilmington, Ill. "I have had so many blessed assurances, that I cannot doubt for a moment, that it was in answer to my prayers. David said: 'I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me.'"

I. M. E. "I wish to acknowledge my deep gratitude to God for his answer to prayer. He has answered many times for me. Praise his holy name."

Reader, Morland, Kans. "I want to tell to the world that God has heard and answered my prayers ever since I was a child, and to-day I can raise up my eyes (dimmed with tears, for I am passing through a great trial), to him and thank him for my affliction, for I know that it is for my good."

Miss F. N., Shady, Ark. "I wish to acknowledge God's wondrous love and tenderness in answering prayer for me. I was in great distress and I called upon the Lord, and he heard and answered my prayer."

Mrs. R. W., Cape Girardeau. "I must add my testimony to many others of the 'Answered Prayers' column, that it may strengthen some who are weak in the faith and cause them to draw more closely in prayer to our blessed Lord, for he will take heed and answer those who call upon him. 'I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. Glory be unto his holy name."

L. I. C., Menlo, Kan. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it to the world. We had a great affliction. Praise God, he has answered my prayer. I feel that I want to pray without ceasing, and in all things give thanks."

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. Drinnin, an aged Christian and constant reader of this journal, passed away at Wyoming, Ill., lately, much regretted.

Miss Susan Keich, daughter of Margaret and the late George Keich, died at her home in Hazleton, Pa., November 22. She was born in 1854. When nine years of age she engaged in active Christian work in the United Brethren Church, in Tamaqua, Pa., and continued in the work until the time of her death. She lived a consistent and quiet Christian life. Realizing that her end was near at hand, she took consolation in repeating the twenty-third psalm. Her death was peaceful and calm.

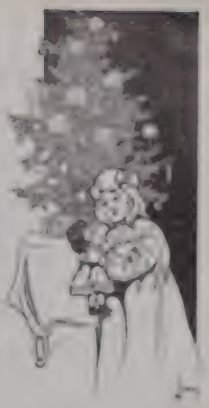
A Satisfactory Investment

Publishers of The Christian Herald:—Some time ago I sent you $3 for one year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and a copy of the Red Letter Bible. The Bible was received from the express office in good order, and I have received two numbers of the paper. To say I am well pleased with my investment is putting it very mildly. The Butterfly Art Calendar is very fine. I have been looking for a magazine for the last two or three years of the character and make-up of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and never found it until now. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is not sectarian, but well adapted to all orthodox denominations, and sheds much light on our Sunday School lessons

Indianola, Ia. JACOB DEARTH.

THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



SANTA CLAUS' REIGN

I REALLY suppose that nobody in the wide world receives so many letters as Santa Claus. Not to speak of those the children write and drop into the mail, there are thousands on thousands that do not bear Uncle Sam's or any other governmental postmark, that simply go flying to the North Pole, or wherever the dear old saint has his headquarters, by a swift aërial route along which thoughts run far faster than lightning flashes.

If it were not so, if Santa Claus did not hear by love's wonderful telephone and love's amazing telegraph, exactly what the children wanted, how could he ever find out. Not the little golden heads only find the right presents in their stockings, but the silver hair and the gray hair on grandma's and grandpa's head, does not keep them from being like children on Christmas, and taking lots of pleasure in the happy day. Santa Claus loads up that old sleigh of his with gifts for big people as for little, for President Roosevelt as well as for Archie and Quentin, for the Doctor of Divinity as well as for the laddie learning his alphabet; for King Edward over in England, as well as for the youngest prince or princess in the group of grandchildren.

Santa Claus must be a wizard, for he does not make mistakes. I think love is his teacher. Don't you?

Gracious Receiving

Don't you fancy that Santa Claus is now and then a little disappointed that people are not grateful for his gifts? I've seen Mary annoyed because Mabel had a bigger doll than she, and Dick much vexed, because in his stocking there was a shaving-set, when he wanted military brushes. Or, if not just in the stocking, these bigger things were somehow fastened to it. I once heard a lady, who had received a pile of presents, but not one thing she hoped for, ejaculate disdainfully, "Truck!" when she looked at her things. Dear children, if you can help it, never sit in the seat of the scornful. It is always perilously near the way of the ungodly. Do be thankful through and through, with the gladness of a true heart, when you receive nice presents, and accept them with generous and overflowing thanks.

Presents to Santa Claus

It does not seem quite fair, does it, that Santa Claus should have to bless the whole wide world, and nobody bless him? Is there not a way that we can take to pay him in kind for all his goodness? Let us see.

About Thanksgiving time, a young lady looking out her window, observed a poor, forlorn, ragged woman, old and bent, groping in an ash-barrel for something to eat. She hoped there might be a crust, or a bone, that would appease her hunger. It almost broke the tender heart of the watching girl, and she flew out like a bird, hat and coat hurried on as she ran, and overtook the poor sister of hers, for the poor are our brothers and sisters, and carried her off to buy a Thanksgiving dinner. "Put the things in two parcels, please," said the old woman. "Why?" "Because, where I live there is a woman poorer than I, and sick, and I want to divide with her."

When we bestow something at the Christmastide on people as poor and as heavy-hearted as this old grandame, we do give Santa Claus a present. If we send a scrap-book, full of bright pictures pasted on linen, to the hospital for crippled children, we do give Santa Claus a present; for there is Spirit of Good, abroad in the earth and at Christmas time he makes the weakest accept [illegible] as the strong. You know that he sees a great many needs. He must see your dear father and mother, your brothers, your friends. To do his errands, and help him carry good things and good gifts to every corner of the globe. Why, a friend of mine had a glimpse of him once in

Far South Africa

It was Christmas Eve, and she was in a church where Moravian ministers were teaching the Hottentots. A band of dark faces, not low white faces, and oh! such singing to a great organ's chords of memory of losses and hope. For there, as here, in the midnight, angels chanted "Peace on earth, good will to men. Glory to God in the highest." And there, as here, at every Christmas-tide Christ is born again in the hearts of men who worship at his feet.

And the Star rains its fire,
The beautiful star,
In the manger of Bethlehem
Jesus is King.

Last Directions to the Good Saint

No matter what pains we take, at the very last moment there will be something to say or to do. So, the children will pin up their stockings, and mother will hold the baby in her arms, and he and the rest will look up, up, up, to the chimney, and the biggest girl and the biggest boy will come last, and they will call their final instructions to Santa Claus. Not to forget Amy's doll, or Fred's skates, or the book for Elsie, or the comb and brush for Jimmy, or the lace collar for Caroline. Not to forget a single thing! The poor children down the street, who are to have a basket of good things,

LAST WORDS TO SANTA CLAUS

Father

Father is not always well acquainted with the children. He supposes he is, of course. But he does not know how large he seems to their eyes, how all powerful they imagine. It is a pity, but some are very loving fathers and yet children are afraid of them. So many fathers, too, their sons and daughters seem to forget. [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

THE CODE OF HAMMURABI

AS the oldest body of laws in existence, the Code of Hammurabi, which was discovered at Susa, Babylonia, last winter, is of the greatest interest to the whole world. Hammurabi was the King of Babylon about 2250 B.C., and was probably a contemporary of Abraham. "The foundation of the Babylonian law," writes Prof. Johnston, of Johns Hopkins University, "was the code of Hammurabi, and thus the enactments of the old Babylonian king, formulated about 2250 B.C., passed, more than a thousand years later, into the Book of the Covenant, and so became the heritage of Israel and the world."

Below are some of the statutes of this great law-making monarch, which, even to modern ears, sound just and equitable:

If a man (in a case) offers (as a bribe) grain or money to the witnesses, he shall himself bear the sentence passed in that case.

If a judge pronounces a judgment, renders a decision, delivers a verdict duly signed and sealed, and afterwards alters his judgment, they shall call that judge to account for the alteration of the judgment which he had pronounced, and he shall pay twelvefold the penalty which was in the said judgment, and, in the assembly, they shall expel him from his seat of judgment, and he shall not return, and with the judges in a case he shall not take his seat.

If the owner (claimant) of the lost property does not produce witnesses to identify his lost property, he has attempted fraud, he has stirred up strife, he shall be put to death.

If the seller has gone to (his) fate, the purchaser shall recover damages in the said case fivefold from the estate of the seller.

If a man steals a man's son (kidnapping), who is a minor, he shall be put to death.

If a man neglects to strengthen his dyke and does not strengthen it, and a break is made in his dyke, and the water carries away the farm land, the man in whose dyke the break has been made shall restore the grain which he has damaged.

If a man cuts down a tree in a man's orchard, without the consent of the owner of the orchard, he shall pay one half mana of silver.

If an artisan takes a son for adoption and teaches him his handicraft, one may not bring claim for him.

If a man strikes another man in a quarrel and wounds him, he shall swear "I struck him without intent," and he shall be responsible for the physician.

If a physician operates on a man for a severe wound with a bronze lancet and causes the man's death, or opens an abscess (in the eye) of a man with a bronze lancet and destroys the man's eye, they shall cut off his fingers.

If a builder builds a house for a man and does not make its construction firm, and the house, which he has built, collapses and causes the death of the owner of the house, that builder shall be put to death.

Churches in the Klondyke

MR. A. E. BALL, of Mountain View, Wash., who has spent three years in Alaska, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

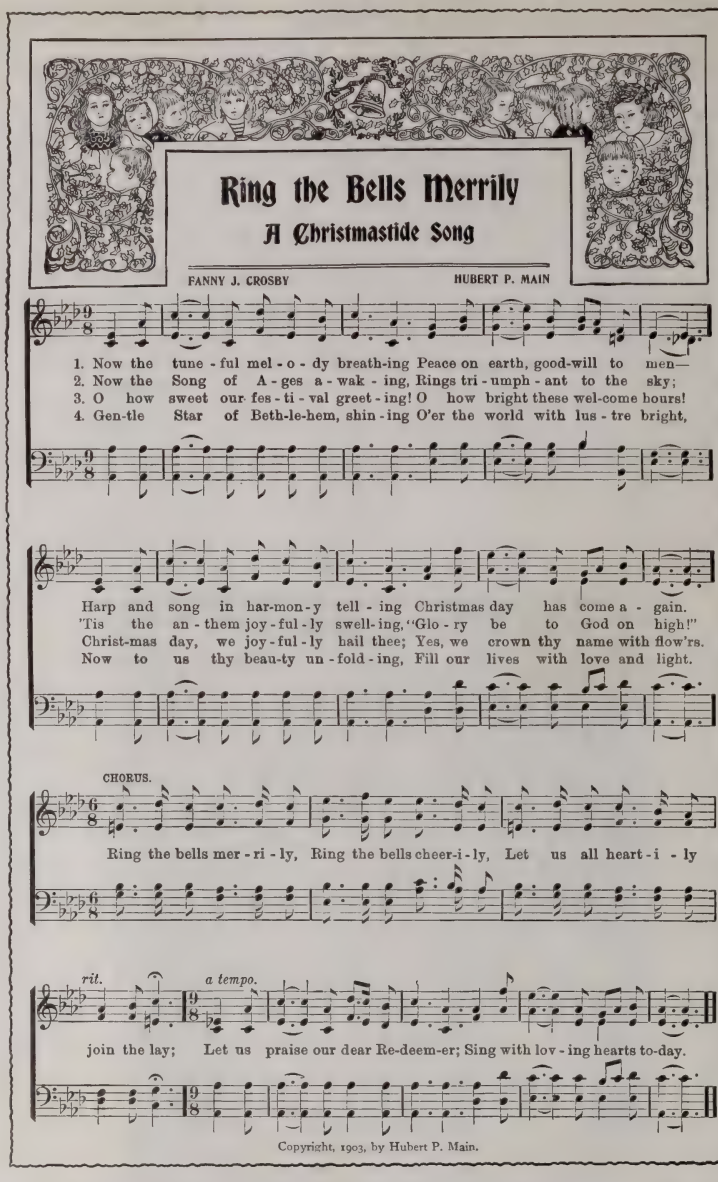
The Klondyke is not a place that is frozen out of the empire of God. There are many churches and schools in the city of Dawson—Methodist, Presbyterian, Church of England, Catholic, and the Salvation Army—and which are a great power for good in reaching the miners. But there are many saloons and snares to entrap the weak, and temptations to decoy the unguarded. These saloons dare not sell spirituous liquors to the Indians. Why dare they sell to whites, so as to make Christians drunkards?

The Indians, three miles from Dawson, are called Moose-hides. They live in a village by that name. They are fast passing away with consumption and other diseases. I called on Chief Isaac, who is quite intelligent. One of the commercial companies gave him a round-trip ticket to San Francisco, and the outside world was a wonder to the Moose-hide chief. I asked him what he thought of his trip? He replied: "Big village, big water, big boat. No moose, no bear; but white man more than Indians." Among them is a missionary named Toty, who is teaching them, and has translated songs into the Indian tongue, which they sing and seem to enjoy very much. The chief says he wants his braves to be like the white man.

The Crown Encyclopedia Had It

I was talking with a friend about a certain plant with which neither of us was very familiar. I at once said, "I'll consult my *Crown Encyclopedia*," and there, sure enough, I found Ramil sufficiently defined to give us a satisfactory knowledge of the plant about which we were talking. Accept my thanks for your generous treatment.

White Plains, N. Y. MRS. S. A. HARRIS.


Ring the Bells Merrily
A Christmastide Song
FANNY J. CROSBY
HUBERT P. MAIN
1. Now the tune - ful mel - o - dy breath-ing Peace on earth, good-will to men—
2. Now the Song of A - ges a - wak - ing, Rings tri - umph - ant to the sky;
3. O how sweet our fes - ti - val greet - ing! O how bright these wel-come hours!
4. Gen-tle Star of Beth-le-hem, shin - ing O'er the world with lus - tre bright,
Harp and song in har-mon - y tell - ing Christmas day has come a - gain.
'Tis the an - them joy - ful - ly swell-ing, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"
Christ-mas day, we joy - ful - ly hail thee; Yes, we crown thy name with flow'rs.
Now to us thy beau-ty un - fold - ing, Fill our lives with love and light.
CHORUS.
Ring the bells mer - ri - ly, Ring the bells cheer-i - ly, Let us all heart-i - ly
rit.
a tempo.
join the lay; Let us praise our dear Re-deem-er; Sing with lov - ing hearts to-day.
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THE ANTI-PROFANITY LEAGUE

THE historic Park Street Church, of Boston, was, on December 6, the scene of the inauguration of a new reform, when, in a great mass meeting addressed by eminent clergymen, and approved by distinguished men, The Anti-Profanity League was introduced to the American public. Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the church and President of the League, presided. Addresses were given by the Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, of Hanson, Mass., founder of the organization, and by Rev. A. H. Plumb, D.D., of Boston, who closed his remarks by offering resolutions which were heartily adopted as the sentiment of the meeting. They recite that:

"A careless and disrespectful use of the name of God ought to be strictly avoided by all right minds, not only as an express violation of the Divine command, but also as a sure indication of a low moral nature, and as a usage destructive to the highest interests of society, in breaking down all respect for true worth. . . . . Profanity should be avoided, not merely because it is no longer tolerated by the usages of refined society, but mainly because it is inherently wicked, a direct personal affront to God, an act which gratifies no bodily appetites, but is of that purely spiritual wickedness which seems allied to the pernicious recklessness of evil spirits. . . . We solemnly engage for ourselves, and will earnestly endeavor to induce others, especially the young, to engage to refrain conscientiously and always from all oaths, except in judicial procedure, and from all profane and irreverent use of the name of God, assured that God will not and ought not to 'hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.'"

Several messages of approval were read, including the following from President Roosevelt:

"The future welfare of our nation depends upon the way in which we can combine in our men — in our young men—decency and strength; genuine and sincere effort toward being decent and cleanly in thought, in word, and in deed. I ask you to remember that you cannot retain your self-respect if you are loose and foul of tongue; that a man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer, if his speech is not clean and honorable.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

This League was first introduced to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the issue of February 28, 1902, since which time it has had a rapid growth, and is now established in forty States, two territories, Canada, Scotland, England, Ireland, Switzerland and South Africa, with a membership of 12,000, nearly one hundred auxiliary societies and eight State secretaries. Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, Hanson, Mass., is General Secretary. Any one interested in the movement who will write to him, will receive full particulars free.

Good Things to Learn

LEARN to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—very important point.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts, to be bothered with yours.

The Immoral Dance

Editor of The Christian Herald:—Several months ago you published an article in your paper called, "Warfare on the Dance." It was an interview that several ministers and myself had had with fifty men on the subject. In that article you asked other ministers to express their views in your paper on the subject. You sent me nearly one hundred copies of your paper containing this article, and I have written personal letters to a great number of papers, enclosing the article and asking them to publish it. It has gone into nearly two million homes.

This modern dancing is a great curse. Ninety men out of one hundred whom I have asked the direct question, "Is the modern waltz dangerous to virtue?" have said it was. May the Holy Spirit direct you in all you do. L. D. EWING,

Pastor of Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
Bunceton, Mo.

TO AID MACEDONIA'S REFUGEES

THE New York Committee, organized by Rev. Messrs. Popoff and Furnajieff, has issued the following appeal:

What Paul saw in the spirit, the man of Macedonia, who called to him for help for his country, we have before us in the flesh. The suffering and destitution, resulting from insurrection in Macedonia, are extreme. Twenty-five thousand Macedonians have managed to cross the border into Bulgaria. Several times that number remain in Macedonia, homeless, their herds and crops destroyed, perishing of cold and starvation. Everyone is familiar to some extent with the conditions which have prevailed in that unhappy country for the last two years and more, the active agitation of the Macedonian revolutionists, the rising in rebellion of a portion of the Macedonian people, the attempt of the Turkish authorities to suppress the revolution with the utmost severity by overwhelming force. With the rights and wrongs of the Macedonians we are not now concerned, but we cannot help being concerned with the relief of fellow human beings and fellow Christians, of innocent women and children, who are perishing by the hundred, and will perish by the thousand, most cruelly, unless Christian Europe and Christian America come to the rescue.

At this Christmas season, with its thought of peace and good-will, of joy and merry-making, tens of thousands of villagers, stripped of everything but the clothes on their backs, are facing the winter cold without food. We appeal to you for contributions to aid the destitute and suffering Macedonians in Bulgaria and Macedonia. For some months, not less, certainly, than $1,000 a day are required to relieve the most pressing wants—clothing, food, fuel. Ten times that sum could be used to advantage. All contributions sent to the Trust Company of America as treasurer, 149 Broadway, or Kidder, Peabody & Co., Boston, will be forwarded without expense. American missionaries in the field will superintend wisely and economically the distribution of all sums thus forwarded for purposes of relief to all sufferers, without regard to race or religion.

Signed, Hon. Seth Low, Mayor of New York; Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D., LL.D.; Bishop Edward S. Andrews, D.D., LL.D.; C. C. Creegan, DD.; Henry O. Dwight, LL.D.; Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.; John P. Peters, D.D.; Wm. Hayes Ward, D.D., LL.D.; David J. Burrell, D.D.; J. Ross Stevenson, D.D.; Morris K. Jesup; R. S. Mac Arthur, D.D.; John S. Kennedy; Geo. W. Wickersham; Everett P. Wheeler.

Christmas Among the Very Poor*

BY MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

CHRISTMAS is a sad season in prison, because it is, perhaps of all days, the one when thoughts most surely circle around home, and when pictures of past happy days shine out in vivid contrast to the lonely, narrow cell, with its bare walls and heavy barred door. But if it is a sad day for the men within the walls, it is equally so for many of the families who have to abandon the thought of any Christmas cheer to brighten their poverty.

Naturally fathers in prison, whose little ones are still intensely dear to them, grieve much over their inability to do anything towards the cheering and gladdening of the children's Christmas. We have for several years now made our Christmas greeting to the families of our "boys," a special feature of our work. We have a big book in which a list of our families is carefully recorded, every child's sex and age, and, as far as possible, size, can be found therein. Besides this, we send to the New York and New Jersey prisons some weeks before the holidays, and ask all men who know that their dear ones are in poverty, to send us the home address, that we may visit them, and in this way compile a very complete list of those who need help. Naturally this has proved a great cheer to the men themselves, and, in many instances, has touched hearts that were hardened against any religious influence.

MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

* * *

Our preparations for Christmas have to begin several weeks beforehand. Our idea has never been to prepare a big banquet to which the hungry are bidden for one good meal. Many of our families are out of town or scattered from one end to the other of this long island, and even could we gather them all together, we want our help to be more lasting. The Christmas tree decked for the children is a treat always enjoyed by little ones, but even that sends them back to a very gloomy home that seems all the colder with its fireless stove and empty cupboard, after the glitter and brightness of the festivity. Our plan is to give to each child one good suit of clothing, to provide a supply of groceries, a turkey, and money sufficient for fuel and vegetables. Some needed article of clothing for the mother is added, and then toys and candies for the children. We could hardly send the mothers instructions to hang up the stockings for us to fill, for sometimes the nuts, candy and oranges, would drop through these much-worn articles, and often there would be no stockings to hang up. We therefore buy stockings wholesale, and fill them.

* * *

Our Hope Hall wagon goes from home to home the whole day before Christmas. The poverty revealed is pitiful in the extreme, and the gratitude of mothers who receive this Christmas cheer is pathetic in its intensity. To many of the little ones it has been explained that no Santa Claus can come to their home because father is away, so the surprise is all the greater. One family we heard of through the letter of the eldest child, a ten-year-old boy, in which he told us that their "Santa Claus was dead." He had a baby brother thirteen months old, another aged six years and three little sisters. The child added, "Mother goes out working, but she can't get us anything." You can imagine the joy that the Christmas gifts caused.

Late one Christmas eve, when the work of distribution was nearly over, the officer who had charge of that duty for the upper part of the city, climbed up the many gloomy stairs of a great tenement and knocked at the rear door. All was dark and quiet, but when the knock was repeated, she heard a child-voice answer, "Wait a minute, please." In a few moments the door was opened, and in the light stood a lovely child. She was about six years old, and clad in her little white night-dress, with the halo effect of her golden curls, she looked like an angel. The child seemed surprised to see a visitor, but with much natural courtesy, she asked her in, placed a chair for her, and then with an "excuse me, please," she flitted into the inner room to slip on her dress and shoes, explaining also that she must "see to the children." The bedroom revealed two other little ones—a boy of about four and a baby of some sixteen months, whom the little girl tucked in again very tenderly after dressing her brother, with the instruction, "You must keep covered up, baby." Then she returned to talk to the visitor. Mother it seemed, was out, trying to collect some money which was owing her for work. Did she know about Santa Claus? Oh! yes, she knew all about him, only mother said he could not call at their house this year. A look around, however, showed that he was much needed. There was neither food nor fuel in the house, but it was scrupulously clean, and the children's clothing, which was very threadbare and much patched, showed that the mother's loving fingers had done all that could be done to keep them neat and clean. Waxing confidential on the subject of Santa Claus, the little girl added, "Johnny and I have been listening, and we thought we heard him whistling down the chimney. Didn't we, Johnny?" Johnny, round-eyed and wide-awake by now, assented, and then the interest of both children was riveted on the visitor by her startling announcement that Santa Claus' wagon was down below in the street. On being asked if she would like a doll, if such a treasure could be found in the wonderful wagon, her little face lighted up with joy, and she cried impetuously, "Oh, yes!" But immediately checking herself, she added, "No, thank you, ma'am, I think I am too old; but baby would like it, I am sure." Poor tiny mother, with the care of the children on her shoulders, she had already learned to sacrifice, and to realize how short a childhood is the lot of the children of the poor. It was a happy Christmas after all, and the father in his prison cell, heard the echo of it afterwards.

* * *

On the upper East Side, we gave a little girl not only a doll, but a beautiful little trunk full of clothes that had been sent with it. Her brother of ten, received a sled, and they both got new clothes. These two children simply went mad with joy. Running into a back room, they stood and screamed aloud to vent their feelings, and the good woman, a hard worker, said with tears in her eyes, "My man will be home this time next year." For five years she had fought the wolf alone. This woman walked the streets of New York (being evicted the very day her husband was sentenced), all night long, with her two little children clinging to her skirts. Finally, she procured a room—a washtub and an old stove, and she and her little ones lay upon the bare floor every night for six weeks, with nothing to cover them but the mother's skirts.

* * *

We turn into a side street and stop at a house—one of the kind Dickens liked to describe. No one lived on the ground floor—at least all was dark, and the front door without a lock banged upon its hinges. Rails upon the staircase were partly gone and the cold wind rushed through the hall. At the top of the stairs is a smoky oil lamp with broken chimney. We knock at the first door to the left, and a young girl timidly opens it. Two little children, five and seven, respectively, peer out suspiciously from behind their sister, who is in this case mother of the house. She is eighteen years old, and when we explain our mission, the door swings wide open, for food, coal and clothing mean a happy Christmas. The little ones set up an impromptu dance, and the girl stepping back, shades her eyes with her hands. She is crying, but it is because she is glad. Each of the little ones has a doll by now, and one has crept off to the corner and is talking to hers in mysterious doll language. They do not worry any more about the visitor, because they are absorbed in their treasure. Finally, we get them interested in sundry little dresses, that the man from the wagon below is bringing, with a turkey and other good things, until the little mother of the house hardly knows what to say, but she says as we hand her a good sized bill, "Oh! thank you, sir." I can never tell you all that the "thank you, sir!" expressed. So, with a merry Christmas, we left them all overwhelmed with joy.

* From Mrs. Booth's remarkable book *After Prison—What?* Issued by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Toronto and Chicago. Price $1.25.

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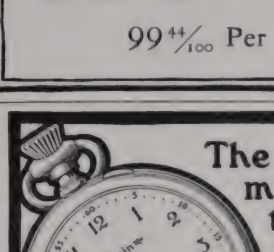

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Jane Maria

A Christmas Story by MARY LOWE DICKINSON

"TO SEE HER LOVEY JANE MARIA, ABLAZIN' ON THE KITCHEN FIRE"

I

IF ye plaze, Masther Frid, here's BobWathers; besachin' the loan iv yer slid,
And the shovel yez got for yer Christmas, the b'y has a feyther that's deid,
And he's askin' the loan iv the shovel to make joost a bit iv a thrack,
For his mother to hang up the washin'. Rale soon he'll be bringin' it back."

"No, I won't, Biddy Flynn! What a question! My shovel, and my pretty sled!"

"Now be aisy, and whist, Masther Freddy! Ye know his poor feyther, he's dead,
And the mither, she's thryin' the washin' to kape the roof over his head,
And the weather's so frosty and frazin'! Sure, Friddy, ye'll lind him the loan."

"No, he can't have the sled or the shovel! They're mine, and they're just for my own!
And the shovel is most broke already. I chucked it against a big stone,
And as soon as it ever stops snowing I'm going to build, in the snow,
A house for my sled—just a purpose—so 'course I don't want it to go!"

"How is this?" asked the gentle-voiced mother, a-pause at the open door.
"Why, mamma, that boy, Bobby Waters, the lean one that came here before,
One cold day, to shovel the crossings, he wants now to borrow my sled,
'Cause his basket of clothes is too heavy. And just 'cause his father is dead,
Biddy thinks that I might let him take it. That old straw basket will scratch,
And, if only I once got the paint off, it couldn't be painted to match!
And you see, mamma, I'm only waiting, until it don't snow, for a slide."

But his mother came quietly nearer and sighed, or Fred fancied she sighed,
Though the smile on her face was o'ershadowed, not one word of chiding she said,
And her hand, dropping softly upon him, caressed the bright curls on his head;
But he fidgeted, wriggled and twisted; full well could the lad understand,
That he might be far from his mother, while feeling the touch of her hand,
And a faint rosy color flushed swiftly his forehead, and crimsoned his cheek.
Still the boy only twisted and wriggled, and felt unaccountably meek,
And thought, "If she only would scold me; I really don't think I should mind,
But I feel, in this terwible stillness, like a boy of the vewy worst kind;
But the very worst kind and the meanest would surely go sneaking away—
I'm not mean—but it seems to stop snowing. It's high time I went out to play."

II.

Now, that night as he lay in his chamber, adjoining his mother's room,
Through the open door he could see her moving about in the gloom,
There had fallen a cloud on the twilight, the shade of an unspoken blame,
Though supper and games and music had greeted him all the same.
But now he wanted his mother; and seeing her silently creep
Over the threshold, he called her, "Dear mother, I am not asleep;
Come in, please, and sit here beside me, close on the edge of the bed,
And tell me a dear little story of something you've heard or read,
Or that happened when you were little." "I heard one this morning," she said.
"You did? Was it true and real jolly?" "Not jolly; it made the tears start,
But 'twas true, and I wanted to gather the dear little girl to my heart."

"Oh, all 'bout a girl! Those girl stories! Of course I don't know 'bout this one,
But little girl stories in gen'ral are not—not the best kind of fun.
Does it open with 'once 'pon a time,' Ma?"

"No, a very few days ago.
Along the great North River the hills were white with snow,
The trees all bore snow blossoms, the streams had ceased to run,
And the ice was quite unyielding to the kisses of the sun.
For roofs and stacks and chimneys the snow had wreathed a crown,
The white drifts hid the fences, the roads from town to town
Were buried by the same wild storm that blew the sign-posts down.
Upon the mountain's slope there stood a house both old and gray,
Whose walls had oft rung merrily with sounds of work and play.
Here dwelt a little maiden, her parents' pride and joy,
They loved her, I've no doubt, as much—well, as I love my boy;
And the cottage home was happy, and the winter fire burned bright,
When to the waiting world there came, once more, the Christmas night.
This child was not forgotten, though living far away
From cities where, with feasts and gifts, they keep the holiday.
She had her little presents, too; not many, but quite 'nice;'
Among them was a tiny sled, for, in that land of ice,
No one, not even Santa Claus, with all his quirks and quirls
Had ever held the notion that 'sleds were not for girls.'
She had a shovel, too, I think——" "Now mother!" broke in Fred,
"You're makin' b'lieve?" "Nay, I tell you just what I heard and read.
Of course, she had a rag doll, quite likely more than one,
For rag, of all the dollies, is the nicest kind of fun.
And the dollies had a cradle—her father made her that—

And a little bed and bedstead, where slept her Tabby cat;
And—let me see, there was, of course, a tiny rocking chair,
Wherein she hushed her doll to sleep with tender mother care."
"And was she pretty?" "She was good, as you will quickly see
When you have heard the story through, as it was told to me."

III.

"The snow was at its deepest upon the Kingston hill,
And the little maiden's father lay within the cottage, ill.
The fierce and hungry fever, burning the whole night through,
At last assailed the mother, and she was stricken, too.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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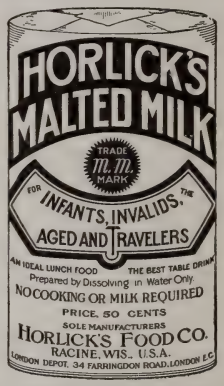

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Jane Maria

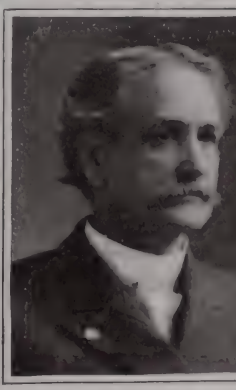
CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

The dear child watched through worn eyes and through the lonely night,
The great earth lay in silence beneath a mirror of white,
No sound in all the forest save the wind in straining trees,
No footstep on the threshold, no voice upon the breeze.
Still in the wind the snowy drifts kept piling higher and higher,
While on the hearth there flickered in a dull expiring fire.
In vain, with trembling fingers, the dying brand she trimmed;
In vain, she sought another stick—this one last was burned.
She nursed it with her own sweet breath, she coaxed with all her skill,
She laid her shawl across the bed, then, shivering, cried.
She wanted to her dear ones slept, and, kneeling by the bed,
She whispered her own prayers to God—I don't know what she said.
But suddenly, across the gloom, there seemed to flash a spark
She thought of all the pleasant times before last one set in night.
And up she started, with a heart, and dashed across the floor.
'Why didn't something pop into my head before?
A pretty mother I have been, forgetting Jane Maria!
Where is she now? Come out, dear doll! Yes, make a splendid fire.
Then, with a sudden troubled laugh, the chilly room rang,
It sounded like a sob, but the [illegible] would not heed a pang
To see her special pet rag doll, with raffled pantaloons and a
Her lovey, dovey Jane Maria—a blazing on the kitchen fire.
The little maiden stopped her ears, but really never screeched."
"Braver than city dollies," said Fred, "can't squeeze cream, but they'll speak."
"There was no time to mourn for her, too soon that deed was done.
While the fire to warm the cottage was scarcely well begun,
So one, and then another—'twas hardest to begin—
She brought her picture-books and toys and bravely thrust them in.
The little broom, the cradle, the bed for Tabby cat,
The chair where Jane Maria was to kel—'twas hard to part with that—
And the handle of the shovel, and, last, the pasteboard
On which her name was painted in letters round and red.
When all was gone, she stood and gazed upon the cruel fire,
And grieved—because she had not kissed her martyred Jane Maria.
Had youth departed with her toys? So lone she felt, and old;
Her parents were her babies now, and they must not be cold.
So she watched and prayed till morning—she had done all she could,
And He who loves the children heard, for, striding through the wood,
There came a stalwart neighbor, at early dawn of day,
Who helped and cheered the maiden, and hastened on his way
To tell them in the valley, that, where the storm was wild,
High up on Kingston Mountain, waited and watched a child.
But ere the day touched sunset they made their way to her door,
With food and fuel and healing. The lonely watch was o'er;
But I doubt if her sled and her dolly ever came back any more."
"I will give her mine," said Freddy, snug in his mother's breast,
"I've got more toys than a hundred! I'd like to give her the best!"
And Fred lay back on his pillow with never a further word.
But, passing by Bridget's kitchen next morning, his mother heard:
"If Bobby comes round here, hereafter, 'twill be the awfulest sin
If you don't just stuff him with goodies; and, listen to me, Biddy Flynn,
If ever I catch you refusin' to lend him my shovel again,
I shall call you a hard-hearted heathen, and it would be true, Biddy Flynn."
"Away wid yez, now, wid yer jokin'; 'twas yezself would'n lind him the sled.
More shame till ye, thin! the poor craythur, and he wid a frayther that's dead."
"No, no! Biddy Flynn, I'm no haythen! I'll give him my sled out and out,
And when he goes home with the basket I'll help him to haul it about.
I've been in his yard all the morning, a-digging away, just for fun;
When he walked in the gate with the bundles—I bet you I out and run.
But the paths for the clothes are all ready—now, Biddy, just give me a bun."
"Dade I will. Bless the b'y! He's me darlint! the pride of me sowl, sure he now."
"And of mine," said his mother, imprinting her good morning kiss on his brow.

A Little Flower of Memory

BY MARGARET BOTTOME

COL. H. H. HADLEY—In Heaven! I received a letter a few days ago in which he said, "I have hopes yet of getting up, as the Lord knows how to make me well." Yes, he was right, the Lord did know how, and he has gone "up" and is "well."



THE LATE COL. H. H. HADLEY

How many of us in memories can hear him sing on the platform, with the drunkards before him, "Life immortal I receive, Oh the wondrous story. I was lost but now I'm found. Glory! Glory! Glory!"

I knew Colonel Hadley. He was a grand man—a soldier every inch of him—and he became "a Soldier of the Cross, a follower of the Lamb," and he did not go to heaven "On flowery beds of ease." In one way and another it was a fight, a struggle, a battle and victory, until in Boulder, Colo., he laid his armor down. I believe the battle is over, that I do not like to think about, as I long to whom it came to him that he must die. Writing the Camp" He felt the extension. He was so full of love, so full of good cheer, that to be shut out from human fellowship was the hardest thing for the soldier's spirit, and so like him it was to set his brain to work to see if he could not do something to make it easier for those who might have to follow him on the hard road. They must not suffer as he had; they must not be broken in heart. It was self-sacrifice with him to the last.

I asked him once if he could tell me the happiest moment in his life, after he became a Christian. I knew he loved the Bible and the loved secret prayer, but when he was asked for the most blissful moment he had ever known, he said it was in Boundary, where he put his arm around a poor drunken fellow, a filthy object, but the Colonel said, "I put my arm around him and there we parted him and Christ appeared to me. Not with outward eyes did I see Him, but I knew His smile, and the words were spoken: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, ye have done it unto me.'"

We are to have the burning desire to save souls. I am congratulating him now, while trying to keep back the tears. Earth seems to be poorer, maybe not. We shall see clearly. We are not spectral enough. But one thing we can know, and that I [illegible] Hadley know—he had immortal life. Until I see him again I shall never lose the memory of "Life immortal I receive." He and I for the years, from the time in the old Water Street Mission, when he fell at the feet of Christ among the other poor drunkards and outcasts denied to Jesus Christ. He said then at that moment of deep surrender he never dreamed that the apostate would be taken from him. From that moment he never had the slightest desire for it.

Death never touched his spirit. He knew the life of Faith. Hope and Love.

Dear Lord, how could we know but they
Still walk unseen with us and love?
Near sleeps the weary mother's babe
He smiled. Above me

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This book of prayers is helpful to all, for home or public use. Cloth, $1.00; Royal Purple, $1.50; Leather, $2.00.
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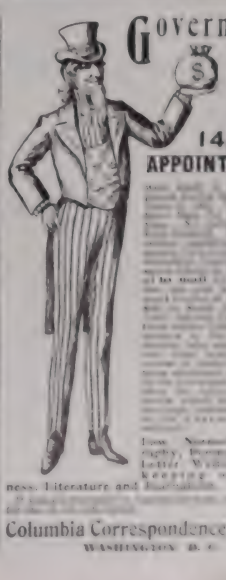

Government Positions
14,983 APPOINTMENTS

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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MACBETH.

You need to know how to manage your lamps to have comfort with them at small cost. Better read my Index; I send it free.

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COLD FEET

are banished Warm feet induce sleep The most comfortable thing you ever put foot into is

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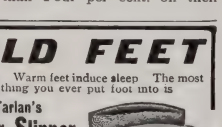

Will keep the ankles warm. Worn in bed and out. Made of a handsome fleece-lined knit fabric; tops beautifully embroidered with silk. Dainty colorings. Send size of shoe.

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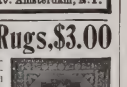

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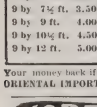

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No money until satisfied that it cuts easiest and fastest. Return at our expense if not satisfied. Catalogue free.

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MEN AND WOMEN OF MONEY

Write for my **FREE BOOK** about Missouri—her wealth, laws, and **5 per cent. Farm Mortgages**—printed in colors, profusely illustrated. FREE.

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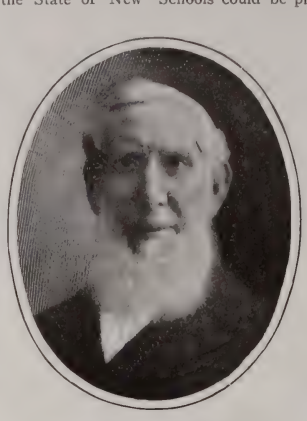
A Sunday School Veteran Dead

MANY are the hearts and homes to which the news of the death of Mr. Russell W. McKee will bring sadness and a sense of personal loss. He had devoted himself so thoroughly to the Master's work, and had been helpful to so many young people, not only in Brooklyn and throughout the State of New York, but in distant cities, that his death leaves the world poorer for a host of friends. It occurred on Dec. 8, after a long and painful illness.

Mr. McKee had attained the ripe age of seventy-seven years, but no man had succeeded more conspicuously than he in retaining that mental energy and youthful freshness of spirit which characterizes those whose chief delight it is to minister to young people, and train the rising generation in the knowledge of Christ. His Bible Class in the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Brooklyn, established nearly thirty years ago, is a concrete testimony to the power and charm of his teaching, which continued to the last.

In his office, as President of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union, Mr. McKee had many important duties to perform, which were always carefully considered and faithfully executed. Nor did these exhaust the energies of this wonderful man, who, at nearly eighty years of age, was still prompt and vigorous in any service by which the interests of the Sunday Schools could be promoted. As Financial Secretary of the New York Sunday School Union, he was successful in raising large sums for the work, and was always himself a liberal giver. His devotion, enthusiasm, and genial manner endeared him to all with whom he was associated, and won for him the warmest affection. Especially by the members of his Bible Class was he appreciated. Though it contained so many men of various ages and social positions, there was not one whom he did not intimately know, and never did sorrow or trial visit their homes without his being there to console and encourage. Well did he fulfil the apostolic injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens." By his death multitudes of souls are bereaved.



THE LATE RUSSELL W. MCKEE

The Secret of Obedience

How Jesus Conquered

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

HOW many Sunday School teachers, as well as parents, have told their children how the Lord Jesus was once a child, just the age which they are, and how perfectly he always obeyed his parents; and as he is their example, how they ought also always to obey! But many a child who has sincerely desired to obey, has found in the moment of temptation how much stronger has been the force within which yielded to the temptation than the power to resist it. They might have said with Paul, "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not" (Rom. 7: 18). And many a reflective child has reasoned inwardly: "If Jesus was God as well as man, of course he had the advantage of me. It was quite easy for him to obey; he was not born with a perverse will, such as I have; it came natural to him to obey, as natural as it is for me to disobey; so it is not fair to expect me to be like him." And in the heart of the child there is something like a sense of injustice.

But is the child in the right? And are the teachers in the right who require obedience without showing how to obey? Probably both are in the wrong, from lack of understanding what the Scriptures tell us of the earthly life, and especially of the boyhood of our Lord. Our Lord Jesus was indeed obedient, so that he could say, "I do always those things which please him" (the Father). But how? "He that sent me is with me; the Father hath not left me alone" (John 8: 29). Had he been left alone, it might have been as difficult for him to obey as for any other child; for we read: "He learned obedience (Heb. 5: 8). He was always God as well as man while he was upon earth, but he emptied himself (Phil. 2: 7) of his Godhead, as far as that Godhead would have made him independent of constant reliance upon his Father; and he brought himself down to our level, so that he needed the Father to be always with him that he might please him.

He did not obey just naturally and without any trouble for he was "tempted in all points like as we are" (Heb. 4: 5), and these must have been real conflicts, for he "suffered being tempted" (Heb. 2: 18); and he was continually in prayer for strength from above. He said: "I can of mine own self do nothing; as I hear, I judge: and my judgment is just; because I do not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me;" and again, "The Son can do nothing of himself" (John 5: 30, 19). Thus we see he had a will, as a human being, which could have been yielded to. But in answer to his prayer, power came from his Father to resist his own will, and to obey his Father. Again and again we see he had a will of his own. "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me" (John 6: 38). "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt" (Matt. 26: 39). Yet invariably he renounced his will to do that of his father.

But how was his Father's will made known to him? He took pains to ascertain it. Always in the morning he was waiting upon God in prayer, and he tells us in the prophecy of Isaiah (50: 4, 5, R. V.): "The Lord hath given me the tongue of them that are taught that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. He wakeneth morning by morning. He wakeneth mine ear to hear as they that are taught. The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious." Thus we learn how it was his habit to start the day with prayer and listening to his Father to be taught his will. And he was a close student of Scripture, and as man, he knew his life's vocation from Scripture.

It is just by his obedience at a cost, even obedience unto death, that he has not only taken our place and borne our sins as really as though we ourselves had died upon the cross; but he has also procured for us the power to obey as he obeyed. Whatever he in our nature has accomplished, he has made a way for us to accomplish as he did, by the power of God dwelling in us. He conquered Satan's temptations all through a life of thirty-three years, and proved that they can be overcome.

"Remarkable Premiums"

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—It is a wonder to me how you can afford to give such remarkable premiums. I received your *Calendar* and *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, yesterday, and I am very well pleased. Your paper has become a fixture in our household, and we feel as though we could not get along without it. G. W. HADDEN.

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for either investment or trust funds. Just now we have a small lot left of 6 per cent. County Bonds. They are $500 each, face value.

These are a choice investment. They are not influenced by the stock market and therefore are especially desirable for savings deposits. Full particulars concerning this and other issues on request.

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Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

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PREPARED BY

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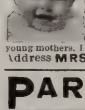
BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS



FOR 40 DIFFERENT ARTICLES, long and short clothes, with full directions for making, showing necessary material, etc., sent postpaid for 25 CTS. My booklet "Nurse's Hints to Mothers," also my magazine "True Motherhood," and my large illustrated catalogue, all three sent FREE with every order. Ten years ago I originated the Baby Wardrobe Catalogue business and have dealt with 150,000 young mothers. I guarantee entire satisfaction or will refund money

Address MRS. C. U. ATSMA, Bayonne, New Jersey.

PARKER'S Arctic Socks (TRADE MARK)

Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorbs perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c pair. Parker pays postage. Catalog free.

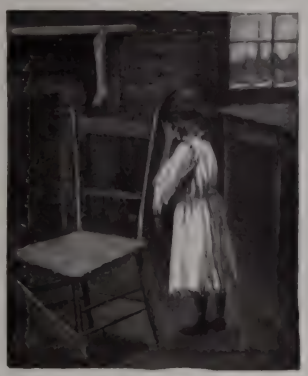
J. H. Parker, Dept. K 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

SUNSHINE AND GOOD CHEER

WHERE TO SEND THEM AT THE BLESSED CHRISTMAS TIME

NOT long ago the president of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunshine Branch asked the members to give Mrs. Romaine Scott, of 1114 Twelfth street, N. E., Washington, D. C., a birthday party by letter. Just to show how prompt our readers are, a part of Mrs. Scott's letter is quoted.

My birthday was a wonderful surprise. Do you know that I received over two hundred letters—all from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunshiners. One dear old lady sent me a dollar for stamps, but I never could get enough stamps together to reply to the two hundred letters, so will you please put a short letter of thanks into THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunshine Corner. Tell the kind people they gave the old soldier and his invalid wife a great deal of pleasure in writing such good letters. We thank them for all their kind wishes, and for all tokens sent.



FORGOTTEN BY SANTA CLAUS

Alas! for the young eyes that weep on Christmas morn;
Alas! for the young hearts that never know a joy.
Over the cold hearth the stocking droops forlorn,
Ungifted by Santa with lollipop or toy.

Our readers, besides responding to the call of Mrs. Scott, sent $7.60 for the relief of other Shut-ins.

It may be of interest to many Sunshiners to know that "Clovernook," the old home of the Cary sisters, has been purchased by William A. Proctor for $10,000, and given to the Misses Trader for a Home for the Blind. Miss Georgia Trader is totally blind. A few years ago, she began teaching the blind from her own books, people who had heard of this sent her books, and now she has a library of over 900 volumes. Miss Alice Cary was the first President of Sotosis, the oldest Woman's Club in New York State.

Who wants to help to fill the empty stockings? The Branch presidents learn of so many little folks who seem to have nobody to look after them—nobody to think of them at Christmas time. These Branch presidents confer with the President-General at headquarters, 96 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and they try to surprise just as many little folks as they have stamps to carry the greeting. First on the list is a little one-armed girl who lives in Harlem. There is a little boy on the books who has no arms. Then there seems to be hundreds in wheel-chairs. One little newspaper boy, a Sunshiner, has no legs below his knees. Here is a blind boy, and here is a little girl with a twisted foot. Who will remember them?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BRANCH now numbers over a thousand members. Each one ought to prove his or her thankfulness in some way at this gracious Christmas season.

GROWTH IN THE CHURCH*

Mutual Service and Helpfulness Expected of the Members

GROWTH and development were evidently expected by the Apostle in every member of the church at Ephesus. In these days, there is in many minds a tendency to rest satisfied with conversion. The new convert feels that he is saved, that he is a member of a church, and is under new obligations for a clean moral life, but has no definite idea of future progress. Paul's conception of conversion is as a beginning. The goal is "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." No ideal could be higher than that. He desires his converts to increase in knowledge and to grow to perfection. They are, in his view, children whose education and training are to go on, as in a school, becoming stronger in principle, more firmly established in faith and more fervent in love. Thus religion is not to be a dead, lifeless thing, comprised in rites and ceremonies and observances, but a vital force transforming the whole man into Christ's likeness. Character and conduct are both to be affected. The Christian is to be a man like Christ in his disposition and nature, and he is to live Christ's life of helpfulness and beneficence.

The result for which Paul hopes, is evidently not to come wholly, or even principally, from the pastor of the church. The whole church is to work together for mutual advancement. The figure he uses, of the human body, shows that every member has a part to perform. Christ is the head, but there is some service that "every joint supplies." None can be spared. Each has his function, and the perfecting of the whole body depends on that function being executed. Each, while developing, must contribute to the development of the whole.

What a joy a pastor's life would be, if he had a church of this kind! Does he know of some member whose zeal is growing cold? There is some other member who will seek his society and arouse him. Is there one in circumstances of trial or temptation? There is one who has ready tact to advise him. Is there one reluctant to aid in financial efforts? There is another genial and liberal, who will quicken the sluggish liberality. Not masters, not declaimers, not critics does the church need, so much as brethren loving one another and intensely concerned for the welfare of the church collectively and individually. What power the church would have in the world if its members were all of that kind, seeking for themselves and one another Christ-likeness!

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for January 3. Eph. 4:11-16.

Delighted With His Premiums

I am in receipt of the *Butterfly Calendar* and the *Crown Encyclopedia*. I am delighted with them, and thank you for such valuable premiums. C. OSCAR WILSON.
New York.

MELLIN'S FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS
TRADE MELLIN'S MARK
FOOD

Small babies quickly grow to large babies when fed on Mellin's Food. Mellin's Food furnishes material for growth.

A sample of Mellin's Food costs you nothing but the asking. Will you not then ask for it for your baby's sake?

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Perfume-Amulets, 10c

that is, if you will send us a few addresses of **music teachers** and refined **music buyers**, otherwise like. The latest craze. **Jewelry** and **Perfume** combined. Order one for your girl. Splendid agents' article. Send stamp for large music catalogues. Bowers, 1215 Broadway, New York

AGENT'S OUTFIT FREE. Eastwood Dust Pan. Handled with foot, dirt emptied without litter. Large Catalog very latest household articles, rapid sellers. Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. 6, Bath, N.Y.

10 cents lets you in to the "Cravenette" RAIN COAT CLUB.

Bank or reference will be sent with pattern.

The Coat will cost you only $7.50. Made of genuine Cravenette goods with the Cravenette stamp on every yard.

We have organized a Cravenette Rain Coat Club, the sole purpose of which is to enable women to get the Cravenette coat to wear for $7.50 instead of $10. Such a coat can be had in fashionable shades and needs no description.

By the Club plan we cut out all the middlemen's profits. You deal direct with the manufacturer and get your coat at the most price.

The first step in the campaign which puts you in possession of your coat is to send 10 cents in stamps, which pays for postage, packing, etc., and we will send you a pattern of this season's Cravenette, in different shades and a catalog containing a full description of the Club plan.

This pattern is designed by one of the most noted designers in New York, who has designed for the trade as well as for the smartest ladies of the metropolis. Any person in sewing will have no difficulty in using it. Your bought coat before.

When this pattern and the catalogue reach you and your selected the shade you desire, remit to us $7.50 in any way that is convenient to you, and we will express you a coat at the above price of $7.50. We will then forward to you the model of the pattern you sent us, and it will be a perfect fit. We guarantee to make the garment shown above, with the necessary fastenings, for you and send your best measure when writing.

This offer must be accepted within thirty days of the date of this paper, as after the output of the mill may be regulated to the demand for the goods.

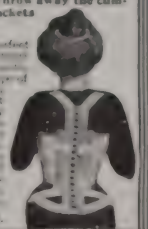
Write at once, enclosing 10 cents and giving your best measure.

We pay Expressage.

The CRAVENETTE Rain Coat Club, 335 Broadway, New York.

Spinal Curvature Corrected in Your Own Home

We offer a certain relief to all who suffer from this terrible affliction. Throw away the cumbersome and expensive leather and plaster Paris jackets and try our Scientific Spinal Appliance.



It does not encase the body like a vise, but allows perfect freedom of movement. It weighs [illegible] ounces, weighs pounds. It is 50 per cent cheaper than any other and 100 per cent better. It corrects the [illegible] the body so that muscle wasting is [illegible]. It can be worn by the smallest child or the oldest [illegible] comfort ease and comfort. It will give permanent relief in every case of spinal curvature. They are not made in large quantities, but each one is made to measure, to meet the individual case and a perfect fit guaranteed. If you or any of your friends [illegible] form of *Spinal Trouble*, write us at once and we will give you full particulars as to how your [illegible] be corrected, without [illegible] and *Without Leaving Your Own Home*. Address

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30 Day's Free Trial

We prepay all freight charges and deliver this Standard Washer direct to your door, absolutely free of charge. You try it [illegible] you don't find it all and more than we claim, it costs you [illegible] return charges. This is different from any other [illegible] made. Takes dirt out of wearing apparel without [illegible] as it cleans blankets, sheets or pillow cases. We [illegible] a premium instead of a grudge. Don't delay but write at once and we will send you a washer FREE by the next freight.

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Safe as a candle, 100 times as powerful. Soft, brilliant light, restful to the eyes. Cheaper than gas, [illegible] trinity, kerosene, [illegible], coal oil; gives more light. No dirty wicks, no smoky globes; no odor.

Makes its own gas.

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Box 506 Canton, Ohio
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VARICOSE VEINS, WEAK JOINTS, VARICOSE ULCERS and LEG SWELLINGS Overcome by

OUR PATENT SEAMLESS HEEL

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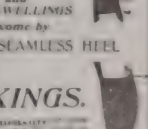

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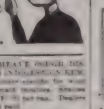

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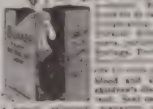

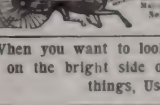

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Five Indestructible Tunes Go with Each Instrument and Others of Your Own Selection May be had, Express Charges Prepaid, at Only 30 Cents Each

..Special Offer..

WITH EVERY ORGAN PURCHASED FOR SPOT CASH BEFORE **JAN. 15,** WE WILL SEND FREE TEN ADDITIONAL TUNES OF YOUR OWN SELECTION (15 IN ALL), CONSTITUTING A FREE GIFT OF **$3** WORTH OF MUSIC. ☛**GOOD ONLY TO JAN. 15, 1904.**

These **Beautiful Instruments** are the result of many years' experience in the manufacture of organs, and are confidently offered to the public. These musical wonders use **no paper,** but music is obtained from **a roller** furnished with pins. These pins operate upon valve keys, made of hard steel. All the working parts of the instrument are easily accessible, and are made of solid metal, the rollers and keys being mounted on metal castings. Nothing has been omitted to give these grand instruments their crowning qualities of **extreme simplicity and durability.** There is no limit to either kind or quality of music. They will play **Hymns and Popular Airs,** with a clearness and accuracy, and degree of execution which but few performers can equal. **A mere child can play them.** They have the carrying quality of a **Large Pipe Organ,** and are the only instruments that will render slow and sacred music with a powerful, sustaining organ tone. **They will play tunes as long as desired, without any break,** instead of stopping to change the piece, as must be done with organettes. They are beautifully finished in solid walnut. The reeds are organ size, and the volume of tone will fill a hall. They are **Genuine Musical Instruments,** which **anyone can play,** without teacher or practice, and which good musicians can recommend. The price is nothing compared with their intrinsic value. They are equal in every way to a **$50 Music Box,** so far as the quality of the music is concerned, and also in point of construction, finish, and decoration. This organ is the *most simple, perfect, marvelous, instructive, enjoyable, and amusing musical instrument in the world.* **FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS,** it is just what is wanted. It will play all the sacred music, and as many verses as desired, without stopping to replace the music roller. *This great advantage* no other instrument has. By this means, a result is attained that was never reached before.

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1 The Sweet Bye-and-Bye
2 Nearer, my God, to Thee
3 I need Thee every hour
4 From Greenland's Icy Mountains
5 Duke Street
6 Onward, Christian Soldiers
7 Ariel
8 Sweeping through the Gates
9 I'll stand by until the morning
10 The Shining Shore—Nelson
11 Sicilian Hymn
12 Hold the Fort
13 Just as I am
14 America
15 Antioch
16 O to be over yonder
17 What hast Thou done for me
18 He leadeth me
19 I love to tell the story
20 The home over there
21 Is my name written there
22 Almost Persuaded
23 Where is my boy to-night
24 Bringing in the Sheaves
25 Let the lower lights be burning
26 Only an armor bearer
27 I will sing of my Redeemer
28 He will hide me
29 Pull for the Shore
30 Precious Name
31 Christmas
32 Hark, the herald angels sing
33 Harwell
34 Hendon
35 Manoah
36 Plevel's Hymn
37 Zion
38 Warwick
39 Abide with me
40 Dennis
41 I hear Thy welcome voice
42 Even me
43 Watchman tell us of the night
44 St. Martin's
45 Federal Street
46 Hursley
47 Mozart
48 Webb
49 Bowen
50 Geneva
51 St. Catherine
52 Luton
53 Brownell
54 Hummel
55 Paradise
56 Wilson
57 Repose
58 In the silent midnight-watches
59 Portuguese Hymn
60 Wellesley
61 Rathbun
62 Come ye disconsolate
63 Belmont
64 Finnish National Hymn
65 What a friend we have in Jesus
66 Church
67 Rock of Ages
68 Sweet Hour of Prayer
69 Beautiful Valley of Eden
70 Greenville
71 Old Hundred
72 Pass me not
73 Jesus, lover of my Soul
78 Beulah Land
79 I'm a Shepherd of the Valley
80 Shall we meet beyond the river
81 We shall meet beyond the river
82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aletta
85 I am praying for you
86 More love to Thee, O Christ
87 Go bury thy sorrow
88 Whosoever will
89 Softly and tenderly
90 All the way my Saviour leads me
91 Rescue the perishing
92 Follow on
93 Come, Great Deliverer, come
99 Onward go
100 We're marching to Jesus
601 To the work
602 Only a step to Jesus
603 Knocking, Knocking
604 Thy Servant I will be
605 From Heaven I am coming
606 Be Joyful O my soul
607 It is now time
608 Thank Almighty God
609 Carried by the Angels
610 Move Forward
611 Some sweet day
612 Somewhere to-night
613 Wait and murmur not
614 Come, Spirit, come
615 Hiding in the Rock
616 When my Saviour I shall see
617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
620 Draw me closer to Thee
621 Seeking for me
622 Lebanon
623 The Garden of the Lord
624 Duane Street
625 Saul
626 Walk in the light
627 Sabbath
628 Balerma
629 Marlow
630 The Prodigal Child
631 Autumn
632 Leighton
633 When Jesus comes
634 Shall we gather at the River
635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
645 In the shadow of His Wings
646 Safe to Land
647 Will you meet me
648 The Story Never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath Home
651 At the Door
652 Little children, you may come

CONCERT ROLLER ORGAN
Length, 18 in., Width, 15 in., Height, 12 in., Weight, Boxed, 30 lbs.

NEW ROLLERS--NOW READY

725 Sunshine in the Soul
727 More About Jesus
728 Wonderful Story of Love
730 Everlasting Arms
731 Blessed Rock
732 Hark, 'Tis the Song of Angels
733 Will There be Light for Me
734 Lead, Kindly Light
735 Jerusalem the Golden
736 It is God's Way
(President McKinley's last words)

The Concert Roller Organ has a fuller volume of tone, and far more sustaining power than any two pianos. At the same time it is so fully under control, by means of a swell attachment, that the softest passages can be rendered with exquisite delicacy. For evening entertainments, etc., it is most admirable, and when otherwise musicians would have to be engaged, it will save its cost in one night; and is, upon the whole, the most perfect mechanical instrument in design, operation and effect, that has yet been produced.

The case is strongly made of solid black walnut, and is elegantly finished, forming a handsome parlor ornament.

By means of new and automatic machinery, the manufacturers are enabled to produce music rollers in large numbers so that we can offer them to the public at a price not exceeding the average cost of music paper; and a roller will give a very much better performance, besides **Outlasting a Thousand Paper Sheets.**

There are now ready over **Eight Hundred** sacred and popular tunes which have been arranged for the Roller Organs. Complete List will be mailed on application.

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And **One Dollar a Month** for Eleven Months, or **Ten Dollars Spot Cash,** purchases this Organ and Five Music Rolls of your own selection from above list. Full list of Sacred, Secular and National Airs accompany each Instrument. Extra Tunes, delivered, only 30 cents each. **See Special Offer Above**

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The Christian Herald Book Department, Bible House, New York City

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1903

VOL. 26 NO. 52 PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

A Scene in the Quaint Old Fruit Market, City of Panama

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

C. W., Bordentown, N. J. 1. If we get to heaven will we see God? I heard a sermon which said we would see Jesus, but not God. I think we shall see God and be like him. 2. "He created man in his own image." What does it mean? 3. What became of Jephthah's daughter? 4. I Cor. 10: 27, what does it mean?

1. There are several passages in the Bible, which clearly state that we shall see God. See Luke 1: 19; Rev. 5: 8, 11; Jude 24; Matt. 5: 8; Isaiah 33: 17; Job 19: 26, 27; I. John 3: 2, and others. 2. He endowed him with a spiritual nature in harmony with His own. 3. The Bible implies that she was literally sacrificed, in accordance with her father's vow. Josephus, the Jewish historian (in *Antiquities of the Jews*, Book V., chap. 8) says, "he sacrificed his daughter as a burnt-offering." Some commentators, however, hold that she was offered to the Lord by being withdrawn permanently from the world and placed in a religious retreat, like a nunnery. 4. Certainly not. The advice had relation to meats alone.

Apropos of long-married couples, Mr. Chas. C. Ewan, Newfield, N. J., writes:

My father, John G. Ewan, was born May 15, 1816, my mother, September 8, 1822. They were married January 26, 1839, and are the longest married couple in this vicinity. My father has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church for over seventy years.

Surely this is a record hard to beat.

J. G., Newell Run, O. How many sons had David by his lawful wives, and how many otherwise?

See I. Chronicles, 3, for a list of David's sons.

Dear Sir:—I am to-day in receipt of the *Crown Encyclopedia*, and wish to thank you heartily for it, at the same time marveling that you can put out such a splendid set of books at such a low figure. I cannot help but compare this set with other sets of books I have, inferior to it, and all in each set by one author, while the *Encyclopedia* is drawn from many authors and sources.

Pontiac, Mich. R. HARRISON.

J. A. C. A., New Britain, Conn. Is it right to stay at home on Sundays and wait until one's debts are paid before going back to church?

We do not see any logical connection between the two. If the person be a believer, he should go to church and ask God to help him out of his difficulties. To stay away is to make bad worse.

Mrs. J. A. S., Hagerstown, Md. Is there any rule for estimating the number of people in a crowd? If so, please tell me what it is. We often hear people say, "2,000 or 3,000 or 4,000 people attended." How do they get at it when there are no figures?

There is no rule, if the crowd be outdoors. If indoors, the capacity of the building can easily be ascertained. Estimates of outdoor gatherings are apt to be far from reliable. Experienced military men can estimate the number of troops on the march by timing them, as they march past in files. We suppose some few persons have greater experience in estimating crowds than others have, but it is usually guesswork, leaving a large margin for deduction.

Subscriber, Victor, Calif. The Durant murder mystery, as far as we know, has never been solved satisfactorily. The evidence against Durant, while strong, was circumstantial. We have heard of no confession indicating some one else as the criminal.

I. M. O., Casey, Ill. 1. On what syllable do you put the accent for the word "acclimated?" 2. Would you recommend a resident training school, or a school that teaches through the mail, for one to become a professional nurse.

1. The accent is on the third syllable. 2. Actual personal attendance at a practical training school, by all means.

Mrs. L. G. H., Shingle House, Pa. Ought a Christian to wear any gold or very expensive jewels? What are the New Testament teachings on the subject?

See I. Peter, 3rd chapter; I. Tim. 2: 9, 10; I. Cor. 3: 12; I. John 5: 21, and Revelations 18: 12-17.

B, M., Nashville, Tenn. If the Colombian army should really attempt the invasion of the Isthmus, how are we to prevent it, seeing that we have no land forces there, and that the principal military operations would take place far from the coast?

We have by this time, no doubt, both land and naval forces at the Isthmus. Gen. Elliott and several battalions of marines were sent there recently. A considerable force of marines had already been landed. From present indications there will be available between 1,500 and 2,000 United States troops for land service. It is improbable, however, that they will be needed.

J. J., Alameda, Calif. 1. How long have the Turks held Macedonia? 2. Why do not the European Powers intervene to stop the horrible treatment of the Macedonian Christians by the Turks?

1. It was conquered by Amurath II. in 1430 A.D., and has ever since been held under Turkish rule. 2. The Congress of Berlin, in 1878, pledged the leading Powers to secure proper government and just treatment for Turkey's Christian provinces. How that pledge has been neglected the whole world knows. It is primarily due to this neglect—which lies at the door of Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Austria—that the condition of the Christians of Turkey is what it is to-day.

Anxious Ones. No remarriage is necessary. They are already married. Let them lead a helpful Christian life, and by a good example show the sincerity of their Christian profession.

Ellen McD., Rahway, N.Y. 1. What are the annual birth and death rates of the globe? 2. Which disease in our own country has the largest number of victims annually?

There are no means of knowing accurately, as the census is not universal. One writer on the subject says: "Sixty-four persons die every minute, and 30,000,000 are born every year. 2. Pneumonia, which in 1900 had 55,296 deaths, about 400 more than those from consumption.

C. H., Newark, O. 1. William P. Frye. 2. Brooklyn is now a part of the Greater New York. 3. One must form his own conclusions on the subject from history.

Reader, Milford, Pa. In last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD I read a timely suggestion for the churches to act upon at Christmas. Would it not be a bright idea to distribute gifts to poor people in the churches at that season?

Many of them do. We know of one which, this year, had a Christmas tree bearing a great variety of good, substantial things for the poor, besides toys and sweets for the children. Many churches send out well-packed and nicely filled Christmas barrels and boxes.

C. H. We have in our rural community those professing Christianity leaders and teachers in Church and Sunday School, who, while spending lavishly upon themselves and children at festive times, plead poverty when money is needed to carry on the work of the Gospel, etc. The children, naturally, grow up selfish. When the case of a sick child urgently needing amusement, and succor, was brought to their notice, not a toy or a dime was forthcoming in response.

You have described a very sad case, yet, unfortunately, one that is very common. People whose hearts have not been touched by divine love, live unto themselves, instead of living to help others and to diffuse blessing and happiness around them. Nothing but God's grace will move hearts that are so steeped in selfishness and indifference.

ALTAR OF THE STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH, PALO ALTO, CALIF.

Architects and artists pronounce the Stanford Memorial Church, at Palo Alto, Calif. (erected in connection with the Stanford University), the most ornamental sacred edifice in this country, if not in the world. Four years were spent in its erection. The auditorium ceiling is of the finest Moorish tiling, and the wall paintings are superb. On the upper wall are represented the prophets and judges in mosaics heroic size, and below this is a great panel, showing the angels rejoicing at Christ's victory over sin. Mounted on pedestals along the wall are statues of the twelve apostles. The altar, of Carrara marble, has a beautiful bas-relief of "The Entombment," and behind it is a mural painting of "The Last Supper." Surrounding the altar are statues of "The Holy Family," reproductions of Thorwaldsen's famous originals. All these are the work of famous artists, and so also are the large stained glass windows, of which there are nineteen in the church. The entire cost of this remarkable church was about $600,000, the chancel and its accompaniments alone costing half the amount.

Mr. W. O. McDowell, of New York, is conducting a movement with the object of securing legislative action for international postage at domestic rates, between Great Britain and her colonies and the United States. The movement has already received the support of a considerable portion of the press, and seems likely to grow.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I received the *Butterfly Calendar* and premium book, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, and I thank you ever so much for them. I think they are grand, and well worth the $2 even without the paper. So does every one who has seen them. I do not know how I could get along without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is so full of good reading. The stories, sermons and other matter are fine.

Reddick, Ills. ALEXANDER R. PROVANCE.

Miscellaneous Questions

Reader, Belmont Ave., Phila. We do not know the author's name.

Miss Ethel H., New London, Conn. Address Y. M. C. A., 23d St., New York. That is sufficient.

Reader, Hiram, O. 1. We believe there is no exception in the case of a draft. 2. Don't know the verses.

H. B. M., Rockland, Mass. Write to the New York *Sun*, which printed all the facts in the case, but not the names of the companies.

A. C. J., Lorimer, Ia. 1. Yes, the needle's eye was so small that no loaded animal could pass through. It was this necessity of stripping off the load to which Christ had reference. 2. Not yet fulfilled.

Reader, North Carolina. Although nothing has ever been said to you about refunding the money, you should repay it by all means now that you are able. You might even add a little to it, in order that your gratitude might enable them to help others, as they helped you.

Ernest S., E. Downington, Pa. To say that any telegraphic system would drive all others from the field would be a purely speculative statement. The present systems are well intrenched and serviceable. Any new method, to wholly displace the old in the commercial world, must first convince the public, as well as the experts, that it possesses superior advantages.

Mrs. O. J. S., Arlington, Ia. Flammarion is regarded as a "speculative" scientist, whose highly developed ideality or vivid imagination has led him to strange conclusions. 2. Don't know him. 3. The Society of Psychical Research is a speculative, not a scientific body. Its investigations into the region of spirits and the phenomena of dreams have been very interesting, but have added little of value to the stock of human wisdom.

Eleanor M., Utica, N. Y. 1. We trust your organization may meet with much encouragement in its efforts for the promotion of temperance. 2. Here are some figures, recently given by George Darsie, which will interest your workers: "The nation's drink bill, $1,000,000,000; tobacco bill, $600,000,000; candy bill, $75,000,000; chewing gum bill, $25,000,000. Its bill for world-wide missions is only $5,000,000." We do not vouch for the figures, as we have seen different estimates.

Mrs. F. K., Newark, N. Y. "The pages of the book enclosed by you is a move in the same direction as *Earl's Housekeeping*, but lacks three important essentials—Lucid, explanatory material, a plan of simple comparisons of income, and expenditure to enable the housekeeper to curb extravagant outlay; and last, but not least, a small charge for the book itself. *Earl's Housekeeping*, possessing all the foregoing essentials, costs but 25 cents. The demand for these domestic account books is on the increase, and the simplest yet most comprehensive we know, is *Earl's Housekeeping*.

A. C. H., Charleston, Ills. 1. Man is left free to choose in the matter of food, certain things only being prohibited as unclean and unfit for human use. There are many who eat flesh who would never kill an animal. 2. We thank God for our food, because he is the universal provider. If he did not give us the ability or the opportunity to earn it, we would soon know the difference. 3. Allowed or permitted Pharaoh's heart to be hardened is the better reading, and conveys the sense more clearly. 4 and 5. It is easy to ask such questions, and the only answer is that the human mind is incapable of grasping or comprehending many things, which must, therefore, remain unexplained. There is neither wisdom nor profit in guessing at solutions that are clearly unsolvable.

A Marvelous Book of Travels

I have finished reading *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, and liked it very much. It seems almost marvelous for one so young to have accomplished so much. Mr. Morrison has not yet finished his travels unless he has been "'way down South in the land of cotton." MRS. R. K. STEPHENS.

Germantown, Tenn.

NEW YORK DECEMBER 30 1903

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

LAMAS PREPARED FOR A CEREMONIAL TIBETAN CAVALRYMEN, INTREPID RIDERS, WHO GUARD THE FRONTIER TIBETAN [illegible]

The British Expedition to Tibet

To Open Up the "Sealed Land"

And What it May Accomplish . . .

AFTER many centuries of seclusion, such as no other country in the world has enjoyed, Tibet, the "Sealed Land" of Central Asia, the mysterious country of the Grand Lama, seems destined to be opened to relations with the rest of the human race. For nearly two hundred years, the "Holy City" of Lhassa, the capital of the country, and the seat of the Dalai Lama, has been the objective point of courageous travelers and explorers. A few have succeeded in penetrating the interior, after perilous journeys across frozen mountain ranges and amid inhospitable Tibetan bands, but the majority have utterly failed. Some lost their lives in the dangerous enterprise, others were subjected to terrible tortures and expelled, with dire warnings not to return.

From time to time, reports of projects for the exploration of Tibet have obtained currency, but none thus far have succeeded in penetrating any considerable distance to the interior. Russian, British and other enterprises of the sort have been turned back in succession. China alone had the entree to Lhassa, and her caravans have traded there for many years without interruption, but no others have been tolerated by the Tibetens. Recently, reports were received indicating that the Anglo-Indian Government had in preparation an important mission to Tibet, and that an advance guard of the mission had already set out, its destination being presumably the city of Lhassa, so rarely seen by strangers, in order to arrange, in a satisfactory manner, certain matters of communication and commerce on which the Indian Government had addressed the Tibetan authorities, but to which no satisfactory reply had been forthcoming. Further news came by way of Pekin, where a communication from the Chinese resident in Lhassa appeared in the Pekin *Gazette*, the imperial resident in Tibet stating that owing to the receipt of urgent news from the frontier, he had summoned the State councilors and explained that England intended coming with troops to Tibet, "her determination being due to the opposition shown last year by the State councilors to any British officials entering the country to make friendly arrangements for the regulation of various boundary and commercial questions."

The Prime Minister of the bordering independent State of Nepal addressed the Tibetan Government in these words:

Understand it well; for the British Government does not appear to have acted in an improper or high handed manner in this matter, but is simply trying to have the treaty conditions fulfilled, to which everybody has a right, and it is against the treaty as well as against all morality or policy to allow matters to drift, and to regard as enemies the officers of such a powerful Government who have come to enforce such rights.

In July last, says a writer in the London *Sphere*, the Anglo-British mission, escorted by 300 Sikhs and a Maxim, reached Khambajong, on the border of Tibet. No reply was received from the Dalai Lama to the message announcing the arrival of the mission, but Colonel Younghusband was met by subordinate officials, who refused to receive the British unless they retired into Indian Territory. This Colonel Younghusband refused to do, and he fortified the position where the mission was encamped. Then the warlike reports from Lhasa having given strong reasons for the belief that a peaceful solution of the questions under discussion would be unlikely, Colonel Younghusband was summoned from Khambajong to confer with the Viceroy at Simla. It was then decided to send a considerable military force into Tibet, under the command of Colonel MacDonald, and all preparations are now being made with that end in view.

On the borders of Tibet live the people known as Bhootians, who call Tibet by their own name, Bhot. Its own people call it by another name, Cheen; China being known as Ma Cheen (the "great Cheen"). Tibet is the most priest-ridden country in the world, and for this the inhabitants have to thank an ancient king, who married two wives—the one a princess from Nepal and the other from China, and these peoples, their respective creeds, Hinduism and Buddhism. There is a vast desert to the northwest of Lhassa which the Ram Bahadur states is impassable, and thus forms another barrier. The women are polyandrous. The ecclesiastical power is everywhere in Tibet, and under its government the natural development of the country has been arrested for several centuries. The Lamas, or priests, are at heart more degraded than pretend. It has been said that: "the whole religious world of Tibet is one vast organized system of hypocrisy; the old pagan beliefs continue to all practical purposes being covered with a veneer of Buddhism. Though there is no resemblance in dogma there are strange coincidences between western religions and the Tibetan ritualistic customs, which include the use of the mitre, Church lights, holy water, vestments, bells, rosary and [illegible]

A GREAT TIBETAN ABBOT (X) CONFERRING WITH THE BRITISH MISSION AT KHAMBAJONG

One writer, Miss S. M. Taylor, although she did not succeed in her endeavor, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A GOOD OLD AGE

A SERMON FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR

By REV. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, D.D.

Died in a good old age.—Genesis 25:8.
Being such an one as Paul the aged.—Philemon 1:9.

I GREET you at the close of another year, as companions and friends who are growing old. The baby whom you just left at home gave you hints of his oncoming antiquity, as he spoke your name for the first time, or laughed without mechanical intervention of yours; and you were proud of thinking of him while he thus accumulated testimony of your own advancing age. You have caressed your little girl this morning because of the half-humorous signs she has given you of the coming woman. Your boy attracted your applause on the way hither, by his effort to be manly, if only that he rejoiced to be out of dresses. It was a kind way of telling you that he was growing old.

The hundreds of the young men and women who have already learned the paths of trade and the movements of the world, or who have found their ways by means of books into other centuries, and along by other temples in their student life—the ones we are proudest of—have won our laurels by witnessing, in their very victories, to an advance toward white hairs and wrinkled foreheads. No other characteristic of human life can make this less severely true for all of us—our yesterdays have made us old.

The Decaying Temple

It is, however, the testimony of life to a brighter truth than such musing would put beneath our careers, and that brighter truth is a part of the sentence which used to hang in Sir William Hamilton's lecture room: "There is nothing great in man but mind." Old age makes pathetic witness as the castle goes to pieces, revealing such splendid plans, and such noble labors, of its being for these years of growth and decline a temple for the soul-treasure about which it came to be. If man were physical only, old age would be a self-conscious woe.

Old age, looked at from the standpoint of youth, is a tomb, sometimes poor and unmarked, with no clambering vines about it, to hide its ghastliness, and with not a single tearful visitor. It is a tomb, sometimes rich with architectural splendor, written over with memories; covered with lovely vines, and crowded about with mourners; a tomb, nevertheless, in which lie buried childhood's innocence and charms, youth's hopes and dreams, the power and fervor, the aims and plans of middle life—the treasure-house where helplessness is alone with useless riches. Is this all? Nay! Nay! Over the cold marble front of old age, the spirit of God writes the words of Jesus: "I am the resurrection and the life," and into this tomb which we dread, goes this Lord of life, to fill its every chamber with eternal youth.

In the light of Christ and his religion, every period of human life is instinct with particular privilege, and capable of reflecting a particular glory. Indeed, life seems oftentimes like a many-keyed organ, whose banks of keys are childhood, youth, manhood, and age. Shakespeare saw seven rows of keys without any one of which it is impossible to make the full melody. Certain it is, that God has blessed every stage of life with particular grace, and visited each era of our earthly careers with special benedictions. Man was meant to live his old age with the harvest of each preceding field, all of it sown as seed and ripening upon this last; and sin has done no more evident disaster than to have prevented every soul from gaining all the long culture of earth, a culture in which every lingering day should crystallize into wisdom and power, the experience of all yesterdays behind it. What are

The Qualities of a "Good Old Age?"

I remark, in the first place, that the prime creative force of good old age is faith. Abraham, who is said in our text to have died in a good old age, was the "father of the faithful." Paul, our other illustration, was, and yet is, faith's most distinguished champion. The force, in both men, which kept the heart-beats strong, full, and regular, in spite of advancing years, was faith. Faith kept the stream of life full of "the murmurs and scents of the Infinite Sea," and it had impulse enough to carry out the wastes. Faith kept in their souls, the persuasion that clouds which hid the sky and sun were affairs of the earth, and that beyond them were a clear sky and a cloudless sun. This temper of mind, this spirit of trustfulness, first manifested itself as faith in God. Abraham and Paul "believed God."

God is the reality after which all the tendrils of genuine faith run. An abiding interest in such a fact as the infinite God is itself a fountain of youth. There is such a vast distance between the limited finite soul of a man and the limitless God, that the mind which sets out seriously Godward is drawn into a journey which lasts through all its years, keeps it youthful with enthusiasm and active with hope. Winter time may leave flake after flake of white in such a man's hair, but the heart is so warm that it gathers no snows of age which it does not melt. Many a man never loses his youth, because into his spirit there came in early days a life which reached out toward the eternal God, and this ever-expanding life has given to him

A Constant Growth

and because at eighty God is still expanding him by new revelations, there is no old age. Death comes; it detains him just long enough to exchange worlds. Victor Hugo said: "I shall go to work again in the morning." This realization of God is the one effective breakwater against the changes in life. If a soul has a keener perception of the changes about him than that soul has of the permanency beneath them, youth is clouded, middle life is pessimistic, old age is terrible.

Faith in God as the one changeless fact in all the changing universe is the spring of genuine youth. Man is by nature so sublime a creature that the only reality in the universe he can safely cling to, as changes in scene, changes in humanity, changes in himself come, is God Almighty. Get hold of the changeless hand; lift up your soul and let its tendrils of trustfulness twine around the permanent grandeur of the Great White Throne. Pessimism—that horror of youth, that demon of old age—pessimism, which binds its slave to his task of condemnation, and enchains his victim to the prison which has no sky, is on the track of every man or woman, who, above and behind all that man has done or may do, does not behold an Almighty Goodness whose name is God. Much we leave behind us; yonder in sunny youth a lover; away down yonder fell from your arms a little child; away there you behold the grave of a friend—so much more gone, but you have all if you have not lost God.

A Spring in the Desert

This faith in God manifests itself as faith in humanity. There can be no real belief in the future of man, here or elsewhere, which does not spring out of faith in God. On the other hand, a real faith in man flowing from a faith in the Father of humanity, bubbles up like a spring in the desert of age to cool the parched sands and supply the thirsty soul. That there is a divine meaning in life, in the life of the lowest man; that every force of the universe is set to make this concealed gem of good flash out its light; that every power of love in heaven and earth will ply its energies to the evolution of the angel from the brute; that it is not an even chance between good and evil with respect to his soul; that God has manifested his interest in this matter at an awful sacrifice—the man who really has these ideas at the core of his life will feel the renewals of hope day by day; youth of soul will be his forever, and old age will be an autumn time in which he may gather the fruit of his faith.

A "good old age" is thus an old age, which, by the influence of great ideas, has attached the gains of experience, each to the order, so that at last they have made life a unit. Experiences enough, we all have had, to have made us rich in wisdom. But, I fancy, they have yielded no permanent gain to us, because we had no place for the gains. They have been like beautiful gems; we have had no strings on which to string them, and one by one they have been lost. Noble thoughts are the strings on which we keep the events of life together. Ideas are pegs upon which we hang our experiences. The man who is surest to find, after awhile, in his old age, the most of wisdom, is he who has now ideas great enough to run all through his life—ideas under which he may classify his experiences. One of the great thoughts which has made many an

Old Age a Throne of Glory

is this: "God is the author and impulse of a great movement in the universe in which I live. That movement is the one fact which binds age to age, and is the soul of history. I shall league my life with that movement which runs so swiftly toward eternal good." To a young man who seriously puts that conception of life in his heart, there is no dolorous, broken age. He is moving with the youth and hope of God. He has none of the wretched self-consciousness of a man, who, like a fragment, has kept his life for itself, and feels himself thrown aside in the universe. Nay! He sings:

I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

If ever there was a grand old age it was that of Moses; yet the very beauty of his declining day came from that living unity which his life with its countless events had, and that consciousness that his life had been caught within the moving life of God in human history. When God was about ready to bury his weary body with funeral rites which he alone would attend, Moses looked back past the contentions and hosannas of life, past the plains of Moab, over Mount Seir, and Mount Sinai, through the wilderness of Paran and the wilderness of Shur, yea, through the Red Sea, back to that burning bush where his life got hold of a great idea—an idea long enough and strong enough to bind its days and years together, as the many leaves of a book are kept together by a clasp of gold, and at life's close his prayer was "for the good will of Him who dwelt in the bush." Into that age there had gone no hardness and forgetting of the truth which had kept life fresh and buoyant all along. The last day of the last year sparkled with the deepest meaning with which the noonday of life was made radiant. Moses had yielded himself at the burning bush to the sovereignty of a Master idea, and it bound the fragments of busy manhood and happy age into unity.

The Unity of a Long Life

I have two portraits of Waldo Emerson, who was, in some respects the finest soul of our American literature. One is a picture of strong manhood; the other a picture of weak old age. One gleam of beauty and power, however, breaks forth from both faces. It has given me again and again a perception of what his works reveal of the unity of his life—a unity whose strength was to be found in a great conception of life which was with him early and late, a silver cord running through the warp and woof of days and years and putting the last day in sympathetic belongings with the first. One great theme, like that theme of a few bars of music in one of Wagner's works, to which the calms and storms always come, to which the wandering ideas all are to return; a theme which rides on every wave and billow of sound and echoes in every silence; a theme of which the many involved melodies are but the elaborate outworking, possessed him. There is no old age to such a soul. He had been so in the habit of seeing beauty that through the chinks which the storm made in his house, as the blasts of winter shook it, he looked out for and saw only the beautiful.

Oh, let us save ourselves from a peevish, rasping temper of mind which goes down to life's west window, protesting every step and struggling against the setting sun, a temper which finally makes us sit down and count nothing but the snowflakes as they drift across the red sunset glow and pile up on our window sill. There is one security against listening to the moan of the evening wind, and that is to have such a perpetual morning tide within the breast that its minor tones are all prophecies of how surely the sun, which has just gone down, will make morning elsewhere. There is immortal youth in every good cause, in every genuine truth. He who has kept the society of good causes has their imperviousness to decay.

Allied to Immortal Causes

There is no such pitiful sight in this universe as a human being who has lived a life in a world like this, where right and wrong, truth and error, are in deadly conflict, who has never allied himself with the causes that are ever young, and the enterprises of the human soul which never grow old; who, on the other hand, finds himself, when he is near the grave, with a lot of broken dreams, rotten schemes, decayed plans, worn-out methods, mechanical appliances for human life, which were behind the times before they were dreamed of, theories of liberty and law which were archaic when they first came to him, the trumpery and garret gatherings for which there is no future. It is likely that we shall never see anything more dreadfully sad than an old age, sitting and gloomily berating the times and the men who see no place in the diadem of progress for the dear old paste diamonds which they have guarded so long. The weakest thing in the whole universe is a human being battered with the storms of years, worn and weary, pushing at a useless craft on which there are no passengers, a craft bound up stream. And that

is old age which has its heart bound up with the progress of bad causes.

The elixir of life lies in one's ideal. If the ideal is high enough and far enough from our present achievement, and really true, it will furnish the wine of youth with each advancing year. Pity for the soul who sets his ideal so low that before he rounds the century it is realized, and he is left in age alone without an ideal. Get interested in fadeless ideas; set your soul on the success of immortal causes; save yourself from a grumbling, sour old age by fastening your hope in youth and in middle life on truths which will bring their brightening triumphs to your heart as you sit alone; then

> An old age, serene and bright,
> And lovely as a Lapland night,
> Shall lead thee to thy grave.

But this all leads me to say, that a good old age is an old age with a memory of a well-spent life behind it. Our experiences make our eyes, to a great extent. We look westward with a moral and mental eyesight which we have won, and which came out of the past, which is very clear to old age, as

It Turns to Look Eastward

The evil we winked at, clouds our vision later on; the good we wept for sympathetically, clarified our eye. This influence of the past, noble or ignoble, not only enters into character, and shows itself in weakness or power in this way, but Memory, who is either old age's angel or demon, paints it all over for the lonely soul.

> Youth longs, and manhood strives, but age remembers,
> Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
> Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers,
> That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

A good past is a perpetual source of pictures—a lasting book of suggestive sketches, jotted down so swiftly, yet so surely as youth ran away and age crept on—sketches that old age, with weird, artistic power uses, from which it may create mighty canvases, which memory hangs upon the solemn walls of the soul that its house may be beautiful. Memory, it has been hinted, has a sublime but awful function to fulfil when Age has come. She, like a precursor of the judgment day, gets the old man to go backward with a strange accuracy. She takes him to his very childhood with a magic power of recollection, leading him by the pathways and scenes which he had forgotten, as he thought, until the whole book of life is open wide, and every unconsciously written record read again. That book is one of "the books" which "shall be opened"—yea it is already opened. It is the soul preparing itself for the judgment. O, that with a dark and vicious past, the awful doom could not wait for death! O, heaven! that when a heroic true past is behind old age, thou sendest memory to re-create its roadways, and line them with the old sweet flowers.

> How sweet at the set of sun
> To gather up the fair laborious day;
> To have struck some blow for right
> With tongue or pen;
> To have smoothed the path to light
> For wandering men;
> To have cheered some fainting soul
> A little on its way,
> A little more earth's sorrow healed
> By something we could say
> Or something we could do
> To help a brother on his road
> Or warmer from their sunless lot
> Some lives to make more glad.
> I long—as the blood runs now

God help us all to put a noble past behind us for old age to wander in!

"A good old age" is an old age conscious of its privileges and duties—the everlasting time which we call years; a height for discovery of truth, and for large visions of God. The rough experiences of life have not taken away the telescope of truth, if the soul really loved truth. The rare calm of that lofty summit is favorable to a mind which has learned to respect itself, and has dared to be still that it might listen for God. The passionless atmosphere, where no dusty winds of youth's contending impulses rage around, and where the spring at the mountain top is so unvisited by blasts of vain desire that it mirrors the stars, is surely a truer medium for the delicate sounds and fine tints of the world about and beyond. Life can now be looked upon by one for whom the light is over. Illusions of youth, the "gilded baubles," and the hollow nosses the false hopes and the wandering rushlights—these are appreciated now at their true worth. Truth, which the soul always had an interest in for what it might buy or prevent—truth may now be studied and loved for its own sake; and her acquaintance may be made as one makes the acquaintance of another at the beginning of a long ocean voyage; as one whose companionship may be pleasant, and whose friendship may be useful on the other side. These are only some of the facts of old age which have made the psalmist of old sing:

> It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
> Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
> Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
> Wrote his grand "Œdipus," and Simonides
> Bore off the prize of verse from his competers,
> When each had numbered more than four-score years.
> And Theophrastus, at four-score and ten,
> Had but begun his "Characters of Men."
> Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
> At sixty wrote "The Canterbury Tales."
> Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last
> Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.
> These are indeed exceptions; but they show
> How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
> Into the Arctic regions of our lives,
> Where little else than life itself survives.

Let us, then, fairly face the fact that to us "a good old age" means a Christian old age; it means an old age made graceful by the masterful working of God in the mind and heart. We need some one whom we cannot lose, who will also transform our losses into unquestionable gains, else old age will come to the grave a sighing beggar. God Almighty is the one fact and factor which Love can lean upon, when her heart is torn with the loss of others. God, as revealed in Jesus Christ our Saviour, is the one skillful artist who takes the defeats and disasters of life and molds them over into mental and moral power. The greatest privilege of life may be ours—to feel the inflow of God upon the

To Grow Young as We Grow Old

We need an indomitable hope, whose life in our late years is not strong with surrounding years, and stronger even against the enlarging sky as every period of life accentuates. Jesus Christ, as the accompaniment of God, comes to youth and middle age bringing with Him promises of greatness realized in the lives of men and women whose great hearts were in sympathy with Him. He will ever go to the utmost God that whatever human range against our faith we shall always be sure of the Fatherhood of the All-Good and the All-Strong. He himself is the Living Voice piercing the gale—the strong voice across the storm, saying, "All is well." Jesus Christ is also the manifestation of man. He comes to the youth so sure to be disappointed in many good and true to walk in his visions that no critic of new courage can chill heart who has once trusted him, and always see humanity at its darkest, humanity blest with God, and believe in man. Let us come to the fountain and to Listen upon unworthy aims. Only the consciousness presence of God can get us from event to event with blessing. In Christ we get the ideas and aims of God Jesus and aims which run through the first centuries and through to-day and on into forever.

A noble past is a sublime past or a past out of whose tears of repentance and the blood drops of Calvary have washed out the stains of wrong. Great tasks are best reserved for age's unwilling hands—the task of hopeful waiting, the task of finding youth's best hopes not in vain without sorrow. Great revelations come to age, above the discovery of the meaning of human life, the gathering of the sunset rays which touch one's life's west windows. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Let us get his loveliness pass to our souls. He is the light of the world; light for morning, light for noonday, light for eventide.

We have only to compare Cicero or Socrates with St. Paul to see the glory of Christian old age. Sin pardoned, passion conquered, hope strengthened and heaven at hand. Just a few more strokes of the oars, a little more sea to cleave with your breasting oars and many of you will be at home. It is said that a sailor, nearing the shores of the New World, instead of the story which the waves and skies brought him—that land was not far away. Birds came near and floated on the mild air, and at last perched upon the masts and sang their praise of the shore. Berries were seen in the sea, and were caught up from the waves and eaten by the happy sailors. Land was nigh. This is a picture of Christian old age. The heavenly shores are near enough, so that the rich fruits of the other world are within reach of the weary mariner. Angels of hope and benediction come to the soul and hover over the vessel of life and guide us home to land with the rising of the ship. May God help us all to such an old age as this!

TO OPEN UP THE "SEALED LAND"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1139

of his officers, greeted me politely, and stepping into our wretched tent, took his seat on a bag of maize.

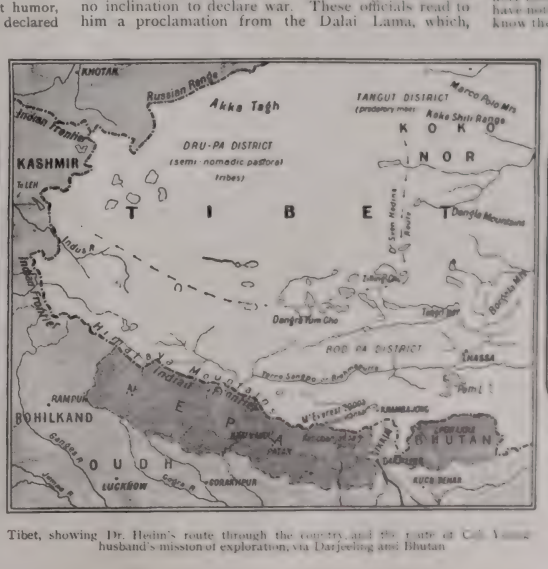
All these men carried swords, suspended from richly chased silver belts, ornamented with corals and rubies. They wore, further, *gavos* (or talisman cases) round their necks, and were adorned with rings, bracelets, and other finery, and had their hats trimmed with feathers. My honest lama was completely overcome by all this magnificence, and kept his eyes the whole time fixed on the ground.

Meanwhile Kamba-Bombo was in the very best humor, now that he had us completely in his power, and declared categorically that, no matter who we were, we must retrace our steps if we did not wish to have our heads cut off, at the same time drawing his hand significantly across his throat. I found it was perfectly useless to argue with him; he had imperative orders from the Dalai Lama. Thereupon he presented me with a couple of horses, a flock of sheep, and some provisions—gifts of priceless value, which, however, I was totally unable to return—and appointed an escort of three officers and twenty men to accompany us as far as the river Satyu-Sangpo on our way back. Although we had not had the good fortune to reach the "Holy City," we comforted ourselves with the thought that we did our best.

DR. SVEN HEDIN
Who explored Tibet recently

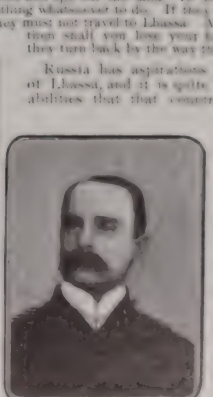
Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish traveler, two years ago set out eastward from Turkestan, gathering information as his large caravan progressed through northern Tibet. In the second portion of his journey, he left the caravan, and with two companions started for Lhassa, which he hoped to reach by forced marches in the disguise of pilgrims. He was stopped on his southward journey after camping in mountain passes 3,000 feet higher than Mount Blanc. Hadyeh Tsering and Yunduk Tsering, two of the Dalai Lama's ministers or members of his devashung (or council) in Lhassa, came direct from the holy city, bringing with them 500 mounted men, and against such a force Hedin had no inclination to declare war. These officials read to him a proclamation from the Dalai Lama, which, among other things, contained the following passage:

Let letters be sent with all speed to Narnia and Nakkang that no Russian can have permission to travel on any of the roads of Nankchen and intimate as far as the kingdom extends. Let letters be sent to all the frontiers. Watch the frontiers of Naktsang. It is absolutely necessary to guard strictly every part of the country. It is strictly commanded say that any European shall enter into the kingdom of the holy books and spy out the land. In your provinces they have nothing whatsoever to do. If they say they have books know they must not travel to Lhassa. And if they do travel from shall you lose your head. See to it that they turn back by the way they came.



Tibet, showing Dr. Hedin's route through the country and the route of Col. Younghusband's mission of exploration, via Darjeeling and Bhutan

Russia has aspirations in the direction of Lhassa, and it is quite within the possibilities that that country may yet take a very active interest in the British attempt to open up the Sealed Land.



Our New Year's Gift to Suffering Macedonia

The Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Cables $10,000 to the Missionaries for Immediate Relief Work

MACEDONIA'S cry for help has not been allowed to pass unheeded. It has deeply touched the hearts of our people, and from many States letters are now pouring in upon us, urging forward the movement to succor the refugees who are threatened with death from hunger and exposure on the Macedonian plains, and in the mountain districts. Many of these letters enclose contributions to the Relief Fund. Three remittances have already been sent by this journal for distribution by the Committees of Amercan missionaries and native pastors in Macedonia, and on the Bulgarian border. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in accordance with his usual custom, in cases of great urgency, and to save human life and avert suffering, has personally advanced **Ten Thousand Dollars,** in anticipation of contributions which now amount to less than half of that sum. This money Dr. Klopsch has cabled to the missionaries and native pastors as the New Year's gift of Christian America to the suffering Christian people of Macedonia. It will be immediately applied in the purchase of food, blankets and clothing for the refugees at Monastir, Bourgas, Ochrida, the Deburtsa villages, and a score or more other localities. Under Divine blessing, it may be the means of saving many from perishing. It goes accompanied by the prayers of all the benevolent readers of this journal, who have the cause of Macedonia at heart. May it carry with it the richest blessings of the season of goodwill.

Letters from the workers in the field, received during the week, while they reveal the great extent of the need, also show that excellent progress is being made in the relief work with the limited means at their disposal.

From the Rev. Lewis Bond, American missionary at Monastir, the chief centre of suffering in Macedonia, we have received encouraging reports of the relief work. He writes:

We have dealt out and sent off 211,939 pounds of flour from our depot in Monastir, and 33,000 pounds of grain at Ochrida, Florina, Klissura and Kichevo. The blankets distributed number 2,316—all heavy, but of various sizes. We have given 897 thick, padded jackets, and 1,744 sets of underwear, and a modest amount of swaddling clothes. These figures are not large, but they embody a large amount of comfort to the recipients.

I take special satisfaction in supplying food or raiment to applicants who were comparatively wealthy a few weeks ago. Last week, one of eight brothers appealed to me for a blanket and flour rations. Their house in the village was a veritable mansion—a roomy, two-story affair. Now, he and one brother with their families, and the family of a brother who was killed—twenty-six in all—are crowded in one small room in a poor quarter of this city. Day before yesterday, three stalwart men from near Kastoria wept like children, as they tried to tell us of the burning, the massacre, the assaulting of their women, the looting, and the present dire distress, no one having come to their aid. I hope Mr. Brailsford will get there this week.

One of our native agents just in from Kichevo, says the people of that region are in the very worst condition. Only twelve villages were burned, but many were plundered of everything. A fortnight since, a band of Albanians from Debyra swept down on the village of Lackcheni, killed a man and woman, wounded a girl and lifted all the live stock.

At present we have eight regular distributing centres, viz.: Monastir, Ochrida, Resna, Kichevo, Florina, Zelenich, Biglishta, Kastoria and Klissura. Distribution began at Monastir October 6. 1,869 thick blankets have gone to Ochrida, 156 to Smildevo, 192 to Gyavata, 528 to Resna, 100 to Florina, 943 to various places. For the Biglishta villages 1,000 are being bought in Albania. The Mondon army blankets—between 3,000 and 4,000—are assigned to Kastoria and Florina.

The peasants of Kastoria are suffering most from exposure to cold, and the crying need there is bed covering. In one village of 120 families, eighty-five persons died within a fortnight of pleurisy and pneumonia.

Two hundred padded jackets have gone to Ochrida, 178 to Smilievo, 118 to Gyavata and 401 to sundry refugees. Our church women are still at work on baby gear, and many a mother heart is gladdened.

To-morrow we begin doling out charcoal to the refugees in this city—about 112 pounds a month to each family. One day last week, a woman appeared at our depot carrying her infant of only five days, and she came barefoot through the streets, which were muddy with snow-water. A cold wind has been blowing for several days, and the shivering people are looking longingly at our shed, in which is stored coal enough for 288 families. A little artificial warmth will be most appreciated, probably, in houses where there are small-pox patients. Mr. Brailsford is meditating starting a hospital in Monastir. Mrs. Brailsford has charge of the hospital in Ochrida, and it is an object-lesson.

The most ragged refugees come from the Demir-Hissar region, between here and Kichevo. Their houses were scientifically looted, and wearing apparel was stripped from the peasants, male and female.

The authorities allow us to send our native agents everywhere, and provide them special written permissions.

We pray for God's blessing upon every contributor, wherever he lives. L. BOND.

Rev. E B. Haskell (American missionary) has made a canvass of Deburtsa Mudirluk, Monastir vilayet, which shows as follows:

Burned villages, 17; burned houses, 1,300; houseless people, 7,330; total families injured, 1,336—7,563 persons; 4 churches and 1 monastery torn down; 14 churches gutted and defiled; 6 schools burned and torn down; 1 school gutted; 6 villages of 305 families and 1,779 people never had a school; 38 women atrociously assaulted.

Mr. Haskell calls urgently for food supplies for 2,206 children, and for 2,079 blankets.

Rev. D. N. Furnajieff, one of the native pastors now visiting the United States in behalf of the Macedonians, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

During the past summer the Macedonians have suffered tortures, outrages, and losses; but the winter brings a worse tale of woe, with its cold and snow, upon multitudes who have lost their homes, clothes, and crops. The present great need, therefore, is for clothing, bed covering, and food, while the native sources of supply are exceedingly scanty, and the government will do nothing for the refugees.

The missionaries and the native pastors, with the pastors' wives, understand the situation well, and their letters speak of terrible sufferings and destitution.

The younger generation and the older people of both sexes are entirely helpless. Unless provided for, they will find quarters only in the fields, and amid sheltering trees and rocks. Bear in mind that now the mountains and some of the valleys of Macedonia are covered with snow, which makes the sufferings all the more keen. Exposed to the cold weather, among many companies of refugees, diseases are developing and spreading rapidly.

Some of the women of Macedonia are reported (by native Christian workers) to have despairingly prayed God that he might send some pestilence, that they might die rather than live in their present privation, beggary and distress. Truly, the lot of those people is a sad one!

Those in charge of the distribution in Macedonia of relief funds raised in the United States, are all Evangelical Christians, and they are peculiarly called upon, while meting out physical relief, to give also timely and needed spiritual counsel out of the Word of Life. Those distributors know well the needs of the women and children, all but naked and starving, who appeal for immediate relief and care. "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

MACEDONIAN REFUGEES FLEEING BEFORE THE TURKS THROUGH THE DEMIR KAPU PASS, TO RILO

A Picture of Macedonia's Need

BY ELLEN M. STONE

FROM a recent letter by A. G. Hales, special correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who writes of what he himself sees and hears in Macedonia, we take the following true picture of the horrible sufferings of men, women and children there. Their husbands, brothers, and sons killed, multitudes of them; their homes looted, and then destroyed; nothing remains for the survivors who are anywhere within reach of free Bulgaria—even though weeks of such fearful traveling as is here depicted intervenes—but to try to reach it, and at least die in freedom. Twenty-five thousand have succeeded in this attempt, it is estimated, but two hundred and twenty-five thousand remain in such utter destitution, in other parts of Macedonia and Thrace, and await a morsel of bread and a rude covering at night, from the hands of American missionaries and of their great-hearted coadjutors from Great Britain.

Let hearts speak out, and great gifts be sent from our abundance in this land, to save lives in Macedonia. Do it quickly. ELLEN M. STONE.

Mr. Hales' Letter

Just before reaching the border we fell in with sixty-four refugees, thirty-seven women, nineteen children, and eight old men. They had nothing with them but the odds and ends of clothing that covered them, or part of, covered them, for not one, old or young, was decently clad. More than half of them were barefooted, the rest had sandals of kid, sodden with the rain and snow. They had a few morsels of black bread, but there was not enough of it to have made a decent meal for half a dozen persons. They were worn and emaciated in a most pitiful fashion, the great dark eyes of the children circled by black hollows, that looked like bruises, appeared unchild-like and wolfish. The skin upon the faces of the women was drawn until it seemed as if the cheek-bones would burst through the covering. Their lips were drawn back from the teeth until the wretched band seemed at first sight to be grinning horribly; it was the trade-mark of cold and famine. They were not grinning; the lips were blue, except where the cold had cracked them, as the sun cracks the rind on the pomegranate. The cracks were red with blood, open and unsalved, uncared for.

The feet of those who were unshod were a sight to make a strong man veil his eyes and shudder. Squatting in the lea of a flat boulder, to be out of the way of the wind, was a woman of about twenty. She had one child of a few months slung at her back, as the Australian native women sling their pickaninnies; in her lap was a curly-headed boy of about three years. When he saw me advancing with a piece of food in my hand, he held out his baby hands and began to whimper piteously, and when I gave it to him he ate it as I have seen dogs eat, clawing it ravenously, never once taking his eyes from the food. Bending his head to his hands, he gnawed like some untamed thing, until it made me sick to see him. I turned my eyes to the bare feet of the woman, and my flesh began to creep. Between the great toe and its neighbor of the left foot, and running halfway up to the arch of the instep, was a wound that gaped, raw, red, and angry. The bruised flesh was swollen, and looked blue-black except where the inflammation scorched fiercely. There it was crimson. The foot seemed almost split in two, and the frost had got to it, crushing the edges of the wound until it looked jagged and broken, like the teeth of a wood-cutter's saw. With such a foot as that I would have lain down and died like a dog in the snow, rather than face the terrors of the march. Yet this Macedonian mother, with one child upon her young back and another half the time in her arms, had struggled on by night and day, through snow and sleet, hungry, half-frozen, agonized. A man might turn and fight, and die gamely, but only a mother could do what this peasant woman did.

They had clustered like a flock of scared sheep upon a hillside, amidst a clump of hazel trees. They dared not light a fire, for fear of being seen by the Turkish troops. The snow that had lain upon the ground thickly had been partly turned to slush by the rain. Behind them lay the Perin Mountains, which frowned down upon Raslog Valley, where their homes lay in ruins. Above them the gray skies, charged with rain, lowered ominously. A bitter wind, with a promise of frost to follow, shook the loose snow from the bent boughs of the hazel and the pine. In front of them lay the Bulgarian border, where help, food, and shelter awaited them, for to the eternal honor of the Bulgarian peasant be it chronicled that no door is shut in the faces of the wanderers, no hearth refused them its welcome warmth. Out of his poverty the peasant gives with an ungrudging heart the mite he can so ill afford. I find here, as I have found in many another land, that in time of deepest trouble it is the poor that help the poor. The refugees cross the frontier, and the hard-working populace absorbs them to a very great extent; one stops here, another there. Women do not know whether their husbands are dead or alive; husbands do not know what is the wife's fate. Often both father and mother are ignorant of the fate of some of the children, and they go searching through the land, making inquiries. I have seen many women come to the members of our band, their great eyes, wistful with a sorrow too deep for tears, asking for tidings of little ones lost, with clasped hands, the twitching mouth, the voice that fills, and breaks, and dies away in a sob.

All contributions should be be addressed:

MACEDONIA RELIEF WORK,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

Every contribution will be acknowledged in these columns, and forwarded to the missionaries in the field.

Those "Charming Infant Faces"

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Your *Calendar* has just reached me. Please accept my sincere thanks for that really marvelous premium. As often as I happen to have an eye on it, I am delighted with the charming infant faces, surrounded by those admirably executed butterfly wings. H. SANDRECSKI,
Bennington, N. Y. Minister Ger. Ev. Church.

SOME OF THE WONDERS OF RADIUM

By SAMUEL G. TRACY, B.S., M.D.

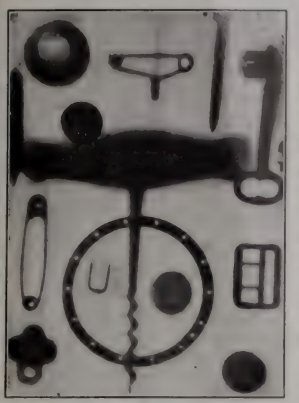


FIG. I. Radiograph taken with radium bromide. Onesixth of a grain, with a potency of 500,000 radioactivity. Photographic plate was wrapped in thick black paper, on which rested the objects here pictured.

RADIUM, the new, rare and wonderful substance, is obtained from the ore pitchblende. In 1789, uranium was discovered and precipitated from pitchblende, by a German chemist named Klaproth. In 1840, Peligot isolated metallic uranium from the chloride. In 1896, Becquerel, of France, discovered remarkable radiation from uranium. He noticed that all preparations of uranium emitted radiations continuously, and found that they were similar to the X-ray—they acted chemically on the photographic plate.

DR. SAMUEL G. TRACY

Following up the original discovery of Becquerel radiations from uranium, comes the discovery, in 1898, of polonium, by Professor Pierre Curie and Madam Curie who, investigating Becquerel's radiations, discovered from some samples of pitchblende, that they were much more powerful in their radiations than any uranium they had found, having four times the radioactivity of uranium (taking uranium as the standard of radioactivity). Naturally, they concluded that Becquerel radiations were due to some unknown substance in the pitchblende. They began a series of experiments, which ended in finding polonium, a radioactive substance, and later, in 1899, in the discovery of radium.

The pitchblende containing the largest percentage of radioactive material, which has thus far been discovered, is the Bohemian pitchblende. It is also found in Saxony, in Caldwell, England, and in Colorado and Texas in the United States. Pitchblende is not a common ore, and uranium exists in it to the extent of from five to twenty per cent. Radium is almost as rare in pitchblende, as gold is in sea-water. It takes 7,000 tons of pitchblende to furnish one pound of radium. From the above data, one can realize that radium is a very expensive substance. Chemically pure radium is now manufactured by the *Société Centrale*, of Paris, at $600 a gramme, or $2,000,000 a pound.

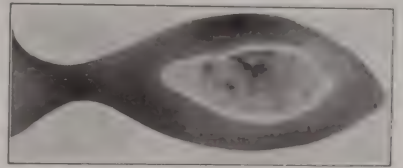
When I speak of the physical properties or other properties of radium, I mean the action obtained from specimens with a radioactivity of 100,000 to 500,000, the radioactivity of uranium being the standard. Professor Curie states that the radioactivity of radium is a million times greater than that of uranium, and it emits exactly the same quantity of Becquerel rays in liquid air (252 degrees below Zero) as it does in the ordinary temperature. The luminosity of radium chloride is greater in liquid air than at the normal temperature. Lord Kelvin says that the discovery of Becquerel radiation from radium and other substances has placed against the principle of conservation of energy the first question mark that has been placed against it since the principle was announced. Professor Curie and Professor Laborde, from their experiments, show that radium maintains its own temperature at 1.5 degrees C. above its surroundings. This is equal to stating that pure radium salt evolves enough heat to more than melt its own weight of ice every hour. This evolution of heat is going on constantly without any apparent source, and for an indefinite period, leaving the radium, at the end of months, as potent as it was in the beginning. This same statement applies to the luminous and other rays which it emits. An examination of radium, after long periods of activity, shows no change. The weight is practically the same. There is no molecular, chemical, microscopical, or spectroscopical change noticeable. The source of this heat energy is a mystery to all scientists. Rays from radium act like the X-ray. They will penetrate opaque substances and decompose the silver salts on a photographic plate; they take a much longer time, however, to take a photograph similar to an X-ray picture. Radium rays will reduce silver salts, iron peroxide, and potassium chromate in the presence of organic substances. They color rock salts just as the cathode rays do. These rays can also change white into red phosphorus in twenty-four hours. Becquerel also states that radium rays have the faculty of making the air act as a good conductor of electricity. Dr. Rutherford, of Montreal, says that radium produces an emanation that seems to act like a gas, but that the gas cannot be collected and tested physically and chemically. Sir William Crookes says radium emits three forms of rays: (1) those identical with the cathode rays; (2) rays of true atoms, positively electrified; (3) rays which are very penetrating and thought to be identical with the Roentgen or X-rays.

In speaking of the photographic effects of radium, the author has verified the experiments of Curie and Becquerel. The photographs, or rather radiographs, pictured here were taken by one-sixth of a grain of highly potent (radioactivity 300,000) radium. The data concerning these radiographs will be found under each cut (See Figs. I., II., III.)

Several observers, including the Curies, Soddy and Hammer, have found that radium rays have a powerful physiological effect. If a small glass tube containing radium is put in a vest pocket and kept there for half an hour, it will produce an inflammation of the skin; if the specimen is kept in the pocket for several hours, it will produce a severe burn, but the physiological effects will not be apparent for ten days or two weeks. If these burns, which are similar to the X-ray burns, are severe, the ulceration may take from several weeks to several months to heal. Professor Curie, in recent experiments, introduced one-twelfth grain of radium beneath the skin of a mouse near the vertebral column. The result was the death of the mouse in three days. Tubes of radium placed in contact in the back of the neck of a guinea pig produced fatal results in a few hours. Becquerel shows that radium possesses the same power as the electric spark, or the prolonged action of the ultra-violet rays. He says that when seeds are exposed to radium rays for several hours, they lose their germinating power. Another interesting phenomenon is mentioned by Giesel, who pointed out that when radium salts were brought near the temples, or near the closed eyes, a sensation of light was produced.

Radium has the power to impart to properties the same qualities in its immediate neighborhood. It is called induced radioactivity. Professor Curie said it was almost impossible for hours to get rid of the radioactive instruments to make measurements after being in proximity with any appreciable radium. The author's blue paper has verified Professor Curie's observations in a similar manner the value of which may be of considerable importance in medicine. Into a glass bottle partly filled with distilled water and the sides of a test-tube charged I placed two hermetically sealed tubes containing radium. The first tube contained about one-sixth of a grain of radium bromide, with the high radioactivity of 500,000. The second tube contained sixteen grains radium and barium bromide of a low radioactivity (100,000). These tubes remained in the water twenty-four hours, and impregnated it with their emanations, imparting to it considerable radioactivity. This tube of radioactivized water remained standing in a rack in my laboratory for thirty-six hours, after which I used it to take a radiograph, the same as I would radium. It produced exactly the same results on the photographic plate, thus showing it had absorbed some of the same powers the radium itself possessed. As it is well known that the rays from radium have marked germicidal powers, it is reasonable to suppose that radio-emanized water will possess the same, although in a less degree. It may be used internally, and found serviceable as an antiseptic. It may be used in cancer of the stomach, dyspepsia, and other diseased conditions of the digestive tract, depending upon auto-intoxication. As a spray, this specially prepared water may be found useful in catarrhal conditions, and as a surgical dressing it may be applied over large areas, where radium itself cannot be used.

There is no doubt that the salts of radium, by their radiations, have a positive effect on diseased tissues, and, even at this early stage of experimentation, it certainly looks as though their use were indicated in lupus, and other forms of tuberculosis, rodent ulcer, superficial cancer, and some cases of deep cancer; in certain kinds of skin diseases, atrophy of the optic nerve, and partial blindness from other causes. In deep seated cancers, the X rays have, as a rule, not given satisfactory results. It would almost seem that, in the radium rays, which are more powerful and their emanations of radioactivity more penetrating, we have a new agent which is more likely to give better results in some of the cases which have heretofore been considered incurable. Dr. Oudin, of Paris, says that he has cured several cases of lupus with radium rays.



Professor Cassemburrer reports to the Vienna Medical Society no less than twenty cases of cancer treated by radium during the last six months, ending July 1. All showed more or less improvement, and two cases were cured. The author reports the following case of cancer of the neck. The growth began twelve years ago. At that time it was the size of a small bean, but now, after slow growth, two and a half inches long and two and a-half wide. The patient has been under

radium treatment for only a month, yet in this time two-thirds of the growth has disappeared and healed over.

There are those among you blind who can distinguish light from darkness, and even locate the direction of light. Curiously, to these same eyes radium appears a luminous purple impression. Neil Gould discovered the interesting phenomenon that when a tube of radium was held to the forehead over the temporal region a sensation of light was perceived. I have verified this in my experiments on myself. We can well see that this same fundamental may be found useful in stimulating the optic nerve, in cases of optic atrophy, and perhaps in being of some assistance to those who are blind, but who still retain the power to distinguish light from darkness. Dr. Lassar, of Berlin, in a recent report, affirms that he obtained good results from radium in the case of two consumptive boys, who were almost totally blind. The following case has been under the author's treatment only six weeks, and results have been such as to make me look for marked improvement, and perhaps a partial restoration of vision. The patient is a man aged fifty-two, but the possessor of the optic nerve upon examination by the oculist. His vision was reduced to perception of light, and medical men pronounced the case hopeless. He came to me about six weeks ago, and I decided to try the radium rays. During the first treatment the radium was held [illegible] minutes. The second treatment was given on the fifth day thereafter. The patient reported that he discovered a improvement in his vision after the second treatment. The treatment was discontinued for [illegible] weeks, and after a few days' rest I began a series of experiments to find out the best method of treatment. At the end of three weeks' treatment his vision was restored to [illegible] of normal. At the present writing, after the lapse of [illegible] months, the patient reports that his vision is perfect, and that he can read the finest print without glasses. He has also resumed his business, which is that of a [illegible]. The patient is now under the observation of the author, and medical men, and will be kept under observation for [illegible] months, to see whether he will continue permanently cured.

It is well known that the bandage in the treatment of cancer is one of the most important factors in the treatment. We have used the X-ray in addition to radium on cases in which the X-ray seemed indicated. No attempt is made to [illegible] the [illegible] by the use of radium, but we simply [illegible] and [illegible] the natural [illegible] through a wound.

Inspiring and Beautiful

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—The book, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, received. It is certainly inspiring and instructive. Is worth three times what it cost. The *Butterfly Calendar* is beautiful. Am delighted with both book and *Calendar*.

Newtown, Pa. MRS. J. RUBINKAM.

The Prettiest Design Yet

The *Calendar* came yesterday. I am much pleased with it, and thank you for the gift. As a whole, I think the design prettier than that of two years ago. MARY F. ACKEN.

Malden, Mass.

"THE ATLAS ALONE WORTH THE PRICE"

MY DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—I have not heretofore been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but was tempted this year by the offer of **The Crown Encyclopedia.** It came yesterday, and I cannot do less than write you at once and say that I am simply delighted. I have examined a number of the articles, and find them, as they are claimed to be, thoroughly up-to-date, and astonishingly full and complete for the size of the work.

But what pleases me most of all is the indexed Atlas. How you are able to include this is more than I can understand. I have hunted through a number of New York's best book stores for just such an Atlas—that is one of a portable size with as many maps, and would gladly have given more than the price of this whole work for it. The maps are admirably clear and full. It contains many out-of-the-way places and [illegible] the [illegible] stances—omitted by so many others; and the index is a perfect marvel of completeness. I repeat, the Atlas alone is worth more than the price of the five admirable volumes. I shall be only too glad to recommend it at every opportunity.

EDMUND T. BYLES,
Curtisdenville, Ct. Pastor M. E. Church

A Boy who will Make his Mark

[illegible]

Mark C. [illegible]

Surpassed Itself

[illegible]

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

S. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Entered at the Postoffice, New York, as Second-class Matter

A Happy New Year!

THE youth of the year is fitly wedded in common speech and common hope with happiness. For friends and kinsfolk we can wish nothing better than that they may not only escape grief and suffering, but be happy in the coming days.

Happiness has many phases. When we start eagerly forth on life's journey we ask joy, success, gratified desire, and fulfilled ambition. Later, we are satisfied with less glowing gifts: we are grateful for a secure position, for the chance to work, for the shelter of the roof, and the warmth of the fireside; for apples and potatoes in the bin, and wood and coal in the cellar; for the increasing probability that we shall arrive at old age free from debt.

Old age comes, and we spell happiness then with five letters, and call it "peace." No other accompaniment of advanced years is so gracious and so benign as peace—peace of body, mind and spirit; that calm which comes of a heart that loves God and humanity. Our Lord said, with heavenly emphasis on the words, "My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

This paper reaches an immense circle of readers. Members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S great family reside in every corner of the United States, Canada, and Mexico. It is pleasant to send to every home where the paper goes, heartfelt wishes that they who abide within its walls, may have heaven's richest blessings, and among them prosperity, gladness and peace, for a twelvemonth to come.

Our Duty at the World's Fair

AS one reads the story of the preparations which are being made for the great event of the coming year—the World's Fair at St. Louis, the wish intensifies that the best possible use might be made of the opportunity for Gospel work. St. Louis is expecting two hundred thousand visitors, including many from other lands. At such a gathering in India, Christian missionaries would be found proclaiming the Gospel in every available place, even in the heathen temples. In the home land there should be similar energy and earnestness. To the majority of the visitors, the Christian religion is familiar, but how small a proportion have made it the law of their lives! What a memory that would be of the great Exposition, to a man who there first learned the way to God through Christ!

The opportunity constitutes an appeal to the Christian public of the whole Union. It should bring united action, not only of the churches, but of the Young Men's Christian Associations, and of every agency organized for the propagation of the Lord's Kingdom. While ten million dollars have already been spent in buildings for the exhibition of American products, and arrangements are in progress to facilitate visitors in gaining instruction and suggestion in the arts of civilized life, there should be measures of a well considered kind taken, for imparting spiritual knowledge and quickening the spiritual energies. The very keystone of our civilization—the foundation of our greatness—is the religion of Christ. That fact ought to be avowed openly and emphatically in the ears of our own countrymen who will be at the Fair, and especially of those who will come from foreign lands. They should know how much the United States owes to the influence of the Gospel in attaining our present position in the forefront of the nations. Our achievements in art and industry, they can see for themselves; it is for Christians to tell them what has brought about the development of the national character.

If there is cordial co-operation among the denominations in this aggressive work, there will be a security against the propagation of "isms." It is Christianity, not a narrow creed, that should be preached. The doctrine of the Cross, and the power of Christ to save the soul and transform the life, are subjects that would be most effective with the people who will throng the city. They are subjects capable of inspiring any preacher, and there are enough able preachers among us to make it possible to proclaim that Gospel every day that the Fair is open. Temptations to vice and wickedness there will inevitably be, at such a time; let there be simultaneously the proclamation of the antidote. Let it be declared to every visitor, that this country believes in God, and that it acknowledges its obligation to him for its prosperity and advancement, and that it has an abiding faith in the maxim that, "righteousness exalteth a nation."

The Sin of Selfishness

"LOOK after Number One; get what you can in the general scramble; every man for himself,"—that is the devil which possesses the world.

A few years ago, the people on both sides of the Atlantic were excited over the mysterious and horrible Whitechapel murders. The reporter of a London newspaper was examining one of the places where these unhappy women had been killed and mutilated, and he expressed surprise that the murderer should have escaped, when the scene of the crime was in the midst of a crowded neighborhood, and where it seemed almost inevitable that some one should hear the screams or witness the struggle. A fruit pedler standing by explained the situation, by calmly saying, "It's every one for hisself down here." That is to say, in that neighborhood, everybody was so occupied with his own personal and selfish interests, that no one would trouble himself to help a fellow creature in danger, or to notice a life-and-death struggle going on almost under his very eyes.

Do you think that sentiment is peculiar to that quarter of Satan's kingdom? No; it is as old as Cain, and as young as the man who did a keen stroke of business yesterday. "Every man for himself" is the dominating motto of the world to-day.

Now, set over against such a principle and such a life that noble word of Paul: "I am debtor to all men." It is not merely my privilege, I am bound, I have given my bond, to serve all men. I owe every man a debt of service. It is a question of simple honesty. It is not for me to ask why I should help such or such a one; merely to ask that question is to join the party of dishonesty and repudiation. It is morally impossible for any properly instructed Christian to ask that question, as impossible as it would be for any honest man to ask why he should pay one hundred cents on the dollar, when he can make his creditors take less for his claim. Christianity lives and prospers so long as this single "gold standard" is maintained. We are bound to help every man to the utmost of our ability and opportunity.

Selfishness is satanic: unselfishness is divine. Let us cease living for ourselves, and by trying to make some one else's load easier, we will be traveling, however remotely and humbly, in the footsteps of Him who gave Himself for us all, and who bore the burden of our infirmities and transgressions.

The Christ-Likeness

THERE is no defacement possible for men or devils to make in this poor humanity of ours which is necessarily final. All the stains may be erased, all the false superscriptions may be removed, and, fairer than before, the likeness of God may be stamped on every one of us. Not here, where the transformation is never perfect, but yonder, seeing him as he is, our whole body, soul and spirit shall be changed into the likeness of the King in his glory.

In the famous mosque at St. Sophia at Constantinople, which was originally a Christian church, the guide points out to the traveler a place where there is a hidden face of Christ, portrayed by some early Christian artist. When the Mohammedan conqueror possessed himself of that noble temple he ordered all Christian symbols to be effaced, and this beautiful head of Christ was covered over with canvas, smoothly pressed down and adhering to the surface of the picture. But by gazing steadily at the canvas the visitor can assure himself that there is a Christian painting behind it. Perhaps the colors have stained the threads of the canvas faintly, or the interstices have been dragged apart, giving pin-point views of the picture; but there it is without question. When the Christian conqueror again enters the gates of Constantinople the covering canvas will doubtless be torn away, and this bit of early Christian art be brought to light and restored. In most of us, even when we own ourselves temples of the Holy Spirit, the Christ-likeness is only very faintly visible. It is the grief and pain of our souls that the enemy is not utterly driven out, and still prevails so often to hide in us the image of Him we love. But by and by the conquering King will be hindered no more; the temple will be all his own. And then his own hand shall strip away the last vestige of the sin that hides God's glory in the soul, and the resplendent image of the Lord shall be seen in undimmed and eternal beauty.

The Encyclopedia for a Busy Age

A Reader's Comment After an Examination of the Crown Encyclopedia

85 COLLEGE AVE., ADRIAN, Mich., December 8, 1903.

Proprietor of "The Christian Herald"

DEAR SIR:—I received yesterday the new and valuable premium, **The Crown Encyclopedia,** five volumes, containing over 3,000 pages, and I most heartily thank you for furnishing your subscribers such an excellent and useful work at such a very low price. As to the work itself, it will, I believe, come up fully to every claim you make for it, and will give great satisfaction to all who are fortunate enough to secure it. Your claim that it is an "absolutely fresh work," and that it is up-to-date, "revised up to the hour of going to press," can easily be tested. On this point I have already had the curiosity to examine it, and have found it, as far as I have gone, O. K. For instance, the article on A. J. Balfour refers to his pamphlet on "Insular Free Trade," issued in September, 1903; and the article on Joseph Chamberlain tells us that he resigned as a member of the British Cabinet in September, 1903. We read also that J. A. Dowie, in October, 1903, undertook, with a large host of followers, "a crusade against the devil" in New York City; also that George B. McClellan, Democrat, was elected Mayor of New York. The very new Republic of Panama is also described, and, referring to the Panama Canal, we are told that the new Republic declared its independence on November 4, 1903, and assumed all Canal Treaty obligations. The article on Adelina Patti tells us that she "made a tour of the United States in the latter part of 1903."

Among the many valuable and noticeable articles are those on George Washington, five pages; Washington, D. C., over seven pages; New York City, five pages; and United States of America, eighteen pages. We have also a most interesting article on the Spanish American War. In the article on New York City we read that, in October, 1903, "the new East River Bridge has taken the form and appearance of a nearly finished structure." In the article on the United States we get the decision, "given in October, 1903," as to the Alaska boundary; and are told of the deep resentment, thereupon in Canada. We are also told that, in 1903, J. G. Cannon "was unofficially designated for Speaker of the Fifty-eighth Congress."

The work is indeed *multum in parvo*, and, in this busy age, will find many appreciative readers. The print is large and clear. The ninety-six fine maps given are very clearly and intelligibly printed, and on fine paper; so that they can be easily consulted. As to the "Universal Gazetteer," it is one of the most valuable features of this very valuable work, and will be of great service. It contains 35,000 references, and gives location, present population, etc., of States, cities, towns, villages, etc.

Again, I most heartily and sincerely thank you for catering so enticingly and satisfactorily to the wants and tastes of your very numerous subscribers; and I shall take very great pleasure in recommending **The Crown Encyclopedia** to all my friends.

Yours gratefully, JOHN GREGORY.

P. S.—I also thank you heartily for the very beautiful 1904-1905 *Butterfly Calendar*. It is much admired.

Among the Workers

—REV. W. E. RUEDEWOLF and Prof. Harry Maxwell are holding union revival meetings at Arkansas City, Kan. Deep interest is manifested.

—EVANGELIST E. R. HERMISTON has been conducting a series of revival meetings at Lemoore, Calif. All denominations united, and large crowds attended to hear the Gospel. One hundred and ten publicly confessed Christ.

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., lately closed a revival at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sioux City, Ia. One hundred and forty made profession of faith. At a union mass meeting for men on the last Sabbath, over fifty requested prayers.

—TWO BUILDINGS, side by side, in Albany, N. Y., form a singular contrast. One is the Broadway Gospel Mission, in the front window of which are two open Bibles. The other is a saloon, with a windowful of bottles. In the Mission window is the sign, "Bible *versus* Bottles."

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The New Chinese Legation

CHINA'S friendliness toward our Government is incidentally manifested in the new mansion it has just erected as a residence for its representative at Washington. The embassy is no longer to be located in a rented house, but has magnificent quarters which are the property of the Celestial Empire. It is a coincidence, not without significance, that our Government has also purchased land in the Chinese capital on which a home has been built for our Minister at Pekin. The cost has been $100,000 in both instances. Both are on plans prepared by American architects, and the Washington house has been built by American workmen.

Though the style followed is Elizabethan, a Chinese effect has been produced by giving the house a brilliant sea-green roof. The mansion covers an area 150 feet square and is three stories in height. The entrance is into a large hall, the centre of which is a huge dome rising to the roof. On the left of the hall are the two drawing-rooms, both decorated in yellow and white, one of them having green draperies and the other red. Teakwood chairs and cabinets, quaint screens, porcelains, elaborate carvings in ivory and embroidered silk hangings, indicate the nationality of the inmates. On the opposite side of the hall is a dining-room capable of accommodating forty guests. It has a great open fire-place, a beamed ceiling and the walls are covered with tapestries, having a general autumn-leaf effect. On the same floor is the minister's study. The upper floors contain the sleeping rooms of the family. In the rear, in practically a separate house, are the legation offices and the apartments of the Secretaries and staff. All told, the mansion contains about fifty rooms.

Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, the new Chinese Minister, is a man forty years of age, full six feet in height, and weighing more than two hundred pounds. He was educated in this country, being one of the 120 Chinese boys of good family sent to the United States in 1872 to be educated and learn American ways. He first studied at Andover and later graduated from Amherst. After spending seven years in his studies, he served as interpreter at the Chinese Legation in Washington for two years, during the regime of Minister Chang Yin Hoon, who was one of the martyrs of the Boxer revolt. Minister Liang, like his predecessor, Wu Ting-fang, is genial in manner, and fond of American customs. He intends to have his children enter American public schools, just as soon as they have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English language. The Minister has seven children, but only three of them—a daughter, aged fifteen, and two sons, Arlu and Arok, aged seven and nine—have accompanied their father to this country. There are, however, several other children at the Chinese Legation. One of these is the son of the Minister's brother, who is a member of the staff of the new envoys, and there are, also, several half-American children, the boys and girls in the household of Yang Kwai, the Secretary Interpreter of the Legation, who, some years ago, married a New England lady. All these children have, by the wishes of the Minister, discarded Chinese dress and wear American costumes.

The erection of the two embassies, the one in Washington and the other in Pekin, aroused much comment in the Senate, and called attention anew to the fact that the Chinese Government is now represented at the capital of the United States by a man of ability and culture, who is in every way fitted to fill the position he occupies.

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DRAWING-ROOM OF THE CHINESE LEGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C. — SIR CHENTUNG LIANG CHENG. — CHILDREN OF THE CHINESE LEGATION.

Defaming Himself

A remarkable case of self-defamation was brought into court a few days ago, at New Brunswick, N. J. The question involved was an application for a license for a tavern. It had originally been granted to the applicant, under the impression that it was merely a renewal of a former license, but when it was discovered that the license had been formerly held by a different man, it was contended that there might be grounds for revoking it. To the surprise of the Court, the applicant's own counsel argued for the necessity of the license, and called witnesses who testified that the applicant was a man of good reputation, and was therefore fit to be given a license. The attorney of such applicant at the usual conference was asked by a statement of the former holder of the license. He explained that the present applicant had promised to pay him one of the hundreds and half years a quarter at $1,000, subject to the condition of his being able to secure a license. Another question he had suggested to the lawyer, and in order to save the forfeit of his promised dividend had taken the unusual course of defaming himself to get out the license before granted. Whether that explanation was true or not, it was clear inside. There are many who would value their reputation at more than a thousand dollars, and, not even to

An Immigrant's Terror

The first case on record at the port of New York of an immigrant's refusal to proceed to his destination was reported a few days ago. The man, who came from one of the Balkan provinces, was duly passed by the immigration officials and received a railroad ticket for Cleveland, O. He was sent to the Erie depot in New York, to be put on board a train for the West, but turned back at the last moment. The interpreter who had charge of him was taking him to the gate, when the locomotive was attached, as usual, the engine bumped the cars and drove them back a foot or two. The immigrant appeared never to have seen that phenomenon before. He was greatly alarmed and would not enter the car. The interpreter, who could not speak his dialect, tried to reassure him by signs, but the man shook his head and would not put his foot on the step. Finally he went into the waiting-room of the depot and

BRIEF NOTES

OWEN KILDARE AT THE BOWERY MISSION

THE STORY OF THE REGENERATION OF A "LUMP OF USELESS CLAY"

THERE appeared upon the platform of the Bowery Mission the other evening, a very notable character. Owen Kildare cannot be claimed as a Bowery mission convert, yet he has shown so much interest in the work, and there is so much in his life that appeals to the feelings of those connected with the Mission, that they look upon him as in some sense belonging to the work. He is a veritable product of the Bowery. He is also a monument of God's regenerating grace. Eight years ago he was a Bowery "tough," a prize-fighter, a "bouncer"—everything that is involved in the wild, brutal life so characteristic of the Bowery under-world. At that time he was unable to read or write. To-day, he is a journalist of international reputation, within measurable distance of the front ranks of that profession.

Mr. Kildare was born in the top-story room of a tenement house, within a stone's throw of the Bowery Mission. His mother, a Frenchwoman, died in giving him birth. His father, a rollicking, reckless Irishman, having died three months earlier, the child was promptly adopted by a kind Irish 'longshoreman and his wife, who shared the floor with the Kildares. Almost as soon as he was able to walk, he was sent out, as so many tenement children are, to pick up bits of coal dropped in loading or unloading along the river front.

At the age of seven, Owen was driven from the home of his foster-parents by his 'longshoreman foster-father, in a drunken fury, and promptly joined the newspaper-selling fraternity in Park Row. Here he remained for seven years, and having during that time exhibited considerable prowess in boyish exhibitions of pugilism, graduated as the "Newspaper Champion of Park Row." In a short time he became a full-fledged pugilist, and was noted for the impetuous ferocity of his fights. The reputation thus gained secured for him many engagements in the Bowery Music Halls and sporting houses as an exhibition pugilist. He frequently occupied the position of floor manager, or "bouncer."

During one of the periodical reform waves that has swept over New York City in recent years, many of these notorious places were closed. Kildare was thrown out of work. He did a lot of "hanging around," wasting hours, days and even years doing nothing. It was during this part of his life that there came into it that touch of the Divine Spirit which resulted in his complete regeneration, and a life of abounding usefulness.

It is a singularly romantic story, and it is told in such a powerful manner in Mr. Kildare's recently issued book, *My Mamie Rose*, that the celebrated author, Hall Caine, has written of it: "I have read your story, and I have been deeply touched by it. Nothing more true or human has come my way for many a day. It is a real

OWEN KILDARE

transcript from life, and that part of it which deals with the little lady who was so great and so ennobling an influence in your life, brought tears to my eyes and a thrill to my heart. I am not using any flattery when I say that no great writer would be ashamed of the true delicacy and reserve with which you have dealt with the more solemn and sacred passages of your life."

When Mr. Kildare first published his story in a condensed form, it brought him over five thousand letters of praise and good-will, and the amplified story in *My Mamie Rose* has brought him very near the front rank of modern writers.

Mr. Kildare, by his newspaper and magazine articles, has frequently rendered the Bowery Mission splendid service. Although he has often sat with me in my office, and helped me by his sympathy and counsel, he is so modest that I could never persuade him to appear on our platform until the other night. It was intermission time at one of our weekly concerts, when I startled the men by telling them who it was that was sitting by my side on the platform. Such a tremendous cheer went up that Mr. Kildare at once rose, and in a voice trembling with emotion, spoke some of the heartiest and most soul-stirring words a Bowery Mission audience ever listened to.

He told them in a few words of his regeneration and of the life-work to which God had so graciously called him. He pointed out the fact that when God came into his life, his first ambition was to go to work; that he accepted the first chance offered to him, becoming a dish-washer in a down-town lunch-room, at $3 a week. "It was unsavory work," he said, "but it was work, and left me time, in the evenings and on Sundays, to read books so well-beloved by me and then my only companions. My ambition now is to write, and I want to be a writer with a purpose. I want to tell the plain truth about men and things as I know them and see them every day, in the homes, in the tenements, in the abodes of friendless, hopeless men, many of whom were once good and respectable. I want to dedicate my pen, no matter how ungifted, to their service, that others may know, as I know, where fellow-beings begin to rail against God and man because they deem themselves forgotten. I want to show that, often, it is their hearts that hunger most, and not their stomachs, and that they, as well as others, who can feel hunger and despair, can also love and despair. I know there is a work in that field for me, and it is my ambition to become successful in it and worthy of it, as a proof that one of God's sweetest daughters has not lived and died in vain." No one will pray more earnestly for his success than the men of the Bowery Mission.

J. G. HALLIMOND, Superintendent.

Mr. Kildare's book is published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York, $1.30.

GOSPEL OPPORTUNITIES ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA

THE CANAL CUT AT CULEBRA

THE CANAL CUT AT SAN PABLO

AT ST. CHRISTOPHER COLON

AT latest accounts all was quiet on the Isthmus of Panama. There was some talk of an invasion by a force from Colombia, but it was not regarded seriously. In any event, it was believed that the presence of American troops and warships would secure the peace of the Isthmus and prevent any movement that might make it the scene of hostile military operations.

As a measure for protecting the peace of the Isthmus, the United States auxiliary cruiser *Dixie* has landed marines and a supply of military stores at Colon. These will be conveyed to Panama. The Panama government has convoked a national convention for January 15 to frame a Constitution. In view of the threatening attitude of the Colombians toward U. S. Minister Beaupre, at Bogota, an American squadron will be detailed to convey our Minister from the Colombian port of Cartegena. This, it is believed, will be an effective object-lesson, and will duly impress the Colombian officials and people.

From the Rev. Joshua Heath Sobey, an American missionary at San Jose, Costa Rica, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a letter forwarding the photographs showing the present condition of the Panama Canal, which are reproduced on this page. The illustration on the first page of this issue, of the old Fruit Market in the City of Panama, is also reproduced from a photograph specially procured for this journal by Mr. Sobey. Mr. Sobey writes:

The need for good literature on the Isthmus was never so great as now. Sowers as well as the seed are needed in these republics. We have been on a tour down the coast to Colombia, Bocas del Toro and neighboring islands, where there are thousands of English-speaking people scattered, away from pastoral oversight; so a visit from a missionary with a message, and something to read, is very much appreciated. We could not get back to Costa Rica, the quarantine was so rigid. We were detained five months, and it seemed as though God kept us there. Help was needed so much; the poor people were heartbroken and sick after the revolution ceased. Their homes were demolished and everything stolen. The soldiers buried their dead in the yards of the houses. No wonder sickness appeared. Oh, how these poor souls received words of comfort and cheer and prayer. They were hungry for it, and God gave us blessing, and made our hearts glad.

We went to the Isthmus of Panama, and worked there, up and down, among the hundreds who are waiting (and almost starving), for the canal to start. In eighteen days we held twenty-one services, and blessed results followed in the conversion of souls.

I do hope you will at once urge on the Christian conscience the necessity of rising to the opportunity and giving the Gospel to the Canal workmen. Whether by the churches or individuals or both, the work must be done. There is no time to lose. A new republic has come into existence, and the treaty for the construction of the Isthmian Canal is signed. The Church of Christ should wake up, and, with business ability, promptly act. Locations should be made, suitable Christian workers secured, and plans formed for immediate operations. Men accustomed to the climate should be secured to pioneer the work. It would give me gladness of heart to assist in starting Christian missionary work among the thousands who will probably shortly be employed in that vast undertaking. The Young Men's Christian Association should send some of their best men. The evangelistic work might, if thought desirable, somehow be linked with this institution at the beginning.

There are only two Protestant churches in Colon—one at Culebra, and one at Panama. Their hands are now full. Do urge the importance of this work on the Christians of the United States. JOSHUA HEATH SOBEY.

The American Woman of To-day

WOMANHOOD remains unchanged through the centuries. Certain modifications of the eternal feminity appear in different countries, civilizations and historic periods. When we read the Bible with care, we are impressed with the fact that the functions of wife, mother and housekeeper in ancient times, were precisely those which women exercise at the present. Sarah, the queenly wife of Abraham, hastened to take meal and knead it into cakes, that strangers, who had sought her husband as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day, might be properly entertained. Thus, to-day, any wife prepares or supervises a meal for the guests of the household, setting the table with the best she has.

The daughter of Pharaoh, coming with her maidens to bathe in the Nile, heard the plaintive cry of the little babe, whom his mother had placed in the osier basket and hidden away among the reeds by the river's brink. Instantly her woman's heart was touched, and the royal lady sent some one to bring to her the infant. When she looked into the little face, she was enamored of its beauty, and she hurriedly adopted the child as her own. So, to-day, woman is the almoner of all sweet charities; the presiding genius of hospitals and asylums, and the loving caretaker in whose arms little children are carried. She is the guardian and educator of childhood in its first years. The line of the Egyptian princess still has representatives.

When David and his band of outlaws were riding forward to take swift vengeance on the churlish Nabal, it was the beautiful Abigail who propitiated the angry chieftain, and arranged matters by her gentle, womanly deference, and the rich provision prepared under her own direction for him and his men. So, many a time, has wifely tact been stronger than the short-sighted moroseness of some sullen man.

In the day when Elisha, going to and fro on his preaching tours, or on God's errands of one kind or another, stopped often at the door of the Shunamite woman, it was she who prompted her husband to offer him hospitality, and who herself made ready for him the guest chamber with its needed furnishing of a bed, a stool and a candlestick, the very things which would be most necessary now. So, in those old days, was woman the angel of the home, the one who ordained and managed its various kindnesses.

Undoubtedly, the American woman of to-day, has a very much easier time than any of her predecessors in this or any other country or age have ever had. Take for example, the difficulties that beset daily living a century or more ago, to look no farther back. All the modern conveniences have been introduced in recent years. Before matches were invented, it was a matter of most urgent need to save the household fire from going out, since the lighting it was a matter attended by no small labor. Before the era of kerosene lamps, gas and electricity, most ordinary housewives, semi-annually, had to make their supply of candles, a work which taxed strength and ingenuity and occupied some days.

Sugar, which now comes ready for use in squares or cubes, was formerly purchased in the large loaf, and bits of it were broken off as they were wanted. Spices of every kind were ground in the home kitchen. Stationary tubs were unknown, and the weekly washing involved an immense amount of carrying and lifting pails of water and a moving of heavy tubs, which was a back-breaking performance.

The American woman may to-day do most of her work by the help of labor-saving appliances, which minimize effort and do away with a great deal of the drudgery once indispensable.

Where, in the olden times, the family clothing was wholly carded and woven and spun in the home, and every stitch was put in by the little needle in the mother's hand; at present, cloth of every grade, finer than the home could make it, may be purchased; and the sewing machine, with fairy-like swiftness, does the work that was once slowly performed by hand. Our environments have become luxurious, in comparison with the past, and, the humblest home of to-day, surpasses in convenience and comfort most of the spacious castles and palaces of the Middle Ages.

In still another particular, the woman of the present day has an advantage over those who went before her. Time was that the sons of the family received a good education, and the daughters were limited to the crumbs that fell from their brothers' table. In the Boston Latin School in the early nineteenth century, girls were allowed the privilege of entering, if there happened to be vacant seats not filled by boys. Many a gentlewoman of former generations, courteous and gracious in manner, and lovely in person, had received little more than the rudiments of the education granted freely to her granddaughters. She could, of course, read and write. It was expected that she would know enough to read her Bible. Her spelling was apt to be uncertain and her accomplishments were few.

The widest educational advantages are now open to all women, and we are really in danger of going to the other extreme, and somewhat over educating our girls, so that they shall reluctantly accept domestic cares and obligations.

In one very important particular of life—her physical health—the woman of to-day is far in advance of any who preceded her, both in this country and Europe. Modern science, modern comfort and modern medical skill, have combined to raise the health rate and prolong the lives of women. The time has passed when it was taken for granted that women must be delicate, fragile creatures, seldom well and usually on the invalid list. It is no longer considered elegant to be ailing. Out-door exercise and good food have given the American woman magnificent health. Women are younger at fifty now, than they used to be at thirty-five.

IN PENSIVE MOOD

Striking a key at random, with an absent, careless hand.
There floats to her thought a cadence that maidens understand.
A call from a distant lover, is borne to her inward ear.
And the tone of the random music brings the one she longs for, near.
Subtle the spell of music; sweet are the harmonies.
That a girl of to-day may waken in olden-fashioned keys.
Oh, love that sleeps in music, is swift to rouse from dreams;
And over the common pathway, far casts its golden gleams.

An Ever-Present Peril

A PERIL which is the menace of [illegible] and the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Making a Better World Here and Now ❋ The Preaching of John the Baptist

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JAN. 10
MATT. 3: 1-12

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT
"REPENT, FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND"---MATT. 3: 2

JOHN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: I was the only child of my parents, Zacharias and Elizabeth, the child of their old age. I came of two priestly lines. My father was a priest after the course of Abiah, and my mother was of the daughters of Aaron. One of my earliest recollections is of my father taking me upon his knee, and telling the wonderful story of my birth. How the angel Gabriel appeared to him when he was officiating at the altar of incense, and told him that his prayer for a son was about to be answered, and that his son's name should be John.

My father said the angel had many things to say to him about what kind of a child his son should be; that he should be filled with the Spirit of God even before he should be born; that he should never drink wine; that he should be a preacher, turning the hearts of many people to the Lord, to make ready for the coming of the Messiah. My father said: "It was all too good for me to believe, and I asked how I shall know what you tell me is true." "And then," said father, "the angel made answer: 'Thou shalt be dumb and not able to speak, until the day that these things shall be performed.' And, sure enough, when I went out of the temple, I could not speak to the people who were waiting outside, and were troubled because I tarried so long in the temple." And then my father told me that it was as the angel had said: that for nearly one year he was dumb, and that when I was born, and it was proposed to call me Zacharias, after him, he wrote: "His name is John;" for he could not even then speak. But as soon as he had written the name, his speech was given back to him.

All through my childhood, this story was told me over and over again. I never tired of hearing it.

Illustration and Application

Let us survey the story of John the Baptist—all but his death—on which there is another lesson, and in it find for parents, and their sons and daughters, younger and older, the following helpful examples of what we ourselves should be. In John's story, we find: (1) The blessing of praying parents; (2) A child who was a Christian from his cradle; (3) A young man whose chief ambition was to make earth heavenly; (4) A fearless preacher; (5) A call of double duty, "Repent" and "Prepare the way of the Lord."

* * *

What is it like in the Bible?

Old Testament prophets foretold that before the promised Messiah should appear, an Elijah should herald him—a fearless, plain-speaking prophet, who would rebuke sin and prepare his way. We can all see that John was in his spirit and method another Elijah; but when Dowie, of our own day, claims to be yet another in the succession of Elijahs, the resemblances, seem to most of us less than the contrasts. The new Elijah's luxurious table and fine raiment and dictatorial spirit, are more like the characteristics of the Pharisees John condemned, than like the simple food and rough apparel and humble spirit of Elijah and John. When the first covenant was made, Moses was directed to prepare Israel by symbolic baptism of their persons and their garments (Ex. 19: 10-14); so the initiation of the New Covenant, by which the people were to enter into the Kingdom of God, was preceded by another general symbolic baptism of those who would be the true Israel, and receive or take on themselves the law from God.

* * *

What is it like in Nature?

Henry Ward Beecher speaks of John as preparing the way for Christ, as the ploughman prepares for the sower. "Before good work can be expected, there must be excitement. The turf-bound surface of communities must be torn up, the compacted soil turned to the air and light. Upon the rough furrows, and not upon the shorn lawn is there hope for seed." "Dirt is bound to grow somethin' or other," said an old farmer. "It's the natur' of it. If 'tain't trees or corn, it's briars or weeds. When I cleared up that wood lot, the ashes of the log heaps hadn't scarcely cooled, before up sprang a passel of jimson weed an' poke and alders. I knew I must get it in corn or grass to save it." John and Christ fulfilled the acted parable by which God taught Elijah, when, after the fire and the earthquake, came the still, small voice. John was the stormy, arousing voice of terror, that prepared the way for Christ's "still, small voice" of love. John was emphatically a reed shaken by the wind. Here is his picture, in a metrical psalm of more truth than poetry:

> Blest is the man in stable trust,
> Like Zion's mound who stands full just,
> Nor bendeth no whit, nor yet doth reel,
> But standeth forever, as stiff as steel.

The axe is the symbol of John, taken from his own preaching. He struck fearlessly at the very roots of sin in those about him when, after his arousing rebukes, he proclaimed the need of conversion, turning, repentance. All three of these words mean turn about, right about face. His hearers, even those high up in the Jewish church, were standing with their backs to God, facing towards selfish ends—wealth, honor and ease. To turn about would be to give up both sin and selfishness. The turning called for in repentance is negative, the turning with heart and life, from all known sin—the human part in the beginning of the new life. The turning in conversion is God's part, turning about a man's loves and hates and innermost preferences, so that he comes to love what God loves, and hate what God hates. This is reform at the root, changing the very desires, 'bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience that is in Christ.' As George MacDonald says, "When God's will is our law, we are but a kind of

What is it Like in Common Life?

noble slaves, but when God's will is our will, then are we his free children."

> O living will that shalt endure
> When all that seems shall suffer shock,
> Rise in the spiritual rock,
> Flow through our deeds and make them pure.
>
> That we may lift from out of dust
> A voice as unto him that hears,
> A cry above the conquered years
> The one that with us works, and trust,
>
> With faith that comes of self-control,
> The truths that never can be proved
> Until we close with all we loved,
> And all we flow from, soul in soul.
>
> —TENNYSON.

John did not stop with the negation of repentance. That was to be considered only as a house-cleaning to prepare the way for the long-expected Guest, the Messiah. On the blackboard in the dining-room, where Alice and Lucy were playing, were printed in red and blue letters the words: "Prepare Your Hearts Unto the Lord, and Serve Him Only." Alice spelled the words out slowly. "I don't understand one verse," she said. "Mother, what does p-r-e-p-a-r-e mean?" "It means get ready," said her mother. Then Alice read the words again. "Get ready your hearts unto the Lord. I don't understand," she said. "Think it over," said her mother. "Suppose I should tell you to prepare this room for your Aunt Annie, what would you do?" "Why," said Alice, looking round, "I would pick up all the blocks, so they wouldn't be in her way, and take the books and papers and our boxes off the chairs, so she could sit down." "Yes," said Lucy, and "take that dish of bananas out of the room, because Aunt Annie does not like the smell of bananas." "And we might put some geraniums in the vases, because she likes flowers," said Alice. The mother smiled at her little girls. "I see you understand it," she said. "Oh, but," said Alice, "preparing a room is different from preparing hearts; and we could not do such things for God." "Why not? Don't you know he said that what we do for others because we love him and want to please him is the same as doing it for him? And there is a great deal to be done to prepare hearts for him. When we feel ourselves

"HE SAW MANY OF THE PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES COME TO HIS BAPTISM"

growing cross, and want to be sullen, or to speak rude or unkind words, if we would think about keeping our hearts ready for Jesus, and not letting anything into them that he would not like, just as we would keep the room ready for Aunt Annie if she were coming, wouldn't it help?"

"Yes," said Alice, "it would." Lucy nodded her head. She did not speak as much as her sister, but, perhaps, she thought more. The afternoon was stormy, and the girls could not go out for their daily run, but had to play in the house. They were much disappointed, and found it hard to be good. Alice, especially, felt very cross, and snatched her doll away from Lucy, and said in anything but a pleasant voice: "What are you doing with my baby?" Lucy opened her mouth to say: "I didn't hurt your old doll, so there!" But she didn't say the words; she didn't say any words for a minute. Then she said softly to herself: "Prepare your heart." Alice heard her, and felt ashamed. She turned away and looked out of the window. In a minute, she came back and said: "I was cross, Lucy; forgive me. You may take my doll, if you want her."

Their mother overheard them, and said softly to Aunt Annie: "The children both understand their verse, I think, and are trying to 'prepare their hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only.'"

We ought to be better than John the Baptist, whose career closed when the Kingdom of God was only "at hand," for now it is in hand and heart. Dr. Joseph Parker reminds those who object to enthusiasm in religion, that in the New Testament the preacher is the herald, going up and down from east to west, crying, shouting with a ringing voice: "Prepare." He is the preacher who does so, who breathes through the herald's trumpet, and startles the stagnant air with shattering blasts, and says: "The King, the King." Another writer says: "The preacher in the pulpit must not fail to remember that he is a herald, to proclaim authoritatively divinely revealed truths and to testify well-attested facts, most surely to be believed, not an advocate to argue and defend some thesis or proposition; that he is an ambassador to make known the will and announce the message of the Sovereign who has commissioned and sent him; not a philosopher to speculate curiously concerning a theory or reason, however soundly, as to the origin or application of some principle in ethics or economics."

In the audience to which John cried, "Repent! Prepare!" were many respectable persons whose sins were hidden from all eyes but those of God and themselves, and their own eyes saw the sin but dimly, but John awakened their slumbering consciences. This recalls a modern case in which hidden guilt was uncovered and a new illustration given of the fact that character counts. Two sheets of printed bank notes disappeared from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Washington. The loss was discovered on the following day, thanks to the careful system of concentrating responsibility, and was traced to the occupants of one room, a mere handful of people. Each sheet contained four notes, and six of these notes were recovered within a few days, their possessor having passed them in spite of their lack of signature. The very best talent was put to work upon the case, but certain peculiar conditions baffled every effort to get proof against the culprit. What the secret service agents did get, however, was evidence showing that, whereas the rest of the group of clerks involved were of respectable habits, one of them was leading a thoroughly disreputable life outside of his office. At this point Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, concluded to try his hand. He sent for the whole party who had been under surveillance, and delivered to them a short address, taking for his text the value of character. His remarks ran as follows: "Circumstances show that this loss was not the result of carelessness, but a deliberate theft. The system of checks and balances in the Bureau narrows that theft down to this little group of persons. One of you took those sheets of banknotes. I do not know who the guilty person is, in the sense of having proof enough to convict him in court, but I have my very strong suspicions. I shall not mention any name, but I shall indicate a line of distinction which each can apply as a test in his own case, and then determine for himself whether he is the person whom I have in mind. All of you, except one, lead lives which you need not be afraid to spread open to the light of day. The one exception leads a life of which a well-bred dog ought to be ashamed. If character ever stood a man in good stead it does so now in the case of those of you who are good and reputable in your relations outside of your office. All who belong in that category may go to their work with the feeling that no suspicion attaches to them in the mind of the head of this department. The one among you who cannot stand the test of character which I have outlined, will know, without my mentioning his name, that I am satisfied he is the thief." A few days later, that one resigned.

The words of John, in every line, are a call to moral virility to courage and earnestness. He pictures God as not only merciful, but just "whose fan is his hand, and he will thoroughly cleanse his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner, but the chaff he will burn up with unquenchable fire." So John himself combines humility with fearlessness and intensity. His words call us from sin, his example from sloth. The strenuous virtue of John is in the following poem of Marianna Farningham:

> A little time for rest,
> And then—away
> There is a race to run
> Ere close of day;
> A battle to be fought,
> Conquer who may.
>
> High up among the hills
> The best things wait;
> Climb on and do not tire,
> The hour is late;
> The victor shall be crowned
> At heaven's gate.

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STRANGE THINGS IN THE BIBLE

Suggested Explanation of Some of the Difficulties of the Ordinary Reader : :

WE owe so much to the Bible, there is so much in it that is plain and clear that it has the right to expect of us a fair consideration of the things in it that we do not understand. There is in many quarters a disposition to disparage the Book, to look for difficulties, to charge it with self-contradiction and to reject if any passage is found that is apparently inconsistent with some other passage, or with the general trend of the Book. We have no sympathy with any such disposition. We have no inclination to reply to cavillers, or to argue with people who are prejudiced against the Bible; but we do sincerely desire to aid honest students who are puzzled by difficulties that they have met with in reading the Book. Some of these difficulties cannot be removed entirely in our present situation, but we have faith to believe that when more knowledge is accessible these will disappear with the others. Some, however, have already been surmounted and enough knowledge has been gained to give us a clue to the solution of some others. A few specimens of these difficulties, and the principles adopted in trying to solve them, may be of service:

The inspiration of the writers of the Bible did not eliminate their racial traits, nor their modes of thought and expression. They were Orientals, and to this day the Oriental is fond of figurative speech and forcible imagery, that is not to be understood literally. They used expressions which were perfectly understood by the people of their time, as being figures of speech. Even we do the same thing. Perhaps, in two hundred years, our descendants, if they read the newspapers of our time in the same way as some of us read the Bible, may think that Americans executed unpopular office-holders, and produce as proof a statement in a daily journal of 1903 that by the decision of a President or Mayor, some official's "head has fallen into the basket." Or it may be they will think that candidates for office were murdered, when they read that an opponent "carried a knife up his sleeve," or that some candidate has been "stabbed in the back." No one in our day understands these expressions literally, but every one knows what is meant. There is much picturesque and figurative language of this kind in the Bible, the key to which is lost. We may be quite sure that there is a profound truth in the expressions, which is just as valuable if we regard it as being conveyed in imagery as if we insist on the imagery being literal history. People who choose to do so, are at liberty to insist on the literal meaning of every statement, but the man who shrinks from a literal interpretation, need not reject the truth conveyed, because he has been forced to regard the mode of conveyance as symbolical. One man, for example, may believe that a serpent actually spoke to Eve. Another may believe that she was approached by some mean grovelling temptation, such as beset men and women to-day. The lesson is just as forcible whether the temptation was in the form of a serpent, or in a less material form. It succeeded, as the world knows to its cost. With this principle in mind, some other passages which have tried the faith of earnest readers, may become plain.

The sons of God and the daughters of men (Gen. 6:2). There is no need to imagine, as some have done, that angels became enamored with human beings. In those days, as in ours, there were unions which were ruinous to character. Who has not seen a young man with high ideals strenuously seeking that higher life which befits a son of God, suddenly falling in love with a pretty face that belonged to a low character, and being all his life dragged down by the association to a lower level? Or there may have been, as more frequently happens, a reversal of the sexes. A good, pure girl marries a man who has no thought above the sordid affairs of this life, and she loses her high and noble aspirations.

The Lord set a mark upon Cain (Gen. 4:15). There have been many suppositions about the nature of this mark. The record of it is stated. It was given in response to the fear he had expressed that he would be killed, and was intended as a protection to his life. A special penalty was threatened against any who might kill him; but that did not entitle Cain any more than it would entitle a man in danger of being murdered now, to believe that his murderer would be punished. So some token was given him, that he might prove that he was the man specially protected. The Revised Version makes the statement read: "The Lord appointed a sign for Cain," which we must accept as a clearer rendering. The sign, doubtless, was not so likely to have been a mark on his person, as some mode of identifying him, either by word or act, which others would recognize.

Cain knew his wife (Gen. 4:17). Where did Cain get a wife? has been a question frequently asked. In the absence of any explicit statement in the Bible, we presume that Adam and Eve had other children beside Seth, whose birth is mentioned Gen. 5:3, and that it was one of these whom Cain married. It must be remembered that even if Genesis was written by Moses, a matter which is a subject of dispute among scholars, though so eminent a Hebraist as Professor Green, of Princeton, declared that he had no doubt of the fact—Moses wrote more than two thousand years after the events recorded. We must assume that he used the traditions current in his time, or that the facts were divinely communicated to him. In either case, it is evident that no attempt was made to write all the facts, which would have been a stupendous task. Like other Bible writers, his object was ethical, and he hurries forward to events having ethical lessons. He mentions the birth of Seth, because from him a new line was started discretely in contrast with the line of Cain, but makes no mention of other children, because there was no intention to burden the narrative with matters of mere curious interest. Seth was the ancestor of the God-fearing race, and having recorded his birth, the history concerns itself with his descendants, and ignores any other children. It is on this principle that the Bible proceeds, when, later on, it drops Esau and his descendants and follows in detail the line of Jacob.

The days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty and nine years (Gen. 5:27). Physiologists have contended that no human frame could endure so long as this, nor even so long as Enos and others, mentioned in the same section. It has been suggested that the years referred to were not such years as ours, but were merely lunar months, as the ancients were more likely to reckon periods by the moon than by the sun. This explanation, however, is untenable, as is shown by the fact of the birth of their sons. Cainan, for example, is represented as having a father at the age of seventy years. If these years were lunar months, it is obvious that Cainan was less than six years old at the time. We are, accordingly, driven to the alternative of supposing that the race, so near its origin, was much more vigorous than in later times or that the method of reckoning the years was different from ours. As numerous suggestions has been made, so the guess that the names in the list are not those of persons, but of tribes or clans. But the narrative is so personal that it is difficult to believe that this is a solution of the difficulty.

(Other passages will be discussed in a future article.)

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Dear Christian Herald: We find Cavalier and the books both entertaining. Those are the first, is a work of art and entertainment. The book, as you know, Miss J. Mott, by H. Rider Haggard, is the most entertaining instructive book that I have read for a long time.

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by

MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

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WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

Sift together three and one-half cups of whole wheat flour, half a cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and a tablespoon of sugar. Soften a cake of compressed yeast with three tablespoons of water and add to a pint of warm milk. Pour this into the sifted mixture, and when well blended beat it hard before setting aside to raise. When light add two teaspoons of salt and as much more flour as can be beaten in with a wooden spoon. Let this rise again and then beat out the air bubbles and pour into two greased loaf pans. When almost double in bulk, place in a moderately hot oven and bake about fifty minutes.

This is a very wholesome bread and easily made.

CREAM BISCUIT.

Sift together one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, three teaspoons of baking powder and half a spoon of salt. Moisten with cream as soft as can be handled. Roll out on a well-floured board, cut in small biscuits and place in a pan, brushing over with melted butter, wetting the tops before baking. Have oven very hot, and bake ten or fifteen minutes, according to size.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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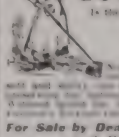

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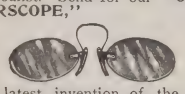

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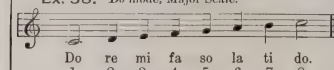
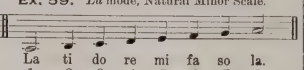
LESSON XII., AND LAST

The Minor Mode.—Thus far in our studies *Do* has been the keytone or point of repose in a tune. We may now learn that any tone of the scale may be so made to predominate in a tune as to bear the character of a keytone and to give something of its own peculiar mental effect to the music. A mode of using the tones of a key which makes *Do* the most prominent tone may be called the *Do* Mode; a mode which makes *La* predominant may be called the *La* Mode. These are the two modes most commonly used in modern music. In ancient times other modes were used. Music in the *Do* mode is bright and joyous. This is the characteristic effect of what is called Major music. Music in the *La* mode is sad and plaintive. This is the distinguishing feature of what is called Minor music. Play or sing exercises 58 and 59 in alternation, ascending and descending slowly, and the characteristic effects of the two scales will be perceived.

Ex. 58. *Do* mode, Major Scale.



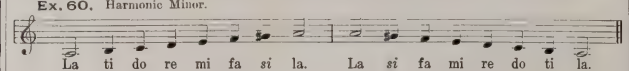
Ex. 59. *La* mode, Natural Minor Scale.



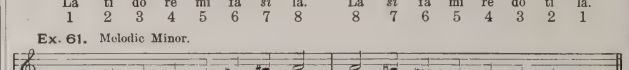
Our modern musical system treats the Minor mode to some extent as an independent Key. Its tones, beginning with *La*, are named by the numeral names *One, Two, Three*, etc. The syllables are not changed, thus *Do* is the same tone whether treated as *One* of the major scale or as *Three* of the minor. To give *La* the importance and effect of a keytone, modern harmony requires the use of *Sharp So* (*Si*) as a leading tone, a tone having the same relation to *La* that *Ti* has to *Do*. The use of *Sharp So* creates an unpleasant melodic interval—a step and a half—between *Fa* and *Si*. This is avoided when necessary, by the use of *Fi* instead of *Fa*, ascending, and *So* in place of *Si*, descending. The use of these new tones in the minor mode creates three forms of the minor scale, viz.: The Natural minor, the Harmonic minor, and the Melodic minor.

You should now learn to sing these different forms of the minor scale. If necessary practice them with the help of the instrument or another person's voice.

Ex. 60. Harmonic Minor.



Ex. 61. Melodic Minor.

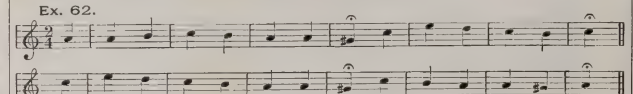


A minor key formed upon *La* is called the Relative minor of the major key formed upon *Do*. Each major key has its Relative minor, and each minor key its Relative major. Major keys are named from the pitch of *Do*, minor keys from the pitch of *La*.

A minor key is represented on the staff as an appendage of its relative major, and is indicated by the same signature. Each signature indicates a major key and its relative minor. Thus the signature of one sharp indicates the keys of G major and E minor, G being the pitch of *Do*, and E the pitch of *La*.

The principal difficulty of the minor mode, to the singer, is the peculiar effect of the music. It seems so shadowy and unsubstantial that the mind has nothing to lay hold of and rest upon. The difficulty is in the music, not in the notation.

Ex. 62.



Look through your hymnal for tunes in the minor mode for further practice. You can generally tell whether a tune is major or minor by the last note of the base. If it is *Do*, the tune is major; if it is *La*, the tune is minor. Some tunes are partly major and partly minor. A tune may begin in one mode and end in the other; or it may begin and end in the same mode and have the middle part in the other.

This is the last lesson of the series, and I take the opportunity to express my appreciation of the many complimentary letters I have received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. I hope those who have found the lessons helpful will keep up their study and practice until they can read any ordinary church music at sight correctly and fluently. I would suggest to all, especially those who found the work somewhat difficult, to review the lessons from the beginning. I shall be glad to hear from any one at any time on matters concerning the lessons.

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What a Little Boy Did

THIS is the photograph of a bright little lad of thirteen, residing in Athol, Kan. His grandmother gave him $1 to be invested for foreign missions. He spent thirty cents on seed potatoes last spring, and planted them himself. At "digging time," the crop brought him $3. The balance of the $1 (seventy cents), he invested in chickens, which have not been disposed of yet. Mr. J. Irwin Wherry, of Athol (who writes us on the subject), is personally cognizant of the facts concerning this young worker's way of making his mission money do such excellent service. His example is one that may inspire others, who want to do something for our devoted missionaries in foreign fields.

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Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I could hardly wait for the wonderful *Pilgrim's Progress* and the bewitching *Butterfly Calendar* to arrive. I dreamed with the faith of a little child about their fine beauty. Then, one bright day, like a good-hearted elf, you made my dreams in all their charm and splendor come true. My household sends true thanks for these artistic and delightful gifts. I am so well pleased.

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Not to kneel in formal prayer—
Not to kneel, because since childhood
Every day has found me there.
Make me come because I hunger
For Thy love, Thy Spirit blest.
Make me come, because there only
Can I find the perfect rest.
May I be so hungry, Father,
My whole life shall be a prayer,
Just a long, long talk with Jesus,
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Rome, N. Y. CLAUDIA EDWARDS.

C. C., Hamburg, N. J. "I know God hears and answers prayer. Thanks to him for answering my prayers."

Elcy. "I wish to acknowledge that the Lord has often answered my prayers. Lately, he has given me that for which for years I have had a desire."

Subscriber, Fresno, Cal. "'Answered Prayers' is the first thing I read. They are such a comfort to me. Our boy was gone on a long and dangerous journey. I asked God to take care of him and bring him home to us, and he answered our prayer. I have a great sorrow which I am trusting God to direct."

Mrs. J. H., Mulat, Fla. "I have a great deal of faith in prayers being answered. I have had prayers answered, even in small affairs. I ask the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to join me in prayer for the conversion of one of my loved ones."

E. G. C., Jamaica, W. I. "I can testify to God's goodness in answered prayers. Many a time when perplexed and almost in despair I, just like Hezekiah of old, open my letter before my Father and the answer comes."

Old Subscriber, Delaware. "I was in much trouble and prayed to God to make my life brighter. I can truly say he has several times answered prayers for me."

Subscriber, Forest City, Mo. "I promised if the Lord would hear me and save me from a great affliction that was threatened, that I would acknowledge it to the world. Now I redeem that promise. My prayers have been answered many times. I know that our Father hears us and will give us all that is best for us."

Subscriber. "I wish to acknowledge that the Lord hears and answers our prayers, even in small things. We humbly and gratefully thank our Father in heaven."

Mrs. M. E. H., Galesburg, Ill. "I add my testimony for answered prayers. Mine have been wonderfully answered. I wish to ever bless his Holy name."

Friend, Montreal, Can. "I, too, like many others who have testified through your columns, have been comforted and sustained through many hard experiences by a prayer-answering God. But for his mercy, continued sorrow and care must have broken me down. To him be all the praise!"

A. B. S., Philadelphia. "Our united prayers have been answered. Praise his holy name. He is truly a 'prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, who can doubt it?"

C. M. S., Vt. "I wish to add my testimony to the many answers of prayer. I know we have a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. He has answered many prayers for me, for which I bless his holy name."

P. C. L., Alta, Ia. "The Lord has answered my prayers several times, when threatened with danger, and has helped me out of many difficulties."

Mrs. M. B. O., Rockyford, Colo. "I want to add my testimony. If I were to write all the many times the Lord has answered my prayers, it would fill volumes. I take the little things as well as the great to him, and he never has failed me."

E. M. A., Jersey City, N. J. "My Heavenly Father heard and answered prayer in my behalf. I went to him and prayed, night and morning, for a certain thing to pass, and the answer came very soon. I wish to let the world know that he heard and answered me."

Mrs. J. C., Galesburg, Mich. "I want to add my testimony. Nearly one year ago I wrote, asking your prayers. The Lord has answered my petition, and now I thank him and you, dear friends of the prayer meeting, for all his kindness and care."

Reader, Coal Glen, Pa. "I wish to tell of God's goodness to me. He has answered my prayer. He will never forsake those who trust in him, and who are faithful to the end."

Reader, Rensselaer County, N. Y. "God truly answers prayer. He has answered my prayers many times in the past twenty-five years. I wish to acknowledge his goodness in times of trouble."

Mrs. M. C. R., Chicago, Ill. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

Reader, Greensboro, N. C. "I have been benefited by the 'answered prayers.' I desire to return thanks to God, who has wonderfully answered my prayers lately."

Mrs. M. A. B. "God answered my prayer, and I thank him, and wish to acknowledge his goodness to me."

L. F., Waterloo, Ia. "I know that God answers prayer. I asked a certain favor, and he heard me. One time while praying, my prayer was answered, and is my best friend. O that we might trust him more!"

L. B., Edinburgh. "A word of thanksgiving for a year of care and guidance in answering prayer. Oftentimes the way seemed dark, but as one came near, the path cleared, and the Guiding Hand was revealed. Now a dark cloud threatens a dear one, but I have besought the Lord for her, and he will answer, though not in the way I may think best. I hold to his promise, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'"

Mrs. E. H. B., Buffalo, N. Y. "I was in great sorrow and trouble. I took it all to my Heavenly Father, and now I wish to acknowledge his loving kindness to me, as the answer came."

Mrs. D., Elk Garden, W. Va. "I have been helped and strengthened through reading 'Answered Prayers.' I write to acknowledge answers to prayers which God has given to me."

K. E. L., Albany, N. Y. "I find great comfort in reading the 'Answered Prayers' column. I want to say, for the good of some discouraged one, that God does hear and answer, if we only believe and trust him."

TRUE REPENTANCE*

Amendment of Life as Well as Sorrow for Sin Comprised in It

TRUE repentance has always been a misunderstood experience in Christian life. Many young people have been distressed because they have never felt that agony of mind and that racking anxiety, of which they have read in the biographies of eminent Christians. They doubt if a conversion can be genuine which is not preceded by that experience. In many instances, those doubts are groundless. There is no uniformity in the Holy Spirit's work in conversion. Some are drawn to Christ by love for him; others are driven by terror at the consequences to themselves of their sin. One thing is essential, and that is that sin shall be hated and renounced, and that implies sorrow over past sins. It may not be the beginning, but it is sure to be an accompaniment. The more we know of God in Christ, the clearer views we have of his character, the more we are likely to grieve over having heedlessly or deliberately offended him. No man was ever saved by his tears, or his anxiety, or distress. It is Christ who saves him, and the man gets peace by believing the assurance that Christ gives him of his being willing and able to save him—in other words, by faith.

The signs of repentance, therefore, are regret and sorrow for past sin and an amendment of life. We make a mystery of it in our relations to God, but we understand it readily in dealing with children, or with one another. When a child has done wrong and asks to be forgiven, we grant his request willingly, and are glad that he is not sullen and obstinate. It may be that we delay assuring him of the fact, in order that for his own future welfare he may realize how evil is the thing he has done, or lest he be not sincere in his sorrow, but only be seeking to avoid punishment. But if he is really sorry, there is in the father's heart no animosity against the child, nor any reluctance to forgive. When a grown person has offended, we expect from him something more than an expression of regret. If he can alleviate the consequences of his wrongdoing, or atone for them, and shows no disposition to do either, we have reason to doubt the genuineness of his repentance. But if neither of these is possible, we regard the offended person as being inhuman if he does not accept the offender's sorrow as sufficient.

In dealing with God, the same rule applies, with this difference, that he sees into the heart and knows whether the repentance is genuine or not. Frequently, at the beginning, it amounts to no more than a dread of future punishment, but this is not true repentance. But God mercifully takes what we bring to him, and leads us on to better things. The turning to him for pardon, whatever the motive, is a beginning, and if the man is in earnest, true repentance will come. Then instead of being sorry for sin because of the danger it involves, he comes to be sorry for it because it is an evil and a wicked thing in itself—a thing to be hated and abhorred because of its pollution, and because it is an offence to God, whom he has learned to love. When a man has reached that stage, the memory of his past causes him keen sorrow, but with it there is loving gratitude to Him who has forgiven it. Blotted out? Yes from God's sight, but never from his own. If he can do anything to undo the result of his wickedness: if he can do some service to prove to God how sincere is his sorrow; how gladly he will do it! How carefully he will avoid sin, either that or any other! How he will love Christ, who suffered and died to make his pardon possible. Then, it may be years after his conversion, he manifests true repentance.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for January 10, Luke 3:8-14; Ps. 51.

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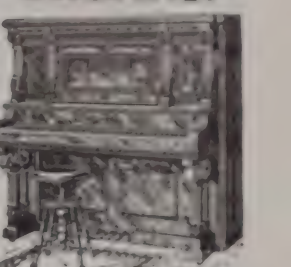

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THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER X.—Continued

ESTHER greeted George with cheerful heartiness.

"Come in, George, come in! We're so glad to see you."

George shambled into the room awkwardly, and Douglas placed him in a chair. He was already becoming drowsy.

"I think perhaps he had better go right to his room," Esther said quickly.

"I'm sleepy," George said in a thick voice.

Douglas helped George into the room, undressed him and helped him into bed. In five minutes he was asleep, and Douglas went out, and related the evening's strange experience to his wife.

"Do you think God can save him?" Esther asked, after hearing Frank's story.

"If He can't, no one can. There is no help any where else, dear."

Esther was silent, then she spoke slowly.

"You will not think me silly, will you Frank, if I suggest something?"

Douglas smiled at the bonny face of his young wife.

"It makes no difference what you say, my dear, I have never known you to utter a silly word."

"That's flattery, sir. I have, in the course of my not very long life, uttered a good many. But I have been thinking that if George could be shielded just now, at this crisis, from his surroundings there at the Wycoffs, he might be helped. He has no home, and he is constantly tempted by the crowd of young men who board there."

"Perhaps we might find him some quieter place," Douglas said thoughtfully.

"Why not here, Frank?" Esther spoke quietly, after a moment.

"What! here! In our home? To spoil the—" Douglas spoke sharply, anticipating in one swift second, all that such a responsibility would mean in his idolized home circle.

"If it would help to save him," Esther said simply, "would it not be worth all it cost? May it not be one thing God gave us our home for?"

Douglas looked at her, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Dear Esther, little woman!" he muttered. Then he got up suddenly and went into the bedroom where the little boy was sleeping. He looked at the child a moment and then came back and kneeled at his wife's side putting his arms about her.

"You are my better half, Esther. For the sake of the little man in there, I am willing."

When Douglas called George in the morning, a feeble response greeted him. Going in, he found the boy quite sober, but suffering from severe headache, and with a rising fever.

"I know all about everything, Mr. Douglas. I'm sober this morning. But I remember your praying. Do you think God will forgive me, Mr. Douglas?"

Douglas' heart leaped up at the question. It was the same sober, genuine heart-cry of yearning humanity for pardon.

"Yes, yes, George. Never fear, God has forgiven you. Believe in him and trust him. Don't struggle. Just lie still and let God do what he wants to with you."

"I will, Mr. Douglas, I will," George replied, the tears flowing over his cheeks. "But I'm so sorry I have broken my promise and made you all this trouble."

"Never mind. It's all in the past, now," Douglas answered, cheerfully. "We're going to take care of you here for a while. You can't get up anyway, until you get over this fever. So make yourself perfectly at home. My wife is a first-rate nurse, and she is quite longing to have a patient; eh, Esther?"

"Indeed I am," cried Esther, who just then came in. "George, you are under my hospital orders now. As soon as the doctor permits, I'll put you on a diet of apple pie three times a day!"

"I don't deserve it, Mrs. Douglas," George answered humbly, and Douglas went down to his work that morning, singing in his heart a song of praise to the good God, whose ways are not our ways, and whose thoughts are not our thoughts.

During the weeks that followed, George was seriously ill. For several days he was delirious. Sometimes during his delirium he repeated conversations he had had with the young men—his companions. Several times Esther and Douglas had revealed to them little chapters out of the boy's tempted life, where drinking acquaintances had with devilish insistence tried to lure the boy back after he had given his promise to drink no more. His cries of "No! No! I tell you! Leave me alone! Take the stuff away! For God's sake boys, don't ask me! Take it away!" haunted Douglas for months. Long afterwards George told Douglas that on the evening when he was seen by him staggering out of Jake's place, half a dozen of his old boon companions had come up to his room at the boarding-house and tied him to his bed, while they forced a glass of whiskey down his throat. Crazed by this taste of the liquor, when released he had followed these miserable wretches out for a night's carousal. The sight of Douglas had partly sobered him. He had torn himself away from his tormentors and started after Douglas as Douglas turned around. The crowd of half drunken boys had caught up with him, and forced him into another saloon and made him drink part of a glass of liquor; but he had finally broken away, and in the state of intoxication he was then in, he had gone into the office.

When George recovered sufficiently to go back to work, Douglas asked him how he liked his hospital and his nurse.

"First rate. Couldn't be better," George replied, in the nearest approach to his old manner that Douglas had heard for many months. "But I can't afford to put up any longer at such an expensive place."

"It suits you, though?"

"Best on the road," said George lightly. "How would you like to stay right along, that is, indefinitely?"

"How?" George asked, vacantly.

"Esther and I want you to make your home with us a while longer, George," Douglas said with great kindness. "You can pay for your keep in part by helping take care of little James Edwards."

"You don't mean you want me to room and board here with—with you?" George stammered.

"That's just what I mean. Don't say another word, George. You're one of us, now. We all belong to the household of faith, thank God."

Douglas went out hastily, for George looked as if he wanted to cry, but didn't want any one to see him do it. But if there had been any lingering doubt in Douglas' mind concerning George's genuine conversion, it was forever dispelled from that moment. The boy showed in every word, movement and desire the marks of a regenerated life. And as he went back into the office and took up his work, Douglas offered a great prayer of thanksgiving for two souls saved for the Kingdom.

The delight of Quits in the conversion of George, was deep and touching. All through the boy's illness, Quits had come to inquire after him, and he kept his room supplied with fresh flowers. Then, when George was able to sit up and talk, Quits and he had the most undisguised conversations on religious themes. Unlike a good many young Christians, George astonished every one, except possibly, Quits, by a perfect frankness in the mention of Jesus and Salvation; and prayer and faith

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1153

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THE SUCCESS PORTFOLIO

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In "THE SUCCESS PORTFOLIO" will appear, from time to time, a number of original double-page drawings made expressly for *Success* by leading American artists. Even more valuable features of the portfolio will be collections of portraits of the greatest living men and women of the world, grouped together in such a way as to be most interesting, both artistically and from a literary and biographical standpoint. A few of these groups are the following:—

The Great Preachers of the World
The Great Journalists of the World (January, 1904)
The Great Bankers of the World
The Great Women of the World
The Great Generals of the World
The Great Captains of Industry
The Great Statesmen of the World

A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT FROM SUCCESS

THE fine engraving entitled "A Market Report," represented in reduced *fac-simile* above, forms the first feature of "The Success Portfolio," and appears in *Success* for December, 1903. It is from a painting made expressly for *Success* by Roth, and will recall to many the days when the country store was the only village news bureau.

We are producing a limited number of *artist's proof, remarque* copies of this fine engraving, on special, heavy paper, 20 in. by 25 in., suitable for framing; and will send one copy, securely packed in tube, to *Christian Herald* subscribers who send us, on or before January 31, 1904, one dollar for an annual subscription to *Success*, new or renewal, and 10 cents extra (stamps accepted) for postage and packing. Special request for this engraving must be made, and *The Christian Herald must be mentioned when writing*. This engraving is copyrighted by us, and can be obtained only on this plan. Send your subscription at once in order to secure earliest copies taken from the plates when in the best "state," or condition.

OUR OFFER

See opposite page for announcement of the Success Magazine Club Offers for 1904

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are the standard hair preparations. The hair grower possesses wonderful vitalizing powers. It will grow hair wherever life exists at the roots. The scalp cleaner makes a delightful shampoo. It completely eradicates all dandruff and scale. Try them—you will not be disappointed.

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1152

and eternal life; and heaven, and death, and sin, and every other word in the Christian's vocabulary. He seemed to be no more ashamed or afraid to use these words in ordinary conversation, than he was to mention the things familiar to the office. Douglas was relieved, however, to find that the boy exercised common sense, and a healthy attitude toward everybody. He was never able to discover that anyone in the office was ever offended by George's plain, frank conversation on religious topics. No one ever called him a crank or a hypocrite. Two good recommendations for a healthy, wholesome Christian character. Moreover, George retained his old sense of humor, and humor in a young convert is the salt that preserves from morbidness and sanctimoniousness.

The following winter, when the legislature met at Clinton, was in some respects, the most exciting, and fraught with results to Douglas and his interests of any year in his life. The temperance sentiment out over the State, had spread with greater rapidity than even the most sanguine had hoped. Mr. Sage's temperance picnic was only the first of a large number of similar gatherings in the townships. The county constituencies had rallied to the election of prohibition candidates for the legislature. Men like Mr. Vernon had agitated for constitutional amendment from the pulpit, and men like Douglas had courageously used the press for the same purpose. And all over the State the liquor forces, and the forces of selfish politics like the Mayor and the *Sentinel*, realized that a crisis had arrived that threatened their kingdom. They fought the rising tide of popular feeling with all their might. Money poured into the State from every whisky State on its four borders. Threats were made. Voters were bribed. Men like Mr. Vernon who spoke out freely in the pulpit, were denounced as unworthy ministers, and the cry went up, "Leave politics alone and preach the simple Gospel." No one was louder in making this cry than Jake Lawson, and the brewers of Clinton. The brewers, especially, were exceedingly scandalized by the use of the pulpit for the preaching of prohibition, and total abstinence. Mr. Vernon, however, who long before this time had been appointed to a charge in another part of the State, continued to preach what he believed was the "simple Gospel," and he suffered in various ways for doing so, as all prophets of applied righteousness have suffered in every age of the world. Judge Butler left the church in Colby, and others went out with him. Mr. Vernon received abusive and threatening letters from the whisky men, and his own parishioners. Nevertheless he preached straight on, and to the honor of his church throughout the State, and of the churches in general, they sustained their ministers in the widespread agitation, and, together with papers like the *Beacon*, picnics like those organized by Mr. Sage, and the uprising in the country, succeeded in gaining a momentum of sentiment that was so apparent, that the liquor forces realized their desperate chances, and fought accordingly.

On the day the bill was to be voted on, to submit the question of prohibitory amendment to the people, Douglas had gone down to Clinton. Quits and George were at work in the *Beacon* office, talking over the situation. The very atmosphere seemed charged with a combination of tonics and explosives, and no one in Anderson County, or any other county, was talking about anything but the "bill."

"Do you think it will pass?" George had asked for the twentieth time.

Quits was naturally cautious and slow. "I think it will pass the House all right. I'm not so sure about the Senate. We'll probably know before midnight."

"Did you hear what Jake Lawson said the other day?"

"No."

"He said he would never close up, law or no law."

"The people will have something to say about that," Quits observed quietly. "You must remember, George, if this bill to submit passes, it means two years of campaign to get another legislature that will stand for the amendment. That means that we may have a county attorney, and a district judge, and a sheriff, that will have something to say as to whether Jake Lawson will close up or not."

"My! We're in for a pretty lively two years, aren't we, Quits?"

"We are, if this bill passes."

"Do you think it will pass?"

"I believe it will. I believe the clock of God's doom for whisky has struck around the world, and that this is the beginning of the end."

About ten o'clock that night in the *Beacon* office, George, who had hovered all day near the telephone, of which the *Beacon* now boasted, darted to it as it rang up again after a series of inquiries from different places asking for news of action on the bill.

This time it was Clinton that had called up the *Beacon*.

"Is this the *Beacon* office?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Douglas."

"All right, Mr. Douglas. This is George. Has that bill—"

"Tell everybody the bill has passed the House. It is now before the Senate, and will, without any question, pass with a good majority. Tell Quits—"

But George, in his excitement, had dropped the receiver and rushed into the press-room.

"Hi! Quits! The bill's passed all right! Pass the news along to Jake and the *Sentinel*. Send out and buy some fireworks and double lead all the editorials."

"Did Mr. Douglas say do all that?" Quits asked with a grin. But he was so pleased that he seized the galley boy, who was near by, and stood him on his head in a box of paper trimmings!

"No! What did he say?" George rushed back to the phone and heard Douglas calling.

"George! Say, Central, some one has cut in on me—George—"

"All right, Mr. Douglas. Here I am—"

"All right. Tell Quits to hold my editorial for a special edition. We'll get out five thousand copies to-morrow or next day. I'll call you up as soon as the Senate vote is declared. I think it will pass to its third reading and go through without further debate."

"Tell them not to put it off on our account, Mr. Douglas. Shall I ask Quits to put roosters at the head of every column? If we haven't got enough we can borrow from the *Sentinel*. They won't need them."

Douglas laughed. "Cover the *Beacon* with roosters if you want to. But we're not really entitled to crow until two years from now."

"But we don't want to save all our roosters till then. If we do, we'll—we'll—burst," George said.

"Don't burst until you hear from me again," Douglas laughed and rung off, and George got out every rooster, big and little, and held them in readiness.

Between midnight and one o'clock word came from Douglas that the Senate had passed the bill, and the minute it was known George dusted off the cuts and it was with difficulty that Quits could restrain from putting a rooster between every other display of advertising

"Save some of them for two years from now," Quits said in his usual self-restrained fashion, now that the first excitement had gone by.

"All right," said George. "We'll get some bigger ones then. These are so small they wouldn't do for more than spring chickens. What we'll need two years from now will be some of the prize winners a foot and a-half high like they had at the Poultry Show in Clinton last winter."

The passage of the bill to submit the question of constitutional amendment to the people roused the entire State to the struggle that now lay before it. The next two years witnessed a gathering of forces that could be characterised as nothing short of cyclonic. Men took sides who had never stood for anything politically before. The churches and schoolhouses were practically on one side of the question together with the Christian homes and rural districts. Whisky and selfish political ambitions lined up in the struggle with every weapon that could be forged out of money, misrepresentations and appeals to so-called personal liberty, and the battle grew in feeling and force as the final election day drew near.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SUNDAY SCHOOL

By W. A. NEWMAN DORLAND

AT a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Social Union of Philadelphia, Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the Academy of Social Science of New York, called attention to a remarkable change that had occurred in the attitude of the nations of the world within the short space of time embraced by one generation of the human race. He remarked that were the natural divide that determines the southward flow of the Mississippi River lowered but a few inches, that mighty "father of waters" would empty into the Arctic Ocean. Such a physical catastrophe would work most remarkable and far-reaching changes in the topography of the North American continent. And yet within the last twenty-five years, just as great and unexpected a change has been wrought in the relations of the several human families.

Up to that time, he pointed out, the tendency had been toward specialization; toward the separation and isolation of the various races and tongues. To-day the tendency the world over is toward unity and concentration. In the scholastic world this inclination has manifested itself in the development of the university out of the college; in the world of finance and business activity the great corporations and mammoth trusts have been evolved; and in railroading the tendency is shown in the monumental trunk lines that gird the great business centres and are the wonder of the world. The labor union and the concentration of capital in great syndicates are but momentous signs of the times. Through the powerful influences of steam and electricity, the nations of the world are being drawn into intimate relationship, and the day of petty things has passed.

Let the application be made in religious affairs. The wisdom of the serpent must be combined with the harmlessness of the dove. Enthusiasm and vigor inevitably result from numbers and concentration of effort. Throughout our great cities there are many church schools struggling through a precarious existence, and merely kept alive by the heroic efforts of a few devoted workers, who are truly performing prodigies of valor. Is it not strange that the signs of the times can be so clearly read in temporal affairs, but are obscure or even hidden in the administration of the church. What might be the result of a combining of these heroic efforts which, when isolated, are as vain beatings of the air!

In this line a suggestion is now offered, which it would seem, possesses the double value of concentration with preservation of church individuality. If we should visit the Sunday Schools of a certain denomination—the Presbyterian, for example, or the Baptist—in a given ward or precinct of a great city, we would almost inevitably be impressed with the vast expenditure of force and the comparative insignificance of result. Large, beautifully frescoed rooms, frequently with an architecture of the cathedral type, comfortably carpeted and heated, furnished if not luxuriously at least elaborately, well lighted it may be with artificial illumination, and with a large supply of all the modern lesson-helps, charts, and blackboards, and with organ, piano, or orchestral music, and showing a paltry average weekly attendance varying from 75 to 350 teachers and scholars. Let us suppose, for a moment, that in the given precinct there are four such schools of the given denomination. Let us further suppose that in a suitable building, centrally located for these four schools, the same weekly attendance at each school is concentrated, class by class, unchanged in any respect from the teacher down save in the place of meeting. There would now be one large gathering, a common Sunday School for the four churches of the given denomination, numbering from 900 to 1,200 scholars and teachers, full of enthusiasm, directed by one able superintendent, who could be supported by the former superintendents of the individual schools as his assistants or associates, with special supervision over their respective sections. Such a school could, for instance, be designated as the Seventh Ward (or Precinct) Presbyterian (or Baptist) Sunday School, claimed mutually by the four churches as their Sunday School, in which they would have an equal interest and an equal pride, and the support of which could be proportioned according to the original size of the individual school or the financial ability of the various churches concerned in its formation.

What would be the advantages accruing from the adoption of such a method? 1. Larger gatherings, with proportionately more enthusiasm, and consequently better results spiritually. 2. An economic gain, since the four schools concentrated in the one room, or suites of rooms, could be heated and supplied with music and lesson helps at a much less cost relatively, than if each were conducted separately. 3. The attraction of outsiders would be vastly increased, and the growth of the common school would far exceed the combined growth of the four schools conducted separately. Here would be a practical method of increasing the church membership in the various churches interested in the common school. 4. Such large schools, isolated from any given church edifice, would much more readily attract endowment legacies than if directly attached to one or the other church building. The school itself could thus become eventually fully endowed and self-supporting, and as a direct result of this development, the contributions to home and foreign missions could be materially increased.

These are but a few of the advantages that must result from such a move. Would it not be well worth the effort if only one or two such results could be obtained, and would not such a step be a large advance toward that concentration of effort that has proven so advantageous to a sister religious denomination?

BOOKS RECEIVED

Baby Days for Very Little Folks, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. A book of "solid delight" for the juveniles—pictures and jingles, stories and verse, and all set forth by the best illustrators of the day. Quarto, 192 pages. Price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

China's Book of Martyrs; a record of heroic martyrdoms and marvelous deliverances of Chinese Christians during the summer of 1900, by Luella Miner. This book deals with the exciting period of the Boxer insurrection and the events that followed it. It is a faithful and intensely interesting history of the experiences of our Christian missionaries, and especially of those who won the crown of martyrdom. The loyalty of the Chinese Christians shone out in those days in a way never to be forgotten. Pp. 512, illustrated, cloth covers. Price $1.50. The Pilgrim Press, New York, Boston and Chicago, publishers.

Arise, Take Thy Journey, by Henry Pennington Toler. In his preface the author explains that the object of this book is to announce that "the present city of New York is the New Jerusalem of prophecy." Pp. 113, cloth covers, New Harlem Publishing Co., New York.

The Ship of State, by Those at the Helm. This volume contains articles by President Roosevelt, Hons. Henry Cabot Lodge, Thos. B. Reed, John D. Long, Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, Hon. Wm. R. Day, ex-Secretary of State, and others of prominence in the administration—altogether a notable book, timely, instructive and inspiring. Pp. 264, illustrated, cloth covers. Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers.

Misunderstood, by Evangelist H. D. Kennedy; a spiritually helpful book, dedicated to "the misunderstood ones" in every home. Full of comfort and consolation. Pp. 105, paper covers. Price 50 cents. William Bugg, publisher, Toronto, Can.

Raymund Lull, by Samuel M. Zwemer, D.D.F. R.G.S. This tribute to the memory of a pioneer missionary has evidently been a labor of love to the eminent author, who is better fitted than any other living writer to render it. Very little is known of that noble life, but Dr. Zwemer has been able to fill in many gaps from his personal knowledge of the field in which so much of it was spent. Its publication now is very timely. Pp. 172. Price 83 cents. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

King Lear, by Shakespeare, edited with notes by Wm. J. Rolfe, illustrated. Pp. 304, cloth. American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

Jolliffe; Incidents of Peculiar Beliefs in Meridional France, by Maxwell Sommerville, Professor of Glyptology in the University of Pennsylvania. Illustrated by the author. Pp. 214. Published by Drexell Biddell, Philadelphia.

The Man Called Jesus, by John P. Kingsland. An exceedingly interesting effort to reconstruct a biography of Jesus from the four Gospels. The analysis of character, viewing our Lord as man, is reverent, and as exhaustive as is possible in the circumstances. The author firmly believes in the pre-existence of Jesus, and in the Incarnation; but shows that, excluding those from consideration, and regarding the merely human side, how grand and beautiful a man Christ was. Pp. 330. Price $1.40. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Bobtail Dixie, by Abbie N. Smith. The autobiography of a dog which many readers have declared deserves to be regarded as a little classic of animal life, ranking with "Black Beauty." The author must be a lover of dogs, and will certainly make her readers love them too. Pp. 153, illustrated, cloth covers. Price 60 cents. Educational Publishing Co., 228 Wabash Ave., Chicago, publishers.

Thistledown, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison. A book that will entrance young readers, being the adventures of a little acrobat who has many ups and downs before the story ends. Illustrated. Pp. 275, illuminated cover. Price $1.20. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, has issued the following: *Dillard's Aus dem Deutschen Dichterwald*. Favorite German poems, lyric and descriptive. Edited by Prof. J. H. Dillard. Cloth, 206 pages. Sixty cents. *Coleman's Physical Laboratory Manual*, by Prof. S. E. Coleman. Cloth, illustrated, 234 pages. Sixty cents. *The Baldwin Speller*, by Prof. S. R. Shear, assisted by Margaret T. Lynch. Cloth, 128 pages. Twenty cents. *Dresden's German Composition*, by B. Mack Dresden, A.M. Cloth, 68 pages. Forty cents. *Pearson's Latin Prose Composition*, by Henry Carr Pearson, A.B. Cloth, 259 pages. $1.00.

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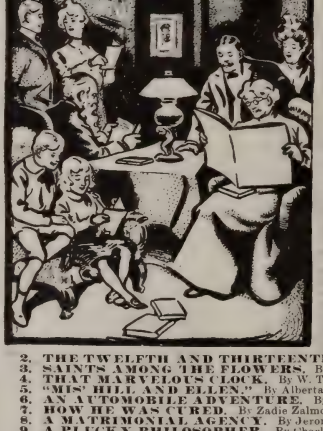

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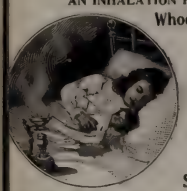

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A Nation Called to Repentance

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

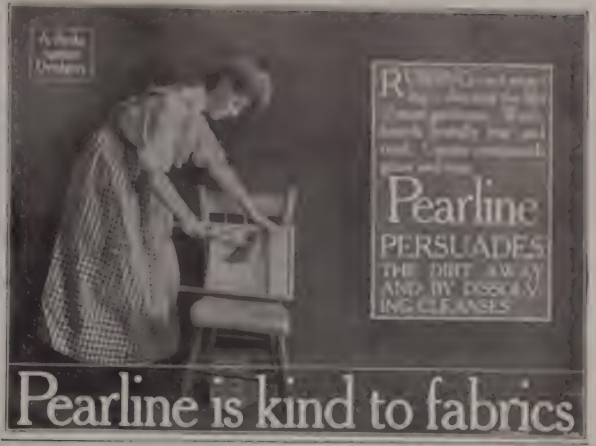
THE coming of John the Baptist was foretold by Isaiah, and John knew that it was he of whom the prophet spake in the words, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God" (comp. Isa. 40: 3; John 1: 23). He was the only individual in the New Testament, except the Lord Jesus himself, who was foretold in the Old Testament as a messenger of God. The prophet Malachi, in foretelling the coming of Elijah, the prophet, before "the coming of the great and terrible day of the Lord," refers to him (comp. Mal. 4: 5, 6; Luke 1: 16, 17; Matt. 11: 14; 17: 10-13).

How God, little by little, revealed to John the Baptist the mission to which he was called, we are not told; he must have come to the point of being unreservedly at God's disposal when "the Word of God came unto John, the son of Zacharias, in the wilderness;" and he knew then that he must go forward. Many Christians want to define, to dissect, to reduce to a system, a call such as this. It is impossible. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him: and he will show them his covenant" (Ps. 25: 14). There is a language of the Holy Spirit which cannot be reduced to writing, and this man, born full of the Spirit, knew by Divine instinct the Spirit's language.

"And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins" (Luke 3: 3). This was his first and chief burden: "Get right with God." Repent. You are looking for the Messiah and for his kingdom. "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. 4: 2). No repentance, no kingdom. It was a bold utterance. The priests and scribes were self-satisfied; his teaching militated against all the prejudices of the teachers and of the authorities. He took the risk: for his commission was from on high. The Gospel of Matthew tells us that he "preached in the wilderness of Judea." It was not only a prophet-voice, but a prophet-garb and prophet-life which startled the inhabitants of Judea. His raiment was of camel's hair, and his meat, locusts and wild honey—just what the desert would provide him without cooking. With such a vocation he did not seek society; he could not accomplish his work except he should be in all things a contrast to the men of his day. They lived for eating, drinking, marrying, planting, building, etc.; he lived for none of these things, but for his message, and for souls.

When God prepares a special instrument for special work he also prepares the ground where he will use that instrument. John had neither men nor money to help him. Oh, the pains we take to get audiences together, and the money and time which are spent in preparing for revivals! It may be necessary to occupy otherwise unoccupied Christians; but God can do without these means of getting up an awakening, which too often goes down again very soon. He had got John's attention in the desert. He had filled the heart, which was fully at leisure for him, with the burden of the Lord, and now he worked on the hearts of the people, so that, with no advertisements, no means such as we now have to get audiences together, "there came out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." Such was the awakening under this chosen forerunner of the Lord Jesus. And yet it did not last! The awakening died with the instrument which God used!

It was through John the Baptist that the first announcement of the kingdom which had been foretold to them was made to the Jewish nation. True, it was most unwelcome to the great men—the Pharisees, scribes, and elders—that repentance was a necessary condition. But how could Christ, God the Son, come to set up "the glorious majesty of his kingdom" (Ps. 145: 12), and reign over a people who had never nationally repented of their national sin in having rejected God the Father from being their King.



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